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TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE.

BY LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

One of them instantly began searching the box and the drawers in the adjoining room. The picture and the trinkets were of course discovered, and one of the men nodded to the other, and said, "That's it." D'Auban was confounded at the strangeness of their position. His usual coolness and presence of mind almost forsook him in this complicated embarrassment. Under the weight of so plausible an accusation and such overwhelming evidence, the only defence that could be set up would of necessity appear an absurd invention, a preposterous lie. It seemed to him incredible at that moment that he had not more fully realized the danger hanging over them from the possession of those things. He felt stunned and bewildered. There was no time to confer with his wife on the steps they should take, or the answers they should give when separately examined, which he knew must follow. Would even his own friends believe his story? They had known him long and well, but her scarcely at all. Sooner than give credit to so improbable a story, they might deem that he had been taken in by an impostor. These thoughts passed through his mind with the quickness of lightning, for the whole scene did not last more than two or three minutes. He asked leave to write a few words to M. d'Orgeville. This was refused, with a hint that such a note might convey instructions for removing other stolen property. They scarcely allowed Madame d'Auban time to put up a change of clothes, and to kiss her daughter. She was taken too much by surprise to be able to collect her thoughts. She could only strain her to her breast. D'Auban called Antoine, who was standing pale and trembling at the door, and said, "Take care of her. Take her to the Hotel d'Orgeville. Tell them that through some extraordinary mistake we are

accused of a crime, and thrown into prison."

"No more talking, if you please," said one of the police agents, and hurried them down stairs. When Madame d'Auban had reached the last step she turned round to look at her daughter who was following her in silence; too agitated to speak, too terrified to weep.

"Mina!" she cried, as the carriage door closed upon her. What more she said the young girl did not hear. When it had disappeared she slowly went up stairs again. Antoine was frightened at her still composed look.

"Ah! Mademoiselle Mina," he cried, "for God's sake do not look so. You make my heart ache. But I am sure it is no wonder. To see monsieur and madam go off in such company, and to such a place, is enough to upset one. I am ashamed of my country, that I am. Let me get you some wine and water, mademoiselle, you are nearly fainting?"

"No, Antoine; I am thinking," answered the child, with her head resting on her hands, and an expression of intense thoughtfulness on her brow. The colour gradually returned to her cheeks, and she breathed a deep sigh. When Antoine had brought her the wine and water, she swallowed it, and said:

"Where are they gone, Antoine? I mean to what prison?"

The utterance of that word loosened the springs of sorrow, and Mina burst into tears. Then poor old Antoine was so anxious to stop her from crying, as he had been before that she did not cry.

"Where—where?" she sobbed, whilst he stroked her hand and kissed it.

"To the Conceirgerie," he said, in a low voice; and then he added, "It is all a great mistake. But we must do as your papa said, and go to the Hotel d'Orgeville."

"No, Antoine, I am not going there; not yet, I mean."

"And where are you going, mademoiselle?"

"Do you know where the Comte de Saxe lives?"

"No, mademoiselle; but perhaps I can find out. But why do you want to know?"

"Because I must see him immediately—immediately. Antoine."

Antoine shook his head. "Monsieur said I was to take you to the Hotel d'Orgeville."

"I won't go till I have seen the Comte de Saxe. So it is no use asking me, Antoine. Come with me, and we will go and find out where he lives."

Antoine was so accustomed to do whatever Mademoiselle Mina wished, and so agitated with the scene he had witnessed, that he was really more in need of guidance than she was. So he passively submitted; and when she had put on her hat and shawl he followed her into the street. She then stopped, and asked him, "Do you think M. Drouin, the bookseller, will know where M. de Saxe lives?"

"Most likely he may," Antoine answered, and they walked there.

M. Drouin's shop was a large dark warehouse in the Rue St. Sulpice, where piles of volumes were ranged in far-stretching recesses and apparently inaccessible shelves. Mina timidly approached the counter. A lady was sitting with her back to the entrance door, and a pretty little boy of six or seven years of age standing by her. She was choosing a book for him.

"I don't want a book," said the child; "I want you to stay with me."

"Why, my good child," answered the lady, in a voice Mina remembered to having heard before, "I can't stay where I am and be good, and if people are not good they don't go to heaven; and you and I, Anselm, want to meet there some day."

"I think you are very good," answered the boy, in an aggrieved tone, "you give me every thing I want."

At that moment, the lady heard Mina ask the shopman if he could tell her where the Comte de Saxe lived. She turned round and their eyes met. Mademoiselle Gaultier recognized the young girl whose prayers she had asked in the Church of St. Etienne du Mont; she made her way towards her with a courteous smile.

"At the Hotel de Saxe, Rue du Palais Royal," the shopman answered.

"Is it far from here?" Mina anxiously inquired, and when the man had answered, "pretty well," Mademoiselle Gaultier caught the sound of a little tremulous sigh.

"Excuse me," she said, in a kind manner, to the young girl, "but do you want to see the Comte de Saxe?"

"O, yes; very, very much," answered Mina, "I must see him as soon as possible."

"Why *must* you see him?" said Mademoiselle Gaultier, in a good-humored off-hand manner.

"Because he is the only person who can help me."

Mademoiselle Gaultier felt in her pocket for her purse. "Excuse me, my dear, but is it any thing about which money can be of use?"

"No, no, thank you, it would not do any good." Mina turned away and was hurrying out of the shop.

"Stop a moment," cried Mademoiselle Gaultier, struck with the expression of her beautiful face. "If it is indeed important that you should see the Comte de Saxe without delay, I can take you to my house, where he dines to-day. By the time you get to his hotel he will have left it."

She pointed to her carriage and said, "Get in."

Mina looked at Antoine, who was standing by her. "I *must* see the Comte de Saxe, Antoine."

"Then get in," repeated Mademoiselle Gaultier.

"Not without me," said the old man, resolutely.

"Well, sit on the box then, and tell the coachman to drive to the Rue de la Michaudiere."

The little boy got in also, and they drove off. The child began to cry bitterly.

"Come, come, Anselm. This will never do. Men do not cry."

"But little boys do, and I must cry if you go away."

"Nonsense, I never told you I was going away. But you must go home to your father, and he will send you to a good school, where you will have plenty of little boys to play with."

The child threw his arms round her neck.

"There now," she said, when the carriage stopped, "kiss me, and get out."

She watched him into the house, and then said, as if speaking to herself rather than to Mina, "Ah, that comes of doing a good action; one never knows what the end will be. I took that child because it was motherless, and his father was too poor to keep him, and made a pet of it when it was little, as if he had been a puppy or a kitten. But when the creature began to speak and to say its prayers, and to ask me questions about the good God, I did not like it."

"Why not?" said Mina, looking at her with astonishment.

"Now, what could a person who never prayed herself say to a child like that?"

"Do you not pray? I am sure you did the day Ontara was baptized. Do you not thank God for having made you so beautiful, and so strong too?" Mina added, remembering the scene in the Tuileries Gardens.

It had never yet occurred to Mademoiselle Gaultier to thank God for her strength, but, some years afterwards, she remembered Mina's words whilst carrying an aged woman out of a house that was on fire. She looked fixedly at her now, and then murmured, "The rest of my life will be too short to thank Him, if . . ." there she stopped, and turning away, did not speak again till they reached her house in the Rue St. Maur.

Nothing could exceed the luxury displayed in this abode. Lovely pictures covered the walls, knick-knacks of every sort adorned every corner of it. Flowers in profusion, and little mimic fountains throwing up scented waters, perfumed the hall, and gave each room an *air de fête*. Mademoiselle Gaultier conducted Mina into a

small boudoir within a dining room, where a table, ornamented with a gilded plateau and magnificent bouquets, was laid for twenty guests. In an adjoining drawing room several gentlemen and ladies were already assembled, who greeted its mistress in the gayest manner. One of these guests was the Comte de Saxe. When he saw Mina with Mademoiselle Gaultier he started back amazed, hesitated a moment, and then rushed after them into the boudoir.

Before any one else had time to speak, Mina cried out the instant she saw him, "Oh, M. de Saxe, save my mother,"

"Will you leave us a moment?" said the count to Mademoiselle Gaultier.

She turned round and saw that Antoine had made good his entrance, and was watching his young mistress like a faithful dog. "Very well," she said, and shut the door upon them.

"Now, my child," said the count, in German, "What is the matter? What of your mother?"

"She is in prison, and my father also," cried Mina, wringing her hands.

"In prison. Good God! Why? Where? For debt?"

"No," answered Mina, her cheeks as red as fire, and her lips quivering. "For stealing diamonds! They steal!"

"Diamonds!" said the count.

"Yes, diamonds mamma has had a long time, as long as I can remember. She sold them when papa was so ill, and she wanted money. They were round a picture of a gentleman in uniform, which she sometimes showed me when I was little. The men who took papa and mamma to prison found this picture, and said it was the proof they wanted."

"Ah! I think I understand," ejaculated the count. "Did your father know of this picture?"

"Yes; but he did not know till to-day, just before these men came, that mamma had sold the diamonds. He seemed sorry when she told him. Oh, M. de Saxe, you told mamma that if she ever wanted a devoted heart and a strong arm to defend her, she was to think of you. Will you help her now, and my father also?"

"I must go to the king; there is no other way. What prison is it?"

"The Conciergerie," said Antoine, stepping forward.

"Do you know at whose instance M. and Madame d'Auban have been arrested?"

"The huissiers said it was at the request of the Russian Ambassador."

"Confound him! Ah! I must begin by making sure of that point. Do you know to whom your mother sold the diamonds, Mde. Mina?"

"To a man named Wisbach, in the Rue de l'Ecu."

"I know him; a German jeweller."

"Will the king let them out of prison, M. de Saxe?"

"I hope so, my sweet child. I will do every thing I can to help you. In the mean time, in whose care do you remain?"

"His," said Mina, pointing to the old servant; "our dear, good Antoine. My father said I was to go to the Hotel d'Orgeville, and

say that through some mistake they had been arrested, but—"

"But you had much better not do so now, Mde. Mina. Go with this good man wherever you live. Where is it by the way?"

"30, Rue des Saints Peres."

"Well go there, and if any one calls, let him answer that your parents are out."

"And if Ontario comes?"

"Is that the Natches princes?"

"Yes; my adopted brother."

"Would he be discreet?"

"An Indian would die rather than betray a secret."

"Well, then, you may see him, my little princess."

The count watched to see if that appellation made any impression on Mina; but seeing it did not, he went on—

"Now do not weep, do not be anxious, sweet Wilhelmina. The Comte de Saxe would sooner die than evil should befall your mother."

"Was she the little girl you loved so much?" Mina asked.

"She was," the count answered, with emotion; "and she is the mother of a not very little girl, whom I am beginning to love also very much."

"And I shall love you very dearly, if you get papa and mamma out of prison."

Meantime dinner was begun in the next room, and the noise of laughing and talking reached their ears. The Comte de Saxe opened the door and made his excuses to Mademoiselle Gaultier. He said that pressing business obliged him to forego her hospitality.

"I conclude," he added, "that you will have the kindness to send this young lady home?"

"I will see her home myself," answered Mademoiselle Gaultier, rising from the table.

"Good bye, M. de Saxe," she added, and her voice faltered again, as it had done in the carriage, and under her rouge her cheeks turned deadly pale.

"Come, my dear, eat something before you go," she said to Mina.

"I will drink some water, if you please."

Mademoiselle Gaultier poured out some for her, and a glass of wine for herself. Her hand trembled so much that she spilt it. She rose, sat down again, and said to her guests:

"I know you will excuse my treating you with so little ceremony. I must go, or I would not leave you."

Her eyes wandered round the table! she seemed to be looking at each of her friends in turn—one of them was stipulating that she should not be longer away than a quarter of an hour; an other laughingly declaring they would make themselves very happy in her absence; others protesting against being deprived of her society even for five minutes. Once again she got up, took Mina by the hand, and went to the door. She stood there an instant, looking at the table she had left, at the pictures, at the furniture, with a dreamy expression. Her guests thought she was gone, and had begun again to talk and to laugh amongst themselves.

"Come," she said to Mina, who was struck by the strangeness of her manner. They went downstairs and got into the carriage, which had been all this time waiting at the door. The

horses were impatient and restive. The coachman whipped them, and they plunged. Mademoiselle Gaultier sprang out again, pulling Mina with her into the house. She sank on a chair in the hall, and gave a sort of a half cry, half groan, which rang through the house. The company in the dining-room it, and wondered what it was. They little guessed whence it proceeded,

"I cannot," she murmured. "My God! I cannot go; the effort is too great."

A singular instinct seemed to inspire Mina at that moment. She guessed there was a struggle between right and wrong in that woman's heart. Without knowing what she was leaving, or where she was going, she seized her hand, and cried—

"Come, come; Oh, do come away!"

There are moments when the whole of a person's existence—when even their eternal destiny—seems to hang on an apparently casual circumstance; when good and bad angels are watching the upshot. Mina's own heart was overcharged with sorrow, and she longed to get away from the sound of voices and laughter which reached them where they sat. She clung to Mlle. Gaultier, and again said: "Come now, or you will never come." She did not know the strength of her own words. They fell on the actress's ear with prophetic force. Madame de Stael says, that the most mournful and forcible expression in our language is "no more." Perhaps the words "now or never," have a still more thrilling power. They have been the war-cry of many a struggle—the signal of many a victory.

Once again Mlle. Gaultier got into the carriage with Mina, and they drove to the Rue des Saints Peres. She wept bitterly. It was odd, perhaps, that she should give thus a free vent to her feeling before a child and stranger, but she was a very singular person; a great impulsiveness—a careless frankness—had always marked her character.

"I am very glad I met you, my dear," she said to her young companion, who was trying to thank her. "You have done more for me to-day than you can now, or you perhaps ever understand. It was just what I wanted to help me through the operation I am undergoing."

"What operation, dear lady?"

"An operation you may have read in the Gospel, my dear. Cutting off the right hand, and plucking out the right eye, rather than walking into hell with them. May your sweet eyes and your little innocent feet never need plucking out and cutting off! It hurts, I can tell you!"

"I would cut off my hand, and have my eyes burnt out, if that would make all my own people Christians," Mina answered, eagerly.

"I do not know who are your people, little one; but I have heard of innocent souls, angels in human form, glad to suffer for the guilty and the perishing, and I think you may be one of them . . . I, too, had such thoughts when I was your age . . ."

"And why did you let them go?" Mina said. "I felt sure you were good the first day I saw you."

"What could make you think so, dear child?"

"You looked good, though you did push the German lady into the mud."

The mention of this incident caused a revulsion in Mademoiselle Gaultier's nervous system. She burst into a hysterical fit of laughter. "What a wretch I have been," she exclaimed; and then, after a pause, said, "I ought to have been good, but I was not suffered to be so. An orphan and a dependent, I prayed for a bare pittance to keep me off the stage. But my relations would not hearken to my pleadings. They said I had beauty and wit, and must shift for myself. I have done so, God knows how!"

"But you can, you will be good now?"

The carriage stopped at the door of Mina's lodgings. She threw her arms round Mademoiselle Gaultier's neck, and said again, as she pressed her lips to her cheeks, "You will be good now?" It was like the whisper of an angel. Another voice had been urging, "Return to your pleasant home—to your gay friends—your luxurious life. You never can fast, obey, and pray for the rest of your life." It was the decisive hour—on the order then given to drive to one place or the other—on these few words the future turned. She bade the coachman go to the convent of the Anticailles. In after years, when she could afford to look back and write, with the gaiety of a grateful heart, an account of that terrible struggle, she spoke of the rude pallet on which she slept that night, of the bits of cold stewed carp she ate for supper, and said it was the sweetest sleep and the best meal, she had enjoyed for many a long year.

Two years later, the Parisian world flocked to the Carmelite convent of the Rue St. Jacques—the same where Louis de la Valliere had fled half a century before—to see one of the first actresses of the French stage, the witty, the handsome Mademoiselle Gaultier, put on St. Theresa's habit, and renounce for ever the world which had so long burnt unholy incense at her feet. She retained in the cloister the eager spirit, the indomitable gaiety, the intellectual gifts, with which she had been so rarely endowed. She spoke from behind the grate with the eloquence of former days, only the subject-matter was changed. "Wonders will never cease!" the world said at the news of Mademoiselle Gaultier's conversion, and the world was right. As long as it lasts, miracles of grace will take it by surprise.

#### CHAPTER VII.

At about six o'clock that day, his majesty Lewis the well-beloved, the idol of his people, one of the most pleasing and attractive men of his time, was sitting in his private apartments at Versailles, conversing with the queen to whom he was still devotedly attached. The young dauphin and his little sisters were playing about the room. The gentleman in waiting brought in a letter for the king, who read it, and smiled.

"Our good friend the Comte de Saxe," his majesty said, "entreats the favour of an immediate interview. In order, I suppose, to pique our curiosity, he pledges himself to make known to us a history that we shall with difficulty credit, so like does it sound to a tale of fiction,

but which he nevertheless declares to be perfectly true."

"Your majesty is always glad to see the Comte de Saxe, and will doubtless accede to his request, and direct that he be admitted."

"Ah! madame. Is there not some feminine curiosity lurking in your implied desire to receive the noble count?"

"I confess, sire, that a romance in real life is well fitted to excite the interest of one whose own destiny might be described under that name."

As she said this, Marie Leckzinska looked with tenderness at the king, whom she passionately loved.

The young monarch, for although the father of four children, Lewis the XV. was scarcely three and twenty years old, commanded the Comte de Saxe to be introduced. Like most sovereigns, the king of France liked to be treated with cautious familiarity which some persons know how to use without trespassing the limits of respect. The Comte de Saxe perfectly understood his royal master's disposition and tastes, and stood high in his good graces.

"Ah! M. de Saxe," the king exclaimed, as the count made his obeisance to him and to the queen, "welcome to Versailles. Would that you took us oftener by surprise. It is one of the ennuis of our position to have no unexpected pleasures. Our life is so mapped out beforehand that I sometimes fancy to-morrow is yesterday, I know so well all about it."

A shade of anxiety passed over the queen's face. The king's liability to ennui was her greatest trouble. She had none of the lively wit or piquancy of manner which aids a woman to retain her hold of the affection of a man of indolent temperament and idle habits.

"I hope," she said to the count, "that you are not about to harrass our feelings too deeply by the history you are going to tell us."

"Ah! madame—the cause I have to plead . . . ."

"O come!" exclaimed the king, "this is not fair, you spoke of a romantic story and now hint at a petition."

"I have indeed a petition to make, sire, and no trifling one either—no less a one than for the immediate release of two prisoners."

The king looked annoyed.

"And it must be the act of your majesty; an order emanating from yourself alone."

"You should have spoken to M. de Frejus."

"No, sire, to your majesties alone could I communicate the story of a princess of royal birth, whose unexampled destiny places her at your mercy."

"A princess!" repeated the king, "of what nation?"

"A German, sire."

"Ah! they are innumerable, your German princesses," Madame des Ursins said to the minister of a small Teutonic Prince, who had rejected the hand of a Spanish lady of high rank. "Monsieur, une grandesse d'Espagne vaut bien une petite d'Allemagne." Is your princess, M. de Saxe, une petite d'Allemagne?"

"So far from it, sire," rejoined the count, "that, had she been fifteen years younger, she might have aspired to your majesty's hand, for

her sister was the wife of the Emperor of Austria, and the house of Hapsburg deemed it no mesalliance."

"Who can you be speaking of, M. de Saxe? What emperor do you mean? The present emperor was married to the eldest daughter of the Duke of Brunswick, Wolfenbittel, and her sister married the Czarowitch of Russia."

"Sire, the sister of the late Empress of Austria, the daughter of the Duke of Brunswick, the widow of the Czarowitch, is at this moment in the prison of the Conciergerie, and it is on her behalf I have come to implore your majesty!"

"My dear M. de Saxe, you are under a strange delusion, for I suppose you are not joking!"

"Sire, I was never further from it in my life."

"But the princess you speak of has been dead these fifteen years."

"Sire, she is not dead. How she happens to be alive I did not know till two months ago, when I met her in the Tuilleries Gardens. The sound of her voice first attracted my attention; then I caught sight of her face, and though more than sixteen years had elapsed since I had seen her, I recognized at once the Princess Charlotte of Brunswick. Sire, I had been her playmate in childhood—later, she honoured me with her friendship. I loved her as those love who can never hope to be loved in return; with an intense, hopeless, reverend affection; she was a woman who, when once known, could never be forgotten."

"I have heard my beloved father speak of her," said the queen. "He used to say that her eyes had a melancholy beauty, a dreamy softness peculiarly their own, and that to look upon her and to love her was the same thing."

"Madame, I verily believe that in body and in mind so rare a creature has seldom graced a palace or a cottage. From the very moment I saw her I had not a doubt as to her identity. She turned away, she tried to put me off, to avoid answering my abrupt and eager questions; but her tears, her changing color, her passionate emotion, betrayed her. She refused, however, to give me any clue as to the name she bore or the place of her residence. I wished to inform your majesty at once of the existence of the princess, but she extorted from me a promise to delay this disclosure three months. When I lost sight of her that day doubts as to my own sanity occurred to me, for the death of the Czarowitch's consort was a well known public event. All the Courts in Europe had gone into mourning for her; and the thought of the interview I had just had with the living-dead was a fact enough to drive reason from its throne. A sudden recollection flashed then on my brain. I remembered having seen amongst my mother's papers, when I was sorting them after her death, a packet, on which was written, 'particulars relating to the supposed death of—. To be read by my son after my decease.' Pressed as I was at that moment by a multiplicity of affairs, I put off opening this packet to a period of greater leisure. The events of the campaign and my return to Paris put it out of my mind, until suddenly the words 'supposed death' flashed across me like a ray of light. I wrote for the box in which I had left this packet, and only a few days ago made myself acquainted with its contents."

"And did it relate to the princess?" eagerly asked, in the same breath, the king and queen.

"It did, madame, and sire—if my mother erred, if she acted with precipitation, if she allowed her fears for the life of a beloved friend to get the better of her prudence, now that she is no more, your majesties will pity and excuse a woman's pity for a woman. I know not how to judge an unprecedented action. Unwonted dangers call for extraordinary remedies. This paper, sire, gives a full account of the manner in which the Comtesse de Konigsmark, in conjunction with the attendants of the Czarowitch's consort, spread the report of her decease after her brutal husband had left her apparently dead. It was well known to the princess's friends that Alexis had resolved on her destruction, and that assassins were at hand to do his work in case she recovered. They placed a wooden figure in the coffin ostensibly prepared for the princess, and tended her in a secluded chamber until she had strength enough to make her escape from Russia, and the doom which awaited the Czarowitch's wife. In a separate letter my mother lays her commands upon me not to divulge these facts unless a time should come when the princess might desire to establish her identity. I have brought the documents with me, sire, and I place in your majesty hands the evidence of my mother's daring act, and of the existence of the Princess Charlotte of Brunswick."

"This is indeed a wonderful history," said the king as he began to peruse the papers.

The queen in the meantime asked, "And where did the princess fly when she left Russia?"

"To New France, madame, accompanied by one only servant and humble friend—the librarian of her father's court, who had followed her to St. Petersburg."

"And how comes she here? and good heavens! did not you say she was in prison?"

"Madame, she was arrested this morning, at the instance of the Russian embassy. It seems that when she escaped from St. Petersburg, she carried away with her jewels which were her own private property, and sold a part of them on her arrival at New Orleans. These trinkets, of course, were missed, and orders given at the Russian embassies and consulates to institute inquiries as to the persons who were supposed to have taken them. Suspicion rested principally on one individual, who had disappeared at the time of the princess's supposed death, the old German librarian who had accompanied her in her flight. It does not seem however that the inquiry was actively followed up in the colony; but a bracelet, which the princess sold since her arrival in Paris, has been recognized by a jeweller who many years ago had himself executed the order for it. In conjunction with a German who had seen the Royal exile in America, and was aware of the suspicion afloat on the subject, he gave information to Prince Kourakin of the discovery he had made. Hence, the princess's arrest on a charge which places her amongst felons and thieves, unless his majesty interposes at once to rescue her from such a position."

The king looked up from the papers he had been perusing, and made the count repeat again the foregoing details. Then he said, "Of

course, the princess must be at once released. These documents, M. de Saxe, leave no doubt on my mind that the lady you recognized in the Tuileries Gardens is the same person the Comtesse de Konigsmark speaks of, the widow of the late Czarowitch. But what sort of existence has she led during all these late years? Where did she live, and with whom?"

"Sire," said the count, in the tone of a man who makes a reluctant confession, "the romance would not be complete without a love story."

"Ah," said the king laughing, "is it one that you can relate before the queen?"

"Sire," said the Comte de Saxe, with some emotion, "I know but little of the Princess Charlotte's history during those years of obscure seclusion. But I would willingly lay down my life that her heart is as pure and her life as unstained as that of her majesty herself," he added, bowing profoundly to Marie Leckzinska. "Since the Czarowitch's decease, sire, his widow has married a French gentleman, and a brave man, who at the time of the Natches insurrection, by prodigies of valor saved her and many other French women from the horrors of a lingering death."

Without uttering an untruth, the count had managed to make it appear that the marriage had followed instead of preceded this heroic exploit. Gratitude, he thought, might be considered as a *circonstance atténuante*.

"I do not see," said the king, "how that difficulty can be got over. Such a marriage can never be acknowledged by her relations. Are there children?"

"One girl, sire."

The king reflected a little, and then said, "I will write with my own hand a letter to the Queen of Hungary, and inform her of her aunt's existence, and of the proofs which establish it. If I judge by my own feelings she will gladly offer to receive her at her own court, and to provide for her in her dominions a home suitable to her rank. She must, of course, give up this second husband. I forgot if you mentioned his name?"

"Colonel d'Auban, sire."

"This d'Auban she must, of course, separate from; but as you say he is a brave officer, I will take care of his fortune and place him in a good position. The daughter can be educated at St. Cyr."

The queen looked anxiously at first at M. de Saxe and then at the king. Her woman's heart evidently shrunk from this summary disposal of the nearest and dearest ties of a woman's heart. She ventured to say, "But if this princess is attached to her husband and her child, would it not be possible—"

"Possible, Madame, for the Queen of Hungary to call M. d'Auban uncle, and his daughter's cousin! Heaven forbid that any royal family should permit of such a degradation—"

"No; what I meant was perhaps she would not give them up."

"Then, of course, her family could not acknowledge her."

M. de Saxe was growing very impatient at this lengthened discussion, and ventured to say:

"Sire, every moment must appear an age to

the princess, who had already been many hours in prison."

"But what would be the best course to pursue?" answered the king. "This strange story must not be divulged until I receive the answer of the Queen of Hungary. It would not be just to her royal relatives to forestall their decision as to the Princess Charlotte's re-assumption of her name and position. But she cannot, of course, she cannot remain in prison, or in a mean lodging. She had better be instantly removed from the Conciergerie to one of our palaces—to Fontainebleau, for instance, and there await her niece's answer. But how can this release be explained to the Russian embassy?"

"Will your majesty permit me to call on Prince Kourakin, and to inform him that it is your royal pleasure that the prosecution be abandoned?"

"He will think it strange that I should interfere."

"Not so strange, perhaps, as your majesty supposes. I am greatly mistaken if there is not one person at least at the embassy who suspects the truth."

"Ah! think you so, M. de Saxe? Then I commend to your prudence that part of the negotiation. I must see M. de Fregus, and give orders under our signet to remove this royal lady to our palace of Fontainebleau. Madame d'Auban is the name she goes by? Well, M. de Saxe, it must be admitted that you have redeemed your pledge, and unfolded to us as romantic a tale as the pages of history or of fiction have ever recorded. We will not detain you any longer, M. le Comte."

"You must leave with me the Comtesse de Konigsmark's letters. I must forward a copy of her statement to the Queen of Hungary. Who knows, M. de Comte, if we hunt this week in the direction of Fontainebleau, and very probably we shall," the king said, with a laugh, "that we may not visit this fair sceptre?"

"I should also very much like to see her, if it would not attract too much notice," the queen said. "I used to hear so much in my childhood of the Princess Charlotte of Brunswick and her beautiful blue eyes."

"Your majesty will graciously include in the order of release the princess's husband?" asked the Comte de Saxe, as he was taking his leave.

"Yes, yes," the king gaily answered; "but he is not to come to Fontainebleau, or his daughter either. Princesses cannot marry commoners and enjoy at the same time the privileges of royalty."

"And what happens if they like commoners better than privileges?" said Madame Victoire, the eldest of the Enfants de France.

"They are in disgrace," his majesty answered, with a smile.

"Is M. de Saxe a commoner, and are you, sire, a privilege?"

The Queen ordered Madame Victoire to be silent, and said something tantamount to little pitchers having long ears. At last M. de Saxe was suffered to depart. He was not quite satisfied at the turn things had taken. From his brief interview with the Princess, and what he had seen of her daughter, he had a strong impression

That ties around her heart were spun  
That could not, would not be undone.

The king though in the main good-natured and kind hearted, did not like contradiction. Who does but those who, through a long training, have overcome their distaste to it? The order for Madame d'Auban's removal to Fontainebleau, pending the answer of her relatives, sounded somewhat like an honorable imprisonment. He dreaded the suffering she might undergo from the anomalies in her position, and the uncertainty of the future. Would she blame him for disclosing her story to the king? Not, he supposed, under the circumstances which had compelled him to do so; but women are not always reasonable. The count felt anxious and out of humor with the king, the princess, the world, and himself. Men of prodigious strength and strong will, who can conquer almost everything except themselves, get as irritated with complicated difficulties as women with an entangled skein of silk. They long to cut through the knot, but if they have not at hand either knife or scissors there remains nothing for it but to chafe at the obstacle.

It was near twelve o'clock at night when the count arrived at the prison door, and with great trouble succeeded in rousing the porter and obtaining an entrance. Mentioning his own name, and slipping a louis d'or into his hand, he asked for news of the prisoners who had arrived there that day. The sight of gold awakened the attention of the sleepy Cerberus, who produced a book of entries, which was kept in the entrance lodge.

"Yes," he said, turning over the leaves till he found the last page, and running his finger down it, "here are the names of the people you are speaking of, M. de Saxe. Henri George d'Auban and Sophia Charlotte his wife. They were lodged in separate cells in the fifth ward of the third story."

"I must see them directly," said the count. "I have the king's order to that effect. Let the governor of the prison know that I am here."

"I am very sorry," said old Adam, tightly clutching the gold piece in his hand, "but your excellency cannot see them, for—"

"I will see them," cried the Count Saxe.

"But it is impossible, for—"

"Nothing is impossible," cried the count, stamping. "My soldiers are never allowed to use that word, neither shall you. Take your keys and show me the way to the governor or the prisoners' rooms."

"But when I tell you, M. le Comte—"

"And I tell you, M. le Guichetier, that I will take no denial."

"Then, cried the man, "you must quarrel with the good God, and not with me; for he can work miracles and I can't."

"Miracles! nonsense! Show me the way."

"But I tell you, sir, they are gone!" roared out the man, who had now slipped into his pocket the count's louis d'or.

"Gone! The devil they are! Where?"

"I don't know."

"How came they to be released?"

"The governor ordered them to be set at liberty about three hours ago, that's all I know. I never ask questions about those that come in or those that go out."



Exceedingly puzzled but at the same time relieved, the count withdrew. Early on the following morning he ordered his carriage and drove to the lodging of which Antoine and Mina had given him the direction on the preceding day. Having ascertained from the concierge that this was the house where M. and Madame d'Auban lived, and that they were at home, he rapidly mounted the stairs and rang at the door of the entresol, which was opened by a tall, careworn, but still handsome man, whom he guessed must be Henri d'Auban.

"Am I speaking to Colonel d'Auban?" he asked; and immediately added, "I am the Comte de Saxe."

D'Auban eagerly invited him in, and said, "I know how very very kind you have been to my daughter, M. le Comte, and most glad I am to have the opportunity of thanking you. Pray come into the next room and sit down."

Mina was giving Ontara a French lesson. She jumped up, and eagerly greeting the Comte de Saxe, said, "They came home last night. I had watched at the window till I fell fast asleep on the chair; and it was mamma's kisses which woke me."

"May your wakings ever be as sweet, Mademoiselle Wilhelmina."

At that moment Madame d'Auban came in from the back room. She was taken by surprise and hesitated an instant; then holding out her hand to the count, she said, "Oh Maurice! that child has told me how good you have been to her, and what you meant to do for us."

"May I speak?" answered the count, glancing at Mina and Ontara, who had returned to their books.

"Come in here," said Madame d'Auban, leading the way to the back room, and making a sign to her husband to follow.

But he shook his head and whispered, before closing the door upon them, "Speak to him without restraint, dearest heart. He knows the truth, and will advise you."

"Oh, Maurice," she exclaimed, sinking down on a chair, while he stood by looking at her with the tenderest pity, "it has been very dreadful. I thought I should have gone out of my mind yesterday, during those terrible hours at the Conclergerie. The expectation of being examined on that strange charge, not knowing what I could answer, and knowing no one to consult."

"But how on earth came you to be released, dearest princess, before the arrival of the king's order, which I went to Versailles to solicit?"

"Good heavens! Maurice, have you told him about me?"

"I was compelled to do so, princess. There seemed no other possible way of getting you out of prison."

"What did he say?"

"I will tell presently," said the count, feeling some embarrassment in entering on that question. "But how were you released?"

There was some slight noise on the stairs which made Madame d'Auban start.

"I am afraid of everything," she said, since yesterday—each time I hear a step, or the door opens, I tremble. There is one other person besides you who knows about me, and I conclude it was through his means we were set at

liberty. This note was given to me when I left the prison."

She took a note out of her bag, and gave it to the count to read.

"Ah!" he said, glancing at the signature, "Alexander Levacheff! I thought as much. A short while ago—since I saw you in the Tuileries, princess—I purposely spoke to him one day of my early acquaintance with your royal highness, and in his manner I saw something in his manner which made me suspect he knew the truth."

"He saw me in America many years ago, and recognized me. I obtained from him an oath of secrecy. Read what he says"—

"MADAME.—Bound by the promise you extorted from me, I dare not rush to your feet to offer you my services. It was but a few days ago that I ascertained you were in Paris. I only arrived here myself a month ago. Imagine my feelings when I was informed of your arrest. I had been absent for a few days, and accidentally heard it spoken of in our Chancelerie. The blood froze in my veins. You! Princess! consigned to a prison! You, the associate of low-born and guilty wretches! You accused and persecuted! and by whom? By those who might once, but for untoward events, have been your subjects! By the representative of your own sister-in-law! Madame, I did not betray your secret; but, to stop those infamous proceedings, I hinted to Prince Kourakin that there was a mystery in this affair which he would do well to respect, for it could not be solved without dangerous disclosures. He took fright, God be praised, and withdrew the charge. Do not let it be a source of uneasiness to your royal highness, but rather of comfort—that there is in this town one heart that owns allegiance to you—one man who would fain proclaim before the world, if permitted to do so, the sentiments he cherishes for the most perfect of women and the noblest of princesses.

"ALEXANDER LEVACHEFF."

"You see, Maurice," said Madame d'Auban, "that my existence would soon become known if I remain in Europe. I wish to leave Paris as soon as possible."

"This, of course, must depend, princess, on the views you have as to the future. The king is mightily interested by your story, and bent, I perceive, on bringing about your restoration to your rank and family. A messenger is already gone to the Queen of Hungary, bearing a letter from his majesty, in which he informs her of your royal highness's existence and return to Europe. His Majesty has also ordered that an apartment be prepared for you at the palace of Fontainebleau, whither, I believe, it is his wish you should remove, and where he intends himself secretly to pay you his respects. Not that I am authorized to say so, or to convey any direct message to your royal highness."

Madame d'Auban colored deeply, and said, "And my husband and my child?"

"Ah! there is the difficulty. The king would provide for them in the most ample and generous manner on condition that your royal highness consented to separate from them."

"To separate myself from them," she slowly

repeated. "To give *them* up, and oh, good God! for what? No," she said, starting up, with a vehemence which astonished the Comte de Saxe in that gentle creature, whose voice and eyes were sweetness itself. "No, you do not say—you do not mean that the king said that. You would not dare to repeat such to a wife! a mother! a princess! I have gone through much and terrible suffering. By a royal husband and by the savages of the New World I have treated as a slave. I have looked death in the face in the palace and at the stake. I have drunk the cup of humiliation to the dregs, and but yesterday was consigned to a felon's cell; but there is one trial, Maurice, which I think a merciful God will spare me. He will not suffer the great ones of the earth to lay again their iron hands on my heart, to tread under foot its strongest affections, and insult me with such an offer as the one you have just mentioned. No, let me depart in peace, and ask nothing at their hands. For one moment, when you said the king knew my history, a thought crossed me—a sort of yearning wish to see once more those kindred faces, to hear the sound of voices whose tones have often haunted me; but no, there are no ties, no sympathy between us now. I am nothing to them but a name they will deem I have disgraced. I died in the palace where my young life was blighted. Let them think of me as buried in the same grave as my forsaken boy. Go and tell the King of France that Charlotte of Brunswick is no more. That the woman you spoke of yesterday is the wife of a poor gentleman, and owns no name but his."

"Be calm, dearest princess, be calm," cried the count, himself much agitated.

"Calm! when you spoke of giving *them* up," she said, pointing to the next room.

"But I did not advise you to do so, princess. If you do not desire to return to your relatives—"

"My relatives! Ah! when they married me to the Czarowitch they parted from me for ever. Why should the ghost of my former self haunt their palaces again?"

"I feel sure," said the count, "that when the king understands your feelings and wishes, he will not place you under any restraint, or compel you to part with your husband."

A deadly paleness spread over Madame d'Auban's face. The words of the count, which were meant to reassure her, in her excited state of mind awoke her fears. She remained a moment silent, and then said with an unnatural calmness, "I have been foolishly agitated, M. de Saxe. Important decisions need to be maturely weighed. No one ought to trust to their first impressions. Will you convey to the king my humble thanks for his majesty's kindness, and say that I commend myself to his clemency, and crave permission not to avail myself, at present at least, of his majesty's gracious permission to reside in one of his royal palaces. Or stay: as you were not charged with any direct message to me from the king, let it be supposed, M. de Saxe, that no communication has been made to me—no intimation given of his majesty's gracious intentions. I need repose after the emotions and fatigues of yesterday, and I would rather not see even you, M. de Saxe, for a little while—"

"Certainly, princess, I will not intrude upon you again till you wish it. But you will permit me to send to-morrow to inquire after your health?"

She bowed her head and said—"You have been very kind to me and mine, M. de Saxe. From my heart I thank you."

The count saw that utterance was failing her. He respectfully kissed her hand and withdrew. As he passed through the front room he took a friendly leave of d'Auban and Mina, and in the afternoon went to Versailles to inform the king of the spontaneous abandonment of the charge against the princess, and the particulars of his interview with her.

The instant the door closed upon him, Madame d'Auban called her husband into her room, and, laying her icy cold hand on his, said—

"Henri, we must go away at once. The king knows all, and he has spoken of our parting. I am terrified, Henri; I will not stay another day in Paris."

"Not half a day, if possible, my own love. But surely the king would not, could not force you against your will to part from me."

"Henri, there are such things as *lettres de cachet*. There are also gilded dungeons, where, under pretence of doing honor to a guest, a woman may be doomed to endless misery. He wanted me to go to Fontainebleau—without you, without Mina. I should have been taken there at once from the prison if we had not been released before the royal order arrived. I am frightened, Henri. I cannot help thinking of the English princess Arabella Stuart, and of the Duc de Lauzun sent to Pignerol for aspiring to the hand of the Grande Mademoiselle?"

"No, not altogether for that reason dearest. But tell me have you confidence in the Comte de Saxe?"

"He means well; but I trust no one. Let me leave Paris."

D'Auban saw that his wife's nerves had given way under the pressure they had undergone, and that nothing but an immediate departure would calm her. He did not himself feel any of the alarm she was seized with. It seemed to him evident, indeed, that she would have to choose between him and her child and the notice of royalty and the re-establishment of her position in the eyes of the world. Still, both for the sake of her tranquility and as a measure of prudence, he deemed it best to acquiesce in her desire, and for them to withdraw at once from the smiles or the frowns of royalty. He reflected for an instant and then said:—

"I am of opinion, my best love, that you and Mina should start at once for the Chateau de la Croix. My old friend has begged us most urgently to pay him a visit before we leave France; he has set his heart on seeing Mina. If I write by the next messenger, he will receive my letter in time to prepare for your arrival. Nobody here will know where you are gone. I will follow you as soon as I have finished some absolutely necessary arrangements, and we can sail from Marseilles to the Isle de Bourbon. As soon as you are gone I will give up these lodgings and leave no direction. If you will pack up a few things for your journey, dearest, I will take you to the Convent des Anglaises,

where you can stay till I have ascertained the hour when the Lyons diligence starts. In three days I hope you will be in the old castle in the Forez, where nobody will dream of looking for you, my pale, sweet love."

Saying this, he pressed his wife to his heart. She tenderly returned his caresses, and said:

"Oh! how much more freely shall I breathe when I have left Paris behind, and still more when the waves are rolling between France and us. I begin to feel that I have been foolish, Henri. The king has no interest in forcing me back into my former position, and if he had, he is not a wicked tyrant, like the English Queen Elizabeth. God help him; perhaps, when he made the suggestion that almost drove me out of my senses, he thought he was doing me a kindness. Of course, his power, or that of my relatives, could reach us in Bourbon as well as here; but when they find we desire nothing at their hands—that we only wish to be forgotten, they will not renew offers which are a pain and an insult. But will you wait till you get the promised appointment, Henri?"

This was said with an anxiety which made him answer at once:

"No, dearest, I have letters to the Governor of Bourbon which will, I hope, secure my obtaining some small post in the island. At all events, we can live cheaper at St. Denys than at Paris," he added, with a smile, as he saw her face brightening up with the prospect of a speedy departure. "Poor Mina," she said, "how grieved she will be to part with Ontara, and so suddenly, too. Will you break it to the poor child?"

D'Auban went into the room where his daughter and her adopted brother were reading together. He laid his hand on her shoulder and called her away.

"My Mina," he said, folding his arms around her, "you were a courageous little girl when you went to look for the Comte de Saxe, and now you must show another kind of courage."

She looked up in his face and smiled, but he felt that a thrill ran through her slight frame.

"For reasons you cannot as yet understand, your mother cannot remain here any longer. She must leave this house in an hour, and Paris this evening. Antoine will go with you."

"Not you, papa?"

"I shall join you in a few days, and then we shall all leave France."

The child smiled again, and though tears stood in her eyes she resolutely forced them back, and kissed her father without speaking a word. He beckoned to Ontara.

"My dear son," he said, as he made him sit down by their side. "Strange and sudden events compel us to depart at once from my native land. There is no abiding place for us in this world, Ontara. We are wanderers, like you, on the face of the earth; but the day will come, please God, when we shall meet again in a home of our own."

"May not Ontara say to you, the white chief he loves as a father, what the daughter of Moab said to her dead husband's mother?—'Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee. May not your people be his people, even as your God has become his God?'"

"No, dear youth," d'Auban answered, "it

may not be so now. Your duty is to stay for the present with your kind protector M. Maret, and to continue the studies which will enable you to pursue whatever path in life Providence may mark out for you. But wherever we have a home that home will be yours, dear Ontara, and under a foreign sky, and in scenes equally new to us all, we shall, I trust, meet again in a few years. And now, my children, I must leave you, for there is much to be done ere I return. My Mina, you and your mother will be gone from this house, but I shall see you in the afternoon at the Convent des Anglaises."

When d'Auban left them, Ontara did not speak at first. He was like a person stunned by a sudden blow. He gave no outward signs of grief, but, in a grave tone of voice and a fixed earnest gaze, he said:

"When we parted in the forest on that dark night when I gave you back to your father, you made me a promise, Wenonah; will you renew it now?"

"Yes, I will, Ontara. Unless I am compelled to it, I will never marry a white man. I will never marry at all."

"Nay, but will you be my wife? The rainbow of my life; the day-star of my dark sky? The Rachel for whom I will work for seven years, if need be, oh, Wenonah."

"No, my brother, that can never be. The daughters of the white men, every one says so, do not marry their Indian brethren. They may love them as I do; they may be willing to die for them as I would for you and for your people, Ontara; but white fathers and mothers will not let them be your wives, and I do not wish to be a wife. I wish to be your sister."

"And will you then always be my sister? and when I come to the home your father speaks of, shall we finish the book we have been reading?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Mina, holding out her hand for the volume. "See, I turn down the page where we left off." It was the life of Father Claver, the apostle of the negroes.

"I bought a copy of it this morning; here it is, will you write something in it?"

She took up a pen, and with an unsteady hand she wrote, "Go and do thou likewise."

"There," she said, "when we parted in the forest we did not think we should meet again in a great room full of people; and perhaps some years hence we shall see each other again in some place we do not know of now."

"My child, the coach is waiting," said her mother, who was counting the minutes in her eagerness to be gone. Mina hastily placed her few possessions in a straw basket Ontara had made for her. He had learnt the art from a Canadian *coureur des bois*. Madam d'Auban took an affectionate leave of the young Indian. Mina could not speak, her heart was to full. As the carriage rolled off she saw him watching them down the long narrow streets, even as he had once before watched her down the green vista of the moonlit grove, and she turned round to her mother and said:

"Mamma, is life as full of changes for every one as it is for us?"

"No, my child," was the answer, "the destinies of men are as various as their faces. It seems to be God's will that we should have no

abiding home on earth. What must we say, love?"

"His will be done," answered the child, laying her head on her mother's bosom: "but, mother, I think the best name for heaven is, 'the place where there are no partings.'"

## CHAPTER VIII.

There had been a long-standing traditional friendship, and more than one intermarriage, between the family of the de la Croix's and that of Henri d'Auban. In the preceding century the heads of both families had been zealous partisans of the League, and had fought side by side under the command of Guise and Joyeuse. D'Auban's grandfather had made considerable pecuniary sacrifices to ransom from captivity the father of the present Baron de la Croix; and when peace was made and the fortunes of his friend reestablished, he would never consent to be reimbursed. The memory of this debt of gratitude had been bequeathed by old Pierre de la Croix as a sacred legacy. And though the meetings between the present representatives of these two families had been few and far between, when they did take place nothing could exceed the friendliness and cordiality of their relations. Baron Charles was an excellent man, and a kind one, too, notwithstanding a certain abruptness of tone, which betokened a more habitual intercourse with inferiors and dependants than with his equals. Whilst he rated his tenants in the blustering fashion he had learnt as a youth in camps, and apparently governed his family in a despotic manner, it was generally supposed that not only his submissive-looking wife, the picture of a chatelaine of the seventeenth century, and his handsome daughter-in-law, the widow of his only son, could do with him what they liked; but that his daughters, the twin sisters, merry pretty Bertha and the grave and sedate Isaure, turned him round their slender fingers with very little difficulty. As to M. le chevalier, who, had he not turned round his fingers in that old castle since the day that five weeks after his father had been killed at the siege of Luneville, he opened his eyes on a world which as yet had not proved to him one of trouble. This young gentleman was eighteen years of age, and had never known a greater sorrow than leaving home for the college where he had just finished his studies; or the loss of a favorite pointer which had died a few days before that on which he rode out with his grandfather and some of their tenants to meet Madame and Mademoiselle d'Auban, who were to arrive at the neighboring town of Montbrison in the course of the afternoon. The woods of the Forez had been lately infested with robbers, forming part of Mandrin's famous gang, and the baron deemed it prudent to send his carriage and four to meet the travellers, and to escort them himself on their way to the castle, a distance of about fifteen miles. The Chevalier Raoul was delighted at the prospect of visitors. A more light-hearted young gentleman could not easily have been found in the light-hearted land of France; his black eyes had an expression of good-humored *espieglerie*, and his laugh an irresistibly contagious merriment which bewitched old and young.

As he made his horse curvet and plunge in the entrance court whilst the detachment was getting under weigh, his sisters stood at the window kissing their hands, and Bertha said to Isaure:

"How carefully Raoul has powdered his hair to-day; and he has put on his most becoming coat, sister. I suppose grandpapa has let the cat out of the bag."

"What cat and what bag?" asked Isaure, who had her wits less about her than her twin sister.

"If you have not guessed I will not tell you, my sweet Isaure. I believe that when M. le Cure publishes the banns of marriage between Isaure de la Croix and Roger d'Estourville, you will ask in that same dreamy manner, 'Who is it that is to be married come next Midsummer?'"

"Giddy girl," said Isaure, blushing and laughing. "No fear that everybody will not know in and round the castle when your wedding is at hand. Ah me! was there ever such a wagging tongue or so blithe a heart as yours. You and Raoul ought to have been born on the same day—not you and I, sister."

"There they go," cried Bertha, as the cavalcade went out at the porter's gate. "Grandpapa is never so pleased as when he has an excuse for calling out his bodyguard; and M. le Chevalier will not be sorry to show off that gray steed in the eyes of the ladies."

"Come into the parterre, Isaure. We will gather an immense bouquet of roses for the guest chamber, and lavender and rosemary to scent the drawers."

"How I wish it was autumn, that we might fill the grape baskets for the bedroom tables."

"It is like you, Isaure, to like autumn better than spring, and fruit than flowers."

"We might get a few early strawberries, perhaps, which, in a corbeille with green moss, would look pretty."

"I have a mind to make a wreath of violets like the one you wore at Marianne's wedding last week, and put it on the low toilet table."

"Does not mamma want you in the store-room?"

"No, she and grandmamma are there as busy as two bees. They say they do not want a buzzing-fly like me."

"Well, go and get your violets, and I will to the strawberry-bed, and take all the ripe ones in spite of gardener grand Louis's cross looks."

"But do not before your task is half done, pull a book out of your pocket, and sit down like an idle girl in the orchard. Ever since Roger called you Clemence Isaure you are never without a book in your hand. And I do not feel sure that you do not write verses."

"Fie Bertha, how can you say such a thing?"

"Well, I would if I could. It's a sort of singing."

And one sister went in search of flowers, and carolling like a bird, and the other knelt beside the strawberry-bed, filling her basket and repeating the while in a low voice lines which she had made the day her parents told her she was to marry Roger d'Estourville, with whom she had once danced a minuet, and who had picked up a rose she had dropped, as he led her back to her seat. In those olden times many a little

romance was mixed up with the formalities of marriages of *convenance*, as they were called in France, and a young girl was sometimes agreeably surprised by the order to accept as a husband one whom she had timidly loved from her childhood, or had fallen in love with at first sight, during a brief interview under the eyes of her parents. It does not seem clear when we study their lives that women loved their husbands less or were less loved by them in the days of Lady Russell, Lady Derwentwater, Lady Nithsdale, Madame de Montmorency, or Madame La Roche Jacquelin, than in our own.

The baron and his son had been for some time standing under the shade of the plane trees, in the promenade at Montbrison, when the Paris diligence arrived in sight. As it stopped at the door of the inn, M. de la Croix went to the carriage-door to greet Madame d'Auban and her daughter. He informed her in a set speech that he had considered it a duty as well as well as a pleasure to offer her the protection of his escort from Montbrison to his Chateau, the roads and woods having been lately infested by robbers, although it was to be hoped that the measures he had taken, as Provost of the Forez, had dispersed the gang and ensured public safety. He then conducted her to his carriage and four, which was drawn up on the other side of the place, and calling his grandson, he said, 'Permit me to introduce to you the chevalier Raoul de la Croix.' The chevalier's black eyes met Mina's blue orbs; if ever a youth of eighteen fell in love at first sight with a girl of thirteen, the baron's grandson did so on that sunny afternoon in June under the plane trees of Montbrison, as he handed into his grandfather's carriage, Mademoiselle Wilhelmina d'Auban. He mounted his grey horse and rode on one side of the stately old coach, the baron on the other, and their retainers before and behind it. A pleasant change it was for travellers weary of the high road, its noise, and its dust, to be rolling along the green natural avenues of a forest, resting on soft cushions, with no noise in their ears but the light tramp of the horses' feet, and no glare to hurt their eyes now that the noonday rays were shining through the branches of the overarching trees.

Madame d'Auban felt carried back to the days of her youth. She could fancy herself emerging from the gates of the palace at Wolfenbuttel, and driving through the green woods of its domain. She thought of the other Wilhelmina who had then sat by her side, and had a little difficulty in attending to the baron as he rode and talked with her at the carriage window.

At last they came in sight of the chateau de la Croix, and old stately residence, half fortress, and half palace. Part of it had fallen in ruins and was covered with ivy and gray lichens. The walls which surrounded it and the gateway, at the entrance were crowned with a fringe of larkspurs and gillyflowers; and a little trickling stream edged with blue forget-me-nots, and teeming with water-cresses, flowed through the moat which encircled it. Mina had never seen anything the least like this before; though what she had read and pictured to herself as she read, gave her the feeling which most people have known some time or other, of recognizing

in a new scene the visible image of a long familiar dream. When the coach drove up to the bottom of the winding staircase leading to the suite of apartments inhabited by the family, Madame de la Croix and her daughter-in-law came half way down the steps to greet their visitors. Bertha and Isaure were occupied in restraining the dogs, who wished to give them an equally cordial, but more troublesome welcome. But their bright eyes spake the words, and when they all met in the principal salon the girls embraced Mina, and then quite astonished at her height wondered if she could be only thirteen years old. She was as tall as themselves—as tall as Isaure, who was going to be married in a few weeks. They were more like pretty fairies, these twin sisters, than grown up women. Raoul, who was a year younger, had always taken upon himself the airs of an elder brother. Madame de la Croix was an imposing-looking person, whose regular features and serene countenance retained their beauty in old age. She was formal in manner, but very kind. There were traces of sorrow in her face, of a quiet, long-accepted, softened grief. Between her and Madame Armand de la Croix, the mother Raoul and his sisters, there was an affection which made the old cure call them Naomi and Ruth. And so it was a happy home, in spite of one great grief shrined in the sanctuary of an undying love. And that happiness was contagious. The old-fashioned simplicity of manners, the reverential manners of the children towards the parents, the patriarchal relations between the masters and the servants, the tenants and their lord—the simple, pious customs of the peasantry, and the inexhaustible charity of the two mothers as they were fondly called in and round the castle, formed an atmosphere of peace and joy which insensibly influenced all within its sphere. It told also on Mina—

The young slight girl, the fawn-like child,  
Of green savannahs and the leafy wild,  
Yet one who knew how early tears were shed.

It brought back childhood and its sweet merriment to her over-wrought heart. It chased away what was too keen and too bitter in the memories of the last years. It soothed the grief of her late parting with her Indian brother, and substituted other thoughts for her long, solitary musings on the mystery which she dimly discerned in the lives of her parents. But at first there was a little formality in her intercourse with the young de la Croix. Isaure and Bertha, and even Raoul, were more reserved than the young people she had lately known in Paris. Dinner was served soon after the arrival of the strangers, and Raoul supplied every possible and impossible want of hers with watchful assiduity; but though on the most affectionate footing with their parents the old-fashioned etiquette was preserved in this family, and the son and daughters maintained an almost unbroken silence whilst their elders conversed. But after dinner they went out, and then their tongues were loosened. The three girls walked up and down the terrace, and Mina asked a thousand questions about the old castle: its thick gray walls, its turrets, and its battlements filled her with astonishment. She could not believe, she said, that men had made

it. Bertha laughed, and said, "Men were giants in those days."

Isaure pointed out to Mina the dungeons of the old fortress. "There is a secret chamber beneath the tower," she said, "where Elsie de Sabran was murdered by her lover. Her ghost is sometimes seen on the turret stairs, and it is also said that Roger le Jaune, one of our ancestors, died of hunger in the vaults on the east side because he would not betray the king's secret."

"I should like to see *his* ghost," said Mina, earnestly. "He must have been a brave man."

"Oh, what a strange idea!" cried Bertha, "to want to see a ghost. I should not like a visit from the other world; not even from a saint, I think."

"Perhaps," said Isaure, "Mademoiselle hopes the ghost of Baron Røger would tell her the king's secret. But you would have to ask him. Ghosts never speak first, they say."

"Who are *they* who know so much of ghosts, fair Isaure?" cried a voice behind the speaker. This was Raoul, who had watched for an opportunity to join the trio. There was something catching in his laugh; both his sisters and Mina joined in it, though Isaure scolded him for startling her. A bird flew across the terrace, and Mina exclaimed:

"Oh, should you not like to be that bird?"

"Why, why, mademoiselle?" Raoul asked.

"Because he is flying over the walls."

"And are you longing to go beyond them, Mademoiselle Mina?"

"Oh, yes. The country looks so pretty."

"Then I will go and ask the three mothers—you know we have two of our own—if, under my escort and protection, the young ladies may issue forth from the castle walls and visit the environs."

He went on his errand, and Isaure said to Mina:

"Did you notice my brother's horse this morning? It is reckoned the handsomest gray in the whole province."

"Oh, yes; he has such a beautiful arched neck, and looks so spirited and so proud."

"And do you not think Raoul rides very well?" asked Bertha, in her turn.

"Yes, very well indeed. He and his horse seem to make one, like the statues of Centaurs in the galleries at Paris."

"I think," said Bertha, "Raoul never looks so handsome as on horseback."

"He is the best brother that ever lived," said Isaure.

"If he is ever so good, he cannot be better than mine," Mina answered.

"I did not know you had one. Raoul said you were an only child."

"I have an adopted brother, an Indian."

"Oh, what a funny thing!" exclaimed Bertha, bursting out laughing, "to have a savage for a brother."

"He is not a savage," said Mina, reddening. "He is as good as any white man can be."

"But not so handsome as Raoul?"

"I don't know about that Ontara has beautiful eyes, and a dark, clear, brown complexion."

"Oh, how frightful, dear Mina! I would not for all the world exchange brothers with you."

"Nor I with you," Mina answered, with warmth.

"No, of course not," said Bertha, laughing, "because, if Raoul was your brother, he could not be your—"

She stopped short and colored.

"My what?" Mina asked, with a puzzled look.

"Oh, nothing, nothing. It was old Nanette put it into my head. Never mind, Isaure," she said, kissing her sister, "don't look so grave; I have not said anything. How old are you, Mademoiselle Mina?"

"Thirteen; but please do not call me Mademoiselle. Nobody does. You know I am not French. I am an Indian girl."

"I know, a creole. Brother," she said to Raoul, who had returned with the desired permission, and was leading the way towards the castle gate, "what do you guess Mina's age to be?"

"I cannot guess, sister, because I know," he replied, and then they all went out through the entrance-court, and conducted their guest all over the curious and picturesque ins and outs of the old fortress, which had been by degrees turned into a family residence. When they went through the village, the women and children were sitting out of doors, enjoying the rest of the evening hour, and smiled and curtsied as the young seigneur and his sisters went by. The peasants, returning from work, pulled off their hats and said "Good night" in the patois of the country. From many a poor person's lips she heard a blessing invoked upon her companions, and good wishes for the young Isaure, who was soon to go forth as a bride from her ancestral home. One old woman, leaning on her staff, said to her gossip, who was watching the young people down the street:

"Methinks the choir children may as well be practising a welcome as a farewell to a bride."

"Ah! bah! Our young lord is too young to marry. He is going on his travels first."

"Well, I saw him gathering Madeleine's roses for that blue eyed young lady who arrived a few hours ago at the castle; and, if monsieur le chevalier is not paying his court to her, I am much mistaken. Madeleine is in the third heaven; she will get something for her flowers. Look, they are going into the church. He is showing her all about the place. We shall see them, I hope, on the green next Sunday evening. M. le Baron likes to see the boys and girls at play after vespers."

"Aye, and Mademoiselle Isaure is to give a marriage portion to the best-behaved girl of the village. A little bird has whispered to me that your Jane's eldest daughter is to be the *Rosiere*."

The old woman wagged her head, and laughed at her gossip's shrewd guess. The supper bell was ringing when the young people returned to the castle. It was served in a hall, where, at a long table, sat all the baron's household, as well as his family; gray-headed serving men and women, with babies on their knees; and boys and girls with bright sunny faces, looking both good and happy. Mina sat between Bertha and Isaure, and Raoul on the opposite side. He seldom took his eyes off her;

and when the meal was over he went with her and his sisters to the parapet which formed a sort of terrace overhanging the moat. There they sat on the stone bench, and made Mina describe the new world where she had lived so long—and Bertha and Raoul listened with flushed cheeks and eager eyes, and Isaure cried at the tales she told them of the revolt and the destruction of the Natches. And they all wished they could see Ontara, and would have liked to live at St. Agathe if France had not been their native land and the most beautiful country in the world. Mina fired up a little at this, and then Raoul, to appease her, said that he had certainly never seen North America, but that he would like very much to go there one day. And then she would not be outdone in civility, and admitted that, although she hated Paris, the country in France, and particularly Forez, was very charming. Then the great clock of the castle struck nine, and after night prayers had been said, every soul in the house withdrew to rest.

Mina sat a while on her mother's lap, great tall girl as she was, and rested her head on her shoulder, before the shutters were closed in their bed chamber. The perfume of the jessamine which covered the mullioned windows was filling it with fragrance. The moon was shining on the red-brick floor, and throwing changeful lights on the tapestried walls.

"Don't you think this is a very nice charming place, mamma? and our friends don't you like them very much?"

"Ah!" said the mother, stroking her cheek, "my Mina has found out at last, has she, that white people can be pleasant?"

"Yes, they are very pleasant, and so kind to me. Isaure told me a beautiful story about the fair-haired Ermengarde and her daughter, who was called, like her, Isaure—and then M. Raoul said there was another Isaure, who wrote verses, and was crowned at Toulouse some hundred years ago. He laughed about ladies writing verses. I did not tell him, and have never told anybody but you, mamma, that I write verses sometimes."

"But as you will never sing them before great crowds, or be crowned like Clemence Isaure," answered her mother, laughing, "there is no harm in it."

"No, but I had rather M. Raoul did not know."

"Don't be afraid; I will not tell him."

"Mamma to-morrow I am to ride the dun pony, and to see so many interesting things. I hope it will be fine. And in the afternoon we are to fish in that pretty little stream that runs through the moat."

Madame d'Auban tenderly pressed her lips to her daughter's cheek. Mina went to bed, and was soon fast asleep. But Madame d'Auban lay awake, thinking of German castles and haunted chambers and of palaces, enclosing, even as in living graves, warm and loving hearts. And she mused on her child's destiny—her lovely, gifted child, doomed to share her parents' strange and unsettled existence. It was long before she closed her eyes. But in the morning she was sleeping heavily, when Mina bounded down the steps leading to one of the entrances of the parish church, which stood between the court of the castle and the village.

The ride proved a delightful one to the new friends. The dun pony had carried Bertha and Isaure for many years. It was as gentle a palfrey as lady ever rode. Raoul, mounted on his fiery gray, headed the cavalcade, which went winding down the hill, and across the fields into the woods. They rode through shady nooks, soft green valleys, and smiling villages. They drew up at the top of a hill, to look at the view of Montbrison and of Moulins in the distance—the spire of its cathedral rising against the deep blue sky. They dismounted to explore the ruins of the abbey in the wood, and said a Hail Mary at the shrine, which was a favorite place of pilgrimage throughout the neighborhood. They drank of the water of la Roche qui pleure, and breakfasted on milk and bread and strawberries from a neighboring farm. The sun was getting high up in the horizon as they returned, skirting the wood just within the shade, alongside fields of waving corn, just ripening for the sickle, and edged by a fringe of scarlet, blue and purple flowers which modern improvements are gradually banishing from the land.

Mina noticed the healthy, happy looks of the French peasantry, so different from the aspect of the Indians and the slaves of the western hemispheres. Raoul asked her, as they were drawing near home, if she would not like always to live in France. "No," she said, "not always;" and then looked a little thoughtful, and would not say where she wished to live. Days of brilliant sunshine, of country air, and of intercourse with her new friends, wonderfully improved her health. Her mother watched with delight the elasticity of her step and the brightness of her countenance. Everybody in the castle was delighted with the little creole; and as to the chevalier, if he had fallen in love with her at first sight, every hour seemed to add to the intensity of his boyish passion. Finding out that she was fond of books, he proposed one wet morning to his sisters to take their work into the library. Isaure gladly consented. Roger's speech about Clemence Isaure had awakened a literary enthusiasm which had not yet subsided.

The library contained as many cases of stuffed birds and collections of insects as books; but there was a curious set of old romances of the days of the troubadours and the gay "savoir," and some volumes of tales of chivalry, which Raoul had read over and over again during his boyhood. He proposed to amuse the ladies, whilst they worked, with the history of Amadis de Gaule, and Mina listened with the deepest attention to the knight-errant's adventures. Raoul was satisfied with her attention, but not with her admiration.

"Mademoiselle Mina, would you not have liked to live in those days?" he asked.

"But I don't think there ever were such days," she answered. This was a view of the subject he was not prepared to admit.

"You don't think there were knights-errant and tournaments, and ladies in whose honor the knights broke lances and performed prodigies of valor?"

"Oh, yes, but not enchanters and giants, such as Prince Amadis met with."

"Then you don't like this story, Mademoiselle Mina?"

"Not so much as real ones, like that of Joan of Arc, for instance."

"Ah! that is one of the few amusing bits of history. Battles are always good fun. I got a prize for writing verses on the battle of Fontenoy. But real, downright histories are very stupid. Do not you hate every thing about laws, commerce, art and agriculture?"

"Yes, in a great history book," answered Mina, laughing; "but I like pictures and corn-fields, and I should like a law that would prevent people from buying and selling other men. I like people who do some good."

"The knights-errant used to defend the helpless, and punish their oppressors."

"Then I should like them."

"And you would like Raoul," whispered Bertha in Mina's ear; "he is so good to the poor and to little children, even though he laughs if anybody says so, or takes notice of it."

"No secrets, Mdlle. Bertha," cried her brother. "In mamma's book on Politeness, which I had to read a chapter of, as a penance, when I had transgressed any of its rules, it is said that whispering in company is forbidden."

"I was telling Mina bad things of you."

"Mademoiselle, slandering is a great sin; I hope M. le Cure will not give you absolution for a twelvemonth."

"That is very possible, brother, for I am not at all disposed to retract what I have said."

The evening of that day proved very wet. The morning according to Wordsworth's lines, "had gone forth deceitfully, clad in radiant vest;" but dark clouds, and the distant rolling of thunder, and a first few heavy drops, had driven the young people home some time before the accustomed hour. After supper there was rain, with thunder and lightning. The ladies drew round a table in the centre of the room, and worked.

"This is just an evening for ghost stories," said Bertha, who was always the first to propose this kind of amusement, though, as she hastened to declare, it made her blood run cold, and her hair stand on end, when her grand-papa told of the man at Moulins who had spent a night in the churchyard, and had seen three different spectres, the one more awful than the other. This sort of conversation, when once set going, is easily carried on. They were long-standing stories of apparitions which the baron related with great effect, and Madame de la Croix had known a lady who had seen a ghost with her own eyes. And Raoul had heard at college a strange tale of three men travelling in a diligence, who were joined by three others, that looked like their own spectres, and did every thing that they did, except that they never eat at the inns; but they always slipped into their beds before they could get in themselves, only when one of the travellers had the courage to lie down as if there was nobody beside him, he found the ghost did not take up any room, and he slept very comfortably. But the next day the three spectres were in the coach again, and . . .

"Good heavens how pale you look, my dear, you are as white as a sheet," exclaimed Madame Armand, who was sitting opposite to Mina.

"Hush, Raoul, she is frightened with these dreadful stories."

All eyes were turned on Mina. Her face was quite colourless, and she seemed ready to faint.

"It is nothing, only such an odd fancy, mamma," she said to Madame d'Auban, who had taken her hand and found it cold and trembling.

"You used not to be frightened at these sort of tales when you were a little girl, Mina, darling, but I suppose—"

"It was not the stories, mamma, only such an odd fancy."

"Did you think you saw anything?" said her young friends eagerly.

"You'd better not talk to her about it," said Madame d'Auban, who saw she was turning pale again.

"Come," said Madame Armand, "I will play a rondo, and you shall dance and drive the ghosts away."

She did so, and Mina joined hands with the rest, and the colour returned to her cheeks, and she sang the *Ritournelle* with the others; but her mother observed that now and then she glanced timidly towards the windows.

"For my part," said Madame de la Croix, in reply to some observation of her husband's, "I am not half as much afraid of ghosts as of robbers. I had much rather hear of a spectre in the neighbourhood, than of Mandrin and his band."

"My dear," said the baron, "you need not entertain the slightest apprehension on that subject. Since I have been appointed Provost of the Forez, I have taken effectual measures on the subject, and have twice reviewed the rural force. You need not pretend to be an *esprit fort*. I am sure you would die of terror at the sight of a ghost."

"How gracefully Mina dances," said Madame Armand to Madame d'Auban. "She is as light as a fairy. Oh, now, she and Raoul are going to practice the *Menuet de la Cour*, dear madame. Well, I think you and I may, without foolish vanity, just between ourselves, agree that prettier partners were never seen than my black-eyed chevalier and your blue-eyed daughter."

They did look to great advantage during that dancing lesson. Mina was taking pains to learn the graceful steps of the minuet, and smiled so prettily as half-way across the room she stopped to curtsy to her partner, that Raoul forgot to make his own obeisance, and clapped his hands. She stopped short, and laughing, exclaimed, "that is not fair." Then both his sisters scolded him, and Madame Armand played the rondo again, and they danced till they were tired.

"Are you sure, my child, that you are not ill?" Madame d'Auban asked her daughter when she and herself had withdrawn to their bedchamber.

"I am quite well, dearest mamma."

"Then were you frightened with the ghost stories?"

"No; I did not mind them."

"But then, Mina, love, I want to know what made you turn so pale in the middle of Raoul's ridiculous story."

"Mamma, it is better not to speak of foolish fancies. I am sure it was all imagination."



"I don't think it is the best way to get rid of a fear or a fancy to keep it to oneself. We can often drive away troublesome thoughts by telling them."

"Mamma, I assure you I don't believe in ghosts and apparitions. But I suppose people see things sometimes, and that it is all a mistake."

Madame d'Auban felt uneasy. She had a lurking belief in apparitions.

"For heaven's sake, Mina, what did you see?"

"Well, mamma, I was looking straight at the windows of the parlour—the one which opens on to the parapet—when there came a flash of lightning, and I saw, as distinctly as possible it seemed to me, a face looking into the room, and it was at the moment at least, I felt sure it was Osseo's face."

"The Indian Osseo," repeated her mother, apparently relieved. "O, my darling, I have no doubt then, it was an ocular delusion. I have often felt as if I saw about my bed some of these terrible dark Natches' faces. They quite haunted me at one time."

"I had never thought so little about America as since we have been staying here. I was listening to M. Raoul, and wondering about his travellers and their ghosts. Then all at once I saw what I thought was Osseo's face; but it is such a brief glimpse of anything a flash of lightning gives."

"You did not hear anything about that Osseo before leaving Paris?"

"No, mamma, Ontara did not know where he was. He ran away, you remember, the day we left Marseilles."

"Your mind has dwelt so much upon Indians, my Mina, that it is not wonderful that you should see them in imagination."

"Yes, I suppose it was a mistake," Mina repeated, and nothing more passed between her mother and herself on that subject.

The next morning, when the family were assembled at breakfast, the baron announced with exultation that he had received excellent news of the success of the rural gendarmerie, in an encounter with a troop of Mandrin's gang in the Forest of Ludres. Several of them had been taken prisoners, and safely lodged in the prison at Moulins. Mandrin himself had narrowly escaped being arrested. It was supposed he must be concealed in some cave or pit in the same neighborhood.

"Have they caught, sir," Raoul asked, "that incarnate devil, they call Lohie?"

Mina and her mother started, and exchanged glances.

"Is he an Indian?" the latter asked.

"By that *nom de guerre*, I should think so," replied the baron; "for I suppose it is a *nom de guerre*, it sounds like it. A man of color he certainly is, unless he paints his face to keep up a sort of *prestige*. He is, next to Mandrin himself, the most desperate of the gang. They call him his lieutenant."

"Choister tells me—he is our gamekeeper, ladies," Raoul said; that his eyes glare like a tiger-cat's. He knows a man who saw him some weeks ago, and who he says relates

wonderful things of him. He is supposed to bear a charmed life, to carry about him some mysterious talisman. He has taken the lead of late in all Mandrin's most desperate exploits, and always escapes the gendarmes' clutches. They are convinced that he is a devil."

"Aye, and if they catch him," said the baron, "he runs a good chance of being hung like a dog to tree, without trial or shrift."

"I wonder," said Madame d'Auban, hesitatingly, "if he can be the Natches we once knew, our friend Ontara's companion until they landed in France. His name was Osseo, but he may have been called Lohie by his comrades. Mina, my child, we must tell M. de la Croix that you think you saw him last night."

Mina turned crimson. A half-childish sense of fidelity, and compassion towards a persecuted people, made her loth to say a word which might lead to Osseo's apprehension. He was Ontara's relative, an exile, doomed to slavery, and ignorant of right and wrong. She felt more pity than horror of him, robber as he was. "Mamma" she said, in a low voice, and looking reproachfully at her mother, "we thought last night it was a mistake."

"Yes, love, but we did not know what we do now."

The baron eagerly asked for an explanation, and Madame d'Auban seeing that her daughter did not utter, felt herself of course obliged to tell him exactly what she had heard from Mina on the previous evening. The ladies of the chateau turned pale, and the baron and his grandson went to give orders to set a watch round the castle, and search the ruins which might afford a hiding-place, to the robbers. Now that he was on his guard, he prepared to give them a warm reception, and forbade anything being said which would raise an alarm in the neighborhood, and prevent their attempting an attack. He was strongly inclined to believe that Mina had really seen Lohie, and that the Indian had been sent to reconnoitre the approach of the castle.

The young people went out as usual, but Mina was silent and depressed. Raoul's gaiety jarred upon her. Her thoughts were fixed upon the vision of the day before. She wondered if the Indian still carried about the serpent in his bosom. The words the baron had said rung in her ears: "Hung like a dog." They made her shudder. She could not understand that her young companions did not feel these sort of things more. They did not understand her anxiety. "If Lohie is Osseo," Raoul said, "he deserves to be broken on the wheel; for he tried to make you his slave, the vile wretch. I should like to shoot him down like a wild beast."

"How can you say that?" said Mina, indignantly. "What would become of his soul?"

Raoul was a little puzzled. He said his prayers regularly, and meant to be good and save his own soul, but had not given much thought to those of other people, especially those of heathens and robbers.

FOR THE HARP.

TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Sweet flow'r, the fairest ever blown  
    In Saron's lovely vale :  
Whose balmy fragrance wide and far  
    Perfumes the wafting gale.

By sacred Zion's sainted Bards  
    In strains prophetic sung,  
At length from Jesse's regal root  
    All pure and spotless sprung !

The Heavens to nurse thy growing stem  
    Distill'd their brightest dew,  
And hov'ring o'er thine hallow'd top,  
    Th' ethereal Spirit flew.

Ne'er Eden in her blooming haunts,  
    With all her flowers so fair,  
Could boast a Flow'r so choice as thine  
    For worth and beauty rare.

'Twas she, the stem from Jesse's root,  
    God's Virgin Mother sprung,  
And He, the Flow'r, her Son divine,  
    By all the Prophets sung.

On Him, in Jordan's stream baptized,  
    Descends the mystic Dove ;  
And loud His Son belov'd His Sire  
    Proclaims Him from above.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,  
    One God in Persons three,  
Let creatures join to pour their praise  
    Through all eternity. Amen.

FOR THE HARP.

## IRELAND'S LITERATURE.—No. 4.

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

THE first portion of the history of Irish literature that we should, in the natural order, take up, will be from the first establishment of the Milesian monarchy in Ireland, down to the introduction of Christianity in the 5th century. Of course, the field of Celtic literature is so wide that it would be impossible to dwell upon every feature that presents itself to the eye of the explorer of these days. We can only refer to the grander outlines, the hills, mountains, forests, rivers that go, as it were, to make up the landscape and leave to the imagination of the reader to deck them with flowers and ornaments. Consequently we will glean from Barron and others the following accounts of the history of a literature that was once flourishing, brilliant, resplendent, but the brighter rays of which have been lost in vainly striving to penetrate the Stygian darkness that for centuries o'erhung the land of the Gael.

*No. 1, Anno Mundi 2935.*—AMERGIN, son of Milesius, was brother to Heber, Heremon and Ir, from whom the Milesian families of Ireland are descended. He accompanied his brothers, and the other Gaelic chiefs, in their emigration from Spain to Ireland, and was chief priest and poet of the colony. In the "Book of Conquests," compiled in the 14th century, from *much more ancient books*, are preserved three poems, said to be written by Amergin, of eight verses, (two *ranns*, the expression in Irish for *four verses*), containing the decision of Amergin on the proposal of the *Tuaha-de-Danan*, that the *Milesians* should retire from Erin. The second poem consists of twenty verses, (*five ranns*.) This is a particular kind of Irish versification, called CONALCON, in which the last word of every verse is the same as the first word of every succeeding verse. The third poem consists of six *ranns*, composed by Amergin on his landing at Inver Colpa, near Drogheda.

In the third line the author informs the reader that he is "Amergin of hoary head,

of white knee, and grey beard." "*O's me Amergin glum-gel, gair-glas, greliah.*" These compositions are in the *Bearla Feani*, and accompanied by an interlined *gloss*, without which they would be unintelligible to modern Irish scholars. These poems are of the highest antiquity, and their language and peculiar versification, independent of any other merit, entitle them to preservation.

*No. 2.*—Contemporary with Amergin was LUHIH, son of Ith, and nephew of Milesius.

He composed extempore a poem on the death of his wife *Fail*, daughter of Milesius, and it is to be found in the "Book of Conquests." It begins, "*Here we sat on the beach.*" These six words are all one word in the Irish. The poem is not in a language as old as that of Amergin, but it is of great value, for it proves how the virtue of modesty and the sentiment of pure womanly love were admired by the Ancient Irish.

*No. 3, A. M. 3236.*—OLAV FOLA, monarch and law-giver of Ireland, revived the *Feis of Tara*, or the triennial assembly of the states of Ireland at Tara, as is asserted by *Ferceirtne file*, a famous poet, who flourished about the time of our Lord's incarnation.

*No. 4, A. M. 3596.*—CIMBAOH, monarch of Ireland, wrote some laws, fragments of which are to be found in ancient vellum MSS. in the library of Trinity College, Dublin—Class H., 53 and 54.

*No. 5, A. M. 3619.*—ROIGNE ROSGAHACH, (Rayne the Poetic,) son of Ugaine Mor, or Hugony the Great, flourished in the time of his brother MAL, Monarch of Ireland. He describes the peregrinations of the Gadeliens and their chiefs from Egypt to Spain and thence to Ireland. The poem begins, "*Oh, praise-worthy son of Hugony,*" and contains answers to MAL upon the origin of the Irish people. ✓

*No. 6, A. M. 3900.*—EOCHAI, son of Luchtna, King of Munster, flourished at

this time and wrote laws, of which we have now only fragments.

*No. 7, A. M. 2902.*—SEAN, son of Agaibh, flourished at this time. He wrote a code of laws called *Fonn Seanchas Mor*. Now it is in the Seabright collection.

*No. 8, A. M. 3940.*—CONGAL, son of and poet to Eochai Feilioch, monarch of Ireland, flourished at this period. He wrote laws often quoted in the Fenian institutes, and a poem of thirty-four verses upon the death of the seven MAINES celebrated in the historic tale of *Tain-bo Cuilagene*.

*No. 9, A. M. 3950.*—AHNA, chief poet of Ireland, flourished in the beginning of the reign of Conor MacNessa in Ulster. He was the father of NEIDE, who maintained a contest with Ferceirtne the poet, for the Ollav's professor's chair of Ireland.

*No. 10.*—At the same time flourished Ahairne, of Binn Edair, or, Harvey of the hill of Horth, who fled for shelter to Ulster to receive protection from Conor MacNessa, when King Conaire the First proscribed all poets. Here *Ahairne, Forchern, Ferceirtne* and *Neide*, compiled a code of laws, which are called *Breithe Neivih*, or laws of the nobles.

*No. 11.*—FORCHERN, the poet, also lived at this time. He wrote the *Uraicepht na n Eigeas*, or primer of the learned.

*No. 12.*—FERCEIRTNE, *file*, (the poet), upon the death of Ahna, was appointed to the vacant professor's chair by Ollioll and Meiv, King and Queen of Connaught.

*No. 13.*—NEIDE, son of Ahna, was cotemporary of Ferceirtne, Forchern and Ahairne. He was in *Alba* (Scotland) when his father died. His dispute with Ferceirtne about the professor's chair is called "The Dialogue of the two Pages."

*No. 14, A. M. 3982.*—LUHAR, the poet to the King and Queen of Connaught, flourished at this period. He wrote a poem of 156 verses on the descendants of Feargus, commencing thus: "The family of Feargus, a tribe superior to all." In the second last *rann* of his poem he tells us who he is and why he composed the poem. "I am Luhar, an acute poet, druid of Meiv and generous Olioll; I made these *ranns* correctly, for the blood of Raighni Crocan Conacht."

The Christian Era begins now, that is, the Era of the birth of Christ. But the Pagan religion continued in Ireland until, about the middle of the fifth century, when it was peacefully and easily supplanted on the first ray of the light of the gospel appearing in this island. The Irish being a cultivated nation, and accustomed to philosophical reflection, were more rational and capable of discerning the truth of the revealed religion, and consequently received it more readily than nations less civilized. But, of course, until the introduction of Christianity the prose and poetic literature of the island partook of paganism.

Here we will explain (as many may not know) the meaning of the letters before the dates. A. M. means *Anno Mundi, year of the world*, dates from creation; A. C. and B. C. mean *before Christ, Ante Christiun*, and A. D. means *In year of Our Lord, Anno Domini*, (since Christ.)

*No. 15, A. D. 90.*—MORAN, chief judge to the monarch Fe-ra-hach Fionnfacht-nach, wrote some laws which are now only known by quotations from them, in the works of some modern writers. His testamentary precepts to his King Ferahach, are preserved in ancient manuscripts. They begin, "Arise, proceed, my Nere of noble deeds. Observe this brief address. Short is the way in which the wise are directed. Bear hence these words of truth, let my dying words be perpetuated." This tract shows the qualifications, in the opinion of the ancient Irish, for a just and good prince.

*No. 16, A. D. 95.*—FERAHACH, *fionnfacht-nach*, monarch of Ireland, promulgated a code of laws which obtained for him the title of *Fair and Just*.

*No. 17, A. D. 177.*—MODRAN, son of Tulban, lived in the reign of "Conn of the hundred battles." He wrote a book for the unlearned called "Just decision."

*No. 18.*—Cotemporary with him was CIOH-MAH the poet. He was a messenger sent by "Conn of the hundred battles" to Mac Neid with the proposals of peace. He wrote then the poem beginning "*A vic deanaid sich re Mac Neid*." "My son, make peace with Mac Neid." This poem is in the "Munster Book."

*No. 19, A. D. 180.*—FINGIN, son of Luchtna, lived in the time of Con.

He wrote a poem on the fine famous roads said to have been made to Tara on the occasion of Conn's birth. It is in the Book of Leacan, under the title of *Sli Dala*, or Dala's ways.

*No. 20, A. D. 200.*—OLIOIL OLUM King of Munster, was son-in-law of "Conn of the hundred fights." He wrote a poem on his son and five grandsons killed in A. D. 195, at the battle of Mucruimee. Although this composition is very ancient, there are parts of it that seem more Christian than pagan.

*No. 21.*—At this period lived FACHTNA, the son of Sencha. He was a law compiler.

*No. 22, A. D. 250.*—CORMAC, son of Art, monarch of Ireland, lived at this period. He caused the *Psalter of Tarah* to be compiled. He wrote some very wise laws, and above all his "royal precepts." These formed a book written to his son and heir, as a guide and instructor of their life. The son asked the father once, "O descendant of Conn! O Cormac, what is good for a King?" "That is plain," said Cormac. "It is good for him to have patience without debate; firmness without anger; easy address without haughtiness; attention to the precepts of the elders, (laws); just covenants and agreements to strictly observe; mercy in the execution of the laws; peace with his districts; boundless in rewards; just in decisions; observant of his promises; hosting with justice; protecting his boundaries; honoring each noble; respecting the poets; adoring the great God," etc. This tract, occupying six folio pages, closely written, is carried on as a conversation between father and son. Cormac gives many precepts that would do honor to a Christian. We might observe that Cormac was father-in-law of FIONN MACCOIL, general of the Fenian heroes of Ireland and father of Ossian.

*No. 23.*—FIHIL, chief judge of Cormac, wrote some laws, fragments of which are to be found in old vellum MSS. in Trinity College.

*No. 24, A. D. 270.*—FERGUS *Finbel* (son of Fionn MacCoil), and brother of Ossian. He wrote a psalm on the origin of the name of the fountain of *Senegarmna*.

*No. 25, A. D. 280.*—FIONN MAC COIL was killed this year at Ath Breagh

on the Boyne. He formed laws in the time of Cormac Mac Art.

*No. 27, A. D. 284.*—OISIN or Ossian, son of Fionn Mac Cooil the celebrated poet, escaped the battle of *Garva* *Aichle* fought this year, in which Oscar, his son, died with the Fenian hosts.

*No. 28, A. D. 405.*—FORNA *Eigeas* (the learned) poet and instructor to our monarch "Niall of the nine Hostages," flourished at this time. There are four poems by him handed down to us. The first begins, "*Gov mo heagasg a Neil Nair*," "Receive my precepts, noble Niall." The second, "*Dail Capa ittir Corc is Niall*," "The meeting of battle between Corc and Niall." The third, "*Mo da daltain nir said lun*," "My two foster-children were not indolent." In the first poem, Torna gives instructions to his ward Niall; in the second he appears as mediator between Niall and Corc, King of Cashel, who is also represented as a ward of the poet. The fourth poem is upon the burial of the pagan kings of Ireland at *Relig na Ri*, in Roscommon.

*No. 29.*—At this period his son flourished. A poem was written by him on the invasion of the O'Clerys. It begins, "*Antam do himis don dail*." "The time we went to the conflict," and is the lamentation of the poet for the death of King Niall, who fell on the banks of the the Loire, in Armorica, A. D. 406.

We are now at the fifth century and have arrived at the time when, from the far-off East, in the hands of Patrick came the seeds of Christianity. Heretofore the sun rose upon a people, strong, generous, noble, patriotic, witty, imaginative, but dwelling under the cloud of paganism that obscured the intelligence of humanity, and at eve he sank to rest leaving the children of that "Ancient Race" to attend their Druid guides to the groves "where they taught the mysticism of the stars." But St. Patrick in the gleaming of an eastern morning, standing upon the Hill of Tara, plucked the triune leaf and there commenced the first of the triumphal march of Christianity from end to end of the future "Isle of Saints." At this period a new hue was imparted to the already brilliant literature. In the grand, loving and powerful religion of Christ, the people, already devoted and religiously-inclined, saw a path that would

lead them thro' the desert of existence to a land of future promise. In it their imagination found something super-human to love, and their courageous spirits found that worth living for, fighting for, or even dying for. Consequently St. Patrick had but little difficulty in planting the cross upon the Irish soil—and planting it so firmly that the succeeding

deluges of after centuries could not carry away even a sod from its base. Easily was it planted, but no power could uproot it.

In the next number of the HARP we will continue the "Literature of Ireland" under the influence of the new and Divine Inspiration.

GREEN PARK, Aylmer, Que.

## THE CHAPEL WOMAN OF VILLE D'AVERY.

A TRUE STORY.—FROM "NEW ERA."

THE little church of Ville D'Avery near Versailles fifty years ago, was a model of simple and unpretending elegance befitting a small and secluded place of worship. Here were no gorgeous hangings, no gilded ornaments, no costly carpets no velvet cushions, to dazzle the humble worshippers, and add to the comfort of those of a higher grade; but their absence in my eyes, was more than compensated for by the scrupulous neatness and good order in which the whole interior of the building was kept. The carefully swept pavement, the bright polish of the railing around the sanctuary, the snowy whiteness of the thin drapery that hung around the little oratory of the Blessed Virgin, all bespoke the utmost care and attention.

The happiest summers of my childhood were spent with my grandmother, at Ville D'Avery; and our pleasant evening walks were frequently directed towards the little church. One great attraction there for my childish innocence was the flowers, which were daily renewed, not only on the altars but in vases and baskets disposed around the chapel.

During the month of May, blooming and fragrant orange trees were sent from the neighboring gardens and conservatories to decorate the Shrine, and well did their glossy green leaves contrast with their snow-white draperies festooned around it. But during the remainder of the year, the care of providing flowers for adorning the sacred edifice belonged to the old chapel woman, who labored zealously and indefatigably in the accomplishment of her

task. Not a morning passed but old Madeleine might be seen wending her way through the village with her light wicker basket receiving from the humble inhabitants, (who possessed only a small plot of ground in front of their cottages,) violets, pinks, lavender and china roses, with an occasional tulip, while the gardens of the different *Chateaux* supplied roses of a finer description, myrtles, lillies and hyacinths; and one nobleman's gardens in the neighborhood supplied the rarer greenhouse plants such as geraniums, camellias and the fragrant heliotrope.

She always returned with a well filled basket for no one could refuse a flower to la Mere Madeleine, not only because her errand was one of piety but that she was herself an object of veneration amongst them, it being well understood, that although now helpless and desolate she had once enjoyed happiness and independence, and that reverses as heavy as they were unexpected had reduced her to her present position. She subsisted almost entirely on charity, for the trifling remuneration which she received for her services in taking care of the church scarcely sufficed to pay the rent of the room she occupied; and but for the kindness of the good Cure, old Madeleine would have been obliged to keep more fast days than were indicated by the calendar of her well-thumbed prayer-book. In justice to the villagers I must, however say, they were extremely kind to her; the devout, in particular seldom left the chapel, on which she had bestowed so much care,

without dropping some small coin into the little basket, which she would present with timidity, half whispering that she had seen better days.

With me La Mere Madeleine became a great favorite. Every penny that I could spare from *bon bons* and fruit was kept for her; and in return, she used to select for me from the flowers, which had the previous day filled the altar vases, lovely little bouquets of roses, myrtle, lily of the valley, and heliotrope. I became so fond of the old chapel woman that missing her one Sunday in Autumn from her accustomed place, and supposing her to be either sick or dead, my grief dissolved into tears. The nurse who accompanied me asked an old lady who was often seen assisting Madeleine in her labors about the chapel, if she could tell the cause of her absence.

"My darling child," said the old lady to me, "don't cry for Madeleine Lorin; she is happy as a queen, and left here, yesterday evening, in a splendid carriage, drawn by four horses. A great lady, beautifully dressed, came for her, and the people in the village say that it must be her daughter, who went away years ago to some country beyond the sea. They staid for more than an hour with Monsieur le Cure, so he'll be able to tell you all about it. I suppose the whole story will be known before evening; but if you can see him you will know the exact truth."

As I was a great pet with the good old Cure, as soon as Mass was over I persuaded my kind old nurse to go with me to the door of the Sacristy where we waited until he came out. I slipped my hand into his, and begged that he would tell me all about Madeleine Lorin. But, indulgent as he usually was, he now refused, saying that I should wait patiently until he could tell the story at my grandmother's house, and give the whole family the benefit of hearing it. I clung to him with the perseverance of a spoiled child, but all to no purpose; and although I went home with him and sat by while he breakfasted—keeping him company and solacing myself meanwhile by making sad havoc in a basket of Beaugency pears. I could not succeed in eliciting from him a single syllable of the much longed for story, until, having accompanied me to my grandmother's house, he gravely asked for permission to have all the servants and

even the gardener's children, called into the room, "in order," said he, "that they may hear a true story which will convey a most useful moral to persons in their condition of life."

My grandmother, of course consented; and I ran through the house and grounds to collect with all possible speed, the desired audience, when the entire household was at length assembled in the cheerful morning room, the venerable Cure began his recital.

"It is now more than twenty-five years," said he, "since I was appointed Curate of Chenet, a village at the other side of Versailles, near which Madeleine Lorin possessed an excellent, though not a very extensive dairy farm. She was a widow and had two daughters, whom she was bringing up in the most exemplary manner. The income derived from her farm was amply sufficient to maintain them in comfort, for she found at Versailles a ready market for the produce of her dairy, and her farm and poultry-yards were managed with so much skill and regularity as to insure her a good profit from each department. When I first knew them, her two daughters were about nine and eleven years of age; they were uncommonly handsome children, and I dare say you have remarked traces of great beauty in the features of Madeleine, notwithstanding her age.

"Poor old Madeleine! often as I have reproved her for the lurking pride which led her, even when asking charity, to say that she had *seen better days*, I can myself answer for the truth of her assertions; for at the time of which I speak, she was surrounded with the comforts and, comparatively speaking, with the luxuries of life.

"But her happiness was not destined to last. The all-wise Father, who doubtless, for his own wise purposes causes His rain to fall upon the just and unjust, saw fit to cast a shadow over her path.

"A neighboring farmer, who had married a sister of her late husband, discovered a flaw in the will of Madeleine's father-in-law, under which she and her children held her farm, which he maintained, gave his wife a claim to one-half the ground. Relying upon the apparent justice of her cause, and not taking into account the numerous turns and quibbles of the law, La Mere Lorin disputed it with him; and after a tedious and expensive law-suit, the

poor widow not only failed to establish her claim but had to sell the remainder of her land in order to pay the costs of the law.

"This was a sad blow; but with the spirit of true religion, the poor widow blessed God in her affliction, as she had done in her prosperity, and endeavored to make the best of what remained; viz: the farm implements and her cows. As often happens in such cases the first misfortune was followed by others. A heavy fit of sickness incapacitated her for several weeks from paying the necessary attention to her dairy; three of her cows died of an epidemic distemper then general amongst cattle; and fearing that it might spread to the others, she was induced to sell them for less than their value. On recovering sufficiently to look into her affairs, she found that the expenses of her illness had swallowed up the little money that had remained after the sale of her land to pay law expenses. She then removed to a poor tenement house in the village where she endeavored to maintain herself and her daughters by taking in washing and by needle work.

"The two girls attended catechism regularly in my church, and knowing their circumstances I took a particular interest in them. They were both as I told you, remarkably beautiful, but there was no resemblance between them. Francoise, the elder, was of a dark complexion with jet black hair and eyes. Rose, on the contrary was fair with dark blue eyes, and auburn hair. Their dispositions were as different as their features. I instructed them for their first communion, and had at that time no serious fault to find with either; but I remarked that while Francoise was sure to be implicated in any trifling disturbance which took place in the class, Rose was a perfect model of attention and piety.

"As they advanced in years, the difference between them became more apparent. Their mother has often told me how it grieved her on Sunday evenings, when Rose would ask her permission to repair with some of her young companions to the chapel of Ville D'Avery, in order to assist at Vespers, to find Francoise had made some appointment with her giddy friends. Believing the amusements premised by the young people to be in themselves innocent, she never prevented Francoise from assisting at them; but she frequently re-

proached her in strong terms, for her indifference to the misfortunes of her family and lamented that she was not more like Rose, whose piety and goodness were now her only comfort. In this she was wrong. Most people are all unfortunately prone to dislike those who are held up to them as models, and the ill-judged reproaches of her mother awakened in the mind of Francoise a feeling of bitterness against her sister which even led to a species of estrangement between them.

"Meanwhile the circumstances of the poor widow became worse from day to day, and the wealthy inhabitants of Versailles removing to Paris for the gay season, she no longer received sufficient needle-work to support her family, and was at length obliged to send her two daughters to work as servants. They were both so fortunate as to obtain excellent situations; for the sterling piety and high principles evinced by Madeleine Lorin not only in the days of her prosperity, but when adversity had darkened her pathway, had gained for her many friends and she had no difficulty in finding good mistresses who were glad to obtain servants brought up as her daughters had been.

"Rose was hired by the wife of a rich West India planter, to take care of her only child; and so well and faithfully did she fulfil the duties of her situation that when, in the course of the following year Madame de St. Simon was preparing to rejoin her husband at San Domingo, she sent for La Mere Lorin, and after expressing herself perfectly satisfied with Rose, whose good sense and steadiness were, she said, worthy of the highest praise, she offered to double her wages, and make her future advancement her especial care, if she would consent to accompany her to the West Indies. Rose's little charge, a delicate and over-indulged child, had become so much attached to her that its mother dreaded a separation, which would she imagined, have a prejudicial effect on her darling's health. The lady spared no persuasion, and I, when consulted by Madeleine, not thinking myself justified in interfering with the girl's prospects, and hoping that Francoise, who was then conducting herself with great propriety, would console her mother during Rose's absence, strenuously advised her to do violence to her own feelings, and consent to part with her favorite child. At length she yielded;



and Rose, soon after, set out with Madame de St. Simon and her child for San Domingo.

“Francoise, meanwhile, had entered the service of a well-to-do farmer in the neighborhood of Chenet, where she was treated in every respect, as one of the family; and where during the first year she conducted herself with the utmost steadiness and propriety. She was, however, inclined to be idle, and her good and simple-minded mistress, whose admiration and pity for La Mere Lorin led her to wish for a marriage between her eldest son and Francoise, was too indulgent to the latter and frequently did the work of her house herself, in order to leave her at liberty to go with the young people of the family to the neighboring dances and fetes. But this kindness was injudicious; it not only fostered Francoise's natural love for these amusements, and gave her a distaste for the ordinary occupations of her situation but it brought her into contact with giddy and unprincipled persons, whose conversation and example effaced from her mind, by degrees, the early impressions of virtue imprinted there by the instructions and example of her good mother. La Mere Lambert, at length perceiving the danger which the girl was in, endeavored to bring her back to religion and duty, and to persuade her to break off all connections with persons whose conduct rendered them unfit associates for a respectable girl; but Francoise would listen to no advice. That very evening a fete was to take place at Versailles, to which she insisted on going, La Mere Lambert refused permission; but the wilful girl would not be restrained, she left the house in defiance of her mistress' prohibition. She met at the dance some of her unprincipled companions and admirers, who, taking advantage of her foolish and unjust anger, and her dislike to return to the house which would now, they assured her, be little better than a prison, persuaded her to accompany them to Paris, whither they were returning that evening.

“I do not intend to harrow the reader's feelings by a detail of the course of guilt on which poor Francoise entered at Paris. Once allured from her native village, and thrown on the world, her downward course was rapid; and being found, a few months afterwards, engaged in some unlawful proceedings, she was arrested together with

her associates, convicted and confined in the penitentiary of Saint Pelagie.

“A short time afterwards I received a letter from the chaplain of that institution, saying that a girl, calling herself Francoise Lorin, lay dangerously ill in the sick ward, and that her constant prayer was that she might see her mother and the Cure of Chenet, once more before she should die. I could not for one moment resist this appeal of an erring, but repentant, soul; and accompanied by the unhappy mother, I repaired at once to the abode of guilt and shame. Having asked for the chaplain, and being led to the bedside of the poor prisoner, I beheld with grief and horror, the ravages which the last miserably spent months had made on that once lovely countenance. I had prepared myself to behold a change; but was far from expecting to see such a wreck, as now lay before me. On seeing me she hid her wasted face in the pillow and wept bitter tears of shame and remorse. I remained with her for more than an hour, during which I heard her confession and administered to her the last Sacraments. Perceiving her strength was failing I summoned her mother to her side. Raising herself by a great effort she flung her arms around her wretched parent's neck exclaiming, ‘Mother! mother! forgive me!’ These were her last words. We stopped in Paris until we had seen her remains consigned to the prison cemetery, and I then accompanied the bereaved mother back to her lonely home.

“Years passed over, and poor Madeleine received no intelligence of her only remaining child. Believing her to be dead, for she often said that Rose could not forget her, she continued to labor silently and uncomplainingly for her daily bread.

“At length I was appointed to the curacy of this parish, and the post of chapel woman of Ville D'Avery becoming vacant, I offered it to my poor old friend, whose increasing years and infirmities rendered her unequal to any more laborious occupation.

“The first gleam of joy which had illuminated her countenance for many years, shone on it at the thought of spending the remainder of her days in a spot, hallowed, in her estimation, by the memory of her beloved Rose; for it was at Ville D'Avery, as I have already told you, that this

amiable girl loved to spend her Sunday evenings ; and as Rose's chief pleasure had been to place fresh flowers on the altar of the Blessed Virgin, it became her mother's constant care to adorn the little chapel with these favorites of her lost and well-beloved child. During the six years that have elapsed since she first entered on her charge, scarcely a day passed without her procuring flowers from the neighboring gardens with which to adorn the sacred edifice.

"But I must hasten to the conclusion of my story, and, for this purpose, must take you back, for a few moments, to the time of Rose's departure from France. This good girl, far from presuming on the favor of her mistress, became every day more and more anxious to prove herself worthy of it. Being entrusted by Madam de St. Simon with the sole charge of her increasing family she endeavored to improve herself by reading and study, and was, in a short time, elevated to the position of nursery governess. While in this situation, she occasionally met the French overseer of Monsieur de St. Simon's estate, a young man of great worth and respectability, who, for a number of years having saved most of his salary, besides having inherited a large amount of money from his father was now about to resign his situation and purchase a small estate in the neighborhood. Struck with the amiability of young Rose, and admiring the cheerfulness and discretion with which she fulfilled the arduous duties allotted to her, he asked for Madam de St. Simon's consent to offer the girl his hand. The lady, delighted at such a prospect for her young *protegee*, did all in her power to further the suit, and Rose soon became mistress of a neighboring estate, where her goodness and piety made her as much loved and respected as she had been in a more humble sphere. From the time of her arrival at San Domingo she had written several times to her mother, and on three occasions she had sent her money, but only one of the letters ever reached her parent, and the mother's answer to this was never received by Rose. Therefore, believing her mother and her sister to be dead she had ceased writing for some time. Now, however, her unexpected good fortune caused the hope to revive that her mother might be living ; so she wrote to inform her of her marriage, and enclosed a hand-

some present, assuring her that if she and Francoise would come out to live with her, her husband would gladly receive them, and would himself furnish the means of bringing them out ; but the unsettled state of politics on the island at the time rendered communication with foreign countries very uncertain ; the letter never reached its destination.

"Years passed on and brought additional blessings to the young planter and his wife. Yet Rose's anxiety for her beloved mother never slumbered, after seventeen years of wedded life, she determined to visit the place of her birth, accompanied by her two oldest children. Arriving at Paris she made arrangements for placing her son and daughter at boarding schools. Taking them with her, however, to visit her old home, she proceeded to Chenet, in the hope of finding her mother and sister. Having procured a carriage to bring her first to Ville d'Avery, she came with all speed, having ordered the driver to stop before the gate of the church. Arrived there, and the door of the carriage being thrown open, an old woman, leaning on a stick, advanced asking for an alms, and adding as usual that she had *seen better days*.

"But the words were scarcely uttered, before she was clasped in the arms of her daughter. The shock was too much for the poor old woman, and she lost consciousness ; but joy is seldom fatal in its effects, and the tender care of her daughter and grandchildren soon restored her.

"Having entered the chapel, and knelt for a few moments in silent thanksgiving before the altar, Rose repaired with her and her children to my house. She wept bitterly for the fate of her unfortunate sister. And having given me a considerable sum to be distributed in charity, besides a separate donation for repairing and fitting up the church, she left at a late hour yesterday, accompanied by her beloved mother, the evening of whose life promises to be blessed in proportion to her past trials."

Here ended the good priest's story ; but from subsequent inquiries, we learned that Madeleine, notwithstanding her advanced age, arrived safely at San Domingo, where she lived for many years in the enjoyment of every comfort and blessed beyond measure by the love and attention of her only remaining child.

FOR THE HARP.

## MEAT AND VEGETABLE FOOD.

But what our eyes have seen and our hands have touched, we shall declare.—*Gerard's Herbal*.

IN those days of dear beef, it behooves us as shrewd and economical individuals of an equally shrewd and economical people, to inquire if there be no cheaper material which would answer all our purposes as a staple article of food. With bills from our meat caterer, almost as lengthy as the Magna Charta, wreathing like boas on our table of a morning, we often catch ourselves on the verge of imploring something resembling the terrible anathema of Nabuchodonozor. If the things were practicable, we would much rather live on nettles or water-cresses than pay an exorbitant price for all sorts of meat.

We are willing to say a great deal in praise of one vegetable—grass. "All flesh is grass;" and grass has been the foundation of all feasts—in more than one sense. It formed a part of every ancient feast in one shape or another, and furnished a comfortable seat for the guests of the primitive world. The wolf-suckled Romulus considered grass a sacred emblem; for he ordained his twelve lay foster-brothers into a priesthood to take care of it. Good old Dr. Johnson always called asparagus "grass," and, like a true autocrat, insisted upon his friends doing likewise. Grass, too, makes a fine figure in history. When Baber had defeated the Afghans of Kohat, they approached him in despair, and, according to their custom in extremities, with grass between their teeth, to signify, as the imperial autographer says, "We are your oxen." We have authority for saying that grass was used as an emblem of defiance by the Arabs of Algeria in the face of a French razzia. The Arabs, as if impelled simultaneously, stooped to the earth, plucked some scant blades of grass there growing, and began chewing the same in angry silence. This was all their display of intimidation, and by it they made known that they would eat

what the earth gave as freemen. These anecdotes are very interesting, but do not prove that grass would make a good, cheap, palatable *bonne bouche*; and to discover such a delicacy, with which to replace the costly animal foods now in use, is the avowed object of this paper. If we fail in our search among the vegetables, our misfortune will not increase that already in existence to a perceptible degree, whilst our doleful fate may serve as a warning to others.

One of the strongest arguments used by vegetarians is that there "is nothing in the human hand or face to indicate that man is a carnivorous animal. We grant this without protest. But neither do his face and hands indicate that grass, raw potatoes, turnips, carrots, wheat from the ear, onions from the bed, or any other uncooked vegetable substance, was intended for his food. Unlike every other animal, man cooks his food. It is simply absurd, therefore, to say that if man had been intended to live on animal food, he would have been provided with talons to enable him to tear the flesh of the animals furnishing his meals. And here we will make a confession as a warning to future generations. We were assaulted—attacked is too mild a term—by a champion vegetarian who made us turn tail and flee by long quotations from history, physiology, chemistry, domestic economy, agriculture, psychology, and a score of other unpronounceable *ologies*, in support of his sacred hobby and most cherished theory. It must be admitted that unless one's studies have been extensive, and unless one is endowed with an extraordinary memory, he can be decomposed, nay silenced, by an apt quotation. Truly the man of many quotations is a literary Proteus and will evade your grasp by a thousand cunning stratagems. It would certainly have fared hard with us did not a fortunate series of unexpected circumstances come to our assistance. For the moment we were crushed—utterly dumbfounded,

all of which might have produced despondency, which in turn might have led to suicide or madness, had not the whole train of dreadful possibilities been knocked into chaos by the gentle simmering of our domestic meat-pot. The case was by no means extreme; the boiling meat-pot instantly recalled the important fact that there was an immense difference between the raw-flesh that is torn by the formidable canines of the carnivora, and the well-cooked viands which are lifted across the shapely lips of man. The reader should not forget, however, that every ridiculous theory may not meet with as speedy and appropriate a dessert as this one. What with us was great "pot-luck" might have terminated more tragically with another not then enjoying the sunny albeit unconstant smiles of Dame Fortune.

Our friend has just opened an immense volume on his knee and is about to attack us on another line. The volume treats of anatomy, which is to be the instrument of assault. When our friend, the vegetarian, appeals to anatomy he weakens his case, as the bulk of evidence is against him. We might quote many authorities in this connection, but, for want of space, two must suffice. Dr. Garnett, formerly professor of natural philosophy in the Royal Institute of London, in his interesting "Zoonomia," says:

"Man forms an intermediate link between the animals living upon vegetables, and those animals living upon animal substances, his teeth and the structure of his intestines show that he may subsist both on vegetable and animal food; and, in fact, is best nourished by a proper mixture of both."

But our vegetarian maintains that the teeth of man prove that he was never intended for a flesh eater. Now, although we cannot tell a man's age by examining his mouth, a dental exploration of a human subject will furnish valuable testimony of another kind. What then do the formation of the teeth prove? That the diet of man, as indicated alike by the conformation of his teeth and digestive apparatus, and by his natural tastes, is properly of a mixed kind.

Dr. Lankester, professor in the London University, writes:

"The teeth of man are adapted for

grinding, whilst some of them are supplied with the sharp projections which are characteristic of the carnivora, thus evidently adapting them for the mastication of both vegetable and animal food."

The Bible tells us that both animals and plants were made for man's *use* and benefit. The vegetarian cunningly bridges this by affirming that when man feeds upon flesh he *abuses* the carcass by putting it to a use for which it was never intended. But this excuse is not enough. The Bible is directly opposed to the doctrine of vegetarianism in this passage, and in several others which will be given in the context. The whole discussion hinges upon the question: Have we the right to enjoy the blessing bestowed upon us by Nature, and the pleasures she places before us? Vegetarians affirm that we have an undeniable right to use the delicacies afforded us by the Vegetable Kingdom, but no right to intrude upon the Animal Kingdom. We readily admit that a dish of vegetables is a good thing; but we affirm that a plate of well-cooked meat is as good—if not better.

No sooner is our esteemed friend, the vegetarian, floored, so to speak, on anatomy than he appeals to history. With a smile of triumph upon his countenance he throws open the "History of the World," and reads therefrom the names of Pythagoras, Epicurus, Zeno, Epictetus, Daniel, John, Howard, Franklin and Lamartine in support of his theory. Now, in order to render these names of any value to the movement, he must establish some connection between their lives and works, and the system of diet which they might have found it convenient to adopt. Men as eminent as any of those whose names are given in the list have partaken freely of a mixed diet, in which animal food has largely entered. The vegetarian forgets to tell us why Pythagoras was a vegetarian. An accommodating memory often helps a weak movement. Pythagoras was a vegetarian simply because he believed in the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. With this absurd creed, the Philosopher of Samos was not likely to take the life of any animal, when he might thus endanger the residence of his most endeared relation. He not only taught the doctrine of metempsychosis, but,

like the Hindoos, made this the ground for inculcating the duty of kindness and tenderness towards animals, and of abstinence from their flesh. It is related that on a certain occasion he interceded to prevent a dog from being beaten, saying that he recognized in its cries the voice of one of his friends who had died. We are told John the Baptist eat locusts and wild honey; but it should be added when he did so it was in the wilderness. Goldsmith's Hermit was a vegetarian under precisely the same circumstances:

"No flocks that range the valley free  
To slaughter I condemn;  
Taught by the power that pities me,  
I learn to pity them:

But from the mountain's grassy side  
A guiltless feast I bring  
A scrip with earth and fruit supplied,  
And water from the spring."

Besides, no one can tell what John ate previously or subsequently. Of one thing we are certain, that He of whom John declared himself unworthy to unloose His shoe-latchets, created by a miracle animal substance and distributed it as food. Zeno, Epicetetus and Epicurus would doubtlessly have made an equally great name in history had they fed on all the fat of the land. Howard, the Prison Philanthropist, upon whom Edmund Burke pronounced the beautiful and well-known panegyric, was the victim of a great calamity—his only son died in a lunatic asylum. No one would desire to trace any connection between the diet of the father and the lunacy of the son; and yet this is what the vegetarians do when they cite the philanthropic efforts of Howard in illustrating their system. Benjamin Franklin, the wise Printer of Boston, was a vegetarian only for a period. His doubts—if he had any on the subject—were dissipated on the occasion of his crossing the Atlantic, where a fish which had just been caught was opened, presenting several small fish which had been swallowed as food. "Ha," said the shrewd philosopher. "if you eat one another, it must be right that we eat you," and from that moment the author of "Poor Richard" eat animal food. If Franklin had continued his vegetable diet we do not think Lord Jeffreys would ever have had occasion for saying that "his literary style was as that of Swift." Franklin was a model

American Consul; he always resisted the numerous allurements of the British Court; and of British Society. In this, as in many other things, he presented a striking contrast to his remote successor, James Russell Lowell. The great want of moral vertebræ in the latter, leads us to believe that he is a confirmed vegetarian or—something worse. When we are told that Lamartine was a vegetarian we look upon the fact as a subject of regret. Lamartine held the destiny of France within his grasp. By the exhibition of energy and prompt decision France would never have been an Empire; the terrible *coup d'etat* would never have been enacted. Lamartine cuts a poor figure in the "real and earnest" history of to-day. Writing songs or sentimental musings will help the world very little in this her busy hour. Newton, Lavoisier, Shelley, Charles Lamb, and a host of others, were vegetarians during certain periods of close application. But these instances are of little avail to our friend, the vegetarian. These great men were not the sons of vegetarians; they were not always vegetarians; they were not vegetarians during their growing years, and without an exception they were all morbid subjects. The greater part of this remark holds good of the Trappists, a religious order subsisting almost entirely upon vegetable food.

We are further told that vegetarianism is supported by an appeal to the appointment of man's food at the creation.\*

"And God said: Behold I have given you every herb bearing seed upon the earth, and all trees that have in themselves seeds of their own kind, to be your meat."

But then it is written in a subsequent passage:

"Everything that moveth shall be meat for you, even as the green herb have I given you all things."

In the face of the last passage the logic of all vegetarians comes to grief. But their attack is truly lamentable nevertheless. It is simply accusing God of double dealing, of quibbling in His dealings with men. How the soul instinctively repels this impious reasoning.

\*Gen. I. 29.

THE GRAVE OF MISS FANNY PARNELL.

My spirit walk'd one evening  
In Avoca's hallow'd vale ;  
The sun had set in crimson,  
The moon was ghastly pale,  
And the Banshee's lonely wailing  
Came floating on the gale.

My spirit walk'd where waters  
In peaceful flowings meet ;  
And the Irish sky was o'er me,  
And the shamrocks at my feet—  
And holy spirits hovered  
Around the calm retreat.

And I heard the waters flowing  
And the moan of ev'ry wave ;  
I thought of thousands sleeping,  
The faithful, fond and brave,  
When I felt my footsteps falter—  
I was standing by a grave !

And a harp o'er the grave was hanging,  
And shamrocks twined it round,  
And the Boys from the distant hillside  
Raised anew the *Keening* sound,  
When I felt my spirit thrilling—  
I was treading holy ground.

And my spirit ask'd the spirit,  
That chanted from the hill,  
To tell of the grave before me.  
For a moment all was still ;  
Then came the song of the mourner,  
Like the gush of an Irish rill.

"The eyes were bright that slumber  
Under this holy sod ;  
The feet of the fair that sleepeth,  
The way of duty trod ;  
The heart of the maid that resteth,  
Was a golden gift of God.

" Her songs for her mother Erin,  
Were pure as yon silver stream ;  
Each song was a gem resplendant—  
Each line was a golden beam—  
Each word was a loving hope-star—  
Her lip was a beauteous dream.

" Her heart, with the love of Erin,  
Beat warm in every stroke—  
'Twas filled with that love till brimful—  
It could hold no more : it broke,  
And she fell asleep in her loving,  
In Eternal glory woke."

My spirit left that valley  
To wander again with men ;  
But it must return to that valley,  
Yet it cannot tell me when,  
'Twill return when Erin's fetters  
Are snapp'd—but not till then.

'Till then let her slumber calmly,—  
Let the harp hang o'er her grave,—  
Let the Banshee wail at evening,—  
Let the mocking tempest rave,—  
Let her sleep 'till Ireland's freedom  
Is won by the fair and brave !

JOSEPH K. FORAN.

*Green Park, Aylmer Que., Aug. 13th.*

## O'CONNELL'S STATUE.

THE unveiling of the monument of Daniel O'Connell, which has been constructed in Dublin, has been the event of the week in Dublin. It is twenty years since the movement for a national monument of Daniel O'Connell was started, though at different periods there had previously been many public memorials of the Liberator set up in various parts of Ireland. The great services he rendered to his country were commemorated in the magnificent round tower and chapel in Glasnevin Cemetery, designated by Petrie, and under which his remains repose; by Hogan's noble statue in the City Hall; by a statue by the same artist in Limerick, and another splendid figure in Ennis, the chief town of Clare; by Haverty's wonderful portrait, painted for the National Bank, of which O'Connell may be said to have been the founder, and by Patterson Smith's lifelike figure, painted for the City Hall collection. In 1862 a public subscription was started, and the appeal was answered by subscriptions from all parts of the globe wherever men of Irish blood had found a home. It was not till April 8th, 1870, that a design was approved and selected, the committee selecting the one submitted by the celebrated Irish sculptor Mr. John H. Foley, B. A., for which they agreed to pay £12,500. In August 1874 the foundation stone for the monument was laid under circumstances of great pomp and magnificence by the then Lord Mayor, the Right Hon. P. P. Sweeney. The ardent expectation had been formed in 1875 that this inauguration would be effected in connection with the centenary celebration of August 6th, but the hopes were doomed to disappointment, for the contention of the "cloak" or "no cloak" factions greatly retarded the completion of the work. The former party prevailed, however, and the Liberator appears in the traditional garment of the Irish gentleman.

The memorial consists of three distinct parts—the square, solid base or podium, which includes two gradients; the cylindrical drum, resting on the base, with fifty

allegorical figures in *alto rilievo*, and above, crowning the whole, O'Connell. The pediment is of granite, with the arms of each of the four provinces in the centre of each of the respective upright faces. Projecting from the four corners of the base are the winged Victories already mentioned as not yet completed. They are seated figures, representing Victory by patriotism, who grasps a sword in her right hand and holds a shield on her left arm; Victory by fidelity, holding the mariner's compass—"True as the needle to the pole it loves"—and caressing the head of a hound, a living type of constancy; Victory by courage, strangling with one hand a serpent, while she crushes its writhing body under her foot, and in her other holding the bound bundle of reeds symbolizing the strength of weak materials affected by union; and Victory by eloquence, holding in her left hand the roll of documents by which she supports the arguments of her cause, while the right is gracefully outstretched in the attitude of oratory. The wings of these figures are considerably elevated, and impart great symbolic boldness to the lower part of the monument. The "drum" or cylinder which surmounts the base is, perhaps, one of the most striking and expressive features ever imparted to any public monument. It contains no less than fifty figures, fourteen of which are in such high relief that they appear as almost distinct statues. On the front of the drum is a figure of Erin, eight feet in height, trampling under foot her discarded fetters, her left hand grasping the Act of Emancipation inscribed with its title and date, 1829, and her left pointing to the statue of the Liberator, which towers above. On her left is a Catholic bishop leading a youth by the hand and pointing to the charter of freedom in Erin's grasp, as though impressing upon him its significance, and in a knot around the bishop, listening to his words, are a number of priests, forming a group representative of the Church. Following these, in the order named, are the historian with his volume, the painter with

the materials of his art, and the musician. Here Foley has introduced a striking and novel appreciation of the fitness of things which characterized his best productions, and in none more signally than in this, his last work. In the hand of the musician he has placed a scroll of music on which are legible the words and score of the air of Moore's spirited melody, so frequently quoted by O'Connell :

Oh ! where's the slave so lowly,  
 Condemned to chains unholy,  
 Who, could he burst  
 His bonds at first,  
 Would pine beneath them slowly ?

Next in the group come the artisan with his kit of tools, the soldier and the sailor side by side, the peer and the commoner on equal footing, discussing the Act of Emancipation and its effects, the doctors of law and medicine in their academic robes, the man of science, the architect, the merchant, the representative of civic authority in municipal robes, and the peasantry of various types. Upon the shaft itself, in very slight relief, are indicated the heads of the multitude eagerly pressing forward to learn the full meaning and operation of the Act, while the summit is encircled by a rich cornice displaying the shamrock, leaves and blossoms being placed alternately. Towering above this splendid structure will stand

the statue of O'Connell, habited in the garb so familiar to the people of Ireland during the long emancipation struggle, one hand in the breast of his buttoned up frock-coat, and the other holding a role of papers ; the cloak, which was his constant companion, unobtrusively yet suitably displayed, and the typical Irish features, beaming with the smile of confident purpose and kindly humor which endeared him to his followers. The dimensions of the monument are in keeping with the grandure of the design, as will be understood when it is stated that the statue of O'Connell is twelve feet in height ; each of the four winged Victories measures ten feet, those around it only being slightly less, and the whole structure rises to an altitude of forty feet. The statue, the cylinder of figures, and the Victories are cast in bronze, while the architectural portions are in granite and limestone. As a work of artistic merit this great effort of Foley's may be said to be unrivalled, the artist having brought to bear on what he regarded as his *chef d'œuvre* the results of careful historical study, an appreciative insight into the national character of the memorial, and a high poetic genius. The whole conception displays a sympathetic grasp of his theme worthy of the subject, O'Connell's greatest struggles being elaborately represented in the sculptor's design."

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CUNNING.—Webster defines *cunning* as an adjective, to be "Given to underhand maneuvering, sly, artful, crafty, designing." As a noun he defines it to be "The faculty or tact of using stratagem to accomplish a purpose, fraudulent skill or dexterity, deceit, craft." And we may consider it the most subtle art of knavery : "A sly, slow thing with circumspective eyes."

Its dark and crooked ways are unsearchable and unconceivable to an honorable and elevated mind. It studies the character of its neighbor ; it marks his dispositions and passions, and avails

itself of every advantage that may be drawn from the knowledge thus acquired. It hurries its friend into a paroxysm of rage, and deliberately notes down every extravagance of the moment. It then soothes the irritated passions of its open-hearted dupe, and reaps the full harvest of his returning kindness. It worms itself into the confidence of the unsuspecting and waits the proper moment to betray it. In fine, its constant business is to mark out the defects of others, and to coolly take advantage of every weakness. It digs a pit for the stranger and lays a stumbling-block for the blind.



## IRISH MISCELLANIES.

## NUMBER SEVEN.

## STRAY THOUGHTS ON EARLY TIMES.

IRELAND at that period was the most learned and powerful island of the West. Through all changes of European dynasties she retained her independence. From the Milesian to the Norman, no conqueror had trod her soil.\*

Meanwhile England, who never yet successively resisted an invading enemy, passed under many a foreign yoke. For five hundred years the Romans held her as a province to supply their legions with recruits, and the abject submission of the natives called forth the bitter sarcasm, that "the good of his country was the only cause in which a Briton had forgot to die."

The acquisition of Ireland was eagerly coveted by the imperial race, but though Agricola boasted he would conquer it with a single legion, and even went so far towards the completion of his design as to line all the opposite coasts of Wales with his troops, yet no Roman soldier ever set foot on Irish soil.

Rome had enough of work on hand just then, Alaric the Goth is at her gates, and Attila, the scourge of God, is ravaging her fairest provinces. The imperial mother of Colonies can no longer hold her own or aid her children; England is abandoned to her fate, and the Irish from the west, the Scythian from the north, the Saxon from the east, assault, and desolate, and despoil her.

The Scythian Picts pour down on her cities, "killing, burning, and destroying." The Irish land in swarms from their *corrahs*, and "with fiery outrage and cruelty, carry, hairy, and make havoc of all. Thus bandied between two insolent enemies, the English sent ambassadors to Rome "with their garments rent, and sand upon their heads," bearing that most mournful appeal of a humbled people—"To Ætius, thrice Consul: the groans of the Britons. The barbarians drive us to the sea, the sea drives us back to the barbarians; thus between two kinds of death, we are either slaughtered or drowned."

But no help comes, for Rome herself is devastated by Hun and Vandal, and the empire is falling like a shattered world.

Thus England passed helplessly under the Saxon yoke, and so rested some hundred years; Ireland the while remaining as free from Saxon thrall as she had been from Roman rule.

After two hundred years of protracted agony and strife, Saxon sway was annihilated for ever, and Canute the Dane reigned in England.

Meanwhile, the well-appointed fleets of Norseman and Danes were prowling about the coast of Ireland, trying to obtain a footing on her yet unconquered soil.

When these pagan pirates first appeared on our shores, Ireland had enjoyed a Christian civilization of four centuries. The light of the true faith had been there long before it shone upon rude Saxon England. The Irish of that early era excelled in music, poetry, and many arts. They had a literature, colleges for the learned, an organized and independent hierarchy, churches and abbeys, whose ruins still attest the sense of the beautiful, as well as the piety which must have existed in the founders. Their manuscripts, dating from this period, are older than those of any other nation of northern Europe; their music was distinguished by its pathetic beauty, and the ballads of their bards emulated in force of expression those of ancient Homer. At the time that the Scots were totally ignorant of letters, and the princes of the heptarchy had to resort to Irish colleges for instruction in the liberal sciences, Ireland held the proud title of the "Island of Saints and Scholars;" and learned men went forth from her shores to evangelize Europe.

One Irish priest founded an abbey at Iona; another was the friend and counsellor of Charlemagne; a third, of equal celebrity, founded monasteries both in France and England. The Irish of eleven centuries ago were the apostles of Europe!

The Norsemen, or "white strangers," as the Irish called them, who swept like a hurricane over this early civilization, were

\* The Danes were never more than a colony in Ireland.

fierce pagans, who respected neither God nor man. Not till three centuries after their arrival in Ireland were they converted to the Christian faith. They pillaged towns, burned churches, destroyed manuscripts of the past which no future can restore, plundered abbeys of all that learning, sanctity, and civilization had accumulated of the sacred, the costly, and the beautiful, and gave the Irish nothing in return but lessons of their own barbarous ferocity. Then it was we hear how Irish mothers gave their infants food on the point of their father's sword, and at the baptism left the right arms of their babes unchristened that they might strike the more relentlessly. The Syrian and the Scythian, the children of the one Japhetian race, met at last in this *ultima thule* of Europe, after a three thousand years' divergence; and even then, though they met with fierce animosity and inextinguishable hatred, yet lingerings of a far-off ancient identity in the language, the traditions, and the superstitions of each, could still be traced in these children of the one mighty father.

#### THE DANISH INVASION.

Great consternation must have been in Ireland when the report spread that a fleet of sixty strange sail was in the Boyne, and that another of equal number was sailing up the Liffy. The foreigners leaped from their ships to conquest. Daring brought success; they sacked, burned, pillaged, murdered; put a captive king to death in his own gyves at their ships; drove the Irish before them from the ocean to the Shannon; till, with roused spirit and gathered force, the confederate kings of Ireland in return drove back the white foreigners from the Shannon to the ocean. But they had gained a footing, and inroads with plunder and devastation never ceased from that time till the whole eastern sea-border of Ireland was their own. There they established themselves for four centuries, holding their first conquests, but never gaining more, until they were finally expelled by the Normans.

To these red-haired pirates and marauders Dublin owes its existence as a city. The *Ath-Cliath* of the Irish, though of ancient fame, was but an aggregate of huts by the side of the Liffy, which was crossed by a bridge of hurdles. The Kings of Ireland never made it a royal residence,

even after Tara was cursed by St. Rocan. Their palaces were in the interior of the island; but no doubt exists that *Ath-Cliath* the Eblana of Ptolemy, was a well-known port, the resort of merchantmen from the most ancient times. There were received the Spanish wines, the Syrian silks, the Indian gold, destined for the princes and nobles; and from thence the costly merchandise was transported to the interior.

But Dublin, with its fine plain watered by the Liffy, its noble bay, guarded by the sentinel hills, at once attracted the special notice of the bold Vikings. Their chiefs fixed their residence there, and assumed the title of Kings of Dublin, or Kings of the Dark Water, as the word may be translated. They erected a fortress on the very spot where the Norman Castle now rules the city, and, after their conversion, a cathedral, still standing amongst us, venerable with the memories of eight hundred years.

Their descendants are with us to this day, and many families might trace back their lineage to the Danish leaders, whose names have been preserved in Irish history. Amongst sundry of "these great and valiant captians" are named Swannean, Griffin, Albert Roe, Torbert Duff, Goslyn, Walter English, Awley, King of Denmark, from whom descend the Macaulays, made more illustrious by the modern historian of their race than by the ancient pirate king. There are also named Randal O'Himer, Algot, Ottarduff Earl, Fyn Crossagh, Torkill, Fox Wasbagg, Trevan, Baron Robert, and others; names interesting, no doubt, to those who can claim them for their ancestry.

#### IRELAND NOT CONQUERED IN THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

But the time of judgment upon the Danes was approaching. As the Saxons in England fell before the Danes, so the Danes had fallen before the Normans. The Normans, a Scythian race likewise, but more beautiful, more brave, more chivalrous, courtly, and polished, than any race that had preceded them, came triumphant from Italy and France to achieve the conquest of England, which yielded almost without a struggle. One great battle, and then no more, William the Norman, or rather the Scythian Frenchman, ascends the throne of Alfred. Dane and Saxon fall helplessly beneath his feet,

and his tyrannies, his robberies, his confiscations are submitted to by the subjugated nation without an effort at resistance.

His handful of Norman nobles seized upon the lands, the wealth, the honours, the estates of the kingdom, and retain them to this hour. And justly ; so noble a race as the Norman knights were made for masters. The Saxons sank at once to the level of serfs, of traders and menials, from which they have never risen, leaving England divided into a Norman aristocracy who have all the land, and a Saxon people who have all the toil ; crushed by the final conquerors they sank to be the sediment of the kingdom.

The Irish had a different destiny ; for five hundred years they fought the battle for independence with the Normans, nor did their chiefs sink to be the pariahs of the Kingdom, as the Saxons of England, but retain their princely pretensions to this hour. The O'Connors the O'Briens. O'Niels, Kavanaghs, O'Donnels, yield to no family in Europe in pride of blood and ancestral honors ; while, by inter-marriage with the Norman lords, a race was founded of Norman Irish—perhaps the finest specimens of aristocracy that Europe produced—the Geraldines at their head, loving Ireland, and of whom Ireland may be proud.

A hundred years passed by after the Norman conquest of England. Three kings of the Norman race had reigned and died, and still the conquest of Ireland was unattempted ; no Norman knight had set foot on Irish soil.

The story of their coming begins with just such a domestic drama as Homer had turned into an epic two thousand years before. A fair and faithless woman, a king's daughter, fled from her husband to the arms of a lover. All Ireland is outraged at the act. The kings assembled in conclave and denounce vengeance upon the crowned seducer, Dermot, King of Linster.

He leagues with the Danes of Dublin, the abhorred of his countrymen, but the only allies he can find in his great need. A battle is fought in which Dermot is defeated, his castle of Ferns is burned, his kingdom is taken from him, and he himself is solemnly deposed by the confederate kings, and banished beyond seas. Roderick, King of all Ireland, is the inexorable and supreme judge. He restores

the guilty wife to her husband ; but the husband disdains to receive her, and she retires to a convent, where she expiates her crime and the ruin of her country, by forty years of penance. The only records of her afterwards are her good deeds. She built a nunnery at Clonmacnoise ; she gave a chalice of gold to the altar of Mary, and cloth for nine altars of the Church, and then Dervorgil, the Helen of our Iliad, is heard of no more.

#### KING RODERICK O'CONNOR.

There is something heroic and self-devoted in the efforts which, for eighteen years, were made by Roderick against the Norman power. Brave, learned, just, and enlightened beyond his age, he alone of all the Irish princes saw the direful tendency of the Norman inroad. All the records of his reign prove that he was a wise and powerful monarch. He had a fleet on the Shannon, the like of which had never been seen before. He built a royal residence in Connaught, the ruins of which are still existing to attest its former magnificence, so far beyond all structures of the period, that it was known in Ireland as the beautiful house. He founded a chair of literature at Armagh, and left an endowment in perpetuity, to maintain it for the instruction of the youth of Ireland and Scotland. A great warrior, and a fervent patriot, his first effort, when he obtained the crown, was to humble the Danish power. Dublin was forced to pay him tribute, and he was inaugurated there with a grandeur and luxury unknown before. When Dermot outraged morality, he deposed and banished him. When Dermot further sinned, and traitorously brought over the foreigner, Roderick, with stern justice, avenged the father's treason by the son's life. His own son, the heir of his kingdom, leagued with the Normans, and was found fighting in their ranks. Roderick, like a second Brutus, unpitying yet heroically just, when the youth was brought a prisoner before him, himself ordered his eyes to be put out. His second son also turned traitor, and covenanted with the Normans to deprive his father of the kingdom. Roderick, surrounded by foreign foes, and domestic treachery, quitted Connaught, and went through the provinces of Ireland, seeking to stir up a spirit as heroic as his own in the hearts of his countrymen. Soon after

his unworthy son was killed in some broil, and Roderick resumed the kingly functions ; but while all the other Irish princes took the oath of fealty to King Henry, he kept aloof beyond the Shannon, equally disdaining treachery or submission. His last son, the only one worthy of him, being defeated in a battle by the Normans, slew himself in despair.

The male line of his house was now extinct ; the independence of his country was threatened ; Norman power was growing strong in the land, and his continued efforts for eighteen years to arouse the Irish princes to a sense of their danger were unavailing. Wearied, disgusted, heartbroken, it may be, he voluntarily laid down the sceptre and the crown, and retired to the monastery of Cong, where he became a monk, and thus, in penance and seclusion, passed ten years—the weary ending of a fated life.

He died there, twenty-eight years after the Norman invasion, “after exemplary penance, victorious over that world and the devil ;” and the chroniclers record the title upon his grave—

“Roderick O'Connor,  
King of all Ireland both of the Irish and  
English.”

Six centuries and a half have passed since then, yet even now, which of us could enter the beautiful ruins of that ancient abbey, wander through the arched aisles tapestried by ivy, or tread the lonely silent chapel, once vocal with prayer and praise, without sad thoughts of sympathy for the fate of the last monarch of Ireland, and perchance grave thoughts likewise over the destiny of a people who, on that grave of native monarchy, independence and nationality have as yet written no RESURGAM.

#### DOINGS OF KING HENRY.

When the first Norman monarch landed amongst us, the memorable 18th day of October, 1172, no resistance was offered by any party ; no battle was fought. The Irish chiefs were so elated at the Danish overthrow, that they even volunteered oaths of fealty to the foreign Prince who had been in some sort their deliverer. Calmly, as in a state pageant, Henry proceeded from Wexford to Dublin ; his route lay only through the conquered Danish possessions, now the property of Countess Eva ; there was no fear there-

fore of opposition. On reaching the city, “he caused a royal palace to be built, very curiously contrived of smooth wattels, after the manner of the country, and there, with the kings and princes of Ireland, did keep Christmas with great solemnity,” on the very spot where now stands St. Andrew’s Church.

King Henry remained six months in Ireland, the longest period which a foreign monarch has ever passed amongst us, and during that time he never thought of fighting a battle with the Irish. As yet the whole result of Norman victories was the downfall of the Danes, in which object the Irish had gladly assisted. Strongbow and Eva reigned peaceably in our capital. Henry placed governors over the other Danish cities, and in order that Dublin, from which the Danes had been expelled, might be re-peopled, he made a present of our fair city to the good people of Bristol.

Accordingly a colony from that town, famed for deficiency in personal attractions, came over and settled here ; but thirty years after the Irish, whose instincts of beauty were no doubt offended by the rising generation of Bristolians, poured down from the Wicklow hills upon the ill-favoured colony, and made a quick ending of them by a general massacre.

In a fit of penitence, also, for the murdered A’Beckett, Henry founded the Abbey of Thomas Court, from which Thomas street derives its name, and then the excommunicated King quitted Ireland leaving it unchanged, save that Henry the Norman held the possessions of Torkil the Dane, and Dublin, from a Danish, had become a Norman city. Five hundred years more had to elapse before English jurisdiction extended beyond the ancient Danish pale.

#### WHO CONQUERED IRELAND ?

Nothing can be more absurd than to talk of a Saxon conquest of Ireland. The Saxons, an ignorant, rude, inferior race, could not maintain their ascendancy in England. They fell before the superior power, intelligence, and ability of the Norman, and the provinces of Ireland that fell to the first Norman nobles were in reality not gained by battles, but by the intermarriage of Norman lords with the daughters of Irish kings. Hence it was that in right of their wives the Norman

nobles early set up claims independent of the English crown, and the hereditary rights, being transmitted through each generation, were perpetually tempting the Norman aristocracy into rebellion. English supremacy was as uneasily borne by the De Lacys, the Geraldines, the Butlers, and others of the Norman stock, as by the O'Connors, the Kavanaghs, the O'Neils, or the O'Briens. The great Richard De Burgho married Odierna, grand-daughter of Cathal Crowdearg,\* King of Connaught. Hence the DeBurghos assumed the title of Lords of Connaught.

#### CAPITAL OF THE DANES.

Meanwhile the Danish Dublin was fast rising into importance as the Norman city, the capital of the English pale. Within that circle the English laws, language, manners, and religion were implicitly adopted; without, there was a fierce warlike powerful people, the ancient lords of the soil, but with them the citizens of Dublin had no affinity; and the object of the English rulers was to keep the two races as distinct as possible. Amongst other enactments tending to obliterate any feeling of kindred which might exist, the inhabitants of the pale were ordered to adopt English surnames, derived from everything which, by the commandment we are forbidden to worship. Hence arose the tribes of fishes—cod, haddock, plaice, salmon, gurnet, gudgeon, &c.; and of birds—crow, sparrow, swan, pigeon; and of trades, as carpenter, smith, baker, mason; and of colours—the blacks, whites, browns, and greens, which in Dublin so copiously replace the grand old historic names of the provinces. Determined also in annihilating the picturesque, at least in the individual, lest the outward symbol might be taken for an inward affinity, the long flowing hair and graceful mantel, after the Irish fashion, were forbidden to be worn within the pale.

#### THE RIVAL TONGUES.

Neither was the Irish language tolerated within the English jurisdiction, for which Holingshed gives good reason, after this fashion—"And here," he says, "some snappish carpers will snuffinly snib me for debasing the Irish language, but my short

discourse tendeth only to this drift, that it is not expedient that the Irish tongue should be so universally gagled in the English pale; for where the country is subdued, there the inhabitants should be ruled by the same laws that the conqueror is governed, wear the same fashion of attire with which the victor is vested, and speak the same language that the vanquished parleth; and if any of these lack, doubtless the conquest limpeth." The English tongue, however, seems to have been held in utter contempt and scorn by the Irish allies of the pale. After the submission of the Great O'Neill, the last who held the title of king in Ireland, which he exchanged for that of Earl of Tyrone, as a mark and seal of his allegiance to Queen Elizabeth, "One demanded merrilie," says Hollingshed, "why O'Neill would not frame himself to speak English? 'What!' quoth the other in a rage, 'thinkest thou it standeth with O'Neill his honour to writhe his mouth in clattering English.'"

Beside the chronic evil, misrule, two terrible calamities fell upon Ireland—famine and pestilence; and by these two dread ministers of God's great purposes, the Irish race were uprooted, and driven forth to fulfil their appointed destiny. A million of our people emigrated; a million or our people died under these judgments of God. Seventeen millions worth of property passed from time-honoured names into the hands of strangers. The echoes of the old tongue—call it Pelargian, Phœnicæan, Celtic, Irse, or Irish, what you will, still the oldest in Europe, is dying out at last along the stony plains of Mayo and the wild sea cliffs of the storm-rent western shore. Scarcely a million and a half are left, of old people, too old to emigrate, amidst roofless cabins and ruined villages, who speak that language now. Exile, confiscation, or death was the final fate written on the page of history for the much-enduring children of Ireland. One day they may reassert themselves in the new world, or in other lands. Australia, with its skies of beauty and its pavement of gold, may be given to them as America to the Saxon, but how low must a nation have fallen at home when even famine and plague come to be welcomed by the lovers of progression and social elevation. Some wise purpose of God's providence lies, no doubt, at the reverse side, but we have not yet turned the leaf.

\* Cathal Crowdearg—Charles of the Red Hand.

## WESTWARD PROGRESS OF THE ANCIENT RACE.

The ancient race who, thousands of years before, left the cradle of the sun to track him to the ocean, are now flung on the coast of another hemisphere, to begin once more their destined westward march, and like the Israelites of old, they, too, tell in that new country: "A Syrian ready to perish was our father!"

They fled across the Atlantic like a drift of autumn leaves—"pestilence-stricken multitude"—and the sea was furrowed by the dead as the plague-ships passed along. One would say a doom had been laid upon their race—the wandering Io of humanity—a destiny of expiation, a doom of weeping and unrest.

Of old the kings at Tara sat throned with their faces to the west: was it a symbol or a prophecy of the future of their nation, when from every hill in Ireland could be seen

"The remnant of our people  
Sweeping westward, wild, and woeful,  
Like the cloud-rack of a tempest,  
Like the withered leaves of autumn."

From the Atlantic to the Pacific, where the rocky mountains bar like a portal the land of gold—through the islands of the Southern Ocean to the great desolate world of Australia, seeking as it were the last home of their fathers, and doomed to make the circuit of the earth—still onward flows the tide of human life—that inexhaustible race who have cleared the forests of Canada, who have built cities and made all the railroads of the State, who have given thousands to the red plains of the Crimea, who

have overcome California and peopled Australia—the race whose destiny has made them the instruments of all civilization though they have never reaped its benefits.

No colonies recross the Atlantic. Immutably as the path of the planet is the destined cycle of human progression, never ending, never ceasing, until perhaps, the ancient race, after its weary wanderings, will arrive once more at "the partings of the ways" in the far eastern land of Paradise and the dispersion. It is but a sombre vaticination, yet it is evident that from Ireland the old people will soon pass away. The old language will become a tradition. The Scythian races, with their free spirit, and purer faith, will pour in to repeople the desolate lands, and to build up the ancient children of the south, of Tyre, of Carthage, of the Isles of the Sea, must flee before them, as they have ever done, step by step, across the broad plains of Europe, till from their last refuge, that rock of the Atlantic to which they have clung lovingly, trustingly, at last despairingly, during two thousand years, the old race must be rent and severed to make room for their triumphant successor, the conquering Scythian. Yet, though kings, princes, and races perish, though a nation may be obliterated, still the singular and beautiful literature of that ancient people, the literature of two thousand years ago, will live forever in Ireland, to interest and instruct the poet, the historian, and the antiquary—the records of a people more ancient than the pyramids.

**EDUCATION.**—Every young man should have his head, his heart, and his hand educated.

By the proper education of his head, he will be taught what is good, and what is evil, what is wise, and what is foolish, what is right and what is wrong. By the proper education of his heart he will be taught to love what is good, wise and right; and to hate what is evil, foolish, and wrong; and by the proper education of his hand, he will be enabled to supply

his wants, and add to his comforts, and to assist those who are in need.

The highest objects of a good education are to reverence and obey God, and to love and serve mankind; everything that helps us in attaining these objects is of great value, and everything that hinders us is comparatively worthless. When wisdom reigns in the head and love in the heart, the hand is ever ready to do good; order and peace smile around, and sin and sorrow are almost unknown.

## THE LAST VICTIM OF THE SCOTTISH MAIDEN.

A TRUE TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

A SCOTTISH maiden! What a pleasant vision do not these words call up. Who that has ever kept his twelfth of August on the northern moors would fail to be reminded by them of some bright-eyed Highland lassie whom he has met at early dawn of day crossing the mountain stream barefoot, with her plaid thrown over her fair hair, and her clear voice singing out an old sweet ballad of her native land; or haply, if she had an *entree* to the homes of the Scottish aristocracy, they will bring before him some yet fairer picture of a pure pale face, where eyes of a blue, tender as the morning sky, spoke of a noble and truthful soul within; and he has learnt to love the race that once had such deadly feuds with his Saxon ancestry, because of the "glamour" cast around him by the golden-haired daughters of the land.

But very different is the real picture of that Scottish maiden of whom we are about to speak; nor was she any vision of the fancy, but a terrible reality, whom all men knew and feared throughout broad Scotland, two hundred years ago. A dark and stern lady was she truly, and one who brooked no rivals—for they whom she had once embraced were never clasped to mortal heart again; and the lovers whom she pillowed on her bosom, slept a sleep that knew no waking. Few there were, even of the bravest, who did not shudder somewhat as they saw her keeping her unchanging watch through storm and sunshine, beneath the shadow of old St. Giles, the principal church of the Northern capital; and oftentimes when they saw how the ground beneath her feet was stained with blood, they muttered curses on the "loathly maiden," that had done to death so many a gallant Scot. Yet to some this ghastly lady (which was none other than the public guillotine) appeared to have attractions, such as many a bright-eyed damsel would have envied; for it is recorded of the noble Marquis of Argyle, the last who had died in her embrace, when our story commences, that he

ran eagerly up the steps, and exclaimed, as he laid his head on the block, "This is the sweetest maiden I have ever kissed." This saying of his was often cited, and the world wondered what hidden pang had so darkened life for the gallant noble, whose homage was courted by the fairest ladies, that he should die with words of such bitter meaning on his lips; but when, some few years later, the maiden pressed with her cold hand the throat of him who proved to be her latest victim, the strange and tragic circumstances of his death obliterated all recollections of the Marquis and his dying words.

It happened singularly enough, however, that these two, the Lord of Argyle, and Kenelm Hamilton who succeeded him on the block, had been in life the deadliest enemies; and by a peculiar chain of circumstances, which we will now proceed to detail, the death of the one caused that of the other.

It was about a month after the execution of the Marquis that Hamilton, whose race, so closely allied to the kings of Scotland, was even prouder than Argyle's, found himself, compelled by political business, to pass a night in the little town of Inveray, close to which stood the magnificent castle of the same name, which had been the heritage of his dead rival.

Never, perhaps, did any one approach that beautiful spot with greater ill-will than Kenelm Hamilton; he was a young man of a peculiarly fiery and impetuous disposition, of whom it was often said that his love and his hatred were alike to be dreaded, so ardent and passionate was he in either; he was the second son of that noble family of Hamiltons, between whom and the Argyles there had been a deadly feud for many generations past. Never, however, had it burnt more fiercely than in the time of which we write, when the families had been represented by the Marquis who had just been compelled to lay his lofty head at the maiden's feet, and Kenelm, with his wild and angry temper; for his brother was an idiot, who

bore the family title, but lacked the wit to defend their honor when assailed. Deep had been the hate between Argyle and Hamilton, which even the new-shed blood of the former had not availed to quench; for, in addition to the old clan feud, there was a private quarrel between them which had fearfully embittered their traditional hatred. The Marquis of Argyle had been betrothed almost from boyhood to his cousin, the Lady Ellen Graham, and although their engagement had been a matter of family arrangement, he loved her well and truly: not so the lady, however. She had not been consulted when she was bound, while yet a child, to the Marquis, and with the true feminine spirit of contradiction, she resolved to choose for herself, and accepted the addresses of Kenelm Hamilton, who, by some unlucky chance, had fallen in love with his rival's bride. Their wedding was even now fixed to take place in a few months, and this circumstance, no doubt, explained the last words of Argyle, which were destined to be the means of one day bringing his enemy to the arms of this same cruel maiden, whom he himself had embraced with so much fervor. And now the recollection of that last bloody scene was, doubtless, heavy on the heart of Hamilton as he rode down the mountain path which led to Inverary Castle and the little village that lay at its foot. It was a cold and gloomy winter night; the darkness was intense, and the wild north wind went shrieking and howling through the pass as if it bore upon its wings the souls of those who had expired in some great agony, while the dark Scotch firs stood up like spectres among the bleak grey rocks. Truly it was an evening on which the stoutest heart might gladly seek a shelter, and Hamilton was fain, though sorely against his will, to rest for the night in the domain of his enemies. This had been no part of his intention when he set out on his journey; he had then been accompanied by two of his retainers, and he designed to have passed at a little distance from Inverary early in the day, and to have lodged for the night in a castle at some distance, and belonging to a kinsman of his own; but, unhappily that morning one of his guides had been thrown from his horse and injured so severely that his life was despaired of. Some hours were

spent in conveying the wounded man to a resting place; and Hamilton, whose mission admitted of no delay, was obliged to leave him in charge of his comrade and push on his road, although the short December day was already closing in when he started again.

He rode on as rapidly as he could, but the darkness soon became so impenetrable that he repeatedly lost his way; and when, at last, the lights of Inverary gleamed through the driving mist and rain, he felt that it had become a matter of necessity that he should rest there for the night, as his jaded horse was stumbling at every step from sheer fatigue.

In these turbulent times, when every man's hand was against his fellow, there would have been a considerable risk in a Hamilton venturing into Inverary, and especially this particular Hamilton, had he been known; but Kenelm trusted that the darkness of the night would prevent his being seen by any but the landlord of the inn where he meant to sleep, to whom he was personally unknown, and who would not be likely to suspect that a solitary horseman, unattended by a single retainer, could bear so proud a name.

In this supposition he was proved to have judged rightly. Kenelm rode unmolested and unobserved through the little town, the streets of which were, in fact, almost deserted; as the tempestuous weather had driven all the inhabitants into their houses, and he saw, to his great satisfaction, that even the door of the inn was shut—a sufficient proof that no guests were expected at the "Argyle Arms" that night. The landlord, a Campbell, of course, and as sturdy a Scot as one could wish to see, himself came to the door to welcome the stranger, and after sending his tired horse to the stable, he ushered him into the huge stone kitchen, briefly remarking that he must be content with such cheer as the family provisions could afford, for that he little expected any visitors on a night so "uncanny."

Hamilton assured him he was not disposed to be fastidious, and having thrown off his dripping mantle and disencumbered himself of his heavy riding boots he sat down on the oaken settle opposite the huge fireplace; while Campbell went out to see that the horse was attended to.

Left to himself, Kenelm began to look around him, and he was much struck by



the scene which presented itself within the room. The huge fireplace, which was filled up with wood, sent a bright and ruddy glow over the whole room and lighted up with a brilliant glare the figure of a young woman, who sat at one corner of the ample hearth, and who was the only other occupant of the apartment besides himself. There was something very peculiar in the appearance of this girl, which riveted Hamilton's gaze in spite of himself. She sat perfectly motionless excepting for the rapid movement of her fingers, which she was employing in knitting; her plaid thrown back from her head left her pale face exposed to view, which was marked by a singularly frigid and yet by no means vacant expression. This was caused in part, no doubt, by the fixed stare of her large light blue eyes, which never moved in their sockets nor brightened with a sparkle of life; it was evident that she was stone-blind, while there lurked certain lines round the thin compressed lips which seemed to indicate that she had all the acuteness, amounting almost to cunning, which often characterizes persons thus afflicted.

The countenance was far from beautiful—scarcely even pleasing—yet it impressed Hamilton with a sense of power such as we often feel and yet cannot define in the presence of persons unknown to us. She gave no sign of being conscious of his presence, but he felt she was aware that he was in the room; and as he continued to watch her sitting there in her strong impassiveness, an indefinable feeling of shrinking and dread took possession of him, for which he could not account. He had been thinking of his rival's bloody death, and it struck him that the implacable "maiden" who had taken Argyle's young life might have been fitly represented by this weird damsel who sat there so like a blind inexorable fate weaving a web of inevitable doom.

The gallant knights of those times, who feared neither death nor danger, were greatly prone to superstition; and Hamilton, hot blooded and impetuous as he was, proved no exception to the rule. He was, therefore, heartily glad when the innkeeper returned and broke the ominous silence which had so oppressed him.

"Here, Elspeth," said Campbell, addressing the figure in the broad Scotch of those days which we will not attempt to

reproduce, "Here's a gentleman cold and hungry, come and see what you can find for his supper."

Hamilton listened anxiously for the sound of her voice, feeling as if it would be a relief to hear her speak, but she never opened her lips; she rose up, however, at once, and began to move about in a strange mechanical manner, her blindness becoming more apparent as she guided herself by the touch, while the staring glassy eyes seemed to him absolutely ghastly as she passed near him. She placed some oatmeal cakes and dried fish on the table, along with a jug of whiskey, and then returned to her place by the fire, where she sat unmoveable as as before.

"Is that your daughter," said Hamilton to the innkeeper, as he invited him to draw near and eat.

"My only child; and blind from her birth," was the reply, uttered almost with sternness, as if the subject were painful. "Elspeth's not like other folk, and you had better take no heed of her."

Hamilton took the hint and said no more, while he applied himself to the rude fare set before him with a keen-set appetite. Nor did he spare the whiskey, which was wonderfully cheering after his wet ride; and when he had finished his repast, he felt, as he said, like a new man altogether. Filling his glass again, he invited Campbell to join him, and the two began to converse together the events of the day. Kenelm sat with his back to the blind girl, and, as she never moved or spoke, he soon forgot her presence altogether, and had well nigh forgotten also the necessity of concealing his name and lineage from these retainers of his foes, when he was startled into a sudden remembrance of his position. Alluding to some political event, he mentioned that he had been at Holyrood the day before.

"Ye come from Edinbro', then," said the innkeeper, kindling with a sudden fierceness, and, clenching his fist, he struck it on the table with a violent blow, exclaiming: "Curses on the bloody city!—the city of murderers! and may the fire from heaven come down upon it and consume it!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# THE "HARP."

HAMILTON, ONT., SEPTEMBER, 1882.

## EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

### SEPARATE SCHOOL WANTS.

WHILE acknowledging the liberality of the Ontario Legislature in dealing with the matter of Separate School Education in the past, yet we must say that there are still some very important rights and privileges which in justice and reason ought to be granted the Catholics of the Province. In the present number of the HARP we briefly discuss the principle wants of our Separate Schools, part of which the editor published about a year ago in the form of a communication to the Ottawa *Catholic Shield*.

1. High Schools, peculiarly adapted for the education of Catholic Youth, should exist whenever necessary, throughout the province. The Act should be so amended that these schools could be established and supported similarly to the High Common Schools already in existence. This is but a necessary consequence of existing legislation. More than one Canadian Ministry has acknowledged the simple justice of legalizing *elementary* Separate Schools. Would it not be in perfect harmony with that acknowledgement to legalize the existence of High Separate Schools also? The reasons that demand a Separate System for elementary education, have plainly equal value in demanding a similar system for higher education.

2. The office of Catholic Deputy Minister of Education would be capable of conferring much benefit. It would give greater confidence and security to Catho-

lics; the details of the Separate School System would be attended to more particularly; while, on the principle of the division of labor, a higher degree of efficiency would be secured to both systems. There is provision made for a Protestant Deputy or Superintendent in the neighboring province. This is certainly liberal. Will Protestant Ontario continue to be less liberal than Catholic Quebec?

3. We are strongly opposed to the principle of appointing a Catholic to an office *merely* because he is a Catholic. Still we believe that there are positions which are peculiarly within the sphere of Catholics, but in which Protestants would be nearly if not entirely out of place. The Inspection of Catholic Schools we hold to be one of these. An Inspector who is a believer in Protestant doctrine, or perhaps in no doctrine at all, though he may be what the world calls a scholar and a gentleman, cannot be expected to appreciate the conduct or correspond with the spirit of a system founded and reared on Catholic religious principles. That must be a more or less cold, insufficient and dangerous inspection which is carried on by an authority that either inwardly denies all revealed religion, or at most treats it as he does his dress suit to be used only on particular occasions. Catholic Inspectors for Catholic Schools, would, it seems to us, be a very natural maxim. It is true that one Catholic Inspector has been appointed. But as there

are 200 Separate Schools, is one Inspector sufficient? We are inclined to think not; but as a fair trial has not yet been given it might be premature to make any positive assertion at present.

4. The Catholic Inspector should be a member of the Central Board of Examiners. The reasons given for the appointment of a Catholic Deputy Minister will generally hold in this case also. The present members are no doubt honest men; but that is not enough. The principle of just representation is as valuable in education as in politics.

5. All Protestant ratepayers *must* be supporters of Common Schools. They can neither withhold their taxes nor give them to support any other system. This is highly advantageous to the Common Schools. Why should not the Separate Schools have a similar advantage? Generally speaking, a Catholic may withdraw his name from the list of Separate School supporters and pay his tax into the Common School fund. This is a manifest injustice to the Separate School system. If it be illegal for a Protestant to support Separate, it should be made equally illegal for a Catholic to support Common Schools.

6. The diversity of text books has long been a cause of annoyance to Separate School authorities and teachers, as well as to parents. The evils of dissimilarity and the benefits of uniformity throughout the province in the use of text books are too plain to need enumeration. The remedy for the annoyance would be obtained if the Government authorized for the use of the Separate Schools a series of text books that *had first received the approval of the bishops of the province*, and allow no others to be used.

These, we consider to be the principal wants. If obtained they would greatly benefit the Separate without at all injuring the Common Schools, and would prove the desire of the Government to deal

equally with all classes. A calm discussion of the various points at issue and a united request, led by the authority of the bishops, who are the natural and proper exponents of Catholic principles, would, we feel certain, produce the desired results.

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COMMUNICATIONS and items of interest relating to Separate School affairs will be gladly received and duly entertained by the editor of the HARP. All interested in the cause will confer a favor by accepting this intimation.

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THE library of the Father Mathew T. A. Society, of this city, is composed of the libraries of the St. Vincent de Paul Society and the late Catholic Literary Association; and as each of these was in itself a collection of unusual value, it will be observed that their union must have produced a library of a very superior order. There are books in it for everybody, old and young, the light reader as well as the deep thinker. Here are plenty of tales and stories capable of affording hours of recreation and of conveying sound moral lessons; books of travel and discovery, giving interesting accounts of men, manners and customs in various parts of the world; histories and biographies that show how nations and individuals of the past existed, thrived, or failed, and what there was in them of good to be copied, or of evil to be avoided; books filled with practical information on the various occupations and duties of life, whose utility cannot be over estimated; books of poetry and literature that refine the taste and afford intellectual pleasure; books of philosophy and science, that develop the faculties, lay bare the beauties and wonders of nature, and increase man's reverence for the majesty and omnipotence of nature's God; finally, but most importantly, there are books on devotion and religion that help to cultivate pious thoughts and feelings, to instruct the

mind on the essential articles of Catholic faith, and to sustain the sublime truth that an eternity of heavenly happiness is the final reward of a well spent life on earth. Membership in this library may be obtained for *one* dollar a year, and when its numerous benefits are well considered, it must be acknowledged that this is a mere nominal charge. The desire of the authorities is plainly the mental and moral profit of the public.

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THERE is freedom of the press under British rule; but then in some parts of the empire the press has to pay for it. It cost editor Gray of the Dublin *Freeman's Journal* £5,000 and three months in gaol for telling the public that certain jurymen were drunk, although it is universally acknowledged that the *Freeman* is a temperate and well conducted paper. If judge Lawson were in America, and pronounced a *pro rata* sentence on American editors, the trade of the hangman would be soon classed among our reviving industries.

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THE Carmelite Nuns of New Orleans, desirous of commemorating the tri-centennial of the Virgin Saint Teresa, their patroness, have issued an appeal to the public asking for assistance to enable them to do so, and at the same time to provide them with a suitable convent and chapel, which they do not at present possess. It is a work of charity, and all inclined to contribute may address Rev. Mother Prioress, 134 Barrack Street, New Orleans, La.

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LORD SALISBURY has eaten the leek. He and his fellow nobles of the Upper House, after much opposition, brag and bluster, finally agreed to allow the Arrears Bill to pass. Had they been so accommodating in the matter of the Compensation Bill much trouble and suffering might have been spared.

ARABI PASHA is evidently no military tyro, but, on the contrary, a soldier of more than ordinary skill. By a strategic movement, which had the appearance of a defeat, he deceived England's ablest general, Wolseley, and while the British forces were exulting in their supposed victory, Arabi suddenly turned upon them and inflicted a severe defeat. Possibly Great Britain will now bring to bear on him an irresistible force, which if not interfered with from abroad, will eventually crush the sturdy Egyptian; but, notwithstanding the two victories recently won by the British, everything indicates that such a consummation will not be effected without a prolonged struggle. Arabi has already done enough to make himself famous.

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THE Constantinople *Terjuman-i-Hakikat*, "Interpreter of Truths," Turkish, thinks very strongly on the English action towards Egypt. It says: "The truth is this. The Egyptians having awakened from the state of torpor into which various abuses had cast them, had set about regenerating themselves and improving their condition. England could not stomach this, and so brought things to the present extremity. History will record how England in order to satisfy her malevolence and culpable ill temper, struck down, with the cruelty of a butcher, a great nation who had done no other wrong than wishing to enter the path of civilization and regeneration."

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ENGLISH papers and speakers seem very much afraid that if Ireland were given its own legislature, Irishmen would soon make sausage meat of each other. England is responsible for whatever public crimes of which the Irish have been accused during the past centuries, as all outbreaks and disturbances were the result of English misrule. But let Ireland have

Home Rule, then England can no more be held responsible for Irish local events than she can for what happens in Germany or the United States. Assuming the truth of the statements made by the English press of the "outrages" committed in Ireland, it is hard to see how it would be possible for those outrages to be more numerous under Irish than under English rule!

A GREAT many people when they begin to read the New York *Herald*, make up their minds to accept as true, just the opposite of what that paper says. Not long since it stated that the bishop of Three Rivers had forbidden the ladies of his diocese to wear their hair in curls, under pain of sin! The Catholic papers laughed at the statement; but the secular papers with their usual gullability swallowed it, and are now compelled, much to their chagrin, to publish the bishop's flat contradiction, or preserve an undignified silence.

JOHN BULL thinks that his son "Johnny Canuck" is a saucy boy, and has ordered him to sit in the corner, while his head monitor, the *Times*, reads the young man a lecture on the impudence of interfering on behalf of the oppressed against the oppressor. The idea of the Canadian parliament presuming to suggest to Great Britain that the Irish people are entitled to self-government is certainly preposterous. The snub which Canada received on that occasion is very much like that which one man receives from another when the latter is reminded of his shortcomings.

THE action of the Grand Trunk, in absorbing the Great Western system, places another weapon in the hands of the tyrant, monopoly: Canadian traffic is now in the hands of one or two giant institutions, and the resulting evils are beginning to be felt.

IF Catholic parents would only encourage Catholic publications as much as they should, they would have little cause to complain of the religious indifference and lukewarmness, if not absolute depravity of their children, so frequently the results of reading sensational novels and other pernicious literature.

OWING to the crowded state of our columns, it was impossible to publish the report of the pilgrimage to St. Anne de Beaupre at the hour received. It will appear in full in the next issue of the HARP. We thank our correspondent for his excellent report.

WE are indebted to M. O'Farrell, Esq., of Ottawa, a warm friend of the HARP, for a copy of a large chart, containing the fac-simile of the signatures of every governor who ruled in Canada, from Samuel de Champlain to Lord Dufferin. In our next issue this chart will be referred to in detail.

THE French government is doing the work of his satanic majesty with the greatest perfection, in the matter of education. They have banished religion and religious teachers from the public schools; they have withdrawn their support from nearly all colleges and universities in which religion forms part of the curriculum, and now they are introducing a system of text books from which all allusions to the Deity, a future state, sacred things, and the very name of God, is omitted! Even Voltaire would blush at such conduct as this.

JUDGING by the amount of gush poured over the memory of Garibaldi, by some secular papers, it would seem that the red-shirted bandit deserved to be *canonized*. Our opinion is that he ought to have been *cannonaded*.

BISMARCK besides being a tyrant, and a bigot, has recently shewn himself untrustworthy. He refuses to carry out his part of the agreement made with the Vatican, and now the condition of the Catholics of Germany is likely to become as bad as ever.

THE European nations are in the position of keen attention. The Egyptian question may at any moment set them all by the ears. England instead of firm support finds in Turkey dogged neutrality, which can only be explained by the supposition that Russia is tampering with the Sultan's opinions. It would be a strange but not unlikely event were Russia and Turkey to join hands against Great Britain.

It would be premature to say now what will be the result of the new system promulgated by the Minister of Education. It has a sort of a "go-as-you-please" appearance, and so far has not become popular with the teachers.

IF there are few miseries greater than the recollection of an error of which one is ashamed, there are few pleasures like the memory of a good deed.

TEACH your children to do everything from the lofty motive of pleasing God—everything, and that motive will give to the commonest actions a dignity and a merit they could not otherwise have.

AH, how oft, 'mid memory's dreamings,  
We who sorrow's keenness know,  
Vainly crave for some bright gleamings  
Of our buried "long ago:"  
Sighing for some love long vanish'd,  
With a bitter throb of pain,  
Dreaming of bright hopes now banish'd,  
Never to return again.

**Persons having copies of the HARP Nos. 1 to 5, of the present volume, and not intending to preserve them, will obtain an equivalent by returning them to this office.**

AUGUST PERIODICALS, ETC.

*Ave Maria*, Rev. D. E. Hudson, Notre Dame, Indiana, a splendid number. Price, \$2.50 per annum, postage free.

*Scholastic*, Notre Dame, Indiana, in new dress, much improved. Price, \$1.50 per year.

*Youth's Cabinet*, P. O'Shea, 45 Warren St., New York, beautifully illustrated. \$1.00 a year.

*Catholic Fireside*, J. P. Dunne & Co., 5 Barclay St., New York. Contents well assorted. \$1.00 a year.

*Western Catholic Magazine*, P. F. Peirce, Quinsy, Illinois, new and entertaining. Price, \$1.00 per annum.

*Redpath's* (late McGee's) *Illustrated Weekly*, 15 Park Place, New York, well printed and otherwise improved under its new management. Price, \$3.00 a year.

THE Ottawa College *Prospectus*, for 1882-83, has been issued. It is an elaborate, well-arranged book, and contains full information for the academic year.

THE *Dominion Review*, Montreal. A new weekly journal, no doubt, to supply the place of the Montreal Spectator. We hope it will be less bigotted than that journal.

CHIME BELLS.—The McShane Bell Foundry of Baltimore, Md. advertise in this issue, their celebrated chime bells, for churches, academies, etc. They lead the trade.

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FOR THE HARP

### IN MEMORIAM.

Rev. Sister Harty, who died at the Hotel Dieu, of Montreal, on June the 1st, of consumption, was a native of Lacolle, and had spent seven years of her young life in religion. Until within a few weeks of her demise she fulfilled her duties as assistant secretary and organist. During her illness she was a model of patience and resignation. A few days before her death the Rev. Mother remarked that she thought the end was near. "No, Mother, I will live until the month of the Sacred Heart, but no longer," said the dying saint. And her words proved prophetic.

Spring flowers bud and bloom,  
Lovely flowers droop and die,  
Spirits of approaching summer  
Through the leafy branches sigh.

Yet with eyes undimmed by weeping,  
We view flowers bloom and fade,  
Till a cherished blossom dieth,  
Then doth grief our hearts invade.

Oh! what lovely flower so lovely  
As a heart sincere and kind!  
What bright sun so bright and cheering  
As a chaste and upright mind!

Thus wert thou sweet sister ever  
As a golden gem at home,  
Giving joy to loving sisters  
By thy kindly winning bloom.

How we watched thy gentle nature,  
As it sought to profit all,  
And we saw the tear-drop starting  
At affection's mournful call.

How we blessed thy angel goodness,  
While we whisper to our hearts,  
Would to God this saintly sister  
Never might from earth depart.

But alas! how vain our hoping,  
Then, when angels call away,  
When the Father calls his loved ones,  
Would they any longer stay.

Yes, dear sister they have called thee,  
To the mansions of the blest,  
And although our hearts are lonely,  
Well we know thou art at rest.

Farewell, then, dear angel sister,  
Spirit meet for heaven's domain,  
Here we mourn thee for a season,  
There we hope to meet again.

L. S.

## FAMILY CIRCLE.

A DEATH-BED is a detector of the heart.

FROM your children's infancy inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.

UNITE firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand that you mean what you say.

THE world is a sea of glass; affliction scatters our path with sand and ashes, in order to keep our feet from slipping.

BE good, be virtuous for your own sake, without expecting any temporal recompense. A just recompense according to your deserts, belongs to another state, and is only to be found beyond the grave.

AIM at, and strive for perfection yourself; but remember that none strive to acquire that which they already possess, therefore do not expect to find perfection in others; and let no slight defects or casual misunderstandings estrange you from your friends or neighbors.

WHOE'ER thou art, when evil stings

Thy inmost thought to darksome deed,  
Raise up thine eyes—the King of Kings

Will help thee in thy hour of need!

Beneath that awful Eye, the power

Of hell and death shall quickly flee —

The clouds shall pass away that lower,

And victory shall make thee free.

NEXT to moral goodness, study the happy art of making yourself agreeable to others by affability and pleasing manners. They who neglect paying that complaisance which they owe to others will be sure to be neglected in their turn. Civility, in the first instance, is like putting out so much principal which will be duly paid with interest.

THE highest purpose of intellectual cultivation is to give a man a perfect knowledge and mastery of his own inner self; to render our consciousness its own light and its own mirror. Hence there is the less reason to be surprised at our inability to enter fully into the feelings and characters of others. No one who has not a true and complete knowledge of himself will ever have a true understanding of another.

SORROW's best antidote is employment.

"I LIKE society, but I detest company," said a certain person to me one day, and his taste was good.

MANY a man owes his success in life to the hisses of his enemies, instead of the plaudits of his friends.

ALWAYS punish your child for willfully disobeying you, but never punish him in anger; nor whip him when a milder punishment will do to correct him.

TO husband a small income is the best proof of good sense, good morals, and attention to duty. A man who has but little, and yet makes that little do, can be neither a drunkard nor a gambler, nor fond of indulging in vicious, expensive pleasures.

A KING of Persia sent to a tribe of Bedouins the caliph Mustapha, a very celebrated physician, who inquired on his arrival how they lived. "We never eat till we are hungry, and then not to repletion," was the answer. "I may retire then," said the doctor; "I have no *business* here."

TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT THINGS.—

Two boys went to hunt grapes. One was happy because they found grapes. The other was unhappy because the grapes had seeds in them. Two men being convalescent were asked how they were. One said: "I am better to-day." The other said: "I was worse yesterday." When it rains one man says: "This will make mud." Another: "This will lay the dust."

TEMPERANCE preserves the soul unclouded, and the body in health. It is one of the chief auxiliaries to independence and fortune, and the true guide to old age. Some are continually squandering away their money for what they do not want. Dress, frippery, pleasure without taste, and society without friendship absorb more than would be sufficient to purchase every rational delight and at the same time allow generosity to the poor.



## WIT AND HUMOR.

A man at Oshkosh who was hauling stone, was seriously injured by the premature discharge of a mule. He said he didn't know the mule was loaded.

A Boston lecturer astonished his audience by bringing his fist down on the table and shouting, "Where is the religiosity of the anthropoid quadrumana?" If he thinks we have got it he can search us. We never saw it in the world.

A gentleman at Fremont, Ohio, had a reception at his house the other night, and when the guests went away it took the host all night to wash the tar and pick the feathers off his person. It seemed the neighbors didn't approve of the way he had been carrying on.

Fifteen dogs were attacked by sheep in Fond du Lac county a few nights since, and the sheep were killed in self defense. Farmers should tie up their sheep or there will be little encouragement to dog owners.

A Minnesota town got a fire steamer on trial, and tested it by trying to drown out a gopher. After working it six hours, with the nozzle in the gopher hole, they removed the nozzle, when the gopher came out and went to the river to get a drink. He would have died of thirst if they had kept the hole closed much longer.

A justice of the peace at Menasha wants to kill Pratt, the editor of the *Press*. The matters have been compromised, however. Pratt got the justice cornered up and delivered one of the speeches to him that he delivered during the campaign last fall, and the justice got on his knees and said, "Pratt, this thing is all right, I surrender."

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

Berlin has a saloon named "Hazel Dell." They call it the "Dazel Hell," the temperance people do, for short.

A Boston girl says: "What is home without a mother" while the old lady is mending her daughter's stockings. There is something sweet in those old songs.

In the gizzard of a chicken killed at Ripon, was found fifteen pins, a piece of corset steel, a piece of hoopskirt, ten hooks and eyes, a brass garter fastening, and the heel of a gaiter. The name of the lady is unknown.

The St. Louis street lamps have the name of the street on the top, and all a man has to do to find out what street he is on is to climb on the top of a house. They are much handier than the old kind, for people who live in attics.

The Waupun *Leader* contains an article informing its readers "when to eat pickerel." We did not read the article but suppose of course that the *Leader* says, eat pickerel at meal time. Nothing appears so much out of place as to see a man in business hours walking along the street picking the bones out of a piece of pickerel.

In Connecticut the method of committing suicide by going to bed with a pipe or cigar in the mouth is becoming very popular. In many localities it is taking the place of kerosene. It isn't so greasy, and don't smell so bad, and then a man can be asleep during at least half of the dying. Try it, and put a stop to that gigantic monopoly, kerosene.

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