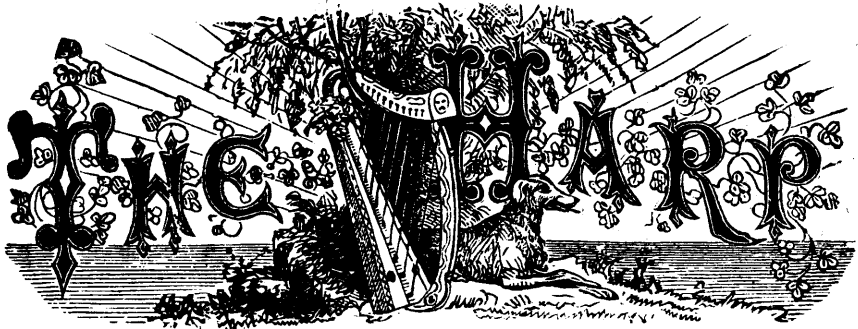


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TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE.

BY LADY FULLERTON.

CHAPTER II.—Continued

"You are so clever," the latter pleaded. "You know all about this concession, and you manage your own so beautifully, and you understand so well how to behave to the laborers. When I speak civilly to them they laugh, and if I find fault they turn their backs upon me, and make remarks in their own language, which I have every reason to suppose are not over and above polite. We are not in any particular hurry about profits; I do not mind letting you into the secret. We have got a large sum of money at the bankers at New Orleans, and I can draw upon them if necessary. You would then make all the bargains for us with Messieurs les Sauvages, and I need not have anything to say to them. I cannot tell you how happy it would make me, and Madame de Moldau also."

"Indeed!" d'Auban said, with a rather scornful smile.

"Of course you would make your own conditions. I assure you that I look upon it as a providential event to have met with such a friend as you are in this land of savages and alligators. By the way, I forgot to tell you how narrowly I escaped yesterday one of those horrible animals."

"Your reliance on Providence seems to me to have been carried to excess," d'Auban observed, still in a sarcastic tone. "Suppose we had not met, what would

you have done? Your daughter could not have endured the ordinary hardships of a settler's life. Had it not been for St. Agathe—"

"Aye, and for Colonel d'Auban, what would have become of us? But you see she would come to Louisiana, and when we got to New Orleans nothing would serve her but to come on to this place. What could I do?"

D'Auban laughed. "Is it, then, the new fashion in France for parents to obey their children?"

"Ah, ce que femme veut Dieu le veut! One cannot refuse her anything."

"Perhaps she has had some great sorrow. Has she lost her husband lately?"

"I suppose she suffered everything a woman can suffer," the old man answered, in a tone of feeling which touched d'Auban.

"She has one great blessing left," he kindly said—"an affectionate father."

"O no, no! what can such a one as I do for her? But what I meant was that if she is bent upon a thing—"

"She cannot be dissuaded from it," said d'Auban, again smiling.

"Well, I could never say nay to a lady, and when you see Madame de Moldau—"

"I shall understand that her wishes are not to be resisted. I am quite willing to believe it."

"But with regard to the partnership, M. d'Auban."

"Well, I am sure you will excuse my speaking plainly, M. de Chambelle. I perfectly admit that you cannot manage your property yourself, but at the same time I would greatly prefer your applying to some other colonist to join you in the undertaking."

"What is the use of talking to me of some other colonist? Is there a single person in this neighborhood whom you could now really recommend to me as a partner? Only consider how I am situated."

"Et que diable est-il venu faire dans cette gallerie!" muttered d'Auban, and then said out loud: "But it is impossible to conclude an arrangement of this kind in an off-hand manner. There must be an agreement drawn up and signed before witnesses."

"By all means, my dear sir, as many as you please."

"But such formalities are not easily accomplished in a place like this."

"Then, for heaven's sake, let us dispense with them! The case lies in a nutshell. I have purchased this land for the little bijou of a house upon it; and as regards the plantation, I am much in the same position as a Milord Anglais I once heard of, who bought Polichinelle, and was surprised to find, when he brought it home, that it did not act of its own accord. I have used my best endeavours to master the subject. I have tried to assume the manners of a planter; but *classes le naturel, il revient au galop*, and mine is cantering back as fast as possible to its starting-point. There are things a man can do, and others he can't. I was not made for a colonist."

D'Auban was very near saying, "What were you made for?" but he checked the sneering thought. In the prime of life and full enjoyment of a vigorous intellect, he had been tempted to despise the feeble fidgety old man before him, forgetting that the race is not always to the swift or the battle to the strong. We sometimes wonder what part some particular person is sent to fulfil on earth. He or she seems to our short-sighted view so insignificant, so incapable, so devoid of the qualities we most admire, and all the while, perhaps, what appears to us his or her deficiencies are qualifications for the task or the position assigned to them by Providence. There are uses for timid

spirits, weak frames, and broken hearts, little dreamed of by those who, in the pride of health and mental vigour, know little of their value.

Some further conversation took place between the neighbors, which ended by d'Auban's promising to draw up an agreement based on M. de Chambelle's proposal. It was further decided that they would take this paper to the Mission of St. Francis, and request Father Maret and another French *habitant* to witness its signature. A day or two afterwards this was accordingly done. M. de Chambelle rubbed his hands in a transport of delight, and complimented Father Marat on the beauty of his church, in which he had never set his foot. The missionary was amused at hearing himself called M. l'Abbe, and took an opportunity, whilst his guest was flitting about his rose-bushes like a superannuated butterfly, to ask d'Auban for the history of his new partner.

"I am almost ashamed to own how little I know of him," was his answer. And then he gave a brief account of the arrival of these strangers—of the purchase of St. Agathe, and M. de Chambelle's total inability to manage the concession. When Father Marat had heard the particulars, he smiled and said, "This partnership is, then, an act of charity. But take care, my dear friend, how you involve yourself with these people. I strongly advise you to be prudent. We have hitherto been rather out of the reach of adventurers, but there seems to me something a little suspicious about the apparent helplessness of this gentleman. Do not let pity or kindness throw you off your guard."

"If he were to turn out a rogue, which I hardly can believe possible, he could not do me any harm. You see he leaves everything in my hands. I might cheat him, but he cannot injure me. I shall feel to understand him better when I have seen his daughter. Is it not strange her shutting herself up so entirely?"

"There seems to me something strange about the whole affair. Have you sent his cheque to New Orleans?"

"Yes, and took the opportunity of asking M. Dumont what he knew about him; but months may elapse, as you know, before I get an answer."

"The daughter is, to my mind, the most doubtful feature in the case. It is not often that European women of good

character come out to the colonies. Who knows what this one may be? It is not impossible that all this hiding is only a trick by which she hopes to pique your curiosity, and interest your feelings. But here comes your friend. Poor old man! He certainly does not look like an impostor."

The partners took their leave. As they walked away, it was impossible not to be struck by the contrast presented by d'Auban's tall figure and firm step, and his companion's ungraceful form and shuffling gait, or to see the latter's admiring confiding manner towards his companion and doubt its sincerity. The priest could not, however, divest himself of a vague apprehension as to the character and designs of the strangers. Experience had taught him sad lessons with regard to colonial speculators, and his fatherly affection for d'Auban made him suspicious of their designs. It was in Russia that the intimacy of these two men had begun, and in America it had deepened into friendship. There was a difference of at least twenty years between their ages. Father Maret was bent with toil, and his countenance bore the traces of a life of labour and privations. When at rest, melancholy was its characteristic expression, as if continual contact with sin and sorrow had left its impress upon it; but when he conversed with others, it was with a bright and graceful smile. His step, though heavy, was rapid, as that of a man who, weary and exhausted, yet hastens on in the service of God. His head fell slightly forward on his breast, and his hair was thin and grey, but in his eye there was a fire, and in his manner and language an energy which did not betoken decay of body or mind.

The first years he had spent in America had been very trying. Till d'Auban's arrival he had seldom been cheered by intercourse with those who could share in his interests or his anxieties, or afford him the mental relief which every educated person finds in the society of educated men. Some of the Indian Christians were models of piety and full of childlike faith and amiability; but there must always exist an intellectual gulf between minds untrained and uncultivated, and those which have been used from childhood upwards to live almost as much in the past as in the present; and this is even the case to a certain degree as re-

gards religion. The advantages in this respect may not always be on the side of civilization and of a high amount of mental culture. There is often in persons wise unto salvation and ignorant of all else, a simplicity of faith, a clear realization of its good truths and unhesitating acceptance of its teachings, which may very well excite admiration and something like envy in those whom an imperfect, and therefore deceptive, knowledge misleads, and who are sometimes almost weary of the multiplicity of their own thoughts. But it is nevertheless impossible that they should not miss, in their intercourse with others, the power of association which links their religious belief with the whole claim of reminiscences, and connects it with a number of outlying regions bordering on its domain. Viewed in the light of faith, art, science, literature, history, politics, every achievement of genius, every past and present event, every invention, every discovery, has a particular significance. Names become beacons in the stream of time—signal lights, bright or lurid as may be, which the lapse of ages never extinguishes. This continued train of thought, this kingdom of association, this region of sympathy, is the growth of centuries, and to forego familiarity with it one of the greatest sacrifices which a person of intellectual habits can make. D'Auban's society and friendship had filled up this void in Father Maret's existence, and there was another far greater trial which his residence in this settlement had tended to mitigate.

In New France, as in all recently-discovered countries, a missionary's chief difficulty consisted not in converting the natives, or (a greater one) in keeping them from relapsing into witchcraft and idolatry—not in the wearisome pursuit of his sheep over morasses, sluggish streams, and dreary savannahs—but in the bad example set by the European settlers. It was the hardened irreligion, the scoffing spirit, the profligate lives of the emigrants swarming on the banks of the Mississippi, tainting and polluting the forests and prairies of this new Eden with their vile passions and remorseless thirst for gold, which wrung the heart of the Christian priest, and brought a blush to his cheek when the Indians asked—"Are the white men Christians? Do they worship Jesus?"

He felt sometimes inclined to answer,

## CHAPTER III.

"No; their god is mammon, a very hateful idol." To make his meaning clear, he used to show them a piece of gold, and to say that for the sake of that metal many a baptised European imperilled his immortal soul. The Indians of the Mission got into the habit of calling gold the white man's manitou, that is, his domestic idol. It became, therefore, an immense consolation to Father Maret when a Frenchman came into the neighborhood whom he could point out to the native converts as an example of the practical results of true religion. He was wont to say that d'Auban's goodness and Therese's virtues made more converts than his sermons. His own example he, of course, counted for nothing. It was not, then, extraordinary that he should feel anxious about the character of the new inhabitants of St. Agathe, and their probable intimacy with his friend. He had often regretted that one so well fitted for domestic life and social enjoyments should be cut off by circumstances from congenial society. The amount of friendly intercourse which was amply sufficient for his own need of relaxation could not be so for one whose solitary existence was an accident, not a vocation. He might not be conscious of it as yet, but with advancing years the want of a home and of friends was sure to be more keenly felt. Glad, indeed, would he have been to think that his partnership, that these new acquaintances, were likely to fill up his void, and to prove a blessing to his friend. Never was a more fervent prayer breathed for another's weal than that which rose from Father Maret's heart that night for the companion of his solitude. None feel more solicitude for the happiness, or more sympathy with the trials of others, than those who have renounced earthly happiness themselves. There is something in their sympathy akin to a mother's love or a guardian angel's pity.

Therese met the priest as he was turning back towards the village. After saluting him in the Indian fashion, she said, "The eagle spreads his wings over the nest of the white dove. The strong befriends the weak. It is good, my father."

"I hope so," the black robe kindly answered, as he led the way into the church, where the people were assembling for evening prayer.

Forebodings come, we know not how or whence,  
Shadowing a nameless fear upon the soul,  
And stir within our hearts a subtler sense  
Than light may read, or wisdom may control.

M. DE CHAMBELLE, no longer the manager of a plantation, trod the earth with a lighter step, and strolled through the plantations, bowing affably to the negroes and chatting with those of the laborers who spoke French or German. As to d'Auban, he applied himself to the business he had undertaken with his usual energy and intelligence—an additional amount of labor was a boon to him. He had "the frame of adamant and soul of fire," to which work is as necessary as food or air. He was glad also to adopt, with regard to the slaves on the St. Agathe estate, the measures he had so successfully carried out for the benefit of his own laborers. Though he had not yet seen Madame de Moldau, the very thought of a European lady such as Therese had described her, in the house he used to call a folly, seemed to make a difference in his life. At all hours of the day he pictured her to himself, and tried to imagine her existence within those four walls, with no other companion than her garrulous old father, who chattered as if he could keep nothing to himself, and yet never dropped a word that threw light on her sorrow or her story, whatever it was, or give the least clew to their past history.

One evening, as he was passing through the shrubbery, he caught sight of her on the balcony of the pavillon. Her head was thrown back as if to catch the breeze just beginning to rise at the close of a sultry day. He stood riveted to the spot. "She is very beautiful," he said, half aloud, "much more beautiful than I expected." She turned her head and their eyes met, which made him start and instantly draw back. He was distressed at having been surprised gazing at her, but he could not help feeling glad that he had seen her at last. Who was she like? Very like somebody he had seen before, but he could not remember where. "I am sure her face is not a new one to me," he thought. "How intensely blue her eyes are! What a very peculiar-looking person she is! Her dress is different, too, from anything we see here. What was it? A black silk gown, I think, opening in front, and a lace cap fastened on each side

with coral pins. What a start she gave when she saw me! I am so sorry I took her by surprise. I ought of all things to have avoided the appearance of a rude vulgar curiosity." That self-reproach occupied him all the evening. He made it an excuse to himself for thinking of Madame de Moldau. He was at once excited and depressed. All sorts of fancies, some sad and some pleasant, passed through his mind. Europe with all his associations rose before him, conjured up by the sight of that pale woman dressed in black.

For the first time since leaving France a vague yearning, half regret, half presentiment, filled his heart. Can we doubt that there are such things as presentiments? True, we are sometimes haunted by a besetting thought, or we have an agitating dream, or we are seized by an unaccountable depression which we consider as a foreboding of coming evil, of some event which, in the poet's words, casts its shadows before it, and the thought passes away, the dream fades in the light of morning, a draught of spring's delicious air or a ray of genial sunshine dispels the melancholy which a moment before seemed incurable, and the voice that rang in our ear like a warning, subsides amidst the busy sounds of life, leaving no echo behind it. True, this frequently happens, and yet in spite of these deceptions, we cannot altogether disbelieve in the occasional occurrence of subtle and mysterious intimations which forbade future events, and, like whispers from heaven, prepare our souls for coming joys or sorrows. Was it an effect of memory, or a trick of the imagination, or a simple delusion, which played the fool that night with d'Auban's well-regulated mind, suggesting to him a fantastic resemblance between the face he had seen that evening and a vision of his early years? Was it a presentiment of happiness or a warning of evil which stirred the calm depths of his tranquil soul as he mused on days gone by? He did not know; he did not analyze his feelings, but gave himself up to a long reverie, in which, like in a drowning man's dream, the events of his life passed successively before him with a strange distinctness. How the remembrance of our childhood comes back to us as we advance in life! We lose sight of it amidst the noise and excitement of

youth and middle age; but when the shades of evening fall, and the busy hum of voices subsides, and silence steals over the soul as it spreads over a darkening landscape, the thought returns of what we were when we started on that long journey now drawing to a close. And even in the noon-tide of life there are seasons when we pause and look back as d'Auban did that night. When the future assumes a new aspect, and we dimly foresee a change in our destiny, without discerning its form, even as a blind man is conscious of approach to an object he does not yet touch or behold, a feeling of this sort sometimes drives us back upon the past, as to a friend left behind, and well-nigh lost sight of.

On the following evening to the one when d'Auban had for the first time seen Madame de Moldau, her father walked into his room and in a tone of unusual importance and animation invited him to dinner for the next day. The blood mounted into d'Auban's face. He longed to accept, but pride disinclined him to do so. After the great reluctance she had evinced to see him, he did not like to thrust himself into her society by availing himself of an invitation which only gratitude or civility had, in all probability, induced her to send. He accordingly made some not very intelligible excuse.

"Ah! my dear friend," exclaimed M. de Chambelle, "you must not refuse; it is impossible that you can refuse."

It was with a pained expression of countenance that this remonstrance was made. The old man seemed shocked and hurt.

"Indeed, my dear sir," said d'Auban kindly, "my only reason for refusing is, that I fear my presence will not be acceptable to your daughter, and perhaps compel her, as she did before, to keep her room."

"Ah! that was because she had a headache. Of course you would not wish her to appear if she was ill."

"Of course not. I only wish you would not consider yourself obliged to invite me; I assure you I do not expect it."

"But she wishes to see you, and thank you for all your kindness and civility. Indeed, I cannot tell her that you refuse to come."

"Well, if you make a point of it, I shall

be happy to accept your kind invitation. At what o'clock do you dine?"

"At one," answered M. de Chambelle; and then recovering his spirits he added, "Our *cuisine*, I am sorry to say, is in the New World school, in spite of all my efforts to instruct my Indian vatel in the mysteries of French cooking; but having witnessed the hermit-like nature of your repasts, I am not afraid of your despising the roasted kid and wild ducks which the female savage has provided for our entertainment. We will add to it a little glass of 'essence of fire,' as the Indians call our good French cognac. Well, I will not take up your time now. To-morrow at one o'clock; you will not forget."

When he had reached the door, M. de Chambelle turned back again, and, laying his hand on d'Auban's arm, he said in a tremulous voice:

"You will not be angry if she should change her mind and not appear to-morrow? Her spirits are very unequal; you don't know what she has gone through."

He was a poor creature enough, this old M. de Chambelle, and d'Auban had difficulty sometimes in not despising the weakness and frivolity he evinced in the midst of troubles, into which he had so recklessly plunged himself; but he never heard him speak of his daughter without noticing a kind of pathos in his voice and manner, which redeemed in his eyes his childishness and folly, and softened his feelings towards him. He assured him that he would not take anything amiss, and promised to be punctual at the appointed time. And so he was; and on his way to St. Agathe he kept inwardly reproaching and laughing at himself for the timidity he felt at the thought of being introduced to Madame de Moldau, and at the fear he had that after all she would not appear. When he came in sight of the pretty fanciful toy of a house, a specimen of European refinement in the midst of the oaks and pines of an American forest, it no longer struck him as so out of place as it was wont to do when he ridiculed M. de Harlay's Folly, and blamed its erection as the idle whim of a Parisian's fancy. The woman he had seen surrounded by shining evergreens and roses in fool bloom, like a lovely picture framed in flowerets, seemed a fitting inhabitant for this earthly paradise.

It had never appeared to such advantage, in his eyes at least, as on this day. The brilliant foliage was shining in the full radiance of noon. The avenue of magnolias leading to the little rustic porch was fragrant with incense-like perfume. Not a breath stirred the branches of the encircling cedars. Beautiful birds, like winged jewels flying through the translucent air, gave life and animation to the scene, and insects lazily hovering over masses of scented woodbine, their wings weighted down with honey, and their drowsy hum lulling the ear.

M. de Chambelle was standing at the door looking out for his guest. He seemed more fidgety still than usual as he conducted him to the room where his daughter usually sat, and then went, as he said, to inform her of his arrival. She came directly; and if d'Auban had admired her from a distance, he now did so a thousand times more. The sweetness of her countenance, the exquisite delicacy of her complexion, the pathetic expression (no other word would express it) of her large and very blue eyes, surpassed in beauty anything he could call to mind; and yet again the feeling came over him that it was not the first time he had seen that charming face, or heard that sweet voice, he mentally added, when she thanked him with a gentle dignity of manner for all he had done to make her comfortable at St. Agathe.

"It is one of the loveliest places I have ever beheld," she said.

What touched him most was that he saw, from the quivering of her lip and the fluctuating color of her cheek, that she was making an effort over herself in order to welcome him. Notwithstanding this visible emotion her manner was quiet and self-possessed. He felt, on the contrary, as awkward and stupid as possible, and scarcely knew what to say in return for her acknowledgments. Man of the world as he once had been, he was quite at a loss on this occasion. She was such a different person from what he might have expected to see. At last he said, "My friend, M. de Harlay, little imagined when he built this pavillon, or rather when he abandoned it two years ago, Madame, that it would have the good fortune to be so soon inhabited by a European lady. What in my ignorance I deemed a folly has turned out an inspiration. We emigrants are apt to

build for ourselves barns or cabins rather than houses."

"Is not your home behind those trees, M. d'Auban?"

"Madame, it is this plain square building near the river."

"Oh, I see it; near those trees with the large white flowers."

"Are you fond of flowers, Madame de Moldau?"

"Could one venture to say one did not care about them?" She said this with one of those smiles which hover on the lips without in the least altering the melancholy expression of the eyes.

"In this new world, Madame," he answered, "may we not venture to say anything, even the truth?"

Madame de Moldau blushed, and said rather quickly, "I find almost as much difference between one flower and another as between different persons. Some are beautiful but uninteresting, others decidedly repulsive, and some without any beauty at all are nevertheless charming. Violets, for instance, and mignonette. It has often struck me that a pretty book might be written on the characters of flowers."

"I quite agree with you, Madame, not only about flowers, but as to all the objects which surround us. It is often difficult to tell why certain landscapes, certain animals—nay, certain faces—have a charm quite independent of beauty. It is, however, easier to discover what captivates us in a human countenance than in a landscape or a flower."

"I suppose, sir, there are secret sympathies, mysterious affinities, between our great parent nature and ourselves which are felt but cannot be explained?"

"Nature is indeed a teacher, or rather a book full of instruction, but it is not every one who has the key to its secrets."

"I should think that in this desert you must have had many opportunities of gaining possession of this important key."

"No doubt there are lessons broadcasted on the surface of nature which he who runs may read, but my life here has been too busy a one for much study or thought."

"How long, sir, have you been in this country?"

"Five years."

"Five years! Almost a lifetime."

D'Auban smiled. "That lifetime has seemed to me very short."

"Indeed! Have you become accustomed to the monotony of this forest scenery?"

"Not merely accustomed, but attached to it."

"What! do you not feel oppressed by its death-like stillness? It puts me in mind of being becalmed at sea.

Tiefe Stille herrscht im Wasser  
Und bekümmert sieht der Fiecher  
Glatte Fläche rings umher.  
Keine Luft von keiner Seite  
Todesstille furchterlich;  
In die ungeheure Weite  
Reget keine Welle sich.

Do you understand German, M. d'Auban?"

"Not enough, Madame, to sieze the sense of those lines. I have always heard that a calm at sea is more awful than a storm. And you have gone through that trial?"

"O yes, it was horrible; not a sound, not a breeze, not a ripple, on that smooth leaden sea for more than ten days; and eight hundred emigrants on board a crowded vessel!"

"Good heavens, Madame, how you must have suffered! But does the solitude of our grand forests, teeming as they do with animal life, and full of every variety of vegetable production, affect you in the same manner?"

"There is, I must confess, a similarity in the effect both have upon me"

"We have sometimes winds here which play rough games with the topmost branches of our evergreen oaks."

"Ah, well do I know it," Madame de Moldau answered, with one of her joyless smiles. "The very day we arrived a hurricane almost destroyed our boat. Simon was much alarmed. I suppose you know him, M. d'Auban? He says he has the honor of being acquainted with you."

"I have long had the advantage or the disadvantage, whichever it is, of his acquaintance. He is quite a character. His boats, such as they are, prove a great convenience to emigrants; but how you, Madame de Moldau, could endure the hardships of such a voyage, I am at a loss to conceive."

"Is there anything one cannot endure?" This was said with some bitterness. "The voyage was bad enough," she continued, before he had time to answer, "but not so bad as the landing. Oh, that first night



in an Indian hut! The smell, the heat, the mosquitoes, that winged army of tormentors! Is it because we are farther removed from the river that they do not assail us so much here?"

"Partly so, perhaps; but they always attack new-comers with extraordinary virulence."

"Have you lived alone all this time, M. d'Auban?"

"M. de Harlay remained with me two years; and I often see Father Maret, the priest of the neighboring Mission. During the hunting season I accompany him in his wanderings."

"In search of game?"

"I pursue the game. He follows about his wandering flock in their encampments in the forests and near the great lakes."

At that moment M. de Chambelle announced that dinner was ready. Madame de Moldau rose, and d'Auban offered to conduct her to the hall which served as a dining-room. There was a slight hesitation in her manner which caused him hastily to draw back. The color which only occasionally visited her cheek rushed into it now. She held out her hand and lightly laid it on his. He felt it tremble, and became so confused that he hardly knew what he was doing. He had been accustomed to the best, which in those days meant the most aristocratic, society in Europe, and had often dined with princes. How was it, then, that in that log-built house, sitting between the old man, whose affairs he had consented to manage out of sheer compassion, and his young and gentle daughter, he should feel so embarrassed."

As they sat down she pointed to a sprig of jessamine in a nosegay on the table, and said: "There is a flower that has both beauty and charm."

"Yes," he answered, "and purity and sweetness also. One would not dare to deal roughly with so delicate a flower."

He thought there was a likeness between that white jessamine and the woman by his side.

She was very silent during dinner.

M. de Chambelle's eyes were always glancing towards her, and he seemed distressed at her eating so little. Once he got up to change her plate and offer her some other dish than the one she had been helped to. Before the meal was over she complained of being tired, and with-

drew to the sitting-room. During the time which elapsed before she joined them, d'Auban found it very difficult to attend to his host's rambling discourse. His mind was running on the peculiarity of Madame de Mouldau's manner. He could not quite satisfy himself as to the nature of this peculiarity. Nothing could be sweeter than her countenance; her voice was charming; her way of speaking courteous: but there was at the same time something a little abrupt and even slightly imperious in it, which did not take away from her attractiveness, for it was neither unfeminine nor ungracious: but he could quite believe what M. de Chambelle had said, that when she was bent on anything it was not easy to oppose her. "I suppose" (he thought) "that she had been so idolized by her father that she takes his devotion as a matter of course, and it would indeed be extraordinary if he was not devoted to such a daughter. Have I forgotten," he asked himself, "what refined, well educated women are like, or is this one very superior to what they generally are?"

When at last they left the dining-room and joined Madame de Moldau she made a sign to him to seat himself by her side, and, pointing to the view, said with a smile, "Your beloved woods and prairies."

"Would," he earnestly said, "that I might be so happy as to teach you to love them."

She looked steadfastly before her with a fixed gaze, but it did not seem to rest on the river or on the waning foliage. Tears gathered in her eyes and rolled down her cheeks. D'Auban saw her father watching her with painful solicitude, and, not knowing how to break the silence which ensued, he turned away and looked at the books which were laying on the table. When we are for any reason interested about anyone, how eagerly we take notice of what they read, and try in this way to form some idea of their tastes and opinions! Sometimes in a railway carriage or on a bench in a public garden, we see a person absorbed in a book, and if there is anything about them which in the least excites our interest, we long to know what sort of thoughts are awakened by the volume in their hands—what feelings it touches—what emotions it excites—what amount of truth or falsehood, of evil or good, of food or of poison,

is conveyed in the pages so eagerly pursued! how much more we know of those we hold converse with by means of their writings than of many with whose faces we are familiar, whom we have listened to and talked to perhaps for years, without ever giving a real insight into their characters! What deep and vehement feelings have often been stirred up by the silent adversaries, the mute antagonists we encounter in the solitude of our chambers! What earnest protests we have mentally uttered when our faith has been outraged or our consciences wounded! What blessings we have showered on the writer who eloquently expresses what we ourselves have thought and felt—who defends with courage what we deem sacred and true—gives a tangible form to our vague imaginations, and raises us in his powerful grasp to the level of his own intellect! What friends of this kind we most of us have had, those at whose feet we sat when the first dawnings of intelligence threw a doubtful light on our minds—those to whom we paid an almost idolatrous worship in youth—those who have been to us fathers though they know it not, teachers though they recked not of us, guides and comforters as life advanced, “companions on its downward way!”

The books on Madame de Moldau’s table were the “Maxims of La Rochefoucauld,” “Plutarch’s Lives,” a volume of Corneille’s Tragedies, and a German translation of the Psalms.

“Is this your travelling library, Madame de Moldau?” d’Auban asked, for the purpose of breaking a silence which was becoming awkward.

“About the whole of it, I think,” was her answer. “It is impossible to travel with many luxuries, not even intellectual ones.”

“Would it be impertinent to ask if choice or chance influenced their selection?”

“Oh, chance decided it, like everything else in one’s fate.”

“Surely you do not think that the world is governed by chance?” d’Auban exclaimed.

“I suppose I ought to have used the word providence,” Madame de Moldau answered in a careless tone.

D’Auban could not repress a sigh. “It would be so dreadful,” he gently said, “to suffer and think it was the result of

accident.” He had taken up the volume of German Psalms and was turning over its pages. Madame de Moldau saw it in his hands, and gave a rapid anxious look at her father, who jumped up, snatched the book from him, and, rushing to the window, pretended to kill an insect with it. “These mosquitoes are dreadfully troublesome,” he cried. “I really must get a net or something to hang up against this window;” and he hurried out of the room, with the volume in his hands.

“If any of my books could amuse you, Madame de Moldau,” d’Auban said, “I should be only too happy if you would make use of my little library. I have thirty or forty volumes at my house. Nothing very new, but most of them worthy of more than one perusal.”

“You are very kind. Perhaps you will allow me some day to look at them? Have you seen this volume of Corneille’s Tragedies? I like them much better than Racine’s.”

“I saw the Cid acted at St. Petersburg some years ago. The Czar preferred Corneille to all other dramatic writers.”

“Buffoonery and low comedy are supposed to be what he likes best, I believe.”

“I suppose that in tastes as well as in other things extremes sometimes meet. And how difficult is it to form a just estimate of that extraordinary man’s character.”

“M. de Chambelle tells me you were at one time in his service. You must have admired his genius, his great qualities?”

“I admired the sovereign who, almost single-handed, changed the fate of an empire, the man whose energy and perseverance effected in a few years the work of centuries; but a nearer acquaintance with this great barbarian completely changed the nature of this admiration. Wonder remained, but unaccompanied with respect. How can one respect a man who is the slave of his own passions, whose remorseless cruelty and coarse brutality are a disgrace to human nature, and who is wanting in some of its noblest attributes? The religious element does not seem to exist in him. He respects neither God nor man.”

“I have heard that he can be very kind—that he often shows good and generous feelings. I believe there are people who have reasons to be grateful to him. It is

true that he has no religion, but there is, perhaps, nothing very uncommon in that. He goes through the forms of his Church. This is all that is expected from persons in his position."

"Had you been acquainted with the details of the Czar's life, Madame de Moldau, with its degrading immorality and its brutal coarseness, you would not be deluded into admiration by the brilliant side of his character."

"I did not speak of what was brilliant, but of what I have heard of his kindness."

"He was very kind to me," d'Auban said,—“very kind to me once. I had hoped to devote my life to his service. I tried to look on the grand side of his character, on the prodigious results of his genius. I entered into his views, felt proud of his notice."

"And what happened then? You lost his favour?"

"No; he did not change; I did. Ah! Madame, there are moments in a man's life he cannot speak of without emotion."

"Far be it from me to intrude on your recollections," said Madame de Moldau. "In this new world the past should not be reverted to."

"Why so, Madame de Moldau? Because we have left behind us country and friends, because we are cut off from old associations, and our lot is cast amidst new interests and new scenes, why should we bury in silence all past reminiscences, and make graves of our memories?"

"That was not my meaning," she said, "but only that I did not wish to ask indiscreet questions."

"You need have no fears of that kind," d'Auban answered, with a frank smile. "My life has been full of vicissitudes, but there have been no secrets in it."

A burning blush overspread Madame de Moldau's face; she colored to the roots of her hair. M. de Chambelle, who was slaughtering mosquitoes, turned round and saw that she looked agitated. He said a few words to her in German. She nodded assent, and then apologized to d'Auban for leaving him. "I am very tired," she said; "but it is not you who have tired me," she quickly added; "only I have been out of the habit of talking lately. Are we not silent people, my dear old father?"

M. de Chambelle, as he opened the door for her, answered this question by a

sad and wistful look, and an inclination of the head.

During the ensuing hour d'Auban thought he did not deserve to be "taxed for silence," but rather checked for speech. He chattered with the happy talent some people possess of talking immensely without leaving on the listeners mind any definite idea as to what they have been saying. Twice during that time his daughter sent for him, and on both occasions he instantly obeyed the summons.

As he accompanied his guest on his way home he said to him: "I wish we could find a French or German servant to wait on Madame de Moldau. You do not, I suppose, know of such a person?"

"No, indeed, I do not. There are so few respectable European women in these settlements. I wonder if the bargeman Simon's daughter could be induced to accept the situation?"

"What! the black-eyed young lady who acts as stewardess during the voyage? My dear sir, she would indeed be a treasure. Madame de Moldau took quite a fancy to her, I remember. Pray open negotiations with that young individual."

"As soon as Maitre Simon returns from the Arkansas, where he went with some travellers a few days ago, I will see what can be done."

During the following week d'Auban sent game and fish and fruit and flowers to St. Agathe, and received in return courteous messages, and at last a little note from Madame de Moldau.

"SIR: I see you mean to compel me to admire the forests, fields, and streams which furnish the luxuries you send me. I am obliged to admit that nature has lavished her gifts on this favored region, and that if its aspect is mountainous its productions are full of beauty and variety. Accept my best thanks, and the assurance of my sincere regard. C. DE M."

He sometimes strolled by the river-side and through the neighboring thickets, in the hope that the lady of St. Agathe would resume her evening walks in the direction of the village, and that he might find an opportunity of introducing her to Father Maret and Therese. But she seemed to have lost all taste for walking, and he had not seen her since the day he dined there, neither in the garden nor at the window. But one morning M. de

Chambelle called and asked him to pay his daughter a visit without letting her know that he had begged him to do so.

"It would give me great pleasure," he answered; "but I am sure that Madame de Moldau, though she is very kind and civil to me, much prefers my staying away."

He would have been very sorry not to be contradicted, for he longed to be sitting again in the little drawing-room at St. Agathe, watching the varying expression of the lady's most expressive countenance, and, as it were, feeling his way as he approached any new subject of conversation. A white jessamine encircled by a fringe of sensitive leaves would be a fitting emblem, he thought, of the mistress of St. Agathe. He had once amused himself in bygone years in overcoming the shyness of a greyhound, one of those delicate creatures who are afraid of the notice they court, and shrink from a caress as from a blow. He remembered how pleased he was the first time Flora condescended to take a bit of biscuit from his hand, and then laid on his arm her slender snow-white paw, as a hint she wanted more. He could not help smiling at the analogy between those efforts to win the good graces of the four-footed beauty, and his present endeavours to induce Madame de Moldau to feel at her ease with him. He was pleased when M. de Chambelle said, "If she once gets used to your society, it will become an enjoyment to her, and perhaps you would be able to persuade her not to sit all day at the window gazing on the view, and never uttering a word. Is there nothing we can do to amuse her?"

The notion of amusement in the kind of life they were leading was a novel one to d'Auban, and he was not prepared to answer the question at once. But after thinking a little he said:

"If she cared for fine scenery we might row her in my boat to the falls some way up the river—to what the Indians call the Minne Haha or Laughing Water, or perhaps it might interest her to form a collection of birds at St. Agathe. You might have an aviary here without much trouble. But as she does not care for flowers, neither would birds be any pleasure to her I am afraid, nor scenery either."

"She used to like flowers. Never mind what she says; I see she is pleased when you send her a nosegay. And the fish

yesterday was very good. She dined upon it, and thought it the best thing she had tasted since we came here. I wish she would sometimes take a walk. She walked too much when we were at the German village, but now she says it tires her."

"Would she ride?"

"Ah! she used to delight in it; but how could we get a suitable horse for her?"

"I think one of mine would carry her very well if we could procure a side-saddle. There are beautiful glades in the forest. We might accompany her on foot, or I would lend you my pony."

M. de Chambelle's face lengthened at this suggestion. "I am but a poor horseman," he said. "Still, if she wished it. But do you think we could catch a squirrel? I saw her watching one yesterday, when we were sitting at the window."

"Your young negro would be charmed, I dare say, to attempt its capture."

"Ah! I dare say he would. And will you come and see her to-day?"

"I am obliged to visit a distant part of your plantation; you have doubled my business, you know."

"Oh dear, how tired you must be!" exclaimed M. de Chambelle in a compassionate tone.

D'Auban laughed.

"Not at all, I assure you. I only meant that I was not much burthened with leisure; but if I am not too late, I will do myself the honor of calling at St. Agathe on my way home."

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#### CHAPTER IV.

Oh! there never was yet so pretty a thing  
By racing river or bubbling spring—  
Nothing that ever so merrily grew  
Up from the ground when the skies were blue—  
Nothing so fresh, nothing so free,  
As thou—my wild, wild cherry-tree.

D'AUBAN'S business was quickly despatched that day. He galloped back across the prairie faster than usual, and dismounting at the foot of the hill of St. Agathe, he left his horse to make his way home, and walked to the pavillon. The heat had been oppressive, but a refreshing breeze was now beginning to stir the leaves and to ripple the surface of the river. The first thing he saw on approaching the house was M. de Chambelle and his ally Sambo carrying a couch across the lawn. They placed it in the shade of some wide-

spreading trees, and the former beckoned to him to join them.

"Oh, what a beautiful nosegay!" he exclaimed. "Run, Sambo, run, and get a vase filled with water and a little table from the parlor. Your bouquet will give an *air de fete*, dear M. de Auban, to our *salon d'ete*. Look what a magnificent dome of verdure and what a soft mossy carpet we have got here. She is coming in a moment to breathe a little fresh air. It has been so hot to-day."

He gave a delighted look at his little arrangements, and then said he would fetch his daughter; but when half-way to the house he turned back to whisper to d'Auban. "She will not care about the birds, I think; but I should not be surprised if she was to allow herself to be rowed in the boat some day. She said Laughing Water was a pretty name for a waterfall." Then he went off again, and d'Auban sat down on the grass, musing over the half-provoking, half-amusing manner in which M. de Chambelle presupposed his interest and enlisted his services in his daughter's behalf. "The poor old man," he thought, "seems to take it for granted that every one must share his infatuation." But when she appeared on the lawn, and he was greeted by her beautiful smile and heard again the sound of her sweet voice, the ungracious feeling vanished. He no longer wondered; on the contrary, it seemed to him quite natural that he and everyone else in the world should be expected to pay her homage. She sat down and said to her father, "Will you get a chair for M. de d'Auban?"

"Not for the world," d'Auban cried; "the grass is my favorite seat. But where will *you* sit, M. de Chambelle?" he asked in rather a pointed manner.

She blushed a little and made room for her father by her side; but he said he would do like M. d'Auban and sit on the grass. After a few minutes conversation about the plantation which they had just purchased, Madame de Moldau asked him to fetch her fan which she had left on the verandah.

"I am afraid, sir," she then said, addressing M. d'Auban, "that you have undertaken for our sakes a heavy amount of labour."

"Madame," he answered, "I am not afraid of labour, and if I can succeed in

furthering your interests and relieving you from anxiety, I shall be amply repaid for my exertions. May I hope that you are becoming reconciled to this new world, which must have seemed so dismal at first? Are you beginning to take an interest in its natural beauties, and to think you could find happiness in this solitude?"

"What pleases me most in it is its solitude, and I do not think of the future at all. Is not that what moralists say is wisdom, M. d'Auban?"

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," he answered, with a smile. "The Bible teaches us that morality. But man cannot live without hope, earthly or heavenly."

"I don't think so, or I should have died long ago." These last words were uttered in so low a voice that he did not hear them, and then, as if to change the subject, she said: "Nothing could have been so advantageous to my poor father as this partnership with you. He has not, I suppose, the least idea of business?"

"Not much, Madame. But he furnishes capital, an important item."

Madame de Moldau colored as if about to say something which cost her an effort. "Are you sure, M. d'Auban, that you have not done yourself an injustice—that your agreement with him is quite a fair one? I know he would not take advantage of your kindness, but he might not know—"

"You need have no fears on this point, Madame. The agreement is a perfectly reasonable one. I assure you that we colonists are very sharp-sighted about our interests."

"Then I am satisfied;" and she fell into one of those dreamy reveries which seemed habitual to her.

He interrupted her by saying, "May I venture, Madame, to ask you the same question you put to me just now? What have you been doing to-day?"

"Only what Italians say it is sweet to do—nothing."

"And do you find it sweet?"

"Not in the German settlement, but here I rather like it."

"You must want rest after your dreadful voyage. I wonder you had the courage to undertake it."

"I am not much afraid of anything;" and then, as if wishing once more to turn the conversation into another channel, she

said, "I interrupted you the other day when you were about to tell me why you left Russia. I should very much like to hear what induced you to do so."

"I have seldom spoken of the circumstances which compelled me to it. When first I returned to France, my feelings on the subject were too acute, and here you can already perceive that there is scarcely any one with whom intimate conversation is possible. I had almost forgotten, Madame de Moldau, what it is to converse with a lady of cultivated mind and refined manners, and you can scarcely conceive what a new pleasure it is to one who for five years has lived so much alone, or with uncongenial companions."

"I can believe it," she said in a low voice. "It is not the heart only which has need of sympathy. The mind also sometimes craves for it."

Her father returned at that moment with the fan. "Shall I fan you?" he asked as she held out her hand for it.

"No, thank you. There is more air now. But will you write that letter we were talking about just now? M. d'Auban will call you if I should want anything; but as the barge may go this evening, it ought to be ready."

"Of course it ought," answered M. de Chambelle, and again he shuffled away with as much alacrity as before.

Madame de Moldau followed him with her eyes and said, "What a weight you have taken off his mind, M. d'Auban! He is quite another man since you have undertaken our affairs."

"How devotedly he loves you," d'Auban said with much feeling.

"He is indeed devotedly attached to me; no words can do justice to what his kindness has been." As she uttered these words, Madame de Moldau leant back her head against the cushion and closed her eyes. But tears forced their way through the closed eye-lids.

D'Auban gazed silently at those trickling tears, and wondered whence they flowed. Were they bitter as the waters of Marah, or did they give evidence of a grief too sacred to be invaded? He ventured to say in a very low voice, "You have suffered a great deal," but she either did not or pretended not to hear him.

"You were going to tell me why you left Russia," she observed, in a somewhat abrupt tone.

He felt that the best way of winning her confidence would be to be open himself with her as to his own history and feelings.

"My prospects at the court of Russia," he began, "were in every way promising; I had reason to believe that the emperor was favourably disposed towards me. General Lefort was kindness itself. I had lately been appointed to the command of a regiment. I must tell you that some time after my arrival at St. Petersburg, I had made an acquaintance with a young Russian lady whose father had a place at Court. Her name was Anna Vladislava. She was handsome—I thought so, at least—and at the same time was full of genius, wit, and youthful impetuosity. Hers was a fiery nature which had never known much control. She was fanatically attached to the customs and traditions of her country. We disagreed about everything, religion, politics, books. We never met but we quarrelled. I was one of those foreigners whom, as a class, she held in abhorrence, and yet, strange to say, an attachment sprang up between us. The fearless independence of her character attracted me. It was a refreshing contrast with the servile, cringing spirit of the Czar's Court. She endeavored to convert me to the orthodox religion, as it is called" (a faint scornful smile curled Madame de Moldau's lip), "and used to get exasperated at my obduracy. Still in the height of our disputes we behaved to each other as enemies, who were to be one day even more than friends. There was a mutual understanding between us, but no open engagement; of marriage we did not venture to speak. It would have endangered her father's position and prospects, and my own also, to have acknowledged such an intention. I had been given to understand that my imperial master had fixed upon a wife for me, and to have chosen one myself would have been a mortal offence; but we often met, and though our opinions continued as dissimilar as ever, there were points of sympathy in our characters, and our mutual attachment increased.

"I had sometimes been a little anxious about Anna's freedom of speech. She allowed herself openly to inveigh against the Czar's conduct, and to express her dislike to his innovations. It was with a kind of natural eloquence peculiar to her

that she was wont to hold forth about the old Muscovite traditions and the deteriorating influence of foreign manners and habits on the spirit of a nation. Poor Ann! poor bright and careless child! I remember asking her if she admired the national custom of husbands beating their wives, typified with the whip, which formed part of a bride's trousseau. I see before me her flashing smile. I hear her eager defence of that trait of patriarchal simplicity. 'A Russian woman,' she said, 'gloried in submission, and looked upon her husband as her master and her lord.' How little she looked for bondage, and yet I do believe she would have born anything for one she loved. But insult, shame, and torture. . . ."—d'Auban paused an instant. Madame de Moldau was listening to him, he felt it, with intense interest. He went on: "I used to comfort myself by the thought that the wild sallies of so young a girl could not bring her into serious trouble, and I was not aware of the extent to which her imprudence was carried. When quite a little child she was taken notice of by the Princess Sophia, the Czar's sister, and had retained a grateful recollection of her kindness. She considered this Princess as a martyr to the cause of Holy Russia, and always spoke in indignant terms of her long imprisonment. During a lengthened absence I made from St. Petersburg she became intimate with some of this ambitious woman's friends, and was employed to convey letters to her agents. The Czar's sister was continually intriguing against her brother and striving to draw the nobles into her schemes. My poor Ann was made a tool of by this party; a plot was formed, and discovered by the Emperor. He was once more seized by the mad fury which possessed him at the time of the Strelitz revolt, and which caused him to torture his rebellious subjects with his own hands, to insult them in their agonies, and plunge into excesses of barbarity surpassing everything on record, even in the annals of heathen barbarity. . . ."

Madame de Moldau raised herself from her reclining posture, and exclaimed with burning cheeks and some emotion:

"Oh, M. d'Auban, what violent language you use! State necessity sometimes requires, for the suppression of

rebellion, measures at which humanity shudders, but—"

"Ah! I had often said that to myself and to others—often tried to palliate these atrocities by specious reasonings. I had made light of the sufferings of others. Time and distance marvellously blunt the edge of indignation. Sophistry hardens the heart towards the victims, and we at last excuse what once we abhorred. But when cruelty strikes home, when the blow falls on our own heart, when the iron is driven into our own soul, then we know, then we feel, then comes the frightful temptation to curse and to kill. . . . Forgive me, I tire, I agitate you—you look pale."

"Never mind me. What happened?"

"When I returned to St. Petersburg, this was the news that met me. The girl I loved, and whom I had left gay as a bird and innocent as a child—she who had never known shame or suffering—she who had been led astray by others—was dead: and oh, my God, what a death was hers!"

"Was she put to death?" faintly asked Madame de Moldau.

"No, she was not condemned to death. This would have been mercy to one like her. She was scourged by the executioner, and, had she survived, was to be married to a common soldier, and sent to Siberia. But first reason and then life gave away under the shame and horror of her doom. The proud wild heart broke, and my poor Anna died raving mad. Her father was banished, and the house which had been a home to me I found desolate as a grave."

"You returned immediately to France?"

"My first impulse—a frantic one—was to take the papers I had brought from the Crimea to the Czar, and to stab him to the heart. May God forgive me the thought, soon disowned, soon repented of! It was a short madness, wrestled with and overcome on my knees, but when it had passed away nothing remained to me but to quit the country as quickly and secretly as possible. I knew I could not endure to see the Emperor; to feel his hand laid familiarly as it had often been on my shoulder, or to witness his violence and coarse pleasantry, would have been torture. I feigned illness, disposed of my property, and effected my escape."

"And how soon afterwards did you come here?"

"About a year."

There was a pause. D'Auban felt a little disappointed that Madame de Moldau made no comment on his story. The next time she spoke, it was to say—"I wonder if suffering softens or hardens the heart?"

"I suppose that, like the heat of the sun on different substances, it hardens some and softens others. But the more I live, the more clearly I see how difficult it is to talk of suffering and happiness without saying what sounds like nonsense."

"I do not understand you."

"What I mean is this: that there is very little happiness or suffering irrespectively of the temper of mind or the physical constitution of individuals. I have seen so many instances of persons miserable in the possession of what would be generally considered as happiness, and others so happy in the midst of acknowledged evils, such as sickness, want, and neglect, that my ideas have quite changed since I thought prosperity and happiness and adversity and unhappiness were synonymous terms."

"Could you tell me of some of the instances you mean?"

"I could relate to you many instances of the happy, amidst apparent—aye, and real suffering to. It is not quite so easy to penetrate into the hearts of the prosperous and place a finger on the secret bruise. But has not your observations, Madame de Moldau, furnished you with such examples?"

"Perhaps so—are you happy?"

Few but the young, whose lives have been spent in perpetual sunshine, know quite how to answer this inquiry. With some the fountain of sorrow has been sealed up, built and bridged over by time. Its waters have been hallowed or sweetened, or dried up as may be, but it is like stirring the source afresh to put that question to one who has ever known deep suffering. D'Auban hesitated a moment before he answered it."

"I have been happier here," he said at last, "than I had ever been before. But it is quite a different kind of happiness from that which I had once looked forward to."

"Your sufferings must have been terrible at the time you were speaking of. I

felt it, M. d'Auban, but I could not at the moment utter a word of sympathy. It is always so with me." Her lip quivered, and he exclaimed:

"I know one heart which suffering has not hardened."

"Oh yes!" she answered with passionate emotion, "it has—hardened it into stone, and closed it for ever."

"Well, my dear sir, have you spoken to her about riding? Have you succeeded in amusing her?" whispered M. de Chambelle to d'Auban. He had finished his letter and hurried back with it from the house. But the conversation was so eager that his approach had not been noticed.

"Tiring her, I am afraid," said d'Auban; "but if you will second my proposal I will venture to plead for Bayard, who will carry you, Madame de Moldau, like a chevalier *sans peur et sans reproche*."

"I should not be myself *sans peur et sans reproche* if I accepted your kind offer. Not, I am afraid, *sans peur* at mounting him, and certainly not *sans reproche* for depriving you of your horse. But I am grateful, very grateful, for all your kindnesses." Her eyes were raised to his as she said this, with an expression which thrilled through his heart.

When she had taken leave of him, and was returning to the house, followed by M. de Chambelle, the latter turned back to say, "You see she is pleased."

That that fair creature should be pleased seemed the only thing in the world he cared about. "Let Belinda but smile, and all the world was to be gay." D'Auban would have liked to see in her more affectionate warmth of manners towards her father; but he supposed she might be a little spoilt by his overweening affection.

"Above all things, you will not forget to inquire about the black-eyed dame de compagnie."

M. de Chambelle said this when, for the second time, he returned to d'Auban, after having escorted his daughter to the house. He followed her like her shadow, and she was apparently so used to this as not to notice it.

"I will not fail to do so; but Simonette is a wayward being, and may very likely altogether reject the proposal."

"Gold has, however, a wonderful power over Simon, and if you offer him high



wages, he may persuade his daughter to accept it. What a beautiful night it is!"

This was said as they approached the river, in which the starry sky was tremblingly reflected. The moon was shedding her silvery light on the foliage and the waving grasses on its banks.

"What a fine thing rest is after a day of labour!" de Chambelle exclaimed, as he stretched and smiled with a weary but happy look.

"If you sleep more soundly, M. de

Chambelle, for having committed to me the management of your estate, I do from the increase of work it affords me. But we must really try to make your slaves Christians. Suppose we have a temporary chapel, and two priests, if we could get them, to preach a mission on this side of the river; you would not object to it?"

"Not to anything you wish, my dear friend. And it might, perhaps, amuse Madame de Moldau."

D'Auban could not repress a smile. It seemed quite a new view of the question.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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## EVENING HOURS.

THE human heart has hidden treasures,  
 In secret kept, in silence sealed;  
 The thoughts, the hopes, the dreams, the pleasures,  
 Whose charms were broken, if revealed.  
 And days may pass in gay confusion,  
 And nights in noisy riots fly,  
 While, lost in fame's or wealth's illusion,  
 The memory of the past may die.

But there are hours of lonely musing,  
 Such as in the evening silence come,  
 When soft as birds their pinions closing,  
 The heart's best feelings gather home.  
 Then, in our souls there seems to languish  
 A tender grief that is not woe;  
 And thoughts that once wrung groans of anguish,  
 Now cause some melting tears to flow.

And feelings, once as strong as passions,  
 Float softly back—a faded dream;  
 Our own sharp griefs and wild sensations,  
 The taste of other's suffering seem;  
 Oh! when the heart is freshly bleeding,  
 How it longs for that time to be,  
 When through the mist of years receding,  
 Its woes but live in reverie.

And it can dwell on moonlight glimmer,  
 On evening shades and loneliness,  
 And while the sky grows dim and dimmer,  
 Heed no untold woes of distress—  
 Only a deeper impulse given  
 By lonely hour and darkened room,  
 To solemn thoughts that soar to heaven,  
 Seeking a life and world to come.

## RAPHAEL AND HIS WORKS.

RAPHAEL SANZIO, or Santi, was born at Urbino, on Good Friday, 1483. His father was a good painter, and the son showed his talent for art when very young. Raphael's mother died when he was eight years old, and his step-mother, Bernardina, was devoted to him, and loved him tenderly. As his father died three years after his mother, he was left to the care of an uncle and of Bernardina. His father was doubtless his first instructor, for he was occupied in painting a chapel at Cagli before his death, and he took the young Raphael with him to that place. But we usually say that Perugino was his first master, because, when twelve years old, he was placed in the school of that painter at Perugia. Here he remained nearly eight years, and here, just before leaving, he painted one of his very celebrated pictures, which is now in the gallery of the Brera at Milan. It represents the marriage of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and is called "Lo Sposalizio."

The legend of the life of the Blessed Virgin relates that, when she was fifteen years old, the high-priest told her that it was proper for her to be married, and that he had had a vision concerning her.

Then the high-priest followed the directions which had been given him in the vision, and called together all the unmarried men among the people, and directed that each one should bring his rod or wand in his hand, as a sign would be given by which they should know whom the Lord had selected to be the husband of Mary.

Now when Joseph came with the rest before the high-priest, a dove flew out from his rod and rested a moment on his head, and then flew off towards heaven. And so it was known that he was to be the husband of Mary. Still another account says that all the suitors left their rods in the temple over night, and in the morning that of Joseph had blossomed.

In the picture painted by Raphael, with this story as its subject, there is a large temple in the background, to which many steps lead up. At the foot of the long

flight of steps the high-priest is joining the hands of Joseph and Mary, while groups of men and women stand on each side. Joseph holds his blossoming rod in his hand, while some of the disappointed suitors are breaking their rods in pieces.

This picture of "Lo Sposalizio" is a very interesting and important one, because it shows the highest point of his earliest manner of painting. In the same year in which he painted this picture, 1504, Raphael made his first visit to Florence, and though he did not remain very long, he saw a new world of art spread out before him. He beheld the works of Ghirlandajo, Fra Bartolommeo, Leonardo da Vinci, and Michael Angelo, and we can well understand that after his return to Perugia he tried to equal what he had seen. He soon returned to Florence, and remained there until 1508. Some of the most famous and lovely pictures of this artist were painted during these three years, before he was twenty-five years old; one he called the "Virgin of the Goldfinch," because St. John is presenting a goldfinch to the infant Jesus. Another is called "La Belle Jardiniere," on account of the garden in which the Blessed Virgin sits with the child standing at her knee. In all, he painted about thirty pictures during his stay at Florence, and he made himself so famous that the Pope, Julius II., who was a great patron of the fine arts, sent for him to come to Rome.

When Raphael presented himself to the Pope, he was assigned several rooms in the palace of the Vatican, which he was to decorate in fresco. These pictures can scarcely be described here, but they were, taken altogether, his greatest work, and they are visited by thousands of people every year. They are frequently called "Le Stanze" [meaning "the rooms or apartments" of Raphael.]

At this time he also painted several beautiful easel pictures: his own portrait, which is in the Gallery of Painters at Florence, and the lovely "Madonna di Foligno," in the Vatican gallery, which is so called because it was at one time in a

convent at Foligno. While the painter was at work upon "Le Stanze," Julius II. died, but Leo X., who followed him, was also a patron of Raphael. The artist was very popular and became very rich; he built himself a house not far from St. Peter's, in the quarter of the city called the Borgo. He had many pupils, and they so loved him that they rendered him personal service, and he was often seen in the streets with numbers of his scholars, just as noblemen were accompanied by their squires and pages. His pupils also assisted in the immense frescoes which he did, not only at the Vatican, but also for the rich banker Chigi, in the palace now called the Villa Farnesina.

One of the great works Raphael did for Pope Leo X. was the making of the Cartoons which are so often spoken of, and which are now at Hampton Court, in England. These were designed to be executed in tapestry for the decoration of the Sistine Chapel, where Michael Angelo painted the "Last Judgement." The Pope, Leo X., ordered these tapestries to be woven in the looms of Flanders, in rich colors, with wool, silk, and threads of gold. They were completed at Arras and sent to Rome in 1519, and were first exhibited on St Stephen's day, December 26th, when all the people of the great city flocked to see them. In 1527, when Rome was sacked by the fierce Constable de Bourbon, the tapestries were removed by the German soldiers; they were restored in 1553, but one piece was missing, and was supposed to have been burned in order to obtain the gold thread that was in it. In the year 1798 the French, too, carried off those precious spoils, and sold them to a Jew in Leghorn. It is known that this Jew burned one of the pieces, but he found he gained so little gold from it that he kept the others whole. Pius VII. afterwards bought them, and once more placed them in the Vatican. This history adds an interest to the tapestries, but the Cartoons are far more valuable and interesting, because they were the actual work of Raphael. After the weaving was finished at Arras, they were tossed aside as worthless; some were torn; but, a hundred years later, the painter Rubens learned that a part of them were in existence, and he advised King Charles I. of England to buy them. This he did, and then the Cartoons went through almost as

many adventures as the tapestries had met. When they reached England they were in strips, having been so cut for the convenience of the workmen. After Charles I. was executed, Cromwell bought the Cartoons for £300. When Charles II. was king he was about to sell them to Louis XIV., for the English king needed money badly, and the French king was anxious to add these treasures to the others which he possessed; but Lord Danby persuaded Charles II. to keep them. They were at Whitehall, and were barely saved from the fire in 1698; and soon after that, by command of William III., they were properly repaired, and they now hang in a room in Hampton Court, which was made expressly for them under the care of the architect, Sir Christopher Wren. They were originally eleven; seven only remain.

Raphael's fame had so spread itself to other countries that it is said King Henry VIII. invited him to England. Henry VIII. was told that he could not hope to see the artist, who, however, courteously sent him a picture of St. George, a patron saint of England, and when Francis I., in his turn, tried to induce Raphael to visit France, the artist sent him a large picture of St. Michael overpowering the Evil One. Francis I. then sent Raphael so great a sum of money that he was unwilling to keep it without some return, and sent to Francis the lovely "Holy Family," now in the gallery of the Louvre, in which the infant springs from his cradle into his mother's arms, while angels scatter flowers. At the same time the artist sent a picture of St. Margaret overcoming the dragon, to the sister of Francis—Margaret, Queen of Navarre. After these pictures had been received, Francis I. sent Raphael a sum equal to fifteen thousand dollars, and many thanks besides.

About 1520 Raphael painted his famous "Sistine Madonna," so called because it was intended for the convent of St. Sixtus, at Piacenza. The Madonna, with the child in her arms, stands in the upper part of the picture, while St. Sixtus and St. Barbara kneel below. This is very beautiful and very wonderful, because no sketch or drawing of it has ever been found, and it is believed that this great painter put it at once upon the canvas, being almost inspired to the work. In the year 1753, Augustus III., the Elector of

Saxony, bought it of the monks of Piacenza, and paid nearly thirty thousand dollars for it. It is now the great attraction of the fine gallery at Dresden. It was originally intended for a procession standard, or *drappellone*, but the monks used it as an altar-piece.

Another famous picture is called "Lo Spasimo," and represents Christ bearing his cross. In 1518 this was painted for the monks of Monte Oliveto, at Palermo. The ship in which it was sent was wrecked, and the case containing the picture floated into the port of Genoa, and the picture was unpacked and dried before it was injured. There was great joy in Genoa over this treasure, and the news of it spread over all Italy. When the monks of Palermo claimed it, the Genoese refused to give it up, and it was only the command of the Pope that secured its restoration to its owners. During the time of Napoleon I. it was carried to France, but it is now in the museum of Madrid.

While Raphael was so productive as a painter, he found time to devote to other pursuits. The Pope had named him superintendent of the building of St. Peter's, and he made many architectural drawings for that church; he was also very much interested in digging up the works of art which were buried in the ruins of ancient Rome. There still exists a letter that he wrote to Leo X., in which he explained his plan for examining all the ruins of the city.

He also made some designs and models for works in sculpture, and there is a statue of Jonah sitting on a whale, in the Church of Santa Maria del Popolo, in Rome, said to have been modeled by Raphael and executed in marble by Lorenzetto Lotti. An Elias, seen in the same church, is said to have been made by Lotti from a drawing by Raphael. He also interested himself in what was happening in the world; he corresponded with many learned men in different countries; he sent artists to make drawings of such things as he wished to see and had not time to visit, and was generous in supplying the needs of those who were poorer than himself.

Among the most lovely Modonnas of this artist is that called "Della Sedia" [of the chair], and there is a very pretty legend about it which says that hundreds

of years ago there was a hermit named Father Bernardo, dwelling among the Italian hills; and he was much loved by the peasants, who went to him for advice and instruction. He often said that in his solitude he was not lonely, for he had two daughters: one of them could talk to him, but the other was dumb. He meant to speak of the daughter of a vine-dresser who was named Mary, and always tried to do all in her power for the comfort of the old man—she was the daughter who spoke. By his dumb daughter he meant a grand old oak-tree that grew near his hut and sheltered it from storm, and hung its branches over him so lovingly that the old man grew to feel it was like a dear friend to him. There were many birds in its branches to whom he gave food, and they, in return, gave him sweet songs. Many times the woodmen had wished to cut this strong tree down, but Father Bernardo prayed for its life, and it was spared to him.

At last there came a terrible winter—the storms were so severe that few trees and huts remained, and the freshets that rushed down the hills swept off all that the tempests had left. At last, after a dreadful storm, Mary and her father went, with fear, to see if the hermit was still alive, for they thought he must have perished. But when they came to him they found that his dumb daughter had saved his life. On the coming of the freshet, he had gone up to the roof of his hut, but he soon saw that he was not safe there; then, as he cast his eyes to heaven, the branches of the oak seemed to bend towards him, and beckon him to come up to them; so he took a few crusts of bread and climbed up the tree, where he staid three days. Below, everything was swept away, but the oak stood firm; and, at last, when the sun came out and the storm was ended, his other daughter came to take him to her own home and make him warm and give him food, for this dreadful time of hunger and storm had almost worn him out.

Then the good Father Bernardo called on heaven to bless his two daughters who had saved his life, and prayed that in some way they might be distinguished together. Years passed and the old hermit died. Mary married, and became the mother of two little boys; the old oak-tree had been cut down and made into

wine-casks. One day, as Mary sat in the arbor, and her children were with her—she held the youngest to her breast, and the elder one ran around in merry play—she called to mind the old hermit, and all the blessings that he had asked for her, and she wondered if his prayers would not be answered in these children. Just then the little boy ran to his mother with a stick to which he had fastened a cross, and at that moment a young man came near. He had large, dreamy eyes, and a restless, weary look. And weary he was, for the thought of a lovely picture was in his mind, but not clear enough in form to enable him to paint it. It was Raphael Sanzio d'Urbino, and when his glance fell upon the lovely, living picture of Mary and her children, he saw, in flesh and blood before him, just the lovely dream that had floated in his thoughts. But he had only a pencil! On what could he draw? Just then his eye fell on the smooth cover of the wire-cask standing near by. He quickly sketched upon this the outlines of Mary and her boys, and when he went away he took the oaken cover with him. And, thereafter, he did not rest until, with his whole soul in his work, he had painted that wonderful picture which we know as "La Madonna della Sedia."

Thus, at length, was the prayer of Father Bernardo answered, and his two daughters were made famous together.

At last the time came in Rome when there was much division of opinion as to the merits of the two great masters, Michael Angelo and Raphael; the followers of the latter were the more numerous, but those of the former were very strong in their feelings. Finally, the Cardinal Giulio dei Medici, who was afterwards Pope Clement VII., gave orders to Raphael and to Sebastian del Piombo to paint two large pictures for a cathedral which he was decorating at Narbonne.

It was well known that Michael Angelo would not enter into open rivalry with Raphael, but he was credited with making the drawing for the "Raising of Lazarus," which was the subject to be painted by Sebastian.

Raphael's picture was the "Transfiguration of Christ"—but alas! before it was finished, he was attacked with a fever, and died after fourteen days. He died on Good Friday, 1520, his thirty-seventh

birthday. All Rome was filled with grief; his body was laid in state upon a catafalque, and the picture of the Transfiguration stood near it. Those who had known him went to gaze on his face, to weep, and to give the last tokens of their love for him.

He was buried in the Pantheon, where he himself had chosen to be laid, near the grave of his betrothed bride, Maria di Bibbiena. An immense concourse, dressed in mourning, followed his body, and the ceremonials of his funeral were magnificent. A Latin inscription was written by Pietro Bembo, and placed above his tomb. The last sentence is: "This is that Raphael by whom Nature feared to be conquered while he lived, and to die when he died." Raphael had also requested Lorenzetto Lotti to make a statue of the Blessed Virgin to be placed over his sepulchre.

His property was large; he gave all his works of art to his pupils, Giulio Romano and Francesco Penni; he gave his house to Cardinal Bibbiena; he ordered a house to be purchased with a thousand scudi, the rent of which should pay for twelve masses to be said monthly on the altar of his burial chapel. The remainder of his riches was divided among his relatives.

There was for many years a skull in the Academy of St. Luke, at Rome, which was called that of Raphael, although there was no good reason for this. At length, in 1833, three hundred and thirteen years after his death, some antiquarians began to dispute about this skull, and received permission from the Pope, Gregory XVI., to make a search for the bones of Raphael in the Pantheon.

After five days spent in carefully removing the pavement in several places, the skeleton of the great master was found, and with it such proofs as made it impossible to doubt that the bones were really his. Finally, a grand funeral service was held. Gregory XVI. gave a marble sarcophagus, in which the bones were placed and interred reverently in their old resting place. More than three thousand people attended the burial ceremony, among whom were the persons of the highest rank in Rome and many artists of all nations, who moved about the church in a procession, bearing torches, while beautiful music was chanted by a concealed choir.

The number and amount of Raphael's

works are marvelous when the shortness of his life is remembered. He left behind him two hundred and eighty-seven pictures and five hundred and seventy-six drawings and studies.

It was not any one trait or talent which made Raphael so great, but it was a rare combination of faculties, and a personal

charm which won all hearts, that entitled him to be called the greatest modern painter. His famous picture "St. Cecilia," with its sweet expression and exquisite coloring, its impressive union of earthly beauty with holy enthusiasm, is symbolic of the varied qualities of this wonderful man.

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### WHAT MAKES THE GRASSES GROW.

I CLOSED my book, for Nature's book  
Was opening that day,  
And, with a weary brain, I took  
My hat, and wandered toward the brook  
That in the meadow lay,  
And there, beside the tiny tide,  
I found a child at play.

Prone on the sward, its little toes  
Wrought dimples in the sand.  
Its cheeks were fairer than the rose.  
I heard it murmur, "Mam-ma knows,  
But I not unnerstand."  
While all unharmed a dainty blade  
Of grass was in her hand.

"What wouldst thou know, my little one?"  
Said I, with bearing wise;  
For I, who thought to weigh the sun,  
And trace the course where planets run,  
And grasp their mysteries,  
Unto a baby's questionings  
Could surely make replies.

"What wouldst thou know?" again I said,  
And, gently bowing low,  
I stroked its half-uplifted head.  
With chubby hand it grasped the blade  
And answered: "'Oo will know,  
For 'oo has whixers on 'oor face—  
What makes the grasses grow?"

"Last fall," I said, "a grass seed fell  
To the earth and went to sleep,  
All winter it slept in its cozy cell  
Till Spring came tapping upon its shell;  
Then it stirred, and tried to peep,  
With its little green eye, right up to the sky,  
And then it gave a leap;

"For the sun was warm and the earth was fair,  
It felt the breezes blow.  
It turned its cheek to the soft, sweet air,  
And a current of life, so rich and rare,  
Came up from its roots below,  
It grew and kept growing, and that, my child,  
Is the reason the grasses grow."

"'Oo talks des like as if 'oo s'pose  
I's a baby and I don't know  
'Bout nuffin'! But babies and ev'vy one knows  
That grasses don't think, for they only grows;  
My Mam-ma has told me so.  
What makes 'em start an' get bigger an' bigger?  
What is it that makes 'em grow?"

How could I answer in words so plain  
That a baby could understand?  
Ah, how could I answer my heart! 'T were vain  
To talk of the union of sun and rain  
In the rich and fruitful land;  
For over them all was the mystery  
Of will and a guiding hand.

What could I gather from learning more  
Than was written so long ago?  
I heard the billows of Science roar  
On the rocks of truth from the mystic shore,  
And, humbly bowing low,  
I answered alike the man and child:  
"God makes the grasses grow."

## IRISH MISCELLANIES.

WRITTEN AND COMPILED FOR THE HARP.

NUMBER TWO.

The Ancient Language—Soggarth Aroon—Geoffrey Keating—Maurice Doran—Ireland's Evil Genius—Perseverance—Love of Country—Anecdote of O'Connell—The Goban Saer—Ross Castle—Bogs of Ireland—Spencer's opinion of Ireland and the Irish—Bravery and Honor.

## THE ANCIENT LANGUAGE.

The lover of the old language will be sorry to hear that even in Ireland it is fast falling into disuse. In by far the greater part of the country it is scarcely spoken, and only by those advanced in years. It is true that in Connemara, western Mayo, the interior of Cork, Kerry and Waterford, and in the mountains of Donegal, the Irish is still the popular language; but even in these places signs of dissolution are becoming more and more apparent, and its final extinction is but a matter of time. The increase of travel, now much facilitated by the general construction of railroads, and the existence of "national" schools, have introduced the English language to the notice of the people on every side. These are the principal causes that are completing the destruction of our grand old Celtic tongue. A wide-spread indifference regarding its preservation or decay also exists among the people. Yet, there was a time when the national speech was not held in such slight value, or when a knowledge of the English was considered so estimable as now. That was the time when a certain chieftain, an O'Sullivan Beare, having been asked by his family tutor what he should teach his dumb child, scornfully replied: "Teach him English; it is a fit language for the dumb."

## SOGGARTH AROON !

Who in the winter's night,  
Soggarth Aroon ! \*  
When the cold blast did bite,  
Soggarth Aroon !  
Came to my cabin door,  
And on my cabin floor,  
Knelt by me sick and poor,  
Soggarth Aroon ?

Who on the marriage day,  
Soggarth Aroon !  
Made the poor cabin gay  
Soggarth Aroon !  
And did both laugh and sing,  
Making our hearts to ring  
At the poor christening,  
Soggarth Aroon ?

Who as friends only met,  
Soggarth Aroon !  
Never did flout me yet,  
Soggarth Aroon !  
And when my heart was dim,  
Gave, while his eyes did brim,  
What I should give to him,  
Soggarth Aroon ?

Och ! you and only you,  
Soggarth Aroon !  
And for this I was true to you,  
Soggarth Aroon !  
In love they'll never shake,  
When for Old Ireland sake,  
We a true part do take,  
Soggarth Aroon !  
*Banim.*

\*Soggarth Aroon—Priest dear.

## GEOFFREY KEATING.

This celebrated Irish historian was born in the province of Munster, and flourished in the early part of the seventeenth century. He was educated for the Church, and having received the degree of D. D. in a foreign university, returned to his native country, and became a celebrated preacher. Being well versed in the ancient Irish language, he collected the remains of the early history and antiquity of his native country, and formed them into a regular narrative. This work, which he finished about the time of the accession of Charles I., commences from the first settlement of Ireland, after the deluge, and goes on to the seventeenth year of the reign of Henry II., giving an account of the lives and reigns of one hundred and seventy-four Milesian Kings; and contain-

ing what many have regarded as an exuberance of fictitious personages and fabulous narratives. It remained in manuscript in the original language until it was translated into English by Dermot O'Connor, and published in London in 1723. A better edition appeared in 1738, with plates of the arms of the principal Irish families, and an appendix respecting the ancient names of places. Keating died about the year 1640. He wrote some pieces of a religious nature, and two poems; an "Elegy on the death of the Lord of the Decies," the other a burlesque on his servant Simon, whom he compares with the the ancient heroes.

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MAURICE DORAN.

Maurice Doran was a Dominican friar, and was born at Leix, Queen's county. He was distinguished for his exemplary conduct and eloquent preaching. He was raised to the See of Leighlin in 1523, and governed it for three years with great ability. His end was tragic, having been murdered by a notable whom he had reprobated for his crimes. The murderer was apprehended and hanged to a gibbet erected by the order of the Earl of Kildare, on the spot where he had committed the atrocious deed. At the time of his promotion to the bishopric, Doran was advised to levy double subsidies on the clergy and people, in order to increase his revenue. His answer was worthy of his noble character: "*I will feed my flock, not fleece it.*"

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IRELAND'S EVIL GENIUS.

Like satanic imprints, traces of Cromwell's presence are to be found all over Ireland. He spared neither age nor sex, the country nor its inhabitants; neither the castle, the church, nor the monastery, escaped his destructive artillery, or the savage passions of his soldiers. Could the walls of St. Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin but speak, they could tell how the aisles and sanctuaries of that ancient relic were debased into stables for his horses, and defiled by the debaucheries of his brutal dragoons. Could you put animation into the streets of Drogheda and Wexford, there is not a foot of ground in those historic towns that could not tell with blood-red lips of the canting, cruel soldier, who swept over them, with malice

in his heart, perjury on his tongue and murder on sword. Could you but understand the murmurs of our noble Shannon, as it rolls its waters by renowned Limerick, what a heart-rending tale you would hear of how those apt pupils of Cromwell, (Ireton and Waller), mangled and murdered so many wounded soldiers, and so many helpless women and children! When Mr. Froude says that Cromwell deserves credit for his doings in Ireland, he must surely mean that sort of credit which is due to savages, when they send martyrs to heaven.

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PERSEVERANCE.

"I recollect, says Sir Jonah Barrington, in the Queen's county, to have seen a man who had been a working carpenter, and when making a bench for the session justices at the court-house, was laughed at for taking particular pains in planing and smoothing the seat of it. He smilingly observed that he did so to make it *easy for himself*, as he was resolved, if possible, to sit on it before he died. He was an industrious man—honest and respectable. He succeeded in all his efforts to accumulate an independence in an upright manner. His character kept pace with the increase of his property, and he lived to sit as a magistrate on the very bench he had planed and made."

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LOVE OF COUNTRY.

Let him not say—"I love my country"—he  
 Who ne'er has left it; but what time  
 one hears  
 The yell of water ringing in his ears,  
 And views around him nothing but sky  
 and sea,  
 And sea and sky interminable—then—  
 Then comes the longing for soft hills  
 and dales,  
 And trees and rivulets and blooming  
 vales,  
 And the green twilight of the shady glen,  
 And sweet birds welcoming the summer! Now  
 Swells the full feeling in my heart, while  
 slow  
 I sail upon the ocean's shuddering breast;  
 Oh, Erin! Oh, my county, let me see  
 But once, once more thy cherished  
 scenery,  
 Then let me lowly in thy bosom rest!



## ANECDOTE OF O'CONNELL.

Chief baron Woulfe was in favor of giving the British government the right to veto on the appointment of Irish Roman Catholic bishops. O'Connell with the great mass of the Irish nation at his back, was intensely opposed to the veto. At a great public meeting held in Limerick to pronounce against it, Woulfe was present, and obtained a hearing only by the influence of O'Connell. He then delivered a powerful speech in favor of yielding to the government. O'Connell then advanced and stated that as the audience had just listened to a speech, he would tell them a story: "Once upon a time a flock of sheep were living peaceably together under their watch-dogs, when an attempt was made to get rid of the dogs. And who made the attempt? It was the wolves. A meeting of the sheep took place. Then the leading wolf came forward and tried to persuade the innocent sheep to give up their dogs. They followed his advice, but mark the consequences. They were quickly devoured; and so would the Catholics of Ireland if they acted in the same manner as the sheep, and followed the advice of a *Woulfe*." Thus, the fine speech which Woulfe had been elaborating for a month was demolished by a flash of humor and a pun, and the friends of the government veto were thoroughly beaten.

## THE GOBAN SAER.

On the left hand, adjacent to the high road that leads from Watergrasshill to Cork, stands a scanty portion of the ruined castle of Rath-Goban, the ancient residence of the Goban Saer, whose sapient remarks have passed into many a proverb. He was a famous architect—but had his fame depended upon the durability of this structure, it must have been a very unstable monument, as no vestige of it remains for the contemplation of the traveller, save the fragment of one tower. But the name of the Goban Saer will live while the Irish race shall retain their vernacular tongue, or his maxims of wisdom are the oracles of unlettered instruction. I have not learned the particular period at which he flourished, but tradition says, that he was superior to all his contemporaries in the art of building: even in that distant age when so little communication existed between countries not so remotely situated, his fame extended to distant

lands. A British prince whose possessions were very extensive, and who felt ambitious of erecting a splendid palace to be his regal residence, hearing of the high attainments of the Goban Saer, in his sublime science, invited him to court, and by princely gifts, and magnificent promises, induced him to build a structure, the splendor of which excelled that of all the palaces in the world. But the consummate skill of the artist had nearly cost him his life; for the prince, struck with the matchless beauty of the palace, was determined that it should stand unrivalled on the earth, by putting the architect to death, who alone was capable of constructing such another, after the moment the building received the finishing touches by his skilful hand.

This celebrated individual had a son who was grown up to man's estate, and anxious that this only child should possess in marriage a young woman of sound sense and ready wit, he cared little for the factitious distinctions of birth or fortune, if he found her rich in the gifts of heaven. Having killed a sheep, he sent the young man to the next market town, with this singular injunction, that he should bring home *the skin and its price* at his return. The lad was always accustomed to bow to his father's superior wisdom, and on this occasion did not stop to question the good sense of his commands, but bent his way to town. In these primitive times, it was not unusual to see persons of the highest rank engaged in menial employments, so the town-folk were less surprised to see the young Goban expose a sheep-skin for sale than at the absurdity of the term, "*the skin and the price of it.*" He could find no chapman, or rather chapwoman, (to coin a term), for it was women engaged in domestic business that usually purchased such skins for the wool. A young woman at last accosted him, and upon hearing the terms of sale, after pondering a moment agreed to the bargain. She took him to her house, and having stripped off all the wool, returned him the bare skin, and the price for which the young man stipulated. Upon reaching home he returned *the skin and its value* to his father, who learning that a young woman became the purchaser, entertained so high an opinion of her talents, that in a few days she became the wife of his son, and sole mistress of Rath Goban.

## ROSS CASTLE, KILLARNEY.

Ross Castle is another of those remains of antiquity which give interest and effect to the scenery of Killarney. It stands on Ross Island, the largest island on the lower lake; about a mile in length, and entirely covered with underwood, chiefly evergreens. A narrow gut, scarcely navigable for boats, separates it from the shore. The castle stands upon a rock on the land side of the island; it is a fine ruin, consisting of a lofty square building, with embattled parapets, originally enclosed by a curtain wall, having round flankers at each corner, small portions of which are yet visible. In the interior are several good apartments: it was formerly a royal residence, being the seat of the lords of the lake, who assumed the title of kings. The family of O'Donoghue was the last that bore this title. There are many interesting stories recorded of the great O'Donoghue, the hero of this ancient race, which well accord with the surrounding scenery.

In the year 1652, the castle was valiantly defended by Lord Muskerry, against an English force of 4000 foot and horse, commanded by General Ludlow.

The shores of Ross Island are beautiful and interesting in the extreme, being deeply indented, and possessing endless variety of commanding promontory, and retiring bay; the rocks along its margin are worn into the most fanciful shapes, for every group of which the helmsman is supplied with an appropriate appellation. Here lead and copper are to be had in great abundance, and though the working of mines is discontinued, yet it is rather for want of capital in the proprietors, than for a deficiency of ore. These mines were worked at a very early period, and some of the rude implements used for breaking down the ore are to be found on the Island; they are large oval stones, quite smooth, and around the centre of each is a mark, evidently caused by the fastening on of a convenient handle; they are called by the country people "Dane hammers," a belief still existing that they were formerly used by those invaders.

## THE BOGS OF IRELAND.

Whether these morasses were at first formed by the destruction of whole forests, or merely by the stagnation of water in

places where its current was choked by the fall of a few trees, and by accumulations of branches and leaves carried down from the surrounding hills, is a question never yet decided. In a Report of the Commissioners on the Bogs of Ireland, published some years since, it is stated that three distinct growths of timber, covered by three distinct masses of bog, are discovered on examination; and it was given as the opinion of Professor Davy, that in many places, where forests had grown undisturbed, the trees on the outside of the woods grew stronger than the rest, from their exposure to the air and sun; and that when mankind attempted to establish trees on their borders, which opened the internal heart, where the trees were weak and slender, to the influence of the wind, which, as is commonly to be seen in such circumstances, had immediate power to sweep down the whole of the internal part of the forest. The large timber obstructed the passage of vegetable recreation, and of earth falling towards the rivers; the weak timber, in the internal part of the forest, after it had fallen, soon decayed, and became the food of future vegetation. Mr. Kirwan, who wrote largely on the subject, observes, that whatever trees are found in those bogs, though the wood may be perfectly sound, the bark of the timber has uniformly disappeared, and the decomposition of this bark forms a considerable part of the nutritious substances of morasses; notwithstanding this circumstance, tan is not to be obtained in analysing bogs; their antiseptic quality is, however, indisputable, for animal and vegetable substances are frequently found at a great depth in bogs, without their seeming to have suffered any decay; these substances cannot have been deposited in them at a very remote period, because their form and texture is such as were common a few centuries ago. In 1786, there were found, seventeen feet below the surface of a bog, in Mr. Kirwan's district, a woolen coat of coarse, but even net work, exactly in the form of what is now called a spencer. A razor, with a wooden handle, some iron heads of arrows, and large wooden bowls, some only half made, were also found, with the remains of turning tools; these were obviously the wreck of a work-shop, which was probably situate on the borders of a forest. These circumstances countenance the supposi-

tion that the encroachments of men upon forests destroyed the first barriers against the force of the wind, and that afterwards, according to Sir H. Davy's suggestions, the trees of weaker growth, which had not room to expand, or air and sunshine to promote their increase, soon gave way, and added to the increase.

#### IRELAND—THE IRISH CHARACTER.

The description given of our island by almost every writer who has ever mentioned it, does not argue much in favor of the taste displayed by our absentees. Spencer, who cannot be accused of much partiality, describes it thus:—"And sure it is yet a most beautiful and sweet country as any is under heaven, being stored with many goodly rivers, replenished with all sorts of fish abundantly, sprinkled with many sweet islands and goodly lakes, like little inland seas, that will carry even ships upon their waters; adorned with goodly woods even fit for building houses and ships, so commodiously, as that if some princes in the world had them, they would soon hope to be lord of all the seas, and ere long of all the world; also full of very good ports and havens opening upon England, inviting us to come unto them to see what excellent commodities that country can afford; besides the soyle it selfe most fertile, fit to yield all kind of fruit that shall be committed thereunto. And lastly, the heavens most milde and temperate, though somewhat more moist than the parts towards the east."

This description seems to warrant that highly colored one given by the Poet:—

"Far westward lies an isle of ancient fame  
By nature blessed, and Scotia is her name;  
Enrolled in books—exhaustless in her store  
Of veiny silver, and of golden ore;  
Her fruitful soil forever teems with wealth,  
With gems her waters—and her air with health,  
Her verdant fields with milk and honey flow;  
Her woolley flocks vie with virgin snow;  
Her waving furrows float with yellow corn;  
And arms and arts her envied sons adorn.  
No savage bear with lawless fury roves;  
No fiercer lions thro' her peaceful groves;  
No poison there infects, no scaly snake  
Creeps thro' the grass, nor frogs annoy the lake;  
An island worthy of its pious race.  
In war triumphant—and unmatched in peace."

The following portrait of the Irish character is deserving of notice, as it is drawn by the celebrated Camden; and as in

this scale their virtues will be found considerably to preponderate their vices.

"They are," says he, "of a middle stature—strong of body—of an hotter and moister nature than many other nations—of wonderful soft skins—and by reason of the tenderness of their muscles, they excel in nimbleness, and the flexibility of all parts of their body. They are reckoned of a quick wit—prodigal of their lives—enduring travail, cold and hunger—light of belief—*kind and courteous to strangers—constant in love*—impatient of abuse and injury, in enmity implacable—and in all affections most vehement and passionate."

Spencer says, "I have heard some great warriors say, that in all their services, which they had seen abroad in foreign countries, they never saw a more comely man than the Irishman, or that cometh more bravely in his charge."

#### IRISH BRAVERY AND HONOR.

On the surprise of Cremona, by Prince Eugene, in 1702, when Villeroy, the French general, most of the officers, military chests, &c., were taken, and the German horse and foot were already in possession of all the town, excepting one place only, called the Po-gate, which was guarded by two Irish regiments, commanded by O'Mahony and Bourke; before the prince commenced the attack there, he sent to expostulate with them, and shew them the rashness of sacrificing their lives where they could have no probability of relief, and to assure them, if they would enter into the imperial service, they should be directly and honorably promoted. The first part of this proposal they heard with impatience, the second with disdain. "Tell the prince," said they, "that we have hitherto preserved the honor of our country, and that we hope this day to convince him, that we are worthy of his esteem; while one of us exists, the German eagle shall not be displayed upon these walls. This is our deliberate resolution, and we will not admit of further capitulation." The attack was commenced by a large body of foot, supported by five thousand curassiers, and after a bloody conflict of two hours, the Germans retreated; the Irish pursued their advantage and attacked them in the streets; before evening the enemy were expelled from the town, and the general and the military chests recovered.

## THE MASS ON THE OCEAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE HARP.

• (It was the custom, many years ago, in the South of Ireland, when the fishing season opened, to choose a fine day and collect all the boat men and sail out into the wide ocean and there cast anchor and have Mass celebrated by the Priest of the district. "I have seen," says A. M. Sullivan, "the Mass on the Ocean—upon a calm day, when nought could be heard save the tinkle of the bell and the murmur of the Priest's voice, behind us the distant hills of Bantry, before us nothing nearer than the American coast.")

BRIGHT the summer sun was rising, o'er the distant eastern hills,  
From whose summit, silver-thread like, danced a score of sparkling rills;  
Bright his rays of golden splendor, tipped the far off mountains high,  
Blue, eternal, distant mountains, rising upward to the sky:  
Gloriously to god Aurora, in his robes of saffron hue,  
Gazes down upon an ocean broad, expansive, tranquil, blue;  
Not a leaf the zephyrs stirring, not a breeze is heard to sigh,  
Not a sound, save of the sky-lark's moaning anthem in the sky.

Look! a thousand men are meeting by the tide-lashed, sand-spread shore;  
Look! the boats are now preparing—if there's one, there's twenty score!  
Gaily from their bows are streaming, banners of a hundred shades,  
See, upon the seats are seated, children, matrons, smiling maids.  
There, a boat is decorated far more gaily than the rest—  
At its prow a priest is standing, in his priestly garments dressed,  
Hark! the signal now is given—bend each good man to his oar;  
Now the fleet is slowly moving from the lately crowded shore.

On and on they row the wherries, till like sea-gulls far away—  
Every sail appears a pinion glistening in the morning ray,  
Now they cast two hundred anchors—not a breath the blue wave curl'd—  
Now four hundred oars are lifted and two hundred sails are furl'd:  
Now the priest ascends the altar, and in solemn tones and slow—  
Says the *Introit*, and the listeners answer him in accents low;  
Now the *Gospel*, now the *Preface*, now the *Consecration* word;  
On the distant shore the tinkling of the little bell is heard.

Now *Communion*, now the *Blessing*, 'midst a silence of the dead;  
Now once more the bell is ringing, and the holy Mass is said.  
All is over, and the blessings of Almighty God are showered,  
On the faithful, noble toilers—with new strength are they empowered.  
Back across the mirror waters, see the wherries flying now;  
Exultation in each eye-glance—hope and faith upon each brow!  
In the days long past and vanish'd, in those days that now have fled—  
There upon a summer morning were the "Ocean Masses" said!

God be with those days now olden! God be with those times of love—  
When the sons of Erin ever, asked all blessings from above!  
When the Faith, St. Patrick planted, after years of holy toil,  
Flourished fairest flower of Erin on her green and sacred soil!  
Sons of Ireland love to cherish recollections of the times  
When the voice of God, all over, called them in the church's chimes.  
They are gone, those days have vanish'd, and they, re-numbered with the dead;  
God be with those days now olden, when the "Ocean Mass" was said!

FOR THE HARP.

## CABLE ISLAND.

TWO LEGENDS OF YOUGHAL HARBOR.

Reader, if you have never visited the pretty little town of Youghal, take the earliest opportunity of doing so. You will be amply repaid for any little trouble you may indulge by a day's residence there. No matter to what class of travellers you belong, you will find every facility for gratifying your curiosity in an inspection of Youghal and its vicinity. The ancient abbey, the mouldering remains of its once powerful walls, and beautiful harbor, all possess a charm sufficient to interest even the most indifferent observer. There is scarcely a spot around here which the finger of history does not point—each the scene of some desperate deed or wild act of feudal justice : for peaceable and calm as it is at present, with the blue smoke from the numerous manufactories of its industrious inhabitants, towering in graceful folds to the heavens, and its ships lying in peaceful placidity on the majestic Blackwater, Youghal has ere this cringed beneath the iron fangs of the demon of war and destruction ; scathless she has not escaped in the sanguinary strife, which, for such a length of time had devastated our native land.

Many and wild are the tales which this interesting little town has been the scene of ; already has Lover immortalized it in romantic legends ; Gummer, Sampson, the Water Witches, have become familiarized to most readers of the Penny Journals. Besides the interest excited in a legendary and antiquarian point of view, it possesses peculiar advantages to the valetudinarian, the salubrity of its air and the facility of sea bathing render it a delightful residence for such during the summer and autumn months.

At the distance of a pleasant half hour's sail from Youghal an immense rock rises out of the bosom of the Atlantic, called Cable Island, the good people of the Town have ever and anon been in the habit of spending, at a certain season of the year, a holiday or gala-day on the face of this inhospitable is land. On the morning of the first of August may be seen

crowds hurrying eagerly to the quay, well provided with sea-store for this *momentous voyage* ; from the gaudily arrayed pleasure yacht of the opulent merchant, to the less showily decorated boat of the more humble inhabitant of the borough, all bear their quota of self-satisfied' minds determined on consecrating this day to the god of pleasure on an altar which nature has reared from the bosom of the mighty deep.

The sleeping monotony of the gigantic Blackwater is this day broken in upon by the sound of innumerable violins and other instruments, the hum of her many people, and the soul-thrilling cry of the children she has reared on her bosom.— A day commenced under such auspices is invariably spent in socialty, the haughty burgher, who for twelve months before has revelled in all the "pride of place," esteeming it as beneath him to hold intercourse with any save the other subsidiary branches of the aristocratic tree, now casts aside the unbending sternness which has proverbially marked his character, to hold familiar converse with some pale-browed artisan, his more humble, but, at all events as useful fellow-townsmen ; who, for the same length of time, has scarcely dared to lift his eyes to meet the gaze of any of the hereditary rulers who hold the destinies of Youghal.

At sunset, or immediately after, the same eagerness which was perceived in the morning to visit this scene of pleasure, is now manifested to return : the people leave the island to resume on the following day their several avocations, to converse on the pleasure they have experienced, and to anticipate more for the following year. No sounds for the term of one twelve months will break on the solitary loneliness of Cable Island, save the shrill whistle of the diminutive red-shank, the piercing cry of the more boisterous gulls, or the loud roar of the surrounding ocean, which would seem to rise in anger at finding its empire so unceremoniously invaded. No visitor

will intrude within the haunted precincts of this lonely isle, till the return of that day which will be again consecrated to mirth and festivity. Hardy and venturesome as the fishermen on this coast assuredly are, few if any would wish to remain on the island for any length of time after sunset, for tradition has marked it as the scene of a most awful and desperate act of piratical vengeance.

Almost every person has heard of the celebrated pirate, Kidd, his notorious acts of villainy on the high seas have earned for him a celebrity in these islands as well as near the more immediate scenes of his depredations; when he was, if we might use the expression, in the meridian of his wickedness, and after a successful attack on a homeward bound Indianan, richly laden with specie, the unfortunate crew of which perished by that ferocity which was a distinguishing mark in his character. Happening to escape after a smart chase from a British man of war, he determined on landing and hiding the principal part of his ill-gotten gold at the first convenient place he could find; the savage wildness of this barren spot accorded well with the gloomy nature of his own feelings, and accordingly he pitched upon it as the place wherein to secrete his blood-stained treasure. A natural cavity, by the exertion of a little labor, was soon hollowed out sufficiently to allow caskets of gold of all nations to be piled in a heap indiscriminately together: for the better securing of this treasure he determined on leaving one of his crew as a guard over it, and of placing him in such a condition as would be calculated to strike terror into any of his ignorant and besotted followers who should seek the hardihood to take possession of it.

Among a number of men, robbers by profession, it might seem difficult to select *even one* who might be entrusted with the tempting guardianship! But the plan he adopted for securing the fidelity of the man whom he designed to leave, was such as could awaken no suspicion in the Rover's breast as to his breaking trust. For this purpose he caused the men to assemble, and after a lengthened speech, in which he recapitulated the many and spirit-stirring actions they had been joint participators in, and after dwelling with energy, on the many times he had singly perilled his life to effect their comfort, or

release one of them from slavery, he asked were any willing to "leave him to watch gold." All with one solitary exception cried out that sooner than forsake the sable flag, which hung listlessly in the breeze above them, their hearts best blood would willingly be laid at the feet of the man who was now viewing them with feelings of exultation. The devotedness of his reckless followers, villains though they were, had touched a chord within the stern desperado's heart, and a tear glistened in that dauntless eye which had so often unmoved gazed on death in its most terrific form; the feelings of pleasure which the Rover experienced at beholding the attachment of his robber crew, were quickly dissipated on recurring to the solitary exception we have already alluded to. Even his voice did the vigilant ear of the pirate notice silent, when the loud and simultaneous shout burst open the stillness of the heavens. To this man the Rover was under peculiar obligations; on two different occasions would the sabre of the enemy have closed his bloody career and life but for the timely interference of Fernando, for by such name was he known on board the pirate's vessel; his history was involved in obscurity, none knew the land of his birth, nor by what means he got admittance on board their vessel; all that was known concerning him was, that he was a brave man, a good seaman, and had twice saved their commander's life. This latter circumstance accounted for the apparent intimacy which existed betwixt himself and the Rover, but a coldness could be perceived as having taken place between the pirate and this man, the cause which after circumstances tended to reveal, was a desire he had unfortunately expressed at several times to leave the ship.

The tiger-like glance of the Rover dwelt in vengeance on the form of the devoted Fernando, as he once more repeated the question. Again the same uproarious shouts echoed along the vault of the heavens, and again was the unhappy victim of the blood-stained robber silent. With the fleetness of a hyena he rushed to the side of the doomed man, and roared in a voice of thunder, "Fernando, why silent?" "I tender not flattery, nor seek I for favor," replied Fernando, in tones which bore a strong contrast to the murderous voice of the ruthless assassin.

"What!" shouted the rover, as he tore a pistol from his belt, "braved to my face."

"Pirate and villian," exclaimed the intrepid man, "I have looked death too often in the eyes to quail beneath the falcon glance of thine; fire, and by one act crown the consummate villiany of your life, by the death of the man who has more than once preserved yours, stern and unrelenting scourge of the ocean."

The proud bravery with which he uttered these words and the stern composure his countenance manifested to the eagle-eye of the Rover, wrought more powerfully within the latter's bosom in his favor than the most cringing attitudes could effect; he saw a man possessed of a spirit unbending as his own completely in his power, scorn that power, which he knew could crush him; he saw himself reviled, almost trampled upon before the men who were wont to bow to his slightest wishes, as if they were the commands of some invisible power; and his pistol was once more elevated, but almost immediately fell to its former position. Some secret spring had apparently been touched within the Rover's bosom, for he paced the ground with agitation. At length having acquired a mastery over himself he stepped suddenly before Fernando and addressed him. "Fernando," (said he in a low tone of voice,) "thou knowest the tenure by which I hold power over this lawless set, thou knowest by what a frail stay the throne I have erected for myself is supported, and thou has seen how my deadliest wrath can fall on the devoted head of him whom I have reason to suspect of the slightest act of insubordination. The vengeance you have thus awakened requires a sacrifice from you to appease it; the insults you have heaped upon me call for unqualified submission on your part, and as a consequence of such it becomes necessary for you to sue humbly for forgiveness from him you have pretended to despise. For such, and in consideration of the many and important services you have rendered me, I am willing to forget the occurrences which have, unfortunately, taken place, and not only that, but your slightest wishes shall be regarded as commands when we arrive at the place of our destination. The voice of Nature still pleads within my bosom for you, wretch as I am, for the hand which has profusely scattered the blood of thousands has

trembled when raised to immolate you. Once for all," continued the Rover, "I hold out the right hand of fellowship to you. If you reject, though you were ten times dearer to me than thou art, thou diest."

"Demon of the deep," exclaimed Fernando, "the hand you would hold out to me is still red with the gore of innumerable victims. The sable ensign which now floats listlessly on the breeze of Heaven accords well with the gloomy nature of your own sanguinary feelings. The voice of nature, say you? Ha! ha! ha!" and he laughed in derision. "Aye," exclaimed he, in tones of heart-thrilling energy, "that nature which brought down the gray hairs of thine aged parents in shame and sorrow to the grave, would not spare the brother of his early days by his kneeling to his parents' murderer! But never! I have scorned your threats; I now despise your promises. That knee which has seldom bent in adoration of its Creator, shall not now be debased by crouching to thee."

The tiger-like propensities of the pirate were once more aroused by this cutting speech, as elevating the pistol to its former position, he shouted: "Though the obligations thou hast conferred on me were redoubled tenfold, thy life pays the forfeit of thy temerity." And, accordingly, the body of the unfortunate fell at the feet of the fratricidal villian. "Bury him now," cried he, "over our treasure. His ghost," continued he, in a tone of sarcasm, "will be of service, now that his body is useless. I had selected a victim," he muttered to himself, "but—no, no—not him."

The corpse of the unfortunate man was accordingly buried over the gold, and the ruthless pirate and his guilty crew returned from the murder of their ill-fated comrade to pursue their savage career on the bosom of the still, slumbering ocean. A few hours saw them at a distance from their blood-stained treasure and its unearthly guardian, fated never to return to claim their ill-gotten gold. Their career was short; the days of the pirate were numbered. His numerous acts of atrocity had stirred up almost all the different maritime nations of the world against him; armed vessels of all countries were sent eagerly in quest of him, and after a number of hairbreadth escapes he was at

length taken and paid that penalty for his crimes which he so deservedly merited.

Many attempts have been made by persons to possess themselves of this treasure, all ending in some untoward accident happening to those who had the temerity of seeking for it. Among others, two brothers, joint owners of a small fishing smack, went with the firm determination of recovering the hidden gold or perishing in the attempt. The morning which ushered in the day they were to embark on their enterprise was remarkably beautiful. The ocean, which had lashed the island for several days with unrelenting fury, sending its white spray to the top of the highest cliff, had now returned to its former placidity, as if ashamed of the unavailing rage it had exerted on the impervious rock. No sound disturbed the solemn stillness which reigned around, save the whine of the unsuspecting sea pie, the scream of the voracious cormorant, as it dived with the velocity of lightning into the dark bosom of the deep after some of the numerous fry which abound at the mouth of the Blackwater, and the noise of the oars as they played in their rowlocks, sending the brothers quickly across that portion of the sea which intervened between them and the island. Immediately on landing they commenced their search, and for a length of time unavailingly. The perspiration gushed from every pore, as with stalwart arms they rooted around the spot beneath which the gold was supposed to be. Laborious was the toil the ill-fated brothers underwent that day. At length, when hope had almost given place to despair, their notice was attracted by what seemed to be a rough jointing in the rock, which now apparently they had arrived at. But all of a sudden the atmosphere became gloomily overcast; the breeze, which in the morning scarcely disturbed the long grass which covered the bosom of the island, now howled mournfully around the cliffs which encompassed them, as if bewailing the rashness which urged the unfortunate men to seek possession of a treasure which was guarded by an unearthly being. The unwieldy porpoise, sure presager of the coming storm, rolled in antic gambols on the surface of the ocean, which was already beginning to awaken from its lethargy. Still the brothers persevered, though well they understood

each sign of the approaching gale. The stone, which they firmly believed separated them from the concealed treasure, now trembled beneath their reiterated strokes. Their eyes lighted with pleasure as they contemplated the effect of each succeeding stroke on the frail barrier which interposed between them and the object of their research, when suddenly their vision became overcast so that surrounding objects were enveloped in total darkness, and they continued in this deplorable state, perfectly blind, till they reached the boat, led to it by some invisible hand. On regaining their sight, their utmost energies were exerted to return to the mainland, but unavailingly. The storm, which had been continually increasing, had now reached its utmost fury, and the devoted little vessel and its unfortunate crew were cast on that portion of the strand which lies immediately adjacent to Clay Castle, at a short distance from Youghale and immediately opposite the island. The solitary grave which lies beneath the northern gable of the old abbey marks the spot which contained the mortal remains of the ill-fated brothers, long since mouldered into dust. Such is the tale which tradition relates of the pirate Kidd and the seekers of his ill-gotten gold.

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IF the sun is going down, look up at the stars; if the earth is dark, keep your eyes on heaven! With God's presence and God's assistance, a man or a child may be always cheerful.

MIND what you are after! Never be contented with a bubble that will burst, or a fire-work that will end in smoke and darkness. Get that which you can keep, and which is worth keeping.

FIGHT hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come; but resist it stoutly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life. Never revenge an injury.

NEVER be cast down by trifles. If a spider breakes his thread twenty times, twenty times will he mend it again. Make up your mind to do a thing, and you will do it. Fear not if a trouble comes upon you, keep up your spirits, tho' the day be a dark one.



(CORRESPONDENCE.)

## THE IRISH NATIONAL CONVENTION.

*To the Editor of the Harp.*

THE thirtieth day of November and the first and second days of December, 1881, were memorable days for the Irish race on the American continent. At the city of Chicago were convened delegates from almost every state in the union and Canada, representing the numerous branches of the Irish National Land League of America, and the various Irish organizations in the country in sympathy with the present struggle of the people in Ireland for the overthrow of landlordism, and the restoration of national autonomy. This great convention was composed of about eight hundred delegates, and had in its numbers about fifty priests, several protestant clergymen, one of whom was permanent presiding officer of the lodge, and a large number of men who were not of Irish birth or descent—pure Americans who, animated by the spirit of liberty, joined hands with their Irish fellow-citizens in the noble effort to redeem Ireland from alien domination. The call for the convention was general, and embraced within its terms all Irish organizations, and the result was that every organization existing in sympathy with the methods and purposes of the Irish leaders and the Irish National Land League was represented. The Ancient Order of Hibernians, an organization having in its ranks the very flower of the young Irish and Irish Americans in the country, to the number of about two hundred thousand men, was largely represented. The purpose of this society is to help Ireland in whatever manner she makes demand, and to help fellow-members. The National Land League had about four hundred delegates, and the Clan na Gael had a large representation. Every form of Irish society was represented, and thus were brought together every shade of opinion, and every form of organization existing among the Irish in America. Representatives from leagues were present from Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, and Windsor, in Canada. The proceedings of the Convention were orderly, were continued for three days, and were of the greatest

importance in their character. The deliberations of the body were such as to receive from the press of America the highest testimonials, and are certain to be followed by important results.

The Irish people at home were represented before the Convention by three of their most distinguished leaders—Thomas Power O'Connor, M. P. for Galway; T. M. Healy, M. P. for Wexford; and the Rev. Eugene Sheehy. These gentlemen were given a grand reception by the people of Chicago, at which they all spoke of the condition of affairs in Ireland in eloquent language; and the hearty reception which they received, and the earnest manner in which the vast audience listened to their addresses, clearly indicated the patriotism and loyalty of the Irish people in Chicago to the cause so ably advocated by the distinguished orators. The results following from this Convention will undoubtedly be of the most momentous and important character. They will be two-fold in their motive—first in the effect upon public opinion in America, and secondly in so encouraging the people of Ireland in their struggle as to lend fresh sway to their efforts, and present one more element of danger and difficulty to the English government in dealing with questions of Irish rights in any inimical spirit or with sinister purpose. It has been boasted by the enemies of the Irish people that upon any question relative to the politics of Ireland, or involving her material welfare or advantage, it was and is impossible to procure unity of action. That a spirit of ungenerous rivalry for leadership, or ambitious desire for factional advantage inhered in the Irish nation, which appeared when the occasion was presented. This may have been so—in fact a true statement requires an admission of the existence of certain historic facts, which in a degree justify this charge—but it is not true in the sense in which it is charged at the present day. The people of Ireland have become thoroughly educated. The percentage of education is higher there than in any other country in Europe. They are quick

to learn, and having obtained through their education a knowledge of the causes which led to disaster and defeat, they have acquired the desire and capacity to avoid and remove them. This Convention was conducted under these circumstances. Its action was deliberate, but at the same time, guided by master minds, was unexampled in unity and practical business-like brevity. This has already made a deep impression on the minds of the American people. The press, with a few exceptions, declare it to have been a model body, and add that events of the highest importance must flow from its acts. Nothing was done hastily; no ill-considered action was taken; with just regard for the high sense of decorum, with a sincere belief in the importance of their duty, earnestly desiring to place the case of Ireland in its proper light before the American people, the members of the Convention met, deliberated, and adjourned, with such evident regard for the responsibility of their characters as to utterly refute the false charge that Irishmen cannot govern themselves. By a process as perfect as it was infamous in character, the powers of England had succeeded in creating the impression upon the minds of the people of the world that Ireland was a lair of wild beasts, that only the strong hand of despotic power could keep them from tearing each other in pieces. But this system of slander is beginning to fail. The achievements of Irishmen in every walk of life had gradually weakened its force. The noble stand and combined effort of the Land Leagues had demonstrated their determination of purpose; and now the crowning fact is the Convention at Chicago whose deeds have become history.

The resolutions or platform unanimously adopted are strong and emphatic in their sentiments. They declare that no government can lawfully exist without the consent of the governed; and as English domination is maintained in Ireland only through means of an army of 50,000 men, it should be abolished and local self-government restored. They pledge the Irish American race to be the uncompromising allies of the people in Ireland in the struggle; decline to dictate to them any policy and demanding no conditions; express confidence in the imprisoned Irish leaders, and endorse the "No Rent"

manifesto of the Home Executive of the Irish National Land League.

The Convention resolved to raise the sum of \$250,000 and forward same by February 1st, 1882, to the Treasurer of the League, which will undoubtedly be followed by a similar amount every two months thereafter. This determination will undoubtedly be carried out and thus great material aid rendered to the cause of Ireland.

At this age of public information and education, the great weapons by which the rights of people are to be secured, are constitutional agitation and passive resistance. By agitating and discussing political grievances the attention of the civilized world is centered upon the question. The processes of communication are so complete and effective that the question and the people are brought into such close and intimate relation, that if there be anything materially offensive in any public act, its discussion results in its immediate exposure and necessarily leads to its condemnation, because the majority of mankind are naturally just, and when fully informed range themselves on the right side. Passive resistance to unjust or defective legislation, by refusing to accept its burdensome conditions and delusive promises, is the necessary auxiliary to continued agitation. By it the people express their want of confidence in the defective measure proposed for the alleviation of their sufferings. Under the existing condition of things in Ireland it was necessary that this system of agitation and passive resistance should be maintained, and it was with this purpose and to accomplish this object that the convention representing twelve millions of Irish Americans declared them to be the uncompromising allies of Ireland, and resolved to furnish material aid in the shape of funds. The declaration that inasmuch as the people in Ireland were to run all the risks and suffer all the penalties of failure and temporary oppression, they must shape the policy by which the movement should be directed, was wise and patriotic, and leaves the leaders of the Irish in Ireland the utmost freedom of action. This is as it should be. The present struggle in Ireland is destined to culminate, if successful, in local self-government, if nothing more. It is claimed by those who have made a study of the affair, that the miseries of the people flow largely from alien rule

and outside administration of public affairs. This condition of things in Ireland the Convention scathingly rebukes and earnestly condemns. It was, therefore, a cardinal principle with the members not to attempt to interfere in shaping the policy of the Irish people in Ireland: because, if they did do so, it would be simply another phase of foreign interference. It would be assuming to control and govern affairs in Ireland from America instead of from England, both equally vicious in principle. The Convention took the wisest course. It simply said to the people in Ireland, Whatever you determine upon we are your allies to the full extent of all moral and material assistance in our power.

Outside of Ireland what effect will the attitude of the Irish Americans have in Great Britain? As is already shown, public opinion in America has been strongly affected by it. At the present time, public opinion the world over is crystalizing on the side of the Irish in Ireland. The measures that were tolerated and acceptable as processes of subjection fifty years ago have become atrocious and oriental when proposed or inflicted in the present advanced stage of political information and personal freedom. Irish public sentiment condemns the course of the English Administration during the present crisis in Ireland, and the result must be a complete recession on the part of the Government. What should England do at the present state of affairs so as to honorably retrace her steps in this matter? for retrace them she must. To keep up the large standing army and maintain the present warlike attitude and the wholesale system of imprisonment, is impossible and absurd. The suspension of the right of trial by jury, the establishment of an irresponsible military administration in Ireland, and various other experiments, have been suggested, but the Press in England have declared all to be untenable. Let us consider. It has long been the pet scheme, or rather dream, of many English statesmen to bring about that period in the world's history when the Anglo-Saxon race, as it is called, should govern and control the destinies of the world. Close commercial and political affiliation has been wrought with the United States of America, and she has been pointed to as an example of the enterprise and capacity of the Anglo-Saxon to become great and powerful. To read the gushing senti-

ment expressed in many English journals, they would create the impression (if they were trustworthy), that England and the Anglo-Saxon took more pride in the greatness of the United States than those who created that greatness. Was it Anglo-Saxon virtues that brought the United States to such a pitch of power and greatness? What are the facts? What proportion of the population of over fifty millions is of the Anglo-Saxon race? The actual census returns of the year 1880 show that there are about twelve million Irish and Irish Americans only one generation removed in the United States; that there are nearly eight millions more of Irish descent, many generations having passed since their ancestors came to America and with no Anglo-Saxon blood in their veins; that there are about twenty million Germans, Italians, Spaniards and Frenchmen, leaving not to exceed one-fourth of the whole population of Anglo-Saxon or English ancestry; and had the other three-fourths nothing to do with American progress? Can England upon any ground of affinity, race or blood expect to form any very close affiliation with a country, a very large percentage of whose population is antagonistic, and who are hereditary enemies, and whose feelings towards her have been so clearly enunciated by the recent convention? Especially must this project fail so long as the present manner of stifling free discussion is continued in Ireland and local self-government is denied the Irish people.

The statesmen of England have an opportunity to achieve for their country a magnificent triumph, and to the administration now holding the reins of power is given the chance of doing more to bring about the world-wide supremacy of the *English speaking* nations than that ever possessed by any other. What is this great opportunity? It is simply to restore to Ireland her local parliament and permit her to once more assume her place as a nation, closely bound by material and political interest to the supremacy of the two nations in Europe, and the advancement of the English speaking people of the world. Why should she not do this? One hundred years of English rule has demonstrated the utter failure of the attempt to govern Ireland from London. The Irish people have never even by silence assented to the Act of the Union and the

abolition of the Irish House of Commons. It has been a never-ending source of annoyance, strife and misery, and will continue to be so until repealed. As no sound political principle involving the welfare of the nation, affecting the permanency of the British constitution or of British supremacy, was concerned by the passage of the Union Act, so no political principle incompatible with the safety of English institutions or England's influence on the affairs of the world will be influenced or rejoiced in its repeal. By repeal England will make the people of Irish blood all the world over her friends, a source of infinite trouble will be removed, a nation will be made happy and the cause of human liberty advanced. This question commends itself to the calm consideration of English statesmen. They must bring themselves to face fully the evident inevitable fact that England must be prepared to meet this never-ending agitation unless the proper remedy be applied. The pages of history demonstrate that the moral races and peoples survive. The survival of Ireland is a striking exemplification of this theory. The people are moral and conservative. The destroying malaria of infidelity has not arisen from her bogs and sapped the moral vitality of the people; communism and red republicanism have no apostles or believers among her thinkers; crime is exceptional in times of peace; the people are industrious and frugal, and obey wholesome laws with alacrity; they love liberty, and in struggling for its benefits develop great tenacity of purpose. What is the condition of England to-day in comparison? True it is that greater wealth is found and more complete commercial progress achieved in England. But the English people are in large numbers inoculated with the poison of infidelity. The ignorance of the masses has cradled

the hideous form of red republicanism until it starts forth obtruding its reddened savage fangs upon the startled minds of the Powers. The surface of the social system of England seems like a crust upon a seething sub-stratum, which may at any time break forth and completely submerge and destroy with the relentless fury of a huge volcano the whole social and political superstructure. When this crisis comes where shall constitutional government in England look for support? Not to the Continental Powers, for they are in the same danger themselves. Not to America, because non-interference in European affairs is a cardinal principle in the settled policy of America. Her greatest bulwark, her only safeguard, will be the conservative and order-loving people of Ireland, who, if rightly treated and placed in a position of power, may yet be the means of salvation to the present system of British government. At any rate, the survival of Ireland at the present time is demonstrative proof that until full and complete justice is done her she will be a source of trouble and annoyance to England. The opportunity is upon her: let justice be done; never was there a political problem more easily solved.

The part which the Irish Americans are to take in bringing about a favorable result is not exhausted by the work of the Convention. The spirit of determination was reflected from the faces of its members. Their voices spoke in tones not meant to die away in the passing breeze. They spoke for themselves and for their children and successors for generations to come. The irrepressible conflict will be typified, and in accents loud, solemn and prophetic a vendetta is proclaimed between the Saxon and the Celt until justice is done to Ireland.

J. C. D.



## TALES FOR THE YOUNG.

THE LEGEND OF HUGO, MARQUIS OF  
TUSCANY.

FLORENCE was not always the beautiful city which she has become under the fostering care of the lavish and splendid Medici, nor was the valley of Arno always a smiling field of olives, vines, oranges and flowers, studded here and there with gorgeous villas and elegant casinos. The environs of Florence, now so beautiful and so populous, were covered with thick and tangled wild-wood in the days when our story begins. The light of the sun as it fell upon the silent soil, was broken and chequered by the branches of a primeval forest, and the huntsman often dismounted and warily led his steed through briery copsewood, or across marshy meadowland, traversed only by narrow and straggling paths. Along one of these rustic avenues, somewhat broader and straighter than the rest, a noble horseman rode slowly one sultry summer afternoon. He had followed the chase, which was his favorite pastime, through the wilds of Valdarno for several hours, until panting from the heat of the season, weary of exertion, and parched with thirst, he paced gently along in the hope of hearing a grateful promise of refreshment in the song of some lonely cottager, or the bubbling sound of a mountain rill. The noble mien and lofty bearing of the cavalier would have led to the conclusion that he was a person of rank and consequence, nor did his distinguished appearance belie him, for he was the Marquis Hugo, Lord of Florence and its Seignory. He was led onward, on the occasion we speak of, without being himself aware of the fact, by a heavenly guide. Wholesome warning was much needed by the erring prince for his own good and for the good of his vassals; and he was on that day to receive it.

The Marquis was a son of the renowned Hugo of Provence, second king of Italy after the downfall of the Emperor Berengar. He was a powerful chief, a gallant soldier, and during the early part of his career he delighted in the practice of every virtue becoming a Christian prince.

The teachings and examples of a pious mother, to whom he was fondly attached, had impressed themselves at an early age upon his generous and feeling heart, and none more so than her often repeated injunctions that he should ever be faithful in his devotion to Mary. Deeply and sincerely did the young prince mourn his bereavement when his affectionate parent was called from the scenes of a virtuous life upon earth to receive a well earned crown in heaven. His loss was even greater than the young nobleman fairly understood it to be. For when the gentle voice of his mother had ceased to breathe the timely warnings which had hitherto guided his steps, he began little by little to swerve from the straight path along which duty is present and certain at every point, while happiness may be reached only at the journey's end.

Hugo changed rapidly, and for the worse. Yet such is the inconsistency of human nature! although he soon neglected and forgot the counsels of his mother concerning the fulfilment of the ordinary practices of Christian virtue, he cherished what was most pure and refined in the course she wished him to pursue, namely: love and devotion towards the queen of angels and virgins. The daily increase of influence and power, the noisy occupations of medieval warfare and the society of worthless associates, depraved the young prince to such a degree that nothing was left save veneration for her name, and the practice of certain devotions in her honor, to distinguish him from the crowd of ruthless and corrupt chieftains who lorded it over Italy at the time in which he lived. He became a heartless oppressor of his people, and the excesses of his private life were the scandal of all who had access to the court. Such was the conduct of the noble Marquis, who professed tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and who now rode along the forests of Valdarno, cursing the heat of the season, and the thirst which parched his lips after the labors of the chase.

Suddenly and unexpectedly a person met him on his way, and what was his

delight when he perceived that it was a woman, bearing in her hands a salver of the freshest and most delicious fruits. It was a little mound of autumnal treasures, such as Domenichino or Carracci loved to paint to the life, and such as the traveller beholds in the banquet halls of Italian villas, as he gazes with astonishment at a counterfeit that stands forth from the canvas more real than reality, more natural than nature itself. Piled up before the eyes of the prince, dying of thirst, there were slices of watermelon, large ripe figs, mellow apples, juicy pomegranates, luscious pears and downy peaches, crowned and festooned with heavy bunches of blue and amber-colored grapes, bursting with very ripeness. Eagerly did he stretch forth his glowing hand to this rich treasure, for which he would have paid its weight in gold;—but how great was his annoyance when he perceived that these tempting fruits were all besmeared with filth. He withdrew his hand. Yet burning thirst is not apt to be delicate and fastidious. Again he plunged his hand among the little mountain of fruits, but it emitted such a nauseous odor that he hastily drew back again and turned his head, overcome by a sense of sickening disgust that well-nigh caused him to faint. He now gazed upon the bearer of this strange burden, so tempting to the sight and so repulsive to the smell. She was a comely matron of august mien and majestic bearing, and the salver she bore in her hands seemed to the astonished nobleman to be made of burnished gold. Before he could give utterance to his surprise or demand an explanation, a steady and searching glance was fixed upon him, and he thrilled with awe at the words of reproach that fell upon his ear. "*Thou seest in these fruits an emblem of the devotion thou claimest to hold so dear. It is indeed beautiful and good in itself, but so defiled by your wicked life as to be unworthy of acceptance in the sight of heaven.*" Such was the warning given Hugo when he had declined to partake of the fruit, after which the vision disappeared from his sight and he found himself alone in the forest.

The mildness of the rebuke he had miraculously received went to the very soul of the young prince and overwhelmed him with shame and remorse. He thought of the peace and happiness of his innocent boyhood—he remembered the gentle

tones of his mother's voice—he thought of the promises made so often that he would be a faithful servant of the Blessed Mary, the Mother of Holy Purity. Then, rose up before him the extravagance and dissipation, the heartlessness and unchastity of life he had been leading of late with his roystering comrades, and he shed tears of grief and bitter self-reproach. He promised speedy amendment—he purposed and he planned—and turned his horse's head towards the gates of Florence, with the full conviction that the morrow would find him a new man. Such were the resolves of Hugo, Marquis of Tuscany, as he reached his palace on the evening of that eventful day; but, alas for poor human nature! they were not destined to be honored in the observance. The old chronicle tells us that the young prince proposed reform indeed, but that he did not comply with his duties, nor fortify himself with the aids of grace, and that what was still worse, he failed to avoid the occasions which had already proved so fatal to his virtue. A few taunts and jeers from his youthful associates soon banished all traces of serious thought from his brow, a few bouts drowned all recollection of the vision in the forest, and the mild rebuke with which it was accompanied. Hugo soon became as stout a wassailer, and as noisy a rioter as the best, or rather the worst of them—to use a still more forcible comparison, he shortly became as wrecked a scapegrace as he had been before. A new reprimand was needed to recall him to his senses, which were now the very reverse of sober, a reprimand he should not so easily forget—and it came.

The game-keepers of the Marquis had come upon the trail of a wild-boar, in the woods that skirted the foot of Monte Senario, and swept up its bold and rocky sides, and all the court had turned out in high spirits to enjoy the sport and give chase to the formidable savage. None of the princely cavalcade was more eager in pursuit that day than the bold and adventurous young Marquis, and when a view was finally got of the chase, he grew wild with excitement and hung upon the rear of the flying enemy with such ardor that he followed him into the most dreary fastnesses of the mountain. Here at length he paused and reined in his steed, which was covered with foam and panting with

fatigue. He became aware that he had distanced his retinue, and sought vainly around to discover even one of his attendants. The atmosphere, which had been sultry and moist, had grown close and dark, pertaining the gathering of a storm. All was still as death in the gloomy forest; then as the prince looked up at the clouds stretched like a mass of black marble overhead, a few thick, heavy drops pattered on the leaves of the trees, and even dashed upon his face and hands. Anon he heard the first hoarse rumblings of thunder struggling to break forth from its dungeon. Then came a loud crash like the bursting of an earthquake—the mountain seemed to tremble on its base; the oaks tossed their giant branches in the fury of the blast; the tall pines rocked wildly to and fro; wierd glimmering lightning lit up the trees and rocks with a lurid blaze, then all was dark again, and finally down poured the rain in heavy torrents, deluging the whole scene, gathering and gurgling from rock and gully, and foaming madly in yellow cascades down the steep sides of the mountain.

The brave prince, though he was no stranger to alpine thunder-storms, thought he had never seen one so furiously violent as this. Nothing makes a coward, even of a brave man, so quick as to be suddenly drenched with cold water from head to foot, and he looked wildly around for some place of shelter. He discovered at length the outlet of a cavern in the rock, and thither he spurred his jaded and terrified steed. The prince dismounted and entered, leading his horse under the brow of the overhanging rock, when a spectacle met his view which transfixed him with terror to the spot. The sides and summit of a wide and deep cavern were filled with black volumes of smoke, in the centre of which blazed and labored a fiery forge, looking like a picture of hell with midnight for its frame. In front of the forge rose a large anvil, and around it stood several swarthy, half-naked figures, whose fiendish eyes and grinning teeth were lit up by the glare that shot from the mouth of the furnace. These satanic smiths were busy in drawing forth from the fire and pounding with heavy blows on the anvil, not bars of iron or steel, but arms, heads, hearts, and other portions of human bodies.

The Marquis gazed with fear and horror

on the appalling scene; but the thought struck him that the monsters must be necromancers, who had retired to these wilds in order to practice, unwhipt of justice, the abominable orgies of their craft. For this class of malefactors he had always entertained a feeling of indignant aversion. With the courage which formed a remarkable trait in his character, he lifted up his voice, rating them in no measured terms, and threatening them with the severest penalties for their crimes. He had not yet ceased speaking, when one of the ugly caitiffs drew near to the mouth of the cave and cut short his address by saying fiercely: "Not so fast, good sir, an it please you. We are not the wizards you take us for, but ministers of Divine justice, who punish in the manner you behold a number of lewd varlets consigned to our hands. All we wait for now is one Hugo Signor, of the surrounding country, who, if we fasten one grip upon him, will pay well for his lecheries on yon anvil." Never, in his happiest days, had the poor Marquis invoked the Blessed Virgin so devoutly as he did at that moment. Detesting his bad life and promising to do penance, firmly enough this time, he prayed to God to save him from the fiery demons before him. He blessed himself devoutly, and at the sign of the cross they vanished.

Hugo left the cave a far different man from what he was when he entered it. He discovered close at hand a little hermitage, the tenant of which was a man of God, named Eugenius. He spent the whole night with this venerable recluse in discourse touching his conversion, and the acts of virtue he proposed to perform. In the morning he returned to the city, and going to Eustace, Archbishop of Florence, he gave him a full account of his wonderful adventure. He set about repairing the scandals he had given, by a public example of penance and humiliation. On a solemn festival he proceeded to the great church of the Duomo, accompanied by Eustace and the Archbishop of Ravenna, Legate of the Holy See, to make a public confession of his errors. With tears in his eyes he repeated continually to the crowd of people through which he passed: "Hugo will be Hugo no longer. Ugo non sara piu Ugo—Ugo non sara piu Ugo."

History bears witness that he was true

to his promise. Although one of the most warlike barons of the day, he avoided the brawls in which his neighbors were unceasingly engaged, nor do we know that he unsheathed the sword, unless for the protection of the innocent, or the punishment of bandits and evil-doers. He built several monasteries, and among them the celebrated Benedictine Abbey of Sante Maria in Florence, and was so much beloved by his subjects for his justice and moderation, that they honored him with the surname of "l'Ottimo," or "the Excellent."

The history of his miraculous conversion has been handed down by tradition, and is often repeated among the people of Italy, even at the present day. Their child-like devotion and beautiful taste has led them to dedicate the month of May, the sweet season of sunbeams, zephyrs and flowers, to the special honor of "La Madonna Santissima," the mother of the Saviour, the queen of Purity and Love. Often, during that lovely month, when the "Padre Direttore" instructs his youthful flock, whom he affectionately addresses as the "children of Mary," he tells them that no devotion is grateful to their gentle patroness unless it be accompanied with the practice of true Christian virtue; and on such occasions he is heard not unfrequently to illustrate the truth of the assertion by quoting the legend of Hugo, Marquis of Tuscany.

#### II.—THE WORLD'S REWARD.

ONE sultry noon-day a poor country lad was returning to his village, wearied and exhausted by the load of vegetables which he had carried to the neighboring town. Although he well knew that his cross old father awaited his return with impatience, and that by each delay he should only increase the old man's anger, still the heat was so oppressive, that it was impossible for him to pursue his way without some rest; he therefore seated himself for a few minutes near a landmark.

Beneath this stone, however, which apparently through rain and wind, had been moved from its original position, there lay a huge snake. As soon as this creature became aware of the lad, it stretched forth its head, and in a hiss of anguish thus addressed him:

"Welcome, good stranger! take pity

on me, and release me from the weight of this monstrous stone, which threatens every moment to crush me. See! it presses ever more painfully upon me, and if thou dost not relieve me immediately, I shall certainly be crushed to death!"

The country lad was no little surprised by the confidential manner in which the creature, usually so savage towards men, addressed him; he was touched with compassion, nevertheless he did not over and above relish its near neighborhood. But now when the snake besought him in a still more piteous manner, saying:

"I beseech thee, in the name of mercy, save me! save me! I will indeed reward thee, as people always reward their benefactors." The good-natured lad no longer hesitated, but with all his strength, rolled away the stone from the body of the half-crushed serpent.

But how great indeed was his horror, when the released monster rushed upon him with the utmost fury, and breathing forth venom threatened to devour him. Scarcely conscious he stammered forth, pale and trembling:

"Is this the reward thou makest thy benefactor?" The serpent answered coldly:

"This is the manner in which the world rewards benefits, and I promised thee no other reward."

These words only increased his astonishment still more. There seemed to him no means by which he could escape his cruel foe, no third party to come to his rescue. Feeling himself doomed to be devoured by the horrible creature, he still sought with tears and violent beatings of his heart, to address it in the following words:

"I acknowledge myself to be thy victim, for I have neither strength nor courage to struggle with thee; but still I have not wit enough to comprehend the meaning of thy words. I am a poor, simple country lad, and am too unacquainted with the world to comprehend what thou sayest about its mode of rewarding services. Grant me a moment's reflection, or let us choose another judge in this affair."

"Well!" cried the serpent, "then let it be so. Upon yon bare heath there grazes an old horse, in thy eyes perhaps, a more noble creature than I am; let us hasten to him, we will hear his decision."

This was no sooner said than done.



The lad strode fearfully on towards the moor, and his venomous companion moved along slowly beside him. They soon reached the dry, grassless heath, and perceived before them a grey horse which was scarcely more than a skeleton; the miserable beast was cropping with difficulty the few bents which grew upon the barren ground. The serpent immediately commenced—

“What is it that detains thee here, when at home thou mightest enjoy rich an excellent food? What has changed thy noble form into such a skeleton, that thy skin can barely cover it?” With a melancholy gasp, the horse replied—

“Dost thou not know that this is the world’s reward, and the recompense for every good service? Thirty hard years I bore a bold warrior, understanding his every desire, obeying every movement of his bridle; six times in the tumult of battle have I saved him from captivity and death. Now that I am grown weak through age and toil, and can no longer serve him, he has given me over to the flayer, who will soon loosen my skin from my bones.”

“Ha!” cried the serpent to the lad with a triumphant laugh, “hast thou heard this? Prepare for death, all is over with thee!” And saying this, the snake drew himself up ready to spring upon him with renewed fury. The despairing lad sank humbly upon his knees between the serpent and the horse, and once more besought in a plaintive voice.

“Oh, spare my life yet a little while, I have a poor old father at home; who will take care of him if thou devourest me? Let us take another judge; a human life is surely worth this trouble! Should he pronounce the same decision, I will then prepare myself for death.”

“Be it so,” said the crafty foe, “I will be so merciful as to grant thee this request also.” And with this she drove him along a moor towards a coppice, where she had already perceived the form of an animal. When they arrived there they perceived an old hound fastened to a willow-stump, and endeavoring in vain to defend himself against the swarm of flies which attacked him.

“How is it that thou art here, Sir Hare-catcher, fastened to this pillar of honor, thou who but a short time since I saw chasing the hares in full glory across the

fields?” enquired the serpent. But the old hound only whined bitterly, and thus replied:—

“Such is the world’s reward and the universal recompense of good! After having served my master zealously and faithfully at home and abroad, after having rendered my name terrific to the whole host of hares, he has me fastened to this stump, where I am awaiting my reward for my good services, which in a few minutes the huntsman will send me from his gun!”

The poor lad shuddered both body and soul, for the serpent perceptibly expanded her frightful curling form, ready to swallow the miserable victim of her rage. No means of deliverance now remaining to him, the poor lad prepared himself in God’s name to receive the death-bite. But lo! before he was aware there sprang forth a fox, who secretly had watched all from the neighboring coppice. With a very friendly manner he stepped between the two, enquired what was the subject of their dispute, and, unperceived by the serpent, promised the unhappy lad by a sign his safety, in consideration of a certain quantity of poultry which he should receive. With equal caution, but most joyfully, did the lad promise the reward, and now the fox besought for a minute relation of the whole affair.

The serpent, greatly to the lad’s astonishment, appeared satisfied with this arrangement, and accompanied the judge and victim to the stone in the field, in order to show the former the origin of the dispute.

When they had reached the spot, the fox stood silently and thoughtfully before the stone, measured its height and breadth, and shaking his head and tail, commenced with an oratorical air:—“Be oved, beautiful, and wise serpent! although I question thy right in this matter, as little as I can disapprove of the charms of thy royal form, and the justice of thy claims lies as heavily upon my heart as the stone did upon thy shining back; still I cannot conceive how thy stately form could ever find space sufficient in this narrow cavity. If I am to be a right judge I must see the whole affair clearly before my eyes.”

“Of that I will directly convince thee,” said the serpent, and immediately she glided into the hole where she had lain concealed. Scarcely had she placed her-

self in it, than the country lad obeyed the signal of the fox, and rolled the stone so closely over her, that she could scarcely do more than stretch forth her head from beneath the load.

"Was it possible," cried the cunning fox with great astonishment, "that thou couldst ever breathe there!"

"Yes," pursued the other, "I was quite as uncomfortable then as I am now; but lift the weight off my back again, or I shall be dead!"

She brought forth the last words with the greatest difficulty from her compressed throat, but the country lad replied all the more merrily:—"No, no, Mrs. Snake, we will let you remain there!" and he and his deliverer walked off well pleased.

When they had pursued their homeward way for some distance, the fox reminded his companion of the promise he had made. The lad promised him again six splendid hens for his breakfast the following morning, and with this the fox took a friendly leave of him, and directed his steps towards a neighboring vineyard.

The country lad now hastened on towards his little village, but it was late in the evening before he reached his home. Loud was the father's anger at his delay, and it was in vain that he represented to him the dreadful danger which had been its cause, in vain that he praised the humane fox to whom he owed his deliverance.

He now confessed the promise he had made to the fox, and declared that it was alone by this means he had been able to save both his own and his father's life. But at this the old man became still more wrathful, and before the morning star grew pale, he stood ready armed with a heavy, sharp axe behind the garden-gate, and as the unsuspecting guest stretched forth his head into the garden to fetch his promised breakfast, he struck the weapon with all his might into the poor creature's neck.

The son, aroused by the cry of the poor fox, rushed forth from his room, but too late either to warn or to save him. He beheld the unhappy fox weltering in his blood, and with the last cry of agony, "*This is the reward of the world!*" his life passed away.—*The moral is apparent.*

## THE NEW YEAR.

HARK! how the merry bells from every steeple  
 Sound the glad New Year's tidings, while the air,  
 Freed from nocturnal mischief by the sound,  
 And pure as breath of heaven, seems to echo  
 From every rock and dell, and leafless wood,  
 The faint response of this sweet sonnerie.  
 The minstrel chorus, with tuneful pipe,  
 The gay guitar, with sweetly mellow lute,  
 And lyre more clear than Phœbus ever strung,  
 By their rathe wakes now scare the spirits of night,  
 And make e'en wintry darkness safe as day,  
 That spreads her black couch for the newborn year,  
 In joyous, lively, sweet expectancy.  
 Our altars now are lighted; at each shrine  
 A taper burns to every patron saint,  
 And every story-painted window dim  
 Can tell its saintly tales in colored scenes,  
 Waiting the octave of that holy dawn,  
 When on the darkness of the long-lost world  
 Th' effulgent light of heaven again was shed.  
 All night we kept our watches; but, ah! now  
 Another year rolls round life's airy spiral  
 And bears us closer to the fearful verge  
 When we no more can make the annual rounds  
 Lesser and less towards the top, and then  
 We fall to right or left. O, holy angels,  
 My constant guard, protect my waning days,  
 For every new year's chime's an annual clock,  
 That says, Thou hastenest to eternity.

# THE HARP.

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HAMILTON, ONT., JANUARY, 1882.

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## EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

### HOW IRELAND MIGHT BE PROSPEROUS.

IRISHMEN universally agree on the necessity of making their country prosperous ; they differ only as to the means. Many schemes have been proposed for the purpose, varying in their nature from lamb-like gentleness to the most radical violence. In the midst of them all, and in a great measure on account of their existence, legislative reforms have been given, though slowly and sparingly. Much remains to be done before the effects of centuries of misrule can be effaced, full restitution made for the many wrongs which the nation has suffered, and the country restored to a normal state of prosperity.

Ireland will never be in a flourishing condition until she has her own parliament. The sluggish and inert state of trade since the Act of Union was passed is one good evidence of this. Another is the activity that prevailed in commerce and manufactures during the few years that followed 1782, when the British Parliament renounced its claim to bind the actions of the Irish Legislature. It is true that the vast majority of the population enjoyed, ever then, but few rights and still fewer privileges, yet the power of making its own laws, particularly those relating to trade, was a great boon to the nation, and contributed much to its material welfare. Previous to 1782 the operation of Poyning's Bill required the consent of the Imperial Parliament to any Irish bill before

it became law, so that the Irish Legislature of that era was practically worthless. London legislators, with due characteristic jealousy, would allow no measure to pass the Dublin body that would tend to develop Irish commerce and manufactures. The principle of live and let live had no value in their eyes. It was simply everything for Britain, nothing for Ireland. British factors and merchants should grow wealthy, but their fellows in Ireland must live in poverty. But, as we have already seen, when Poyning's law was repealed, Irish affairs assumed a brighter aspect. If, then, Ireland possessed to-day a parliament not only unfettered, but sufficiently liberal in its constitution to represent the nation at large, the prosperous era of 1782 would be repeated in a manifold degree. Any student of political economy will notice that the affairs of the whole Empire would be improved by the existence of local legislatures for all three great divisions of the United Kingdom. On the principle of the division of labor, the business of government would be transacted more quickly and more efficiently than at present, and in a greater quantity. A spirit of emulation, with its accompanying good effects, would be aroused among the different countries, and greater enthusiasm and interest would prevail when each felt that it was working for its own individual interests. As far as Ireland is concerned, the establishment of a better system of education and

land tenure, the removal of the curse of absenteeism, and the retention at home of the capital, and the flower of its population, would be added to the general benefits already implied.

Self-government is the great and essential requisite to the prosperity of Ireland. Foreign rule has been tried for centuries with only such results as misery, hatred and turmoil. No people in the world are more obedient than the Irish to authority that is lawful, just and impartial, and none are more restive under tyrannical and scornful treatment. The centralization of all authority in London for so many years has made the Government, burdened with the cares of an immense colonial system, neglect the affairs of Ireland and disregard the demands of her little band of representatives. Or, if that Government ever seriously turned its attention to the Irish people, it was like the sluggard master of a school, who, waking from a long nap at his desk, finds his pupils clamorous and disorderly, mercilessly whips them into temporary silence, then returns to his chair and falls asleep once more. The federal system of government must sooner or later be adopted. If it has been found expedient for the states of the American Union, for the provinces of Canada and the colonies of Australia, it must be far more necessary in the United Kingdom, where there is such variety of social and national interests. The efforts for Home Rule judiciously and reasonably conducted would receive the sympathy of the civilized world. It only remains for Irishmen to act in a determined and unanimous spirit in order to recover their lost parliament as free as in the days of Henry Grattan, but more liberal in its constitution.

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QUID PRO QUO.

HISTORY proves that Irishmen were despoiled of their lands, robbed of their independence, and even deprived of their

national speech. It is necessary to a thorough understanding of the present condition of Irish affairs that these facts should be well known and considered. Because the chieftains of Ulster were unsuccessful in their efforts to secure for their people those rights that should be inalienable to all mankind, they were outlawed and the fairest portions of their territory given to strangers. When Irishmen refused to endorse the murder of King Charles and accept the tyranny of the Roundheads, Munster was deluged by the refuge of English cities and the rightful owners of the soil massacred or reduced to beggary. Because Ireland fought gallantly, if not wisely, for the cause of the Stuart kings (who should be the monarchs of Britain by the strict law of descent), the government of William III. saw fit to violate its honor, pledged at Limerick, to persecute Irishmen on account of their religion, and to rob them of the small remnant of their lands. Irishmen have seldom been allowed a voice in regulating the affairs of their own country. The "Irish Parliaments," as a rule, represented the "Pale," or that part of the country confiscated for the benefit of English settlers. When the native Irish were summoned, it was only to grant subsidies to spendthrift monarchs under promises of "better terms," which were never granted. Even that Parliament lived and moved in the shadow of its London master, and dared not pass a law without the consent of that august authority. And when at last it showed signs of asserting its manhood, every dishonest means was resorted to, in order to wipe it out of existence, with a success that has grieved all true Irishmen and eternally disgraced its authors. Even the language of Irishmen, in which the Anglo-Saxon learned all that he had worth knowing, became an object of aversion, was held up to scorn, and its existence sapped by the Statute of Kilkenny, which forbade its use wherever

English authority could be enforced. So much for what England took from Ireland. Let us see what return was made.

The land system that has existed in Ireland during the past four centuries is the result of English rule. It was unknown in Celtic times. At that time the *people* were the owners of the lands, and starvation in the midst of plenty was never felt. Since then the lord has become the absolute owner of the land, and almost the controller of its occupant's destiny; and while the former has revelled in affluence, the latter has wallowed in misery. Before the Reformation, absolute poverty and wholesale crime were unknown among the masses. The lands of the monasteries gave the people employment and food; their schools gave them education. When they were swept away, English ingenuity supplied in their stead poorhouses and jails. For generations these cold-hearted and crime-fostering substitutes for generous institutions existed in Britain, and in due course of time were introduced into Ireland. Having reduced the Irish people to poverty by robbing them of their lands and fleecing them by exacting land laws, British legislators offered them poorhouses. Having reduced them to desperation by a long course of tyranny and misrule, and forced them to break laws which they had no voice in making, these same lawgivers hurried them to the prison or the gallows. These facts can be substantiated by the testimony of even English writers, and are mentioned here for the benefit of those who cannot see why Ireland has any better grounds for discontent than England or Scotland. This is England's *quid pro quo*: she robbed Ireland of her land, language and Parliament, and forced on her unjust land laws, poorhouses and jails. That is to say, she took away her bread and gave her stones.

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THE Irish race at home and abroad numbers twenty millions,

#### THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

THE account of the work and purposes of the late Irish National Convention, contributed by an esteemed friend of the HARP and elsewhere published in this number, will no doubt be read with interest. The writer being a gentleman of literary and legal abilities, and holding a prominent position in American political circles, his opinions on the important event which he describes so well are valuable and entitled to earnest consideration.

Unanimity in sentiment and promptness in action distinguished this convention, according to our correspondent. These are very creditable qualities, and will do much to remove the popular superstition with regard to Irish dissension. The resolution to support the movement for the restoration of the Local Legislature for Ireland meets with general approbation. Constitutional agitation for such an object is just and lawful, and cannot be condemned by any reasonable authority. Passive resistance for the same purpose is a position that could not be universally accepted without some qualification. It contains a great many elements of moral danger, and unless justly defined and maintained, would alienate public sympathy, embitter the struggle for rights and privileges, and weaken their durability when obtained. The money which the convention resolved to raise can be made the means of producing a vast amount of good. Constitutional agitation for Home Rule is one of the best purposes for its use, but the money should be placed in the hands of those who have been proved trustworthy and who know how to apply it judiciously. The members of the convention ought to profit by past experience and see this time, at least, that thousands of hard-earned dollars are not squandered by irresponsible persons upon objectionable or impossible projects. The "No Rent"

manifesto has excited difference of opinion. Some maintain that it is a good and effective weapon against an oppressive land system. Others pronounce it morally wrong and say that to request a man not to pay a debt which he has fairly contracted, and which he has sufficient means to pay, is simply asking him to act dishonestly. The latter opinion is supported by the attitude of the Irish bishops, who in a body have declared against the manifesto. They are the true exponents of Irish opinion; they, of all men, have most at heart the interests of the Irish people, and in their hands those interests will be wholly free from moral and social dangers. The convention certainly acted wisely when it resolved not to dictate a policy to the Irish people at home. Its condemnation of the attempt to rule Ireland with satisfaction to the people from a foreign stand-point, and its reference to the palpably utter failure of that attempt, are points on which all Irishmen agree. Finally, its immense numbers, its unanimous decisions, and the multitude which it represented, must show the Imperial Government how many friends it can make by granting liberal measures to Ireland, and how numerous and powerful are the enemies against whom it must contend should it refuse the just demands of the Irish people.

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SINGLENES OF PURPOSE.

AFTER years of anxiety and labor spent in the prosecution of a multitude of objects, men discover that the great cause of failure was the fact that they had "too many irons in the fire." One thing at a time, and that well done, is the true motto by which to work, and success can only be achieved by giving that one thing sole and undivided attention. Every body knows the story of Columbus: how the

theory of a western world had a life-long existence in his mind; how it grew with his years and strength until it became almost his sole thought. In the face of ridicule, opposition and disappointment, almost sufficient to have disheartened the most sanguine, he pursued this theory to a successful issue. Had the stout-hearted Genoese succumbed to the difficulties that beset him, America might have remained undiscovered for centuries, and the benefits which its discovery conferred upon the civilized world remained undeveloped. It was the want of fixity of purpose that cost King James his crown, and put an end to the Stuart dynasty. It was the possession of it that elevated the son of a swineherd into Pope Sixtus, one of the greatest of the pontiffs; and converted the ragged errand boy into the wealthy and benevolent Peabody. People often mistake talent for genius, suppose themselves capable of creating when they are but indifferent copyists, and so go on through life trying first one thing and then another, always beginning but never successfully ending. Washington, the pet of American history, had, too, the one single idea of his life, the freedom of his country. For that object he fought unflinchingly for nearly eight years against overwhelming numbers, against misfortunes and privations. When the world considered his cause irrevocably lost he still clung bravely to its support, and by his undying determination, won for his people their liberty and for himself the well-deserved title of "Father of his Country." It is said that Julius Cæsar was accustomed to read and to write, to listen and debate at the same time, but every body cannot be Cæsar, and he who tries to acquire too many things at once is very apt to find himself at the end much in the position of that "Jack of all trades," who was master of none.

## GENERAL NOTES.

THIS being the holiday season, our young people's department is more extended than usual. As it will afford pleasure to the young it can hardly displease the old.

SUCH great English dailies as the *Times*, *Daily News*, *Morning Post* and others complain of the existence of "homicidal mania" in England. Homicidal mania is a pretty expression, but then it happens in England. When it occurs in Ireland the *London Times* calls it a "brutal murder."

NOR all English papers are unreasonable; at least, they do not seem so. The *London Spectator* thinks the Government ought to make "permanent modifications" of the criminal law in Ireland, and not pass such "exceptional and unconstitutional" measures as the Coercion Act. Whether this means a permanent establishment and enforcement of oppressive measures is not clearly shown.

GAMBETTA is angry because he has not yet conquered the ladies of France. They will not attend the official *salons* of the *Grand Ministere*. All honor to the French ladies, Gambetta and his chief *confreeres* are infidels; so were the leaders of the First Republic, and their vicious and immoral principles are yet remembered with horror by those who love honor and virtue.

OUR American neighbors are great advocates of liberty, but do they not push that noble principle too far when they allow complete latitude of expression to Guiteau? Fancy the feelings of Canadians who are accustomed to decorously conducted courts of law, if they saw in this country some caught-in-the-act assassin allowed to abuse, insult and curse all witnesses against him, ladies and gentlemen included.

THE suppression by the Government of Irish papers is a sad commentary on the liberty of the press. It is now quite clear that "liberty of the press" means for British papers to abuse Ireland and the Irish as much as they please, but for Irish papers to accept the abuse and offer no complaint.

THE *Atlantic Monthly* is trying to prove that there never was a primitive mother tongue. Some of the best philologists differ from this opinion, and have almost converged the sources of the living languages to a point. Besides, we have the authority of Moses for the existence of a common language before the building of Babel, and we think he is entitled to at least as much respect as the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

WHEN Bismarck conquered the great empires of France and Austria, he felt certain he could make short work of the Pope. He declared war against the Roman Catholic Church, and prosecuted it with all his might; but, like many a tyrant before, he has utterly failed. He is now about to enter into diplomatic relations with the Vatican, which means a treaty of peace. Behold the picture! The conqueror of the emperors Napoleon and Francis Joseph, the ruler of fifty millions of people, and the virtual commander of a million warriors, beaten by a feeble old man, without a single soldier, a single article of warlike munition, or a single political friend!

THE month of January contains many important church festivals. On the 1st the Circumcision of Our Lord; on the 6th the Epiphany; on the 14th St. Hilary; on the 15th St. Paul, the first hermit; on the 17th St. Antony, patriarch of monks; on the 21st St. Agnes; on the 24th St. Timothy, disciple of St. Paul; on the 25th the Conversion of St. Paul; on the 26th St. Polycarp; on the 27th St. John Chrysostom; on the 28th St. Cyril and St. Margaret; on the 29th St. Frances of Sales.

WE thank our contemporaries for the complimentary notices which they have paid the *HARP*, under its new management, and trust to make it still more deserving of their good opinion.

STUDENTS should remember that early morning is the best time for work. Studying by the midnight lamp is always disagreeable, frequently painful and generally unproductive. In the morning, body and mind are fresh and vigorous. Work then, if possible, and keep the evenings for necessary recreation.

THE *Globe* correspondent is opening the eyes of the American public to the true state of affairs in Ireland. It is found to be altogether different from the accounts given by the cable and the English press. Coming from a source that has not been always remarkable for philo-Hibernian proclivities, this correspondence possesses a peculiar value.

THE *Illustrated Catholic Family Almanac* for 1882 (fourteenth year) has been issued. It is full of choice literature, useful statistics, historical references and astronomical calculations, and is on the whole a splendid number. The price is twenty-five cents, and it may be obtained from the Catholic Publication Society, 9 Barclay street, New York.

REV. FATHER STAFFORD, of Lindsay, severely and justly rebukes a Common School Trustee, of Kingston, who advocates the expulsion of Catholic teachers from the Common Schools. The Rev. gentleman is right when he says that, as by law, the Common Schools of Ontario are non-sectarian, they should be open to teachers of all denominations. However, as the system is not based on the principles of true education, Catholics should not be encouraged to teach under it.

"IRELAND: Her Rights, Wrongs and Remedies," a lecture delivered by the Hon. E. F. Dunne, of Arizona, and published by the Illinois State Land League, pamphlet form, price, 25c. For sale by Roth & Co., 171 Randolph street, Chicago. This is an able and learned oration, deals with the subject from a popular standpoint, and is well worthy perusal.

#### OUR BOOK SHELF.

THE *Catholic Fireside* is a valuable contribution to Catholic literature. It is devoted to pure reading, full of useful information, and well worthy of the name it bears. It is published by J. P. Dunne & Co., 5 Barclay street, New York. Ten cents a copy, or one dollar a year.

We beg to acknowledge a copy of *The Household Library of Catholic Poets*, edited by Eliot Ryder, and published by J. A. Lyons, A.M., Notre Dame University, Notre Dame, Ind. It is a handsome looking volume, well printed and bound. A more extended commentary on its merits will be made in a future issue.

THE *Ave Maria*, published at Notre Dame, Indiana, is a model of neatness, and one of the best Catholic family magazines on the continent. The purest Catholic morality pervades all its articles; it is thoroughly entertaining, and just the style to counteract the mischievous influence of an immoral and anti-Catholic press. We hope it is meeting with the success it deserves. It is issued weekly, at the low price of \$2.50 per annum, and can be obtained by addressing Rev. D. E. Hudson, Notre Dame, Indiana.

THE current number of *McGee's Illustrated Weekly* is replete with interesting matter. It contains a lengthy biographical sketch, with portrait, of the Honorable William E. Robinson, M. C., Brooklyn; the Holly Gatherers; Mixing the Christmas Pudding; Scenes on the Blackwater, Ireland; Map of Modern Russia, showing its "resources of civilization"; Sir Walter Raleigh in Ireland, by Sir John Pope Hennessy; "Madeline," from the French of Jules Sandeau, of the French Academy; editorials, poetry, literature, etc. Altogether a most interesting number.

A detailed notice of our numerous exchanges would occupy more space than the HARP could spare. Suffice it to say that the Catholics of Canada and the United States have reason to feel proud of the many respectable and ably conducted periodicals that advocate their principles and defend their interests throughout the land. We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following: *The Tablet*, *Catholic Review*, *Donahoe's Magazine*, *McGee's Illustrated Weekly*, *Ave Maria*, *St. John's Freeman*, *Irish American*, *Catholic Citizen*, *I. C. B. U. Journal*, *Catholic Youth*, *Spectator* (Montreal), *Catholic Mirror*, *Catholic Visitor*, *North Western Chronicle*, *Catholic Universe*, *Sunday Union*, *Western Watchman*, *Celtic World*, *Catholic Citizen*, *Irish Canadian Tribune* and *San Francisco Monitor*.

#### OUR ADVERTISERS.

MESSRS. CORNISH & Co., of Washington, N. J., are extensive manufacturers of Pianos and Organs in every style and variety. They have many testimonials from ecclesiastical and educational authorities, as well as private families, which show that their instruments have given complete satisfaction. Their prices are among the lowest in the market, and the quality of their organs and pianos is said by those who tried them to be all that is claimed. Give them a trial. (SEE ADV.)

MR. D. KERRIGAN, King street east, bears the reputation of being a first-class clothier. His suits are always cut well, wear well and give thorough satisfaction.

THE oldest music stand in the city is that of Mr. P. Grossman, James street north. He keeps constantly on hand a full supply of sheet and bound music of the latest and most popular issue. Every article belonging to the music trade, will as usual be found at this emporium.

THE establishment of Mr. D. Smith, Merchant Tailor, James street, stands without a superior in the city. His goods and workmanship are always of the best quality, and enjoy to-day the high reputation earned more than a quarter of a century ago.



## WIT AND WISDOM.

A MAN who had a scolding wife, being asked what he did for a living, replied that he "kept a hothouse."

THE following laconic inscription is engraved upon a tombstone of a person who lived opposite to a churchyard: "Removed from over the way."

AN unsuccessful lover was asked by what means he lost his sweetheart?—"Alas!" cried he, "I flattered her until she got too proud to speak to me."

WHICH is the most modest piece of furniture?—The clock; it always covers its face with its hands, and runs itself down, however good its work may be.

MRS. PARTINGTON expresses her apprehensions, that the people of the gold regions will bleed to death, as papers are constantly announcing the opening of another vein.

Who steals my purse, steals trash, 'tis something nothing,  
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands.

But he that filches my good name,  
Robs me of that which not enriching him,  
Makes me poor indeed.—*Shakspeare.*

'Is it possible, miss, that you do not know the names of some of your best friends?' 'Certainly, I do not even know what my own name may be in a year from now.'

GARDENING FOR LADIES.—Make up your beds early in the morning; sew buttons on your husband's shirts; do not rake up any grievances; protect the young and tender branches of your family; plant a smile of good temper in your face; carefully root out all angry feelings; and expect a good crop of happiness.

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

"MR. SMITH," said a witty lawyer to his landlord, a boarding-house keeper, "if a man were to give you a hundred dollars to keep for him, and he died, what would you do? Would you pray for him?" "No, sir," replied Mr. Smith, "I'd pray for another like him."

IF you have an enemy, act kindly to him and you will make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another, till you have compassed your end. By little and little, great things are accomplished.

"BO" TO A GOOSE.—Ben Johnson having heard that Lord Craven was very anxious to see him, went to his lordship's house. Being in a somewhat tattered condition, the porter refused to admit him, and addressed him in impertinent language, which Ben did not fail to return. While they were wrangling, Lord Craven happened to come out, and desired to know the cause of the quarrel. Johnson immediately said:

"I understood your lordship wishes to see me."

"You, friend," replied the lord, "who are you?"

"Ben Johnson," replied the other.

"No, no; you cannot be Ben Johnson, who wrote the *Silent Woman*; you look as if you could not say bo to a goose!"

"Bo!" cried Ben.

"Very well," said his lordship, who was better pleased at the joke than offended at the affront, "I am now convinced of your identity."

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