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NO. II.

A FAREWELL.

TEMP. 1691.

My *Maire Bhan!* My *Maire Bhan!*
I've come to say "good bye," love;
To France I sail away, at dawn,
My fortune there to try, love.
The cause is lost, *astore machree*—
All hope has now departed,
And Ireland's gallant chivalrie
Are scutt'ring, broken-hearted.

Ah! pleasant are our Munster vales,
Encrowned in summer sheen, love—
But now, no more the summer gales
Unfold our flag of Green, love;
And say, could we remain and see,
In ruin and dishonour,
Far o'er those valleys waving free
The foeman's bloody banner?

No—sweeter in far lands to roam,
From Lee's wild banks and you, love,
Than live a coward slave at home,
To plighted vows untrue, love;
And better ne'er to clasp thy hand,
Or view these tresses shining,
Than 'mong the ravens of the land
Crouch down, in fetters pining.

Mavrone, 'tis hard to part from thee,
My heart's bright pearl, my own love,
And wand'ring in a far countrie,
To leave you sad and lone, love,
But spring's young flowers will crown the
glen,
And wreath the fairy wildwood,
And Dermidh's feet will pace again
The mountains of his childhood.

Farewell! farewell! *mavourneen bawn*—
Time flies—I must away, love;
'Twill soon be dawn—'twill soon be dawn,
My steed begins to neigh, love
Farewell! preserve thy heart as true,
As *changeless* as you river,
And Dermidh will be true to you,
Afar or near, for ever!

THE ORPHANS;

OR,

THE HEIR OF LONGWORTH.

CHAPTER XXXV.—(Continued.)

"BAYMOUTH OCT. 10.

"MY DEAR MRS. DEXTER.—I write to you in the utmost distress and anxiety in the hope that you may receive this before your departure for the south. I fear Miss Landelle must return immediately instead of accompanying you, as you mentioned she intended to do. Many surprising and most painful things have occurred here during the past three days. In the first place Mrs. Windsor's house has been broken into, and she has been robbed—by whom is not positively known, but rumour through the town says Monsieur Leonce Durand. This is certain, he left Baymouth very early on the morning following the theft, and has not since returned. The police are at present on his track. Mrs. Windsor, tyrannical and unjust as usual, accused Mademoiselle Reine of being accessory to the fact, in language so violent that the poor child was obliged to leave her house for ever. She departed late at night. She was seen at the station in company with Mr. O'Sullivan. Mr. O'Sullivan took two tickets for New York and travelled with her. He has not yet returned to throw light upon the affair, and, as a matter of course, all Baymouth is loudly talking. But even Baymouth, noted for its evil gossip, talks no scandal of Reine's departure with this gentleman. He is one of the exceptionable people who do

things with impunity it would be ruin for any one else to attempt. He has undertaken his share in it to befriend her—that seems to be tacitly understood—as he has often befriended others. Reine is doubtless in New York, and does not intend to return. All this you had best tell her sister and let her return if she sees fit. I say nothing of my own feelings, although, loving Reine as I do, you can hardly doubt I feel it deeply. Hoping this will reach you in time, I remain, my dear Mrs. Dexter, yours faithfully.

“HESTER HARRIOTT.”

There is a brief silence of consternation. Mother and son look at each other perplexed and distressed, Marie has fallen back in her chair with one faint, sobbing cry, and does not stir or look up. She is a girl of strong will and resolute character, but she is moved now as few have ever seen her moved. No one knows what to say. Frank looks unutterably miserable—his mother unutterably helpless.

Marie lifts her face at last. She is scarcely whiter than usual. She is not crying, but there is an expression in her eyes that frightens Frank.

“I must start for Baymouth by the next train. Will you kindly see to everything, Mr. Frank? I must not lose a moment. If I had been there this would have never happened.”

They do not understand her, but they ask no questions. She scarcely speaks another word to either. She goes to her room, and has on her hat and travelling dress when Frank comes to tell her they may start. The journey will be but of a few hours. They will reach Baymouth a little after dark.

Frank goes with her. She hardly speaks the whole way, except to give brief answers to his anxious enquiries about her comfort. She sits erect, looking perfectly colourless, but a determined expression setting the lips and hardening the brown, steadfast eyes. He has often noticed that peculiar look of self-will and resolution around Marie Landelle's mouth and chin—it has given character to the whole face—but he has never seen it so strongly marked as now.

They reach Baymouth. The October

night, chill and starry, has fallen, lights gleam from the great range of the Windsor Mills. As Frank is about to give the order to the Stone House, she abruptly checks him.

“No, not there,” she says. “Mr. Dexter, where am I most likely to see your cousin, Mr. Longworth, at this hour? At his office, or at home?”

“It is nearly eight,” Frank returns, looking at his watch. “Not at his home certainly; he rarely spends his evenings there. Either at the office, at Miss Harriott's or at the Stone House.”

“Let us try the office first,” she says, and the young man gives the order and they are driven to the *Phoenix* building. It too is in a state of immiscellaneous illumination. Dexter gets out, goes in and returns almost immediately.

“Longworth is here, Mlle. Marie; I will take you up to his room.”

She pulls the veil she wears over her face, and follows Frank up a long flight of stairs and into the room sacred to O'Sullivan. Frank taps at another door and Longworth's voice calls come in.

“It is I, Larry,” he says, and Longworth turns around from his writing and looks at him. “Miss Landelle is here—has just arrived and wishes to see you. Mademoiselle, I will wait for you in the back.”

She puts back her veil and advances.

Longworth rises, something of surprise, something of sternness, a great deal of coldness in his manner. He is unconscious of it. If he has thought of the elder sister at all, it is to be sorry for her, and yet the deep anger and resentment he feels shows itself in his manner even to her.

“Sit down,” he says and places a chair. “I suppose Miss Harriott's letter reached Mrs. Dexter, and that is why you are here. She told me she had written. It is rather a pity your pleasure trip should be cut short by these untoward events.”

There is a touch of sarcasm in his tone. He is a character reader enough to know that Miss Marie Landelle has a tolerably strong share of selfishness, and will feel any misfortune that touches her own comfort, keenly. But she feels this far more than he is disposed to give her credit for.

"Mr. Longworth," she says earnestly, "why has Reine gone?"

"Miss Landelle, need you ask? Did not Miss Harriott write explicitly enough? Because Monsieur committed the robbery, and she was present at the time."

"Present at the time? Do you mean to say Reine aided him in robbing Madame Windsor?"

"Mademoiselle, these questions are very painful. You oblige me to tell the truth. Yes."

"My grandmother believes this?"

"She does."

"You believe this, Mr. Longworth?"

"I have no alternative, Miss Landelle."

She is still for a while, silently looking at him as if trying to read him as she sits there, impassive, inflexible, coldly stern before her.

"Monsieur," she says, leaning forward, the flood of gas-light falling on her beautiful, colourless face, "will you answer me a question? You asked my sister to marry you—did you love her the least in the world?"

"I decline to answer the question, Miss Landelle."

"You need not," she says, contemptuously; "you could not love any one. But surely, without love, you might have trusted her. What had she done to be thought a thief?"

"Perhaps you will inquire next, mademoiselle, by what right we stigmatize your friend and hers by that opprobrious epithet—why we dare brand Durand as a robber?"

"No," she says, sudden, profound emotion in her tone; "no I know too well what was his motive and temptation. But that you should doubt Reine—believe her guilty of crime—yes, that indeed bewilders me. How could any one look in her face and believe her guilty of any wrong?"

"Mademoiselle we learn as we grow older 'how fair an outside falsehood hath'; your sister stands condemned out of her own mouth."

"What did she confess?"

"By her silence, by her refusal and inability to answer the questions that she was with him when he committed this robbery."

Marie still sits and looks at him, a

touch of scorn in her face that reminds him of Reine.

"But surely, monsieur, a thief would not stick at a lie. If she could steal, or aid a thief, she could tell falsehoods to screen her crime. And yet you say she preferred standing silent to speaking falsely."

"I do not pretend to understand a lady's motives," Longworth says impatiently; "at least she would not betray her lover."

"Reine would betray no one. She was true as truth itself—who should know better than I? But monsieur, pardon my curiosity: why do you say 'her lover'?"

"Her husband, then, if you prefer it. Her secret of course is no secret to you."

He says it with a passionate gesture that shows her the pain this self-possessed man is suffering, in spite of himself. She listens and watches him, and a light breaks slowly over her face.

"His wife!" she repeats, "Reine the wife of Léonce! Oh! *Mon Dieu!*" what a strange idea! Monsieur, I beg of you, tell me why you think this? Surely she has never said anything that could make you think so extraordinary a thing. For the whole world Reine would not tell a falsehood."

"And this would be a falsehood?"

"The falsest of falsehoods."

"And yet I heard his own lips proclaim it, heard him call her his wife. I charged her with it and she did not deny."

"She did not! Oh! my sister, even I have not known half your goodness. Mr. Longworth, there is a terrible mistake here which I alone can clear. Tell me the exact words, if you remember them, that Léonce spoke—for indeed I cannot understand how he ever could have called her his wife."

"I remember them well," Longworth sternly answers, "they were words not easily forgotten. It was the night of the theatricals—you remember it—the place Miss Harriott's garden. He was excited that night—you probably remember that also, for I saw you were annoyed—and consequently off guard. The words were these—'I will not go. I had the right to come, I have the right to stay. I will not go and leave

my wife to be made love to by another man. Could anything be plainer?"

"And you heard no more—not Reine's reply?"

"I heard no more; I wished to hear no more. The following evening I sought out your sister, upraided her with her falsity, and told her what I had heard."

"And she?" Marie asks, clasping her hands, "what said she?"

"Not one word. Let me do your sister this justice, mademoiselle; when she is found out she never attempts futile vindication. She accepts discovery and does not add to treachery by lies."

"Oh!" Marie says, bitterly, "you are indeed without pity or mercy—you are indeed a stern and cruel man. My little one! my little one! what have I not made you suffer—what shame, what pain, what humiliation. And Léonce too! Ah, Léonce has paid dearly for the keeping of a secret."

"Secrets are like firebrands, mademoiselle, we can't expect to carry them about and go unscorched. But in your commiseration for your sister, are you not talking a little wildly, Miss Landelle? If a wife weaves her plot to win an inheritance, and fools men into making her offers of marriage—"

"Monsieur, be silent! You have said enough. Reine Landelle is no man's wife; she is pure, and true, and innocent of all wrong as an angel."

He regards her frowning; doubt, anger, distrust in his face.

"What do you mean? Am I not to believe what my own ears hear, what my own eyes see?"

"If your ears tell you she is false—not if your eyes that she is not what she claims to be—no! a hundred times no! I tell you she is no man's wife, and I think she has reason to rejoice she will never be yours."

"Enough of this mystery!" Longworth exclaims, rising in angry impatience. "Speak out the whole truth, or do not speak at all. Where then—who then, is the wife Durand spoke of?"

"She is here! I am Léonce Durand's most wretched wife!"

"You!" he stands stunned: he looks at her in blank silence. "You! Mademoiselle Marie."

"I am not Mademoiselle Marie—I have deceived you all. I own it now, when it is too late. I came to this place Léonce Durand's wife, and, as you say, for the sake of an inheritance, denied it."

He sits suddenly down. His face still keeps that stunned look of utter amaze, but with it mingles a flush of swift, half incredulous hope.

"If you only say this," he begins, "to vindicate your sister—"

"Bah! that is not like your customary sound sense, Mr. Longworth. Am I likely to do that? Reine is of the kind to make sacrifices, to be faithful to death through all things—not I. You are glad that I have told you this—yes, I see you are, and when all is explained, and you can doubt no longer, you will cease to doubt. You will even be ready to forgive her for having been falsely accused and condemned, and condescend to take her back. But, monsieur, if I know my sister, she will not come back. Faith ceases to be a virtue where all is open and clear. If you believe in her, and trust her, because doubt has become impossible, where is your merit as a lover and a friend? Reine will not return to you. She is proud, and you have humbled her to the very dust. In spite of you, I can see that you love her, and will lament her, and I am glad of it. Yes, monsieur, I say to your face—I am glad of it. You do not deserve her, you never did. She is an angel of goodness, and fidelity, and truth—and you are—what are you, Monsieur Longworth? What is the man who accuses and hunts down a helpless girl—the girl he has asked to be his wife? Do you suffer? Well I am glad of that too; you deserve to suffer. Listen, and I will tell you all the truth—the truth which Reine knew, and which she might have told, and so saved herself. But she would not, for a promise bound her. She loved me and Léonce, and was true to us. Listen here!"

It is evident Marie can speak when she chooses, habitually silent as she is. All her languor, all her indolent grace of manner are swept away, and her words flow forth in a stemless torrent. Deep excitement burns in her steadfast eyes, her hands are tightly clasped in

her lap, two spots of colour gleam feverishly on her cheeks.

For Longworth, he sits mute and stricken, like a man who listens to his own sentence of doom.

"You know this much of our history, Mr. Longworth, that I lived with my father in London, and Reine went when a child to our Aunt Denise Durand in Rouen. She and Léonce grow up together, she loving him with an innocent, admiring, sisterly affection. He at the age of seventeen, taking it into his foolish boy's head that he was in love with her. It was nonsense, of course, and she laughed at him, and in a fit of pique he left home and came over to pay his first visit to us, to my father."

She pauses for a moment with a wistful, saddened look, as if the memory of that first meeting arose before her reproachfully.

For Longworth there comes to him another memory—the memory of the scene by the garden wall, where he asked Reine that imperious question. "Was Durand ever your lover?" And the low, earnest voice that answered, and that he refused to believe: "It was only fancy—he was but a boy—he was too young to be any one's lover."

Even then she had been true as truth; and he—well, he had always heard whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad. The madness of coming destruction must have been upon him; he can understand his besotted folly in no other way.

"I am not going into details in this story I am forced to tell you," Mario goes slowly on. "Léonce's visit lasted all that winter, and when he returned to Rouen he was my lover, not poor Petite's. It was our first meeting, for though I had visited Rouen once or twice, Léonce had always been absent. We did not meet very often after that, but we corresponded regularly. I liked him always. I was never a romantic girl, but his handsome face won my fancy from the first, and no one has ever supplanted him to this day.

"Well, our lives and years went on. Aunt Denise wished Léonce to become a lawyer, but dry studies were never to his taste. He had a voice and a face that all the world told him might make a fortune, and he was ready enough to

believe the pleasant flattery. He went to Paris and studied for the operative stage; he urged Reine to study likewise for the same profession. And, as you know, for a time she did. He made his first appearance and was successful. But success spoils some natures. Léonce in its sunshine developed traits that nearly broke his Mother's heart. He became by slow degrees, but surely, a gambler, until at last he almost entirely gave up the stage for the table of the croupier. He was always at Baden, and Homburg, and Monaco—when he was not, he was in London with us. My Aunt Denise knew it, Reine knew it—the fact of his gambling, I mean; but they loved him, and hoped for him, and held their peace. Neither my father nor I knew anything of it; it is all I can say in my own defence. His pockets were always full of money, he was invariably dressed in the most elegant fashion, and we thought he made all his money in his profession. We were engaged, but secretly. Papa was ambitious for me, and thought I might do better than marry a mere singer, and we felt instinctively that neither Aunt Denise nor Reine would approve. So we met often and held our peace and were quite happy, but there was one drawback—Léonce was inclined to be jealous.

"Our house was well filled with artists of all kinds, and men of a much higher social grade. And I—well, monsieur, I did not often appear, but I was held as a sort of belle, made much of accordingly, and Léonce grew at times moodily jealous. He never had any cause, that I will say; I cared for him only, and he knew it. Still the jealousy was there, and we quarrelled and parted, and met again and made up, after the usual foolish fashion of lovers.

"Then came the time when Aunt Denise died, and the war began. Léonce went away among the first, and I learned at last in misery and sickening fear, how dear he was to me, and how miserable I would be without him. Months passed, and although he was a prisoner he was safe and well, and I resolved with my whole heart that when we met again he should have no grounds for jealousy from me, that I would be all the most exacting lover would re-

quire. Before he came, the last great and sad change in the lives of Reine and myself had taken place—our father died. And dying his wish was that we should come here. It was the duty of our mother's mother, he said to provide for her granddaughters. I thought so too. My life had been one of poverty and work. I longed for a life of luxury and ease. It was my right to have it, since my grandmother was so wealthy a woman. Stern and hard she might be—how stern and hard, poor ailing mamma often told us. But I did not fear; the stake was worth the venture. We would go, and surely, for very shame she would not turn her daughter's children from the door.

"You see, I did not do justice to Madame Windsor's strength of character. But for you, Mr. Longworth, she would have done even that. I had written a letter of farewell to Léonce, and we had made all our preparations for departure, when he suddenly appeared.

"He opposed my determination by every argument and entreaty he could urge. Wealth was very well, but there were things in the world better than wealth. Forcing ourselves, as we were about to do, upon a relative who scorned and despised us, what, could we expect but a life of misery?

"Reine joined him; her repugnance to the project was invincible from the first. But my resolution—my obstinacy, Léonce called it—was not to be shaken, and he grew so passionately excited and enraged at my persistence, that to appease him, I promised to grant the desire of his heart and marry him secretly before I left London.

"He had urged it before, but I would never listen. I liked my lover, but I disliked the thought of a husband with power to control and command me. Still I knew Léonce well enough in his jealous temper, to be very sure that this was the only way to prevent his accompanying us across the ocean, and ruining all our plans. I made two stipulations: the first, that Reine should not know until I saw fit to tell her; the second—a solemn one—this, that no matter how long we should be obliged to stay apart, he would not follow us, but would trust me and be content to

know that I was bound to him irrevocably, and wait.

"He pledged himself to both; he would have pledged himself to anything to make me his wife. We were married on the day we left London for Liverpool. I went out early in the morning and was quietly married unknown to Reine. He returned with me home, saw after our luggage, drove with us to the station; and we both shook hands with him there, and so parted. He pleaded to accompany us to Liverpool, but I would not consent.

"The captain of the *Hesperia* was my father's friend; for my father's sake he promised to meet us at the Liverpool terminus, and take charge of us until we landed at New York.

"And now, monsieur, I come to Reine's share in my most unfortunate secret. On the day but one before we landed, I confessed to her all, my secret marriage and Léonce's promise. She listened in wonder and the deepest regret."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE BITTER TRUTH.

Longworth stared at Miss Landolle in silent amazement, as she continued—

"Marie," she said, "he will not keep his word. He is unstable as water. When you least think it, he will grow tired waiting, follow you, and overthrow all your plans. I know him well; neither promise nor principle will bind him where his love and jealousy stand in the way."

"She said truly; she did know him well. Then she in turn became confidential, and told me he was a confirmed gambler.

"If I had only told you before," she said, with deepest regret and self-reproach, "this fatal marriage might never have taken place; but Léonce is so dear to me, that even to you I hated to speak of his faults. If I had only dreamed of this I might have saved you."

"But regrets were too late. I looked forward, too, with hope; if all turned out as I believed, and our grandmother made us her heiresses, the temptation to gamble would be removed. As the husband of a rich wife, gambling hells would surely offer no attraction. I

bound Reine to secrecy, and how well she has kept my secret, at what cost to herself, you, Mr. Longworth, know.

"We landed, of that, and our coming here, you know all. On that very first evening, Madame Windsor coldly and sternly informed us that you were her heir, that our being allowed to come to her house at all was your doing. You may imagine how pleasant such intelligence was to us both, to me chiefly, although Reine resented it most bitterly. Still I did not despair; we were here, that was a great point gained. I felt grateful to you for what you had done. It would go hard with me I thought, if I could not induce our grandmother eventually to change her mind, and alter that unjust will. Then, monsieur, arose our second dilemma—you wished to marry one of us. We were ordered peremptorily to accept, when you saw fit to propose, under pain of immediate expulsion. Reine was brave for herself, but she trembled for me. She loves me, monsieur, as few sisters love. Can you wonder we both hoped she, not I; would be the one selected. From the first almost, I felt sure of it. I could see she attracted you in spite of yourself. Her very hauteur and dislike of you seemed to draw you on. That dislike at the first was very sincere, but, she was too just of judgment and generous of heart for it to last. It faded little by little, and something else came in its place. When you did speak, Mr Longworth, when you did ask her to be your wife, she could say yes with a readiness that I think surprised even herself."

Longworth lies back in his chair, his arms folded, his brows knit, his eyes fixed, at first sternly on her face, fixed now moodily on the floor. He can recall that night and understand for the first time the words that surprised him then.

"Since it had to be one of us I am glad I am the one."

She was too innocently frank even to hide that. The admission was not, as he had flattered himself, because she cared for him more than she knew, but immediate exposure and expulsion would have followed his choice of Marie.

"You asked her to marry you; she

consented," pursues Marie, "and all went well. I am not here to betray my sister's heart. You do not deserve to see it, but you are man enough, and vain enough, to know well she was learning to care for you, to honour you, to trust in you, to be proud of you with all her warm, generous heart.

"Then came Léonce, and from the first moment he appeared you know how well you requited that trust. You doubted her from the instant you saw him. She told you he was her brother. Did you believe her? Why, on that very first day, you taxed her with falsity on the way home—deny it if you can! She confessed nothing to me; no, you had become more to her than her own sister; she confessed nothing, but I could read her trouble in her face.

"You took the ring off her finger—you remember that ring with its motto. 'Silent and True.' Yes, I see you do—and held it as the token of her broken faith to you. Monsieur Léonce bought that ring for me as a sort of pledge of his own fidelity, I suppose, and when I flung it from me in scorn and anger, she picked it up and wore it home, thinking no evil. He had broken his promise to me and I was not to be appeased. I refused to hear him, I refused to see him, I refused to accept his ring, to reply to his letters. He threatened to betray me to Madame Windsor. I bade him do so, and told him quietly that never while I lived would I see or speak to him after. He knew me well enough to be very sure I would keep my word, and that certainly alone held him silent.

"I defied him, and went on my way heedless of him, all the love I ever felt seeming to die out in the intensity of my contempt. And Reine, trying to be true to us both, loving us both, suffered daily, hourly misery. Hating secrets with her whole heart, she yet had to bear the brunt of ours. You suspected her, and never spared her—that, too, she had to bear. She was forced to meet Léonce in my stead, to answer his letters, to keep him quiet. But why go on? What you heard that night in Miss Harriott's garden you can understand now. I was the wife he meant—Mr. Dexter, presume, the lover he re

ferred to. That Reine bore your taunts—and I am sure you can be very merciless, monsieur—in silence, is but an added proof of her heroic fidelity. I was gone, I had fled in my selfish cruelty to escape for a little from Léonce.

"That, I suppose, was the last drop in his cup of bitterness and jealousy. His money was gone, he desired to follow and wreak what vengeance I cannot tell; and, reckless and desperate, entered Madame Windsor's house and stole her money. Reine may have discovered him, I do not know. It may very easily have been so. While the crime broke her heart, was she likely to betray the brother she loved. Oh! my little sister, my Reine, my Reine! what you must have endured standing before your pitiless judges and cast off with scorn and insult! In night and stealth, like a guilty creature, she had to fly, and the good God only knows what is her fate. Oh! *Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!* it breaks my heart only to think of it."

She covers her face with her hands, and weeps passionately aloud. Longworth starts to his feet, goaded by her tears and reproaches, by the far more maddening reproaches of his own heart, almost beyond endurance.

"For heaven's sake, stop!" he says, hoarsely, "I cannot stand this! I have been a c—d fool, and you have been from the first to the last one of the most utterly selfish, and heartless women that ever drew breath!"

"I know it! I know it!" she says, between her sobs; "no need to tell me that. In blaming you I do not spare myself, but what will all our self-reproach avail to help her whose heart we have broken."

He walks up and down the room. His face is startlingly pale, his eyes are full of remorse, and pain, and shame, but his habitual self-control does not desert him. He stops at last, suddenly, before her.

"What do you mean to do?" he coldly asks.

She lifts her head and faces him. Her tears have ceased, she looks composed and resolute once more.

"To go from here to my grandmother, and confess to her what I have confessed to you."

"What good will that do?" he de-

mands almost roughly. "By bringing ruin on yourself will you remove ruin from her? is it what she would counsel you to do, do you think, if she were here?"

"No, ah, no! She did not know what selfishness meant. She would tell me to be silent, since by speaking I could not help her."

"Then do as she would have you do. You have thought of yourself long enough—think of others a little now. If you are thrust out homeless and penniless, will it add to your sister's happiness? Greater evil cannot befall her than has already, unless you too are spurned and cast adrift."

"As I may be in any case," Marie says, sadly.

"No, I do not think so. I have seen Mrs. Windsor; she bears you no malice. You played your part so well that you deceived even her sharp eyes. She gives you credit for detesting Durand. She is prepared to overlook your being the sister of Reine, and the connection of a robber. You were always her favorite, as you are doubtless aware; for your own comfort you need fear nothing."

"Mr. Longworth, you appear to relish the saying of bitter things. I am not quiet so craven as you think me. I am ready to speak and take the penalty. At least I can remove the stigma from my sister's name"

"Can you? Permit me to doubt it. You may add it to your own, but remove it from hers—that is not so easy. No, Mademoiselle, there is nothing for it but to accept destiny as it stands. Your sister has kept your secret, and paid the price to the last farthing. All you can do is to go home and enjoy the comfort of Mrs. Windsor's eminently comfortable house, and bear what your conscience may say to you, with what equanimity you can. Your story is safe with me. I will take the liberty of informing Mrs. Windsor and Miss Hariott that I am convinced of Mademoiselle Reine's truth and innocence—beyond this I will not go."

She rises silently. He holds the door open and they go down stairs. Frank is impatiently kicking his heels in the chill darkness; the hack still waits, and Mr. Dexter springs forward with ala-

erity and hands her in. Longworth stands bareheaded, the light of the carriage lamps falling on his face, and as Frank looks at him he stares.

"Good gracious, Larry, what is the matter? You look like a sheeted ghost, old boy. What is it—liver—bile—too many hot buckwheats for breakfast, or too much ink and paper all day—hey?"

Longworth shakes him off impatiently.

"Don't be a fool, Dexter. Tell Mrs. Windsor I will call upon her to-morrow," he says to Marie.

Then Frank jumps in beside her, the carriage rolls away and Longworth is left standing in the darkness alone.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

O'SULLIVAN SPEAKS.

Mr. Frank Dexter, during the three-quarters of an hour or so that he stands waiting outside the *Phoenix* building, has time for rumination, and this rumination is not of an agreeable character. The events of the afternoon have transpired in such rapid succession, as after a manner to take his breath away, and leave no feeling very clear, except one of puzzled disapprobation.

But now he has time and opportunity to think. Has Durand really robbed Mrs. Windsor, and has Reine been forced to fly as his accomplice in guilt? That she is his accomplice, Frank never for a second imagines—that even Durand should have been capable of so low a crime staggers him. He does not like the fellow, he never has, but still Durand has the culture, the manners, and the instincts of a gentleman. There must be some mistake—a gambler he may be, a burglar surely not.

And yet why that look of white consternation on Marie's face, if she thinks him innocent? And what does she want of Longworth? Why go to him before going to her grandmother? What are they talking of now? He looks up with a frown at the lighted windows. Why does she prefer consulting and confiding in Longworth to confiding in him? He has ceased to be jealous of his cousin. Longworth's indifference to Marie and her beauty ever since the first few days, has been patent to all the world. Then

there is the trip South; he has made certain of that, and now his best laid plans are going "aglee," and Georgia seems further off than ever.

Confound Durand! If he wanted to commit robbery why could he not have waited another week? By that time they would have been at the family homestead; he would have put his fate to the touch and won or lost all.

He walks up and down, irritated and impatient, pulling out his watch every few minutes to frown at the slow moments. How long they are—the affairs of the nation might have been settled in half the time. What can she be saying to Longworth? He has worked himself into a fever of petulance, when at last they appear, and the sight of his cousin's face, almost livid in the gas-light, startles him. He speaks once or twice during the drive to the Stone House. It is doubtful if she hears, it is certain she does not answer. But as the carriage stops before the gloomy garden and still more gloomy house, she leans forward and lays one hand upon his arm.

"Mr. Dexter," she says, a slight tremor in her voice, "I have a favour to ask of you. It is this. Do not come here any more."

"Miss Landelle—"

"You are going South with your mother," she says, quickly; "to-morrow is the day you were to start. As a favor to me, Mr. Frank, leave here to-morrow by the early train, and go with Madame Dexter, as you had proposed. I know that she is anxious to get home; do not disappoint her. As a favour to me, Monsieur Frank."

"There are few favours I could think of refusing you, mademoiselle—will you pardon me if I beg you not to insist upon this. There is something I must say to you, Frank hurries on, in an agitated voice, "which I meant to say to you when you had seen my uncle and my home. But perhaps you will still come—"

"No," she interrupts, "I will never now. I ought never to have thought of going at all. Oh, how much misery it might have saved if I had not."

"Then I cannot leave to-morrow," Frank says, decisively. "Before we part, I must speak and you must answer. You know—you must know why I have

spent this summer here, when duty so often called me away. I shall not leave Baymouth again until I know when and how, if ever, I am to return."

There is a firmness in the young man's tone, in his face, which even in the obscurity she recognises. She makes a gesture as though she would wring her hands.

"Oh!" she says under her breath, despair in her voice. "This too must be met and borne. This too I have deserved. "Mr. Dexter!" she cries, and clasps her hands and looks at him, "I have not been just or generous with you—I ask you to be both with me. Go away and say nothing. Oh, believe me, it will be better—and do not come back. I have no right to ask this—to ask anything; but you have always been kind and a friend to me. Show yourself a friend to the last—go to-morrow and let us see each other no more."

He leans a little forward to look in her face. His own is perfectly pale—his eyes are full of dark, swift terror. The hack is standing still at the iron gate. The driver is stoically, at his horses' heads, wandering what his fares can be about.

"Does this mean," he says, "that you answer before I ask?—that you anticipate my question and refuse? Does it mean that when I ask you to be my wife you will say no?"

"Oh!" she says, and shrinks from him as though he had struck her, "I asked you to be generous, and this—this is what you say."

"If generosity means silence, then you certainly have no right to ask it," Dexter responds, that ring of new-born manliness and resolution in his tone; "and I certainly shall not comply. I have spent this summer here because you were here, and I could not go. You know that well. From the first moment I stood and looked at you in Mrs. Windsor's parlour my whole life was shaped so far as a woman can mar a man. This too you know. I do not say you have encouraged me. I only know you have been kind—fatally kind, if you really mean the cruel words you have just spoken. I have not been presumptuous or premature; I hoped, but also feared; I have given you time. But there is a limit to all things. I can wait

no longer. I must know whether I am to hope or despair, and that before we part to-night."

The words come in one impetuous outbreak—there is more in his heart a thousand times more than he ever can utter. All his life seems to hang in the balance; a word from her is to turn the scale. The incongruity of time and place never strikes him—an out-burst of love in a hack, smelling of stablings, and mouldy cushions, a prosaic cabby stamping about the horses' heads to keep himself warm while he waits.

Mario sits quiet still, her fingers locked tightly in her lap; a look of mute misery on her face.

"I am a wretch!" she says, "a selfish, heartless wretch. Your cousin said so and he was right. Through me his life has been spoiled, shame and suffering have fallen on my sister. And now you—you accuse me of encouraging you, and leading you on; and perhaps you are right. But I did not mean to do it—I did not think at all. Do I ever think of anyone but myself? It was pleasant and I liked it, I liked you, and so I drifted on, and never cared whether you were hurt or not. If you knew me as I am, you would despise me—you would turn from me with contempt—you would ask the vilest woman in this town to be your wife sooner than me."

"Will you be my wife?" he steadily repeats.

"No, never! Ah, heaven! it is a crime to sit and hear you say such words at all!"

"Think again," he says. "You refuse now—I do not know why, but one day—"

"Never, I tell you!" she cries out; "never! never! It is impossible. Monsieur Frank, if you have any mercy or pity for me, let us part here. Do not say one word more. I thought to spare myself, but to-morrow I will write to you and tell you all. What right have I to be spared? And when you know all you will hate and scorn me, but not one tithe as much as I will scorn myself. I have done wrong to many since I came here, but I have done most wrong of all to you."

She opens the carriage door and descends. He follows her in gloomy silence up the avenue, and waits while

she knocks. As the key is turning in the lock he speaks for the first time.

"You say you will write to me to-morrow?" he says, moodily. "Will you keep your word?"

"Yes, I will keep it."

"And after that when may I come and see you?"

"Never as long as you live. You will not want to come. Good-night, monsieur, and adieu!"

He sees her go in, then turns, springs into the cab, and drives to Mrs. Longworth's. His state of mind is desperate. He has feared, but he has hoped. He has had no thought of final rejection. And what is this talk of crime, and guilt, and wrong? The bare thought of such things in connection with her is sacrilege. Does she refer to Durand and his robbery? He does not care for that. But no, there is some other meaning—some mole hill, no doubt, magnified into a mountain. And he must wait until to-morrow, until her note comes to clear up the mystery.

Mr. Doxter spends a supremely miserable and sleepless night. He goes to bed and flounces about, makes up his mind with a groan that sleep is impossible, gets up and paces to and fro in true melodramatic fashion. What will that note contain? What secret can she have to tell him? Will it turn out to be some foolish girl's trifle, or will it really be strong enough to hold them asunder? That, he decides to his own satisfaction, is utterly, wildly, absurdly impossible. This is soothing, and he returns, flings himself on his couch, and finally, as the gray dawn is breaking, falls asleep, and does not awake until breakfast time.

He finds Mrs. Longworth's numerous and select family assembled, absorbing the matutinal coffee and beefsteaks, and Mr. Beckwith lays down his knife and fork, and eyes the new-comer with stern displeasure.

"Mrs. Longworth, ma'am," says Mr. Beckwith, "I believe this gentleman occupies the room immediately above mine. Either he is consigned to some other quarter of this mansion before another night falls, or blood will be spilled within these walls. Young man, may I inquire if you committed a murder before you returned to this house? or what other ghastly deed preyed upon

your conscience to the exclusion of slumber? That you should be a nuisance to yourself, is nothing—that you should be a nuisance to Mrs. Beckwith and myself, is everything. What, sir, did you mean by tramping up and down your apartment like an escaped candidate for a strait-jacket? Answer me that!"

"Very sorry," Frank mutters, rather ungraciously. "Didn't know I disturbed anybody. Couldn't sleep."

"No, sir, you couldn't sleep," retorts Mr. Beckwith sternly. "What is more, you couldn't let Mrs. Beckwith sleep; what is still more, you couldn't let Mrs. Beckwith's husband sleep. If you have any regard for your carpets, Mrs. Longworth, you will request this young man to find some other establishment wherein to practice nocturnal gymnastics. If you have any regard for me, ma'am, you will administer to him a few bottles of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup to-night before he retires. Look at him! Does not that lean and haggard visage bespeak a guilty conscience and a short allowance of sleep?"

All eyes turn on Frank, who scowls and carves the steak as though he had got Mr. Beckwith on his plate, and were dissecting him. He certainly looks pale, as if he had had a bad night; and so too, does another member of the party, whom Mr. Beckwith is not quite so ready to handle. Longworth looks as though he had scarcely fared better in the matter of repose than his young kinsman, and he is the first to rise and leave the table.

"O'Sullivan back yet, Longworth?" is as far as Mr. Beckwith dare go with this gentleman; but there is a malicious twinkle in his eye as he asks the question. Is it not the talk of the town that Mlle. Reine Landelle has been turned out of her grandmother's house for abetting its robbery, that she has fled to New York and that O'Sullivan, with his customary easy-going good-nature, has allowed himself to be imposed upon by her sham distress, and has gone with her? Further than this, scandal—even the scandal of a country town—goeth not. As Miss Harriott has said, Mr. O'Sullivan is one of these exceptional people who can do with impunity what would be the ruin of another.

"Just like him!" is the *Vehmgericht* of Baymouth; "a good-natured fool that any woman can twist around her finger."

Longworth's negation is curt, and there is a look in his eyes as he faces Mr. Beckwith that makes that gentleman cough apologetically, and discreetly retire. He goes on his way, and the first person he encounters when he enters the office is Mr. O'Sullivan. It is in the editor's room they meet, and Longworth turns for a moment of that same livid paleness of last night. The two men stand and confront each other, and in O'Sullivan's eyes the fiery light of indignation burns. He is not a handsome man—that you have been told—nor a dignified man; but as he turns and confronts his chief, there is both manliness and dignity, beyond dispute, in his bearing. Longworth speaks.

"O'Sullivan," he says, "where is she?"

"Maybe you'll tell me by what right you ask," O'Sullivan answers, contemptuously.

"I know of none."

"By the right of a man who has wronged her beyond reparation, and yet whose only desire is to repair, as far as he may, that wrong. By the right of a man who has insulted the woman he should have protected and trusted through all things, and whose whole life will not be long enough to atone for that insult. I have been a fool, O'Sullivan—"

"Oh, upon me faith, ye have?" interpolates O'Sullivan, bitterly.

"A scoundrel—anything you like. Nothing you can say can add to the remorse and shame I feel. I have not even a right to thank you for what you have done, but from my soul I do. Mine have been the doings of a dastard—yours of a true and honourable man."

He holds out his hand; but O'Sullivan draws back, for the first time in his life, from the grasp of his friend.

"I have a word or two to say to ye Mr. Longworth. When I have said it, it may be you will feel as little like friendly hand-shaking as I do now. You say well you have no right to thank me. I want none of your thanks; I wouldn't lift a finger, at this minute, to save your

life. You have forfeited all rights you ever had so far as Reine Landolle is concerned; and it does me good to be able to tell you, this fine morning, that to your dying day you will never regain them."

Longworth sits down without a word, leans his elbow upon his desk and his face in his hands.

"You talk of atonement," goes on O'Sullivan contemptuously. "You talk of reparation! Upon my life, it's a mighty fine opinion you must have of yourself to think that whenever you choose you can make up to her—that you have only to say a few flowery words and she will be ready to forget and forgive. If you think so it is little you know the same young lady. You're a proud man, Mr. Longworth, but you don't monopolize all the pride of the world; and the day you go to make your apologies, my word for it, you'll meet your match. It's a long score the same mademoiselle has to settle with you. You couldn't even tell her you were in love with her, because she wasn't in love with you. No, faith, such humiliation wouldn't suit your loftiness at all. You couldn't stoop to conquer, stooping wouldn't agree with a gentleman of so high a stomach. But you could ask her to marry you, because my lady Windsor set her flinty old heart on it. You took her when she said yes, because she dare not say no, satisfied you had nothing to do but make her fall in love with you at your leisure. And then this fine popinjay of a Frenchman comes on the carpet, with his superfine airs and graces, and because she knew him all her life, and was his sister in a way, and they have secrets between them that she won't betray, you lose your head, and make a fool, aye, and a rascal of yourself, with jealousy. On my word it's a thousand pities she didn't make a general confession to you of her whole life, seeing the fine way you took to win her confidence. And all the while any one not as blind as a bat, or a mole, could see it was the other one he was mad about, and poor Ma'am-selle Reine—God help her between ye—only trying to keep the peace. Well, well, 'tis idle talking. You have lost her and you deserve it, and I wouldn't wish my worst enemy a greater punish-

ment. For if ever there was a heart, true and faithful, pure and good, that heart is Reine Landolle's."

O'Sullivan pauses, not for lack of indignant words, but for sheer want of breath. And still Longworth sits, his face hidden, and says nothing. What is there to say? He is hearing the truth, and it matters little if O'Sullivan's lips speak aloud the silent cry of conscience and despair. He listens, and feels no more inclined to resent what he listens to, than if some old, white-haired mother stood here in this man's place reproaching him. Once only he looks up and speaks, no anger, a touch of weary wonder alone in his tone.

"What! O'Sullivan!" he says. "Were you her lover too?"

"And if I had been," cries O'Sullivan, fiercely, "my word it's another sort of lover I'd have been than you. I'd have trusted the girl I was going to make my wife; I'd not have been the first to make out a case against her and hunt her down. Oh, faith! it's to a fine market you have driven your pigs, Mr. Longworth, and it's yourself is the lucky man all out this blessed morning!"

"O'Sullivan, let this end. I will listen to no more. You have a right to speak, but even your right has its limit. Will you tell me where she is?"

"You may take your oath I'll not!"

"She is safe and well, at least?"

"A good deal safer and better than you ever tried to make her, and that same's not saying much."

"Will you tell me how she is provided for? Come, O'Sullivan, try and be merciful. I have been her enemy, you her friend—you can afford to be generous. Where is she, and what is she going to do?"

Something of what Longworth feels and suffers is in his face and voice, and the O'Sullivan has an extremely tender heart.

He can imagine what it must be like to have won and lost Reine Landolle.

"She is in New York," he answers, grumblingly, but still conciliated. "She is with a friend of mine, and she is going to earn an honest living for herself. I promised to tell you nothing, and I have told you more than you have a right to know."

"Promised her?"

"Who else? It's little pity or pardon she has for you, let me tell you, or ever will. She will never forgive you until her dying day—those are her words, and much good may they do you."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

FRANK'S LETTER.

LONGWORTH rises as if goaded beyond all endurance, and begins striding up and down. O'Sullivan stands and watches him, grim satisfaction on every feature, and yet with a sort of reluctant compassion struggling through.

"It's more than you deserve," he says, still grumblingly, "and very likely it is little she'll thank me; but if you'll write a letter to her, I'll forward it. The greatest criminal, they say, ought to get a hearing."

"And have it returned unopened—"

"Oh!" says O'Sullivan, contemptuously turning away, "If you take that tone, I have no more to say. Faith! it's return it unopened she ought, and every letter you ever write to her, and unless I am mistaken in her, it is what she'll do."

"Stay, O'Sullivan—you are right. If it is returned unopened, as you say, it will be no more than I deserve. To-night you shall have it, and whatever the result—"

He does not finish the sentence, and so they part. O'Sullivan goes to his work prepared to meet and baffle the curiosity of Baymouth, with extremely short and unsatisfactory answers.

Longworth writes his letter, and finds it the most difficult of all the thousands he has ever written. It is long, it is eloquent; an impassioned prayer for pardon and reconciliation—not at once, that is impossible—when time and parting shall have softened his offences. If he had loved her less, he might well have been more generous, he tells her; he shows her his heart, as he has never humbled himself to show it before. O'Sullivan's reproaches have not been in vain. His pride will never stand between them more. He is content to wait her own good time, he will not ask to see her, only he entreats her to let him write to her; total silence will be too bitter to bear.

He does not spare himself; he merits no grace, and owns it; he has deserved to lose her for ever; he can only acknowledge his sin, and crave pardon.

It is a relief to have written. Mr. O'Sullivan opens his rather small gray eyes as he takes the packet and weighs it in his hand.

"If ye have any stamps about ye, chief," he remarks, "I'll take them, I'm not a rich man and cannot afford to ruin myself entirely in postage."

He addresses the missive with a grim sense of the humour of the situation, and takes it to the post-office. As he enters he meets Frank Dexter hurrying out—a small, oblong letter in his hand, and a pale, intense expression on his face. O'Sullivan looks after him curiously.

"There is something wrong with that young man, and if I'm not greatly mistaken Mademoiselle Marie has a hand in the business. Upon my life there's no end to the trouble and vexation of mind these young women make. There's Longworth' as fine a fellow as ever drew the breath of life, but the moment he falls in love he loses every grain of rhyme and reason. Here is young Dexter, a fellow that was full of fun and rollicking good humour as an Irishman at a wake, and there he goes looking as if he had just been measured for his own tomb-stone. And here am I. Oh! may I never, if it isn't true that the less we have to do with them, the wiser, and better, and happier we'll be."

The oblong, perfumed, pale-pink letter is from Marie. Frank tears it open the moment he is out of the office and reads this:

"I trust you, Mr. Dexter, chiefly because I cannot help myself, and a little because it is your right. I had hoped never to hear the words you spoke last night, but they have been spoken, and I must answer. I am not Mademoiselle Landelle—I am, and have been, for the past six months, the wife of Léonce Durand."

Frank is in the street; people are passing, and they turn and look curiously at the young man who has come to a stand-still, staring at the letter he holds, with a blanched face and horror in his

eyes. For a moment he stands stunned, paralyzed by the blow he has been struck, unheeding the starers who pass him. Then some one—he never knows who—lays his hand on his arm and addresses him.

He shakes off the hand blindly, crushes the letter in his grasp, and hurries on.

"Léonce Durand's wife!" As the thought had once struck Longworth mute and desperate, so it strikes Frank now. Léonce Durand's wife! the words echo in a dull sort of stupor through his mind. All the time he is hurrying forward, and when he stops he sees that he has left the busy street behind him, and has reached a place where he can read alone and unobserved. He unfolds the letter again and finishes it.

"I married Léonce Durand on the day I quitted London, and came here concealing the fact, because I knew my grandmother would not admit within her doors a grand-daughter who was the wife of a Frenchman. I have no excuse to make for that selfish and mercenary concealment—it has made Reine its victim, and now you. I liked you and it pleased me to receive your attentions; my own heart was untouched, and—oh! let me own it, so that you may despise me as I deserve—I did not care whether you suffered or not. But I tell you the truth now, and lay myself at your mercy. I am sorrier than sorry; but what will that avail? I deserve no forgiveness, I can only hope that when you go away you will speedily forget one so unworthy as

"MARIE DURAND."

There are men who have stood up in the dock and listened to their death-sentence with far less agony of heart than Frank Dexter as he reads. The place is lonely; he flings himself down on the dry, brown October grass, his face on his arm, and so lies like a stone.

A long time passes. The afternoon deepens into amber twilight; this too grows gray, and darkness into night. The sky has lit its silvery lamps long before he lifts his head, and rises slowly, feeling chilled and stiff. His face is haggard, his eyes red and inflamed. No one who knows Frank Dexter would recognize that face.

His first act is to tear the letter into minute fragments, and fling them from him; then he turns and walks back to the town. But in these hours the simple trust, and faith, and all that is best in his nature has left him—the boy's heart is gone, to return no more.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"WITH EMPTY ARMS AND TREASURE LOST."

In her warm, brightly lighted, favorite sitting-room, a little later, that same evening, Mrs. Windsor sits alone. It is the first time she has come down stairs since the robbery.

The shock to her nerves has been great, the overdose of chloroform has injured her; she looks every day of her sixty-five years as she sits here.

Lying in her room alone, all the long, silent, lonely day, she has brooded over the base ingratitude and thorough badness of her younger granddaughter, until anger turns to positive hatred. And Mrs. Windsor is a thoroughly consistent woman—those she hates once she hates always. Her likings are few, and in most cases slight; her dislikes are strong and deep, bitter and enduring. Sitting here, the face of a Sphinx could hardly look more cold, and hard, and gray. It lights up for a moment with the customary pleasure as Mr. Longworth enters.

"It is two whole days since you have been here," she says, "but I grow a very old woman, and must not exact attention. Sit down. Do you know that Marie has come?"

"Yes," he answers briefly, and understands that Marie has kept secret her visit to the office. Something in his face and tone, some subtle change, strikes her. She looks at him attentively.

"What is it, Longworth?" she asks. "Is it," she sits erect with sudden vindictive eagerness, "is it that that thief Durand has been taken?"

"I know nothing at all of Durand. I have heard nothing; it is of Reine I have heard—of Reine I have come to speak."

"I wish to hear nothing of her, not even her name. Of the two, if I had to choose between them, I would let the villain Durand escape, and punish her."

"Madam, you are unjust; we have both been unjust, and most cruel. Reine Landelle is innocent of all wrong, of all knowledge, or participation in this crime. No better, purer, nobler heart than hers beats to-day."

"Who has been telling you this?" she says, disdainfully. "What has become of your customary practical good sense, that you believe it? Have you then been really in love with this girl, that you are so eager to find and make excuses for her? I always doubted it—what was there you could see attractive in her?—but if you talk in this way, I shall begin to believe it."

"You may believe it. I have, and do love her with all my heart."

"And you believe her innocent?"

"Madam, I know her innocent."

"Who has been talking to you?" she repeats, leaning forward and transfixing him with one of her piercing glances. "What absurd invention has been made up for your benefit, that in the face of her own acknowledgment of guilt you hold her guiltless?"

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Windsor, there was no acknowledgment of guilt. She simply bore our insults and unmerited reproaches in silence. I will tell you what I believe, if you like."

"Durand was the robber, doubtless. By some chance he may have heard from her that this money was in your room. The farmer says, you recollect, that Durand was standing with her at the gate as he passed through. In all innocence she may have told him; and Durand, in need of money, and knowing how easily the theft could be effected, instantly made up his mind to have it. She may have heard the noise of his entrance, stolen out and caught sight of him. But beyond this, I am ready to stake my life she knew nothing. And next day, when pitilessly accused, she had only to choose between silence and the betrayal of the brother she loved. She nobly chose silence—"

Mrs. Windsor's short, scornful laugh interrupts him.

"Brother!" she repeats, with infinite contempt. "I fear you have been worked too hard in your office, Laurence, during the absence of your assistant, and that softening of the brain is

the consequence. Brother!" she laughs satirically again.

Longworth's face does not change; he waits quietly for a moment, then resumes:

"She chose silence rather than betray the friend, the brother with whom her life had been spent, and whom in spite of his misdeeds she loved——"

"Ah!" Mrs. Windsor says, with ever increasing scorn. "Loved! now you draw near the truth."

"Loved," Longworth goes on, "but not as a lover—of that I have proof. From first to last she has been sinned against, not sinning. For you who never cared for her, who always distrusted her, some excuse may be found; for me who loved her, and while loving proved myself her worst enemy, there can be none. I will never forgive myself for my dastardly conduct to Reine Landelle to my dying day."

"Laurence Longworth, you are a fool!" exclaims Mrs. Windsor, exasperated for once out of all her cool *grande dame* manner. I know what all this means. The man O'Sullivan, the companion of that miserable girl's flight, has returned. He is a soft-hearted, soft-headed simpleton, and believes everything she tells him no doubt. He has talked to you, he has brought you a letter from her, a long and elaborate explanation, and you, in love by your own showing, and so with half your common sense gone, only too willing to be duped. Up to to-night I have always respected you as a man of exceptionally rational mind and unbiassed judgment—I find you no better than Frank Dexter or any other moon-struck boy in love."

"I regret to lose your good opinion, madam, but if I must choose between its loss and persisting in the greatest mistake of my life, then I have no alternative. I owe her this retraction. I must have been mad; indeed when I could look into her truthful and innocent face and think her capable of guilt. Proofs of her innocence, of her rare and heroic nobility of character have been given me, proofs impossible to doubt; and for the future the aim of my life shall be to win if I can, the forgiveness of the girl I have so grossly wronged."

He speaks with emotion. With every passing hour—with every review of the past, he is feeling more and more keenly how brutally he has acted, how blinded by passion he must have been. Mrs. Windsor listens to him, the gray, stony look making her stern face rigid, her lips closed in one tight, ominous line. She still sits silently staring at him for a moment after he has ceased—then she slowly speaks.

"Does all this mean, Mr. Longworth, that you intend to follow the girl and marry her?"

"There is no such hope for me, madame. If there were, the devotion of my whole life would be insufficient to atone. Through my own folly I have lost her forever."

"Bah! Keep your fine periods for the leaders of the *Phoenix*. I ask you a plain question—give me a plain answer: Do you mean to marry Reine Landelle?"

"Wherever and whenever she will do me that honour."

"In the face of her intimacy with the blackleg, gambler, robber, Durand?"

"Madame," Longworth says, with difficulty keeping his temper, "the intimacy, as you call it, was that of a sister who loves and screens a disreputable brother."

She laughs once more as she listens—a short, mirthless, most bitter laugh.

"And this is the man I thought wise with the wisdom of old age even in youth, the man I have trusted, and consulted, and loved as my own son. At one word from this girl he is ready to overlook all things and take her back. Surely this is besotted madness indeed."

Longworth rises.

"We had better part, madame," he says, quietly. "I have deserved to hear this from you, but the hearing is none the less unpleasant. I have told you we were both wrong, that she has been most cruelly treated from first to last, and that my life shall be spent, so far as she will allow me, in reparation."

"One last word," she exclaims, rising and holding by the back of her chair. "Let us understand one another before we part. Am I to believe it is your fixed and unalterable determination to marry this girl?"

"It is my fixed and unalterable determination——"

"Wait one moment. I see you are impatient, but I will not detain you long. The will I spoke of some months ago still stands as it stood then. You are my heir—need I say that Reine Landelle and the man who marries her shall never possess a farthing of mine?"

Longworth bows haughtily.

"Do me the justice, madame, to recall that on the occasion you speak of I declined your bounty. Permit me for myself and my future wife, if she ever so far forgives me as to become my wife, once more and finally to decline it."

He moves decisively to the door. She still stands and watches him with drearily angry eyes.

"And this is the gratitude of man," she says half to herself. "I loved him almost as I once loved my own son, and see how he returns that love."

He turns instantly and comes back. He offers his hand, but she waves it away.

"For that love I thank you," he says; "for the trust and affection with which you have honoured me, I am most grateful. But you must see that no alternative remains but to displease you. I have done, your granddaughter a cruel wrong—if she were an utter stranger, much less the woman I love, it would be my duty to make an atonement. I am sorry we must part ill friends, but if I have to choose between you, then I choose her."

"Go!" Mrs. Windsor cries. "I wish to hear no more. I have been a fool, and have received a fool's reward. If the day ever comes when wisdom returns to you, you may visit me again, and I will try to forgive you. If it does not, this parting shall be forever."

"Good-bye, then," he says; "for it is forever!"

He takes one last glance, half kindly, half regretfully, around the pretty room, one last look at the stern, imperious, white-haired woman, whose life disappointment has embittered and soured, and then the door opens and closes, and he is gone.

"Misfortunes comes not in single spies, but in battalions," he quotes, grimly, and then a hand is laid upon

his arm, and he turns to see the pale, anxious face of Marie.

"Well?" she says under her breath. "It was not at all well," he answer briefly: "she is implacable. How has she received you?"

(Conclusion in our next.)

CANADIAN ESSAYS.

"CASHEL OF THE KINGS!"

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

In our last essay we spoke of the "O'scaldidhe Monument" and the new cross of Cashel,—we also promised to continue a series and speak in future essays of the beautiful surroundings of Cashel, of the monuments, abbeys, towers and relics that dot the country around the old historic rock. Having, consequently, spoken of the only modern monument that adorns the city, we will now turn to the antiquities and relics of the long lost past that surround the "Rock of Cashel." In subject, we will begin by giving, in full, the introduction written by John Davis White to the volume that bears the same title as this essay. No person of taste or feeling can see the ruined yet noble pile of buildings which crown the Rock of Cashel without being struck with admiration of their beauty and grandeur, and although the very intelligent and well-informed guide who is resident upon the spot, is better qualified than most of his class to describe its features and tell its story, still the visitor is desirous to know more than he can give, and it is very often asked, where is the History of Cashel to be found?

"When I have been asked where was the History of Cashel to be found," says Davis White, "I have answered that parts of it are to be found in books which are rare and expensive, but that a connected History of Cashel has never yet been compiled. Having spent the best part of my life under the shadow of the venerable Rock, and having a love for every old stone of the old city, I have long contemplated supplying this want. Being fortunate in having access to rare Books and Documents, which furnish most of the necessary materials for the purpose, and now see—

ing that the work is not likely to be taken in hand by any one of those who are better qualified, I enter upon it. Diffident enough of my own powers, but still with much love for the subject and an earnest desire to accomplish creditably the task I undertake."

The writers from whom I shall make extracts often differ in their statements as to matters of history, as well as of opinion I do not propose to take upon myself to decide whose opinions or statements are correct, but will allow each author to speak for himself. Though this may, in some instances, cause some of the story to be told over twice, still I think it far preferable to the too common practice of mixing up quotations from various authors, changing a word or a sentence here and there, and then dishonestly appropriating the authorship of the whole. I shall, however, in each case, correct any statement which I know to be wrong, and also add new matter bearing upon such doubtful points; nevertheless, I shall not alter or suppress any statement which I find to be well authenticated, no matter what party it may possibly tell against, as it is my duty to state the *whole* truth. I would here add, that when I began this work I was not aware of the magnitude or difficulty of it,—I had thought that I knew almost everything about Cashel and its history. But mine has been the fate of every candid student. I have now learned how much I do *not* know, and cannot ascertain, and I have to lament deficiencies which are consequently inevitable. Let this confession disarm hard criticism, and let censors be admonished how much easier it is to find fault, than to do a thing better one's self. "If I have done well, and as is befitting the story, it is that which I desired: but if slenderly and meanly, it is that which I could attain unto."

We will now quote from Archdeacon Cotton, when he made an appeal to the public to obtain funds for repairing the damage done by the fall of the Castle on the Rock, in 1848. We give these quotations in order to be able more fully to enter upon the subject of these essays. As Mr. White says—we prefer to give the quotation in full than to be taking extracts here and there from them and passing them off as original.

Nothing in this essay nor in the last can be styled original—they comprise merely the choice pages of learned authors upon the subjects in question, and they will serve hereafter to show how exact we have been in each of our remarks upon the scenery or history of Ireland. In one essay, written some months ago, we committed two or three blunders which were kindly pointed out to us by a friend, and which showed us most clearly that it is far better to be strictly exact in each idea or fact stated, than to run on at random and perchance pervert the historical truth. These few lines of the Rev. Archdeacon will suffice to shew how truly interesting must be the study of those monuments and relics of a buried past. With these lines will close, and in our succeeding essays we will take up the story of Cashel and all the abbeys and towns of historic note that nestle at the foot of the old Rock. Perchance there is not in Ireland a district so fertile in interesting buildings than the fertile and elegant land of Tipperary. Hundreds are the glorious memories that cling to its soil, and numberless the reminiscences of past glory, the monuments of present interest, and the indeces of future success that embellish its arena. It is the centre, the focus to which have and still concentrate the rays of Ireland's magnificence, the reflection of which has bathed the land in a sea of glory.

"Almost every person who has cast his eye over any history of Ireland must have felt some degree of interest in the far-famed Rock of Cashel; and those who have visited the spot have generally found themselves well repaid by the view of the venerable ruins, towering proudly over the small town, which owed its trade and indeed its existence, to the religious and regal establishments, anciently connected with the Rock.

It is not surprising therefore, that a considerable sensation was created throughout Ireland about three months ago, on seeing in the public papers a brief and not very intelligible announcement, that "the Rock of Cashel had fallen."

To those persons who are totally unacquainted with the locality of Cashel, it may be necessary to state, that the

real "Rock" is an elevated detached mass of stratified limestone, conspicuous for many miles around, more especially in the directions of north and west. The tradition of the neighbourhood reports that it was deposited in its present bed by Saian, who had bitten it out of the mountain-range called Silabh Bloom (Dr. Cotton is wrong here: Silabh Bloom is in the Queen's County, and no way connected with the Devil's Bit), in the northern part of the County of Tipperary, at a spot where a large gap is still to be seen in the outline of the range, which is eminently known as the "Devil's Bit." St. Patrick, the titular Saint of Cashel, observing the fiend flying over with this heavy mouthful, compelled him to drop it where it now remains, and forthwith consecrated it to pious uses.

It might, perhaps, be thought rather unfortunate for the story that the mountain from which the "bit" was filehed is not composed of limestone. But that trifling circumstance was overlooked in times when Geology was not so fashionable a study as at present; and surely, whether this change was brought about through a power of the Saint, or from the natural heat of the carrier's stomach it only makes the *miracle* the greater, and adds dignity to the tradition.

Upon the Rock has been erected at different periods, 1st. A Round Tower, which is still entire; 2nd. A small but beautiful, stone-roofed church, of what is usually called the Norman style of architecture, built in the early part of the twelfth century, by Cormac McCarthy, King of Desmond, or South Munster, and still familiarly known as "Cormac's Chapel;" 3rd. Occupying the whole space between those two buildings, and as it were embracing them, stands the larger church or "Cathedral" which was erected about the year 1169, by Donald O'Brien, King of Limerick. The Round Tower and Cormac's Chapel are built of brown grist stone, which must have been brought from a distance of six or seven miles: the "Cathedral" of pointed architecture, is composed of the limestone of the neighbourhood."

"There are also upon the Rock the remains of another later building, generally supposed to have been the common Hall of the Vicars-Choral, and at a

small distance from the church on the south-west side, stands a curious cross, formed of gritstone, judged to be coeval with Cormac's Chapel.

The ecclesiastical establishment at Cashel shared the vicissitudes of fortune common to all parts of Ireland, during several centuries, in which the old annalists represent the country as being in almost perpetual state of warfare. Churches and monasteries were generally considered to be the depositories of valuable property, and therefore became special objects of pillage to the contending parties. The annals of those times are thickly studded with quiet, pithy notices, such as, "the church of ——— was plundered;" "the monastery and church of ——— were burned."

It is recorded that Cashel underwent one of those frequent visitations from a very singular motive. An Earl of Kildare, in the year 1495, set fire to the Cathedral, and coolly gave as his reason and justification, that *he thought the Archbishop was in it at the time.*

Cashel being likewise a regal residence and important military position, was often exposed to sieges and hostile attacks. The Rock, which in some parts is naturally almost inaccessible, was strongly fortified by art. The walls of the Cathedral were thick and solid: and at its western end, instead of the usual long nave, great western door and ornamental windows, there was built a massive square guard-tower of great height, resembling the fortified castles which are common throughout the kingdom. The roof was surmounted with battlements and a parapet. A few windows, of various shapes and irregularly placed, gave light to the upper portions of the building."

We will here leave off the quotations for the present essay. We have already made it too long,—however, we shall continue it in the next, as we consider it very necessary, in order to attain our end, that is a complete description of the very historic and interesting monuments both of Cashel and of the other places in Tipperary. As these essays may one day or other be presented to the public in book form, and as we desire to make a complete chain, we wish to take advantage of every author of

study whose rare works may fall into our possession.

We hope that these essays will serve to interest our Irish readers, and to amuse and instruct all those who may take and read THE HARP.

Green Park, Aylmer, P.Q.

CHIT-CHAT.

—What a strange thing Christian charity is! Christian did I say? Unchristian. We have known men give thousands to a public charity, and women work night and day for a bazaar, who when a poor relation came to their house could hardly be civil. As the slightest puncture of the fly renders the most valuable apple worthless and unsaleable, so the wrong intention invalidates the greatest acts. Christianity thou art a jewel! Charity—that-is-charity, thou art a priceless thing! The bogus article is everywhere.

—Why do I hate panegyrics? Do I hate great men? No: not great men, but great men's panegyrists. And why? Because they are untruthful. Let us hold up virtue for admiration and emulation by all means; but let us not lower the standard of virtue in order to create virtues. As long as the panegyrist extols *one's virtues* only, so long is he commendable; but when from dearth of virtues, he invents them, then is he a forger, an utterer of base coin, a swindler, and *therefore* a jail-bird. Panegyrist, beware!

—“*One's virtues*” forsooth! How long would any panegyric be, that kept to *one's virtues*? At most a few lines, a paragraph. Panegyrists, do you see how untruthful you have been? What utterers of base coin? What jail-birds in sooth? Repent for the past; amend for the future.

—I know, says the immortal Bishop Milner, that it is as usual to magnify the merits of the deceased as it is to detract from them when living, and I very much fear that after death we often canonize those in our discourse, on whom God has decided in a very different manner.

—George Augustus Sala, in the *Illustrated London News*, is always chatty, if not always instructive. G. A. S. when nothing else. Discussing the railway question in England, after the Gold murder, he thinks the fate of six seated coaches with locked doors is sealed. Their fate would have been sealed years ago had not your Britisher been the slow coach he is. But George's ideas are refreshing. “I am not prepared, he gravely tells us, to accept the American railway car system in its entirety; but I see the practicability of a compromise in the adoption of a saloon carriage system, lateral doors being abolished and there being an end to end communication between the saloons throughout the trains!

—But the good man whilst patronizingly accepting our system with a modification, has “a difficulty.” A third-class passenger, (oh horror!) “*might coolly walk in.*” This, of course, would be a difficulty. For a “third-class” to come between the wind and George Augustus' nobility, would be a grave difficulty. “Third-class” avant!

But George Augustus should be tolerant. If there is no ray serene of comfort and consolation on George's part, there is from the Third classes' point of view. If coppers become at length silvered by rubbing against shillings, surely the poor Third-Class would become ennobled by sheer contact with George's nobility. Take heart o' grace then, George, my friend, we pray thee. This occasional “*coolly walking in* of a third-class, will serve to “raise the masses,” even though you may occasionally thereby get the scent of the commonality in your nostrils, George.

What a comment on English manners is your objection to Third-Class, my George!

—The *London Spectator* of July 15th, is angry because the Irish members are not grateful to Mr. Gladstone for the Land Bill. Now as on July 16th, the Land Bill was yet unpassed, it is hard to see what species of gratitude is necessary for a favour not yet bestowed. The *Spectator* is surely too far ahead in its complaints, and leaves itself open to

the counter accusation of being altogether too-too anxious to pick holes in the Irish coat.

—But granted the passage of the Land Bill, for we would not stand on trifles,—to whom have the Irish to be grateful? To Mr. Gladstone? Bah—no; to their own strong right arms—to the indomitable pluck of her Land League and Home Rule members, which has brought them face to face with English snob-bishness in the House of Commons, and English narrow-mindedness in the Press, and has brought upon them the intended to be opprobrious, but in reality honourable nick-name of “irreconcilables:”—to that wonderful organization, the Land League:—to that supreme engine, Boycotting:—in a word, to an United Ireland.

—To Mr. Gladstone, forsooth! As well attribute it to coal oil or the comet. What has Mr. Gladstone done? When the strong hand of the law forces the unjust holder of property to give it up to the lawful owner to whom ought the lawful owner to be grateful? To the unjust holder? Bah! As well then might the Irish members be grateful to Mr. Gladstone, as the lawful owner be grateful to the unlawful holder for giving him *his own*. You are doting, friend *Spectator*—or dreaming. Feel if you have not your night-cap on.

—Irish irreconcilables, forsooth!—What reconciliation do Irishmen owe to England? Just such as the lamb owes to the wolf.

“Englishmen have made great concessions to Ireland.” Yes, undoubtedly *great concessions*—such concessions as the pick-pocket makes to the policeman. The robber who has robbed you of millions can well afford to throw you a handful of coppers now and then in the interest of “great concessions.” Do you call giving a man back his own, great concessions? and that in drabs and drabs, too? Yes, brave and supremely honest Englishmen—great concessions, truly: such concessions as the majesty of the law is wont to impose on the buccaneer, the highwayman, and the thief; nothing more, nothing less. Though perhaps

with this difference—the law hangs the highwayman, *pour encourager les autres*—you give back your ill-gotten goods, and instead of being hanged, ask gratitude, forsooth! H. B.

THE VOICE AND PEN.

BY DENIS FLORENCE M'CARTHY.

Oh! the orator's voice is a mighty power
As it echoes from shore to shore—
And the fearless pen has more sway o'er men
Than the murderous cannon's roar
What burst the chain far o'er the main,
And brightens the captive's den?
'Tis the fearless voice and the pen of power—
Hurrah! for the Voice and Pen!
Hurrah!

Hurrah! for the Voice and Pen!
The tyrant knaves who deny our rights,
And the cowards who blanch with fear,
Exclaim with glee, “no arms have ye—
Nor cannon, nor sword, nor spear!
Your hills are ours; with our forts and
tow'rs

We are masters of mount and glen”—
Tyrants, beware! for the arms we bear,
Are the Voice and the fearless Pen!
Hurrah!

Hurrah! for the Voice and Pen!
Though your horsemen stand with their bridles in hand,
And your sentinels walk around—
Though your matches flare in the midnight air,
And your brazen trumpets sound;
Oh! the orator's tongue shall be heard
among
These listening warrior men,
And they'll quickly say, “why should we
slay

Our friends of the Voice and Pen?”
Hurrah!
Hurrah! for the Voice and Pen!

When the Lord created the earth and sea,
The stars and the glorious sun,
The Godhead *spoke*, and the universe woke,
And the mighty work was done!
Let a word be flung from the orator's tongue,
Or a drop from the fearless pen,
And the chains accursed asunder burst,
That fettered the minds of men!
Hurrah!

Hurrah! for the Voice and Pen!
Oh! these are the swords with which we
fight,
The arms in which we trust;
Which no tyrant hand will dare to brand,
Which time cannot dim or rust!
When these we bore, we triumphed before,
With these we'll triumph again—
And the world will say, “no power can stay
The Voice and the fearless Pen!”
Hurrah!

Hurrah! for the Voice and Pen!

J. J. CURRAN, Q.C., LL.D.

In perusing the biographical sketches of the prominent men of the great majority of civilized nations the reader cannot fail being struck with the fact that a large proportion of the material of such sketches are drawn from military achievements or heroic actions performed at sea: at all events from deeds of arms which attract attention and gain applause. History is but a record, in a great measure, of the calamities of mankind; the complement of victory is defeat, and the greater the victory for one party, the more overpowering the disaster to the other. Hence it is that as we turn over the pages we discover a slaughter here, an earthquake there, further on a plague, and misfortune everywhere. If there were no calamities there would be no history, for who would take the trouble of writing about a better harvest than the average, or of recording that a certain people were happy as the days were long. Canada, of late years especially, has been peculiarly fortunate in having a dry history, for since 1837 nothing more sanguinary has occurred than two troublesome Fenian raids which were not of sufficient importance to make many heroes. There is therefore but little interest attaching to biographical sketches of Canadians, still less romance, and long may it so continue.

But although there are no thrilling episodes in the present history of our prominent men there is a good deal of instruction and a study of the political changes through which the country has passed within the last forty years—that is to say, since the subject of our sketch was born—may enable the student to be all the better prepared for the still greater changes which are, in all probability, to come; whose shadows are even now upon us, and whose effects may be felt before the rising generation has attained its majority.

From his undoubted talents—we might use the word genius without exaggeration—his energy, his eloquence and general ability, it may be safely inferred that Mr. Curran will take an active part in future publi-

affairs, even still more so than in the past, and assuming such, a short sketch of his career may be of interest to the readers of the HARP.

J. J. Curran was ushered into this vale of tears on the 22nd of February, 1842, so that now he is in the full vigor of his manhood, drawing dangerously near that epoch which Victor Hugo characterizes as the old age of youth. His father was Charles Curran and his mother Sarah Kennedy, both Irish born, being among the oldest and most respected Irish settlers of Montreal. He commenced his classic studies with the Jesuits, but was educated principally at St. Joseph's College, Ottawa. He was one of its most promising students, is still proud to claim it as his *alma mater*, and the College, on the other hand, is not willing to forget one of the most brilliant of the many young men it has sent forth to gather honours in a world full of competitors. He graduated there in 1859, and in March of the same year entered as a law student in the office of the late lamented Bernard Devlin. He also studied under the Honourable T. J. Loranger, Q.C., afterwards Judge of the Supreme Court, and finished his legal education under the late Andrew Robertson, Q.C. But Mr. Curran did not all the time confine himself to Blackstone or Lyttleton upon Coke. He developed a taste for literature very early in life which has never entirely left him, and what was still better for him, speaking professionally, he evinced such a decided oratorical talent that his services were in eager demand as a political speaker and lecturer. When still in his teens he lectured upon literary subjects in Montreal, Kingston, and other Canadian cities, giving signs of future power which attracted public attention and drew forth praise from that prince of Canadian orators, Thomas D'Arcy McGee. Nor was he idle with his pen during those years of legal probation. He wrote for several of the papers of the day, and rendered himself useful as a translator from the French, which beautiful language he speaks and writes with an ease and fluency extremely rare in one not to the manor born. He graduated as B.C.L. at McGill College in May, 1862, and was admitted to the



J. J. CURRAN, Q. C., LL.D.

Bar in March of the year following. He practised at the Bar with the usual ups and downs, successes and reverses incidental to the career of a young and struggling barrister for a number of years, and also like most of his craft, with a reputation for eloquence, was drawn into the political maelstrom before he had fully established a business.

When Mr. Curran was gradually but surely making his way upwards, Mr. Cartier (late Sir George) was fighting

the battle of Liberal-Conservatism with the tremendous energy of his nature in the Province of Quebec, and in the struggle for supremacy kept his glance directed towards all points of the compass in search of efficient political allies. The subject of our sketch soon fell under his notice; the Conservative Chief was fond of surrounding himself with young men of talent—probably shrewdly suspecting that if he did not capture them the enemy would, and

from that time to the present, Mr. Curran, fortunately or unfortunately for himself, has been a firm adherent of that party of which he is now one of the recognized leaders. We say fortunately or unfortunately after careful consideration, for it is a positive fact that politicians seldom attain to wealth however high they may rise to eminence. By the word politician is here meant, not as is too often accepted, the mere wire puller or hanger on of a party who is rewarded with contracts till he became wealthy or with a good fat employment until he is satisfied which is never, never, but the man of brain and education, over whom politics exercise the same kind of fascination as war does over a soldier who is seized with what the French call the inspiration of the combat. This is the man who against his own interests spends his time and exerts his eloquence in an election contest with the same fervor as if a successful result was to bring him a fortune instead of a simple running down of his nervous system. Such a man is J. J. Curran, and such men are as necessary in a free country, and will ever be as necessary, as is a standing army to a military despotism. After all it is no ignoble ambition that of aspiring to have a hand in the government of one's native country, and to mould its political thought in the manner that seems most instrumental to its prosperity, its status and its future.

In the general election of 1874 Mr. Curran was selected to contest Shofford County with the Hon. Lucius Seth Huntington. President of the Council in the new Liberal Ministry, and really the most formidable antagonist he could be pitted against at the time. He it was who formulated the charges against ministers, who denounced the Pacific scandal or slander (take your choice ladies and gentlemen) in such fierce, such scathing and such eloquent language; who so indignantly demanded the Royal Commission and obtained it; who, when it was in session so unsparingly examined the witnesses and made their evidence recoil on the party of their sympathies; who, in a word, put forth so much power and exhibited so much ingenuity as to astonish the whole

of Canada. It was Mr. Huntington more than any other man who was instrumental in overturning the Macdonald Cartier administration, and it was Mr. Huntington with all his now glory upon him, with all his prestige as a Cabinet Minister, and with his genuine powers as an orator, that the young Montreal barrister was sent to measure himself against. He was defeated. He was slaughtered with the other innocents of his party; he was swept away by the Liberal flood which overwhelmed so many of the followers of Sir John Macdonald, which hardly spared the Chieftain himself, and threw Sir George, his colleague, high and dry on the shore of hospitable Provencher. Nevertheless, considering all the circumstances, the defeat was not of such a nature as to discourage him; the majority of his opponent was not relatively large, and although Mr. Curran has not since entered the lists, there is little doubt that he will sit in the Dominion Parliament before many years roll over, perhaps before many months. Since that time he has taken an active part in political contests on behalf of friends of his party. His influence with French Canadians is second only to that he has among his own countrymen, with whom his eloquence has made him popular, and the facility with which he turns round after delivering an oration in his proper tongue and goes over the same ground in classic French, is truly surprising and certainly and naturally gains him the applause, if not the votes, of the French Canadian portion of his audience.

It must not by any means be inferred from what is written that Mr. Curran has neglected his law business, though of course not having been able to give it the close attention he would if keeping apart from politics. He has, during the past few years, been leading counsel in most important cases. His management of the series of election trials in which Messrs. Devlin and Ryan were successively plaintiff and defendant, was marked by singular ability and sagacity and his legal sparring with Mr. Devlin—a foeman well worthy of his steel—exhibited manifestations of wit and pointed sarcasm

which established his reputation in that branch of his legal practice. He practises in all the courts promiscuously, but it is as a criminal lawyer he has achieved the greatest amount of fame and success. He defended Gordon, against whom there were fifteen indictments for forgery, and succeeded in obtaining his acquittal after three distinct trials. After the riots of 1877, he was retained by the United Irish Societies of Montreal to defend Sheehan charged with the murder of Thomas Lett Hackett, on the 12th of July. The prosecution against Sheehan failed. He made a splendid defence for Dunbar Brown, a prominent Orangeman, accused of defrauding the Revenue of large sums of money, and were it not that the evidence was of so overwhelming a nature would, in all probability, have obtained his acquittal from the jury. He successfully defended Deery, tried for murder in the first degree, some years ago, and last year was equally fortunate in securing the discharge of Frank Alexe at Beauharnois, also on trial for murder. But probably the case of which he has most reason to feel proud, although the fates and the evidence were against him, was that of T. F. O'Brien, ex-millionaire, accused, convicted and sentenced for forgery at the last Assize Courts in Montreal. This trial attracted almost universal attention on account of the position of the criminal, and was watched with intense interest all over Canada. Mr. Curran surpassed himself in the defence. He subjected the witnesses for the Crown to a cross-examination seldom equalled for severity or skill in a Montreal court. He raised points of law which the Judge found it difficult to disallow and his opponents almost impossible to combat, and he exhibited a knowledge of criminal law which surprised the profession. But it was in his address to the jury that he excelled himself. It lasted from three to four hours and was truly a magnificent effort, an effort acknowledged by a unanimous public opinion, lay and professional, to have surpassed anything ever before heard in a Montreal Court of law for learning, for legal acumen, for forensic display, for close reasoning, for pathos

and for a rare eloquence which astonished even those who were prepared to witness something grand from one of the best speakers in broad Canada. O'Brien was found guilty, but another laurel was added to the wreath of the gifted counsel.

Mr. Curran's fame as an orator is not confined to Montreal, nor indeed to Canada. He delivered an address, by request, before the alumni of La Salle College, Philadelphia, in 1873. In 1878 he delivered an oration on the occasion of the Moore Centenary which was freely and favorably commented upon by the Irish Catholic press of the United States as a masterpiece of poetic eloquence, and reproduced in its entirety by the *Dublin Nation*, a competent critic on such literature. He delivered the address at the O'Connell Centenary celebration at the Victoria Square, Father Murphy, speaking the same evening at the Victoria Skating Rink on the same subject, and the year following he attended a re-union of old students of Ottawa College and made the speech of the occasion. He also delivered an address at the Parnell reception in March, 1880, which showed that though born and bred in Canada, he has not been a negligent reader of Irish history and that he is well posted on the merits of the great question which, let us hope, is now about being settled to the satisfaction of the Irish tenants, although we must perforce confess that this is extremely doubtful. In fact, since he first took the platform as a public speaker the subject of this brief sketch has been in constant demand at Irish concerts, bazaars, anniversaries, centenaries and other national or patriotic occasions and has never once refused—though certes, refusal would often have been more convenient to him than consent—which accounts for the fact that to-day he is undoubtedly the most popular Irishman in the city of Montreal. And here may be the proper place to remark that gentlemen who interest themselves in getting up concerts or lectures for the benefit of their societies or for charitable or other purposes, do not seem to realize that there is any labour or extra trouble involved on the part of a practised public speaker in preparing addresses for

special purposes. It is very true that when you get hold of a speaker like Mr. Curran, place him on a platform and give him a government or an opposition to attack and he will after a while warm to the subject and become eloquent in spite of himself. But then a lecture is altogether different. The same latitude and the same platitudes are not allowed when dealing with historical facts as with a rascally political party which it is a real pleasure to abuse. What enthusiastic Grit will hesitate to believe that Sir John was prepared to sell Canada to Sir Hugh Allan and the Americans for so much money when it is told him by a fervid political orator, or what dyed in the wool Tory will not cordially agree with the expounder of the gospel according to the *Toronto Mail* or *Montreal Gazette* that not only is the Hon. Mr. Mackenzie corrupt himself, but that he is a steel rail swindler, a Republican and a hundred other terrible things. Even the readiest and cleverest speakers have to prepare their lectures. Grace of diction, correctness of expression, accuracy of dates, acquaintance with the subject, thorough knowledge of contemporaneous history, at least a dash of truth, all these and other attributes are absolutely necessary to the successful lecturer, which are altogether thrown away on the stump speaker—pardon us—the political orator. D'Arcy McGee, man of genius that he was, poet as he was, facile and versatile speaker as he was, had to prepare his lectures with care, as has indeed any man, no matter how clever, having the slightest regard for his literary reputation. Preparation requires time, and to a professional man time is money, and yet these gentlemen referred to do not pause to consider this when they ask a local celebrity to give a lecture *gratis* and when—base ingratitude and singular perversity of human nature,—they import a stranger of inferior capacity when payment is to be given. Like the procedure of those unhappy individuals who, when they get a certain amount of credit in a store, cut it dead and take their custom ever after to those business men who would not give them a dollar's worth of tick if their own mothers-in-law came

up out of the grave with the clay in their eyes to back their request. It is not so much that a man is not a prophet in his own country, but that he is expected to be a philanthropist and sacrifice his business for the benefit of those who look abroad when shekels are to be disposed of.

Shortly after his appointment as a Queen's Counsel under the do Boucherville Government, Mr. Curran was appointed Secretary of the Commission for the Codification of the Provincial Statutes, which office was, however, abolished a few months afterwards by the Joly Government, before the result of their labors could be given to the public. On the 28th of June last, at the Annual Convocation of the Manhattan College, New York, held under the presidency of His Eminence Cardinal McClosky, the degree of LL.D. was conferred on him, and he thus achieved one of the highest honors within the sphere of professional ambition.

As we have observed, Mr. Curran is on the sunny side of forty, but also in a few more months the shadow—however there is no use in jumping into the future to meet age or other calamities. *Carpe diem* is good philosophy enough for pastoral Canadians. He is of middle height, strongly and compactly built and carries himself with dignity. His face is handsome, but there is nothing remarkable about it except the mouth which indicates humor and the clear grey eye which betokens intellect. He is the very personification of *insouciance* and good temper, and it is doubtful if he ever gets into a passion except for the benefit of a jury. It is also doubtful if he has any personal enemy, though happy in the possession of a legion of political ones; it is hard to suppose that a man possessing his *bonhomie* and willingness to go out of his way to oblige can have any but friends, and indeed he is one of the most popular men in Montreal. One thing that may be safely predicted of him is that he will never become a millionaire except a tremendous legacy is left him, for he does not seem thoroughly to grasp the idea that this is the nineteenth century and that the dollar is indeed mighty, if not almighty. As a speaker he has few equals in Canada, and except,

perhaps, the Hon. Mr. Blake, Hon. William Macdougall, and the Hon. Mr. Fraser, of the Ontario Cabinet, no superior. He possesses a magnificent voice, sweet, powerful and flexible, which it is a pleasure to hear even when talking nonsense, but which when he is in earnest, has great influence on the minds of an audience. Mr. Curran is in fact essentially a popular speaker. For the rest he is as natural and free from pretension as it is possible for a mortal man to be, a Canadian patriot, a sincere lover of the land of his forefathers, and a devout member of the Catholic Church. Mr. Curran's friends predict a brilliant career for him, and certainly a man who while still young has made such a reputation for himself, and obtained such eminence in his profession, may legitimately aspire to any position within the domain of law or politics.

We have been tempted before concluding this brief article to say a few words anent the faults of the subject, for like the rest of the world he undoubtedly has faults; but on calm consideration have decided to let them alone, as intrenching on the rights of political opponents. It is ours to enumerate his good qualities with an impartial pen, it will be theirs when the election comes on to inform an awe-struck world of the atrocious wretch who dares to aspire to Parliamentary honors. Let the readers of the HARP wait therefore patiently, and they will learn how many of Mr. Curran's ancestors were hanged for sheep-stealing, how many times he deserved to be hanged himself, how when honest people imagined he was enjoying recreation, he was in reality closeted day and night with the Shah of Persia and the Nihilists, conspiring against humanity, and how, in a word, he is not a fit and proper person to represent the free and independent electors of Blank blank, or for that matter, to represent anything but political turpitude.

J. C. F.

Much misconstruction and bitterness are spared to him who thinks naturally upon what he owes to others, rather than what he ought to expect from them.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

"A mother's love" too pure a thing
To serve as theme for earthly songs,
The fairest flower which Earth has seen
From Heaven it came—to Heaven belongs.
The only love that knows no change
Which lives, a pure and vivid flame—
Through years of trial, care and woe,
Through smiles or tears, the same the
same.

It hovers 'round the Infant's crib,
Each heart-throb proves a living prayer
That God may guard the Baby life
Entrusted to her kindly care.
And when, unconscious to them both
The happy years of youth have fled,
The mother's heart is yet the same
Though every other love be dead.
The soul may burn with fiercer fire—
Or Passion own a madder flame,
But viewed in years, with age-dimmed
eyes,

Such loves are loves in naught but name.
Montreal. MARIE.

SISTER MIRENE.

AN EPISODE OF THE SYRIAN MASSACRE.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued)

At length we set out for home, and I hoped to again walk in the bright sun light. But this was not to be yet. The sky was black as night: immense clouds spread over the whole heavens: whence flashes of lightening darted forth their forked tongues clashing and interlacing as though the flaming swords of Azrael, Michael and all the good angels flashed in combat against dark Eblis and his following.

Gabrielle smiled and Nad-ji-cda paused.

"Have I said anything strange?" she asked.

"Not exactly but you confound the Bible and the Coran, eternal truth with error. But go on. A storm, you say, had broken forth in the mountains."

"One storm! a hundred storms. All Lebanon was shaking with the fury of tempest. The Aekals looked at each other in alarm and ran to their horses."

"Come," said my father seizing me by my arm and drawing me up into the saddle—"the rain will soon fall in torrents: we must fly the storm."

Our return was a flight. It is a terrible thing to gallop at full speed over

a mere path skirting an abyss into which the slightest false step would hurl you to destruction. In order not to see the danger I wrapped myself in my father's white burnous. But it was not possible not to hear, and the thunder roared continually. All at once I felt myself deluged with rain, which poured through the slight covering.

"Are you cold?" asked my father.

"No; but I am afraid." I fear Eblis is pursuing us to rob me of my soul. "Are we near any shelter?"

"Yes," answered my father in a hesitating tone.

"It rains fearfully—does it not rather?"

"In truth this is only the beginning of the storm. I am sorry I brought you my little one."

Meanwhile the thunder rolled fearfully. The rain ran down from my clothes as though I had been plunged into a lake and my teeth chattered. At last the horse stopped.

"Are we so soon in Hesbaya?" I asked lifting one corner of the burnous.

"No;" said my father, "but we cannot go further. We must continue our journey after the storm. Meanwhile here is a shelter we will take advantage of."

I looked out. It was the convent surrounded with its purple vineyard. My father approached a door and rang a bell. Presently the door was opened and an old man with locks of snow presented himself. I found afterwards that this was the gardener of the convent. He motioned to my father and his companions to follow as he led the way to a large shed. Here whilst the others wrung their garments I sat shaking with cold. The old man saw this and proposed to lead me into the convent.

"Yes go;" said my father. "They will bring you back to us when we are ready to set out; but remember....." here he put his finger to his lips as much to remind me not to say a word about what had happened at the mosque.

There was so much water in the court which I should have had to cross in my sandals, that the old man took me in his arms and carried me to the entrance door where I was received by

a young woman dressed in black whom they called Sister Ann.

Sister Ann had such a sweet face, so kind and so smiling her black habit fitted so well that I could not keep from looking at her. She spoke arabic in a sweet and touching tone, and asked if I was cold or hungry, and pitying my state led me to a small room where she lit a fire with her own hands, which surprised me for she appeared rather as a lady to command slaves, than as one obliged to help herself. Then she brought from a cupboard dry and warm clothing which she urged me to put on whilst she went to prepare some food.

"This robe is not pretty," said she with a sweet smile "we intend it for some poor peasant's daughter, not for a rich and elegant lady; still it is better than your wet and flimsy costume—is it not?"

"I should prefer your dress" said I.

"Would you truly? Ah, then you must stop with us and then we will dress you as one of us."

"Ah, I wish I could with all my heart."

She looked at me with surprise.—"What!" she said, "would you wish to leave father and mother?"

"I wish not to belong to the sect of the Ackals, and not to become an old priestess a terror to children, I prefer your pretty veil to that hideous brass head dress with its horns: your cheerful home to their dark khalone, which looks like the home of the panther; and I would willingly remain here, that is, if you do not slaughter little bleating lambs, and excite your brethren to murder."

I was going to say more when I suddenly remembered that I ought to keep all I had seen in the mosque a profound secret. I held my peace and began to dress.

Sister Ann showed me every thing in the convent especially the chapel, the vestments, and the sacred vessels; and explained every thing to me as far as the time would permit. At length she said: "The rain has ceased. I see your father ready to depart."

"Alas; is it time to go?" I exclaimed in a tone of regret.

"I see, my little one, that you would soon become one of us."

"Oh, yes; if I might."

"Will you think of us?"

"How can I ever forget this happy home, these beautiful gardens?"

"Is that all you will remember of your visit?"

"Oh, no; I shall often think of all you have taught me of your holy religion."

"And we will pray for our little sister—what is your name?"

"Nad-ji-edu."

"That is a very pagan name. If you come among us, we shall have to change your name and to give you a more christian one."

"What name for instance?"

"Which ever you may choose. What think you of the name of the Blessed Mother of God?"

"Mirene? (Mary) oh yes; that shall be it. I will be called Sister Mirene."

"Nad-ji-edu!" cried my father from without as his horse pranced and pawed in the court. "We parted and I have seen neither convent nor religious although a year has passed since then."

Gabrielle looked at her friend with a pensive air and then shaking her hand.

"Nadi" she said "I believe our God calls you to him; but the way he intends for you will be covered with thorns and briars."

"What matter," cried the young girl, with enthusiasm, "if *He* awaits me at the end."

At this moment an Arab woman dressed in a large cafetan with a head dress of scarlet which brought out strongly her olive complexion, crossed the terrace.

"Nad-ji-edu!" cried she, "where are you my *peri*?"

"It is Sulema, my nurse," said Nad-ji-edu. "She must not see the image of Jesus. she will scold."

Gabrielle concealed the little statue of our Lord whilst her friend looked down the flowers from the altar.

The party on the terrace contemplated this little scene in silence. It was the old man who spoke first.

"Evidently Nad-ji-edu has abjured the worship of Allah and of Hackem on the altar of the divine Issa."

"And you appear very little put out about it; senior Amrou!" observed Mrs. Herbelin.

The old man shook his head.

"I foresaw that," said he, "the day I determined to give the young girl an European education."

"It remains to be seen whether her father Djelaib has had the same foreknowledge."

"What! Djelaib!" said the old Turk moving his turbaned head with a sorrowful air—"Djelaib would have killed the poor thing, if I had not been near to protect her. I know well the intentions of that miserable fanatic. Fancy my sweet little Nada transformed into a savage priestess, prophetic and pythonesse, wandering in the woody glades of Lebanon, and passing for a lunatic in the opinion of every reasonable being. No; indeed. I will not leave my little charge to Djelaib. In a few months I will take her to France and we will see whether he will come to look for her as far as Paris."

CHAPTER III.

THE HOLY WAR.

The rising sun had scarcely flashed its golden beams over the summits of the mountains, when a traveller mounted upon an arab horse of excellent breed, but evidently over-ridden crossed the spur of ante Lebanon and prepared to traverse that wonderful plain in the middle of which Damascus rests like a diamond set in velvet.

It was the 9 July 1860 and almost a year from the day on which Nad-ji-edu had related to her friend Gabrielle the events recounted in the preceding chapter. Our horseman before entering on the plain halted a few seconds not to admire the view before him but to take its bearing. As soon as this was done, he turned his horse's head to the left, touching the noble animal's flanks lightly with the spur.

"Foward, Djerid! foward my brave boy" said he.

Djerid neighed, shook his flowing mane and sprang foward like an arrow from a bow. After a hard gallop.

"At length Djerid!" cried the horseman, "we are near Damascus. One more effort my brave steed and you have done. Sweet hay, pure water and clean straw await you."

Djerid neighed again and quickened

his flagging speed. But it was only for a moment. His limbs staggered, he stumbled, regained himself and at length stood suddenly still.

"Foward" cried the rider.

The poor brute hung down its head, and remained immovable.

"Foward, my brave companion," cried the rider, "let it not be said that you have crossed mountain defile and arid rocks to die upon this fertile plain."

Cheered by the voice of its rider, the noble beast summoned all its energy for a final effort, but it was too much, after a few laboured bounds it tottered, regained itself and finally fell, the blood streaming from its nostrils.

The rider had foreseen this end and disengaging his foot from the stirrups stepped lightly to the ground. For a time he stood looking down upon the noble animal, that had borne him so bravely. Then suddenly recollecting himself, he drew a pistol from his girdle and talking aim, discharged it behind the dying horse's ear.

"He was an old friend," said he,—"but the life of three persons is at stake. I have at least shortened his pain."

Thenceforward our traveller continued his course on foot, hastening along the outskirts of the city with hurried steps, unmindful of the heat or dust.

About ten in the morning, he reached the nearest house of the suburbs and hastened to knock at the door of Mr. Herbelin's house.

A man with a white turban opened the door, and seeing our traveller exclaimed with astonishment Mr. Ferdinand!

"Yes," answered our traveller as he sought to pass in—"let me come in, Chalib."

"Certainly, Master; come in Master knows undoubtedly that my master and mistress are not here."

"Not in!" exclaimed Ferdinand.

"I shall find them in the bazaar."

"No; they have been on a visit to a friend some days."

"Far from here?"

"No; not very far. They are with M. Dravel at his country house. You know M. Dravel, you must have passed his house if you came by the eastern

road. Close to the foot of the mountains."

Yes, said Ferdinand, speaking to himself: it is perhaps better so, it will be some hours of fatigue less for my sister and for Gabrielle. "Chalib," he said, speaking in a loud tone, "harness me a horse."

"Will you not take some food?"

"No; nothing. I am in a hurry. I will not even enter."

"But you must be fatigued."

Ferdinand made a gesture of impatience as he sat down under a large orange tree, and Chalib hastened to the stables. Soon he returned leading a magnificent arab fresh and full of fire. The young traveller as he hastened to moment, gave Chalib a folded paper on which he had written few words.

"Take this, Chalib, to M. Just, my brother-in-law's principal partner, lose not a minute and take care to give it into his own hands. And Chalib, tell me, you are a Druse, are you not?"

"Yes, Sir."

"You adore Hæckem?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Very well—or rather very ill—but that is all I want to know."

Young master is crazy, said Chalib as he shut the door. How pained my mistress will be to find her brother in such state.

Our young traveller, brother to Mrs. Herbelin, was a distinguished physician practising at Beirut. He was an orphan and without any other relation than his sister, and it was in order to be near her that he remained in Syria. Mr. Herbelin had one of the largest commercial houses in Damascus, and as all his goods passed through Beirut, he had a warehouse under the care of his brother-in-law. On parting from Chalib, all dusty and tired as he was Ferdinand retraced his way to the mountains without losing a moment. The day was far advanced when he arrived at M. Dravel's mansion.

Mrs. Herbelin was walking with her husband under the lemon trees which skirted the property. She recognized her brother the moment she saw him, and exclaimed.

"What! Ferdinand. You here. What a happiness. We were far from expecting such a pleasure."

"Do not rejoice too much," said Ferdinand, in a grave tone.

"Why, this grave tone?" asked Mr. Herbelin. "Have we not reason to rejoice to see you safe and sound after traversing that unhappy Lebanon, which is one huge field of carnage and murders?"

"Are the massacres still continuing?" interrupted Mrs. Herbelin.

"Yes, beyond doubt," answered Ferdinand. "They slay everywhere; all Lebanon is on fire. The holy war, as they call it, is preached at all points. The ministers of Haekem emulate the zeal of the Imans and Santons. Druse and Turk join hands in the destruction of the unfortunate Maronites, and indeed of all that is Christian."

"And you have dared to cross Lebanon under such circumstances?"

"Yes, in order to warn you of your danger."

"What! here? Let us return immediately to Damascus and take our friends with us."

"But my dear sister, it is at Damascus that danger especially exists."

"Oh no, Ferdinand; do not think that," replied Mr. Herbelin. "All is tranquil in the plain. We have nothing to fear. Achmet Pasha watches over the security of the city, and has ordered a fresh levy in order to defend it."

"Ah, alas; it is this security which will be your ruin. Achmet secretly protects the assassins; he will soon raise the mask. The city is doomed. To-morrow,---perhaps to-night the signal for slaughter will be given. Why should they spare Damascus when in all the rest of Syria they burn, pillage and assassinate?"

"Then, brother, it is only a conjecture, you have formed, not a certainty, of which you are in possession," asked Mrs. Herbelin.

"Unfortunately, nothing is more certain; I am exactly informed."

(To be continued.) H. B.

He who vainly trumpets his own praises is a fool, but he who speaks evil of himself is worse than a fool; he is either a crafty knave or a madman.

The strongest force in the world is that exerted by love.

PILGRIMAGE TO STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ.

For several years back the Irish Catholics of Montreal reflected credit upon themselves in a most peculiar manner. They displayed a spirit of religion which attracted public attention and elicited the most flattering encomiums. As pilgrims they would fain honor the illustrious Mother of the Blessed Virgin, and in thus honoring her they shrank before no sacrifice whatever. This year singularly pleasing must have been the homage which she received at their hands. No feature did it lack which it should possess. It was enhanced by every possible charm. Piety held sovereign sway. On all sides it shed its most benign influences and nobody could resist them. In previous years it was always under the auspices of the Catholic Young Men's Society of St. Patrick's parish that the Irish pilgrims of this city had placed themselves. This year the St. Patrick's Temperance and Benefit Society was privileged to take them under its care. Great indeed was the responsibility which it assumed. Yet greater still is the merit which it acquired. In discharging this responsibility it gave nothing less than supreme satisfaction, and proved eminently qualified for the task which it had undertaken. The 30th of July, 1881, should be written in characters of gold in the annals of this organization. It inaugurated for its history an epoch of unprecedented glory. It was the day when the pilgrims were advertised to start on their journey to Ste. Anne de Beaupré. From the outset till the return nothing could be more delightful than the weather which they enjoyed. No ill-omened clouds loomed upon the horizon. The sky was clear and bright. There was a luxury in every breath of the atmosphere, and an exquisite sense of comfort and ease evoked by the aspect of the waters. The St. Lawrence donned all its majesty. Its shore-scenery looked most enchanting amid the variety of its matchless beauties. Suddenly the last signal for departure rang out. It was half-past four o'clock p.m. The *Canada*, laden with over 700 passengers, began slowly to leave its moorings. Mean-

while the strophes of the "Ave, Maris Stella" were sung at the prow of the steamer by a group of choristers, whose voices blending in unison, produced a beautiful effect. This hymn lent at once a devotional character to the voyage. It also served to secure the loving interest and powerful protection of the Blessed Virgin. When this tribute of confidence was paid her, the steamer was transformed into a sort of floating chapel. Temporary confessionals were erected in four different places. All the priests on board were kept busily engaged at their respective gratings till half-past ten o'clock. These priests were the Reverend Fathers M. Callaghan, Kiernan, Quinlivan and Jas. Callaghan. The clergyman whose portrait illustrates this number of the HARP, was conspicuous as the spiritual Director of the Pilgrimage. His competency in this capacity cannot be surpassed. It has been put to the test for five years in succession, and has always met with general appreciation. His name is a household word. His career is already most creditable. It may not yet be opportune to sketch even its outlines. Sufficient to remark, that by his oratorical attainments he would do honor to any pulpit, and by the affability of his manners would captivate the hearts of any congregation. Two committees were entrusted with the temporal interests of this pilgrimage: an Executive Committee and a Vigilance Committee. The Executive was composed of Messrs. M. P. Ryan, M. P., Edward Murphy, and Owen McGarvey. The Vigilance claimed the following gentlemen: Messrs. M. Sharkey, T. McGrail, A. Brogan, J. State, A. Emerson, W. P. Nolan, J. Walsh, W. Walsh, G. Bland and J. Connaughton. Both Committees had selected B. Gunning for their acting Secretary, and most worthy did he prove of the choice. Mr. B. Emerson, the President of the Society, superintended the operations of both Committees. For the last two years he has been occupying the highest post of distinction in the gift of his society.

At six o'clock the bell gave notice that supper was ready. The notice was not let pass by unheeded. Soon folks were seen effecting a descent to the lowest regions of the

steamer. They had few admirers but many followers. McPherson, of the Victoria Restaurant was on hand. He greeted them with the smile of conviviality and with a carefully prepared meal which was served in the best possible style. In this connection it is just to say that whenever his services were required by his numerous guests, he left nothing undone and spared no pains to give each and all thorough satisfaction. The indispensable item called for by nature having been despatched, word was given to assemble all the pilgrims in the stern of the boat. While they were gathering Professor Fowler took a seat at the piano and accompanied a lovely hymn to St. Anne. The words of this hymn were composed originally in the French language but rendered for this occasion into English metre by a Montreal poetical talent of no inconsiderable merit. Patrick McCaffrey, a most charming and intelligent youth, sang the solo part in the clearest and sweetest accents. The chorus was taken up by several boys attached to the choir of St. Patrick's church and by a large number of bystanders. Once the hymn had ceased the most perfect silence prevailed. Every eye and ear were turned in the direction of the Rev. M. Callaghan who from the place where he stood could be easily seen and heard by all. He availed himself of this opportunity to have the Beads recited publicly. Before however opening this magnificent prayer he deemed it necessary to make a few observations. Shortly before starting from Montreal he received a letter from Father Dowd explaining why he did not come as generally expected. He read it aloud and from its contents it was obvious that the absence of this reverend gentleman was altogether independent of his will and averse to his wishes. During the recitation of the Beads everybody kept in a kneeling attitude. Nothing could be more solemn and impressive than this scene. Over half a thousand people were then animated by the same sentiments and offering the same supplications to the throne of Heaven's Queen. At the completion of this devotional exercise the Rev. J. Callaghan emerged into public view and delivered



REV. MARTIN CALLAGHAN.

a most instructive and edifying discourse. The following will recall some of the principal ideas which it contained and some of the leading sentences to which he gave utterance:

"Life upon earth is a pilgrimage. The boat which is now bearing us down the rapid waters of the Saint Lawrence is a perfect emblem of the present life. Each stroke of her wheels hurries us from the point of departure to our goal and destination. Each pulsation of the heart speeds us on our way from the cradle to the grave. The soul, however,

oversteps the resting place of the mortal frame and takes her ascending flight to her Creator to receive from His hands her crown or her chains. The body likewise shall, on the day of general retribution, resume once for all its companion in time in order to share in her eternal happiness or eternal misery. Life here below being, therefore, a pilgrimage it follows that pilgrimages are a most laudable and praiseworthy institution of the Catholic Church. The latter has not only given birth to them, but also perpetuated.

them throughout the course of eighteen hundred years by her approval and sanction and by enriching them with the most precious gifts of her spiritual treasury. The most venerable pilgrimages existing in the Catholic Church are pilgrimages to Jerusalem, to the *Limina Apostolorum* at Rome, and to St. James of Compostella, to Our Lady of Lourdes, and to Paray-le-Monial, the former being in honor of Mary Immaculate, and the latter in veneration of the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, finally to Our Lady of Knock, the celebrated pilgrimage of Ireland. Pilgrimages are not only a reasonable institution, but also a fruitful one. The mind, the heart, and the body derive immense advantages therefrom; the mind through an increase of faith; the heart, through a new addition of sanctifying grace and the body by the disparition of its various infirmities. I must remark that Catholic theology teaches that whereas God will never deny us the spiritual advantages which we stand in need of and which we earnestly implore, yet He will never condescend to grant any temporal advantage either of health or fortune unless it be advantageous to the interests of the soul, or at least be not prejudicial to her eternal welfare. I must observe, likewise, that it is surprising how some object to the truth of a manifest miracle, for Catholic theology and Catholic philosophy profess that less power is required on the part of Divine Omnipotence to raise a dead body to life than to redeem a lost soul from the tyranny of Satan and to restore it to the friendship of an offended God. Let us then invoke Saint Anne. Her many titles to our affection and confidence have not disappeared from her having left this world. No, while on earth she exercised great influence over the heart of her immaculate daughter, the Virgin Mary, and of her adorable grandchild, the Saviour and Redeemer of the world. In Heaven, her power has not been lessened. Moreover, Saint Anne, by being a friend of God, had received from the latter a sort of participation in the divine life of God. Why ought we not honor, in this glorious Saint, this special gift wherewith God has honored her? Yes, may we honor upon earth her whom we shall honor during all eternity. AMEN."

After the sermon the pilgrims retired to rest. Many however from the anticipated excitement of the morrow, could not enjoy all the sweets which balmy sleep affords. In the grey of morning everybody was astir. The grand old rock-city was not far off. Soon Quebec was reached. The ferry which was chartered to bring the Montrealers to the shrine of St. Anne was in readiness. It was *The Brothers* noted alike for its solidity and capacity. Father Burke, the well known Redemptorist, came by special invitation on board this ferry and accompanied the pilgrims down to Beaupré. He was most welcome both to priests and people. The downward voyage occupied but a few hours which were most profitably spent in prayer and meditation. All having disembarked on the bridge at St. Anne repaired without delay to the Church dedicated in her honour.

At eight o'clock mass was said on the main altar by Father J. P. Kiernan in presence of all the pilgrims. During its celebration full vent was given to the sentiments which piety inspired. Over 600 persons had been fasting since midnight and received communion: Scarcely was the holy sacrifice finished when the Rev. Father Burke made his appearance in the pulpit and preached. He was listened to with marked interest, especially when relating an occurrence which showed to advantage the eminent patronage of St. Anne. At the conclusion of the sermon her relics were venerated. At a short distance from the church may be seen a basin containing the far-famed water of Ste. Anne de Beaupré. People were continually flocking to this basin which could not but recall to their memory the miraculous pool of Bethesda described by St. John the evangelist. The site of the old chapel is still pointed out. The modest little cemetery close-by is not much visited. At eleven o'clock *The Brothers* had grown impatient. It had been waiting a long while and could not brook any further delay. It now began to steam back to Quebec. Many an eye lovingly lingered on Beaupré and its Basilica. Many a heart throbbled with the liveliest pulsations on bidding farewell to a spot consecrated for over two centuries to Mary's most

August Mother. Not a few individuals on board were heard sounding the praises of St. Anne and proclaiming the marvels which she had wrought in their favour. Several remarkable incidents became the general topic of conversation. Owing to an accident, Mrs. Owen Farmer, a resident of Cote St. Paul, had been compelled for seven months to make use of a crutch. She left it at the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, satisfied that she would never require it again. A lady came from Toronto paralyzed in the right arm. She returned bearing the glad news that she was cured. An Irish gentleman, residing in Griffintown, had been for months complaining of rheumatic pains. He declared that his pains had disappeared. A French young girl was unable for years to use her lower limbs. On the way home she felt greatly improved. During the recitation of the Beads, she was surprised to be able to kneel with all the others. At Quebec, *The Brothers gave back all its passengers to the Canada*, where a magnificent welcome in the shape of a first-class dinner greeted them. The remainder of the day was spent in a most becoming manner. Before night prayers were announced—a few hours glided by unsuspectingly for all those who were in the vicinity of the piano. Professor Fowler was in absolute requisition. He was the very soul of congeniality. He knew what would take, and how to please. Liberally did he dispense all the charms of music with which he is so familiar. Vocal and instrumental artists abounded. Kindly did they yield their contingent to the general fund of enjoyment. Not unfrequently Elysian bars of harmony were rehearsed. Little Walsh, a boy of seven summers, will be long remembered, for his bewitching performances. Night prayers opened with the recitation of the Beads. This recitation was followed by an address, in which the Rev. M. Callaghan did unquestionably excel himself. Seldom has any audience been elevated to such a justifiable degree of enthusiasm as was felt by all who listened to the words which fell from his lips. It is a subject of regret that they have not been treasured up in a verbatim report.

He expressed himself delighted to be in

their midst. "Never was any pilgrimage better calculated to redound to the honor of the Most High and the advantage of all concerned. The Catholic Church alone could have inspired such a movement. It was a grand success in every sense of the word. It was a most imposing act of faith and charity. The pilgrims were like the primitive Christians of 'one mind and of one heart.' They shared in the same faith and professed the same dogmas. They had been showing towards one another every possible mark of friendship. For over a day and a half they had been experiencing together the beauty and grandeur of Catholicism. They were brothers and sisters. No wonder because they were members of that one incomparable family which overspread the world like the mustard-tree of the Gospel and claimed Christ as its Head. Nothing could equal, still less surpass, the happiness which overflowed every breast and lit up every countenance. *The St. Patrick's Temperance and Benefit Society* was entitled to the highest measure of praise. Dr. Croke, the illustrious Catholic prelate and Irish patriot, had sounded its name over the globe. It was in his language an 'intelligent and respectable body.' This pilgrimage had furnished it with a fresh and most indisputable title to these glorious characteristics.

"The thanks of the pilgrims should be tendered to Bernard Emerson, President of this Society. All would feel peculiar pleasure in bearing testimony to his constant benevolence, unceasing solicitude and untiring energy. This Society was assuming grand proportions owing in a great measure to the zeal of the Rev. Father Kiernan, its Chaplain, and the many noble qualities which he possesses. Heaven had favored the pilgrimage in many ways. The Saints are our best friends. The illustrious Mother of the Blessed Virgin claims on our part a special homage of respect and confidence." When the Reverend gentleman had concluded his discourse, he raised his eyes to heaven and invoked a blessing upon the immense multitude that knelt to receive it. A good night's rest was the next item of interest. The morning air was bracing. An interchange of salutations took place—a look

of business began to develop on many a face—and the cares of every-day life to re-assert themselves.

The *Canada* was now fast approaching the city of Montreal. Mr. Emerson gathered all the pilgrims for the last time at the stern of the steamer. It was chiefly for the purpose of passing votes of thanks to the parties who had the best claims upon their gratitude. "Most deeply indebted," said he, "do we feel towards the clergy of St. Patrick's Church, who notably on this occasion have contributed to promote our spiritual welfare. Whenever anything is calculated to advance it, we are sure to find them in the vanguard. To the Reverend Father Dowd and his distinguished representative, the Rev. M. Callaghan, we should ascribe the principal glory of this pilgrimage." Let us not forget to mention here the gentleman whose experience in the catering life, was constantly at our disposal, and could not fail in any instance to gratify the most epicurean tastes. Mr. Edwd Murphy eulogized the Richelieu Company, and spoke in complimentary terms of the skill and kindness of the Captain of the *Canada*. On leaving the boat the pilgrims found it difficult to part with each other. But who will wonder? Ineffable was the happiness of the social intercourse which, for almost two days they had been enjoying. Yet part they should, but not for ever. Implicitly they pledged themselves to meet again under the banner of the sons of Temperance. God grant that for many years to come they may together refresh their souvenirs, gladden their hearts, and cull all sorts of the choicest blessings at the shrine of the good *Ste. Anne de Beauré*.

THE RICH AND THE POOR.

HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP CROKE, of Cashel, some time ago preached an eloquent sermon on the different positions occupied by man in society, in the course of which he gave the following wise counsel, founded on the precepts of the Church:—

He said it was an old and true and well known saying that there is nothing new under the sun. Equally old and true was it though, perhaps not so well known, that there were no two

things perfectly alike under the sun. The most gifted artist that ever had been, or that ever might have been, never cast or curved, or otherwise produced any two articles whereof one would be an exact copy of the other. No two productions of the human head or hand, of pen or pencil ever were exactly alike. Even the great artificers, whose works would perish but with time, built them without materials in endless and inconceivable variety. Where would they find two faces, two landscapes alike? What could the world be if all men rivalled Solomon in wisdom, Cresus in wealth, Alexander in strategy or Locke in understanding? Let them look at some historic picture representing, for instance, a group of statesmen in the council chamber, or a number of mailed warriors on the battle field. The artist could not give a requisite prominence to all the figures—some of them must be comparatively in the shade, others almost entirely so, and others literally surrounded by a flood of light. So in society—there must be happiness and misery, wisdom and folly, wealth and poverty—the master and the servant dependent upon and relieving each other—the Greek and the barbarian, the wise and foolish are scattered promiscuously in every direction around. What a strange and startling variety of conditions one is sure to meet with in the world! Some are poor but contented; others are rich but wretched, because wicked or reviling. Some have too much others too little. Some want for everything, and others apparently wanting for nothing. Some wear diadems and rings of unknown value upon their fingers, are waited on by a numerous retinue, and have their persons adorned with the most costly ornaments—others friendless and unknown, steal on through life, no one heeding them, and the wind and the weather assailing them on the way. Some driving in chariots gilded and gay, others travelling on foot unheeded. Some have many friends, others are without them. Some are respected by their fellow citizens, others dreaded or despised. For some, every enterprise succeeds, for others there is nothing but disasters. In a word there are some who seem to be the especial favorites of Providence, and there

are others whose only inheritances are sufferings and tribulations, wretched outcasts, born and destined to live, as it were, in poverty, and to die perhaps without piety. He would ask them had they ever seriously considered the condition of their fellowmen and compared their own with that of those around them? Had they ever visited any of these great but dreary hospitals where lie thousands of sickly patients, or one of those prisons where crime crouches on the ground in dark and loathsome cells? Had they ever reason to mourn for the wreck of all their hopes, or the death of some one near and dear to them? Or had they ever thought of what they suffered who had to dwell in dark lanes and polluted atmospheres? of what the soldier suffered when dying on the battlefield, or the murderer while walking to the scaffold, or the emigrant when he looks for the last time upon the home in which he was born, quit forever the companions of youth? Many and many were the phases of misfortune, and the lot of many now before him, might be envied by thousands. If then, those whom he had the high honor of addressing there enjoying health as well as rank and wealth, should think what their lot might have been if cast among beggars. Let them have no feelings of pride which was hateful both to God and man, and has been denominated as the vice of fools. True there was a considerable pride that had its base in religion; the mother of the Maccabees felt a just pride when she saw her seven sons die rather than obey the persecuting tyrant. So also did Francis Xavier when dying in the cause of God, far away from his native land. In such a case a pride might be felt, and yet not be sinful. As well might the lily in the field take pride in its loveliness, the statue of its symmetry, or the ocean fish because of the quantity of water by which he is surrounded as man of his wide domains, his fame, his fortune or his family. His persecutors were all rich, yet the Saviour reckoned among his disciples some of the wealthiest people in Judea. Zachaius was chief of the Publicans. Thaddæus a ruler of the Synagogue and Joseph a centurion. If it were true that the Saviour's first persecutor was a king, it is also true

that the three first men who adored Him were also kings. God gave gifts and talents to every man, and to those whom He had given wealth, He would demand a strict account. The rich should rather have a feeling of apprehension than of congratulation, and he instanced several parables in the Bible to show the dangers that accrue to a man from the possession of wealth. Was it not written there, "Blessed are the poor, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven?" St. John the Baptist was poor, so was the reputed father of the Saviour; so was the Blessed Virgin, and it was with the poor Galilean that Our Lord worked His first miracle.

THE WISE MAN AND THE FOOL.

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

(From the French.)

CHAPTER IV.

YEARS have rolled on since the events detailed in our last chapter. Maur and Chaffred Malbrouch are alone in their parlour in Turin. Both have been silent for some time. Chaffred speaks:

"I have determined to return to Rome immediately, Maur; I wish to assist at the return of the Pope to Rome. You know that is my weakness. Before going, I wish to speak to you of a plan I have in my mind. My fortune, as I have often told you, I intend to leave to your children. You and I are not young. Our incomes are sufficient for our wants and to spare. Should I ask too much, if I were to ask you to give me one of your daughters?"

"How do you mean?"

"You keep one, and let me take the other with me to Rome. You know that I am at the mercy of servants. I am beginning to be tired of having no one about me to sew on a button: I eat without appetite, because I am alone at table without any one with whom to exchange a word. If I had the company of a niece she should have a lady companion, and behold immediately I should be surrounded by crowds: one day would be occupied in preparing the

linen for the washing woman ; another in receiving it back again : people would thus pass in and out : a cat and a canary would be added : these would have adventures : these adventures would be talked about : the women would be in commotion : silence would be no more. What say you ?

"I see no great objection," answered Maur. "But which would you wish to go with you to Rome?"

"Whichever you wish ; but the younger one would give me more peace : you know I do not like to scold. I think Clotilde would adapt herself easier to a house-keeper's life."

"I understand, but do you intend—excuse me, I am a father—do you intend to favour her in your will?"

"Why should I? You know they are both equally dear to me."

It did not require many words to finish this negotiation.

For Maur, it was all he could desire. He knew that his child in Chaffred's hands would be better than in his own. The choice even pleased him, for he preferred Clelie. He would call Clotilde, and tell her.

"No," said Chaffred, "let us wait until the last ; we shall thus avoid all discussion. As to leave-taking it can be compressed into one morning, to the great sparing of sighs and tears. Let me act after my own fashion ; I will speak to her at the proper time and place."

"Do as you please. We are agreed."

Meanwhile Pius VII. moved slowly through the French provinces. He was anxiously expected at Turin, where it was intended to receive him with even greater demonstrations than on his last visit. Chaffred wished to go before him to Rome. One day after dinner, he described to his nieces the events of the pontifical journey. He spoke of them as though he had been present.

The Pope travels in the midst of triumphs ; no sooner is one over than another begins. The dear Frenchmen ! they have always been better than their governments. They are no longer that howling pack of maniacs, which rolled down the Alps to chew up the priests. For after all, the Jacobins are neither Frenchmen nor human beings : they no more have a fatherland than they have

laws. You can recognize a true Frenchman, for he always says I am a Catholic. They wanted to make us believe that this great nation had been converted into pagans, when behold, they take the Pope by assault in order to get his blessing. It is to be feared that some of them will let themselves be crushed beneath the wheels of the papal chariot.

"All which goes to shew," said Maur, "that the French sail whichever way the wind blows."

"Wrong, my brother. It is the Pope who has been borne on the popular wave like a ship before a storm. Once within the palace of Cardinal Fesch, he could not get out again. The case was serious. The poor Pope saw his carriage at a distance, but saw no hopes of reaching it, though it was only two hundred paces distant, such was the crush and throng of people anxious to get near him. The gendarmes seeing that it was impossible for his carriage to come to him, asked him to walk to it and they would escort him. The Pope set out—the gendarmes shouted to the people threatened ; made their horses rear in order to gain a little space through which his holiness might pass. Thus the Pope on foot, surrounded by mounted gendarmes, gave his blessing to the people. Thus he pressed on, but it so happened that at the very moment he thought to enter port he suffered shipwreck. As he was placing one foot upon the carriage step he found his other foot held fast. He would have fallen forward but that he placed his hands upon the shoulders of two soldiers who stood guarding the carriage. Move his foot he could not. A young woman who had crawled amongst the horse's legs, held the foot firmly with her two hands for she wished to kiss the pontiff's slipper, and to hold it until her mother at her side could kiss it too."

"Oh how I wish had been in her place ;" cried out Clotilde with enthusiasm.

"All the days of the week are not Sundays," said Chaffred. "Who would have obtained you an audience ? Ah if we were at Rome ah yes ! then the thing would be easy. Tell me which of you will come with me to Rome ?

"I," answered Clotilde quickly ; "but who will bring me back at Turin ?"

"She who goes with me must remain at Rome until I return. Your father consents to that. Do you not?"

"Ah yes, certainly," answered Maur, "How can it be otherwise if uncle Chafford wishes it?"

"Well then," said Chafford, "draw lots to know which goes."

"No lot drawing" said Maur. "I will arrange it all. The elder stays with her father; the younger goes with her uncle;" saying this Maur passed his arm around Clotilde's waist and kissed her.

"Will you not go with your uncle my dear one? He goes to-morrow and will return in a year."

At this sudden announcement of so speedy a separation Clotilde felt the sharp pang of paternal love shoot to her heart: her tongue could only pronounce a low "yes": immediately she added.

"But you and Clelie will come to see me at Rome."

On the following day uncle and niece took post for Rome.

(To be continued.) H. B.

THE LAND BILL.

The following are the main heads of the Land Bill as it has finally passed both Houses of Parliament:—

I.—Tenant may sell his tenancy for the best price he can get. Conditions:—

1. Sale to one person only.
2. Notice to landlord.
3. Landlord may purchase on receiving notice.
4. Tenant must state consideration.
5. Court may declare sale void.
6. Landlord may object to purchaser.
7. Court may recompense landlord for debt out of the purchase money.
8. Where improvements made by landlord, purchase money apportioned by Court.
9. Landlord may give notice that he has claims on the estate.
10. Where purchase money paid into Court, Court must determine all applications.
11. Tenant who has sold his tenancy shall not be entitled to compensation for disturbance or improvement.
12. Tenant, if holding subject to Ul-

ster tenant right system, may sell in pursuance of that custom or in pursuance of this section; but not both.

II.—When a person receives a tenancy as a bequest, he must be accepted by the landlord as though he were a purchaser.

III.—When landlord demands increase of rent, then

1. Tenancy shall be deemed, if tenant accepts, a tenancy subject to statutory conditions for fifteen years.

2. If tenant does not accept, tenancy shall be sold and tenant shall receive amount by which Court decides the selling of tenancy to have been depreciated below amount which would have been selling value if rent were fair rent.

3. If tenant does not accept he is entitled to compensation for disturbance.

4. Tenant, in place of accepting or declining such increase, may apply to Court to have the rent fixed.

5. When landlord cannot agree with tenant on the subject he may also have access to the Court.

The last clause was an amendment of the Lords. Mr. Gladstone's assent to it provoked the hostility of the Irish party.

IV.—Tenant shall not be compelled to pay increase of rent unless he violates what are in this act referred to as statutory conditions, viz:—

1. Punctual payment of rent..
2. No waste.
3. No subdivision or subletting.
4. No act whereby tenancy becomes vested in assignee in bankruptcy.
5. Not refusing landlord right of entry for purpose of mining, cutting, hunting or fishing.
6. Not opening a house for the sale of intoxicating liquors.

V and VI.—Repealing portion of the Land Bill and Tenant (Ireland) Act of 1870.

VII.—1. Court may determine fair rent.

2. Rent thus fixed, called judicial rent, payable first rent day after decision..

3. When rent thus fixed, tenancy to be held under statutory conditions for fifteen years.

4. Court may disallow application under this section when improvements have been made and maintained by landlord.

5. When application is made landlord and tenant may agree to fix a special value for tenancy. Then if tenant wants to sell landlord has right of purchase at that value.

6. Statutory terms not renewed till preceding statutory term has expired.

7. No application for judicial rent may be made till the last twelve months of the current statutory term.

8. No rent payable in respect of improvements made by tenant.

9. Court may take action when it considers the conduct of landlord or tenant to be unreasonable.

XII—1. Time of sale limited to one month after receipt of notice to quit.

2. Court may enlarge time.

3. Court may suspend proceedings taken against tenant, unless for breach of statutory conditions.

4. If notice to quit is served for breach of statutory condition tenant may apply to Court, and if Court thinks adequate satisfaction is made by payment of damages to landlord, it may so order.

XVIII.—Tenancy deemed to have determined when landlord has resumed possession by purchase, or default, or operation of law.

XIX.—Existing leases to continue as though this Act had not passed. Provided that at their expiration they become subject to its provisions; and if, since the Act of 1870, the Court considers the acceptance of any lease to have been unreasonable it may annul it.

XXIII—1. Estates may be purchased by the Land Commission to resell to a "competent number of tenants."

2. Sale by Commission to tenant may be in consideration of a fine and of a fee farm rent.

3. Land Commission may advance to tenant sum not exceeding seventy-five per cent of the price.

4. Commission may indemnify, and such indemnity will be a charge on the Consolidated Fund.

To this must be added the Lord's amendment, accepted by Mr. Gladstone, that any applicant to the Commission who may consider himself aggrieved may appeal to the Court of Appeals in Ireland, with the limitation that the leave of the Court must be asked.

NEW CONVENT OF OUR LADY
OF MERCY ST. CATHERINE'S,
BALLYSHANNON, CO. DONEGAL.

*Appeal of the Sisters of Mercy to the
Irish in America.*

WE, the Sisters of Mercy, Ballyshannon, Ireland, appeal most earnestly to the charity of the Irish in America, in aid of the building fund of our new Convent of Mercy here.

Brought here in 1867 by the Most Rev. Dr. M'Gettigan, now Primate of all Ireland, we have been, for the past fourteen years, struggling in a house which proved altogether unsuited to our wants, and which, by reason of its unhealthy character, has cost us great loss of life.

Out of a small community of ten, six of our number died within three years, and three of these within a period of five months, all these deaths being in every instance the result of the damp unhealthy house we still occupy.

But though it has pleased God to try ourselves sorely, yet we have not been left without warm sympathy and generous support. One gentleman in Wexford, a perfect stranger to this county of Donegal as well as to every member of our community, hearing of our sufferings, sent us a munificent donation of £500 as a start for a new convent building fund, and this munificence largely seconded by bishops, priests, and laity—and many of the last named not of our own faith—has enabled us to lay the foundations of a commodious and substantial building, and the works have now been carried as far as the roof. But our people here, though most charitable, are mostly poor, and our undertaking, involving an expenditure of £5,000, is for us a very heavy one. To discharge this liability the numerous and liberal charities of our countrymen at home have already enabled us to make payments to our contractor to the extent of £3,000, and it is to meet the large and pressing want of £2,000 still remaining that we now appeal to the generosity of the great Republic of the West.

Now, therefore, that the works are suspended for want of further aid, we

ask for the love of God, a share in that charity of our countrymen in America which has already helped to raise up so many churches and convents in the old land of their birth and their love, and we turn especially to all those beyond the Atlantic who are proud to own the soil of old Tyreconnell as the land of their fathers to help us with a generous hand to raise up for God's poor a Convent of the Sisters of Mercy on most hallowed and historic ground. Our new building will be within a stone's throw of the famed "Abbey Assaroo," its foundations are placed on the very spot, at the mouth of the Erne, where once stood the Castle of the lordly O'Donnell's, and it will be the first convent erected in this ancient diocese since the days of the penal times.

And now, for every help, however small, that may be sent us, we promise the only return that we can give—the heartfelt and undying prayers of our little community, that the goodness of God may reward a hundred fold, even in this life, all of our country's sons and daughters in America who show themselves our benefactors and our friends.

Approbation of the Bishop of the Diocese.

DEAR REVEREND MOTHER,

I earnestly recommend to the kind consideration of the charitable your appeal for aid to complete your new Convent in Ballyshannon. It is sad to see the work stopped through want of funds, while your Sisters pining away in their present unhealthy abode, and so cramped for space as to be unable to carry out efficiently the works of charity to which they have devoted themselves.

Trusting that your appeal may meet with the success which the purity of your motives and the excellence of your work deserve.

I am, dear Reverend Mother,

Yours faithfully,

† MICHAEL LOGUE,

Bishop of Raphoe.

Letterkenny, 22nd July, 1881.

Donations will be most gratefully received and acknowledged by the Most Rev. Dr. Logue, Letterkenny, Co. Donegal; Very Rev. D. Spence, P.P.; Rev. H. A. Gallagher, C.C.; Rev. P. Kelly, C.C., Ballyshannon, Co. Donegal; or Sister M. Ignatius M'Carthy, Superioress, Convent of Mercy, Ballayshannon, Co. Donegal, Ireland.

A GERMAN ON THE IRISH LAND SYSTEM.

Mr. J. G. KOHL, a practical minded German, who travelled in Ireland, and a gentleman by no means ill-disposed towards England, gives expression to the opinion that Ireland's land system was at the root of her sufferings, and wonders that not even the great Tribune had once thought or spoken of any means of effecting a change in favor of the agricultural population, "the most important and first class of society, upon which rests the whole fabric of the state, as upon its base." Now that after the lapse of many years the views propounded by him have come to be seriously discussed, his words are well worth consideration. He observes:

"In most of the civilized countries of Europe—in France by a revolution, in almost all the states of Germany by wise reforms—the nobility have been deprived of their old feudal rights over the oppressed and subjugated peasantry; and these, from serfs and slaves, have been turned into small free proprietors of the soil. Nay, even in Russia, within the last ten years, many introductory measures have been taken towards making peasants more independent of their lords and gradually to give them the ownership of the land which they till. In England and Ireland only, people have not ventured even to think on the question whether it would not be very wise to grant the poor, serflike Irish farmers the freehold of their soil; or, if this could not be effected without a revolution, at least to follow the example of Russia, Saxony, etc, and, by reforms and measures introductory to changing the tenants-at-will into hereditary possessors, to regulate and reduce the rents of these tenants by law, and then to *permit*, and finally to *insist* on, the tenant's right to purchase his land; and by these means to form a class of free peasants and small independent landowners. No one has for a moment thought of enquiring, as has been done in France and Germany—nay, even in the Baltic provinces of Russia—whether the peasant has not an older and better right to the soil than the noble landowner who grew over his head gradually by force and oppression, and took away from him by degrees the land of his fathers. There is in England so holy an awe of interfering with the rights of property as recognized by the state that no one is capable of taking so comprehensive and elevated a view of the subject as would enable him to perceive that, under certain circumstances, it would be the highest wisdom for the state itself to violate these rights."

Mr. Kohl then goes on to speak of

the titles by which the landed nobility of Europe hold their property and serfs, and remarks that where estates have been obtained by conquest the state might justly take them away from the original conquerors or their descendants, could they be found, and restore them to the poor peasants from whom they had been wrested.

"Prussia," he says, "and other countries not only did this, but, since they could not distinguish the just possessors from the unjust, they treated both alike, and compelled them, willing or unwilling, with or without title, to resign their pernicious and foolish privileges and accept a certain moderate indemnity. What Prussia and other countries have done towards a nobility with much better titles people in Ireland do not dare even to think of doing with respect to a nobility with the worst of all possible titles. Land-owners growing, as it were, out of the people themselves, and possessing their estates from time immemorial, may be said not to exist in Ireland; for the old national Irish nobles and landlords have, with few exceptions, become completely destroyed. The most honorable and best title an Irish family can show is force and conquest."

This assertion Mr. Kohl justifies by the statement that many Irish landlords obtained their claim to their property "by procuring confiscations in their favor surreptitiously, by treachery and fraud." He adds: "One can easily imagine by what villainies estates were acquired in a land where for a long time there existed a law by which a younger brother, on turning Protestant, could deprive his elder brother, or a son his father, of his estates. And to these villainies and frauds of their ancestors most of the land-owning families of Ireland can be proved to owe their estates. When lands are held by such titles as these might not any reasonable government justly interpose, and if it could not be accomplished without a revolution, yet at least by gradual reform convert the poor tenants-at-will into peasant owners, so that the suffering millions may not for ever live in misery for the advantage of a few oligarchs?"

For want of a nail the shoe was lost,
for want of a shoe the horse was lost,
for want of a horse the rider was lost,
being overtaken by the enemy.

MISSIONARIES ABROAD.

A GREAT and shameful scandal has been detected in a Scotch missionary settlement on the coast of Africa. It has been investigated, and the result is the summary recall of the Scotch Missionaries, who were pronounced guilty of cruelly treating the natives, even to flogging them without cause, and of making an unjust war upon a native chief, who fortunately was not vanquished.

It is amazing that no question has been asked in Parliament concerning this hideous scandal, considering that it is but a repetition of similar scandals which made the name of English missionaries odious in Australasia.

For England to send out missionaries at all, however, is to merit the Divine Rebuke: "Thou hypocrite! pluck first the beam out of thine own eye ere thou seekest the mote in thy neighbour's." In one provincial English paper we have counted in the space of one-half column, five murder cases, entitled respectively.

Strange murder by a mother,
Alleged confession of murder,
The Derbyshire murder,
Attempt to murder a wife.

Determined wife murder by an old man.

Could not missionaries do anything to prevent these crimes, since the Government will not? Again, read the following extract from an English paper:

A Lancashire correspondent writes:—The little town of Stacksteads, in the Rosendale Valley, was on Saturday the scene of a terrible fight between a man and a powerful and ferocious bull-dog. The brutal affair resembles in all its barbaric aspects a similar combat which took place at Hanley, in the Black Country, a few years ago, between "Brummy" and "Physic." At Stacksteads probably, more than in any other place in the Rosendale Valley, there is a very large preponderance of the rough element. One of the most notorious of this class is a tall, burly and ferocious-looking man who is known by the name of "Samson," and who occasionally varies the monotony of his everyday life by drinking, fighting, gambling

and other nefarious practices, and not infrequently does he go through the performance of worrying live rats, to the great delight of his associates; indeed, he occasionally tries his teeth on pots, glasses and plates, whilst bones of any description are to him as but ordinary food. His last adventure took place, as before stated, on Saturday, when he had a fearful fight for a large amount of money with a powerful and ferocious bull-dog, weighing about 60lbs., and which is noted for its prowess. His master having frequently boasted of the powers of the dog, a few nights ago challenged "Samson" to fight it, which was no sooner done than it received a ready response. The agreement was that the dog should have the same chances as if pitted against another of the canine species, while the man was to have his hands securely fastened in front of him. Everything being ready, a man in the garb of a quarryman gave the word "go," upon which "Samson" descended to the level of the brute, and on hands and knees waited the attack of the dog. The latter, on being unmuzzled, was hounded on by the yells of the spectators, and at once rushed at the man's throat, when the fearful combat commenced. The yelling of the crowd ceased, the spectators of the disgusting scene looking on with bated breath. The brute made several futile attempts at the man's throat, but the latter dodging it for some time, the onlookers became impatient, and again and again hounded on the dog. Another struggle took place, and although brief, was a fearful one. The man tried, as for very life, to obtain a grip of the dog, whilst the brute in turn twisted and turned in every conceivable form to get hold of the man's throat. At length, after a terrible encounter, "Samson" succeeded in seizing the brute with his powerful teeth and pinning it to the ground, almost worried it. On rising to his feet the man presented a horrible sight, his face and arms having been terribly lacerated in the encounter.

And England sends missionaries to Africa! Is there no kind friend in Africa or elsewhere to send missionaries to England?

WHAT A RICH MAN OWES.

"I CAN pay my way, and am obliged to nobody," is a frequent expression of the selfish man. We fancy we see him, while he utters it, with his purse-proud defiant look, buttoning up his pocket as if he thought you a thief.

You can pay your way, can you? You are obliged to nobody? Good sir, we don't believe you know what you say. That you can pay your pecuniary debts we have no doubt, but these, it seems to us, are the least part of your obligations.

You owe duties to society as a man, a citizen, a millionaire, of which, perhaps, you have never thought, certainly not as debts to be paid, in your own person, and by an expenditure of your own time, and thought, and money. My dear sir, consider this well. Do not live and die in the false belief that, because you owe this debt to society in the abstract, Heaven will never require its payment at your hands. Do not imagine, either, that you can delegate its liquidation to others. No well-salaried minister, no sleek visitor of the poor can become your middle-man in this matter, doing your work for you. Monopolize your time in mere money-making, and suffer your heart to grow hard as steel, as all hearts will that never come in contact directly with human misery.

"I can pay my way," you say; "I am obliged to nobody." Perhaps as you utter these words you look rebukingly at some poor debtor who has failed to meet his engagements. Beware. O rich man! "Judge not, lest ye be judged." You know not what defects of early training, what cruel disaster of fortune, what treachery on the part of others may have led to this bankruptcy. With all his errors, and even faults, for probably he has not been entirely free from either, he may yet be a better man, taken all in all, than you, with all your bank stock, your mortgages, your ships, and your real estate. He may not neglect his children, as you, absorbed in your speculations, probably do, leaving their moral training to others instead of superintending it yourself. He may be a truer husband, not acting, as you perhaps do, as if a wife was either slave or plaything, and not a companion. He may be a kinder friend

a more conscientious citizen, a man better imbued with the thousand sympathies of humanity. Believe us, there are more crimes than being in debt, though where debt comes from imprudence or a reckless spirit of speculation, it is, *Heaven knows!* bad enough.

"I can pay my way," you say; "I am obliged to nobody." You are obliged, on the contrary, to every fellow-creature with whom you are thrown into contact, either in special life or in business. Without their courtesy, their attention, their kindness, their society, you would be the most miserable creature alive. Every hour you live you are indebted to some fellow-being for some attention or other, and it is only because they are so freely and commonly given, like the air of heaven, that you do not realize their value. The time will come, if it has not already, when some great family affliction shall teach you that with all your riches you are but a frail, helpless, human creature; and in that hour of grief and heart-wrung agony you will recognize at least, even if but for a moment, its precious boon of human sympathy; you will feel how much you owe, after all, to your fellows.

Thank Heaven! all rich men are not like you. They have been many in every generation who acknowledge that they owe other debts than pecuniary ones, and who strive faithfully to liquidate them. Their number is increasing, moreover, with each successive generation. When the day arrives, as we believe most firmly it will, when all rich men shall recognize the obligations they owe to society, the millennium, in one sense at least, will have come. Then may the rich man truly say, "I can pay my way; I am obliged to nobody."

STREET THOUGHTS.

WALKING down the street in a thoughtful mood, I find myself thinking of the people I meet. Many and varied are the faces around me—people of all classes and conditions, each one intent on their own plans and purposes.

Here come two middle-aged ladies, chatting by the way, discussing very earnestly their day's shopping in view. Now come two little girls, dancing along,

brimful of joy, careless and happy. Pass slowly, oh, Time! Let the days of the happy child life be long and many!

Next comes a sad-faced lady, robed in mourning garments, which mutely toll of the loss of dear ones. She is leading a little boy by the hand, striving to interest him; and as I pass them I hear the sweet voice pleading, "Be happy for my sake, dear mamma!" which is answered by a flood of tears under the thick crape veil, and the instinctive clinging closer yet to the little hand within her own. Oh, mother-love!—strongest, purest of all, willing, glad to endure, without thought of self, for the life dearer even than its own.

Just before me is an old man white-haired and bowed with age, staying his faltering steps with the staff in his hand; and as I pass him, I glance at the pleasant face, and notice the smile wreathing the thin lips still. And I wonder if it is hard to be old—to know life is almost done. And this thought comes to me, "As life is spent so shall the end be." If wasted, there must be unavailing regret; if well spent, there is that consciousness of nearing to the joys unspeakable that are waiting.

Just by me are two gentlemen walking arm-in-arm, one of whom is emphatically a business man. Business flashes from every glance of the eye; business speaks in every turn of the head; and the amount of business details that flow from his mouth is astonishing. I should say that he is a stock-broker. His companion is a diminutive, shivering little man who abhors business in every form, and to whom the remarks of his business friend give no pleasure.

And now my attention is attracted to a lady by my side, of some forty years, whose every step indicates her independence to mankind. That she is a spinster, I know by her general appearance. She has long arms; she is tall and thin; she has sharp eyes, sharp nose and has a sharp, fierce look generally. The cares of neighborhood scandal have left their lines upon her brow, and her lids are thin from constant using. Ah! good morning. She has stepped into a hair-dresser's. I noticed there were three distinct colors in her chignon, and the little prim curls were hung around it.

Don't think I don't like old maids. I

do and have a great regard for them. It is these cross, prim, selfish, gossiping old maids that I despise; and I knew this was one of them.

Ah, here comes a literary gentleman. That he is literary I know by the roll of manuscript he carries in his ink-stained fingers, and his preoccupied appearance as he hastens along, intent upon devising some new scheme by which readers are to be instructed and amused at the same time.

But my walk is ended, and I am home at last. Good morning.

USEFUL HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

An easy way to make hard water soft is this: Fill the wash boiler with hard water, then put half a teacupful of wood ashes into a little cloth bag, let this lie in the water until that is warm enough to use. This is worth knowing.

WASHING TIES.—The best mode of washing gentlemen's neckties is to let them soak a little, then wash with hot soap and water, rinse in cold water slightly blued, dry them, dip them once more in cold water, starch and wring them thoroughly; then iron.

The juice of a lemon, squeezed into a glass of water, without sweetening, drunk before breakfast at this season of the year, is said to be a preventive of malaria, and an excellent thing for almost every one to take, particularly if they are biliously inclined.

A thoroughly qualified medical man has recently, in the course of his practice, come upon what he believes and uses as a specific remedy for small-pox. The remedy is the bi-tartrate of potash, the common cream of tartar of the drug store; two ounces dissolved in boiling water, with the juice of a lemon and sugar added. Let the patient drink as much as he likes, but not less than a wineglassful every hour. In some of his cases this medicine has exhibited the most remarkable curative effects. It will purge, but as it is perfectly harmless this will not matter, and it does not appear to be the cause of cure, the remedy acting specifically on the virus, the pustules collapsing, leaving no pits, and a perfect cure following in a short time.

Cement for Bottles and Cans.—Take of resin, sixteen ounces, beeswax, six ounces, best English Venetian red, six ounces, melt the resin and wax, and gradually stir in the red.

CORN CAKE.—One cup sugar, two eggs, four tablespoons of sweet cream, two tablespoons of soda, four teaspoons of cream tartar, two cups of corn meal and one of flour. Let it stand in the warming oven of your stove five minutes, then bake ten minutes in a hot oven.

The following drink for relieving sickness of the stomach is said to be very palatable and agreeable: Beat up one egg very well, say for twenty minutes, then add fresh milk one pint, water one pint, sugar to make it palatable; boil, and get it cool; drink when cold. If it becomes curds and whey it is useless.

CATSUP.—Halve your tomatoes, place them in a firkin, with a layer of salt between each layer of tomatoes. Let them stand over night. In the morning, add seasoning cloves, allspice, and very little mace, and pepper and salt to taste; then put on the stove and boil one hour. Take from the fire, and strain, and bottle.

A NICE BREAKFAST DISH.—Remove the skins from a dozen tomatoes; cut them up in a sauce-pan; add a little butter, pepper and salt; when sufficiently boiled, beat up five or six eggs, and just before you serve turn them into the sauce-pan with the tomatoes and stir one way for two minutes, allowing them time to be done thoroughly.

According to *La France Medicale*, borax has been employed with advantage in cases of hoarseness and aphonia occurring suddenly from the action of cold. The remedy is recommended to singers and orators whose voices suddenly become lost, but which by these means can be recovered instantly. A little piece of borax the size of a pea is to be slowly dissolved in the mouth ten minutes before singing or speaking. The remedy provokes an abundant secretion of saliva, which moistens the mouth and throat. This local action of the borax should be aided by an equal dose of nitrate of potassium, taken in warm solution before going to bed.

FIRESIDE SPARKS.

The real lucky fisherman is the one who doesn't catch the rheumatism.

If a man sitting on a chest is shot at, he would prefer, if hit at all, to be hit in his chest.

What law has been the greatest terror to evil doers since the world began? The mother-in-law.

Jones said that the clouds of his early childhood were no bigger than a woman's hand, but a squall always followed them.

When a man and a woman are made one by a clergyman, the question is, which is the one. Sometimes there is a long struggle between them before this matter is finally settled.

The first poetic "fragment" commenced in these words: "I sipped the nectar of her lips; sipped and hovered o'er her." And the last part was as follows: "Her father's hoof flash'd on the scene: I'm wiser now, and sorer."

A wit says: "In Germany, when a paper says anything witty, they kill the editor; and not one editor has been killed there for two hundred years."

There is reason to respect the genuineness of that religion which is too modest to bear the gaze, and too delicate to bear the touch of the world.

An old Highlander rather fond of his toddy was ordered by his physician, during a temporary illness, not to exceed one ounce of spirits daily. The old gentleman was dubious about the amount, and asked his son, a school-boy, how much an ounce was. "Sixteen drachms," was the reply. "Sixteen drams! What an excellent doctor! exclaimed the Highlander. "Run and tell Donald McTavish and big John to come down the night."

A PUZZLE.—Is it possible to take 45 from 45 and let your remainder be 45? Yes, for example—

9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1—45

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9—45

8 6 4 1 9 7 5 3 2—45

Every plain girl has one consolation. If she is not a *pretty* young lady, she will, if she lives, be a *pretty old one*.

A sign announcing "The Vacuum Cure" is hung out from the window of an eating-house up town.

A sign on an academy, Aberdeen, reads: "Freeman & Huggs; Freeman teaches the boys, and Huggs the girls."

A lovely poem, entitled "The Suicide," is going the rounds just now. The poets have finally got into the right path.

"Better late than never," if applied to going for a train, is incorrect, as a man has only so much extra trouble by going.

Fifteen years ago an innocent young girl promised her lover that she would wait for him. To prove how she kept her word it is merely necessary to remark that, although she is now his wife, she frequently waits for him until two A. M.

Grace: "I'm going to see Clara to-day." Charlotte: "I wonder how you can visit that dreadful girl." Grace: "Well, I must be off; have you any message?" Charlotte: "No, I don't think of anything now—but don't forget to give her my love."

KILLING THE PRODIGAL.—A dissipated young man, who ran away from home and spent his substance in riotous living, resolved at last to return to the paternal roof. His father was kind enough to forgive the young rascal for his wickedness, and rushing into the house, overcome with joy that the boy had returned, cried out to his wife—"Let us kill the prodigal; the calf has returned!"

WHO SHOT THE DOG?—As one of the Dover, England, volunteers was passing one day, rifle in hand, he was accosted by a precocious urchin, who called out: "Who shot the dog?" This saying our friend appeared by no means to relish. So turning he said: "If you are not off very soon, I'll shoot a donkey." Whereupon the boy calling out to one of his companions, rejoined: "I say, Bill, look here—this fellow is just going to commit suicide."

THE MAIDEN'S THOUGHT.

She saw the lily pure and white,
And thought how fair and pretty—
Too sweet, she said, its life to blight
'T would be a woful pity.

A little songster came that way,
With plumage bright alluring;
He kissed it sweet without delay,
With both their loves assuming.

And then his song no joy did lack,
He hover'd high above her;
And to her mind the thought came back
That once she had a lover.

Vennor's Predictions!

For this Month's Weather, prepared expressly for
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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 house-work 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.”

MUSIC.—The effect produced by music on the heart is owing more to the simple fact of association than many imagine. It is very true that in the composition of music the composer imbues it with much of his own feelings while writing or improving it; and for a person to listen to such music for the first time, without being previously affected from any cause, he will be carried upon its tide very nearly as the composer's power at first directed; but we have known it in others and have ourselves experienced a feeling of deep dejection while listening to music of a light and joyous character. This was in consequence of a former trouble. As much of music is taken from natural sounds, and even from sounds produced by inanimate things, a part of a strain of written music may have so nearly resembled such sounds, heard before or since for a time forgotten—heard before when the heart was so severely oppressed as to affect it again with the same emotion, and from no other cause than of association.

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 by it. Will you try it? See other column.

KEEPING THE HEAD CLEAN.—Keeping the head perfectly clean is a great aid to health. A distinguished physician, who has spent much of his time at quarantine, said that a person whose head was thoroughly washed every day rarely took contagious diseases; but where the hair was allowed to become dirty and matted, it was hardly possible to escape infection. Many persons find speedy relief for nervous headache by washing the head thoroughly in weak soda-water. We have known cases almost wholly cured in ten minutes by this simple remedy. A friend finds it the greatest relief in cases of “rose cold,” the cold symptoms entirely leaving the eyes and nose after one thorough washing of the hair. The hair should be thoroughly dried afterward, and avoid draughts of air for a little while.

Those who write for fame, for honor, or emolument, cannot do better than use pens made by the Esterbrook Steel Pen Company. Samples furnished on application by addressing their office, 26 John Street, New York.

A beautiful person is the natural form of a beautiful soul. The mind builds its own house. The soul takes precedence of the body, and shapes the body to its own likeness. A vacant mind takes all the meaning out of the fairest face. A sensual disposition deforms the handsomest features. A cold selfish heart shrivels and distorts the best looks. A grovelling spirit takes all the dignity out of a figure and all the character out of the countenance. A cherished hatred transforms the most beautiful lineage into an image of darkness.

Speak little, speak truth, spend little, pay cash.

