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THE HARP

OR

A SELECTION OF

TALES, BIOGRAPHIES AND POEMS

— BY —

IRISH AUTHORS

ILLUSTRATED

D. & J. SADLIER & CO.
MONTREAL

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PAMELA.

(To JOHN P. LEONARD, ESQ., of Paris—through whose kind watchfulness and noble patriotism the remains of Pamela—Lady Edward Fitzgerald were saved from the *fossee Commune*, into which were cast the bodies buried in the grave yard of Montmartre, and by whom they were conveyed to London, and interred in the family vault at Thames-Ditton.)

I.

Few were the women her rivals in beauty,
Few were the hearts so fond and so true;
Few were the wives that surpassed her in duty,
Virtues were round her, of every hue.
When grief's saddest morrow
The wild day of sorrow
For him of her love, did break on his life,
With anguish and weeping,
She guarded him sleeping,
The truthful, the noble, the Geraldine's wife!

II.

Her dear one surviving, in France's gay centre,
She wept and she pined o'er the joys that had flown,
No pleasure e'er more in that bright soul could enter
'Twas filled with a sorrow completely its own.
'Till saddening, repining,
And slowly declining,
At last she went forth from this valley of strife;
She sunk in that slumber,
Whose hours have no number,
And woke in God's glory—the Geraldine's wife.

III.

To the tombs of Montmartre this beauty was taken,
To sleep with the thousands that lonely there rest,
To await the great call when those thousands awaken;
To sleep far away from her home in the west.
Far away from the tomb-yard
Whose dark'ness and gloom guard
The rest of those dear ones she loved in her life;
Were none there to name her?
No guardian to claim her?
No one to watch over the Geraldine's wife!

IV.

Yes, from Erin's own Isle a son true and kindly,
Protected her tomb on an alien sod;
While hundreds went by and coldly or blindly
Neglected the dust o'er whose glory they trod!
And when all were hurried
Away, to be buried
In the *fossee* for the common, the lowly in life,
He hastened to take her
From the grave they would make her;
He guarded and watched o'er the Geraldine's wife.

V.

And back to the land where her husband is sleeping;
And back to the west he swiftly did come,
To place her remains, where the shadows are creeping
O'er the friends that lie low in the graves of her home.
The death bells are ringing,
While sadly they're bringing
Pamela to rest from the world's awful strife;
And each one in praying,
Is tearfully saying,
"God bless the true friend of the Geraldine's wife!"

VI.

From Arno whose wavelets flow thro' Italy fair,
From the shrines of the west, their spirits arise,
Through Desmond's green valleys, o'er the plains of Kildare,
Their anthem is swelling and piercing the skies.
"Forever God's glory
Shine round you in story,
And light you along the true course of your life;
And Erin will press you
To her fond heart, and bless you
Who watched o'er the tomb of the Geraldine's wife."

JOSEPH K. FORAN,
Green Park,
Aylmer, 1st Oct., 1880.

THE ORPHANS;

OR,

THE HEIR OF LONGWORTH.

He would have passed a pleasant life of it, in despite of "the devil and all his works," had not his path been crossed by a being that causes more perplexity to mortal man than ghost, goblin, or the whole race of witches, and that was—a woman.—*Washington Irving.*

CHAPTER I.

PER STEAMER HESPERIA.

IT is a May day. If we did not take our weather on trust and tradition, as we take so many things, we would certainly never find it out for ourselves.

Dropping down on the dock amid the shivering throng of passengers from some other planet, let us say, we might easily conclude we had alighted in the middle of March, so gusty, so black, so chill is this May morning.

The Cunard steamer will float away down the Mersey in something less than an hour, the little fussy, puffing tender is already waiting for her passengers and luggage, and snorting fiercely, as though in fiery impatience to be off. There is the customary crowd, cabmen haggling over fares, porters shouldering trunks and boxes, passengers hurrying wildly hither and thither, or mounting guard over their belongings, shrill voices of women, deeper tones of men, and now and then, in bass growls, some of the strong words in which the nobler sex are wont to relieve their manly minds.

Overhead there is a dark, fast-drifting sky, that bodes anything but a pleasant first night on the ocean, and outside there is an ominous shortchop, and little, *wicked, white caps* breaking the turbid flow of the river. And all around, from every quarter of the compass at once, there come sudden bleak blasts that chill to the marrow of your bones, and set you shivering and make you wrap your great coat or waterproof about your shrinking form never so closely.

Standing a little apart, if there be any apart in this maddening crowd, leaning easily against the back of a cab, his hands thrust deep in his pockets, an amused look in his face, is a young man. A solitary large trunk beside him, bearing on its canvas back the big black initials "*F. D.*," is evidently his only property; a very large and lumbering Newfoundland is evidently his only companion.

He is a tall, strongly-built, square-shouldered young fellow, of perhaps three and twenty, his beardless face not in the slightest degree handsome, except with the good looks that three and twenty years' perfect health, boundless good-humour, and a certain boyish brightness gives. He is sunburned and ruddy, he is buttoned up in a shaggy overcoat, and is taking life at present with a perfect coolness that is refreshing contrasted with the wild excitement depicted on most of the faces around him.

Fragments of flurried conversation reach him on all sides as he stands, but he pays no particular heed to any, until a girl's voice, fresh and clear, but in accents of misery, reaches his ear.

"*Mon Dieu! Marie!*" cries this despairing voice, in a composite mixture of French and English, "if that embecile has not carried off my box again. Here, you!" a frantic little stamp; "drop that directly. It is mine, I tell you. I told you before, *stupide! Que devons—nous faire, Marie——*"

A soft laugh is the answer. The young man turns round, and sees two young ladies and a porter. One of the young ladies is seated quietly on a black box, the other is standing excitedly, trying to prevent the porter from carrying off a similar article of luggage, and trying in vain.

The owner of the dog with the impetuosity of three and twenty, instantly comes to the rescue of beauty in distress.

"Hi! I say you! drop that, will you!" he cries, authoritatively, and the porter yields at once to the imperious masculine voice what he has scorned to yield to the frantic feminine. "Don't you want your luggage taken on board the tender?" inquires the young American gentleman, for such his accent proclaims him to be, lifting his hat to the young person who stands, and appears greatly exercised over the fate of the black box.

"Thanks, *monsieur*," the *young* lady who has been talking French responds in perfect English, but with a musical accent, "this is the second time that stupid man has tried to carry it off whether or no. Oh, yes, we want our luggage to go on board, but the captain, our very good friend, has told us to wait here until he comes."

"I see him coming now," says the second young lady, who has a very sweet voice, and much fainter accent than the first. "Look yonder, Petite. Ah! he has stopped to speak to the stout lady, but he is coming back for us."

"Small black box, large black box, one portmanteau, a bag, and a bonnet-box," says the first, rapidly and concisely, taking the inventory of her belongings. "Yes, everything is here. *Ma foi*, how I wish we were on board, and out of this jostling, noisy throng."

"Yes, it is very cold," replies the young lady called Marie, and she draws a large shawl she wears closer about her, and shivers in the raw wind.

They are dressed alike, in travelling suits of dark gray tweed, and are apparently sisters. Mr. "F. D.," resuming his easy position against the back of the cab, looks at them critically, and on the whole approvingly, while they wait for their very good friend, the captain. He can look with perfect ease, for they are not looking at him—have apparently forgotten his proximity and existence.

The one addressed as Marie interests him most, for the good reason that he cannot see her, so thick is the mask of black lace she wears strapped across her hat and face. But the voice is peculiarly sweet, the braided hair under the hat is a lovely gold bronze, and the form is so shapely, so graceful, that even the heavy disguising shawl cannot wholly conceal it. She stands up presently, and he sees that she is tall—divinely tall, he says to himself, and no doubt divinely fair. In a general way he approves of tall, fair young women. The other is a little person, about eighteen, perhaps, with a dark olive face, with no especial claim to beauty, except the claim of two large brilliant brown eyes. Even if he had not heard her speak he would have set her down as a French girl—her nationality is patent in her face.

The captain, brown-faced, burly, and genial, makes his way to where they await him with some difficulty, for his friends besiege him on all sides.

"Well, my little ladies," is his greeting, "ready, are you, and waiting? Here, my man!" A porter approaches, and touches his cap. "Bear a hand here with these bags and boxes, and look sharp. Now, young ladies"—here he presents an elbow to the right and left—"I'll take you under my wing, and consign you to the tender mercies of the tender."

It is a mild joke, but he laughs at it, and goes off with his fair freight. The owner of the sweet voice never looked back, but the owner of the pretty dark eyes casts one farewell glance and slight smile backward to the gentleman who came to the rescue of the black box. Mr. "F. D." lifts his hat, sees them vanish, and busies himself for the first time about his dog and his trunk.

Presently they are all on board the tender, and puffing down the stream to where, big, and quiet, and powerful, the Hesperia awaits her passengers. The number is very large; There is hardly standing room on the little tender's deck. It is rough, and raw, and cold, and supremely miserable. To make matters worse, a drizzlitg rain begins to fall, and umbrellas are unfurled, and ladies crouch under such shelter as they can find, and everybody looks blue, and sea-sick by anticipation.

The Newfoundland and his master hoist no umbrellas; they stand and look, on the whole, as if they rather enjoyed the misery of those about them,

and were perfectly warm and cosy and comfortable themselves. The young man looks about him for the dark eyes, and the tall, slight, graceful figure; but the captain has stowed them away somewhere, and he speedily forgets them, and is sufficiently amused by the rest. Then they are on board, and he gets one more glimpse of my "little ladies," as wing-and-wing with the captain, they go to the cabin. Only a glimpse, for he has his own cabin to look after, and his dog to consign to the proper authorities. And then a gun fires, and there is a parting cheer from the tender, and Liverpool lies behind them and the wide Atlantic before.

Luncheon hour arrives, and as no one has had time to become sea-sick, there is a rush for the long saloon. Among them is the owner of the dog, whose appetite afloat or ashore is all that the appetite of hearty, hungry three and twenty should be. As he carves the chicken, he glances for the owner of the veiled face—a pretty face, he has made up his mind—but she is not there. The other is, however, seated near her good friend, the captain, still wearing hat and jacket, and her interest apparently pretty equally divided between the contents of her plate and the men and women around her. She catches the eye of the preserver of her box, and smiles a frank recognition—so frank, indeed, that when they rise he feels warranted in approaching and addressing her.

"Are you coming on deck?" he asks her, rather eagerly. She is not precisely pretty, but she is sufficiently attractive to make him desire a better acquaintance—the eyes are lovely, and the smile is winning. "You had better," he urges, "keep on deck as much as you can, if you want to avoid seasickness."

"But it is raining, monsieur," she says hesitatingly. She accepts his advances with the unconventional readiness with which people ignore introductions and talk to one another on shipboard. She has all the ease of manner of one who has travelled a good deal, as Mr. "F. D." sees, and bears about her unmistakably the stamp of the world."

"It has ceased raining; it was nothing but a passing drift. It is quite pleasant on deck now."

"Not cold nor rough?" she asks, dubiously.

Not at all cold, he assures her; that is to say, no colder than it was on the dock, not so cold even in some sheltered nooks he knows of; and finally mademoiselle takes his arm, and they ascend to the deck.

"The other young lady is not surely sea-sick so soon?" said this artful young man, for he is curious to see that other young lady with the silvery voice, graceful figure, and veiled face.

"No, only getting ready," she answers, and laughs. "My sister is always sea-sick—the very sight of the sea turns her ill. She will be ill from now until we land. I am sorry for her, you understand, but I have to laugh. Now I am sea-sick scarcely at all. I have crossed the Channel many times, and unless it is very rough, I am not ill a moment. But for Marie—ah! she is fit to die before she reaches Calais.

From this artless speech, the artful young gentleman learns many things. First, that Marie is my sister—well he had surmised that much; that the "little ladies are certainly French; that they had crossed the Channel many times; that this one may be his *compagnon de voyage* to New York; but that it is more than doubtful if the other appears at all. This is so disappointing that he hazards a question.

"I am really very sorry for your sister. Surely she will not be obliged to keep her cabin *all* the way across?"

"All the way, monsieur," answers the owner of the dark eyes, with a pretty French gesture of eyebrows and shoulders. "She will just lie in her berth, and grow whiter and whiter every day, and read a great deal, and munch dry biscuits, and sleep when she is neither reading nor munching, until we land at New York. Do you belong in New York, monsieur?"

"Not exactly, mademoiselle. I belong down South, but I have seen a good deal of New York off and on. If you will permit me——"

He produces a card with a bow, and a slight boyish blush. The dark eyes rest upon it and read—

"Francis Dexter."

Before she can make any acknowledgment, or returns as he hopes, the confidence, the captain suddenly approaches, and reads the pasteboard over her shoulder.

"Well, my little lady," he says, in his jovial voice, "how goes the *mal de mer?* None yet? That's *a good girl*. Mr. Dexter, good afternoon to you, sir. I saw you on the dock a while ago, but hadn't time to speak. My little friend, Mademoiselle Reine, Mr. Dexter, going to New York in my care. If you can help to amuse her on the passage I shall take it as a personal favour. How is Mademoiselle Marie? Not sick, surely? Oh! I'm sorry to hear that. I'll call upon her presently when I get time."

The captain bustled away.

Mademoiselle's dark eyes regard her companion.

"You know the captain?" she inquires.

"Oh, very well. Crossed with him when I came over—an out and out good fellow, one's *beau ideal* of a jolly sailor. It is more than a year since we met, but he seems to have a good memory for faces. I didn't suppose he would remember me."

"You have been travelling a whole year?" she asks. "All Americans travel do they not? They all go to Paris once at least in their life, I am told."

"Or if not in their life, they go, if they are good, when they die," responded young Dexter, laughing. "I think I have gone over the beaten track of travel pretty well in my year, although a man could spend half a dozen years very comfortably knocking about Europe, and not exhaust the sights. But with the year my leave of absence expires, and I am obliged to return."

"Ah! monsieur is in the army?"

"Not at all. Leave from the powers at home I mean. My uncle—I am his property, made over to him absolutely—orders me about at will. 'Take a run over to Europe, my boy,' he says to me; 'only don't make it over a year.' So I packed my valise and came, and now the year is up, and I am returning."

He tells this with an off-hand cheeriness that is a part of his character; and, is by the way, what a good gift a frank, cheery voice is. He is prepared to give mademoiselle his whole biography since he first went into roundabouts if she cares to listen, but she does not seem to care. She smiles, and is silent for awhile. Then she asks, suddenly—

"Monsieur, have you seen Rouen?"

"The Manchester of France, as they call it—place with the grand cathedral, and Louis de Breze's wonderful statue, and Diane de Poictiers kneeling on the tomb, and where Joan of Arc made a noise in the world, and Corneille and Fontenelle were born, and where there is Notre Dame de Bon Secours, beautiful as a vision," he says, with voluble disconnectedness. "Oh, yes, mademoiselle, I have seen Rouen."

Her face lights, her eyes shine, her lips pout eagerly. She is about to speak. Then suddenly some thought checks the words upon her lips, the light fades out of her face, and she leans over and looks silently at the dark, flowing water.

"You know Rouen, mademoiselle?" Dexter asserts, his folded arms on the bulwarks, his eyes on her face.

"I know it well, monsieur, better than well. I was born in Rouen."

She stops abruptly, recollecting, perhaps, that this cheery, boyish, bright young fellow is a total stranger. Indeed most people are apt to forget that fact after ten minutes of Mr. Dexter's society. He sees a shadow fall on her face, he hears a faint sigh, or fancies he does; but the brown eyes do not lift from the white-capped, angry-looking little waves.

"Ah, awfully jolly place to be born in, I should say," is what Mr. Dexter remarks sympathetically; "so old and historical, and all that. Now, I was born in Boston, and anything more unromantic than Boston the mind of man has never conceived."

"But gentlemen yet unborn will proudly point it out as the birthplace of Frank Dexter. My dear boy, turn round and let me see if those dulcet tones really belong to you."

The voice that says this is a woman's, and Mr. Dexter and Mademoiselle Reine, turning round simultaneously, see the speaker. They see a lady whose best friend cannot call her young, whose worst enemy dare not stigmatize her as old. A lady who has rounded the rubicon—thirty-five—and gone a step or two down hill towards forty,

tall, commanding, of fine presence and fine face, dark and well tanned, and lit up by a pair of brilliant dark gray eyes.

"Miss Hariott, for a ducat!" cries Dexter, almost before he has seen her.

And then he has seized her hand and is shaking it with an energy that people of his type invariably throw into that performance.

"I knew you were abroad, and I used to search the hotel registers in every place I came to for your name."

"I don't believe you ever thought of me once, from the moment we parted until the present," retorted the lady. "I had a letter from Laurence last month," she continues. "He was asking for you—saying you ought to be returning about this time, and that if I met you he hoped I would take care of you and fetch you home."

"Ah!" Dexter says, laughing, "Longworth is an old lover of yours, I know. I've a good mind, since he so kindly committed me to your charge, to let you take care of me as far as Baymouth. I should like to see the dear old boy again."

"Do," says Miss Hariott; "there, need be no hurry going down South- and Baymouth will be looking its love liest by the time we get there. I think, on the whole, I prefer it to Italy."

"Rank blasphemy to say so. Miss Hariott, let me make you acquainted with Mademoiselle Reine."

An older man, a wise man (which Frank Dexter is *not*), a man of the world (which Frank Dexter never will be), might have thought twice before introducing two ladies in this free and easy way, without the consent of either, and in profound ignorance of the name of one. But if Frank Dexter were that older, wiser, more polished man, he could not be the well-liked young fellow that he is.

The little Norman girl, whose dark eyes are the chief charm of her olive face, looks up and smiles. Miss Hariott looks down with that kind and half wistful glance young Dexter has seen often in her eyes when they look on fair and youthful faces.

"Thank you, Frank," she says. "I was wishing you would. Now, like a good boy, if you will run for a chair—not a camp-stool, I beg, I weigh one hundred and fifty-seven pounds, Mademoiselle Reine, and tremble whenever I entrust myself to one——Ah! thank you, my dear;" to Frank returning with a substantial armchair. "Now we can talk and be comfortable—as comfortable, at least, as it is ever possible for sane human beings to be in a ship. Praise the sea, but keep on land—no truer axiom than that anywhere, my dear Frank."

"Sorry I can't agree with you, Miss Hariott. 'A wet sheet, and a flowing sail, and a wind that follows fast,' is about my idea of perfect earthly felicity. Do you know what I mean to do in Baymouth?"

"Nothing good, I am perfectly sure; the particular sort of evil I am unable to specify. You said, to see Mr. Longworth."

"Well, partly that, and to enjoy your society, of course." Miss Hariott looked severe. "A little travel is a dangerous thing for a boy of your age, Master Franky," she says. "I never liked precocious children, and if I had been near that uncle of yours when he proposed the trip, I should have strongly recommended him to keep you in the nursery a few years longer. Not that I think the old gentleman should be spoken to as a rational being, for what sane man would ever have disinherited Laurence Longworth for a silly boy like you?"

"Now, my dear Miss Hariott," says the young man, rather uneasily, "don't get on that exciting subject, I entreat. It always carries you away. And it wasn't my fault. If Larry chose to be fool——"

"There! change the subject," exclaims Miss Hariott, rubbing her nose in a vexed way. "As you say, it's a thing that upsets me, and also, as you say, it is not your fault. Mademoiselle is this your first trip across the Atlantic?"

Yes, it is mademoiselle's first ocean voyage, but she has crossed the Channel six times, and that is a tolerable test of sea-going quatities.

"You are French, my dear," pursues the older lady; "I knew it before I came up and spoke to Frank. You have a thoroughly French face. But how per-

fectly you speak English, with scarcely even an accent."

Mdlle. Reine smiles again. That dusk French face, which one would hesitate before pronouncing even pretty, lights vividly whenever she smiles, and the smile is in the bronze brown eyes before it reaches the lips. Miss Hariott, no mean judge of faces, a shrewd and keen observer of the men and women she meets, but withal one of the most tender hearted and impulsive maiden ladies on earth, falls in love with her on the spot.

"I was born in Rouen," she says, "and have lived there nearly all my life; but I knew many English there" —she hesitates a second, and the smile dies quite away—"my mother was an American."

"American!" repeats Miss Hariott, delighted. "Ah, that accounts. Why, my dear, you are almost a compatriot."

"Almost is a wide word. I am nothing at all of an American. Will I offend you very much if I say I like neither American or Americans?"

Frank reddens. For a moment Miss Hariott does look inclined to be offended. There is a little embarrassing pause.

"But, my dear, your mother——"

"My mother is dead."

"I beg your pardon. I was only about to say—how was it possible for you to dislike your mother's people? Have you known many disagreeable Americans?"

"I never knew any."

"Then how is it possible for you to judge whether you like them or not?"

"I cannot tell you what it is," said Mdlle. Reine; "a Doctor Fell sort of dislike, perhaps. All I know is that it is there."

"A very poor compliment to her mother," thinks Miss Hariott. "Well, my dear," she says, aloud, with perfect good humour," we must try and dispel that illusion when we get you among us. We and the French have always been good friends. We adore to this day the memory of Lafayette. He was, I remember, my very first love."

"As Longworth is your last," says Mr. Dexter. "Please, may I speak, now, Miss Hariott. The five minutes are surely up."

"If you can talk Ma'amselle Reine out of her aversion to you and your countrymen, Frank, use your tongue by all means."

"I have no aversion to Monsieur Frank," says mademoiselle, and says it so unexpectedly and so coolly that Frank blushes with pleasure, and Miss Hariott laughs outright.

"Then it is collectively, not individually, that you dislike us," she says. "I am glad of that, for general aversions are more easily overcome than particular. I am glad, too, you are about to visit us; that shows a generous wish on your part to know us before you absolutely condemn."

Mademoiselle looks up suddenly and curiously into the elder lady's face.

"Because I wish it," she repeats. "Do you suppose, then, madame, I am going because I desire to go—going of my own free will?"

Once again the girl's words are so unexpected that they quite put good Miss Hariott out, all the more because a reply is evidently expected.

"Well, mademoiselle, I certainly supposed that in visiting us——"

"I am not going on a visit. I am going to stay."

"Oh," says Miss Hariott, and for a moment it is all she can say."

There is at once an outspoken abruptness and a reserve about this young person that puzzles her. She sits and looks at her.

Mademoiselle has resumed her former listless attitude, and is gazing at the fast flowing water.

"A young woman a little out of the common," she thinks. "Girls as a rule are as much alike as dolls cast in a mould—this one with black hair and black eyes, that one with fair hair and blue eyes, the inside of the pretty heads all the same patter. But I fancy this small demoiselle thinks for herself."

"It is growing very cold," says the young lady, rising abruptly," and my sister is ill; I must go to her. No monsieur, not at all," as Frank eagerly offers an arm. "I will do very well alone. Good-bye for to-day, Miss Hariott, I shall have the pleasure, I hope, of meeting you to-morrow."

"We will meet, and disagree, every

day we are on board, my dear," responds Miss Hariott, cordially.

And then she sits and watches the slight, shapely figure, quick, light, and easy in every movement, out of sight.

"Well, Miss Hariott," says Dexter, taking the deserted stool, "and what do you think of her? I have heard—Longworth said it, of course—that your judgment is infallible."

"Is she pretty, Frank?" is the lady's response. "You are a boy, and ought to know."

"A boy! I was three and twenty last birthday. I am five feet eleven and a half inches high. I weigh one hundred and sixty pounds. I have been in love with three distinct ballet-girls and one Alpine maid last summer. What have I done to be stigmatized thus?"

"If you were as tall as Blunderboro, the Welsh giant, if your locks were as silvery as John Anderson's pow, and if you had been in love with all the ballet-girls in the 'Black Crook,' you would still be nothing but a big boy," retorts Miss Hariott. "Answer my question—is mademoiselle pretty?"

"Well, no—except when she smiles, and then she is almost—

Brown eyes, and pale, pale face—
A wond'rous face, that never beauty had,
And yet is beautiful.

that describes her. There's a sort of fascination about her, don't you think? A fellow might easily fall in love with a girl like that."

"A fellow of the Frank Dexter sort might easily fall in love with his grandmother if the law did not forbid it, and nothing else in petticoats was near. I wonder you have not made an idiot of yourself long ago, and married one of your ballet-girls."

"So do I! It is not my fault though. I asked one of them, and she wouldn't have me."

"Nonsense."

"No, it is a fact. It was three months ago. I was madly in love, I assure you."

Here Frank, catching sight of Miss Hariott's disgusted face, exploded into a great laugh.

"Frank, this is awful nonsense——"

"It is gospel truth, Miss Hariott. She fluctuated between me and the fellow who blew the clarionet in the orchestra for five whole days and nights, and finally threw me over for the clarionet. I was in despair for twenty-four hours; then I went to see 'Faust,' at the Opera, fell in love with Montaland, and one passion cured the other."

"You are a dreadful fool, Frank. Are you going to fall in love with this little mademoiselle?"

"If she will permit me. I don't think I can amuse myself more innocently on the passage home."

"What is her name?"

"Mademoiselle Reine."

"What is her other name?"

"'My little ladies.' I heard the captain call her and her sister that."

"Oh, there is a sister. What is she like?"

"A pretty girl, if one could see her, I am certain. I didn't. She wore a veil, which she never put up. They seem to be quite alone, and travelling in the captain's charge. I have a conviction she will be the one I shall honour with my preference if she appears."

"If she is anything like the one who appeared, it will be labor lost. There are plenty of brains in that little dark head, and the girl who marries you, Frank, will of necessity be a simpleton of the first water."

Mr. Dexter removes his hat and bows to this compliment. Then Miss Hariott, who, like most plump people, is of chilly habit, gets up, takes his arm, staggers below, and is seen no more. Young Dexter goes to the smoking-room, fraternizes with every one he meets, and forgets all about the pretty smile, the deep soft eyes, and that other veiled face.

The owner of the veiled face—the veil removed now—lifts her head from her pillow as her sister enters, and speaks wearily.

"At last, Petite——"

"Marie!"

"Well, Petite?"

"I have been on deck," says Mdlle. Reine, suppressed excitement in her voice. "I met again the gentleman who spoke to us on the dock—you remember?"

"I remember. Well?"

"He addressed me again and we began to talk. Then a lady came up and spoke to him—an old friend—and they talked of—Marie, they talked of Baymouth."

But Marie is not excited, though Reine is. She lifts her eyebrows and says, calmly—

"*Et puis ?*"

"And then—how is it that nothing excites you, Marie?" It startled me, I can *tell you*. To speak of that place, and before me, and so soon."

"An odd coincidence, I admit. Did they speak of——"

"Not a word," says Reine, quickly; "they mentioned but one name—Laurence Longworth. But who is to tell what I may not hear before the journey ends?"

"What indeed?" says the other, falling back on her pillow. "As if it could do any good. Reine, I would rather hear nothing—no, not one word—and go to my fate blindfold. If I were going to have a limb cut off I would rather the surgeon told me nothing about when or how, but just put me into an ether sleep, and amputate it without my knowledge. When we know what we are going to suffer we suffer twice over—in anticipation, and in reality. And I think the first is the worst."

"Marie, I wish we had never come. I have a feeling—a presentiment, that nothing but humiliation and misery will come of it."

"I don't believe in presentiments, and it was wise to come. Madame, our grandmother may be a dragon, but in the old fairy tales even the dragons were conquered by courage. I feel as though we were the heroines of a fairy tale on our way to an enchanted castle, never knowing what the guardian monster is like, but determined to charm it, and come off victorious all the same."

"And the Prince Charming, dear, are we to find him there, too?" asks Reine, smiling as she stoops to kiss her sister. "Every fairy tale ends with the marriage of princess and prince."

The face on the pillow clouds suddenly. Marie turns away from the caress with a restless, impatient sigh.

"Don't let us talk," she says, wearily; "it is very rough, and I am half sick."

An hour later darkness lies over the stormy and lonely sea.

Upon her birth the little mademoiselle reclines, gazing out with darkly solemn eyes at that restless, complaining, tossing ocean, which stretches everywhere, black and heaving, and melts away at last into the storm-driven sky. Below, Marie sleeps, her fair head pillowed on one perfect arm; but Reine cannot sleep this first night, and so lies thinking. Sombre thoughts surely, with those deep melancholy eyes fixed on the dark and lonesome sea.

CHAPTER II.

LOST IN PORT.

The weather for the next three days is, in nautical parlance, "very dirty." There is a head wind, a leaden sky, and off and on a fine drizzling rain. The stout ship plunges and ploughs through it all, and as a rule everybody is at death's door with sea-sickness. A few gentlemen still show at dinner and on deck, and conspicuous among these gentlemen is Frank Dexter, who "comes out strong," in the words of Mark Tapley, and is as "jolly" as ever Mark could be in the same place.

He never misses a meal; he spends his evenings in the smoking-room, where his great haw-haw leads the laugh; he makes friendly calls upon his big dog and also upon Miss Hariott; he takes vigorous exercise for hours together on deck, buttoned up to the eyes in his rough coat, his ruddy face ashine in the slanting wind and rain.

Miss Hariott is dismally sick; so the captain informs him are also "my little ladies;" but in their absence Mr. Frank is consoled by another ministering angel, upon whom neither head-winds nor dirty weather have the least effect.

This is a Mrs. Scarlett, a *passe* pretty blonde, a coquette of the purest water, and who, having discovered young Dexter is enormously rich, or the heir of an enormously rich uncle, which is the same, singles him out at once for distinction; for although Mr. Scarlett exists, and partakes with unexceptionable relish of three meals and high tea daily, and Mr. Dexter's wealth can ultimately benefit in no way Mrs. Scarlett, still it is quite in feminine human nature to prefer the golden youth for one's favours, and Frank, as has been said, rises to the distinction of pretty Mrs. Scarlett's cavalier.

Frank falls in love. To fall in love is Frank's normal condition, and whether

the lady be married or single, old or young—and Mrs. Scarlett might easily have been younger—does not for the time being signify in the least. He forgets Miss Hariott and Mdlle. Reine until, on the morning of the fourth day, going on deck after breakfast, he finds winds and waves propitious, the sun trying to break out from behind sulky clouds, and a little gray figure that he knows leaning in the old position over the side and watching the water. Before he can advance, a neatly-gloved hand is pushed through his arm, and Mrs. Scarlett claims her own.

"Naughty boy! I have been on deck this half hour looking for you everywhere. Where have you been? Look there—it is actually the sun at last. Come for our walk. No one has my step like you, Frank!"

For after three days' acquaintance Mrs. Scarlett calls her victim Frank.

"What! not Scarlett?" says Frank, in that cheery voice of his—a thoroughly heartwhole voice, whatever its owner may think.

"Scarlett!" repeats Mrs. Scarlett, with ineffable scorn.

Then she sighs, and saddens, and is silent, and the sigh, and the sadness, and the silence are meant to say—

"Why speak of *him?* Why not let me forget, if I can, in congenial companionship the galling chain that binds a sensitive heart to one cold and coarse?"

Frank is touched.

"Poor little woman!" he thinks. "Scarlett is a beast. If I were in his place——"

And then he looks down into the pensive face, and sighs in sympathy, and starts her off at a brisk canter.

They pass Mdlle. Reine. She sees them, but she does not look up. Miss Hariott sees them, too, when a little later she reels on deck and totters to mademoiselle's side, and she nods curtly to young Dexter, and looks his fair friend through with her keen woman's eyes.

Mademoiselle greets her with a smile, and the two fall into talk at once, and compares notes about their three days' woe. They drift off to other things, and Miss Hariott finds that Mdlle. Reine can converse fluently and well. Her descriptions and anecdotes of life in Rouen are wonderfully interesting. She narrates simply and unaffectedly, and grows vividly dramatic sometimes. They sit until the luncheon bell summons them below, and the elder lady has thoroughly enjoyed her *tete-a-tete.*

Neither Mr. Dexter nor Mrs. Scarlett sit at their table; but they are still together, with Mr. Scarlett, a stout, sensible, good-humoured, middle-aged gentleman, seated on the other side of his wife, paying much more attention to the eatables than to his wife's flirtation.

Luncheon over, mademoiselle disappears for a time, and Frank presently frees himself from his fair enslaver, and finds himself at Miss Hariott's side.

"So sorry to hear you have been seasick, Miss Hariott. Nobody can tell how much I have missed you!"

Miss Hariott regards him with a scornful eye.

"Ah, nobody, I am quite sure. You have been dreadfully sorry, no doubt—you look it. Who is that woman?"

"What woman, my dear Miss Hariott?"

"Now, don't begin by being an imbecile at the very opening of this conversation. That woman you have been prancing up and down the deck all this forenoon?"

"Prancing! That any one should call Mrs. Scarlett's graceful, gliding gait prancing! That is the lady who has kept me from utter desolation during your illness of the past three days. She is the prettiest lady on board!"

"Ah!" says Miss Hariott, with sceptical scorn; "I have no patience with such creatures. If she wants to parade this ship and exhibit herself, why doesn't she get her lawful owner to parade her? She is married, isn't she?"

"Alas, yes. As for the husband, he is what all husbands are, an insensible brute. He smokes and reads all day, he smokes and plays cards all the evening, and I believe smokes and sleeps all night. Is it not sad to see an angel like that thrown away on such a stolid animal?"

Miss Hariott, in angry disgust, looks to see if he is in earnest, and the glance is too much for Frank. That schoolboy laugh of his breaks forth, and makes all

who are within hearing smile from very sympathy.

"What is the joke?" says a voice behind. "May I come and laugh too? I like to laugh!"

"Yes, my dear, come. It is nothing in the least amusing; but silly boys are always ready to laugh at their own folly. No, don't leave us Frank!"

"I am not going to leave you, if you will let me stay. I am only going to get mademoiselle a chair."

For it is mademoiselle, with that smile on her dark face and in her deep eyes, that makes Miss Hariott think her something more than pretty.

"How is your sister?" she asks.

"Still miserably ill. Marie is the very worst sailor in the word. She will be ill until we get to New York!"

"Even if the weather is fine?"

"Even if it is fine. But if she were well, she still would not come on deck!"

"Why not?"

Mademoiselle looked at her with a half laugh.

"My sister is very fair, and the sea wind and sun spoil her skin. It is fine and fair as an infant's, and will not bear the least exposure!"

"Your sister is a vain little goose," thinks Miss Hariott. "Blonde girls are always insipid, and I have known a few; and you, my little lady, are fond of your sister, and proud of her beauty, and it is the first weak spot I have discovered in you yet!"

Miss Hariott is not malicious, in spite of her startlingly candid criticism; but she conscientiously sets herself to work to discover a few more. But this demure Norman girl baffles even her penetration. Weaknesses she may have in plenty, but at least they do not lie on the surface.

"Your sister is younger than you, of course?" she remarks, and mademoiselle looks at her as if surprised.

"Younger! No, she is two years older. Marie is twenty; I am eighteen!"

The mingled candour and reserve of the girl puzzle the older lady. Young persons of eighteen are not generally averse to telling their age, but these admissions lead one to look for others, and the others do not come.

All Miss Hariott, who has a full share of woman's curiosity, can make out before they part that evening, is that mademoiselle has lived most of her life in Rouen with a paternal aunt, that she has visited Italy, that for the past year or more she has resided in London, that she speaks German and a little Italian, and that she does not know, and never has known, a single creature in all America. Then why is she going there? As a teacher? Hardly; an indefinable something about her says she has a definite home and purpose in view, and that she does not propose to earn her own living.

"Will you come into the saloon, my dear?" Miss Hariott says, as darkness falls over the sea, and they go below; "we are to have an amateur concert."

"Yes," responds mademoiselle, with a pout of disdain that is thoroughly French, "a concert of cats. We heard you last night, and shut the door to keep it out."

"That must have been when Frank was singing," responds Miss Hariott. "Do you hear, Frank? When he is very much excited he sings the most and worst of any one alive. It was rather trying even to nerves not too musical to hear him and Mrs. Scarlett doing a duet, she shrieking soprano and he booming bass. But if you will come in to-night, I promise to try and keep him quiet. I I know by your face you can sing."

"Yes, I can sing," says Mdlle. Reine. She pauses with her hand on the handle of her door, and looks at both, with a bright smile. I won't sing for you in this ship," she says, "but I will promise you this: I will sing for you one day as often and as long as you like. *A demain*—good night."

She disappears. Miss Hariott looks blankly at Dexter.

"What does she mean?" she asks.

Frank shrugs his shoulders.

"Who knows? Don't ask me. Let us only hope so charming a promise may be fulfiled. Perhaps she, too, is *en route* for Baymouth."

He says it with an incredulous laugh: but a thoughtful shadow comes slowly over Miss Hariott's face. It remains there all evening as she sits and knits something with two long needles and a lap full of rose-coloured and white wools, and not even Frank's comic songs

can dispel it. It is still there when she goes to bed.

"It would be curious," she says, as she knots up all her glossy, abundant dark hair for the night, "It would be *very* curious, and yet it might be."

Whatever her suspicion is, she tries next day, and tries in vain, to discover if it be correct. She asks no direct, not even indirect questions, but the shadow of a smile dawns in mademoiselle's dark eyes. She sees her drift, and evades her skill so artfully that Miss Hariott is almost vexed.

It is a fine sunny day, and they spend it chiefly on deck, and despite her clever reticence, Miss Hariott's liking hourly increases for Mdlle. Reine. There is a ring of true metal about her; she has been brought up on strictly French principles, the elder lady discovers, and she approves of that sort of training in spite of its tendency to make young women "dolly."

Frank Dexter stays with them as much as Mrs. Scarlett will let him, for it is one of the cheerful principles of this young gentleman's life to be off with the old love and on with the new as rapidly and as frequently as possible. That mademoiselle likes his society is evident; that she cares for the society of no other man on board is also evident, and Dexter, hugely flattered, surrenders Mrs. Scarlett entirely before the voyage ends, and lies all day long like a true knight on a railway rug at his liege lady's feet.

The morning of the very last day dawns; before noon they will be in New York. All is bustle and expectation on board, gladness beams on every face. On every face except that of Mademoiselle Reine. She during the last three days has grown grave, and very thoughtful and silent.

"My solemn Little Lady," says Miss Hariott—it is the captain's invariable name for his charge, and she has adopted it—"how pale and sombre you sit. Are you not glad it is to be our last night on board?"

"No, madame, I am sorry."

"Sorry, dear child?"

"I am going to begin a new life in a new land, among new people—friends or foes I know not which yet. The old life—ah, such a good life, madame—lies behind for ever. I can never go back to it. And between that old life of yesterday and the new one of to-morrow, this voyage has been a connecting link, a respite, a breathing space. Now it is *ended, and I must get up and begin all* over again, and I am sorry. I am more than sorry—I am afraid."

"Afraid?"

"I am going to a home I know nothing of, to a person I have never seen. I do not know whether I am welcome or an intruder. I do not know whether I shall be kept or sent away. It is the same with my sister. Have we not reason to be afraid?"

"Is she afraid, too?"

"Marie is not like me. She is braver, wiser. She is older, and has seen more of people and of the world. No, my sister is not afraid. Perhaps I have no reason to be; but I wish this voyage would go on and on, and on. It has been pleasant, and pleasant things end so soon. If to-day is good, why should we ever wish for to-morrow?"

Frank Dexter is approaching.

Before he comes Miss Hariott takes both the girl's hands, and looks earnestly into the brown sweet eyes.

"Tell me this," she says. "I suspect something. Shall we ever meet again?"

Mademoiselle smiles, a mischievous light chasing the gravity of her face.

"I think so, madame."

"Then remember this, my dear little mademoiselle, if ever you are in trouble come to me. I have always wanted to be a fairy godmother to somebody," says Miss Hariott, with a touch of her usual whimsical humour. "Let it be to you. If you ever want a friend let me be that friend. If you ever need a home come to mine. I fell in love with your bonnie brown eyes the first moment they looked at me. I am more in love to-night than ever. Promise me—here is Frank—promise me, my little lady."

"I promise," says Mademoiselle Reine, and there are tears in the "bonnie brown eyes."

She leans forward with a quick, graceful gesture, and touches her lips to Miss Hariott's tanned cheek, then turns and moves rapidly away, just as Mr. Dexter saunters up.

"What did she run away for?" demands Frank, in an injured tone.

"Who would not run when they see you coming, if they could?" retorts Miss Hariott. "I cannot. I can't even walk decently in this rolling steamer. Here—give me your arm, and help me to my state room. It is all the arm will ever be *good for.*"

"Couldn't be devoted to a nobler use. I say, Miss Hariott, have you found out where mademoiselle is going?"

"And do you suppose I would tell you if I had? I leave impertinent questions to Frank Dexter. Now go away and sing yourself hoarse with that little purring pussy cat, Mrs. Scarlett."

"Thank you, I will," says Frank, and goes.

But he is inwardly determined to discover the destination of the nameless and mysterious little ladies. The invisible Marie appears on deck, tall, slender, graceful, but again—veiled. She is introduced to Miss Hariott by her sister, and bows and murmurs a few languid gracious words. Frank is not presented. Mdlle. Reine seems rather to wish to avoid him, and what this young lady wishes it is evident she can accomplish, for he hardly finds an opportunity of saying six words to her all day.

They reach the pier. To describe the scene that ensues is impossible—the wild rush and excitement, the noise of many voices, the scramble after baggage, the meeting of friends, the going ashore, the finding of hacks. Frank has to see after his own and Miss Hariott's belongings, to find a hackney carriage for that lady, and see her safely off.

The "little ladies" at the beginning of the *melee* have been conveyed for safe keeping to the captain's room. But when, having seen Miss Hariott safely, Dexter returns, flushed, and hot, and eager, he instantly makes for the captain.

"Good bye, captain," he says, extending his hand, and looking everywhere; "I am about the last, am I not? Where are your little ladies?"

"Gone, Mr. Frank."

"Gone! Gone where?"

"Can't tell you that. A friend came for them, a gentleman, a very fine looking young fellow," says the captain *malice prepense* in his eyes, "and they went away with him. We have had a rattling run, hav'n't we? Awfully sorry to lose them; charming little ladies, both. Mr. Frank, sir, good bye to you."

CHAPTER III.

LONGWORTH OF THE "PHENIX."

FAR away from the bustle and uproar of the New York piers, sunny and sleepy, this May day, the town of Baymouth lies baking in the heat of mid-afternoon. It is very warm; windows stand wide, men wear light coats and straw hats pulled far over their eyes, ladies wield fans as they go shopping, and in the office of the *Baymouth Phenix*, every man of them, from Longworth, proprietor and editor-in-chief, to the youngest and inkiest devil, is in his shirt sleeves, and uncomfortable at that.

Baymouth is in Massachusetts. Having premised that geographical fact, it is unnecessary to add that Baymouth is a town of enterprise, intelligence, industry, and every cardinal virtue. Baymouth is a town of white houses and green Venetian blinds, of beautiful little flower gardens and beautiful waving elms, of grape vines and orchards, of bakeshops and bookstores, of baked beans and brown bread religiously every Sabbath morning; of many and handsome churches, of red brick public schools, of lovely walks and drives, of sociability and a slightly nasal accent, of literary culture—three daily and two weekly papers. Of these journals the *Phenix* is perhaps the chief; its editor is admitted, even by men who differ from him in politics, to be by all odds the "smartest" man.

The *Phenix* is the workingman's paper; it advocates reform in factories and foundries, and Baymouth is great in both; goes in for short hours and half holidays, and is the delight of the operatives.

North Baymouth is black and grimy, is full of tangled streets, and big, ugly brick buildings, with more windows than "is in the king's house." Tall chimneys vomit black smoke all day, blot out the summer sky, belch forth fiery showers at night, and turn it lurid. Fierce whistles go off at noon and night, and men and women pour forth from these big buildings and fill the streets to overflowing, on their

way to other big buildings where they go to feed.

The taint of the smoke and the soot and the coal is on everything in North Baymouth, on green trees and soft grass, on white houses and tall church spires. North Baymouth is not a handsome place, but handsome is that handsome does, and it sends carpets and cottons, furnaces and ranges, boilers and engines, all over the great country to which it is proud to belong, and feeds hundreds of men, women, and children, who might else go hungry.

North Baymouth is not handsome, but Baymouth proper is. Here are the dry good stores, here is plate glass and gilding, here are wide, clean, tree-shaded streets; here rich men live and ride in their carriages; here their good ladies "walk in silk attire, and siller hae to spare," and here, among other tall buildings, is the tall *Phenix* building, with editors, compositors, and grimy boys, all *en deshabille*, and too hot at that.

In his sanctum in his editorial chair in the sketchy costume distinctly mentioned before, sits Longworth of the *Phenix*. It is not a large room, but a room three times the size could not be more littered. This litter is the more remarkable that the walls are fuller of virtuous and orderly precepts than a copybook. "A place for everything and everything in its place" is conspicuously posted above the editor's desk. A place for nothing and nothing in its place appears to be the rule acted on. Waste paper baskets, newspapers old and new, magazines and books for review (good or bad according to the temper Mr. Longworth chances to find himself in), chairs, stools, pipes, half smoked cigars; a head of Clytie on a pedestal surmounted by Mr. Longworth's old black velvet smoking cap; a handsome plaster bust of Rosa Bonheur, which some one has improved by a charcoal moustache; heaps of letters brought by that day's afternoon post and not yet opened; and amid this confusion worse confounded sits serenely the editor himself, a cigar held between his teeth, smoking and writing with a vast amount of energy. For about twenty minutes he goes on, scrape, scrape, never pausing a second, growing so absorbed that he forgets to puff and his cigar goes out, his face kindling as a war-horse in the thick of the fight. Finally, with a tremendous flourish, he finishes, falls back in his chair, removes his cigar, and nods in a satisfied way at his work.

"There!" says Mr. Longworth, "that will extinguish that consummate ass of the *News* for this week, I flatter myself. Now for these books—one, two, three, four, five of them. It is always best to do one's reviewing before dinner; hunger is apt to make a man clear-sighted for little literary failings, and sharpens the edge of the critical sabre. A heavy dinner and a touch of indigestion are no mean preparation either. I'll make mincemeat of this batch, and then I'll go home. O'Sullivan!"

He raises his voice. The editorial door opens, and a short, stout man, with a pen in his hair, and a paper in his hand, enters.

"Did ye call, chief?"

"Here's that settler I promised you for Doolittle of the *News*," says Longworth, handing him the wet MSS.—tomorrow's *Phenix* leader. "I'm off in half an hour. The first hot day always reduces my intellect to the consistency of melted butter. Inside pages printed, O?"

"Just gone downstairs."

"Editorial page made up?"

"Principal part in type, sir."

"Well, have this set up at once. I'll have the review column ready in half an hour. I shall make short work of them, for it is nearly dinner time. I must look over my letters, too. Come back in half an hour sharp, O'Sullivan."

"All right, chief."

Mr. O'Sullivan, called usually in the office by the capital letter "O" disappears, and Longworth, taking up one after another of the pile of books, gives one rapid, keen, practised, concise glance through the pages, notes the style, the subject, and if a novel, as three of them are, the plot, writes a critique of half a dozen of lines on each, damning one with "faint praise," mildly sarcastic with another, sardonically facetious with a third, sneering cynically at a fourth, and savagely ferocious with the last. For, as the thirty minutes end, and Mr. Longworth's appetite

grows clamorous, censorship grows more intolerant in direct ratio. It is with a weary gesture he pushes paper, books, and pen away, and retires at last.

A tall, fair man this editor of the Baymouth *Phenix*—a man of thirty, with profuse blonde beard and moustache, a fine intellectual face, and handsome blue eyes, with a lurking suspicion of humor in them. On the whole a well-looking, stately, and rather distinguished man.

The door opens; his second in command, O'Sullivan, enters, bears off the scathing reviews, and vanishes. Longworth tosses over his letters, on office business chiefly. Glances through them with the same rapid, comprehensive glance he has given the books, and out of the sheaf keeps only two. One of these is in a lady's hand; this he naturally reads first, and as he reads a pleased expression comes into his face—a face that can be as expressionless as a dead wall when he wills.

"H'm!" "he thinks, "that is well. She will be here before the end of the week. I am glad of it. Don't know any one I miss as I do Hester Hariott. Perhaps I may meet her in New York, and travel down with her."

He looks at the second, pauses in the act of opening it, knits his brows, turns it over, examines the superscription, as we insanely do with a letter that puzzles us.

"Odd," he mutters. "What can *he* have to say at this late day? I never expected to see his chirography again."

He breaks it open and reads—reads once, twice, and yet a third time.

"Private and Confidential.

"Macon, Ga., May 5th.

"DEAR MR. LAURENCE,—I have been meditating for some time past dropping you a line and a hint—a hint, no more. Mrs. Dexter is a shrewd little woman in her way, but I think Mrs. Dexter made a mistake in persuading Mr. Longworth to send Mr. Frank abroad. The old gentleman has broken greatly of late, and whatever attachment he may have had to the lad (and it never was very strong) absence has weakened. More than once of late he has spoken of you, and always with a touch of regret. He was very fond of you, Mr. Laurence, and very proud of you—he has never been either of young Dexter. What I wish to say is this: Can you not by some happy chance find yourself in this neighborhood shortly—on newspaper or lecturing business, let us say? It would be worth while to take the trip. One word from you would blot out the whole unfortunate past, and replace you in your uncle's regard. Will you come and say that word? Dexter will be at home in about a month; after that it may be too late.

"This, of course, is as unbusinesslike a letter as it is possible to write. Also, of course, I would never write it, did I not know well of old what manner of man you are—Yours, &c.,

"THOMAS CHAPMAN."

Longworth goes through this epistle for the third time with an unchanging face, then slowly and thoughtfully tears it in little pieces, and consigns it, in a white drift, to the waste basket. There was rather a grim smile on his face as he put on his coat.

"They do well who paint Fortune as a woman," he thinks. "She's a jade no man can trust. Ready to kick you today and kiss you to-morrow—ready to flout you when you court her, and fawn upon you when you snap your fingers in her face. Very like a woman, every way you take her."

From which cynical soliloquy it may reasonably be inferred that Mr. Longworth's experience of the fairer sex, in spite of his good looks, has been unfortunate. He puts on his hat, and in the yellow, tranquil evening goes home. His way lies through pleasant, elmshaded streets, and as he goes on, leaving the noise and jar of the town far behind, there comes to him, mingled with the fragrance of mignionette in the gardens he passes, the salt breath of the sea.

Baymouth is a seaport. Many ships sail into its wide harbor; its wharves and docks ring with the tide of commerce, and presently they come in view, rising on the shining bosom of the bay.

Men nod or stop to speak to him in passing; ladies smile and bow—he is a man of note in the town; but his face keeps a look of reflective gravity all the way. The hint in the letter he has just

destroyed is no trivial one—a noble inheritance hangs on it. He knows Chapman—shrewd lawyer and keensighted business man that he is—means more than meets the eye—has made certain of his ground before issuing that cautious "hint." He has been for years the legal advisor of his uncle. Is it at that uncle's desire he writes now? Long ago Laurence Longworth gave that uncle deadly offence, and lost a fortune. Than that uncle no prouder old man exists on earth; beyond this hint dropped by his attorney his nephew knows he will never go, and in a month Dexter will be at home, and it may be too late.

"Poor old boy!" Longworth muses—meaning his uncle, not Dexter; "what a trump he used to be! What a prince's life I led of it—what a prince's life I might go back to! It is rather hard on Frank, though, to hold a fortune and favor by only a hair."

He reaches the large white house with many green shutters, and a piazza running all along the front. It faces the sea, and from this piazza, upon which many wicker chairs are scattered, there spreads a view of the bay, glistening in the sunset, with vessels at anchor, and many boats gliding about. The sweet salt wind blows in his face, and stirs a great honeysuckle that twines itself over the pillars. Climbing roses in great pink clusters hang there too; two or three large rose of Sharon trees, in the grass plot in front, are in full leaf already. A pretty place—such a place as one sees everywhere in New England.

Mr. Longworth, in his day—but it is a day far gone, when he was very young, and knew no better—has been a poet, has written and published a volume of verses. It is one of these juvenile indiscretions of which we may all have been guilty in different forms, and of which in our riper years we are properly ashamed. But, having been capable of poetic folly once, a little—a very little—of the old leaven lingers, and gives the hard-headed, clear-sighted editor and merciless reviewer a keen enjoyment of all that is exquisite in nature. It is unalloyed pleasure and rest, for example, to sit on this piazza, with the sensuous sweetness of the honeysuckle and roses about him, the saline freshness blowing in his face, and watch the bay yonder dimpling and blushing in the good-night kiss of the sun. He takes one of the wicker chairs, tilts it back, lights a cigar—he smokes as many cigars as a Cuban—elevates his editorial legs on the railing, where the roses twine around his boots, folds his arms, and prepares to think it out. To throw the *Phenix*, the pride of his heart and the apple of his eye, to the dogs—to be a millionaire or not a millionaire that is the question; and, strange to say in this age of golden-calf worship, Longworth thinks it worth debating.

The white house behind him is very still. The hall door stands open, there is a vista of a long, carpeted hall, a large picture on each side, a hat-rack adorned with many hats, and a wide stairway. No sound reaches him from within; but as he sits and smokes, some one descends the stairs, comes towards the open door, sees him, approaches, and lays a very white, very plump, very ringed hand, on his shoulder.

"Larry," says a soft voice.

It is a young lady—well, not very young either—eight and twenty perhaps, and looking every day of it, chiefly because she is so luxuriously developed. Fat is not a word to be applied to a young lady, and if one says inclined to *embonpoint*, one does not do the truth strict justice. She is tall; there is not an angle anywhere about her; she has abundance of palest flaxen hair. She has two rather small, rather light, rather lazy blue eyes. She has a complexion like a baby's, milk white, satin smooth, and she is dressed in white, a knot of pale blue ribbon in her hair, a cluster of pale pink roses in her breast.

"How d'ye do, Tot?" says Longworth, glancing carelessly over his shoulder. "Infernally—I beg your pardon—excessively hot, isn't it? Those merciless tyrants, the printers, kept me at my desk shrieking for copy, until between the heat and the mental pressure I became reduced to the state of a—ah, a white lily. I resemble a wilted lily, don't I?" inquires Mr. Longworth, glancing over his shoulder again.

"Oh, yes, very like a lily," replies the young lady, laughing languidly. "Are

you going to Emma Harris's birthday reception *to-night* ?"

"Couldn't—couldn't possibly. You might knock me over with a feather now, so utterly prostrate am I. People shouldn't have birthdays during the summer solstice."

"People can't help being born, I suppose," retorts the young lady addressed as "Tot" cavalierly, with some indignation.

"People ought to help it," dogmatically persists Mr. Longworth, who never allows himself to be contradicted, on principle; "and if they are obstinate, and won't, they shouldn't expect other people to victimise themselves on account of it. Totty, I am hungry; is dinner nearly ready?"

"The dinner is half-past six, you ought to know by this time, Mr. Longworth, unless yesterday's trip to Boston has impaired your memory," says another voice, and another lady presents herself, so like the first, with an additional twenty years added, that you do not need to look twice to know they are mother and daughter. "What is this Mr. O'Sullivan is saying about you're going off to New York to-morrow?"

"How should I know? I am not *en rapport* with all the thoughts which pass througu the gigantic mind of the O'Sullivan. What does he say?"

"That you are going to New York to-morrow."

"So I am."

"On business?"

"On business."

"How long shall you be gone?"

"Three days."

"I wish I might go with you," says Totty, plaintively. "Mamma, would it be improper for me to go to New York with Larry, and come back with him?"

"Eminently improper," says Larry himself; "not to be thought of. My subscribers are moral people—the circulation of the *Phenix* would go down to zero if they heard of such glaring immorality."

"But they need not hear of it," says Totty, still more plaintively; "and three days is such a very little while. I want to go shopping to Stewart's, and they are still having Italian opera at the Academy. It wouldn't be any harm, mamma—it's only Larry."

"Here is Mrs. Windsor," interrupts her mother, with sudden animation. "Don't be a simpleton, Totty—of course you can't go. Only Larry, indeed! I wonder what Mrs. Windsor would say if she heard you."

"What Mrs. Windsor would say is not an Act of Congress," replies Totty. "She would go with Larry to New York fast enough, or anywhere else, if he asked her."

All this time Mr. Longworth has been placidly smoking and watching what was going on at the gate. A low phaeton and a pair of well-matched grays, driven by a black boy, have come down the street and drawn up before the house. In the carriage reclines a lady. The black boy assists her to alight, and she enters the gate and approaches the group on the piazza. She is a lady of fully sixty years, but stately, handsome, and upright, with a certain pride and majesty of bearing, very richly dressed in dark, soundless silk, a veritable cashmere, trailing more like drappery than like a shawl over her shoulders, and flowing skirts.

"Looks like one of Kneller's, or Sir Joshua Reynold's court ladies," murmurs Longworth: "makes a picture of herself always. Don't know any one anywhere, such thoroughly good 'form' as Mrs. Windsor."

Totty shrugs her plump shoulders.

"Why don't you tell her so? There is no one living whose good opinion Mrs. Windsor values as she does yours. You are the only man on earth who would dare to tell her she looked well. And you know it."

Longworth smiled. He would be something less than man if he did not know the women who like him. And Longworth is thoroughly a man, and a man of the world.

He rises as his stately and distinguished newcomer ascends the steps, throws away his cigar, and takes off his hat.

"My dear Mrs. Windsor," begins the lady of the house, advancing, with effusion, "so very pleased to see you. I heard only yesterday you were back. When did you return from Washington?"

"I have been home a week. You are looking well, Mrs. Longworth; but then I think you always do. Mrs. Sheldon" (to Totty), you grow a very Hebe. Ah! Mr. Laurence, happy to meet you. They told me you had gone to Boston, and I was in doubt whether you had yet returned."

She holds out her hands with a bright smile—a hand that in a number six glove looks like a perfect hand in dark-gray marble. Her voice is low—a "trained" voice, smooth, courteous, cold as ice. The eyes that glance from the face of mother and daughter are chill as the voice, but they soften into quite another expression so quickly when they turn upon the man that the change is almost startling.

"Only ran up for a day or two; got back this morning," returns Longworth, in his off-hand fashion. "Going to New York to-morrow. Can I do anything for you there, Mrs. Windsor?"

"Nothing, thank you; my own visit has been too recent. Besides, I have not much faith in the way gentlemen fulfil ladies' commissions. Mrs. Sheldon, I suppose you go to Miss Harris's *fete* to-night?"

"Yes, I think so, Mrs. Windsor—mama and I. Shall you?"

Mrs. Windsor raises her eyebrows lightly.

"I go nowhere, my dear Mrs. Sheldon. I grow an old woman, you know, and birthday *fetes* have long lost their charms. Over fifty, one counts these anniversaries by one's gray hairs and wrinkles."

"But we all know that Mrs. Windsor is one of the fortunate few who never grow old," says Mrs. Longworth; "and we saw your name very often last winter at the great Washington receptions. Of course though, the capital offers attractions our poor country town can never boast."

"I went out a little last winter. Yes," responds Mrs. Windsor, coldly. "Mr. Longworth," she says, turning to the gentleman, that subtle change in face and voice, "are you going?"

"No; Totty must make my excuses. what you say about gray hairs and wrinkles is eminently true. I shall stay at home and count mine."

(*To be continued.*)

(A SERMON IN VERSE.)

THE DYING MAN AND DEATH.

The truly wise are ne'er surprised by death.
Death finds them always ready for his hand.
Sure are they that he will himself proclaim
The time. That time, alas! embraces all,
That men call days, and hours, and moments. Nor
Is any one exempted from the tax,
For all are citizens of death's domain.
The very moment that a royal child
First opes its eyelids to the light is oft,
The moment when Death shuts them up for aye.
Plead'st thou thy greatness, beauty, virtue, youth?
Death strikes them all, nor blushes at the stroke.
Some day a world entire will swell his wealth.
Of nought are men more ignorant (and if
It must be said) for nothing less prepared
Than death.

A dying man, who counted ninety years
Complained to Death how hurriedly he came.
Must he depart upon the instant with
His testament unmade? no notice giv'n?
It is not just that one should die with foot,
But raised from earth. Pray wait awhile.
My wife would not that I should go alone.
I leave a child to look to, and I would
That I could add a turret to my house,
How pressing art thou, Death, thou cruel foe
To man.

Old man, said Death, you do me wrong.
How's this? Where are your ninety years of life?
Find me in Paris two as old? or ten
In France? I ought you say to give you word.
Forsooth! I ought to find your will all made,
Your child provided for, your tower all built.
Did I not give you warning when your power
Of motion thought and sentiment gan' fail?
Your taste, your hearing, everything has failed.
For you the sun shines with superfluous ray.
You mourn the things you cannot touch or feel.
Have you not seen your comrades one by one
A dying? What is that but notice giv'n?
Come then, old man; and come without delay.
Nor kingdom, city, town, will suffer loss
If you should leave your will unmade to-day.

H. B.

CANADIAN ESSAYS.

BARDS—POETS—BALLADS AND POEMS.

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

History is still our theme! History illustrated *by records*, by *monuments* and by *coins* has been the subject-matter of foregoing essays, the subject-matter of the present one is still history, but history illustrated in the music, the songs, the poetry and the ballads of the different lands.

Music and song seem to have always gone together. Hand in hand like twin sisters they are to be found in every age and in every clime; cherished by every nation, admired by every class, honored by every people, loved by every sect, encouraged by all—they walked forth at the dawn of creation, surrounded with a *halo of splendor, heralding peace, happiness* and love, scattering gifts the most sacred upon all sides and bestrewing their path with the choicest of garlands. Barbarous the people that encouraged not their national music and songs and even the most barbaric of all nations had their wild, wierd tunes—their defiant battle songs, their terrific war-whoops—their melancholy laments.

The story of antiquity is told more faithfully in the prophetic chants or the epic productions of the great ones of the past, than in the musty leaves of the cold, dry and prosaic historian. Where do we find the story of Troy, of Palmyra, of Tyre, if not in the poems and chants of Homer and Virgil, in the tragedies and dramas of the poets of those ancient days! Where do we read the history of the chosen people of God more faithfully recorded than in the Book of Books? If we desire to read true poetry there it is to be found. Charles Phillips in referring to the Scriptures once remarked—and he was a poet if ever there lived such a being—"I say of that sacred volume they would obliterate, it is a book of facts, *as well authenticated as any heathen history*,—a book of miracles, incontestibly avouched—a book of *poetry*, pure and natural and elevated even to inspiration—a book of prophecy, confirmed by past as well as present fulfilment—a book of morals, such as human wisdom never framed for the perfection of human happiness."

Indeed, if a bard could be now raised up, with his lips cleansed as were those of the prophet Isaias, his bosom filled with inspirations like unto those which thrilled in the breast of the Royal Prophet, his songs would record most faithfully the *story of our eventful age*. In the glorious psalms of David we read the exit of Israel from the house of bondage—even as in the beautiful lines of Virgil we find mentioned the flight and voyage of Troy's own hero. In the lamentations of Jeremiah we see the ancient minstrel seated upon the ruins of Jerusalem, lamenting the downfall of that beauteous city, shedding tears over the fallen might of that holy town—just as the profane poet depicts, to our mental vision, Marius sitting amongst the ruins of Carthage lamenting his own fate while weeping over the desolation *by which he is surrounded*.

In fact the story of the pre-Christian eras lives in the songs of the poets, the bards, the prophet-minstrels of those long lost ages.

And when that light flashed upon Calvary, and when the old Mosaic law was destroyed, and the Apostles of the new faith were sent forth to proclaim the everlasting truths of the New Gospel to benighted humanity—the song was woven into the sermon, the woof of music blended with the web of prayer until a splendid amulet was formed to protect and decorate the soldiers of the New Law.

While the menials of the pagan terror and pagan fury were hunting far and near the children of the Christian faith,—while the trumpets of persecution sounded amongst the seven hills and the fires of martyrdom blazed from every battlement,—while the cries of suffering awakened the echoes that slumbered along the Tiber and the blood of a bleeding Faith bedewed the sacred arenas of the Flavian Amphitheatre,—down deep crypts and passages of the time-honored Catacombs the voices of praise arose and the music of hymn and canticle were heard. There amidst the tombs of the dead of ages, there far from the eye of the profane, there hidden from the sword and the torch and the rack, the

professors of the Faith of Christ gave forth their souls' devotion amidst the songs and the choirs and the music of the instruments. It encouraged them—even as the war-note brings strength to the arm of the combatant. It gave grace to their devotion—even as the swelling of the organ adds a sublimity to the rite.

And when those days of sorrow and persecution were over—when the shadows had vanished and the sword was suspended and the fire extinguished and the white robed clergy with their faithful followers came forth from the tombs, and when the idols fell in the pantheon and the altar of Christ arose in their places, and when the palaces of the mighty were crumbling into ruins and the everlasting cross from the lordly dome of St. Peter's towered above the littleness of the surroundings, and when "the Vicar of Christ came to pour his mandates from the down fallen throne of the Cæsars"—even then the sweet music of the bells, the chants of the choirs, the volumes of the great organs, and the harmonic poetry of prayer blending with the melodeous strains of the music, still gave an air of grandeur and solemnity to the offices of the Church. And consequently from the first ages unto our own day the Catholic Church has ever cherished and protected the art of music and admired and encouraged the beauties of song. She saw they were good and she loved and she upheld them. She knew they were the children of heaven, the offspring of God. She knew that they ever tended towards their source and ever pointed towards the regions of true and real and everlasting harmony. She knew that they served to upraise the soul of man, far above the minor things of this earth and that consequently they were an aid and a mighty auxiliary in the exercise of those devotions which man owes his Creator, his Father and his God. On those two wings—the pinions of music and of song—the soul can soar into a new atmosphere, into the very heavens, join in unison with the saints and angels and live aloof from the corruption of earth, the sin, woe and misery of time.

Therefore it is that the Catholic Church so cherished the music and songs of the different ages. Consequently if we desire to read the story of religion, to trace the workings of God in ancient as well as in modern times, we can do so by following the rise and progress of the sacred music and sacred poetry of the divers ages.

But to properly treat of the poetry and music of religion years and volumes would be required. To even trace from Daniel to St. Thomas we would require an age. From the Psalms to the *Stabat Mater* there is a series of the grandest effusions of real poetry. To know them we must read them and study them. And we have not time to do even the first. Read the hymns that are daily sung in our churches and you will find something in them surpassing anything the profane mind could contemplate. The *Tantum Ergo*, the *Ave Marie Stella*, the *Dies iræ dies illa*, the *Salve Regina* and a hundred thousand such like. Every line is a real text for a poem. And how can the man who reads them attentively and can fathom all their depth of thought and intensity of feeling and sublimity of poetic elevation, not feel likewise a love, or at least an admiration for the institution that has fostered so beautiful and magnificent an art? But we will not, now, attempt to treat of sacred music or sacred song. But we will speak of the songs and poems of a few of the different countries. Unfortunately the beautiful ballads of Italy and the grander poems of the same land; the thrilling songs of Spain and Portugal, the sublime muses of Germany and other countries are cut off from us. Not knowing their language it is vain to seek for the true national spirit in the feeble and faulty translations that we may read. And we prefer to leave them to those who are better read and better able to treat of the subject. For our own part, in France, in England, in Scotland, in Ireland and in America we have a field even too vast for our capacity. But a glance at some of the principal bards can be of no harm to the reader.

As a general thing the poetry and songs of the French are rather light and airy. They savor of that lively spirit with which the people are animated. But at different epochs we find different

characters stamped upon the productions of the famous French writers. Racine, for example was sublime, almost to inspiration, in his *Athalie, Esther* and in nearly all his magnificent productions. Corneille in his *Cid* and several other beautiful dramas gave a color of grandeur to the literature ot the age. Moliere as a poet and as a comic writer could scarcely be surpassed. But his soul of wit and humor was dying away before the *sorocco* of misery which was blowing over his career until Louis XIV. tendered him a helping hand and extracting him from his troubles had fanned anew within him the olden spirit of the comic bard.

Beranger, too often led away by the vices of the age, and too fond of blending in his songs the expression of his passion, was in other respects a powerful bard. He had humor and ideas and harmony and strength. He had nearly all that was required to make a great poet. Many and many of his stamp are to be found in French literature.

Strange, however, to say the land where music was so much admired and encouraged, where song seemed to be born with the child and to follow him to the tomb, has not a single epic poem. True Voltaire has written his *Henriad*; but it is not an epic. It wants many of the necessary qualities for a true epic poem. The subject and the manner in which it is treated debar this great production of a great but perverted brain from ranking amongst the works of Homer, Virgil, Tasso, Dante or Milton.

But if France has had no epic poem or epic poet she has had some of the brightest lights that ever shone in the firmament of literature. And she had one whose name was rendered immortal by one single production. He blended the gift of poetry with that of music—and in one night, in a lone soldier's garrison-room, surrounded by dangers and threatened with death, Rouget Delisle penned the words of a song that in a few hours thousands should sing and struck the notes of a tune that e'er long should cheer himself to the scaffold. Thus originated one of the fiercest, most powerful and most beautiful, and at the same time most terrible, of songs ever composed—to the notes of which thousands marched to glory, thousands went to death, cities were destroyed and blood ran in torrents. Although those few notes and few words caused France many a tear of blood, many a cry of sorrow, yet for genius' sake she should ever hold sacred as a bard and a poet, the author of the *Marseillaise*.

SIR FRANCIS HINCKS, K.C.M.G., C.B.

IN our recent sketch of the life of our much respected fellow citizen, Mr. Edward Murphy, we had occasion to remind our readers of the good old times when the Irishmen of Montreal, Catholic and Protestant, formed one brotherhood, and when the St. Patrick's Society was presided over by liberal Irish Protestant gentlemen, who joined hand in hand with their Catholic brethren in furthering all measures for the benefit of their countrymen. Of those to whom we referred, one of the few survivors is still living amongst us—and we propose to give a brief sketch of his career. Sir Francis Hincks, K.C.M.G., C.B., was born in the City of Cork in December, 1807. With hardly an exception the members of his family have been devoted to literary pursuits. His father was for many years Head Classical Master, and Professor of Oriental Literature in the Royal Belfast Institution, where his youngest son Francis received his education. After spending one year in attendance on the Collegiate course, he entered the counting-house of a mercantile firm in Belfast, where he remained five years, after which he paid a visit to some of the West Indian Colonies in a ship belonging to the mercantile firm in whose service he had been employed, and which was extensively engaged in foreign trade. It was not a little singular that during the few months which he spent in the West Indies, Mr. Hincks should have visited no less than four colonies, over which he presided as Governor twenty-five or thirty years later. In the course of his travels he met in Barbadoes a Canadian gentleman, Mr. Ross, father of the Hon. John Jones Ross, Speaker of the Legislative Assembly of Quebec, by whose advice he embarked for Canada with the intention of returning home in the fall from Quebec. This was in the year 1830, about fifty years ago. Mr. Hincks has often said that he

was greatly influenced in his determination to visit Upper Canada by reading for the first time at the house of a Belfast friend, who had emigrated to Canada a few months previously, and had not yet left Montreal, the poem of Moore addressed to Lady Charlotte Rawdon, sister of Lord Moira, afterwards Marquis of Hastings, from the banks of the St. Lawrence. The lines which principally struck the young Irishman were doubtless those which follow:—

I dream't not then that ere the rolling year
Had filled its circle, I should wander here
In musing awe, should tread this wondrous world,
See all its store of inland waters hurled
In one vast volume down Niagara's steep,
Or calm behold them, in transparent sleep,
Where the blue hills of old Toronto shed
Their evening shadows o'er Ontario's bed;
Should trace the grand Cadaraqui, and glide
Down the white rapids of his lordly tide
Through massy woods, mid Islets flowering fair,
And blooming glades, where the first sinful pair
For consolation might have weeping trod,
When banished from the Garden of their God.
Oh Lady! these are miracles, which man,
Caged in the bounds of Europe's pigmy span,
Can scarcely dream of,—which his eye must see
To know how wonderful this world can be.

In the Fall of 1830 Mr. Hincks proceeded to Toronto, then little York, travelling by stage to Prescott, thence by schooner to Kingston, thence by another schooner to York, putting into Niagara, owing to an adverse wind, and being detained long enough to enable him to proceed to the Falls of Niagara on horseback, and return same day. After spending the winter in York, Mr. Hincks returned in the Spring to his native country with a fixed determination to cast his lot in Canada, if he could possibly manage to do so. On his return he found that other arrangements had been made by his friends, which prevented his immediate return. In the following year, 1832, he was enabled to carry out his wishes, and he proceeded to his destination at York by way of the United States. Very shortly after his arrival at York, Mr. Hincks owing to the accidental circumstance of his renting a house from the late Hon. Robert Baldwin, became acquainted with his family, the head of which was a native of the same part of Ireland as himself. Though he took a lively interest in politics shortly after his settlement at York, especially during the agitation for Responsible Government in 1836, yet it was only in 1838 that he became publicly known by the establishment of the Toronto *Examiner*, of which paper he was proprietor and editor. During the Government of the Earl of Durham, Mr. Hincks took a leading part in the controversial discussions which ensued, and maintained the right of the Canadian people to enjoy the same system of Government as their fellow subjects in the United Kingdom. He persevered in the same course during the Government of Lord Sydenham, and when the first general election after the Union of the two Canadas was about to take place, he was invited by the Reformers of the County of Oxford, to whom he was then only known by his writings, to be their candidate for the representation of the County. His opponent was a member of a resident family of considerable influence, but after a hardly fought contest Mr. Hincks was triumphantly returned at the head of the poll. In the following year he was appointed Inspector General, an office analogous to that of Finance Minister. In 1843, the adminstration of which he was a member resigned, owing to a difference of opinion with Lord Metcalfe, then Governor General, regarding the administration of public affairs. Mr. Hincks soon after his resignation took up his residence in Montreal, which had been recently fixed on as the Seat of Government, and shortly after established the *Pilot* newspaper. From the commencement of his political career Mr. Hincks had acted in perfect harmony with his Catholic countrymen and had received their cordial support. Very soon after his arrival in Montreal an election took place which, under the circumstances of the resignation of the Ministers shortly before, caused great excitement. Mr. Drummond was the liberal candidate, and had the support with hardly an exception of his Catholic countrymen as well as of the French Canadians, who were not then divided as they became at a later period. At the annual meeting of the St.

SIR FRANCIS HINCKS, K.C.M.G., C.B.

Patrick's Society in 1845, the year after he took up his residence in Montreal, Mr. Hincks was elected its President, which office he held for two years subsequently. Reference has been made to the cordiality that existed in those old days between persons of different religious faith and no better proof of it can be given than a brief reference to the proceedings on St. Patrick's Day, 1845 and 1846. Among the guests at the dinner in 1845, presided over by Mr. Hincks, were the Honbles. Adam Ferguson and Adam Ferrie, Mr. W. H. Boulton, Mayor of Toronto, Mr. George Duggan, M. P., both the gentlemen last named being Orangemen, Mr. Morin, Dr. Wolfred Nelson, and Dr. Beaubien. Among the toasts were "Daniel O'Connell, nine times nine and one cheer more." "The Right Rev. Bishop Phelan and the Clergy of the Province," which was responded to by Mr. Holmes. On St. Patrick's Day 1846, Mr Hincks being again President, the Society assembled at an early hour at the Recollet Church whence they proceeded to the Place d'Armes, and being joined by the Bishop and a large number of the Clergy, went in procession to the New Church dedi-

cated to St. Patrick, where after High Mass the ceremony of blessing the Church began. There were about seven thousand persons present and the sermon was preached by the Rev. Father Connolly, Chaplain to the St. Patrick's Society. After the service the procession was reformed and returned to Place d'Armes, where they were addressed by Mr. Hincks who "warmly congratulated his Catholic fellow countrymen on the grand event of the day, the opening of St. Patrick's Church, and adverted with much satisfaction to the brotherly feeling exhibited by our Canadian fellow citizens." At the dinner in the evening there were present Honbls. L. J. Papineau, Robert Baldwin, L. H. Lafontaine, A. N. Morin, Peter McGill, Adam Ferrie, Dr. Beaubien, Jos. Bourret, Geo. E. Cartier, C. J. Coursol and others. The chair was filled by Mr. Hincks, and the vice-chair by Mr. L. T. Drummond. Again did a mixed body drink the health of the Illustrious Irishman O'Connell, while Mr. McGill, President of the St. Andrew's Society, hoped that all nationalities would form a partnership for the happiness of each. A couple of years later Mr. Hincks was again in his old office, which he retained until the retirement of Mr. Lafontaine as a member of that gentleman's administration, after which in 1851 he was charged by the Earl of Elgin with the formation of a new administration. About this time a split took place in the Reform party owing chiefly to the opposition of a section of it to separate schools, to the incorporation of educational and charitable institutions, and to grants in their aid. In the manifestoes published against the Hincks-Morin administration these were the principal charges, and the result was a dissolution of the alliance between the Catholics and that section of the Liberals which raised what was generally termed the "Broad Protestant Cry." Mr. Hincks' administration was defeated in the autumn of 1854, by a coalition of Conservatives and advanced Reformers, while Sir Allan MacNab was charged with the formation of a New Government which was known as Liberal-Conservative, and was composed of the Lower Canada members of Mr. Hincks' administration and two of his political friends from Upper Canada, the other members being Conservatives, with Mr. John A. Macdonald as Attorney General. Mr. Hincks supported the New Government during the remainder of the Session towards the close of which he went on a visit to Ireland. While enjoying a holiday at the Lakes of Killarney, he received to his great surprise a letter from Sir Wm. Molesworth, Secretary of State for the Colonies, offering him in most flattering terms the appointment of Governor-in-Chief of Barbadoes and the Windward Islands, which on his return to London he accepted and proceeded shortly after to Canada to join his family. At the termination of six years service in Barbadoes, the Duke of Newcastle who had become Secretary of State, promoted him to the Government of British Guiana where he remained for seven years. Soon after the termination of his Government of Barbadoes Mr. Hincks was created a Companion of the Bath, and on the completion of his service in British Guiana he was appointed a Knight Commander of St. Michael and St. George. Returning to Canada in 1869, he was invited to join the administration of Sir John A. Macdonald in which he became Finance Minister, and with which he acted cordially until the close of the year 1872, when he came to the determination of withdrawing entirely from public life. In the winter of 1872-3, Sir Francis Hincks again became a citizen of Montreal after an absence of twenty-three years. Anything like a perfect sketch of the career of this eminent Irish Canadian would necessitate the writing of the history of the most exciting times in Canadian history. In the above we have attempted but a meagre outline of one of the most active and useful lives in the roll of Canadian statesmanship. Sir Francis never once forfeited the confidence of his fellow-countrymen; he was to the Irish Canadian, what Sir George Cartier was to the French Canadian, true to all but never forgetful of his friends.

Without any pretension to eloquence, Sir Francis Hincks was a skilful Parliamentary debater, and to-day his facile and fertile pen is as vigorous as ever on all subjects of public interest outside of partizan politics.

MARIE JENNA—THE POET OF THE VOSGES—THUS PLEADS FOR THE BUTTERFLY.

I.

Porquoi l'approcher en silence
Et menacer mon vol joyeux?
Par quelle involontaire offense
Ai-je pu deplaire a *tes* yeux?

Why do you seek me in silence
And menace my joyous flight?
By what crime have I rendered me hateful
Displeasing in thy sight?

II.

Je suis la vivante etincelle
Qui *monte* et descend tour a tour
La fleur a qui Dieu donne une aile
Un suffle un regard un amour.

I am a breathing sun flash
Which rises and falls by turns;
A flower to whom God has given
Wings and a heart that burns.

III.

Je *sais* la frere de la rose
Elle me cache aux importuns
Puis sur son cœur je me repose
Et je m'enivre de parfums.

I am the rose's brother,
She hides me from my foes;
I then drink in her perfumes,
And on her breast repose.

IV.

Ma vie est tout heureuse et pure
Pourquoi desires tu ma mort?
Oh! des moi, *noi* de la nature
Serais tu jaloux de mon sort?

My life is a happy and pure one;
Why do you wish me to die?
Tell me thou lord of creation,
Art thou jealous of *my joy*?

V.

Va, je sais bien que tu l'inclines
Souvent pour essuyer des pleurs
Que *tes* yeux *compleut* les epines
Ou je ne vois rien que les fleurs

Go; for I know that you often
Keep back your tears for hours;
That *you* see only the briars,
Where *I* see only the flowers.

VI.

Je sais que parfois tou visage
Se trouble et s'assombre *soudain*
Lorsque'en vain je cherche an nuage
Ou fond de l'horizon serein.

I know that full often your face is
Beclouded and full of pain;
Whilst I in the sky for a cloud-let
Am seeking all in vain.

VII.

Mais Celui dont la main divine
A daigné nous former tous deux
Pour moi parfuma la colline
Et de loin *te* montra les cieux.

But He who with hand Almighty
Has fashioned both thee and me;
For me has perfumed the hills sides,
And heaven has made for thee!

VIII

Il me fit deux ailes de flamme
A moi, feu follet du printemps;
Pour toi, son fils, il fit une âme
Plus grande que le firmament.

Two wings of flame he has given
To me, will-o-th' wisp of spring,
To you, his son, he has given
A soul above every thing.

IX.

Ecoute ma voix qui t'implore
Loin de moi detourne les pas
Laisse moi vivre un jour encore
O toi, qui ne *finiras* pas!

Hear then my voice I implore thee
And turn thee aside from my path;
Leave me to live yet a day's span,
Oh thou who eternity hath.

X.

Mon bonheur a moi, cest la vie
La liberté sous la ciel bleu
Le resseau l'amour sans envie
Le *tien*—, cest le secret de Dieu.

My happiness only is life,
And liberty 'neath the blue sky;
The streamlet and love without strife,
Thine is—to see the Most High.

H. B.

Old age is the night of life, as night is the old age of the day. Still, night is full of magnificence; and, for many, it is more brilliant than the day.

There's no man poor but he who is beyond
All human *sympathy. No chord of love*
Awakes for him on Nature's magic lyre;
His mind's a desert and his soul a void.

The man that stands by himself, the universe stands by him also.

Every point in life is a point on which turns the whole action of our former lives.

Scorn no man's love though of a mean
degree:
Much less make any one thine enemy.

IRISH LANDLORDS AND "TENANTS AT WILL."

THE relationship exisiting for generations past between landlords and tenants in Ireland has contributed not a little toward keeping that unfortunate country in a condition more or less disturbed. The landlord is usually an absentee, and employs the time during the summer season in dealing destruction among bird, beast, or fish, wherever his fancy may direct, and during the winter in dancing, or attending the opera in London. Any improvements made by his tenants upon his Irish acres, are carefully noted by his local agent, and —up goes the rent. The very cap or bonnet which the wife wears to church, or fair is remarked, and deemed satisfactory evidence that the tenant is able to pay more for his holding. There are over half a million "tenants at will" in the country, and each of these is subject at any moment to receive, through the avarice, caprice or misfortune of their landlords at the gaming table or elsewhere, a notice of an advance in his rent. Fixity of tenure has been suggested as a remedy, but the utility of such a change were questionable as long as the landlord has the power to send a valuator and value the tenant's invested capital and improvements, drag him into the Land Court and compel him to fight a landlord league, before a judge who is a firm believer in "ancient rights," and a decided opponent of modern progress and the encroachment of the masses.

It has been suggested among other things, that the deficiency in flax could be made up by energy, and investment of capital—in the cultivation of that plant. There are on almost every farm tracts of land that could be reclaimed and made to repay cultivation. But the tenant is the only person who desires to make the improvement; and where is the security for the investment? Ask any man what he would do in such a case, and he would simply answer, "Nothing." The result is that the Irish "tenant at will" usually does "nothing" —more than work his farm as it is and get all he can out of it; and he earns for himself principally the reputation of being unenterprising, indolent, lazy. As long as he spends no money in improvements upon his holding, either in drainage or putting up better buildings, he is not likely to be threatened with eviction or a demand for higher rent.

It is not to be wondered at that the Irish have the reputation of being slovenly farmers. No other training is possible. The circumstances that led to the conversion of Lincolnshire fens into some of the most productive of English lands do not exist in Ireland. There are millions of pounds sterling in the Dublin Banks, the savings of the people who would gladly invest it had they the necessary guarantee that they should not be obliged to pay rent on the outlay. As long as there is no security for labor or capital among the agricultural classes of Ireland, it is difficult to conceive how there can be much improvement in the condition of her people, or any appreciable decrease of the poverty and discontent, which have so long characterized the great majority of the inhabitants.

F.

CHIT-CHAT.

WE entered a church-yard and wandered amongst the tombs. Everywhere tomb stones! wierd spectres of every shape and size keeping watch over the dead. Everywhere tomb stones—*wealth* of stones. Money expended—*for what?* For the relief of the souls departed? No. For their advancement to heaven? No. It is not by the costliness of our tombstone, that our soul will take precedence up yonder amongst the stars. "In my Father's house there are many mansions" but those mansions are built of good works done in the flesh *not* of good chiseling done in marble—widows and orphans supported, sick men nursed and tended for love of God, &c., &c., &c., *not* of moss-grown marble and dappled granite put up by vanity over a handful of mouldering clay.

We turned toward the church. Surely the church must be magnificent when the church yard has such wealth of precious stones! Surely the House of God must be of topaz and chrysolite, when the house of a dead man is marble and granite! Alas! the church, (though

the house of God withal) was of the humblest.

We turn away with disgust at the vanity and ingratitude of man, and sitting down by a granite monument of colossal proportions erected to the memory of one, who, if he had done no harm had done little good, we record *this* simple calculation in our tablets.

One hundred tomb-stones (marble and granite) averaging one hundred dollars each, equal 10,000 dollars, or the price of a *handsome* country church.

N. B. Ten thousand dollars given to vanity and hence to the devil: ten thousand dollars stolen from God.

Alas! poor Yorrick.

—What is bribery? Ah! *that's* the question. My Lord Bacon had a subtle distinction on this head. He distinguished between selling *justice* and selling *injustice*. To his (not very refined) mind, the latter only was wrong. But Mallet de Pau before him had made a similar distinction. He sold his *services* not his *decisions*. Mirabeau defending bribery said, "Un homme comme moi peut recevoir cent mille ecus; mais on n'as pas un homme comme moi pour cent mille ecus;" which amounts to this, that Mirabeau in the plenitude of his self-consciousness, thought one hundred thousand crowns very little remuneration to such a fine gentleman for acting honestly. We have many Mirabeau's, Mallet de Pau's and Bacon's in the world—and *more's the pity*.

—It was said by some, that Abbot Agatho was very meek and humble. Therefore to make trial of his temper, they said to him, "Men say you are sensual and haughty." He answered, "It is true."

They said again, "Are you not Agatho who has such a foul tongue?" He answered, "I am he."

They said again, "Are you not a thief and a robber?" He answered, "It may be so."

They then said. Are you not Agatho the heretic? He made answer with firmness and some warmth: No.

When his monks asked him why he had acknowledged the first accusations but repelled the last, he answered; By the first I only cast evil upon myself; by the last I should have severed myself from God.

—Protestantism developed a strange phase of religious liberty. In the Peace of Westphalia, (1648) the reformers demanded and had their claim allowed, that the *supreme rulers* of the States immediately connected with the Empire should have the *right of reforming* (Instrum: Pac. Osnabr Art. V. 30.) *the* religion of the counts and vassals residing within their territories. This was a strange demand but hardly a reform withal. Let us suppose the Governor of each state in the Union endowed with the power of changing the religion of his State to please his fancy; what a chopping and changing we should have every four years. And yet this is actually what took place by virtue of the Treaty of *Osnabruck*. The poor unfortunate inhabitants of the Palatinate within the sixty years following the accession of Frederic III. were forced by virtue of this compact to change their religion at the bidding of their masters *no less than four times*. What wonder if they ended with having *none*.

—What a wondrous similarity there is between Protestantism and Mohammedanism. Protestant England took away the Cathedrals and Parish Churches from the Catholics and at length as a great privilege allowed them to build small chapels. Turks after the capture of Constantinople obliged the Christians to give up their stone churches and build wooden ones for themselves. Protestantism by a pious euphuism calls this *secularization*, the decalogue of Moses perversely calls it *robbery*. But 'twas a glorious reformation withal. H. B.

Who stabs my name, would stab my person, too.
Did not the hangman's ax lie in the way.

Experience is the name men give to their follies or their sorrows.

Men deride the self conceit of power, but cringe to the injustice.

With time and patience, the mulberry leaf becomes silk.

TRIED AND TRUE.

CHAPTER I.

"I MADE up my mind two years ago," said a clear, sweet voice. "I will not marry under five thousand a-year and a title."

There was a chorus of girlish laughter.

"Where will you find them, Rose?"

"I have faith in my own fortune; they will come this way, I am sure. The fact is all you girls think just the same—you are all determined to marry well: I am the only one who has the candor to say so."

"We never thought of a title, though," said the chorus.

"Because you have no imagination; you are dull and prosaic. I soar away into the regions of romance; in those regions I am my Lady Rose—knights and princes pay me homage. What do you think of that, Miss Lester?"

"I think it great nonsense, Rose," said staid Elizabeth; "you would be better employed in darning stockings or making bread than in dreaming such foolish dreams."

"Tastes differ," said charming Rose. "It has pleased fortune to make me the daughter of what is commonly called a small farmer, which means, let it be understood, a farmer with a small farm; it has pleased Dame Nature to give me a passable face; it has pleased Providence to give me a bright *imagination*—why should I not use it? I repeat, that I shall remain single *until a title and fortune*, passing by hand-in-hand, ask me *very humbly to take them*. I shall say 'yes' with the same royal air with which Queen Elizabeth used to accept golden chains and silk stockings."

Then the speaker threw herself into the midst of a fragrant heap of new mown hay. The scene was a summer idyll—a poem in action. It was a hay-field in June, a deep-blue sky overhead, Italian in its depth and color. Far and wide stretched out the rich clover meadows, bordered by tall green trees; the hedges a gorgeous mass of bloom, white and pink with hawthorn, scarlet with wild roses, purple with sprays of foxglove, and green with their own wealth of foliage. In the meadow where the girls were seated the hay lay in great heaps, and there could be no fairer sight than these fair girls tossing it to and fro.

The hay-field belonged to Mr. Massey, Rose's father, and it was Rose's privilege, when hay was made in the "Home Meadow," to invite all her young friends to a great party therein. They had tea in the hay-field, and danced through the gloaming and the moonshine. While Rose was holding forth on her expectations, they were seated under the hedge, a hedge completely covered with woodbines. On the other side, all unknown to them, was seated a young man, who had heard every word that passed. He had been walking along the high road, and struck by the beauty of the woodbines, sat down for a few minutes to rest while he enjoyed their perfume. It was then he heard Rose Massey's declaration of independence.

"A spirited young lady that," he said, "I suppose, as she says, all girls think the same, but few speak out so boldly."

He looked not over but through the hedge and saw a group of young girls, all evidently full of admiration for the Queen Rose, who was lying now quite still and thoughtful in the midst of a fragrant heap of hay.

You might have searched all England through and not have found a lovelier girl. She was well named Rose, she was exactly like one; a tall, queenly rose, bending with the weight of its own rich leaves.

She was tall, with a figure of perfect grace and symmetry, beautiful hands and arms, white, dimpled shoulders, and a graceful neck. She had light brown hair, that looked all gold in the sunshine and brown in the shade. She had lovely dark eyes, with a golden light shining in them, long dark lashes half shading their brightness. Then she had the most exquisite face, a low brow on which the bright hair waved, dark, arched brows, sweet, ripe lips, and a complexion queens might envy, it was of such a delicate, dainty rose-leaf bloom, neither tanned nor freckled, though she was so careless of it, and sat now out in the June sunshine without hat or bonnet.

The young man looked at her with passionate admiration in his dark eyes.

"What does nature mean by giving a face like that to a farmer's daughter?" he said to himself. "It ought to be shining in a palace, worshipped by a king. Let come what may, I must see her and speak to her."

The pretty little village of Abercourt lay in the deep green heart of the land. The people who lived in it and near it were all devoted to the culture of the land; they were farmers, small and large; farmers who lived on their own land, and tenant-farmers with their laborers and servants. There were a few shopkeepers, a lawyer, a doctor, and the clergyman. Among the farmers, Mr. Massey was looked upon with great respect, while his lovely daughter, Rose, was the belle of the whole neighborhood, who could count her lovers or her offers of marriage. Rose refused them all.

She had heard enough, she declared, of crops and cattle; when she married, she should want an entire change of scene and conversation.

"But," remonstrated one young farmer, very deep in love, "if you marry me, Rose, I will promise never to mention the word crop."

"Then you would have to go from home to talk," she said, "and that would not be fair."

She was only eighteen, and neither father or mother wished her to marry yet. They loved the bonnie bird, who made sunshine and music at home, too well to tolerate the idea of parting with her. So they smiled when Rose dismissed her lovers, and declared that she should please herself.

"I must speak to her," said the young man to himself. "If she is what she looks to be, Thornton may wait. How shall I manage an introduction? I will go to the farmhouse and ask for a drink of milk. Pastoral drama in three acts—act the first."

He went to the door, and it was opened by the good farmer himself. Now Mr. Massey always boasted that he knew a gentleman when he saw one. He recognized one in the person asking for a little milk to drink. He invited him in and placed before him a glass of his "brown October," and the stranger, talked so nicely, he interested the farmer so deeply, that he was invited to look round the farm and the hay-field. The very thing he had wished for.

"I should introduce myself to you," he said to the farmer. "I have not been long home from college; my name is Arthur Hamilton."

Mr. Massey was really proud of entertaining a gentleman from Oxford, Oxford being, in his eyes, the very seat of learning.

"You are going into the church, or you are for the bar, probably?" he said.

"No," was the half hesitatingly reply; "I have not studied for the professions: the fact is I am a writer."

The farmer's respect increased, but his own grew less. He had a vague idea that writers were all more or less poor.

He took the stranger into the hay-field.

"My daughter Rose is somewhere here," he said; "she has a party of young friends. You will be welcome among them."

The next minute he was in the midst of the group of girls, looking admiringly into the face of the beautiful Rose, who would not marry under five thousand a-year and a title.

"This is quite a sylvan scene," he said to Rose. "I could imagine it to be a picture by Claude Lorraine in motion."

Here was something different to crops and cattle at last. Rose inwardly made a thanksgiving.

"Have you seen Claude Lorraine's pictures?" she said. "Pray sit down here, and tell me about them."

She motioned to another heap of fragrant hay, and Arthur Hamilton took his seat thereon.

"What must I tell you?" he asked. "This picture unrolled before me here is superior to anything I have seen of Claude Lorraine's."

"That is only a theory," she said, coolly—"put into practice you would not admire it. I have seen these pictures all my life and am tired of them; I want to see others painted by great men."

"Have you never been to London?" he asked.

"I have never been five miles away from Abercourt in my life," she said

"and I am eighteen now; but I intend to go some day."

"Then you have read, perhaps, a great deal?" said the young man, who had not perhaps expected to find any one conversant with Claude Lorraine in a village hay-field.

"Our library at home consists of 'The Bible,' 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' 'Buchanan's Domestic Medicine,' 'The Farmer's Guide,' and the 'Yearly Almanack.' We have a small circulating library in the village; it contains nothing more modern than 'Thaddeus of Warsaw.' All my little store of learning comes from 'Magnall's Questions.' We were brought up on 'Magnall's Questions,' were we not, Miss Lester?"

But Elizabeth looks shocked—she has no idea of talking so lightly to a stranger, although a young and handsome one.

"I have made the most of "Magnall," continued Rose, looking defiantly at the stately Elizabeth. "I know the names of all great men, when and where they were born, etc.; if I occasionally mistake a painter for a sculptor, it is Magnall's fault, not mine."

He had not an idea whether she was speaking seriously or not. The bright face looked lovely with its slight gleam of mischief; the stranger looked at it until he lost himself. How did it happen? one by one the girls went away, and still the two sat side by side on the hay.

"I shall never forget this day," said the stranger; I wonder if ever the sky was so blue or the hay smelt so sweet before?"

She blushed; there was no misunderstanding his meaning. He did not pay her broad compliments, like the young farmers; he did not say her eyes were like stars and her cheeks like roses; but there was a silent deference in his manner, a chivalrous devotion, that told her he admired her.

It was late when he left the hay-field; even then he stopped to ask Farmer Massey's advice as to where he should take lodgings.

"I have not been very well or strong lately," he said; "and Abercourt is so healthy and quiet, I should like to stay here for a few weeks, just to write and study in peace."

"Nothing could be easier," the farmer told him. "Widow Gibson had two nice rooms to let—a parlor and bedroom—he could not do better than take them."

When Rose heard of that conversation, her face flushed and her lovely eyes dropped.

"Then he is going to remain in Abercourt, after all," she said, and was strangely silent for the rest of the night.

The day after this conversation Arthur Hamilton was safely installed in Widow Gibson's apartments, and every girl in the place was in love with him.

CHAPTER II.

Is there any new way of telling the old story? Is there any new method of ringing the sweet old chimes—all of love? Can the old music be set to fresh tunes? Was the summer idyll at Abercourt the same as the idylls years and centuries ago, when Adam's heart beat more quickly because he found Eve so fair?

How long was Arthur Hamilton before he knew that all the happiness of his life lay in those lovely hands? Not long; not many nights had passed since he dreamed the whole night through of Rose, talked to her, made love to her, asked her to be his wife; and got up in the morning, the only thought before him being that he should see Rose. The sun seemed to shine Rose, the flowers bloomed Rose, the wind whispered her name. He could eat no breakfast, because his heart was on fire to see Rose. He went out and loitered round the clover meadows and in the green lanes, then if no fortunate accident brought Rose out, he would call at the farmhouse. Sometimes Rose was pleased to see him, and would laugh and talk so gaily, he could not tear himself away; at other times her face would flush, and she would be strangely silent; at others she would avoid him altogether, and then Arthur would go home the most miserable man under the sun.

So through the bright month of June. The girls of Abercourt declared it was shameful of Rose to monopolise the handsome stranger. It was settled

that although he was so well educated, he was poor; Widow Gibson said so, and on her authority it was universally believed.

After an early dinner he read or wrote, and then the evenings were all for Rose again. Every one now saw; the progress of his love affair was noted through the whole village.

"It is too bad of Rose," said the girls, "she will never marry him herself, because he is not rich and she gives us no chance."

In good truth, however, Rose was quite as much puzzled as any one. She did not know what to make of herself. She, who had so utterly scorned all love and lovers, she trembled when she heard his footsteps; she trembled at the sound of his voice. Her face flushed when he looked at her, or else it grew deadly pale. What was the matter with her? Sometimes she could hold her own and talk saucily, defiantly to him; then, again, she had not a word to say, but listened in sweet, mute submission. How was it to end? He came when the clover meadows were first cut, and now the wheat stood in sheaves and the fruit was ripe in the orchards.

He went out one evening to find her, and fortune favored him. She was going through the lane that led to the corn-fields; and of all places in Abercourt, Arthur liked these lanes the best. They were bordered by spreading lime-trees, the grass was green and thick, the hedges tall and covered with roses, the banks sloping, and looking like a sea of blue and crimson, with their wild flowers all in bloom. He was walking slowly down when he saw Rose coming. He went up to her with outstretched hands.

"The very thing I was wishing for, Rose; I am glad to see you here. Come and sit down. See, here is a throne of moss fit for a fairy. I want to say something to you this evening."

She tried to be defiant, but she could not; his hands held hers with a tight grasp. She tried to be saucy: it was not possible with those dark eyes fixed upon her. The beautiful face flushed, the little hands trembled, as he placed her on the pretty throne of moss, and half knelt, half sat at her feet.

"Rose, I love you! Do not turn your sweet face from me. I love you with my whole heart, and I want you, darling, to be my wife."

She made no answer. He went on. "It is no secret that you have said you would not marry under five thousand a-year and a title. Your lips may have said such words; no one could look in your sweet face and believe them. You are a true woman, Rose; love will win you, not money; and I have a lingering hope that you love me. Will you not give me one word, Rose?"

No, not one. The drooping eyes were not raised.

"Let me tell you, darling, what I have to offer you—my first, pure, deep love. I have never loved any woman before you, Rose, and pardon me if I say the first deep love of a man's heart is well worth taking. I will make you so happy, sweet. I cannot promise, as the lovers in novels do, that every clasp of your mantle shall be of gold: but I promise to work hard for you. I am a writer, you know, Rose. I do not get enough for my writings to command any great luxuries; but you shall have a little home full of comfort. I will work so hard for you Rose, I love you so dearly. Will you be my wife?"

"I cannot tell you all at once," she said, "I do not know."

"It will break my heart, sweet, if you send me away. Now, Rose, fancy a lovely little cottage with woodbine climbing round the windows, and a green porch all bright with flowers and sunshine, without and within. A table for my books and desk, and one for your sewing; fancy the summer wind coming in at the window and the birds singing in the trees; we should be very happy. You would come to me some day, darling, and clasp your arms round my neck and tell me how thankful you were you married me for love, after all, and did not sell your lovely face for gold. Promise me to think about it. I will not tease you any more. Will you think about it to-night, and to-morrow evening meet me here in the same place, and tell me what you have decided?"

She promised; then he spoke in a lighter tone; he talked to of a thousand beauties in art and nature; she listened like one entranced, the sweet, bright face glowing as he spoke. The sun was

setting, when Rose, suddenly remembering the time, declared she must go home.

She did think most earnestly all night long. The golden stars were shining, and the night wind sang sweet lullabyes amidst the flowers. She loved him; all her woman's heart was awake at last. She did not seek to hide the truth from herself in the least. She loved him with a full, true, passionate devotion that she could never feel for any human being again. His presence was light and sunshine to her, with him the world seemed a blaze of full and perfect beauty, without him it was a dreary blank.

She loved him, and he was poor; he had nothing to offer her but a little cottage-home, hard work, and poor fare; if she married him, farewell to all those grand visions of wealth and title, of carriages and diamonds. She must go on, then, with the same life, content with dreams of brighter things.

How the girls would laugh at her, too. She, who had held up her head so proudly; she, who had laughingly declared that she would have the equivalent of her beautiful face. How they would laugh and taunt her if she married a poor man after all. Any of them would "do better" than she was about to do. They would most of them at least, marry well-to-do farmers; they would be mistresses of pretty little farm-houses, and as long as they lived, they would laugh at her, who had been so ambitious, and had done so little.

"Yes, she loved him: better, her woman's heart told her, be happy with him in a cottage, than without him in a palace; better listen to the voice of love than the voice of ambition. Ah! if evil prevailed upon her, and she were to send him away, how blank and dreary the after-years would be, how tasteless and joyless her life. After all, why need she fear a little laughter, bright brave Rose?"

"I shall do what my own heart tells me, and marry him," she said to herself. "I will see him to-morrow, and tell him how sorry I am I ever said anything so foolish. He has the best title of all. He is an honest, noble man. No title can be greater than that."

When she had thus decided, Rose slept the sleep of the just, happier than she had ever been for months. When evening came, she went out to meet her lover. Just as he had prophesied, two slender arms were clasped round his neck, a beautiful face was hidden on his breast, and she said:

"Arthur, I do love you, I will be your wife, and help your work all my life, and I am very sorry for what I said about money and title, I would far rather have your love, dearest."

She was rather startled to find that he turned very pale, and trembled excessively.

"Do you really mean it, Rose?" he said. "You are really willing to marry me, remembering that I am so poor, darling? Ah, me! perhaps I have been selfish in asking you to share my lot."

"I would rather share it," she said, "than be a queen."

"What if I fail? What, if in years to come, the strength goes from my brain? What if we should ever want, Rose?"

"We shall be together," she said, "and I can help you. I would not change it, Arthur; I would not have you richer. You know now that I am marrying you because I love you."

"I cannot doubt it." Then he clasped her in his arms, kissed her sweet face over and over again, thanked her in passionate words, and walked home by her side to ask Farmer Massey's consent.

He briefly explained that by his writing he could clear enough to keep Rose in comfort.

"I am proud," said the farmer, "that my Rose should marry a gentleman. I could wish, perhaps, that you had a little more money, sir, but that may be the case some day."

There was certainly some little consternation and surprise when it became known in Abercourt that Rose Massey had given up her grand, ambitious ideas after all, and had consented to marry the poor gentleman writer.

It was not a grand marriage, although all Abercourt was there to see. Rose looked most entrancingly lovely. The young farmers declared it was abominable that she should be taken

away from the midst of them; the girls forgave her, and gathered in great force to strew flowers in her way.

So lovely Rose bade farewell to the old farm, the hay-field, the quiet village, the parents, and the dear old friends. She went with her husband to a pretty little cottage at Richmond; it was necessary for his literary engagements that he should be near London.

They were very happy. In all probability there are thousands of such little Edens in England which married lovers find paradise. None were happier than Rose Cottage, as Arthur would call it. Their lives were very simple; they had one little maid-of-all-work. Arthur declared that Rose's hands must not be quite spoiled. It was so pleasant to see Rose in the morning, her lovely face glowing with health and happiness, flitting in and out of the garden, bringing in flowers for the breakfast-table pouring out tea and talking so gaily, Arthur was charmed to listen.

Then he went into his study, and Rose, with the little maid, attended to the house. They worked hard, both husband and wife, but they were as happy as the day was long.

CHAPTER III.

A year passed by and Arthur Hamilton studied incessantly the bright, brave nature of the beautiful girl he had made his wife. The more he studied her the more deeply he loved her. He had once thought she was inclined to be vain and worldly, but in the pure and perfect light of love those faults were hidden forever.

At the end of a year a lovely bright-eyed baby came to make them happier still—a wonderful baby, with golden curls and large blue eyes. Rose honestly believed there had never been anything seen like it. He was called Philip, and the doings and sayings of Master Philip were something beyond mere mortal comprehension.

A few months more of bright summer sunshine, then came a change. One morning Arthur returned from the city, looking very sad and dispirited.

"Rose," he said, "my brave little wife, can you bear trouble? I have bad news for you."

"I can bear anything with you, nothing without you," she replied.

"My engagement with the "Monthly Critic" is at an end, and I have no other means of earning money except by writing. What shall I do?"

"Keep a brave heart in the first place, and look out for a fresh engagement in the second," she replied brightly.

"I am afraid it will not be so easy as it looks," said her husband.

"Baby!" cried Rose, "kiss papa, and tell him in all the wide world there is no one so clever or so brave."

Which message baby translated into a dialect of its own, and then Rose looked perfectly happy, thinking she had administered the very highest comfort.

It was wonderful to note how she cheered and comforted him as day by day he returned with the same words, "I have found nothing yet, Rose;" how she cheered him with brave words, consoled him, waited upon him, attended to his every wish.

"It is almost worth while to be unfortunate, Rose, in order to find such loving devotion," he said to her one day, and she was happy beyond all words when he so praised her.

He had saved a little money, and on this he told her they must live until he could find something else. As the little store dwindled and dwindled it was wonderful to see how Rose managed, what meagre little dinners were brightened by her loving smiles, what marvellous plans of retrenchment she devised, how triumphantly she came to tell him of some bargain she had made.

Once Arthur puzzled his wife. Baby lay sleeping in its pretty little cradle and Mr. Hamilton, believing himself to be alone in the room, went up to it. He bent over the sweet sleeping face, he touched the tiny fingers.

"I wonder, little fellow," he said, "if I have wronged you."

In a moment Rose was by his side, eager, curious.

"What do you mean, Arthur; how have you wronged the baby? What a strange thing to say!"

"He did look slightly confused, and Rose saw it."

"Do tell me what you mean, Arthur. I shall be unhappy if you do not."

"I only mean, darling: how I wrong-

ed him by not taking more pains to keep my engagement when I knew how much depended upon it, that is all."

"Of course you have not wronged him. I wish every baby in the world had a papa so kind and good."

Then times grew worse. The little fund was very low. Quarter day came round, and Rose was obliged to ask the landlord to wait, the little maid's wages were due, and there was nothing to pay them with.

Rose said nothing to her husband lest she should grieve him, but she went out and sold her gold watch and chain; she paid the rent and the wages, then told Arthur.

He laid his face down on her shoulder.

"Oh, Rose," he cried, "I am so sorry! Oh, my darling, tell me truly, do you not repent having married me?"

"No," she replied firmly; "a thousand and a thousand times over, I do not. You must not say such a thing again."

But the wolf came nearer and nearer, yet, strange to say, she never really wanted for anything. They endured privations, they dined without meat, and drank nothing stronger than tea. There were times when Rose came to the last shilling, then Providence was kind—Arthur would earn a sovereign, and it was a perfect mystery how long Rose made that sovereign last.

The day came at least when Arthur told her they must leave the pretty cottage and take cheap lodgings; they must sell the piano and some of the best furniture. She did not even sigh. "We shall have baby with us," she said, "and he is such a prince, he will make the cheapest lodgings look like a palace." No matter what happened, he could not daunt her bright, brave spirit. He talked of the horrors of lodgings: she told him there were brighter days in store. She was the most industrious, the most indefatigable, the most cheery the most, lovely and loving wife in all the wide world.

"I can never thank God enough," he said to himself, "for this greatest of all gifts—a perfect wife."

She grew only the brighter as the sky grew darker. The day came when a cab stood at the door, and they had to leave the little cottage. Arthur Hamilton looked very pale and woe-begone. Rose felt ready to weep scalding tears, but she resolutely persisted in smiling; not a sigh or a tear was to be extorted from her. She talked to the baby, she cheered her husband, and would not even turn to look at the cottage for the last time.

"Rose," said her husband, "shall you be able to bear one little dull sitting-room, and perhaps a scolding landlady, after our bright, sunny home?"

"Anywhere with you dear," she said. "I am very much afraid, Arthur, I should find a prison pleasant if you were within it and with me."

He could not daunt her—he might as well have tried to stop the sun from shining; she would be bright and cheerful in spite of all.

"What wonderful love yours is, Rose," he said at last.

"Not at all," she replied; "all good women love their husbands, Arthur. The only difference, all the men have not the sense to appreciate it."

"There is one thing more," he said, sadly: "I fear we shall not be able to keep the little maid. Rose, what shall you do?"

"A dull little sitting-room, a scolding landlady, limited, very limited means, the most angelic baby in the world, and the dearest husband under the sun. Weighing my joys and sorrows with an equal balance, I cannot be sad, I really cannot, Arthur."

"Then you do not repent having married me for love?" he asked.

"No; it was all for love, and I shall never repent."

Where was the cab driving? Not through narrow, dull streets, as she had expected, but through the open country, where the birds were singing and the flowers all blooming.

"Where are you going, Arthur?" Rose asked; but the baby crowed, and Arthur shook his head. That mysterious drive continued for three hours—the latter part of it was through a beautiful, undulating park.

"I am sure we are trespassing," cried Rose. There! I can see the towers of a large house between the trees."

Then the cab stopped, and Arthur got out.

"Now, Rose!" he said; and Rose, in mute wonder, followed him.

She saw before her a magnificent old hall, built of grey stone, with square towers and large windows, surrounded by a beautiful terrace and superb pleasure grounds.

"Rose," said Arthur, "this is home." She looked at him in unutterable wonder.

"This is Crayford Hall," he said; "your home and mine. Sit down here, Rose, I have a little story to tell you.

"My name is Sir Arthur Hamilton Audrey, and at the early age of eighteen I was left sole master of one of the finest fortunes in England, I might tell you how manœuvring mothers sought me, but I will not. Suffice to say, that while I was still young, I conceived the greatest dread of being married for my wealth and title. I vowed to myself, over and over again, that I would sooner die unmarried. When I was twenty-four, my friend, Lord Thornton, asked me to go to visit him at Elmsdale Park. I consented. Passing on foot through a very pretty village—my carriage and servants had gone on to Elmsdale—I sat down to rest under a hedge of flowering woodbine. There I heard a sweet, girlish voice say, "I will never marry under five thousand a year and a title."

"I looked through the hedge, Rose, and saw the loveliest girl under heaven; with such a sweet, bright, frank face, such beautiful, true, brave eyes. I said to myself, she will never marry for money; she will marry for love."

"Then this little plot came into my mind, to win you as a poor man. I wrote to Lord Thornton, telling him the simple truth, and asking him to send carriages and servants back home.

"I did win you, Rose, thank God! Won the sweetest, truest, bravest wife that ever man was blessed with; and I know that you married me for love.

"Perhaps, darling, I ought to ask your pardon—I have tried you very hardly—but I wanted to be certain; my hungry heart longed to know that I was loved for myself alone. It was hard work sometimes to keep up that farce of hard times, when I longed to deck my darling in satin and diamonds; but I was learning the sweet woman's nature, the true courage, the strength. Am I forgiven, Rose?"

She looked at him, her sweet face pale and full of wonder.

"I have nothing to forgive," she replied. "It was right that after hearing those words, you should test me."

"Smile and look happy, Lady Rose Audrey; tell your boy he is heir to Crayford. When I wondered if I had wronged him, I meant by depriving him of the state that ought to surround him, that was all. Guess who is staying at the Hall now?"

"I cannot," she replied. "I have no power of thinking left."

"Mr. and Mrs. Massey," he replied. "I wrote to your father last week, and told him about it."

A bright smile rippled over her face.

"Arthur," she said, "what will the girls at Abercourt say? They will always think I knew who you were."

"They cannot. Now darling, a hundred welcomes home."

They entered the grand old Hall, where the happy parents awaited them. No words could do justice to the happiness that followed. That same year Sir Arthur and Lady Audrey re-visited Abercourt, where the girls declared that they always knew Rose would be fortunate at last.

She turns to her husband with a bright smile, and says—

"It was all for love, Arthur; I married you all for love."

Be not ashamed of thy virtues; honor's a good brooch to wear in a man's hat at all times.

An Old Story Remodelled.—An old monkey, designing to teach his sons the advantage of unity, brought them a number of sticks, and desired them to see how easily they might be broken one at a time. So each young monkey took a stick and broke it. "Now," said the father, "I'll teach you a lesson." And he began to gather the sticks into a bundle. But the young monkeys, thinking he was about to beat them, set upon him altogether and disabled him. "There," said the aged sufferer, "behold the advantage of unity! If you had assailed me one at a time, I would have killed every mother's son of you!"

GREETING TO MR. FORBES.

Mr. Archibald Forbes is now in Canada on a lecturing tour.

You have heard before of Mr. Forbes, as "the War Correspondent" of the London *Daily News*.

This is Mr. Forbes' first visit to this country. It ought to be made pleasant for him!

If you have followed his letters, he requires no introduction. You recognize at once the cringing toady, the impudent liar, and the blustering coward.

Yet, if he had no other sins to answer for besides those of his war correspondence, he might have travelled through these seven provinces unnoticed by us.

But Mr. Forbes, since his arrival, has made himself offensive, designedly, wickedly, blackguardly offensive, to Irishmen and women, who form no small part of the population of every city and town in which he proposes to lecture.

This offence was committed the very first opportunity he had after landing, in his first interview with a press representative, in Halifax, Nova Scotia, where one would have thought there was Irish manhood enough to resent it on the spot.

The *Evening Mail* (Oct. 22nd) of that city reports:—

"We consulted Mr. Forbes, during his recent visit, on the Irish question, and he said he would be taking a look at the situation of that country if he were on the other side of the Atlantic, as he considered it more warlike in its aspect than any other portion of the old world. He would, he said, give the leaders plenty of rope, and keep quiet until the agitation developed into an *emeute*, and then he would lay so heavy a hand on rebellion that the country would become calm. 'If there were no loyal British subjects there to be protected,' he grimly added, 'it would be best to withdraw our garrisons altogether, and leave the people to govern themselves, taking only the precaution to keep cruisers on the coast to prevent one faction calling in foreign aid against another, and then, after the lapse of a few months, we would find only two or three survivors limping around, the rest of the population having gone the way of the Kilkenny cats. Then the country could be filled up with English and Scotch emigrants, and be at peace thereafter.'"

The *Evening Mail* does not add, as an extenuating circumstance, that Mr. Forbes was *drunk* at the time of the interview.

This "grim" war correspondent will shortly appear on the platform in Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, Toronto, Hamilton, London, ——— before how many Irishmen and women in the audience?

Surely, not one! And no lover of decency and humanity will be there!

We give Mr. Forbes this advertisement, *free*, in order that our people, and our people's *friends*, may punish him as he deserves.

No violence is necessary. Just keep away from the lecture hall. His pocket will feel that, and Mr. Forbes' pocket is *himself*.

Don't go to any trouble about him! He is not worth it.
Don't pelt him with rotten eggs!
Don't duck him in a pond!
Don't ride him on a rail!

These things would give him too much prominence, and they *pay*.

Shun him! That is all.

Mark Sweeny.

ENGLISH REVOLUTION.

It is only a few days since a London correspondent of an American journal of wide experience in both countries and of strong conservative feelings, wrote: "Both the old political parties of England are either dead or quickly passing away. The whigs are no more, and the conservatives are in the condition described by Lord Chesterfield: 'Tyrawley and I have been dead these two years, but we don't choose to have it known.' If the conservatives had time, they might, perhaps, regain some of their lost ground, and stave off the *coup de grace* a little longer; but they have not got it and can not get it. The new democratic party will do its work thoroughly, and not permit itself to be turned aside by any obstacles. The bill affecting Irish landlords will pass the Commons and go to the House of Lords, and there be thrown out. What will be the consequence? An agitation for the abolition of the Upper House, carried on under circumstances infinitely more favorable to its success than have been known before. Earl Russell, in his 'Re-

collections,' expresses the opinion that the fall of the House of Lords would only precede by a short time the overthrow of the monarchy. That is an event not beyond the calculations of a large section of the democratic party. It would, perhaps, be safer to predict that the future form of government in England will be a republic than that the monarchy will last forever. The large landowners have very little idea of the bitterness and animosity which are entertained toward them by the people, who live *on or around* their estates. There are many instances in which the landlord has himself prepared the way for the agitator by neglecting every duty and systematically outraging the feelings, if not the rights, of those who were in his power and unable to help themselves. Unnecessary strictness in preserving hares and rabbits has also been the cause of deep exasperation in the minds of the poor in rural districts. The divisions between classes have become more and more strongly marked of late years, and it may be said with greater truth than ever that the rich and poor in England practically constitute two nations. The grievances which the poor smarted under years ago, even if they have been redressed, will still be remembered against the class which is responsible for them. The 'privileged classes' need not, there look for generous treatment when the day of reckoning comes. What they hold now the law can take away from them, and it only needs a majority to make the law, and that majority is in the hands of the once-despised and powerless class."

Mr. Bright served notice on the landowner last year that the land agitation had been begun, and though it would not so speedily be conducted to a successful close as was the agitation against the corn laws (Parliament being composed of land-owners), it would be successful within the decade. Some notes upon the English land question may, therefore, be of interest to our readers.

There are 2,113 individuals holding 38,018,548 acres of land, with a rental of £25,031,593. In some few cases the owners have complained that their rents were over-stated, but the figures are taken from the local valuation lists for poor law purposes. The land in the three kingdoms is held as follows:

	Holders.	Acres.	Rental.
Under an acre.	852,438	188,413	£36,294,173
1 acre to 100..	252,725	4,910,723	21,357,656
100 to 1,000...	51,090	15,133,057	26,095,282
Over 1,000....	10,888	51,885,118	44,881,053
Total..	1,167,141.	72,117,311.	£128,628,164

Besides there are 6,459 holdings of an annual value of £2,812,191, where no acreage is stated and 124 holdings, amounting to 2,570 acres, where no rental is given, and 1,683,114 acres of common and waste lands. The population being 28,227,066, and the number of landholders, according to the returns, 1,173,724 about one person in twenty-four is set down as a landholder.

There is no country in the world in which the soil is held by such a handful of individuals. Originally under the Saxons and Normans all lands were held from the king as representatives of the nation. Either directly by tenant *in capite*, or indirectly by those to whom these tenants sublet their lands. The conditinos were sufficiently onerous, as they included military service in person and by adherents according to the quantity of land held by the crown tenants, this obligation being subsequently commuted into a money payment; purveyance or furnishing the lord's household with provisions and entertainment; "aids" as ransom for the lord when, captured, the fees to make his son a knight, or the dowery for his eldest daughter, besides the "relief" when the heir came of age and fees were hereditary; premier seisin—payment of a year's profits when a king's tenant *in capite* died, or half a year's profits if the heir were not of full age; wardship—the custody of bodies and lands of minors without being accountable for the profits, and with the privilege of selling the heiress for marriage; alienation: four months' value of the land if it were alienated with the lord's license, twelve months' value if without; escheat, when a tenant died without an heir of his blood, or with an heir incapacitated by treason or felony, or failure of some duty inseparably annexed to the tenure. As to wardship, Simon de Montfort paid Henry III. 10,000 marks for the wardship and mar-

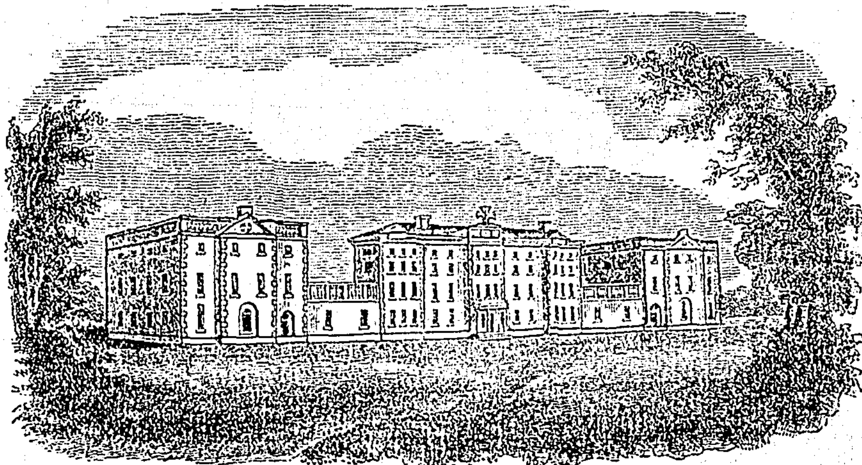
riage of Gilbert de Umfreville; and Geoffrey de Maudeville paid him 20,000 marks—equal to nearly $2,000,000 nowadays—for the wardship and marriage of Isabella, countess of Gloucester. If the ward refused a suitable marriage proposed by the guardian, he or she forfeited to the guardian as much as a jury would assess or anyone would give the guardian for such an aliance; and if the ward married without the guardian's consent the penalty was doubled.

In the reign of James I. it was proposed to abolish all these conditions and substitute a "competent ward," but nothing came of the scheme. The state tenants in the convention Parliament of Charles II., however, settled the question in a manner very satisfactory to themselves by voting—151 to 149—to abolish all the conditions and give the king, instead of their rents excise duties on liquors brewed or distilled for sale. They, however, declined to free their tenants from the same obligations, as to do away with these would be very "prejudicial to the lords of the manor," which was true enough. It was the same precious Parliament which passed the first corn-law, imposing a duty of 16s. 6d per quarter on foreign wheat and granting a bounty of 5s. per quarter on all home-grown produce exported, and forbade the importation of any foreign meat or fish, except turt, turbot and sturgeon. According to Domesday, the crown had the entire property of 1,422 manors, 168 royal forests, 13 chases, and 781 parks, nearly all of which belonged to the nation and so were, according to high constitutional authority, strictly in alienable. Rufus, however, gave away large tracts to his favorites, which were resumed by his successor, and so on from reign to reign there were illegal alienations, followed by resumptions. Elizabeth, to avoid the imposition of taxes, sold crown lands, but with the proviso that they should revert to the crown in case of a failure of heirs male—a condition which never was enforced. Though a law of James I. had provided that quiet and unquestioned possession for sixty years—since reduced to twenty years—should bar any claims of the crown on the ground of defect or fraud in the original title, a bill for the resumption of all crown lands alienated subsequent to Feb. 13, 1688, was introduced into the Commons in 1698. The measure was pressed, as Macauley says, by "all the tories and all the malcontent whigs, and multitudes besides who disliked taxes and disliked Dutchmen," but the whigs introduced a companion bill to vacate similar grants of crown property made by Charles II. and James II., which had been made to tories. There was no reason in law why these latter grants should be treated differently than those made by William, and as to the grantees in both cases they were royal favorites not particularly deserving. The inevitable result was that all the bills were quietly killed. To the spoliations of Henry VIII. and Edward VI, reference will be made later on. It is worth adding however, that the London guilds received immense grants in Ulster in trust for the promotion of immigration and settlement, and have sold these lands or treated them as private property, despite the decisions of the courts, and that in many cases in Scotland the heads of clans have appropriated to their own use the lands which, under the old Keltic tenures, belonged to the clan.

A compilation of the revenue of the United Kingdom from 1660 to 1879, shows that the government has derived from indirect taxes, pressure in trade, and employment (excise duties on hops, malt, paper, and spirits, licenses to manufacture and sell, and to enter or carry on trades or professions; taxes on locomotion and transactions, and customs duties,) the sum of £3,690,517,661, while the produce of direct taxes on property and income (land tax, income tax, house duty, fire insurance, succession duty, and legacy, probate, inventory, and administration duties) has been only £1,043,718,764. This table is not complete, for it evidently omits many indirect taxes, and takes no account of expenses, losses, etc., but it is a very effective one for radical use. The crown tenants in the time of Charles II. invented excise duties, and repudiated their rents, as if a constitutional convention in Ottawa should appropriate the lands of the state for the use of its members, and in lieu for their paying rent to the state treasury provide for the raising of an equivalent sum by

brewing, saloon-keeping, and distilling licenses. There was a land tax of four shillings an acre provided for in 1692, but it has been reduced in some cases to a fraction of a farthing, being first minified into one on the value of the land as it was in 1692, and then apportioned to the counties in permanent quotas. The tax assessed in 1692, upon a very imperfect valuation, produced £1,922,000; at present it brings in only £1,070,190, though if the original law were enforced it would produce £25,789,990. If canals, railways, mines, quarries, gasworks, etc., were included, as they were under the act of 1798, the land tax in Great Britain would yield £41,045,048, or almost forty times the present amount. Under William III. the whole public income (inclusive of money raised by creation of debt) for fourteen years was £55,405,019, of which the land tax contributed £20,776,865, or nearly 40 per cent. In 1875-6 the public income was £78,636,043, of which the land tax yielded £1,109,071, or about 1½ per cent.

These are the figures on which the English radicals will depend on their campaign which will inevitably be opened within a few months against the landholding aristocracy. These figures will be reinforced by a most powerful argument with the masses, the method in which that aristocracy first obtained its lands, and the fact that the progress of the nation has greatly increased and is greatly increasing the value of those lands without any effort on the part of the owners to improve the condition of their tenants or to contribute to the support of the state.



CARLOW COLLEGE.

Carlow College was founded by the late Rev. Dr. Keefe, and was origianlly intended for the education of youth; it was opened in the year 1793 under the direction of the late Dean Staunton; and in additon to its primary object, it combines with it the education of the Catholic clergy.

The College is situated in the centre of the town of Carlow, but is secluded from all bustle and noise, by high walls, which completely surround it. The College Park is spacious and delightful, well planted, and, as all College parks should, gives space for healthy recreation or calm retirement.

The building itself has been greatly improved and enlarged, and the halls, apartments for study, dormitories, &c. have been laid out on an extensive scale, and are arranged with a view to the accommodation of one hundred pupils. The system of education comprises the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, French and English languages; sacred and profane history; rhetoric; geography; arithmetic; book-keeping; and mathematics. A society of clergymen, who are members of the house, devote themselves to the various literary departments, and we have no hesitation in stating that their duties are discharged with ability and zeal.—*Dublin Penny Journal.*

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

The Bollandists.—The Bollandists were a succession of Fathers of the Society of Jesus who were the authors of the *Acta Sanctorum*—intended to be a collection of all the lives and biographical accounts of the Saints in the Calendar—the first volume was printed in 1643, the fifty-third in 1794. There are seventy-seven volumes in all. Father Rosewide projected the work, but died before it was carried into effect. Father Bollandus then took it up, and those who succeeded him were called Bollandists. Antwerp was the scene of their labors. Leibnitz says: "If the Jesuits had published no other work, this alone would have entitled them to existence, and to be sought and esteemed by the whole world." It was an immense collection of sacred and profane literature. A new edition was issued in Paris just before the late war from the press of Victor Palmi, in fifty-four vols. folio.

John Walker.—John Walker, the author of the *Pronouncing Dictionary*, once in general use in our educational establishments, and counting houses, was a convert to the Catholic faith. He was honored with the friendship of the celebrated Bishop Milner, author of the learned *History of Winchester* and the well-known *End of Controversy*. Bishop Milner, having been educated on the Continent, felt, when sent to England in the capacity of a priest, that his accent and delivery might be deficient. He therefore took lessons in elocution from Mr. Walker, "whom I have the happiness of calling my friend," said he. And again he says: "my lamented friend, the late worthy and pious John Walker, author of the *Pronouncing Dictionary, Elements of Elocution, The Rhetorical Grammar, Deism Disarmed*, etc., may in truth be called the Guido d'Arezzo of Elocution, having discovered the scale of speaking sounds by which reading and delivery are reduced to a system." *A History of the Walkers of the Plymouth (Mass.) Colony*, published in Northampton, Mass., some years ago, claims the great dictionary man as of the same family that settled in that country.

Indian Dictionaries.—The dictionary of the Alnaqui language, composed by the celebrated Father Rale, the Jesuit Apostle of Maine, has been considered one of the most valuable contributions to philological science. The original MS. is carefully preserved in the library at Harvard College. Dr. Francis, in his life of Father Rale, remarks that one can hardly look at this important manuscript with its dingy and venerable leaves without associations of deep interest with those labors of which it is now the only memorial. Father White, the Apostle of Maryland, likewise composed a dictionary of the Indian language of Lower Maryland, as well as a catechism. The Rev. Wm. McSherry found the latter among the archives of the Society of Jesus, together with Father White's narrative of the voyage of Lord Baltimore's colony, which he carefully took a copy of, now deposited in the Jesuit's College at Georgetown.

Werner.—Werner, the great German dramatist, at the age of forty-five, became not only a Catholic, but a priest. His writings show he regarded the religion he embraced as the chief blessing of his life, and that he clung to it as the anchor of his soul. In reply to a rumor that he intended returning to Protestantism, he said "It is as impossible that a soul in bliss should return into the grave, as that a man who, like me, after a life of error and search, has found the priceless jewel of truth, should, I will not say give up the same, but hesitate to sacrifice for it blood and life, nay, many things perhaps far dearer with joyful heart, when one good cause is concerned."

The Oldest Oil Painting.—The oldest oil painting now in existence is believed to be a Madonna and Child in her arms, with an eastern countenance. It has marked on it the date, which is thus expressed, in Roman numerals DCCCLXXXVI. If we express these with the Arabic characters, it would read 886; and the period of the piece would fall about the time of Basilius or Charlemagne. This singular and valuable painting formed part of the treasures of Art in the old palace of the Florentine Republic, and was purchased by the Director Bencivemri, from a broker in the street for a few livres.

THE DOCTORS OF THE CHURCH.—There are says Pope Benedict XIV., doctors *in* the Church, and doctors *of* the Church. The former are many, the latter few. So copious has been upon them the outpouring of the spirit of wisdom and understanding, so eminent their erudition, so signal and universal the services they have rendered to the Church, that she salutes them in her Liturgy with these words: *O Doctor optime, Ecclesiæ sanctæ lumen*, "Oh! excellent Doctor, Light of the Holy Church." The Creed is, therefore, sung in the Mass of their festivals as in that of Apostles and Evangelists. In 18 centuries this title had only been conferred upon 17; and St. Alphonsus Maria de Liguori, Bishop of St. Agatha, in the Kingdom of Naples, and Founder of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, and of the Cloistered Nuns of the same name, has, by a decree of Pius the IX., on the 23rd of March, 1871, been placed in the same rank in the Church's Liturgy. The following list of the Church's Doctors, arranged according to the date of their death; will be found useful and instructive to the uninitiated:

A. D.

368. St. Hilary, Bishop of Poitiers.
373. St. Athanasius, Patriarch of Alexandria.
379. St. Basil, Archbishop of Cæsarea.
389. St. Gregory Nazianzen, Patriarch of Constantinople.
397. St. Ambrose, Archbishop of Milan.
407. St. John Chrysostom, Patriarch of Constantinople.
420. St. Jerome, Priest.
430. St Augustine, Bishop of Hippo.
450. St. Peter Chrysologus, Archbishop of Ravenna.
460. St. Leo, Pope.
604. St. Gregory, Pope.
606. St. Isidore, Archbishop of Seville.
1072. St. Peter Damian, Cardinal Bishop of Ostia.
1109. St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury.
1153. St. Bernard, Abbot of Citeaux.
1274. St. Thomas Aquinas, O.S.D.
1274. St. Bonaventure, Cardinal Archbishop of Albano.
1871. St. Alphonsus de Liguori, Bishop of St. Agatha.

THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH A JESUIT INVENTION.—In one of Addison's contributions to the *Spectator* (No. 241), we find the following curious instance of what may almost be considered as the foreshadowing of the electric telegraph. It is quoted from the writings of Strada, the celebrated Roman Jesuit, who died in 1649. In his *Prolusiones*, a series of polished Latin essays upon rhetoric and literature, he gives an account of chimerical correspondence between two friends, by the help of a certain loadstone, which had such virtue in it that, if touched by two several needles, when one of the needles so touched began to move, the other, though at ever so great a distance, moved at the same time and in the same manner. He tells us that two friends, being each of them possessed of these needles, made a kind of dial-plate, inscribing it with twenty-four letters—in the same manner as the hours of the day are marked upon the ordinary dial-plates. They then fixed one of the needles on one of these plates, in such a manner that it could move round without impediment so as to touch any of the twenty-four letters. Upon their separating from one another into distant countries, they agreed to withdraw themselves punctually into their closets at a certain hour of the day, and to converse with one another by means of this their invention. Accordingly, when they were some hundred miles asunder, each of them shut himself up in his closet at the time appointed, and immediately cast his eye upon his dial-plate. If he had a mind to write anything to his friend, he directed his needle to every letter that formed the words he had occasion for—making a little pause at the end of every word or sentence, to avoid confusion. The friend, in the meanwhile, saw his own sympathetic needle moving of itself to every letter which that of his correspondent pointed at. By this means, they talked together across a whole continent, and conveyed their thoughts to one another, in an instant, over cities or mountains, seas or deserts.

We ask advice but we mean approbation.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

THE GUILTY DOG.

Brother! Did you hear the news? Moreflar, the good dog, Moreflar, the model of dogs, so dreaded by the wolves, so obedient to the shepherds—Moreflar has eaten the little black lamb, and killed the sheep, its mother, and furiously attacked the shepherd himself. Can it be true? Too true, too true, brother. Alas, then whom can we trust? Thus spoke two sheep upon a mountain; and the news was true. Moreflar, taken in the act, was awaiting punishment, and the owner of the farm in order to intimidate all the dogs of the country, had determined upon prompt justice. The trial took but a day. A hundred witnesses deposed to the act. Cross-questioned they varied not in their testimony; Moreflar is found guilty of the triple crime; Moreflar must receive two balls in his head on the very scene of the crime. All the farm is present at his execution. The lambs who loved Moreflar for the many times he had saved them from the wolfe, asked pardon for Moreflar. Squire Farmer refuses; he is determined to make an example. The disappointed lambs take their place; the dogs are ranged opposite, sad, humbled, mourning, with hanging ears, wailing, though knowing not how to excuse their brother. All the world is in deep silence. Moreflar appears, led by two shepherds. Arrived at the place of execution, he raises his eyes in tears to heaven, and thus addressed the assembly:

"O you, whom at this moment I dare not as formerly call my friends, witnesses of my last hour, see where one sinful act can lead. Fifteen years I have led a virtuous life. One false step, the crime of a moment has undone me. Learn my guilt. Alone at day-break by the side of the big wood I guarded the flock. A wolf came and carried off a lamb, and as he fled devoured it. I pursued and overtook him, when he let fall his booty and flew at me. I seized him by the throat and brought him to the ground, but he at length escaped me. So far all was well; but hungry with watching and faint with my struggle, I saw before me the dead lamb, I hesitated; I considered; at length in an evil moment I seized it in my teeth. Behold the cause of all my woes! At this moment the sheep mother came upon me uttering her maternal cries. My head was turned; I feared that the sheep would accuse me to my master of killing her lamb; to silence her I killed her. The shepherd drawn by her cries, ran armed with a stick. Despairing of pardon I flew at him; immediately they chained me. I am ready and willing to suffer the just punishment of my crimes. As I die learn this at least; that the slightest injustice leads at length to the heaviest penalties; and that on the path of vice we are at the bottom of the precipice the moment we slip upon the brink.

Thus died Moreflar, the model of dogs, the dreaded of wolves and beloved of shepherds!

THE TWO CATS AND THE APE.

Catewalder and Catewildor found a piece of cheese. Both claimed it. To end the dispute, they left it to arbitration. Neighbor Ape was to be arbitrator. Articles being signed, the Ape took his place. With a pair of scales before him, he coughed, spit out, looked wise, broke the piece of cheese in two, and put one piece into each scale. "See," said he with magisterial gravity "this piece is heavier than the other. I must bite a piece off to make them equal." This time the opposite scale went down, our conscientious judge took another bite. "Stay! Stay!" said the two cats; "give us each a piece however unequal and we will be satisfied." "You may be satisfied," said the Ape, "but justice is not. I sit here to see right done between man and man. We must have the pieces equal. I have signed articles to do you justice and justice I must do." Catewalder and Catewildor seeing their cheese fast disappearing, under the jaws of this too conscientious arbitrator, declared their willingness to throw up the articles of agreement and receive whatever cheese was left. "Not so quick," said the Ape; "the court owes justice to itself as well as to you. What remains of the cheese belongs to us by virtue of our office of arbitrator. You can divide the paper it was in between you."

Law is an expensive luxury.

HOGAN'S MULE.

Mr. Hogan, of Hogansville, had the most cheerful mule that ever ground corn from the cob. He hasn't the animal now. The mule is dead. His disposition was mild and serene, his manners, for a mule, were perfect, his hind legs were held down to earth in a sturdy, good-natured way, and no amount of abuse could induce him to send them flying out in search of an enemy. He had no hair on his tail; and no vices. The only mean thing he ever did was to eat up Hogan's new straw hat one day; but then he did it in such a cheerful way that Hogan forgave him at once, and has worn cloth caps ever since. Hogan is a very positive, stubborn man; but he loved his mule, and the mule loved Hogan as only a mule can love. It was a question among the neighbors which was the more affectionate of the two.

Mr. Hogan had a brand-new waggon built, and, following a New York style, he called it the "Flyaway," and had the name painted on the dashboard. To add to the general effect, he also had a large fly painted just under the name. Little did he think, when he hitched his mule to this new waggon, that he was stroking his glossy sides for the last time, and that before night the cheerfulness of that gentle animal would vanish in death. It was a lovely morning in June, and Hogan's mule, harnessed for the first time before the new conveyance, trotted down the street, looking perhaps a trifle proud, but still perfectly contented, and certainly more cheerful than ever.

Mr. Hogan pulled up at a grocery store and alighted, and the cheerful mule was left alone. His look was mild and bland, happiness sat perched upon his waving ears, and peaceful serenity was in every twitch of his hairless tail. He gazed up the street, and he was calm; he turned his great confiding eye toward the store, and looked happy. In an evil moment this cheerful mule looked behind—and he was lost. He got his mild eye on the big painted fly on the dashboard, and he stood transfixed. A look of horror came into his face, his eyes opened wider and wider, and he trembled in every limb. He had switched the piratical blue bottle from his sides, he had wrestled with the lively and all-devouring potato bug, and he had knocked the life out of the savage grasshopper; but never in all his experience had he encountered a foe like the monster he saw behind him!

His cheerfulness vanished in a moment. He gripped his teeth hard and gathered himself together, as it were; and then suddenly he shot out, for the first time in his life, his hind legs at an enemy. He put a great deal of vigor into his first effort, and after he had finished, he smoothed his wrinkled front; his cheerfulness returned, and with something very like a smile on his countenance, he looked back to gaze upon the mangled remains of his foe. In all probability, he was the most disappointed mule that ever drew the breath of life. The fly sat there, looking bigger and uglier than ever. Mr. Hogan's cheerful mule gazed at it one moment in a dazed, staggered sort of way, and then looked as if he had made up his mind never to be happy again. Once more he gripped his teeth hard, and then he kicked at the fly for ten minutes right straight ahead; and when he looked back, there the insect sat looking quite peaceful and contented. Then Hogan's mule lost faith in himself. He danced a sort of wild war dance for five minutes straight ahead; then he let out a series of terrible kicks; glanced quickly behind to notice the effect, and seeing that awful fly still there, bolted up the street like mad.

Alas! the equable mind of Hogan's mule was gone forever. In his mad career he jammed the "Flyaway," into trees and fences and gate posts and stumps, until all that he carried behind him was a dismal skeleton of chafts and dashboard. It was right on the railroad track that he finally got rid of these, and then he halted in his wild flight and turned about, and the first thing his flashing eye lit on was the fly on the dashboard. He was, just then, the maddest mule in the United States.

Hark! puff! puff! puff! A whistle blows its shrill, hoarse shriek of warning; a bell rings, 'tis the express train approaching! Hogan's mule heeded it not. He danced around that dashboard and kicked at that fly. He kicked at it sideways and backward; he kicked at it

with one foot, and then with two feet, and then with all his feet together. * * A shrill whistle, a sudden dash around the curve, one last despairing kick, and Hogan's cheerful mule went fifteen feet up into the air, and came down in twenty-five different places.

All that Mr. Hogan ever found of the wreck was the dashboard with the fly on it.

THE BEST FRIEND.

Honor the dear old mother. Time has scattered the snowflakes on her brow, and plowed deep furrows in her cheeks; but isn't she sweetly beautiful now? The lips are thin and shrunken, but those are the lips that have kissed many a hot tear from the childish cheek, and they are the sweetest lips in all the world. The eye is dim, yet it glows with the radiance of holy love which never can fade. Ah, yes, she is a dear old mother. The sands of life are nearly run out, but feeble as she is, she will go further and reach lower down for your boy, than any other one upon earth. You cannot walk into a midnight in which she cannot see you; can never enter a prison whose bars will keep her out; can never mount a scaffold too high for her to reach that she may kiss and bless you in evidence of her deathless love. When the world shall despise and forsake you, when it leaves you by the wayside to die unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you in her feeble arms, and carry you home, and tell you of all your virtues, until you almost forgot that your soul is disfigured by vices. Love her tenderly, and cheer her declining years with holy devotion.

EDUCATION.

Every boy should have his head, his heart and his hand educated. Let this truth never be forgotten. By the proper education of the head he will be taught what is good and what is evil, what is wise and what is foolish, what is right and what is wrong. By the proper education of the heart he will be taught to love what is good, wise and right, and hate what is evil, foolish and wrong. And by proper education of the hand, he will be enabled to supply his wants, to add to his comforts, and to assist those around him. The highest objects of a good education are, to reverence and obey God, and to love and serve mankind. Everything that helps us in attaining these objects is of great value, and everything that hinders comparatively worthless. When wisdom reigns in the head, and love in the heart the man is ever ready to do good; order and peace reign around and sin and sorrow are almost unknown.

The above clipping we find among the excellent ones of the Ohio *State Journal.* It expresses almost the Catholic doctrine on the subject of education, very pithily and prettily. Why not put it into practice in our public-school system?—*Catholic Columbian.*

THE PRESUMPTUOUS OWL.

A young owl as vain as a dancing master, saw itself by chance in a clear stream, and thereon conceived no small opinion of itself. "I am the glory of the night, and the ornament of the woods. It would be a pity, if a race of birds so beautiful should ever become extinct." Thereupon he bethought him of matrimony. With these thoughts in his mind, he sought the eagle, to ask his daughter in marriage. His request was received, as you may suppose, with ill concealed disdain. "Son," said the eagle, "surely you are joking; my daughter can never be the bride of a night bird; you love the darkness, she the light. However, if you will meet me to-morrow, far away in the deep blue sky at sunrise, we may perhaps arrange the preliminary articles."

"I am content," answered the gallant. "I will not disappoint you. Good bye. We meet again." Next day the owl flew towards the sky, but blinded by the sun, fell down upon a rock, where all the birds, hearing of his presumption, pursued him, until he at length escaped into a hole in an aged oak, where he was content to live the remainder of his day in the obscurity for which nature had destined him.

We cannot all be kings.

THE GOAT WITHOUT A BEARD.

A goat, as vain as goat could be, was anxious to distinguish himself from the

rest of goatdom. Looking at himself in his mirror, a clear fountain, "I hate," he said, "this villanous beard; it hides my youth; one would think I was an old man." Determined to cut it off he sought a barber. An ape—received him with politeness at the door of his barber's shop, gave him a chair, put a towel under his chin, and shaved him. When he had finished; "Sir," said Mr. Clip, "I pride myself on my work; you have never been better shaved; your face is as smooth as ice." The goat proud of the barber's praise, got up from his seat, and hastened to the mountains. All the she goats gathered around him, opening their eyes. "What! no beard;" said one, "who can have disfigured you so?" "How foolish you all are," said the goat, and how little you know of the world! "Do you ever now-a-days see any civilized nation that wears a beard? Go where you will, do not they all laugh at us. Even children insult us, and pluck us by the beard. Come; don't be stupid; follow my example, and cease your ridicule." "Brother," said an old goat; "you are crazy. If you are afraid of the ridicule of children, what will you be of the contempt of our whole flock?"

RULES FOR PRESERVING HEALTH.

1st. Never hang yourself out of an open window when you go to bed at night. The attraction of gravitation is always powerful during the nocturnal hours, and it may draw you violently against the pavement, and tear your night shirt.

2nd. Always avoid drafts—on yourself—unless endorsed by a man with lots of "soap."

3rd. In cold weather always wear thick, warm clothing about your body. If you haven't money enough to buy it, attend an inextinguishable conflagration in the vicinity of a first-class clothing shop.

4th. If you wear spectacles avoid going into any firemen's riots that may be transpiring. The reason of this is, that in addition to having your feelings hurt, you will very likely get more glass in your eyes than you had outside.

5th. If you are quite a small baby be careful that there are no pins in your clothes, and always take a drink of milk punch out of a bottle with a gum thing on the muzzle, before you get into your cradle.

6th. In eating raw oysters always peel the shells off before swallowing. The shells are indigestible and are apt to lay on the stomach.

7th. Never sleep more than nine in a bed, even in a country hotel where a Political Convention is being held. It is apt to produce a nightmare if any of the party kick in their sleep. This is especially the case when they go to bed with their boots on.

8th. Abstain entirely from alcoholic drinks. The best way to do that is not to drink any alcohol.

9th. Never travel on railroad trains. Many persons have died quite unexpectedly by this imprudence.

10th. Never jab butcher knives, steel forks, and such things into your vitals: it is very unwholesome.

11th. Always come in when it rains, and if a rattlesnake bites you in the leg cut it off, unless you wear false calves or a wooden leg. In that case just untie it and take it off.

I don't say that fellows who follow these instructions will never die and let their friends enjoy a ride to the cemetery, but you won't get choked off in the bloom of your youth and beauty.

OUR CATHOLIC YOUTH.—We are in receipt of a very handsome four page weekly under the above head, devoted to the interests of those whose name it bears; and, judging by the contents of the number before us we are of opinion that it is destined to do much good. We hope the publisher will obtain that support he so richly merits from those having charge of Catholic Sunday schools. The paper is published by Mr. John C. Lappan, 11 Telegraph Block, Detroit, Mich., and the subsciption is one dollar a year, strictly in advance.

Malice drinks one half of its own poison.

Oblivion is the first flower that grows best on graves.

RING THE BELL, WATCHMAN!

Words and Music by H. C. WORK

1. High in the bel-fry the old sex - ton stands, Gras-ping the rope with his

thin bo ny hands; Fix'd is his gaze, as by some ma-gic spell,

Chorus.

Till he hears the distant murmur, Ring, ring the bell, Ring the bell watchman!

ring! ring! ring! Yes, yes! the good news is now on the wing; Yes, yes! they come and with

tidings to tell— Glo - ri - ous and blessed tidings Ring, ring the bell!

Baring his long silver locks to the breeze,
First for a moment he drops on his knees;
Then with a vigor that few could excel,
Answers he the welcome bidding, ring, ring [the bell.

Hear! from the hill-top, the first signal gun
Thunders the word that some great deed's done
Hear! thro' the valley the long echoes swell,
Ever and anon repeating, ring, ring the bell.

Bonfires are blazing and rockets ascend
No meager triumph such tokens portend;
Shout, shout! my brothers, for "all, all is well!"
'Tis the universal chorus, ring, ring the bell.

We have been favored with a copy of a new weekly paper, entitled the *Weekly Review*, a newspaper of 16 quarto pages, representing the Irish-American and Catholic Element on the Pacific Coast, and, judging by the initial number we are inclined to think that it has a prosperous career before it. The make up and letter-press are all that may be desired, and we offer our congratulation to Messrs. Barry & Robinson the publishers, with the hope that their enterprise may meet with abundant success.

Terms: (strictly in advance) $4.00 per annum; Barry & Robinson, San Francisco, Cal.

FIRESIDE SPARKS.

"Keep to the write," said the lawyer to his lazy clerk.

When is a lamp in bad temper? when it's put out, of course.

Some one inquires, "Where have all the ladies' belts gone?" Gone to waist long ago.

The man who preserved a dignified silence kept out of a bad pickle.

"Ah," said a deaf man who had a scolding wife, "man wants but little hear below!"

"My burden is light," remarked the little man carrying a big torch in the procession.

Might not the act of extinguishing a fire in a book store, although no joke, be called a play upon words.

A Kansas paper ends a marriage notice: "the couple left for the East on the night train where they will reside."

Why is the money you are in the habit of giving to the poor like a newly-born babe? Because it's precious little!"

The dealer in salt must have a precarious time of it. The salt cellar, you know, is always getting overturned.

A good deed is never lost; he who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness gathers love.

At a ball: "shall we dance this time?" "No; I prefer to remain here and listen to the two orchestras." "You will certainly get cold—between two airs."

A medical journal says that a man can cure himself of colic by simply standing upside down. If you would rather stand upside down than have the colic, try it.

Father: "Charley, I see no improvement in your marks." Charley: "Yes, papa; it is high time you had a serious talk with the teacher, or else he'll keep on that way for ever."

A Boston artist is credited with having painted an orange peel on the sidewalk so natural that six fat men slipped down on it.

A young man on the Main street says he is going to attempt the feat of going forty days without working. He says if his employers do not watch him he thinks he can accomplish the task.

"Remember," said a trading Quaker to his son, "in making thee way in the world, a spoonful of oil will go further than a quart of vinegar."

A man passing through a gateway in the dark ran against a post. "I wish that post was in the lower regions!" was his angry remark. "Better wish it was somewhere else," said a bystander, "you might run against it again, you know."

At a printers' festival lately the following toast was offered: "Woman! Second only to the press in the dissemination of news." The ladies are yet undecided whether to regard this as a compliment or otherwise.

A young eel, that had been rated a nuisance and told by his relatives two or three times mornings to "get out," tied a knot to its body and slid part way through it. Its mother's sisters coming up and exclaiming: "What now!" the young Malacopterygian observed, "O, you needn't concern yourselves about me; I'm a noose, aunts." This fable teaches whatever you like.

A bright litle boy, who has been engaged in combat with another boy, was reproved by his aunt, who told him he ought always to wait until the other boy "pitched upon him." "Well," exclaimed the little hero, "but if I wait for the other boy to begin, I'm afraid there won't be any fight."