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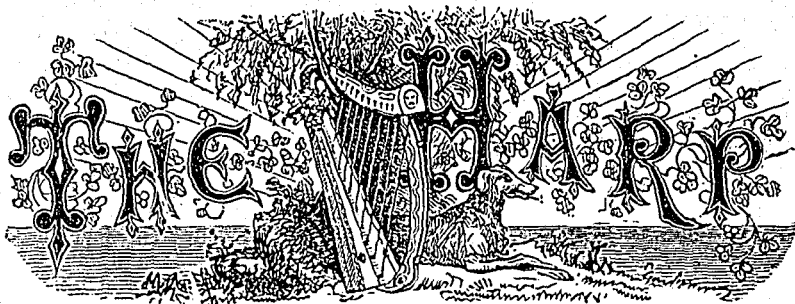
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No. 7.

THE SOUTH TO THE NORTH.

BY DR. COMMINS, M. P.

Air—*Pd Aloun the Hopes.*

I.

Through Erin's Isle awaking  
 What murmurs salute the ear,  
 What cheerful light is breaking  
 Where lately looked so drear  
 On vale or mountain meeting  
 From Antrim's to Kerry's strand,  
 Hark to that joyous greeting  
 We're all sons of Paddy's Land.

II.

Too long we groveled lowly  
 Whilst proud tyrants stride elate,  
 And stood arrayed unholy  
 For mutual wrong and hate  
 We've bowed and basely yielded  
 Too long to the vile command  
 Of caiff's who still wielded  
 The red lash o'er Paddy's Land.

III.

And shall we ne'er be wiser,  
 But still bend and grovel thus;  
 And Time the great adviser,  
 Ne'er brings light and love to us,  
 And show us all uniting  
 To crush with unsparring hand  
 The reptiles so long blighting  
 The fair fields of Paddy's Land.

IV.

Their aspect is as hideous,  
 The venom around them cast  
 As deadly and insidious  
 As e'er in the gloomy past;  
 When shall a day arise,  
 Another Apostle's hand,  
 Who'll chase the crawling poison  
 Away from Paddy's Land?

V.

Soon, shall women's weeping  
 Give way to the shout of men—  
 Our isle is not dead but sleeping,  
 Awaking to life again

A renovated nation  
 When slaves shall no longer stand  
 For woe and desolation  
 Are long enough on Paddy's Land.

VI.

Yes, yes, the day is nearing,  
 When faction's foul reign shall cease,  
 And Freedom's dawn appearing,  
 Shall bring Erin light and peace  
 And the wrongs of ages righted,  
 Her children shall fearless stand  
 Free, happy and united,  
 At long last on Paddy's Land.

VII.

Away with old estrangement,  
 We pledge hand and heart to you,  
 And feel the glorious change meant,  
 In that grasp so warm and true.  
 No foe shall e'er deride us,  
 Whilst thus clasping hand in hand,  
 Nor fraud again divide us,  
 We're all sons of Paddy's Land.

THE ORPHANS;

OR,

THE HEIR OF LONGWORTH.

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

AGAIN M. Durand finishes his sentence with a gracious and graceful bow; again Mr. Longworth responds by a curt and most ungracious nod.

"If you want to find your sister, Mademosiello Reine," he says ignoring the suave speaker, "I think you will find her in this direction. At what hour shall I come to take you home? You were expressing a desire to go home, you may remember, a moment before Monsieur Durand came up,"

"In about an hour," Reine answers, taking Durand's arm and moving away. Longworth bows, and turns in the

opposite direction. He catches Durand's low, amused laugh as he goes, although he does not hear his words.

"Pardieu! cherè Petite, what have I done that monsieur your friend should scowl upon me so blackly? Is it that you have a lover, and he is jealous? I saw him looking pistols and small swords as I embraced you."

Miss Marie Landelle has left the circle surrounding the band, and strolled away on the arm of one of her innumerable admirers out of the heat and noise, and glare, and it chanced that it is Longworth who comes upon her first. She is seated under a great elm, her hat off, her face slightly flushed with heat and weariness, all her blonde hair falling damp and glittering over her shoulders, slightly bored evidently, but beautiful as a dream. Longworth thinks it, as he has thought it a hundred times before, and wonders how it is that, admiring that perfect loveliness as he does, it yet has so little power to move him.

Her cavalier of that moment is seated beside her, looking almost idiotically happy, and darts a frowning look at the intruder. But Miss Landelle glances up with that supremely sweet, though somewhat monotonous smile of hers, and moves aside her diaphanous drapery, to make room for him on the other side.

"Thanks; don't disturb yourself," he says. "Ah! Markham, how do? Didn't know you were here. Horrible hot and stupid isn't it! Unutterable bore all this sort of thing; but they will do it every summer, invariably selecting the Dog Days, and we persist in coming to see it."

"Where is Reine?" asks Reine's sister.

"Looking for you. She met a friend just now, a friend from France, and both have gone in search of you. I will take you to them if you like."

"A friend?" repeats Miss Landelle; and a puzzled look comes over the serene face. "A friend from France—here. But there is no one to come. Who can it be?"

"A very handsome man—Monsieur Leonce Durand."

Marie Landelle's is a face that seldom changes either in colour or expression; but as he speaks Longworth sees a

most remarkable change pass over it. The faint, incredulous smile fades, the slight flush dies slowly out, the lips compress, the pupils of the bronze eyes seems to contract—a look of quiet, intense anger sets every feature. There are no conflicting emotions of terror or gladness here, as in Reine's case. Miss Landelle evidently has but one feeling on the subject. She rises at once.

"Excuse me, Mr. Markham," she turns to that bereaved gentleman with her usual grace, but without her usual smile. "Mr. Longworth, will you be kind enough to take me to my sister and her friend?"

"Her friend," thinks Longworth, as he presents his arm; "is he not yours, then, as well? If he were your deadliest foe you could hardly wear a look that would welcome him less."

He has said, and he has thought many times, there is something about this young lady that baffles him.

She reminds him of a mirror, clear and transparent on first view, reflecting everything, hiding nothing, but turn to the reverse side, and you meet—blankness. Whatever depth there may be you get at nothing but the fair, shining, polished surface; all beneath is like the back of the mirror—impentrateble. There is a sort of still strength in her character, it seems to Longworth, that may be hidden from her closest friends for years, unless some hidden emergency calls it forth. Has that sudden emergency arrived? Has she any reason for being antagonistic with this man? That he is unlooked-for and unwelcome to both is evident; but the difference, so far as Longworth's penetration and prejudice can make it out, is that Reine likes, perhaps loves him, while the elder sister simply and absolutely is his enemy.

They walk on in silence for a little. Then Marie speaks, and even her voice has a subtle change, and sounds as hard and cold as Mrs. Windsor's own.

"Reine introduced Monsieur Durand to you, I suppose?" she inquires.

"She did."

"He is Reine's cousin, you know—her brother, almost."

"Indeed! Mademoiselle Reine's great aunt was his stepmother. Does that

constitute cousinship and brotherhood in France?"

She glances at him quickly, then laughs in a constrained way.

"All the same, they have been as brother and sister all their lives. Reine could not be fonder of him if he was her brother in reality."

"From the little I have seen I imagine not."

The responses are frigid—the expression of Mr. Longworth's face chill and cynical. Evidently this sort of relationship, when the "brother" is so eminently handsome a man as M. Leonce Durand, is not altogether to his taste. There is another pause.

"Did Monsieur Durand say how or why he comes?" she asks.

"Not in my hearing. I believe he stated that he could not stay away, that six endless months had elapsed since he and your sister had met, and that it was impossible to endure the separation longer. Are brothers usually so devoted in France? It is not customary here."

Marie gives him a quick, keen side-long glance that reminds him once more of Mrs. Windsor. Indeed, in many little tricks of manner Marie Landelle resembles her grandmother. But before she can answer the two they are in search of appear. The band is still playing a lively melody from "La Fille de Madame Angot," and the well-dressed throng still surround it. But the music to many there has ceased to be the attraction. M. Durand is the centre of many pairs of admiring and interested eyes. There can be no privacy of meeting here; but it is apparent that Marie desires none. She drops Longworth's arm and approaches, and despite the gazing crowd, assumes no welcoming, artificial smile. The eyes that look at him steadfastly are cold, angry, smileless; she does not even extend her hand in pretence of greeting. She bows slightly and frigidly, and will not see the eager hand he offers, the wistful, pleading, reproachful glance he gives her.

"No affectionate embrace here," thinks Longworth, grimly. "Miss Marie is a young lady of resolution, and knows how to make her displeasure felt. Evidently Monsieur Durand does

not stand in the light of a brother to Miss Landelle."

For that first salutation rankles in his mercy. He has asked Reine Landelle to be his wife, and she has promised, but they have met and parted from first to last with the cool courtesy of ordinary acquaintances. And this fellow presumes to kiss her! Does the fact of being her aunt's stepson, give him that right, or is it by the supreme right of mutual love? He has seen the gladness in her eyes—yes, in spite of surprise and fear, the gladness, the welcome, have shone through. He has thought her thoughtful and brave, wilful and perverse, perhaps, and none the less charming for it, but open and honest as the day. She has accepted him, and made no mention of any previous attachment or broken engagements. Why has she not told him of this "cousin?" Why is she in the habit of carrying his picture about with her? Why is she afraid of his coming? He has asked her to be his wife; he is ready and willing to wait and do his utmost to win her heart, but he has not the faintest idea of taking a leap in the dark, of trying to win a heart, already given to another. And by the sharpness of the jealous pain the bare thought given him Mr. Longworth learns more in that moment of the true state of his own feelings than perhaps he has ever known before.

He stands and furtively watches, as many others are doing, the pantomime going on before him. He cannot hear a word, but it is apparent M. Durand is eager for Miss Landelle to come with him out of the crowd; it is evident also that Miss Landelle will neither go nor listen. Her coldly resolute face says plainly to all beholders—

"You have come here against my wish—I am angry. You are unwelcome—I will neither go with you, nor listen to you, nor forgive you."

He glances moodily at Reine. Reine looks anxious and distressed; her wish seems to be that of Durand; she apparently pleads with earnestness his cause. But Marie is as calmly inexorable as Fate itself; she turns determinedly away and joins a group of acquaintances. Nothing remains for the other two but to follow her example. The hand-

some and elegant foreigner is presented, and there is a flutter among the young ladies. He throws off the earnest and pleading look his face has worn, and is at ease at once with everyone, with all the debonair grace of a man well used to the society of women.

"A very unexpected addition," says a voice at Longworth's elbow, and Mrs. Sheldon approaches her cousin. "Who is this Monsieur Durand, Laurence?"

"Monsieur Durand is—Monsieur Durand, and a very good-looking young man, Totty."

"Good-looking! Well, yes, I should call him that. A delightful acquisition. I wonder if he has come to stay?"

"Could you not inquire? I saw him introduced to you."

"Miss Landelle looked annoyed. I thought," pursues Totty languidly. "She did not even shake hands with him. Reine, on the contrary, clings to his arm in a way that—really—There they are moving off together, I declare. Is he any relative do you know?"

"My dear child, do you think I stood up and demanded Monsieur Durand's biography the moment we met? Miss Landelle is here. Had you not better apply to her for his antecedents, since you appear so deeply interested?"

"Oh? I am not interested in *him*," answered Mrs. Sheldon, with emphasis on the personal pronoun. "I only thought—but it is no matter."

"You only thought what?" impatiently.

"That, being engaged to Mademoiselle Reine, you might—but its nonsense, of course. Only we know so little of these young ladies, and they seem to have led such odd, wandering sort of lives, and met so many people, and they tell so little of the past—but, of course, it is all nonsense."

"I think you must labour under some remarkable hallucination, Mrs. Sheldon," responds Longworth, coolly, "What do you mean by 'odd, wandering sort of lives?' Reine Landelle was brought up by her father's aunt in Rouen, and wandered nowhere except when she visited her parents in London, or visited Italy with her aunt for that lady's health. The young Durand is the deceased aunt's stepson—"

"Oh!" interjects Totty, innocently,

opening her light blue eyes, "her stepson? I thought you didn't know."

"I know that much. Mademoiselle Marie, not having been reared by her aunt, is as you may see, less intimate with him than her sister. Your tone and look are singularly suggestive, Totty. May I inquire of what?"

"Oh dear no—not at all! I really do not mean to suggest anything. Only I thought—but, of course, as I said before, that is all nonsense."

Longworth fairly turns upon her savagely.

"For heaven's sake, Laura, speak out!" he cries with a scowl. "If there is anything I hate it is innuendoes. You think what?"

"Laurence, please don't be angry," says Totty, plaintively. She lays one gloved hand on his arm, and looks pleadingly into his flushed and irritated face. "If I cared for your happiness less I might be more indifferent. What I think is that Reine Landelle seems to be afraid of this young man. It may be only fancy, but I certainly fancy it, and she is not one to be easily made afraid. Pardon me if I offend you in speaking of her. I know that she is everything to you, and I am nothing; but I cannot forget—"

Mrs. Sheldon is a pretty woman, and in her way not altogether a stupid woman, but she certainly lacks that delicate sixth sense, tact. A more inopportune moment for sentiment, for recalling the "past," she could not have chosen. An impatient "Pshaw" actually escapes Longworth's lips as he turns away.

"Confound the woman and her love-making!" is the savage thought that rises in his mind.

But she has planted her sting, and the poisoned barb rankles. She, too, has seen that glance of inexplicable terror in Reine's eyes, and all Baymouth will be talking of this man and this meeting by to-morrow, and making their own conjectures as to why Mdlle. Marie would not shake hands with him, and Mdlle. Reine looked afraid of him.

He turns away. Mrs. Sheldon's eyes emit one pale, angry gleam as they follow his moody face. Shall he demand imperiously an explanation on their way home, he is thinking or shall he wait

for her to volunteer it? There is an explanation of some sort, of that he is certain. He cannot decide. He will wait, and let circumstances decide for him. He looks at his watch—quite time to be starting. He will go for her, and on their homeward drive—

His clouded face clears suddenly. He starts rapidly in the direction they have gone. He has an insuperable aversion to doubts and mysteries. There must be none between him and the woman he marries. She shall have no opinion in the matter; she *must* speak out on the way home. Friendly she may be with her aunt's stepson, but caresses, no; secrets no, all that must end at once and forever.

In the heart of Laurence Longworth there is generosity, manliness, and good fellowship in a more than ordinary degree; but blended with them there is a tolerably strong leaven of self-will, selfishness, obstinacy, and jealousy. As a man, men like him, as a friend, women may safely like and trust him; as a lover, he will surely be more or less a tyrant in direct ratio to the degree he loves. He is inclined to carry all before him with a high hand now. Reine must understand that, though her suitor, he is not and never means to be her slave. No one must come between him and his future wife; if it is her best friend in the world, then her best friend must be dropped.

If she has mistaken the man she has promised to marry, then there is no time like the present for setting the mistake right. She is thoroughly true, and pure, and good, that he feels; but all the world must see and acknowledge that truth, and purity, and goodness. Like Caesar's, Laurence Longworth's wife must be above reproach. His lips compress, his eyes kindle, his face is calm and decided.

"Yes," he says, "it must end in the beginning. All must be explained on the way home."

### CHAPTER XXIII.

#### "SILENT AND TRUE."

THERE is a general movement among the people, as Mr. Longworth makes his way to the spot where he thinks to find Reine. Everyone is preparing to

go home. Frank Dexter, Miss Harriott, and Miss Landelle go together, and Frank in his turn is looking for the last named young lady.

Longworth passes him, and as he suspects, after a few minutes comes in sight of Reine and M. Durand. Marie is also with them. The place where they stand is secluded and silent, and as he draws near he hears distinctly some emphatic words. Miss Landelle is the speaker; she possesses in an eminent degree—indeed both sisters do—that "excellent thing in woman" a low, sweet voice, which comes clear from the chest, and has a peculiar distinctness in its lower accent. The flash of sunset light is full on her face, and he can see the cold, pale, intense anger that makes it like marble—anger all the more intense, perhaps, for its perfect outward repression.

"Reine may do as she pleases," these are her chill words. "She has known you longer, and can forgive you more than I. The man who will deliberately, for his own selfish gratification, break his plighted word is a man so utterly contemptible and despicable that he is beneath even scorn. And for anything you will gain by coming, you might as well have stayed for ever. Either in public or in private I absolutely refuse to—"

She pauses, for Longworth, pursuing his way steadily over the grass, stands before them at the moment. One keen glance takes in the three faces; the white, cold anger of the elder sister, the flushed and downcast face of the younger, with tear traces still on the cheeks, the darkly handsome, half-sullen, half-impassioned countenance of the young man standing almost like a culprit before them.

"Well, Reine," Mr. Longworth begins, lifting his hat, "if I don't interrupt you, and you are quite ready—"

She turns to him as he fancies almost with an air of relief, and places her hand on his arm. Marie's face changes instantaneously as she turns brightly to him.

"If it is time for Reine's departure it must also be time for mine. Miss Harriott and I were to return as we came, with—"

"I met Dexter just now looking for

you. Miss Harriott is already in the carriage. If you like, I will take you to her."

"Thanks—yes."

She takes Longworth's arm without one parting glance at Durand, and the three move on. But Reine looks back, turning an appealing, wistful, tender little face.

"Adieu, Leonce," she says, "au revoir."

He bows to her courteously, then turns on his heel and walks away.

Miss Landelle takes her place beside Miss Harriott, and Reine passes on to where the low carriage in which Longworth has driven her stands. He hands her in and takes his place beside her in perfect silence. Once or twice the dark eyes lift and look at him. The stern expression which unconsciously to himself his face wears bodes no especially pleasant conversation to come.

She sighs wearily, and looks with tired eyes that see nothing of the beauty of the sun-steeped landscape straight-ahead. He drives slowly, and surely a fairer view never stretched before lover's eyes. The path that led to the town was called the Bay road, and was one of the pleasantest and most picturesque of all the Baymouth drives. On the right lay the Bay, rosy with sunset light, dotted with sparkling sails; on the left fields of corn and buckwheat, and beyond them, stretching far away, the dark, dense "forest primeval." Straight before rose up the black stacks of factory chimneys, the numberless windows of the huge brick factories glinting in the ruby light like sparks of fire. But the two in the carriage see nothing of all this. It has been said that enough of the leaven of poetic folly yet lingered in the editor of the *Phoenix* to render him keenly sensible of sunset and moon-rise effects, and other atmospheric influences; as a rule, too, he was considered a man of sound sense and logical judgment; but "to be wise and love exceeds man's strength," and he is disposed to be neither wise nor logical just at this moment. He looks like some handsome, blind despot, about to administer firman and bowstring to some fair contumacious member of the seraglio.

"You seem tired, Reine," he begins,

his eyes upon her with a cold keenness that makes her shrink and shiver. "You look bored, you look ill, you look, strange to say, as though you had been crying."

She makes no reply. She sits gazing across at the pink flush upon the water.

"The unexpected coming of Monsieur Durand has not been, I fear, a wholly unalloyed delight. Taking people by surprise is mostly a mistake. And yet you were glad to see him, I think?"

He makes this assertion with emphasis, and looks at her for reply. She speaks slowly.

"I was glad to see him—yes. I shall always be glad to see Leonce,"

Her colour returns a little as she says it. It is to be war between them, and though she may prefer peace, if war is to be made, she is not disposed to turn coward. The interview is not to be an agreeable one, and she braces herself for her part in it.

Your sister hardly appears to share in your gladness. His *coup de theatre*—(he has rather the look of a theatrical gentleman, by the way)—is evidently singularly unwelcome to her. For you, mademoiselle, if it were the wildest supposition in the world, I should say—

"Yes!" she says, her dark eyes kindling; "go on."

"That you were afraid of him."

He hears her catch her breath with a quick, nervous sound, but she laughs shortly.

"You watch well, monsieur. What other wild supposition have you formed? Had I known I was under surveillance I might have been on my guard. For the future I will endeavor to be more careful."

She meets his glance now fully, daringly, defiantly. He is determined to have war, and she is singularly reckless and disposed to oblige him. A green gleam on one of her hands catches his eye—it is a ring, and she is slowly turning it round and round. A ring on the finger of Reine Landelle is something remarkable. Except the traditional diamond solitaire he himself has given her, and which she has worn since their engagement, he has

never seen a ring on the same brown hand. The heat has caused her to remove both gloves. They lie a crumpled ball in her lap, and on the first finger of her left hand he sees now an emerald of beauty and price.

"A pretty ring, Reine," he says. "You never wore it before. It is quite new to me."

"It is quite new to me also monsieur."

"Ah—you did not have it on this morning."

"No, Monsieur Longworth, I did not."

"Probably"—he flecks the off horse lightly with his whip as he speaks—"it is a gift from your cousin and brother, Monsieur Durand."

"Monsieur's penetration does him credit. It is from Monsieur Durand."

"He has selected an unfortunate colour, I am afraid. Green means forsaken, or faithless, or something of the sort, does it not?"

"If it does, then his choice has been prophetic," she says, looking down at it, and speaking, it seems, as much to herself as to him.

"Indeed!" He looks at her steadfastly and long that her colour rises. "But faith may be restored, may it not, and the forsaken be recalled? It is never too late for anything of that kind while people live. Let me see it."

She draws it off her finger without a word, the defiance of her manner more defiant than ever. It is a thick band of gold, set with one emerald, large, limpid—a jowl of beauty and price. And inside, on the smooth gold, are engraved these words: "*Silent and True.*"

"A pretty ring," Longworth repeats, and gives it back, "and a pretty motto. One hardly knows which to admire most."

"To a man of Monsieur Longworth's practical turn, surely the emerald," Reine retorts. "Silence and truth are virtues with which he is hardly likely to credit so poor a creature as a woman."

"That is your mistake, mademoiselle. I believe, for instance, you can be both silent and true."

He sees her eyes flash, her whole dark face kindle and flush.

"Yes," she cries, "to those who trust me, to those who love me, when the time comes I can be both."

"And those who trust and love you are here, and the time has come?"

"Monsieur Longworth," she exclaims and turns upon him full, "what do you mean! You suspect me of something; will you tell me of what?"

"I saw him kiss you," he answers, roughly and abruptly, fire and passion in his voice.

She is still looking at him, coldly, proudly. As he says these words the colour flushes redly over her whole face. It is the very first time he has ever seen her blush like this among all the changes of her changeful face. She turns all at once and drops it like a shamed child into her hands.

"Oh," she says, under her breath, "do you care?"

"Something—he cannot tell what—in the blush, in the impulsive, childish, shamefaced action, in the startled words, touch him curiously, but it is no time to let her see he is moved.

"Well, in a general way," he answers coolly, "men do object to seeing another man go through that sort of performance with the lady they expect to marry, naturally preferring to retain the patent-right themselves. Now, it is a right I have never asserted, never intend to assert until we come to a more friendly understanding than we did that night by the garden wall. I may ask a lady to marry me who professes no regard for me, hoping in time to win that regard, but pending the winning I enforce no claim to which mutual love alone can give any man the right. And it may very well be that the fact of all privileges being debarred me may make me the more jealous and intolerant of these privileges being accorded to another man. I do not pain you, I hope, Mademoiselle Reine, and I trust you understand me?"

She may understand him, but he certainly has never understood her—less to-day than ever. She lifts her head as he ceases, and asks him the strangest question, it seems to him, ever woman asked.



"Monsieur Longworth," she says, and looks him straight in the eyes, "you have asked me to marry you—you prefer me to Marie—you say you wish to win my regard. Answer me this. Are you in love with me?"

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

LAURENCE LONGWORTH is so honestly, so absolutely amazed, so utterly taken aback, that for a moment he cannot find words to reply to Reine's sudden outburst. This is certainly carrying the war into Africa, a mode of attacking the enemy which that imperious enemy has never dreamed of.

He calls himself a man free from prejudice, but no man lives free from prejudice where he fancies the delicacy of the woman he loves is concerned, and—he is shocked. Her matchless audacity takes away his breath.

"Mademoiselle," he says, in calm rebuke, "I have asked you to be my wife. You are answered."

"Bah! You have asked one of Mrs. Windsor's heiresses. You have not answered. But I can read my sentence in your face—I am bold, unfeminine—I infringe on man's sole prerogative. I ask a question no woman has a right to ask. All the same, it might be better for us both if you answered."

"If I answer 'I am,' and ask a return, are you prepared to give it?"

"No."

"If I answer 'I am' are you ready to tell me exactly what tie binds you to Leonce Durand?"

"No."

"Then, pardon me if I decline in turn. A lady's rights are limitless, and yet a man may be excused for declining to give all and receive nothing."

"And yet," she says, with a slow, bitter smile, "there are men who do it."

"Meaning Monsieur Leonce Durand?"

"Meaning Monsieur Leonce Durand, if you like. He is quite capable of it."

"But surely that is not exacted. I think he receives something. I really see no reason why he should be dissatisfied. A lady accepts his ring and his

embraces both with equal readiness and pleasure; she declines taking into his confidence and her own the man she stands pledged to marry. Of the two, she greatly prefers and trusts him beyond all dispute. No, I see no reason why he should complain."

"Monsieur Longworth," Reine cries, turning upon him, her temper, held partly in until now, refusing to be held in a moment longer, "enough of this! Do you want to quarrel with me? Do you want me to give you up? Please say so if you do. It is better to understand one another. I dislike quarrelling, and my head aches."

Her voice trembles and breaks for the first time. Her head does ache throbbingly, and she buries it in her hands once more with a weary, hopeless sort of gesture. In a moment he is touched and remorseful.

"I beg your pardon," he says penitently, with a swift and total change of manner. "Yes, I see it aches. I won't annoy you any more. Petite Reine, forgive me."

She has been overwrought, excited, terrified, troubled, the unexpected change in him from cold sarcasm to kindness is too much for her. She bows her face in her hand, and he knows that she is crying.

"Oh, forgive me!" he exclaims. "This is too bad. I am a brute! Reine—dear little Queen——"

He half encircles her with his arm. Is the question asked by her so haughtily a moment ago, declined by him so coldly, about to be tenderly answered now? It so, fate interposes. Wheels that have been gaining upon them for some time crash close behind; he has just time to remove his arm, when the barouche containing Mr. and Mrs. Beckwith, Mrs. Sheldon, and Leonce Durand himself rolls past.

"Reine, for heaven's sake!" he cries with a man's horror of a scene; "here are all these people——"

But he need not fear.

His half caress has startled her into composure more effectively than the barouche. She sits resolutely erect, ready to return the quartet of bows with proud composure. The barouche keeps just ahead, to the unspeakable

disgust of Longworth and the intense relief of Reine.

Mrs. Sheldon sits with M. Durand, facing them, her back to the horses, and it seems to Longworth that those small, steadfast blue eyes are reading their faces like printed pages. Nothing more can be said and one of life's golden opportunities, is for ever lost.

What can Durand be doing there in that carriage with that party is the thought of both. But he is an explosive subject—like nitro-glycerine, dangerous to touch ever so lightly, so neither make any remark. They are flashing through the streets of the town by this time, and all the rubies and purples of the sunset have faded out into the pallid grays. Madame Windsor, who has not gone to the exhibition, has invited Mr. Longworth, Mr. Dexter, and Miss Harriott to dine with her upon their return. The other three have not yet arrived, but Reine has only had time to go upstairs and bathe her hot face, when Marie throws open the door and enters.

"Reine!" she exclaims, with singular abruptness for her, "in the name of heaven, what is to be done now!"

"I do not know," Reine answers, despairingly.

"To think of his coming after all his promises! To think of his rashness, his selfishness, his insane folly! Reine! Reine! this is ruin to us all."

"I know it," Reine answers again, in the same despairing tone.

"Already Laurence Longworth suspects; I could see it in his eye—those cold, keen, pitiless blue eyes, that see everything. I trembled for you when we parted. Petite, was the drive home very dreadful?"

Reine makes an impassioned gesture that speaks volumes.

"Ah! I knew it. *Chère Petite*, how sorry I am for you. What did he say?"

"Marie, do not ask me. He had the right to say all he said, and more. It is all wrong and treacherous, and false and miserable together."

"If grandmamma hears, and she must surely hear—everything is known to everybody in this stupid, gossiping town—we are lost. He is so reckless,

so insane. Oh, *Mon Dieu!* why did he come?"

"Marie, he had the right to come —"

"Right! You are always talking of right. He has no right to come here and ruin us. He is base and false; he has broken his promise, and I will never forgive him for it. No," Marie Landelle says, uplifting one white hand, "I will never forgive him to my dying day!"

"Marie!"

"I will never forgive him—and you know me, Reine—I am not one to say and not do. For you—oh, *Petite*, be careful, be prudent; don't meet him, don't answer if he writes; try and coax or frighten him into going away: You may care for him, if you will, but I wish—I wish—I wish with all my heart I had never seen his face."

She says it in a voice whose bitter earnestness there is no mistaking. Reine looks at her almost angrily.

"Marie, this is wicked, this is intolerable. You have no right—"

"Right again! Ah, *Petite*, what a foolish child you are. It is all his own fault, and I say again from the bottom of my heart, I wish I had never seen Leonce Durand. Reine, take off that ring—how imprudent to wear it. Why, Mr. Longworth might have seen it."

"He has seen it Marie."

"Reine!"

"He asked me who gave it to me, and I told him. He took it off and read the motto; he is jealous and angry, and suspects more than I care to think.

Oh, Marie, I said from the first it was all wrong to come."

Marie sits for a moment looking crushed. Then the old steadfast expression of resolution returns.

"Reine," she says, calmly, "give me that ring," and Reine wearily obeys. "At least all is not lost—that's in danger, and we need not accept defeat without a struggle. Ah! what a pity it is, when all was going so well—grandmamma almost reconciled, you engaged to her favorite, life so pleasant and free from care—"

"And Frank Dexter so infatuatedly in love with you; don't leave that out," Reine interrupts, coldly.

"I shall struggle for my place here

to the very last," goes on Miss Landelle, unheeding; "if I am defeated it will be because fate is stronger than I. Help me, Reine, and make Leonce go away. You can do it."

"Can I! I doubt it. He went home this afternoon with Madame Sheldon—that looks as though he had made up his mind to stop at her house for some time."

"Good heavens! And there he will meet Mr. Longworth daily."

"And Mr. Dexter. Do not forget him."

"I am not afraid of Dexter, I am of your Argus-eyed fiancé. Well—there is the bell—there is nothing for it but to do one's best and wait."

The sisters descend, and Longworth notices at once that the emerald has left Reine's hand. He sees, too, the constraint of her manner, her lack of appetite, her silence and depression. Miss Hariott also observes it, and wonders if in any way the arrival of the very handsome young Frenchman has anything to do with it. In some way the conversation drifts to him, his name is mentioned, and Mrs Windsor lifts two surprised, displeased, and inquiring eyes to the face of Miss Landelle.

"Monsieur Durand—a friend of my granddaughters? Who is this gentleman, Marie?"

"No one very formidable, grand-mamma. A sort of cousin of Reine's—her aunt's stepson, and her companion from childhood."

"What brings him here?"

"Really I do not know. To see the country, in the first place, I presume; to see us in the second."

"Monsieur Durand is then, I infer a man of means?"

"Yes—no—he is not rich, certainly, as you count riches here, but I suppose he has a competence at least."

"You appear out of spirits, Mademoiselle Reine," says Mrs. Windsor, who seldom addresses her younger granddaughter without the prefix. "Does the coming of this relative annoy you?"

"His coming has annoyed me, madame—yes," Reine responds:

"Might one venture to ask why?"

There is silence. Mrs. Windsor's brow is overcast, Reine's eyes are fixed

on her plate—she seems unable, or resolved not to answer. Marie comes swiftly and smilingly to the rescue.

"The truth is," she says, with an outbreak of frankness, "Leonce is an opera bouffe singer, and has crossed with a company from Paris to sing in New York, and Reine, who is proud in spite of her demureness, is half ashamed to mention it."

Reine does not look up, does not speak. Mrs. Windsor's brow darkens more and more.

"That is odd, too," she says icily, "since I understand mademoiselle makes no secret of having been trained for the operatic stage herself. Opera singing appears to have run in the family of the late Madame Durand."

Everyone sits, feeling warm and uncomfortable, during this discussion. Frank shows his discomfort, Longworth wears his impassive mask, Miss Hariott is nervous. Something causes her to distrust Marie and her frank announcement of Durand's profession—Reine has not endorsed her statement by look, sign or word.

Longworth, too seemingly absorbed in iced pudding, also notices. Something lies behind the opera-bouffe—something both sisters are ashamed of, afraid of.

"Our French friend, with the *primo tenore* voice and air, is evidently a black sheep, a very speckly potato, and the nightmare of these young demoiselles," he thinks. "If Reine would only be frank and trust me, and tell me all."

But Reine tells nothing, and the evening that ensues is rather dreary to all except Frank, who beside his idol is ever in a perfect bathos of bliss. Reine sings, and the others play whist, but the music is melancholy, and the card party dull. Even Miss Hariott's constitutional good spirits feel the depression and out-of-sorts sensation that usually follows a hot day's sight-seeing, and is glad when eleven comes, and she can rise and go home.

"Am I forgiven?" Longworth says, in a low voice, to Reine, as he holds out his hand at parting. "I pained you today by my fancies; I will try and not offend in the future."

But he has stung and wounded Reine more deeply than he knows, and she is

not disposed to accord pardon and peace at a word.

"Monsieur Longworth is a poet and a novelist; he possesses a brilliant imagination, and fancies many things, no doubt. But for the vagaries of that imagination it is hardly fair to hold me accountable. He is, however, so far as I am concerned, at liberty to fancy what he pleases."

He turns pale with anger and surprise.

"Thanks," he says, and drops her hand. "I will avail myself of the kind permission"

He has thought she will only be too glad to meet the olive branch half way; for this bold defiance he is not prepared. But he is obliged to own to himself that he has never thought her so nearly beautiful as when she looks up at him with those brightly, darkly angry eyes, and braves him to his face. He almost laughs aloud as he thinks of this novel and remarkable way of winning a woman's heart.

"Was ever woman in this humour wooed—was ever woman in this humour won?" he thinks, grimly.

But—oh, humiliating fact to woman!—because another man values his prize, he is doubly determined to win it, values it himself for that reason the more, and under the blue starlight registers a vow to all the gods that he, not this intrusive Frenchman, shall win and wear Reine Landelle.

#### CHAPTER XXV.

A DARK and sultry August evening, the sky black, overcast, and threatening rain. In Mrs. Longworth's fashionable boarding-house many lights are lit, all the windows stand wide, mosquito nests drawn across, wooing the breeze that never comes. Even on the bay no breath of air stirs this oppressive evening—it lies all black and breezeless under the low-lying sky, only murmuring in a sort of ominous splash on the beach below.

Mrs. Sheldon sits by the window of her room, the muslin curtains drawn to screen her from passing outside eyes, her fair, nearly colourless eyebrows bent in profound thought, one foot tapping impatiently the hassock on which

it rests. Dinner is over; she can hear voices and laughter down on the stoop, and the odour of cigars comes floating up. As she listens with an intent look, she can hear the harmonious foreign accented voice of Leonce Durand, his low, sarcastic laughter—she can even, leaning out, catch a glimpse of his slender figure as he leans negligently against one of the vine-wreathed pillars, and gesticulates and talks. The light from the parlour lamps streams over the dark southern beauty of his face; his very attitude is full of easy debonair grace; his voice is singularly sympathetic and musical, but there is much less of feminine admiration than baffled feminine curiosity in the pale, puzzled blue eyes that regard him.

"Who is he?" she thinks. "What is he to Reine Landelle? Why does he remain? Why has he come here? Why are both these French girls afraid of him? For even the elder, in spite of the cold disdain with which she treats him, is afraid of him, I can see, in her secret heart. But Reine—if I only knew what he is to her—if I only knew what this letter means."

She takes her pocket-book out, opens it, draws forth a torn scrap of paper. It is a fragment of a letter torn across—a portion of one corner, it seems, written in French, in a light, delicate hand. She has chanced upon it in Durand's room this very day, lying with a heap of charred scraps in the empty grate.

Mrs. Sheldon's familiarity with the French language is not great, but is sufficient, with the help of a dictionary, to translate this scrap into English. So translated it is still puzzling:—

*"useless for you to ask  
will never forgive you  
meet you this once.  
danger is clandestine  
truth suspected  
ruin and  
must go  
R. L."*

"R. L. Reine Landelle, of course is the writer. I know that Mrs. Windsor has forbidden him her house from the first. What is it that it is useless for him to ask? What is it she will never forgive him? Where and when is she to meet him? What is the truth that is suspected? What does that word

ruin mean? 'Must go'—but he has no intention of going. If I could only understand. This much is easily understood—there is some important secret between him and Reine Landelle, and where there is secrecy there must be guilt. Mrs. Windsor has forbidden all intercourse, and yet she meets him clandestinely. And Laurence is proud and inflexible, stern and unforgiving to plotting, or treachery, or falsity. What if, after all, I can take him from her yet?"

She replaces the torn scrap carefully and still with knitted brows and closed lips muses intently.

"To think of his falling in love with her—that little dark, plain creature! And after all those years, when I thought, and I fancy he thought, the capability was gone for ever. They say we always return to our first loves, and but for her—oh! if I had only known in the past—if I only had been a woman instead of a child—if mamma had not come between us, or if that dead summer could only return! He gave up for my sake home and fortune, and went out into the world to poverty and hard work, and I let my mother do with me as she chose, and married a man I cared no more for than any stranger who walked the streets. And now—now, when it is too late——"

She rises with strange emotion, strange impetuosity, for one so phlegmatic and unemotional, and begins walking up and down.

"Is it too late?" she thinks; "is it indeed too late? I will not believe it! Some of that old passion must still remain. If Reine Landelle were only out of the way! If I could only plot and lay plans, as they do in books. But women do such impossible things in books, and I have no head for plotting. Surely, though, with the help of this torn letter and Leonce Durand, I can do something. If I only knew what secret is between them!"

An outbreak of laughter comes up from the piazza. She goes to the window, and leans feverishly out. Longworth is not there, Dexter is not there, but all the other gentlemen are, and O'Sullivan's mellow bass leads the laugh.

Durand is telling some story with in-

imitable drollery and mimicry, and joins with genial good will in the burst of merriment that follows. He is the life of the house. His fund of anecdote, repartee, epigram, and racy satire seems exhaustless; he plays upon the piano like a professional, he sings like a lesser Mario; he dances like a Frenchman, he bows and pays compliments with the easy grace of a court chamberlain. What is there charming that this handsome and elegant M. Durand does not? In a week he has won golden opinions from all sorts of people. Men vote him a prince of good fellows—a little too much of a dandy and lady's man, but a thorough good man all the same. Ladies one and all pronounce him "perfectly splendid," and fall in love with him without an effort.

He is denied admission to Mrs. Windsor's; it is whispered about that he is a negro minstrel, an opera-bouffe singer. Has not Miss Landelle said so in Frank Dexter's hearing—Frank Dexter, who alone hates him ferociously? A mystery of some sort envelopes him in a delicious haze, and all these things go to make him still more irresistibly attractive: He has fought the Prussian Uhlans, been wounded at Versailles, taken prisoner at Sedan. What is there he has not been? And whether opera singer or exiled prince, his pockets are well filled. Adventurer he may be; needy adventurer he is not. He wears the best clothes, smokes the best cigars, drives the best horses money can procure.

He is also an adept in sundry little games of skill, and has proven once or twice over the card-table, to the satisfaction—or otherwise—of Mrs. Longworth's boarders, that he can win the money of the gentlemen as easily and gracefully as the hearts of the ladies. With it all he is a puzzle. Seemingly he is frankness itself on all subjects; the airy, surface manner he wears seems transparent as glass, and still he is baffling. There are times when the boarders think they know all about him—why he is here, how he stands with the Demoiselles Landelle; and, after all, at the end of the first week they have to acknowledge they still know nothing.

"Half-past eight," Mrs. Sheldon

hears him say, as she stands looking and listening; "I have an engagement at nine. *Messieurs a demain*—good night."

He runs down the steps.

"Capital little fellow!" she hears Mr. Backwith say. "Never thought a foreigner could be half so 'cute. You don't catch me playing vingt-et-un with him again in a hurry, nor euchre either. Knows a sight too much about both for my money—a cool card and a knowing one."

"Monsieur Durand has lit a cigar and moved off after the fashion of the Duke in "*Reigoletto*," singing "*La Donna e mobile*."

An engagement at nine. What can it be? A sudden thought strikes Mrs. Sheldon. She hastily catches up a light shawl and hat, leaves her room, runs down a pair of back stairs, and so out, unseen by the people on the stoop, into the street.

M. Durand is a gentleman of leisure, a believer evidently in the Arabic maxim that "Hurry is the devil's." He does not hurry now, he walks away quite slowly, still humming under his breath the air from the opera, and Mrs. Sheldon without the least trouble keeps him in view. Is he going to the Stone House? Is the engagement, announced with such cool audacity, the assignation of the latter? Is he going to meet Reine Landelle?

A moment decides the first question. He turns into the street leading to Mrs. Windsor's. Laura Sheldon, her heart beating fast with the excitement of the chase, follows. He reaches the gate, opens it, enters, and disappears. There can no longer be a doubt. He has come to meet Reine Landelle in response to Reine Landelle's letter.

She draws close to the gate, concealed by trees, and waits in a fever of excitement and exultation. What will Laurence say to this?—Laurence, fastidious, ridiculously fastidious, about the reserve and delicacy of young girls even in trifles. A few breathless moments of suspense, and then the house door opens, and in the lighted entrance she sees distinctly the face of Reine. It quickly closes, the night and darkness wrap her rival—she sees and hears no more.

Still she lingers. It is not likely he will stay long—Reine will not permit herself to be missed. In this surmise she is correct. Fifteen minutes have barely elapsed, when, without sound to warn her of his approach, Leonce Durand hastily opens the gate, and stands almost beside her. Her heart seem to stop beating for a moment—she cannot see his face distinctly in that obscurity and it may be her fancy that it looks angry and lowering. A second later and he is gone, and she stands alone under the shadow of the elms.

Among the sheaf of letters next morning's mail brings to the editor of the *Phoenix* there is one over which he knits his brows, and scowls in a manner so savage, that Mr. O'Sullivan, who chances to be in the sanctum at the moment, pauses in his work to stare.

"Upon my word, chief, that's a pretty expression to have your photograph taken in. What has our esteemed correspondent said to throw you into such a teeming passion? It's not a *billet doux* ye have, I'm thinking."

"Look at that writing, O—did you ever see it before?"

He flings him the envelope, an ordinary buff one, and O'Sullivan inspects it gravely.

"Never, chief, and never want to again. 'A d—d crabbed piece of penmanship,' as Goldsmith has it, as ever I looked at."

"Seems like a feigned hand, does it not?"

"Well—that's as may be. A woman trying a man's fist might execute such chirography. Nothing unpleasant, I hope, chief?"

"An anonymous letter—nothing more."

But the scowl still lingers on Longworth's visage, as he crumples the epistle into a ball, thrusts it into his pocket, and begins writing with ferocious rapidity. He writes, until O'Sullivan has left the room, then throws down the pen, takes out the crumpled letter, smooths it, and, frowning darkly, glances vindictively over it once more.

"A sincere friend wishes to offer Mr. Longworth a word of advice. The enclosed scrap of writing came into his possession by accident, and through the carelessness of Monsieur Leonce Dur-

and, whose property it is. The initials at the end are not to be mistaken. Last night the assignation made in this torn letter was kept in the grounds of the Stone House, Monsieur Leonce Durand and Mademoiselle Reine Landelle met there at nine o'clock. A sincere friend wishes Mr. Longworth would discover what the exact relation of this very handsome young man is to Mademoiselle Reine Landelle—why he is here—why they meet by night and by stealth—before he makes her his wife."

Inclosed is the torn corner of the letter in French, signed, "R.L."

All honourable men and women, as a matter of course, despise anonymous letters, and yet do those poisoned stilettoes ever quite miss their mark? Longworth crushes this in a fury and flings it from him, only to pick it up for the second time with loathing. Was this accusation true? Did Reine indeed meet him by night and by stealth this stepson of her aunt? Well, and if she did—was it after all, so unnatural? He was her friend—her brother, as Marie had said; she had known him all her life.

Mrs. Windsor had absolutely forbidden him the house—how then were they to meet except by stealth? And yet the thought that they met at all stung him like a whip. She was watched, suspected, talked off, this girl he meant to marry—there was something horribly revolting in the idea. Innocence, purity itself, she might be—was, he knew—and yet one such letter, one such maligner as this, was enough to spot the fairest reputation. "Be you pure as ice, chaste as snow, you shall not escape calumny"—perhaps not; but if the calumny have the shadow of truth to build upon, how then? What if this vile, nameless thing spoke truth? What if Reine met Durand? What if she were in the habit of meeting him?

All that day editors, reporters compositors, the very printer's devil notices, that the chief is in a white and silent rage. Every article he dashes off is steeped in the very gall of bitterness. On the editorial page goes in a brief, bitterly-scathing article, headed "Anonymous Letters," in which every epithet almost in the English language is

hurled at the heads of the perpetrators of those atrocities. But he keeps his chair until the usual hour for departure, and O'Sullivan, glancing up as he passes, observes that a look of dogged resolution has replaced the fiercely-repressed, silent fury of the morning.

"Upon me honour," he remarks to himself, "I hope no more anonymous epistles will reach ye, for it's a fine savage temper ye've been in. Surely it wasn't anything about the little mad-mo-zel? And yet that's the only thing that could upset him to such a degree. Something about her and the good-looking little Frenchman I'll wager a button. If I only had the cut-throat that wrote it for five minutes, the *Jud* look to him! Devil another anonymous letter he'd write this month of Sundays."

Mr. Longworth goes home, dines, still rather stern and silent, but with all indications of anger gone. He glances keenly across at Durand. The elegant and gay young foreigner is in high feather, as usual, and is flirting with Mrs. Beckwith, to that coquettish little matron's heart's content. He has frankly corroborated Miss Landelle's statement—yes, he is an operatic singer, has been for years, but his engagements does not begin before October, and meantime he has run down here to see their charming town, and pay a visit to his still charming friends, the Demoiselles Landelle. True, the imperial grandmamma does not like him he regrets to say; she dislikes Frenchmen, probably, M. Durand gayly infers, on the principle of the burnt child who dreads fire. It grieves him, but what would you? He strives to survive it. He likes Baymouth; the fishing is excellent, Madame Longworth's house and family all that there is of the most charming—a smile and a bow that comprises all the ladies—he sees no reason why he should not linger in these pleasant pastures until the ides of October arrive.

"Of course not" Mr. Beckwith, agrees, "a better place to idle away the blazing days couldn't be found. Seabreezes, nice trout streams, partridges later on, comfortable family, as you say, munseer, airy house, pretty girls, French and Yankee, married, widowed, and single," adds Mr. Beckwith, with

an unctuous chuckle. "What say, Franky, my boy? you ain't looking well, I think. Capital succotash, Mrs. Longworth; may I trouble you for a second help?"

So Durand means to stay until the close of September—five more weeks. Mrs. Beckwith looks radiant, Mrs. Sheldon casts a quick glance at Longworth; but Longworth's mask is on, and he is absorbed in his dinner.

Frank Dexter darkly scowls, and poniards a French roll as if it were M. Durand he has impaled on his fork. He is jealous of Durand—more jealous than he has ever been of Longworth, although that fact is not in itself remarkable, Mr. Dexter being jealous to a perfectly frightful degree of every man upon whom the light of Marie Landelle's golden eyes chance to fall. He certainly seem to have very little cause in the present instance; but jealous souls make their own causes.

She has known Durand long ago—who is to tell how intimately?—and though she avoids him now with a marked avoidance that is in itself suspicious, though her coldness of manner is more than Arctic when she chances to meet him, that only roots the distrust of this moody, miserable young Bluebeard still more; and now the fellow is going to remain five whole weeks longer.

M. Durand's pleasant and polite little speech throws settled gloom over Mr. Dexter for the remainder of the meal. He quits the house the instant it is over, and a few minutes after Longworth goes down the steps in his turn, and takes the same direction. Durand stands at the porch, a curious and not altogether pleasant smile on his dark face, as he watches the twain out of sight.

"The same loadstar draws both," says the voice of Mrs. Sheldon beside him, "the Stone House. My cousin Laurence's is quite an old affair by this time, as no doubt you know. Mr. Dexter's does not appear as yet to be settled; but a young man with a fortune so princely need hardly fear a rejection when he makes up his mind to speak."

M. Durand has removed his cigar out of deference to the lady; now he looks

at her with a smile still on his handsome face.

"Ah!" he says airily, "so Mr. Longworth's affair is quite settled? Yes, as you say, La Petite told me from the first. Happy Monsieur Longworth! And Monsieur Dexter is not quite. Do I understand you to say, madame, that he is very rich?"

"A prince, monsieur. The heir of nobody knows how many millions."

"Vague but delightful! Millions! How exquisite the sound of that word! How fortunate are my fair cousins."

"Monsieur Durand, they are not your cousins."

"No! But it is all the same, is it not? We are of one family. And you think when Mr. Dexter speaks Mademoiselle Marie will not say no? Why should she? It is a most brilliant match even for Madame Windsor's heiress. Ah! that terrible Madame Windsor, who shuts her door in my face, as if I were an ambitious lover, instead of a brother, a cousin, altogether harmless and meant to carry off one of her granddaughters under the very noses of mes-sieurs the favored ones."

He laughs lightly, and looks longingly at his cigar. He smokes almost as steadily as Longworth himself.

"Don't mind me, monsieur; smoke if you wish to. And if you did carry off one of the granddaughters I don't think it would surprise Baymouth very greatly. It does not seem to regard you as the harmless cousin or brother—which do you prefer?—that you claim to be."

Again Durand laughs, as he resumes his cigar, bowing his thanks for the gracious permission.

"Mr. Dexter, for example. My faith how like *Othello* he looked at dinner, when I announced my intention of remaining still a few weeks."

"Yes, I think Frank is jealous; but Frank, poor boy, is jealous of everyone who so much as looks at his divinity. She is wonderfully pretty, Mademoiselle Landelle. The prettiest woman you ever saw, is she not?"

"Pardon, madame—not at all. Very pretty, I grant you—the very prettiest —no."

The look of Durand's dark eyes, the slight smile, the almost imperceptible



bow, brings a faint flush of gratified vanity even to Mrs. Sheldon's cool cheek. But she laughs.

"Of course. I deserve it. My question sounded, no doubt, as if I wanted such an answer. All the same I know there is no one in Baymouth one half so handsome. But it is not Miss Landelle they say who is your friend in spite of her beauty."

Once more Durand laughs, thoroughly and unaffectedly amused. Does this rather faded young widow expect him to commit himself to her, to satisfy her curiosity, to own himself the lover of Reine? Before he can reply, Mrs. Beekwith has fluttered to his side, and claims his promise to teach her an Italian song, and so makes an end to the conversation.

Mr. Dexter calls at the Stone House, and finds Mdlle. Marie reading in the garden. Mr. Longworth, upon his arrival a few minutes later, finds that Mdlle. Reine is not at home; she is somewhere in the grounds, or down on the sands, her sister thinks.

Mr. Longworth goes in search of her, and presently afar off on the sand shore he catches a glimpse of a grey robe, a fluttering blue ribbon, and a slight solitary figure seated on a rock. He vaults over the low wall, and turns in the direction at once. The summer evening is at its loveliest—bright, windless, mellow with sweet scent of the sea on the still air, a few pearly stars already ashine, although the pale pink and primrose of the sunset have not quite faded out of the pale fleecy sky.

Hushed and tranquil the bay lies, the little waves whispering and murmuring up on the shore, a gold grey haze lying over the distant town. Reine sits, a book in her lap, but not reading, the dark eyes with the far of distant light in them her lover has learned to know fixed on the silent shining water, as if away beyond the rosy horizons yonder they looked once more for

"Thy corn fields green, and sunny vines,  
Oh! pleasant land of France."

As the footsteps approach she glances up, and that pleased look of welcome Longworth of late has more than once seen comes into her face. Perhaps it is only that she is weary of solitude, and is glad of the interruption. There are

times when this demure little grey-robed maiden seems a true daughter of her native coquettish and alluring grace in the face of her chosen foe, and this is one. She smiles brightly for just one second, then the lids drop over the dark eyes, and she sits waiting for him to address her—

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### THE ANONYMOUS LETTER.

LAURENCE LONGWORTH pauses for a few minutes to contemplate the graceful little figure sitting so thoughtfully in the waning light. His heart almost misgives him when he thinks of what he has to do. She looks so calm, so pure, that it seems impossible that there can be a word of truth in the foul slander; but duty is duty, and he nerves himself bravely for the task, and comes straight up to the rock on which she is seated.

"I am fortunate," he says, in his cold, clear tones, "in finding you alone, Mademoiselle Reine, and here. It is a quiet place; we can talk without fear of interruption, and that does not often happen. But, first, are you quite well! I have not seen you for three days."

"I am quite well, monsieur."

"You are pale, I think—you are not looking as well as you used. But I suppose the hot weather is exhausting."

Mdlle. Reine makes no reply. Is this what he desires to say without fear of interruption? The sudden momentary brightness has left her face, she sits expectant, with down dropped eyes, tracing figures with the point of her parasol in the sand. Whatever he has followed her here to say it is nothing agreeable, that she feels. There is no lover's look in his face, no lover's tone in his voice. He stands beside her in the fair evening light, looking remarkably stern and resolute, and inflexible indeed for a wooer.

"Reine," he says, speaking quickly, "my errand to-night is no pleasant one; but duty is duty, and not to be shirked. I received a letter this morning, an anonymous letter, and it concerns you."

She glances up, the straight black brows contracting after a fashion he knows well.

"An anonymous letter, and concerning me?"

"Here it is." He takes it out of his pocket, and places it in her hand. "I know—every one knows—how utterly contemptible such a thing is, but like all insidious poison it hardly ever fails to plant its sting. I could not destroy it without consulting you; the memory of what it says would rankle in spite of me. Read it. I ask only one word of denial, and I pledge myself never even to think of it again."

Her face has paled slightly; but she opens it with a steady hand, and reads both letter and inclosure without tremor or pause. Then she calmly refolds them and hands both back without a word.

"Well!" he exclaims, impatiently, "have you nothing to say—nothing to deny?"

"I have very little to say—nothing to deny. What your 'Sincere Friend' tells you is quite true."

"Quite true! You met Monsieur Durand, then, last night at nine in the grounds?"

"I did."

"The torn scrap of writing is from you to him?"

"Undoubtedly."

"There is a pause. He crumples the snake in his hand into a ball, and flings it into the sea.

"Reine," he says, abruptly, and in a voice of whose harshness he is not aware, "this must end. One of two things must happen—our engagement must cease, or this intimacy with Durand must be broken off. It may be perfectly innocent—of you I have no doubt—but people are beginning to talk, and the amount of the matter is, it won't do. My future wife must be the subject of no anonymous letters, must meet no man in darkness and in secret."

"How then am I to meet him?" she demands, with a proud calmness that surprises him, but a dangerous light kindling in her eyes. "He is my friend—I care for him more than perhaps you wish to hear; Madame Windsor has forbidden him her house. What would monsieur have me do?"

"Abide by your grandmother's decision. Anything is better than being spied upon and talked of like this."

"But, monsieur my grandmother's

decision is most unjust. She knows nothing to the discredit of Monsieur Durand. Does it not seem rather the act of a craven and cringing spirit to give up an old and very dear friend at a word from a rich and tyrannical relation?"

"While you accept the shelter of that relation's roof, mademoiselle, you are bound to obey."

She looks up at him, stern, inflexible, stubbornly just, with eyes afire.

"You do well," she says, in a passionate undertone. "Oh! you do well to remind me of that. I am her slave—*Mon Dieu!*—I know it well, and should obey every command. Am I also to be yours, monsieur?"

"Reine, you speak like a child. Am I a tyrant because I wish my promised wife to be above and beyond the gossip of a censorious, babbling country town?"

"Your promised wife!" she repeats still with those brightly angry eyes upon him. "I grow tired of hearing that. I can take care of my own honour, monsieur, believe me, although I should never be raised to that dignity."

"I never doubted it; but I do doubt your power to silence slanderous tongues, ready to put the most vicious construction on the most virtuous actions. Do you think the writer of that letter did not know his man? Do you think any other words in human power to write could have struck home as these did? Reine, you are but a child in years. In the ignorance of innocence you think you can brave and defy the world. I tell you, no! it will crush and defame you without pity or mercy. Let me be your shield from it, as you have given me the right to be. Let me go to Mrs. Windsor and appeal to her to withdraw this injunction against your friend. I think I have influence enough for that; and if you must see him, let him come to the house openly and like a man, and in the face of all the world. Say the word, and I will speak to her this very evening.

"Not for worlds!" cries Reine, passionately; not for a thousand worlds! What? after all her insults to the memory of my dear dead father, her taunts of our poverty and dependence, which she makes us feel every hour of our

lives, I send you to plead to her for Leonce? Oh, I have indeed fallen low when I sit and listen even to such a proposal."

"I meant it in good faith. Do you then prefer stealing out to meet him after dark in the grounds? Do you intend to persist in doing so?"

"And what if I do."

"The 'what' is very simple. I resign, at once and for ever, any slight claim I at present possess to influence your actions, and leave you altogether free to meet M. Leonce Durand when, and where, and how you please. Only, for your own sake, mademoiselle, let the trysting-hour be broad day, the trysting-place where all the world may see."

She looks up to him, deadly pale, and rises to her feet.

"Monsieur," she says. "I will never forgive you this last insult to the day of my death."

"There are many things you refuse to forgive me, Mademoiselle Reine," he answers, steadily, "one added can hardly signify. And I have no intention of offering you insult. Nothing is farther from my thoughts. If I did not care for you in a way, and to an extent that makes me almost despise myself, do you think I would stand here warning you? "Reine," he cries, fiercely, "Cannot you see that I love you—love you so well that it maddens me to doubt you?"

"Oh! indeed, do you love me?" she says, with wondering scorn, still pale to lividness, and with quivering lips. "You guard your secret well. I could never have guessed it. Will you pardon me if, even after your tender declaration, I still doubt the fact?"

He, too, is startlingly pale, and there is certainly very little of lover's look or tone about him. And yet in his voice there is passionate pain, passionate longing, passionate regret, and in his very intensity of anger and bitterness, perhaps deepest depths of love.

Do you recall that night in the garden?" he says. "Do you think, have you ever thought, I came to you with one idea of Mrs. Windsor's or her money in my mind? I believe you know better. But you said to me it was not Reine Landelle I desired but Mrs.

Windsor's heiress. Perhaps I had given you some right to say that. If so, I now withdraw that right. I tell you if Mrs. Windsor cast you off penniless to-morrow, I would still ask you alone, of all the women I know, to be my wife. Does this give me no right to speak as I do—to ask you once more to give up Durand?"

"What does giving up Durand mean, monsieur?"

"It means meeting him no more clandestinely—it means telling me exactly what he is to you."

I have already told you—my aunt's step-son."

"Pshaw. You are usually brave and outspoken enough. Don't prevaricate for so poor a creature, for he is unworthy of your regard, Reine. Without knowing much of him, I know that. Trust me, dear." He takes her hands and looks earnestly into her eyes. "Indeed I love you, I trust you, even while I seem to doubt you. Will you trust me in turn?"

His sudden tenderness moves her. She trembles, shrinks, falters for the first time.

"I can—I do—I always have," she says, brokenly; "it is not that. Oh, *Mon Dieu!* if it were my affair only; but it is not, and my lips are sealed. You must trust me blindfolded or not at all. I will be the last to blame you. It will only be justice if you let me go."

There is a struggle, that she can almost see, and though she does not look at him, she hardly breathes while she waits. He drops her hand with a look of honest disappointment.

"You will not trust me?"

"I cannot."

"Will you tell me this at least. Was he ever your lover?"

"She hesitates and half averts her face.

"He was a boy. He was not old enough to be any one's love—"

"Still he was—you do not deny it."

"It meant nothing—it was years ago—it is all past and done with. It never meant anything. He was only a boy."

She may think so, and does, he can see, but Durand knows better.

"Answer me this, at least: What brings him here?"

"I cannot."

"Not even this?"

"Not even this. My promise is given."

"A promise to Durand?"

"Monsieur, I implore you, do not ask me. I cannot tell. I can tell you nothing—now."

(To be continued.)

## CANADIAN ESSAYS.

### THE (DUBLIN) NATION.

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

We have followed the bardic history of the "Land of Song," from the days of the first minstrels on down to the middle of the present century, and we have spoken of two poets—Moore and Griffin in their respective places and according to their respective careers and the parts they played in the history of their country.

Before leaving Ireland it would be very unjust were we to forget the greatest and best and most national of her poets, those men "with whom a soul came into Ireland," those characters who have stamped their names upon a people's history, those writers who are now known as the "Poets of the Nation."

Many of these bards sleep 'neath the Irish sod, some of them rest upon a stranger soil, others are scattered over the face of creation and a few,—very few, yet live to love the land of their youthful affections. Amongst the later class there are two, and perchance the only two, remaining of that glorious band of poets, two solitary stars left of that beautiful galaxy that spanned Ireland's literary firmament from 1840 to 1850. These two are Denis Florence McCarthy, of whom we shall have occasion to speak in future essays, and Charles Gavan Duffy whom we shall not forget in the continuation of those articles.

But before speaking of the poets of the Nation we should first, and in a natural order, explain what *The Nation* was. We do so for those who in

years to come may read *THE HARP*, and who may have little or no knowledge of the state of Ireland in those days and of the history of her leaders and great men. Perchance the readers of *THE HARP*, one and all, know all about and far more than we know of the history of this famous journal; but we morely give it here in order to form a necessary link in the chain we have taken up.

It was an autumn evening in the year 1841 that three young men walked into the *Phoenix Park*, in the City of Dublin, and after conversing for some time and going round some of the walks, at last sat down under the shade of an old elm tree facing the gate towards the city. These three were the founders of that paper. Who are those three and what are they doing and saying there? Let us answer these questions! The three are Charles Gavan Duffy the ex-editor of the *Belfast Vindicator*, a northern Catholic journal, Thomas Osborne Davis, a young Barrister-at-Law, and John Blake Dillon, of the *Morning Register*. One of those is yet alive, Charles Gavan Duffy, Dillon and Davis sleep the sleep of the just upon Irish soil. We will here give a description of both of those departed patriots and take from the pen of Duffy as he describes them in his new work entitled "Young Ireland."

"Dillon, says Duffy, was tall and handsome, with eyes like a thoughtful woman's, clear olive complexion and the bearing of a Spanish noble."

His outline of Davis, in the same work, is much fuller. He says "next day I met Davis in the rooms of the Repeal Association. At first sight he seemed to me somewhat arrogant and dogmatic, as men much in earnest are apt to look, but after a little the beaming eagerness of his face and the depth and piercing *timbre* of his voice in conversation, mitigated my first impression. It was not long afterwards that I knew him for what he truly was, the most modest and unselfish of men, as well as the greatest and best of his generation." Further on we find the following description of Davis' physical appearance—"He was of middle stature, strongly but not coarsely built, with a healthy glow of complexion, broad brow and strong jaw stamping his face with a

character of power. His face, except when lighted up by thought or feeling, was plain. A slight stoop in his carriage, a glance frank and direct as a sunbeam, a cordial and winning laugh, and a genial expression and tones of sympathy which went to the heart marked the outlines of this most extraordinary man."

Such are the three persons whom we find seated under the old tree in the Phoenix Park upon that autumn evening of 1841. Duffy was then in his twenty-sixth year, Dillon in his twenty-seventh and Davis in his twenty-eighth.

They were projecting a paper, one of a national spirit, one that would become the monitor of all classes, one that would be read all over the country, and that would teach the people the proper way to Liberty by shewing them the example and preaching to them the precept "educate that you may be free."

Duffy had a little capital and much experience in the journal business, and he offered the others to take the sole proprietorship of the paper upon his own shoulders if they would assist him in its publication and contribute with their powerful pens to the editing of the new organ. This plan was at once adopted. They went at once to work and the first thing was to find a name for the journal. Dillon suggested the *National*, Duffy said the *Tribune* but Davis objected to both, to the first because it was an adjective and to the second because it was not National or Irish enough. Then Duffy suggested *The Banner*, and Dillon proposed the *Sentinel*. However, after a friendly dispute, Davis demanded that their journal be called "THE NATION." Carried unanimously by the enthusiastic trio! They labored then all the winter of 1841 and all the spring and summer 1842 in organizing a staff and so preparing everything that when the paper should come forth there would be no stoppage, but it should work its way at one stroke into the hearts of the people, and at one mighty stride it should go to the first rank, not only of Irish papers but of all the journals in the British Isles. They aimed high and they were justified therefor by the circumstances of succeeding years. The Na-

tion became the exponent of the views of Ireland's devoted sons and was soon known all over the Isle.

In order to more clearly give an idea of the views and opinions of the editors of this new paper we will here give in full and word for word the first lines ever written by Davis for the Irish public and which consisted of the PROSPECTUS OF THE NATION "When the *Nation* was projected twelve years had elapsed since Emancipation. In the interval a few Catholics were elected to Parliament. Two Catholics were raised to the bench by the Melbourne Government, smaller appointments were distributed between a few laymen; each appointment followed by a groan from the Tory press, as if the Emancipation Act were an instrument intended only for show." These are the words of one of the first writers of the *Nation*. The Union had then a trial of forty years and the grand object of the paper was to strive for the Repeal of the Union. But we are forgetting the original prospectus which in itself partly explains the object of the journal and gives a clear idea of its principles.

#### THE PROSPECTUS OF THE "NATION."

On Saturday the 15th of October, 1842, will be published the first number of a Dublin weekly journal, to be called

#### THE NATION.

IT WILL BE EDITED BY

Charles Gavan Duffy, late editor of the *Vindicator*—aided by the following contributors:—

Thomas Osborne Davis, Barrister-at-Law.	" <i>Anthologia Germanica</i> ," " <i>Litterae Orientales</i> ," &c., &c.
W. J. O'Neill Daunt, J. C. O'Callaghan, author of " <i>The Green Book</i> ."	The late Editor of the <i>London Magazine</i> and <i>Charivari</i> ,
John B. Dillon, Barrister-at-Law.	The late Editor of the " <i>True Sun</i> ," and others whose names
James Clarence Mangan, author of	we are not at liberty to publish.

The projectors of the "*Nation*" have been told that there is no room in Ireland for another Liberal Journal; but they think differently. They believe that since the success of the long and gallant struggle which our fathers maintained against sectarian ascendancy, a NEW MIND has grown up amongst us

which longs to redress other wrongs and achieve other victories; and that this mind has found no adequate expression in the Press.

The Liberal Journals of Ireland were perhaps never more ably conducted than at this moment; but their tone and spirit are not of the present, but the past,—their energies are shackled by old habits, old prejudices, and old divisions; and they do not and cannot keep in the van of the advancing people.

The necessities of the country seem to demand a journal able to aid and organize the now movements going on amongst us; to make their growth deeper and their fruit more "racy of the soil"; and above all, to direct the popular mind and the sympathies of educated men of all parties to the great end of Nationality. Such a journal should be free from the quarrels, the interests, the wrongs and even the gratitude of the past. We should be free to apply its strength where it deems best, free to praise; free to censure; unshackled by sect or party.

Holding these views the projectors of the "Nation" cannot think that a journal prepared to undertake this work will be deemed superfluous; and as they not for themselves, but for their country, they are prepared, if they do not find away open, to try if they cannot make one.

NATIONALITY is the first great object—a nationality which will not only raise our people from their poverty, by securing to them the blessings of a Domestic Legislation, but inflame and purify them with a lofty and heroic love of country,—a nationality which may come to be stamped upon our manners, our literature, and our deeds,—a Nationality which may embrace Protestant, Catholic and Dissenter;—Millesian and Cromwellian; the Irishman of a hundred generations and the stranger who is within our gates;—not a Nationality which would prelude civil war but which would establish internal and external independence;—a Nationality which would be recognized by the world and sanctified by wisdom, virtue and prudence.

Such is the prospectus of the Dublin *Nation*, a journal that as announced ap-

peared for the first time on the 15th October, 1842. This was the paper which began in the month of October, and by Christmas night that year there was scarcely a home upon Irish soil where the *Nation* was not seen and read. Everyone was on the watch out for it. It went into the Reading Rooms and Institutes and was read on the village green, and as the day's work was done the crowd would gather around the blacksmith's door, and seated upon the anvil the most learned man of the place would read aloud the latest news and the beautiful poems that day after day and week after week were sent forth to the public.

"The leading articles of the *Nation*, it was remarked by a friendly critic, "sometimes read like unspoken speeches of Gratian's. But the national ballads probably produced the most marvelous results. The imagination of a Celtic race is an appetite almost as imperious as hunger, and in an old bardic song had always been a common enjoyment of the people. Moore has mastered both moods of the national harp, and his songs were sung in the drawing-rooms of Dublin and Cork and in the mansions and presbyteries; but at fairs and markets, at wakes and weddings, in forges and *shebeens* where the peasants recreated themselves, they were nearly unknown. The songs sung among the people were written originally by Hedge-School masters and had a tendency to run into classic allusions and abounded in sonorous "purple words" without much precise meaning, but which seemed to move the lively imagination of an Irish audience like music. The "Groves of Blarney" is not a very extravagant parody on the Hedge-School-master's songs. The plain and vigorous old *Shan van vocht* however, and some stray remnants from the Gaelic songs of '98 also maintained their ground, and they were everywhere to be met a multitude of rude street songs in honor of O'Connell. The young poets struck a different key. Historical ballads of singular vigor and dramatic power made the great men and great achievements of their race familiar to the people."

We are not going to speak of the political writings of the men who edi-

ted the *Nation*, neither do we purpose referring to the historical, literary and national essays of Davis and his confrères. We merely intend to refer to the "Poets of the *Nation*. Volumes have been written in prose of the most vigorous and most energetic compositions by this young band of patriots and volumes might be filled in commenting upon them. We consider that the Bards and Poets present a field even too vast to be scanned in the short space of a few essays.

Amongst the poets Duffy himself holds a rank of considerable importance. But Duffy was not to be compared as a poet to either Davis, Mangan or McCarthy. We will reserve for a full essay the poems and poetic labors of Davis and for another those of Denis Florence McCarthy. Here we will terminate these few remarks upon the *Nation* by calling the attention of the reading public to an old publication known as "Hayes' Ballads of Ireland" wherein are to be found some of the choicest productions of the men of the "spirit of the Nation."

Poor Mangan was a glorious writer—a splendid master of verse—but alas! his life was one of sorrow and misery. Few of those who were wild in their admiration of his translations as they came out, of his "Time of the Barmecides" his "Cahal mor of the wine-red-hand," his lament for the princes of Tyrone or any of his masterly productions, could for a moment have thought the author of them was living in misery and desolation. Not till his death, which took place in an hospital, was it known that Mangan, the great poet was the most unfortunate of men. It was then that his own sad lines, entitled the "Nameless One" and in which he referred to himself were published. Thus does he lament his own fate:—

"Roll forth my song like a rushing river  
That sweeps along to the mighty sea;  
God will inspire me while I deliver  
My soul to thee!

"Go, on to tell when my bones be whitening  
Amidst the last homes of youth and eld,  
That there was once one whose veins ran  
lightning,  
No eye beheld!

"Roll forth my song and to after ages.  
Tell how disdaining all earth can give,

He would have taught men from wisdom's  
pages

The way to live!"  
Thus does he run on, telling how he was "betrayed in friendship and befooled in love" and how against all his sorrow he strove with a courage that he could not himself understand. But Mangan sleeps lamented in Glasnevin 'neath a beautiful monument lately erected over his grave and many a tear has been dropped by many a true son of the land upon the marble that covers that noble dust.

There is another poet of the *Nation* whom we will here mention and with a few remarks upon his career as a bard we will close this, already too long, essay. This one is a Tipperary boy, Richard D'Alton Williams. His humorous poems, his "Misadventures of a medical Student," his inimitable parodies are well known and when written created a *furor* in Dublin and all over Ireland. But Williams' serious poems have won for him a name that is and ever will be bright and glorious. His first published poem "The Munster War-song" is a masterly piece of chivalric poetry. He followed this with war-songs for the other provinces and then came out his glowing and touching laments for Mangan and for Davis. Poor Williams! He regrets the early death of the then idol of the Irish people, in the person of Davis, how little he expected that he was also to go down to an untimely grave and that upon a distant land. He died in Alabama and is there buried and a monument was raised to his memory by the soldiers of an Irish Regiment in the South.

His "Dying Girl," is one of the most tender pieces of poetry that ever came out in the *Nation* and his "Sister of Charity" is considered by many to be superior to Griffin's or Murray's "Sister of Mercy." His "Ben-Hober" is the finest and most finished poem. Williams did not write much, but what he did write was full of energy and pathos.

When Williams left Ireland he wrote one of his prettiest ballads entitled "Adieu to Innisfail." In this he prays:

"*Mavourneen* be thou long,  
In peace the Queen of song,  
In battle proud and strong  
As the sea.

Be saints thine offspring still,  
True heroes guard each hill,  
And thy songs by every rill,  
Sound free!"

When he sees the approach of the last and fatal hour that must necessarily come sooner or later to all, in his "Ben Heber" we read a splendid lament. The poet cries:—

"I've seen too often the domino torn,  
And the mask from the face of men,  
To have aught but a smile of tranquil scorn  
For all I believed in then.  
My days are dark as my nights with woes,  
My dreams are of battles lost,  
Of eclipse, phantoms, wrecks and woes,  
And exiles tempest tost.  
No more! no more on this dreary shore  
I'll hear the *Caena's* song;  
With the early dead shall be my bed—  
They shall not call me long!  
I fade away to a home of clay  
Without a dream fulfilled—  
My wreathless brow in the dust I bow—  
My harp and heart are stilled!"

No, it is not a wreathless brow that bowed when God's angel came and summoned the immortal spirit of Richard D'Alton Williams. He will long and constantly be remembered in the old land and upon every land where the Irish exiles may be seen his memory is cherished and his works admired. A glowing tribute was paid to his memory the other day by Father Ryan, the poet-priest, in a very fine poem addressed to Williams' daughter—his only child. Let us bid adieu to these two poets of the *Nation* and turn to their brother-bards! Mangan and Williams were Catholics. The subject of our next essay will be an Irish Protestant Bard!

#### DID THE POPE FOR REASONS OF STATE ALLOW NAPOLEON TO PUT AWAY JOSEPHINE AND MARRY A SECOND WIFE?

"It would be interesting to know what weighty causes influenced the Pope to allow Napoleon to put away the amiable and chaste Josephine and for reasons of state to marry a second wife."—"A Protestant Catholic" in *Toronto Mail*.)

It is related of a certain sapient and somewhat aristocratic debating club, that it once discussed long and learnedly the important question "why John Jones killed the policeman?" The de-

bate so interesting to all lovers of psychology had waxed long and strong, when a member somewhat more critical than the rest, rose to suggest, that it would perhaps be as well first to discuss the preliminary question, *Did John Jones kill the policeman?* As on due inquiry it was found, that John Jones had not killed the policeman because no policeman had been killed, it was not deemed necessary to continue the discussion. The psychological question fell to the ground on a question of fact.

So with the interesting question why the Pope granted Napoleon a divorce. As the Pope did not grant a divorce because no divorce was asked the psychological question falls to the ground.

When Napoleon for reasons of state wished to put away Josephine and to marry Maria Louisa of Austria, the Pope it will be remembered was in exile, dragged from his capital and sent a prisoner first to Florence then to Grenoble and finally to Savona. Twenty-nine cardinals were in Paris, some in obsequious compliance with Napoleon's invitation, others at the point of the bayonet, for Napoleon was not to be thwarted when he wished to do anything for reasons of state. The civil contract was easily broken, when Napoleon holding his good and well-beloved Josephine by the hand read from a written paper his heroic determination to renounce her for the public weal; and when Josephine choked by her sobs tried to read her paper in turn. Civil contracts are always made easily amenable to reasons of state, not so the religious contract. This offered more formidable obstacles.

The French historian Thiers in his account of the matter, tells us, that in seeking the separation it was resolved, that no reference should be made to the Pope in any way, as his feelings towards Napoleon under present circumstances could not be friendly. In fact the difficulty of consulting the Pope was made the excuse for not consulting him.

And here let it be borne in mind, that the Pope could hardly have granted a divorce, for the all sufficient reason that a divorce was never asked for. Napoleon and his advisers knew too much, we



suspect, to ask for a thing which they knew the Pope had no power to grant. What was really sought was, to prove the marriage null and void. For this end it was contended, that the marriage had been conducted without witnesses (though Josephine always asserted that Talleyrand and Berthier were present) and that the parish Priest had been absent. It was further urged that there had not been sufficient consent on the part of Napoleon. Talleyrand, Berthier and Duroc affirmed having heard the Emperor several times assert, that he only intended to allow a mere ceremony for the purpose of satisfying the Pope and Josephine, but that his formal determination had ever been not to complete his union with the Empress, being unhappily convinced, that he must one day renounce her for the good of his empire.

This last cause was not insisted upon out of regard for the parties concerned. It certainly, if true, puts the great Napoleon in a very small light. The cause for declaring the marriage with Josephine null and void was rested on the want of witnesses and the absence of the parish priest. The general dispensations that had been granted to Cardinal Fesch were not held to have rendered the marriage binding. "In consequence," says Mr. Thiers "the marriage was broken" (how could it have been broken if it never existed?) "before the two jurisdictions the diocesan and the metropolitan, that is to say in the first and second instance with all due decorum and the full observance of canon law! Napoleon therefore was free."

In his account of the matter M. Thiers makes no reference to the Pope and fully acknowledged that no divorce was asked for, but simply annulment of the marriage. His words on this head are "This motive was unfounded, since no divorce had taken place but simply annulment of the marriage with Josephine pronounced by the ordinary after all the degrees of ecclesiastical jurisdiction had been exhausted."

But if anything further were wanted to prove, that the Pope was not consulted in the matter, it is found in the conduct of "the black cardinals" as they were afterwards called. These thirteen men (let us print their names

for all honor) Mattei, Pignatelli, della Somaglia, di Pietro, Litta, Saluzzo, Russo Scilla, Brancadoro, Galeffi, Scotti, Gabrielli Opizzoni and Consalvi—were actually deprived of their incomes and estates—forbidden to wear the scarlet robes of cardinals; (hence they were called black cardinals) three were ordered to be shot, though the order was never executed; and finally the whole were banished in twos to different towns of France, care being taken that no two intimate friends should be sent to the same town—and this for what? Because as the Pope their head had not been consulted, they would not attend the marriage service with the second wife.

Marie Louisa reached Compiègne on the 27th March where Napoleon met her. A few days later they went to St. Cloud. Four ceremonies were to take place; a grand presentation on the 31st March—the civil marriage at St. Cloud's on the 1st April—the grand entrance into Paris, and the religious marriage on 2nd April, a second presentation to the Emperor and Empress seated on their thrones on 3rd April.

Although twenty-seven cardinals had decided after due celebration that matrimonial cases belonged exclusively to the Holy See only the thirteen whose names we have given above had so far the courage of their convictions as to absent themselves from the religious ceremony. When Napoleon marked their absence anger flushed from his countenance. On the morrow was the grand presentation to both sovereigns on their thrones. Thither all the cardinals went and according to injunctions in full costume. When it came to the turn of the cardinals to be presented, Napoleon called to him an official and gave a hasty order to have all those cardinals, who had absented themselves from the marriage ceremony expelled from the ante-chamber as he would not receive them. No sooner was this order given than it was immediately counter-manded for another to expel only Opizzoni and Consalvi. In the confusion the first order was executed and the thirteen cardinals were expelled. As their carriages could not be found Paris that day saw the unusual sight of thirteen cardinals in their scarlet robes

wending their way in search of conveyances to their homes. Marie Louise accustomed to the stately etiquette of Austria, must have heard with surprise the outburst of childish spleen, which "the little Corporal" now become Emperor vented against those members of the Sacred College who by their pusillanimous conduct had earned the doubtful crown of a presentation brought at such a price.

The day after the expulsion such of the cardinals as were bishops had orders to resign their sees. All received notes requiring their presence in an hour's time at the office of the Minister of Public Worship. On their arrival they were treated by that functionary to a long harangue on the heinousness of their conduct. They had committed a state crime and were guilty of treason. Their crime would have the most serious consequences on the public tranquillity unless the emperor succeeded in preventing them. They had actually cast doubts on the legitimacy of the succession to the throne. For this, they were from that moment deprived by the Emperor's orders of all their property ecclesiastical and patrimonial. His majesty no longer considered them as cardinals and forbade them to wear the cardinal's dress. His majesty reserved the right of afterwards deciding as to the disposition of their persons. A criminal action would probably be brought against them.

On the 10th June each cardinal was again summoned, Passports were in readiness. They were exiled in twos to the different towns of France.

Such was the punishment meted out to these princes of the Church by France's new found King Stork, for the heinous crime of refusing to countenance this second marriage.

H. B.

One of the most important rules of science of manners is an almost absolute silence with regard to yourself.

Almost anybody can send a boy on an errand but only the wealthy have leisure to spare to wait for him to get back.

There is no better reward than the approval of our own conscience. It is worth more than all others together.

## ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

BY WM. V. GRAY.

THERE is no Saint whose character exhibits such a variety of features that meet the precise wants of the present generation, or whose life presents so perfect a model for the time in which we live, as does that of St. Thomas of Aquin, the "Prince of Theologians," and the "Angel of the Schools." Combining in a pre-eminent degree a marvellous power of intellect with a child-like obedience and submission to the Church; tenderest love and angelic purity; heroic self-abnegation, and Christ-like humility he stands forth in the pages of history as the brightest pattern of Christian sanctity, and furnishes us by the constraining beauty and loveliness of his wonderful career with an antidote against the rationalism, infidelity and licentiousness of the nineteenth century. The two cardinal lessons which his life teaches are loyal devotedness to the Church, and burning love toward the person of Christ. Though immersed in the contemplation of abstract truths; the intricate reasoning of theology and philosophy; elaborating ingenious theories, and giving to the world learned and profound tomes, there still rose up from the depth of his being a spontaneous cry calling for the possession of a personal God. Hence, the attitude in which art, ever true to nature, loves to represent the Angelical Doctor is on bended knee with eyes uplifted to the Cross of the Crucified; and the Heavenly colloquy:—"Thoma, bene scripsisti de Me quam recipies a Me pro tuo labore mercedem? Domine, non nisi Te!" "Well hast thou written of me Thomas. What reward wilt thou accept for thy labour? None other than Thyself, O Lord." The pattern which is set forth in his outer life and interior spirit, his virtues and gifts, his intellectual labors and far-reaching influence will not only stir the faithful Catholic toward fresher efforts, but will be appreciated by those who are not of the true Fold, whose refined natures and cultured tastes are drawn to whatever is grand, heroic and pure in the lives of great men. The Levities of the Catholic Church who are peculiar-

ly consecrated to his principles may draw near; make of him a tender friend; look into the beauty of his face, and muse upon the generosity of his heart, beholding how wonderful and glorious is God in His Saints.

St. Thomas of Aquin sprung from a noble and illustrious race. He was born in the year 1227 at Aquino in Italy. Of the character of the Saint's father, little is known; though it seems partly certain that he combined a martial spirit with a large sentiment of faith, while his mother with immense energy of character, and a somewhat haughty spirit, kept herself in control by severe fasts, frequent vigils, and constant prayers. The Saint was sent when five years old to a Benedictine monastery to be educated, and eventually to join that order. He left the monastery at the age of twelve, and journeyed to Naples, joining the Dominicans whose founder—De Guzman—had died twenty years previously. Here he was placed under the tutelage of Albertus Magnus, who being called to the University of Paris under the Franciscans, was subsequently appointed Regent of the School of Cologne whilst Thomas scarcely twenty-three was made *Magister Studentium* in which position he first gave evidence as a teacher of that depth, balance, and expansion, which in after life made him the weightiest of authorities on the most momentous of religious questions. His first pieces were *De Ente et Essentia* and *De Principiis Naturæ*. It is said of his preaching that the words:—"Ave Maria, Gratia Plena, Dominus Tecum," formed the text of his discourses during the whole of a Lenten Season at Naples.

The sketches he has left of his sermons are a valuable index to his method. In the *Fourth Opusculum*, there are one hundred and forty-two skeleton sermons for Sundays, and eighty-three for festivals—the former on the Gospels and the latter on Our Lord and the Saints. In the notes he forms the meaning of his text into four grand divisions and each of those he subdivides into four portions. The divisions are expressed with exceeding brevity and yet with so good a choice of words that the whole pith becomes evident at a glance. The amount of his writings is innumerable. The *Summa* alone stands forth in its hercu-

lean proportions as a master stroke in exogesis. The ruling minds in the great Council of Trent were those which had been moulded by the principles embedded in the *Summa*. His Eminence Cardinal Vincent Justiniani who assisted at the Council called Aquinas "The Oracle of the Fathers."

The mind of the Church, unlike the simple face of a Madonna, is vast, deep, and difficult to grasp, on account of its awful oneness and sublime multiplicity. Her mind is reflected in her history; there is a human element in it, as well as a Divine. She has her great giants, who are born to her, who fight for her, who die away and are succeeded by others; whilst she, ever young, strong, and beautiful, sweeps on from age to age towards the revelation of her final glory. Unlike decaying and sickle man, her mind is ever one. As she advances, bleeding, out of the first tragic periods of her history, she unfolds her sympathies more and more. Her enemies maliciously strike at her, and her champions ward off the blow. Her voice, shrill as the bugle speaks by the mouth of a glorious line of Pontiffs, who live and die, whilst the spirit which animates them goes on without a shadow of alteration or vicissitude. She holds in her hand the Book of the Revelation of the Supernatural life; she appeals to the past as a confirmation of the present, and she fearlessly challenges her opponents to point out a flaw in her heavenly armour—one single seam through which the glittering point of human reason can penetrate and wound her. Her majesty, her grace, her radiant purity, the supernatural character of her whole intelligence and action, the tenderness of her mother's love—all is displayed to captivate the heart of man and to make it fit for heaven. The magic which springs with her elastic step, the beaming of her countenance, the sparkling of her eye—all tell of her Divine original, of the triumph of a hundred victories, and of the glories of her supernatural crown. To draw out her picture in such a way that men might understand it was the life's labour of our Saints. The *Summa Theologica* is, after all, but the scientific exposition of those principles which actuate her life, and lend to her

entire being its supernatural loveliness. The vastness of her preparation must correspond to the greatness of the work to be achieved. He who would build a mighty temple must sink foundations in proportion, must cut out massive columns, and must quarry for the walls. He who would give a transcript of the mind of the Universal Church must be prepared to prosecute studies proportionate to the immensity of such an undertaking. The principal instruments needed were those very studies in which St. Thomas had engaged from early youth. The study of Revelation, that is of the Old Law, and the New Covenant; the study of Tradition, that is, of the teaching of the Fathers, the Sovereign Pontiffs, and the Councils of the Church; and finally, the study of that Intellectual Science, or Philosophy, which shows the mind how those vast subjects, with all their various groups of truths and principles, can be set up in unity, like the human organism, which is in one sense many, though in another only one. He who could thoroughly master this threefold matter, and discover that scientific form or organic structure which displays its natural harmony and bearing; and through a spirit of supernatural purity could see the hidden things of the spirit; and through the clearness of the intellectual eye could intue the high truths of morality and religion—such a man if gifted with transcendent ability, with opportunity and time, would be capable of constructing a *Summa Theologica*. Thus it is evident that the career of the Angelical doctor from the first; the bias of his mind, the labors in which he engaged, and the whole direction of his studies, point him out as prepared by Providence for achieving a special work for the Church of God. The very fact of its being impossible to determine whether or no the Saint had seen his way to the end from the beginning, throws all the greater interest on his life. If he were preparing from the first, and had stretched forth conscientiously from his youth towards the accomplishment of his vocation, then a flood of light is cast on the character of his intelligence. If, on the contrary, he were simply led like a little child by the

grace of Christ, till his life-object broke upon him, then how marvellously the guidance of an Unseen Hand directed all his ways. Therefore it is the *Summa Theologica* that fixes Aquinas as the great champion of the Church. It was for this that he was numbered by Pope Pius V. among the Doctors. And the very act of ranking him suggests a comparison. All are glorious and great, but each, in his own special line, did his own particular service; each earned his own dazzling crown, each showed his valor or his fortitude, or his political ability or his eloquence, or his scientific intuition; each stands on the steps of the throne of the Immortal Queen, closer to her and more honorably placed than many others over whose heads circles the aureola.

The intellectual hinges of the Church (so to speak) have been monastic men,—that is to say, men who, through an intense worship of the Cross and a keen perception of the beautiful, throw up all for Christ. St. Thomas living in the thirteenth century was brought under the influence and partook of the spirit of those who were the trusty servants of the Church, who had stood by her in days of storm, and had, when the occasion demanded, poured out the red stream of their lives in her defence. Thus it was that Aquinas had time to erect a master edifice, and, through his deep acquaintance with the technical systematic form of scholastic teaching, to plan a mighty scheme, of which the patristic labors were to furnish the materials. Without their steady guidance he could not have found his way to the labyrinths and obscurities of the Sacred Scriptures. Without them he could not have known of the chequered history of the Church, of her adversaries, her combats, and her victories. The Fathers have one and all, in their place and measure, in East and West, established, confirmed, expanded, consolidated, as well as witnessed to the undeviating doctrines of the Church; therefore it is that, in looking at the *Summa Theologica*, we can recognize a pillar from Alexandria, a capital from Constantinople marble from Bethlehem, concrete from Hippo, bases from Cappadocia, ornaments from Milan, and foundation-stones from Rome. Had not St. Thomas

possessed that priceless gift of assimilating to his own plastic mind, by a certain spontaneous attraction, anything and everything which chimed in harmony with the Church's consciousness, and which illustrated her spotless life, he would never have been the bright and shining light that he is, or have exhibited in his prolific writings that philosophic, patristic, and scientifically Catholic spirit which is displayed in his works. Take all the works of St. Thomas—*The Catena Aurea*, his *Commentary on the Lombard*, his *Quodlibeta*, his *Questiones Disputatae*, his *Contra Gentiles*, his *Compendium of Theology*, even his very first brochures, as well as his voluminous writings on Aristotle and on the Gospels, on Job and on St. Paul—take whatever he has written as it lies scattered up and down his life, whether it comes under Revelation, Tradition, or Reason, whether it be the foundation, or the columns, or the buttresses, and you will recognize it, though it may be cast in a different form, as occupying its place in the vast creation of the *Summa Theologica*. In the *Opuscula of the Angelical Salutation*, the Immaculate Conception, and the Magnificat the teachings of tradition are laid down with singular clearness, and are specially charming to the ecclesiastical novice. In the last named the saint finds himself in his native element, and ascends into the highest regions of mystic union with God. In the conflict of the secular and monastic systems of the thirteenth century, the former was upheld before Pope Alexander IV. by the more learned of the University of Paris; while the latter was defended by three of the ablest pens of the religious orders:—Albertus Magnus, Bonaventure, and Thomas Aquinas, and to the last named was attributed the final overthrow of that arrogance and depotism which the Paris professors had ever displayed in their relations with the Mendicants. Saint Thomas Aquinas died on March the (seventh), 1274, in his forty-eighth year, on which date his name appears on the Roman calendar. He was canonized by Pope John XXII., A. D. 1323. Leo XIII. has ordered by special mandate, that the text of St. Thomas Aquinas be the ground-work

of study for all ecclesiastics entering the priesthood; and also in his late Encyclical appoints March seventh of each year to be accorded to the *Angel of the Schools*, and consistently a distinctive honor in ceremonial among the greatest doctors of the Church.

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### CANADA'S BELL.

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## I.

In that land where suns are beaming and  
their golden beauties streaming,  
On a soil that's richly teeming, where the  
soft Italians dwell;  
Where the palaces now golden, relics of the  
days so olden,  
The stranger may behold in each mossy  
bower and dell;  
In that land so brightly gleaming the ancient  
legends tell—  
How Florentines made a Bell!

## II.

While yet the flames were glowing and the  
liquid metal flowing  
And the bellows loudly blowing to the sledges'  
joyous ring,  
The crucible was brightening and the metal  
warm was whitening  
And the sparks flew round like lightning as  
the merry worker's sing,  
The Rich man and the Poor man proportion-  
ate off'rings bring  
In the crucible to sling!

## III.

In the belfry now 'tis swinging and a joyous  
anthem singing,  
As its tones are loudly ringing over distant  
vale and hill;  
And its voice is clearly saying, as the faithful  
'round are praying,  
"I invite you all this way in my accents loud  
and shrill,  
As each has contributed, let ye all the temple  
fill,  
Bowling to One Holy Will!"

## IV.

And the lordly in his palace with his gold  
and ivory chalace,  
Leaves the tempter's liquid malice when the  
bell rings close of day;  
And the poor man who has given all he had  
'neath heaven,  
Hears the vesper bell at even and his soul is  
light and gay.  
For he feels the notes are for him and he  
takes his joyous way,  
To the temple where they pray.

## V.

Such is Canada our nation, freest land of  
all creation,  
Land of hope and expectation—in its crucible  
'tis now;

It is just in its formation, powerful in its  
broad foundation,  
Grand each gleam and aspiration lighting  
up its radiant brow,  
In the Work-shop of Creation it is being  
formed now,  
Let us make for it a vow!

## VI

Let each make his contribution—*Iron's* stern  
resolution,  
*Silber's* brilliant pen effusion and of reason  
*pure the Gold;*  
And when the metals warmed (a mighty task  
is stormed)  
And a glorious bell is formed,—let us wait  
to hear it toll'd—  
It will tell how each has given—poor and  
rich and young and old,  
When the bell was in its mould!

## VII.

Then when the work is ended and this bell on  
his suspended,  
And its powerful notes have blended with the  
tunes of other lands;  
When loudly it is rolling and its thunder  
*voices tolling,*  
Full loud from pole to pole, in its voice will  
be commands,  
Calling all to come and worship where their  
country's altar stands,  
In strong united bands!

## VII.

Thus the rich and poor may listen and their  
eyes with tears will glisten,  
While *Discord's Demons* hiss in their angry  
rage and pride;  
The mighty and the lowly in one alliance  
holy,  
With but one spirit solely—no longer shall  
*divide,*  
And along the stream of ages, as the fairy  
beings ride,  
To Eternity they'll glide!  
Green Park, Aylmer,      JOSEPH K. FORAN.  
25th April, 1881.

THE XAVERIAN BROTHERS,  
BALTIMORE, M. D.

This congregation was founded by  
Theodore James Ryken (Brother Francis  
Xavier) at Bruges, Belgium in 1839.  
Being a Missionary society he gave it  
as a patron the great apostle of the  
Indies, St. Francis Xavier. The object  
for which it was instituted was for the  
education of boys in parish schools and  
orphanages, and to this it adheres with  
the greatest exactness.

Before beginning the great work  
the venerable founder visited the  
United States twice, laid his plans be-

fore the bishops, all of whom manifested  
great interest in the undertaking and  
promised to aid him in every way in  
their power.

He returned to Europe, set to work  
to form the constitution and rules of the  
intended order. Went to Rome and  
made known his project to the Vicar of  
Christ, Pope Gregory XVI, who gra-  
ciously received him, encouraged the  
undertaking, gave it a special blessing  
and placed it under the Bishop of  
Bruges, Belgium.

During many years the congregation  
had to struggle against hardships in-  
numerable, being without means, with-  
out influence, without friends, save the  
great God, who, at all times, protectd  
it from the dangers to which it was ex-  
posed. Finally, it triumphed, grew up  
slowly but securely, and after a short  
existence of nine years sent out its  
first colony to England in 1848. Ever  
since the Brothers have been engaged  
in their noble calling aiding the Rev.  
Clergy to make that great nation what  
it was once before, an island of saints.  
Almost all the Catholic schools in Man-  
chester are under the direction of the  
Brothers. They pass the government  
examination, and their schools are  
among the best in the country. They  
have houses in Manchester, Preston,  
Bolton, Hammersmith, Battersea, and a  
large orphanage at Mayfield in Sussex.

In 1854 Bishop Spalding then of the  
diocese of Louisville, Kentucky,  
brought the first colony to the United  
States. Their location was at St. Pat-  
rick's School, in that city and ever  
since, they have aided the Reverend  
Pastors in making the schools equal to  
any of the class in the country.

When Bishop Spalding was raised to  
the Archbishopship of Baltimore, he  
applied for a colony of the Brothers to  
conduct an Institution he was about to  
establish as a Protectory for poor  
orphan boys who were very numerous  
after the late war. He succeeded in  
getting the Brothers and erecting an in-  
dustrial school which will add addition-  
al lustre to the good name of one of the  
greatest prelates the American Church  
produced. St. Mary's is this day, long  
after its venerable founder passed away  
to a better life, rescuing the deserted  
boys of the city of Baltimore, and State

of Maryland, taking them under the influence of Christian educators, who after a few years transform them into good industrious young men, capable of making for themselves a respectable living.

The Most Reverend Archbishop was very much attached to the Brothers, he wished to have them in charge of all the parish schools in his ecclesiastical province. Before leaving Kentucky, while preaching a farewell sermon in one of the Churches of Louisville, he said the greatest work of his whole life was the introduction of the Brothers into the diocese to give the Catholic youth a christian education, to make the boys good men, and good citizens was the great aim of his whole life.

Four years ago they commenced a Novitiate near the city of Baltimore where they have now above thirty young men who in a few years will be able to extend their sphere of usefulness. They have charge of two schools, a college, and industrial school, and a home for poor boys who make their living by selling papers and working in the city.

Last year they took charge of St. Patrick's School, West Troy. In a few months a new Reformatory, St. Colmans, now in course of erection will be added to their list of good works. They are about taking charge of schools in Richmond, Virginia, this year and may likely send a colony to the Archbishop of San Francisco.

There is one point to which this community pays great attention, that is, getting up sodalities for the boys and keeping them together on Sundays, aiding the Reverend Pastors in bringing them to the practice of their religious duties. In this way the old scholars spend half an hour together every Sunday receiving a short instruction, reciting the little office of the Blessed Virgin and other approved prayers. And then again, there are libraries in connection with almost all their schools, where the boys get good religious books to read at home free of charge.

Notwithstanding the rapid increase, the Brothers are unable to supply the demands on them for trained teachers, had they hundreds ready that number

would not suffice to fill half the list of applications.

We clip from the *Baltimore American*, (non-Catholic) the following notice of a very important and interesting ceremony:—

On the 19th of last month at the Novitiate of the Xaverian Brothers, on the Frederick road, one of the most impressive ceremonies of the Catholic Church was witnessed, viz., of young men binding themselves for the remainder of their lives to works of charity for the good of others. To teach and to take care of their fellowmen will hereafter be their mission. The postulants, after having served the prescribed two years of probation, are permitted to take the three vows of Obedience, Poverty and Chastity, providing they have fulfilled all the requirements of the order. After they take their vows they are sent out as teachers, or to perform any other duties their superiors may require of them. The demands for the Xaverian Brothers as teachers, etc., have increased so that they find it utterly impossible to fulfil one-third of the applications that come pouring in from all parts of the country. The congregation is highly approved by all the archbishops and bishops of the United States and Canada, some of whom are constantly requesting brothers. Only last week Brother Alexius, provincial, received an application for brothers to take charge of a school of five hundred pupils in Lowell, Mass., and another from Monsignor Doane, administrator of the Diocese of Newark, to take charge of a large industrial school in Denville, N. J. The members admitted to the vows yesterday were: Francis Aulbach (in religion Brother Alfred), of Freyburgh, Pa., and Hugh Anger (in religion Brother Alexander), of Putnam, Conn.

"After the ceremony of profession was concluded four postulants received the habit. They were Philip Finsterer (Bro. Cyrillus), of East New York; Terence E. Melver (Bro. Jerome), of New York City; Edward Strube (Bro. Meinrad), East New York, and Adam Bruckner (Bro. Paulinus), of Baltimore. The ceremonies were conducted by Rev. Father Andrew, C. P., of St. Joseph's Passionist Monastery. There are at present thirty-two novices in the novitiate. Adjoining the novitiate is the Mt. St. Joseph's College, conducted by the Xaverian Brothers. This institution holds out as many inducements to young men seeking a first-class education as any similar college in the states. There are at present forty-two pupils in the college. It is situated in a picturesque part of Baltimore county, adjacent to the city. Ample play grounds, and, in fact, everything conducive to the welfare of the children committed to their care, is provided by the brothers in charge, under the direction of Brother Dominic, director of the college."

The order in America is presided

over by the Rev. Brother Alexius, Provincial to whom application for membership is to be made, he resides at St. Mary's Industrial school, Carroll, Baltimore, County Maryland.

## REVERENCE A CHARACTERISTIC OF THE IRISH RACE.

AS EVIDENCED BY THE ECCLESIASTICAL RUINS OF IRELAND.

THE whole history of the Irish people, from the earliest chronicled times, is unique in its records of their zeal and devotion and energy in raising up sacred edifices of worship.

In the character of the Irish race there are many grand noble, virtuous and admirable features, and there are pleantries and peculiarities and anomalies and incongruities and contradictions too which perplex the stranger, puzzle the politician and mystify the social philosopher; but, all in all, they make a heroic, if not always a harmonious whole, and they present a rich theme to the imagination and a varied subject to the pen of the happy Irish story-teller.

If humor be proverbially recognized as a trait of the Irish character, we may observe that the same character is strongly marked by the sublime faculty of worship. If the bump of humor be found to protrude pleasantly on the Irish head, let the phrenologist search further up and he will find the bump of reverence as surely there.

Worship is the first aspiration of civilization. Order and architecture and art are the offspring of worship.

Ireland must have been the most civilized and cultured nation of the earth between the fifth and the eighth century. The ancient landmarks attest it.

The Emerald Isle is a treasure to the reverent antiquarian. Its green bosom is covered with sacred ecclesiastical ruins. No wonder it was called at one time the island of saints and of scholars. Wander where you will through its wild or picturesque or blooming scenery—east or west, north or south—your eyes will meet the ivy-covered

and moss-crowned ruins of the churches and abbeys and monasteries of other days. Here stands one of its grey old Round Towers rendered more lovely in its age by the fortuitous vegetation which tenderly clings to it. Of these stately relics of the past about twenty are still in a state of preservation, but the vestiges of nearly one hundred more may be seen throughout the island. It has been said these strange structures were built "to puzzle posterity;" that some of them are older than the fifth century; that they were the temples of a religion of yore, ere the genius of Christianity shed its lustre from Tara's hill-top o'er the beautiful isle of Erin—that they were built by the ancient fire-worshippers—the Ghebers of Ireland. Latest researches, however, and most authentic, perhaps, say they are of Christian origin and were built as belfries for religious purposes. Certainly in their vicinity were built those remarkable groups of "seven churches," and in their pillar heights they stand the stately sentinels of many a group of sacred Christian ruins.

On hill and mountain top, in valley and glen, on river bank and rocky shore they stand silent and solemn, yet eloquent monuments of the ancient civilization of the Irish race and of that spirit of worship in their character to which we allude. Here high above the wooded and blooming banks of the lovely and peaceful Blackwater, amid the ruins of old Lismore, stands one; there in a deep and secluded valley set in the heart of the hills of Wicklow stand another, its hoary head aloft looking down for centuries upon its own stateliness reflected in the deep and still waters of Glendalough.

"The Pillar towers of Ireland! how wondrously they stand  
By the rushing streams, in the silent glens  
and the valleys of the land.  
In mystic file throughout the isle, they rear  
their heads sublime,  
Those gray old pillar temples—those conquerors of time.

Glendalough—"the glen of the two lakes" is a spot fertile in sacred ruins. It is described as grand, desolate, awful. Here may be seen the remains of St. Kevin's "seven churches." There is an equally sacred spot in King's County—Clonmacnoise, its site is lonely



indeed, in a wild moorland across which the bog of Allen stretches its weary wastes; but it must be interesting for its ruins of an abbey and monastery built in the sixth century. The name of "Cluan Mac Nois"—the "Recess of the sons of the noble"—indicates that it was a seat of learning in those days. Here may be seen one of those remarkable Irish crosses—the *Cros cra Scrieptra* and a round tower said to have been built by Prince O'Ruare of Bressini, and one of the most beautiful in Ireland, except perhaps that at Clondalkin, or the one on Devenish Island.

Perhaps some of our readers have stood under the shadow of this tower and examined with veneration the curious carvings of the Irish Cross. Every part of Ireland has its share of those ruins. Mayo has its round tower of Killala, its cathedral, Rosekirk abbey on the banks of the Moy, and Moyne abbey near Killala bay—the latter must be a picturesque sight with its "ivy-mantled chimney, its lofty slender tower and its lights and shadows."

The glory of Kilkenny (barring its castle) is its Cathedral of St. Canice—a Gothic structure in the form of a Latin cross, built 1202, A. D., and with renovations still preserved. Cromwell made a stable of it in 1650, A. D.

Tipperary is said to have one of the most interesting monastic ruins in Ireland—we mean Holy Cross abbey, situated on a green sward watered by the flowing Suir. The magnificent background of trees and foliage renders this wild ruin one of the most luxuriant in Ireland. Besides, Tipperary has its Rock of Cashel with its crown of holy ruins and its round tower.

The Irish reader has no doubt heard of the "Devil's Bit"—a mouthful taken by the old arch-fiend out of the mountain at Templemore—the gap may be seen to this day—which he was carrying off with him when St. Patrick caught him and compelled him to drop it where it is to-day—the Rock of Cashel consecrated to Almighty God for ever more.

Dublin has its Clondalkin and its Howth abbey ruins—"half temple, half fortress" overhanging the sea. Then there are the ruins of Louth, Mellifont, Iona, Lentisfarne, Dunbrodie. Old iron

bound Galway has its St. Nicholas—one of the finest structures in Ireland—"Her ample Church with twice seven altar flames,  
An heavenly patron every altar claims."

There is another remarkable old church of the same name at Carrickfergus in Antrim. Some of our readers may have wandered in other days around the ruins of the old abbey of Athenry, or stood with reverential feelings under the gothic ruins—nave and isle—of the old abbey of Kilconnell. Even the County of Monaghan has its round tower and its abbey of Clones—Monaghan is richer in Druidic remains.

Ram's island in Lough Neagh, also, has its pillar temple. The legend of Lough Neagh and the petrifying qualities of its waters must be quite familiar.

"On Lough Neagh's banks as the fisherman strays,

When the clear cold eve's declining,  
He sees the Round Tower of other days  
In the waves beneath him shining."

There is another quiet and holy spot in Lough Erne.—County Fermanagh. I mean Devenish Isle with its cluster of monastic ruins and its Round Tower.

But we must cease enumerating. Some of those ruined shrines were built in the peaceful period between the fifth century and the Danish invasion; others between the date of the expulsion of the Danes and the advent of the Norman; others, again, were of later origin—the noble work of the Irish monks between the twelfth and the fifteenth centuries. The tale these ruins tell is very interesting and should be very instructive. Time's wasting hand spared them more than did the destructive hands of the barbarous and the brutal, the wicked and the warlike, the ignorant and the intolerant.

With minds well bent learning, as we should, lessons of wisdom from the evils of restlessness, bigotry and destructiveness of the past as well as from its noble deeds of chivalry, reverence and faith,—they teach us lessons of peace, of culture, of tolerance, of Christianity. But the theme is too vast for our present purpose, and, yet would we point a moral to adorn our tale. Reverence is still a characteristic of the Irish race. They still build churches. The cross-topped spires of their churches and cathedrals point aloft with faith and

hope wherever fate or fortune has scattered the Irish people in new lands. So may it ever be. A religious people should be a great and a cultured people. Religion is here spoken of in its broadest sense. It is given no unessential bounds. Thus, it means worship towards God; benevolence toward man. And, although it may nobly take one outward form and shape in the erection of churches, it also worships God in the universe, in deeds of duty to humanity—in spirit and in truth.

"And if there was no temple built with hands, souls that could rise into exalted worship would find a temple for God in the hollow sky, and pictures for the temple in all that the sun illumines, in all that the firmament displays; and priesthood in all pure hearts and liturgies in all worthy aspirations, and anthems, choruses and hymns in the sea, in the winds, in the young raven's cry, in the breathing of a mother's love, in the whispers of a mother's prayer."

W. J. O'H.

### A RENT-RHYME.

"For what were all those landed patriots  
born  
To hunt and vote, and raise the price of corn.  
Safe in their barns these Sabine tillers sent  
Their brethren out to battle. *Why?* For RENT  
Year after year they voted cent per cent  
Blood, sweat, and tear-wrung millions. *Why?*  
For RENT!  
They roared—they dined—they drank; they  
swore they meant  
To die for England. *Why, then live for RENT*  
And will they not repay the treasure lent?  
No. Down with everything, and up with  
RENT!  
Their good, ill, health, wealth, joy or  
discontent  
Being, end, aim, religion—RENT! RENT!  
RENT!"

It must be avowed that the sentiments of these verses are strong, and strongly expressed. The sacred privileges and prejudices of certain important classes are treated with a peculiar vehemence of scorn. Take it line by line. At first the author might seem in a position to plead classic precedent. Virgil has spoken of those who are "born to consume the fruits of the earth;" but we know that he was a notorious sympathizer with evicted cultivators. Yet even,

Virgil did not deny that the privileged persons paid for their supremacy by valorous enterprise; it being apparently the custom of the aristocracy not only to rule in peace, but also to lead in war—in those primitive times. But the author whose verses we quote, gives no hint of such a thing; indeed he broadly states the contrary. Crudely affirming that "the landed patriots" (as he sarcastically calls the landed gentry) were born simply to hunt, vote, and make provisions dearer, he proceeds to depict them in a most odious position.

Safe in their Sabine barns—safe, in plain English, in the midst of the luxuries of their large estates, these Landed "Patriots" of Britain have sent their brethren out to peril their lives in war. Their motives in doing so he sums up in one word RENT. What is the meaning of this? Let us see if we can unravel it. The Landed Gentry, who influence politics, send out the poorer classes—the tillers of the soil and artisans—in the shape of soldiers, to be engulfed in foreign wars. The object imputed is that this is done in order that they may be removed from Britain, and made food for powder—because if they were not they might ponder over their condition at home, conceive they had grievances against the great landlords of the country, and demand the reduction or even the abolition of rent. The poet would, in fact, make the British landlord say, "These Hodges, and Pats, and Sawneys are multiplying in the land. If let alone, they may soon begin grumbling that they have only huts and alleys to live and move in, and that they must toil and moil from morning to night, whilst we have vast estates and wide expanses of vacant parks, and nothing to do but hunt for amusement. Better clear them out before they begin to think these things, or to have time to organize an effort to alter matters. The simplest and safest way is to divert their attention to a foreign war, to turn their interest from their own affairs and those of their children to the dangerous doings of Mumbo Jumbo in the Mountains of the Moon, which threaten the integrity of the Empire." Then let them hie off to save and serve their country (meaning their masters)—and when they come home, (if they ever do come home), or

such of them as come home (if any come) will have forgotten all about social questions and social reforms. Old pensioners don't mind such things; they are more interested in wooden legs."

The poet does not in fact clip and trim his words. He speaks right out, rudely and roughly it may be to fine feelings, but openly and bluntly, and in a most straightforward manner. The blood, the sweat, the tear rung millions of the nation were voted for the purpose of maintaining rent. With these suggested sufferings of the people, oppressed with heavy taxes—with the blood-tax or war-service, the work-tax and the money-tax, wet with their tears,—he sets in immediate contrast the alleged conduct of the "Landed patriots," who "roared," "dined," "drank," and swore they meant to die for England; whilst in fact, they sent out others to die, and lived themselves for rent.

These members of the ruling classes will not repay he declares, the treasure lent them—their one motto, their sole motive is; "Down with everything, and up with rent." That is they were prepared to sacrifice all the interests of the country, to drag down all its liberty, to plunge it in ruinous foreign wars, simply to keep up their rents. For Rents, he emphatically declares, is their be-all and end-all, is country, religion, nation, everything to them.

Assuredly, nothing that has been uttered by any of the Land League orators has equalled the concentrated passion of scorn, indignation and wrath contained in these vehement verses. Yet the author was Lord Byron, and these "flagitious, malicious, and seditious" verses were exceedingly popular with the "Manchester School" of Messrs Cobden, Bright, etc., just thirty years ago.—*National Advocate*.

#### AN EVICTION SCENE.

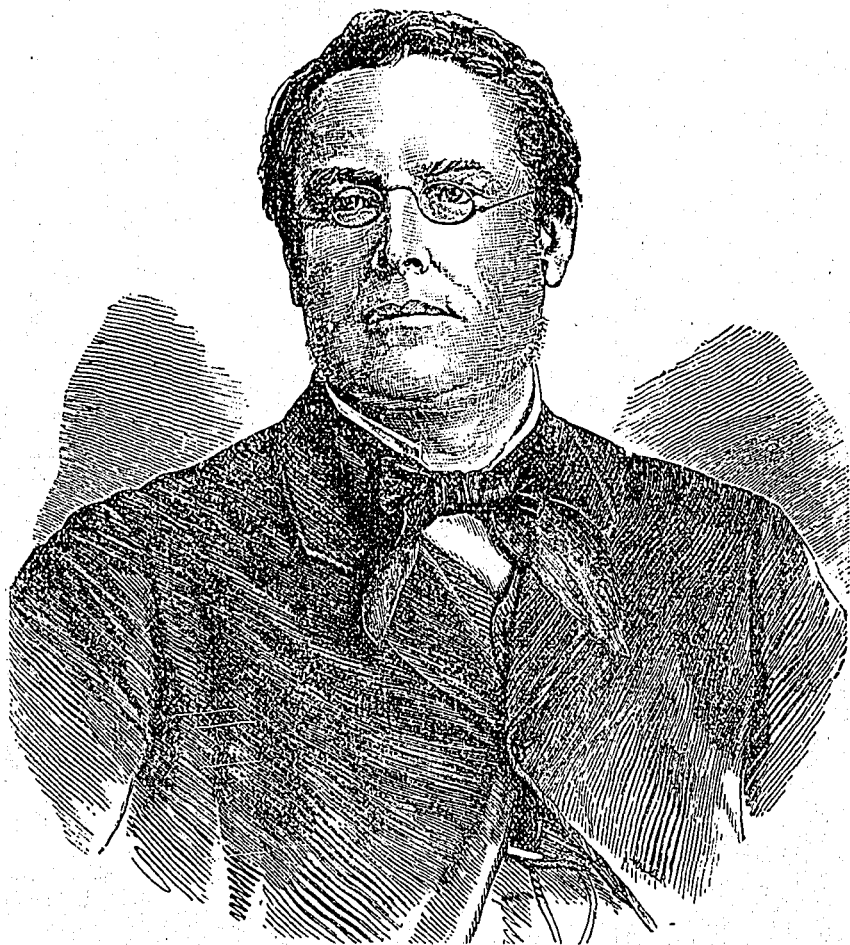
THE Rev. Patrick Colgan, C. C., Carna, Connemara, Ireland, gives the following very feeling account of an eviction scene which he witnessed. He says:—

It is with a sick and aching heart that I disclose the facts that I witnessed yesterday, when called on to impart the

last rites of religion to a man and wife prostrate on a bed of sickness. It was a sickening and painful sight. Badly clad parents, brought to this pass by impossible rents, furnishing children saved from death by the Mansion House Fund last year, turned out under the cold and rain of yesterday, their potatoes and their chattels scattered on the street; the sorrowing cries of the mother, the tears and sobs of the innocent children, and the un pitying resolve of an attendant who fastened the doors behind them, are sights that would make angels weep in sympathy, and cause the most unbending government, even at the eleventh stage of its Protection Bill to pause and reflect before putting this murderous weapon in the hands of the selfish hacks of rent offices. When the houses were closed, there came the most painful scene of all. A feeble old woman who, owing to her age and debility, was unable to be removed, fainted in the arms of three stalwart constables. So great was the shock she received that her life was despaired of. I fear it will be the real sentence of death for the poor woman. Her husband was unconscious on his bed of sickness for the last three years. He was attended by the parish priest and doctor yesterday. Yet he, too, must go out. The law is absolute and mandatory, and must be obeyed even at the risk of his life. It was only when the doctor interposed, stating that he was totally unfit to be removed to the hospital, and that they would be responsible for his life, that the constabulary who had discharged their painful duty throughout with sense and moderation, paused to obtain further orders. It is stated that they will return to-day. It is high time for a Liberal Government to step in, and protect the lives of the people from the fell system which is driving peaceful subjects to desperation, and the country to ruin. How long will the fountain of justice remain poisoned in our case?

The man who cannot take care of himself is about as safe among wild beasts as among his fellow-beings.

"Heaven made virtue; man the appearance;" and very naturally, man prefers his own invention.



HON. EDWARD BLAKE, M. P.

ELDEST son of the late Hon. William Hume Blake, a distinguished jurist of Upper Canada, who sat in the Canadian Assembly from 1847 to 1849; was Solicitor-General for Upper Canada for a short time in the Lafontaine-Baldwin Administration, and subsequently Chancellor of that Province, by Catherine Hume, grand-daughter of William Hume, Esq., of Humewood, M. P., for Wicklow in the British House of Commons; and grandson of the late Rev. Dominick Edward Blake (of the family of Blake of Castlegrove, Galway), Rector of Kiltegan and of Loughbrickland, and Rural Dean, by Anne Margaret

Hume, of Humewood. Born in Township of Adelaide, Middlesex, Ont., 13 October 1833. Educated at University of Toronto, where he took first-class honors in classics and received the degree of M. A., 1858. Married Margaret, daughter of the late Right Rev. B. Cronyn, Lord Bishop of Huron. Called to the Bar, Upper Canada in Michaelmas Term, 1856; created Q. C. 1864. Elected a Bencher of the Law Society of Ontario, 1871. Senior partner in the extensive law firm of Blake, Kerr & Boyd, Toronto. Was for a short time one of the examiners in, and lecturers on, Equity Law for the Upper Canada Law Society. Returned for South Bruce in Ontario Assembly at general elections 1867, and was leader of the Opposition in that body from 1868 until 20 Dec., 1871, when called upon to form a Government for Ontario, which he succeeded in doing, accepting for himself the position of President of the Executive Council in the same (without salary); resigned the Premiership of Ontario and seat in Local House, 25 October, 1874. Elected Chancellor of Toronto University, 1876. Returned for South Bruce and for West Durham in Local Assembly at general elections 1871 (elected to sit for former place). First returned to House of Commons for West Durham at general elections 1867; re-elected by exclamation, and also returned for South Bruce at general elections 1872 (elected to sit for last named seat), for which he was again returned at general elections 1874; re-elected by exclamation on his being appointed to office, 2nd June, 1875. Sworn of the Privy Council, 7th Nov., 1873, and was a member of Mr. Mackenzie's Administration (without office and without salary) from that date until Feb. 1874, when he resigned. Declined the Chancellorship of Ontario, Dec. 1869, and the chief Justiceship of the Supreme Court of the Dominion, May 1875. Appointed Minister of Justice, 19th May, 1875. Resigned, Sept. 1877, and exchanged to the portfolio of President of Council. Resigned Presidency of Council, 31st Jan., 1878, in consequence of continued ill-health. Visited England on public business, 1876. Was a candidate for South Bruce at general elections 1878, when

he was defeated. Elected to present seat, on resignation of sitting member, Mr. Burk, 17 Nov., 1879. The following statement of Mr. Blake's political views is summarized from his speeches as a private member:—"An Independent-Liberal; believes that the basis of the franchise should be widened, and that efficiency instead of influence should be the passport to the public service; thinks political progress essential to political vitality, and advocates the fullest freedom of discussion on all topics affecting the public interests; supports the adoption of a system of proportional representation, whereby, among other improvements, the strength of the various opinions held by the people may be more nearly represented in Parliament; considers that, as the franchise is not merely a right, but a trust, the wilful neglect to vote should be followed by temporary disfranchisement; is opposed to the appointment of Senators for life by the administration, and desires their selection for a term of years by the Provinces; thinks that the future of Canada depends very largely on the development of the great North-West; advocates the construction, as rapidly as the resources of the country will permit, of the sections of the Pacific Railway necessary for communication between that country and our interior seaboard, in conjunction with an extensive scheme of exploration and colonization; believes that the cultivation of a national spirit is requisite to the success of the Union; that the present form of connection between England and Canada does not possess the element of permanence; that as the child grows into the man, so the State will come to maturity, and that (notwithstanding the enormous difficulties which surround the scheme), there is a possibility and hope of reorganizing the Empire on a Federal basis, so as to reconcile British connection with British freedom."—*Canadian Parliamentary Companion*.

As the prickliest leaves are the driest, so the pertest fellows are generally the most barren.

It is easy enough to make a man laugh, but to gain his respect at the same time, is not so easy a thing.

## FLORENCE EDWARDS' REVERSES.

BY ELLEN JAMIESON.

It was to be a brilliant ball—one of the grandest that had taken place upon the Pacific coast since the golden State rose to that height of opulence and wealth which now surrounds the homes of the millionaires and wealthy men of San Francisco. It was to be given by Mr. Walter Edwards, and more could not have been said. Who was Walter Edwards? It was no secret: all the world knew he was a hard, striving man of business, honestly supporting a sickly wife and infant child, till suddenly fortune, in a burst of good humor, gave her wheel a turn, and Walter Edwards became the inheritor of a wealthy relative whose name he scarcely ever heard, and who died without a will.

Advertisements were inserted in most of the papers throughout the country for nearest of kin; and, with little hope of result, Walter Edwards put in his claim; consequently, his surprise was great when he received a letter informing him that the fortune of one of the wealthiest merchants of Philadelphia was his. He turned so white, and seemed so stunned, that a friend present desired to procure some stimulant for him.

"No, no, thanks!" he interposed, getting up. "I will go and tell my wife and child; their pleasure will restore me."

Shortly after, Mr. Edwards departed for the East, and after settling up affairs there he returned to San Francisco, and now his residence stands among the beautiful palaces that adorn the heights and overlooking the city and bay of San Francisco. For a while the family lived very retired; then, throwing their doors wide open, entered society, which found Walter Edwards a perfect gentleman, who not only knew the value of money, but how generously to spend it.

A suspension of the entertainments occurred a few years after, owing to the death of Mrs. Edwards; and the first ball was not given till Florence had reached her eighteenth birth day, which event it was to honor, when the soft

beauty of the young girl created quite a *furor*. Innocently joyous at the bright scene around her; shy, but pleased at the admiration she excited, her beautiful complexion flushed with happiness, her eyes sparkling with rivalry to the jewels and diamonds that adorned her; Florence won all hearts—without losing her own. Yes, that happened; and how, will be shown.

In the city of San Francisco, the exercise of riding horseback is indulged in almost universally among the ladies as well as the gentlemen. The fine road leading from the western section of the city, and extending to the coast, and what are known as the Seal Rocks, form one of the finest drives in the country.

Florence and her father scarcely ever missed a fine morning; they both delighted in this healthy exercise.

One morning as they dashed over the hills that surround Lone Mountain and on to the table land which forms the road, Florence's horse took fright at the report of a gun from one of the trapper's among the sage grass, and off he dashed with a fearful flight, leaving her father far in the rear. On—on they dashed, the spectacle becoming awful to Mr. Edwards, the old man becoming almost frantic and powerless. Suddenly he espied a young man alight from his horse, ahead of Florence, and quickly fastening him to a tree close to the road, immediately ran back, and lowering himself upon one knee, that the horse might not turn off from the road, as Florence neared him, with one short run, and as quick as lightning, he was hanging to the excited animal's neck, and, blindfolding him with one arm, he shortly had him under control.

Florence could not have stood the excitement much longer, and if it had not been for Morton Barris, for such was her preserver's name, she might have met with a serious accident.

In this manner was it that Florence first met with Mr. Barris. He had a well knit, youthful figure, a frank, handsome face, framed about the temples by dark chestnut hair, and had the bearing of a gentleman. He was a stranger in the city, and few knew of his business; and, from the above circumstances, he became a frequent and welcome guest at

Mr. Edwards' home. Now he was about to return to the East, and discovered that he was minus of a heart, having bestowed it without reserve upon Florence; he was assured she returned his affection. Now the ball was taking place and, of course, Morton was a guest.

On rolled the dance, and it was becoming late. In the garden surrounding the house Morton stood on a slight eminence, with park land sloping on every side, and on autumn evenings the sea breeze whispered through the trees where Florence and Morton used to stroll. They were there that evening. A rich robe enveloped the girl's figure, yet not so closely but that Morton was able to secure one small hand, while his ambitious arm crept around the owner's waist.

"Darling," he whispered, "the knowledge that I possess your love—a sweet idea, guessed at before, but known for certain only to-night—shall support my sinking heart in absence, and urge me to make myself worthy of so dear a prize."

She looked up, smiling, then replied, seriously,—

"I could almost wish you had confessed our love to my father before parting. Believe me, he honors—he esteems you much!"

"I feel it, and am proud of that belief, my own. Yet think; did he guess I dare aspire to the heiress of his immense wealth, might not his liking change? How might he look upon one as it were, an entire stranger, penniless, for aught that he knows?"

"As generous as the richest," responded Florence, promptly. "Morton you do not know my father as well as I do."

"I know the world, dearest," he answered, smiling sadly; "so forgive me for the very fear of losing you. I do wrong your father. Few parents regard favorably a penniless suitor to their daughter's hand. No, darling, I may not always be as I now am. I possess expectations that my return to the East may—I strongly imagine—will realize. Then will I return and claim you."

"Has pride anything to do with this delay?" she smiled. "Pride, lest Morton Barris should be thought to wed the

wealth instead of simply Florence Edwards?"

"Perhaps," he said, "in which case you agree with me."

It was now late, and as Morton had to depart on the early overland train, he had but a few moments to spare. When these few moments had expired, Florence, from the shadow of the trees, watched him disappear through the gates; then, with a sensation of joy mingled with sadness, she returned slowly to the house.

On re-entering the ball-room, a gentleman advanced to claim her hand for a quadrille, then forming.

"When I missed you from the room, dear Miss Edwards," he drawled, "I began to fear I should be deprived of this inestimable pleasure."

Florence did not hear him; she was leaning toward a servant who was whispering something in her ear.

"I am extremely sorry, Mr. Harcourt," she said at last, turning to him, "but, after all, I must beg of your generosity to excuse me this dance. My father sent, desiring my instant presence. "However," she added, smiling, "I will if you please, promise you the next waltz, to make amends for my breach of faith."

The gentleman could not but bow his thanks, and escort her to one of the exits from the ball-room. Directly the soft lace curtains drooped behind her, Florence hastened to the library, where Mr. Edwards awaited her. An expression of surprise, of alarm, swept over her face as she entered. Her father sat by the table, his head bent upon his hands, and his whole demeanor indicative of acute mental suffering. Quickly she fled to his side, and, sinking on her knees, clasped her arms about him, exclaiming in terror—

"In mercy, papa, what is the matter? You are ill—you are suffering! Tell me, in pity, what it is?"

Raising his face, he looked at her. She was shocked by the changed appearance of his countenance; it was white, haggard and despairing.

"Oh, my poor darling!" he murmured; then he proceeded, in self reproach, as though to himself: "I ought to have waited until to-morrow. It is cruel to tell it at such a moment! But I am

weak—mad; I could not! Oh, Florence!" he cried, abruptly, "How will you bear it?"

"I can bear anything, papa, but seeing you suffer, while I am ignorant of the cause," she rejoined, firmly.

He strove to speak, but failed.

"I cannot!" he exclaimed. "When I look on your bright beauty, and think of the future, the sentence chokes me."

"Papa," Florence entreated, prayerfully, "I implore you speak! You terrify me! Surely the truth would be less painful."

"The truth! My child, never, never could you guess it!" he moaned. "We are ruined!"

"Ruined!" she gasped, in consternation. "Oh, papa!"

"Penniless—nay, worse, Florence, in debt! Heaven preserve you beneath this sad reverse!" he cried, as his head fell upon his bosom.

The grief died out of her face. A moment before, a girl, Florence, at the sight of her parent's trouble, became a firm, brave woman. As she looked on her father's agitated features, she felt that there was something worse than beggary—the illness of those we love. In the midst of all came the recollection of their guests, and a consciousness that their reverse of fortune must not reach them that night. Soothing her father to some appearance of calmness, she told him this, and, as she must return to the ball-room, entreated him to wait there until her return, but not tell her more till afterward, lest her strength should fail.

"Florence!" cried Mr. Edwards, regarding her with proud surprise, "you shame me—a man! Although my trouble is for you, yet I am broken down and you so calm—so brave! If you can thus bear it, so will I!"

Forcing a smile to her lips, she embraced him.

"Yes, papa," she said, cheerfully, "it will not be so very difficult, since we bear it together." And gliding away, Florence returned with a heavy heart and artificial smiles to the ball-room, ringing with laughter and music, and played the hostess to the guests, excusing her father's absence through sudden

indisposition, and gave Mr. Harcourt the waltz she had promised.

Who can fathom a woman's noble endurance and fortitude under suffering. Those who can may comprehend the exquisite pleasure with which Florence heard the last carriage roll down the avenue, then, giving the servants orders to retire to rest, she crept to her father's side, and clasping his hand in hers, said quietly,—

"Now, papa, we are alone, please tell me everything."

He complied, and a few words sufficed. After all those years a nearer relative had appeared, and not only what they had, but that that they should return every dollar expended since his possession. Florence listened silently; she never spoke till the recital was concluded. Her father looked towards her interrogatively; then her composed tones startled him. She said,—

"We must learn to bear it, papa. Have you heard the heir's name?"

"Yes," he answered, looking uneasily at her.

"Of course he is a stranger?"

"No."

"No?"

"No," he reiterated, averting his eyes.

She gazed at him wonderingly, then abruptly asked,—

"Papa, do I know him?"

He hesitated, then answered in a low tone,—

"My dar ling, yes."

"It is——" she exclaimed, with sudden fear,

"Hamilton Miller," he rejoined.

"What!" she cried. "The man whose love I rejected?"

"The same, dearest. Maddened by disappointment, and eager for revenge, it appears he held our name up to jest and ridicule wherever he went. In company once with a lawyer who knew our antecedents, he told Miller of them, and the advertisement for next of kin. 'If this be so,' said the listener, rising suddenly, 'If he who died was George Harris, a Philadelphia merchant, then I am one step nearer kin than Walter Edwards, and his wealth is mine!' Eagerly he and the lawyer consulted. He produced the proofs of identity, and I have seen them to-night—they are true. Ha-



milton Miller is the rightful heir. We are beggared?"

He covered his face with his hands as he concluded. Florence was very pale, but calm. She acknowledged the justice of the claim, yet she could have surrendered their wealth to any one better than Hamilton Miller. After a pause she said,—

"Papa, surely he will not call upon you to pay all that back which you so innocently spent, knowing how impossible it is for us to find the means?"

"He does—he will—my child! He mentioned one condition alone that would make him forget it. I rejected it. He refused to hear me; he said rejection or acceptance must come from your lips and no other's."

"Mine!" ejaculated Florence. "Nay, papa, do not speak. I can divine the condition such a man would make. He would have me recall my words. He would have me become his wife."

"Oh, papa!" she cried, bursting into tears, as she fell on his shoulder, "forgive me, but I cannot do it!"

"Florence I do not ask you. Truly to accept would give your wealth."

"With Hamilton Miller to share it!" she interrupted. "Better ruin, death! Heaven pardon me!" she added, abruptly. "How selfish am I! How will you bear penury?"

"Better than see you that man's wife."

A joyous smile broke over the girl's face.

"Papa," she cried, "can this really be?"

"It is, my child. Preferable all the misery we may have to endure, to my mind, than to see you, so good, so pure, wedded to one so dissipated, heartless, cruel and vicious as Hamilton Miller. Your noble decision has filled my heart with pleasure indeed."

He clasped her to him, and, strong in each other's love, the sad future lost its terrors.

The next morning when Hamilton Miller rode up to Mr. Edwards' residence, to learn Florence's decision, he found father and daughter gone and a brief letter conveying to him a cold refusal. A dark, stormy expression settled upon his face.

"Never mind" he muttered, "I can

be revenged. Walter Edwards shall pay every penny, or toil in a workshop?"

The red blush of autumn had been drowned in the wintry rains, which had disappeared under the balmy breath of spring; and Walter Edwards and Florence, in a poor apartment, was still struggling hard for bare subsistence. Hamilton Miller, had proved inexorable, the debt must be paid. Their sad reverses had told much on Walter Edwards, now a grey-haired, melancholy man. They had made the young girl, too, thin and quiet. But in her existence remained one bright spot—hope—in Morton Barris. She had written to him, telling him all that had happened to them, and when she thought he would soon be in California, her fingers worked more nimbly, while the smile with which she cheered her father grew brighter. Never once did she doubt Morton's love. True, he had not written, but many things might have prevented that; and Florence bright and expectant, waited—waited till her heart grew sick, for there came no word no sign. Ah: how bitter it is when the young find their sweetest hope, their firmest trust, deceived! Florence was beginning to experience this. With a cruel, dull agony she was commencing to think that he she so fondly loved was but of common clay—that Morton Barris had left her. Yet it was difficult to renounce all hope, and Florence trusted on, till one day she could doubt no longer.

She was returning from giving a music lesson, when on the other side of a crowded street, she beheld Morton Barris himself. The old, well remembered smile rested on his manly face; only—poor Florence!—it was even brighter than usual. He was in San Francisco, then, and had not seen her. Could he have smiled thus had he really loved her, knowing her misery? No. Thankful she had not been recognized, with a dull weight on her brain, a numbness on her limbs, like one in a dream, she walked melancholy home, entered their simple apartments, and fell insensible to the floor.

Days elapsed before she recovered sufficiently to tell her father what had happened; but he knew it already; in

her wild delirium she had spoken her secret.

"It was terrible at first, papa," fondly resting on his bosom. "But it is over now. I can bear it. I will live for your sake: I would not leave you to fight the world solitary alone."

He answered with kisses and tears.

Nearly a week had passed away, and the next morning Florence was to leave her bed. Change of scene had been recommended, but their poverty prevented it. Father and daughter never spoke of Morton Barris. They strove to forget the past, speaking only of the future. They were doing so on this afternoon, when the landlady brought in a letter. Letters were rare and Mr. Edwards quickly opened it, but with disappointment dropped it upon his knee.

"It is from Hamilton Miller," he said sighing, or rather, I suppose from his solicitors. He makes a strange request, I cannot divine his meaning. Listen: "We are requested by our client to desire your and Miss Florence Edwards' presence, at your late residence to-morrow, for an interview which he hopes may be satisfactory to both parties." The note is signed McGowan & Woods.

"It is strange. Will you go, papa?" asked Florence.

"I can scarcely refuse," responded Mr. Edwards, with bitterness. "But you, darling, need not—the journey will be too trying."

"Oh, no, no, papa!" she exclaimed, quickly. "I should like to see the old place again, and I wish to get from here."

The father knew why, and thought fiercely of the man who had deceived her.

Then the summer was at its brightest when Walter Edwards and Florence once more entered the gates of their once palatial residence. The trees seemed to wave them welcome; yet it was painful to look round the old scenes full of such sweet remembrance. It was a severe trial to Florence, but resolutely she proceeded. They saw not a person till they stood in front of the terrace, when a gentleman came forth to meet them. With a great cry, Florence caught her father's arm.

"Morton!" she ejaculated. "What brings you here?"

"The right of proprietorship," laughed the young man, with frank, honest face, as with gentle force he drew her toward him. "Who else but I should welcome my bride to her future home?"

"Home!" ejaculated Mr. Edwards. "Hamilton Miller—"

"It is no longer here, sir!" said Morton. "I am the rightful owner."

You?

"Yes," laughed Morton. "It is news to your ears, but an old story to mine. I knew it years ago. Wait an instant, and it shall be made clear. You know the house, Mr. Edwards; pray enter, and we will join you in the library directly. Florence has explained that look of terror with which she greeted me."

Mr. Edwards complied in so dazed a state, that he was much relieved when Morton came to him with Florence smiling like her ownself.

"Now, Mr. Barris, for the explanation," he cried.

"It is here, my dear sir."

Then Morton briefly told how one of the descendants of the Barrises had settled in England; how four years ago he had come across an old paper, wherein was the advertisement for next of kin; how he had sailed for Philadelphia, and had asserted his claim, and that he came to California to dispossess the owner there, but his heart had smote him at the thought, especially after seeing Florence; and how he had decided, on finding she loved him, to keep his secret till after he had, with her father's consent, married her as a poor man. His last trip to the East was to make arrangements to settle in California. He then related how all his plans had been overthrown, and his anger aroused by Hamilton Miller. Upon hearing how matters stood, he had returned to California; but, desirous of affording an agreeable surprise to his beloved, had kept his presence secret till he had legally been made possessor.

"I never thought, for an instant dreamed," he concluded, "that by Florence's accidentally encountering me she would be led to think me false."

"It was but for a time, Morton," she smiled, raising her eyes to his.

"But your illness?" he rejoined in self reproach.

"My dear boy," broke in Walter Edwards, clasping both their hands, "look at those roses already budding again on her cheek, and draw comfort, as I do, from the knowledge that she has bravely, womanfully, battled through her reverses; and if the malady was great, the cure has been effectual."

"ONLY A ROSE."

(Written for THE HARP.)

'Twas only a pale yellow rose which I found  
In the page of my book to-day,  
And its leaves were crushed, and its color gone—  
'Twas only a rose—Did I say?

But, oh! the thoughts which rushed to my mind  
As I gathered its dust in my hand,  
Of the many dear friends since that rose was called  
Who had gone to the Better Land!

Poor little bud! 'twas fresh and white  
And the moss 'round its heart was green,  
And its odor was sweet, and its petals bright,  
Like the glimmer of silver sheen.

And it rested so calm on my dead mother's breast  
Like a gift from some fairy land—  
And it breathed away its young life there  
In the clasp of the cold white hand.

I have loved it since, as a thing of the tomb,  
As a relic, to me, from the dead—  
And I still can see the pale, sad face,  
Of the gentle spirit fled.

I listen still to the soft, low voice,  
Still feel the touch of her hand  
And my soul, oft longs to meet her own,  
In the shades of the mystic land.  
Montreal.

MARIE.

A cut in a St. Louis paper, which we took for the picture of a St. Louis girl's mitten, turns out, on a closer examination, to be the full-sized picture of a sugar-cured ham.

Money is being so freely contributed for the purpose of clothing, and civilizing benighted Africans that it is becoming profitable to go to Africa and be a heathen.

FOP. THE YOUNG FOLKS.

THE RAT AND HIS FRIENDS.

A rat lived in abundance near a granary full of wheat. Squire Nibble had made a hole through which he could visit his store, whenever he liked. The prodigal was not content with filling his own belly; he called all the rats of the neighborhood to the feast. "Come along, my friends, you shall live in abundance like me. I have found a treasure." He found many friends without doubt, that is to say, table friends; there are many of them in the world. Meantime the master of the granary, seeing his wheat disappear, day after day, although he never touched it, resolved to keep the rats out. Nibble was reduced to beggary. "Luckily," said he, "I have plenty of friends; they will not see me want; they have sworn so a hundred times." "The rat counted without his host. When he called on his friends, "I don't know you, said one "You have been a simpleton," said another. "You were too prodigal," said a third. All shut the door in his face.

*Moral*—Ingratitude is a characteristic of the mean and low.

THE FOX AND THE DRUM.

A hungry fox saw a hen scratching at the foot of a tree. He was about to spring upon her, when he heard the noise of a drum, which hung upon a tree, was struck by the branches. "Ah! ah!" said Master Fox, raising his head, "Are you there? I will be with you presently. Whatever you are, from the noise you make, you ought to have more flesh than a chicken. Poulets are ordinary fare, I have eaten so many lately that I am tired of them, you will repay me for all the poor meals I have had; truly I have come upon you in the nick of time!" With this he sprang up the tree and the chicken, very thankful for having escaped so easily, flew off. The fox consumed by hunger, seized his prey, and worked away tooth and nail; but what was his surprise, when he found the drum hollow and empty; plenty of air, but no flesh. Sighing deeply, "unfortunate me!" he cried, "what a delicate morsel I have lost for this miserable thing all emptiness and noise."

*Moral*—A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. What makes the most noise, is not always the most solid and advantageous.

## JOHN.

Who is John?

Of beauty none to much; of courage enough and to spare; of love unbounded; of patience even as Job; of constancy like Plymouth Rock. After such a recommendation it is needless to say that John is a dog. With such a record he could not be a man. It were expecting too much. He is moreover a skye-terrier and well bred and well born at that.

When a certain orator of Greece announced his intention to deliver an eulogium on Hercules—An eloguim on Hercules! cried out a Spartan, Why! who ever blamed Hercules?

It were as needless to eulogize John as Hercules. Both were works of supreme supererogation.

We have said that "of beauty" John had "none to much." We must modify that assertion in the interest of truth. John was beautiful in his ugliness, his beauty was his ugliness, and as his ugliness was unbounded, such was his beauty. We do not speak paradoxes we speak simple truth. John was beautifully ugly. All skye-terriers are.

Art had attempted to assist John in his ugliness and had succeeded. It had cut off his ears and shortened his tail, so that when John stood still (which was seldom) it was difficult to tell, which was his head and which was his tail. You would have been as little surprised to see him walk backwards as forwards. Had he done so, his stump of a tail would have done duty for a nose, and any attempt to wag on its part would have been mistaken for snuffling. Taking a birds-eye view of John, it was impossible to say, which was the end to go first. You had only to keep still and await developments. Those who did not wish to loose their character as prophets always do so.

When John lay down on the flossy mat at the foot of his master's stairs, he became a mystery. Which was dog and which was mat was never rightly deter-

mined. Had not John been as smart as the skye-terrier he was, he would have had sore bones. He would have been too often trodden upon. The fault would have been in John's configuration and general get up, not in the trespassers want of circumspection.

It is on record in the State paper office of Dogdom, that John's eyes were once seen. They were taken for two diamonds, accidentally fallen into a moss bank. Since that time they have been known to exist from tradition only, not from actual observation.

Theologically considered John would be said to be of the genus dog, species-terrier, sub-species Isle of Skye. Our own convictions after contemplating the summer clouds would give him a more exalted origin. As with Momus, we should expect to find that he had dropped from the clouds, and that the Olympic gods were playing the same kind of a joke on men in the one case as in the other. Earth appears to have been the avant-door-step on which the Olympics were accustomed to throw all their "queer jokes." When Vulcan was kicked out for his personalities, he broke his leg. Thereupon, as legs are secondary considerations in blacksmiths, as in tailors, he turned anvil ringer. When our Skye-terrier came from the clouds, he broke all four legs, and they were very badly set, if we may judge from their crookedness, and as staight legs are out of place with Skye-terriers, he became a Skye-terrier. His legs would have done equally well for a crab.

We have said, that John's love was unbounded. We said so advisedly, and we say it again, but he had a queer way of shewing it. To the cat his love consisted in biting her hind leg, when she tried to escape his caresses, which were generally meant for her neck just back of the head. But then John's teeth were so beautifully white and sound and even, that to be bitten by them was almost a privilege. To his master, John's love consisted in entering his room unintroduced and unexpected; if his master were asleep in the arm chair so much the better. John knew his opportunities and how to improve them. Ordinarily John bounced into the room, as if shot from a mortar like the "artiste" in the circus, though

without the net to catch him. His master's lap did duty for the net, once in the room, which by way of the mortar, or on his four crooked but most agile legs, he flew up at his master's face kissing it enthusiastically a dozen times: paxed his hair into fearful disorder; made believe to bite his nose and hands (though with the utmost care not to hurt him;) pulled out one end of his cravat; soiled his white waistcoat with his dusty paws: rushing at him like a battering ram, and made himself generally disagreeable. Such was John, gentle reader how do you like him? We adore him.

H. B.

### USEFUL HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

**CROUP.**—Take a knife or grater and shave off in small particles about a teaspoonful of alum, mix it with twice the quantity of sugar, to make it palatable, and administer it as quickly as possible. Almost instant relief will follow.

**Whooping Cough.**—The inhalation of air charged with ammonia vapors as a remedy for whooping-cough, has been tried in France with success. One of the methods of application employed is boiling ammonia in the room where the patient is.

**Cough Syrup.**—Four ounces of the best gum arabic dissolved in one pint of boiling water, with sugar, lemon juice and balsam tolu added; the whole or one-half daily taken before retiring will soothe the throat and stomach irritations and relieve a cough.

**Headache Cure.**—Apply peppermint to the frontal bone, or forehead (never rubbing it,) and fan it. Repeat this three or four times, and then apply cologne, and fan again. If the headache is caused by a foul stomach, then swallow a small portion of hot water and peppermint.

**A CURE FOR DIPHTHERIA.**—A South African paper gives the following simple remedy for curing that distressing and commonly fatal malady diphtheria. It is vouched for as being efficient in the most obstinate cases provided that it is applied in time. A spoonful of flowers of sulphur is well stirred in a wineglassful of water. This mixture is

used as a gargle, and afterwards swallowed. Brimstone is known to be abhorred by every kind of fungoid growth, and this remedy, which it may here be added has been long known to medical men in Great Britain, may have something in it.

**Mock Duck.**—Take a round of beef-steak; salt and pepper; prepare a dressing as for turkey; lay in the steak; sew up; lay two or three slices of fat pork upon it and roast; baste often and you cannot tell it from duck.

**Pig's Foot Cheese.**—Boil the hocks and feet of equal quantity loose in a pot till the meat will fall freely from the bones; season well with pepper and salt; put into a pan while hot and press it. Cut in slices and serve with vinegar or Worcester sauce.

**SERVED BEEF.**—For ten or twelve pounds of beef take one tablespoonful of allspice, six cloves, a piece of mace; pound in a mortar, add a large spoonful of brown sugar; rub well into the beef; then with saltpetre and salt; turn and rub daily for ten days; then boil six hours.

**VENISON HAM.**—Trim the ham nicely and laid with thin slices of bacon, then soak five or six hours in the following pickle: One-half cup of olive oil, salt, spices, thyme, one onion cut in slices and one or two glasses of wine (red), turning it occasionally, then take out and roast before a bright fire, basting it with the pickle. It will take from one to two hours to cook.

**Roast Goose.**—Make a stuffing of bread crumbs, onions and potatoes cut fine; season with pepper and salt, sage and butter the size of an egg; fill the goose and tie down the wings; roast two hours and a half. Boil the liver and heart and add to the gravy which must be thickened with flour. Send to table with apple sauce and mashed potatoes.

**MUTTON KEBBOBED.**—Take a loin of mutton; joint well; take the following dressing and put between each joint: Two tablespoonfuls chopped parsley, a little thyme, a nutmeg grated, a teaspoonful of bread crumbs; mix well with two eggs; roast one hour. If there is a large flap on the loin, some of the dressing may be put in and then skewered securely.

# SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

AIR—OPEN THE DOOR.

HARMONIZED FOR ONE, TWO, OR THREE VOICES.

*With melancholy expression.*

Piano introduction in G minor, 6/8 time. The music features a melancholic melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand, with some chromaticism and a sense of longing.

FIRST VOICE.

1. She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps, And lovers are round her sigh - ing;

TENOR.

2. She sings the wild song of her dear native plains, Ev'ry note which he lov'd a - wak - ing;—

3. He had liv'd for his love, for his coun - try he died, They were all that life had en - twin'd him;

But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps, For her heart in his grave is ly - ing.

Ah! little they think who delight in her strains, That the heart of the minstrel is break - ing.

Nor soon shall the tears of his coun - try be dried, Nor long will his love stay be - hind him.

## FIRE-SIDE SPARKS.

When a Boston man invites you to dinner, and heads the postscript N. B., he means "no beans."—*Nycum Advertiser*

A sportsman at Dahlonoga, Ga., failing in his attempts to shoot a wild turkey, threw down his gun and overtook the bird after a chase of two hundred yards.

The ignorance displayed by our food dealers is simply astonishing. Not one in a score of them knows when a bird ceases to be a chicken and becomes a hen.

Cicero said: "Nothing should be done hastily." The old chap was wrong. If you see a man coming at you with an axe get away as hastily as you can.

Let us not be so harsh with the politicians. If it wasn't for politics, many men who are too lazy to earn their living with their hands would be paupers.

A shadow of sadness crosses the face of the poet when he reflects that the average age of the hog is only fifteen years. "So young," he mutters to himself; "so fair."

A rambling orator in the city Council is said to have never spoken "to the point," but once, and that was when he sat down on the sharp end of a carpet tack.

A distinguished and long-winded lawyer defended a criminal unsuccessfully, and at the end of the trial the judge received the following note: "The prisoner humbly prays that the time occupied by the plea of the counsel for the defence be counted in the sentence."

Teacher—"John, what are your boots made of?" Boy—"Of leather." "Where does the leather come from?" "From the hide of the ox." "What animal therefore, supplies you with boots and gives you meat to eat?" "My father."

Son—"Father the lecturer at the hall to-night said that lunar rays were only concentrated luminosities of the earth's satellite. What do you think about it?" "All moonshine, my son—all moonshine."

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

A conceited young country parson, walking home from church with one of the ladies of his congregation, said, in allusion to his rustic audience. "This morning I preached to a congregation of asses." "I thought of that," observed the lady; "when you called them your 'beloved brethren!'"

A married gentleman every time he met the father of his wife, complained to him of the temper and disposition of his daughter. At last, upon one occasion, the old gentleman, becoming weary of the grumblings of his son-in-law, exclaimed: "You are right; she is an impetuous jade, and if I hear any more complaints of her I will disinherit her." The husband made no more complaints.

A poor memory is a very inconvenient thing. So a man found it who lately called on a friend, and in the course of the conversation asked him how his good father was. "He is dead, did you not know it?" answered the friend. "Indeed! I am distressed to hear it," said the visitor. "I had no idea of it;" and he proceeded to express his sympathy. A year after he called again and forgetfully asked, "And how is your good father?" The clever reply was, "Still dead."

Mr. J. J. Curran, Q. C., defended a prisoner at the Beauharnois assizes on a charge of murder. The case presented many features appealing to the sympathies of the jury, and the eloquent advocate made the most of the situation. Not only the jury but the audience and even the officials could not refrain from giving visible signs of their emotion. The next day some one remarked to John Kelly a genuine specimen of the genial and hospitable hibernian hotel keeper: "John did you see the poor old sheriff wiping his eyes during Curran's speech yesterday?" "Yes," replied John, "the d—d old rascal that buried three wives without shedding a tear."