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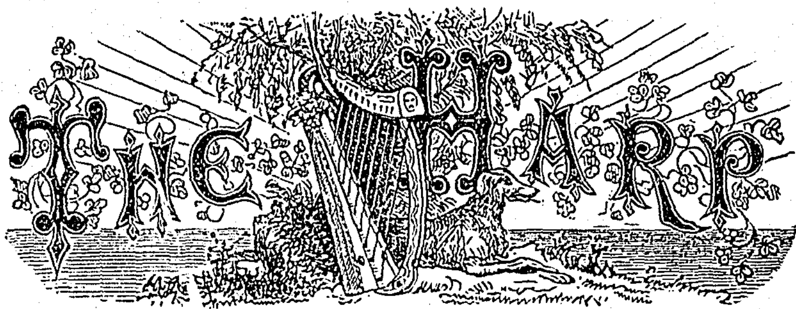

A Magazine of General Literature.

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GOD SAVE OLD IRELAND.

BY REV. T. AMBROSE BUTLER.

How fondly now, how proudly now, the exiles' bosoms swell
With thoughts of scenes of loveliness, by lake and hill and dell !—
With mem'ries of the sunny hours that faded so away,
Like golden light that gleams awhile at dawning hour of day !
And tear-drops glisten in the eyes of gallant men and true—
The forest-oak, like fragile flower, oft bears the morning dew—
Oh, Native Isle !—the heart distills such tribute tears for thee !—
God save old Ireland !—struggling Ireland !—Ireland o'er the sea !

How bravely now, how nobly now, the few and fearless stand—
The struggling sons in Freedom's van who work for mother-land !
Who dares the dungeon ;—face the steel ;—and mount the scaffold high,
Ay, ready now, like men of old, to bravely fight or die—
Oh ! truly shall their mem'ries live ;—their gallant deeds be told,
And Allen's name shine through the years a burnished lamp of gold ;
And Celtic mothers pray to heav'n their sons as brave may be !
God save old Ireland !—struggling Ireland !—Ireland o'er the sea !

Oh, may the swan-like dying notes of Erin's martyr'd braves
Be wafted far and move the hearts of those beyond the waves—
The shattered Celts whose discord dire has dimm'd our glorious Green,—
May all unite in Larkin's name ! Let women chant his caoine !
Oh ! let those hands that brush aside the noble soldier's tear
Be stretch'd to those who vow revenge beside O'Brien's bier !
Swear, swear, you'll struggle side by side to make your country free !
God save old Ireland !—struggling Ireland !—Ireland o'er the sea !

THE ORPHANS;
OR,
THE HEIR OF LONGWORTH.

CHAPTER XXX.

BY THE GARDEN WALL.

"Mother," says Frank Dexter, "I want to ask a favour."

It is the morning following the theatricals, and Mr. Dexter has made the earliest of morning calls upon his mother. They have the little sunshiny parlour all to themselves; Mrs. Dexter occupies a rocking-chair, and is swaying to and fro, a placid smile on her face as she watches her tall son. That young gentleman roams restlessly about, picking up books and throwing them away, sitting down suddenly and getting up abruptly.

Something beyond doubt is preying

on Mr. Dexter's mind. The very tiniest of tiny matrons is Mrs. Dexter, and proportionately proud of her six foot son—a gentle little soul, more used to asking then granting favours, more accustomed to obeying than being obeyed. One of the docile sort of little women who always mind their men folks, whether as fathers, husbands, or sons, and who do as they are bidden, like good grown-up children, all their lives."

"Yes, Franky dear," says Mrs. Dexter folding two mites of hands on her lap; "only please sit down, dear. You make me nervous, fidgeting about so. What is it?"

"You are going to Boston this afternoon, mother?"

"Yes, dear. As I return to Georgia so soon, I must go to Boston at once, if I go at all. I really must go, you know dear, having so many friends there, and coming north so seldom. And then I have *such* a quantity of shopping."

"How long do you propose staying in Boston?"

"Well, two or three days, or a week. Certainly not longer. Your poor dear uncle hates being left alone, and you have annoyed him very much, Franky dear, by your prolonged absence this summer. He says there is no gratitude or natural feeling left in the world—young men are all selfish and headstrong alike. You really should be careful, Frank dear, it will not do to arouse him, and there is so much at stake. More than once have I caught him talking to Lawyer Chapman about Laurence Longworth——"

"Never mind about that, mother," cuts in Frank, impatiently, striding up and down once more; "I'll make that all right before long. I shall be home for good in less than a fortnight. Mother," he comes back abruptly and sits down beside her, "I wish you would ask Miss Landelle to go with you to Boston."

"Yes, dear?" says Mrs. Dexter, interrogatively, but more placidly if possible than before, "Miss Landelle? I will if you say so. What a pretty creature she is—the prettiest I think I ever saw."

"*Do you really?*" Frank cries, and all his honest face flushes and brightens "Thank you, little mother. Yes, she is beautiful as an angel, and as sweet and as good. You will love her, mother—No one can know her and help it—so will my uncle——"

"Your uncle, Franky dear!" says Mrs. Dexter, opening her innocent little eyes; "he doesn't know her you know, and is not likely to, so how can he, you know?"

Frank laughs. He has a subtle plan in his head of which the trip to Boston is only the initial step, but he is not disposed to take his mother into his confidence at present. Old James Longworth is certainly in the pitiably benighted state of not knowing Marie Landelle at present, but out of that depth of darkness his nephew proposes to rescue him.

"Would she like to come, do you think?" inquires the lady. "I should like to take her very much. There is always a sort of distinction in chaperoning a new beauty—people take so much notice of one, and gentlemen are so very attentive, and then I dislike travelling alone. I shall be pleased to take her, Frank, if you really think she will be pleased *to go*."

"Mother mine," Mr. Dexter cries, "my conviction is, that you are without exception the most charming little woman in the world. *Like to go?* I am certain of it—I have it from her own lips—I—in fact I asked her yesterday, and she said she would be delighted."

"Oh! You did. Well then, Franky dear, nothing remains but to obtain Mrs. Windsor's consent. I presume she will not object?"

"I don't see why she should. You will put it to her, mother, as a personal favour to yourself. Say you have taken such a fancy to Miss Marie—which will be true, won't it? And that she is looking pale—which is true also—and needs a change, and that you will prize her company so highly, and all that. You know what to say—women always do. And, mother, suggest to Miss Landelle that as you may remain a week, and will be out a great deal, shopping and making calls all day, and going to theatres and places in the evening, she had better take a box."

"But, Franky dear, we are *not going* to theatres and places. We shall have no one to take us."

"Oh yes, you will. You need not say anything about it, but I will be there. Just let it appear in a vague way that your friends will take you. The yacht is to be launched to-morrow morning, and will go at once to Boston. I shall not remain to go in her, but will follow you to-morrow afternoon by train. Then, of course, I can take you both everywhere, and make things pleasant for you in Boston. And at the end of the week, when the yacht is ready and there, perhaps we can persuade Miss Landelle *to take a little trip with us to* the Isle of Shoals and the coast of Maine, and so on. But you need not mention this. Just put your things on, like the dearest and most docile of little mothers, and trot around at once, and ask Dane Windsor for the loan of her granddaughter?"

He lifts her bodily out of her chair as though she were five instead of fifty, and kisses her heartily with a crushing hug.

"Really, Franky dear," expostulates the good lady, settling her hair with both hands, "what a great boy you are. Well, as you say there is no time to lose so I will dress and go at once. But if Mrs. Windsor should say no——"

"You must not let her," cries Frank, in alarm. "I insist upon it, mother. Under pain of my dire and deep displeasure, do not take no for an answer. I know how eloquent you can be when you like, and in that eloquence I place my trust now. Put it to her strongly—as an immense personal favour—no one can refuse *you* when you put it strongly."

"Really," says Mrs. Dexter, with a pleased simper, "how you do go on. I certainly have a command of language—that I have always been told, even from my earliest infancy. I daresay Mrs. Windsor will not object for a week."

"Say nothing of the yacht or of me," pursues this artful plotter; "Do not so much as mention our names. Now run away, *madre mia*, and don't be long. I will wait for you here."

Mrs. Dexter dutifully departs, and Frank smiles to himself with satisfaction as he paces up and down. New and strong resolve is written in Mr. Dexter's ingenious countenance. He has waited and been patient, until waiting and patience have ceased to be virtues. He will speak, but not here. Marie will accompany his mother to Boston; during their stay in that centre of civilization and intellect he will devote himself to her amusement and pleasure. The hours shall fly, winged with every new excitement. Then there shall be a dinner on board the yacht, in a cabin served up regardless of everything but beauty, luxury, and delight.

After the dinner it will not be difficult to persuade her to join in that *charming trial trip to* the Isle of Shoals. He has told her of the wild and rugged beauty of the coast of Maine, and she will brave a little sea-sickness for the sake of the picturesque. And then, what more natural than to persuade her to return with his mother to Georgia, and in his own "ancestral halls" he will lay his hand and heart at her feet, and implore her to remain, queen and lady paramount, in that sunny southern land for ever. Is she likely to say no? Is Mrs. Windsor likely to object?

Frank's face grows luminous with love and delight as he builds these enchanting air castles, and then, all in a moment there rises before him the image of Durand as he saw him last night, sitting beside her, holding her hands in his, speaking impassioned words, gazing at her with impassioned eyes, handsome and picturesque as the most romantic girl's fancy could desire, in his *Faulkland* dress, and the roseate visions tumble into the dust.

Marie Landelle is not a romantic girl he more than suspects. She is too beautiful herself to overmuch prize beauty in a man; but even she cannot be altogether insensible to the dark charm of that face. Nothing could be more tame and spiritless, and unemotional than her rendering of *Julia*, except in that one particular scene where she renounces him. *That* she certainly did with relish. Frank is jealous: but even in his jealousy he has to own she gives him no cause. She has avoided Durand ever since his coming, in the most pronounced manner. To all outward seeming Longworth has much more cause for suspicion than he; and yet there is a prophetic instinct in love that tells him it is not so, that Durand is Marie's lover, or has been, not Reine's.

Mrs. Dexter descends, and Mr. Dexter clears from his manly brow the traces of moody thought, and escorts her to within a short distance of the Stone House. He lets her enter alone; it is his diplomatic desire not to appear in the matter *at all*.

"Don't make your call too long, mother," he says, at parting: "I will hang around here until you come."

Mrs. Dexter promises of course, but the call is nearly an hour for all that, and Frank is fuming with repressed impatience before she comes.

"Well?" he says feverishly, the instant she appears.

"Well dear," answers smiling Mrs. Dexter, "it is all right. Mrs. Windsor objected a little at first at the shortness of the notice, but she has agreed to *let* her go."

Her son's face grows radiant once more.

"Ah! I knew *your* eloquence would move a heart of flint, little mother. And Marie—Miss Landelle—what did she say?"

"Miss Landelle is a very quiet young lady, dear. She never says much; but she smiled and looked pleased, and said she would like to visit Boston very much, if grandmamma was perfectly willing. So it is all settled, my dear boy, and I expect to enjoy my trip ever so much more with so charming a companion."

"Yes, that is a matter of course. Did—did any one speak of me?"

"Mrs. Windsor asked if you were to be of the party, and I said, oh, dear, no! you wer'n't coming with me—you had to stay and get your yacht launched. I never made the least allusion to your following to-morrow, Frank," says his mother with a diplomatic smile, and her head very much on one side, like an artful little canary. "I daresay Miss Marie will not like Boston any the less for your being the one to show it to her."

It is quite evident that, as far as his mother goes, Frank's course of love is likely to run smooth. No one in the world is quite good enough for her boy, of course, but Mrs. Windsor's granddaughter approaches as near her ideal as it is in young lady nature to come. She is a great beauty, she will be a great heiress, her manners are simply perfection—even old uncle Longworth can find no flaw here. And uncle Longworth has been heard to say he wished the boy would marry, and bring a wife home before he died.

Reine is not at home during Mrs. Dexter's call, and when she comes home an hour or so later is surprised to find Marie and Catherine busily engaged in packing a trunk. She pauses in the doorway to gaze and wonder.

"Why are you doing this, Marie? What are you about with that trunk? Where are you going?"

"I do not think I will mind that pink silk, Catherine. I am not likely to need it. Oh! is it you, Petite—what did you say? Yes, I am packing. I think that will do, Catherine; you may go, and thanks, very much."

The woman departs, and Marie, on her knees, rests her arms on her trunk and looks at her sister.

"Come in and shut the door, Petite. I am going away *for a* week, and oh! little sister, how glad I am for even that reprieve. Since Leonce came my life has been miserable. To get away even *for* a few days is happiness unspeakable."

Reine stands looking at her without a word, her dark, solemn eyes seeming darker and more solemn even than usual.

"Why stand there silent?" Marie goes on, in a low, concentrated tone. "Why do you not begin? Why not tell me it is not right, that it is my duty to stay, and so on? Why do you stand there and look at me like a sphinx? Why do you not speak?"

"I have nothing to say. What does it matter whether I speak or am silent? You will do as you please. Where are you going?"

"To Boston."

"With whom?"

"Mrs. Dexter."

And as Marie speaks the name her lovely upraised eyes flash defiance. Reine's lip curls.

"*Soit!* And with her son, of course?"

"There is no of course. No, we go alone; Mr. Frank remains to look after his yacht."

"When did Madame Dexter ask you?"

"This morning—an hour ago."

"Why did she ask you?"

"When did she ask you—why did

she ask you?" Marie breaks into one of her faint laughs. "You go on like the catechism, Petite. She asked me, she was good enough to say, because she had taken a *great fancy* to me, and thought my companionship would enhance the pleasure of her trip. Now, Petite, excuse me, we go at two, and it is half-past twelve already."

"Marie, I am *not going to remonstrate*—it is of no use. I am not going to talk of right or wrong—you do not care. But I *will* talk of prudence. I wonder you are not afraid."

Marie throws back her head with a gesture of disdain. "Of whom? Of what? I am not afraid. There are some nature's that can only be kept in *subjection by letting them see we defy* them. Let Leonce speak if he dares—he knows the penalty."

"Yes, he knows it well; we talked it over last night; and, Marie, there is that *within him* of which I am *afraid*. On his guard he may be while you are here—"

"Ah, yes, greatly on his guard," Marie interrupts, with scorn, "as he was on his guard last night, for example."

"Last night's excitement is not likely to occur again. I say he *may* be on his guard; but go, *and with Frank Dexter's* mother—to be joined later, no doubt, by the son—and I will not answer for the consequences. You know how utterly reckless he can be when he likes. I only say this—*take care!*"

"Thanks, Petite. I shall take excellent care, be very sure," says Marie, going on with her packing. "If Leonce is inclined to be unreasonable you must talk to him. I really require a change; I lose appetite and colour. His coming has worried me and made me nervous; it would be inhumanly selfish in him to object, but Leonce is selfish or nothing. I shall go, that is fixed as fate; so clear that overcast face, little croaker, and say no more about it."

The look of decision that sets sometimes the pretty mouth and chin of Marie Landelle sets and hardens it now. Reine looks at her for a moment, then resolutely closes her l'ps, and without a ord quits the room.

Still the sisters part friends. In her art Reine loves Marie far too dearly and deeply to let a shadow of anger or reproach mar even a brief farewell. She kisses her again and again with a strange, trembling passion of tenderness that is deepened and intensified by some nameless foreboding.

"I will do what I can," she says, "with Leonce. How much I shall miss you, oh! sister beloved. Take care, I *entreat, and do not, do not fail to return* at the end of the week. Let nothing tempt you to linger longer."

"Certainly not, dear Petite; why should I? Make Leonce go before I come back, if you can. It will be best for all. Tell him I will write to him, and forgive his coming when he is fairly gone."

So they part. Reine stands and watches the carriage out of sight, still with that dull foreboding in her mind of evil to come.

"Is she altogether heartless, I wonder?" she *thinks*, in spite of herself. "Nothing good will come of this journey, I feel that. And last night Leonce promised to go. Who is to tell what he will do now?"

But when, a few hours later, as she walks purposely in the direction of Mrs. Longworth's, and meets him, and tells him in rather a tremulous voice, he *takes it very quietly*. His dark face pales a little, and there is a quick flash at the sound of Mrs. Dexter's name. Beyond that no token of emotion.

"So," he says, "she is gone, and with Monsieur Dexter's mother. When does Monsieur Dexter propose joining them, for he is still here?"

"Not at all. How unkind you are, Leonce! as if Marie———"

He smiles.

"Marie can do no wrong—you and I know that, Petite. Did she leave no message for me?"

"None—except a message you will not care to hear."

"Still I will hear it."

"She bade me tell you, then, to leave Baymouth—you know why, and that when you are fairly gone she will correspond with you, and try to forgive you for having come."

"Ah! she will correspond with me and try to forgive me," repeats Durand and laughs. "That at least is kind; but Marie is an angel of kindness in all

things. For so much condescension I am indeed grateful."

"And you will go?"

"No, Petite, I will not. If my staying annoys *you* I regret it; for believe me, my little one, I would not willingly give you annoyance. I will remain until Marie returns. Who can tell when we may meet again? Not until the grandmother dies, and the future is secure—and she looks as if she might live for ever, that stately grandmamma. I must speak one parting word to Marie—then indeed——"

Reine sighs resignedly. It is of no use contesting the point. Durand and Marie will go on their own way with very little heed to her counsel.

"You may as well say your parting word now then, Leonce," she says resolutely, "for this is the very last *tete-a-tete* we will have. As long as you stay in Baymouth, I shall remain strictly in the house. I should not have met you to-day, but it was necessary you should hear of Marie's departure first from me. Now I shall say adieu, and meet you no more."

"Monsieur Longworth commands this?"

"That is my affair. My grandmother forbids it, people talk and that is enough. You know how I abhor everything clandestine. Go or stay as you please, I will trouble myself about it no more."

"Petite," he says, with real feeling, "You are my good angel now and always. I ought not to have come. But I swear to you that when Marie returns I will go. I will be patient and wait, although it seems almost impossible, and she is so cold—heavens, so cold. Adieu, my little sister, and a thousand thanks for all your goodness."

He kisses the hands he holds. At the moment a man passes along the opposite pavement—Mr. Longworth is on his way to dinner. He lifts his hat, and passes rapidly on.

Reine flushes with vexation and draws away her hands.

"Leonce, we are in the street, how can you forget yourself. Monsieur Longworth saw us."

"Well, Petite," Durand says, coolly, "and what then. A brother may kiss his sister's hand. Mr. Longworth is on his way to dinner and will favour me with more languid grand seigneur airs than ever. He does me the honour to be jealous, Reine. *Ma foi*, I appear to be a cause of jealousy to more than one gentleman in your little country town."

Reine leaves him abruptly and goes home, feeling vexed with Leonce for his salute, with Longworth for having seen it, with Marie for her departure, with herself for no particular reason—with all the world, in fact. But she is too generous and frank-hearted for moods and fancies, and sits down to the piano and plays away her vapours. Presently it grows too dark, and then she rises, takes a shawl, and hurries away to her favourite twilight seat on the garden wall.

She sits a very long time, her hands clasped in her lap, her eyes fixed dreamily on the water, and thinks. Five months scarcely have passed since she came to this place, and how much has happened—more than in all her life before. She was unhappy at first, but that has worn away. Leonce frets her; but that is only a passing annoyance, nothing deep.

A subtle sense of happiness has come to her of late; she accepts it without caring to analyze its nature too closely. Her grandmother has grown more kind and tolerant since her engagement—perhaps it is that. She likes Miss Hariott more than likes her. It is always good, and restful and comfortable to be with her. A real woman friend is such a true and satisfactory thing. She likes Baymouth--dull but not dreary, monotonous but not wearisome. And then there is Mr. Longworth. She pauses in her musing with a smile and a faint blush. Yes, there is always Mr. Longworth. It is well, after all, to have one's future husband chosen for one—one can take him and feel that self-will and sentiment—dangerous things always—have nothing to do with it. Yes, certainly it is well—they manage these things best in France, there can be no doubt.

Mr. Longworth is very good—he is a husband one can be proud of, he has a generous and noble heart, he is not mercenary, or he would be Madame Windsor's heir to-day, and she and her sister toiling in London for a scanty living. How very handsome and gallant he

looked last night in the scarlet and gold of an English officer.

Yes, decidedly he is handsome, and of a fine presence—clever, too, which is best of all—man is nothing if not intellectual. It does not so much signify in women—it is not expected of them; people who ought to know say they are better without too much mind, but men—*oh! a man should be strong and brave* gentle and tender, upright and generous, and *true* of heart. All this M. Longworth is, she knows; has she not had proof of it? How grateful, for example is that blind girl; how well Miss Hariott likes him—Miss Hariott incapable of liking anything selfish, or sordid, or mean.

How her haughty grandmother seeks and respects his opinion—her proud, imperious grandmother, who tolerates no advice nor interference from any one else. How strange that he should have had a grand passion for that *passee* Madame Sheldon. Do men really outlive and forget such things as that? He has told her he loves her, and he is a man of truth. That faint flush rises again as she recalls his looks, his words, the fire in the eyes that have gazed on her. They are extremely handsome eyes, and perhaps most handsome when anger as well as love flashes from them.

If she could only tell him all—but for the present that is hopeless, and he has promised to trust her. What is affection without trust, firm abiding faith and trust through all things. He must wait yet a little longer, and believe in her despite appearances, and meantime she is happy, and Baymouth is pleasant, and eighteen a delightful age, and love—Well, love, of course, "the very best thing in all the world."

She wraps her shawl a little closer around her, for these September nights have a ring of sharpness, and watches a belated moon making its way through windy clouds up to the centre of the sky.

But Reine is neither lonely nor sad: All her presentiments and vexations are gone with the dead day, and she sings as she sits. And presently a step—a step she knows—come down the path behind her; but, though a new gladness comes into her eyes, she does not look round, but sings softly on.

The step ceases, he is beside her; he has heard her song, but he does not speak. She turns and looks up, and to the day of her death never forgets the look his face wears. The smile fades from her lips, the gladness from her eyes; her singing ceases. She sits erect and gazes at him in consternation.

"What is it?" she asks, with a gasp.

"Very little," he answers. His voice is low and stern, his face fixed and inflexible. "Very little, perhaps, in your eyes. Only this—I overheard you last night."

For a moment she does not know what he means. Then it flashes upon her, and her face blanches.

"You mean——" she says, in a terrified voice.

"I mean your interview with Monsieur Leonce Durand in Miss Hariott's garden last night. I did not go out eavesdropping. I went out honestly enough to smoke, but I chanced to overhear. I heard him claim the right to be with you. I heard him call you his wife!"

She utters a low, frightened cry, and turns from him and covers her face.

"Don't be afraid," he says, a touch of scorn in his tone; "I am not going to hurt you. I am not even going to reproach you. There is not much to be said between you and me; but, great heaven, how I have been deceived in you! I stand and look at you and am stunned by it. I thought I knew something of women and men; I thought, in my besotted self-conceit, I could read the soul in the face. I looked in yours that day on the deck of the ship and thought I saw a brave, frank, fearless heart, shining out of tender and truthful, and beautiful eyes. And the end is this!"

She does not speak a word. She sits like one stunned by a blow so sudden, so cruel so crushing, that it deadens feeling and speech.

"Your motive for what you have done," he goes rapidly on, "is not so difficult to understand. You know that whatever shadow of chance you stood unmarried, you stood no shadow of chance married, and married to a Frenchman. You were naturally ambitious to obtain your rightful inheritance, and for the sake of that inheritance you have plotted, and schemed,

and duped us all. You played your part, as *Lydia Languish* very well last night but you shine far more brilliantly off the stage than on. You knew how to make your very perversity, your petulance, bewitching. Your very pride and defiance held a curious charm. You kept me off, and knew that in doing it you lured me on. You were the furthest possible from my ideal woman, and yet you captivated me with your very faults.

I believed in you with as trusting a simplicity as the rawest and most unlicked cub of twenty. I was all the more eager to win you because you seemed so hard to win. It was a well played game; but your husband, with a man's natural impatience for his wife, comes before your plans are matured and spoils all. Once before a woman deceived me, a girl younger even than you; but I was a hot-headed boy then, and her task was easy. Now, in man's maturity, with the average of man's judgment in most things, you have done it again, with a skill and cleverness no one can admire more than I do. Laura Longworth was only weak and empty-headed; you are heartless, treacherous, and false to the core!"

She has not spoken or stirred—he has given her no chance to speak; but if he had it would have been the same. If her life were the forfeit she could not save it by uttering a sound. He turns with these last harsh and merciless words, and so leaves her.

Six days have passed. It is a bleak afternoon early in October. In Mrs. Windsor's pretty sitting room a fire burns cozily, and casts its red gleams between the crimson-silk window curtains. In a great armchair before this fire, wrapped in a large fleecy white shawl, Mrs. Windsor sits.

She is not alone; her younger granddaughter is sitting by the window looking out. It is not owing to any special pleasure Mrs. Windsor takes in her younger granddaughter's society that she has her here, but the cold in her head, and the perfect tempest of sneezes that now and then convulse her, have flown to her visual organs. With eyes weak and watering one cannot amuse one's self with a book, and to sit here all day alone, and unable to read, is not to be thought of. Reine, then, is here to read to her; but grandmamma had had sufficient unto the day of fiction, and the sorrows of heroes and heroines; vexations of her own are beginning to absorb her.

"That will do," she says, pettishly. "Ring for Jane; this lemonade is cold."

Reine rises and obeys. The bleak light of the overcast afternoon falls full upon her face as she does so, and Mrs. Windsor is struck by the change in it. More than once during the past week that change has surprised her. A great change is there, but it is so subtle that she can hardly tell in what it consists.

She does not sing, she does not play, she does not talk, she does not smile. She never goes out, she loses flesh and appetite daily, she comes slowly when she is bidden, and goes wearily when she is dismissed, with little more of vitality than an automaton might show.

"Reine," her grandmother says, and says it not unkindly, yet with more of curiosity than kindness, "what is the matter with you? You go gliding about the house like some small gray ghost. Are you not well?"

"I am very well, madame."

She resumes her seat. Jane appears with a fresh and steaming pitcher of lemonade, and departs. The young girl listlessly takes up her book.

"Shall I go on, madame?"

"No, I'm tired of it; paying attention makes my head ache. But you may as well remain. I expect a person who owes me a sum of money; he will be here directly, and he will want you to write him a receipt. Stay until he comes."

She leans back and closes her eyes. She is a trifle curious still concerning the change in her granddaughter, but she will inquire no further. Can it be her sister's absence? Nonsense! they seem fond of each other, but to fret over a week's separation would be ridiculous indeed. The house seems desolate without Marie's fair, bright face—she is astonished and vexed at the way she misses her.

Then Longworth is absent, too, has been absent for five days; and what is remarkable, was with Reine in the garden the night before his departure, and yet left without stepping in. This is not like Laurence. She opens her eyes

and glances at the motionless gray figure at the window.

"Reine,"

"Yes, madame."

"Did Laurence Longworth tell you that night last week where he was going next *morning?*"

"He did *not*, madame."

"Did he tell you he was *going* at all?"

"No, madame."

"Did he not even bid you good-bye?"

"Not even that."

"Curious!" says Mrs. Windsor, and knits her brows. "Why then did he come? What *did* he say?"

"I cannot remember all he said, madame. Certainly not a word about going away the next morning."

Mrs. Windsor turns upon her a keen, sidelong, suspicious look. She is an odd mixture of frankness and reticence, this youthful relative of hers. If she has made up her mind to be silent it will be a difficult matter indeed to induce her to speak. One of her most reticent moods is evidently upon her now.

"Can they have quarrelled?" she muses. "I thought only sentimental simpletons in love quarrelled. And this young woman is not a sentimental simpleton. And if they have quarrelled, what have they quarrelled about? I will know at once, and woe betide this girl if she has played Laurence Longworth false!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

Mrs. Windsor's meditations are doomed to be cut short. After a few more restless imaginations she closes her eyes once more, and this time drops into a dose. Reine throws aside the novel with a tired sigh, and takes apathetically enough another book. It is a book that never leaves Mrs. Windsor's room—it lies beside the ponderous family Bible, is rarely opened by its owner. It is a copy of the "Imitation," beautifully bound, and on the fly-leaf, in a large, free hand, is written—

"To the best of Mothers—on her birthday.—From her affectionate son.

"George."

Reine looks at the faded words long. This is the dashing brother George, of whom she has so often heard her mother speak; the handsome, clever, high-spirited son grandmamma loved with all the love one heart ever held, whose memory is more to her still than all the world beside. She has learned why Longworth has won so close a place to that memory, she wonders if George Windsor really looked like that—tall, fair, broad-shouldered, strong. Her mother was tall and slim, with a thin, fretted face, a weak, querulous voice, and tearful, pale blue eyes. Poor mamma! always ailing and unhappy always making every one about her unhappy too. No, George Windsor could never have been like mamma; he had bright eyes and a sunny smile—she had heard him described often.

And in the midst of all his youth and beauty, and strong young manhood, he had been struck down doing a good and noble deed. No wonder grandmamma was cold, and stern, and unloving. Who would care to love in a world where the word was only another name for misery Love was of heaven, a plant from paradise, never intended to bloom and blossom in the desert here below!

She opens the book at random—it is a book beloved always, and well known. A marker is between the leaves at the chapter called, "The King's Highway of the Holy Cross," and Reine begins to read.

"Sometimes thou shalt be left by God, other times thou shalt be afflicted by thy neighbour, and what is more, thou shalt often be a trouble to thyself.

"For God would have thee to suffer tribulations without comfort, and wholly to subject thyself to him, and to become more humbly by tribulation.

"Dost thou think to escape that which no mortal could ever avoid!"

She can read no more; she closes the book, replaces it, folds her arms on the table, and lays her face down upon them:—

"For God would have thee to suffer tribulation without comfort, and become more humble by tribulation."

Yes, yes. Oh! yes, she has been proud, and self-willed, and rebellious, and her punishment has fallen. Her pride is humbled to the very dust, she has been stabbed to the heart in the hour of exultation. She has lost what

she was learning to hold so dear; she is despised where she was beginning to seek for approbation, scorned where she most wished to be highly held.

She does not blame Longworth—he has acted hastily and rashly; all the same, she could not have explained if he had come in calmest moderation to ask that explanation. How strange he should so have overheard. Is there a fate, a Nemesis, in these things? She does not blame him; she only feels crushed, stunned, benumbed, left stranded on some barren rock, the land of promise gone for ever, with a drearily aching heart, and a sense of loss and loneliness for ever with her.

Six days have passed since that moonlight night by the garden wall, when she had sat with hidden face and listened to Longworth's bitter, scathing words. He has gone the next day, Marie is gone, and Miss Hariott, by some fatality, is absent for a few days with some country friends. She has not once stirred outside the gates, she has not once seen Durand during this interval. She has said nothing of her broken engagement. When Longworth comes back he will tell her grandmother; he must tell. She does not know what the result will be—she does not care. Nothing worse can happen than has happened already.

She lies still for a long time. She has slept very little last night, and in the silence and warmth of the room she drops half asleep now. A loud knock at the house-door startles her into wakefullness. She sits upright, and Catherine opens the parlour door, and announces "Mr. Martin."

Mr. Martin, a bluff, elderly man, comes in, and Reine goes over and gently awakes her grandmother, annd tells her her expected visitor has come.

"Well, ma'am," says Mr. Martin, in a hearty voice, "here I am up to time, and with the money down on the nail. Fifteen hundred and fifty pounds, that's the amount, ma'am, ain't it? Here's the cash all correct and proper; count it over—count it over!"

"Reine," Mrs. Windsor say, languidly, "count it, please, and then write out Mr. Martin's receipt."

Reine obeys. She counts over the roll of notes carefully, finds the amount right, produces pen and paper, and makes out a receipt for Mrs. Windsor to sign.

"Take this money upstairs," says Mrs. Windsor, "and lock it in the cabinet in my bedroom. Here is the key."

"And when you've locked it up, young lady," interposes Mr. Martin, with refreshing frankness, "I would advise you to take a turn in the fresh air. One of my girls fainted yesterday, and she didn't look a mite paler doing it than you do now."

"Yes, go," her grandmother says, coldly, and looking annoyed. "The heat of this room makes you look wretched. Lock the cabinet and leave the key on my dressing table."

"Ay, ay, look out for the key," says bluff Mr. Martin; "can't be too particular about money. It's a sight easier *to lose always than to find. Nobody* hadn't ought to keep money in the house anyhow."

"There is not the slightest danger," answers Mrs. Windsor, still very coldly; "burglars are almost unknown in Baymouth, and I keep no one in my house whose honesty I cannot implicitly trust."

Reine leaves the room and goes slowly to her grandmother's bedchamber. The cabit mentioned is a frail but very handsome Japanese affair of ebony, inlaid with pearl and silver. She places the roll of notes in one of the drawers, locks it, and lays the key, as directed, on the dressing-table. As she descends the stairs again, she encounters Catherine with a letter.

"For you, Miss Reine," the woman says, and hands it to her. "Law, miss how white you do look. Quite faintly like, I declare. Ain't you well?"

For Reine, not Marie, is the favourite of the household now. Time has told, and though Miss Landelle is as lavish of sweet smiles and gentle words as ever, it has been discovered that she is selfish and exacting, and not at all particular as to how much or how little trouble she may give those who attend her.

"She can't even put on her own clothes, she's that helpless," says Catherine, indignantly, "nor so much as button her boots or her gloves, but it's please, Catherine, here, and thanks, Catherine, there, Catherine, do this, and

Catherine, fetch that, and Catherine, go for 'tother, from *morning* till night. *She* don't mind, bless you, how often she rings her bell and brings you upstairs to ask you where's the pins that are lying on the table before her eyes, or *how her back hair looks*, or her overskirt sets. It don't tire *her* legs, you know. But Miss Reine can do things for herself, and find things, and has a little feeling, and would do without what she wanted sooner than make you fly up again before you got right down. Miss Marie's pretty as a picture, and smiles sweet, I don't deny, and never says a cross word, but give me Miss Reine for my money, after all."

"I am quite well, thank you, Catherine," Reine answers and takes her letter.

It is from Marie—the first she has received. She goes out, sits down in the stone porch, opens it eagerly, and reads—

"Boston, October 3, 18—.

"Chere Petite,—When you receive this, I shall be (as heroines say when they elope) far away. I am not going to elope, but neither am I going back as soon as I had intended. Mr. Frank insists on our making a trial trip in the famous yacht, and pleads so piteously for my company that it would be cruel to refuse. His mother, and a very charming young lady of this city, form the rest of the party. We visit the Isle of Shoals, and will look at some coast scenery for a few day, not, probably, more than a week, for I know, in spite of all Mr. Frank's reasoning, that I shall be sea-sick. It is doubtful, however, if I shall return even at the close of this excursion, for Mrs. Dexter urges both Miss Lee (the Boston lady) and myself to accompany her to Georgia for a month. Miss Lee has consented, and Mrs. Dexter has written to grandmamma for me. I hope she *may say yes*, for I shall like it extremely. Has Leonce gone? If not he may as well make up his mind to go. He will certainly gain nothing by remaining. You may show him this letter if you see fit. Adieu, Petite. With your devoted Mr. Longworth by your side, your bosom friend, Miss Hariott, close by, you will hardly miss, even if she goes to Georgia, your own "Marie."

The letter drops in Reine's lap, her hands clasp with a wild gesture.

"Oh, heavens!" she says, and sits looking at it, a sort of horror in her eyes. "Gone! and in the yacht with him, and to his home in Georgia to be absent so *long*. Oh, how *shall I tell* Leonce this?"

As if her thought had evoked him, she sees through the trees, stripped and wind blown, Durand himself approaching the gate at the moment. Can he be coming in? She rises, and runs down the path, and meets him just as he lays his hand on the gate.

"I could endure it no longer," he says; "I made up my mind to brave the dragon, and go to the house to see you. For a week I have been waiting and looking for you in vain. Where have you been? What is the matter? You look wretched, Petite; have you been ill?"

She does not answer. She stands looking at him, the gate closed between, her face grayish pale in the dull evening light, blank terror looking at him out of her eyes.

"Is it anything about Marie?" he demands, quickly. "Is she coming back? Have you heard from her? Is that a letter? Let me see it."

He reaches over *and takes* it out of her hand before she can prevent it.

"Leonce," she exclaims, in a terrified voice, "let me tell you first. Do not read the letter. Oh! Leonce, do not be angry with her! Indeed, indeed she means no harm."

He turns from her, and reads the letter slowly, finishes it, and reads it again. The afternoon has worn to evening, and it is nearly dark now, but Reine can see the look of deadly pallor she knows only too well blanch his face, sees a gleam dark and fierce, and well remembered come into his eyes. But his manner *does not change*, he turns to her quietly, and hands it back.

"*Allons!*" he says, "so she has gone. Well, I am not surprised. I half expected as much from the first. If she finds the South pleasant, as how can she otherwise in the society of Mrs. Dexter, it is probable she will not return for the winter. She likes warmth; Georgia will suit her much better than Baymouth and a long northern winter."

"Leonce——"

"You are not looking well, Petite," he interrupts, "and Mr. Longworth is away. Has the one anything to do with the other?"

"Listen, Leonce———"

"No, Petite. Let us talk and think of you a little. Some one should think of you, for you never had a habit of thinking of yourself. You are looking ill, and I fear you are not happy. I think, too, that Monsieur Longworth is jealous of me, and that my presence here may be the cause of your unhappiness. It shall be the cause no longer. I go to-morrow."

His face keeps its settled pallor, his eyes their dark and dangerous gleam, but his voice is low, and quieter, if possible than usual. She stands looking at him in mute fear.

"I ought never to have come. I know that Monsieur Longworth thinks I am or have been your lover. Undeceive him, Petite, when he returns—tell him the truth. You may trust him. He loves you—in a cold and unsatisfactory fashion, it may be, but after his light. He will keep the secret, never fear, and then for you all will go on velvet. I will not detain you, little one, lest the terrible grandmamma should miss you and make a storm. Whom have we here?"

He draws back. The house door opens, but it is only Mr. Martin going home.

"You ought to have a shawl, miss," says the old farmer. "It is turning chilly and you'll catch cold. Don't forget to look after the money. I hope you locked it up all safe?"

Reine bows silently. As he opens the gate, he catches sight of Durand, and eyes him keenly. "Sho!" thought the Yankee farmer; "I didn't know she'd got her beau, or I'd have been more careful speaking of the money. Nobody knows who to trust."

"Who is that?" asks Durand.

"A man who has been paying grandmamma some money!"

"A large sum?"

"Fifteen hundred pounds."

"I wish I had it," Durand says, with a short laugh. "I went to Monaco before I came to America, and won enough to keep me ever since. But I am a beggar once more, and Monaco is inconveniently far off."

"I can lend you, Leonce," Reine says, eagerly, taking out her purse. "Madame Windsor paid me my quarterly—how shall I call it?—salary—allowance—what you will—yesterday. I do not want it. Pray take it!"

"Thanks, Petite—it is like you; but, no, I will not take it. Keep it for your poor ones. The terrible grandmamma is liberal at least, is she?"

"Most liberal indeed, if money were all."

"I wonder she likes to keep such large sums in the house. It is rather lonely here too."

"She does not think fifteen hundred pounds a large sum. She generally keeps enough for the current expenses each month in her room, and there are no robbers in Baymouth."

Durand's eyes lift and fix for a moment on the room that is grandmamma's He knows it, for Reine once pointed it out, and her own and Marie's.

"But tell me of yourself," she says. "Oh, Leonce, do not follow Marie. You may trust her indeed. She is angry with, but cares nothing for Frank Dexter. It is because she is angry that she goes. You know Marie—she is not easily aroused. It is the sweetest temper in the world; but when aroused—"

"Implacable. Do I not know it? How am I to follow her? She gives no address, and I have no money. I must go to New York and join my people—the opera season approaches. Have no fears for me, *m'amour*—take care of yourself. Tell Monsieur Longworth—it will be best."

"I cannot. I have promised Marie."

"Break your promise. Think of yourself. Do not sacrifice your life to her selfishness. She would not for you, believe me. You love her well, but love her wisely. Do not let Monsieur Longworth make you unhappy by thinking I am your lover. Petite, may I ask you —am I not your brother?—do you love this cold, stern, proud Monsieur Longworth?"

She turns her face from him in the dim gloaming, and he sees a spasm of pain cross it.

"Ah, I see. I wonder if he knows what a heart of gold he has won. Petite

I am going. Who knows when or how we may meet again? Say you forgive me before I go."

"Forgive you, my brother?"

"For coming. I should not have come. I have brought you nothing but *trouble*. *All* the amends I can make is to go, and return no more. Return I never will—that I swear! *Petite Reine*, adieu!"

"Leonce, Leonce," she cries, in an agony, "you mean something! Oh, what is it?"

"I mean nothing, dear Petite, but farewell. Once more adieu!"

He leans forward, and salutes her in his familiar French fashion on both cheeks. Her eyes are full of tears Something in his face, in his eyes as they look at *her, chills and terrifies her.*

"Leonce," she says again, but he is gone.

Once he looks back to wave his hand and smile farewell. She stands and watches the slight, active figure until he turns the corner and is gone.

The darkness has fallen. She is conscious for the first time how bleakly cold it is. A high wind sweeps around her, a few drops of rain fall from the overcast sky. Chilled in the wet and windy darkness, she turns with a shiver and goes back to the house.

CHAPTER XXXII.

TWO IN THE MORNING.

Mrs. Windsor's influenza is worse, Reine discovers, when she re-enters the parlour, and Mrs. Windsor's temper suffers in proportion. The paroxysms of sneezing are incessant now; there appears to be nothing for it but bed betimes, and a *mustard footbath*, warm gruel, and a fresh supply of hot lemonade. All these remedies with the help of Jane and Catherine, are attainable. The lady is helped to her chamber, is placed in bed, the nightlight turned down to a minute point, the door is closed, and she is left to repose.

Reine returns below.

"It is barely eight o'clock, and there is a long evening before her. How shall she spend it? If she were in the mood for music, music is out of the question, with grandmamma invalided above. There are books, but she reads a great deal, and even books grow wearisome: "Of the making of many books there is no end, and much learning is a weariness of the flesh." Everything is a weariness; there are good things in the world, but they do not last—nothing lasts but the disappointments, the sin, the suffering, the heartbreak. They go *on for ever.*

Shall she go and see Miss Hariott? Catherine has just informed her that Candace has informed *her* that Miss Hariott has returned. She has missed her friend unutterably, her strong common sense, her quick, ever-ready sympathy for all troubles great and little. Her troubles are not little, Reine thinks; they are very great and real, and even Miss Hariott is powerless to help her.

Still, it will be something only to look into her brave, frank eyes, to feel the strong, cordial clasp of her hand, to hear her cheerful, cosy gossip, to sit in that comfortable ingle nook which Longworth talks of so often and likes so well.

She goes to the window and looks out at the night—black, pouring, windy. But she is not afraid of a little rough weather, and the long hours here alone will be simply intolerable. Yes, she will go. She gets her waterproof and rubbers, pulls the hood over her head, takes *an* umbrella, looks into the kitchen to tell them, and starts forth into the wet and windy darkness. The distance is not long; she knows the road well; ten minutes brisk walking will bring her to the cottage, and does.

Yes, Miss Hariott is at home. The light from her windows streams forth cheerily into the bleak wet street. Reine rings, half smiling to *think* how surprised her friend will be, and Candace admits her.

"Lawful sakes!" Candace begins; but her misstress's voice from the half-open sitting-room door, breaks in—

"If that's the post-man, Candace, don't stand talking there; fetch me my letters instantly."

It isn't the postman, Miss Hester, honey," says Candace; "it's Miss Reine come to see *you through* all the pourin' rain. Lor, chile, how wet you is!"

Instantly Miss Hariott is in the hall, indignant remonstrance in face and tone struggling with gratified affection.

"You ridiculous child to come out

such a night; but it is awfully good of you to come! You will get your death of cold; but I am delighted to see you just the same. Take these wet things, Candace, and fetch in a nice hot cup of tea, and some of those cakes that smell so good baking out there. Come in, you mermaid, you Undine, and tell me what drove you out such a night. I wonder what Mrs. Windsor was thinking of to let you."

"She did not let me. She is ill in bed with cold, and knows nothing about it."

"You're a self-willed little *minx*, and like to have your own wicked way. Sit down here and put your feet to the fire. This is Larry's chair, but you may have it; it is all one now. He is away, Marie is away, grandmamma is in bed, and all the cats being out of sight, this misbehaved mouse does as she likes with impunity. Now, child, it does me good to sit and look at you. What a little dear you are to come and see me so soon. Have you really missed me?"

"More than I can say, madame. It has been the longest and loneliest week I ever spent in my life."

"Well, that is natural enough. Your sister is gone, and you are wonderfully fond of that pretty sister; Longworth is gone, and you are wonderfully—no, I won't say it. Has anybody else gone?"

"Somebody is going," Reine says, drearily; "he came to say good-bye poor fellow, just at nightfall."

"You mean that handsome little Monsieur Durand. Well—I ought to be sorry because you are sorry; but, to tell the truth, I am not."

"You don't like Leonce—poor Leonce! And yet I do not see why. He has his faults, many and great, but he is so gentle, so tender-hearted, so really good in spite of all. And you know nothing of him—why should you dislike him, Miss Hariott?"

"I do not dislike him. I do not like him. I do not trust him. *You* love him, little Queen, very dearly."

(*To be Continued.*)

Wickedness can be seen through the thickest fog, but virtue has to have an electric light turned on before it will be recognised by the world.

CANADIAN ESSAYS.

DENIS FLORENCE McCARTHY.

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

McCARTHY, was not only one of the most original, but even the sweetest poet of the *Nation*. His style differs from that of Davis, of Mangan, of Williams, of Fergusson, of Duffy; in fact he has a style peculiar to himself. Of his life we know but little. He yet lives, at a ripe old age, to enjoy the beauties of that Bay of Dublin, which he so well described and to peacefully and calmly "husband out life's taper to the close." We find his name often made mention of, by the Young Irelanders, and above all the men of the *Nation*, when telling of their excursions into the country every year and when speaking of their literary meetings in the city. But only as a poet is McCarthy known to the world. He seldom and perhaps never wrote, save in verse, for the press. Knowing so little of his actual life, and only having a knowledge of him through his beautiful poetic productions, we will be obliged to confine ourselves to a short reference to the principal poems he wrote, and to the tracing out of a few of the endless gems of thought which he so well expressed.

McCarthy's poem of the "Bell-Founder," is a production unique in the English language. A few passages from it will suffice to give a faint idea of the rhythm and strength of expression and depth of feeling nobleness of sentiment contained in that versified reproduction of a story well known to our readers. In the opening lines, when the poet desires to go, away to Italy to there take up his story 'which must end in Erin—he begs Ireland to excuse him for thus leaving her for a while—and the reader will judge for himself of the power of that introduction.

"O Erin! Thou desolate mother, the heart in thy bosom is sore,
And wringing thy hands in despair thou dost roam round a plague-stricken shore?
Thy children are dying or flying, thy great ones are laid in the dust,
And those who survive are divided and those who control are unjust—
Wilt thou blame me, dear mother, if turning mine eyes from these horrors away—
I look thro' the night of our wretchedness back to some bright vanished day?"

Thus he runs on, until he has explained his reason for leaving Ireland to take up a story in Italy and having done so, he opens as follows his first picture of the land of vine.

"In that land where the heaven tinted pencil
giveth shape to the splendor of dreams."

He tells of Paolo the youg Campanero and of his love for Francesca and of their bethrothal and marriage. In that portion of the poem the sentiments, expressed and the ideas displayed are simply magnificent.

Then we come to the making of the *Bells* for the Church of our Lady and the well painted scenes in the workshop and the blessing of the bells. Thus does he describe the entry into the Church with the new bells.

"*Now they enter and now more divinely* the saints' painted effigies smile,
Now the acolytes bearing lit tapers move solemnly down thro' the aisle;
Now the thurifer swings the rich censer and the white curling vapor up-floats,
And hangs round the deep pealing organ and blends with the tremulous notes."

The ceremony of the blessing is described and then the chime is suspended on high.

"Toll, toll! with rapid vibration, with a melody silvery and strong,
The bells from the sound-shaking belfry are singing their first maiden song,
Rapid, more rapid the clapper, resounds to the rounds of the bells
Far and more far o'er the valley the intertwined melody swells, &c."

Thus on does he describe, until that fatal hour when—

"Feuds fell like a plague upon Florence and rage from without and within;
Peace turned her mild eyes from the havoc and Mercy grew deaf in the din—
Fear strengthened the Dovewings of Happiness tremblingly borne on the gale,
And the Angel Security vanished as the War demon sweep o'er the vale."

The Bells are taken away from the tower and the old man's children are killed on the field and his wife Francesca dies of a broken heart. The pictures of these misfortunes drawn by the poet are very beautiful. At last he says:

"As the smith in the dark sullen smithy striketh quick on the anvil below,
Thus fate on the heart of the old man struck rapidly blow after blow."

In a rage of despair Paolo resolves to fly from Florence and to seek thro' the world for his bells. The journey of the old man through Italy is splendidly described—

"He sees not the blue waves of Bair nor Ischia's summits of brown,
He sees but the tall Campanilé that rise o'er each far gleaming town."

His heart set upon the finding of his bells, he seeks a vessel bound for Spain and there he finds that:

"A bark bound for Erin lay waiting, he enters as one in a dream,
Fair winds and full purple sails brought him soon to the Shannon's soft stream,
'T was an evening that Florence might envy, so light was the lemon-hued air,
As it lay on lone Scattery's Island or lit the green mountains of Clare."

The old man sees not the beautiful scenery described by the poet, he only watches the towers of the churches. At last Limerick spreads out beneath them and Saint Mary's square tower arises in the distance. The old man listens and finally a peal of melody rings from the tower. He hears in it the call of his bells that ask of their father to never again leave them—

"'Tis granted—he smiles—his eye closes—the breath from his white lips has fled,
The father has gone to his children—the old Campanero is dead!"

Were it possible we would desire to place the whole of this poem before the public. The chant to labor in the first part the description of the happy and unhappy scenes that surround the life of the Bell Founder and the numberless magnificent passages that are contained in those four pages, would serve, even had McCarthy never written another poem to place him amongst the first of those who strove to woo the muses in the language of the Saxon. But if the language used by McCarthy is that of the Saxon the sentiments expressed are those of the Celt.

Another of McCarthy's exquisite poems is his "Alice and Una." Of this we can give but two stanzas—it is of great length and beauty and would carry us beyond our space. However in the following lines the reader may form an idea of masterly rhyme employed by the poet—

"Ah! the pleasant time has vanished, e'er our wretched bodings banished,
All the graceful spirit people, children of the earth and sea,

Whom in days, now dim and olden, when the world was fresh and golden;
Every mortal could behold in haunted rath and tower and tree;
They have vanished, they are banished;
Ah! how sad the tale for thee—
Lonely Ciemaneigh!"

"Still we have a new romance in fire ships thro' the tame seas glancing,
And the snorting and the prancing of the mighty engine-steed;
Still Astolpho—like we wander, thro' the boundless azure yonder,
Realizing what seems fonder than the magic tales we read,
Tales of wild Arabian wonder, where the fancy all is freed,
Wilder far indeed!"

To one more of McCarthy's lengthier poems we must refer and give a couple of samples of the style. It would never do to pass over the "Foray of Con O'Donnell." Like Scott's "Lady of the Lake" or "Lay of the Last Minstrel." M:Carthy's "Foray of Con O'Donnell" is a splendid description of the times when the clans were at eternal war and when love, hatred, jealousy, affection, courage and a thousand sentiments at once filled the souls of the chiefs.

He describes a bard singing in the hall of Con O'Donnell the chief of a Clan. The bard praises the wife, the steed and hound of MacJohn and swears their equals are not on Irish soil. The blood of Con is heated with wine, and his passions are alive and in a fit of rage he takes away with him his clansmen, and descends at night upon the castle of MacJohn. They snatch the wife from her husband's arms, they lead away the hound and steed and sack the castle from tower to base.

When the bard tries to describe the wife of MacJohn she merely sings:—

"If lovers listen to my lay,
Description is but thrown away:
If lovers read this antique tale,
What need I speak of red or pale?
The fairest form, the brightest eye,
Are simply those for which they sigh:
The truest picture is but faint,
To what a lover's heart can paint."

Thus did the wicked bard excite the feelings of his chief — till on o'er Antrim's hills was seen to march "The strong small powerful force of Con." But if an Irish Chief is hasty, he has a heart, and noble and better feelings these soon return. On his way home with the spoils Con stops on Benbragh's heights and sees his own castle and fields of Tirhugh beneath him. He asks himself how would he feel if on reaching home his place was destroyed, his wife away, his castle despoiled by robber bands and the old noble generous sentiment arises and Con thus speaks:—

"Fidelity a crime is found,
Or else why chain this faithful hound;
Obedience, too, a crime must be,
Or else this steed were roaming free;
And woman's love the worst of sins,
Or Anne were queen of Antrim's Glynnes!"

He returns the hound and the steed and then turning to MacJohn and Anne he cries—

"Thine is the outward perfect form,
Thine, too, the subtler inner life,
The love that doth that bright shape warm;
Take back, MacJohn, they peerless wife!"

"MacJohn I stretch to yours and you,
This hand beneath God's blessed sun.—
And for the wrong that I might do;
Forgive the wrong that I have done:
Well for poor Erin's wrongs and griefs,
If thus would join her severed Chiefs!"

There is yet another splendid, but very long poem entitled "The Voyage St Brendan." We cannot even now go into a synopsis of the subject, but we will give a single extract to show the style of verse and the choice of language—speaking of the midnight sky;

"What earthly temple such a roof can boast?
What flickering lamp with the rich star-light vies;
When the round moon rests, like a Sacred Host,
Upon the Azure altar of the skies?"

Of McCarthy's shorter poems his ballads and lyrics are very unique and touching. His translations are really fine; but none of his productions are equal to those in which the poet's soul seems to flow, those poems on subjects upon which the writer loved to dwell and which had for him the peculiar attraction of home and home associations. Amongst this class we might mention his "Kate of Kenmare." In this lyric the versification is different from that heretofore made use of in any other of his poems.

"Oh! many bright eyes full of goodness and gladness,
Where the pure soul looks out and the heart loves to shine;

"And many cheeks pale with the soft hue of sadness,
Have I worshipped in silence and felt them divine;
But Hope in its gleamings, or love in its dreamings,
Ne'er fashioned a being so faultless and fair,
As the lily-cheeked beauty, the rose of the Raughty,
The fawn of the valley, sweet Kate of Kenmare!"

Another of those exquisite ballads is "Shanganah." In this again the poet changes his form of verse. One would almost imagine that his store was without bounds, so numerous are his styles of composition. Thus does he open the "Vale of Shanganah."

"When I have knelt in the temple of duty,
Worshipping honor and valor and beauty;
When, like a brave man, in fearless resistence,
I've fought the good fight on the field of existence;
When a home I have won in the conflict of labor,
With truth for my armor and Thought for my sabre.
Be that home, a calm home where my old age may rally,
A home full of peace in a sweet pleasant valley!
Sweetest of vales is the vale of Shanganah!
Brightest of vales is the vale of Shanganah!
May the accents of love, like the droppings of manna,
Fall soft on my heart, in the vale of Shanganah!"

It is unnecessary to cite from the "Pillar Towers of Ireland." Who, that has ever read Irish poetry, has not learned those lines by heart? Again his lyric entitled "The Remembrance," is also too well known to here fill space by citations, therefrom. And surely all those who have seen the ballads of Ireland, must remember "The Clan of MacCaura.

"Montmorency, Medina, unheard was thy rank,
By the dark eyed Ibernian and light-hearted Frank—
And your Ancestors wandered obscure and unknown,
By the smooth Guadalquivir and sunny Garonne—
E'er Venice had wedded the sea, or enroll'd, the name of her Doge in her proud book of gold!
When their glory was all to come on like the morrow,
There were Chieftains and Kings of the Clan of MacCaura!"

McCarthy wrote a series called "National songs." Of these we have good specimens in his "Price of Freedom," —"Voice and Pen;" — "New-Year's Songs;" — "The Living Land;"—"A Mystery;"—"God bless the Turk:"— "A Voice in the Desert,"—and his grand tribute to the great O'Connell in his lament for "The dead Tribune." To form an idea of the spirit infused into those National songs by the bard we will just givea couple of stanzas from his poem. "The Remonstrance" and with these lines we will close the number of quotations that almost fill up this essay.

"Bless the dear old verdant land!
Brother wert thou born of it?
As thy shadow, life doth stand,
Twining round its rosy band;
Did an Irish mother's hand
Guide thee in the morn of it?
Did thy father's mild command
Teach thee love or scorn of it?

"Thou who tread'st its fertile breast—
Dost thou feel a glow for it?
Thou of all its charms possess'd—
Living on its first and best—
Art thou but a thankless guest—
Or a traitor foe for it?
If thou lovest, where the test?
Would'st thou strike a blow for it?"

For this essay we cannot justly claim any originality. It consists of nothing more than a reproduction of a number of verses written by a poet,—a number of verses which lose much of their strength through the impossibility of our, here, presenting the reader with the full poems. But as we have often repeated, we only hope that these pages may draw attention to the poems of Denis Florence McCarthy, and serve to create a desire amongst a few, at least, of learning from his published works—the numbers of which are really too scarce—how truly poetic were some of the Bards of the *Nation!* Perchance there are not more than four or five copies of McCarthy's "Lyrics and Ballads," on this side of the Atlantic; and having the happiness of being able to come upon a number we think it just to give the public a slight idea, at least, of how many beautiful poems this man has written and which are as yet comparatively unknown.

Green Park, Aylmer, P.Q.

CHIT-CHAT.

—WE LIVE in a great age. New crimes are being invented every day. Nor is the British government, that quintessence of red-tape-ism!—behind hand in the march of invention. It is in the "Sister Isle" that she has made the latest find. The warrant for Mr. Hodnett's arrest charges him with having "feloniously assaulted a dwelling house"! Now, what in the name of common sense does this mean? Irishmen are 'cute fellows, but Mr. Hodnett must have been the cutest of the cute to "assault a dwelling house." How *did* he do it? Did he go behind its back like a cowardly English garotter, and putting his arm round its neck before it knew he was there, draw its neckerchief tight round its neck and strangle it? Or did he call it names unbecoming a gentleman, and then black its eyes? Or did he give it a "punch i th'ye-ad," or a "purr-i-th'guts" like a genuine English wife-beater? which?

—ONCE upon a time so goes the fable (all fables were once upon a time) mighty preparations for war were going on at Athens. Everybody—or at least everybody, who was anybody (for we opine there were nobodies in Athens as elsewhere) was busy. Only Diogenes, as became a philosopher and the "nobodies," had nothing to do. To keep up appearances—even philosophers and nobodies are strong on "appearances" he began to roll his tub. What are you doing? asked the passers by. Cannot you see? answered the philosopher. "Yes; clear enough but what are you doing it for?" "Preparing for war" answered the philosopher, and round went the tub. Had he told the truth he would have said he was "saving appearances." We have great respect for Lord Lieutenants and very little for Diogenes, philosopher-fool as he was, but in this case of "assaulting a dwelling house" we are inclined to suspect that he-of-Dublin was not one whit less a liar than he-of-Athens. The philosopher-fool of Athens *in the interests of war, rolls his tub*, the philosopher-fool of Dublin *in the interests of the Coercion Act, arrests a man for "assaulting a dwelling house."* Both are nobodies, have nothing to do, and are ashamed of it; both must keep up appearances; the one does so by rolling his tub, the other by arresting innocent men for "assaulting a dwelling house." "Both pretend to do it in the interests of peace. "Vive la humbug"!

—OLD FATHER ANTIC—the Law is a strange personage, and no where more *antic* than in that Cinderella of the nations, "the Sister Isle." We thought we were prepared for all sorts of queer things from "Justices English," but this imprisoning of a man for "assaulting a dwelling house" takes us from behind. We don't understand it—we cannot. It looks to us more like the up-stream wolf reproaching the down-stream lamb for riling the water on him, than a grave warrant after Coke and Littleton signed with all the regalia and paraphernalia of a Lord Lieutenant.

—WHAT are the Land League doing to be guilty of so *grave* a crime. Let them look to their laurels, or we shall have to give them up. "If I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves" quoth Slender.

—CITIZEN Gambetta has been making a speech on education which leaves him in a strange plight. He said—

"We have no dogmas, no creeds, no catechism to acquire or to propagate."

Very well; so much the worse for Gambetta.

A man with no dogmas, no creeds, no catechism is simply a nuisance, a nonentity a dotard. As well have no brains as no dogma. Even an ass has dogma. Thistles are his dogma; not a very exalted one but still dogma. And the possession of this dogma is proof that he has brains. "No brains no dogma"; "no dogma no brains," are converse propositions equally true. In proclaiming then his absence from dogma Citizen Gambetta the great tribune of the people has only proclaimed his absence of brains; not a very exalted or delectable position truly.

—GAMBETTA is evidently no psychologist; your demagogue seldom is. If he will study the animal kingdom he will find that the larger the brain, the more

the dogma. The polipod has only one dogma and no brain. His dogma is a full stomach. The sponges have only one dogma and no brain. Their dogma is lippets and young oysters. When we come to the elephant we find many *dogmas and much brain.* Citizen Gambetta has put himself down below the sponges.

—But we are not quite as certain as Citizen Gambetta appears to be, that he has no dogma. Proudhon made the French Republic an act of faith, thereby only substituting one dogma—the divine right of republics—for another—the divine right of kings. We suspect Citizen Gambetta's conduct differs little from that of Proudhon in this affair of education. He is merely substituting the divine right of Citizen Gambetta in educational matters, for the divine right of the Church. It remains to be seen whether the voice of the people will long tolerate this substitution of Priapus for the God of the Christians. We know well what Citizen Gambetta alludes to when he speaks of dogmas and catechisms. But before sneering at those whose lives are ruled by such things, he should first of all see whether he himself is altogether free from them. The pot should never call the kettle bad names until it is well assured that its own coppers are clean. Our French tribune of the people deems universal suffrage infallible. Now what is this but a dogma? He professes "no God" "no religion": what are these but dogmas. No very exalted ones certainly, but still dogmas.

—A shocking tragedy has lately occurred in Preston, England. A man named Eccleston interfered to protect a woman who was being beaten by two roughs, when the two men set upon him knocked him down and literally kicked him to death with their iron shod clogs. The jury refused to return a verdict of wilful murder against the two men. Surely this English *crime of kicking to* death, was more deserving of Kilmainham Jail, than that curiously Irish one of "feloniously assaulting a dwelling house." Will the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland take a note of this.

—We live in a gushing age; and strange to say your money making Yankee is your most eloquent of "gushers." There must be something passing strange in the Russian jewels if the following from an American pen be not gush.

"The splendour of their tints is delicious intoxication to the eye. The soul of all the fiery roses of Persia lives in their rubies; the freshness of all green sward, whether in Alpine valley or in English lawn, in their emeralds; the bloom of all Southern seas in their necklaces of pearl."

Surely this is gush!

—Or is it another case of Evolution. With such splendours as these the Russian jewels must certainly have levelled *up*, (and that pretty rapidly) through "the battle of life" and "the survival of the fittest," not indeed from the ape, but from the roses, and lawns and southern seas and harvest moons.—Wonderful Russian jewels! transcendant in your splendours as in your origin! You are more exalted than man, who has only come up from *the ape.*

—But we fear, our American writer has done an injustice to the Russian jewels. It is never well to praise *too much* if only for the disappointment of the thing. We dare wager a bark-canoe against a scoop-out, that Xenophon's Cyrus and the veritable Cyrus were widely different personages; and that, if we could but see the real original, we should laugh him *to scorn* as against Xenophon's hero. Herein lies our objection to panegyrics and Panegyrists. They are all gush and therefore disappointing. It is all very well, if you are not acquainted with the individual panegyrized, and are never likely to be; but if you know the man, or become acquainted with him afterwards, your giant becomes a dwarf, and you visit the anger, which ought to be bestowed upon the guilty Panegyrist, upon the innocent panegyrized.

—It will be with some such feelings as this, we feel sure, that the next visitor to the Russian jewels will view them. They will prove most disappointing. The soul of all the fiery roses of Persia,

the freshness of all the velvet swards of Swiss and English lawns, the bloom of Southern seas, the essence of a thousand harvest moons will be found to be only gush—the trick of the author, not the truthfulness of the historian, in other words nothing *but moonshine*, and the offended visitor, if of a lively temperament will be inclined to kick (metaphorically of course) the unfortunate Russian jewels (which after all are only jewels) and to visit upon them, that virtuous indignation which ought if all men got their own to be expended on the —well! *lying* scribe.

—ARE we improving? Whilst the 19th Century as embodied in the "Society for the prevention of cruelty to animals" raises a statue to the horse and writes under it

Justice—Humanity—Compassion

it allows its pauper populations to shiver and hunger in the cold, and to be sheltered in houses which *for order and* cleanliness are not to be compared with her pig-stys. Is this levelling *up* or levelling down? Which?

—BUCKSHOT Forster! This is a hard name, but the world is given to hard names. It takes its descriptions like its prescriptions in homeopathic doses —very small but very strong and very drastic. "Buckshot Forster" is a pillule of many and important and powerful ingredients. In a very small space it means many things. It is the political "credo" of English government of Ireland. I believe in a deeply religious and high minded people goaded to desperation by great and acknowledged bad government and in thousands of bayonets called by a pious euphuism police; and in this acknowledged bad government sustained and maintained by these thousands of bayonets; found face to face with this deeply religious and high minded people goaded to desperation by bad government; and I firmly believe in the order to fire (given by this acknowledged bad government) to these thousands of bayonets by a pious euphuism called police, upon this deeply religious and high minded people goaded to desperation; and that this fire shall be *not* with bullets, which would only wound one man for each bayonet, but with *buckshot* which will rip and tear and riddle by the fifties, so that this deeply religious and high minded people shall be shot off from this earth, and the land *and the fatness thereof preserved for* alien rowdies and carpet baggers.

Verily a respectable "Credo" for any civilized government!

—THE teacher who cannot teach without flogging is not fit to be a teacher. And so with governments—the government which cannot rule without buckshot and bayonets is not fit to rule. It should step down and out.

—How differently they do things in England. The Liverpool police are not allowed to carry staves. If they are attacked by ruffians, they have nothing else for it, but to fight it out with their fists. A policeman's staff is considered too dangerous a weapon to be used against English freemen, albeit they be ruffians withal; and ruffians of the worst stripe. England is merciful even to her ruffians. Not so in Ireland. The Irish policeman is a soldier in drill, in accoutrements, and in weapons. His staff is superseded by a bayonet, and he is ordered to load *not* with blank cartridge, *not* with bullet, but with buck-shot withal. And this not at ruffians but at starving men and women and children goaded to desperation by famine and bad government. Let the Irishman rest and be thankful.

—MR. FORSTER is an intelligent, fair-minded, humane and tender hearted gentleman *in England*, a Quaker in religion and a truly liberal man in politics. *In Ireland* he looses his head and becomes a fool. His buck-shot is a proof of this. His list of "outrages" another. When a man and especially a statesman has to eat his own words, it is to say the least of it, a pitiable, not to say, a nauseating sight. Mr. Forster has had to acknowledge that many of his "outrages" were not traceable to the Land League; that the majority of them were not "outrages" at all, but very harmless things, breaking no bones, injuring no one; and that in many

instances the same offence was reported in four or five different ways, thus making in the report four or five different "outrages." If Mr. Forster asks the Irish Constabulary for "outrages," he may rest assured he will get them. Men who will obey the order to load with buckshot, will be capable of the far less crime of inventing "outrages." *Did Mr. Forster think of this,* when he *asked* for "outrages"?

—Mr. Foster in Ireland reminds us of Hood's bullock driver, who when advised to "try conciliation, my good man," drove his goad deep into the bullock's flesh, exclaiming "There! I've conziliated im."

H. B.

CARDINAL MANNING ON THE LAND QUESTION.

A letter addressed by his Eminence Cardinal Manning to Earl Gray in the year 1868 has been reprinted. It contains some remarkable passages. The Cardinal writes—

"In England the traditions of centuries, the steady growth of our mature social order, the ripening of our agriculture and industry, the even distribution and increase of wealth, have reduced the relation of landlord and tenant to a fixed, though it be an unwritten law, by which the rights of both are protected. Our land custums may be enforced in the courts and thereby have the force of law. English landlords, as a rule live *on their estate.* Their lands are their homes. English tenants are protected by the mightiest power that ever ruled a Christian country—a power which controls the Legislature, dictates the law, and guides even the sovereignty of the Crown the force of a vigilant, watchfuls ubiquitous public opinion. But in Ireland none of these things are so. In one-fourth of Ireland there are land laws, or rather land customs, which protect the tenant. In three-fourths of Ireland there are neither laws *nor customs.* The *tenants* are tenants-at-will. Over a vast part of Ireland the landlords are absentees. The *mitigating and restraining influences* of the lords of the soil which in England and in every civilized country do more to correct the excesses of agents, speculators and traffickers, and to temper legal rights with equity and moderation are hardly to be found. . . . The tenant-at-will may be put out for any cause not only for non-payment of rent, or waste of land or bad farming, or breach of covenant, if such can be supposed to exist, all of which would bear a color of justice, but for the personal advantage of the landlords arising from the tenants' improvements, for political influence, for caprice, for any passing reason or no reason, assigned or not assignable which *can arise in minds* conscious of absolute and irresponsible power. . . . If the events which had passed in Ireland since 1810 had passed in England, the public *opinion of the* latter country would have imperiously compelled the Legislature to turn our land customs into Acts of Parliament. If any sensible proportion *of the people of English* counties were to be seen moving down upon the Thames for embarkation to America, and dropping by the roadside from hunger and fever, and it had been heard by the wayside that they were tenants-at-will, evicted for any cause whatsoever, the public opinion of the country would have risen to render impossible the repetition of such absolute and irresponsible exercise of legal rights. If five millions, *i.e.,* one fourth of the British people, had either emigrated in a mass by reason of discontent, misery, or eviction, or had died by fever and by famine since the year 1848, the whole land system of England would have been modified so as to render the return of such a national danger impossible for ever. But both these suppositions have been verified in Ireland. It is precisely because these suppositions have been verified in Ireland that we are now face to face with a most dangerous agitation. There is now, a loud and bitter cry against landlordism, and the due distinction between bad and good landlords is often disregarded: but it is unprincipled extortion and the anti-national attitude of a large proportion of Irish landowners. The late Lord Derby had the truth and courage to charge the Irish landlords with insatiable avarice,

and so notorious was this spirit of avarice, that Walker, the compiler of the best of dictionaries, defined the word rack rent to mean the rent usually extorted by Irish landlords from their tenants."

His Eminence in another fine passage showed how the conduct of England was condemned by the whole world. He wrote :—

"*I have talked freely for many years* with men of most countries in Europe. I have found everywhere a profound sympathy with Ireland in no way flattering to England. Our insularity keeps these things from our ears, and we therefore soothe ourselves with the motion of our own superiority to other men. But such an abuse of the rights of property is without parallel, at least in this century, on the continent of Europe. Our self-respect should lead us to give up the illusion that our office in the civilized world is to teach the nations how to live."

Finally, the Cardinal, or as he then was, the Archbishop, thus sums up what the Land Question is—

"It may be thought that I have ventured to speak upon a subject which is beyond my capacity and my duty. But I have done so from the profound conviction that the deepest and sorest cause of the discontent and unrest of Ireland is the Land Question. I am day by day in contact with an impoverished race driven from home by the Land Question. I see it daily in the destitution of my flock. The religious inequality does indeed keenly wound and excite the Irish people. Peace and goodwill can never reign in Ireland until every stigma is effaced from the Catholic Church of Faith, and the galling injustice of religious inequality shall be redressed. This, indeed, is true. But the Land Question, as we call it, by a somewhat heartless euphemism means hunger, thirst, nakedness, notice to quit, labor spent in vain, the toil labor spent in vain, the toil of years seized upon, the breaking up of homes, the miseries, sicknesses, deaths of parents, children, wives, the despair and wildness which spring up in the hearts of the poor when legal force, like a sharp harrow, goes over the most sensitive and vital rights of mankind. All this is contained in the Land Question."

It would be impossible to sum up the Land Question in language more truthful, eloquent, and just than that used more than twelve years ago by the *illustrious Cardinal of Westminster.*

MEMOIRS OF LUCIEN BONAPARTE.

Prince of Canino.

(Written by Himself.)

The interesting memoirs of the only uncrowned and by far the ablest of Napoleon's brothers, which were published in 1836, contain on the Union and on Ireland most interesting details and prophetic words.

I give the following extract from his deeply interesting work :—

"THE UNION.

"A conquered province is ruled by the victorious nation according to certain rules, or it is united to that power and becomes an integral part of it.

"As long as it is treated as a conquered country, it is evident that its interests should be sacrificed to those of the conquerors—'*Væ victis.*'

"Good policy, then, is to employ both force and moderation in the legislative measures in what the vanquished have no part except in obedience. The conquerors are magnanimous when they leave the vanquished people some of those vague forms of nationality which the vanity of the conquered race fondly cling to, though a mere illusion.

"Such was the state of Ireland before the Union ; a careful '*survillance*' and watchful suspicion were the inevitable consequences.

"The oppression of six millions of Irish Catholics" (the writer overrates considerably the population at that time), "forced to pay tithes to the Protestant Church, seemed relatively just ; it was a tribute to the religion of the conquerors.

"This religious subjection of the majority to the Church of the minority was the consequence of the political power. One of these forces rested on the other, one was perhaps necessary

for the other, and if so, in a political point of view, it was pardonable.

"The Irish, were not only conquered but expropriated; their land was divided among the Protestants. The priests were deprived of their titles, as the landowners were of their estates. A conquest carried to such terrible measures must necessarily have left the most bitter animosity; that horrible abuse of victory could not be so soon forgotten.

"The oppressor having no right to support him, was for a long time to depend only on the sword, in keeping under the yoke those whom he had plundered, in giving to the victorious Church, the tithes of the vanquished one, was consistent.

"It was the logic of the strong. But the conquered and ruined population showed its discontent by alarming *troubles, tried to* be turned to account by foreign enemies, and the victorious nation than in its own interest determined to treat those they oppressed as *brothers!* They *would free them,* and incorporate them in the nation, not to have to combat them. Nothing better, unless the thing should prove a failure, if everything is done, *absolutely everything,* to gain over the affection of those new brothers; if the land confiscated and the tithes of the land are given to those to whom they belong; or, at least (as Mr. Grey said in the House of Commons on the 14th February), the union of sentiments, interests and hearts between the people of the two countries is established, and that the union is not limited to one of the two Legislative Chambers. But if the moral reconciliation cannot be established, *no matter from what side it is made impossible,* the project is a failure—the incorporation of the conquered province, instead of being a measure of public safety, may become a fatal one, by introducing a foreign influence into the state, by their admission of a hostile element into the political body.

"The influence of the Irish element into the British Parliament has not been foreseen, nor justly appreciated.

* * * * * * *

"I do not say that it was possible to give the land and the tithes to the former owners; time is often stronger than justice; but as the state reason (*raison d'etat*), *good or bad,* was an obstacle for repairing all the wrongs, why not continue to govern the country as in the past, as it could not receive satisfaction?

"Why, above all, admit a deputation from that dissatisfied country to take part in the supreme power of the British nation?

"The great majority of the Irish people were opposed to the English aristocracy, to which the majority of those who oppressed them belonged. The representatives of the people should be either faithless to the religious and political sentiments of their electors, or enemies of the British Constitution, and particularly of that class in possession of what ought to belong to them.

"The help of these members in the British chambers, if they could forget injustice, confiscations, the intolerance of conquest, and the reconciliation of both parties would have been a wise measure, but if they had not forgotten, if the moral reconciliation did not exist, it would have been better to wait longer, and it would have been a hundred times better for England to leave the Irish Parliament in the island, than to be exposed to find one day the legislative scales in London ruled by the representatives of Ireland.

* * * * * * *

"After so many years England has in her bosom the wound she gave Ireland; to cure that wound the wisdom of her great legislators is at fault. She strikes in quite a different way from what is her object—those who have the same interest become divided.

"But when heaven punishes, what signifies the most skilful policy.

* * * * * * *

"For the honour of humanity, may justice and tolerance bring a useful result, and make Pitt's great measure his highest title and glory."

The above was evidently written by the eminent statesman at the time of the Union, or soon after. How true much of it is to-day!

J. P. L.

SISTER MIRENE.

AN EPISODE OF THE SYRIAN MASSACRE.

On a calm autumnal morning two young girls of twelve or thirteen years of age amused themselves in a large garden under the eyes of their parents, who sat upon a wide terrace which was reached from the garden by an ample flight of stone steps ornamented with flowers and creeping plants.

One of the girls had long and lustrous blue eyes, hair the colour of ripe oranges and complexion of the most delicate rose and ivory. The other was a decided brunette brown hair, brown eyes, a small brown hand, brown skin and brown eye-brows strongly arched.

Both were dressed in white but in totally different fashions. She of the blue eyes wore a puffed overskirt lace sleeves, and a light and plain bodice. She of the brown hair and complexion wore a tunic of brocaded silk, a gauze fichu, a cashmere scarf tied round her waist, muslin pantaloons gathered round the ankles with gold circlets and satin slippers relieved with coral. Two luxuriant tresses spangled with sequins encircled her head, whilst bracelets of an uncouth pattern ornamented her delicate wrists.

The persons, who kept watch from the terrace, as dissimilar in dress and appearance as the children, were a young man, a young woman, whose dress and accent bespoke their frankish origin and an old man with a flowing beard as white as his turban. This old man reclined on a heap of cushions; his two companions sat on chairs of sandal wood. Between them was a low table crowded with *sherbets a la neige*, conserves of fruits and sweetmeats of roses, which had the smell and color of those joyous flowers, *narjileh* filled with tombaki and microscopic cups holding not an infusion but a decoction of coffee.

The terrace, the garden and the house were situated at the outskirts of a city, which appeared to be bathed in a flood of golden light so much did its shining domes, its sparkling cupolas, its level roofs turned into flower gardens, its white mosques's its minarets like needle spires, the sculpture of its dentelled walls sparkle, change colours and above all dazzle the eye that attempted to rest upon it for any time. This city was Damascus, the marvelous Queen of the East.

As to the persons of whom we have just spoken the old man was called *Amrou*, the young brunette Nadjieda and her blond friend Gabrielle. The Franks were Mr. and Mrs. Herbelin, Gabrielle's parents, and the owners of one of the largest commercial houses in Damascus. They were at the moment the guests of Nad-ji-eda's grandfather the Turk. Amrou-ben-Soliman, whose residence was separated from theirs only by a street remarkable for its narrowness even in a city whose streets were none of the widest.

This venerable old man, these beautiful children, this young mother, and her loving husband formed a striking picture, a little too simple perhaps for the beautiful landscape that lay before them. This landscape it would be impossible to describe. It contained all that is spoken of as beautiful in Scripture. The cedars of Lebanon, the cypresses of Sion, the palm trees of Cades, the roses of Jericho, the olives of Olivet, the grapes of Engaddi, the sweetness of the pome-granate, the rich perfumes of balsam of myrrh and of cinnamon all appeared to have met together in that beautiful place. Without leaving their seats, Amrou's guests could see a vast undulating plain whose outward extremities were bounded by a chain of mountains covered with snow. On this plain could be seen groups of peasants leading well laden asses carrying douzah water melons legumes and fruits to the city; young girls closely veiled gracefully leading small arab horses: sultanas carried on litters screened with silk curtains: bare-footed camel drivers armed with long sticks: fellahs, who tilled the fields with superb indolence.

Amrou's house was a veritable oriental palace. Exteriorly its walls were hidden under a most gaudy colouring, shocking indeed to the European eye, but which harmonized perfectly under a sun of fire and a sky of lapsis-lazuli. The doors wide open, the window blinds thrown back—a grave infraction of oriental etiquette—allowed the interior to be easily seen. The large well aired rooms

were nearly all paved in mosaics. Circular divans were the only furniture. On the inner walls, as white as though they had been plastered with moulten silver were fret-works arabesques and enterlacings in pale lakes, soft blues and tender rose lined amidst which could be deciphered arab inscriptions traced in carmine. Generally these inscriptions were taken from the Koran, but it appeared that Amrou held this production of the pretended prophet in little esteem, as he had substituted for them in places, soft verses from the poems of Saadi and Ferdoussi and other arab poets of less renown.

In most of the rooms jets of water fell back into basins of green marble, and these leaping waters cooled the air also on the terrace, the greater part of which was covered with vases of flowers. A light breeze shook the snow white petals of the citron the orange and the Arabian jassemine, whose clambering boughs had all the appearance of enormous reptiles.

A hedge of giant cactuses enclosed the garden. The pebbles of the walks shone like silver nodules. The borderings of the garden beds were of the plant henna, that herb with which the beauties of Syria delight to color the tips of their fingers; a strange custom which they appear to have received from the savage caraibes.

I repeat it; it was a charming autumn morning. The sky an azure blue fringed on the horizon with rose coloured and lilac clouds. The whole air alive with song. The camel drivers as they goaded on their patient drudges drew forth an accompinment of tinkling bells: large birds skimmed the air passing and repassing from the heights of Mount Lebanon to the minarets of the city mosques. The young children sang out in soft cadence their morning prayers to Allah and to Mahomet: invisible sultanas joined their voices to the sweet sound of the gazla, or arab guitar.

Whilst Amrou entertained his guests, the young girls amused themselves under the shade of a grove of plane trees, palms and turpentine trees. They had just made a small altar of moss and leaves, and stood before it admiring and criticizing it. The miniature tabernacle had been decked with the flowers of the orange, of the aloe, of the pomegranate, of lilies of Iran, of Damascus roses, of nopals with their highly grazed leaves and of the tamerine. Upon it was a small ivory crucifix, and a statuette of the Blessed Virgin.

"Is that well? Gabrielle!" asked the little dame with brown locks, as she inserted a garland of jasmine.

"Yes, it is all we can do at present. But indeed it is neither cross nor statue that ought to occupy the throne of the tabernacle."

"Neither cross nor statute? What should it be then?"

"If I told you Nad-ji-eda—you would not believe me."

"Certainly I should. Can you doubt it?"

"But it is such a great mystery."

"Never mind—tell it to me."

"Well then; it is God who should be upon our altar, for it is God, who comes to rest there."

"What! God himself?" "Does your God come down on earth?" exclaimed Nad-ji-eda elevating still more her arched eyebrows.

"Yes; Nada dear!" "the God of Heaven, Jesus made man, loves to be exposed to the adoration of the faithful, and to listen to their requests."

"And each one sees, this God Jesus?"

"They recognise him with the eyes of faith under the merciful veil of the consecrated species. Have you forgotten what I have so frequently explained to you"—asked Gabrielle with a slight shade of impatience.

"Oh yes! the sacred species—so at least you say."

"*I say*; no; not I, it is God, who says it. "This is my body."

"I believe it—I believe it with all my heart," murmured the young Arab in a dreamy preoccupied tone, as she raised her eyes to Heaven in an ecstatic gaze. "And when the Lord comes down, what do you do, Gabrielle?

"Then all heads bow, all hearts are raised to God—they pray."

"And then?"

"How—then? they still pray—pray until the service is over."

"And when the office terminates?"

"Well then, they go home."

"Ah! you are not telling me all, Gabrielle. Do they make you swear to

keep secret the mysteries of your religion?"

"To keep secret?" asked Gabrielle in astonishment.

"Yes. I see nothing surprising in that. Do not the Druses conceal their religious books and even their mosques as much as they can? Do they not swear never to reveal the mysteries of their religion to any one? And the Ackals, who are the best instructed of the Druses, are they not obliged to keep this oath at the risk of their lives?"

"That shows the falsity of their doctrine. We Catholics are obliged to confess our faith whenever questioned and as far as we can to extend the worship of our God."

"Then why do you not tell me all?"

"All what?"

"All the ceremonies which take place in the presence of the Saviour Jesus. Do you not burn perfumes in silver perfuming pans held by silver chains, and which the Imans swing about to scatter the sweet sented smoke which ascends to the altar?"

"Yes; but it is the altar boys who swing the censers not the priests."

"And does not an invisible music a thousand times sweeter than the guitar swell through the vaults of the mosque?"

"Church you mean. Yes that is the organ."

"And does not your Iman speak to God in the name of the people in an unknown tongue which is neither Arabic nor English nor French?"

"Very true. Our Priest prays in Latin. But who has taught you these things so well?"

"No one has taught me them Gabrielle. I have seen them."

"You have been in a Catholic Church?"

"Yes."

"Where? At Damascus?"

"No; not at Damascus," said Nad-ji-eda shaking her head.

"At Beyrout or Saint Jean-d'Acre?

"Neither the one nor the other."

"But where was it then? Tell me. Did your grandfather or your nurse Sulema, take you?"

"My grandfather and my nurse were both ignorant that I went there. I was alone with strangers."

"Alone. You who go out only on a litter, and who are condemned by custom to so severe a seclusion? You astonish me."

"And yet it is so, and if I have never mentioned it to you before it is because it is connected with an incident which I am bound to keep secret.

"Why?"

"Because it concerns the Ackals."

"What a great mystery!" said Gabrielle laughing. "Be careful not to betray it, Nada; that would be to expose yourself to all the fury of your god Hackem.

"Hackem is not my god, and you know well that he cannot be anybody's god," replied Nad-ji-eda softly. But the Ackals.—

"Well—the Ackals."

"Revenge themselves on those who reveal the secrets of their doctrine."

"So you told me just now, and I believe it, but what astonishes me is, that you put so little confidence in your friend; you think I would betray your confidence."

"Oh Gabrielle can you think that?" cried Nad-ji-eda tenderly embracing her companion.

"I have every right to think so, since you do not "tell me all" to use your own expression."

"It is because—well it is not very interesting."

"Never mind."

"It would be very long."

"I have plenty of time to listen. Mama will not go home for half an hour at least."

"But I do not want my grandfather or my nurse to hear."

"Your grandfather is smoking his nargileh; Sulema is in her room reading the Koran or counting the beads of her tesbir; (musulman rosary) both have entirely forgotten you."

"Well I will risk it; but you must keep it secret."

"As mute as a mouse," said Gabrielle sitting down on a footstool of sandal wood and beginning her embroidery.

Nad-ji-eda, who from her Arab education knew as little how to embroider as to sit upon a chair, threw herself upon the grass and began her narrative playing with the corals of her slippers to occupy her little indolent hands.

"You know, said she, that I was born

at Esbaya in the mountains and that I was scarcely four years old when my mother died."

"Yes Nada, and it was then that Amrou, father of your poor mother brought you to his house."

"Exactly. My father, who had certain plans for me was glad to confide me to my grandfather, and I arrived accordingly at Damascus under the charge of Sulema."

"I am sorry to interrupt the first words of your narrative; but it will not appear sufficiently clear to me unless you explain to me why your father Djelaib, who is a zealous follower of Hackem, if not a fanatic, was glad to trust his only child to Sheik Amrou, who is what they call in Europe a free thinker. This grandfather of yours believes nothing. He shakes his head when you speak of Mahomet, he lights his chibouque with pages of the Koran; he loses no opportunity of heaping ridicule upon the impostor Hackem, and if he bows his head when the Muezzin cries La Allah ila Allah from the tops of the minarets, it is only because he does not wish to brave to its face the custom of his country."

"All which does not prove, that my good grand papa believes nothing replied Nad-ji-eda, if like me you have heard him speak of the divine Issa."

"Of Jesus? what Nada, does your grandfather believe in the divinity of Jesus? Oh I rejoice with all my heart. But that explains less than ever, why a Druse as exalted as your father has chosen you such a guardian."

"Because my father wishes at any price to make a wise woman of his daughter. He intends to initiate her into the sect of the Ackals who admit some women to their rite. But he intends something still greater as you will see. Now no one was more fit than my grandfather to take care of my education, since he knows many languages and almost all sciences. And it is to this circumstance I owe not only the happiness of not being a little ignorant girl like all other arab girls, but also the much greater happiness of having for a friend a fervent Catholic, who makes it her duty to instruct me in the mysteries of her holy religion."

"To the great displeasure of Sulema" said Gabrielle laughing. It appears, that this zealous musulman understand's us, and looks upon me with no favourable eye. But continue."

"Up to the age of eleven, I did not return to the mountains. I learnt successively of the birth of two or three sisters, for I forgot to tell you that my father had contracted a second marriage shortly after the death of my mother. I had the pleasure of seeing my good father several times. On different occasions he came to pass some weeks in Damascus, and on each occasion was delighted to see my diligence and progress, and encourage me to make it even greater if possible. Last summer, after your father had rented the house next to us, my grandfather said to me one day in a sorrowful and faultering voice, 'We must part, my little one.'

"'Must part?' I cried with anxiety.

"'Why so?'

"'Because your father wishes to take you to the mountains."

"'For always?'

"'Oh no; for some months only; but it will appear to me very long.'

"'And to me also said I embracing him.'

"This news caused a singular sensation in my heart which was neither all joy nor all sorrow, but a confused mixture of both. If the idea of leaving my grandfather disturbed me, I rejoiced to think that I should return to my father's family and should see again that majestic Lebanon, which had been my birthplace.

"I left about the beginning of June and did not return until the middle of October. My father's wife received me kindly and my little sisters appeared delighted to make my acquaintance. I did not feel lonesome at Esbaya though I must confess that there could hardly be a rougher or more sombre habitation.

"It is a city—is it not?" interrupted Gabrielle.

"Only an important village—that is all. It contains about 500 houses at the foot of Djebel-el-Cheik—old man's mountain—whose top is always covered with snow. My father's house was by no means elegant, and was far from being like my grandfather's palace. Fancy a flat roofed, square building

without that purple screen which the vine with its luxuriant tendrons creeping to the roof gives to our houses in Damascus. The roof was the only part of the house which had any appearance of beauty. It was covered with earth grown over with grass and formed a hanging garden in which everything flourishd from the myrtle and laurel roses to rhododendrons and humble violets.

"Though my father was Sheik, he lived as simply as the neighbouring Druses. What appeared strange to me was to see my sisters and their mother doing household work, a thing that no woman with any fortune would do in Damascus. In my father's house no one ever mentioned the name of Allah nor of Mahomet, neither did they pray at the sound of the Muezzin nor read the Koran. At this I was greatly astonished because I did not know at that time that the Druses had a religion of their own.

"One day under rather strange circumstances, I heard them pronounce the word Hackem, a name I have so often heard since. I was playing with my sisters in the street—for we had no court, nor garden, when a very old woman, stooping and leaning on a stick and walking with difficulty, turned out of a neighbouring street and came straight towards us. She was dressed all in black, and the long horns of her brass tantou (metal ornament in a shape of a crescent which the Druse women wear on their heads) shook above her small wrinkled face in a jaunty manner.

"'Who is that poor woman? asked I of my sisters.

"'She is not a poor woman,' answered they in a low voice, not unmixed with fear: 'she is a rich influential woman, much venerated.'

"'She is a priestess?' A priestess?'

"'Yes; that is what they call her. She is inspired and predestined. Our god Hackem has taken her under his protection; has clothed her with his spirit and has given her his knowledge.'

"The poor children could not tell me any more, nor explain it any clearer: but my grandfather, whom I have asked about it since, has explained it more fully. It appears that the Druses have always admitted women to their mystic meetings; they give them the title of priestess, and require great respect for them; they allow them to instruct, and claim that they have the power of prophecy.

"Meantime the priestess had come opposite us. She raised her veil, which she threw back, showing us the wrinkled face of a woman of eighty years, which inspired respect rather than confidence.

"My sisters devoutly pressed the hem of her black robe, and then ran to call their mother. Not only did she come but my father also, who was smoking his chibouque upon the flat roof hasetned to descend. It was to him the old woman with the tantour addressed herself.

"'Djela-ib,' said she, pointing towards me with her withered and wrinkled hand—'is this the child?'

"'Yes, Set-Nefie.'

"'I recognised her at first sight although the alilcdj has blossomed seven times since you took her to Damascus. She has all the signs of predestination, and I do not deceive myself in saying that Hackem has destined her to succeed me. May I live to see her imitiated into the sect of the Ackals, and capable of prophesying in her turn. Has she any knowledge as yet of our religion."

"'Well—no;' said my father hesitating. 'Her grandfather has instructed her only in the profane sciences.'

"The little priestess shook her head indignantly, and her brass tantour shook right and left.

"'At least, said she, you have not left her ignorant of the designs of Hackem upon her?'

"'The designs of Hackem?' stammered my father—'no; that is to say—yes—I—she is still very young as you see."

"'I see, Djela-ib, that you respond very badly to the confidence we have placed in you. This child will be taken from you, if you do not take more care of her religious education.'

"'Come here, young girl, and listen to me. I must tell you what your father has thought proper to be silent to you about; I know not why. Know then that the day you were born Hackem speaking by my mouth, declared that he chose you for his priestess and prophetess, to announce his worships and interpret his oracles. Rejoice then,

young woman; it is you who have to succeed me.'

"There is nothing very much to rejoice in, thought I to myself as I eyed this strange little *woman* as she hastened away clipity clop."

"My step-mother returned into the house, my father re-ascended to the terrace, my sisters and I *began again* our play and there was no more said at the time of this incident. But a short time after father said to me.

"'I hope Nad-ji-eda, that you have not forgotten the words of the pristess.

"'No; certainly: they were strange enough to print them on my memory.

"'Very well. You see now why I am so anxious that you should be so well instructed. In some weeks I shall take you back to Damascus and as you ought to be happy and proud of the part that is destined for you, I am sure that you will study with more zeal than ever *after* what has passed. Meanwhile the priestess wishes that you should devote yourself seriously to your religious duties, and she thinks that you should assist at the most important of our ceremonies, the reception of an Ackal. This will take place to-morrow; and you must therefore be ready to leave at day break.'

H. B.

(*To be Continued.*)

ROMANCE OF IRISH HISTORY.

GODFREY OF TYRCONNELL.

I HAVE remarked that the Irish chiefs may be said to have fought each other with one hand, while they fought the English with the other. Illustrating this state of things, I may refer to the story of *Godfrey*, King of Tyrconnell, as glorious a character as ever adorned the page of history. For years the Normans had striven in vain to gain a foothold in Tyrconnell. Elsewhere—in Connaught, in Munster, throughout all Leinster, and in southern Ulster—they could betimes assert their away, either by dint of arms or by insidious diplomatic *strategy*.

But never could they overreach the wary and martial Cinel-Connal, from whom more than once the Norman armies had suffered overthrow. At length the Lord-Justice Maurice Fitzgerald felt that this hitherto invulnerable fortress of native Irish power in the northwest had become a formidable standing peril to the entire *English* colony, and it was accordingly resolved that the whole strength of the Anglo-Norman force in Ireland should be put forth in one grand expedition. The lord-justice decided that he himself would lead and command in person.

At this time Tyrconnell was ruled by a prince who was the soul of chivalric *bravery*, wise in the council, and daring in the field—Godfrey O'Donnell. The lord-justice, while assembling his forces, employed the time, moreover, in skilfully *diplomatizing*, playing the insidious game which in every century most largely helped the Anglo-Norman interest in Ireland, setting up rivalries, and inciting hostilities amongst the Irish princes. Having, as he thought not only cut off Godfrey from all chance of alliance or support from his fellow-princes of the north and west, but environed him with their active hostility, Fitzgerald marched on Tyrconnell.

His army moved with all the pomp and panoply of Norman pride. Lords, earls, knights and esquires from every Norman castle or settlement in the land had rallied at the summons of the king's representative. Godfrey, isolated though he found himself, was nothing daunted by the tremendous odds which he knew were against him—he was, in fact one of the most skilful captains of the age—and he relied implicitly on the unconquerable bravery of his clansmen. Both armies met at Credan-Kille, in the north of Sligo.

A battle, which the Normans describe as fiercely and vehemently contested, ensued and raged for hours without palpable advantage to either side. In vain the mail-clad battalions of England rushed upon the saffron-kilted Irish clansmen; each time they reeled from the shock and fled in bloody rout. In vain the cavalry squadrons—long the boasted pride of the Normans—headed by earls and knights whose names were rallying cries in Norman England, swept upon the Irish lines. Riderless horses alone returned. The lord-justice, in wild dismay, saw the proudest army ever rallied by Norman power on Irish soil being routed and hewn piecemeal

before his eyes. Godfrey, on the other hand, the very impersonation of valor, was everywhere, cheering his men, directing the battle, and dealing destruction to the Normans. The gleam of his battle-axe or the flash of his sword was the sure precursor of death to the haughtiest earl or knight that dared to confront him. The lord-justice—than whom no abler general or soldier served the king—saw that the day was lost if he could not save it by some desperate effort, and at the worst he had no wish to survive the overthrow of the splendid army he had led into the field. The flower of the Norman nobles had fallen under the sword of Godfrey, and him the Lord Maurice now sought out, dashing into the thickest of the fight. The two leaders met in single combat. Fitzgerald dealt the Tyrconnell chief a deadly wound; but Godfrey, still keeping his seat, with one blow of his battle-axe clove the lord-justice to the earth, and the proud baron was carried senseless off the field by his followers. The English fled in hopeless confusion, and of them the chroniclers tell us there was made a slaughter that night's darkness alone arrested. The Lord Maurice was done with pomp and power after the ruin of that day. He survived his dreadful wound for some time. He retired into a Franciscan monastery which he himself had built and endowed at Youghal, and there taking the habit of a monk, he departed this life tranquilly in the bosom of religion. Godfrey, meanwhile mortally wounded was unable to follow up the great victory of Credan-Kille; but, stricken as he was, and with life ebbing fast, he did not disband till he had demolished the only castle the English had dared to raise on the soil of Tyrconnell. This being done, and the last soldier of England chased beyond the frontier line, he gave the order for dispersion, and himself was borne homewards to die.

This, however, sad to tell, was the moment seized upon by O'Neill, Prince of Tyrone to wrest from the Cinel-Connal submission to his power. Hearing that the lion-hearted Godfrey lay dying, and while yet the Tyrconnellian clans, disbanded and on their homeward road, were suffering from their recent engagement with the Normans, O'Neill sent envoys to the dying prince demanding hostages in token of submission. The envoys, say all the historians, no sooner delivered this message than they fled *for their lives*. Dying though Godfrey was, and broken and wounded as were his clansmen by their recent struggle, the messengers of Tyrowen felt but too forcibly the peril of delivering this insolent demand. And characteristically was it answered by Godfrey. His only reply was to order an instantaneous muster of all the fighting men of Tyrconnell. The army of Tyrowen meanwhile pressed forward rapidly to strike Cinel-Connal, if possible, before the available strength, such as it was, could be rallied. Nevertheless, they found the quickly-reassembled victors of Credan-Kille awaiting them. But, alas! sorrowful story! On the morning of the battle Death had but too plainly set his seal upon the brow of the heroic Godfrey. As the troops were being drawn up in line, ready to march into the field, the physicians announced that his last moments were at hand; he had but a few hours to live. Godfrey himself received the information with sublime composure. Having first received the last sacraments of the Church and given minute instructions as to the order of battle, he directed that he should be laid upon the bier which was to have borne him to the grave, and that thus he should be carried at the head of his army on the march. His orders were obeyed, and then was witnessed a scene for which history has not a parallel. The dying king, laid on his bier, was borne at the head of his troops into the field. After the bier came the standard of Godfrey—on which was emblazoned a cross with the words, "*In hoc signo vinces*"—and next came the charger of the dying king caparisoned as if for battle. But Godfrey's last fight was fought. Never more would his battle-axe gleam in the front of the combat. But as if his presence, living, dead, or dying, was still a potential assurance of triumph to his people, the Cinel-Connal bore down all opposition. Long and fiercely, but vainly, the army of Tyrowen contested the field. Around the bier of Godfrey his faithful clansmen made an adamantine rampart which no foe could penetrate. Wherever it was borne

the Tyrconnell phalanx, of which it was the heart and centre, swept all before them. At length, when the foe was flying on all sides, they laid the bier upon the ground to tell that the day was won. But the face of Godfrey was marble pale, and cold, and motionless! All was over! His heroic spirit had departed amidst his people's shouts of victory.—*A. M. Sullivan, M.P.*

TO ERIN.

I saw thee standing by the shore,
A broken sceptre at thy feet,
And raised thy crownless brow in more
Than mortal anguish to the seat
Of justice—as tho' thou hadst sought
Surcease of agonising thought.

And spectre-pale thy suffering face,
And dread the lustre of thine eyes
That pierced into the night, to trace
The future in the far-off skies:
Expectancy in that deep gaze,
'Tho never came the morning's rays.

What hope still holds thy spirit up!
And all in ruin lying there,
For thou hast drained fate's poisoned cup,
And felt the fulness of despair:
But God-like is it to be strong
In bearing undeserved wrong.

I see in all thy matchless woe—
The unearthly beauty of my love—
In vesture robed as white as snow
With wounds like the red stars above—
Clear shining thro' the vesture white
Out on the seeming-endless night.

Oh, who thy thoughts shall fathom e'er
The past or future in thy brain?
Thou thinkest with a mother's care,
Perhaps, upon thy children slain,
Or sleeping 'neath the Atlantic tide,
Or wandering o'er the world so wide.

Or, haply, of the vanished years—
Long vanished—since thy life was young,
Ere thy heart welled unceasing tears—
When melody was on thy tongue,
And all thy children round thee came,
To hear thee tell of Wisdom's name.

And when in immemorial woods
Sweet voices rose to heav'n in praise;
When from thy cloistered solitudes
The lamp of science shed its rays;
And sadly o'er the ocean's foam
Thy stranger scholars sought their home.

Or, haply, of the coming time
Led slowly upward by the night,
Thou thinkest with a hope sublime.
But not in all thy future bright,
Thou'lt be more lovely than thou'rt now
With this pale anguish on thy brow.

D. G. M.

SOME RESULTS OF THE LAND LEAGUE.

"What has the Land League achieved?" asked Mr. Redmond, M.P., in the current number of *Modern Thought*. It has, he says in effect, absorbed the various local societies which agrarian discontent had called into an isolated and impotent existence in different parts of Ireland, and united north, south, east, and west in one vast organization, acting openly, constitutionally, and with all the strength of union. It has taught the people to look beyond the three "F's"—which, when they were unorganized, no one was willing to concede to them—to a peasant proprietary, which statesmen are now declaring to be the only true solution of the question. Within an incredibly short period it has made the alteration of the Irish land system, which had been a scandal for generations, a matter of imperative and immediate necessity.

This latter result alone, argues Mr. Redmond, would be more than sufficient to justify the existence of the Land League. But that body has other claims upon the gratitude of its country. The Land League it was that first sounded the alarm when the shadow of famine was spreading over the land. Its leaders, in turning to America for help when their warnings were disregarded by the executive at home, achieved the double gain of calling forth a noble response from that country, and of stimulating the attention of the English public and the English legislature. When actual famine had been escaped, scarcely a less danger threatened the Irish peasantry. The landlords' "Crowbar brigade" had followed in the wake of the famine of 1847. It was only too probable that an attempt would be made to repeat history and to drive the impoverished people from their homes "to the workhouse, the fever-ship, and the ditch-side." So ominous did things look that the Government endeavored to prevent wholesale evictions by introducing the Compensation for Disturbance Bill of last year. The Government failed to pass that measure, and therefore failed to protect the tenantry of Ireland. The League, on the contrary, by obtaining for the tenants large reductions of rent

in every province of Ireland, and by everywhere exhorting them to "keep a firm grip of their holding," saved millions to the Irish tenants in the shape of reductions of rack-rents, and succeeded, where the Government had failed, in practically putting an end to evictions.

It is to be feared that there is more truth in Mr. Redmond's facts than it is altogether pleasant to have to acknowledge. Indeed, if we were entirely ignorant of the history of the Land League we should hesitate before admitting that English denunciation of a popular movement in Ireland is neces sarily just because it is unanimous. W- cannot forget that O'Connell in his days was "the best-abused man alive"; and that the Catholic Association was declared to be illegal, and was finally suppressed. Yet to those two forces we English Catholics owe Catholic Emancipation. All the world for years had been declaring that the disabilities under which Catholics suffered were iniquitous just as all the world has for generations been denouncing the Irish land system. But the Catholic Association had to bear the charge of being revolutionary, and O'Connell was commonly held to be the embodiment of "blackguardism." Many of the advocates of emancipation studiously avoided any word that might be constructed into an expression of sympathy with O'Connell or his organization, just as to-day moderate men, who are not also Land Leaguers, think it necessary while advocating the reform of the Irish land laws to be apologetic and sometimes denunciatory when *referring* to the sayings and doings of the youngest of *Irish associations. But time* works wonders. It is now the fashion, both in *Parliament and outside*, to hold up O'Connell to the admiration of his successors as a model whose conduct ought to put them to shame. Who can tell? Perhaps in these days of greater speed the Land League and its leaders may not have to wait even half a century for political apotheosis.--*Weekly Register*

A DEATH THAT LED TO LIFE.

A LEADER writer in the *Catholic Advocate* recounts the story of a nobleman's conversion and death in these words: "Dauntless, gallant, brave as a lion, a soldier, holding the great post of honor as aide-de-camp to her Majesty Queen Victoria, the son of the Earl of Longford and the nephew of the Duke of Wellington—the conqueror of Napoleon the Great—one evening informed Queen Victoria that he was about to become a Catholic and wished to resign his commission. A great favorite at the court, a great favorite of the Queen, both the Queen and the princesses expostulated. He said he was determined, and if leave were given him by the authorities of the Catholic Church he would become a priest. He departed from the palace and went to Cardinal Wiseman, underwent a course of preliminary instruction, sold out all his property for the benefit of the poor, went to Rome, was ordained and came back a priest of the order of Passionists. His death was eminently tragic. A beautiful speaker, a man of great name, of noble descent, of dauntless chivalry, young, respected in palaces and in poorhouses, laboring as a missionary labors, deserted by all his friends and familiars, excluded from his family, wearing nothing but his habit and sandals and a shirt of hair. In his early youth tearing himself away from what are called the joys of life he exhausted himself among the poor. He was to preach at the Jesuit Church, a magnificent church too, in the city of Dublin, one Sunday morning. It was crowded to overflowing by the rank and *elite* of the city. He had said Mass that very morning in his own church, but when the hour came for his sermon, Father Paul Mary—the Honorable Charles Pakenham—had gone to heaven. The cry that broke out from the crowd of six thousand was appalling when the Jesuit Father in the crystal pulpit announced his departure from this world. The battle was over. God had called the valiant soldier from the field. He had won the fight.

A woman, from her sex and character, has a claim to many things beside shelter, food, and clothing. She is not less a woman for being wedded; and the man who is fit to be trusted with a good wife recollects all which this implies, and shows himself perpetually chivalrous, sweet-spoken, considerate, and deferential.

ARCHBISHOP CROKE.

IRELAND'S PATRIOT PRELATE—SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

The Irish priesthood, which, since the days of St. Patrick to the present time, has ever been characterized, not alone by apostolic zeal and learning, but by the purest and most unyielding patriotism, has ever produced few members in whom those qualities have been present in a more eminent degree than in the subject of our present sketch—the Most Rev. Dr. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel. In point of scholarship and sanctity he is everywhere regarded as an ornament to the Irish hierarchy, and in that unadulterated and out-spoken patriotism which is compatible with—indeed enhances—the most exalted exercise of Christianity he yields to none, and is equalled in all probability by but one member of that illustrious body—that Nestor of the Irish Church of our day, Archbishop MacHale.

Archbishop Croke was born near

Charleville, County Cork, in the latter part of the year 1823. The late Very Rev. Dr. Croke, P. P. and V. G. Charleville was his uncle; the late Very Rev. Dean O'Flynn, of Aghada, Cork Harbor, was grand uncle, and the celebrated Bishop McKenzie of Queenstown, who died at a patriarchal age in the last decade of the last century, was his grand-uncle. Many more of his clerical relatives were among the most prominent, zealous, and efficient in the ministry of his native diocese within this century. One of his uncles, after a distinguished classical and legal course at Trinity College, was for many years the Colonial Attorney-General of Victoria, Australia. One of the Archbishop's brothers rose, within a comparitively short period, to the highest clerical and social grade in San Francisco, Cal., after seven years of missionary privations among the nomadic Indian tribes of Oregon and Washington Territory. He is as highly revered to-day in San Francisco along the great Pacific Slope as any Irish priest who cast his lot in foreign lands within the past fifty years. One of his sisters reconstructed, physically and religiously, an old Mercy Convent in Charleville, where her uncle had been an esteemed pastor for nearly half a century; and having distinguished herself in the military hospitals of the Black Sea waters during the Crimean War, established a most successful convent of her order at New Inn, County Tipperary. Another sister, professed in the same religious community, emigrated some twenty years ago to the Australian continent, and founded a most flourishing Mercy Convent at Bathurst, New South Wales, the pride of the provincial prelates of that promising colony. The observing tourist who passes to town from the Charleville Railroad Station will cast a lingering, mournful look on the beautiful Italian marble monument in the wayside churchyard, raised by the worthy people of Charleville to the memory of the Archbishop's lamented brother, Rev. William Croke, who promised a brilliant and patriotic career in the ministry till he fell a victim to professional duties in the celebrated cholera and fever year 1849.

Archbishop Croke matriculated as a clerical student in the Irish College of Paris, when the late Bishop of Kerry, Dr. Moriarty, assumed the office of dean and vice-president. Dr. McSweeney, of New York, at that time president of the college, generously shared in the paternal solicitude of Dr. Moriarty, regarding the brilliant promise of their young ward, who led his humanity rhetoric, philosophy and divinity classes till the close of his seventh years' academic course. After such protracted studies, being still two years short of the canonical age for the priesthood, though already engaged to the Church by sub deaconship, his college superiors, his uncle and other clerical friends, earnestly recommended him to read a supplemental theological and canonical course of studies at the celebrated Roman Jesuit College, under the tutorship of Perrone, and the brilliant Passaglia, and other eminent professors, till his scholastic graduation, with genuine doctor's honors, in July, 1847. Having spent a couple of years as professor of classics and divinity at Carlow, Ireland, and in his old *alma mater* at Paris, he returned to the fever and cholera battlefield in his native country, where his brother, in his ministerial apostolic labors, had succumbed, filling a youthful martyr's grave. The young professor apparently aspired to equal the ministerial zeal and reward of his deeply lamented brother; but Providence who ordered things sweetly, kindly spared her child of promise for over thirty years to take the national leadership of the Irish hierarchy and clergy in the struggle against their old, powerful, and relentless oppressor.

After some seven years of zealous, brilliant and fruitful ministration as assistant pastor at Charleville, Middleton, and Mallow, he was promoted in 1857 to the highest responsible office of president of St. Colman's College, Fermoy, a newly-founded diocesan establishment. Hundreds of clergymen in the old land and spread through English colonial settlements, and many more in the United States, can bear witness to the fact that within eight or nine years of the opening of this educational institution its alumni in Maynooth, All Hallow's and in colleges through the Continent were almost universally the foremost students in their respective classes.

Dr. Croke, being rather dangerously threatened with sciatica, accepted the pastorship and rural deanship of Doneraile, in the northern part of Cork, till summoned by the late lamented Holy Father to assume the episcopal responsibilities of Auckland, New Zealand, in July, 1870, at the closing of the great Vatican Council.

When leaving Ireland in September of that year, and when passing through New York and other great States to the Pacific Mail steamer from San Francisco, where his brother was administrator and vicar-general, very many priests and prominent Catholics lamented that so brilliant and promising a young Irishman should be "apostolically bound," for the distant land of Macaulay's poetic travelling artist, who is hereafter doomed to a risky posing on the broken arch over the classic waters of old Father Thames.

After five years diocesan administration, remarkable for financial, intellectual, and spiritual advancement, Dr. Croke was happily preconized in June 1875, as Archbishop of Cashel and Apostolic Administrator of Emly, and successor to the late Most Rev. Dr. Patrick Leahy, decidedly one of the most learned, accomplished, zealous, and patriotic bishops of Irish birth or parentage within this century.

It will be highly gratifying to many of our readers to be reminded that the Very Rev. Dr. John Ryan, P. P. and V. G., Ballingarry, Tipperary, very probably the most eminent theologian in the Irish priesthood after Profs. Murray and Neville, and an extremely popular pastor and diocesan official in the late administration, received an overwhelming majority of the votes of his brother pastors in the canonical scrutiny of Cashel and Emly. However, the thoughtful and experienced provincial prelates of Munster, knowing the instinctive humility of Dr. Ryan in assuming at so comparitively early an age, such a responsibility, and the transcendant ability of Dr. Croke for metropolitan duties, expressed a strong desire for the latter's promotion to the late Holy Father, who was a special friend of Dr. Croke. This earnest presentation of Dr. Croke's name, having received the endorsement of the Roman Consistory in solemn council, was duly accepted by the Sovereign Pontiff Pius IX., in June, 1875. As successor to so eminent and popular an archbishop as Dr. Leahy, of whom any Catholic hierarchy and clergy in any nation in Europe would be proud, and as the choice of the majority of the provincial bishops, though not nominated by pastor's scrutiny, we can readily understand that nobody, unless gifted with very exceptionable talent, zeal, tact, and administrative fortitude, could control the elements of natural disaffection among so proverbally high-spirited a clergy and people.

And yet, God be thanked, we find that within a few years Archbishop Croke has given the very highest satisfaction in his difficult administration, and has secured for himself an amount of affection from priests and people as genuine and overflowing as if his paternal and maternal ancestors had been racy of the hills and valleys of Tipperary since Cormac was ruler and bishop of the royal house and cathedral of "the City of Kings."

When we remember Archbishop Croke's great oratorical panegyric on the centennial aniversary of the Liberator, a few years ago before the most educated Catholic audience ever gathered within church walls, in old Ireland, his grand diocesan demonstration on the consecration of his costly and magnificent cathedral, worthy of his predecessors and himself, his untiring energy in raising the standard of efficiency of his clergy and religious communities, powerfully reacting on the educational, industrial, and spiritual interests of his numerous parochial congregations, from Slieve-na-Mon to within shadow of the historic walls of old Limerick, we are not surprised to find a prelate of his bold aspirations, worthy of the great public banquet, diocesan address and testimonial which awaited him on his return from the Eternal City. As his peculiarly gifted pen made many soul-stirring contributions to the sterling columns of the *Nation* in the days of Young Ireland, our readers will gladly learn that his powerful pen, his eloquent tongue, and large Irish heart are as solemnly consecrated to the cause of Fatherland, and that he stands to day pre-eminently the idol of his people,

the advocate of national independence, and, we might add, the terror of England.

THE WISE MAN AND THE FOOL.

A TALE OF THE FIRST HALF OF THE 19TH CENTURY.

(*From the French.*

CHAPTER I.

A HARD SHELL PATRIOT.

I have long had the idea of writing a long-winded treatise to prove to the bats that old things are new things and that new things are old, and thence to conclude logically that after the storm comes sunshine, except in the particular case of a night-storm, when of course it is the moon that reappears and not the sun. I was convinced, to use the language of all planners of great things, that a work of this kind was imperatively necessary and that a genérous and appreciative public would feel duly grateful tor the filling up of so great a hiatus. I had already pushed my pains-taking labours even to the fourth volume, when one of my friends, who had had the kindness to undertake the revision of my manuscript—even to the dotting of my i's, which I have an ugly habit of omitting happened to recite to me a little epic. Coming as it did at that particular moment, recalling events of the past and above all touching on ecclesiastical topics, I determined to embody it in my narrative. Here it is.

It was at the end of the year 1804, in the middle of December, during a hard frost, keen enough to freeze one's face, under a sky grey as steel in the good city of Turin, that the congealed rain fell upon the icey pavement with the patter of a shower of pins upon a pane of glass. But if the temperature of outdoor Turn was rude, it was mild and genial in the large apartment, which might have been taken for a warehouse, wherein the two brothers Maur and Chaffred Malbrouch were finishing their dinner. Both were sufficiently advanced in age, though Maur was younger than his brother by seven years. At the moment of which we write Maur wore his hair close-cropped after the manner of the Gaul, and was proud of it, believing that thereby he made a public profession of "advanced principles." Formerly he had been court physician, and had worn an embroidered suit and a powdered wig of formidable dimensions. On the day after the King quitted Turin, he encased his once courtly form in republican costume. As to his head it had long been full of those new ideas which are known to have flown from the other side of the Alps. He did not however care to proclaim these ideas from the house-tops, because he did not deem it altogether impossible that King Victor Emmanuel might return; in which case, he hoped to redon his broidered suit and powdered wig, to keep his new ideas to himself and to re-enact the lucrative and honorable role of court physician.

Chaffred was the opposite of his brother. In such horror did he hold the new government which had imposed itself upon his fatherland, that he had gone voluntarily into exile. His sojourn, was Rome, where he lavished the revenues of the many farms he possessed in the territory of Bergamo. His uprightness and piety were shocked by the disgraceful events which had taken place under Pius VI., and which menaced his successor Pius VII. These had largely contributed to give Chaffred a strong and unshakable aversion for the irreligious and revolutionary giddiness that governed the times. On meeting him you would have thought him the halest and gayest old man of the period. He had a remarkably fine head surmounted by grey locks and underlain with a superb double chin. His cheeks were full and ruddy, his whole person robust, lithe and pronounced; his sight was excellent and he still enjoyed all his teeth.

Chaffred was ignorant of the secret errors which infested his brother Maur, but laughed heartily at his political weaknesses which were visible to the naked eye. Unlike Maur, whatever the government and whoever the governors Chaffred had not changed one iotà of Piedmontese dress, nor of his Piedmontese customs. A long coat reached to his strong and plump calves. His knee breeches were held below the knee by

large buckles, whilst much larger ones adorned his shoes. In his vest pockets he carried two beautiful gold watches to which were attached two chains enriched with agate ornaments symmetrically arranged. A double frilled shirt front crumpled and somewhat stained with snuff stood out from his ample chest. He did not take snuff as it is commonly taken from a snuff-box—by no means; Chaffred was true to the customs of his forefathers. He carried about him a little mill filled with leaf tobacco; two or three turns of the mill, and he drew from the box a good and highly prized pinch, well and duly ground, very fresh and very fragrant. His neck was enveloped by a heavy cravat whence issued stiff and straight the two ends of a spotless collar after the shape of a latin sail; from his shoulders rose a heavy cape of good and stout cloth. Chaffred had always despised novelties in dress and foreign fashions. Hating the modern hat, which of late has run into so many and such senseless shapes, he wore a three cornered one, and a flemish ell of cue. This cue carefully smoothed and tied up by himself was the one great ornament of that most reverend white head. He took pleasure in contemplating it when tied at regular intervals with black ribbon and finished off with a superb bow. This well beloved cue shook with severe dignity from the old man's back; so that in Rome his usual residence, he passed under the name of Signor Club.

"Well indeed"! said his friends at times "you might dress yourself in better form. You should adopt the new style."—

"Indeed no!" he would quietly answer "I was built on the ancient plan."

"But you would lose nothing of your dignity in following the modern manners. The French fashion."—

"Bah!" he would cry out with supreme contempt—"bah!" would you have me dress like a radical? I have seen those fellows. I saw them enter Nice and Savoy; they committed all sorts of disgraceful and cowardly acts: killed men women and children indiscriminately: profaned the holy tabernacles, and placed an impure woman upon our altars. I saw them on their first entry into Turin open houses of debauch, and theatres, which were *no* better. They placarded the walls of our loyal city with infamous caricatures of our King, whilst they guarded him in his palace as a prisoner, with cowardly ruffians, who disgraced the soldiers uniform. These scoundrels pushed their insolence so far as to insult our saintly queen Mary Clotilde"—and saying this the old man wept—"I have seen all this and you expect me to follow the manners and customs of the murderers of my country."

"But at least your cue!"

"My cue! yes my cue. Long live the cue! My father wore it at Assietta, when we left six thousand Frenchmen with their bellies to the sun; Victor Emmanuel my King my only King wears it this day: Charles Emmanuel who is in Rome wears it: I saluted them both right loyally at Foligno the other day when they came to kiss the feet of Pius VII. Oh! you know not what it is to wear *a cue*."

Under this name of *cue* Chaffred understood many great and good old things—the old *credo*, the old politics, the old probity—the old maxims, and a large dose of the old gaiety.

Meanwhile things went ill for the old regime in Turin. For six years this subalpin race had fought against the hordes of Republican France, and had at length succumbed to the first Bonaparte. From that moment a French garrison of impious obscene unbrididled soldiery overran the Sardinian capital. Her churches, monasteries, colleges and the treasure dedicated to God and to his poor became the prey of the godless rabble. Chaffred saw all this, and it cut his noble soul to the quick. He was accustomed every evening to walk on the bastion. Ostensibly this was to take the air, in reality it was to discuss in no measured terms the vile acts of the foreign soldiery. One evening, whilst the citizens in more than usual numbers were strolling about, there came from the bastion of the French citadel the fierce blare of many trumpets celebrating the triumphs of the French arms. This was too much for Chaffred. Approaching one of the royal grenadiers—"Lend me your carbine"—said he seizing it on the moment he took aim at

the leader of the music and fired.—The women fled, children screamed, the men gathered in groups, piling up stones and brandishing their sticks. Report of the affair reached the royal barracks; the soldiers without their officers turned out *en masse*. Shots were fired, men fell killed and wounded. Peace was only restored by the untiring efforts of both commanders. A week passed. One day Chaffred received a letter from the French Ambassador, requiring his presence. The republican received Chaffred with a severe air.

"I hear," said he, "that you busy yourself daily with inflaming the minds of your fellow citizens against the French. A report has also come to me, which I hope is inexact; and woe to you! if it is true. I am told that you fired a shot on that unfortunate affair of last Sunday."—

"Citizen Ambassador," answered Chaffred cooly—"have you sent for me to talk with you, or to undergo an examination at your hands?"

"Either the one or the other as it may be necessary."

"Well then Citizen, if it be the first I thank you, if the second I do not recognize you as my judge!"

"Judge or no judge," cried Ginguené in anger, "I have the right to reproach you with your conduct, which gives rise to grave suspicions. There are too many of your kind already. An example must be made before these plots obtain their end. You may be thankful that you have your liberty. You prepare a new Sicilian Vespers."

"You are wrong Citizen. The Piedmontese respect treaties and the orders of their King. Faithful to the Convention, popular movements are forbidden. Were it otherwise."—

"What! do you dare to threaten me? Remember to whom you speak."

"I speak to Citizen Ambassador Ginguené," said the Piedmontese firmly.

"Go!" said the Ambassador. "At the first disorder that arises I shall know upon whose head to visit the vengeance of France."

Malbrouch bowed ceremoniously and withdrew. On his arrival at home he took pen in hand and wrote:—

"Citizen Ambassador, in order to insult women old men and children the more safely your officers brought an escort of huzzars on horseback. allow me for my personal safety to speak to you a little at a distance. Those who conceived the scene of last Sunday as well as those who executed it are cowards. You have taken them under your protection. If you had a particle of honor you would grasp with gratitude the hand, that drew the trigger of that carbine of which you spoke. But democratic bile clouds your sight and brain. Know that if superior force has put you in possession of our fortress, it does not give you the right to despise us. It is by deceit you entered the citadel of Turin and by violating your word; you remain there by violence, we detest the liberty you offer us. At the conclusion of our interview, you threatened me with a prison. I believe you are capable of anything, and will spare you this last act of cowardice, by retireing beyond your grasp. You will nevertheless be always sensible of my presence. Do not fear for your life. I am not a jacobin. I am a citizen of Turin.

"CHAFFRED MALBROUCH."

Two hours after this letter was received, the French gensd'armes entered Chaffred's house. He had been in safety an hour and a half. From his refuge he wrote to Count Prosper Balbo at Paris, and to such good effect, that minister Talleyrand moved either by political shame or perhaps by some touch of that gentlemanly feeling, of which Talleyrand could never wholly divest himself thought proper to recall Citizen Ambassador Ginguené to Paris. As for Chaffred, when Pius VII. invited Victor Emmanuel to seek refuge in Rome he followed thither carrying in his heart an irreconcilable hatred against the oppressers of his King and country.

CHAPTER II.

IN leaving his country Chaffred Malbrouch might have gone to his estate at Logne in the territory of Bergamo. He could not however bring himself to do this, because the cis.alpine republic governed that country; a government which he called, the Kingdom of frogdom croaking in the mud, with Napoleon Bonaparte for its king-log.

But why has he come back from Rome

his chosen residence? The old Piedmontese, so intractable in religion and in politics, was kind affectionate and delicate in his affection for his relations. Having left his younger brother at Turin, he returned every year to pass some weeks with him, He was kindly received and his political opinions were tolerated, at times even flattered, for Chaffred was a widower without children. The good old man had taken a liking for two little blonde heads, which grew every year in his brother's house, and had given it to be understood that having no one whereon to place his affections, he intended to divide his fortune between his two nieces, the young Clelie and the still younger Clotilde.

Thus when uncle Chaffred returned evey year on the appointed day, as soon as the noise of wheels was heard in the courtyard Maur would be found on the top step of the doorway, and his little nieces flying to the carriage, would cry out in chorus "Welcome Uncle Chaffred!" They would dance round the coachman, seize uncle's valise, his traveling cap, his umbrella and half an hour afterwards dinner would smoke on the table, and the old man between the wine, the warmth of the fire and the caresses of his nieces would forget the fatigues of his long journey. Next day all the inmates of the house from master to servants were around him dusting, cleaning and arranging the parlour, which was intended for him; they divined his every desire, and divining it put it into immediate execution. They had at their finger ends the old man's little tastes, and prepared them accordingly. Thus the "good little uncle" pampered, and folded up as it were in silk paper passed two or three weeks in his brother's family, leading a life, the sweetest and calmest imaginable; very different alas! from that at Rome in his solitary dwelling.

On of the first duties of uncle Chaffred after the bustle of his arrival had subsided was to call his two nieces to him to see how much they had grown. He would take their measure very seriously with his walking stick, and would make a mark upon it with his finger, in order to compare it with former years; and would pretend that his noices had grown downward at least a good finger and a half. Thence would arise a grand discussion in which the young people would prove by most convincing arguments, that they had grown that much taller instead of smaller. Uncle would then change ground, and pretend that he meant they had grown worse instead of smaller.

"Who told you that; uncle?"

"Who? the little angel."

"How can that be? The little angel does not tell lies."

"Well then I suppose it was the Pope that told it to me at Rome;"

"That is impossible"; cried out Chotilde, "I say a Hail Mary for the Pope every day, as you told me to do last year."

"Then when strong and ample testimony had been borne by the father of these young people as to their good conduct, uncle Chaffred would allow himself to be persuaded, and would commence the distribution of his prizes. There were dolls dressed as court ladies as shepherdesses and as nuns; fans inlaid with mother of pearl, kept in ornamental boxes, broaches en mosaique, gloves and sweetmeats until it was impossible to say which was the more pleased, uncle or nieces. Amongst these playthings there were always some objects of devotion, beads, scapulaires, a Saint Mary Major framed in shells. These holy things were distributed by Uncle Chaffred with becoming seriousness because they had been blessed by the Holy Father Pius VII.

Maur Malbrouch had little love for the pious things, but his brother was rich, a widower, and very old; it was necessary therefore to be enchanted and to let the goodman act as he wished, in order that he might remember his nieces all the more generously in his will. The father smiled when his brother took the young people to walk with him. On these walks the good uncle would speak to them of devotion to the Blessed Virgin, of love for the Pope as the representative of Christ and head of his church, on the modesty so becoming in young girls, on charity to the poor, in a word on all those subjects which go to make good christians. To still further impress those lessons, he would take them to

the Church of Consolation, and as he offered them holy water would say

"Pray, my children for the Holy Father!"

But the two nieces did not respond in the same manner to the good intentions of their uncle.

"Do you know; Maur," he would say on his return—"do you know it appears to me that Clotilde will become a good daughter, but the elder,"—saying this he would shake his head.

"Why! why! Clelie appears to me most gentle and good; she has the only fault of being more spirited and more sensible than her sister: she is also more witty and lively than Clotilde."

"She says many thing I do not approve of. She loves gewgaws and nonsense; she seeks the company of high dames amongst whom she struts like a peacock; she has always some unkind remark to pass on each one she meets: this one is too thin; that has an awkward gait; this hat is wrong; this platted hair falls without grace: to please her one must do this and must do that."

"Bah! I see no harm in all that. She is growing into a woman and she is putting on the airs of women."

"I do not deny it. But in my opinion you take her too much into society. Would you believe it? Although she is only fourteen years old, she knows all the gossip and scandals of the neighbourhood. She has discussed before me all her relations and friends and neighbours; and has had her ridicule for each."

"What would you have? Now-a-days there are no *children*."

"That is only too true. But we ought to endeavour to keep her in her own sphere. Is it as it should be, to see a young girl pass whole hours at a window, dressed as a danseuse? Fancy; she had the face to tell me yesterday, that she liked a certain French Officer, because he was a true républican; and that she did not like a certain young man of the country, because he was always taking the part of the King and his Queen.

To these things Maur answered with a shrug of his shoulders, exclaiming:

"The little political creature! When she is grown up it will be time enough to speak of such things."

"But ought we not to strike at the root of these things?" The other day, she laughed at her sister because she believed in miracles. This could not have happened if she had not some evil companions to give her these ideas of modern philosphy."

"Would you have me shut her up; or scold her at every wrong word? Clelie is growing up. it is right that she should begin to think for herself. So long as she does not exceed the bounds of a good education, I do not trouble myself with these trifles; you know that I am so constituted."

Thus by a torrent of words void of reason did Maur escape from his brother's expostulations.

In the year 1804 l'abbe Lantere to whom he had confided the task of watching over his two nieces, thus wrote to Chaffred.

"My dear friend, I am sorry to say, that your brother is a partizan strongly bound up with the republicans of this country and those beyond the Alps. We can have no hope for him except in prayer. Clelie has a fund of religion, which has been instilled into her by a servant girl, a brave and worthy savoyarde. But the young lady is fickle and worldly; her father has allowed her her own way in all things; she frequents the company of certain dangerous friends: French books of an evil tendency have quenched in her every spark of faith, and of love for the Church and the Holy Father. To make the matter worse; she has a vivid imagination and feeds it only with novel reading. May God watch over her!

"Clotilde on the contrary appears to me as a blessed lamb; in the midst of disorders she sees nothing to scandalize her; more over she has a more exalted and better developed spirit than her sister; a good sense and kind heart which shew themselves every moment. A word, a sign, the slightest indication suffices to encourage her to do good: she is never tired of listening to good advice. From the first steps of her life, I can easily see the part at which she will arrive. Happy the man who shall win her for his wife!"

Chaffred Malbrouch arrived at Turin

some days before Pius VII., when he passed through that city on his way to crown Napoleon Bonaparte, Emperor of the French.

H. B.

(To be Continued.)

TO THE IRISH LAND LEAGUE.

BY KATE GARDENER.

"*My police are four fifths of the Irish people, at home and abroad. If he is going to put them all into prison, he will have to build a prison big enough to hold 20,000,000 people.*"—CHARLES STUART PARNELL.

One leagued yeoman hand
'Gainst armed legion, ten,
For hearth and home and a menaced land,
Shoulder to shoulder firmly stand,
And calmly, Irish men!

'Twere grand for country's right
To draw the sword, but then
'Tis nobler still, in soulful might,
Sheathing a while the weapon bright,
To endure, ye Irish men!

And God, who made you, filled,
Copious, to all men's ken.
Your hearts will flame-like blood, unchilled
Since freshly from His hand distilled
Through veins of Irish men.

That fine quick flame rose oft
In matchless valour, when,
Sworn round in mountain gorge or croft,
Some grand wild flag dared shine aloft
For freedom, Irish men!

Now sheathe like swords your hearts;
Be calm with tongue and pen;
While tyrants tread your fields and marts,
Your moveless will's the road that parts
This red sea, Irish men!

With fangs all threatening bare
The lion leaves his den;
He'll turn back halting to his lair
When once his feet have found the snare,—
Your UNION, Irish men!

By martyred Emmet's fate;
By all your wrongs since then
Of want and scorn, and jealous hate,—
Of gibbet, exile, dungeon-gate,—
Be calm, ye Irish men!

When one brave leader falls
Let watchful patriots ten,
Unawed by England's prison walls,
March to the front where country calls,—
March, calmly, Irish men!

Though robber base and bold,
Let England tremble then,
Beneath her red-cross banner's fold
Her isle one dungeon-tower to hold
This host of faithful men!

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

THE WITCHE'S CAT.

A FAIRY STORY.

IN some weird cave, far distant from the abodes of mankind, dwelt an old witch. She was the personification of all evil and wickedness. Her only companion in her dismal home was a black, fierce looking cat, with green eyes that shone with a bright light at night. This cat had been found twenty-five years ago in the witch's cave one morning, and had ever since lived with her.

At the time of its first discovery it had been of its present size. It had never grown. But every day seemed to add one shade of deeper green to the color of its eyes.

The witch feasted on children, who were wafted to her every month in an evil breeze at her command. All other breezes of the air had rebelled against the evil one; but the witch's power had as yet held its own.

For years the good breezes of the air fought and struggled with this foul agent of the witch, and at least they began to hope that their power was gaining.

One day—it was about the witch's dinner-hour—the winds whistled and the trees shook, the thunder rolled, and the lightning hissed with a fierce swing; two children, a little boy and his sister, were lodged in the witch's cave. The winds did not cease when the poor children had come, but howled and whistled wildly on.

The witch's fire, on which the poor children were to be roasted, flickered half extinguished while the witch raved and cursed at the breezes that were fighting with the flames. Louder and stronger grew the moanings and howlings in the air, when suddenly, with one mighty effort, the children were lifted in the air and borne away.

The witch cursed, swore, and raved. The black cat jumped on the burning fire, uttering sounds blood-freezing in their woful clamor.

The witch seized her magic staff, drew a mystic circle in the centre of the cave, and implored all the demons and goblins of subterranean kingdoms to aid her in tracking the missing children.

The winds whistled on, and the witch who felt her power lessening, was boiling over in paroxysms of rage.

She seized her cat, placed it before her on a rock of the cave, and spoke in a voice that seemed to issue from the centre of the earth:

"Slave of my power, with all-seeing eyes, I command thee lead me to where the stolen young ones are hidden!"

The cat leaped wildly in the air when the witch had finished her command, and came to the ground with a deafening cry.

Again it leaped into the air, and again it came to the ground with the same dreadful shriek.

Soon after the witch set out with her green-eyed guide. Then the cat disappeared. The witch came to a babbling brook; the lightning hissed, and the thunder rolled anew. When the turmoil in the sky was over, the babbling brook ran along, and said in dismal tones:

"Follow me, follow me, follow me!"

On, on, over the rocks and shell wooden branches, and stumps of rotten trees—on over rugged roads the witch pursued her course along the babbling brook, while the birds of the air were darting around her in wild confusion. The cat was far in advance; whenever its feet touched the ground the earth seemed to glow and kindle. The witch hurried on. At last she saw her cat ahead. She rushed forth at a faster pace.

Soon they came to a dark, dark spot. Nothing save the green light sparkling from the cat's eyes was visible. The witch followed on. They approached a rough stone staircase. A caldron near the green-eyed cat immediately began to fume. The light coming from the fire in the heated caldron illuminated the scene. In a corner of this horrible place were the two children. The little girl had fallen asleep upon her brother's knees. As the boy saw the green eyes of the cat coming down the steps, and the witch's frame illumined by the caldron, following them, he clasped his little hands convulsively and prayed for mercy.

But there was no mercy. The good breeze that had borne the children from the witch's home had been conquered at the moment the witch reached the babbling brook, for the goblins to whom the witch had appealed exerted their power, and the lightning-flash dispelled the breeze and dropped the children into a cave, which was the witch's deserted home.

She now seized the boy and his apparently lifeless sister and took them home. The winds whistled on, and the air grew oppressive. Still, however, the witch proceeded, and finally reached her cave. She took the boy and laid him upon the fire, and danced in glee as she heard his bones crackle.

She next turned to the girl. But she was a corpse.

The witch and her cat seized the roasted body and began tearing it to pieces.

They had nearly finished it all when suddenly the green-eyed cat gave a woful moan and fell dead.

The witch dropped the uneaten bones and looked at her cat. In another moment she, too, uttered a scream and sank lifeless upon the floor of the cave.

The children had eaten the poisonous, slimy plants that grew in the cave where they had been left. The girl had died from the effects, and the poisoned flesh of the roasted boy proved fatal to the witch and her green-eyed cat.

The lifeless forms of the two evil ones sank deeper and deeper into the ground of the cave, and finally were lost sight of. In their place sprang up a number of deadly plants to mark the scenes of their wicked ways.

The little girl was wafted away by the good breeze, triumphant now, and hidden in a distant spot in some pleasant grove, where to this day delightful breezes play in calm and holy peacefulness.

RELY ON YOURSELF.

It is related of Stephen Girard that he had a favorite clerk, and he always said he intended to do well by Ben Lippincott. So when Ben got to be twenty-one he expected to hear the governor say something of his future prospects and perhaps lend a helping hand in starting him in the world. But the old fox carefully avoided the subject. Ben mustered courage: "I suppose I am now

free, sir," said he," and I thought I would say something to you as to my course. What do you think I had better do?"

"Yes, yes. I know you are," said the old millionaire, "and my advice is to go and learn the cooper's trade."

This application of ice nearly froze Ben out; but recovering his equilibrium he said if Mr. Girard was in earnest he would do so.

"I am in earnest."

And Ben forthwith sought the best cooper in Spring Gardens, became an apprentice, and in due time could make as good a barrel as the best. He announced to old Stephen that he had graduated, and was ready to set up in business. The old man seemed gratified, and immediately ordered three of the best barrels he could turn out. Ben did his prettiest, and wheeled them up to the old man's counting-room. Old Girard pronounced them first-rate, and demanded the price.

"One dollar each," said Ben, "is as low as I can live by."

"Cheap enough! Make out your bill."

The bill was made out, and old Stephen settled it with a check for $20,000 which he accompanied with this little moral to the story:

"There, take that and invest it in the best possible manner; and if you are unfortunate and lose it, you will have a good trade to fall back upon, which will afford you a good living."

HINTS TO PARENTS.

Few parents realize how much their children may be taught at home by devoting a few minutes to the instruction of them every day. Let a parent make a companion of his child, converse with him familiarly, put to him questions, answer enquiries, communicate facts, the result of his reading or observation awaken his curiosity, explain difficulties the meaning of things, and all this in an easy, playful manner, without seeming to impose a task, and he will be astonished at the progress which will be made. The experiment is so simple that none need hesitate about its performance.

THE WORTH OF A GOOD COMPANION.

A companion that is cheerful, and free from scurrilous discourse and free from swearing, is worth *gold*. I love such mirth as does not make friends ashamed to look upon one another the next morning; nor men that cannot well bear it to repent the money they spent when then be warmed without such times and companions, that to make yourselves merry for a little, than a great deal of money, for it is the company and not the change that makes the feast.

FOUR GOOD HABITS.

There were four good habits a wise and good man earnestly recommended in his counsels, and also by his own example and which he considered essentially necessary for the management of temporal concerns; these are, punctuality, accuracy, steadiness, and despatch. Without the first of these time is wasted; without the second mistakes the most hurtful to our own credit and interest and that of others may be committed; without the third nothing can be well done, and without the fourth opportunities of great advantage are lost which it is impossible ts recall.

What made Michael Davitt a Hater of England.—One of the leading counsel of England asked Mr. Davitt, after his condemnation, why he, who had lived so long out of Ireland, should be so eager to redress her grievances. He replied "When I was three years old the roof was taken off my mother's house. We were then placed in an open cart and taken through the snow to a port, where we took ship for America. I have never forgotten this, and have vowed to devote my life to putting an end to a system which subjects others to a like fate." Curiously enough, one of the first speeches Mr. Davitt delivered on the Land League was from a platform erected on the exact spot where his mother's house used to stand.

USEFUL HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

Squash Pie.—Stew the squash with a little salt; rub it through a colander, and have it perfectly smooth; mix the squash with sweet milk; if you have cream it will be all the better; make it about as thick as batter, adding the yolks of two eggs; sweeten with pulverized sugar to taste; flavor with rosewater, or with nutmeg; line a pie-dish; fill with squash, and bake for half an hour; if you do not want a pie, make fritters, and fry brown, with good butter; when about to serve, sprinkle a little sugar on them; squash does not require much sweetening.

Irish Stew.—Cut some potatoes and onions into slices, and put a layer of them at the bottom of the sauce pan; add some pieces of mutton with a little pepper and salt; put in more potatoes and more chops in the same way, until the saucepan is full; and let it stew very slowly until done; but the potatoes should be slightly boiled before they are put with the weat, as the water potatoes are boiled in is very detrimental to the health.

For Neuralgia.—Steep green horse-radish root in cold vinegar, warm the liquid slightly, and bathe the parts affected.

Foe Constipation.—One ounce of senna, the same quantity of peppermint leaves, one-half pound figs, all chopped fine and mixed with a few spoonfuls of molasses. Take a small piece after each meal.

Diphtheria.—Dr. C. R. S. Curtis, of Quincy. Ill., reports in the Boston *Medical and Surgical Journal* the results of the local use of a decoction of leaves of black walnut in diphtheria. The remedy was chiefly employed as a gargle or applied with a swab to the throat and fauces. A poultice of the leaves was also resorted to in some instances. Dr. Curtis adopted the same remedy in consequence of the recommendation by Prof. Nelaton in malignant pustul. The use of the gargle was unattended by discomfort, no patient objecting to it. Improvement in each instance was rapid, the ash-colored spots disappearing;

Lime Water and Milk.—Experience proves that lime water and milk are not only food and medicine at an early period of life, but also at a later, when the functions of digestion and assimilation are feeble and easily perverted. A stomach taxed by gluttony, irritated by improper food, inflamed by alcohol, enfeebled by disease, or otherwise unfitted for its duties—as is shown by the various symptoms attending upon indigestion, dysgepsia, diarrhea, dysentery and fever—will resume its work, and do it energetically, on an exclusive diet of bread and milk and lime water. A bowl of cow's milk may have four table spoonfuls of lime water to it with good effect.

Pitch-paper, the same as that used in covering roofs, when cut into slips and placed in convenient situations under carpets and behind sofas and chairs in a room will effectually repel the moth miller from depositing its eggs. If similar strips are placed inside the backs and seats of parlor suits they will render the furniture moth-proof.

If a person is on fire, the best way to extinguish the flames is to lay the person down on the floor of the room, and throw the tablecloth, rug, or other large cloth, over him, and roll him on the floor.

Roast Turkey.—Wash dry and stuff with a dressing of dry bread soaked in water, pressed out and mixed with salt, pepper, thyme, butter and an egg; sew up the turkey snugly, and put in the pan with a little water; roast slowly, allowing three hours for a ten-pound turkey; when commencing to brown, rub over with a little butter to keep the skin from blistering: boil giblet in water, chop fine and put in gravy.

Oatmeal and Beef Tea.—This is quite useful to give strength to weak patients. Take two tablespoonfuls of fine oatmeal and make it perfectly smooth in two spoonfuls of cold water; pour into this a pint of strong beef tea; boil it eight minutes; keep stirring all the time; it should be very smooth; if lumpy pass through a sieve.

FORGET NOT THE FIELD.

AIR—THE LAMENTATION OF AUGHRIM.

Despondingly.

cres. *tr*

1. For - get not the field where they perish'd, The truest, the last of the brave—All gone! and the bright hope we cherish'd Gone with them, and quench'd in their graves.

2 Oh! could we from death but recover
  Those hearts, as they bounded before,
In the face of high heav'n to fight over
  That combat for Freedom once more:—

3 Could the chain for an instant be riven
  Which Tyranny flung round us then.
Oh! 'tis not in man, nor in Heaven,

4 But 'tis past, and tho' blazon'd in story,
  The name of our Victor may be,
Accurst is the march of that glory
  Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.

5 Far dearer the grave or the prison,
  Illumn'd by one patriot *name*,
Than the trophies of all who have risen
  On Liberty's ruins, to fame!

FIRESIDE SPARKS.

Chemistry recitation: Professor—"What is water?" Student—"Water is an article used by some as a drink." Professor, interrupting—"Can you name any of its properties?" Student—"Well, it occasionally rots boots."

"Do bats ever fly in the day time?" asked a teacher of his class in natural history. "Yes sir," said the boys, confidently. "What kind of bats exclaimed the astonished teacher. "Brickbats!" yelled the triumphant boys.

Pride takes an early start in San Francisco. When a lad breaks loose from his mother's apron-strings and secures a position at three dollars per week, the first thing he does after that is to hire a Chinaman to run errands for him.

Ohio is said to be excited because the son of a Baptist minister has married the daughter of a Jewish rabbi. Anything that tends to retard the consumption of pork is certain to create an excitement in Ohio.—*Philadelphia Chronicle Herald.*

A woman returning from market got into a South Hill street car, the other day, with a basketful of dressed poultry. To her the driver, speaking sharply, said, "Fare!" "No," said the woman, "fowl,"—And everybody cackled.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A poor excuse is better than none. We hear of a man who justifies his meanness toward his wife by asserting that he and she are one, and therefore by refusing to furnish her with money he practices the heroic virtue of self-denial. —*Boston Transcript.*

At a fire in Paris a fireman who was about to save a child asked for something to protect his eyes. "Who's got a pair of spectacles?" he cried. A gentleman very politely took from his nose a fine pair of Brazilian pebbles, wiped them carefully and, handing them amiably to the fireman, remarked, "I hardly know whether these are your exact number?"—*Figaro.*

During the last session of the court at —Wis., Lawyer Blank had been trying for two long hours to impress upon the minds of the jury the facts of the case. Hearing the dinner-bell, he turned to the Judge, and said: "Had we better adjourn for dinner, or shall I keep right on?" Weary and disgusted, his Honor replied, "Oh, *you* keep right on, and *we* will go to dinner."

Accuracy of expression necessary, When you say that a girl's hair is as black as coal it is just as well to specify that you do not mean a red hot coal.—*Washington Republican.*

A stranger in St. Louis, thinking he recognized his coat on the back of a pedestrian, shouted, "Stop Thief!" and about thirty of the inhabitants suddenly disappeared down a side street.

On hearing a clergyman remark that "the world is full of changes," Mrs. Partington, said she could hardly bring her mind to believe it, so little found its way into her pocket.

"Marriage with a tinge of romance" is what they call it in Kansas, when the old man rides after the couple, and shoots the hat off the bridegroom's head with an army carbine.

A man in Boston, in his hurry to assist a fainting lady, got a bottle of mucilage instead of camphor, and bathed her face with it. She was a good deal stuck up with his attention.

An Iowa weekly newspaper having a a circulation of 350 copies feels its perfect right to begin an editorial with: "As we advised him last week, Gladstone is shaping out a new policy."

A fashionably-dressed woman entered a drug store the other day, and informed the clerk that her husband had overloaded his stomach, and that she desired to get an epidemic to relieve him.

A client says to his wine dealer who proposes to sell him a brand of new wine: "Tell me, now, this wine is not too heady?" Wine seller with alacrity; "Heady? Why, it's not even wine!" —*Figaro.*

"Have you any nice, fresh, farmhouse eggs!" inquired a precise old lady at a grocery store. "No, ma'am," replied the practical clerk, "but we have some very good hen's eggs." She took three to try.

PUNCTUALITY.

It is astonishing how many people there are who neglect punctuality, and thousands have failed in life from this cause alone; it is not only a serious vice *in itself*, but it is the *fruitful parent* of many other vices, so that he who be*comes* the victim of it gets involved in toils from which it is almost impossible to escape. It makes the merchant wasteful of time; it saps the business reputation of lawyers, and it injures the prospect of the mechanic, who might otherwise *rise to fortune*; *in a word, there is* not a profession, not a station in life, which is not liable to the canker of the destructive habit. It is a fact not always remembered, that Napoleon's great victories were won by infusing into his subordinates the necessity of punctuality to the minute. It was his plan to maneuver over large spaces of country, so as to render the enemy uncertain where he was about to strike a blow and then suddenly to concentrate his forces and fall with irresistible power on *some weak point of the* extended lines of the foe. The execution of this system demanded that each division of the army should arrive at the specified time punctually; for, if any part failed to come up, the battle was lost. It was by imitating this plan that the allies finally succeeded in overthrowing the emperor. The whole Waterloo campaign turned on these tactics. At Mt. S . Jean, Blucher was punctual, while Grouchy was not; and the result was that Napoleon fell and Wellington triumphed.

In mercantile affairs punctuality is as important as in military. Many are the instances in which the neglet to renew an insurance punctually has led to serious loss. With sound policy do the banks insist, under the penalty of a protest, on the punctual payment of notes, for were they to do otherwise, commercial transactions would fall into inextricable confusion. Many and many a time has the failure of one man to meet his obligations brought on the ruin of a score of others, just as the toppling down in a line of bricks of the master brick, causes the fall of all the rest. Thousands remain poor all their lives, who, if they were more faithful in their word, would secure a large run of custom, and so make their fortunes. Be punctual if you would succeed.

REVIEWS.

"THE STORY OF IRELAND," by Dion Boucicault. Boston: James R. Osgoode & Company.

THIS is a neat pamphlet of 24 pages in which the eminent actor and dramatist, Dion Boucicault in a brief but perspicuous and forcible manner tells the tale of atrocious deeds of *spoliation, tyranny* and bloodshed perpetrated in Ireland by England from the advent of the Norman filibusters down to the present day when the Irish are still struggling against the avowed object of their alien rulers "to root them out from the soil."

The writer recalls to us in a summary but succinct form, the four remarkable periods of Irish history: 1. Prior to the Norman invasion. 2. From the feudal occupation under Henry II. to the Reformation under the Tudors. 3. *Protestant Ascendency, under* Elizabeth until the rebellion of '98. 4. From the "Union" to this year of grace 1881. Mr. Boucicault tells how the work of confiscation was effected in Ireland by three great grabs: the *church grab*, the periodical *land grabs* and the *office grab*; and in reading these pages we see once more the nefarious designs which brought into operation that abominable penal code which the celebrated Edmund Burke said was "a complete system, full of coherence and consistency, well digested and well composed in all its parts;—a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment, and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man."

The pamphlet is a stirring effective one, and it will certainly, attain its object as an indictment of the British governing class before the bar of public opinion not only in England, but wherever the English language is read the world over.

LARGEST BOOK PUBLISHED.—The new edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, just issued, is believed to be, in the quantity of matter it contains, by far the largest volume published. It now contains about 118,000 words defined, and nearly 15,000 words and meanings not found in any other one dictionary. *The Biographical Dictionary*, just added, supplies a want long felt by the reader and student, in giving the desired information so briefly. Never was any one volume so complete as an aid in getting and education.

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