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## TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE.

BY LADY FULLERTON.

### CHAPTER I.

The woods! O solemn are the boundless woods  
Of the great western world when day declines;  
And louder sounds the roll of distant floods,  
More deep the rustling of the ancient pines,  
When dimness gathers on the still air,  
And mystery seems on every leaf to brood;  
Awful it is for human heart to bear  
The weight and burthen of the solitude,

*Mrs. Hemans.*

IN the earlier part of the last century, through one of the primeval forests of the New World, northward of the region which the French colonists called the Eden of Louisiana, a man was walking one evening with his gun on his shoulder, followed by two dogs of European breed, a spaniel and a bloodhound. The rays of the setting sun were gilding the vast sea of flowers lying to his right beyond the limits of the wood through which he was making his way, impeded every moment by the cords of the slender liana and entangled garlands of Spanish moss. The firmness of his step, the briskness of his movements, the vigor of his frame, his keen eye and manly bearing, and above all the steady perseverance with which he pursued the path he had chosen, and forced his way through all obstacles, indicated a physical and moral temperament well fitted to cope with the many difficulties inherent to the life of a settler in the Nouvelle France.

Henri d'Auban had been a dweller in many lands—had lived in camps and in

courts, and held intercourse with persons of every rank in most of the great cities of Europe. He was thirty-five years of age at the time this story opens, and had been in America about four years. Brittany was his native country; his parental home a small castle on the edge of a cliff overlooking one of the wildest shores of that rude coast. The sea-beach had been his playground; its weeds, its shells, its breaking waves, his toys; the boundless expanse of the ocean and its great ceaseless voice, the endless theme of his secret musings; and the pious legends of the Armorican race, the nursery tales he had heard from his mother's lips. Brittany, like Scotland, is "a meet nurse for a poetic child," and her bold peasantry have retained to this day very much of the religious spirit of their forefathers. Early in life Henri d'Auban lost both his parents—the small-pox, the plague of that epoch in France, having carried them both off within a few days of each other. He saw them buried in the little churchyard of Kier Anna, and was placed soon after by some of his relations at the college of Vannes, where he remained several years.

On leaving it he began life with many friends, much youthful ambition, and very little fortune. Through the interest of a great-uncle, who had been a distinguished officer in Marshal Turenne's army, he was appointed military attache to the

French Embassy at Vienna, and served as volunteer in some of the Austrian campaigns against the Turks. He visited also in the Ambassador's service several of the smaller courts of Germany, and was sent on a secret mission to Italy. On his way through Switzerland he accidentally made acquaintance with General Lefort, the Czar of Muscovy's confidential friend and adviser. That able man was not long in discovering the more than ordinary abilities of the young Breton gentilhomme. By his advice, and through his interest, Henri d'Auban entered the Russian service, advanced rapidly from post to post, and was often favorably noticed by Peter the Great. He seemed as likely to attain a high position at that monarch's court as any foreigner in his service. His knowledge of military science, and particularly of engineering, having attracted the sovereign's attention on several occasions when he had accompanied General Lefort on visits of military inspection, the command of a regiment and the title of Colonel were bestowed upon him. But just as his prospects appeared most brilliant, and his favor with the Emperor was visibly increasing, he secretly left Russia and returned to France. Secrecy was a necessary condition of departure in case of foreigners in the Czar's service. However high in his favor, and indeed by reason of that favor they were no longer free agents—his most valued servants being only privileged serfs, bound to his dominions by laws which could only be evaded by flight—permission was hardly ever obtained for a withdrawal, which was considered as a sort of treason.

Colonel d'Auban's abandonment of the Russian service excited the surprise of his friends. Some painful thoughts seemed to be connected with the resolution which had cut short his career. He disliked to be questioned on the subject, and evasive answers generally put a stop to such inquiries. He had, however, reached an age when it is difficult to enter on a new career; when old associations on the one hand, and youthful competitors on the other, stand in the way of a fresh start in life. After six or seven years' absence from his country, he scarcely felt at home in France. His acquaintances thought him changed. The eager ambitious youth had become a quiet thoughtful man. But if the enthusiasm of his character was sub-

dued, its energy was in no wise impaired. Youthful enthusiasm, in some natures, simply evaporates and leaves nothing behind it but frivolity; in others it condenses and becomes earnestness.

At this turning moment one of the insignificant circumstances which often influence a person's whole destiny directed Colonel d'Auban's thoughts to the New World. In Europe, and especially in France, a perfect fever of excitement was raging on the subject of colonization. The rich territories on the banks of the Mississippi seemed a promised land to speculators of all classes and nations. The eagerness with which Law's system was hailed in Paris, and the avidity which sought to secure a share in the fabulous prospects of wealth held out to settlers in the new France, had never known a parallel. This fever was at its height when one day the ex-favorite of the Czar happened to meet in the Luxembourg gardens an old school-fellow, who, the instant he recognized his comrade at Vannes, threw himself into his arms, and poured forth a torrent of joyful exclamations. This was the Vicomte de Harlay, a wealthy, good-natured, eccentric Parisian, who had employed his time, his wit, and his means since he had come of age, in committing follies, wasting money, and doing kindnesses. He had already managed to get rid of one large fortune; but fortune seemed to have a fancy for this spendthrift son of hers, and had recently bestowed upon him, through the death of a relative, a large estate, which he seemed bent upon running through with equal speed.

"My dear d'Auban! I am delighted to see you! Are you come on a mission from the polar bears? or has the Czar named you his Ambassador in Paris?"

"I have left the Russian service."

"You don't say so! Why people declared you were going to cut out Lefort and Gordon. Have you made your fortune, dear friend?"

D'Auban smiled and shook his head. "A rolling stone gathers no moss."

"Do you wish to make your fortune?"

"I should have no objection."

"What are you doing, or wishing to do?"

"I am looking out for some employment. A small diplomatic post was offered to me some time ago, but it would not have suited me at all. I wish I could get a consulship. I want hard work, and

plenty of it. What an extraordinary being you must think me."

"Have you anything else in view at present?" inquired De Harlay, too eagerly bent on an idea of his own to notice his friend's last observation.

"No. When a person has thrown himself out of the beaten track, and then not pursued the path he had struck out, it is no easy matter to retrace his steps. Every road seems shut to him."

"But don't return to the beaten track—to the old road. Come with me to the new France. My cousin M. d'Artagnan is commandant of the troops at New Orleans, and has unbounded influence with the governor, M. Perrier, and with the Company. I will introduce you to him. I know he wants men like you to come out and redeem the character of the colony, which is overrun with scamps of every description."

"Amongst whom one might easily run the risk of being reckoned," said d'Auban, laughing.

"Nonsense," cried his friend. "I am turning emigrant myself, and have just obtained a magnificent concession in the neighborhood of Fort St. Louis, and the village of St. Francois."

"You! And what on earth can have put such a fancy in your head?"

"My dear friend, I am weary of civilization—tired of death of Paris—worn out with the importunities of my relations, who want me to marry. I cannot picture to myself anything more delightful than to turn one's back, for a few years, on the world, and oneself into a hermit, especially with so agreeable a companion as M. le Colonel d'Auban. But really, I am quite in earnest. What could you do better than emigrate? A man of your philosophical turn of mind would be interested in studying the aspect of the New World. If the worst came to the worst, you might return at the end of a year and write a book of travels. I assure you it is not a bad offer I make you. I have considerable interest in the Rue Quincampoix. I was invited to little Mdle. Law's ball the other day, and had the honor of dancing a minuet with her. I shall write a *placet* to the young lady, begging of her to obtain from Monsieur son Pere a concession for a friend of mine. It would be hard if I could not help a friend to a fortune when Laplace, my valet—you remember him don't you?—has made such good use of

our visits to the Paris Eldorado that the rogue has set up his carriage. He was good enough when he met me trudging along in the mud on a rainy day to offer me a lift. It is evident the world is turned upside down, on this side of the globe at least, and we may as well go and take a look at the *revers de la medaille*. Well, what do you say to my proposal?"

"That it is an exceedingly kind one, De Harlay. But I have no wish to speculate, or, I will own the truth, to be considered as an adventurer. That you, with your wealth, and in your position, should emigrate, can be considered at the worst but as an act of folly. It would be different with me."

"Well, I do not see why the new France is to be made over to the refuse of the old one. I see in your scruples, my dear friend, vestiges of that impracticability for which you were noted at College. But just think over the question. Nobody asks you to speculate. For a sum not worth speaking of you can obtain a grant of land in a desert, and it will depend on your own ability or activity whether it brings you wealth or not. There is nothing in this, I should think, that can offend the most scrupulous delicacy."

"Can you allow me time to reflect?"

"Certainly. I do not sail for six weeks. It is amusing in the meantime to hear the ladies lamenting over my departure, and shuddering at the dangers I am to run in those wild regions, where, poor dears, they are dying to go themselves, and I fancy some of them believe that golden apples hang on the trees, and might be had for the trouble of gathering them, if only *le bon Monsieur Law* would let them into the secret. Have you seen the line of carriages up to his house? It is the very Court of Mammon. Duchesses and marchionesses jostle each other and quarrel on the staircase for shares, that is when they are happy enough to get in, which is not always the case. Madame de la Fere ordered her coachman to drive her chariot into the gutter and overturn it opposite to his door. Then she screamed with all her might, hoping the divinity would appear. But the wily Scotchman was up to the trick, and ate his breakfast without stirring. We who were in his room almost died of laughing. Well, good-bye, my dear Colonel. When you have made up your mind let me know, that I may be-

speak for you in time a berth in the Jean Bart, and a concession in the New World."

The Vicomte de Harlay walked away, and d'Auban paced for a long time the alleys of the Luxembourg, revolving in his mind the ideas suggested by this conversation. "After so many doubts, so many projects which have ended in nothing, how singular it would be," he said to himself, "if a casual meeting with this scatter-brained friend of mine should end in determining the future course of my life." He had never thought of emigrating to the New World, but when he came to consider it there was much in the proposal which harmonized with his inclinations. The scope it afforded for enterprise and individual exertion was congenial to his temper of mind. Above all, it was something definite to look to, and only those who have experienced it know what a relief to some natures is the substitution of a definite prospect for a wearying uncertainty. In the evening of that day he called at one of the few houses at which he visited—that of M. d'Orgeville. He was distantly related to this gentleman, who held a high position amongst what was called the parliamentary nobility. His wife received every night a chosen number of friends, men of learning and of letters, members of the *haute magistrature*, dignitaries of the Church, and women gifted with the talents for conversation, which the ladies of that epoch so often possessed, frequented the salon of the Hotel d'Orgeville, and formed a society little inferior in agreeableness to the most celebrated circles of that day.

Does it not often happen, unaccountably often, that when the mind is full of a particular subject, what we read or what we hear tallies so strangely with what has occupied us, that it seems as if a mysterious answer were given to our secret thoughts? When d'Auban took his place that evening in the circle which surrounded the mistress of the house, he almost started with surprise at hearing M. de Mesme, a distinguished lawyer and scholar say:

"I maintain that only two sorts of persons go to America, at least to Louisiana—adventurers and missionaries: you would not find in the whole colony a man who is not either an official, a priest, or a soldier."

"A sweeping assertion indeed," observed Madame d'Orgeville. "Can no one here

bring forward an instance to the contrary?"

"The Vicomte de Harlay has turned concessionist, and is about to sail for New Orleans. In which of the classes he has mentioned would M. de Mesme include him?" This was said by a young man who was sitting next to d'Auban.

"Exceptions prove the rule. M. de Harlay's eccentricities are so well known that they baffle all calculation."

"For my part said M. de Orgeville. "I cannot understand why men of character and ability do not take more interest in these new colonies, and that the objects of a settler in that distant part of the world should not be considered worthy the attention of persons who have at heart not only the making of money, but also the advancement of civilization."

"Civilization," ejaculated M. de Mesme, with a sarcastic smile. "What a glorious idea the natives must conceive of our civilization from the specimens we send them from France!"

"Surely," exclaimed young Blanmenil, d'Auban's neighbor, "M. Perrier, M. d'Artagnan, the Pere Saoel and his companions, are not contemptible specimens of French merit?"

"Officials, soldiers, priests, every one of them," retorted M. de Mesme.

"What I have not yet heard of is a concessionist a planter, an *habitant* who is not a mere speculator or a needy adventurer. I appeal to you, M. Maret. Does not your brother write that the conversion of the Indians would be comparatively easy did not the colonists, by their selfish grasping conduct and the scandal of their immoral lives, throw the greatest obstacles in the way of the missionaries? Did he not add that a few honest intelligent laymen would prove most useful auxiliaries in evangelizing the natives?"

"Your memory is faithful, M. de Mesme. I cannot deny that you quote correctly my brother's words. But his letters do not quite bear out your sweeping condemnation of the French settlers. If I remember rightly, he speaks in the highest terms of M. Koli and M. de Buisson."

"Is it the Pere Maret that Monsieur is speaking of?" asked d'Auban of Madame d'Orgeville.

"Yes, he is his brother, and the missionary priest at St. Francois des Illinois. M. Maret is Monsigneur le Prince de Conde's private secretary. Let me intro-

duce you to him. Perhaps you may have seen his brother at St. Petersburg before the expulsion of the Jesuits?"

"I know him very well, and wished much to know where he had been sent."

"It may then, perhaps, interest you, sir, to read the last letter I have received from my brother; it contains no family secrets," M. Maret said with a smile.

This letter was dated from Illinois. It did not give a very attractive picture of the country where d'Auban had already travelled in imagination since the morning. It made it evident that Europe sent out the scum of her population to people the New World; and that if good was to be done in those remote regions, it must be by an unusual amount of patience, courage and perseverance.

But what would have disheartened some men proved to d'Auban a stimulus. There were, he perceived, two sides to the question of emigration; the material one of profit—the higher one well worthy of the attention of a Christian. It seemed to him a singular coincidence that, on the same day on which it had been proposed to him to emigrate to America, a letter should be put into his hands, written from that country by a man for whom he had a profound respect and attachment. He found in it the following passage:

"The excellence of the climate, the beauty of the scenery, the easy navigation of the river, on the shore of which our mission is situated, and which flows a little below it into the Mississippi, the extreme fertility of the soil, the ease with which European productions grow and European animals thrive here, make this village quite a favored spot, and one peculiarly adapted for the purposes of French colonization. But whether such establishments would be an advantage to our mission, is extremely doubtful. If these emigrants were like some few I have known, men of religious principles and moral lives, nothing could be better for our Indians, or a greater consolation to us, than that they should settle in our neighborhood; but if they are to resemble those who, unfortunately, have of late years been pouring into Louisiana—adventurers, libertines, and scoffers—our peaceful and edifying Indian community would be speedily ruined. The Indians are very like children. Their powers of reasoning are not strong. What they see has an unbounded influence over

them. They would quickly discover that men calling themselves Christians, and whom they would look upon as wiser than themselves, set at nought the principles of the Gospel, and, in spite of all the missionaries might say or do, the effect would be fatal. From such an evil as that I pray that we may be preserved."

When the visitors had taken their leave that night, and d'Auban remained alone with his friends, he opened his mind to them and asked their advice. M. d'Orgeville hesitated. His wife, a shrewd little woman, who understood character more readily than her excellent husband, fixed her dark penetrating eyes on Colonel d'Auban, and said: "My dear friend, my opinion is that you will do well to go to the New World. I say it with regret, for we shall miss you very much. If, indeed, you had accepted the heiress I proposed to you, and advanced your interests by means of her connections, it might have been different; but a man who at thirty years of age refuses to marry an heiress foolish enough to be in love with him, because, forsooth, he is not in love with her—who does not accept a place offered to him because it would happen to break another man's heart not to get it; and who will not make himself agreeable to the Regent's friends because he thinks them, and because they are, a set of despicable scoundrels—my dear Colonel, such a man has no business here. He had better pack up his trunks and go off to the New World, or to any world but this. Tenderness of heart, unswerving principles, the temper of Lafontaine's oak, which breaks and does not bend, do not answer in a country where every one is scrambling up the slippery ascent to fortune, holding on by another's coat."

"And yet," answered d'Auban, "there are men in France whose noble truthfulness and unshaken integrity none venture to call in question;" and as he spoke he glanced at M. d'Orgeville.

"True," quickly answered his wife laying her hand on her husband's embroidered coat-sleeve; "but remember this, such men have not their fortunes to make. They are at the top of the ladder, not at the bottom, and that makes all the difference. It is always better to look matters in the face. Here you have—some people say wantonly—I am persuaded for some good reason—but anyhow you have turned

• your back upon fortune in a most affronting manner, and the fickle goddess is not likely, I am afraid, to give you in a hurry another opportunity of insulting her. I really think you would be wrong to refuse M. de Harley's proposal. You see, my dear friend, you are not a practical man."

"Well, I will not urge you to define that word," said d'Auban, with a smile; "but if your accusation is just, how can you believe that I shall triumph over the difficulties of a settler's life?"

"Oh, that is quite a different affair. What I call a practical man in Europe is one who bends before the blast, and slips through the meshes of a net. In the desert, and among savages, the temper of the oak may find its use, and stern self-reliance its element."

"I am afraid she is right," said M. d'Orgeville, with a sigh; "though I would fain not think so."

"At any rate, you will not be in a hurry to come to a conclusion on this important question, and if you do emigrate, all I can say is, that you will be a glorious instance of the sort of settler M. de Mesme does not believe in."

A few weeks after this conversation had taken place, M. de Harley and Henri d'Auban were watching the receding coasts of France from the deck of the *Jean Bart*, and four or five years later the latter was crossing the forest on his way back to the Mission of St. Francis, after a visit to an Indian village, the chiefs of which had smoked the pipe of peace with their French neighbors. He had learnt the language, and successfully cultivated the acquaintance of many of the native tribes, and was the head of a flourishing plantation. Madame d'Orgeville had proved right. The peculiarities of character which had stood in the way of a poor *gentil-homme* seeking to better his fortunes in France, favored the successful issue of his transatlantic undertakings. M. de Harley had fulfilled his promise by obtaining from the Company a grant of land for his friend adjacent to his own concession, and he had worked it to good purpose. His small fortune was employed in the purchase of stock, of instruments of labor, and, it must be owned, of negroes at New Orleans. But it was a happy day for the poor creatures in the slave-market of that city, when they became the property of a man whose principles and dis-

position differed so widely from those of the generality of colonists. He engaged also as laborers Christian Indians of the Mission, and a few ruined emigrants, too happy to find employment in a country where, from want of capital or ability, their own speculations have failed. It was no easy task to govern a number of men of various races and characters, to watch over their health, to stimulate their activity, to maintain peace amongst them, and, above all, to improve their morals. The Indians needed to be confirmed in their recently acquired faith, the negroes to be instructed, and the Europeans, with some few exceptions, recalled to the practice of it. He labored indefatigably, and on the whole successfully for these ends. His courage in enduring privations, his generosity, perhaps even more his strict justice, his kindness to the sick and suffering, endeared him to his dependants. He seemed formed for command. His outward person was in keeping with his moral qualities. He hunted, fished, and rode better than any other man in the Mission or the tribe. In physical strength and stature he surpassed them all. This secured the respect of those unable to appreciate mental superiority.

It was not extraordinary under these circumstances, that his concession thrived, that fortune once more smiled upon him. He was glad of it, not only from a natural pleasure in success, but also from the consciousness that, as his wealth increased, so would his means of usefulness. He became deeply attached to the land which was bountifully bestowing its treasures upon him, and displaying every day before his eyes the grand spectacle of its incomparable natural beauties. His heart warmed towards the children of the soil, and he took a lively interest in the evangelization of the Indian race, and the labors of the missionaries, especially those of his old friend Father Maret, whose church and the village which surrounded it stood on the opposite bank of the stream, on the side of which his own house was built. If his life had not been one of incessant labor, he must have suffered from its loneliness. But he had scarcely had time during those busy years to feel the want of companionship. On the whole he was happy—happier than most men are—much happier, certainly, than his poor friend, M. de Harley, who wasted a

large sum of money in building an *habitation*, as the houses of the French settlers were called, totally out of keeping with the habits and requirements of the mode of life he had adopted. For one whole year he tried to persuade himself that he enjoyed that kind of existence; it was only at the close of the second year of his residence in America, that he acknowledged to his companion that he was bored to death with the whole thing, and willing to spend as large a sum to get rid of his concession as he had already expended upon it. At last, he declared one morning that he could endure it no longer.

Maitre Simon's barge was about to descend the Mississippi to New Orleans. The temptation was irresistible, and he made up his mind to return to France, leaving behind him his land, his plantations, his horses, and the charming *habitation*, called the *Pavillon*, or sometimes, "*La Folie de Harlay*." D'Auban, he said, might cultivate it himself, and pay him a nominal rent, or sell it for whatever it would fetch to some other planter. But in America he would not remain a day longer if he could help it; and if Monsieur Law had cheated all the world, as the last letters from Paris had stated, the worst punishment he wished him was banishment to his German settlement in the New World. And so he stood waving his handkerchief and kissing his hand to his friend, as the clumsy barge glided away down the giant river; and d'Auban sighed when he lost sight of it, for he knew he should miss his light-hearted countryman, whose very follies had served to cheer and enliven the first years of his emigration. And, indeed, from that time up to the moment when this story begins, with the sole exception of Father Maret, he had not associated with any one whose habits of thought and tone of conversation were at all congenial to his own. No two persons could differ more in character and mind than De Harlay and himself; but when people have been educated together, have mutual friends, acquaintances, and recollections, there is a common ground of thought and sympathy, which in some measure supplies the place of a more intimate congeniality of feelings and opinions.

He sometimes asked himself if this isolation was always to be his portion. He had no wish to return to Europe. He

was on the whole well satisfied with his lot, nay, grateful for its many advantages; but in the course of a long solitary walk through the forest, such as he had taken that day, or in the evenings in his log-built home, when the wind moaned through the pine woods with a sound which reminded him of the murmur of the sea on his native coast, feelings would be awakened in his heart more like yearnings, indeed, than regrets. In many persons' lives there is a past which claims nothing from them but a transient sigh, breathed not seldom with a sense of escape—phases in their pilgrimage never to be travelled over any more—earthly spots which they do not hope, nay, do not desire to revisit—but the remembrance of which affects them just because it belongs to the dim shadowy past, that past which was once alive and now is dead. This had been the case with d'Auban as he passed that evening through the little cemetery of the Christian Mission, where many a wanderer from the Old World rested in a foreign soil by the side of the children of another race; aliens in blood but brethren in the faith. A little farther on he met Therese, the catechist and schoolmistress of the village. He stopped her in order to inquire after a boy, the son of one of his laborers, whom he knew she had been to visit. Therese was an Indian girl, the daughter of an Algonquin chief, who, after a battle with another tribe, in which he had been mortally wounded, had sent one of his soldiers with his child to the black robe of St. Francois des Illinois, with the prayer that he would bring her up as a Christian. He had been himself baptised a short time before. The little maiden had ever since been called the Flower of the Mission. Its church had been her home; its festivals her pleasures; its sacred enclosure her playground. Before she could speak plainly she gathered flowers and carried them in her little brown arms into the sanctuary. When older, she was wont to assemble the children of her own age, and to lead them into the prairies to make garlands of the purple *amorpha*, or by the side of the streams to steal golden-crowned lotuses from their broad beds of leaves for Our Lady's altar; and under the catalpa trees and the *ilxes* she told them stories of Jesus and of Mary, till the shades of evening fell, and "the compass flower,



true as a magnet, pointed to the north." As she advanced in age her labors extended; but such as her childhood had been, such was her womanhood. She became the catechist of the Indian converts, and the teacher of their children. The earnest piety and the poetic genius of her race gave a peculiar originality and beauty to her figurative language; and d'Auban had sometimes concealed himself behind the wall of the school hut and listened to the Algonquin maiden's simple instructions.

"How is Pompey's son to-day?" he asked, as they met near the church.

"About to depart to the house of the great spirits," she answered. "He wants nothing now, angels will soon bear him away to the land of the hereafter. We should not grieve for him."

"But *you* look as if you *had* been grieving. Therese, do not hurry away. Cannot you spare me a few minutes, even though I am a white man? I am afraid you do not like the French people."

"Ah! if all white men were like you it would be well for them and for us. It is for one of the daughters of your tribe that I have been grieving, not for the child of the black man."

"Indeed, and what is her name?"

"I do not know her name. She is whiter than any of the white women I have seen—as white as that magnolia flower, and the scent of her clothes is like that of hay when newly mown."

"Where did you meet her?"

"I have seen her walking in the forest, or by the side of the river, late in the evening: and sometimes she sits down on one of the tombs near the church. She lives with her father in a hut some way off, amongst the white people, who speak a harsher language than yours."

"The German colony, I suppose? Is this woman young?"

"She must have seen from twenty to twenty-five summers."

"When did they arrive?"

"On the day of the great tempest, which blew down so many trees and unroofed our cabins. A little boat attached to Simon's barge brought them to the shore. They took shelter in a ruined hut by the side of the river, and have remained there ever since."

"Have they any servants?"

"A negro boy and an Indian woman,

whom they hired since they came. She buys food for them in the village. The old man I have never seen."

"And why do you grieve for this white woman, Therese?"

"Because I saw her face some nights ago when she was sitting on the stump of a tree, and the moon was shining full upon it. It was beautiful, but so sad; it made me think of a dove I once found lying on the grass with a wound in her breast. When I went near the poor bird it fluttered painfully and flew away. And the daughter of the white man is like that dove; she would not stay to be comforted."

"Does she ever come to the house of prayer?"

"No. She wanders about the enclosure and sits on the tombstones, and sometimes she seems to listen to the singing, but if she sees any one coming she hurries off like a frightened fawn."

"And her father, what does he do?"

"He never comes here at all, I believe?"

"And you think this young woman is unhappy?"

"Yes. I have seen her weep as if her eyes were two fountains, and her soul the spring from whence they flowed. It is not with us as with the white people. We do not shed tears when we suffer. The pain is within, deep in the heart. It gives no outward sign. We are not used to see men and women weep. One day I was talking to Catherine, a slave on the Lormois Concession, who would fain be a Christian, but that she hates the white people. Many years ago she was stolen from her own country and her little children, and sold to a Frenchman. There are times when she is almost mad, and raves like a wild beast robbed of its young. But Catherine loves me because I am not white, and that I tell her of the Great Spirit who was made man, and said that little children were to come to Him. I was trying to persuade her to forgive the white people and not to curse them any more, and then, I said, she would see her children in a more beautiful country than her own, in the land of the hereafter; that the Great Spirit, if she asked Him, would send His servants to teach them the way to that land where mothers and children meet again if they are good. Then in my ear I heard the sound of a deep sigh, and turning round I saw the white man's

daughter, half concealed by the green boughs, and on her pale cheeks were tears that looked like dew-drops on a prairie lily. Her eyes met mine, and, as usual, she was off into the forest before I could utter a word. I have not seen her since."

"I wish you did know her," said d'Auban, thoughtfully.

Therese shook her head.

"It is not for the Indian to speak comfort to the daughter of the white man. She does not know the words which would reach her heart. The black robe, the chief of prayer, whom the Great Spirit sends to His black, His Indian, and His white children; his voice is strong like the west wind; from his lips consolations flow, and blessings from his hand. And you, the eagle of her tribe, will you not stoop to shelter the white dove who has flown across the Great Salt Lake to the land of the red men?"

D'Auban felt touched by the earnestness of Therese's manner, and interested by her description of the stranger. He could easily imagine how desolate a European woman would feel on arriving at such a miserable place as the German settlement, and he promised that as soon as he could find leisure he would ride to that spot and see if he could be of any use to the white man's daughter. Upon this they parted, but the whole of the evening, and the next day in the maize fields and the cotton groves, his imagination was continually drawing pictures of the sorrowful woman—the wounded bird—that would not stay to be comforted.

#### CHAPTER II.

He is a proper man's picture, but...how oddly he is suited. I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behavior everywhere.—*Shakespeare.*

A FEW days after his conversation with Therese, d'Auban rode to a place where some Saxon colonists were clearing a part of the forest. He wished to purchase some of the wood they had been felling, and, dismounting, he tied his horse to a tree and walked to the spot where the overseer was directing the work. Whilst he was talking to him, he noticed an old man who was standing a little way off, leaning with both hands on a heavy gold-headed cane. He wore the ordinary European dress of the time, but there was an

elaborate neatness, a studied refinement in his appearance singular enough amidst the rude settlers of the New World. His ruffles were made of the finest lace, and the buckles on his shoes silver gilt. There was nothing the least remarkable in the face or attitude of this stranger, nothing that would have attracted attention at Paris or perhaps at New Orleans; but it was out of keeping with the rough activity of the men and the wild character of the scenery in that remote region. His pale gray eyes, shaded with white eye-brows, wandered listlessly over the busy scene, and he gave a nervous start whenever a tree fell with a louder crash than usual. One of the laborers had left an axe on the grass near where he was standing. He raised it as if to measure its weight, but his feeble grasp could not retain its hold of the heavy implement, and it fell to the ground. D'Auban stepped forward to pick it up and restore it to him. He thanked him, and said in French, but with a German accent, that he would not meddle with it any more. This little incident served as an introduction, and the old man seemed pleased to find somebody not too busy to talk to him. His own observations betrayed great ignorance as to the nature of the country or the general habits of the colonists. He talked about the want of accommodation he had met with in America, and the dirty state of the Indian villages, as if he had been travelling through a civilized country. He told d'Auban that he intended to purchase land in that neighborhood, and to build a house.

"I began to despair," he said, "of finding one which would suit us to buy or hire. I suppose, sir, you do not know of one?"

"Certainly not of one to let," d'Auban answered with a smile, for the idea of hiring a house in the backwoods struck him in a ludicrous light.

"But I have had a concession left on my hands by a friend who has returned to Europe, and which has upon it a house very superior to anything we see in this part of the world. Many thousand francs have been spent on this little pavillon, which is reckoned quite a curiosity, and goes by the name of the Vicomte de Harlay's Folly. The purchaser of the concession would get the house simply thrown into the bargain."

"That sounds very well," exclaimed the old man; "I think it would suit us."

"Well, M. de Harley has empowered me to dispose of his land and house. It is close to my plantation, a few leagues up the river. I should be very happy to let you see it, and to explain its advantages as an investment. I am going back there this morning, and if you would like to visit it at once, I am quite at your orders. We have still the day before us."

The stranger bowed, coughed, and then said in a hesitating manner:

"Am I by any chance speaking to Colonel d'Auban?"

"Yes, I am Colonel d'Auban, *pour vous servir*, as the peasants say in France."

"Then indeed, sir, I am inexpressibly honored and delighted to have made your acquaintance. I have been assured that in this country an honest man is a rarity which Diogenes might well have needed his lantern to discover. A merchant at New Orleans, to whom I brought letters of introduction, told me that if I was going to the Illinois I should try to consult Colonel d'Auban about the purchase of a plantation, and not hesitate a moment about following his advice. I therefore gratefully accept your obliging proposal, but I must beg you to be so good as to allow me first to inform my daughter of our intended excursion. I will be with you again in a quarter of an hour, my amiable friend, ready and happy to surrender myself to your invaluable guidance."

"Who is that gentleman?" asked d'Auban of the German overseer, as soon as the little old man had trotted away.

"He is called M. de Chambelle. Though his name is French, I think he is a German. Nobody knows whence he comes, or why he is come at all. He talks of houses and gardens, as if he was living in France or in Saxony. I wish him joy of the villas he will find here. And then he speaks to the Indians and the negroes for all the world as if they were Christians."

"Many of them are Christians, M. Klien, and often better ones than ourselves," observed d'Auban.

"Oh! I did not mean Christians in that sense. It is only a way of speaking, you know."

"True," said d'Auban. "A man told me the other day, that his horse was so clever that he never forgave or forgot—just like a Christian."

The overseer laughed.

"You should see that old gentleman bowing and speechifying to the Indian women. He said the other day to a hideous old squaw, "*Madame la Sauvagesse*, will you sell me some of the fruit your fair hands have gathered?" She said she would give him some *without intention*, which in their phraseology means without expecting to be paid. The next day, however, she came to his hut, and inquired if he was not going to give *her* something *without intention*. The poor old man, who is dreadfully afraid of the natives, was obliged to part with some clothes Madame la Sauvagesse had taken fancy to."

"Has M. de Chambelle a daughter?"

"Yes, a pale handsome woman much too delicate and helpless, from what I hear, for this sort of a hand-to-mouth life. They say she is a widow. It is somewhat funny that the French people who come here almost always stick a *de* before their names. The father is called M. *de* Chambelle, and the daughter, Madme *de* Moldau."

"Do you know if they have brought letters of introduction with them to any one in this or the neighboring settlements?"

"I have not heard that they have; except M. Koli and yourself, there is scarcely a planter hereabouts whom it would be of any advantage to know."

"I thought as they were Germans that some of your countrymen might have written about them."

"We are a poor set here now that M. Law's grand schemes have come to nought. We do a little business on our own account by felling and selling trees, and it is lucky we do so, for not a sou of his money have we seen for a long time. It is impossible to maintain his slaves, and the plantation is going to ruin. Ah! there is M. de Chambelle coming back; did you ever see such a figure for an *habitant*? One would fancy he carried a hair-dresser about, his hair is always so neatly powdered."

"Will a long walk tire you?" asked d'Auban as his new acquaintance joined them, "or will you ride my horse? Do not have any scruples. No amount of walking ever tires me."

"Dear sir, if we might both walk I should like it better," answered M. de Chambelle, glancing uneasily at the horse,

who, weary of the long delay, was pawing in a manner he did not quite fancy. "If you will now and then lend me your arm, I can keep on my legs without fatigue for three or four hours."

D'Auban passed the horse's bridle over his arm, and led the way to an opening forest, through which they had to pass on their way to the Pavillon St. Agathe, which was the proper name for M. de Harley's *habitation*. Whenever they came to a rough bit of ground he gave his arm to his companion, who leant upon it lightly, and chatted as he went along with a sort of child-like confidence in his new friend. D'Auban's concession, and the neighboring one of St. Agathe, were situated much higher up the river than the German settlement. His own house was close to the water-side. The pavillon stood on an eminence in the midst of a beautiful grove, and overlooked a wide extent of prairie land, bounded only in one direction by the outline of the Rocky Mountains. The magnificent scenery which surrounded this little oasis, the luxuriant vegetation, the grandeur of the wide-spreading trees, the domes of blossom which here and there showed amidst masses of verdure, the numberless islets scattered over the surface of the broad-bosomed river, the shady recesses and verdant glades which formed natural alleys and bowers in its encircling forest, combined to make its position so beautiful, that it almost accounted for M. de Harley's short-lived but violent fancy for his transatlantic property. It was a lovely scene which met the eyes of the pedestrians, when about mid-day they reached the brow of the hill. A noontide stillness reigned in the savannahs, where herds of buffaloes reposed in the long grass. Now and then a slight tremulous motion, like a ripple on the sea, stirred the boundless expanse of green, but not a sound of human or animal life rose from its flowery depths.

Not so in the grove round the pavillon. There the ear was almost deafened by the multifarious cries of beasts, the chirpings of birds, the hum of myriads of insects. The eye was dazzled by the rapidity of their movements. Hares and rabbits and squirrels darted every instant out of the thickets, and monkeys grinned and chattered amongst the branches. Winged creatures of every shape and hue were springing out of the willow grass, hovering

over clusters of roses, swinging on the cordages of the grape vine, flying up into the sky, diving in the streamlets, fluttering amongst the leaves, and producing a confused murmur very strange to an unaccustomed ear.

Neither the magnificence of the scenery nor the vivacity of the denizens of the surrounding grove, attracted much of M. de Chambelle's attention. When he caught sight of the pavillon, he burst forth in exclamations of delight. "Is it possible!" he exclaimed. "Do I really see, not a cabin or a hut, not one of those abominable wigwams, but a house, a real house! fit for civilized people to live in! and is it really to be sold, my dear sir, there, just as it stands, furniture, birds, flowers and all? What may be the price of this charming *habitation*?"

D'Auban named the sum he thought it fair to ask for the plantation, and said the house was included in the purchase. M. de Chambelle took out his pocket-book and made a brief calculation.

"It will do perfectly well," he exclaimed. "The interest of this sum will not exceed the rent we should have had to pay for a house at New Orleans. It is exactly what we wanted."

"You have been fortunate to hit upon it, then," said d'Auban with a smile, "for I suppose that from the mouth of the Mississippi to the sources of the Missouri you would not have found such a habitation as my poor friend's Folly. However, as Providence has conducted you to this spot, and you think the *établissement* will suit you, we better go over the house and afterwards visit the plantations, in order that you may judge of the present condition and the prospects of the concession."

"I do not much care about that, my dear sir. My knowledge on agricultural subjects is very limited, and I am no judge of crops. Indeed I greatly doubt if I should know a field of maize from one of barley, or distinguish between a coffee and a cotton plantation."

D'Auban looked in astonishment at his companion. "Is this a cunning adventurer, or the most simple of men?" was the thought in his mind as he led M. de Chambelle into the house, who was at once as much delighted with the inside as he had been with the outside of the building. The entrance-chamber was decorated with the skins of various wild animals, and

the horns of antelopes ingeniously arranged in the form of trophies. Bows and arrows, hatchets, tomahawks, and clubs, all instruments of Indian warfare, were hanging against the walls. There was a small room on one side of this hall fitted up with exquisite specimens of Canadian workmanship, and possessing several articles of European furniture, which had been conveyed at an immense expense from New Orleans. There was an appearance of civilization, if not of what we should call comfort, in this parlor, as well as in two sleeping chambers, in which real beds were to be found; a verandah, which formed a charming sitting-room in hot weather, and at the back of the house a well-fitted up kitchen, put the finishing touch to M. de Chambelle's ecstasies.

"One could really fancy oneself in Europe," he exclaimed rubbing his hands with delight.

"I do not think Madame de Mouldau will believe her eyes when she sees this charming pavillon. It is really more than we could have expected."

"I should think so, indeed," said d'Auban, laughing. "You might have travelled far and wide before you stumbled on such a house in the New World."

"Ah, the New World—the New World, my dear sir. Don't you feel it dreadfully uncivilized? I cannot accustom myself to the manners of the savages. Their countenances are so wild, their habits so unpleasant, there is something so—so, in short, so savage in all their ways, that I cannot feel at home with them. By-the-bye, there is only one thing I do not like in this delightful *habitation*."

"What is it?"

"I am afraid it is a very solitary residence. You see the Indian servant, our negro boy, Madame de Moldau and myself, we do not compose a very formidable garrison."

"But my house is at a stone's throw from this one. In the winter you can see it through those trees, and then the wigwams of our laborers are scattered about at no great distance."

"Ah, your laborers live in wigwams! Horrible things, I think; but I suppose they are used to them. Have you many savages, then, in your employment?"

"I have some Indian laborers, but they are Christians, and no longer deserve the name of savages. I like them better than

the negroes. My French servants and I live in the house I spoke of."

"Oh, then it is all right, all charming, all perfect. With a loud cry of "A moi, mes amis, Messieurs les Sauvages are upon us!" we could call you to our assistance. Well, my dear sir, I wish to conclude the purchase of this place as soon as possible. Will it suit your convenience if I give you a cheque on Messrs. Dumont et Compagnie, New Orleans?"

"Certainly. I have no doubt they will undertake to transmit the amount to M. de Harlay's bankers in Paris."

"I hope we may be allowed to take possession of the house without much delay; Madame de Moldau is so weary of the vile hut where we have spent so many weeks."

"I can take upon myself to place the pavillon at once at your disposal for a few days, and you can then make up your mind at leisure about concluding the purchase."

"Thank you, my dear sir; but my mind is, I assure you, quite made up. I am sure we could go farther and fare worse; the saying was never more applicable."

"But you are not at all acquainted yet with the state or the value of the concession. You have not gone over the accounts of the last years?"

"Is that necessary?"

"Indispensable, I should say," d'Auban answered, rather coldly.

"It would be quite impossible, I suppose, to let us have the house without the land? You see it will suit us perfectly as a residence, but I do not see how I am to manage the business of the concession. Is not that what you call it?"

D'Auban, more puzzled than ever by the simplicity of this avowal exclaimed, "But in the name of patience, sir, what can you want a house for in this country, unless you intend to work the land? You do not mean, I suppose, to throw it out of cultivation and to sell the slaves?"

"O no! I suppose that would not be right. There are slaves, too. I had not thought of that. Who has managed it all since M. de Harlay went away?"

"I have."

"Then you will help me with your advice?" This idea made M. de Chambelle brighten up like a person who suddenly sees a ray of light in a dark wood. "Oh yes, of course, everything must go on

as usual, and you will put me in the way of it all."

"I now propose," said d'Auban, "that we take some refreshment at my house, where you can see the accounts, and then that we should go over the plantations."

"By all means, by all means," cried M. de Chambelle, trying to put a good face on the matter. "And as we walk along, you can point out the principal things that have to be attended to in the management of a concession."

During the remainder of the day d'Auban took great pains to explain to his guest the nature and capabilities of his proposed purchase, and the amount of its value as an investment. M. de Chambelle listened with great attention, and assented to everything. Two or three times he interrupted him with such remarks as these: "She will like the low couch in the parlor;" or "Madame de Moldau can sit in the verandah on fine summer evenings;" or again, "I hope the noise of the birds and insects will not annoy Madame de Moldau. Do you think, my dear sir, the slaves could drive them away?"

"I am afraid that would be a task beyond their power," d'Auban said as gravely as he could. "But depend upon it, after the first few days your daughter will get accustomed to the sound as scarcely to hear it. I am afraid," he added, "she must have suffered very much during the voyage up the river?"

"Oh yes, she has suffered very much," the old man answered; and then he hastened to change the subject by asking some question about crops, which certainly evinced an incredible absence of the most ordinary knowledge and experience in such matters.

Before they parted, M. de Chambelle and d'Auban agreed that in the afternoon of the following day he should remove with his daughter to St. Agathe. D'Auban offered to fetch them himself in his boat and to send a barge for their luggage. M. de Chambelle thanked him very much, hesitated a little, and then said that, if he would not take it amiss, he should beg of him not to come himself, but only to send his boatmen. Madame de Moldau was so unaccustomed to the sight of strangers, and in such delicate health, that the very efforts she would make to express her gratitude to Colonel d'Auban would tax her strength too severely. He felt a little

disappointed, but of course assented. The following morning he went through the rooms of the pavillon, arranging and rearranging the furniture, and conveying from his own house some of the not over-abundant articles it contained, to the chamber Madame de Moldau was to occupy.

"Antoine," he said to his servant, who was in the kitchen at St. Agathe, storing it with provisions, "just go home and fetch me the two pictures in my study; the walls here look so bare."

"But Monsieur's own room will look very dull without them," answered Antoine, who by no means approved of the dismantling process which had been going on all the morning in his master's house."

"Never mind, I want them here; and bring some nails and some string with you."

A little water-color view of a castle on a cliff and a tolerable copy of the Madonna della Seggiola soon ornamented the lady's bed-room, whilst a selection from his scanty library gave a home-like appearance to the little parlor. A basket full of grapes was placed on the table, and then Therese came in with an immense nose-gay in her hand.

"Ah! that is just what I wanted," d'Auban exclaimed.

"For the nest of the white dove," she answered, with a sudden lighting up of the eye which supplies the place of a smile in an Indian face.

"You see we have found a cage for your wounded bird, Therese, and now we shall have to tame her."

"Ah!" cried Therese, putting her hand to her mouth—a token of admiration amongst the Indians—"you have brought her pictures, which will not fade like my poor flowers."

"But she may get tired of the pictures, and you may bring her, if you like, fresh flowers every day."

"Look," said Therese, pointing to the river. "There is your boat; they are coming."

"So they are. I did not expect them so soon."

He sent Antoine to meet the strangers and conduct them to the house, and walked across the wooded lawn to his own home. All the evening he felt unsettled. In his monotonous life an event of any sort was an unusual excitement. He went

in and out of the house, paced restlessly up and down the margin of the stream. His eyes were continually turning toward the pavillon, from the chimney of which, for the first time for three years, smoke was issuing. He watched that blue curling smoke, and felt as if it warmed his heart. Perhaps he had suffered a sense of loneliness more than he was quite aware of, and that he thought of those helpless beings close at hand, and of whom he knew so little, but who inspired him with a vague interest, was an unconscious relief. He pictured them to himself in their new home. He wondered what impression the first sight of it had made on Madame de Moldau, and then he tried to fancy what she was like. Therese thought her beautiful, and the German overseer said she was handsome. She was not, in that case, like her father. Would he feel dissatisfied when he saw her? Would she turn out to be a good-looking woman with white cheeks and yellow hair, such as an Indian and a German boor would admire; one because it was the first of the sort she had seen, and the other because he had not known any others? He missed his pictures a little. The room as Antoine had said, would look dull without them. Perhaps they had not attracted her notice at all, or if they had, she did not perhaps care at all about them. He grew tired of thinking, but could not banish the subject from his mind. As the shades of evening deepened, and the crescent moon arose, and myriads of stars, "the common people of the sky," as Sir Henry Wootton calls them, showed one by one in the blue vault of heaven, and were pictured in the mirror of the smooth broad river, he still wandered about the the grove, whence he could see St. Agathe and the window of the chamber which he supposed was Madame de Moldau's. There was a light in it—perhaps she was reading one of his books—perhaps she was gazing on the dark woods and shining river, and thinking of a far distant home. She was weeping, perhaps, or praying, or sleeping. "Again," he impatiently exclaimed, "again at this guessing work! What a fool I am! What are these people to me, and why on earth have they come here?"

That last question he was destined very often to put to himself, with more or less of curiosity, of anxiety, and it

might be, of pain, as time went on.

The purchaser of St. Agathe was enchanted with his new possession, and began in earnest, as he considered, to apply himself to his new pursuits as an agriculturist and planter; but the absurd mistakes which attended his first attempts at the management of his property, increased d'Auban's astonishment that a man so unfitted for business should ever have thought of becoming a settler. Instruction and advice were simply thrown away on M. de Chambelle. He might as well have talked to a child about the management of a plantation, and he plainly foresaw that unless some more experienced person were entrusted with the business, the concession might as well at once be given up. At the end of a few days he frankly told him as much, and advised him to engage some other emigrant to act as his agent, or to join him as a partner in the speculation.

M. de Chambelle eagerly caught at the idea, and proposed to d'Auban himself to enter into partnership with him.

"Indeed, my dear Colonel," he urged, "you will be doing a truly charitable action. Whom else could I trust? on whose honor could I rely in this dreadful country of savages and settlers, many of whom have not more conscience than the natives?"

"Not half as much, I fear," said d'Auban; "but you could write to M. Dumont and ask him to look out for you at New Orleans—"

"And in the meantime ruin the plantation and go out of my mind. M. d'Auban do consider my position."

There was an eager wistful expression on the old man's face, which at once touched and provoked d'Auban, and "why on earth did he put himself in that position?" was his inward exclamation. He was not in a very good humor that day. He could not help feeling a little hurt at the manner in which, whilst he was assisting her father in every possible way, and showering kindnesses upon them, Madame de Moldau avoided him. M. de Chambelle had asked him one day to call at St. Agathe, and assured him that, much as she dreaded the sight of strangers, she really did wish to make his acquaintance. D'Auban said he would go with him to the pavillon, but begged him to wait a few minutes till he had finished directing some letters which a traveller was going to take

with him that evening. M. de Chambelle sat down, and as each letter was thrown on the table, he read the directions. One of them was to a Prince Mitroski, at St. Petersburg. As they were walking to St. Agathe, he asked d'Auban if he had ever been in Russia.

"Yes," was the answer. "I was there for some years."

"How long ago, my dear sir?"

"I left it about five years ago."

"Where you in the Russian service?"

"Yes, I commanded a regiment of artillery. And you, M. de Chambelle, have you ever been at St. Petersburg?"

"Oh, I have been all over the world,"

M. de Chambelle answered with a shrug,

and then began to chatter in his random sort of way, passing from one subject to another without allowing time for any comments. When they arrived at the pavillon, he begged d'Auban to wait in the parlor, and went to look for Madame de Moldau. In a few minutes he returned, and said she had a bad headache, and begged M. d'Auban to excuse her. Several days had elapsed since then, and no message had been sent to invite his return. He felt a little angry with the lady, and still more with himself, for caring whether she saw him or not.

Foolish as all this was, it did not incline him to a favorable consideration of M. de Chambelle's proposal.

(TO BE CONTINUED).

## TOMBS OF THE APOSTLES.

I HAVE no doubt most of the readers of *The Harp* will be glad to know where the remains of the twelve Apostles now are.

Of the body of St. John the Evangelist there are no tidings. Not a bone of the body of this holy Apostle and beloved Disciple of our Lord can be found.

St. James the Greater is at St. Jago de Compostello in Spain. That is the far famed pilgrimage that takes its name from this Apostle. The ten remaining Apostles are in Italy, without counting St. Paul who was not one of the twelve.

As most of the Apostles are in Rome, we shall dispose of the others first. There are in the Kingdom of Naples: St. Matthew, Apostle and Evangelist, is at Salerno; St. Andrew, at Amalfi, near Naples; and St. Thomas at Ortona.

Rome has seven of the Apostles, namely SS. Peter, Philip, James the Lesser, Jude, Bartholomew, and Matthias, who filled up the place left vacant by the apostacy of Judas.

St. Peter is, of course, in the church that is called after him, precisely on account of his tomb being there. In St. Peters also are SS. Simon and Jude. St. Jude is sometimes called St. Thaddeus—

for instance, in the Church of St. John of Lateran, where you see the statues of all the Apostles, with the name of each carved beneath. In the church of the Holy Apostles are James the Lesser and St. Philip.

In the Island of St. Bartholomew, in the Tiber, is the saint of that name in the church dedicated to the same holy Apostle.

St. Matthias is in St. Mary Major. The body of this Apostle is under the great Altar of the Basilica.

So one Apostle is in Spain, and all the rest in Italy, except St. John the Evangelist, whose mysterious disappearance I have alluded to.

Rome possesses no less than seven Apostles. Besides the two Evangelists (not Apostles) are also in Italy; St. Mark at Venice, and St. Luke at Padua.

May all these holy Apostles and Evangelists pray that the church in Italy may be delivered from the tribulations that now afflict her; and may the myriads of saints whose relics are in that beautiful peninsula, unite also their prayers for Italy, and especially in Rome, the hallowed metropolis of the Catholic world.



## PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

As on the rugged mountain's topmost height  
 The wearied traveller turns awhile to gaze,  
 Viewing below the landscape's gladdening sight,  
 On smiling fields and nature's peaceful ways:  
 So the fond memory of departed years,  
 When time's receding current man beholds,  
 To things of earth his troubled heart endears,  
 And brighter visions of the Past unfolds.

What of the Present? In meridian glow  
 Soon to its zenith shall life's sun attain;  
 For the great reaper death's unerring blow  
 In ripened age now droops the golden grain;  
 When at thy feet the gathered harvest lies,  
 And death his spoil is garnering away,  
 A still small voice within thee whispering, cries,  
 " 'Tis harvest time: what hast *thou* gleaned to-day?"

O'er mountain top and lowly valley creeps  
 The gloomy terror of night's darksome shade;  
 Life's sun hath set; the way-worn traveller sleeps,  
 While in oblivion Past and Present fade:  
 But to his waking view the beauteous sight  
 Shall from the risen sun enchantments borrow;  
 The brighter day succeeding darkest night,  
 Weep then no more: "*Joy cometh with the morrow!*"

## IRISH MISCELLANIES.

WRITTEN AND COMPILED FOR THE HARP,  
NUMBER ONE.

## INTRODUCTION.

LOVE of country is a distinguishing characteristic of Irishmen. With them it is a sentiment which neither time nor distance, joy nor sorrow, prosperity nor adversity, can destroy. Every recollection of their native land; and everything that can excite such recollection, are treasured by them with the warmest affection. They love to read their national history, and that of the great men who have in every age honored their country's fame. The scenery of their land, her antiquities, music, poetry, oratory, and the numerous incidents connected therewith, are topics whose discussion is almost inexhaustible, and never fail to find willing and interested listeners. Impelled by a knowledge of this national feeling, and participating in its spirit, THE HARP begins with the present issue, a series of original and selected sketches, dealing with the most valuable details of the above mentioned subjects. No attempt will be made to follow any systematic order of insertion; but, as the title implies, to publish the different articles miscellaneously, having due regard only to the interest of the reader in so far as our humble judgment is capable of deciding.

## IRISH HISTORY IN GENERAL.

THERE is a class of authors who ask "what benefit can be derived by the reader from a perusal of Irish history, whose chief features are bloody wars and intestine feuds?" We answer: The internal conflicts of Ireland were no more numerous and no less admirable than those of the much prized Greece and Rome. The civil strife of the Irish never entailed more misery on their country than the factious wars of Marius, Sylla, and the Triumvir-

ates on the Roman people, or the bloody struggles of Athens and Sparta on the "classic land of Greece." It is true we cannot boast of having conquered the world; neither can we shew a Pass of Thermopylae; but we can point to roll of honor composed of men equal in the best respects to the noblest of Romans and Greeks—men whose bravery exhibited itself with equal force, whether fighting against the marauding Dane, the fierce adventures of De Burgo and De Courcy, or the disciplined brigades of Munroe and Cromwell. Even in after times when centuries of dependence on a foreign government had succeeded the fearless times of the Nialls, the Cormacs and the Malachies, we find the Irish abroad carrying death and defeat into the ranks of the enemies of their allies. It is also true that many dissensions arose among the native chiefs struggling for supremacy, but they were no more excessive than those of contemporary nations; and, as in these nations wiser councils finally got the better of sectional animosity, this reprehensible feature would have disappeared in Ireland too, had it not been the policy of the invader to cultivate the elements of discord. Those who would affect to scorn the value of Irish history should remember that it tells of a country that was once a teacher among nations, whose missionaries have left monuments of their zeal for religion and learning in many a foreign land, whose soldiers have ever been foremost in deeds of bravery, whose orators have had few superiors in any stage of the world's history, and whose people as a whole have shewn more endurance under hardship, more patience under suffering, and more constancy to just and true principles than any nation on earth. If devotion to religion and country, if opposition to tyranny and oppression, if obedience to just laws and love of good government are matters worthy of approbation, examples of all may be found in the pages of Irish his-

tory. Those who deny it are either prejudiced or ignorant of the facts. In the matter of disunion it may be truly said that it is no more peculiar to Ireland than to England, Scotland or Germany. At all events the recent land question found Ireland a unite in demanding its solution.

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LIMERICK CATHEDRAL BELLS.

Those evening bells—those evening bells—  
How many a tale their music tells  
Of youth and home—and that sweet time  
When last I heard their soothing chime !

THE remarkably fine bells of Limerick cathedral were originally brought from Italy; they had been manufactured by a young native (whose name tradition has not preserved), and finished after the toil of many years, and he prided himself upon his work. They were subsequently purchased by the prior of a neighboring convent; and with the profits of this sale the young Italian procured a little villa, where he had the pleasure of hearing the tolling of his bells from the convent cliff, and of growing old in the bosom of domestic happiness. This, however, was not to continue. In some of those broils, whether civil or foreign, which are the undying worm in the peace of any land, the good Italian was a sufferer amongst many. He lost his all; and, after the passing of the storm, found himself preserved alone amid the wreck of fortune, friends, family, and home. The convent in which the bells, the *chef-d'œuvre* of his skill, were hung, was razed to the earth, and these last carried away to another land. The unfortunate owner, haunted by his memories, and deserted by his hopes, became a wanderer over Europe. His hair grew gray, and his heart withered, before he again found a home and a friend. In this desolation of spirit, he formed the resolution of seeking the place to which those treasures of his memory had been finally borne. He sailed for Ireland, proceeded up the Shannon; the vessel anchored in the pool near Limerick, and he hired a small boat for the purpose of landing. The city was now before him; and he beheld St. Mary's steeple, lifting its turreted head above the smoke and mist of the old town. He sat in the stern and looked fondly towards it. It was an evening so calm and beautiful as to remind him of his own native haven in the sweetest time of the year—the death

of the spring. The broad stream appeared like one smooth mirror, and the little vessel glided through it with almost a noiseless expedition. On a sudden, amid the general stillness, the bells tolled from the cathedral; the rowers rested on their oars, and the vessel went forward with the impulse it had received. The old Italian looked towards the city, crossed arms on his breast, and lay back on his seat; home, happiness, early recollections, friends, family—all were in the sound, and went with it to his heart. When the rowers looked round, they beheld him with his face still turned towards the cathedral, but his eyes were closed, and when they landed—they found him cold !

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KILLMALLOCK.

A FEW years since, Kilmallock presented to a reflecting and imaginative mind, a scene of singular, and we might add, intensely romantic interest—that of a noble town, walled, turreted and filled with stately monasteries, castles, and houses of cut stone, all ruined, silent and deserted; some peasants had indeed here and there taken up their residence in the corner of a tower or mansion, which like a solitary figure in a mountain scene, only added to the effect of sadness and desolation.

Kilmallock has been a place of some distinction from a very remote period, and like most of our ancient towns is of ecclesiastical origin, a monastery having been founded here by St. Maloch in the 6th century, of which the original round tower still remains. It is said to have been a walled town even before the arrival of the Anglo Normans, but at all events it became a place of great strength and celebrity under the Desmond branch of the Geraldines, and ranked as their chief town. Much, however, of its present ruined magnificence is of a period subsequent to the fall of that great family, as the majority of the houses are of the reign of the 1st James, and none of them earlier than that of Elizabeth, when stone mansions first came into use in the chief towns in Ireland. Many of the castles, and the gates, and the surrounding walls, are however connected with the Geraldine power.

Kilmallock has been designated "the Irish BALBEC" by Dr. Campbell, a writer

of considerable learning and some imagination; and this high sounding epithet is not undeserved, if properly understood as applying only to a great assemblage of ruins, as their magnificence will of course bear but little comparison with those of an Eastern city. These consist at present chiefly of a street of stone-built houses, frequently of three stories in height and having windows and doorways of cut stone; the former have stone sashes called by architects, mullions, and label mouldings, and the latter were usually arched. These houses have also curious and grotesque spouts, and above the first story, frequently an ornamented architrave. There were anciently four great entrance gateways of lofty and imposing character, of which two still remain; and there are also some smaller towers remaining in the surrounding town walls. Outside the town, and on the banks of the beautiful stream called the Cammogue, stand the ruins of two truly splendid monasteries, in which there are several curious and interesting sepulchral monuments: of these, we may give our readers a description in a future number, together with an account of the last chiefs of the Desmonds, the ancient lords of the place, with whose history Kilmallock is so intimately connected.

Kilmallock has been in a state of desolation and decay since the time of usurper Cromwell, when it was dismantled and otherwise greatly injured by the parliamentary army.

#### CURIOUS REFLECTIONS.

RAILWAYS now intersect Ireland in every direction. As the train rolls by abbeys, castles and round towers, one cannot help reflecting on the oddness of the comparison between these ancient relics and the crashing, shrieking engines that often pass beneath their walls. Fancy an O'Brian, an O'Donnell, or a McCarthy, and their Norman opponents, De Burgo, De Lacy, or De Clare—who once filled those dark halls and moss grown towers with animation—returning to the scenes of their life struggles to find their lands cut up by railway lines, and the clang of the pike and battle axe superseded by the rattle of the steam engine. How old King Brian would stare to see a locomotive go crashing through his ancestral do-

mains. Imagine a conductor tapping Red Hugh O'Neil on the shoulder with "tickets for Dunganum, sir," or shouting in the ears of Roderick O'Connor "all aboard for Athenry," or, again fancy the feelings of a Geraldine upon hearing the cry, "passengers for Kilmallock, change cars."

#### THE SCOTTISH AND IRISH DIALECTS.

THESE dialects are much more closely allied to each other than either the Welsh or the Manks. The words are almost the same, the structure every way similar, and the inhabitants in many instances, can conduct their little shipping connections through the medium of the language common to both parties. There is, in short, much greater difference between the vernacular dialects of two counties in England, and they have greater difficulty in understanding each other, than an Irishman and a Highlander.

#### SUNSET ON THE LOWER SHANNON.

How beautiful the tints of closing even!  
The dark blue hills, the crimson glow of heaven,  
The shadows purpling o'er the wat'ry scene,  
Now streaked with gold—now tinged with tender green;  
And yon bright path that burns along the deep,  
Ere the sun sinks behind his western steep.  
Soft fades the parting glory through the sky,  
Commingling with the cool aerial dye:  
While every cloud still kindling in the beam,  
In mirrored beauty prints the waveless stream,  
Light barques, with dusky sails, scarce seem to glide,  
Bend their brown shadows o'er the glowing tide;  
And hark! at intervals the sound of oars  
Comes, faint from distance, to the silent shores,  
Blent with the plaintive cadence of the song  
Of boatmen, chanting as they drift along.  
But see the radiant orb now sinks apace—  
Gradual and slow, he stoops his glorious face;  
And now—but half his swelling disk appears—  
And now, how quickly gone! he scarcely rears  
One burning point above the mountain's head—  
And now, the last expiring beam has fled.

#### THE ROUND TOWER OF SWORDS.

THE ancient town of Swords, situated in the barony of Coolock, about seven miles from the metropolis, though now reduced to an insignificant village, is remarkable for its picturesque features, its ruins, and its historical recollections. Its situation is pleasing and romantic, being placed on the steep banks of a small and rapid river, and though its general appear-

ance indicates but little of prosperity or happiness, its very ruins and decay give it, at least to the antiquary and the painter, a no common interest.

Like most of our ancient towns, Swords appears to be of ecclesiastical origin. A sumptuous monastery was founded here in the year 512, by the great St. Columb, who appointed St. Finian *Lobair*, or the leper, as its abbot, and to whom he gave a missal, or copy of the gospels, written by himself. St. Finian died before the close of the 6th century. In course of time this monastery became possessed of considerable wealth, and the town rose into much importance. It contained within its precincts, in addition to St. Columb's church, four other chapels and nine exterior chapels subservient to the mother church. Hence on the institution of the collegiate church of St. Patrick, it ranked as the first of the thirteen canonaries attached to that cathedral by archbishop Comin, and was subsequently known by the appellation of "the golden prebend." There was also a nunnery here, the origin of which is unknown.

To this monastery the bodies of the monarch Brian Boru, and his son Morogh, were conveyed in solemn procession by the monks, after the memorable battle of Clontarf, and after remaining a night, were carried to the abbey of Duleek, and committed to the care of the monks of St. Cianan, by whom they were conveyed to Armagh.

Swords was burnt and plundered frequently, as well by the native princes as by the Danes, who set the unholy example. By the latter it was reduced to ashes in the years 1012, and 1016, and by the former in the years 1035 and 1135. On this last occasion the aggressor, Conor O'Melaghlin, king of Meath, was slain by the men of Leask. Its final calamity of this kind occurred in the year 1166.

#### THE CATHEDRAL OF ARMAGH.

THE subject of this sketch can hardly fail of being interesting to our readers. In the minds of the Irish it must awaken sentiments of just pride and recollections of national glory, for Armagh was a chief seat of religion and literature, a blazing star, when most other parts of the western world were involved in the darkness of idolatry and ignorance—and in the minds

of the English, or Irish of English descent, it should excite sentiments of gratitude and affection for our country, for it was to this seminary of education that England was in a great degree indebted for the rudiments of learning. To the school which was founded here by St. Patrick, as we are informed by the Venerable Bede, multitudes of the English nobility and middle ranks resorted, and were supplied with books and food, and every other want, without charge, and in the most hospitable spirit.

The original edifice was erected by St. Patrick in the year 445. It appears from the authority of the tripartite life of the founder, to have been an oblong structure 140 feet in length, and divided into nave and choir, according to the custom of all our ancient Churches. This sacred edifice did not escape the sacrilegious devastations of the Northern Pirates. It was pillaged and burned, together with the other buildings of the City, in 839 and 850. In 890 it was partly broken down by the Danes of Dublin, under the command of Gluniarn. In 995 it was burned by an accidental conflagration, generated by lightning; and again in the year 1020. In 1125, the roof was repaired with tiles, by the Primate Celsus, having for the period of one hundred and thirty years, after the fire in 995, been only repaired in part. A more perfect restoration was effected by the Primate Gelasius in 1145, on which occasion, according to the annalists, he constructed a kiln or furnace for the preparation of lime, which kiln appears to have been quadrangular, and was of the extraordinary dimensions of 60 feet on every side. The monuments for which the original Cathedral was celebrated unfortunately no longer remain! Many of these deserved from posterity a different fate—for here were interred the heroes of Clontarf—the venerable Brian and his son Murchard, and his nephew Conan, and his friend Methlin, Prince of the Decies of Waterford—here their bodies, which had been conveyed thither by the clergy, lay in funeral state for twelve successive nights, during which psalms, hymns, and prayers were chanted for their souls, and well did they merit those pious honors.

#### COLLEGE GREEN, DUBLIN.

WHAT Irishman has not heard of College Green? There stands the building

in which Grattan, Flood, Plunkett and others once legislated for Ireland and for Ireland only. Though its appearance has not materially changed since then, yet how altered is that building in its uses! The sentry with his bayonet has taken the place of the usher with his rod; the desk of the legislator is occupied by the sharp-faced thumber of ledger folios; and the jingle of shillings and pence is heard amid halls that once resounded to the thunder tones of Irish eloquence. Notwithstanding the almost unhallowed purposes into which it has been converted, feelings of respect and veneration fills the patriot as he gazes on what was once the Irish Parliament house. During the hours when the great centennial procession in honor of O'Connell marched by it, and afterwards when thousands returned to look at leisure on its venerable walls, hopes and wishes innumerable were expressed that the Bank of Ireland would become once more the Irish House of Parliament, and that the eloquence of the men of '82 would find a parallel in the rising generation of Irish genius.

#### DRUID'S ALTAR, ISLAND MAGEE.

ON an eminence near the north-east extremity of Island Magee, County of Antrim, there still remains one of those monuments of the olden time, which antiquaries have distinguished by the name of Druid's Altars. According to some authors, the religious rites of our Pagan ancestors were performed on hills or mountains, while others assert they worshipped only in woods or groves on the plains. There are other antiquarians, however, who deny that those extraordinary remains were altars, and consider them rather as ancient tombs; and perhaps they were intended for both purposes, for among many ancient nations their earliest altars were the monuments of the dead.

The altar now under consideration, consists of six large stones, standing upright, and forming two rows, about two feet asunder, extending east and west. Four of the stones are on the north side, and two on the south, each stone being fully three feet above the ground. On these rests a large flat slab, upwards of six feet in length, pretty smooth on both sides, and nearly two feet thick. The

breadth is unequal, its west end being near six feet, but sloping to the east to about half that breadth. At present this slab rests only on two stones on the north side, and one on the south; the others seem as if they had crept into the earth, to avoid bearing up this enormous load. From several large stones lying about, and seen in the adjoining fences, it is alleged that this altar was formerly encompassed by a circle of stones.

In ploughing in the field in which this altar stands, in 1817, a spiral instrument of pure gold, 11 inches in length, was discovered; and a few years after several detached parts of a gold collar, or *Torquis* were dug up near the altar. In March, 1824, several spiral golden ornaments, supposed to be armlets, or bracelets for the arms, were found in a rich soil or mould; the largest weighed 526 grains, a lesser one, 188 grains. They were turned up by the plough, about three or four feet from the altar—one of them was of a different structure from the other, and appeared as if two plates were applied to each other.

In the back ground is the peninsula of Curran, near the extremity of which stand some ruins of the ancient Castle of Oldfleet, about one mile from the town of Larne. It was on this peninsula that Lord Edward Bruce landed with 6,000 men, on the 25th May, 1315, being invited over by O'Neil and other Irish chieftains.

#### THE MUSIC OF IRELAND.

"GIVE me the making of a people's songs," says a great writer, "and I care not who makes their laws." Though the practical world does not set as much value on its songs as its laws, yet in every age and nation music has possessed a charm, which being capable of exercising the finer emotions of the soul, ranked it high among the institutions of the country. In no secondary position as an emotional power stand the songs of Ireland. Her musical category will be found replete with all these mysterious influences that rouse at will mirth, sorrow, enthusiasm, and all these noble impulses that spring from a warm heart and vivid mind. Witness the humor and gallantry with which the Irish lover woos and wins his *Colleen Bawn*. He addresses her in language of poetic grace when he calls her

the "light of his eye;" and speaks in accents most persuasive when he addresses her as his *Gra machree ma colleen oge, Molleen bawn asthore*. Nothing can be more expressive than the song which embodies the love of the Irish mother for her son. From the pleasant lullaby at his cradle to the heart-rending *wirra stru* at his grave, that same warm love characterizes her song. She sings of him as her *cushla machree* (pulse of my heart) and he far away in some distant land; she shews her reluctance at giving him to a wife by weeping in secret an *ulican dhuv* (black sorrow) while he is spending his *mie na mallah* (month of honey); and if death robs her of that child, her natural affections combine with her Christian belief when she wails forth in the words of Lover—

Fare thee well my child, forever!  
 In this world I have lost my joy;  
 But in the next we ne'er shall sever—  
 There I'll find my darling boy.

Our national music is one of our best companions. In foreign lands, home and country are vividly re-called by the soul-stirring anthem of *Erin Go Bragh*. Pictures of moonlight evenings on the village green are conjured by the thrilling notes of the *Coulin*, while the eye flashes with the fire of patriotism as we listen to the tones of our Irish Marseillaise, *St. Patrick's Day*. It may be said that the paths of glory lead but to the tomb. Nevertheless the great deeds of the true patriot never should be forgotten. In the days of the Irish Pentarchy our national music was in a flourishing condition. The feast halls of the chieftain rang to harp accompaniment with songs descriptive of the bravery of the warriors, the beauty of the dames or the glories of the nation. No entertainment was complete without it; no education was finished that did not include music in its course. No army marched to battle without the aid of its inspiring strains, and no return was ever made without its accompaniment either to swell the pæans of victory or soften the gloom of defeat. While the chieftain lived it inflamed his marshal ardor, when he died it keened his valorous deeds. Centuries of adverse fortune may have subdued its triumphant tones, but its spirit, like that of the nation, has passed through the ordeal staunch and irrepressible.

## IRISH MINSTRELSY.

MAC CABE'S ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF CAROLAN.

Woe is my portion! unremitting woe!  
 Idly and wildly in my grief I rage;  
 Thy song, my Turlogh, shall be sung no more—  
 Thro' festive halls no more thy strains shall flow:  
 The thrilling music of thy harp is o'er—  
 The hand that waked it moulders in the grave.

I start at dawn—I mark the country's gloom—  
 O'er the green hills a heavy cloud appears;—  
 Aid me, kind heaven, to bear my bitter doom,  
 To check my murmurs and restrain my tears.

Oh! gracious God! how lonely are my days,  
 At night sleep comes not to these wearied  
 eyes,  
 Beams but one hope my sinking heart to raise—  
 In Turlogh's grave all else that cheer'd me  
 lies.

Oh! ye blest spirits, dwelling with your God,  
 Hymning his praise as ages roll along,  
 Receive my Turlogh in your bright abode,  
 And bid him aid you in your sacred song.

## BRIAN BOROIHME'S HARP.

It is well known to our readers that the great monarch, Brian Boroihme, was killed at the battle of Clontarf, A.D. 1014. He left with his son Donagh his harp, but Donagh being deposed by his nephew, retired to Rome, and carried with him the crown, harp, and other regalia of his father, which he presented to the Pope. These regalia were kept in the Vatican, till the Pope sent the harp to Henry VIII, but kept the crown, which was of massive gold. Henry gave the harp to the first Earl of Clanrickarde, in whose family it remained until the beginning of the eighteenth century, when it came, by a lady of the De Burgh family, into that of M'Mahon of Clenagh in the county of Clare, after whose death it passed into the possession of Commissioner Mac Namara of Limerick. In 1782 it was presented to the Right Honorable William Conyngnam, who deposited it in the Trinity College Museum, where it now is. It is thirty-two inches high, and of good workmanship; the sounding-board is of oak, the arms of red sally, the extremity of the uppermost arm in part is capped with silver, extremely well wrought and chiselled. It contains a large crystal set in silver, and under it was another stone now lost. The buttons or ornamented knobs, at the side of this arm, are of silver. On the front arm are the arms chased in silver of the O'Brian family, the bloody hand supported

by lions. On the sides of the front arm, within two circles, are two Irish Wolf Dogs, cut in the wood. The holes of the sounding board, where the strings entered are neatly ornamented with an escutcheon of brass, carved and gilt; the larger sounding holes have been ornamented, probably with silver. The harp has 28 keys, and as many string-holes, consequently there were as many strings. The foot piece or rest is broken off, and the parts, round which it was joined are very rotten. The whole bears evidence of an expert artist.

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DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

DEAR Harp of my country! in darkness I found thee,  
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,  
When proudly, my own Island Harp! I unbound thee,  
And gave all thy cords to light, freedom and song!  
The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness  
Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;  
But so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness.  
That even in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my country! farewell to thy numbers,  
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine  
Go, sleep with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,  
Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine.  
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,  
Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;  
I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,  
And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own.

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DUBLIN CASTLE.

THE Castle of Dublin was commenced to be built about the year 1205, by Meyler Fitzhenry, Lord Justice, and was finished in 1220, by Henry de Loundres, Archbishop of Dublin. But it was in the reign of Queen Elizabeth that it became the seat of Government—the court was previously held sometimes in the Archbishop's at St. Sepulchres, sometimes at Thomas Court, and sometimes at the Castle of Kilmainham. But the only part of the vice-regal residence which *now* bears the mark of antiquity is Birmingham Tower, the repository of the public Records of Ireland. All the old towers, bastions and flankers of the old fortress are gone, and

have given place to as ordinary and sombre a palace as can be well seen. But Birmingham Tower is an object worthy of arresting the attention of any one interested in Irish history. It was the ancient keep of *balium*—the stateliest and the strongest tower—of the Anglo-Norman fortress. As such it was the great state prison, where those Milesian Chieftains were confined when taken prisoners, whose rank and activity rendered them conspicuous in the struggles between the Anglo-Normans and the Irish. Here also were kept in “*durance vile*” the still more dangerous and troublesome Anglo-Irish lords, whose regular power was so vexatious to the state as to make it complain that they were “*ipsis Hibernis Hiberniores.*” Or in simple English, “more Irish than the Irish themselves!” In this way, has Birmingham tower enclosed, doubtless against their wills, a Fitzgerald or a Nugent, as well as an O’Neil or an O’Donnel. In the year 1331, Sir William de Birmingham and his son Walter, were committed to the care and keeping of this “strong place,”—the father came out—but to execution, and the son was pardoned because he was in holy orders.

Here was confined Richard, first earl of Westmeath, who, born in captivity, in the Tower of London, where he witnessed the death of his father, Christopher, on his release concocted with O’Neill and O’Donnel the insurrection which gave occasion to James the First to make the settlement of Ulster. O’Neill and O’Donnel fled beyond sea; Nugent was apprehended, and condemned to die. The day before that fixed for his execution, he, by means of a rope conveyed to him in a basket of oranges, by John Evers his faithful servant, escaped out of a window, and mounting a fast horse, got safely to Loughouter Castle, his island fortress in one of the lakes of Cavan; here he remained safe for some time, in spite of all the rewards offered for his apprehension, until he suddenly made his appearance before the throne of the English monarch, who, in favor of his ingenuous confidence and youthful beauty, pardoned him and restored him to his honors and estates.

The most dangerous antagonist the English Government ever had to contend with in Ireland—Hugh Roe O’Donnel—was also confined here. The enterprising chieftain was the son of Hugh, Chieftain



of Tyrconnel; his mother's name was Ineen Duff—"dark Ina"—daughter of McDonnell, lord of the Isles; he was born in the year 1571. In early life he not only displayed considerable genius and independence of spirit, but he made these qualities acceptable to his countrymen by the noble generosity of his manners and the matchless sympathy of his form. In former times the O'Donnells of Tyrconnel, and the O'Neills of Tyrone were often addressed by the English monarch as equals, and sometimes called on for aid against foreign foes, and occasionally written to as kings; and it was therefore natural that young Hugh should desire to substitute his independence, so often acknowledged. He made no secret of his intentions, which were soon the subject of conversation all through Ireland, and reaching the ears of the Lord Justice, created no small alarm at Dublin Castle. Sir John Perrott, then the head of the Irish Government, instead of endeavoring to gain over the young chieftain by honors and concessions, laid a plot to seize him, which, though successful for the time, was as unworthy as it afterwards proved injurious.

In the year 1587, a ship was fitted out, and stowed with Spanish wine, and directed to sail to one of the harbors of Donegal. Accordingly, the vessel, freighted with merchandise most acceptable to a Milesian chief, put into Lough Swilly, and cast anchor off the castle of Dundonald, near Rathmillan. The captain, disguised as a Spaniard, proposed to traffic with the people of the fortress, and invited the chief on board. This invitation was accepted—the young chief went on board, and he and his followers drank of wine, and made themselves sociable. While thus engaged, their arms were stolen from them, the hatches were shut down, and next morning saw the vessel clear of Lough Swilly, and on its way for Dublin. Thus was this base design accomplished; and Red Hugh, in his *sixteenth* year, found himself a captive in Birmingham Tower, where he remained for three years and three months—a long period for a fiery impatient spirit at such a period of life. In the year 1591, he and some of his followers descended by means of a rope on the drawbridge, and getting safe off from the fortress, they escaped towards the Wicklow mountains, and reached the borders of O'Toole's

country. There O'Donnel was obliged to stop—his shoes had fallen off his feet, and, passing barefooted through the furze and brakes that covered the hills, he soon broke down, and his companions, consulting their own safety, left him with the one faithful servant, who had assisted him and them to descend from the tower. This man, secreting his master as well as he could, proceeded to the residence of Phelim O'Toole, who also had been a prisoner in Birmingham Tower, and while there, had entered into bonds of friendship with O'Donnel, and a solemn pledge of affection had passed between them. But the O'Toole betrayed his friend; and the young chief heavily chained, and under a stricter ward, was again consigned to his apartment in the tower. A second time he effected his escape, having by means of his trusty servant, got down through a shore tunnel into the puddle, and creeping along the muddy stream, again took refuge in the Wicklow hills. He did not again trust himself to the O'Toole's, but continuing right on over these high and desolate hills, endeavored to reach the fastnesses of Feah McHugh O'Byrne, in Glen Malur. In the early period of their flight, they were separated from Henry O'Neil, who had escaped with him from the prison, and as the night advanced, Arthur O'Neil, another of his companions who had also escaped from prison, being a heavy and inactive man, was obliged to give over, and he laid down drowsily, and slept the sleep of death. Young O'Donnel got a little further, stationed himself under a projecting rock, in order to shelter himself from the snow hurricanes that swept the hills, and sent his servant to Glen Malur. Feagh McHugh, on the arrival of the servant, sent his people, provided with all possible refreshments and clothes for the relief of the fugitives. O'Neil was found dead—O'Donnel's young blood was still circulating, but his feet were dreadfully frostbitten. Every hospitality that the O'Byrne could show to him he did; and when he was able to ride, he forwarded him and his faithful servant, Turlough Buil O'Hogan, on good horses, towards the province of Ulster. On their arrival at the Liffey, they found its usual passes guarded, for the government were on the watch to prevent O'Donnel's escape to his own country. But the Liffey is in so many places ford-

able that he found no difficulty in passing it, and getting through the plains of Meath. On coming to the Boyne, they were obliged to throw themselves on the patriotic fidelity of a poor fisherman, who not only faithfully ferried them over, but also, with no small courage and address, drove their horses before him as cattle he intended to sell in the north country, and so driving them to where their owners were lying in secret, he furnished them with the means of reaching the hills of Ulster, thus regaining, after five years absence, their own principalities. On Red Hugh's arrival, all the different septs of the country, the O'Donnel, the O'Dogherty, the O'Boyle, and the McSwiney, elected him as THE O'DONNEL, in the room of his father, who was now much advanced in years, and willing to resign his government to a bolder and steadier hand.

It would completely go beyond our limits to recount all the adventures of

Red Hugh O'Donnel after he became the head of the various septs of the country. His long imprisonment had given him a cordial hatred of the English—and for a series of years he was the scourge and the terror of the government. He kept his mountain territory of Donegal in spite of Elizabeth's best generals, carried his incursions even to the remotest parts of Munster, and made his name be respected and his power feared to the very mouth of the Shannon. At last a fatal error—the only military one he was known ever to make, caused by a rivalry between him and O'Neil, about leading an onset—was his ruin. He was totally routed by Lord Mountjoy, at Kinsale—fled to Spain and died in Valladolid in the year 1602.

Many other historical recollections of Dublin Castle can be given, but we reserve them for a future number of THE HARP.

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## ORIGIN OF THE ANGELUS.

'Twas when the Moslem's hated power,  
In many a dark and dreary hour,  
O'erthrew religion's might;  
That Peter's chair in sadness bowed,  
Though zealous John proclaimed aloud,  
The Cross should tame the Crescent proud  
And darkness yield to light.

But how?—through Mary's glorious name,  
Through her to whom an Angel came,  
Announcing Heaven's decree,—  
At sunset hour the curfew tolls,  
Provoked again the echo's roll,  
With comfort to th' immortal soul,  
The glorious *Aves* three.

They prayed that Heaven their homes would  
With plenty, peace and happiness,    bless  
Through every Christian land,—  
They prayed with faith, with hope and love,  
To Her who sits a queen above,  
That where the Christian warrior strove,  
His would be conquest grand.

Alas! for our degenerate days,  
What tongue is loud in Mary's praise  
As in that holiest hour;  
At matin chime or vesper bell,  
All, prostrate before Mary fell,  
To save them from the grasp of hell,  
In cot—or lordly tower.

Then—did the wayfarer lose his road,  
Or pine for rest in safe abode,  
From beast or bandit free;  
Then—was the tempest beaten bark,—  
The sport of winds thro' winter dark,—  
Who steered it safe as peaceful ark?  
But thou,—Star of the Sea!

And guide us still, O glorious queen!  
Let not our fervent prayers prove vain,  
Because of lives so frail;  
Remember, none e'er prayed to thee  
In vain, for grace or clemency,  
In joys or sorrows, then do we  
Cry—Mother of God "all hail!"

## ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

REVIEWED BY THE HARP.

**The LIFE OF ST. THOMAS AQUINAS, the Angelic Doctor.** By a Father of the Order of Friar Preachers (Dominicans). Approved by Cardinal McCloskey, Archbishop of New York. Published at the price of One Dollar, in a neat, well-bound form (crown octavo), by D. & J. SADLER, 31 BARCLAY ST., NEW YORK.

In this age, so dangerous to faith and morals, the spread of sound Catholic literature as a valuable help in opposing the progress of irreligion and impiety is one of the most praiseworthy objects. The land is flooded with the works of the novelist, which create a taste for criminal pleasures: of the utilitarian, which promote selfishness and destroy benevolence; and of the false scientist, which tend to destroy man's faith in a Supreme Being and degrade him to the level of a brute. As a living contradiction to these false principles stand the eternal doctrines of the Catholic Church, and when literature is composed in accordance with the spirit of these sublime teachings, men learn how beautiful is morality, how noble is charity, how great and good is the Lord of the Universe, and how happy is the end for which they were created. The work taken as the subject for the present article possesses much of this character.

St. Thomas Aquinas was a most profound scholar and one of the greatest of saints. As he lived in the middle portion of that period known as the "Middle Ages," when, as Sir William Hamilton says, the power of the human intellect was at its height, and which Kenelm H. Digby calls the "Ages of Faith," the superlative qualifications of St. Thomas both as a learned and holy man, became more observable. He was born in 1225 at Aquino in Southern Italy, of illustrious parents related to the royal families of France and Germany. In his earliest

youth he exhibited certain proofs of his future greatness:

"He seemed to have been free from all the little faults of childhood—for instead of fits of anger and rapid changes from joy to grief usual in children, he was always the same—cheerful, yet quiet and placid beyond his age. \* \* \*

The Benedictine Fathers (in whose charge he was placed at the age of six) soon saw the remarkable character of the little boy and gave more than common care to him. He made quick progress in his studies, and also in the love of God, and although so young, was often heard to advise his schoolmates to keep the rules of the college. He had already begun to think much about God, not as other children of his age who are satisfied with the simple answers given to their questions, but his mind had begun to enquire more deeply into the *nature* of God, and more than once he went to one of his masters to ask 'What is God.' In after years this child was to write those wonderful articles on God in his 'Summa Theologia' or 'the whole of Theology.' \* \* \* His tutor (in the University of Naples which he entered at the age of 12) warned him against the evil attractions of cities, but the youth possessed power within his soul sufficient to preserve him from all dangers, and he faithfully resisted the efforts of his fellow students to draw him into vicious habits. He also fled the gaities and idle amusements of those of his own age, and lived in as great retirement as possible. He was often in the churches and prayed much, but above all he trusted in the protection of Mary, Queen of virginal hearts, and placed himself under her care."

This is a book for the young as well as the old. Here was a youth who applied himself with the utmost diligence to his studies, was ever respectful and obedient to his superiors, and faithful to the duties of religion. He grew towards manhood respected by his fellow pupils, admired

by his teachers, and constantly advancing in learning and virtue. His life is an irrefutable argument against the position of those inconsiderate parents, who, in the education of their children, would cast religion in the back-ground, under the pretence that the time spent in acquiring knowledge of its truths would be better employed in learning those subjects which they claim would best conduce to the world advancement of those under their charge. Here is the example of a boy who made religion a particular study, who fervently and regularly prayed to God and the Blessed Virgin, who practised virtue, and by his example and instruction taught others to do the same, yet, in science he outstripped his comrades, rivalled his tutors, and in time became one of the greatest scholars the world ever saw. All Catholics, young and old, would do well to study this work, and they will find further evidence of the facts long since established, that he alone becomes the true scholar who takes religion for his guide, and makes science subservient to its truths. True religion is as necessary to a full perception of the duties of life, and the proper practice of the same, as the light of the sun is to physical vision and an orderly performance of worldly actions.

After successfully resisting the efforts of his noble relations to dissuade him from entering as an humble friar in the Dominican order, St. Thomas in his twentieth year became a student in the university at Cologne. The spirit of humility accompanied him in his new position, and his fellow students, who at first mistook his deference for dullness, were astonished to find before a year had elapsed, that this apparently stupid boy was a giant in intellect. In 1246 he went to Paris, where he gave himself up to a close and unremitting study of philosophy and theology.

"But he did not let these serious studies dry up his heart. \* \* \* He

learned, to imitate the austerities of the saints of the desert. Day by day he became more pious and holy as he became more learned, and he was the acknowledged example of his convent for modesty and wisdom; but above all, for that precious quality which distinguished him through life—unchangeable sweetness to all around him."

Mere worldly learning has no such effect as this. Immersed in the cares of life, men of the world make no effort to find time to practice even the simplest duties of religion. Neglect brings on indifference, indifference scepticism, and sins of omission leading to sins of commission, at last establish a state of demoralization from which a return to grace is very difficult. Puffed up with that conceit of intellect which knowledge, not associated with religious principles, is always capable of producing, they affect to despise piety, humility and obedience, which form the groundwork of wisdom, and try to make themselves believe that not only is man the greatest thing on earth, but that they are the greatest among men. St. Thomas, with the crucifix constantly before his eyes, felt that in man there is nothing great but soul; he poured forth those beautiful ideas which have astonished every generation of philosophers, and proved to the world that science is truly noble only when marching hand in hand with religion.

He spent the next fourteen years of his life between Paris and Cologne. He held for a long time the position of Professor in the latter city, and was finally elevated to the Doctorate in Paris. His rapidly increasing fame attracted the attention of the most distinguished men of his time. St. Louis IX, king of France, admitted him to his favor, and these two good men, related to each other by blood, congenial in their love for God, zeal for religion, and desire for the improvement of their fellow man, spent many hours in each other's company, enjoying those pure delights

which are the effects of a social intercourse whose theme is charity and philanthropy. Pope Urban IV. called him from Paris to Rome in 1260, to make use of his learning and abilities in putting an end to the Eastern Schism. Although this end was not achieved, yet the talents of St. Thomas far exceeded the expectations of the Pope. While in Rome, his sound teachings and holy example enlivened the faith of many, warmed their piety, and on more than one occasion produced miraculous results.

After tracing the origin of the Feast of *Corpus Christi*, and the prominent part St. Thomas took in its institution, this valuable little work runs rapidly but thoroughly over the remaining years of his life. In a sketch of his character the author says :

“We cannot be wrong if we say that the source and secret of his holiness and mental culture was his immaculate purity. He who is faultless in all but chastity cannot be pleasing to God ; and although he may do great things and merit the applause of the world, yet in the sight of God he is but a whited sepulchre. \* \* \* He was so conscious that he received all his knowledge from God, that he could not let a proud thought remain in his mind a single moment. His profound humility shewed itself in his conversation ; for although he was almost always occupied in study and prayer, yet he found time to attend to the wants of others. He could at once descend to the level of his companions and shew himself simple, agreeable and affable. No hard or uncharitable words ever fell from his lips ; he was ever gracious and pleasant in his dealings.”

Few self-made men possess such a disposition as this. They are generally social tyrants, and are vain enough to imagine that their greatest faults should be condoned on account of their abilities. They are selfish and egotistic. They think that the fame which they enjoy and the objects which they have attained are entirely due to themselves, and they do not acknowledge that the origin of excellence is Omnipotence, until calamity shews their

weakness and fills them with confusion. St. Thomas acted differently. He attributed all his knowledge, all his greatness, to the goodness of God. He never had a single notion of vain-glory, but the very beginnings of such a notion he put down by the force of his reason. In the height of his fame, with the upturned admiring gaze of the world around him, he never forgot the relations of his God as Creator and himself as creature, and as a consequence he never had his equanimity disturbed by the smiles or frowns of fortune, never experienced that reproach which surely follows pride. The following anecdote will help to shew his humility :

“When at the convent of Bologna, a lay brother, having occasion to go into the town to buy some necessaries for the community, went to the prior to ask him to appoint a companion. The prior told him to take the first religious he met, who happened to be St. Thomas, walking at the time in the cloisters. The lay brother not knowing who he was, went up to him and said : ‘Good Father, the prior wishes you to go with me into the town.’ St. Thomas bent his head in assent and followed him at once. As they went through the streets, St. Thomas, who could not walk as fast as his companion, lagged behind, and was often scolded for it by the brother, but each time excused himself. Some of the citizens who knew the holy Dactor, full of admiration for his humility, which could induce so great a man to follow a lay brother, told him who his companion was. The brother, full of confusion, at once begged his pardon. But St. Thomas answered : ‘All religion is perfected by obedience, by which man is subjected to his fellowman for the love of God, as God obeyed man for the love of man.’”

The greatest work of St. Thomas is his *Summa Theologica*, which is a complete system of theology, and has exerted a great influence on the Church and the world. Pope John XXII. said of it : “One learns more from it in a single year than in a life time from the doctrines of others ;” and His Holiness the present Pope Leo

XIII, as is already known, has given his recommendation to its scholastic use. Heretics and schismatics, as well as Catholic philosophers, have praised the doctrine of St. Thomas.

Many miraculous visions are said to have been witnessed by him. These are in general briefly but pithily referred to in this work and some of them fully quoted. They are all sublimely beautiful, and well calculated to fill the soul with pious and holy thoughts, and to increase our love and reverence for God, who did such wonderful things for man.

The end of his life found him patient in suffering, and possessed of the same humility and piety that had graced his youth and maturity. He died in the year 1274, and to say his death was most exemplary is almost superfluous.—“He gently fell asleep, to wake in the full light

of the presence of God,” as might be expected of one whose life was as innocent throughout as that of a little child. His canonization as a Saint of the Church of God took place in 1323; in 1567 he was solemnly declared Doctor of the Universal Church by Pope St. Pius V., and in 1879 he was declared patron of all Catholic universities, colleges and seminaries, by Pope Leo XIII., at the request of a great number of bishops. His relics are honored in many a Catholic church; the Faithful honor his sanctity by beseeching his intercession in their behalf, and the learned world acknowledges the wonderful powers of his intellect by honoring his philosophy above all others; because as Cardinal Bessarion says: “He was the most saintly of the learned and the most learned of the saints.”

## GOOD THINGS.

FROM “THE HOLY FAMILY.”

### HUMILITY IN HONOR.

THE baptism of Clovis was celebrated with a magnificence befitting so solemn a crisis in the history of the Church. As he entered the church, which was hung with tapestry, blazing with lights, fragrant with incense, and echoing with the singing of psalms and litanies by the long procession of clergy, bearing the cross and the holy Gospels, his heart was so touched with the majesty of the beauty of holiness that he said to St. Remi, who was leading him patiently by the hand, “Dear master, is not this the kingdom of God thou didst promise me?” “No, my son,” replied the Saint; “it is not the kingdom, but the entrance of the way which leads up to it.” The way he pointed out when he said, “Bow thy head, thou gentle Sicambrian. He that humbleth himself is exalted.”

### PENANCE.

BEFORE her martyrdom, St. Afra had given away her wealth in alms, and this with such humility that she scarcely dared

to offer help to poor Christians, “I begged and entreated them,” she said, “to condescend so far as to accept an alms at my hands and to pray God for my sins.” Nor did she ever cease to bewail her offences. And yet, after all, this fervent penitent could not bring herself to think that she had satisfied the justice of God till He permitted her in His mercy, to die for Him. “How do you know,” the judge asked, “that Christ has received you into His society?” “In this,” she answered, “I know that God hath not cast me from His face, because He allows me to make a glorious confession of His holy name, and so obtain, as I believe, forgiveness of my sins.”

### LOVE FOR THE HOUSE OF GOD.

THE holy king Edward had a great devotion to building and enriching churches. Westminster Abbey was his latest and noblest work. It occupied his last sixteen years, during which he spent on it the tithe of his revenues. He fell ill in the midst of the last preparations for its dedication,

and even on his deathbed would make ready the sacred vessels and ornaments, and write the deeds for its endowment. He just lived to see the completion of his work of love. God rewarded him by making the glorious church he had raised the shrine of his relics; and, amid all the destruction of sacred things in England, the saintly body has remained undisturbed within it to this day.

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#### REVERENCE FOR THE HOLY DEAD.

DURING the persecution under the Emperor Severus, St. Callistus was driven to take shelter in the poor and populous quarters of the city; yet, in spite of these troubles, and of the care of the Church, which pressed so heavily upon him, he made diligent search for the body of Calpurnius, one of his clergy who had suffered martyrdom shortly before. When he had found it he was full of joy, and buried it, with hymns of praise, in the cemetery which was afterwards called by his name.

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#### REVERENCE FOR THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.

CONSTANTINE set the Cross with the name of Christ on the imperial standards, and under this sign led his armies to victory, till the Roman world bowed before the faith of Christ. Julian the Apostate undid the work of Constantine, and re-established idolatry. But the Christians knew well that the triumphs of the Cross do not cease when men cease to honor it, and counted every martyrdom a victory of Christ's Cross. When Bonosus and Maximilian went forth to die, Meletius, the Bishop of Antioch, with other bishops and with troops of Christians, accompanied them in triumphal procession, and the whole city exulted in the glory of the martyrs.

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#### FRATERNAL CHARITY.

THE monks who peopled the desert cultivated it with their own hands, and planted it with vineyards. Before the vintage, Hilarion used to visit all his brethren, passing none by, and sharing in their hospitality. He blessed the vineyard of a monk who was generous in entertaining the brethren, and cursed with barrenness the vineyard of another who was niggardly. Thus he bound them, solitaries as they were, together in fraternal charity, till the desert was changed into paradise and the wilderness blossomed like the rose.

#### ZEAL FOR THE FAITH.

LISTEN to the language of St. Jude when he describes the too common character of those who foster dissensions and schisms within the Church. They are men, he says, who defile the flesh, despise dominion, and blaspheme majesty. They are murmurers full of complaints, walking according to their own desires; their mouth speaketh proud things, admiring persons for the sake of gain. They are murderers like Cain, covetous like Balaam, rebellious like Core. They are clouds without water, carried about by the winds; raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own confusion; wandering stars, to whom the storm of darkness is reserved for ever.

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#### DESIRE FOR HEAVENLY WISDOM.

THE Venerable Bede was employed in translating the Gospel of St. John from the Greek up to the hour of his death, which took place on Ascension day, A.D. 735. "He spent that day joyfully," writes one of his scholars. And in the evening the boy who attended him said, "Dear master, there is yet one sentence unwritten." He answered, "Write it quickly." Presently the youth said, "Now it is written." He replied, "Good! thou hast said the truth — *consummatum est*; take my head into thy hands, for it is very pleasant to me to sit facing my old praying place, and there to call upon my father." And so on the floor of his cell he sang, "Glory be to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;" and just as he said, "Holy Ghost," he breathed his last, and went to the realms above.

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#### TRUST IN GOD.

AMONG the many miracles of St. Narcissus one is recorded which illustrates that same confidence in God which sustained him under calumny. One Holy Saturday in the church the faithful were in great trouble, because no oil could be found for the lamps which were used in the Paschal feast. St. Narcissus bade them draw water from a neighboring well; when the water was brought to him he prayed over it, and, full of faith in God, told them to put it in the lamps. It was changed into oil, and long after some of this oil was preserved at Jerusalem in memory of the miracle.

## PRACTICAL EDUCATION.

## IMPORTANCE OF EDUCATION.

NEXT to the redemption of man and its concomitant graces, a good education is the greatest gift which the Eternal can bestow on mortals. Whatever is great or good, or glorious upon earth, proceeds from a good education. All the true pleasures of life—all the social and domestic virtues—all that can ornament the mind and ennoble the heart, or dignify humanity, are derivable from it.

A good education calls into action all the powers of our souls, and enables us properly to exercise all the faculties of our minds. By this we are enabled to reason with just discrimination—compare the natures and properties of things—exercise our judgment—exert our imagination—improve our taste and cultivate our talents. By this we can learn wisdom from the example of others, and become familiarized with the history of man in every age, in every clime, in every station, and under every government. Good education enables us to study and improve science—to enlarge the dominion of civilization, and extend the reign of literature.

By this we are enabled to read the historic page, and treasure its truths—to see the order of the planetary system, and become acquainted with the whole state of creation.

It is this which develops the beauties of animated nature—the grandeur of heaven, the glory of earth—the economy of God's providence—the majesty of his nature—the sublimity of his character—the immensity of his presence—the perfection of his attributes, and the inexpressible greatness of his being.

Good education illuminates the mind—improves the faculties—increases their resources, and augments their powers. It is this which forms the character of the virtuous child, the pious parent, the loyal subject, and the true member of society. It is this which truly enables man to become the lord of the creation, little less than angels, and the very figure of the Deity. It is this which renders him beneficial to his country, pleasing to himself, and acceptable to his God.

True greatness does not consist in the perishable goods of fortune—nor in the long sounding list of ancestors—nor in the fleeting breath of popularity—nor in the gratification of passions—nor in the airy bubbles of human honor; but it consists in true knowledge, and in the acquirement of virtue, which are immortal, and will remain when the world shall be reduced to its primeval nothingness, when all worldly glories shall be vanished from the face of creation, and entombed in the abyss of eternity.

A good education consists in this, that it cultivates all the faculties of our souls here, that by their proper use we may attain a higher degree of glory hereafter. Hence no human-being ever will or can rise to any high degree of perfection in any state whatever and continue ignorant; for the definition of a rational mind is *a being endowed with true understanding.*

The difference between the ignorant and educated man is this; the former, looking at his nature, is like a spider which retires into some dark place and *wraps itself in its own dusty cobweb*, insensible of the immeasurable beauties which surround it: whilst the latter inquires into the works of nature, and contemplating, admiring, and moralizing upon the works of its Divine Author, proves the justice of his own understanding by his approbation of the perfect productions of an infinitely perfect Being.

The mind of an ignorant man is a complete void, which may be compared to a town sacked by an enemy, where all is overturned, and nothing in its proper place; whilst the mind of a well educated man is a magazine richly furnished with wisdom and important truths, stored up in such regular order, that reflection sees at once a whole series of subjects, and observes distinctly all their relatives and connections.

Those whose minds are illuminated by the light of science enjoy sweet delights, and every object which is presented to their view raises their souls to the kindred skies. Soaring on the pinions of ecstasy, their imagination takes its flights to the



realms above, where everlasting glory reigns! Do they walk by day, the great orb of light, that overhangs creation, elevates their hearts to the throne of the Eternal. Do they view by night, the star bespangled canopy of heaven puts them in mind of the celestial company who are to be as luminaries in the paradise of God for all eternity. Do they behold the regent of the midnight hour, arrayed in peerless majesty, all reminds them of their sublime destination, and causes their hearts to turn with gratitude and love towards that Being who called them into existence.—Thus, in every thing, the truly educated man sees God, and seeing him, adores him with all the powers of his soul. It is no wonder then that the illustrious of every age and nation should give such a character of the educated man, and of knowledge.

#### JUDGMENT OF GREAT MEN ON EDUCATION.

Aris'ippus considered a man without education as a *stone* which is insensible to every thing around it!

Cicero says, "that a man should have learning, were it only for one's pleasure, independent of all its other advantages." This is," said he, "nourishment to youth, pleasure to old age, an ornament to prosperity, a refuge and comfort in adversity. It diverts us at home, is or no hindrance abroad; it passes the night with us, accompanies us when we travel, and attends us in our rural retreats.

Seneca says, "If you employ your time in study, you will avoid every disgust in life; you will not wish for night, or be weary of the day; you will neither be a burden to yourselves nor unwelcome to others."

"To which higher object (says Plutarch) could Numa have directed his attention, than to cultivate an early in fancy?"

"Knowledge (says Dr. Johnson) is certainly one of the great means of pleasure, as is confessed by the natural desire which every mind feels of increasing its ideas. Ignorance is mere privation, by which nothing can be produced. It is a vacuity in which the soul sits motionless and torpid for want of attraction, and without knowing why. We always rejoice

when we learn and grieve when we forget."

"Human nature is degraded and debased when the lower faculties predominate over the higher."—*Rasselas*, p. 30.

If then a good education is so necessary to form the true character of man, who will doubt that this education should be communicated to youth from the moment of their infancy?—Where is the wise father that would leave the noble faculties of his children, like the plants of a wild heath, to the influence of every circumstance? If the farmer would be deemed unreasonable and unjust who would expect "to reap where he had not sown, or to gather where he had not strewed;" if a gardener would be absurd and ridiculous who would aim at correcting defects or improving the shades of flowers, after they were full and perfectly blown, must not that parent be ignorant of human nature, and irrational in his views, who hopes to find the constitution of the child he has neglected or enervated capable of admitting true ideas, or of retaining them so as to give firmness and constancy to his character. Who should expect useful and proper affection, or sound judgment and reason to arise from random and false principles; or imagine when these principles are imperfectly, viciously, but fully formed, any effectual means can be adopted to remove their defects?

It is for this reason all wise legislators have framed laws to have the youthful mind formed, by a judicious education, to habits of virtue and happiness. It is this which induced the wisest of men to say, "*Rear up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.*"

It is, therefore, of the first importance, that the habits of man should be formed from nature's dawn—that the youthful disposition should be watched with sedulous care—that to render him social, great attention should be paid to the formation of his manners—that to render him useful to his fellow-man, great care should be taken with the early cultivation of his mind—that to render him happy here, and glorious hereafter, his whole being should be formed to virtue from his very cradle.

FOR THE HARP.

## SISTER MIRENE.

AN EPISODE IN THE SYRIAN MASSACRE.

## CHAPTER V.—THE DEATH OF THE SHEIK.

NIGHT was slowly creeping up from the deep vales of Lebanon. At a short distance from Esberja a young man, mounted on a magnificent Arab horse, accompanied by a young girl seated on a sturdy ass, which she managed with great dexterity, followed in silence a narrow path which wound like a fine silver thread up the bleak sides of the mountain. The gentleman was enveloped in a heavy burnous; the child in black clothes and a long crape veil. Both were silent. Nothing was heard but the nervous tramp of the horse, and the sharp trot of master ass over the rough stones.

All at once the ass made a false step over the fallen trunk of a tree, and was on the point of coming upon his knees.

"Uncle Ferdinand!" cried out the frightened child.

"Are you afraid, Gabrielle?" asked the gentleman addressed, as he brought the ass back into the path and repressed the ardour of his own beast, who felt indignant at having to travel at so slow a pace.

It was indeed Gabrielle; but how changed! Her gay smile had disappeared, while her mourning dress made the deadly pallor of her countenance all the more striking.

"Are you tired?" asked Ferdinand.

"No, uncle; not at all. This ride would have no trouble for me if I was only sure of my mother's safety."

"But you know we shall join her at Yousou's camp."

"God grant we may! Alas, what terrible news we bring her."

Ferdinand made no answer, and the young girl continued:

"Are we near the camp, uncle?"

"Yes; without doubt. We shall reach the camp by daybreak.

"What! have we all night yet to travel?"

"What matter if you are not fatigued."

"But this flight in the silence and darkness of the night—and then my thoughts reverting continually to the scenes we

have just passed through, see death in everything."

"Little frightened one! do you then still cling to life?"

"Oh no! it is not that. You mistake me. What I see on all sides—on the waving tree tops, in the gloomy shadows of the rocks, in every hollow, amidst the foam of the torrents, is the dead body of my father, prone upon the street, trampled upon. Uncle! Uncle! can you imagine what I suffered, when, on leaving Nad-jie-da's house I stumbled over the dead body of my father? Djelaib had just said to me: 'I grant you your life, it was asked for by one, who, when he might have taken my life for his, did not. But go.' I fled, and as I did so, the first step I took my foot struck my father's body, bathed in blood which welled out of a large wound in his breast. I threw myself upon him, uttering loud cries. Djelaib looking down from a balcony gave orders to his servants 'Carry that man into the house and if he yet lives aid the child to take care of him.' But he did not live. Djelaib's yatagan had done its work too faithfully for that. I could only pray for his soul. You arrived soon after. We buried him in the night. Then we set out to join my mother. May the angels of God watch over her and us."

"Yes; we are almost in safety," added Ferdinand. "You do well to say almost, for the peril is not passed. They say that the Druses, who are chasing the Maronites, are worse than unchained lions, and that they search every corner in the mountains."

The path became narrower every minute, and at length the ass and horse could no longer travel abreast, much to the satisfaction of the latter, who did not feel complimented by his company.

A short time brought them to a rustic bridge over which they ought to have crossed, but which to Ferdinand's consternation had evidently been destroyed by

some wandering troops of Druse horsemen.

"Uncle," whispered the young girl, "what are we going to do now?"

"We must seek a lodging for the night, as it is impossible to find out another crossing in the darkness. Fortunately isolated farms are not rare in these parts, I think I remember seeing one hereabouts as I passed down to Damascus. We will seek it out, and on the morrow we will find some other path."

"You are right, uncle;" said Gabrielle, suddenly remembering her conversation with Nad-ji-e-da, "there is a monastery somewhere hereabouts, and, who knows but that it was Nad-ji-e-da's monastery you saw in coming down."

"If it is a monastery so much the better—but I hope it is not Nad-ji-e-da's, because Nad-ji-e-da means Djelaib, and Djelaib means—"

"Oh, I called it Nad-ji-e-da's because it was she who described it to me."

It was in truth Nad-ji-e-da's convent, as they found a short time afterwards, when their path brought them to its gates. The gates were open, as was also the principle entrance.

"This is strange," whispered Gabrielle.

Ferdinand shook his head. He also said in his heart—this is strange.

Taking the young girl by the hand to reassure her, they penetrated into the interior of the building after having left their animals tied under some trees.

In the large kitchen a bright fire blazed, around which a number of men in machlas and white turbans stood conversing. When our travellers entered, they turned to examine them with a surprised and displeased air.

"What does this mean, mine host?" asked an immense bronzed demon, who appeared to have taken possession of the convent and felt quite at home. You did not tell us about these."

"For the very good reason that I did not expect them, and because they astopish me as much as they do you. Do you not see that they are Maronites?"

"Ah, yes, they are Maronites," remarked a third, laughing; Christian fugitives, who like people of spirit, have come to throw themselves into the lion's den. Welcome dear little lambs, you will serve us as a desert after our repast. Won't it be droll, my men, to take away his coolness from

this grand gentleman, and to make this pretty little kitten mew a bit?"

"It will indeed be amusing," said a fourth; "and yet the Maronite must drink with us first."

"Yes, that is true! that is true! Come bathe your reason in our cups Sir Maronite," cried all. "There is no want of wine in the cellars, and we are resolved to drink them dry. We are none of your water-drinking Musselmans, nor austere Ackals, nor hypocritical Santows, but good livers, to whom Hackem has not forbidden wine."

Hereupon they held out a full glass to Ferdinand, who held in his arms the half fainting Gabrielle. One of the crowd having pushed against the poor girl by mistake, she uttered a cry of fear.

"Sir host!" cried one of the soldiers, "rid us I pray you of this child who troubles our pleasure by her cries."

"But what shall I do with her?"

"Truly you are embarrassed—throw her where you like, and let there be no more words about it."

The man addressed hesitated a moment; then drawing Gabrielle from her uncle said in a tone half mocking, half pity.

"Come little one—follow me. We have a wounded man dying in the next room, and a poor young daughter who nurses him with tears and lamentations. You can assist her in her post of sick nurse.—It is an occupation will fit you like a glove."

Saying this he conducted her into the refectory which had been turned into a sick-room. Upon soft cushions lay the wounded man, whose figure was but indistinctly seen in the gloom. By the side of this couch, a young woman crouched on her knees. At the first view Gabrielle recognized her.

"Nad-ji-e-da!" she cried.

The Sheik's daughter turned her head and contemplated her with an air of stupefaction.

"You! you here! Have you come to see him die? Ah, your father is well avenged!"

Gabrielle recoiled.

"Is it Djelaib who is dying?"

"Yes it is Djelaib—it is my father—we were returning to Hesbaya with the men you must have seen in the other room, when yesterday we encountered a band of fifty Maronites. My father was

wounded—mortally wounded—our men carried him here. The convent was deserted, the nuns had fled—these men help me to nurse my father, but they know nothing of surgery; we cannot reach a doctor, though perhaps, if the ball were extracted my father might live.”

Little by little Gabrielle's face became less rigid, tears came into her eyes, her head was bowed, her lips trembled. Then approaching the dying man, she said in a soft and subdued tone :

“Sheik, do you know me?”

The wounded man fixed his eyes upon her.

“I am Gabrielle Herbelin, whose father you slew. You have killed the father I so loved—even your presence horrifies me—still as God commands, I forgive you. Is not my religion, the religion of mercy better than yours, the religion of hate? But I do more than pardon you. For Jesus' sake I will bring a doctor to attend you, only you must not tell him that you killed his brother.

She went out and returned soon with Ferdinand.

“Uncle,” she said, “this is the Sheik Djelaib, the father of Nad-ji-e-da. He is dangerously wounded. I pray you do all possible to save his life.”

#### CHAPTER VI.—AND LAST.

The religious have returned to their monastery. Amongst them is a young novice remarkable for her piety and zeal. And yet many were astonished not to find on that pale but handsome face that holy calm, which a good conscience inspires. Her mute sorrow was very touching to those who knew that it was the remembrance of her father which troubled

Ferdinand examined the wound attentively, and then shook his head.

“Prayer,” said he, “is our only resource. Art can do nothing for such a wound. The moments of life are counted. He is dying.”

Djelaib heard him, and drawing his daughter to him, spoke some words to her. Immediately Nad-ji-e-da advanced to the threshold of the kitchen, and raising her voice said to the Druse soldiers within.

“My dying father commands you to spare the lives of the two strangers. Remember.”

Immediately she returned to her father's couch, and throwing herself on her knees beside him sobbed loudly.

Gabrielle bent over them and said in a low soft voice :

“Assassin of my father, I pray my God to send one spark of divine faith to save your guilty soul. Is not this better than to avenge? Do you not love the religion of the Christians?”

The dying Druse regarded her with softened eyes, and seeing the coral cross which hung from her neck, took it tremblingly in his hand and kissed it. He died in the effort.

her. She is sorrowful because her father had been a great criminal; she is resigned because on his death-bed, he had made a gesture of repentance. A gesture for so many crimes! Well! if we think this not enough, let us at least not break the slender reed on which leans the only hope of SISTER MIRENE.

H. B.

### MORAL MAXIMS.

EVERY man knows how to row in a calm: an indifferent pilot will guide a ship well in smooth water. To repress our rising passion in the midst of provocation, will prove that we can handle the helm in a storm.

THERE needs no greater commendation of a sober life, than that most men covet to be reputed temperate, though they be strangers to the practice thereof. Drunkards and gluttons are tubs to hold wash and grains for swine, and reservatories for offals.

SOME men dig their graves as effectually with their tongues as others do with their teeth; for when that little member scatters its squibs among others, they commonly recoil and scorch the author also. Some men cannot speak but they must bite; they had rather lose a friend than their quibble. But such scoffers would do well to remember Castillio's caveat—“Play with me, but hurt me not; jest with me, but shame me not:” for snarling curs seldom go without bitten ears.

## ESSAY ON MAN.

BY A RAILWAY WAITER.

MANKIND is composed of great herds of rough looking persons, who occasionally rush with frightful impetuosity into our refreshment rooms, calling for cups of coffee and hot brandy and water, which they tumble into themselves scalding, and pay for in furious haste ; after which they rush out again, without exchanging a single word with anybody. Mankind, even of the first class, are dressed queerly in pea-coats, paletots, cloaks, and caps, with no sort of attention to elegance. They indulge much in comforters, and green and red handkerchiefs, and sometimes little is seen of their visages beyond the mouth and the point of the nose. While they stand at the bar eating or drinking, they look much like a set of wild beasts in a ménagerie, taking huge bites and monstrous gulps, and often glaring wildly askance at each other, as if each dreaded that his neighbor would rob him of what he was devouring. It is a very unamiable sight, and has given me a very mean opinion of mankind. They appear to me a set of beings devoid of courtesy and refinement. When a lady comes in amongst these rude ungracious animals, unless she has a husband or other friend to take some care of her, she is left to forage for herself ; and I have seen some folorn examples of the sex come very poorly off, while gentlemen were helping themselves to veal and ham pies, and slices of the cold round. I don't note any difference in mankind for a great number of years. They are just the same muffled-up, confused-looking, munching, glaring, bolting crew, as when I first became acquainted with them at the station. They are not conversable creatures. They seem to have no idea of using the mouth and tongue for any purpose but that of eating. They can only ask for the things they wish to eat or drink, and what they have to pay for them. Now and then I hear some one making a remark to another, but it seldom goes beyond such subjects as the coldness of

the night ; and this, by a curious coincidence, I always find to be alluded to just before I am asked for a tumbler of punch, as if there were a necessary connection between the two ideas. Sometimes a gentleman, when the bell suddenly rings for seats, and he has only begun his cup of coffee and biscuits, will allow a naughty expression to escape him. Beyond this, mankind are a taciturn, stupid set ; for though I hear of speeches, and lectures, and conversaziones, I never hear or am present at any, and I can hardly believe that such things exist.

I am, indeed, rather at a loss to understand how all those things that one hears of in the news papers come about. We are told there of statesmen who conduct public affairs, of soldiers who fight gallantly for their country, of great poets and novelists who charm their fellow-creatures, and of philosophers and divines who instruct them. A few will lay their heads together and raise a Crystal Palace. Some will combine and throw a tubular bridge across a strait of the sea. These things are a complete mystery to me, for I see nothing of mankind but coarse eating and drinking, and the most undignified runnings off when the bell rings. There must surely be another mankind who do all the fine things.

One detestable thing about the mankind that comes under my observation, is their gluttony. Every two or three hours they rush in, demanding new refreshments, and eating them with as much voracity as if they had not seen victuals for a week. They eat eight times a day on our line, and the last train is always the hungriest, besides taking the most drink. It is a perfect weariness to me, this constant feed—feed—feeding. What with the quantity they eat, and what with the haste of the eating, we must send out hundreds of indigestions from our rooms every day.

FOR THE HARP.

DENIS FLORENCE MCCARTHY.

By J. K. FORAN.

I DREAMT a dream of an olden land,  
One night long, long ago ;  
The haunting scene was a vision grand,  
And I walked at eve by the silver strand,  
Where the waves of Shannon flow.

I saw on the distant hills of Clare,  
A ray of the evening light ;  
And Scatterys' Isle was as bright and fair,  
As if the troops of the fairies there,  
Were dancing away the night.

And Cratloe's hills in the farness rose,  
And moon-beams lit Tirval ;  
And all around was a soft repose,  
And scarce a breeze from the river blows,  
As on the waters flow.

Dim, grand and strange to the furthest right,  
In the gloom of darksome hours ;  
Lay Limerick old—and her ramparts white,  
Were pale in the rising moon-beam light  
That fell on St. Mary's towers.

I heard the bells from the tower-top toll,  
As of old by Arno's stream ;  
And peal after peal did grandly roll,  
And the sounds awoke my troubled soul,  
And broke the spell of dream.

I 'woke to think o'er the phantom scene,  
That stirred my evening rest ;  
To think on the place where my thoughts had been,  
Away o'er the sea in Isle of Green,  
The home of the good and blest.

And I thanked a bard of the verdant land  
For the joy of the passing dream ;  
The bell-founder's bard—whose minstrel hand  
Had touched the harp into music grand,  
Like the gush of an Irish stream.

Saint Brendon's Bard, Shangauch's child,  
The Bard of soul of fire ;  
The minstrel son of old Erin mild,  
Of the Foray of Con O'Donnel mild,  
The Bard of the Celtic lyre.

Not once nor twice by a thousand times  
Did his song my soul inspire ;  
And Erin's sons in the distant climes,  
Have loved the notes and the rhythmic rhymes  
Of McCarthy's silver lyre.

With Davis, Mangan, Griffin, Moore,  
On Erin's scroll of fame ;  
By Lee, by Shannon, Liffey, Suir,  
McCarthy, minstrel grandly pure,  
Shall sound thy glorious name !

## TALES FOR THE YOUNG.

## I.—THE LYING SERVANT.

THERE lived in Suabia a certain lord, pious, just, and wise; to whose lot it fell to have a serving-man, a great rogue, and, above all, much addicted to the vice of lying. The name of the lord is not in the story; therefore the reader need not trouble himself about it.

The knave was given to boast of his wondrous travels. He had visited countries which are no where to be found in the map, and seen things which mortal eyes had never beheld. He would lie through the twenty-four hours of the clock; for he dreamed falsehoods in his sleep, to the truth of which he swore when he was awake. His lord was a wise as well as a virtuous man, and used to see the lies in the varlet's mouth; so that he was often caught—hung, as it were, in his own untruths, as in a trap. Nevertheless, he persisted still the more in his lies; and when any one said, "How can that be?" he would answer, with fierce oaths and protestations, that so it was. He swore, *stone and bone*, and so forth! Yet was the knave useful in the household; quick and handy.

It chanced, one pleasant day in spring, after the rains had fallen heavily, and swollen much the floods, that the lord and the knave rode out together; and their way passed through a shady and silent forest. Suddenly appeared an old and well-grown fox:—"Look!" exclaimed the master of the knave; "look! what a huge beast! never before have I seen a renard so large!" "Doth this beast surprise thee by its hugeness?" replied straight the serving groom, casting his eye slightly on the animal, as he fled for fear, away into the cover of the brakes: "by *stone and bone*, I have been in a kingdom where the foxes are as big as are the *bulls* in this!" Whereupon, hearing so vast a lie, the lord answered calmly, but with mockery in his heart, "In that kingdom there must be excellent lining for the cloaks, if furriers can there be found to dress skins so large!"

And so they rode on; the lord in silence; but soon he began to sigh heavily.

Still he seemed to wax more and more sad in spirit, and his sighs grew deeper and more quick. Then inquired the knave of the lord what sudden affliction or cause of sorrow had happened. "Alas!" replied the wily master, "I trust in Heaven's goodness that neither of us two hath to-day, by any forwardness of fortune, chanced to say the thing which is not; for assuredly he that hath so done must this day perish." The knave, on hearing these doleful words, and perceiving real sorrow to be depicted on the paleness of his master's countenance, instantly felt as if his ears grew more wide, but not a word, or syllable, of so strange a discovery might escape his troubled sense; and so, with eager exclamations, he demanded of the lord to ease his suspense, and to explain why so cruel a doom was now about to fall upon companionable liars.

"Hear, then, dear knave," answered the lord to the earnestness of his servant; "since thou must needs know, hearken! and God grant that no trouble come to thee for what I shall say. To-day we ride far; and in our course is a vast and heavy-rolling flood, of which the ford is narrow, and the pool is deep. To it hath Heaven given the power of sweeping down into its dark holes, all dealers in falsehoods, who may rashly venture to put themselves within its truth-loving current! But to him who hath told no lie there is no fear of this river. Spur we our horses, knave, for to-day our journey must be long!"

Then the knave thought, "long indeed must the journey be for some who are now here;" and, as he spurred, he sighed heavier and deeper than his master had done before him, who now went gayly on; nor ceased he to cry, "Spur we our horses, knave, for to-day our journey must be long!"

Then came they to a brook. Its waters were small, and its channel such as a boy might leap across. Yet, nevertheless, the knave began to tremble; and falteringly he asked, "Is this now the river where harmless liars must perish?" "This! ah no," replied the lord: "this is but a brook—no liar need tremble here." Yet

was the knave not wholly assured; and, stammering, he said, "My gracious lord, thy servant now bethinks him that he to-day hath made a fox too huge: that of which I spake was verily not so large as is an ox; but, *stone and bone*, as big as is a good-sized *roe*!"

The lord replied, with wonder in his tone, "What of this fox concerneth me? If large or small, I care not. Spur we our horses, knave, for to-day our journey must be long!"

"Long indeed," still thought the serving groom; and in sadness he crossed the brook. Then they came to a stream running quickly through a green meadow, the stones showing themselves in many places above its frothy water. The varlet started, and cried aloud, "Another river! surely of rivers there is to-day no end: was it of this thou talkedst heretofore?" "No," replied the lord, "not of this;" and more he said not; yet marked he, with inward gladness, his servants fear. "Because, in good truth," rejoined the knave, "it is on my conscience to give thee note, that the fox of which I spake was not larger than a *calf*!" "Large or small, let me not be troubled with your fox: the beast concerneth not me at all!"

As they quitted the woody country they perceived a river in the way, which gave sign of having been swollen by the rains; and on it was a boat. "This, then, is the doom of liars," said the knave; and he looked earnestly towards the passage-craft. "Be informed, my good lord, that renard was not larger than a fat *wedder-sheep*!" The lord seemed angry, and answered, "This is not yet the grave of falsehood: why torment me with this cursed fox! Rather spur we our horses, for we have far to go." "*Stone and bone*," said the knave to himself, "the end of my journey approacheth!"

Now, the day declined, and the shadows of the travellers lengthened on the ground; but darker than the twilight was the sadness on the face of the knave. And, as the wind rustled the trees, he ever and anon turned pale, and inquired of his master, if the noise were of a torrent or stream of water. Still, as the evening fell, his eyes strove to discover the course of a winding river. But nothing of the sort could he discern, so that his spirits began to revive, and he was fain to join in discourse with the lord;

but the lord held his peace, and looked as one who expects an evil thing.

Suddenly the way became steep, and they descended into a low and woody valley, in which was a broad and black river, creeping fearfully along, like the dark stream of Lethe, without bridge or bark to be seen near. "Alas, alas!" cried the knave, and the anguish oozed from the pores of his pale face. "Ah miserable me! this, then, is the river in which liars must perish!" "Even so," said the lord: this is the stream of which I spake: but the ford is sound and good for true men. Spur we our horses, knave, for night approacheth, and we have yet far to go."

"My life is dear to me," said the trembling serving-man; "and thou knowest that, were it lost, my *wife* would be disconsolate. In sincerity then, I declare, that the fox, which I saw in the distant country, was not larger *than he who fled from us in the wood this morning!*"

Then laughed the lord aloud, and said, "Ho, knave! wast thou afraid of thy life, and will nothing cure thy lying? Is not falsehood, which kills the soul worse than death, which has mastery only over the body? This river is no more than any other; nor hath it power such as I feigned. The ford is safe, and the waters gentle as those we have already passed. But who shall pass thee over the shame of this day? In it thou must needs sink, unless penitence comes to help thee over, and cause thee to look back on the gulf of thy lies, as on a danger from which thou mayest be delivered by Heaven's grace." And, as he railed against his servant, the lord rode on into the water, and both in safety reached the opposite shore. Then vowed the knave, by *stone and bone*, that from that time forward he would duly measure his words—and glad was he so to escape. Such is the story of the lying servant and the honest lord—by which let the reader profit.

## II.—LEGEND OF SANCTAREM.

### PART I.

COME, listen to a monkish tale of old,

Right Catholic, but childish some may deem  
Who all unworthy their high notice hold,

Aught but grave truths and holy learned theme:  
Too wise for simple pleasure, smiles, and tears  
Dreams of our earliest, purest, happiest years.



Come, listen to the legend—for of them  
Surely thou art not—and to thee I'll tell  
How, on a time in holiest Sanctarem,  
Strange circumstance miraculous befel  
Two little ones who, to the sacred shrine,  
Came daily to be schooled in things divine.

Twin sisters, orphan innocents were they;  
Most pure I ween from all but th' olden taint,  
Which only Jesu's blood can wash away,  
And holy as the life of holiest saint  
Was his, that good Dominican's, who fed  
His Master's lambs with more than daily bread.  
The children's custom, while that pious man  
Fulfilled the various duties of his state  
Within the spacious church as sacristan,  
Was on the altar steps to sit and wait  
Nestling together; 'twas a lovely sight,  
Like the young turtle doves of Hebrew rite.

A small rich chapel was their sanctuary,  
While thus abiding, with adornments fair  
Of curious carved work wrought cunningly.  
In all quaint patterns and devices rare;  
And there above the sacred altar smiled,  
From Mary mother's arms, the Holy Child  
Smiled on his infant guests, as there below,  
On the fair altar steps those young ones spread  
(Nor aught irreverent in such act I trow)  
Their simple morning meal of fruit and bread;  
Such feast not ill besemed the sacred dome—  
Their Father's house is the dear children's home.

At length it chanced that, on a certain day,  
When Frey Bernardo to the chapel came,  
Where patiently was ever wont to stay  
His infant charge, with vehement exclaim,  
Both lisping creatures forth to meet him ran,  
And each to tell the same strange tale began:  
"Father," they cried, as hanging on his gown  
On either side, in each perplexed ear  
They poured their eager tidings, "he came  
down;  
Menino Jesu hath been with us here;  
We prayed him to partake our fruit and bread,  
And he came down, and smiled on us, and fed."

"Children! my children! know ye what ye say?"  
Bernardo hastily replied; "but hold,  
Peace, Briolanja! rash thou art alway;  
Let Inez speak!" and little Inez told,  
In her slow silvery speech, distinctly o'er,  
The same strange story he had heard before.  
"Blessed are ye, little children!" with devout  
And deep humility the good man cried;  
"Ye have been highly favored! Still to doubt,  
Were gross impiety and sceptic pride.  
Ye have been highly favored, children dear;  
Now your old master's faithful counsel hear:

"Return to-morrow, with the morning light,  
And, as before, spread out your simple fare  
On the same table, and again invite  
Menino Jesu to descend and share;  
And, if he come, say: 'bid us, blessed Lord,  
Us and our master to thy heavenly board.'  
"Forget not, children of my soul, to plead  
For your old teacher, even for his sake  
Who fed you faithfully, and he will heed  
Your innocent lips, and I shall so partake  
With His dear lambs. Beloved, with the sun  
Return to-morrow. Then, His will be done.

"To-night, to-night, Menino Jesu saith,  
We shall sup with Him, father, thou and we  
Cried out both happy children in a breath  
As the good father entered anxiously,  
About the morrow's noon, that holy shrine  
Now consecrate by special grace divine.  
"He bade us come alone, but then we said,  
We could not without thee, our master dear.  
At that he did not frown, but shook his head  
Denyingly: then straight, with many a tear,  
We pleaded so he could not but relent,  
And bowed His head and smiled, and gave  
consent."

"Now, God be praised!" the old man said, and  
fell  
In prayer upon the marble floor straightway,  
His face to earth, and so, till vesper bell  
Entranced in the spirit's depths, he lay.  
Then rose, like one refreshed with sleep, and  
stood  
Composed among the assembling brotherhood.  
The prayers were said—the evening chant was  
o'er; [dome;  
Hushed its long echoes through the lofty  
And now Bernardo knew th' appointed hour  
That he had prayed for, of a truth was come.  
Alone he lingered in the solemn pile [aisle.  
Where darkness gained on space from aisle to

Except that through a distant doorway streamed  
One slanting sunbeam gliding; whereupon  
Two angel spirits—so in truth it seemed  
That loveliest vision—hand in hand came on,  
With noiseless motion, "Father, we are here,"  
Sweetly saluted the good friar's ear.  
A hand he laid on each fair sun-bright head,  
Crowned like a seraph's, with refulgent light.  
"And be ye blessed, ye blessed ones," he said,  
"Whom Jesu bids to his own board to-night.  
Lead on, ye chosen, to th' appointed place;  
Lead your old master." So with steadfast face

He followed where those young ones led the way  
To that small chapel; like a golden clue  
Streamed on before that long bright sunset ray,  
Till at the door it stopped; then passing  
through  
The master and his pupils, side by side,  
Knelt down in prayer before the crucified.  
And there we leave them—not for us to see  
The feast made ready that first act to crown;  
Nor to peruse that wondrous mystery  
Of the divine Menino's coming down  
To lead away th' elect expectant three  
With him that night at his own board to be.

Suffice it, that with him they surely were  
That night in paradise; for they who came  
Next to the chapel found them as in prayer,  
Still kneeling; stiffened every lifeless frame,  
With hands and eyes upraised, as when they  
Towards the image of the Crucified. [died.  
That mighty miracle spread far and wide,  
And thousands came the feast of death to see;  
And all beholders deeply edified [fully.  
Returned to their own homes more thought-  
Musing thence, with one great truth imprest,  
That to depart and be with Christ is best.

# THE HARP.

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HAMILTON, ONT., DECEMBER, 1881.

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## EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

### THE RESOURCES OF IRELAND.

Political economists who have fairly studied the subject, have unanimously acknowledged the great extent and variety of Ireland's natural resources for the production of wealth. The soil is extremely fertile, and can under favorable circumstances, produce food for a nation of fifteen millions instead of five. The exhortation to Irishmen to emigrate on account of an overcrowded population, is unsupported by facts. England, with an area scarcely double that of Ireland, and a soil less fertile, maintains a population four times as large. Many of the most useful minerals may be found in different parts of the island, as rich and as abundant in proportion to the size of the country, as those possessed by England. If they have not been as well developed, it is not owing to incapacity or lack of enterprise on the part of the people, but to the selfish, illiberal spirit that has hitherto characterized the policy of landholders and lawmakers. Had not the commercial policy of the imperial government always discriminated in favor of the miners of Northumberland, Cornwall and Wales, the iron of Kerry, the coal of Kilkenny, the copper of Wicklow, and the silver of Antrim would have furnished employment to thousands of Irishmen who were forced to cross the channel and help to develop the wealth of England, while that of their own country remained untouched. The seas, lakes, and streams of Ireland abound in fish,

sufficient to supply all the piscatorial wants of the nation; but there are certain restraints upon fishing that destroy the usefulness of the business, and that which might benefit the people is mainly kept for the sport of the nobles. The manufacturers of Ireland are at a low ebb, but here again neither the country nor the people are to be blamed. Flax, hemp, and wool can be raised in large quantities in almost every part of the country. The coal that the island contains, and the water privileges which her numerous and powerful rivers possess, could be made available for working an immense quantity of machinery; while the highly superior quality of what little she produces of linen, poplin and lace goods, fully proves the skill of Irish factors. A brief examination of the map of Ireland will show her many advantages for commerce. Occupying a prominent position on one of the great mercantile highways of the world, surrounded on all sides by the sea, deeply indented by numerous bays, and traversed in all directions by navigable rivers, Ireland possesses facilities for trade equalled by few nations of the world, and excelled by none. Under these circumstances, which are quite observable to all who wish to read and examine for themselves, it needs no commercial expert to see that Ireland should be prosperous. But as she is not, the cause may be found in the policy of the dominant nation, which by a long series of laws has succeeded in

centering manufacturies and commerce within her own cities and ports. Had the regulations of commerce been just and equitable, the hum of trade that resounds along the wharves and streets of Liverpool, Bristol, and Hull, would have given to Dublin, Cork, and Galway that full degree of commercial activity to which their advantageous position entitles them. The cities of Manchester, Birmingham, and Sheffield monopolize the lion's share of British manufactures, but were it not for the laws passed a comparatively short time ago, not only discouraging but absolutely forbidding the exportation from Ireland of her most important productions, Armagh, Clonmel, and Athlone might have counted their factories by the score, their populations by the hundred thousand, and their wealth by millions. The city of Glasgow, Scotland, is an out of the way place, far removed from the centre of the mercantile world. The approach to it is tortuous, and was once very difficult and dangerous. The city of Limerick, Ireland, is almost on the direct line of traffic between the most important business places of Europe and America. It is *naturally* easy of access, lies on the banks of the most navigable river in the United Kingdom, and possesses an anchorage as safe as, and more commodious than that possessed by Glasgow. But with the full weight of British influence in its favor, with its water approaches deepened, widened and straightened, Glasgow holds the third place in the Empire, while Limerick, that has all essentials for rivalling even Liverpool, is almost unknown.

Facts and references similar to the foregoing could be easily multiplied. They are gathered from an examination of the physical structure of the country, which is capable of giving it more than an average degree of prosperity, and from the testimony of the best authorities in the commercial relations that have hitherto existed between Great Britain and Ireland.

#### IRELAND'S PROSPECTS.

THERE is no doubt that indications are in favor of better times, but the era of prosperity is yet in the distance. Let all who wonder that Irishmen are not satisfied at every little ounce of restoration made them, consider that evil has been done Ireland by wholesale over a long extended period, while relief has been given by the half-measure, and at wide intervals. If they reflect calmly on these facts, disinterested spectators of Irish affairs must surely acknowledge that when any parliamentary measure, after a fair trial, has been proved insufficient, Irishmen have a perfect right to demand a further improvement in their national condition. The present Land Act, though potentially beneficial to a certain extent, is by no means perfect. Its full value will be ascertained after a fair degree of experience. In the meantime, if it be unjust to utterly condemn it, it is unreasonable to extoll it as a complete measure of relief. But even a perfect land act would not of itself supply Ireland with her essential wants. To give her an equal chance with the rest of the empire in the race for property, she must have means of controlling her own internal affairs—in a word she must have her own parliament. The imperial parliament in granting this right, would not only consult the interests of Ireland, but also its own. Past experience has proved that as long as the British parliament remains constructed as it is, Irish representation, numerically weak, can do little for its country in the face of overwhelming numbers; and as long as the attention of the same government is extended over the multitudinous home and colonial affairs, local interest must either suffer injury or lack development. Home rule would lessen the labour of the central government, and give that efficiency to the management of Irish affairs which particular and undivided attention always produces. The restoration of the Irish parliament should

be the object not only of Irishmen, but of those who are capable of restoring it, as it is the most powerful means towards making the island contented and happy.

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#### THE IRISH PARLIAMENT.

THERE are some facts in connection with the dissolution of the Irish Parliament in 1800, of which few persons, comparatively speaking, are aware. Strictly speaking, it was not an *Irish* Parliament, because four-fifths of the nation were debarred on account of their religion, from having a representation in that body. Yet its existence entitled Ireland to a place among the family of nations, and gave promise of better things in the future, as liberal ideas expanded. Had it continued to the present day and experienced all the benefits that accrued from the abolition of the principal penal laws, there is no doubt that many of the evils suffered by the Irish people, during the present century, would never have existed. The nation enjoying full representation might have had its affairs better attended to; the people with a perfected land system, such for instance, as we possess in Canada, would have taken more interest in the improvement of the country; commerce and manufactures would have flourished, and the industrious millions would have remained at home docile and contented, instead of going abroad filled with animosity, and leaving behind them other millions, equally hostile to an unjust and ungenerous government.

But it has been asked, "Why did not Irishmen keep their parliament when once they had it? Why did they sell it?" These are the questions of the ignorant. It is true that the parliament was sold, but not by the Irish people, because, as we have already said, the vast majority of the population of Ireland had no voice whatever in enacting the measure of its so-called parliament. But the majority was composed of men peculiarly and typically

Irish—the Celtic race Catholics, almost to a man; those who betrayed their trust were the descendants of foreign planters, and representatives of such descendants. They were the brood of the impoverished colonists whom James I. imported from the barren hills of Argyle to the fertile bawns of Down and Antrim; of the savage troopers of the regicide Cromwell, who left the slums of London and Liverpool to dwell among the rich valleys of Desmond; and of the ragged mercenaries of the usurper William, who exchanged the gloomy swamps of Holland for the bright meadows of Ireland. These were the men who sold the Irish parliament.

We are loth to excite ugly memories of the past, but in those momentous times, when Irishmen are accused of being the authors of their own misfortunes, it is necessary that the truth should be known. It is also necessary that all Irishmen should know the facts of their country's history, in order to be able to answer the stranger's question. That even under the imperfect legislature just spoken of, Ireland had a stronger element of prosperity than at the present day, can be proved from the enterprising era of Grattan and Flood; and if further proof is necessary let us have again our Irish parliament, fairly constructed, and we will shew the world by the improved condition of our country, that it has been many a day since Ireland was ruled by the Irish.

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#### THE ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM.

THE noble and true-hearted patriarch to the Irish hierarchy is dead, after a long life of usefulness spent in the triple field of learning, patriotism and religion. How numerous and stirring are the memories which a review of the career of this venerable old man recalls! His birth witnessed the decline of the most prosperous era that Ireland ever enjoyed under British rule—that period when the local legis-

lature was free from imperial domination ; his early boyhood beheld the bloody scenes of ninety-eight, and the miserable condition of the nation that followed when political pirates robbed the Irish of their parliament ; his manhood saw the protracted struggle for emancipation, which resulted in O'Connell's triumph in 1829, the gallant though unsuccessful effort of the repealers, and the chivalrous attempt of the Young Ireland party ; his old age beheld various efforts for the improved condition of the people, socially and religiously, and his death saw them engaged in a united and determined struggle for their rights and privileges.

In all the measures that were calculated for the good of his country, during his long lifetime, John of Tuam took a prominent part. Early in life he assailed the Protestant Establishment, whose demise he had the satisfaction of seeing ; he exposed the hypocrisy of tract-peddling evangelists, who tried to buy the people's faith with a mess of pottage ; he threw himself heart and soul into the cause of emancipation, and was an invaluable auxiliary to O'Connell ; he fought for the abolition of the tithes, and opposed the introduction of the "National Schools," whose existence tended to undermine the foundation of our grand old Irish faith by discarding from their system the teachings of true religion ; he laboured with untiring energy in the various movements for the improvement of the Land Laws and the acquisition of Home Rule, but he always opposed extreme agitations, which he foresaw would lead to radicalism and insubordination.

In those periods of famine and distress which strangely afflicted a nation surrounded by all the elements of plenty, we find him ever in the foreground, curbing and softening the feelings of the people goaded to desperation by wanton misgovernment, and at the same time

earnestly exhorting the authorities to measures of conciliation, rather than acts of repression. His attitude in this respect, while it won for him the love and veneration of his people, earned the respect and deference of the government, and no man of his time ever enjoyed the influence, on either hand, that was possessed by the now immortal John of Tuam. As an ecclesiastic, his attention to religious duties was characterized throughout by intense zeal, constant fidelity and indefatigable exertion. He was also a warm advocate of true education. He established schools in all parts of his province, and by every means in his power endeavored to make their standing efficient and practical. He loved the language and literature of his country ; he liberally patronized the latter, and sought to revive the decaying vitality of the former by causing it to be introduced into colleges, and by addressing his audiences on all important occasions in their native language.

Born in 1790, he had well nigh completed a century of lifetime at the time of his death. Since he first saw the light many an extraordinary event has happened in the world. Many a nation has risen and fallen within that time ; many whom the world calls great men have had their names trumpeted from the high places, but finished their career with a bubble's reputation or in disgrace ; and many a truly good man after a useful and holy life has gone to obtain his reward. Among the last can certainly be classed the venerable archbishop of the west, whose name shall live forever in the affections of the Irish people. His unflinching moral courage won for him on earth the title of the "Lion of the Fold of Judah ;" let us earnestly pray that his piety and virtues have earned for him that place in Heaven which is promised to those who "have fought the good fight and kept the faith."

CHRISTMAS.

“CHRISTMAS is coming!” is a familiar sound that finds a cheerful echo in every Christian heart. It drives away for the time the cares and anxieties of a year’s struggle with the world, and fills the mind with happier and purer thoughts. Some look forward to Christmas as a renewal of accustomed joys and pleasures, others as a memento of better days. Families and friends still united, find it a season of glad re-union; others, thinned by death or separation, while sharing in existing festivities, take a greater pleasure, melancholy though it be, in thinking of absent friends and by-gone associations. But no matter

what may be the condition of the true Christian, at the occurrence of this noble festival he will derive from the thoughts of Christmas a purer joy than the world is capable of giving. Whether he is surrounded by friends and companions, in the midst of comfort and wealth, or poor and unfortunate, far from home and kindred, there is unalloyed happiness for him in the thought that Christmas commemorates the birth of the Saviour of mankind—the great event that led to the opening of heaven’s gates to those who adopt and practice the spirit of the angels’ song: “Peace on earth to men of good will.”

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FOR THE HARP.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

JESUS SALVATOR HOMINUM.

JESUS, Redeemer of mankind!  
 Ere nature yet had sprung to light,  
 Born in Thy Sire’s eternal mind,  
 His match in glory, as in might!  
 His bright effulgence—Author sure  
 Of all our hope, and only end:  
 Now to the prayers Thy suppliants pour  
 Thy willing ear propitious bend!  
 The rolling sun renews the Day,  
 When Thou, Life’s Author, for our sake  
 From Virgin’s womb did’st not refuse  
 On thee a mortal’s form to take.  
 Forth from Thy Father’s bosom led  
 By wond’rous love to human kind,  
 Thou to His justice, in our stead,  
 Did’st in Thyself a victim find.  
 Let heaven and earth their chorus join,  
 And creatures all his praise resound;  
 Who in His wisdom’s depth divine,  
 A way to save lost man has found.  
 And now to Thee, whose blood was shed,  
 To wash our sinful stains away,  
 This tribute of our praise we glad  
 Present on this Thy natal day.  
 To Jesus, from a Virgin sprung,  
 Father and Spirit, Mystic Three,  
 Be glory given and praises sung,  
 Now, and for all eternity.

## GENERAL NOTES.

In the city of Rome are more than a hundred printing offices and a thousand printers. These figures double those of New York and triple those of London in proportion to the population of all three cities.

THE Irish land agitation has its influence abroad. An *Inverness Journal* states that a movement is on foot in that vicinity for the improvement of the Scottish land laws.

THE results of the German elections do not please Prince Bismarck. As he is a man who frets more at the enmity of the insignificant than he rejoices at the friendship of the great, he has now an opportunity of having his fretfulness increased by the magnitude of the Opposition.

THE *Catholic Shield*, of Ottawa, has taken up the cause of Catholic education with a will, and is advocating it with spirit. There is much room for improvement in the Ontario Separate School Act, and all interested in the welfare of Catholic schools will wish the *Shield* success in its efforts.

GAMBETTA, by his recent success, has placed himself in the position of an elephant owner. Before his election he promised to revise the constitution, to confiscate church property, and to suppress religious observances. As the mass of the French people have not yet sunk into the depths of serfdom, it is not likely that the loud-mouthed infidel will successfully accomplish either the second or the third of his pledges.

GLADSTONE'S recent speech in Lancashire, if not remarkable for anything else, is significant for its praises of O'Connell. Few Irishmen of a generation ago would have thought that a British Premier would ever characterize the efforts of an Irish liberator for the freedom of his country as "praiseworthy and legitimate."

ENGLAND is undecided as to the most salutary means of correcting juvenile offenders. Some papers advocate whipping, others confinement in reformatories and industrial schools, while a third class suggests that the weight of the pun-

ishment be laid upon the parents, "whose cruel indifference and neglect are the causes of two-thirds of the juvenile crime committed in the country."

NEXT year (1882) a mammoth exhibition will be held in Dublin, Ireland, and in 1885 a World's Fair will be held in Rome. To natives of America both exhibitions would be of more than ordinary interest as including opportunities of visiting the famous places of the Old World.

WHEN in England an attempt is made to blow up passenger cars and murder people wholesale, it is called train wrecking, but when a tyrannical landlord is maimed or "boycotted" it is telegraphed to the world as a "dastardly outrage."

THE nuns of the convent of Mary, Ballyshannon, Donegal County, Ireland, desire to convey their thanks to their American benefactors in general, and in particular to these named below: New York—Miss Madden, Mr. Bower, Mr. Johnston, Mr. McGrail; Philadelphia—Miss Kelly, Miss Bower; Elizabeth—Mr. Filloran; Adair—Mr. Watson; Boston—Mr. M. Sweeney, Miss Harvey; Morristown, N. Y.—Mr. E. McGorrich; Madison, Wis.—Miss E. McGovern; Brooklyn—Mrs. A. Ward and Miss Bridget Sweeney. They also earnestly request that others to whom they have written in behalf of their building fund, would inform them before New Year's whether they will do anything towards the object of their appeal.

THE month of December is remarkable for many important religious anniversaries. Besides the great festivals of the Immaculate Conception of Our Lady (Dec. 8), and the Nativity of Our Lord (Dec. 25), there are the feasts of St. Francis Xavier (Dec. 3), St. Ambrose, Doctor of the Church (Dec. 7), St. Stephen (Dec. 26), St. John the Evangelist on the 27th, the Holy Innocents on the 28th, and St. Thomas a Bécket on the 29th.

WHAT England took from Ireland: Land, language, parliament. What England gave to Ireland: Land laws, poor houses, and jails.

A PORTION of the American press is becoming alarmed over the increase in the number of suicides. It attributes the cause not to poverty and physical suffering, but to "that misery which is brought on by over indulgence in vicious habits." Early training in semi-infidel schools might be set down as another cause. With all her boasted superiority in education, America gives better training to her criminals in the prisons than to her children in the schools.

THE Brooklyn *Catholic Review* learns that "the Bishop and Clergy of a western diocese have subscribed \$20,000 to promote the cause of Catholic literature." This is an act of generosity in keeping with the cloth. In the matter of practically appreciating meritorious literary works, ecclesiastics, in proportion to their means, have done more than laymen.

THE *Burlington Hawkeye* thinks that, after all, there is not much difference between robbing a train in the west, and keeping summer hotels in the east. Somebody has been discriminating against the western method of doing business.

GREAT things are expected from the deliberations of the Irish convention which opened in Chicago on the 30th ult. As it will consider matters for the good of the Irish people at home and abroad, it is to be hoped that it will produce results in accordance with its object.

By its defeat in the recent trial of Grant vs. Beaudry, Orangism received the severest blow it ever received in any part of the British empire. It will now be in order for that "hundred thousand Orangemen to march to the Boyne" again.

#### OUR BOOK SHELF.

THE veteran publisher, Donahoe, will begin the fourth year of his magazine with the January number. This monthly has been steadily advancing in excellence, and we hope that complete success will ever attend the efforts of its worthy proprietor, the Nimrod of Irish journalists in America.

THE Notre Dame *Scholastic* reaches us as spicy and interesting as ever. It is true that it does not hide its own light "under a bushel," yet it gives full prominence to all that might entertain and instruct the general reader.

ST. LAURENT COLLEGE, Montreal, publishes in book form, a semi-monthly called the *Spectator*. Its articles are contributed entirely by the students, and on that score exhibit a more than ordinary degree of ability.

McGEE's *Illustrated Weekly* continues to increase in interest. It is a valuable substitute for the demoralizing, infidel pictorials that are published throughout this continent and it should receive the support which its enterprise and general good qualities deserve.

VENNOR has issued his almanac for 1882. Its new feature is a particular reference to the United States. Besides the usual almanac matter, consisting of astronomical and chronological tables, weather predictions and meteorological references, it contains many useful and entertaining literary articles. The Almanac has nearly one hundred pages, paper cover, and is sold by the Toronto News Company and the Montreal News Company for twenty-five cents.

#### OUR ADVERTISERS.

MESSRS. DUNCAN & CO. of this city keep on hand a large supply and a great variety of books and stationery. Their stock of Christmas and New Year's goods is large and newly assorted. They also sell Catholic bibles and prayer books very cheap.

MR. L. P. A. GAREAU, of St. Joseph Street, Montreal, a well known and popular clothier, is selling all-wool suits, ready-made, for eight dollars.

MR. THOS. MASON, James Street, Hamilton, has long since established the reputation for first-class and cheap hats, caps, furs and gents' furnishings.

MR. H. R. GRAY, Chemist, 144 St. Lawrence Main Street, Montreal, advertises his dental pearl-line (sanitary tooth wash) which is said to be of excellent quality.

MESSRS. ARLAND BROTHERS, boot and shoe dealers, King Street, Hamilton, exhibit a very large stock. These gentlemen have always been known for the good quality of their wares and the reasonable rates at which they sell them.

THE ONTARIO MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, formed nearly 12 years, has already established a flourishing business. It is a Canadian institution, and is liberally patronized by the prominent men of the province. Its rates are as low as those of any company doing business in this country, and in many respects the inducements are better. Its mutuality consists in a proportionate crediting of the profits to all policy-holders at regular periods; but the annual premium is a fixed rate, so that the insurer will not be called upon to pay a cent more, no matter how great may be the expenses sustained by the company.



## WIT AND WISDOM.

LIGHT injuries are made none by disregarding them; which, if revenged, grow burdensome and grievous, living to hurt us, when they might die to secure us.

UNBLEACHABLE.—“What do you know of the character of this man?” was asked of a witness at a police-court the other day. “What do I know of his character? I know it to be *unbleachable*, your honor,” replied he, with emphasis.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—The editor of a country paper says:—“Wednesday's post brought us a letter addressed ‘Rev.,’ another ‘The Hon.,’ another ‘Col.,’ one ‘Mr.,’ and the last ‘Esq.’ On the way to dinner we accidentally stepped on a woman's train, and she addressed us thus: ‘You brute!’”

JEALOUSY may be compared to a poisoned arrow, so envenomed, that if it even prick the skin it is very dangerous, but if it draw blood it is deadly.

MEN that live always to themselves, had need to have a well-timbered bottom, for if once their selfish bark prove leaky, they will find few to stop the breaches.

AN UNANSWERABLE REASON.—There is a story of an old hunter who came into Chicago one day, and after wandering about for a while, looking at the public buildings and other improvements, got into a chat with one of the inhabitants, in the course of which he mentioned to him that he had once had a chance to buy all the ground that the city was built upon for a pair of old boots.—“And why didn't you buy it?”—“Well, I had'nt the boots just then,” was the old man's calm reply.

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.

FUTURE TORMENTS OF AUTHORS.—An ancient Persian writer asserts that one of the severest torments of authors in a future state is to be compelled to read their own compositions to an audience of demons.

A. WARD AS AN ARTIST.—I could draw on wood at a very tender age. When a mere child, I once drew a small cart-load of raw turnips over a wooden bridge. The people of the village noticed me. I drew their attention. They said I had a future before me. Up to that time I had an idea that it was behind me. Time passed on. It always does by the way. You may possibly have noticed that time always does. It is a kind of way time has. I became a man. I haven't distinguished myself at all as an artist; but I have always been more or less mixed up with art. I have an uncle who takes photographs, and I have a servant who—takes anything he gets his hands on. This picture of the Great Desert is a great work of art. It is an oil painting done in petroleum. It is by the old masters. It was the last thing they did before dying. They did this and then they expired. The most celebrated artists in London are so delighted with this picture that they come to the hall every day to gaze at it. I wish you were nearer to it—so you could see it better. I wish I could take it to your residences and let you see it by daylight, with lanterns to look at it. They say they never saw anything like it before—and they hope they never shall again. When I first showed this picture in New York, the audience were so enthusiastic in their admiration of this picture that they called for the artist—and when he appeared they threw brickbats at him.

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.”