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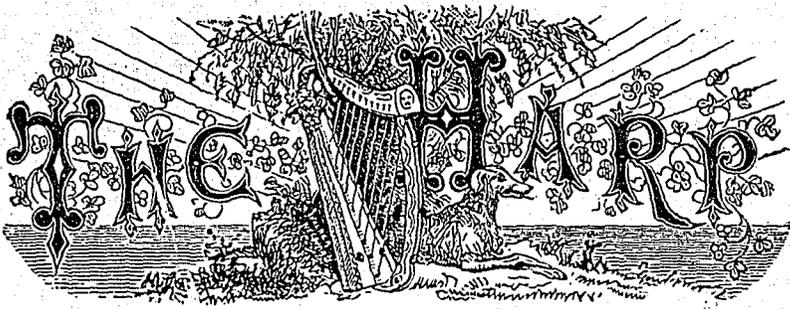
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A Magazine of General Literature.

VOL. IV.

MONTREAL, OCTOBER, 1879.

No. 12.

INDIAN LYRICS.

IV.

THE PRECIOUS METALS.

The White man came from the rising sun,
Axe, spade and firelock in his hands;
With rum and presents, our trust he won,
We then for trinkets lost our lands.
The tall old trees and bush he'll fell,
Plough up the prairie and hunting ground,
These let him take—but we never tell
Where silver mine or the gold is found.

By many a river with Indian name,
In gullies deep, in creeks and bays,
And rocky hills—where in search of game
The Trapper spends his nights and days,
By streams and barrens where beavers dwell
And moose and cariboo herds abound,
Is coal and copper—we never tell
Where are the precious metals found.

'Mid scenes like these, and in pathless wild,
The squatter's footsteps far beyond—
Where the cedars guide the forest child,
We find rich ores with hazel wand.
But certain death by the mystic spell,
Or secret arrow and poisoned wound,
Is doom of him who has dared to tell
Where silver mine or the gold is found.

In ages past, as our Sachems say,
Long bearded men, for sordid gain,
The Sons of Thunder, in proud array,
Came from the vine clad hills of Spain,
By instinct led in their quest of gold—
They sought—as chases red deer, the hound—
Their El Dorado—no traitor told
Where are the precious metals found.

As spoils of War, these marauders, mailed,
Their plumes and pennons in the air,—
The Incas' treasures bore off—but failed
To find the nuggets buried there.
Rude native weapons could not repel
The hosts who fought with explosive sound
And lightning flash—but we never tell
Where silver Ore and the gold are found.

For our Reserves, leaving fields and flocks,
Still Westward ho! cry the Yengeese,
And ransack rivers, hills and rocks,
How can we smoke the Pipe of Pence?
In search of placers and grains of gold
They sift the sands and burrow the ground,
But by the Braves they will soon be told
To leave our lands where the mines are
found.
Montreal. H. J. K.

CANADIAN ESSAYS.

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

A GLANCE INTO THE FUTURE.

We have, already, traced as well and as faithfully, at the same time, as shortly as we could the past history of our country. Let us, now, glance into the future! Let us penetrate, as far as is possible, into the scenes of the *yet to be!*

“The future like a crescent lights the deepening sky of Time,—

sings McCarthy in the lines we have quoted in a previous essay. Man may err, and must necessarily err to some extent in his ideas with regard to the unknown events that lie hid in the mysterious shrouds of the impervious future. But without laying claim to a spirit of prophesy, and without a great fear of our vision being formed of aerial castles—judging from the universal history of nations—from the past and present—of our own land, we may safely express our ideas and opinions upon the events, that years hence the historian, sitting upon some ruined monument of the present age, may have to chronicle upon his page.

Everything that existed or exists seems to have had a course marked out for it. As the sun rises in the morning and for a limited number of hours ascends towards the zenith, shines for a time from his mid-day throne and then sinks as he arose—so every object within the great world has its birth, its time to rise, to flourish, and its time to fall. So is it for every particular nation and the aggregate of the nations.

In the far off East was the cradle of humanity. As time advanced and as the number of men increased, nation after nation sprang up—each one being farther West than the foregoing one. On and on they marched until the utmost Western limit of Europe was reached. The vast ocean lay beyond, but man, guided by the hand of Providence, still faithful to his mission, leaped the mighty space of waters and commenced the same programme on the new continent. On the Easternmost extremity of America did he land, and since his advent he has been proceeding slowly but surely towards the West. Such seems to have been the march of civilization in general. And for each particular nation there is a visible line marked out, a course made from which none can depart.

Troy arose—Troy flourished and Troy fell! The lines of Homer and Virgil tell the classic scholar of the 19th century, that *Ilium fuit!* Athens sprang up—Athens shone with learning and civilization—Athens sunk down to the level of Troy and the speeches of Demosthenes and tragedies of Sophocles still reminds us that Athens was once the seat of learning. Carthage appeared—became mistress of the West and Marius sat lamenting his own fate upon the ruins of Carthage. By the banks of the Tiber Rome was built; she reached the zenith of earthly power and splendor, she seemed beyond the effects of time;—yet ages have passed away and the Roman Empire is no more. After Rome came the nations of modern Europe. By degrees they have progressed and have now reached the summit of their prosperity. While they were springing up, Canada was yet sleeping in the arms of nature,—unknown, undreamt of, hidden in the

depths of her forests. Now that they have reached the limit of their success, Canada is only beginning her career.

Europe's nations must sooner or later follow in the traces of those of antiquity. It may take a longer time than for the nations of the past—but the day of their decline must all come.

Sooner or later the celebrated words of Lord Macaulay shall come true, that "some lone wanderer from New Zealand shall take his stand upon a broken arch of London Bridge and sketch the ruins of St. Paul's." And if the nations so progress by the time Canada is in her decline, in the far off unknown regions of the great west some new and beautiful country may spring up and so on until the whole globe shall be inhabited; so on 'till the cross shall be planted on every corner of the earth; and then it may be but to begin again, as the sun begins anew his daily course,—or that may be the time when each and all of God's creatures shall have fulfilled their missions and it shall be proclaimed that Time is no more!

All this may seem, at first, visionary and without foundation. The picture may seem to have been too far drawn,—but it is certain that history, "the mighty chronicler of the grave," has proved that every nation has had its three distinct epochs, or periods, to rise, to flourish and to fall, and concluding from history it requires not the spirit of a prophet to foretell that Canada has not, as yet, reached the summit of her course. And if she is destined to ascend still further—may we not figure to ourselves a future, not far distant of glory and prosperity equal to that of any of Europe's nations?

Such is the future we predict for Canada—and now that we have dwelt upon our past, now that we have a certain knowledge, superfluous if you will, but in any case true and faithful, of our country's career,—and having, likewise, in imagination built up a future for our land, we may turn to the present.

"There is glory in the Present"—sings the poet and already have we applied his lines to the story of our country. That glory of which we speak is not the empty word that expresses too truly the sorrow, disappointment and vanity of worldly pomp and exterior magnifi-

cence. It is not the glory of an Alexander, drenched in the blood of thousands; it is not the glory of an Augustus—the fleeting phantom that hovers around the thrones of the sceptred. No, our glory is of a more substantial nature. It comes from the people themselves, and like the ray of light falling upon the polished mirror is reflected in all its beauty upon the same people.

We glory in our present,—in our men of learning and wisdom,—in the virtue of our people,—in our union,—in our institutions,—in our physical, intellectual and moral advantages and acquirements. We glory in our Canada as she stands, a free land peopled with the sons of divers races united in one grand and holy alliance. Such is our glory!

It will be our task then, to show forth while treating of our present many of the striking physical, intellectual and moral beauties and advantages that adorn the land. They are numberless, and we hope to make a happy choice when selecting our themes.

ANGLO-SAXON TREATMENT OF THE RED MAN.

THE history of the Red Indian on the American continent may be summed up in a few words—you are in the way—your lands are wanted—you can go—die if you like but—go.

The council of Halifax voted all the poor Red men that dwelt in the peninsula, “so many banditti ruffians or rebels,” and by its authority Cornwallis, “to bring the rascals to reason,” offered for every one of them “taken or killed” ten guineas to be paid on production of the savage or his scalp. What wonder if the Red Man disappeared equally with the wolf from the land.

Nor have our American cousins been one wit behind hand nor less successful. In that great Republic, as conspicuous for its social as for its religious upheavals, we see the last and saddest proof of the utter inability of Protestantism to elevate the savage nature. And yet here we have a people from whom we might have hoped better things. Capable as it undoubtedly is in the natural order of the most arduous and sustained

efforts, it is only in what touches the soul that the American nation is feeble, uncertain and unreliable. Vigorous beyond all other races in the pursuit of material goods, it is blind and impotent only in spiritual things. The gift of divine faith, without which man is after all only an *intellectual* animal, they have either lost or never possessed. Hence the weakness of the supernatural element in all classes of American society; and hence also the impotence of American society to evangelize the savage. “In the United states” said a Protestant bishop (1862) before a General Convention of his community in New York, “there is *less religion with more pretence* than in any other country in the world professedly Christian.” What wonder then if the American nation failed in its mission to the Red Man. The wonder would have been if it had not. “Add nothing to nothing and nothing remains” is an axiom which holds good of religion as of numerals. Without religion itself the American nation could not give what it had not to bestow.

But it is not at the door of the American nation that the destruction of the Red Man must altogether be laid. The destruction of the Red Man like the institution of slavery was a legacy bequeathed it by England. It was by British colonists and by British officials that the Red Man was goaded to those deeds of retaliation which furnished a flimsy pretext for his extermination. And this in return for kind treatment on his part. “When you first arrived on our shores” said an Indian chief to the masters of New York “you were destitute of food; we gave you our beans and our corn; we fed you with oysters and fish, and now for our recompense you murder our people.” But this was not all; in killing “our people” they killed their own flesh and blood. “The traders whom your first ships left on our shores to traffic until their return,” continued the chief, “were cherished by us as the apple of our eye; we gave them our daughters as wives; amongst those you have murdered were *children of your own blood.*” (Bancroft II. 564.) Nor is this all, the greatest historian of the United States acknowledges,

that from all classes of Protestants—from Puritans, from Dutch Calvinists and from English Episcopalians—the poor red man received the same treatment. "New England" he says "waged a disastrous war of extermination; the Dutch were scarcely ever at peace with the Algonquins. The laws of Maryland refer to Indian hostilities and massacres which extended as far as Richmond." Two noble exceptions to these deeds of blood stand out in honourable relief—the Quakers and the French. "Penn came" says our historian "without arms; he declared his purpose to abstain from violence; he had no message but peace; and not a drop of Quaker blood was ever shed by an Indian." That the French had been equally kind is proved from the fact, that when the French authorities made their last journey through Canada and down the valley of the Mississippi they received on all sides expressions of passionate attachment from the many tribes of red men. "To this day" says General Cass "The period of French domination is the era of all that is happy in Indian reminiscences." "When the Frenchmen arrived at these Falls" said a Chippewa chief in 1826 to the American agent at Sault Ste. Marie, "they came and kissed us. They called us children and we found them fathers. We lived like brethren in the same lodge. They never mocked our ceremonies and they never molested the places of our dead. Seven generations of men have passed away, but we have not forgotten it. Just, very just, were they to us" (Jameson part II. p. 148.) The French (Mr. Bancroft observes) "had won the affection of the savages * * * and retained it by religious influence. They seemed to be no more masters, but rather companions and friends. More formidable enemies now appeared, arrogant in their pretensions, scoffing insolently at those whom they superseded, driving away their Catholic priests, and introducing the traffic in rum, which till then had been effectively prohibited" (IV. 79.)

May we not safely say, that had the French retained possession of America the Red Indian would have survived to this day to worship the God of the Christian?

LANDLORD AND TENANT.

It is a beautiful morning in spring; the sun is shining brightly, and the birds are singing merrily in the yet leafless trees. The refreshing green of the meadows and fields is delightful, and everything around seems happy. Happy? Alas! no, not all. We look around, but we see no cottage; yet those tall trees seem to point out this as the habitation of man. Ah! why are those stones and this earth scattered about? Ah, reader, here has been the happy home of the Irish peasant; here has he played when a child; here has he grown from childhood to manhood; here has he tasted all those joys which once made music in his young heart. No wonder, then, that for this place he retains a love, strong and energetic,—that it seems as if his heart was torn from its place when he is forced to part from his dear home.

He has parted from it, gentle reader, but how reluctantly! He was forced to leave the home of his childhood, and you now behold before you the ruined home of the Irish "tenant-at-will," and truly, indeed, at the will of the landlord. He has failed to pay his rent, and, of course, he must give up his land. The "crowbar brigade" is brought into requisition, and he is turned out on the charity of his poor neighbours.

He has gone to the roadside, there to take up his abode for the present, whither we will follow him, and see in what condition his landlord has turned him out on the cold world. At a bond in the road, near what was once his own home, we behold a miserable sod cabin erected by his kind neighbours for the poor outcast and his family. Let us enter. On some straw in the corner of the cabin lies a decrepit old man. Already he seems no longer of this world. The sharp, death-like features the glazed eye and emaciated hand, tells us that death has marked out the poor sufferer as his victim. He seems not to perceive the objects about him; and in his hands he clasps with the rigid grasp of death a small crucifix. Around his wretched couch kneel his son and his daughter-in-law—the young and wretched wife who, it seems, is doomed to hardships already; and also, reader, you may see here a holy and reverend man, the ser-

vant of God, the Catholic priest, who has just administered to the dying man the last consolations of our holy religion.

Standing on the verge of eternity, and looking back on the tyranny, injustice, and cruelty which have occasioned him and his family so much suffering, the poor victim seems ready to pronounce a curse on his persecutor. But, no, it is a blessing, a prayer, to the Most High, for conversion and forgiveness, for his enemy. That holy—that sublime religion, which can make man forget all injuries and affronts, and can turn him from his own wicked inclinations to the paths of virtue and good works.

The lips of the sufferer move; he is praying. "Thy holy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. O Jesus receive my poor sufferings in return for my sins, and grant to my enemies forgiveness and repentance. God have mercy on me, a sinner. Jesus, Mary,——"

The pulse stopped—moved—again stopped; the body heaved convulsively, and the spirit has flown to that region where all the sorrows of this life will be changed into joys. Wild, uncontrolled, was the grief of the son and his young wife. They wept long, and prayed to the good Lord to reward the sufferings of his servant, and not to consider his offences. Then they became calm, the good priest consoled them, and pointing to the clear blue sky, he said, "He is there; why do you grieve that he has gone to his Father in Heaven?"

Another day and the old man is laid in the pauper's grave. He sleeps the sleep of death; his dust will mingle with that of his fathers. But those who are left behind, how will they live? Their poor neighbours cannot employ them. Will they sell their souls and their faith for the pottage of the soup? Never.

The good priest has again come to console them, and has kindly offered to give out of his own poor pittance, a sum sufficient to transport to that more favored clime, America, the young man, and a friend has offered to share with the young wife his own poor cabin. The offers are gladly accepted, and the young man has sailed for America, and the young wife has gone to the house of her friend. * * * *

Long years have passed, and a change

has come over the scene. The young man has returned with the fruits of long years of toil,—a sum sufficient to pay for their farm again. The landlord, too, has departed this world, and has been succeeded by one far more humane. He promises to let the young man have the farm of which his father had been wronged. The offer is gratefully accepted, and the young man and his wife are comfortably settled in their own home again.

Such things as we have here endeavored to sketch, were not of rare occurrence. No, *alas!* in that terrible year, 1847, they were almost innumerable. But it is to be hoped, which we almost despair of however, seeing the present action of the landlords in the West of Ireland, that the tenant will be better prepared in future, lest something (which God forbid) might again occur, and that the landlord will not oppress his poor tenants, as too many of them do without the least conscience.

JAMES.

LET THEM ALONE.

NEVER try to rob any one of his good opinion of himself. It is the most cruel thing you can do. Moreover, it is by no means doing what you would be done by. Crush a woman's self-esteem, and you make her crossgrained and snappish. Do the same with a man, and you only make him morose. You mean to create a sweet, humble creature, but you'll never do it. The people who think best of themselves are apt to be best. Women grow pretty in believing they are so, and fine qualities often crop out after one has been told one has them.

It only gratifies a momentary spite to force your own unfavorable opinion of him deep into another's mind. It never, never, never did any good. Ah! if this world, full of ugly people and awkward people, of silly people and vain people, knew their own deficiencies, what a sitting in sack-cloth and ashes we should have?

The greatest of all things that a man can possess is a satisfactory identity. If that which he calls *I* pleases him, it is well with him; otherwise, he is utter-

ly wretched. Let your fellow-beings alone; hold no truthful mirrors before their eyes, unless with a pure intention to uproot sin. So may a mirror without a flaw never be prepared for you. In those things which we cannot help, may we never be blind to our own shortcomings. We are neither ugly, nor awkward, nor uninteresting to ourselves, if we do not know it. A fool may have the wisdom of Solomon in his own conceit. Let him be, and the path to the grave will be easier for him to tread; you will be no worse, *he* much better.

Leave every man as much self-esteem as his conscience will allow him to cherish. It may be pleasure to enlighten people as to their faults of mind and person, but it is certainly not a duty.

HARBINGERS.

Written for Miss O'Hara's Album.

In Ireland they told me, in days of my youth;
When visions of fancy wore colours of truth,
When wildest of legends and lays of the Past
O'er reason and sense, their dim influence cast—

The *Banshee*, a spirit of mourning 'twas known,
Foretold coming death by her desolate tone;
And moved near the house, like one lost in despair,
Or by rath or rill, combed her long raven hair;
Now awfully clear, and then faint and forlorn,
Her accents of grief on the night breeze were borne.
How solemn her woe when the Heir's doom is nigh
And, young mortal flowers in blossoming die,
But louder her wail when the ripe fruit, or Head,
Is soon to be laid in its cold, narrow bed.
The Fairy's weird voice—her disconsolate moan
Laments the decease of Milesians alone.

They said the soft notes of the Harp could
Awaken
A sigh for the lost, and for fond hearts forsaken:
That when a low cadence its tones would assume
'Twas sent as the Herald of some pending gloom,
As if a sensation responsive, it felt,
As if in its chords a strange sympathy dwelt;
And hung in the Hall, if a bright string were broken,
An omen of ill to its owner was spoken.

Our forefathers' wandering Spirits were said
To call the foredoomed to the land of the Dead:

The *Fetch*, a phantasmal, dim image was seen

To glide in the eve where their footsteps had been,

The same in appearance, in raiment and air,
Except that the aspect of sadness was there.
The howl of the Watch-dog-long, low—as in grief

Betokened the fall of the father or chief.

Then tell me, if here too—on this distant shore,

Those "Coming events cast their shadows before;"

If warning and *caoin* of despondent Banshee
Has followed your sires o'er the waves of the sea;

Does misty resemblance, or *wraith* of a friend
The last of the days of your kindred attend;
Do howls of the mastiff or spaniel arouse
Forebodings of fear for the Head of the

House;

Can Music's sweet spell such a witchery borrow

From sensitive souls in a moment of sorrow;
Does prophecy—as in the old Halls of Tara,
Still breathe in the chords of the harp of O'Hara.

Montreal.

LAGENIAM.

CHAT-CHAT.

—Evidently Archbishop Lanfranc was no snob. When he was yet a monk at *Bee* in Normandy, and whilst the most renowned teachers of Latin were flocking to him for instruction, he was one day reader at dinner in the refectory, when the Prior—not the best Latin scholar in the world, undertook to correct him for a false quantity. "It was" says his biographer "as if he had said 'docere' with the middle syllable long, as it really is, but he (the Prior) would have corrected him by shortening the middle syllable; for that Prior was not learned. Our Lanfranc knowing that obedience is due to *Christ* rather than to *Donatus*, gave up the right pronunciation, and said what he was *improperly* (as far as prosody went) told to say. For he knew" says the old chronicler "that a false quantity was not a crime, but that to disobey one who commanded him in God's stead was no trifling sin."

Had our Lanfranc been a modern Christian, the snobbishness of the ago would have led him to correct his superior. But Lanfranc's Christianity was

of sterner stuff. He knew his Prior was wrong, and that he was right; but he knew also that his Prior was Prior, whilst he was only a simple monk. This kept him in his proper place though he was immeasurably his Prior's superior in learning. Go thou and do likewise.

—The Rt. Rev. W. Pakenham Walsh, D. D. (Protestant) Bishop of Ossory has written a work entitled "Heroes of the mission Field." Amongst other missionaries he mentions Eliot the "Apostle of the Red Indians." We do not care to contest this title of "Apostle" with the good Bishop, though if Eliot was an "Apostle" we think he came on the ground rather late in the day considering the labours of the many other Apostles, that had preceded him. What we want, is, to notice for the benefit of our Protestant friends in particular and all men in general, the Bishop's candid admission that "it is a noteworthy fact that there is not a single human being that can understand the translation of the Bible, which was one of Eliot's (missionary) labours."

This is hard upon the Apostle, who evidently was *no evangelist*. But Dr. Pakenham Walsh is not the only one who has been hard upon him. Samuel G. Drake as long ago as 1745, thus wrote of this unintelligible translation made for the Nipmuks or Naticks by the Apostle of the Red Indians. "It was done with good design, but must be reckoned amongst the 'otiosorum hominum negotia' ("works of men who have nothing to do," and this of an Apostle!) Of the Naticks at present (1745) there are not twenty families subsisting and scarce any of these can read. Cui bono?" (B. V. ch. VII. p. 114.) Dr. Livingstone is equally hard upon an equally unprofitable version by the same hand which our great African traveller calls "God's word in a language which no living tongue can articulate nor living mortal understand." (ch. VI. p. 115.)

Do our friends now see, why the Catholic Church has always sought shy of translations?

—Sir John Lubbock, whilst upholding the Darwin theory knocks it into a cocked hat. Following the advice of "The

Wise Man" he has been studying the ways and doings of the ants, and comes to the conclusion that they are much more intelligent than the anthropoid ape, and are second only to man himself. This is unkind of Sir John for whilst it brings the anthropoid ape down from his proud preëminence of being the (supposed) progenitor of the human race, it puts a kink in the Darwin chain which it will be difficult to straighten out. Unfortunately for science we are generally supposed to be made up of both body and soul. Now if we have "levelled up" from the tadpoles, what has been our particular course? *Physically* (according to Darwin) we have "levelled up" through the ape; *intellectually* (according to Sir John Lubbock) we have "levelled up" through the ants. But what became of us then whilst our bodies were with the apes, and our minds with the ants? Echo answers, What! Truly, *Science* is a wonderful thing.

But science will perhaps answer "Pooh! pooh! body and soul are one and the same thing. *Soul* is matter as well as *body*." Here science has only made the matter worse for—*itself*. If soul and body are the same thing what became of the soul whilst the body was "levelling up" through the ape? and what became of the body whilst the soul was "levelling up" through the ants?—or what necessity to level up through different routes? We do not understand, neither do—"our sisters, nor our cousins, nor our aunts."

—They have been weighed and found wanting. The *Riforma*, an Italian liberal paper, relating the intention of one of the Protestant sects to open a new Protestant church in the via Nazionale in Rome, makes the caustic remark "we believe that the Evangelical churches in Rome at present amount to a number greater than that of the followers of the various reformed creeds." Had it wished to put it in more concise terms, it would have said there are more parsons than people. This is a truly humiliating admission for our evangelical friends to have to make. We must say, that when we first heard some years ago, that a Protestant church was about to be opened for the first time in Rome we felt a certain pang of sorrow at the

implied desecration of the Rome of the Popes. We must now, however, rejoice, since the desecration had to come, that the experiment has been tried. Before the experiment our evangelical friends could at least *boast*. After the experiment the least said the soonest mended.

They told me Ebruis had now
Turned sober and repentant quite;
In doubt I asked them When and How
He'd spurned the wine cup's fatal light?

I saw him later in the day—
Him slumbering in the gutter prone—
And asked in grief, Is this the way
Our Ebruis has sober grown?

I raised him gently from the sod,
And meekly asked him to rehearse
This last relapse.—Dost think it odd?
Quoth he. The fault is—a replenished
purse.

—John A. Weiss is an American author of a statistical turn of mind, and good staying powers, who gauges English by "averages" and "per cents." Out of 50 extracts from English writers of the period, A. D. 1600-1879, numbering 9,554 words, he tells us 7,272 (or 76 per cent.) are repetitions, and 4,693 (or 49 per cent.) are particles. Mrs. Hall's style, he calculates, requires 199 common words to obtain 100 different words, and averages about 50 per cent. particles, and 50 per cent. repetitions. Tennyson's poetic style requires about 157 common words to obtain 100 different words, and averages about 47 per cent. particles, and 36 per cent. repetitions. This is reducing figures of speech to their lowest common denominator with a vengeance; this is measuring flights of poetry by the quadrant and dead reckoning, and may commend itself to the American mind, but is hardly in harmony with the "ars grammatica." But Dr. Weiss on occasion can throw off the fetters of arabic numerals, and can soar "fancy free" through the less restraining realms of "gush." When he does so his enthusiasm is simply bewildering. In the Queen's "Journal in the Highlands," he has found the word "amazing." This—or his loyalty is too much for him, and he thus delivers himself:

"When her Majesty penned the word 'amazingly' she became Orientalist, and as such unconsciously paid a delicate

linguistic compliment to the Jewish and Oriental element of her subjects, (Bravo Doctor!) * * * To say I read this touching effusion with interest, would be stating the least of my emotions; but to say I perused it with a deep gratitude to her Gracious Majesty for the encouraging literary example she left to her sex, approaches the impression it left upon my mind."

When Moliere's Bourgeois Gentlehomme found out at the age of 45 that he had been speaking "prose" all his life without knowing it, he exclaimed from the depths of his astonished soul, "This knowledge! what a brave thing!" Her Gracious Majesty and for the matter of that all her Majesty's subjects, who have been using this word "amazingly" all their lives will doubtless exclaim with a like fervour and becoming astonishment when they find out from Dr. Weiss that they have been Orientalists all their lives, without knowing it, and here "as such unconsciously paid a delicate linguistic compliment to her Majesty's Jewish and Oriental subjects." ("Vive l'Humbug.")

But our worthy American mixes poetry and numerals with wonderful facility,—we will not say "*felicity*." Speaking of the galaxy of English female intellects "her Sapphos, Corinnas, Hypatias, he tells us that England had her Semiramis in Elizabeth, and has now her Dido "in the gentle but firm Victoria, who rules over 234,762,593 souls dwelling in 44,142,651 houses." Bravo Doctor! Vive la Statistique! And—vive l'humbug!

—"My Lord Bacon's soul lodgeth well," said Queen Elizabeth in compliment to my Lord Bacon's good looks. But what of the lodger? If the following be a true index of my Lord Bacon's soul the lodgment was too good for the lodger.

I said to your Lordship (Bacon to Essex) Martha! Martha! attendis ad plurima; unum sufficit. (Martha! Martha! thou attendest to many things; one is sufficient). *Win the Queen.* * * * * * Your Lordship should never be without some particulars afoot, which you should seem to pursue with earnestness and affection, and then let them fall upon taking notice of her Majesty's opposition and dislike. Of which

the weightiest sort may be, if your Lordship offer to labour in behalf of some you favour for the places now void; choosing such a subject as you think her Majesty is like to oppose unto. And if you will say that this is *conjoined with injury to another*, I will not say this is inseparable from such things, but I say commendation from such a mouth doth nothurt a man, though you prevail not."

What poor miserable puppets kings and princes, (especially *female kings*,) are in the hands of their courtiers; and what scoundrels even the greatest minds can be in the pursuit of advancement! Here is the great Elizabeth (who was wont to swear with many a round oath, that she could make and unmake bishops,) the poor tool of two designing men; and here are two *great minds* plotting to cheat her out of offices and advancement. And on what string did they play? On the base string of female vanity. Raleigh rose to eminence and the block at the price of a velvet cloak; Essex and Bacon plot to gain the same giddy height by feigned requests invented only to be relinquished, in order to feed female vanity. My Lord Bacon's soul may have lodged well; but the lodger, who could propose such Machiavellian suggestions, cannot have been so well.

Cupid once, ah! luckless fellow
Mid the roses made his pillow,
And would have slept, but fate's decree
Had led a weary wandering bee
To catch a moment's hallowed rest,
Slumbering on a rose's breast.
The bee awoke with anger wild,
And stung—ah me! the hapless child.
Then through bower and out the vale
Frighting the slumbering nightingale,
Rose this hapless urehin's wail:
"Mother! Venus! from on high—
"Mother! Venus! hither fly,
"Behold, behold thy Cupid die.
"Stung by a little angry thing,
"Some ugly brute on tiny wing.
"I faint, I die—his poisoned dart
"Has pierced the centre of my heart—"
Then she from out Olympus' cloud
She ever of the urehin proud
Spake soft in accents soothingly
Spake low, but half reprovingly;
Ah me! my Cupid, dearest boy!
Ah me! my bosom's sweetest joy!
If thou canst feel the wild bee's sting
Which is in sooth so small a thing,
How deeply must our poor hearts feel
The anguish of thy arrow's steel.
Or cease thy wailings o'er thy woe
Or break for aye thy cruel bow. H. B.

GOOD AND BAD MANNERS.

It is generally admitted that nothing makes society so pleasant as good and easy manners. Society is composed of persons of different tastes, habits and peculiarities, and in order to avoid jars and unpleasantness much taste is necessary. There are some common faults that might be corrected to very great advantage.

I. Undue familiarity. Strangers have no right and it shows very bad manners for them to accost one in a way that only intimate friends should. Slaps on the back, punches in the ribs, pulling and hauling about, the use of your Christian name, etc., these are not only very foolish actions but disagreeable to the victim of them.

II. There is also much impoliteness in speech. Such inquiries as "How's your girl," made in a rough manner are extremely rude, not only to the party but to the young lady herself. Respect for ladies is one of the marks of a true gentleman, and a gentleman is one who has gentle manners.

III. It is most needless to say that every species of mocking is rude, and every allusion to personal defects. A cross-eyed man, a lame man, one who stutters in his speech, in short every one suffering from a defect has feeling. It would be rude to ask a lame man to take off his crutch; to steal the ear-trumpet of a deaf man; or ask to borrow the spectacles of one who is near sighted.

IV. In company every one should do his best for the general amusement. If you can sing, sing without pressing; if you can declaim, do so. But it is exceedingly rude to ask those to sing who are well known to have no voices and who do not wish to sing.

V. Secrets should not be communicated in company. If you want to tell a secret to some one, do not choose your time when company is present. It is hardly necessary to say that every attempt to raise a laugh at another's expense (in an ill-natured way) is the very height of rudeness. The boors who indulge in this pastime should not be tolerated in civilized society.

VI. As in company no one should be expected to do more than his share in entertaining the rest, so no one should

make himself too conspicuous. A lively manner is always agreeable but boisterous conduct is by no means to be fancied. We should always remember the proprieties of time and place. What may be quite pleasant to a young girl may be very disagreeable to an older one and what is suitable for the married is not for single people.

It must be allowed by all that in fact—which is a fine sense of what is proper to be done and said—the ladies far exceed the masculine sex. They make it more of a study. It is very seldom that you find a lady deficient in either tact or manners. Even those whose occupations are of such a nature as would not tend to produce good manners frequently are pleasant in every respect.

Perhaps they are sometimes too giddy or frivolous. This giddiness may cause them to do things they are sorry for afterwards. But, as a general rule, they have both tact and sufficient sense to prevent their being rude.

Perhaps those that are more frequently guilty of rudeness are half grown, callow youths from 16 to 20. These mistake boisterousness for merriment, vulgarity for wit and rudeness for high spirits. They will blow in your face, spit filthy tobacco all over a dancing floor, indulge in language and dirty allusions more befitting a Hottentot than a Christian, play practical jokes, lounge around street corners propping up houses and making remarks on all those who pass. These are they whose tastes are low and whose habits are depraved. You see them in variety theatres, you are conscious of their offensive presence in various localities. What sort of men will these become? Ignorant, unmannerly, vicious. It is terrible to think that such have or may have votes! As they grow in years they grow in vice, pests to society and blotches on the community. They are the material from which criminals are made.—*Connecticut Catholic.*

Teach self-denial, and make its practice pleasurable, and you create for the world a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the brain of the wildest dreamer.

Hasty people drink the nectar of existence scalding hot.

THE USE OF BOOKS.

III.

ON READING.

The wretch who digs the mine for bread,
Or ploughs that others may be fed,—
Feels less fatigue, than that decreed
To him who cannot think, or read!

—HANNAH MORE.

THAT there is a vast amount of time squandered in reading, no thinking person will deny; but it is scarcely the *thinking* person who squanders the time. Just what to read is a matter which requires careful attention, but it is of much greater moment to know how to read. This knowledge made practical will prove of more avail in the true purpose of reading—accumulating intelligence—than any other. It is what young people are most deficient in; and the lack of it leads to more waste of time and prostration of mental vigor than any other cause. The attempt to keep bad books or unuseful books out of the hands of the young is commendable enough, but it is rarely ever more than an attempt; for there is nothing that ambitious youth of either sex are more ready to resent than the allegation that they cannot judge what is best for them. The girl who wanted "to see the folly" of attending balls because her mother confessed to have done so before her, was neither unreasonable nor very unwise; and the only risk to be apprehended in the experiment would be that her sense of sight might not be acute enough to discern the "folly" when presented. A taste for reading rarely comes by intuition. Like most other tastes it is acquired; and it grows upon what it feeds. The safest and surest way to guard against an unhealthful or impure taste is to create a healthful and pure. If parents—or those who have the directing of young minds—instead of saying to the individual, "Such and such a book is improper for you to read;" or, "This is a good book, and will benefit you,—therefore you should read it," would put themselves in the place of those thus advised—remembering how such consideration would have affected them when of the same age, a more reasonable method would be likely to suggest itself. If

the same care were taken to promote a love for healthy reading that is often expended in vain attempts to keep unprofitable books out of the hands of the young, they might be trusted to make their own selections with perfect safety as to the result. There is nothing more conducive to healthful mental activity than the careful and intelligent reading of good books; and the proper taste once acquired, it may with almost absolute safety be allowed free course.

If good books, good magazines, and good newspapers, be among the means of growth in virtue, bad books, bad magazines, and bad newspapers must as surely tend to evil. The press, throughout the world, is turning out millions of pages of printed matter every day, a moiety of which may be claimed as tending to improve, refine, and elevate the reader. What class of literature has the largest sale? Is it not foolish fiction? Compared with works of science, fiction sells as ten to one. Compare the circulation of the popular story papers with the best, the most instructive journals of science and art! If the latter have a circulation of from five to thirty thousand, the former reaches hundreds of thousands! The best religious journals are seldom profitable in a pecuniary sense to their editors or publishers. Not so with the story papers, the police gazettes, etc. They are staunchly supported and gain fortunes for their proprietors.

Readers of "flash" literature are sure "the stuff won't hurt them." Beginners in dissipation find only agreeable sensations, which lure them on. Through the vistas of pleasure they trace their thoughtless steps until they find themselves lost in the sombre depths of the abyss of ruin. Then the truth flashes upon them, but all too late. They cannot retrace their footsteps; they cannot escape their doom; they are lost!

If we would possess a healthy mind we must nurture it with healthy food. If we would possess a thoughtful one we must cultivate thought. Culture of the intellect, of the mind, of thought is the one thing needful. Culture may disappoint you, if you seek for what can be got out of it; it can never disappoint you if you seek it for itself. Say what we like about the lessening of social differences, there will always be a gulf not

easy passed over, a difference which must make itself seen and felt, between the cultivated and the vacant intellect. The man who has read little and thought little, to whom history has no meaning, and for whom literature has no existence, may prosper in business, but he prepares for himself a dull existence and a melancholy old age. There are many such, and sometimes you see them toiling on to the last, determined, as they say, to die in harness, not because they have any future need to work, but because they have no other interest and nothing else to turn to. We hardly know a more miserable alternative than for a wealthy and prosperous man either to exhaust his last years with needless toil,—

"Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease,"
or else to sink into that vacuity and *ennui* which, to an active temperament, is often worse than acute suffering.

M. W. C.

A WISE MAN.—I had a friend who could not endure a story that smacked of scandal. He used to say "I have so much to do I cannot hear it. One half of my time is taken up with my own business, the other half with letting alone that of my neighbors." How many excellent opportunities of letting alone other people's business are slighted, and the world is troubled with the interference of people with what does not concern them. Neighborhoods are driven crazy by people, who watch for occasions of scandal and lose no opportunity of making it public, regardless of its truth, or of the injury that it inflicts upon the feelings of others. Gossip passes for facts, and surmise for history; and the nimble lie runs many leagues while the truth is putting on its boots.

FALSEHOOD.—Of all the cowardly acts in the whole range of sin a lie is the most contemptible. To a healthy mind a deliberate lie is impossible; it is absolutely incompatible with an honest self respect. No matter if the lie be discovered or not, the utterer is conscious that he is a liar when he looks at himself in the mirror. The man who lies, and has ceased either to feel shame or sorrow for falsehood, is the most degraded being imaginable, far beneath the maniac and the idiot.

MEAGHER OF THE SWORD!

Sad and pensive, lonely dreaming in Clonmala's prison cell,
 Fettered by Oppression's menials, noble hearted heroes dwell.
 Thinking, hoping, sighing, fearing for their Erin's cherish'd weal,
 Wishing, praying for the moment when the "ancient Celtic steel—"
 From the scabbard flashing, gleaming in a Nation's mighty hand—
 Would in foeman's crimson gushings write the glory of the land!
 There amidst those heroes seated 'round the cruel prison board,
 With his dark forebodings musing—glorious Meagher of the Sword!

Cold and stern are the judges—warm and pressing is the crowd:
 Thro' that long and weary trial thousand! vengeance oaths are vow'd,
 Hundreds coming, hundreds going, hundreds, throbbing for the fate;
 Silent standing in the Court-room hundreds for the verdict wait.
 "Guilty,"—God, the word is spoken!
 "Meagher what has thou to say?"
 "Ireland's story will explain it when I'm gone and pass'd away,
 And will justify my action!" Oh, that never dying word!
 It was spoken by a hero—glorious Meagher of the Sword!

Broad, expansive great Atlantic spreads its waters towards the West,
 As the Exile's barque is steering from the "Island of the blest"
 Sad and gloomy his forebodings,—dark the future seems to be—
 All his loves and hopes are sinking far behind him in the sea.
 Now, his weary eye is resting for a last time on Tramore:
 Now, the land is fading slowly—dim the verdant Island shore;
 Gone his hopes—his wishings vanished with the land he once ador'd,
 Fare-thee-well! thou noble hero—glorious Meagher of the Sword!

Crimson red the sun is rising on a gorgeous summer day,
 As a hundred thousand soldiers girt their harness for the fray:
 Near and nearer roll the legions like a sea of red and gold,
 Wave on wave, above them gleaming hundred banners they unfold.
 Booms the cannon,—clash the sabres,—roll the volumes o'er the vale;
 Who is it that now receives them with a shower of iron hail?
 Who is he upon the rampart—where a hundred cannons roar'd?
 'Tis the champion of a Nation—glorious Meagher of the Sword!

Soft the summer breeze is fanning—bright the summer sun is low,
 Shedding forth his evening splendor where Missouri's waters flow,
 Decking with a ray of beauty, close beside the yellow wave,
 Willow trees that sad are bending o'er a dread, unknown grave.
 Not a mound or cross appearing marks the hero's lonely bed—
 There he sleeps as thousand others, Erin's great and holy dead!
 There he sleeps a sleep eternal, and his spirit's with the Lord—
 Ireland's pure and loving patriot—glorious Meagher of the Sword!
 Laval University. JOSEPH K. FORAN.

THE DUTY OF CATHOLICS.

BY BISHOP ELDER.

MANY persons have indefinite notions that what is given for religion is a sort of alms, which it is right to give when convenient, but which they are not bound to give unless of their abundance, whereas, in truth, the payment of your share for the expenses of religion is a debt rigorously due in justice, as much as the payment of your taxes to the State, or of your fees to the lawyer or the doctor. So that any one who willfully neglects this duty is guilty of a mortal sin against justice because he neglects to pay a just debt. And this is "the most important of his debts," because it is for the most necessary want; it is for the necessity of his soul and his children's souls. And although it is not exacted from you by the civil judge and the sheriff, like your other debts, for that very reason will God take on himself the punishment of those who neglect to pay it. And he tells us how much heavier are His punishments than those of any human judge. "Fear not them that kill the body, and after that have nothing more that they can do; but fear ye Him who, after He has killed, has power to cast into hell." (Luke xiii., 5.)

Perhaps, hitherto, some may have been partly or entirely excused from sin in the eyes of God, because they did not clearly understand the obligation. Your pastors very properly feel an unwillingness to speak upon a subject which might lessen their influence for winning your souls to the love of God. And, consequently, have you not received as

much instructions on this duty as was needed to make you comprehend your obligation.

But it becomes our duty, as having charge of both pastors and their flocks, to set forth this obligation clearly and strongly, that you may save your conscience from the sin of neglect, and may see religion flourish more vigorously than hitherto.

But, indeed, to understand this obligation does not so much require instruction as earnest reflection.

The natural law of right and wrong shows clearly the justice of this debt. The written law of God, has confirmed it strongly, both in the old law of Hebrews and in the new law of the Gospel. And the necessities of your own condition urge the obligations upon your earnest attention.

A reflection on the natural law of right and wrong will show you that your pastors are men whose whole business is to attend to the immediate service of God, and to the souls intrusted to their charge, it is right and necessary that you support them.

A priest's pastoral duties are many and weighty. He is obliged to offer up daily prayers and sacrifices for your welfare. He has to preach the Gospel, to instruct the ignorant, to assist the sick and dying, to counsel and comfort those who are in trouble, to administer the sacraments, to be ready day and night to answer "the calls of rich and poor."

That he may devote all his time to you, and have no interest to keep him from those duties, he excludes himself from the married state, and he is not allowed to follow any worldly business for his maintenance. "No man," says St. Paul, "being a soldier of God, entangleth himself with worldly business: that he may please Him, to whom he hath engaged himself." (2 Tim. xi., 4.)

When a person, then, for the sake of your souls, dedicates himself entirely to laboring for you, renounces all other occupations, how is he to live? He must eat, he must be clothed, he must have a home, both for his needs and for receiving his people when they come to him. He ought to have the comforts which will enable him to preserve his health, and keep him in cheerfulness to labor

with a good heart. He ought to be maintained likewise in that outward decency which, in the manners of the country, and in the eyes of the world, will show the respect he is entitled to; will show the esteem you have for the Church of God and for the sacred functions of the priest-hood. If civil magistrates are entitled, in justice, to be supported by the people, though they have other means of providing for themselves, how much more the pastors of your souls, who have no other maintenance and who are furnishing to you the most necessary of all your wants—the instruction, the sacraments, and the other means of grace on which your salvation and that of your children are made by God's Providence to depend? This is the argument of the Holy Ghost, given through the Apostle St. Paul: "Who serveth as a soldier at any time at his own expense? Who planteth a vineyard and eateth the fruit thereof? Who feedeth the flock and useth not the milk of the flock?" (1. Cor., ix., 7.)

And this natural law of right and wrong God enforced very rigorously in His written law given to Moses. He set aside the tribe of Levi to be the priests and pastors of the people, and to have care of the Tabernacle and the Temple, which were given for the benefit of the people. (Numbers vii.) And he commanded that the people should give to these Levites one tenth part of all the fruit of their lands every year, their grain, their stock, &c., and, moreover, the first fruits and the first born of their possessions. (Levit. xxvii., 30; Numbers xviii., 8, 21, &c.) He declares that their neglect of paying these contributions should be felt and punished as an injury to God Himself, and their fidelity in doing it should bring them the blessing of abundance. "You afflict me in tithes and first fruits, and you are cursed with want. Bring all the tithes into the storehouse (of the Temple,) that they may be meat in my house; and try me in this, if I open not to you the flood-gates of heaven, and point out to you a blessing, even to abundance." Malachias iii., 8.)

To the Hebrew people God commonly gave reward in this life for their observance of this law.

The law of giving exactly one tenth

and the first fruits was binding on the Jews of old.

They were material people, needed to have every duty marked out in definite terms. Christians, enlightened and strengthened by the grace of Christ, must use His own light to direct their own conscience in this as in many other duties. Our Lord leaves them room to show themselves either liberal or grudging, in giving back to Him a portion of what He has given to them. And He will be in His turn bountiful or scanty in His blessings to them, "By whatsoever measure ye shall measure, it shall be measured to you again." (Matt. vii., 2.)

Hence He does not prescribe to Christians the exact amount which they must contribute; but the law itself, that they must support becomingly those who minister to their souls. He renews and confirms, and will judge each one by his obedience to it.

In the Gospel He says the laborer is worthy of his hire. And His Apostle, St. Paul, declares that Christ ordered: "They who preach the Gospel should live by the Gospel." (I. Cor. ix., 13.) And he directs the Bishop Timothy to see to it, that the priests who labor well in the sacred ministry, have a support in accordance with the honor due to their merits. "Let the priests that rule well be esteemed with double honor, especially they who labor in the world in teaching; for the laborer is worthy of his hire." (II. Tim. v., 17.)

If St. Paul sometimes worked in the night to earn his own support, he took care to tell the people that it was not because he had no right to be supported by them—but as a special charity to gain their hearts and to give them an example of industry. (II. Thessal. iii., 8, 9.) And even this he could not do except at some particular times and places. Most commonly his labors and travelings absorbed all his time and strength, and most commonly he was supported by the people to whose souls he devoted himself.

You see, then, how strict is your obligation to give a good, becoming support to your pastors, and to defray the other expenses of religion. Whoever neglects this may not, indeed, be condemned by any civil court, but he will

certainly be judged by God Himself, who has imposed on your pastors the duty of laboring for your souls, and who feels any neglect shown to His officers as an injury to his own divine Majesty.

THE LEGEND OF DESCHENES.

BY J. K. F.

THERE is a strange story told of an Indian chief—one of the Ottawa tribe who led the bands of warriors that held the lands now situate between the Capital and the town of Pembroke on the Upper Canada shore of the Ottawa river. The chief, when about twenty-four years of age, succeeded to his father as leader of the grand tribe and succeeded at the same time to a throne in the heart of a beautiful Indian girl, a daughter of another tribe. He loved her from first sight but circumstances kept them far apart. However some ten years after he had first seen her he was rambling in the woods along the shore of the Ottawa, at the place where a great lake ended in a mighty cataract, now known as the lake and rapid of Deschenes. It was a beautiful evening in autumn and the red sun was already far in the west, on the eastern verge the pale moon was slowly rising and a gentle breeze, now and then broken by the roar of the great falls wasted to him the sound of a sweet voice, singing in the distance on the opposite side of the river. He knew the voice as he heard the first light note and rushing up along the shore until he came to where his canoe was moored in safety beneath a large giant oak tree, he seized the little barque and pushed it out. Intent upon reaching the further shore he heeded not the strong current of the stream and before he knew of his danger he found himself nearing the head of the falls. With a powerful stroke he turned his canoe towards the island that stands in the middle of the wild cataract—he in safety reached the shore and jumped on the rocky island. Breathless he looked around him when, to his wonder and surprise, he saw another canoe leave the opposite shore and head towards the Island. At once he knew it to contain the dear one, the idol, the star of his life. He watched the boat drawing nearer and nearer. Just as it was

about to touch the end of the rock an eddy whirled it around and swept it off towards the head of the awful gulf. Mad with fear—not for himself but for her—he leaped into the stream. In a moment he had his hand upon the canoe—but too late to save it. The waters were more powerful than he and carried them off—Indian and his fair one—towards death.

The faithful followers of the chief, anxious for his return, had gone forth to meet him—the people of “The blooming Rose,” had sought her for hours and and both parties met upon the shore, just in time to catch the last glimpse of the fated couple as they dashed headlong into the awful vortex—never to appear again. Years afterwards when the white man came that way, he was told by the natives how on an autumn evening just as the moon is seen above the horizon and the gray pall of twilight is falling, that the chief and his bride are to be seen upon the island, embracing each other and then disappearing over the side of the cataract.

To-day the island is joined to the shore by a bridge and the rising houses and a number of mills mark the village of Deschenes, as it stands in its wooded beauty beside the now bridled rapid whence it derives its name. As of old the forest lines the shore but it is much thinner and less wild than in those days of its legendary fame. The lake of Deschenes still lies, broad, and mighty-widening out like a great inland gulf, forming at times the type of an azure mirror as it reflects the shadow of the one side and the spires and buildings of the picturesque village of Aylmer on the other.

Often when lashed into fury by the great west wind the lake Deschenes presents a wild and splendid picture, like some miniature sea when the tempest is abroad.

Still oftener does it shine like a burnished sheet of gold and blue as the sun is setting and the calm of a glorious summer or autumn evening spreads its peaceful wings;—upon such an evening as when the young Ottawa chief and his “Blooming Rose”—bid farewell to its splendors and sought together the bliss of the happy hunting grounds.

IRISH MUSIC.

It is said that one of the great masters, on hearing for the first time a simple Irish melody, exclaimed, “That is the music of a nation which has lost its liberty!” And such truly is the music of the people of the Green Isle. Through the melodious cadences of the national music of Ireland there run continued strains of sadness and joy, of sorrow and levity. But the joy is that which comes at times to the man sick at heart, and the levity is the levity of one who would drown his sorrow, but who cannot. In Irish music we also hear other strains, in which there is the tramp of armies moving to battle; but we hear no pean of victory—we hear only the wail over the dead and the bitter laugh of him who has lost in the great conflict. And then in the simple strains, of Irish Melody we picture to ourselves the days when “Malachi wore the collar of gold;” the days when Brian led his men to victory against the invading Danes; the days when the voluntary exile of Erin went forth among the nations of Europe to teach and instruct them; the days when the Lia Fail rested on Irish soil and an Irish king ruled over Irishmen. But the same air recalls to mind the fact that the days of Malachi no longer gladden Ireland; they carry in them the lament for the chieftains slain—and they tell us there are now involuntary exiles from the shores of Erin. We hear in the sad wailings of Carolan of the trials and sufferings and wrongs of a people forced to fly to the caves and the mountains to worship God as their consciences dictated.

Many archaeologists would persuade us that the airs to which the inimitable Moore adapted his songs have been handed down to us from a great antiquity. Some, indeed, of the Irish melodies can be traced to the fifth century; but as a general thing most of the polite airs of that country came into existence in the sixteenth or seventeenth century. However, it is safe to say that the Ceanans, Cries, Waiks, etc., which are not the music of the country, date their origin as early as the fifth century, if not to an earlier age. But a beautiful air does not need the clearness of antiquity to adorn it—it lives by its own merits.

We leave these to the antiquarian, to search into the shadowy past and discover the traces of Irish song amid the ruins of ages.

Some archæologists claim that at an early period the Irish were acquainted with counterpoint and that they understood diesis, or inharmonic interval.

The ancient Greeks, from all that we can learn, undoubtedly understood diesis and formed their ear to this delicate gradation of sound. But it is wholly without proof that any of the ancients, whether Greeks or Romans, Britons or Celts, had any knowledge of harmony, and that the praise of transmitting song through the "variegated prism of harmony" is due to the later times.

It was not until the invention of Guido became thoroughly understood that Irish music took the sweet and agreeable tone by which it is so marked. Until the invention of the gamut by Guido was made, this music was subjected to a mutilated scale; but after Guido flourished, the harps of Ireland were enlarged so as to increase their capacity for putting forth sweet sounds; more strings were added and the melodies were improved. The bards of Scotland stood by their old mutilated scale and would not adopt the gamut of Guido, so that the music of Ireland became subject to the laws of harmony, while that of Scotland remained in its original wildness. Many of the beautiful airs claimed by the people of Scotland do not belong to them by right, but are the productions of Ireland. Any one at all who understands the characteristic differences between Irish and Scotch music can perceive this at once.

But although the style of Irish music has been improved and sweetened by modern science, yet it has by no means lost its native simplicity and originality. Carolan and other great masters of Irish music had abundant opportunities of hearing the works of Germanian and others of the Italian schools, and they profited by it; yet neither he nor his followers ever abandoned their original simplicity, nor did they seek to adorn their music with the embellishments of the Italians. In his *Concerto*, that strange and curious composition, Carolan sought to imitate Corelli. In no other piece do we recog-

nize any attempts at imitation, and it is generally conceived that the *Concerto* was a failure!

It is somewhat curious that in the music of most nations the composers have sought to mimic natural noises. In Irish music, however, excepting in the low songs of the street singer, none of these mimeries can be found. Indeed foreign styles have in nowise injured Irish music. Its chief corruptions are to be found mainly in the want of skill in some of Ireland's own musicians, who frequently loaded down the sweet melodies of their country with their own fantasies.

In conclusion it may safely be stated that through all the airs of Erin, though sometimes the original strain can no longer be traced, there runs that rich vein of Irish spirit and nationality which has charmed and will charm all the nations of the earth.

THE WILD GEESE;

OR,

THE RAPPAREES OF BARNESMORE.

BY WILLIAM COLLINS,

Author of "The Rose of Mourne," "Rapparee Ballads," &c., &c.,

"The wild geese, the wild geese! 'tis long since they flew
O'er the billowy ocean's dark bosom of blue."

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)

THE batteries of Culmore, Greencastle, Carrickfergus and other places were deemed a fit and safe protection for the Northern coast; their huge and heavy guns grinned defiance to all approaching them from the Atlantic, and kept any enemy who was bold enough to steer into these waters at a proper distance. They were carefully avoided by the *La Belle Helene*, and having on board a skilled and experienced pilot, cruised in perfect safety within sight of the headlands and islands that line the coast. Though all hoped and wished to fall in with a British vessel, none appeared, and at the expiration of a week they again anchored in Donegal Bay. A boat was immediately dispatched to the shore, and returned with Shamus Beg. He stated that Mr. Ogilby and his friends would be on the beach before midnight

next evening; that he and Mr. Lindsay were able to be up and ride on horseback, and that all the preliminary arrangements were drawn in regard to the disposal of Alice's property, and it only awaited his signature to make them valid in law. He also stated that a dozen stout fellows were ready to accompany him to the ship and join Hugh's band. Alice was consulted, and eagerly consented to go ashore the next night to ratify the agreement. Shamus again departed, promising to be on hand at the appointed time.

The next night—it was their last night in Ireland—Mabel and Alice sat together on the deck as the twilight shadows fell and the sun sank slowly in the sea. Never before did the blue hills appear so grand, or the waters so bright and beautiful. They awaited and expected the coming of Mr. Ogilby, and, while longing for the appointed time to arrive, were passing the interval in reciting passages and incidents in their past lives and opening their hearts to one another. They gazed upon the lovely scenes around them, where they had wandered together in childhood, and a feeling of sadness crept over their hearts, which was made more melancholy by the thought that they were about to leave them forever. The tears involuntarily started to their eyes as the darkness fell upon the shore, and hid from their sight the meadows and the mountain tops.

A strange and overwhelming sensation of melancholy was upon them, and, for a while, they sat gazing upon the dancing ripples on the water and the moonlight as it rose upon the mountains and gleamed upon the shore. The beauties of the bold and rugged landscape that shone so brightly in the rays of the dying day seemed now as soft and fair, when gilded by the rays of the Summer moon, as heart would wish to fancy or desire, and the beautiful island lying so calm and secure on the bosom of the deep, their outlines mirrored in its waters, seemed as if formed by the spell of some fairy or enchanter for the abode of a Prospero or Titania.

"How happy could we pass our lives away, dear Alice, among those lovely scenes, in the companionship of those we love, and among our own, humble

though they be, did fate ordain it, or were only one half our earthly desires realized. Ambition sways the world, and men to gain it sacrifice love, home and country; but I confess that love, home and country are dearer to me than all the proud and gilded baubles ambition can attain. See where the moon shines on yon green knoll, and the gray rock rises above the sward moss-grown and hoary with time. What recollection does it conjure up? It reminds us, Alice, of pleasant memories and happy days. How often have we sat on that rock while Hugh and Brian wove a garland of daisies or buttercups for our hair, or chased us through the meadows with ringing laughter and light hearts. There is not a blade of grass that springs or an humble flower that tints the meadows from there to Asseroe, but is prized dearer to me than all the gold or gems, or honors, that foreign lands can bestow. Have you forgotten, Alice, the memories of those days?"

"Alas! Mabel, I remember them too well. They are engraven on my heart, and I feel a melancholy pleasure in looking back at times to the joys and pleasures of my early youth; but the retrospection generally ends in misery and despair. There is not a spot around my home but I remember, for they are hallowed to me by feelings of grateful love.

"'Tis hard to forget them, Alice, and France must be fair—fairer than I ever dreamed of, if her beauty effaces from my heart the scenes now before us."

"They are beautiful," replied Alice, in a low, soft voice, but so tinged with melancholy and sorrow that Mabel withdrew her eyes from the shore, at which she had been gazing, and looked at her. She was very pale and a tear stood trembling on her cheek. Mabel took her hand, and, caressing it tenderly, inquired:

"Are you unwell, Alice, or do my words pain you? I thought these old recollections would be as pleasing to you as me. I often indulge in them when alone, or when Brian or Hugh are near, or sink to sleep with these sweet, sad thoughts uppermost in my heart. But if it is painful to you, I will cease."

"It is more sweet than painful, Mabel; but these thoughts never before suggested to me a sense of my utter desolation

and misery so visibly as now. And my happiness then, compared with what I now endure, only makes the contrast seem more dark and desolate. We have both suffered; but, Mabel, you have still a brother, and one who will yet be nearer, left, but I—I—am alone—”

“Oh, not alone, Alice! while those you mention are yet left to love you. ‘Tis true, I am betrothed to Hugh; it was my parents’ wish, as it was my own. And I feel proud of him. But, Alice, our happiness—if happiness ever dawns for us—is in the remote future. He has still his way to make in a foreign country, and in the ranks of a foreign king. He may return with Brian and Owen, honored and exalted, or they may die in battle. Their first field may be their last. If they fall, I will mourn them as becomes a sister and a friend, and if they return, I will welcome them with love. Should they fall what would be left on earth for me? an orphan. The convent would be my refuge, and there, dedicating myself to God, wait for the time when he would end my sorrows.”

“And I would be your sister, Mabel, in the cell or the cloister, and be by your side, until one of us passed away.”

“You are too young and beautiful, Alice, to indulge in such gloomy thoughts. With your great riches and the love which you are sure to inspire, you will yet meet with one who is worthy of you and to whom you will freely give your heart.”

“Alas! Mabel, it is not mine to give.”

Mabel gazed in astonishment at the face now suffused with blushes, and the soft, bright eyes, wet with tears. Alice hung her head in shame, and, while her whole frame shook with emotion, she threw herself into her friend’s arms and wept.

“Calm yourself, Alice,” said Mabel, soothingly; “the one you love must surely be worthy of so sweet a prize, for I know it could not be won lightly. But, tell me, does he know how to value the jewel he has secured, and does he return your love?”

“I do not know, dear Mabel, and I am ashamed to name his name to you.”

“And why to me, Alice?”

Alice hid her face on her friend’s breast, sobbing more bitterly, but did not look up or answer.

“Look at me, Alice. Why should you keep a secret from me, your best and dearest friend, and why should you be ashamed to name the man to whom you have given your heart?”

Trembling, and with all the naïvete of a little child, she put her arms round Mabel’s neck and whispered, “Because he is your brother!”

“My brother Owen!” exclaimed Mabel.

“No, Brian!”

“O! may God bless you for those words, Alice, my sister, my more than sister. Brian is worthy of you. He is a true man, and he loves you.”

“O! if I were sure of that, Mabel, in spite of all the sorrows I have endured, there would not be a happier heart in France.”

“Believe it, Alice. He has expressed it to me a hundred times.”

Alice answered with a kiss, and, again seating herself beside Mabel, told her the whole story of her love—how it first began in the green meadows now before them, and which seemed so painful for her to gaze upon but an hour ago, and on the banks of the Finn, before her mother died or her father wrought such cruelties on Mabel’s family; how she sent Dan Daily to give him warning of danger and time to escape, and how, at last, fearing she might lose him forever, she followed Dan’s advice, and left all for love of him.

Mabel listened with pleasure to Alice as she poured out the whole feelings of her heart, and gazed with love and admiration on her blushing face. Her eyes had a brighter lustre than they had known for many a day; all traces of tears had disappeared, and a rosy glow burned upon her cheek as she looked into the smiling and approving face of Mabel Mullen.

Hugh and Brian remained in the cabin discussing their plans for the future, and indulging in dreams of hope and ambition. Several times they rose to join Mabel and Alice, but seeing them so earnestly engaged refrained. But Owen now entered and asked them if they intended to go ashore. They answered in the affirmative, and stopping on deck, joined the ladies, who were still gazing shoreward upon the mountains.

As Shamus had promised to bring

recruits with him, Owen ordered two boats to be lowered, and proposed that Mabel should accompany Alice.

"I intend to do so," said Mabel. "I must thank Mr. Ogilby, personally, for his kindness, and bid him good-bye. Of course, Brian will go with us."

"Yes," answered Brian, "and Fergus and Turlough, and *Bride Bawn*. But I hope he will not need the services of the latter to-night."

"For fear he should," answered Owen, "I will have another boat lowered, and put McDonough and a dozen armed men in it. We must be wary when in the enemy's country."

He departed to have the order executed, and Fergus, coming up to the group, joined in the conversation until the hour for their departure had arrived. Being safely seated in the boat, Owen ordered McDonough to take the lead; the oars shot into the water, and soon the whole party were landed on the beach where Shamus Beg and a dozen stout mountaineers were waiting to receive them.

Mr. Ogilby and his friends were seated on the grass at a short distance from the shore. He arose as soon as he perceived Mabel, and warmly and heartily saluted her and Alice. Mr. Lindsay was no less cordial in his greetings, and presented Mr. Elliott, the lawyer, to Brian and them. After mutual congratulations had been expressed, the lawyer produced a parchment from his pocket and proceeded to read it aloud. It was the title-deed of the Crosby estate, and, when signed by Alice, would revert to Mr. Ogilby, for the sum of five thousand pounds in hand and a certain sum to be paid yearly. It was duly signed, and the necessary preliminaries having been gone through, Mr. Ogilby placed in the hand of Alice the sum of five thousand pounds.

After the proceedings had concluded the friends seated themselves on the green sward and for more than an hour indulged in a warm and pleasing conversation. Mr. Ogilby delivered letters to Mabel and Alice from Luey, and received from them many fond and endearing expressions of love for her and many hopes that they would meet again. Mr. Ogilby was extremely pleased with the manner and appearance of Owen,

and heartily admired the young and handsome sailor.

When the time for departure arrived, Hugh, summoning Shamus Beg, Fergus, and all the Rapparees present, formed them in line, and one by one they shook hands with Mr. Ogilby and his friends. His parting from Mabel and Alice was affecting, and a tear was in his eye as he kissed and bade them farewell. His hand lingered in those of Hugh and Brian, and silently, for he was too full to speak, he took his departure. They watched him till he faded from their sight, and then one by one plucked a shamrock from the sod, and, kneeling down, reverently kissed the holy soil and departed.

It was the last morning of August. The sun rose bright and beautiful o'er the waters and shone upon them in all his light and glory. A stiff breeze was blowing, filling the sails of the *La Belle Helene* as she sailed proudly past the Green Islands and turned her prow toward the broad Atlantic. The foam was leaping on the shore and the waves dancing in the light. The bracing breeze that spread the sails seemed to bring the very breath of freedom on its wings, and joy and hope to the hearts that beat on deck. And every Irish heart that throbbed there, forgetful of itself, breathed a prayer and a sigh for the land that would soon fade from view and be lost to them forever.

Hugh's band, silent and motionless, stood around him on the deck, with their eyes riveted on the shore. Alice and Mabel in their midst, the tears streaming from their eyes. As the breeze freshened and the ship, leaving the Green Islands behind stood opposite Donegal, Hugh, stretching his hand towards his native mountains that rose plainly in the distance, exclaimed:

"Land of my heart's best love, farewell! Your mountains rise before me and your fields and lakes gleam bright and beautiful in the morning sun. The heavens smile down and shed a ray of glory on your fruitful plains, that kindles in the heart a holy love and yearning to be there. God made you free and smiled upon you in His love, and gave you sons whose hearts were fire against the foe that dared to threaten or invade.

But they are gone. Where once the standard of an Ard Righ flew, surrounded by a host of firm fearless men, the stranger lords it in his strength and pride, and mocks the faith and homage that we owe to God and to our land. He gathers in the sheaves that we must reap, and fattens on our toil, while round him starves the best and bravest of our race. His granaries with bounteous plenty groan, stored with the harvest's rich and golden fruits, while we, the rightful owners of the soil, must seek the scanty herbage of the rocks, and browse like brutes upon them. If we remain, the meanest helot's lot on earth were heaven compared with ours. Our only refuge is to fly—fly from her shores, and leave behind all that the heart holds dear. Well may they call us Wild Geese, for, like them, we're hunted from the parent nest, and forced to wing our flight to far and distant shores.

"We go! but in our hearts a dark, fierce vengeance lurks that yet shall burst upon you. You have made the sweetest and the fairest land on earth a hell for her own sons. The waves that roll at midnight's gloomiest hour, when the dark-freighted thunder-cloud frowns down, is not so fierce, so bitter or so dark as is the vengeance in an Irish heart stored up for its oppressors.

"We go! but the bright hope is kindled in our souls that on a foreign field we'll meet and greet you with a Titan's strength, and with the vengeance of five hundred years inspired, strike home for wrongs endured, for all the treachery and dark woes we've borne, for rifled homes and plundered shrines and hearths, which once the smile of love lit up, but now are quenched in blood, and dark and blackened with the weight of woe, as are your hearts with outrage, wrong and crime!

"We go! but with the living hope fierce, strong and terrible, that we shall yet return. Pity may melt the hardest heart of hate, and turn it from its dark and dread desires; but pity's fount has long been dried within us, for we have felt the tyrant's ruthless lash, and heaven itself would frown on us did we forget or pity.

"Hear me, ye mountains, ere ye fade from sight, and you, ye vallies, where in youth I strayed, if in my heart are

tender feelings nursed of love or friendship for the Saxon clan, pluck it, ye angels of a righteous God, with fiery pincers from my breast, though you should rend the fibres of my heart, and dash it to the earth torn, red and reeking in hate and malediction!

"They fade from view, the green hills pass away, and we can visit them no more. But comrades, as you take your last fond look register a vow in heaven and in your hearts that come what may, no matter on what field, when their red ranks in serried column form, to strike for vengeance and for native land.

"Farewell! a mist looms up between my eyes and thee, and the deep hour of sorrow and of dread falls on my darkened heart. The foe has done his worst and nought for us remains but death or vengeance! Ireland, bright land of beauty and of love, farewell!"

The fierce energy with which Hugh uttered this impassioned address touched the hearts of his men, and some of them who had never blanched at the sight of death, hid their faces in their hands and wept like children. Owen, who at the time was standing on deck, heard it, and marked the effect it had on them. His own heart, like theirs, was touched, and as Hugh concluded he shouted to McDonough, who was on duty:

"McDonough! run up the Irish and French flags to the mast-head, and show these red coats yonder who we are."

He pointed to the town as he spoke, for the ship was now fairly abreast of it, and many persons could be seen on the dock, and among them some of the garrison. McDonough moved with the alacrity of a squirrel, and one minute after the order was given the flags of France and Ireland streamed from the *La Belle Helene*.

"By heaven! if it were an English town," exclaimed Owen, "I would send their houses rattling about their ears with a good broadside of round shot. But stand by there to man the guns! I'll give them a blank volley and frighten the scurvy knaves out of their scarlet coats."

Boom! went the guns over the waters, and a cheer went up from the throats of the seamen and Rapparees that was distinctly heard on shore and echoed far over hill and dale. The breeze freshened

—it was a fair and quickening one—and the good ship sped on, bearing in her bosom the Wild Geese—the Wild Geese from Erin away.

CHAPTER XXII.

In far, foreign fields, from Dunkirk to Belgrade,
Fought the soldiers and chiefs of the Irish
Brigade. DAVIS.

READER, if you follow the track of the Wild Geese, those men who left Ireland in the eighteenth century and cast their destiny with the lilies of France you will tramp over every battle-field of Europe, from Namur to Steenkirk, from Staffarado to Cremona, from Ramillies to Fontenoy. Their names are written on the history of the century, and are treasured by two nations—Ireland and France. It was death by the English law for an Irishman to enlist in the French service, and any found aiding and abetting them were liable to the same punishment; but notwithstanding this more than five hundred thousand young men left Ireland during the century and became soldiers in the ranks of King Louis. What drove them from their native land and forced them into exile every reader of Irish history knows. That we have not exaggerated the doings of the ascendancy class in Ireland, at the date of this story, the same history tells. On the contrary, we have endeavored to ameliorate, as far as was consistent with our narrative, the acts of some of our characters. Mr. Lindsay, for instance, and surely we cannot be indicted for bigotry as long as Mr. Ogilby appears in our pages. We have simply endeavored to show, in a feeble manner we confess, the causes which led the Irish to emigrate to France at the time in question. If the high-handed doings of the Rapparees be objected to, we have only to say, that as late as the year 1805, that is one hundred years after the date of the story, there were Rapparees in the mountains of Derry, Tyrone and Donegal. These Rapparees were not cut-throats and murderers, as English and other writers have endeavored to portray. Far from it. They were gentlemen, chivalrous, and patriotic, who kept the flame of religion and nationality burning through the dark

end of the penal days. They have been calumniated by base and partisan writers and handed down to obloquy in their pages. But the same writers hesitated not to belie and calumniate the holy Irish priests and martyrs of the Catholic Church. We are not surprised at the character given to the patriot Rapparees. There are old men still living who have heard their grandfathers relate some of the incidents contained in this story, and there are many in America and Ireland who will recognize the characters we have attempted to portray.

Two years had elapsed since the *La Belle Helene* sailed from Donegal Bay, and brief as was the time, many changes had occurred in the fortunes of some of those she had borne to the land of France. In a neat little boudoir, surrounded by every luxury the female heart could desire, and as choice and elegant as any in the city of Paris, sat two young ladies attired in heavy green silk robes, made in the manner and fashion of the day, and which set off to perfection their beautiful and fair complexions. Both were of the same age and height, and it were hard to tell which was the more graceful and beautiful. Several letters lay open before them on the table near which they sat, and it was evident, by the coy and blushing looks which they exchanged with one another, that their contents were of a very interesting and entertaining nature. They had read them over for at least the third time, and were confidentially exchanging opinions, in half-suppressed whispers, as if fearful of being overheard, when a knock at the door suddenly disturbed their conversation.

Being desired to come in, an old man in livery immediately entered. There was a broad grin on his face; and, as he bowed on his entrance, his shining, bald head became conspicuously apparent. He was clothed in green livery from head to foot, all but his legs, which were encased in a pair of white stockings. His breeches were green, and tied a little below the knee with a ribbon of the same color. His long vest, which reached far below the waist, was studded with gold buttons on an emerald field, and his well-fitting coat was in keeping with the rest of his costume. Not a speck of red appeared on the man,

for Dan Daily despatched the emblem of the Saxon, and patronized no color but that of his country.

With his hands behind his back, he stood facing the ladies, bowing repeatedly and glancing at one and the other, but without speaking, for more than a minute. Then suppressing the grin which had spread over his broad face when he entered, he familiarly addressed them:

"Troth, you look purty this mornin', Miss Alice; the divil a purtier, barrin' Miss Mabel herself; an' it wud take ould Denis Dougherty, the schoolmasher of Mullinsole, to tell the difference betwix ye. When yees blush so sweet before an ould crayture like me, troth it must be consolin' and commendable to be near ye when the right men come. I'd like to be contagious to ye then."

"Have you any letters, Dan?" said Mabel, looking up timidly, and blushing at the last part of his discourse.

"I have a letter, Miss Mabel, but it's not from *him*. What's the use of him writin', whin he'll be here himself this evenin', an' won't I give him a salute as he passes the house. I have nine ould muskets up on the roof, an', if they don't burst, I'll give him a fusilade."

"But where is the letter, Dan?"

"Here it is; it's only from the milliner, an, she didn't wait for an answer. There's an ould friend o' mine kem from Ireland this mornin', wan Pail Malowny, from near Donegal. He's up on the roof now, fixin a flag-pole. We're goin' to wave a big flag when Hugh passes wid his regiment in the evenin', an' Phil has a lot of quare stories to tell about the carryin's on at home. I was tellin' him about the big weddin's we were goin' to have nixt Thursday, an' how Miss Alice an' you wor goin' to be married, an' the fun we'd have at the weddin', an' how Shamus Beg wud play the fiddle, an' how the commander-in-chief woud give Miss Alice away, an' how—"

"Oh, stop, stop, Dan!" cried Alice, running to him and placing her hand on his mouth. "You are a wicked ould wretch, and never had any compassion for me. Help me to put him out of the room, Mabel."

"He seems to be in good humor, this morning," said Mabel, laughing, and going to the assistance of Alice. "Have

you any complaints to make against the servants or landlord, or anybody, for you're seldom out of a quarrel."

She caught him playfully by the collar and shook him on one side, while Alice grasped his arm and held him on the other.

"Oh, murder! let me go. Divil a complaint I have to make. I don't dale much in the articles. When sound argument an' common sense is of no avail, I try my fist on them an' that is generally a convincin' proof that what I say is right. But let me go an' I'll tell you somethin' that will plaze ye."

"Oh, don't let him go!" cried Alice. "He will rush down stairs grinning at us, and we must punish the ould deceiver for all the sly jokes he has had at our expense."

"Troth, I'm in earnest this time. Let me go, an' I'll tell you who's come."

"Who?" cried both, in a breath, as they released him and stood between him and the door.

"The divil a wan, more or less, only Mr. Ogilby and Miss Lucy, an' Kitty, you're ould friend at the Hall, Miss Alice, an' Phil Malowny."

"Oh, can it be possible?" exclaimed Mabel, in breathless surprise.

"I fear he is only deceiving us," answered Alice, doubtfully.

"Divil a bit deception in my carcass, this mornin', Miss Alice. They've been here for the last half hour, an' Miss Lucy luks as sweet an' good as ever an' she's as tall as either of you; an' oh, if you would see the purty fair hair she has."

"And why did you not tell us this before, Dan?" demanded Mabel.

"Because they were covered with dust from their long journey to Paris, an' asked me for a room to dress themselves in before they would see you. I put Lucy and Kitty in the green room below stairs, and Mr. Ogilby in wan of the parlors. They're jist in time, Miss Alice, an' in troth I'm much mistakin' if there don't be three weddin's in place of two, if Owen comes around this way. But they must be ready by this time, so I'll bring them up."

The joy of Mabel and Alice at meeting Lucy was only equalled by the pleasurable sensations of the young lady herself. They laughed and cried by turns,

while Mr. Ogilby sat a pleased and amused spectator. A thousand questions were asked and answered on both sides. The military exploits of Hugh and Brian, and the prowess of Fergus, were themes that they never seemed to weary of, and it was with a sense of pardonable pride and with glowing cheeks that Mabel and Alice told of Hugh and Brian's honorable promotion on the battle-field, both being officers in the Irish brigade, and that they were expected to arrive in Paris that evening, and pass the house on their way to the barracks.

"But what of Owen?" inquired Mr. Ogilby. "You seem to take no interest in the handsomest and best of all."

"Oh!" answered Mabel; "we have seen him so often of late that we forget he has ever been absent. He is now commander of the *La Belle Helene*, the ship is lying in the Seine, and he will be here this afternoon."

"He is a fine young fellow and I shall be happy to meet with him. We often talk of him at home, Lucy and I; and the people tell with delight how he saved the lives of the Rapparees on the strand, and chased them back to Donagal. The names of Owen and Hugh and Brian and Fergus are household words there. But is my old friend Shamus Beg alive?"

"He is, and with the brigade; but poor Torlough McSweeney is dead. Brian mentioned in one of his letters that he was slain leading a forlorn hope."

"Poor fellow! He was as brave as he was honest and patriotic."

"So are they all," answered Mabel, proudly. "But," she asked, blushing at her fervor, and suddenly changing the subject, "how long do you intend to remain in Paris?"

"Lucy will answer that question for you," replied Mr. Ogilby, laughing. "I have never enjoyed a moment's rest since you left Ireland; she has been tormenting me night and day to visit Paris, and had the audacity to propose to me to dispose of my whole property and to take up my residence here. After two years' warfare she carried her point and here I am."

"O! it will be delightful for us to live together," cried Mabel, with a burst of joy.

At this moment the door opened, and Dan Daily, putting in his head, shouted at the top of his voice:

"Miss Mabel an' Miss Alice, the milliner is here with your weddin' dresses, an' purty wan's they are, too; an' she wants to come up to thry them on you. She's waitin here at the door for ye."

Lucy looked inquiringly at her two friends, and Mr. Ogilby, rising from his seat laughingly exclaimed:

"Ah, ha! girls, I've found you out. You thought to keep it a secret from me to the last. But no matter I'll go, as this is no place for me to be. "Dan, take me to my room and send Hamilton or Phil to me."

About 4 o'clock that evening, as Mr. Ogilby was seated with the ladies, chatting pleasantly and indulging in some harmless jokes about the approaching nuptials, Dan threw open the door, and in a pompous voice announced:

"Captain Mullen, commander of his Majesty's ship *Bell Maclean*."

Owen entered, and his eyes lit with joy and surprise at the beautiful form of Lucy Ogilby appeared before him. Her long, golden hair falling to her waist in a profusion of curls dancing round her as she moved or stirred, and the lovely, blue eyes beaming so kindly upon him, bewildered him for a moment, and he could scarcely speak, so unexpected and sudden was his joy and surprise. Recovering himself, however, he warmly welcomed her and her father to Paris, and was greeted by both in the most cordial and endearing manner. Owen was dressed in the uniform of a French naval Captain, and looked the very beau ideal of a sailor. Mr. Ogilby engaged him in conversation, and monopolized him to himself as soon as he entered the room, and probably would have monopolized him for the remainder of the evening had not a gun from one of the batteries on the Seine sounded over the city.

"They have landed," cried Owen, "and will soon be here."

"Who?" asked Mr. Ogilby.

"The Irish Brigade," answered Owen. "Hark! do you hear the guns! There goes the *La Belle Helene's*, McDonough has not forgotten my instructions. How he does fire them with a will."

"Let us go to the window," cried Lucy, clapping her hands with joy.

"And see if you can recognize any of your old friends," said Owen, offering his arm and escorting her to the window.

Arches had been thrown across the street, and large green flags with a white field, on which the legend, "A Hundred Thousand Welcomes," emblazoned in the Irish characters, shone conspicuously. The batteries and ships in the harbor, and the forts around the city, pealed out their notes of welcome in brazen tones and shook the old city to its foundations. Large crowds were assembled in the streets, and the shout of welcome that went out from the vast multitudes drowned the roar of the batteries, for the fame and prowess of the Irish Brigade was second to none in France.

"There they come!" exclaimed Owen, as the roll of the drum fell on his ears and the first file of bayonets could be discerned in the distance down the street.

The cheering of the populace now became tremendous, and the streets were fairly blocked by a living mass of human beings wedged into each other. A company of gendarmes rode in front to clear the passage, harmlessly brandishing their sabres right and left.

The brigade was dressed in green, and presented a magnificent appearance. They marched four front, the French and Irish standards, riddled and torn by shell and bullet, carried in the van. As they neared the residence of Mabel, by Hugh's orders, the band struck up the "White Cockade." It was a favorite of hers, and was afterwards heard by some of her descendants on the slopes of Fontenoy.

"Do you see that officer in front, Miss Ogilby?" said Owen; "riding the dark charger and with the ribbons and medals on his uniform? That is their Colonel, Hugh O'Reilly. And see those in the first ranks! There's Shamus Beg and Gilligan, and behind them a score of others that fought on Barmesmore and came with me to France. Hugh has recognized us. See how gracefully he takes off his hat and salutes us! Wave him a welcome, girls," cried Owen, turning to Alice and Mabel, who, along with Mr. Ogilby, were stationed at another window.

He had no need, however, to toll them, for they were waving two Irish flags, made by themselves for the occasion, and till now concealed, and Mr. Ogilby himself was engaged in a similar occupation with his handkerchief.

"Welcome, Hugh! welcome, Shamus Beg!" exclaimed a voice, which seemed to come from the sky above them. A volley of small arms followed, and then a cheer which was taken up by Shamus Beg first, who, looking up, recognized Dan Daily and his auxiliaries on the roof, and then joined in by the whole brigade.

"Have you got a battery on the roof, Mabel?" inquired Owen, astounded at the rapidity of the firing and cheering above him.

"It's Dan Daily," she replied. "I'm afraid he'll be hoarse for a month after this."

"All the worse for the rest of the servants," said Owen. "But let him have his way."

"There's Brian. Heavens! what a splendid soldier he looks. His face is bronzed like an old veteran's, and how tall and stout he is."

"He is a handsome soldier, indeed," cried Lucy, waving her handkerchief to attract his attention. It did not catch his eye, but in a few moments after he looked up, for a louder volley and a wilder cheer burst from the roof, and it became evident to the hearers that Dan had received heavy reinforcements.

"He sees us, and so does his men. My God! what a cheer!"

"That cheer has often startled the English in their camps, Lucy, and struck terror to the best and bravest of Britain."

"And well it might; it is dreadful! But look! who is that huge giant with the long grizzled beard that keeps outside the ranks with the long brass gun in his hand? He is terrible to look at!"

Owen looked in the direction indicated with her finger, and answered with a smile:

"That's one of your old friends, Fergus McNeeley. Oh won't Dan give a ringing volley to Fergus and *Bride Bawn* when he sees them?"

Dan was prepared for the occasion. No sooner did Fergus arrive opposite the house than he was hailed by a cheer

from those on the roof and greeted by a dozen volleys, which was kept up till he had passed out of sight. As the last company of the brigade filed past, Owen and his friends withdrew from the windows, and with high and gladsome hearts awaited the hour when Hugh and Brian would arrive. It was late when they came. Some business with the General detained them, and the large clock of Notre Dame struck ten before they entered the parlor. And oh! what a fluttering of hearts was there, and bright eyes beaming on them with love and trust. We will leave them to their happiness.

Three days afterward, as had been arranged, Mabel and Hugh O'Reilly and Brian and Alice were married. As they were returning from the Church of Notre Dame, Owen, who was in the carriage with Lucy, accidentally dropped a bouquet which he carelessly held in his hand, and it was crushed beneath the wheel.

"How provoking!" he exclaimed. "I received that from an invalid friend of mine—a young lady of great beauty and talent—to present to Mabel after her nuptials, and I have been so awkward as to lose it."

"Do you part with all ladies' favors as easily as you have that one?" she asked.

"No. There is one which I have kept for years, and I never intend to part with.

"What is it?"

"Here it is. I have worn it next my heart since you gave it me, and carried it round the world."

He took from his bosom a small package and, opening it, revealed to her gaze the shamrock which she had presented to him on the strand of Donegal. She took it in her hand and, looking at it, said, while a tear trembled in her eye:

"You have indeed been faithful to this for years."

"And will be to you for life, Lucy, if you permit me."

What answer she returned we cannot tell; but not long afterward Dan Daily's prophecy was realized, and there was another marriage.

—THE END.—

POWER OF IMAGINATION.

MANY years ago, a celebrated French physician, author of an excellent work on the effects of imagination, wished to combine theory with practice, in order to confirm the truth of his expositions. To this end, he begged the Minister of Justice in Paris to allow him to try an experiment on a criminal condemned to death. The Minister consented, and delivered over to him an assassin of distinguished rank.

Our *savant* sought the culprit, and thus addressed him:—

"Sir, several persons who are interested in your family, have prevailed on the judge not to require you to mount the scaffold, and expose yourself to the gaze of the populace. He has, therefore, commuted your sentence, and sanctions your being bled to death within the precincts of your prison. Your dissolution will be a gradual one and free from pain."

The criminal consented, and submitted to his fate; he thought that his family would be less disgraced, and considered it a favor not to be compelled to walk to the place of public execution.

He was conducted to the appointed room, where every preparation was made beforehand; his eyes were bandaged, he was strapped to a table; and at a preconcerted signal, four of his veins were gently pricked with the point of a pin. At each corner of the table was a small fountain of water, so placed as to flow gently into basins placed to receive it. The patient, believing it was his blood that he heard flowing, gradually became weak, and the conversation among the doctors in an undertone, confirmed him in his opinion.

"What fine blood!" said one of them. "What a pity that this man should have been condemned to die! He would have lived a long time.

"Hush!" said the other; then approaching the first, he asked in a tone loud enough to be heard by the criminal:—"How many pounds of blood are there in the human body?"

"Twenty-four; you see already about ten pounds extracted; that man is now in a hopeless state."

The physicians then receded by degrees, and continued to lower their

voices. The stillness which reigned in the apartment, broken only by the sound of the dripping fountains, and which were gradually lessened, so affected the brain of the poor patient, that though a man of very strong constitution, he fainted and died and without having lost a drop of blood.

NED RUSHEEN ;

OR,

Who Fired The First Shot?

BY SISTER MARY FRANCIS CLARE,

Author of the "Illustrated Life of St. Patrick," "Illustrated History of Ireland," "History of the Kingdom of Kerry," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

MR. FORENSIC wished to cross-examine the witness. He did so, but he did not succeed in damaging her evidence. He pressed Ellie hard—very hard—which was allowable—and coarsely—which did not add to his professional reputation—to admit that Rusheen was her lover. But she was firm and consistent in her replies. She had known him since she was a child; he had been a great deal with the young Lord a few years ago; she did not know why they were not on the same terms now; she did not know if it was on her account—but, being pressed, said, perhaps it might be. She believed Rusheen had every right to be on the castle grounds at night; he was under keeper—the head keeper was very old; he could have seen the light in the dining-room window half-a-mile off. It was not usual to have lights there so late at night; there had been a light there once or twice, perhaps, in the last year, after a dinner party, when they were clearing up. It was her business to attend to the fires—her aunt desired her; her aunt was housekeeper. She supposed Mr. Elmsdale knew she would be up to look after them. She had never seen him since; she went out early next morning, and never returned to the castle.

"Never returned? Will you inform the jury where you went?"

"To Wicklow, sir."

"A strange affair, certainly. And pray who induced you to go to Wicklow?"

"The priest, sir."

Mr. Justice Cantankerous drew himself up. When a priest came into a case, he made a point of expressing his displeasure with the case, with the prisoner, with the jury, with the counsel on both sides, both in general and in particular. He suffered, in fact from a species of priestophobia; his tendency to this disease was very well known, and all infection, as far as possible, averted—but the priest was brought in now, and there was no help for it.

Mr. Forensic was a Protestant, but he regretted it quite as much as Mr. O'Sullivan, who was a Catholic. The counsel looked at each other with an air of confidential resignation, which, to outsiders, who supposed them to be at enmity, because they held briefs on opposite sides, and were consequently bound to brow-beat and aggravate each others' witnesses, was simply incomprehensible.

"The priest!" observed Mr. Justice Cantankerous, "and, pray, what has the priest to do with this affair?"

"He advised me, my Lord."

"And why could not your friends advise you?"

"He is my friend, my Lord."

The answer was unanswerable, from the exceeding simplicity and confidence with which it was given. Mr. Justice Cantankerous might pity Ellie for considering that the priest was her friend, but it was clearly impossible for him to blame her in public.

"Why did the priest advise you to go to Wicklow?" Mr. Forensic continued.

"Because—I suppose——"

"Was he afraid you would yield to Mr. Elmsdale's solicitations?"

"Yes."

"Then he advised you to fly from what he believed to be danger?"

"Yes, sir."

"Would he have objected to your marrying the prisoner?"

"I—I—think not, sir."

"Have you ever seen the present Lord Elmsdale since the night of the 14th December?"

"Ellie hesitated, and looked very uncomfortable."

The question was pressed.

"Once, sir."

"But you said just now you had not seen him since."

Ellie looked aghast. A previous question and her own answer was read to her.

"Oh, sir! indeed, indeed, I would not tell a lie, I meant——"

"We don't want to know what you meant: the value of your evidence will depend on what you swear."

Ellie was thoroughly roused now. "And I swear, sir, that I did not see Mr. Elmsdale again after that night, until——"

"You mean that you did not see him until after your return from Wicklow." It was a juror who interposed. He had a daughter at home—a fair young girl, not unlike Ellie—and he felt for the fair witness.

"Yes, sir; thank you, sir!" and the fawn-like eyes turned on him with a look of gratitude which he remembered for many a year to come. There was a suppressed laugh in the court at her earnest "Thank you sir!" but I do not think the juror took much notice of it.

"Where did you see Lord Elmsdale for the last time?"

"At the castle."

"When?"

"Last Wednesday."

"And, pray, did he ask for this interview with which you favored him, or did you seek it yourself?"

"Sir, the priest advised me."

It was too much for Mr. Justice Cantankerous' priestophobia, and brought on a severe attack.

"And may I ask why he advised you to go to a gentleman whom he advised you to avoid?"

"He thought, sir—my Lord, I mean—that Mr. Elmsdale might be persuaded to do Ned justice."

"A curious story, certainly."

"Was everything, as usual, to go against Ned?—it seems so. Mr. O'Sullivan thought so, and he was not much given to despond."

"And will you inform us what justice Mr. Elmsdale was to do to his under-keeper?"

"Oh, my Lord, he swore black against him at the inquest; and I was away, and there was no one to say against it; and the priest hoped he would be persuaded to tell the truth now."

"A very strange case, certainly. I have never met anything like it in the whole course of my legal career. The principal witnesses at the inquest are not forthcoming at the trial; and important evidence, which should have been given then, was withheld, and tendered now," and Mr. Justice Cantankerous leaned back in his judicial seat with the air of a man who has suffered a grievous injury and wishes you to know it, and also to observe his equanimity under the trial. "I hope the counsel for the defence has some witness to produce who will corroborate this young woman's statements."

Mr. O'Sullivan had a witness, and when the reader is informed that it was Jack the Runner, he will not be surprised that the counsel for the defence had some doubts as to the result of his appearance.

Jack was manifestly impressed with the scene which surrounded him. The gravity of the Judge, his imposing robes, his lofty position, his formidable head-dress, and his stern look, combined with the appearance of the barristers, the crowd of strangers, "the gentlemen in the box," and the attendant officials, formed a *coup d'œil* which he had never before witnessed, and provoked the exclamation: "Ah! thin, glory be to God, an' I wonder will the Judgment at the Last Day, that Father Dunn does be talking about, be a finer sight than this!"

Some attempts had been made to improve the general respectability of his exterior man, but it proved a failure; he had been too long a child of nature to render a ready compliance to the requirements of art. The clean shirt, and the grimy hands, the decent jacket, and the tangled mass of hair, which no comb could ever reduce to order; the well-behaved expression of the mouth, and the mischievous twinkle of the eye, each flatly contradicted the other. It would have been as well, and perhaps better, if Jack had stood in the witness box in his original rags.

The boy looked even younger than he was, and the Judge looked him over with considerable suspicion. "I hope," he observed, solemnly, "I hope this boy understands the nature of an oath?"

"Bedad, thin, I don't," was Jack's sudden and unexpected response.

"You have produced a singular witness, Mr. O'Sullivan—a very singular witness. Of course, if he does not understand the nature of an oath, it is useless to examine him."

"I think, my Lord, he understands it perfectly. If the question was expressed differently, I am sure we should elicit a more suitable reply."

"I think, Mr. O'Sullivan, I expressed myself with sufficient clearness."

"No doubt, my Lord—no doubt; and now, boy, what do you mean by saying you don't understand the nature of an oath? You understood it well enough at the inquest."

"Faix, an' I did, sir; an' it was that same put me out entirely. Sure, ye tould me when I took an oath, it was to swear what was true; and may I never see to-morrow, if it was not the place where the top of the quality swore away the blackest lies I ever heerd."

"We don't want your opinion about the inquest, sir," interrupted the Judge, angrily; "we want to know if you understand what you are doing now."

"An' sure I do, yer honor, ain't I listenin' to ye with all the pleasure in life."

It was quite impossible to tell whether the boy was serious or joking, and Mr. Cantankerous thought it as well to leave him to the counsel. He had some fear that an encounter of wits might not tend to the advantage of his reputation for dignity.

"Now, Jack, this is a matter of life and death! Give a plain answer; Do you understand that by having taking an oath you are bound to tell the truth?"

"I do, sir."

"Do you remember last Wednesday night?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you go up to the castle?"

"Yes, sir; me and Ellie went up to incinse the young Lord."

"Did you go into the castle?"

"No, yer honor; I only went to the winder to protect Ellie."

"Did you hear the conversation?"

"I did, sir. I heerd Ellie a-beggin' and prayin' of the young Lord to do justice to Ned, there—and he a-cursin'

and swearin' at her—and sho cryin' of her purty eyes out!"

"Can you remember the exact words that were used?"

"Remember you are on your oath, sir!" interposed the Judge, angrily.

"Is it to be forgettin' I'm on me oath, with yer honor up thero right fornint me, and the beautifull curly hair hangin' down beside ye!"

There was a shout of laughter in the court, and even the Judge could scarcely repress a smile.

"Sure, I could not remember all the parables they were talkin', and Miss Ellie spakin' nearly as grand as the Lord himself. But if it's the sinse of it ye want—it was just this: That she was beggin' and prayin' of him not to disgrace the family by swearin' to more lies, and to save the boy, that he was doin' his best against, from the gallows, where he wanted to send him to—just out of spite—because he had come in the night he was goin' to shoot Ellie and saved her; and just this sinse of it—for I heerd it all through the winder. And, thin, whin she could do no more, she came away, and he out after, roarin' like seven devils, and swearin' he'd take more false oaths against thim all at the 'sises. And that's just about the whole of it."

It was as Jack expressed—"Just about the whole of it," and the jury had no doubt that the substance of the witness's evidence was correct.

Mr. Forensic addressed the jury for the prosecution: laid considerable weight upon the torn comforter; pooh, poohed the suggestion of his learned brother—that the wind had blown it on the hedge; touched very slightly on Ellie McCarthy's evidence, and treated Jack's contemptuously. He suspected the jury had made up their minds. His reputation and his duty obliged him to make as effective and as brilliant a speech as he could; but he had poor materials.

Mr. Justice Cantankerous summed up in his usual lucid manner. He said if the jury believed that the girl Ellie McCarthy had given a correct statement of the events which had occurred on the night of the 14th, or, more properly, of the 15th December, there was, undoubtedly, some cause of supposing, that the present Lord Elmsdale and the prisoner

were at variance. How this affected the fact of Lord Elmsdale's death he failed to see. It appears to have been brought into evidence by the counsel for the defence, to show that there was enmity between the prisoner and his young master, and to account for the absence of the latter from the witness box. It was evident, also, that there had been a quarrel—or, at least, high words—between the late Lord Elmsdale and his son; but he failed, also, to see how this affected the case. The one point most relied on was the finding of the piece of woollen stuff on the hedge by the Head Constable, to whose intelligence and activity in working out the case he must pay a high compliment. If the jury believed that this fragment of a comforter—which was admitted to belong to the prisoner—had been torn off on the spot where it was found, it might be taken as a presumption of his guilt when considered in connection with the words he had said when arrested by Egan, and the singular emotion he had shown. All these were matters the jury were bound to weigh carefully, and should remember that the youth or previous good character of the prisoner was not of much value in such a case, as murders were not unfrequently committed on sudden provocation by persons who might not from their antecedents have been supposed likely to be guilty of such a crime.

And so the much perplexed jury were dismissed to use their own good sense in deciding the awful question, without very great exterior assistance.

It was late in the spring evening, and candles were already produced for the benefit of the bar, while gaslights gave a not very brilliant illumination to the buildings generally. There had been half-an-hour's cessation of the proceedings in the middle of the day, when all who were disposed had taken refreshment, and own the waiting was especially irksome. People who had good dinners to go home to wanted to be free, but were obliged to wait. The Judge had retired to his private room, where he had a good fire, and wondered if the jury would be so absurd as to convict the prisoner—though he had done very little to help him to an acquittal. The crowd of poor people,

many of whom had left home the night previous, and walked all the way to Dublin, to hear for themselves if Ned got justice, were hanging about, almost too weary to show the interest they certainly felt. And the prisoner! What was all this to him? Not much! For him the moments were like weeks, in awful, agonized suspense! Guilty, or not guilty? He knew he was not guilty! God knew he was not guilty! But for the present his fate depended, or seemed to depend, upon his fellow-creatures—upon what they would say—upon what they would think; and, with the best intentions of being just, how could they be certain of his innocence?—how could they fail to suspect him guilty?

Father Cavanagh had very much feared that the verdict would be against him. He had done his best to prepare him for it. Nor had he confined his help to words—for that morning he had offered for him the Victim who had been unjustly condemned; who had suffered unjustly; who alone could sustain and comfort the poor boy—if human help failed him.

Ned thought over all that the priest had said; thought of the last awful Day, when the whole world would be judged, and judged by One who knew all—whose sentence would be irreversible and eternal. Ah! what was all the agony he endured now to the agony which would be endured then, while the sinner waited for his doom! Well may all human fears calm themselves into stillness before the dread of that awful hour. How little would he care then for the opinion of his fellow men; how indifferent they would be to his fate!

But the prisoner was recalled to the bar. The supreme moment for the decision of his temporal fate had arrived. The heart of the strong man beat wildly. He glanced eagerly at the faces of the jury, who had returned to their box, but he could not read his sentence. Even had his discernment been keener, his vision had been dimmed by the mists of a terrible anxiety.

A few little moments more of fearful suspense. The question was asked: How find you—guilty or not guilty?

The answer came from the foreman of

the jury in clear and unwavering terms—

NOT GUILTY!

And Ned Rushoon was a free man once more.

CHAPTER XXIII.

NED AND ELLIE.

"WELL, that's strange anyhow; and he after doing all he could to hang him."

It was a poor woman who spoke. She had managed to edge her way in so near where the bar sat, that she had heard—or thought she heard—Mr. Forensic say, "Thank God!" when the foreman of the jury announced their verdict. She would probably have been still more astonished if she had followed some of the barristers down the street, and had seen Mr. Forensic pass his arm through Mr. O'Sullivan's, and with their heads together under the same umbrella—for it had begun to snow heavily.

"I'm glad that's over. There was no doubt of the fellow's innocence."

"Well, I think myself the jury gave a right verdict," replied Mr. O'Sullivan; "but it's a queer case. Should not wonder if it turned up again in some other form."

"I've got my opinion," Mr. Forensic observed drily. "But we shall see."

"Do you think it's a case of murder?"

"I—don't—know."

"Manslaughter?"

"Certainly not."

"But why?"

"Well you see there was clean work made of it."

"But it might have been an accident."

"Not likely: you see there were two shots fired."

"It was a strange thing that the family should all have cleared off at the same time."

"Very!"

"You have your suspicions?"

Mr. Forensic nodded his head, and they began to talk of a civil case which was coming on, in which there was very general interest.

And Ned was free! It would be necessary to have been in his position to have understood what he felt and what he thought. Jackey, with a host of friends, was waiting outside for him. They wanted to take him

to a public house to treat him. But Ned refused resolutely; he wanted to go home at once; his poor mother was waiting in an agony of suspense. He had, also, other—even better—reasons: he never had been in the habit of drinking to excess, but—like too many of his countrymen—he had now and then passed the bonds of strict sobriety. He had promised Father Cavanagh to be upon his guard against this terrible vice, and the good priest had forewarned him that the very generosity and good nature of his countrymen might entrap him when he was released, if the trial terminated in his favor.

Ned remembered the advice, though not many words had been said, and he profited by it—for the time at least. It was hard to refuse all the eager, earnest, warm-hearted offers that were made to him—but so warned is forearmed, and he resisted bravely. It would be, indeed, harder, infinitely harder, if through the persuasion of these well-meaning friends he should suffer a temporary loss of reason, and, perhaps, as many a man has done, lose his life in this state of guilt, and thus go guilty before the judgment seat of God.

But Ned's trials were not over with his release from jail. Earth is the place where we are purified for Heaven, by daily griefs and cares. Well for us if we allow ourselves to be thus prepared for the eternal rest.

Mrs. Rusheen still occupied her little cottage on the Elmsdale estate. Nothing had been said to her about leaving. Edward Elmsdale, bad as he was, had not the heart to expel his foster-mother from the very cabin where she had nursed him. But her joy and happiness at her son's return was not a little damped by the announcement which Barns reluctantly made to Ned. The young Lord had written a letter from England, merely dated London, March, 18, saying that he was sending over a new game-keeper. The old keeper was pensioned off, and Ned was dismissed. It would not be necessary to have a second keeper, as the man now sent was young and active.

Ned had his own opinion on this subject, but he said nothing. What use for him to speak. Was it likely the new keeper would remain long unmo-

lost? Tradesmen angrily resent the intrusion of a foreigner in their business. They believe very naturally, may we say very justifiably, that the trade of their own country is the birthright which God has given them for their living, as they are human, and not always governed by the laws of forbearance, they will occasionally take such matters into their own hands, and strive to obtain by force the justice which is denied to them by law. Ned had his doubts, consequently, about the happiness or prosperity of the new protector of the game laws. He felt sure if anything happened, that he would be again accused, and, if he was brought a second time into a court of justice, who would believe him innocent? The old keeper's son-in-law had been heard to mutter some indistinct, but none the less unpleasant threats about the *Sassenach*. He would have considered it all fair if Ned had obtained the promotion, but he could not see, under present circumstances, the justice, if justice there was, in his own exclusion. Ned was sure that as long as Barney Hughes remained sober he would not commit any act of violence, but Barney Hughes was very frequently the reverse of sober, and if a man is constantly brooding over an injury, real or fancied, finds it hard to keep himself from an overt act of revenge when he is in full possession of all his senses, how much harder does it become when he has, by his own free and deliberate act, given up the control of them, and placed himself in the hands of the demon Drink. Ned was thinking very seriously of his future, as well he might. What was he to do?—how was he to earn a living? If he had been brought up to a trade, it would have been different: he might have gone elsewhere and found work. But now he could not see any possible way in which he could support himself. And there was the grievous feeling that wherever he went he might still be taunted with his imprisonment and his trial. He felt, or he fancied, he could never take his place as an honest man again, and even the very poorest, unless hopelessly degraded, have as much pride in an unsullied name as the nobles of the land in their blood and lineage.

He was sauntering along the very

road where the murder had been committed, aimlessly, hopelessly, listlessly. He wandered on into the little village, not caring much where he went or what he did. But he did not often go there now, for he fancied the "respectable" people eyed him suspiciously. It was pure fancy, but it was none the less galling to a sensitive mind.

He heard the sound of fife and drum, and soon saw a recruiting sergeant, with his flaunting colors and his attractive smile. To be seen was to be accosted. Sergeant Smith had not laid his eyes on a more likely man for the last ten days. There was a parley, some persuasion—not much. A glass in the public-house, and Ned Rusheen came out looking like a fool, with the colored ribbons of a recruit flying upon his hat.

After all, who could blame him? The only resource which had occurred to him was entirely out of the question. He had not one penny to spare: any little savings which he had accumulated before the trial, had gone to support his mother during his imprisonment. He did not regret that—no, not for one second—but he could not see any possible resource for the future. I do not see that he could have acted otherwise. I believe he acted with the very best intentions. Certainly, it was sad to see him sacrificed in this way; but Providence was wisely and sweetly overruling all.

"And so you've listed, Ned. Well, God help the poor mother!"

"It's for her I've done it. And I never thought you'd care, Ellie," he added bitterly.

But there were two big tears in her eyes, that looked as if she did care, and as if she cared a good deal.

"Oh, Ellie! sure it isn't true?"

There was something very like tears in Ned's eyes, now.

"Ellie?"

"Well, Ned,"

"Is it fretting for the like of me you'd be?"

"Maybe it is, and maybe it isn't," replied the girl, with a little bit of feminine pleasure in asserting her power.

Oh! Ellie, girl! it's no time for joking now, and these things on me," and he pointed to the ribbons in his hat. "Sure, if I thought I'd ever have got a kind

word, or look, or smile from you, I'd never have done it. But, God knows," he continued, sorrowfully, "what else was for me to do. There's the poor old mother: and if I can send her a trifle from my pay, I will. But, sure, it's more like they'll turn her out of house and home, and then there's only the workhouse."

"I'll go in service again, and keep her!" The girl's words were so earnest, he could not, for a moment, doubt what she said; and then, she was not the first Irish girl who had done an act of disinterested charity.

"God bless you, Ellie, darlin'! God bless you for that same!"

She was turning to go from him, but he followed her quietly, and they walked down the road—the very road where Jack the Runner had waited to see Barns.

"Ellie! Oh! Ellie, darlin'! just say one word to comfort me. You know I never cared for anyone but you; but I thought you were taken up with—"

"No, I wasn't, Ned."

"Well, I thought you were, and it hurt me all the same; and I don't like to be binding you now—for God knows what will happen to me in those foreign parts, where I hear the men are going,—but if you could just say one word for me to take with me, and keep the cold out of my heart."

"Well, Ned, I'll say it, and here's my hand on it; and when you come back I'll—"

But Ellie was saved an unpleasant embarrassment by the appearance of Father Cavanagh, who guessed the state of affairs even before he heard Ned's cheerful—

"She's promised me, your Reverence."

"And may God bless you both!" added the priest, reverently. "But what's this, Ned?" And he pointed to the ribbons on his hat.

"I've listed, sir."

"So I supposed, Well, well, you might have done worse, and I don't see that you could have done much better. Remember, Ned, if you do your duty God will bless you, and keep you safe from all real harm; and with His blessing, I hope there are many bright days in store for you both."

CHAPTER XXIV.

MONTEM COLLEGE.

"You kicked him when he was down."

"But I say I didn't."

"But I say you did"

"You lie!" A ringing blow followed, and then another and another from the two speakers.

Harry Elmsdale was the first speaker, and he gave the boy the trashing he richly deserved for his cruelty to a younger boy at football.

The Elmsdale boys were not quarrelsome, but they were not favorites. They kept very much together when they first came to Montem—and those who know anything of boys need not be reminded how they dislike anything approaching to exclusiveness. To be different from "the other fellows" is a crime heavily punished in that rough and ready fashion of Lynch-law which obtains in too many public institutions.

Some of the boys—and by no means the best of them—loaded the two "Honorables." But as a rule rank does not meet with any special honor in public schools, and the Elmsdales were too truly honorable to expect such attention. When they returned after Lord Elmsdale's death, they were naturally objects of considerable attention, and of some rough sympathy. But their characters seemed entirely changed: they no longer sought each other's society. Freddy threw himself into the companionship of the wildest boys in the school. They could not tempt him to do anything mean or dishonorable himself, but he had already begun to sanction the meanness of others, and he looked on without expressing disapprobation when they planned or carried out what he would have reprobated cordially a few months before. He now begun to have the character of a wild boy with the masters; but unless he committed some open breach of discipline, they concerned themselves but little about his conduct. He was sent to college to learn classics and to learn cricket—at least, it seemed so, for these were the principal objects to which his attention was directed. The name of muscular Christianity had not yet come into fashion, but the idea was germinating rapidly. A little Eng-

lish was thrown in as a necessary evil, and the boy's Christian education was limited to a compulsory attendance at church, where they were supposed to listen to didactic discourses on theoretical Christianity.

Orchard robbing was a favorite exploit in autumn, and though the neighboring farmers kept good watch-dogs it was now and then accomplished to the satisfaction of the young gentlemen. A poor boy caught in the act of committing such a depredation would have been sent to jail for it. How the difference of rank altered the character of the action has not been shown, but it was, nevertheless, a fact that orchards were robbed by the boys of Montem College, that none of them were ever sent to jail for it, and that the utmost penalty was a caning when a very serious case occurred, and the offenders could be identified. One farmer had threatened a civil action, but he was advised not to press the matter by his landlord, a gentleman of considerable property, whose son was being educated at the College, and took kindly to apple stealing as a general course. Love of mischief and a desire of adventure were, undoubtedly, the prime motives. It was to be regretted that these qualities were not given a different bent.

There had been a grand orchard robbing expedition the night before the quarrel took place which has been recorded at the opening of this chapter. Freddy Elmsdale had been partly teased and partly laughed into joining it. The attempt was one of considerable danger, and if he had "funkt" he knew he would be called coward for the rest of his school life, and there are few boys who would bear such an imputation quietly. The difficulty all came from his having got mixed up with a wild set, but that was an accomplished fact and could not be remedied.

The robbery had been effected with tolerable success, but the farmer had come up to the College that morning to complain of it, and swore vengeance if he caught one of the boys in the act again. He thought he knew some of the young gentlemen who did it, and he placed an unpleasant emphasis on the words "young gentlemen." He could

swear to it, but he was as sure that one of them, young Master Elmsdale, was at the top and the tail of it. The Master had promised to see into the matter. He really intended to do so, and it was time.

The boys engaged in the robbery know nothing about this visit, and were enjoying the the stolen fruits of their night's expedition as only boys can enjoy sour apples and a spice of danger.

"Elmsdale junior," shouted one of the Masters, who had come into the playground just in time to witness Elmsdale junior in the act of thrashing another boy. It did not predispose him to judge his cause favorably.

"Here, sir!" trying to shake off the appearance of disorder which had resulted from the fray.

The Master took him to the private room of the Head master. Elmsdale knew there was "something up," as the boys called it. Unfortunately, they were seldom summoned to that apartment except for the purposes of short investigation and summary punishment of evil deeds. Perhaps if they had been invited to come there now and then, and encouraged to tell their boyish troubles, and even their boyish pleasures, there would have been less necessity of a formidable number of canes which lay in the left hand corner.

The Head Master addressed him abruptly: "You've been robbing an orchard last night, Elmsdale junior."

"I ——" He was about to utter an indignant denial, when he suddenly remembered that he had probably been mistaken for Fred. He was silent. The Master very naturally took silence for guilt.

"I thought so, sir, and I shall make of you a public example, though you are one of the elder boys—or, rather, because you are—and I hear you have been fighting with another boy. Now you may go, sir."

What was there in this to help the boy, if he were guilty? What was there to save him from future wrong-doing, or to encourage him to amend?

A public castigation, and the intimation that it was for robbing Farmer Robert's orchard the night before, was the first notice that Freddy received of his brother's accusation of and acceptance

THE HARP.

of the punishment for the fault of which he had been guilty. His first eager impulse was to rush up to the Head Master and own the truth; but even had he done so, it would not have saved Harry the infliction; and when he started to his feet, the Master sternly ordered him to keep quiet, and be silent.

"Ah, Harry! how did all this happen? exclaimed the boy, as he ran eagerly to his brother when they were released from study.

"Why, they took me for you, old fellow—that's all."

"But why did you not speak? Why did you not say a word?"

Harry only smiled; but as he saw his twin-brother as near tears as a school-boy could be, he drew him down one of the more retired walks, and then and there the twins once more renewed the broken links of their early love.

"I wish I knew what's been troubling you so long; since—since—poor father's death!"

"Well, Fred, I suppose it will trouble me to the end of my life, for I cannot tell any one."

But couldn't you tell one of the Masters? You used to like 'Old Classics,' an irreverent name given to a young usher—"or—or—there's the Parson—what's his name—Benson."

But Harry gave the loudest shout of laughter he had given for many a long day.

"Thank you—not if I know it. Why, he'd tell Mrs. Parson, who would be sure to ask what one of the Montem boys wanted with her husband; and then the Miss Parsons would know it, and I might as well tell the whole school at once."

Well, I suppose you're right, Harry; but I wish you could get out of it some way."

"And I will get out of it, Fred—but not by telling it. I should not have given-in all this time, as I have done; and I've let you too much alone, and made you suffer for it; and you've got into a bad set, and I wish you would promise me to give them up. I don't think this kind of thing is quiet fair; there's lots of fun for a boy without stealing and breaking bounds, and it isn't the best boys do it, either."

Fred did not promise; but Harry

seemed quite satisfied without an answer. There was an expedition a few nights after to rob an old woman of a hen and a clutch of ducks, to which the boys had taken a fancy, utterly forgetful of how serious a loss such a trifle, as they called it, would be to her. The plan was carried out, but Fred was not of the party.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE TRUTH IS KNOWN AT LAST.

"Oh, sir! oh, Mr. Elmsdale, is it you?"

A groan of agony and a delirious murmur of words was the only reply.

"You know this gentleman, then, Sergeant?" said one of the men who was under Rusheen's orders.

Know him! Surely he did! But this was no time or place for remark. The men were searching the field for the wounded, after one of the great Crimean battles—those fearful battles—after which Christendom seemed agreed that there should be no more war. But how long this agreement lasted, the annals of the present day must tell. Ned's regiment had been sent at once to the scene of conflict, and Ned had been in several severe engagements. He was a sergeant now—so rapid was the promotion caused by death or disease. The men thought he had a charmed life—for bullets flew by him, and sabres cut the air near him; but no bullet had harmed him, and no sabre wound had disfigured his manly form.

Nearly all the men in his regiment were English, and at first he had had a very unpleasant time. He had been taunted as "Irish Paddy," and scoffed at as "Irish Papist." But he had the rare gift of being able to listen to abuse silently, and when the taunter fails to provoke his victim, he generally wearies of his work. He was in a position of command now, and he did not abuse it.

The men were surprised—as well they might be—to find a civilian almost wounded to death amongst heaps of slain, but they bore him off tenderly, as Rusheen had directed, and he was soon in the hands of a skilful surgeon. His card-case was in his pocket, and told his rank, but his cowardly servant had fled when the first shots were fired, and left him to his fate. If his master found any amusement in looking on at

a battle, he certainly did not. He did not know Rushcen. But his consciousness returned after his wound had received attention, and he was moved to a hut near the great military hospital at Varna, much to the disgust of the military authorities in general, and the soldiers in particular. His wealth was not of so much use to him as might be supposed—for home comfort and conveniences are not procurable, even for money, on the field of battle. His rank did not obtain him much deference—for the soldier was then the great object of consideration. If he had been an "our correspondent," it would, perhaps, have been different, but even "our correspondents" were looked upon (more or less) as necessary nuisances in the camp.

Happily for Lord Elmsdale, there were some few individuals at the scene of conflict who only thought of those engaged therein as fellow creatures—children of the great, good God! whom they loved so much that for His dear sake they loved all his creatures.

There were French nuns, with their white *cornettes*, sitting about hither and thither amongst their own countrymen—cheering them up with pleasant words, writing billets for them to longing friends, doing for them the most menial offices. But these nuns did not think these offices menial: the world might do so, but that did not matter—they had nothing to do with the world. They were doing these things for God; and it is never menial to do anything for Him. There were Irish Sisters of Mercy working at the same work, and in the same way, and it was one of these—one whom we have heard of before—who went down now to Lord Elmsdale's hut. His nurse had been found perfectly insensible from intoxication a short time before. The Doctor said he had not many hours to live, and he begged one of the Sisters to go down to him, at least, to soothe his last hours.

He manifested no surprise when Sister Mary Vincent came gently into his hut and sat down by his bedside. He never asked what she wanted, or why she had come—he was past that now; but when he saw how gently she moved about, how tenderly she touched the heavy bed-clothes, and felt how softly she wiped the damp

death-dews from his brow, he spoke at last. It was but a word—"Oh! Sister, Sister!" and then an agonized, convulsed, heart-broken cry, such as the dying, and the dying only, can utter.

"I am afraid there is something on your mind. Do, please, tell me." The words were so simple, so heart-felt, and the big tears of pity stood in her blue eyes. She knew who her patient was. She had heard of him from Ned Rushcen, when she visited him in prison. How little she anticipated then the scene which now met her eye. No eloquently chosen words could have touched the dying man half so much as her simple pleading, "Do, please, tell me." It was so unlike what he had expected. The Doctor had told him he would send a Sister to him, and he had gathered up all his dying strength to call after him, "Not one of those Protestant ones." There were some earnest women who went out from England to that scene of woe, dressed in an imitation of the garb of Catholic nuns, but without their training, without their knowledge, without their special grace. With the best possible intentions they made, as might be expected, endless mistakes; and doctors, nurses and men were thankful when they retired from a scene for which they were entirely unfitted, in which they were worse than useless. Death is a great overthrower of unrealities, and Lord Elmsdale, though he had always expressed a strong dislike to nuns at home, when his hour of need came, felt that their services would be more to him than those of any "militia," however exteriorly like the reality.

There was no answer, and the Sister began to pray quietly.

"What are you doing?" as Lord Elmsdale, in a very petulant tone.

"I am praying for you. Oh! please, please tell—I am afraid you have not long to live. Shall I get you a clergyman—I am sure he will come at once?"

"Never—confound him!—he will only terrify me to death!"

A terrible hemorrhage followed. The Sister quietly removed all traces of it, and held a cordial to the dying lips.

"You are very young."

It was a strange remark to make at such a moment—but Sister Mary Vincent knew what he meant.

"I am older than I look—but I have attended a great many death-beds."

"Did you ever attend any one—" he paused, partly from weakness, partly from extreme exhaustion—"any one who had committed a dreadful crime?"

It was not a very easy question to answer, as she saw he wished—nay, she might also say, *hoped*—she would answer it.

"Not exactly as you mean; but I have been with many prisoners in jail, and heard their sad, sad stories. But, oh, sir! what does all this matter now? If there is anything on your mind that you do not wish to tell, oh! do, do tell it to the good God, and ask him to forgive you before you die, and if there is any wrong that you can repair now, pray do it at once—or it may soon be too late!"

"Did you ever hear of Lord Elmsdale?"

"Yes—I know about his murder. I know Ned Rusheen, who was accused of it—I saw him in prison."

"He was not guilty!"

"I never thought he was."

"Call some one—don't leave me—call some one outside."

She did not go out of his sight. A soldier was passing: she told him to run at once for any officer he could find, and if he could not find one in five minutes to return himself.

He accomplished his errand in less than the time named. An officer returned with him.

"I am Captain Hammersley. What can I do for you?"

The nun pointed to the bed.

"Dying?"

"Yes."

Lord Elmsdale signed to them both to come nearer.

"Tell him," he articulated, faintly.

Sister Vincent told in a low voice all she knew.

"Nearer."

They both came quite close to him. It was evident he had not many minutes to live.

"It was I—shot—my—my—" The nun looked at him as an angel would look, pleading with him for the truth—"father!—it was not murder—I—oh God! I cannot—I—I—it was from a distance—it was partly an accident—I

put the woollen stuff on the hedge. I——"

The nun gave him a cordial.

Captain Hammersley covered his face with his hands. Men do not like to show emotion, and he could have sobbed aloud.

"Please say, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' and then tell the rest."

"God be merciful to me a sinner!"—ah, how earnestly the words were said. "God be merciful, be merciful! I will be merciful to poor Ned—where was I—tell him I did love him with all." His mind was wandering now. "Say it caught in the window—God be——"
HE WAS DEAD!

LAST WORDS.

I SHALL not call this a chapter, because it is not one, but I suppose you will want to know what "became of every one." It would be quite impossible to tell, unless I wrote another book, which perhaps, I may do. I can only say that Ned and Ellie McCauly were married, and are living now in Boston, United States; and that Ned has been the happiest of men since the murder question was cleared up and it was known for certain

- WHO FIRED THE FIRST SHOT.

-THE END.-

SHADOWS.—Not a hearthstone shall you find on which some shadow has not fallen, or is about to fall. You will probably find that there are few households which do not cherish some sorrow not known to the world; who have some trial which is their peculiar messenger, and which they do not talk about except among themselves; some hope that has been blasted; some expectation dashed down; some wrong, real or supposed, which some member of the household has suffered; trembling anxieties lest that other member will not succeed; trials from the peculiar temperament of somebody in the house, or some environment that touches it sharply from without; some thorn in the flesh; some physical disability that cripples our energies when we want to use them the most; some spot in the house where death has left his track, or painful listenings to hear his stealthy footsteps coming on.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

A PRAYER FOR HOLY PURITY.

Mary, Mother, pure and fair!
Hearken to my heartfelt prayer,
Pray for me that I may be
A child of Holy Purity.

Let my heart to Thee ascend
When Satan seeks my will to bend,
Make my lips to move in prayer,
That I may flee Dark Evil's snare.

Guiding Star of David's line!
Destined from all time to shine,
Pray Thy Son not to deny
The precious boon for which I sigh.

Maiden Mother, meek and mild!
Let me ever be Thy child
Let my sole aim here be
To imitate Thy purity.

Thou who in the crib adored
Thy infant son as King and Lord;
Ask of Him for me the grace
That sin may ne'er my soul deface.

Holy Mother, pure and bright!
Guard me through the treach'rous night,
Guide me o'er Life's foaming sea,
Mother of Grace and Clemency!

THE DESPERATE GANG.

HERE comes old Morris Meanwell, let us speak to him. Though he does not dress himself up in fine clothes, he is as neat and as clean as if he were going to the worship of God on a Sunday. If we had half as much knowledge as he has in that white head of his, we should do.

Stand close, for he is coming this way.

See! he has stopped to speak to the poor girl in the ragged shawl.—No poor boy and no poor girl are too ragged for him to speak to. Yes, I thought how it would end; he is giving her a little picture book, but old Morris Meanwell is not the man to give away a book without giving with it a little good advice.

Now he is really coming, smiling with good humor. Whoever may be dull and down hearted, old Morris Meanwell is as happy and as cheerful as a morning in May. We must not let him pass without a word or two. Will you please, sir, to tell us what o'clock it is?

"Will I? Yes, that I will, boys and girls, and anything else that may be of use to you. I see that you have been flying a kite, and a fine long ball of

string you have, enough to reach above the tallest tree in the park.—Well, now for the time of day. It is exactly half-past four; and now, perhaps, you will tell me how it was that you should ask me the time of day instead of looking up at the church clock there?"

"We did not think of the church clock, sir."

"So I expected. We old people know pretty well what is going on in the heads and hearts of young people. You cared little about the time of day, I suspect, and only wanted me to stop and talk with you."

"Well, sir, that is the very truth."

"And what do you want me to talk about?"

"Anything you please, sir. You are sure to say something worth hearing."

"Have you heard of the desperate gang that infests the neighborhood round about here? Perhaps I had better tell you of it, and put you on your guard."

"A desperate gang! Oh, please to tell us all about it! How many are there in the gang?"

"That I cannot say, there are so many of them; but where one is, you are pretty sure to see some of the others. The whole village is in danger, for they stick at nothing—pocket picking, house breaking, highway robbery, nor murder."

"What a desperate set they must be?"

"Indeed they are. So long as they keep to the beer shops and lodging houses, or hide themselves in garrets and cellars, or skulk under the arches of the bridges, they are bad enough; but when they come out into the city, and corrupt all the young people they can, and win them over to join them, it is high time to look about us. Set your faces against them, boys, have nothing to do with them."

"But how shall we know them?—Please to describe some of them."

"The head and leader of them is a sad old rogue, for had it not been for him, the gang would never have been formed. At one time he is seen with his hands in his trousers pockets and his stockings about his heels. At another time he skulks about, looking on while industrious people are at work, but never thinks of doing anything him-

self; and often is he known to go to the poor house to get money as a pauper, saying that he can *obtain no work*. He is the father of a vagabond family, and is supposed to have been connected with three-fourths of all the felons that were ever tried at the sossiens."

"We never heard of such a bad fellow as that."

"The second of the gang is a most wretched looking creature, very thin, with a pale face and a hollow eye.—He was brought up under the same roof as the leader, and goes with him almost everywhere. Another of them frequents the gin shop, and is often heard swearing, and seen rolling about the streets in his cups. I could tell you of a dozen; but there is one daring rascal that I must not pass by. He prowls about in the night with picklock keys in his pocket, and is as ready to break open a house, or to commit a murder, as an honest man is to do a day's work. Oh, they are a terrible set, boys, and again I say take care of them!"

"Do you know any of the names of the gang?"

"Yes, indeed I do, and bad names they are. The name of the old rogue, the leader of the gang, is—Idleness."

"Oh, we know now what you mean. Please to tell us the names of the others?"

"The name of the pale-faced one is Want; and Idleness and Want, as I said before, are never long apart from one another. He who goes to the gin shop is called Intemperance; and the name of the ruffian with the crowbar is Crime. There are at least a score more of them—Anger, Malice, Hatred, Slander, Revenge, and Violence, among them; but if we could get rid of these four—Idleness, Want, Intemperance, and Crime, the whole gang would soon be broken up altogether."

"Thank you for the account that you have given us. We shall remember every word of it. We thought at first that you meant a real gang of thieves, but we understand your meaning now."

"Be sure, then, that you follow my advice. Beware of idleness, for want and intemperance are sure to follow it, and then crime will come as a matter of course. But, boys, 'the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked' (Jer. xvii, 9). May God give

you a clean heart and a right spirit, that you may, through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, be kept from all evil."

"We knew that you would tell us something worth hearing, and so you have, sir. We will do our best to follow your advice, and shall not soon forget what we have heard of the Desperate Gang."

WHAT BOYS OUGHT TO KNOW.

A PHILOSOPHER has said that the true education for boys is to teach them what they ought to know when they become men. What is it they ought to know, then?

1. To be true; to be genuine. No education will be worth anything that does not include this. A man had better not know how to read—he had better never learn the alphabet, and be true and genuine in intention and action, rather than, being learned in all sciences and in all languages, to be at the same time false at heart and also counterfeit in life. Above all things teach the boys that truth is more than riches, more than culture, more than earthly power or position.

2. To be true in thought, language and life—pure in mind and in body. An impure man, young or old, poisoning the society where he moves with smutty stories and impure example, is a moral ulcer, a plague spot, a leper, who ought to be treated as were the lepers of old, who were banished from society and compelled to cry "Unclean," as a warning to save others from the pestilence.

3. To be unselfish. To care for the feelings and comforts of others. To be just in all dealings with others. To be generous, noble and manly. This will include a genuine reverence for the aged and things sacred.

4. To be self-reliant and self-helpful even from early childhood. To be industrious always and self-supporting at the earliest proper age. Teach them that all honest work is honorable, and that an idle useless life of dependence on others is disgraceful.

When a boy has learned these things; when he has made these ideas a part of his being, however young he may be, however poor or however rich, he has learned some of the important things he ought to know when he becomes a man. With these four properly mastered, it will be easy to find the rest.

MAN AND THE STREAMLET.

"Whither merry little streamlet,
Hast'nest thou on silver feet?"
"I am hurrying to the ocean,
Hurrying ocean's waves to greet."
"I am but a little brooklet,
And I would a river be;
And I'm ever pushing onward,
Till my waters find the sea."
"But a rill the morning found thee,
O'er thy waves the flowers bent;
Canst thou not, ambitious streamlet,
Canst not be therewith content?"
Then the brook to me replying,
"How can man reprove the stream;
Is not he forever trying
To obtain ambition's dream?"
"My pure waters, flowing onward,
Nourish flowers as they go;
You may trace each brooklet's pathway
By the flowers that round it grow."
"Ah, not thus with man's ambition,
Every path a desert shows;
Blackened ruins, desolation,
Follow him wh'er he goes."
"When man's lot in life is humble,
Let him learn content to be;
Then reprove ambitious streamlets,
As they're hurrying to the sea."

HOW TO GROW.

ONCE I read of a lively, fun-loving little fellow who was found standing in the garden, with his feet buried in the soil and his hand clasping a tall sunflower. His face was aglow with delight; and when his mother said, "Willie dear, what pleases you so much?" he replied, "Mamma, I'm going to be a man; I've planted myself to grow."

Willie seemed to think he was a plant and could draw food for growth from the soil. In this he was mistaken, as you know. Boys grow into men by means of food taken into the mouth, but to be real noble men, they must eat something more than bread and meat. They must eat facts.

"O! how can we do that?" exclaims some wee Willie.

"By thinking of them, my dear boy. Reading is the spoon with which you get the facts into your head. By thinking, you get to know what the facts really signify. Now, just as the bread, meat, vegetables and fruit you put into your mouth, makes the body grow, so the facts you think about make your mind grow. Be a reader and a thinker."

KILLING TIME.

NEVER "kill time," boys. He is your best friend. Use him well.—Don't let him slip through your fingers, as many do when they are young. The days of your boyhood are the most precious you will ever see.—The habits you get into will stick to you like wax. If they are good ones, life will be a pleasure, and above all a success—I mean a true success.—You may not grow rich, but your life will be a success, nevertheless.

If, on the contrary, you waste your early years, live for fun only, trifle with your opportunities, you will find after a while that your life is a failure—yes, even if you should be as rich as Cresus.

One of the saddest things is to meet a man who has let golden opportunities go by him, just entering the battle of life, yet entirely unfitted for his position. He is to be pitied, and yet blamed. In this favored land every one can learn to read and write, for instance. But how often do we meet with young men utterly unable to write a dozen lines without making mistakes. Be assured, my young friends, that it will be a source of shame to you as men, if you do not pay attention to your education as boys.

The world is full of good books to read. You are surrounded by your friends and relatives. Be warned in time, and coin happiness and honor from the industry of the present, and you will not have read this page in vain.

THE BOY AND THE HIGHWAYMAN.

A BOY had sold a cow, at a fair in England, in the year 1766. He was waylaid by a highwayman, who at a convenient place, demanded the money; on this the boy took to his heels and ran away; but being overtaken by the highwayman, who dismounted, he pulled the money out of his pocket, and strewed it about, and while the highwayman was picking it up, the boy jumped upon the horse and rode home. Upon searching the saddle-bags, there were found twelve pounds in cash, and two loaded pistols.

—Our Young Folks' Magazine.

Patience is very good, but perseverance is much better; while the former stands as a stone under difficulties, the latter whips them out of the ring.

F A C E T I Æ .

THE BATHER'S DIRGE.

(BY TENNYSON MINOR.)

Break, break, break,
On thy cold hard stones O Sea!
And I hope that my tongue won't utter
The curses that rise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
If he likes to be souled with the spray!
O well for the sailor lad,
As he paddles about in the bay!

And the ships swim happily on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for a clutch at that vanish'd hand,
And a kick—for I'm catching a chill!

Break, break, break,
At my poor bare feet, O Sea!
*But the artful scamp who has collar'd my
clothes
Will never come back to me.*

"Six into four, you can't," as the shoemaker mildly suggested to a lady customer.

The beauty of a man's parting his hair in the middle appears to be that it gives both ears an equal chance to flap.

Extract from a Romance.—"With one hand he held her beautiful head above the chilling waves, and with the other called loudly for assistance."

The novel writers have changed the usual phrase describing their heroes to suit the times, and now say: "He was born of rich but honest parents."

He put it down without anyone telling him to do so, and peevishly remarked that "a woman was a fool to set a red-hot flat-iron on a kitchen chair."

M. Howells says he saw an English family stop before Titian's "John the Baptist," and heard the father sum up his impression in one sentence, "Quite my idea of the party's character!"

Dr. Johnson remarked, when he heard that a friend of his had married a second time, it was an instance of the triumph of hope over experience.

"George has had a great many pull backs in life," said the young wife to her lady friend. And when the friend said "Yes, I saw him with one yesterday," the young wife didn't know what she meant by it.

"ERRORS ACCEPTED.—It's hard to say whether the intelligent composer shines most when dealing with poetry or prose. He was grand when he gave us "Caledonian stern and wild, *wet nurse* of a poetic child;" but he also shone in telling of the pride a young Oxonian felt in "turn to his *Alon-Water*."

At an evening party one lady was very bitter in referring to an absent acquaintance, of whom she said vehemently that there was not such another for everything that was unladylike or unwomanly; "Sh—sh, my dear," whispered a friend to her, "you are forgetting yourself."

"I canna leave my mammy yet." "I like you," sighed a girl to her suitor, "but I can't leave home. I'm a widow's only darling: no husband can ever equal my dear parent in kindness." "She is kind," pleaded the wooer, "but be my wife; we will live together, and see if I don't beat your mother."

The Last about the Scots' National Music.—Lady of the house: "Of course, Herr Twangdeweyer, you play Scotch music?" New German Music-teacher: "Vot, madame, de bagpipes? Ach Himmel, no! To blay dot would be a great blow to mine genius; it would be mine death-blow; take mine breath away forever!"

A wag brought a horse driven by a young man to a stop in the street by the word "Whoa," and said to the driver:—"That's a fine horse you have there?" "Yes," answered the young man, "but he has one fault, he was formerly owned by a butcher, and always stops when he hears a calf bleat."

Prompt Information.—Sheridan was much annoyed in the House of Commons by a member who kept constantly saying, "Hear, hear!" The witty orator described a fellow who wanted to play fool, and exclaimed with great emphasis, "Where shall we find a more foolish knave or a more knavish fool than he?" "Hear, hear!" shouted the troublesome member; Sheridan turned round, and, thanking him for the prompt information, sat down amid a general roar of laughter.

The Old Log Cabin in the Dell !

SONG AND CHORUS

Music and Words by C. A. WHITE.

ANDANTE.

PIANO.

1. I am drift-ing down de hill of
2. When they speak of how I'se gwine to
3. Ma-ny' chan-ges I have pass'd in

life, I nev - er can work a - ny more; But de
 live, I don't 'zact - ly know how 'twill be, But I
 life, Some hard ones I don't like to tell— But dere

home of childhood still I love, The same as in bright days of
 don't 'spect want will eb-er come, While Mas-sa libs who set me
 soon must be a - no-der change, In de old Log Cab - in in de

yore; I've laid down de spade and de hoe, With
 free; He al - ways did like all de hands, He was
 Dell; De an - gel of peace will be dere With de

sor - row de heart ne'er can tell; And now I'se gwine to lib and
 sad when he bid dem fare-well: I don't think he would see them
 keys of de home where he dwell: And den I'll bid a long fare-

die starve well In de old Log Ca - bin in de Dell.
 In de old Log Ca - bin in de Dell.
 To de old Log Ca - bin in de Dell.

CHORUS.

I'se going, go-ing back to de home I love so well, And

now I'se gwine to lib and die In de Old Log Cabin in de Dell.

Date.	day of Week.	Notable Anniversaries in October.
1	Wed	Henry V. landed at Clontarf, 1413. Siege of Wexford, 1649. Monster meeting at Mullaghmast, 1843.
2	Thurs	Richard II. landed in Ireland, 1324.
3	Fri	The English House of Commons appoint a day of thanksgiving for the massacre at the town of Drogheda, 1649. O'Connell's Statue erected in Ennis, County Clare, 1865.
4	Sat	<i>The Press</i> , United Irish organ, published, 1797.
5	Sun	Battle of Ballynakill, 1642. Dublin lighted with gas, 1825.
6	Mon	Insurrection Bill passed, 1798
7	Tues	Proclamation issued in the evening (Saturday) against the Clontarf Monster meeting, which was fixed for the next day, 1843.
8	Wed	Great display of military force at Clontarf to effect the massacre plotted by the Government. The people saved by the exertions of the Repeal leaders in preventing their arrival on the ground, 1843.
9	Thurs	Proclamation issued by Police Commissioners against the Procession to Amnesty meeting at Cabra, 1869.
10	Fri	Father Mathew born, 1790. Great Amnesty meeting at Cabra, 200,000 present, 1869.
11	Sat	St. CANICE, Patron of Kilkenny. Expedition under Hardy destroyed in Lough Swilly; Wolfe Tone captured, 1798. Wexford captured by Cromwell: massacre of men, women, and children at the Market Cross, 1649
12	Sun	Insurrection of the O'Byrnes of Wicklow, 1641. First regiment of Dublin Volunteers, formed under the command of the Duke of Leinster.
13	Mon	Treaty of Limerick ("The Broken Treaty") signed, 1691.
14	Tues	Battle of Faughart and death of Edward Bruce, 1318. William Orr hanged, 1797. Informations against O'Connell, Duffy, and others, 1843.
15	Wed	Surrender of Kinsale, 1690. Lord Edward Fitzgerald born, 1763. First number of the Dublin <i>NATION</i> published on this day, 1842.
16	Thurs	Ormond issued a Proclamation ordering all clergymen and Jesuits to quit the kingdom before the 20th of next month, 1678.
17	Fri	Great Battle at Dublin between Danes and Irish. Niall Glendubh, Monarch of Ireland, slain, 917. Battle of Sligo. William Smith O'Brien born, 1803.
18	Sat	King Henry II., and Strongbow arrive in Ireland, 1171.
19	Sun	Dean Swift died, 1745.
20	Mon	Rising of the O'Tooles and O'Kavanaghs, 1641.
21	Tues	The Monastery of Bangor, in Ulster, founded by St. Comgall, 558.
22	Wed	Brigadier Henry Luttrell assassinated, 1717. Conciliation Hall opened, and the adhesion of William Smith O'Brien announced, 1843. Frederick Lucas, of the London <i>Tablet</i> , died, 1855.
23	Thurs	Great Rebellion commenced by Sir Phelim O'Neill in the North, 1641.
24	Fri	First Meeting of the General Assembly at Kilkenny, 1642. True bills against Charles Gavan Duffy, 1848.
25	Sat	Charles Gavan Duffy elected Member for Villiers and Heytesbury, Colony of Victoria, Australia, 1857.
26	Sun	Formation of Society of United Irishmen, 1791. First meeting of the Reformed Corporation, Dublin, 1841.
27	Mon	St. ODRAN, Monk of Derry, died at Iona, whither he had accompanied St. Columbkille from Ireland, 563. Last French Invasion of Ireland, 1798.
28	Tues	Manchester Commission for the Trial of Fenian prisoners, 1867.
29	Wed	St. COLMAN Mac DUACH, Patron of Kilmacduach. Volunteer Society and Anti-Union Society suppressed by Proclamation, 1830.
30	Thurs	Right Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Bishop of Emly, murdered by the English, 1651.
31	Fri	HALLOW EVE—Fast. Dublin Exhibition closed, 1853.

INSINCERITY IN ASKING ADVICE.— Nothing is less sincere than our manner of asking and of giving advice. He who asks advice would seem to have a respectful deference for the opinion of his friend; whilst yet he only aims at getting his own approved of, and his friend responsible for his conduct. On the other hand, he who gives it, repays the

confidence supposed to be placed in him, by a seemingly disinterested zeal, whilst he seldom means anything by the advice he gives but his own interest of reputation.—*Rochefoucault.*

He keeps the greatest table who has the most valuable company at it.