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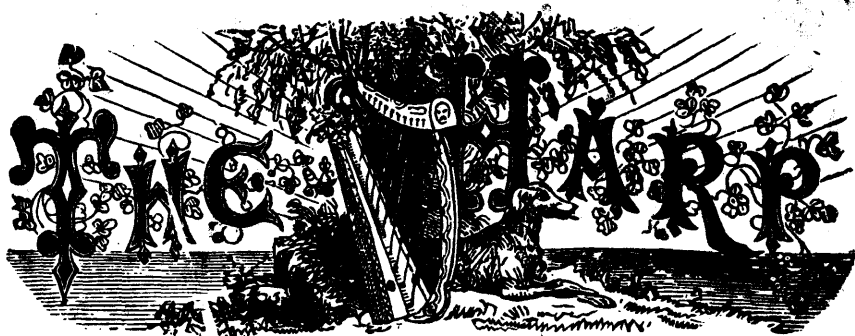
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TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE.

BY LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

PART II.—CHAPTER II.—Continued.

Mina gave a quick glance at Madame d'Auban's face. The talkative stranger had trod unawares on the sacred ground which her mother and herself never approached but on their knees.

"She is my only girl," Madame d'Auban nervously said, and hastened to ask—"Have you any children, Madame Lenoir?"

"No; and indeed I am very glad of it. M. Lenoir used to regret it; but I have said to him, many times since we came to this country, 'Who was right on that question, M. Lenoir? I suppose you will admit that a wife is quite a sufficient encumbrance, as you stand at present situated?' 'Oh, quite sufficient, my dear, quite sufficient,' he would answer. I must do him the justice to say he did not often contradict me. If I had any children, I should have been dreadfully afraid of their becoming like those young Indian devils."

"The Indians are not all devils," cried Mina, "I love the Indians."

"O fie! mademoiselle! Love those wicked Indians who murdered the good priest and my poor M. Lenoir, and all the Frenchmen! It was not their fault, I suppose, that your papa escaped?"

"It was one of them that helped him to escape, I know; and I love him and our brave Illinois, and the Choktaws, and the Dacotahs, and many others."

"I have never heard," cried Madame Lenoir, "of all those savages you speak of, little lady; but I know that, for my part, I should like to see every Indian burnt alive, and their horrid country swallowed up in the sea."

"And I should like to see you in the sea, and I should not pull you out," cried Mina, choking with passion.

"Oh, you little monster!" exclaimed Madame Lenoir.

"Mina, what are you saying?" said her mother, in a severe manner.

"But, mother, why does she say such cruel things? Because there are some cruel Indians, must we hate them all?"

"We must not hate even the cruel ones, but pity and pray for them."

"Well, pious people have strange notions!" ejaculated Madame Lenoir, "and they bring up their children very badly, I think. It is very extraordinary how unfeeling devout persons are! Ah! we cannot expect to find much sensibility in those who have not known what suffering is. Good evening, Madame d'Auban, I had hoped we might have proved a comfort to each other in our mutual sorrows, but—"

"Do not hurry away," Madame d'Auban kindly said. "Our trials are indeed great; and we ought to try and help each other. Do not be vexed with me."

"Oh, for that matter, I have a very happy disposition and a particularly sociable temper. But let me advise you, as a friend, not to let that little lady get into the habit of talking too much. One never gets rid of it in after-life. And do not make a devotee of her. Too much religion is a bad thing for children."

A faint shadow of a smile crossed Madame d'Auban's lips. Meantime Madame Lenoir was lifting up with difficulty her heavy pitcher.

"It will be heavier still when filled with water," she said, with a deep sigh, "and my shoulder is already aching with its weight! But I have been threatened with blows by a cross old Indian, in case I do not do her bidding."

The poor woman sat down on the grass, weeping bitterly. It was a selfish, unresisting grief, but pitiful to witness—like the sufferings of a fly crushed by a wheel.

"Ah! there is Ontara," cried Mina, clapping her hands. "Now you will see that he will help

me to fill your pitcher. May I go to the well with him, mother?"

Madame d'Auban assented, for the fountain was not far off. The young chief took up the pitcher, and Mina laid her hand on the handle, to help him, as she said, to carry it. He looked at the little white hand with wonder and admiration. He did not know any thing about gloves, or he might have exclaimed, like Romeo:

O that I were a glove upon that hand!

Mina talked to him eagerly as they walked along; and he called her his "white lily," his "beautiful Wenouah."

When they had reached the fountain, and were letting down the pitcher into the water, she said:

"Oh! how I do wish—" and there stopped short.

"What does my flower wish?" Ontara asked. "Name thy wish, and I will ask my father the Sun to give thee whatsoever thou desirest."

"I do not want anything he can give me. What I wish is, to see a black-robe pour water on my brother's head, and speak the word that would make him a Christian."

"The chief of prayer is no more. I have sung his death-song in my heart. He can never again speak to the living."

"But there are other black-robés—other chiefs of prayer?"

"They must all be killed by this time. Think no more of them, little dove of the white man's tribe, and speak not to Ontara of the French prayer. He is a child of the Sun, and worships his father."

"But I know he carries a crucifix in his bosom," Mina eagerly cried, pointing to the Indian's breast.

"My father, Outalissi, gave it me; and for his sake I keep it close to my heart."

At that moment Osseo joined them. Mina was not afraid of him when her new brother was by her side. He was much excited, and cried out, as soon as he saw them:

"I have discovered the fetish which the great sorcerer of the Abnakis possessed. He told me of it some time ago, and I have been searching for it ever since."

"What is it?" Ontara asked.

Osseo drew a small serpent from his bosom: "I have charmed it to sleep," he said, as Mina drew back affrighted. "It will not wake till I bid it. This fetish is so powerful that he who owns it never shoots an arrow in vain, and is never conquered in battle; and when he goes out hunting he brings home more game than any one else."

"Throw it away, Osseo; throw it away," Mina exclaimed. "It will do you no good."

"And if I throw it away," said the youth, with a sneer, "will the dove of the white tribe nestle in my bosom?"

"I will love you very much," Mina answered fixing her large bright eyes on the young savage.

"Not so much as Ontara?" said Osseo, with a malignant glance at the young chief.

"Ontara is my brother," Mina answered, drawing closer to her protector.

"And if anyone dares to touch a single hair of her head," cried Ontara, "I will take him be-

fore the sachems, and slay him where he stands."

A dark hue overspread the face of the other youth; but he made no other reply. Stroking the serpent in his bosom, he said to the little girl: "When five summers have come and gone, you shall choose which of us you will marry."

"I will not marry you, and I cannot him," Mina answered, with simplicity.

"Why not?" said Ontara, quickly. "You are no longer a slave, since you have become my sister; and when you are old enough we shall stand before the sachems, in the presence of the Great Sun, and I will make you my wife."

Mina shook her head: "The daughters of the white men, her parents said, did not marry the sons of other tribes."

"Then you will never marry at all," Osseo fiercely cried. "There will not be a single white man left to be your husband. The Indians will kill them all."

"No," Mina answered; "the great God will not let them do it. He is more powerful than all your fetishes."

"But not than the glorious orb which the Natches adore," said Ontara, pointing to the sun, at that moment setting in a bed of fiery clouds.

"The God of the Christians made the sun, and the moon, and the stars," Mina replied, and then she sat down with the two Indians on the grass by the well-side and they talked of the Natches' worship and the Christians' prayer.

A child's simple conceptions of religion were more adapted to the comprehension of these uncultivated minds than the teachings of older persons. They listened eagerly to her words. Each of them had fastened, as it were, on the side of their false belief which was most in harmony with their natural tendencies, Osseo's mind was filled with the gloomy superstitious of devil-worship. His faith in spells and charms was unbounded. He had studied the secrets of magic under the most learned soothsayers of the neighboring tribes, and was an adept in all the arts of witchcraft. Ontara,—on the contrary—perhaps from an instinctive preference of light to darkness, and also on account of his close relationship to the representative of the orb of day—yielded a peculiar and exclusive homage to the sun. It seemed to him to embody all the ideas he had ever formed of brightness and majesty. At morn he hailed its rising, at noon he prostrated himself in adoration before its dazzling beams, and saluted its setting with hymns of praise. Mina drew from her pocket a prayer-book, and read to the worshipper of the sun these verses of the Psalms:

"The heavens show forth the glory of God: and the firmament declareth the work of his hands.

"Day to day uttereth speech: and night to night showeth knowledge.

"There are no speeches nor languages where their voices are not heard.

"Their sound has gone forth into all the earth: and their words unto the ends of the world.

"He hath set his tabernacle in the sun: and he, as a bridegroom coming out of his

bride-chamber, hath rejoiced as a giant to run his way.

"His going out is from the end of heaven, and his circuit even to the end thereof: and there is no one that can hide himself from his heat."

Ontara listened attentively to her artless translation of the sublime words of holy writ, and made her repeat it till he learned the verses by heart. Osseo caressed the serpent in his bosom, and said he would belong to the Christian prayer if it had more powerful charms than those of the Abnakis.

"When my arm has acquired its full strength," he exultingly declared, "and my fetish its full growth, my name will become as famous as that of the great Oneyda, or of the wise Hiawatha, the son of the West Wind."

A sign from her mother recalled Mina to the palace; Madame d'Auban was patiently listening to Madame Lenoir's account of the sad manner in which one of her gowns had been cut up to fit it for an Indian woman. If it had been an act of charity to fill her pitcher, it was a greater one still to let her talk of the dresses she had brought from Paris. It comforted her more than anything else could have done, and she went back to her hard duties soothed, as she declared, by Madame d'Auban's sympathy in her trials.

CHAPTER III.

ANOTHER day elapsed, and another; and each time the sun set without any change taking place, or any rumour of help from without cheering the captives' ears, it became harder for them to struggle against despair.

"Mother," Mina said at last, as she threw her arms round Madame d'Auban's neck, "may I go and look for my father? Let me slip out of the hut at night when nobody will miss me, and go to the country of the Choktaws, on the other side of the river. I am sure he is there."

"Why do you think so, Mina?" eagerly asked her mother, whose head had been drooping on her breast in heavy despondency, whose eyes were strained with watching, and whose ears had grown dull by the continual effort to catch a sound that might indicate the approach of the French.

"My brother Ontara says so. He has seen a man who told him that a white chief was raising a war-cry amongst the Choktaws, and that they are taking up arms. He will row me across the river if I can get away when it is dark, because he promised to do whatever I asked him; and he says a child of the sun always keeps his promises. He will show me which way to take, and in what direction to go. He cannot smoke the calumet to the Choktaws, because they are enemies of the Natches; but I am sure that I shall find my father, and I will bring him back with me, mother."

"They watch us too closely, Mina. You know that our taskmistress sleeps with her back to the door of the hut, to prevent any chance of our getting away. I could not let you go alone, my child; but if this young Indian is indeed willing to favor our escape, I should be inclined to accept his aid."

"Ah! mother, they will not let us leave the

hut; but there is a space between the planks just behind our mat, which I have been enlarging with my fingers, and by lying quite flat on the ground I think I could creep out, if you would give me leave."

Madame d'Auban shuddered, and threw her arms round her child. "Mina!" she exclaimed with agitation, "promise me not to stir from my side. I forbid you to think of leaving me—not at present, at least. I must tell you, my child, that a great danger hangs over us. That poor foolish Madame Lenoir has been making a plot with the black slaves against our Indian masters. It cannot succeed, and if it is discovered we shall be probably all doomed to death. If the worst comes to the worst, I may bid you fly alone. I do not think they would kill you, but to leave you in their hands without me would be worse than death. Better that you should perish in the woods seeking your father than grow up amongst these savages. Mina, I may not have the opportunity of speaking to you again. One thing I have to say to you, which you must remember as long as you live. You are a Christian, and the child of European parents. You must never abandon your faith, and you must never marry an Indian."

Mina slipped off her mother's knees and stood before her, clasping her hands together.

"Then I shall never marry at all, mother, for I told Ontara that I could not be his wife, because you say that white girls must not marry their Indian brothers. But I also promised him that I would never marry a white man."

"That was foolish, my child," answered her mother. "You are too young to make such promises. They mean nothing."

"Mother, I am sure I shall keep that promise. I am sure it meant something."

Madame d'Auban felt annoyed at the little girl's earnestness, even though she tried to treat it as mere childishness. It was in keeping with the passionate affection she had always shown for the land of her birth and its native inhabitants.

"If I were to die, Mina, and you remained alone in this country, what would you do?"

"I would remember all you have taught me, mother, and I would try to be good."

"And if they tried to make you a heathen, like themselves?"

"They should kill me first."

There was at that moment in the child's face and manner so strong a resemblance to her father, that it took her poor mother by surprise. She bowed her head on her little daughter's bosom, as if seeking for support in that terrible hour from the brave heart in that child's breast.

Clasping each other in a mute embrace, they remained silent for an instant, and then Madame Lenoir came running towards them in wild affright.

"It is all over with us," she gasped out in an agonized whisper. "It was such a beautiful plot! and to think it should not have succeeded after all!" And she wrung her hands and lifted up her eyes, without attending to Madame d'Auban's anxious questions.

"Has it merely failed? or has it been discovered?" she tremblingly asked.

"Discovered! Yes, of course it has been

discovered. One of those wretched negroes has betrayed us, and now we shall all be put to death. Oh! that it should have come to this, such a beautiful plot as it was! It put me in mind of the *Conjuration de Cinna* at Theatre Français. The traitor! the black monster! the wretch! . . . Madame d'Auban, you are like a statue, like a stone; you feel nothing."

"For God's sake, be silent; give me time to think," said Mina's mother, pressing her hands to her brow. She remained motionless awhile, and when she lifted up her eyes Ontara was standing before her. He was speaking in a low, rapid manner, with various gesticulations, to Mina.

"What does he say?" asked her mother, who did not well understand the Natches' language.

"He says that at midnight all the white women and children will be taken to the square in the middle of the village, and each tied there to a stake, and at sunrise they will burn them to death. He asked the Sun, his father, not to kill me, because I was his little sister, and that he loves me, but the Sun will not listen to him, and says the white-skins must all die. And I do not want to live, if they kill you, mother." She threw herself into her arms, and sobbed on her bosom. "But, oh! what will my father do?"

Again Ontara spoke urgently to the weeping child.

"What does he say? What does he say?" asked the distracted mother.

"He says if I will creep out of the hut through that hole to-night, before they carry us away to the square, that he will wait for me outside, and take me to his boat and across the river to the land of the Choktaws."

Madame d'Auban raised her heart to Heaven for help and for guidance. It was a dreadful moment. The agony of that decision was almost unbearable. She fixed her eyes with a wild, imploring expression on the young Indian's face. He seemed to understand the mute question, the imploring appeal. Quickly he drew the crucifix from his breast, made the gesture which according to Indian custom signifies an oath, and laid his hand on Mina's head.

Madame d'Auban knew that this meant a solemn promise of protection. She had seen that the boy had a good heart and a noble spirit. She instinctively found words in which to express, in a way he partly understood, that she would trust him; and Mina clung to her, and said, "Mother, do not be afraid; Ontara is good, and I will bring back my father in time to save you."

The shades of evening had fallen; the deepest silence reigned in the hut, where the captives and the Indian companions were reposing. Repose—strange word for such an hour of mortal agony as one of those human beings was enduring, as she lay motionless on the mat with her child by her side! She clasped her hand in her own, as if to make sure she was not gone; but go she must, for the words which Ontara had spoken were true, and the doom of the captives had been pronounced. A reckless woman's fatal imprudence had done its work, and the whole tribe of the Natches had risen in wild fury. They would have slain their victims at once,

had it not been that they rejoiced in the anticipation of their protracted sufferings. Already the European and negro slaves were being dragged from the huts of their masters, and led to the centre of the village, where the sachems were assembled. The Indians were brandishing their tomahawks, erecting stakes, and carrying ropes wherewith to bind their victims. The tramp of their feet, the sounds of wailing from the women, and the cries of children, were heard in the portion of the palace where Madame d'Auban was confined. She felt there was no time to lose. Her lips were pressed close to Mina's ear. "My child," she whispered, "the time is come when I must trust you to God and to your guardian angel. Remember, my daughter, your mother's last words. Do not cry, my own: the least sob might be heard. Be always good, Mina, and the Blessed Virgin will be thy mother. God bless thee, dearest! Now, creep away; God bless thee; God guide thee!" One long, silent, ardent, passionate embrace, and then by the light of the moon shining through the planks of the hut, the mother watched the child gliding out through the narrow opening in the wall.

She was gone. Gone whither? gone with whom?—a young savage for her guide. Had she been mad, to part with her thus? Her heart almost ceased to beat. She stretched herself on the ground near the opening through which the child had passed, and gazed on the meadow illuminated by the brilliant moonlight. Distinctly she discerned Mina's figure, bounding over the dewy grass with the swiftness of a young antelope, and keeping pace with the Indian, who had joined her. The two forms on which her strained eyes were gazing, disappeared from her sight. They plunged into the thickets which led to the river. She turned round and hid her face in a heap of dried leaves on which the child's head had rested a moment before to stifle the least sound from passing her lips, to still, by a strong effort, the agony which was convulsing her frame.

It was almost a relief when they came to fetch her away from the hut. No great search was made for Mina. The woman who was set to guard the captives said a few words to the messengers, which apparently accounted for her absence. She made a show of zeal, however, by showering reproaches on Madame d'Auban, and dragging her roughly to the door of the hut. To the mother's heart ill-usage was welcome; the sight of the stakes to which women and children were being bound, the cruelty of the Indians, their savage glee, a strange sort of consolation. Had her own life been spared, the thought that she had sent her child unguarded save by her Indian playmate, into the wilderness would have maddened her. Now that she herself was about to die, she felt she could commit her without reserve to God's protection; now she could murmur with intense gratitude, "She is gone;" and her mental vision fixed itself with an intensity which was almost like sight on the thought of the crucifix on the breast of her young guide. Through the long hours of that terrible night, the Christian heroine bore her lofty part, and during the next dreadful day, and when the shades of evening fell, and again through the night,

which was to be the last to so many human beings doomed to perish at sunrise—in the full light of the glorious, majestic sun, the noblest of God's inanimate works, the object of idolatrous worship to the heathen murderers gathered around them, the silent witness of men's errors and men's crimes. She forgot herself; she forgot her absent husband and her fugitive child, in the intense, all-absorbing desire to prepare for death and judgment her companions in adversity: she found strength to raise her voice and speak of hope to the perishing, of pardon to the guilty. She repeated aloud acts of faith, of love, and of contrition; she said that Mary was praying and Jesus waiting; that one word, one sigh, one upward glance was enough to win heaven in that hour; and as the Indians danced, as was their wont, around their victims, and made the air resound with their songs of savage glee, her voice still rose above their discordant cries, her prayers filled up every pause in their dreadful merriment, and grace was given her to do an angel's work in the midst of those breaking hearts and those infuriated men.

The remaining hours of life were waning fast. The prisoners were to die at sunrise, and the first faint light of morning was beginning to dawn in the sky. Many of the Indians set to guard the prisoners, who were, however, tightly bound to their respective stakes, had fallen asleep, having largely indulged throughout the night in the "fiery essence," as they called brandy, which they had brought away in great quantities from the French fort. Madame d'Auban was still speaking, in a feeble, exhausted manner, to poor Madame Lenoir, whose cries of despair had subsided into weary groans, when she heard a voice close behind her, and turning round, as much as the ropes with which she was bound allowed, she saw Osseo, with a knife in his hand, stancing half concealed from sight.

"Daughter of the white man," he whispered, "where is Mina? I will cut these ropes and show thee how to escape whilst these men sleep, if thou wilt tell me where I can find her."

"The Great Spirit alone knows where she is now," answered Madame d'Auban shuddering at the expression of Osseo's face.

"Do not talk to me of the Great Spirit, or of your detested prayer. I want Mina; and I have in my bosom a fetish which will help me to find her, if thou dost refuse to tell me where she is, and thou art going to die." He added, in a mocking tone, "The fire is even now being kindled which will shrivel thy white limbs, as the flame burns up the wood of the forest. Tell me where Mina is, and I will save thee."

Madame d'Auban feebly shook her head; her strength was quite exhausted.

"I will search for her all over the land," the young savage cried, brandishing a tomahawk; "and if thou hast sent her across the great salt lake, I can row a swifter boat than man has ever yet made."

The mother closed her eyes, and heard the sound of his retreating steps; and then for a while the silence was unbroken, save by the groans of the prisoners and the heavy snoring of their drunken foes.

The next time she opened her eyes the sun was illuminating the mountain tops.

"Glorious orb of day! harbinger of death," she murmured. "Blessed be thy light shining on our painful way to heaven! Blessed be thy rays warming our limbs, as the love of Jesus warms our hearts! Darkness is still brooding over the plain, but the heights are even now resplendent with light; the shadows of death a hand, the glory of heaven shining beyond them. O my God! Thou dost, indeed, send thy messenger before Thee! My beloved ones, farewell!"

Her head fell on her breast; she neither moved nor spoke, but silently prepared for death. Hark! what was the sound which fell upon her ear, like the splash of rain-drops on the leaves of the forest, like the footfall of watchers near a dying man's bed? Can a band of armed men tread so lightly? Can a troop of warriors steal along with so noiseless a progress? Yes, for they are of the swift, light-footed tribe of the Choktaws. They are the deep divers, the wily hunters of the Western Prairies. They track the wild beast to his den, and surprise the alligator in his sleep by the river side. And they have listened to the white man's appeal. In their own tongue they have heard him tell his own tale. There has been a long hereditary feud between them and the children of the Sun, and their hatred to the Natches had kindled into a flame, on hearing of the murder of the black-robe; for the Pere Souel had been amongst them and spoken of "the prayer of the Christians," and they had answered, "It is well; we have heard your words, and we will think on what you tell us." At the voice of the stranger they have risen as one man. Seven hundred warriors performed the dance of war, and pledged themselves to the rescue of the white men's wives and children. From the villages and the solitary wigwams, from the hills and from the plains, they emerged and joined the white leader, and crossed the great river by the light of the crescent moon. As the day dawns in the east they draw near to the City of the Sun. In silence they advance. If they speak, it is under their breath. D'Auban marches at the head of the red warriors, the only stranger amongst them—the only one for whom more than life or than fame is at stake. He feels in himself the strength to struggle with a thousand foes, and yet the stirring of a leaf makes his heart beat like a woman's. It was such a terrible suspense—such an agonizing uncertainty! His eyes strive to pierce the dewy mist which hides from him the distant view. They grow dim with straining, those burning, tearless eyes, and the tangled boughs and the feathery branches of the forest take odd, fantastic shapes, which mock his yearning sight. In the dim vista of an opening in the wood he fancies that he sees two figures advance. No; one is advancing and the other recedes, and after a while disappears. But that something white which approaches, what is it? Is the mist thickening, or his sight failing? He can discern nothing. But a voice, a cry, reaches his ear. "Father! Oh, Father!" He rushes forward, and Mina is in his arms. The band of warriors gathers around them.

"Your mother? Where is your mother?"

She sent me away; I crept out of the hut. Make haste; make haste!"

"Is she safe? Is she well? How have they treated you?"

"Well, till last night. Make haste, father; make haste! The sachems were very angry when my mother sent me away."

D'Auban took up his little daughter in his arms as if she had weighed but a feather, and strode forward. He could have carried three times her weight and not have felt it, so intensely strained was his nervous system. But suddenly halting, he turned to the Indians and said—"My brothers, the Great Spirit has sent this child to meet us. The Great Spirit is with us, and will bless my Indian brothers for the deed they do this day."

A whisper went through the warrior's ranks. "The white maiden," they said, "was come from the Great Spirit to lead them to the City of the Sun." And onward they pressed through the tangled thickets, grasping their weapons like the hunter who discerns the footsteps of his prey.

The wood is passed at last, and the open plain lies stretched before them. They see the white wigwam of the Natches' city amongst the oleander and acacia groves. Another hour's march and they will have reached it. D'Auban calls one of the Indians.

"My brother Pearl Feather," he says, "take this child and stay with her in this spot. If we succeed we will seek for you from yonder city to sing with us the song of victory; but if the night comes and no tidings reach you, then say 'My white brother is dead,' and take the child to the black robe of the nearest mission, or to the French in the south, and the Great Spirit will reward thee, my brother, and show thee the way to the land of the hereafter."

"I will not leave you, father," Mina cried, convulsively grasping her father's arm, "let me run by your side. I could keep up with Ontara, let me stay with you."

"Mina, in God's name, and as your father, I command you to remain here." He had spoken as if in anger, and the child flung herself on the ground in a paroxysm of grief. He did not trust himself to look back. He went on, for every minute was a matter of life and death; and the fair-haired child remained lying on the greensward motionless as a marble image, pale as a broken lily, refusing to be comforted by the Indian who tried in vain to direct her thoughts to other objects than the onward march of that little band towards the city where the lives of both her parents were hanging on a thread.

The hour had arrived when the sachems were to assemble in the square to witness the execution of the European captives. The gong which was to summon them was to have sounded when the sun rose, but the sleeping guards awoke from their drunken slumbers to witness a far different scene. Weapons were brandished in their eyes and over their heads. Flames were bursting forth from various buildings in the town. The wigwams were set on fire in every direction, and d'Auban's warriors had encircled the square whilst he rushed to the stakes and cut the cords which bound the prisoners.

A cry of rage and terror arose from the affrighted city. The whilom triumphant Natches now rent the air with their howls of fury. They rushed about in wild confusion, some to oppose their enemies, the number of which they could not discern, so utter had been the surprise, so swift and stealthy their approach—some to extinguish the flames which were extending over the village, and threatened the chief's palace.

D'Auban had caught his wife in his arms just as she was sinking to the ground. "Mina?" she had just strength to murmur,

"She is safe," he answered. "Bear up for a while, my beloved one. The lives of all these helpless ones depend on the event of this hour." Then assuming the direction of the assailing force, he assigned to a hundred men the task of conveying the women and children to the shore, where boats had been previously sent to await them. He despatched a man to the spot where he had left his child under the care of her Indian protector, with orders to proceed at once to the river side. With his remaining force he kept the enemy engaged, and dreadful was the fierce encounter between the two tribes. Many a Natches fell under the blows of the more warlike Choktaws; but the struggle was an unequal one, and if prolonged must have turned to the advantage of the Children of the Sun, who were beginning to recover from their surprise and hurrying from every side to join the conflict. D'Auban's superior military skill enabled him to conduct the retreat of his band, and to cope successfully with their far more numerous pursuers. He had sent a messenger to Fort Rosalie, and had hoped that the French force might have been despatched in time to meet him; but a keen-eyed Indian who surveyed the country from one of the neighboring heights could discern no sign of their approach, and he determined on effecting if possible the rescue of the captives without attempting to maintain their position in the Natches' city which they had, as it were, taken by storm. The Choktaw Indians, like the Parthians of old, discharged their arrows at their enemies as they retreated, and d'Auban with the musket which had already done him such good service kept them also at bay. At the sight of the murderous weapon the pursuers fell back. Their missiles made havoc the while amongst the rescuing party, and many a Choktaw warrior remained stark and cold on the green slopes between the City of the Sun and the Father of Waters. At last the shore was reached, and whilst the gallant band under d'Auban's command faced the foe, the women and children were embarked in the boats and barges manned with rowers of the friendly tribe. Madame d'Auban's face turned as pale as ashes, for Mina was nowhere to be seen. Boat after boat was filled with women and children, and shot down the stream, impelled by the rowers and aided by the current. But one remained. D'Auban and his Indians fought on; but how long would they remain by his side? How long were they to wait? How long would they shed their blood for the sake of that one missing child? Himself he felt his strength giving way, his arm waxing weak, his head growing dizzy. At that moment the sky was lighted up

by a lurid glare. The Natches looked back towards their homes, and saw the flames bursting out afresh from every grove and every temple of the City of the Sun. A cry rose to their lips; abandoning in tumultuous haste the pursuit, they retraced their steps, and rushed wildly back towards the burning town. At that moment also, staggering under a burden that was no longer a light one for the dying man who was bearing it, Pearl Feather, the swiftest runner of his tribe, fell breathless at d'Auban's feet. Mina was in her father's arms, and the Indian gasped out in feeble accents, "The bird of prey sought to carry away the dove, and his fetish has great power. But the Great Spirit of the Christian prayer was more powerful still. He gave me strength to bring her to thee, my white brother, and now depart and leave me to die."

Then d'Auban saw the arrow which was lodged in the Indian's breast, and guessed it was a poisoned one. For one moment he knelt by the true friend who had saved his child; and when the brave spirit passed away, the prayers and the blessing which followed it beyond this mortal scene were of those which are not spoken in words, but rise straight from the heart with speechless intensity.

The friendly Indians for the most part swam across the river and dispersed in the woods, bearing away with them as much as they could carry of the treasures stolen from the city during their brief invasion of its precincts. The barge which held d'Auban, his wife and child, the corpse of her dead deliverer, and a few of their companions in the late combat, descended the river with all the swiftness possible under the circumstances. It was a wonderful escape the captives had had, and Mina's, perhaps, the most wonderful of all. Osseo had met her and her protector on the way to the river, and sought to detain the white maiden, who, he said, was a runaway slave from the chief's palace, and force her back to the town. Most likely he would have succeeded, for his strength was superior to that of an old man and a child, had not Ontara, who was also searching for Mina in every direction, arrived on the spot at that very moment and taken part with the fugitives. Osseo turned with fury on his new opponent, which gave the Indian time to fly with the little girl in his arms. Like an arrow from a bow, swiftly and straightly he crossed the plain, through the feathery grasses and waving fields of green maize. Already were the armed men on the river side and their boats there in sight, when a shaft, a poisoned one too, came whizzing through the air and struck him as he ran. No cry escaped his lips; he scarcely slackened his pace; but the child he was carrying felt he was wounded, and that his steps were faltering. She shut her eyes in anguish and called to him to stop, but he heeded her not; his lips faintly murmured a chant which was the death song of his tribe, but the words he set to it were those of the Christian prayer. His blood colored the greensward up to the margin of the stream. He died silently at the feet of the friend whose child he had saved. No wonder that burning tears of gratitude and of sorrow fell on the lifeless form of the Indian, as he lay stiff and cold at the bottom of the boat which

bore away the captives to safety and to freedom. Three days afterwards sheltering walls enclosed the weary fugitives, and the call of French sentries, as they paced around the fort which had received them, sounded like music in their ears. D'Auban sat between his wife and child, looking at them with a tenderness too deep for words. He was beginning to feel the effects of the intense fatigue and excitement he had gone through. His weary limbs and overwrought mind were sinking with exhaustion. He was become gray-haired, and looked ten years older than when he had left St. Agathe. His wife recovered more quickly. At her age there is still an elasticity of spirits, which surmounts more speedily the effects of suffering than at a more advanced period of life; and though she had borne much anguish, she had not had, like him, to act under its intolerable pressure.

When Mina went to bed that evening she hid her face in the pillow, but her parents heard her sobbing as if her heart would break.

"What ails you, my child?" her mother tenderly inquired, whilst her father anxiously bent over her.

"I shall never see my brother again," cried the weeping child. He has saved my life, and I love him better than any one in the world, except you both. I heard one of the soldiers say that the French were marching to the Natches' city, and would kill all its inhabitants. O father, they will kill my brother, who saved your life and mine!"

D'Auban was much affected at this thought and at his daughter's well founded fears. He assured her that as soon as they reached New Orleans he would go to the governor, and entreat him to send orders to the commandant of the French troops to save the life of the young chief Ontara, and to treat him with kindness.

"Let us go on at once, then," cried Mina, sitting up in her bed,

"We shall start to-morrow morning," said her mother. "Try and sleep, my child."

It was some days, however, before d'Auban recovered sufficiently to leave Baton Rouge; but he sent a letter to M. Perrier by one of the soldiers of the fort. He felt great misgivings about the young Indian's fate, though he tried to calm Mina's fears and to divert her mind from the subject. If he had grown old in the space of a few days, his little girl had become almost a woman in thought and feeling during the same lapse of time. She did not play any more. Her mind was incessantly going over the past, or forming plans for the future, with an intense imaginative power which hastened in some respects the development of her character. The scenes she had gone through; the memories they had left behind them; the sight of her father's enfeebled frame; and of the anxious looks her mother bent upon him; the uncertainty in which Ontara's fate was involved,—had a depressing effect on her affectionate and highly sensitive temperament. It was an abrupt transition from a life of joyous and as free as a child had ever led, to one too full of cares and conflicting feelings for one so young and so naturally thoughtful. As her spirits did not revive after their arrival at New Orleans,

her parents resolved to place her for a while at the school of the Ursuline Convent, in the hope that regular habits of study and the society of girls of her own age would dissipate the depressing effects of the scenes she had witnessed. The results of this experiment were not at first very successful.

CHAPTER IV.

ABOUT three months after the events related in the last chapter, a number of girls of various ages were playing amongst orange trees of the garden of the Ursuline Convent, with all the vivacity belonging to youth and the French character. They had just obtained a holiday in honor of the news which had reached New Orleans, of the final suppression of the Natches insurrection by a body of French troops, and their patriotic exultation was at its height. A handsome, clever-looking girl of fifteen jumped upon a bench, under a banana tree, and began to harangue the crowd which gathered round her. Emilie de Beauregard was a great favorite in the school, and before she opened her mouth the girls clapped their hands, and then cried out "Silence!"

"Mesdemoiselles!" she began, "let your French hearts rejoice! Your countrymen have gained a glorious victory! The royal flag, the white lilies of France, floats over the ruins of the City of the Sun." A round of applause saluted this exordium. The orator, warmed by success, went on. "The frustrated enemy bites the dust. They dared to kill Frenchmen; but now vengeance has overtaken them, and the rivers run with their blood."

"That was in our historical lesson this morning," whispered Julie d'Artaban to Rose Perrier. "Never mind. Hold your tongue," answered the governor's daughter. "It is very fine."

"The houses of those monsters are a prey to the flames—not a corn-field or an orange garden remains in the plain where French blood has been spilt. These Indians are all as cruel as wild beasts, but now they are hunted down without mercy. Their princes, the Children of the Sun, as they call themselves, are all slain or sold away as slaves. Not one of their dark visages will ever be seen again in the land of the r birth."

This was too much for one of the audience. There was a sudden rush to the bench. Mina d'Auban, with flashing eyes and crimson cheeks, had seized and overturned it, and the orator had fallen full length on the grass. This assault naturally enough made Mdlle. de Beauregard very angry, and her friends and admirers still more so. Cries of "You naughty girl!" "You wicked Indian princess!" (this was Mina's nickname in the school), resounded on every side.

"Fi donc! Mademoiselle," exclaimed Julie d'Artaban; and Rose Perrier, who had high ideas of administrative justice, ran to call Sister Gertrude, the mistress of the class.

The placid-looking nun found Mina crying in the midst of her excited and indignant companions, who all bore witness to the outrage she had committed.

"She pushed Emilie down because she was

telling us the good news that the French have won a great victory."

"It is impossible to play with Mademoiselle d'Auban," said another. She flew into a passion if we say we like our own country people better than Indians and negroes."

"She said all the Indians are monsters," said Mina, sobbing; "and I think she is a monster herself to say so. Some of them are very good—better than white people." There was a general burst of laughter, which increased her exasperation, and she passionately exclaimed, "I hate white people!"

"Come with me, my child," said Sister Gertrude; "you do not know what you are saying. You must not remain with your companions if you cannot control your temper. Go and sit in the school-room alone for an hour, and I will speak to you afterwards."

Poor Mina's heart was bursting with grief and indignation; and her conscience also reproached her for her violence. She could not bring herself to forgive her companions, or to feel at peace with them. This conflict had been going on ever since she had been at school. The separation from her parents had been a hard trial. They had thought that the companionship of French children would divert her mind from painful thoughts, and overcome her determined predilection for the Indians. But they had not calculated on the effect produced upon her by the unmitigated abhorrence her playmates expressed for the people she so dearly loved. Their hatred made no distinction between the treacherous and the good Illinois Christians; and a ranking sense of injustice kept up her irritation. It was perhaps, as natural that these girls, most of whom had lost friends and relations in the insurrection, should feel an antipathy for the Indians, as that Mina, with all her recollections of St. Agathe, and her gratitude and affection for Ontara and for Pearl Feather, should resent its expression.

But the result was, that instead of diminishing her overweening partiality for the land of her birth and its native inhabitants, her residence at school had hitherto only served to increase it. She also sadly missed the freedom of her earlier years. She was often in disgrace for breaches of discipline. The confinement of the class-room was trying to her; and she committed faults of a peculiar nature, such as taking off her stockings in order to cross barefooted the little stream which ran through the garden, and climbing up the trees to get a glimpse of the sea, the sight of which reminded her of the green waving fields of her home.

When Sister Gertrude entered the school-room she found her at first silent and sad, but by degrees her gentle manner and soothing drew from the overburdened heart of the poor child the expression of her feelings; she understood them, and while blaming her violence, she made allowance for the provocation, and showed sympathy in the trial which she was enduring. It was not only at school that Mina's sensitive nature was wounded by the absence of such sympathy; her father and mother had suffered so terribly during the days of her captivity, and of his absence, that they involuntarily shrank from every thing which reminded them of that time. They would have made every effort and every

sacrifice in their power for the sake of the young Indian who had protected their child, and prayed daily for the brave man who had died to save her. But the mention of their names recalled such terrible scenes that they instinctively recoiled from it. Mina perceived this without quite understanding it. She had the quick tact to feel that though she was never told not to speak of them, the subject was evidently not a welcome one; and nobody could have guessed how much the child suffered from this tacit prohibition. St. Agathe, too, was not often alluded to by her parents. When she spoke of that beloved place, her mother looked sad and anxious. She watched her husband's looks with daily increasing anxiety. Yearnings for his native country, the home-sickness which sometimes so suddenly seizes exiles, joined to the early stages of a disease brought on by violent bodily exertions and mental anxiety, had greatly affected Colonel d'Auban's spirits, and Mina could not pour forth her thoughts in his presence with the same freedom she had been used to do. Nothing had been discovered as to Ontara's fate. Every inquiry had been made by d'Auban regarding the royal family of the Natches. He ascertained what had become of all its members except the two young men, Ontara and Osseo. They had either perished or taken refuge amongst some of the more distant tribes. A reward was promised for their capture, as it was deemed dangerous to allow any of the relatives of the great Sun to remain at liberty. But, at his friends' earnest entreaty, the governor gave orders, that if Ontara was arrested, he should be treated with kindness and instantly brought to New Orleans.

It was a great consolation to Mina to relate all her story to Sister Gertrude on the day when matters had arrived at a crisis between her and her companions.

"You see, dear sister," she said, "I am an Indian girl, though my skin is white. I was born in the Illinois; and I only wish I was brown, and had black eyes and hair like my own people."

"But, my dear, that is not right. You are a creole, not an Indian. Your parents are French, and you ought to be glad that you are like them."

"And so I should be, sister, if the white girls loved the Indians; but they hate them, and then I want them to hate me also."

"But what a shocking word that is for Christians to use! I do not think your companions really hate these poor people. I am sure I hope not, for we are going to receive here to-morrow six little native orphan girls whose parents were killed in the insurrection. They were to have been sold as slaves, but our good mother begged them of the Company, and we are going to bring them up as Christians. This evening, after night prayers, I shall say a few words to our children, and tell them that for the love of Christ they should welcome and cherish these little outcasts. But Mina, my child, you should also remember that Anna Mirepoix's father, and Jeanne Castel's brother, and Virginia d'Aumont's uncle, have all died by the hand of the red men; and when they say things which make you angry, ask yourself what you would have felt if your father had

been murdered and your mother burnt to death in the city of the Natches."

Mina threw herself into Sister Gertrude's arms, and shed tears of repentance for her fault, and of joy that the little brown orphans were coming to a sheltering roof. From that day a new era began in her school life. The nuns had rightly judged that the best way of softening their pupils' feelings towards the unfortunate natives was to appeal to their pity, and enlist their sympathy in behalf of the orphans. The experiment proved successful. A few days after the one on which Emilie de Beauregard had tumbled of the bench in the midst of her harangue, she was sitting upon it with a brown baby on her lap, whilst Mina, kneeling before her, was amusing it with a bunch of feathers. Rose Perrier and Julie d'Artaban were quarrelling for the possession of another. All the girls were making Mina teach them Indian words, that they might know how to talk to the little savages, who became quite the fashion in the school. As to Mina, she was a mother to them all; the tiny creatures clung to her with an instinctive affection. During her lessons they would sit silent and motionless at her feet, with the patience which even in childhood belongs to their race, and followed her about the garden in the hours of recreation like a pack of little dogs. Every sweetmeat given to her was made over to them, and the only presents she valued were clothes or toys for her infant charges. Her health and spirits rapidly improved under this change of circumstances. She grew very fast, and was not very strong; but her color returned, and bright smiles were again seen on her lovely face.

There are persons whose destiny it seems to have no lasting abode on earth; scattered workers, may be, or busy idlers; who, during the whole course of their lives, pass from one place to another, as if the wanderer's doom had been pronounced upon them. The place of their birth knows them no more. The homes of their childhood, the haunts of their youth, they never revisit. Every local attachment they form is blighted in the bud. The curtain drops on each successive scene of their pilgrimage, and *finis* is stamped on almost every page of their existence. Some call this a strange fatality; others see in it, in particular instances, the hand of God's Providence training particular souls to detachment and self-sacrifice. "Le Chretien est-il d'aucun lieu?" asks Emilie de Guerin, who was a genius, and perhaps a saint too, without knowing it.

Thoughts such as these, though scarcely put into shape, but vaguely floating through the mind crossed Madame d'Auban, as she sat one evening planning with her husband the future course of their lives. It was almost determined between them that they should go to France. Many a sleepless night, many an hour of anxious thought, she had spent before making up her mind to propose this journey. It had, however, become evident that his illness was increasing and that the best medical treatment could alone hold out a prospect of recovery. The physicians at New Orleans had pronounced that, within a few months, he would have to undergo an operation, and she could not endure the thoughts of trusting to the unskilful

colonial surgeons. It seemed but too probable that he would not henceforth be equal to the labors and fatigue of a planter's existence; and the climate of Louisiana was daily reducing his strength and increasing his sufferings. She did not long hesitate, but with a cheerful smile proposed to him to sell the concessions, to part with St. Agathe! They had much increased in value during the last ten years, and their sale would realize a sum sufficient to insure them a small income. It was an effort and a sacrifice. St. Agathe was connected with the only happy period of her life. Her youth had revived in that beloved spot. There she had known the perfection of domestic happiness—there she had been blest as a wife and a mother, and almost worshipped by all about her. She had walked the earth with her head erect, her voice undisguised, and her heart at rest. No fears, no misgivings, had disturbed her sunny hours, or marred her nightly rest in its green shades and amidst its inhabitants. Since her arrival at New Orleans, sudden tremours had sometimes seized her at the sight of persons whose faces she fancied were familiar to her. Or, if a stranger's eyes followed her in the streets—and this often happened, for her beauty was more striking than it had been even in youth; her movements were so full of grace, and her figure so majestic that it was difficult for her to pass unnoticed—she hurried on with a beating heart, or hastily drew down her veil. Old heart-aches had returned—thoughts of the past were oftener in her mind. She heard the news of her sister's death in a casual manner, and could not tell even Mina of her grief. Her residence in the French town was a foretaste of what would be her lot if St. Agathe was sold. It was deliberately closing the gates of her earthly paradise; but then she knew that what had been for ten years a paradise could be no longer. Neither her husband nor herself could ever forget what they had gone through. There are associations which can never be cancelled. The people, the language, even the natural beauties of America, could not be to them what they once were. No; it was not a sacrifice she was making—on second thoughts she became conscious of this; but it was setting the seal to a doom which was already past recall.

The news from Europe was also preying more and more upon her mind. Two years had elapsed since notice of the Czar Peter's death had reached the colony; and now intelligence had just arrived of the Empress Catherine's decease. D'Auban had heard this one night at the governor's house, and had hastened home to tell his wife.

She anxiously asked, "And what of my son?"

"He has been proclaimed emperor, and Mentzchikoff has taken charge of his person and of the reins of government."

"Ah! I now understand why Catherine left him the crown, rather than to Anna Ivanovna. My poor child! in the hands of such men as Mentzchikoff and the Narishkins, what will become of him?"

"Was nothing more said?"

"No, that was all."

Madame d'Auban's lip quivered; and, gathering up her work, she hastened to a terrace which commanded a view of the sea—she felt

a wish to be alone, to commune with herself on the news she had just heard; even her husband's presence was irksome at that moment. The forsaken child was uppermost in her mind; the change in his fate brought before her all kinds of new thoughts. He was now an emperor, a czar, that young boy whose face she so longed to see. She fancied the shouts of the people when he was proclaimed—the cries of "Long live Peter the Second!" They seemed to ring in her ears as the waves broke gently on the shore; and then she wondered if he ever thought of his mother; if he ever noticed her picture; and whether that picture was hanging in the same place as it used to do, above the couch where she was sitting on the day when the baby of a year old had been brought to see her for the last time. Her name was on the frame, Charlotte of Brunswick Wolfenbuttel, born in 1696. Had they engraved on it the day of her death? "He sees my picture," she murmured; "and when he goes to church, he sees my tomb. Does he ever see me in his dreams? I have sometimes dreamt of him very distinctly, and have awoke just as he was going to speak to me. Oh, my boy emperor, my young czar, my crowned child, would not you, perhaps, give half your empire to have a mother, on whose bosom you might lay your fair young head, in whose arms you might find refuge from bad men and secret foes? And why should we not meet again? Why should there be an impassable gulf between us, now that the czar is dead and the empress also, and that my son, my own son, reigns in their stead?" As these thoughts passed through her mind, an ardent desire to return to Europe took possession of her; not that she formed any plan of regaining her position; not that she did not shudder at the thought of disclosing her existence, and at the dangers and misery to her husband and herself which such a step might involve in that old world, which, like M. de Talleyrand, thought mistakes worse than crimes, and *mesalliances* more degrading than sin. She would have died sooner than conceal her marriage; but secretly, perhaps, she might venture to approach her son. If the Countess de Konigsmark was still alive—it was two years now since she had heard from her—some communication might be made to the young emperor, which would re-establish her, not near his throne, indeed, but as a living mother in his heart.

She spoke to her husband of their vague thoughts and hopes, of the twofold reasons she now had to urge their return to France, and their decision was at last taken. D'Auban had doubted a long time; he had mistrusted his own intense longing to revisit his own country, and had felt afraid for his wife of a return to Europe; but an accidental circumstance which occurred at that time, but which he kept from her knowledge, hastened his acquiescence. He had never mentioned to her the orders which had been sent out from Europe, for the apprehension of persons suspected of the robbery of her own jewels. The reports which had been circulated regarding M. de Chambelle and herself had apparently died away since his death and her marriage, but he had never felt perfectly easy on the subject, and about this time he met

in the streets Reinhart, the very man who had been most active in spreading them. The next day he saw him hovering near his house, as if watching its inmates. This circumstance determined him to leave the colony. A purchaser was found for the United Concessions, and St. Agathe was sold. They agreed to transmit to Paris the sum thus realized, and to proceed to France by the next vessel which should sail from New Orleans. There intention was to spend there the time necessary for the treatment of his malady, and, when his health was re-established, to seek for a post under government in some of the dependencies of France. The services he had rendered during the insurrection entitled him, he thought, to such an appointment; and he had friends who, he hoped, would lend him their assistance in advancing his claims. She nursed besides many a romantic vision, many a dream of a visit to Russia and a secret interview with her son; but these were silently indulged and cherished, not even her husband knew how much she built upon them.

It was with more than childish grief that Mina fixed her eyes on the coasts of America, as the "Ville de Paris" heaved her anchor, and the wind from the shore wafted the perfume of the orange flower from the gardens of the French colonists. Her mother sighed as she saw the tears which filled her eyes, and sorrowfully asked herself if her daughter was destined to be always, like herself, a wanderer on the face of the earth.

"A year, mamma, is not that what you said?" whispered Mina, trying to smile. "A year and then we shall return to St. Agathe?"

Madame d'Auban stroked her cheek without answering. She wished to keep from her the knowledge of the sale of St. Agathe, till the sight of other countries and the awakening of other interests had diminished the vividness of her recollections.

"Papa will be quite well in a year, and then we can go back; and what joy there will be in the Mission when we arrive! They will all come out to meet us with garlands and with songs, as they used to do when dear Father Maret and the hunters returned from the forests. We shall be so happy!"

She was hoping against hope, poor child. There was in her mind a suspicion of the truth, and she spoke in this way in order to be reassured. When she saw her mother did not answer, she slipped away and sat down alone in another part of the vessel. Her father went to look for her; she threw herself into his arms, hid her face in his breast, and wept—

Like a slight young tree, that throws

The weight of rain from its drooping boughs.

But when she raised her head again,

The cloud on her soul that lay,
Had melted in glittering drops away.

She had conquered her grief and gladdened his heart with one of her radiant smiles. The spirit which had made her, from a baby, a ruler among her companions, had been, during the last two years, trained and turned in another direction. The trials of her school-life had taught her to rule herself.

The arrival at a place we have not seen for many years, the sight of objects familiar to us

in our youth—of things we recollect, and of others which have changed the aspect of the picture imprinted in our memory, has generally something melancholy in it—sometimes only a pleasing sadness, sometimes a heavy gloom. When it is a quiet country landscape we gaze on, or a fine extensive view of sea and land, or a mountainous region half-way between us and the sky—such reminiscences are far less depressing than when they are connected with the haunts of men, the great thoroughfares of life. In a great city, when you enter a hotel and have nothing to do but to sit down and think, when every sight and sound is at once familiar and strange, when for many a long hour you are alone in the midst of an ever-rolling tide of human beings, the feelings of solitude is painfully oppressive: there is not a book on your table; no one knocks at your door; the postman brings you no letter; carriages roll in the street, but they do not stop; you mechanically listen to the increasing and decreasing noise as they approach, go by, and recede; you go to the window and watch the passengers, all intent upon something, and felt as if you, alone in the world, had nothing to do, and were stranded for the time being on the shore of the great stream of human life.

M. and Madame d'Auban experienced this very powerfully on the day when they took up their residence in a small lodging which a friend had engaged for them in one of the old-fashioned streets of the Faubourg St. Germain. To be once more in Paris, and to be there together seemed so extraordinary. The commonplace aspect of every thing about them was in itself singular. D'Auban was very tired with the long journey, and so was Mina. He sat down near the window and fell into a fit of musing. Mina placed herself on a stool at his feet and watched with a frowning countenance the carriages and foot-passengers; then she took out her pocket-book and wrote in it the following remarks: "August 5th, 1730. We are just arrived at Paris. It is a very ugly, melancholy place—not at all like the Illinois or Louisiana; it is like a great forest of houses. Men have made this forest, and Almighty God the great forests of the new world; I like best Almighty God's work. Papa and mamma do not look happy; and I do not like France. I do not agree with Mary Queen of Scots, who said, 'Adieu, pleasant pays de France.' I say, with a deep sigh, 'Bonjour, triste pays de France.' She had never seen the new beautiful France where I was born—where I used to lie down on the grass under the pine-groves, watching the sunshine through the green branches—where every one was kind to us. I want to go back." The pencil dropped from the young girl's hand, and her head rested against her father's knee. She had fallen asleep. He picked up the pocket-book and read what she had written. A rather sad smile crossed his lips; then taking his daughter in his arms, he carried her into the back room and laid her on the bed without awaking her.

Madame d'Auban, meanwhile, was taking off her travelling dress and unpacking her things. Once, in passing before a looking-glass, she stopped and looked attentively at her own face. It was still a very beautiful one, and the ex-

pression of her matchless eyes was as lovely as ever—but of that she could not judge. It struck her that she looked much older, and that no one who had known her in former days would be the least likely to recognize her. "How foolish I am," she thought, "to be always so afraid of seeing people! I will try to feel an to do like others; to shake off my nervousness, and make acquaintance with my husband's friends. If they ask me what my maiden name was, what shall I say?" She smiled to herself, and said, half aloud, "Mdlle. Desillinois."

When she went into the sitting-room, her husband raised his head languidly and said—"I wonder, after all, why we came here."

She looked at him anxiously, and sitting down by his side, answered, "Because I would come; because I care more for your health than for any thing else on earth. O my own! my own!" she exclaimed with passionate tenderness; "my beloved one! friend to more than human friendship true! what, without you, would life be to me?"

"No, no," d'Auban replied with a troubled look, and speaking in an agitated manner. "I ought not to have married you. I should have insisted on restoring you to your kindred."

"How can you speak in that way? it was impossible," said his wife, half impatiently.

"Oh, I don't know. Selfish passion often deceives us, and happiness hardens the heart. During all our years of bliss it never occurred to me that I had dealt unjustly by you; but since I have been ill, and have seen you wearing yourself out in nursing me, and since the horrible dangers you ran two years ago, a terrible self-reproach pursues me; it is that, as much as the climate, that has made me ill."

"And you let this go on without telling me that you had such a wrong, such a foolish thought! O Henri, I can hardly forgive you."

"What was the use of speaking? Have I not bound you to me by irrevocable ties? Have I not irreparably injured you? No, when every thing was bright and beautiful, and I could spend every hour in working and in planning for your happiness; when every one who came near you loved you and was kind—as that dear child wrote in her journal a moment ago—it did not appear to me in that light. I did not regret for you the loss of a position which, but but for me, you might yet regain. But here, in this mean lodging, where no one can notice your arrival or give you a welcome; you, who would once have been lodged in a palace and had princes and nobles at your feet; here, where I foresee what you may have to suffer with and for me . . . Oh, my dear heart, it is more than I can endure. . . ."

His wife laid her hand on his, and there was a tone of indignant tenderness in her voice as she replied, "Henri, banish, crush such thoughts as you would an unworthy temptation! They pain, they wrong me. What next to faith in Him is God's best gift to a woman? Is it not the love of a noble heart? To you I owe every joy I have known on earth, and under Him every hope of heaven. You have taught, consoled, instructed, and guided me. You have

saved my life, alas! at what a cost He knows, and so do I. What robbed you of your strength? what ruined your health? How can you talk to me of my kindred, of palaces and princes,? Henri, are you not the light of my eyes, the beloved of my heart, dearer and better to me than ten thousand sons? O God, forgive me!" she passionately exclaimed, falling on her knees; "forgive me if I have loved one of Thy creatures too much—if in my happiness I have not thought enough of my poor boy. If even now poverty, suffering with my husband is joy compared to the brightest fate on earth, without him. O Henri!" she said, turning to him again, "you must have little known of my love to speak as you did just now. Never again say you have wronged me; I cannot bear it."

D'Auban was deeply moved, and seized her hand. "Forgive me, my love, forgive me," he cried. "I did not mean thus to agitate you; but the wild thought did not pass through my mind before you spoke that even now I ought to run the risk of being parted from you—that I ought to make your name and position known, and to relinquish the offer; yes, I thought it might be my duty, a blessing I do not deserve."

"What words are these, Henri? what evil spirit has whispered this accursed thought in my husband's ear? It did not reach your heart—by my own I know it did not. O hated France! detested Europe! poisonous air of an old corrupted world! Sooner had we both died by the hands of the Natches, sooner perished on the shores where we first met and first loved, than that you should deem it possible we should part. Listen to me, Henri. If in the first days of our happiness, when there was not a gray hair on your head, when your arm was so strong that you could carry me like an infant over the streams of St. Agathe, I should have refused to separate from you even for the sake of my son, or for any other affection or interest in the world, do you think I would do so now, when your strength has been spent for me, and that during twelve blessed years I have learnt every day to love you more? Do you remember that that God, the God whom you have taught me to know and serve, has said that those whom He has joined together men may never sunder? But we have been talking like two foolish creatures—you to frighten me so uselessly, and I to take it to heart and answer you seriously."

"Well," said d'Auban, with a half-sad half-pleased smile, "I believe it was a fit of insanity; and yet—"

"A good night's rest will restore your senses, dearest heart; and to-morrow you must go and see your friends the d'Orgevilles, and prepare to introduce them to your wife; and we must find out who is the best physician we can consult, and then begin to see a little of this wonderful city. Mina, and I too indeed, will stare at every thing like savages. I must also learn a little French housekeeping. Our hostess will put me in the way of it. She has promised to show us the way to St. Sulpice to-morrow morning. You must lie in bed and rest. But when once Mina has been into a church, she will feel at home in Paris, and not consider it quite such an uncouth place as she does to-day."

D'Auban smiled more gaily, and during the rest of the evening watched her light and graceful movements as she passed from one room to the other, unpacking their clothes and books, and gradually giving a more cheerful look to the dingy little apartment. He thought she looked so like a princess, and it seemed to him difficult the world should not recognize the imprint of royalty on her fair brow and graceful form.

The next day he went to the Hotel d'Orgeville, and was shown into the same salon where, so many years ago, he had spent hour after hour. Scarcely an article of furniture had been moved from the place in which he remembered it. The red velvet sofas and high-backed chairs, and the fauteuil where the mistress of the house used to sit when she received company of an evening; the antique cabinets with folding doors, and the etageres loaded with china; the portraits on the walls—every thing was looking just as it did on the night when he had conversed about emigration with M. de Mesme and M. Maret, and for the first time thought seriously of going to America.

When Madame d'Orgeville came into the room, he perceived that her face, if not her furniture, bore witness to the lapse of years. Her hair had turned white, and rouge supplied the place of her former bloom. Nothing could be more cordial than her greeting.

"Ah! my dear colonel," she exclaimed, seizing both his hands, "how charmed I am to see you! What centuries, it is since we have met! and how many things have happened! But you are not looking well?"

"I am very far from well," he answered. "We colonists go in search of fortune, madame, and often lose health, the greater blessing of the two."

"And have you made your fortune?"

"Not anything to boast of—a livelihood, my dear friend, nothing more. The Natches' insurrection depreciated the value of property in New France at the time I was obliged to sell. As soon as I get well, I intend to try and obtain employment in the colonies—if possible in the Antilles."

"You do not mean, then, to return to Louisiana?"

"No, madame, not if I can help it."

"I am not surprised at that, after all you went through, and the terrible scenes you witnessed, your wife and child so nearly perishing, and your arriving only just in time to rescue them and the other captives. I assure you it was much spoken of at the time, and you are considered quite a hero. So many people will be wanting to see you, I expect you will be quite the fashion. M. Maret showed us the interesting account you wrote to him of his brother's death. By the way, you will meet him if you come here this evening. He may be of use to you about the appointment you want. He is in high favor at present with monsieur le prince."

D'Auban could scarcely refrain from smiling—it was so exactly the same thing over again, as in past years. Before he had time to answer, Madame d'Orgeville went on:

"And now tell me about your marriage. Madame d'Auban is French I suppose?"

"Her mother was a German, Her father's name was M. deChambelle. I suppose you never heard of the family; but I assure you that she is une demoiselle de tres-bonne maison."

"And a good parti, I hope."

"She brought me, as her dower, a concession of some importance, which, had my health allowed me to remain in America, might have proved valuable; but we sold everything before leaving America."

"And you have a daughter?"

"Yes, a little creole of twelve years old, who looks at least fifteen. I hope you will let me introduce her to you."

"Most willingly. And now that I think of it, my carriage is at the door. Allow me to reconduct you to your home, and then I may have, perhaps, at once the pleasure of making Madame d'Auban's acquaintance."

D'Auban assented, for he thought that the sooner his wife got over the nervousness she felt at the sight of strangers the better it would be, and his intimate friends she must needs see during her stay in Paris. Madame d'Orgeville wished to show her old friend every kindness, but she was also very curious to see his wife. Some of her acquaintances, who had been at New Orleans, had spoken in terms of admiration of her grace and beauty; but she did not trust to their taste, and was anxious to judge for herself before inviting her to her house.

She was taken by surprise, not so much by Madame d'Auban's beauty, as by the singular distinction of the manner, and the pure and refined French which she spoke. With the freedom of Parisian manners, and the privilege which people who are at the head of a coterie sometimes assume of saying whatever comes into their head, she exclaimed, in the midst of her conversation with her, "Good heavens! how handsome you are, madame, and what perfect French you speak! Quite the language of the Court, with only a shade of German accent. And your manners, your voice, your whole appearance! I assure you I should have thought you had always lived in Paris."

Madame d'Auban smiled; but Mina, who was being led into the room at that moment by her father, heard Madame d'Orgeville's words, and deeply resented them, "Why should not mamma be beautiful?" she thought, "and why should she not be perfect in every way, though she has not lived in this odious Paris?" Mina's face was one of those which a frown becomes almost as much as a smile, and when, after kissing her on both cheeks, Madame d'Orgeville called her a charming creole, the indignant look which she put on made her look so pretty, that that lady, during the rest of her visit, could hardly take her eyes off her. "She is quite as pretty as Madame de Prie," she thought, "and with an expression of purity and innocence such as I have never yet seen. That face will make her fortune, if it does not prove her ruin, I am rather glad my daughters are not so strikingly beautiful. I believe the safest thing for a woman is to be tolerably good-looking, and have a good dowry." Whilst these reflections were passing through her mind she was, with that wonderful power some people possess of being engrossed with two subjects at

once, most earnestly recommending to Madame d'Auban a physician of the name of Lenoir, who, she assured her, was one of the first medical men in Paris. She ended by inviting them all to dinner for the next day, and proposed that Mina should spend the afternoon with her daughters and some of their friends.

That afternoon proved a beautiful one. The weather was warm without being hot, the sun shining brightly, and the sky cloudless. The garden of the Hotel d'Orgeville was full of autumnal flowers, choice roses and china asters, The trees were beginning to put on their brown and red coloring, and the grass plot in the centre was studded with buttercups and daises.

Mina, who for months had not seen a garden, and scarcely a flower, was in ecstasies. The wearisome sea voyage had been succeeded by the journey to Paris in a close diligence, and two days in the *entresol* of the Rue des Saints Peres. If she had been alone her delight would have been unbonded. As it was, she could not resist taking a run across the grass, and timidly asking Julie d'Orgeville if she might gather some buttercups—a permission which was graciously granted, with a rather supercilious smile, for Mdlle. d'Auban was half a head taller than Mdlle. Julie, and for a girl of that height she deemed it rather a childish amusement. The young ladies sat down on a semicircular stone bench at the end of an alley of plane-trees, and began to converse in an undertone, which gradually rose to a higher key, as the subjects under discussion became more interesting. A little girl of ten years of age asked what they were going to play at.

Mademoiselle d'Orgeville said, "We most of us prefer conversation; but you may, if you like propose to the younger part of the society to play at ladies."

"What will she do?" said the leader of the younger ones, pointing to Mina.

"What would you like best, Mdlle. d'Auhan?" asked Julie, with great civility.

"What do you do when you play at ladies?" inquired the latter, raising her large blue eyes from the flowers she had on her knees.

"Oh, one is Madame la Duchesse, and another is Madame la Marquise, and so on."

"Then one, you know, has *les grades nntrees* at Court," cried a little girl.

"And the duchesses have tabourets," said another.

"And then we stand at the door of the arbour, and pretend it is the queen's dressing-room; and we go in according to our ranks and stand by her Majesty; and Madame la Duchesse hands her her shift, if there is no one of higher rank in the room; but if one of the princesses comes in, she, of course, gives it up to her. . . ."

"Which is to be the queen?" asked Mina, looking round the circle.

"We always draw lots for that. By the way, do you know, mesdemoiselles, my mother said that yesterday, at the funeral of the Princesse de Conti, Madame le Duchesse de Boufflers pushed by, and would not let Mademoiselle de Clermont sprinkle the corpse before she had done so herself. But she had all the trouble in the world to prevent it."

"But my papa said it is quite ridiculous to suppose that duchesses have that right."

"Then your papa is mistaken, mademoiselle. And if I play at going to Court to-day, I shall be Madame de Boufflers, and nothing shall induce me to yield up that point."

"Well, all I know is that I went to see Mdlle. de St. Simon yesterday, and that she should never have taken precedence of Mademoiselle de Clermont, who was representing the Queen."

"Who cares what that ugly girl says? She is like a note of interrogation—a little crooked thing, always asking questions, or laying down the law like the cross old duke her father."

"Would you like to be the queen, Mademoiselle d'Auban? You may if you like," said the leader of the youthful band.

"No, thank you," answered Mina; "I should not know how to behave." She thought of her grassy throne, and her sable courtiers who used to call her their chief, in the green prairies far away; but that was not like playing at being the queen of France, and she said she should like better to stay where she was, and to tie up her buttercups.

An animated conversation was carried on by the elder girls, which chiefly related to their various prospects, and the intentions of their parents with regard to their establishment in life. Some were already engaged to be married, though they had never seen their future husbands. Some were to be married as soon as a suitable alliance could be found for them. Some hoped and some feared, they might have to go into religion. They talked of the good luck of one of their friends, who had become the wife of a gentleman whose position at Court would enable her to take the precedence of her sister, who had wedded, the year before, a wealthy juriconsulate, a cousin of the Messieurs Paris. One young lady they mentioned, Alice le Pelletier, was actually about to be married to the son of a duc et pair. But then, you know, she is immensely rich," said Julie d'Ogeville, "and her mother was a Beaufort. Do your parents intend to marry you in France, Mademoiselle d'Auban?" she asked of Mina, who answered with simplicity—

"I don't think they intend to marry me at all."

"Are you, then, going into religion?"

"I have never thought of it," Mina said.

"I suppose you have thought of very little yet, my dear, but playthings and sweetmeats," said Julie, good-humoredly, but in a rather contemptuous manner.

Mina blushed, but made no reply. How little the elder girl knew of the depths of thought and feeling in the soul of that child, who had gone through more emotions, and waged more inward battles, and exercised more virtues already, than she had ever dreamt of in her limited sphere of thought and action! Julie d'Orgeville was not without amiable qualities, and her principles were good; so were those of many of the young girls gathered together on that occasion. Some of them eventually became excellent wives and mothers, and exemplary fervent nuns. But they were impregnated for the time with the levity and the prejudices of the worldly society to which they belonged,

and reflected in a childish form the aspect it presented.

Mina felt miserably at loss in their company. They were neither like women nor like children. She could not reach high enough, or descend low enough, to be on a level with them; hers had been such a totally different training. Crime and virtue, innocence and guilt, are perhaps less strange to each other, as far as sympathy goes, than worldliness and unworldliness. Erring souls sometimes appreciate goodness. Where there is guilt there is often remorse, and remorse is feeling. But the worshippers of rank, fashion, and wealth look with a comfortable sense of superiority on those who do not adore the same idols as themselves. A worldly child sounds like a singular anomaly, but the thing exists, and the principles of worldliness are never so broadly displayed as in such cases; for childhood is consistent; thoughts, words, and actions are all in accordance. Plausibility is the growth of a more advanced period of life: a slowly acquired quality which it requires time to mature.

Mina's parents felt in some ways as little at home in the saloon of the Hotel d'Orgeville as she did in the schoolroom. After so long an absence they were not conversant with the state of parties such as it existed at the time in Paris, or with the intrigues which were carried on in the court and in the town. The tone of society often astonished them. People who were reckoned good said very strange things in those days, and allowed themselves an extraordinary latitude of thought and speech. D'Auban had left Paris at the end of the reign of Louis XIV. The whole period of the Regency had gone by during his absence, and impressed on French society dire traces of its influence. His wife had witnessed in Russia crime and brutality, degrading vices and coarse buffoonery, but the polished iniquity, the ruthless levity, of Parisian manners was new to her. They were also no doubt changed themselves by the solitary earnest lives they had led, by the holy joys and sacred sorrows they had experienced, and felt more deeply than others would have done the pain of witnessing the increasing immorality and irreligion of the higher classes of French society; of hearing the praises of vile miscreants and poisonous writings from the lips of men who still believed in christianity, who went through the forms of religion, and summoned priests to their deathbeds; of watching the rising tide of corruption which was to widen and deepen for fifty years till the foundations of the throne and the altar fell to the ground, and the deluge of the revolution swept away every landmark. This epoch in question was indeed the beginning of that terrible end, and more trying perhaps to the true of heart than the fatal consummation which, with all its horrors and its sufferings, gave evidence of the faith and goodness latent in many of those who had sported on the brink of the precipice, but when it opened under their feet became martyrs or heroes.

The 18th century is a sad picture to look back upon, but in the midst all its sin and growing unbelief what redeeming instances of virtue and purity mark the pages of its history! Where can more admirable models be found of true and undefiled religion than in the wife, the son, and the daughter of Louis XV.? In the same palace, under the same roof as Madame de Pompadour, Marie Leckzinska, the Dauphin, his Saxon wife, and Mesdames de France served God and loved the poor with a humble fidelity and patient perseverance which surprise us when we read their biographies and remember the age and the Court in which their lot was cast.

As the time when Madame d'Auban was in Paris, the young king of France was still devoted to his wife. With an open brow and a bright smile he would say, when another woman's beauty was insidiously commended in his presence. "She is not, I am certain, as handsome as the queen." So he thought and felt as long as the wickedness of his courtiers and their vile instruments had not seduced him from his allegiance to his gentle wife. But they laid their plans with consummate skill. They carried them on with diabolical art; they took advantage of his weakness; step by step they dragged him down into the abyss of degradation in which his latter years were sunk. They turned the idol of his people, the well-beloved of a great nation, into the abject slave of Madame Dubarry, the mark of a withering scorn, the disgrace of a polluted throne.

Is there a greater sin, one that cries more loudly to heaven for vengeance, than the cold-blooded, deliberate design of ruining the happiness and poisoning the peace of those whose own souls are not only at a stake, but whose example may influence thousands for good or for evil? Who can say that the crimes of the French Revolution, the murder of an innocent king, the more than murder of his consort and his sister, the tortures of his hapless child, will not be laid on the Day of Judgment at the door of those who conspired to ruin the domestic happiness of Louis XV., and to drag him down to the level of their own ignominy? God forgive them; though we can scarcely add, "They knew not what they did!"

Thoughts akin to these were in Madame d'Auban's mind, and made her woman's heart throb with indignation when she heard one day in Madame d'Orgeville's salon, a group of men and women of the world turning into ridicule the king's affection for the queen, and predicting with exultation, that, thanks to the manoeuvres of the Ducs d'Epéron and de Gesore, and the dawning charms of Madame de Mailly, it would not be of long duration. She had known the pangs of desertion, the anguish which hides itself under forced smiles, the utter helplessness of an injured wife, more helpless on or near a throne than in a cottage, because her sufferings are watched and her tears counted.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ADIEU !

THIS is a word with holy power
 To calm and cheer the aching heart,
 When in the sad and solemn hour
 The dearest friends are called to part.
 It lights the path as yet untrod
 When fond lips murmur *Unto God*
 I give thee my beloved—*Adieu !*

Sad fears arise when those we love
 Turn from the homes of early life
 And o'er earth's unknown desert rove
 To meet alone the storm of strife.
 Yet when the hour has come to leave
 Those friends so dear, our souls receive
 Sweet comfort from the word—*Adieu !*

At once a farewell and a prayer,
 It calms the fearful thoughts that swell ;
 Placing the loved ones in God's care
 We feel that all may yet be well.
 And while we think on those away,
 Hoping to meet again, we pray,
 Take to thy care my God—*Adieu !*

When in the hour that Death's cold touch
 Darkens the eye once full of light,
 When all we loved and prized so much
 And thought to keep from death or blight,
 Is passing from our loving care,
 We still find strength to say the prayer
 I give thee to my God—*Adieu !*

To God I give all those I love,
 That he may guard, protect and bless,
 And shedding graces from above
 Make their sweet lives all happiness.
 And when from earth they turn to heaven
 To angels bright the task be given
 To call them to their God—*Adieu !*

FOR THE HARP.

IRELAND'S LITERATURE.—No. 2.

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

BARRON says that it was customary in Ireland to write, in a separate tract, a particular account of any great battle. Of such tracts the following have survived and will we hope prove of some interest to the readers of the "HARP."

Cah Odvah, or, the Battle of Odva, County Westmeath, fought 78 years before Christ.

Cah Chilioch, or, the Battle of Chiliah, in the County Carlow, fought 9 years before Christ.

Cah Aichle, County Meath, A.D. 70.

Cah Muigh-a-ha, County Meath, A.D. 122.

Cah Mui-lena, King's County, A.D. 181.

Cah Mui-criove, County Galway, A.D. 195.

Cah Chrionda, near Tara, A.D. 230.

Cah Fionntra, or the Battle of Ventry Harbor, A.D. 240.

Cah Druim da Vaire Knocklong, A.D. 268.

Cah Gair-ra, near Tara, A.D. 296. In this battle the Finian Knights encountered each other in fierce conflict.

Cah Duv-cho-maire, A.D. 322.

Cah Acha, A.D. 478.

Cah Rathby, King's County, A.D. 558.

Cah Beagduin ni bolt, A.D. 596.

Cah Sliav-hua, County Galway, A.D. 610.

Cah Moih-raha, or Moyra, A.D. 639.

Cah Aire Cealtroch, A.D. 673.

Cah Locha Gavuir, A.D. 675.

Cah Alwin, County Kildare, A.D. 724.

Cah Drom-foinact, A.D. 724.

Cah Focharta, County Louth, A.D. 730.

Cah Bcl-loch Muich-na, County Carlow, A.D. 909. It is by some asserted that the celebrated Cormack McCullinan, King of Munster, and compiler of the "Psalter of Cashel," was killed in this battle.

Cah Grealloch Kille, County Meath, A.D. 910.

Cah Cuan Fuah, against the Danes, A.D. 918.

Cah Roscre, in County Tipperary, against the Danes, A.D. 942.

Cah San Aingil, County Limerick, A.D. 942.

Cah Aha Cliah, or Dublin, A.D. 946.

Cah Aha Cliah, or Dublin, A.D. 948.

Cah Cluain Lairn, or Clontarf, A.D. 1014. This describes the memorable battle of Clontarf, in which the integral and independent state of Ireland may be said to have terminated with the death of Brian Boru, though the power of the Danes was broken forever in Ireland.

In the foregoing catalogue, we notice repeated the word "*Cah*," which means "battle," in the Irish it is written "Cat," but as the "t" is mute, or has the sound of "h," it is omitted in the English and "h" takes its place. The word *Moy* signifies a *plain*, in the genitive case it is *Mui*.

Having gone through this list of battles, let us turn to some of the works on jurisprudence, which come to us from the ancient Celts.

Firstly, we will look into the works called *Dlihe Breithuin*, or Brehon laws, fragments. The system of laws by which the Irish nation was governed, was not left to the uncertainty and fluctuation of the oral tradition, but has been very early reduced to order, and preserved in the permanent character of a written code. These were administered by Judges, called Brehons, and hence the maxims by which they were guided were called Brehon laws. A compilation called *Breihe-neive*, or Heavenly Judgments, was said to be formed A.D. 90, and another in 254, which is still supposed to be extant. After continuing 1,200 years to be the guides of Irish jurisprudence, these laws were at length abolished by act of parliament, in 1366, and the manuscripts which contained them were so dispersed, that little more than fragments escaped the ravages of time and of proscriptio. In 1723, there were several specimens in public and private libraries, the most perfect of which was in the Duke of Chandos' collection. It contains

twenty-two sheets and a half, close written in two columns.

This Chandois repository of Irish manuscripts had been formed by Sir James Ware, who collected together all that could then be procured. In the reign of James II. when Lord Clarendon was viceroy of Ireland, he obtained this collection from the representatives of Sir J. Ware, about the year 1868, and brought them to England. After his death they were sold to the Duke of Chandois. In 1697 a catalogue of contents was printed, and Dean Swift, having met with it, became very desirous that these national records should be restored to the country to which they appertained. Accordingly, he wrote to the duke a letter, dated August 31st, 1734, stating; "That several persons of this city (Dublin) and university, had importuned him to solicit his grace to make a present of those ancient records, on paper or parchment, which are of no use in England, and naturally belong to this poor kingdom." His request, however, was not complied with.

But the most valuable and extensive repository of these laws is now in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. In consequence of a correspondence with General Vallancey, on the subject of Irish literature, Edmund Burke prevailed on Sir John Seabright to give his valuable collection of Irish manuscripts to the university. It was said by Charles O'Conor that a *key* for expounding the laws was kept by the McEgans and lost during the reign of Charles I. Very little was done, with regard to those laws, until the formation of the Gaelic Society in 1806. The society had fourteen volumes of these laws, which are now in Trinity College.

Secondly, we have the *Shanchas Mor*, or Great Ancient Code, with other miscellanies.

Thirdly, *Brehuin laws fragments*.

Fourthly, *Treatise on the Brehon laws*.

Fifthly, *two volumes, quarto, on the Brehon laws*. The copy was the property of Mr. Forbes of Leacan, in 1666.

Sixthly, the *Dan Shanacht*.

Seventhly, *Ancient laws with interlineary glosses*. The laws were so ancient, that at subsequent periods, interlined glossaries were required.

Turn from the laws to the works on medical and botanical subjects.

1st. *Causes of diseases, and mode of treatment*.

2nd. *Tracts, surgical and physiological*.

3rd. *Cord. Valer. Dispensatory*, with a medical tract, transcribed 1592.

4th. *Silan de Nigr on Almazor*. a botanical and medical tract.

5th. *Treatment and cure of palsies, aposterns and dropsies*, with an account of plants used.

6th. *Medical and Botanical miscellany*, large folio.

7th. *Donoch og O'Hickey's transcript of medicins and botany*. It would appear from the numerous tracts of the subjects, that the study of medicine and botany had been pursued with much assiduity very early in Ireland, and with success.

8th. *Melaghlin O'Maolchonaire*, from Peter D'Argillata of Ballochreach.

Manuscripts 7, 8 and the first of the next series are on vellum and in the possession of one Michael O'Casey, an old Milesian, who practices medicine among his neighbors.

(Michael O'Casey is since dead, Myles John O'Reilly, Esq., of Heath-house, Queen's County, purchased his books. Mr. O'Reilly is allied in marriage with the Beresford family of Waterford.)

The principal scientific tracts are—

1st. De Philosophia, Trinity College.

2nd. De Logica.

3rd. *Tract on Geometry*.

4th. *Astronomia*.

Of the moral and religious tracts we might cite as examples:—

1st. *Fiech's hymn of St. Patrick*. Fiech was a follower of the saint and bishop of Slitty near Carlow. The poem is supposed to have been composed in the fifth century.

2nd. *Columbkille's praise of St. Bridget*.

3rd. *St. Patrick's consolations against death*.

4th. *Comments of Columbkille's vision*.

5th. *Account of lands and other Abbey donations*. This account is in a Roman breaviry, once the property of the Culdee Church of Armagh.

6th. *Hagiography*, Irish and psalter Latin, written 1484.

7th. *Fiech's Hymn*. Second copy.

8th. *Sermons*—Composed in 1041 for the monks of Faurc Abbey in the County Westmeath.

9th. *New Testament*, by some called the book of St. Columbkille.

10th. *Old Testament.*

11th. *Lines of St. Bridget etc.*, with glosse.

There are ten principal philological tracts on vellum and paper.

1st. *Ur ai-cep na m-bard.* A model for bardic composition—also it contains a grammar of the Ogham and Foras Focall or Etymon of words.

2nd. *Naghton's Irish and English Dictionary.*

3rd. *Etymologies of persons and places.*

4th. *McNagtains Latin-Irish Dictionary.*

5th. *Cormac's glossary*, within the 9th century.

6th. *Plunket's glossary of Irish, Latin and Biscayen.*

7th. *Vocabulary of difficult words (Irish)*

8th. *Clerigh's Vocabulary (Irish)*

9th. *Glosary of Difficult words (Irish)*

10th. *U eacept's glossaries etc.*

Turning now to the last Catalogue—that Romances, dramatic tracts including *Eacht Raidh* (or adventures) and *Agallav* (or dialogues) we find principally—

1st. *Eacht-ra Chonail charuigh.*

2nd. *Eacht-ra Cheallochain chaisil.*

3rd. *Eacht-ra Micna Micho-vail-lel.*

4th. *Eacht-ra Forcili deacail.*

5th. *Eacht-ra Forcili Mic steani.*

6th. *Eacht-ra Lom-nqch-tan Slaive Raffe.*

7th. *Eacht-ra an vadra vail.*

8th. *Eacht-ra Ridi e an Lecoin.*

9th. *Eacht-ra Chonail Ghulbain.*

10th. *Agallav Phadruig agus Oisín.*

There are many Irish poems extant attributed to Ossian and either addressed to St. Patrick or in form of a dialogue. Miss C. Brooke beautifully translated one of these.

11th. *Agallav na Seannairiv.*

12th. *Agallav na n-Oirvidihi.*

13th. *Deargyruahar Chonail gobban.*

Besides these compositions there are several others extant. The Rev. Dr. John Murphy, R.C., Bishop of Cork, had over 10,000 quarto pages transcribed from Irish manuscripts. From the above short sketch, it will be seen that there is yet in the country for lovers of Irish literature, many compositions in history, jurisprudence, medicine, botany, geometry, logic, ethics, philology, poetry and polite literature, not less interesting for their subject and venerable for their antiquity; and it must be

admitted by all, that the investigation of those manuscripts must be highly important. Nor is such investigation an object of interest merely for the people of the country and for our day. Men distinguished for their talents have long since elsewhere recommended it. Dr. Johnson, in his letter to Charles O'Conor, says:

"I have long wished that Irish literature were cultivated in Ireland; and surely, it would be acceptable to all those who are curious either in the original of nations, or the affinities of languages, to be further informed of the revolutions of a people so ancient and so illustrious."

We proposed giving a synopsis of the "Book of Leacan" in this number—but space will not permit. However in the next number it will come and be followed by a short history of Irish Literature in chronological order.

To terminate this essay let us glance at the attested activity of the Irish missionaries of olden times in spreading the light of knowledge over the world. "Through the streets of Gaul they vended wisdom" in the universities of Italy and France, they filled the most honored chairs in the various branches of learning. Dyonisius said that "Ireland was enriched in books." "Her sons traversed the land of the Gaul bearing aloft the standard of the Cross, where two centuries before the haughty Nial had carried the sunburst, in triumph, from the Loire to the Alps! They taught at Paris, at Luneil, crossed the Rhine filling all Germany with the fame of Killian and glorifying God at Ratisbon, Kiew Salzburg and Friedland. They ascended the Alps with St. Gall and with Columbanus illuminated Bobbis! They went to Lindisfarne and Oxford and snatching the sons of England from ignorance and vice, sent them forth to redeem their people with the brilliancy of their Knowledge and sanctity of their lives."

Scandinavian records prove that books etc. were left by Irish monks in Ireland. They went to the Ferroe, Orkney and Shetland islands—St Brendan even went further west to places known by the ancients as Hy Brasail.

These were the days of Ireland's glory and when she won the title of the "Isle of Saints." These were the days when from the heart of Thuringian forests to the cold shores whereon the waters of the North

Sea lashed in fury, the world saw and blessed Ireland's messengers of a civilization which blended the truths of Heaven with the sciences of earth; and forever entwined the Cross with the Shamrock!"

We extract the above remarks from a lecture upon Ireland and give them as a species of peroration to the foregoing pages from the Irish Monthly Magazine.

How beautifully Oscar Wilde, *Speran-
Green Park, Aylmer, Quebec.*

za's gifted son, refers to the change in the Island's glory and fame.

"This mighty empire hath but feet of clay,
Of all its ancient chivalry and might
Our little island is forsaken quite;
Some enemy hath stolen its crown of bay,
And from its hills that voice hath passed away
Which spake of freedom; O come out of it,
Come out of it my soul, thou art not fit
For this vile traffic-house, where day by day
Wisdom and reverence are sold at mart,
And the rude people rage with ignorant cries
Against an heritage of centuries!"

HINTS TO PARENTS.

IN SPITE of modern whims of equality, the government of a family must be absolute; mild, not tyrannical. The laws of nature and the voice of reason have declared the dependence of the child on the parent. The weakness of youth must be repressed by the hand of experience. Parental tenderness is too apt to degenerate into parental weakness. "If you please, child," and, "Will you, dear?" are soon answered with "No, I won't." The reins of the government should be always gently drawn; not twitched, like a curb-bridle, at one time, and dangled loose at another. Uniformity in parents produces uniformity in children. To whip one minute, and to caress, or let the culprit go unpunished, for the same crime, at another, cannot fail to injure the force of parental authority. Consider before you threaten; and then be as good as your word. "I will whip you, if you don't mind me," says the parent in a passion. "I am not afraid of it," says the child. The parent flies towards it in a paroxysm of rage; the child prefers flight to broken bones. "You may go now, but you shall have your punishment with interest the next time you do so." "I don't believe that," thinks the child. It is experience that gives the parent the lie. "But," say you, "whips and rods were the scourges of the

dark ages; the present age is more enlightened: in it law is reason, and authority is mildness." Beware of that reason which makes your child dogmatical, and that mildness which makes him obstinate.

There is such a thing as the rod of reproof; and it is certain that, in numberless cases, arguments produce a better effect than corporal punishment. Let children be properly admonished, in case of disobedience: if ineffectual, try the harsher method. Never begin to correct till your anger has subsided; if you do, your authority over the offender is at an end. Let your commands be reasonable. Never deliver them in a passion, as though they were already disobeyed; nor with a timid, distrustful tone, as if you suspected your own authority. Remember that scolding is directly the reverse of weighty reasoning. It is the dying groans of good government. Never let it be heard under your roof, unless you intend your house should be a nursery of faction, which may, at some future time, rear its hydra head, not only against you, but in opposition to the parents and guardians of our country. Patriotism, as well as charity, begins at home. Let the voice of concord be heard in your family; it will charm your domestics to a love of order.

DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

A Sketch.

“LEAVE the house instantly! You are no son of mine from this time. I will not harbour one who has thus degraded himself, and disappointed me.”

Hard words were these, from the lips of any one; still harder from those of a father.

John Phillips was a proud man—proud of himself, of his family, of the reputation he had acquired for honesty and upright dealing, and of the notice he received from people who were just a step farther up the ladder of fortune than himself. To increase his wealth and consequence, he had ground down his family to the most pitiful and pinching straits in private, to atone for expenditures to meet the public gaze with a show of riches that honestly belonged to his wife and children for their ordinary comfort.

His eldest boy was placed in a shop where there were many other young men. Young Phillip's scanty clothing, his evident destitution of money, even to withholding a penny from a poor child, when others gave freely, accorded ill with the reports of his father's wealth; and the lads sometimes touched the sorest place in Samuel Phillip's heart, by reproaching him with sordidness. One day—a cold, wintry day—a little girl, shivering and pale, came into the shop. Her wan, blue look, touched his heart with pity. He had money in his hand, but it was not his own. How could he send her away? He thrust a shilling into her hand, and bade her go and buy some food. The money, he thought, could be replaced; but he was watched by another young man who was glad of an opportunity to degrade him; and, when the books were made up that night, young Carroll reported that the missing shilling was taken by Samuel Phillips.

The boy's blushes and confusion as he tried to make an honest statement of the case were taken for guilt; and a note to his father, which he was obliged to take home from his employer, distinctly told that Mr. Sampson no longer wished to

employ a person who had been guilty of stealing.

In his first passion, Mr. Phillips uttered the above words to his son, who in vain pleaded why he gave the shilling. Perhaps the excuse embodied more sin in the father's eyes than the deed itself. To give a shilling to a beggar! What an enormity! And then, that John Phillip's son should so outrage his father's good name! The man's pride was stronger than the parent's affection. His son took him at his word; and that very night, in the cold and darkness, the boy set off, making his first step into the unknown future of his life.

Had his father but believed him, pointed out what was wrong in his act, and forgave him for its mixture of good, his son might never have sinned again. His pride and cruelty sent him forth, a wanderer, distrusting all, holding in his heart a root of bitterness which might turn his whole life to gall.

When the family was roused to the conviction, the next morning, that Samuel was actually gone, Mr. Phillips tried to soothe the distressed mother with the thought that he had only disappeared for a time, and would soon be with them again, glad enough to return and ask pardon for his conduct. He did not tell her with what wild and unforgiving words he had driven him from his home!

Years passed away. No tidings came of the fugitive. The mother, yearning for her first-born, drooped and died; and the only remaining son was soon afterwards drowned. Two daughters married and went away, and Mr. Phillips was left alone. It is not possible that conscience did not sometimes bring back the image of that poor boy, as he stood trembling that night under the weight of his first crime: a crime, too, committed under the influence of the best feelings, and with full intention of repairing. But pride kept up his indignation against his son; and instead of pitying him for being a castaway, he only pitied himself for not being able to keep up the family name.

At last there came a day when even Mr. Phillip's proud spirit was crushed. More than the loss of his wife and children, did this trial bow him to the earth. Loss after loss had come to him in his business, until at length he was obliged to give up all into the hands of his creditors. He surrendered everything—house and household goods, not even taking the benefit which the law allowed him. Yet there were not wanting some among the injured who openly asserted their belief that Mr. Phillips had actually profited by the transaction, and even cited his utter relinquishment of all visible property as a proof that he was remunerated by that which was unseen.

His friends forsook him; one by one dropping off, unable to vouch for his innocence. His health failed; but even if it had not, he could not have witnessed the public sale which was now announced of his household treasures. He had tortured himself by throwing into his creditors' hands even little trifling mementos of the past—literally leaving everything in his house, save his own clothing and his private desk, which, whatever others thought, contained only family letters and the miniature of a little child, with a curl of golden hair at the back of the locket. That child! Oh if he could but now recall the past! If he had but spoken kindly and forgivingly, that child might now have been near to save his gray hairs from shame and disgrace.

There was as we have said, a public sale. It comprised the shop and household goods, and included a favorite horse, which Mrs. Phillips's declining health had induced him to buy, and which he would not part with after her death. The man had a tender spot in his heart after all! His first question, when the man who had been his shopman came into his solitary room the night after the sale, was, "Who bought Fleetwood?"

"I did not know the man, sir," was the reply. "He was a stranger. There were many strangers there, and I did not learn the name of him who purchased the horse. He was in the house a good part of the time, and I noticed that he bid for a number of things."

"I hope Fleetwood has a kind master," observed Mr. Phillips, after a pause.

The man was going, but returned, after making a short parley with some one at

the door. "Here is a man, sir," said he, "who wishes you to meet him at your former residence at half-past nine this evening."

"What can anyone want of me there?" said Mr. Phillips, with an uneasy gesture.

"I cannot tell, sir. I did not know the man; but from the slight glance I had of him at the door, I should say it was the man who was bidding for the horse when I came away, and the same one who bought Fleetwood."

"I must go, I suppose," said Mr. Phillips; "yet, if he is a gentleman, I should hardly think he would expose me to the pain of going there."

Mr. Phillips walked to his former home with trembling steps. He looked old and feeble, like a man who had numbered twice his years. He reached the door that once opened to his familiar touch, and rang the bell. The woman who had so long kept his house opened it, and ushered him to the sitting-room, from which, years ago, he had ordered his boy from his sight for ever.

This thought flashed into his mind, and was more vivid, from the circumstance of his own arm chair being removed out of its ordinary place, and set in the middle, of the room, and a low chair directly in front of it, on which Samuel had leaned in passionate weeping; The boy, in his misery on that night, had left his cap hanging on the corner of that low chair; and, as if to deepen the father's anguish to-night, a boy's cap hung there again. How well he remembered it! How he shook with the memories that rose up to his mind! His tearful eyes scarcely took in the figure of a noble-looking gentleman who now entered the room, and desired him to look over the house. Every piece of furniture was in its old place. In his own chamber, the little arrangements of his dressing-table were precisely as they always were: and in a little bedroom beside it were the two small beds in which his boys used to sleep.

He looked up at his conductor through his fast-falling tears. Something in his face, in the bright, flashing eyes of the stranger, went to his heart. They had returned to the sitting-room, and the stranger held his hand with a warm, loving clasp. He heard the words "This is all yours, dear father!" and then the two men sank together upon their knees, while the younger

breathed out a fervent thanksgiving that he had been spared to comfort and console him in this hour of adverse fortune.

Stung with his father's cruel words, Samuel had deserted his home, and, driven almost to desperation, had wandered away from the places that knew him. Providence raised up friends to the desolate boy. He found himself trusted, honored, and respected; and at the death of one who had been as a father to him, he became wealthy. He saw the notice of the sale in a newspaper, and hurried home to prevent it, and arrived only when the sale had already commenced.

He had heard of his mother's death, and from that time he resolved never to return. But when he found that his father

was in deep distress, all was forgotten, save the thought that he might be in time to save him from open disgrace or actual want. Everything had fallen into his hands, for the bystanders saw that he was determined to possess all, and they gave way to his evident desire and ability to gratify it.

The reconciliation was complete. The pride of the father was subdued. Reinstated in his old home, his liabilities all met, and his business re-established, by the son whom he had banished, his heart melted to a child-like humility, that was touching to behold. He has found that

Nearest the throne itself, must be
The footstool of humility

THE DISGUISED KNIGHTS.

THE castle of Hohenfels was built upon one of the loftiest heights on the Rhine. Rising with a lofty sweep from among the lesser hills around, the huge rock swept onward until it reached the river, where it plunged downward in a tremendous precipice. Nearly eight hundred feet above the river the stately walls of the castle rose, with all its pomp of towers, and turrets, and bulwarks; by day spreading forth its flaunting banners to the breeze, and by night upraising its watch-fires that blazed like meteors against the sky. The road from Germany to France passed within a few miles of the castle, and all travellers were compelled to cross the river within sight of it. The tolls which were levied upon these people were enormous, and happy was the man who could escape with the sacrifice of half of his baggage.

One day a company of monks descended from the opposite side of the river towards the place of crossing. There were about thirty of them, and the thick layers of dust that covered them from head to foot showed that they had come upon a long journey. They were enveloped in robes of black cloth, which hung about them in ample folds; their faces were com-

pletely covered, so that her eyes only were visible; and the heavy cowls that hung over their heads seemed to conceal them still more effectually. They entered one by one into the barge, and took their seats in silence.

The ferryman, like all of his class, was extremely loquacious, and anxious both to tell and hear the news. So, after many efforts, he ventured to address the monk who appeared to be chief among his passengers. This monk was a man of remarkable stature, with straight figure and Atlantean shoulders

"You have been upon a long journey, holy father," said the ferryman.

"Yes," said the monk, in a voice of great richness and depth.

"It must be on some important business," continued the ferryman.

"It concerns life and death," replied the monk, turning away with a gesture that forbade further questioning.

But the ferryman was not daunted, and he asked, "Whither may you be going, reverend father? Is it to France?—or, perhaps, to Italy?"

The chief monk stretched out his hand, and pointed silently towards the Castle of Hohenfels, upon which were now glitter-

ing the shades of twilight, and from whence the light of the kindling watch-fires streamed out in long lines of radiance.

"Ah, that is a noble castle!" said the ferryman. "There is none like it on the Rhine. But, methinks, it is a strange thing for you to go there. Men of your order stay as far away as possible."

"Ah!" said the monk, with some interest.

"It was not so in the days of Count Hugo," continued the ferryman; "but since Count Franz has held it, there has never been so much as the footprint of a priest or a monk inside its gates."

"Why would they not go in?" inquired the monk.

"Because they have been plundered or scourged outside," replied the ferryman.

"Why does this Count Franz treat inoffensive monks so cruelly?"

"He treats all harshly," said the ferryman. "It was only yesterday that a party of merchants were stripped of everything. The reason why he hates monks and priests, I suppose, is because they trouble his conscience."

"And was it not always thus?" asked the monk.

"Ah no," was the reply. "The Count Hugo was a just and virtuous man. He never took more than his due. In his day I kept my barge crossing all day long; but now it is only at times that passengers come here."

"What became of Count Hugo?" was the monks next question.

"He went to fight for the Holy Sepulchre, and died there," replied the ferryman. "Count Franz, his cousin, heard the news of his death about a year after he left. He took possession of the castle at once. Count Hugo had a wife and a son; but since that day they have never been seen out of the castle."

The monk slowly clenched his hands together, and said, in a strangely altered tone, "Can you tell me, friend, what has become of them?"

"I know not," was the reply; "I only hear what people say. Some say they are dead—both of them. Some say that Count Franz killed them; others say that they are alive, but kept in a dungeon; others again say that only the son is confined, but that the lady is free. I hear almost everything."

"Had Count Hugo no friends who

could see justice done to his relatives?" inquired the monk.

"Most of his friends went away with him," said the ferryman. "Those who remained could do nothing. Who could enter there and ask questions? Count Franz keeps to himself, and has no friends; all within Hohenfels is a mystery. It is seven years since Count Hugo left; and I think if his wife and child are not dead now, they soon will be."

The monk bowed his head low, and a half-stifed groan escaped him. His companions looked at one another in silence. The ferryman wondered, but said nothing. He passed the remainder of the time in silent conjectures as to the purpose of the monks, but was completely baffled. Soon, however, they reached the other side.

One by one the monks disembarked, in the same silent manner in which they had entered the boat. The chief monk stepped out last. As he touched the shore he turned round, and whispered to the ferryman. The man uttered a cry, and staggered back.

* * * * *

The Count Franz Von Hohenfels was in the reception hall of the castle. It was a large and richly-furnished apartment. Rugs and tapestries from the East, gold and silver vases, splendid arms and armour, ornaments of rare material and beautiful form, appeared on every side. All this had been the plunder which the count had obtained from passing travellers.

The count was pacing the hall. His armor was on, and he was arranging a plan for an attack upon a village not many miles away. The bustle of preparation for the expedition resounded throughout the castle. The count was a stout man, with strong and muscular frame. His helmet lay on the table by his side, so that his head and face were exposed to view. He had a thick neck, harsh and gross face, and fierce grey eyes, that seemed always influenced with passion. As he was walking a page entered the room. At his announcement the count started, and struck his clenched fist upon the table—"Monks said he. "Monks here!"

"Yes, my lord," replied the page.

"The idle drones!" cried the count. "Take them down and throw them into the river. But no," he suddenly added,

"I have an idea. Let the scoundrels in—I have an idea. Let them in. There will be some use for them this night, I'll warrant them."

He resumed his walk up and down the hall, gesticulating and muttering to himself. Presently the page re-appeared, followed by the new-comers. The thirty monks, dressed in their mysterious robes, entered solemnly, one after another, and stood before the Count Franz.

"Who are you?" he said, rudely, "and what do you want?"

"My lord," said one of the monks, who stood nearest the chief, "we are humble friars, on a journey for a solemn purpose, and we wish to rest here for the night. We crave from your lordship food and shelter."

"Take them down to the courtyard," cried the count, "and let the knaves have some victuals. But remember," he added sternly, "this is the first time and the last time that any of your order have passed by me without being scourged or thrown into the river. Away, you dogs!—say your paternosters, and wait till I summon you."

The monks departed with the same solemn step, without a word, and descended into the courtyard, where some rude servants' fare was given to them. After about an hour an imperious message came from the count for them to re-appear.

When they entered the room they saw a change. The large hall was filled with men-at-arms, who, to the number of one hundred and twenty, were ranged in a line on each side of the apartment. At the head of the room sat the count, and by his side a lady. She could not have been more than twenty-five years of age, and she was very lovely, but her face was as pale as death, and upon it there was an expression of hopeless woe that was painful to behold. The count motioned to the monks to approach, and they obeyed in their usual solemn manner.

"Who are ye?" he cried, sternly.

"The brethren of the Order of the Avenger," replied the monk who had spoken before.

"The avenger!" said the count. "That is a new name."

"On a pilgrimage——"

"Perhaps you have reached the end of it in entering the Castle von Hohenfelt," interrupted the count, with a sneer.

"Perhaps we have," interrupted the monk, with a strange emphasis.

"We shall see," said the count. "I sent for you to take part in a pleasant ceremony. This lady is about to become my wife, and one of ye shall have the honor of performing the marriage ceremony."

The lady started to her feet, and clasped her hands. The count fiercely ordered her to be quiet. She looked in despair at the monks, and cried—"Beware how you consent to be the tool of this monster! God will avenge me. I will die first."

"I tell you, proud woman, beware how you enrage me!" exclaimed the count.

"I will die first!" cried the lady.

"You may kill me, but I will never be your wife!"

Meanwhile the monks at a sign from their chief had ranged themselves in a double line; each one stood facing the men-at-arms. The chief stood at the head, between the two lines, facing the count. He was strangely moved. His breast heaved, and his hands clenched each other tightly.

The count seized the lady roughly by the hand, and dragged her up to the chief monk. Still she resisted vehemently, with cries and shrieks, and passionate supplicating to Heaven. Suddenly the count dropped her hand.

"I will soon reduce you to reason," he cried.

He rushed from the room, but soon returned, leading by the hand a boy, about ten years of age. He was pale and thin, and a weary look of suffering rested upon his emaciated features.

"Now, proud woman, disobey me if you dare!" cried the count, with the malignant expression of a fiend. "If you refuse my wish, this boy dies this instant. Consent, and he shall live. Your stubbornness has kept him in prison for six years: and if you still hold out, you will doom him to death."

The lady gave a long, loud shriek, and fell to the floor.

"Wretch!" cried a voice of thunder.

In a moment the child was snatched away from the count, who was hurled to the floor by a tremendous blow from the hand of the chief monk, who towered over him like a giant. He arose staggering to his feet.

"Charge!" he shouted to the men-at-arms; "charge upon them! Cut them"

to pieces!" and, drawing his sword, he sprang upon his assailant.

In one moment the whole scene had been changed. At the cry from their leader, every monk had thrown off his huge robe, and now, instead of the humble friars, there appeared thirty stalwart knights, clothed in impenetrable armour, and brandishing their swords. The chief monk towered above them all, and his eyes shot flashes of fire through the opening of his vizor, as he faced the astonished count.

But there was no delay. A moment more, and the knights, without waiting for an attack, sprang upon the men-at-arms. The latter had an overwhelming superiority in numbers, but they were individually as nothing, compared with the well-armed knights, who were masters of every military art, and whose well-aimed strokes told with terrible effect. The contest became a slaughter. The knights fought as though it were sport, and their foes were as children before them.

The count after a short interval of rage and surprise, had thrown himself upon his enemy. But the struggle was over in a few seconds. Three strokes had scarcely been given before his sword was violently struck from his grasp, and whirling through the air, it fell with a clang upon the pavement. Then the knight rushed upon him, and seizing him, hurled him to the floor. He now seized the cord which had lately bound his monkish attire, and with which he firmly bound the prostrate count.

The struggle had been brief and sanguinary. More than fifty of the men-at-arms lay upon the floor. The others, panic-stricken, and furiously pressed by the knights, fled by every door from the apartment. But now, the loud voice of the chief knight summoned them back; and the knights, sheathing their swords, repeated the cry, promising them quarter. One by one the men returned, and, at a command from their conquerors, laid down their arms, and ranged themselves around the room. The fallen count looked on in amazement and terror.

The lady had recovered from her faintness at the first shock of the contest, and grasping her son, fled into a corner, in which she knelt, cowering, and shielding her beloved boy with her own body. But ever anon she turned with a strange look of inquiry, at each sound of the

chief knight's voice her expression became more intensified.

And now the chief knight advanced towards her. Leading her gently forward, he slowly unfastened his helmet. The lady looked eagerly and tremblingly, with all her soul centred in the gaze. But as his helmet was unbound, and disclosed to view a magnificent head with noble features, the lady sprang forward into his arms with a low moan, that seemed like the outburst of all the long restrained agony of years.

"Hugo, Hugo, my own lord; Oh! is it you?"

She sank upon his breast and he folded her in his arms, and bowed his head over her. At this scene a murmur ran round the hall; the murmur deepened into a cry, the cry into a shout; and, at length, loud acclamations arose—cheer upon cheer—hailing the wondrous return.

On hearing this, Count Franz looked up. Envy, hatred, wrath, malice, and every evil passion struggled for mastery within him; but fear was stronger than all. He looked around despairingly among his men-at-arms, but none of them recognized him now.

Count Hugo next turned to embrace his son. He held the boy tightly in his arms; at the child's soft voice, which called him father, he was for a moment overcome.

Suddenly however he turned. The soft emotions of love and gratitude were associated with sterner thoughts. All that he had heard, all that he had witnessed, and all the proofs of suffering that he now saw in the dear faces of his wife and child, called aloud for vengeance. He pointed with a stern gesture to Count Franz, and called to the men-at-arms, "Seize that wretch!"

The men-at-arms sprang forward, and Count Franz turned pale as death.

"Hugo, cousin Hugo, mercy, mercy," he cried, in a scarce audible voice.

"Mercy!" said the other. "Can I forget what I have just seen?"

"Oh, for the love of God," exclaimed the Count, "by the sacred memory of Him for whose sepulchre you have fought so well—"

"Peace," said Hugo. "Do you know, wretch, that all your words are worse than useless. Hear my sentence: and let all

present judge whether I am right or wrong.

"Seven years ago I left my home to fight for our Blessed Master in the Holy Land. I left my wife and child with you, confiding in your faithful friendship. I have been to the Holy Land. I have fought and bled, and incurred a thousand perils. Three years ago I started to return, but I was imprisoned by the Infidels. After a captivity of more than two years, I escaped, along with these noble knights; yet, all this time, I felt confident that the Count Franz was faithful to me in all these things.

"A month since I heard the truth from a merchant in Venice, who had passed this way and learned all. With my trusty friends, I hurried here. The news was confirmed at every step. At the last town at which we tarried we procured these disguises, and were able to enter here unexpected.

"And now, wretch, hear my sentence! For every sorrow that you have caused these dear ones, you shall receive equal misery. Your sentence on my son shall be carried out upon yourself. You shall

be taken hence to the dungeon where you confined him for so many years; and at the end of that time you shall be carried to the topmost turret and hurled into the river below. Away with him!—away with him!"

With screams and prayers, that were unheeded, the Count was carried away.

Count Hugo filled his castle with new and honest soldiers. He put a stop to the depredations that had been committed, and the stream of travel that had been so long disturbed soon flowed on as before. His wife and child, recovered health and happiness in the presence of the restored count, and pleasure reigned again within the walls. The knights who had accompanied him remained with him a month, and then departed, each to his own home. The sentence on Count Franz, was carried out, as far as confinement was concerned; but at the end of six years he had become so utterly broken-spirited and abject, that Count Hugo let him go forth, on condition that he would at once depart for another country. To this the wretched man agreed, and he was never heard of again.

HIDDEN GREATNESS.

A man, single-minded, above all petty and contemptible acts, often obtains the *soubriquet* of "a fool" merely because those who sit in judgment on him are unable to comprehend his straight forwardness, or to conceive that talent can exist unmixed with wiliness or intrigue, which, in reality, is the indication of a second-rate mind. How often is the boy of genius apparently, a *blockhead*, merely because circumstances have directed his powers into a wrong channel, or because for instruction, he happens to have fallen into the hands of a conceited *ignoramus*. Time has often proved that the complained of deficiency was not attributable to the bril-

liant intellect of the scholar, but to the incapacity of the instructor to fit his mean rules to a great mind.

Many *ordinary intellects* mistake the crooked ways of duplicity, which they accustom themselves to practice, even in the most simple affairs, for profound knowledge and deep-penetration; never was there a more positive error.

So the wise man of simple and unassuming manners is often taken for a fool, while the forward, yet shallow-minded snob is taken for a man of learning, merely because he pronounces a valueless opinion with an air of decision.

IRISH MISCELLANIES.

MUCRUSS ABBEY.

THE Abbey of Irrelagh, or as it is usually called, Mucruss, is, perhaps, from the circumstance of its locality, more generally visited and better known than any other ecclesiastical ruin in Ireland, however superior to it in historical interest or architectural grandeur. Its situation is, indeed, unrivalled for appropriate character and beauty, being placed upon the rocky shore of a small bay at the eastern end of the lower lake, and surrounded by the magnificent epic-pastoral scenery of Mucruss—that noblest demesne for natural beauty in the universe, of which the celebrated Bishop Berkely well and truly said, that the French monarch might possibly be able to erect another VERSAILLES, but could not, with all his revenues, lay out another MUCRUSS. Of this region “of fairy-lands and desert isles forlorn,” the ruined abbey appears to be the appropriate temple—festooned with trailing plants, garlanded with hanging boughs, and shaded by the most magnificent forest trees, it is more beautiful in its state of loneliness and decay than it could possibly have been when decked out in its original neatness and perfection; for though it owes some charms to art, it is indebted to nature for its greatest beauties, or, as we might say, to the *genii loci* who have adorned it in a taste of their own, which no art could rival.

That a church was situated here from a very remote time appears from a record in a manuscript collection of Annals in the College library, which states that “the Church of Irrelagh was burned in the year 1192.” The present ruins, however, altogether of later date, and are the remains of a monastery of Conventual Franciscans, erected by the Mac Carthys, princes of Desmond, and dedicated to the Blessed Trinity. It is not easy to ascertain the precise period of its foundation. The usually accurate Ware, on what authority we know not, states that it was *founded* in the year 1440, by Dhonal, the son of Tieve Mac Carthy, by whom it was also repaired in the year 1468, a short time before his

death in the same year. But, though this account has been adopted by Harris, Burke, Archdall, Ledwich, and all our other topographical compilers hitherto, there is some reason to doubt its accuracy. There are portions of its architecture which are characteristic of a somewhat earlier age, and we have the authority of the Annals of the Four Masters to support this conclusion, by whom its foundation is recorded a full century earlier, namely in the year 1340.

“1340. The monastery of Oirbhealach, at Carraig-anchiuil, at the eastern end of Loch Lein (Lower Lake of Killarney), in the diocese of Ardfert, in Munster, was founded for Franciscan Friars, by Mac Carthy More, prince of Desmond (Dhonal, the son of Tieve), and the chiefs of the country selecten burial places for themselves in this monastery. Amongst these were O’Sullivan More and O’Donoghoe.”

Adjacent to the cloisters are placed the apartments appropriated to the accommodation of the brotherhood; the cellar, above which is the kitchen, the refectory with its fire place, and the dormitory, which is a long narrow room, adapted to the reception of a number of persons. In one of those apartments, the kitchen, a hermit named John Drake, took up his abode for the space of twenty years, and secretly withdrew after his long penance. His example was subsequently followed by a second pilgrim, who chose another chamber for his habitation; but his constancy was not so great, as he disappeared at the end of two years. The ground at the south side of the abbey, is the favourite cemetery of the Roman Catholic inhabitants of the adjacent country, and the choir and nave, of the descendants of its ancient chieftains. The vault of the Mac Carthy Mores, is placed in the centre of the choir, and is marked by a flat stone level with the floor, on which the coronet and arms of the Earl of Glencare are rudely sculptured; a more stately monument as represented in the illustration, marks the grave of O’Donoghue of the Glens, who is buried in the same vault.

It bears the arms of O'Donoghoe, with the following inscription written by Mr. Marcus Hare :

“ What more could Homer's most illustrious
verse,
Or pompous Tully's stately prose rehearse,
Than what this monumental stone contains,
In death's embrace MacCarthy More's re-
mains ?

Hence, reader, learn the sad and certain fate
That waits on man, spares not the good or
great !

And while this venerable marble calls
Thy patriot tear, perhaps, that trickling falls,
And bids thy thoughts to other days return,
And with a spark of Erin's glory burn ;
While to her fame most grateful tributes flow,
Oh, ere you turn, one warmer drop bestow,
If Erin's chiefs deserve thy generous tear,
Heir of their worth, O'Donoghue, lies here !

O'Donoghue More of the Glens
departed this life
the 21st day of February, 1808.
Aged 31 years.”

Though there are several other tombs of considerable age, but few of them are inscribed ; and of these the most remarkable is one on the north side of the choir, which we transcribe, as it has not been hitherto accurately given :

“ Orate Pro Donaldo Mac Finen et Elizabetha Stephens, O An^o. Dn. 1631. Q. S. H. F. F.

The Mac Fineens were a distinguished branch of the Macarthy's.

The landed property belonging to this Abbey, consisting of four acres, two orchards and one garden, was estimated, at the dissolution of the religious houses in Ireland, at the value of 16s. per annum. It was granted to Captain Robert Collam ; but it is obvious, from the inscriptions given above, that it continued in the possession of the brotherhood for many years after.

“ I envy them, those monks of old,
Their book they read, and their beads they
told ;
To human softness dead and cold,
And all life's vanity.

They dwelt like shadows on the earth,
Free from the penalties of birth,
Nor let one feeling venture forth,
But charity.

I envy them ; their cloistered hearts
Knew not the bitter pangs that parts
Beings that all affections arts
Had link'd in unity.

The tomb to them was not a place
To drown the best-loved of their race.
And blot out each sweet memory's trace
In dull obscurity.

To them it was the calmest bed
That rests the aching human head ;
They looked with envy on the dead,
And not with agony.

No bonds they felt, no ties they broke,
No music of the heart they woke,
When one brief moment it had spoke,
To lose it suddenly.

Peaceful they lived, peaceful they died ;
And those that did their fate abide
Saw brothers wither by their side
In all tranquility,

They loved not, dreamed not ; for their sphere
Held not joy's visions ; but the tear
Of broken hope, of anxious fear,
Was not their misery.

I envy them, those monks of old,
And with their statues I behold,
Carved in the marble, calm and cold,
How true an effigy.

I wish my heart as calm and still
To beams that fleet, and blasts that chill,
And pangs that pay Joy's spendthrift ill
With bitter usury.”

CUSTOMS, AMUSEMENTS, OCCUPATIONS.

THE pagan Irish divided their year, in the first instance, into two equal parts, each of which was afterward subdivided into two parts or quarters. The four quarters were called *Errach*, *Samhradh*, *Foghmar*, and *Geimhrith* [Arragh, Sowra, Fowar, Gevre] : Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter, which are the names still in use ; and they began on the first days of February, May, August, and November, respectively. We have historical testimony that games were celebrated at the beginning of Summer, Autumn, and Winter ; and it may be reasonably inferred that Spring was also ushered in by some sort of festivity.

The first day of May, which was the beginning of the summer half year, was called *Bealltaine* [Beltany] ; it is still the name always used by those speaking Irish, and it is well known in Scotland, where *Beltane* has almost taken its place as an English word :—

“ Ours is no sapling, chance sown by the fountain,
Blooming at *Beltane* in winter to fade.”

Tuathal [Thoohal] the Acceptable, king of Ireland in the first century, instituted the feast of Bealltaine at *Uisneach*, now the hill of Usnagh in Westmeath, where, ever after, the pagan Irish celebrated their festivities, and lighted their Druidic fires

on the first of May; and from these fires, according to Cormac's Glossary, the festival derived its name:—" *Belltaine*, i. e. *bil-tene*, i. e. *tene-bil*, i. e. the goodly fire (*tene* fire), i. e. two goodly fires which the Druids were used to make, with great incantations on them, and they used to bring the cattle between them against the diseases of each year."

While Usnagh was regarded as the chief centre of these rites, there were similar observances on the same day in other parts of Ireland; for Keating informs us that "upon this occasion they were used to kindle two fires in every territory in the kingdom in honor of the pagan god." Down to a very recent period these fires were lighted, and the May-day games celebrated both in Ireland and Scotland; and even at this day, in many remote districts, some relics of the old druidic fire superstitions of May morning still linger among the peasantry.

The May-day festivities must have been formerly celebrated with unusual solemnity, and for a long succession of generations, at all those places now called Beltany, which is merely the anglicised form of *Bealtaine*. There are two of them in Donegal—one near Raphoe, and the other in the parish of Tulloghobegly; there is one also near Clogher in Tyrone, and another in the parish of Cappagh in the same County. In the parish of Kilmore, Armagh, we find Tamnaghvelton, and in Donegal, Meenabaltin, both signifying the field of the beltane sports; and in Lisbalting, in the parish of Kilcash, Tipperary, the old *lis* where the festivities were carried on is still to be seen.

One of the Tuatha De Danann kings Lewy of the long hand, established a fair or gathering of the people, to be held yearly on the first day of August, at a place on the Blackwater in Meath, between Navan and Kells; in which various games and pastimes, as well as marriages, were celebrated, and which were continued down to times comparatively recent. This fair was instituted by Lewy in commemoration of his foster-mother *Taillte*, who was daughter of the King of Spain; and in honor of her he called the place *Tailltenn* (*Taillte*, gen. *Tailltenn*), which is the present Irish name, but corrupted in English to Teltown.

The place still exhibits the remains of

raths and artificial lakes; and according to tradition, marriages were celebrated in one particular hollow, which is still called *Lag-an-aenaigh* [Laganeany, the hollow of the fair]. Moreover the Irish speaking people all over Ireland still call the first of August *Lugh-Nasadh* [Loonasa], i. e. Lewy's fair.

The first of November was called *Samhuin* [savin or sowan], which is commonly explained *samh-fhuin*, i. e. the end of *samh* or summer; and, like *Bealtaine*, it was a day devoted by the pagan Irish to religious and festive ceremonies; Tuathal also instituted the feast of Samhuin (as well as that *Belltaine*) and it was celebrated on that day at *Tlachtga*, now the hill of Ward near Athboy in Meath, where fires were lighted, and games and sports carried on. It was also on this day that the *Féis* or convention of Tara was held; and the festivities were kept up three days before and three days after Shamhuin. These primitive celebrations have descended through eighteen centuries; and even at the present time, on the eve of the first of November, the people of this country practise many observances which are undoubted relics of ancient pagan ceremonials.

While the great festival established by Tuathal was celebrated at *Tlachtga*, minor festivities were, as in case of the *Belltaine*, observed on the same day in different places through the country; and in several of these the name of *Samhuin* has remained as a perpetual memorial of those bygone pastimes. Such a place is Knocksouna near Kilmallock in Limerick. The Four Masters who mention it several times, call it *Samhuin*—a name exactly analogous to Beltany: while in the life of St. Finnchu, in the book of Lismore, it is called *Cnoc-Samhna*, the hill of *Samhuin*, which is exactly represented in pronunciation by Knocksouna. According to this last authority, the hill was more anciently called *Ard-na-rioghraidhe* [reery], the hill of the kings; from all which we may infer that it was anciently a place of great notoriety. In the parish of Kiltoghert, county Leitrim, there is a place with a name having the same signification, viz., Knocksasawna.

It would appear from the preceding names, as well as from those that follow, that these meetings were usually held on

hills; and this was done no doubt in imitation of the original festival; for *Thlachtga* or the hill of Ward, though not high is very conspicuous over the flat plains of Meath. Drumhawan near Ballybay in Monaghan, represents the Irish *Druim-Shamhiun*, the ridge of *Samhiun*; and in the parish of Donaghmoyno in the same country, is another place called Drumhaman, which is the same name, for it is written Drumhaven in an old map of 1777; in the parish of Kilcronaghan, Londonderry, we find a place called Drumsamney, and the original pronunciation is very well preserved in Drumsawna, in the parish of Magheraculmoney, Fermanagh. Carrickhawna [*Carrick*, a rock], is found in the parish of Toomour in Sligo; and Gurteenasowna (*Gurteen*, a little field), near Dunmanway in Cork.

An assembly of the people, convened for any purpose whatever, was anciently called *eanach* [enagh]; and it would appear that these assemblies were often held at the great regal cemeteries. For, first the names of many of the centuries begin the word *aeinach*, as *Aenach-Thruachain*, *Aenach-Tailltenn*, *Aenach-in-Broga*, &c.; and it is said in the "History of the Cemeteries," (Petrie, R. Towers, p. 106), that "There are fifty hills [burial mounds] at each *Aenach* of these." Secondly, the double purpose is shown very clearly in the accounts of the origin of *Carn-Amhalgaidh* [Awly] near Killala:—"Carn-Amhalgaidh, i. e. of Amhalgaidh, son of Fiachra Ealgach, son of Dathi, son of Fiachra. It was by him that this cairn was formed, for the purpose of holding a meeting (*aeinach*) of the Hy Amhalgaidh around it every year, and to view his ships and fleets going and coming, and as a place of interment for himself." (Book of Lecan, cited in Petrie's R. Towers, p. 107.)

In modern times and in the present spoken language, the word *aeinach* is always applied to a cattle fair. It is pretty certain that in some cases the present cattle fairs are the representatives of the ancient popular assemblies, which have continued uninterruptedly from age to age, gradually changing their purposes to suit the requirements of each succeeding generation. This we find in the case of Nenagh in

Tipperary, which is still celebrated for its great fairs. Its most ancient name was *Aenach-Thete*; and it was afterwards called—and is still universally called by speakers of Irish—*Aenach-Urnhumhan* or Ormond, which indicates that it was at one time the chief meeting-place, for the tribes of east Munster. The present name is formed by the attraction of the article 'n to *Aenach*, viz., *n Aenach*, i. e. the fair, which is exactly represented in pronunciation by Nenagh.

This word forms a part of a great number of names, and in every case it indicates that a fair was formerly held in the place, though in most instances they have been long discontinued, or transferred to other localities. The usual forms in modern names are *-eeny*, *-eena*, *-euagh*, and in Cork and Kerry, *-eanig*. Monasteranenagh in Limerick, where the fine ruins of the monastery founded by the king of Thomond in the twelfth century, still remain, is called by the Four Masters, *Muinister-an-aeinaigh*, the monastery of the fair. But the fair was held there long before the foundation of the monastery, and down to that time the place was called *Aenach beag* (Four Masters), i. e. little fair, probably to distinguish it from the great fair of Nenagh.

The simple word Enagh is the name of about twenty townlands in different counties, extending from Antrim to Cork; but in some cases, especially in Ulster, this word may represent *eanach* a march. The Irish name for Enagh, in the parish of Clonlea, county Clare, is *Aenach-O'bh Floinn* [Enagh-o-Vhin], the fair or fair-green of the O'Flynn's.

Ballinenagh is the name of a place near Newcastle in Limerick, and of another in Tipperary, while the form Ballineanig is found in Kerry, and Ballynenagh in Londonderry—all meaning the town of the fair: Ardaneanig (*ard*, a height), is a place near Killarney; and in Cork and Sligo we Lissaneena and Lissaneeny, the fort of the fair. The plural of *eanach* is *aeantaigh*; and this is well represented in pronunciation by Eanty (*-bég* and *-more*), in the parish of Kilcorney in Clare.—*Joyce's Names of Place.*

GOLDEN MAXIMS FOR FAMILIES.

1. "Health must be regarded."

In the family health demands the first attention and unceasing regard. Now there are two kinds of health: that of the intellect or of the soul, and that of the body. Divine Providence has fixed certain laws which, if obeyed, bring both spiritual and physical health. If these laws be disregarded, God does not feel obliged to free the human family, from the punishment due to the neglect of them. These laws are plain, simple, within the power of every one to keep them, and will secure blessings when observed. It is deeply to be regretted that so many families disregard the laws of health; we cannot wonder that sickness so often prevails, and that death so prematurely ensues as a penalty.

2. "Education must be earnestly attended to."

The mind must be early cultivated; the faculties must be wisely and vigorously disciplined. This education must begin with the first early attention paid to the child. It must hear nothing, and see nothing which in after life it would be ashamed to say or do before its elders. It is a crime to teach by word or example what little children may so easily learn and for which they may afterward be sorely corrected. Thus the happiness of the family will be secured; the faculties properly developed, the habits correctly formed, and true and lasting respectability attained. Besides, a good sound moral education is essential to every member of the Household, for future life; in fact without such, each will be comparatively discontented unhappy and wretched.

3. Amiable tempers must be cherished.

Kindly dispositions in all the members of the family are not only desirable but indispensable; there is no domestic happiness without them. One must be kind courteous, amiable to another. The law of kindness must be the rule—it must unite, govern, mould and harmonize the family. Where kindness rules in the family, obedience, respect and love are there.

4. Industrious habits must be formed.

Idleness is the parent of mischief. It is the father of weakness; the source of crime. It is most essential to labor, to acquire habits of industry, cultivated from principle; no progress can be made in anything that is valuable, no respectability, intellectual, social, or moral can be gained; no confidence on the part of others can be realized; no blessing from heaven can be vouchsafed. The child should have some occupation becoming his age, position and strength. He should not be over-taxed either in study or labor. He should be industriously employed. The history of man from beginning, goes to prove that idle, indolent apathetic families, habitually sluggish, and indisposed to labor, are ignorant, unhappy and generally immoral.

5. Mutual confidence must be reposed.

No member of the family must distrust the other. There must be no shyness, no over-caution, no jealousy. Where these feelings exist there can be no real comfort. There will be a canker worm at the root of domestic love and happiness; it will gnaw and destroy every shadow of trust and of mutual pleasure in the family, and finally every worst sign, look and word conspired through jealousy and hate to disrupt it.

6. A desire for domestic peace must be cherished.

What can be more desirable than peace in our dwellings, that peace which is the result of love; that peace which springs from mutual respect and forbearance—which is the growth of family teaching and domestic affection; which is the fruit of household principle; which is the fitting compliment of the holy fear of God in a well ordered house; and is identified with filial and unswerving trust in him. There is nothing upon earth which so resembles the Heaven God has in store for the truly Christian family, as the harmonious and peaceful home.

7. The parental character must be highly respected.

There will be no blessing either spiritual or temporal upon the house where

parental respect is banished. There will be no dignity in the family without this. There will be no solid, permanent prosperity at home without this. Parents must occupy their appropriate place; they are the heads of families, and they must be regarded as such. There must be no shadow of neglect; not the slightest appearance of contempt must be shown there. There must be obedience to their authority and no hesitation to do their will. Honor to the parents is proof of love for them. All orders of offspring render to their natural protectors every mark of affection of which they are capable. Will children be inferior to all else in creation when their parents are to be respected? Children must learn to honor and respect their parents under all manner of circumstances, for they were begotten by them. Those who respect without hesitation have a blessing throughout life; those who refuse to respect them are a walking curse on the face of the earth. God said: "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God shall give thee." He also said: "Cursed is the eye that mocketh at his father, or despiseth his mother's word." The blessing of Heaven enters the house where dwell respectful children.

8. Domestic order must be maintained.

When there is disorder in a house, there is no tranquility, no excellence, no advancement, no happiness. Order in families is essential to their peace, elevation and happiness. In our households everything should have its own proper time; it should be done just then and in the best manner. There should be rules to direct and govern all duties, and from them there should be no departure, unless under great necessity. Particularly these rules should be observed when strangers visit, or a change is likely to be intruded by some unlooked-for event. On no account should the presence of strangers be allowed to interfere with the general rules of the family. Disorderly habits of dress, of study or of labor produce loss of means, of time and temper. And as children grow up, these habits will become fixed and permanent, and they will be utterly unable to teach others how to live orderly.

9. The love of Home must be fostered. Affection in the family should be

founded upon principle. When it is early cherished, there is no feeling more strong, none more consoling; and none more valuable & important. It is the net in which many thousand endearments are gathered; it preserves from many temptations; it is indented with the cultivation of the noblest principles, and purest emotions, and is inseparable from domestic peace and happiness.

In such a world as that around us, Home should be the refuge from every danger; the spot where freedom from sin and care may be found; the haven of rest where the tempest-tossed child may be secure; the pilgrim find welcome; the worn out parent find a smooth pillow to recline his venerable frame when the toils and cares of life begin to oppress him. Home should be the private sanctuary of the innocent babe, of the budding child, of the blooming youth, and of the aged parent, now hastening toward his God.

10. Sympathy must be shown under domestic trials.

There must be no cold, no thoughtless, no unfeeling heart displayed. Family difficulties will occur; family changes will be experienced; family sorrows will be endured; family bereavements will be undergone; and in these situations there must be sympathetic and tender emotions displayed from a feeling of domestic affection. Parents must feel for their children; the children for their parents. Brothers must be kind and compassionate towards their sisters in affliction; and sisters must endeavor to alleviate the sorrows and burdens of their brothers. This sympathy will furnish support under the heaviest pressure; afford consolation during painful and wasting illness, and under looked-for calamities; and the benediction of Heaven will be seen in its ministrations.

11. Sincere prayer must be made for each other.

Prayer is the expression of a loving heart. Prayer of the Family is the golden band in which all hearts should be encircled and presented to the Eternal Father, for His benediction. Parents, in this way especially, must remember their children, children likewise their parents. It is the sweetest kind of remembrance, the most fervent expression of love. There should be in the family circle, the elevation of the heart to God, for His continual blessing, guidance and preservation. Mutual

prayer will cement and perpetuate mutual love, will alleviate sorrow, will sweeten mutual mercies, will heighten and purify mutual joys. The Family that is not blessed with the sweet spirit of prayerful remembrance of each other, cannot expect either mutual happiness, mutual confidence or security.

12. The Family must look forward to a purer, nobler, brighter world than this : —to a world where there will be no ignorance of eternal good, to darken ; no error to mislead, no infirmities to lament, no infirmities to lament, no enemies to assail, no cares to harrass, no sickness to endure, no changes to experience ; but when all in that future Home, for which our present one should be a preparation, will be perfect bliss, unspotted purity, unclouded light, immortal tranquility and joy in the

light of Him who is the " Father of the Household."

Members of Families should make it apparent, by their principles, by their habits, by their conversation, by their spirit, by their aims in passing through life, that they rise above the present transitory scene ; that they are intensely anxious to be united again in the world of peace, harmony and love, where there will be nothing to defile or to annoy, and where the thought of separation will be unknown.

Families make the above maxims your rule of life, your governing principles, and we promise you domestic bliss. No matter in what region abroad discomfort may meet you, certain it is that your Home thus ordered will ever welcome your return to it with balmy domestic happiness.

DIVINE LIFE AND ROME.

QUESTIONS OF THE SOUL.

"The feelings which the heart has raised to birth,

That holy mother never will disclaim ;
She is no hireling minister of earth ;
They are no bastard forgers of her name.

Milnes.

SUCH are the answers of the Catholic Church to man's wants, moral and intellectual, of the heart and of the head. But one may reply : "These, after all, though intended for all men, still are the wants of all, and especially of that class of souls, who would realize in daily conduct the life of Christ, in all its purity, loveliness and beauty. What says the Catholic Church to this class of souls ? For we repudiate all Christianity that does not hold up to men, the life of Christ as a model, and teach the possibility of obtaining it. No, it is not enough to have found repose of mind and peace of heart ; one needs also to find his place, and the work task he is to accomplish, according to the divine plan of God in the universe. Does Catholicity meet the special want of this class of souls ? Does it offer to them a place, and the means and opportunity, for the fulfillment of their destiny ?

We confess, at the outset, that our difficulty here is not to show that she does this, but to show what she does to meet these souls ; so far does her actuality surpass the boldest visions of those who, outside of her sphere, have attempted to live a divine life. Their brightest dreams are but faint and feeble copies of a life realized in her bosom for centuries, they are not even that. But let us go to facts and things, for we cannot stop to speculate, when so vast a field of realities lies before us, surpassing our highest speculations.

From the earliest times, there have been in the Church a large class of men and women who have devoted themselves entirely to God, and consecrated their lives to His service, and that of their fellow-men ; souls, with all their energies bent upon a living a spiritual and divine life.

The religious orders in the Catholic Church date their existence from the first Christian Community mentioned in the *Acts of the Apostles*, at that time when "the multitude had but one heart and one soul ; neither did anyone say that aught of the things were common unto them *"

* * * Neither was there any one needy among them, for as many as were owners of lands, or houses, sold them, and brought the price of the things they sold, laid it down at the feet of the apostles, and distribution was made to every one according to his need." Acts II.

Here we have a picture of the religious community, and the religious orders of the Catholic Church profess nothing else than to be a perpetuation of this primitive community of Christians.

Shall we go on, step by step, and show how they copy most faithfully the Divine Models? Justice requires it, for having tested Protestantism in this manner, let us put the same test to Rome; "Rome the seat of Antichrist;" "Rome that would extinguish in our hearts every spark of generous, noble and divine aspiration after a pure and holy life."

What does Rome say to the practice of religious obedience?

Rome replies: "Jesus obeyed, Christians must obey—all Christians must copy their divine model, the God-man.

But to those who would practice heroic obedience, to those who feel within them the inspiration to follow closely the footsteps of Him who was the way of life, she offers the opportunity of making their whole lives, like that of Jesus Christ, an uninterrupted act of religious obedience. She opens to such her religious orders, by their vows, they promise to obey, according to their holy rules, their superiors, until death. An act of sublime faith, of supreme courage; an act which frees them by one blow from all that separates man's will from God's will—self; an act which makes man a competitor with the angels who always do God's will; an act which gives to every thing they do a divine character, an eternal reward. And say not O ye blind, that it is diminishing one's liberty to determine by a supreme act of the will to serve God alone, and never to be a slave to self; say not that it is degrading to man to submit himself to the guidance of another, of whom Jesus Christ hath said, "*He that heareth you, heareth Me.*"

"Unjustly thou depriv'st it with the name
Of servitude, to serve whom God ordains."

Milton.

Such language betrays an ignorance of what constitutes true liberty, and the repudiation of the Christian faith. Here,

then, in submission, man can find, if Mr. Carlyle and his followers did but know it, the satisfaction of what he calls "this prime want of man,—true guidance for lovelust obedience.

But we know their reply:—

"Nothing but gloom and darkness there."

We repeat the answer of the poet:—

"Shrewd Sir Philistine sees things so,
Well may he narrow and captious grow,
Who all his life on the outside passes."

Yes, the darkness is on the side of those who cannot see that an act of perfect religious obedience opens to us all the avenues of divine life, that to renounce our private judgment for a divine authority, is an act, that opens to us the source and fulness of light. But they who have not been illumined by the faith, though they think themselves free, are slaves to the greatest of all tyrants—*pride*, and the degraded servants of the most base of all masters—*self*.

"Obedience, such as holds the host on high;
And pure heaven soothing order,"

For in submission to God alone, can we find an unlimited activity of all our faculties, and a full and perfect development of our whole nature.

Religious obedience in the Catholic Church is nothing else than Divine Law reduced to practice in a complete and perfect manner. To those, therefore, who would gain heroic virtue, she says: "Follow Jesus Christ, the way to truth and life, by the road of perfect obedience."

It is in these monasteries and convents, the schools of heroic Christian virtue, that is found not only that obedience, which, all, as Catholics, are bound to practice, to the dogmas and precepts of God, and the laws of the Church; but also the discipline to bring all the thoughts of the mind and affections of the heart into accordance with the Christian ideal—*Christ's life*.

Interior direction is found in these asylums. Masters of the spiritual life are found there, to whom interior life is familiar, and who can serve as guides on account of their example, as well as by their infused knowledge and acquired science. Here the soul can find a master a guide, and a friend to sympathize with, console, and lead it on to the heights of Christian perfection; and it is for such guides that many hearts are aching, many souls yearning, and suffering the most painful of all deprivations.

POVERTY.

"Nature, too partial, to thy lot assigns
Health, freedom, innocence, and downy peace,
Her real goods."

Fenton.

What says the Catholic Church to those who would free themselves from all material obstacles by voluntary poverty, like that of Jesus Christ?

Love is of such a nature that it is not at rest until it has established a kind of equality between the lovers. Can one love Jesus Christ and not desire to express in his life the life of Jesus?

Who can read the words that fell from the lips of the God-man, "*The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay His head,*" and not be touched with sympathy and feel an impulse to be like Him.

What says the Catholic Church to this? Her reply is that of a true spouse of the poor and lowly Jesus: "My child, imitate that divine model, embrace holy poverty; become poor for His sake who was rich, and became poor for love of you; do as He did, depend on that Providence that clothes the lilies of the valley, and feeds the birds of the air; you have my approbation, the confirmation of my authority, and the protection of my love and affection." Such is the language of the true spouse of Christ. Hence there have been at all times, in her bosom, some of the Faithful who have practised the most sublime and heroic poverty, this being one of the three vows of all *religious*, both men and women. A type of these was St. Francis of Assisi, who, after hearing the priest read the Gospel, "*Go sell whatsoever thou hast, and give it to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in Heaven; and come, follow me;*" immediately gave away all the money he had, whereupon his father being displeased with him, brought him to the Bishop's palace, and St. Francis in the presence of the Bishop, stripped himself of his dress, and gave that also to his father, and the Bishop having thrown a garment about him, he exclaimed in ecstasy of joy: "Listen and understand: until now I have called Peter Bernardone my father; henceforth, I can say boldly, Our Father, who art in Heaven, in whom I have placed my treasure my hope, and my faith. So enraptured was he with poverty, that he never ventured to mention it, except by the title of "holy" poverty, or his "Lady"

his "noble" or his "dearest Lady." He always wore a coarse peasant's garb, lived upon common fare, and would accept nothing for his own. In a short period he had a multitude of disciples, and in a chapter, called ten years after the order was established, there were present more than five thousand who had embraced St. Francis' holy rule of poverty.

And later, St. Cajetan established an order of religious men who literally trusted in divine Providence like the birds of the air; for not only were they forbidden to hold any property, either in private or in common, like the Franciscans, but they were not even allowed to beg, and had to depend entirely upon the voluntary contributions of the faithful; neither were they allowed to keep, in their convent, provisions for the next day. Thus have these men followed Jesus in Poverty, and thus thousands of religious men and women still persevere in following Him and will do so to the end of time.

In spite of all this, there are men who profess to be true followers of Jesus, the preachers of that Gospel which teaches poverty, who would have us believe that the practice of this virtue, as Jesus practiced it, is absurd, visionary, impossible. What does this prove? It proves either that Jesus Christ was a fanatic and visionary, or that they are false teachers of the Gospel, blind leaders of the blind. What does it prove? It proves that when movements are made among them to realize this sublime virtue, in spite of their influence and their opposition, men will soon see that "Popery," after all is Christianity, that they have been grossly imposed upon, and be led to say:

"And now within thy calm and holy grove
I fain would hasten on the road of Heaven;
Guide me to the haunts of lonely penury,
That I may cast aside my worldly wealth,
And gird my loins for holier hope."

Baptistry.

CHASTITY.

What says the Catholic Church to the most sublime and angelic virtue of chastity?

Her answer is clear and implicate: "Virginity is the queen of all virtues, and most pleasing to Him who lived and died a virgin—Jesus Christ."

"O that the young soul took
Its virgin passion from the glorious face
Of fair religion, and addressed its strife
To win the riches of eternal life." Hood.

Such is her language. But he who does not know what it is to have his whole soul turned heavenward, and feels not the love of the "Immortal Bridegroom who binds the soul with more than "bridal ties" knows not what this virtue is. He cannot understand how a chaste life is possible.

Grace is a pure and divine excitement, tending to draw and unite the soul to God, and when once it has penetrated the roots of man's passions, and gained the mastery of his affections, it withdraws him from all sensual and human pleasure to find the purest and highest source of love in God. Hence, it finds the purest of all delights in the abnegation of sensual enjoyments and material pleasures. There are souls who have felt this, even among those who are ignorant of the true faith,—one writer beautifully says: "Happy, inexpressibly happy, is the will that gives itself as a bride to the Eternal." Even Milton, whom one would least suspect of extolling chastity, after his advocacy of the dissolution of the marriage tie, says:

"So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liv'ried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and gullt,
And in clear stream and solemn vision
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
Till oft converse with heavenly habitants,
Begins to cast a beam on the outward shape,
The unspotted temple of the mind,
And turn it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal."

And a writer of our own day, Margaret Fuller, tells us in one of our journals, that "we shall not decline celibacy as the great fact of the time."

Do you wish to know from whence springs that spiritual might by which men like St. Bernard, when called from his solitude by the Sovereign Pontiff of the Church, made the whole earth tremble with his voice, and enkindled in the hearts of men, for succeeding generations, the fire of divine love? It was from Chastity.—"*Thy heart has been strengthened because thou hast loved chastity.*" Judith XV. Would you wish to know from whence springs the devotion of the Catholic priesthood in times of great calamities and epidemics, their fearlessness in attending the sick bed of the poorest and humblest at a moment's warning, and at the risk of contagion? It springs from the chaste soul, where burns uninterruptedly that fire which Christ came on earth to kindle, the fire of divine love.

But not only do we speak of the priesthood when we speak of this virtue, but we must speak of the thousand and ten thousand virgins, of both sexes, devoted to God, and the good of their fellow-men.

"Who angel-wise have chosen
And kept, like Paul, a virgin course, content
To go were Jesus went."

Lyra Apostolica.

As the Brothers of St. John of God, Christian Brothers, Sisters of Charity, of Mary, etc., who never would or could be so without this holy vow; for this exempts them from the yoke and burden of matrimony. They have no spouse to please but God, no children to take care of but humanity; oh! is not this a noble destiny, to give one's virgin strength to Heaven and to gentle deeds of love! Let one of our great modern reformers have as much devotion for his world-happiness schemes, as a simple Sister of Charity, and we should have some fear of his success.

Oh, is not this a great religion which inspires the timid maiden with the boldness to pretend to have God alone for her spouse, and all humanity for her sympathies! Such is the nobility of the soul when inspired by Catholic faith, and true to her vocation she says: "No love will serve that is not eternal, and as extensive as the universe." Here is woman's dignity, and as a modern thinker has said, "No married woman can represent the female world, for she belongs to her husband. The idea of women must be represented by a Virgin."

Deprived, as many are, of the graces and the spiritual strength imparted through the channels of the Sacraments, we are not surprised that they cannot understand how one can practice such heroic virtue; nor can we, for the same reason, blame them that they are likewise unable to conceive the possibility of rejecting the basis and limits of common life, and gaining a permanent and divine basis of action. But this has been done. How can they refuse to believe in the fact that the greatest saints have professed such a life; a Vincent de Paul, a De Sales, a Francis, a Bernard, a Gregory, an Augustine, and Ambrose, a Jerome; and that the precursor or our Lord, His blessed Mother, and He Himself, have practised this virtue, and what is more, have encouraged others to do so too, this is what surprises us! Yes, it is

in the bosom of the Catholic Church alone, that the bright dreams of youth, of love, of purity, and of Christian holiness of life, can find their realization. It is from thee, O Holy Church, we—

“ Learn virgin innocence, learn mercy mild,
Unlearn ambition, unlearn carefulness.
O life where state of angels is fulfilled,
And saints, who little have, and need still less ;
A state which nothing hath, yet all things doth
possess !”—*Baptistry.* *Batavia Echo.*

TALES FOR THE YOUNG.

I.—THE THREE MAXIMS.

THERE was an emperor of Rome named Constantine, a good and a wise prince, who suffered no offenders to escape. There was a high feast in his hall, the tables glittered with gold and silver, and groaned with plenteous provisions ; his nobles feasted with him,

“ And 'twas merry with all,
In the king's great hall
Where nobles and kinsmen, great and small,
Were keeping their Christmas holiday.”

The porter in his lodge made his fire blaze brightly, and solaced himself with Christian cheer ; every now and then grumbling at his office, that kept him from the gaities of the retainers' hall. The wind blew cold, the sleet fell quick as the bell of the king's gate sounded heavy and dull.

“ Who comes now ? ” grumbled the porter ; “ a pretty night to turn out from fire and food. Why, the very bell itself finds it too cold to clank loudly. Well, well—duty is duty ; some say it's a pleasure—humph ! Hilloa, friend, who are you ? What do you want, man ? ”

The traveler whom the porter thus addressed was a tall, weather beaten man, with long white hair that fluttered from beneath his cap of furs, and whose figure, naturally tall and robust, seemed taller and larger from the vast cloak and bear skins with which he was enveloped.

“ I am a merchant from a far country,” said the stranger ; “ many wonderful things do I bring to your emperor, if he will purchase of my valuables.”

“ Well, come in, come in, Sir merchant,” said the porter ; “ the king keeps high Christmas feast, and on this night all men may seek his presence. Wilt take some refreshment, good Sir ? ”

“ I am never hungry, nor thirsty, nor cold.”

“ I'm all—there—straight before you, Sir merchant—the hall porter will usher you in—straight before,” muttered the old porter, as he returned to his fire and his supper. “ Never hungry, thirsty, nor cold—what a good poor man he would make ; humph ! he loses many a pleasure though,” continued the porter, as he closed the door of the lodge.

The strange merchant presented himself to the hall porter, and was ushered by him into the presence of the emperor.

“ Whom have we here ? ” said Constantine as the stranger made his obeisance. “ What seekest thou of me ? ”

“ I bring many things from far countries. Wilt thou buy of my curiosities ? ”

“ Let us see them,” rejoined the emperor.

“ I have three maxims of especial wisdom and excellence, my Lord.”

“ Let us hear them,” rejoined Constantine.

“ Nay, my Lord ; if thou hearest them, and likest not, then I have lost both my maxims and my money.”

“ And if I pay without hearing them, and they are useless, I lose my time and my money. What is the price ? ”

“ A thousand florins, my Lord.”

“ A thousand florins for that of the which I know not what it is,” replied the king.

“ My Lord,” said the merchant, “ if the maxims do not stand you in good stead, I will return the money.”

“ Be it so, then ; let us hear your maxims.”

“ The first, my Lord, is on this wise : NEVER BEGIN ANYTHING UNTIL YOU HAVE CALCULATED WHAT THE END WILL BE.”

“ I like your maxim much,” said the king ; “ let it be recorded in the chroni-

cles of the kingdom, inscribed on the walls and over the doors of my palaces and halls of justice, and interwoven on the borders of the linen of my table and my chamber."

"The second, my lord, is, NEVER LEAVE A HIGHWAY FOR A BYE-WAY."

"I see not the value of this maxim, but to the third."

"NEVER SLEEP IN A HOUSE WHERE THERE IS BUT THE MASTER AND HIS WIFE. These three maxims, if attended to, my Lord, will stand you in good stead."

"We shall see," said the king; "a year and a day for the trial of each, at the end of this time we will settle accounts."

"Good master," said the king's jester, "wilt sell thy chance of the thousand florins for my fool's cap?"

"Wait and see what the end will be," rejoined the merchant; "a year and a day hence I will return to see how my first maxim has fared. Farewell, my Lord."

* * * * *

The year and a day were nearly elapsed, and yet the first maxim had not been clearly proved. Constantine remained severely just, and the evil-intentioned of his nobles plotted his destruction in the hopes of indulging their vices more freely under the rule of his successor. Many were the plots they concocted to put him to death, but all were foiled by his foresight and prudence.

"Every failure," said the conspirators at a midnight meeting, "brings danger nearer to ourselves."

"Even so, brothers, but this time we will not fail," said one of the number; "do ye mind that I am the king's barber, every day he bares his throat to my razor, it is but one slash, and we are free; promise me the crown: in return for this, I will give you freedom by the king's death, and free license during my reign."

"It is well spoken," cried all the conspirators; "the barber shall be our king,"

On the next morning the barber entered the chamber of his imperial Lord, and prepared to shave his master. The razor was stropped, lather spread upon the royal chin, and the towel fastened round the royal breast. On the edge of the napkin were these words in letters of gold, "*Never begin anything until you have calculated what the end will be.*"

The barber's eyes fell on these words, they arrested his attention, he paused in

his labors. "What am I about to do?" thought he to himself, "to kill the king to gain his crown; am I sure of the crown? shall I not rather be miserably slain, and die amid unheard-of tortures and infamy, whilst those that plot with me will turn against me and make me their scape-goat?"

"Art dreaming, sir barber?" exclaimed the king.

At the king's voice the barber trembled exceedingly; he dropt the razor from his hand, and fell at his sovereign's feet.

"What means all this?"

"Oh, my good Lord!" exclaimed the barber as he knelt trembling at the emperor's feet, "this day was I to have killed thee, but I saw the maxim written upon the napkin: I thought of the consequences, and now repent me of my wickedness. Mercy, my good Lord, mercy!"

"Be faithful, and fear not," replied the king.

"The merchant, my lord the king," announced the usher, who entered at that moment, followed by the venerable merchant.

"Thou art come at a good time, sir merchant; the first maxim has been proved; it has saved my life: it was worthy of its price."

"Even as I expected, my lord, a year and a day hence, expect me again."

"We will trust no more to a single hand," said one of the conspirators, when they met again after the barber's repentance: "this time we will all share."

"I propose," said one of the rebel lords, "an ambush on the road to Naples. Every year, on the day after Christmas, the king journeys thither; the bye-path near the city gates is the nearest road, peradventure he will go that way."

When the Christmas night was over, the king prepared to journey to Naples; a great company of nobles, knights and men-at-arms went with him. Not far from the city he came to the place where the highway and bye-path diverged.

"My Lord," said an old noble, "the day is far spent, the sun sinks fast in the horizon; will not my lord turn by the bye-path, as it is far shorter than the high-road?"

"Nay," said the king, "it's a year and a day since the merchant's first maxim saved my life; now will I test the second admonition, '*Never leave a highway for a*

bye-path, but go part of ye by that path, and prepare for me in the city; I and the rest will pursue the highway."

Onward rode the knights and the soldiers by the *bye-path*, and hastened towards the city; as they neared upon the ambush, the traitors sprang upon them, for they thought the king was among them. Every man slew his opponent, and there remained not one of the king's company to bear the tidings to the king, save a youth, a little page whom the conspirators did not remark during the attack.

At the city gates the king found the merchant who had sold him the maxims.

"Halt, O king!" said he, "the second maxim has been proved."

"How so?" replied the king.

"The company that rode by the *bye-path* are slain, every one of them, save this little page who is here to tell the sad tale."

"Is this so, good youth?"

"Alas, my lord, it is too true: from behind the trees they rushed upon our company as we rode lightly and merrily, and no one, but your poor servant, lives to tell the tale."

"For a second time is my life saved by thy maxim: let it be inscribed in gold, 'NEVER LEAVE A HIGHWAY FOR A BYE-WAY.'"

"A murrain on the old fool's maxims," grumbled the chief of the conspirators, when they discovered that the king had escaped their malicious designs; "we are beaten out of every plot, and had best submit to his dominion."

"Nay," exclaimed a young and licentious noble, "there is luck in odd numbers, let us have one more trial—a sink, or a swim."

"I care not if we try once more," said the old rebel; but come, who suggests a new scheme?"

"I, and I, and I!" exclaimed several at once; but their schemes were pronounced futile.

"What say ye to this?" said the young man who had spoken before: "every year the king goes to the small village town where his old nurse lives: there is but one house in the village where he can lodge; let us bribe the master of the house, that he slay our tyrant while he sleeps."

The plan was approved by the rebel lords, the bribe offered and accepted by the old man, to whose house the king always came. The king came as usual to the village town, and to his old lodgings. As he entered, the old man received him with humility and feigned delight, and a young damsel, not eighteen years of age, attended at the door-step. The king noticed the damsel, arrested his steps, and called to the old man:

"Good father," asked he, "is yonder damsel thy daughter or thy niece?"

"Neither, may it please my lord the king," replied the old man, "she is my newly-married wife."

"Away, away," said the king to his chamberlain, as soon as the old man had retired, "prepare me a bed in another house, for I will not sleep here to-night."

"Even as my lord wishes," rejoined the chamberlain; "but my lord knows there is no other house in this place fit for the king's residence, save this one; here everything is prepared, everything commodious."

"I have spoken," replied the king; "remain thou here; I will sleep elsewhere."

In the night the old man and his wife arose, stole on tiptoe to the chamber which was prepared for the king, and where the chamberlain slept in the royal bed; all was dark as they approached the bed and plunged a dagger into the breast of the sleeping noble.

"It is done," said they, "to bed, to bed!"

Early the next morning, the king's page knocked at the door of the humble abode where the king had passed the night.

"Why so early, good page?" asked the king.

"My lord, the old merchant waits thy rising; and even now strange news is come from the village."

"Let the merchant and the messenger come in!"

The merchant seemed greatly elated, his eyes glistened with joy and his figure appeared dilated beyond its ordinary height. The messenger was pale and trembling, and staring aghast with fear.

"My lord, my good lord," exclaimed the pallid messenger, "a horrid murder has been committed on your chamberlain; he lies dead on the royal bed."

"The third maxim is tried and proved," said the merchant.

"Give God the praise," said the king; "thy reward is earned: a robe of honor and thrice thy bargained price; the old man and his wife, immediate death."

[The application of the story is as follows: The emperor is any good Christian; the porter,

none other than *free-will*; whilst the merchant represents our Blessed Lord. The florins are virtues and good works given in exchange for the maxims, that is, the grace of God. The conspirators are devils; the highway is the Ten Commandments; the bye-way, a bad life; the rebels in ambush, heretics.]

GOOD THINGS.

SUSPICION.

SUSPICION is no less an enemy to virtue than to happiness. He that is already corrupt is naturally suspicious; and he that becomes suspicious will quickly be corrupt. He that suffers by imposture, has too often his virtue more impaired than his fortune.

But as it is wrong to invite robbery by supineness, so it is unjust to violate charity by suspicion. It is better to suffer wrong than to do it, and happier to be sometimes cheated than not to lend or trust.

He who is spontaneously suspicious may be justly charged with radical corruption.

"Though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps
At wisdom's gates; and to simplicity
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no
ill
Where no ill seems."

HINTS TO HUSBANDS.

CUSTOM entitles you to be considered the "lord and master" over your household. But don't assume the *master* and sink the *lord*. Remember that noble generosity, forbearance, amiability and integrity, are among the more lordly attributes of man. As a husband, then, exhibit the true nobility of man, and seek to govern your own household by the display of high moral excellence. A domineering spirit—a fault-finding petulance—impatience of trifling delays, and the exhibition of passion at the slightest provocation, can add no laurel to your own "lordly" brow, impart no sweetness to home, and call forth no respect from those by whom you may be surrounded. It is one thing to be *master*, another thing to be a *man*. The latter should be the husband's aspiration; for he who cannot

govern himself is ill qualified to rule another.

AN ALLEGORY.

A HUMMING-BIRD once met a butterfly, and being pleased with the beauty of its person and the glory of its wings, made an offer of perpetual friendship. "I cannot think of it," said the butterfly, "as you once insulted me and called me a crawling dolt." "Impossible!" exclaimed the humming-bird; "I always entertained the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as you." "Perhaps you do now," said the other "but when you insulted me I was a caterpillar. So let me give you a bit of advice. Never insult the humble, as they may some day become your superiors."

PASSION.

PASSION does not denote energy; neither strength of mind nor of body. To be in a passion is to be deprived of the possession, control or government of ourselves. The mind is over-borne by the force of circumstances; and yet it is no uncommon error to consider a passionate temper as a manifestation of strength and a passionate man to be possessed of a strong will. But in truth passion is essentially a weakness. The passionate man is in a perpetual state of annoyance; and at best, is as little to be relied upon by himself, as by others. The transports of a passionate man are the expressions of his internal sufferings; and his conduct is as much disconcerted by them as are his powers of thinking.

PATIENCE, the second bravery of man, is, perhaps, greater than the first.

THE "HARP."

HAMILTON, ONT., JULY, 1882.

EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

THE "spirit of the age" is a spirit of insubordination socially and religiously. Many men no longer recognize distinctions in society. Industry must share its fruits with indolence, virtue is no better than vice, the blackguard claims equality with the gentleman, and "Jack is as good as his master." The tendency of this doctrine is towards social and moral ruin. It represses the aspirations of talent, hinders the cultivation of honest principles, puts a premium upon corrupt practices, and brings to the front the unscrupulous demagogue who has no other end to serve than his own.

But when men and women, to the exclusion or in defiance of the properly constituted ecclesiastical authorities, set themselves up as judges in religious matters, the mischief is still further increased. The malcontents themselves are certainly devoid of piety and devotion; their conduct shews that they are wanting in the first principle of religion—humility; and the evil effects are religious bitterness, a shaken if not an expelled faith, and a scandalized community. "Where pride is there also shall be reproach," spoke the wise man long ago. Pride is the foundation of insubordination to proper authority, and it has never failed to bring its own punishment in the shape of personal affliction or mental torture. The public has often been amused at the notion of "lay bishops," but were it not that they form a very dangerous element,

one might indulge in a huge laugh at the idea of *popes in petticoats*.

As far as the world at large is concerned the ages of faith have departed. Time was when religion was all in all to professed Christians, and when fame and fortune were secondary matters or sought for as auxiliaries in the doing of good. Now the position is reversed. Christian nations put religion in the background, and busy themselves about things purely worldly, whose rewards are finally of that bitter and unsatisfactory kind with which the world always pays its votaries. If we question the future as to the consequences of this modern scheme of national economy, the answer comes in the harsh and threatening tones of the Socialist and Communists, already heard rumbling in the distance. It is true that a few exceptional cases still exist, but even in them the keen observer will notice that the thin end of the wedge has been inserted. Violent agitation for freedom, directed by self-interested demagogues, often reacts in the form of that spirit of independence once displayed by Lucifer. We hope, as far as our nation is concerned, that this will never be her fate. Better the penal laws of Elizabeth, suffered ten times over, than we should lose a tittle of that grand old Catholic faith of our ancestors, which has ever been the glory of our nation, and which will ever be her strongest bulwark against the evils of modern civilization.

Now that Garibaldi is dead, his fond admirers would apparently *canonize* him ; but there are many more who think that if he had been *cannonaded* when he was young, the world would have been the better of it. As a soldier he did not rise to the ability of even a guerilla chief ; as a patriot he found his highest development in the leadership of Italian robbers and murderers, and in religion he was as red-mouthed a blasphemer as the world ever produced. *Garibaldi never won a signal victory.* The Neapolitans did not oppose him ; they treacherously joined his ranks at the opening of every important contest. With his horde of brigands he was hurled from the walls of Rome in 1867 by a handful of Papal troops, and when captured begged for life on the plea that he had been an American citizen ! In the Franco-German war of 1869-70, he opposed the armies of the Kaiser ; but one little blow from a German officer of only passable ability crushed him once and forever ! In 1866 he invaded Austria with an army of one hundred thousand able bodied volunteers ; but he got no further than the mountains of Tyrol when he was ingloriously driven out by an impromptu army composed of little better than old men with pitch forks, boys with pop guns, and old women with stones slung at the ends of their stockings ! What were his virtues ? He was an enemy to the Catholic religion and Papal authority. Therefore let all his sins be forgotten ; that is enough to make the clown a genius and the coward a hero. Seriously speaking, Garibaldi was the greatest military humbug, the most complete fraud on patriotism that the world ever saw.

THE political world need not be surprised to hear sooner or later that Egypt has become a British province. The extension of French dominion westward through Africa, the steady movement of

Russian power southward through Tartary, appear like two converging lines whose point of junction would be the vicinity of India. Since the days of Bonaparte, military experts have acknowledged that the possession of Egypt is the key to India, and as Great Britain values this portion of her empire most highly, she would spare no pains to establish her power in the land of the Pharaohs, and thus anticipate the designs of either Russian or French ambition.

ALL scientists are not infidels. Read the lofty sentiments of a most eminent French *savant* : "Happy is he who bears within him a God, an ideal of beauty, and who obeys it. Ideal of art, ideal of science, ideal of country, ideal of gospel virtues—these are the living springs of great ideas and acts. All are illuminated by the reflection of the Infinite." Quite different from Huxley's beau ideal, the chattering monkey, or the crawling reptile.

THE Repression Bill for Ireland has not yet passed the House, and when it does it will prove a failure. Such measures never yet proved a lasting remedy for political ailments. It is like damming the course of a mountain stream ; stoppage may be secured for the time, but soon the flood rises to the top, breaks over the barriers, and creates greater destruction than before. Better to improve the original course or channel it anew, and when the level is reached it will be to spread benefits, not to bring ruin.

STRIKES make a poor protection against capital and monopoly. During times of crisis and inflation they may enjoy a temporary success, but when the days of business depression come, the capitalist triumphs, and the former striker suffers more than he previously gained. As a rule strikes are imprudent and dangerous.

Industry and skill will generally command the market price; if not, strikes will seldom supply the deficiency.

GUITEAU the assassin of President Garfield has been hanged, and the world is at last rid of a canting, blasphemous knave. We at one time feared that the American lawyers, who have shown themselves so competent to find loop-holes through which all sorts of criminals could creep, would in this case also find some "technical" grounds on which this deliberate and cowardly murderer of an innocent man might escape unwhipped of justice. But the great minds of the nation rose superior to all miserable quibbles, and in spite of the vigorous efforts of his misguided friends Guiteau paid the penalty of his crime on the scaffold. The insanity plea, so long extant, has been staggered if not mortally wounded, and "inspired" murderers taught that the gallows is the reward of their fanaticism.

CRIMES should not be condoned no matter when or by whom committed. But is it fair that Ireland should be singled out of all the nations of the earth as the paragon of "outrages"? The English papers teem with accounts of crimes committed within the shores of Britain, such as the killing of men and cattle, attempts at murder and arson, blowing up of buildings and the destruction of machinery; still we never see them noticed in glaring headings or double leaded editorials. But if an Irishman ducks a bailiff in a horse pond it is published to the world as a dastardly "outrage." Bill Sykes may put on his top boots to kick his wife to death and the event is merely mentioned, but let O'Rafferty horse-whip his landlord's distraining agent, and the world rings with an outcry against those "horrid Oirish!"

La Integridad de la Patria of Madrid thinks that the Phoenix Park assassination

was "provoked by the unspeakable persecutions inflicted during the past centuries on the unfortunate inhabitants of Erin by the English government." It certainly was an incidental result, not one which the Irish nation sanctioned, but on the contrary universally disavowed. If the Spanish paper be correct, the English government must look very near home for the original cause of that terrible event.

THE Ontario Minister of Education foreshadows a radical change in the Collegiate and High School system. The classics are to be reduced to the position of optional subjects, and the full force of educational powers brought to bear upon the practical branches of knowledge. The scheme appears praiseworthy, but comment is deferred until it is fully unfolded, which the Minister promises to do at an early day.

Now that the season of travel has set in, a word or two to health and pleasure seekers may not be inappropriate. Begin with an intelligent appreciation of things at home; have a liberal yet discriminating habit of mind, a true love for nature, and a ready sympathy for truth and goodness in all their forms. You will then no doubt obtain profit and delight from your experience, and be in a position to apply the results to a brighter and more practical mode of life.

THE Redemptorist Fathers, have just celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the introduction of their order in the United States. If they would only speak what a record of religious heroism, devotion, and zeal could these sons of St. Alphonsus lay before the public! The New York *Freeman's Journal*, promises to give a full account of the origin and success in America of this renowned congregation, which will certainly be looked for with the liveliest interest.

It would be well if the leading Catholic Journals of America, arrived at something like a united opinion in the character of Mr. Davitt's scheme for "nationalizing the Irish lands." While some laud it to the skies, others call it utopian, and a few pronounce it decidedly communistic. Why should not the Irish leaders steadily persist in the movement to obtain a national parliament? Home Rule would do more than any thing else to remedy the national ills.

THE Presbyterian congress recently held in the States have decided in favor of instrumental music in their churches. Shades of Calvin and Burleigh, what a tremendous leap towards Rome have the degenerate sons of the sour minded Covenanters made by this decision! A few more changes like this and our austere puritan friends will say that Mary Stuart was dethroned and Cardinal Beaton murdered in vain.

WHEN our Protestant brethern express their fears for the welfare of their co-religionists in Ireland in case Home Rule became an accomplished fact, they do not reason from existing things. They forget that Dublin, which could elect a Catholic mayor annually choses a Protestant in alternate years, and that Belfast never elects a Catholic. Here in Canada, Catholic Montreal frequently chooses a Protestant mayor; how often has Protestant Toronto elected a Catholic? Not once.

PERIODICALS RECEIVED.

Scientific American, McGee's Illustrated Weekly, Ave Maria, Notre Dame Scholastic, Montreal Spectator, Donahoe's Magazine, Catholic Fireside, Vick's Illustrated Monthly.

BOOK NOTICE.

Record of a Suffering Soul, written by Miss Rose Howe, and published by the *Ave Maria* Press, Notre Dame, Indiana, pamphlet form. This is a beautiful tale illustrative of future life in the intermediate state, and highly conducive of pious thoughts. It is represented in the form of a vision, but under such circumstances as to fully establish its actuality.

THE virtue of sincerity is efficacious only when applied discreetly. Human nature has many prejudices and humors which it will not do to cut through too abruptly, lest the ties which bind others to ourselves be also severed and the friendship of years fall to pieces in a day. The prudent surgeon in the exercise of his best skill is careful not to lacerate, lest the patient die of *mortification*. In order to be sincere it is not necessary to say the whole of what we know. In the character of our best friends there are many weak points, which require our most tender care. Sincerity should be the pruning-knife of friendship not the monster scythe of an unfeeling rudeness, which for one weed that it eradicates mows down a dozen most tender flowers.

THE custom of saying "God bless us!" when a person sneezes dates from Jacob. The Rabbis say that, before the time that Jacob lived, men sneezed once, and that was the end of them—the shock slew them; but the patriarch, by his intercession, obtained a relaxation of the law, subject to the condition that, in all nations, a sneeze should be consecrated by a sacred aspiration.

NEW MUSIC.

WE have just received a copy of a popular piece of music called the "Verdict March," composed by Eugene L. Blake. It is written in an easy style, so that it can be played on either piano or organ. The title page is very handsome, containing correct portraits of Hon. Geo. B. Corkhill, Hon. J. K. Porter, and Judge W. S. Cox; also a correct picture of the twelve jurymen who convicted the assassin of the late President. Price, 40 cents per copy, or 3 copies for \$1. Postage stamps taken as currency. Address all orders to F. W. Helmick, Music Publisher, 180 Elm Street, Cincinnati, O.

THE OLDEST INHABITANT.

THE "Oldest Inhabitant" seems to live, move, and have his being in the newspapers. He is exclusively their property. His appearance is inseparably connected with the disasters or moving accidents which they chronicle; hail-storms, high winds, high tides, wet seasons, dry seasons, are all duly recorded in their columns, and the experience of the "Oldest Inhabitant," as uniformly appealed to in support of each separate event being the most tremendous and terrific and astounding that has ever occurred. Griffins and unicorns live in heraldry. Generous thieves and heroic foot-pads are the heroes of modern novels: each class of fiction creates its own proper fictitious personages. But penny-a-liners, it is, who create "Oldest Inhabitants." No elixir of life preserves their vitality; no miraculous pills have kept them hail and sturdy while ages waned, and friends and neighbors and acquaintances waned with them. We know not how they became what they are: we know not how one succeeds the other, or when the stroke of death smote, and promoted the title the now "Oldest Inhabitant." We merely see them in black and white; we must take them upon credit, and take the surpassing violence of such a storm, or the abundance of such a harvest, upon their credit too.

The authority of most people is cited for what they know or remember. The "Oldest Inhabitant," however, is only cited by an authority when he does not remember. We only hear of him when his memory can bring no parallel to the matter in hand: he is remarkable for remembering nothing. If he remembered, he would be of no use—he would never be cited. He might as well not be the "Oldest Inhabitant." The paragraph concoctor works away lustily at an inundation, or storm of thunder and lightning. He soon exhausts all the common-places of his craft. He duly makes the storm "visit" the devoted city; he chronicles in good set phrase the "ravages of the destructive element;" but he wants a climax, a peppery wind-up for his lucubrations; he has made the waves roll, and the "electric fluid" flash; he wants something more forcible and pointed still, to bring before his reader in a word

the violence and the fury of the tempest; so, summoning up with a sketch of his pen, an "Oldest Inhabitant," manufactured expressly for the occasion, he bids him dive back into the recesses of past times, grope into the inmost cavities of his memory, and resting fruitlessly from the search, declare upon his honor that no similar visitation has occurred within his recollection.

After this who can doubt the overwhelming size of the hailstones, or presume to question the vividness of the lightening? Hath not the "Oldest Inhabitant" vouched for it? Hath he not bethought him of his sunny childhood, of his "hot youth when General Washington was president," of his strong-minded manhood, of the calm times of his declining years? and in all that long space of worn-out time, whilst dynasties were changing, new nations being born, and old nations dying away—there was no such storm, no such big hailstones, no such vivid lightning, no such loud thunder. One almost feels proud of his own age as he reads the fact, or the record of the fact. What were our ancestors, that they should speak? They had no such grand things as their descendants. Their storms must have been mere child's play. The elements are only growing up; they are getting stronger and stronger every day. Fifty years hence, no doubt the then "Oldest Inhabitant" will bear testimony to a storm, the extent of a crop of gooseberries, or the productiveness of a field of cabbages, as being each or all of them greater than any within his remembrance. The "Oldest Inhabitant" of the present day was the young man of half a century ago; the young man of the present will be the "Oldest Inhabitant" in half a century to come. Every natural event is more remarkable now, so says the "Oldest Inhabitant," than any he can remember. The next "Oldest Inhabitant" will say the same; and so on; from which it is to be logically deduced, that in every successive year natural phenomena are increasing in the splendor and vastness of all their attributes; that floods are getting deeper, hailstones bigger, lightning brighter thunder louder, and summers and winters warmer or colder, as the case may be.

FAMILY CIRCLE.

COMPLAINTS are the weapons of the weak.

HE knows not his own strength, who has not met adversity.

NATURE is a rag merchant, who works up every shred and odd end into new creation.

INCULCATE habits of self-denial and contentment, and teach good doctrines of enlarged benevolence.

THE man, whatever be his fame, or fortune, or intelligence, who can treat lightly another's woe, deserves to be, aye, and is, and will be, despised by God and man.

BE frugal, not mean ; patient, not subtle ; active in business, not a slave to it. There are also four other habits which are essentially necessary to a happy management of temporal concerns ; these are punctuality, accuracy, steadiness and dispatch.

AN old writer says :—" Read not books alone, but men also, and amongst them chiefly thyself. If thou find anything questionable there, use the commentary of a severe friend, rather than the gloss of a sweet-lipped flatterer ; there is more profit in distasteful truth than in deceitful sweetness.

CONVERSATION with the world is enough to polish our outward behaviour ; but there must be a good deal of fine natural delicacy to form politeness of mind ; where this quality is not inherent, a person of penetrating observation, can readily see through the exterior tinsel. Genuine politeness must spring from the heart.

WHEN God speaks to us, and we choose rather to listen to the father of lies ; when instead of the beautitudes of the Gospel, we value and pursue only those forms of prosperity which it disdains and teaches us to dread ; when, instead of desiring that God's will may be done, we strive passionately to do our own—our instincts may be genuine, but they are perverted.

THE worst opinion gotten for doing well should delight us.

PERFECT politeness forbids us to display our talents or acquirements with assurance.

THE virtues of a man ought to be measured, not by his extraordinary exertions, but by his every day conduct.

THERE are several degrees of politeness. Some carry it to a very high and perfect point. It distinguishes itself in their movements, in their conversation, and even in their silence.

HARDLY has the flower of sentiment germinated within us before we seek in the companions of our youth sympathies which sieze upon our hearts, and, too often, estrange us from the love which we owe to God.

REPROVE not for slight matters, for such faults or defects as proceed from natural frailty, from inadvertency, from mistakes in matters of small consequences ; for it is hard to be just in such reproof, or so to temper it as not to exceed the measure of blame due to such faults.

POLITENESS is the art of reconciling agreeably what we owe to others and what we owe to ourselves ; for these duties have their bounds, which if politeness exceeds, it becomes flattery on the part of those who employ it, and pride on the part of those who receive it by making undue exactions.

WHAT makes it so difficult to do justice to others is that we are hardly sensible of merit unless it falls in with our own views and line of pursuits ; and where this is the case, it generally interferes with our own selfish interests and excites our jealousy. To be forward to praise others implies either great eminence of soul, that can afford to part with applause ; or great quickness of discernment, with confidence in our own judgment ; or great sincerity and love of truth, which overcomes all selfishness.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A HAT manufacturer claims for himself the title of "Universal Sympathiser," because, he says, he has *felt* for everyone.

THE Governor of Wisconsin has lately vetoed a bill because he found it had been passed by bribery and corruption. What encouragement is there for politicians, if governors get a notion of vetoing bills for a little thing like that?

A MAN called another an extortioner, for suing him. "Why, my friend," replied the man who brought the suit, "I did it to oblige you." "To oblige me, indeed—how so?" "Why, to oblige you to pay me."

MRS. GRUMMY, in looking over the advertisements the other day, saw one headed "Radical Cures." "Well," said she, "I'm glad they have got a way to cure them radicals, for they have been turning the world upside down ever since I was a gal."

SCARCELY a week passes without the record of some wonderful surgical operation. Sally Brown was lately taken in hand, had a broken knee and dislocated rib taken out and new ones put in, and she is now as good as ever. It may not injure the story much to say that Sally Brown is a canal-boat.

"DOCTOR, what do you think is the matter with my little boy?"

"Why, it's only a corrustedified exegesis anti-spasmodically emanating from the germ of the animal refrigerator, producing a prolific source of irritability in the pericranial epidermis of the montal profundity."

"Ah! that's what I told Betsy, but she 'lowed it was wurrums."

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

TALL.—A personal sketch of a New England senator closes as follows: "He cannot hropel himself through the muddy pool of politics at a higher rate of speed than that of a rudderless pollywog through a kettle of cold mush."

"PLEASE accept a lock of my hair," said an old bachelor to a widow, handing her a large curl.

"Sir, you had better give me the whole wig."

"Madame, you are very biting, indeed, considering that your teeth are porcelain."

THE INVALID AUTHOR.—Wife: "Why, nurse is reading a book, darling! Who gave it her?"—Husband: "I did, my dear."—Wife: "What book is it?"—Husband: "It's my last."—"Darling! When you *knew* how important it is that *she shouldn't go to sleep!*"

THE most appalling case of deafness that we ever came across outside of an asylum was that of an old lady who lives across the street from the arsenal yard. On Queen Victoria's birthday they fired a salute of twenty-one guns. The old lady was observed to start and listen as the last gun was fired, and then she exclaimed, "Come in!"

PEACE.—The only pun that President Grant ever made was the following:—A talkative waiter recently said to him, "We have potatoes, parsley, onions, tomatoes, asparagus, beets, spring chickens, strawberries—,"—"Stop, stop, stop!" exclaimed the president, "let us have *peas!*"—He is so pleased with this that he will never make another.

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