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MRS. PARNELL.

THE ORPHANS;
OR,
THE HEIR OF LONGWORTH.

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

"It never rains but it pours. Upon me life, it's as true as preachin'," says the O'Sullivan, glancing complacently down at his nosegay. "It's a fine young woman that same Mrs. Sheldon is all out. They do be saying, chief, you used to be a sweetheart of hers."

"Stuff! What do you mean by saying that it never rains but it pours? Did any one else present you with a cluster of botanical specimens this morning?"

"Not one. But whose acquaintance do ye think I made this morning, Master Larry, while you were rolling in the arrums of Morpheus? Whose now? It's my opinion if I was to give ye a dozen guesses ye wouldn't guess it."

"Shan't try. Who was it? Confound your mysteries!"

"Well, then, Mademoiselle Reine herself, no less."

"Mademoiselle Reine!"

"Yes, faith, and, oh, by me word, it's the sweet-spoken young creature she is, with a voice like sugar-candy, eyes of her own that go through you like——"

"But where," cries Longworth, too amazed to let his companion hunt up a simile, "where, for heaven's sake, did you meet her and speak to her, O'Sullivan? You say you spoke to her?"

"Ay, spoke to her, and more—walked home with her to her grandmother's door, and got a smile at parting. Oh, by this and that, an angel couldn't beat it! It's a beautiful creature she is, Larry, with two eyes like sloes, and teeth like rale pearls, and a laugh like the music of the spheres. Sure, you all said 'twas the other one was the beauty, and if she goes beyond Ma'amselle Reine, it's a Venus of the first water she must be, sure enough."

O'Sullivan pauses in his eulogy, for his chieftain has come to a standstill in the middle of the street, and is regarding him with menace in his eye.

"Will you, or will not, tell me where you met Mademoiselle Landelle, and how you came to escort her home?" he demands, with ominous calm.

"Oh, I have no objection in life. On fine mornings like this, instead of sweltering in hot bed clothes, like some men I know of, I get up and attend early church over there on the hill yonder; and there, kneeling among the old women's petticoats, I espies the little darling of the world praying away like the angel she is."

"Well?" says Longworth. He is surprised rather for a moment, then second thought shows him that nothing is more likely than for a French girl to get up at daydawn, and go to church to say her prayers. "Are you at liberty to address every young lady you may meet in church, whether you know her or not, O'Sullivan?"

"I didn't address her. 'Twas she who addressed me."

"How?"

"I was standing on the steps, lighting my pipe before starting to come home, when I hears a voice at my elbow. 'Will ye have the goodness to tell me, sir, at what hour the services are on Sundays?' says this little voice, sweetly, but a trifle timidly, do ye mind; and there she was, the darling, with her trim little figure as light and graceful as a fairy's, and her smiling face, and beautiful black eyes——"

"Not black, O—brown. 'Exquisite brown, blessed eyes,' as Jean Ingelow says. But proceed, my noble friend—the tale interests me."

"I knew her in a minute," continues the O'Sullivan; "sure if I've heard her and her sister described once, I have a hundred times. 'At seven, and nine, and half-past ten, miss,' I says, taking off my hat and taking out my pipe, 'and half-past three in the afternoon.' 'Thank ye, sir,' says she, smiling and dimpling, and looking like the goddess Flora or the fair Aurora. 'Have you a good choir? Because if Monsieur le Curé will permit it I would like to join.' We were walking along as sociably as life by this time, and may I never if she didn't notice the pipe! 'Never mind me,' says she; 'have your smoke—I don't dislike it in the open air.' May heaven reward her for her thoughtfulness!"

"Well?" says Longworth.

He is striding along with his hands in his coat pockets, trying to realize in

his mind's eye the frigid, the haughty, the uplifted, the scornful Mademoiselle Reine tripping along in social chat, "smiling and dimpling," by the O'Sullivan's side.

"Well, then, I took her at her word, and then we walked along together as if we had 'grown in beauty side by side, and, filled one house with glee' all our lives. 'I think,' says I, 'that Monsieur le Curé—sure his name's Father M'Grath, but that's no matter—will be delighted. I know him well,' says I. 'I'll spake to him, if ye like, or I'll introduce ye, which will be better. It's proud and happy he'll be to have ye, for I'm told ye're a fine singer, mademoiselle.' With that she laughs. 'Oh, ye know me, do ye?' says she. 'Who was it told ye?' Or maybe,' she says, looking at me doubtfully, 'ye were at grandmamma's the other night, and—' 'I wasn't miss,' I says; 'me and your grandmamma—hav'n't the pleasure of each other's acquaintance; but I know her well by sight, and a mighty fine old lady she is. My name's O'Sullivan, mademoiselle, at your service,' I says. 'I board at Mrs. Longworth's, over there beyond, and I am assistant editor of the *Phoenix*—maybe ye've seen it? But sure if ye hav'n't ye know Mr. Longworth, the editor-in-chief.' She was smiling—eyes, lips, dimples, and all—a minute before; but, by the virtue of my oath, Larry, every dimple vanished as soon as I mentioned your name. 'Oh,' she says, under her breath, 'yes, I know.' And she shifted her ground in the twinkling of a bedpost, and talked of the choir, and Monsieur le Curé, as she calls poor Father M'Grath, until we got to her grandmother's gate."

"And then?" says Mr. Longworth. "And then she brightens up beautifully, and looks up at me, all the dimples and smiles in full play again, and may I never, if she hasn't the handsomest pair of eyes—brown or black, or whatever it pleases ye to call them—that ever bored a hole through a man's heart. 'I can't ask ye in,' she says, 'as you tell me grandmamma has not the pleasure of your acquaintance, but I am sure we shall meet again. Thank you very much for all your information, and I shall be glad to know Monsieur le Curé.' And with that she makes me an elegant

little courtesy, and trips away as graceful as ye please. If it's true what they're saying, that you can have your pick and choice, Larry, it's you that ought to be the happy man this day. But it's ever and always the way—it's to you and the likes of you—men with hearts of ice and heads of granite—that such prizes fall, while——"

"Oh, stop that rot, O'Sullivan!" cuts in Longworth, with very unusual impatience. "And before we part I will say this: You are about the cheekiest beggar it has ever been my good fortune to meet. The effrontery of coolly doing escort duty for a young lady you never saw in your life before, and offering to introduce her to other people before you are introduced to her yourself, is a piece of unblushing impudence only to be perpetrated by an Irishman."

Mr. Longworth goes into his private room and shuts out his second with a bang. Mr. O'Sullivan pauses a moment to regard the door.

"May I never if he isn't jealous!" he says, calmly. "So she's the one, is she, and not the beauty?"

And then takes off his coat, substitutes a duster, and sets to work.

During the work that ensues there is a press of work in the *Phoenix* Office, and neither chief editor nor sub-editor has time nor opportunity to see much of Mademoiselle Reine Landelle.

A murder trial is going on in Baymouth. Even in pretty, peaceful, pastoral seaside towns the tiger in man crops out occasionally. This is a very horrid affair—a very romantic and melodramatic affair. A handsome young factory girl had shot a gentleman of wealth and position on the very eve of his wedding-day. The details were many, and thrilling, and disagreeable, and intensely interesting, and there were extra editions and supplements without number to satisfy the feverish demand.

Mr. Longworth, deeply interested in the case, and spending a great deal of his time in the courthouse, becomes invisible to his friends, until one evening he drops in upon Miss Hariott, and finds there the Demoiselles Landelle and Frank Dexter. They are all grouped together in the twilight in the little garden, and Longworth has time to

think as he approaches, what he has thought so many times before, how faultlessly lovely Marie Landelle is. Her beauty is so great that it comes upon a beholder, though he shall see her a dozen times a day, always as a sort of surprise.

Was Helen of Troy as beautiful? Was the woman for whom Marc Antony lost a world as peerless? No, she was brown, and middle-aged, and coarse. It is not for such fair and frail flower faces that men have gone mad and worlds have been lost and won.

She is lying back languid in the sultry heat, dressed in white, her broad-brimmed sun hat in her lap, her gold red hair falling loosely over her shoulders as usual. Young Dexter is lying on the grass at her feet, all his speechless adoration in his uplifted eyes. He scowls darkly as Longworth draws near. Close by sits Miss Hariott, fanning herself. Inside in the dusk parlour Madlle. Reine is playing for them softly. Through the parted curtains he can catch a glimpse of a black gauzy dress, of a stately little dark head, and some long, lemon-coloured beads in hair and belt.

Which of the sisters held his heart? The ideal beauty or the real woman?

CHAPTER XV.

AT THE PICNIC.

"Will somebody introduce me to this gentleman?" inquires Miss Hariott, as Laurence Longworth makes his appearance. "Nine whole days have elapsed since these eyes beheld him. Who can be expected to keep a friend in remembrance all that time?"

"Who, indeed!" says Longworth, "especially when the 'who' is a lady. Mademoiselle Marie, I salute you. Frank, whence this moody frown? May I seat myself beside you, Miss Hariott? The grass is damp, the dews are falling, else would I stretch myself, as my young kinsman is doing, at beauty's feet, defy rheumatics, and sun myself in its smiles. Mrs. Windsor is well, I hope, Miss Landelle?"

"I think grandmamma must always be well," responds Madlle. Marie, with one of her faint, sweet smiles—she rarely gets beyond smiles. "I cannot

imagine her weak or ailing. She wonders sometimes, as Miss Hariott does, why you never come to see her."

"Tremendously busy," says Longworth. "Of all merciless tyrants commend me to the reading public when a popular trial is going on."

"How goes the trial, Longworth?" inquires Frank. He is interested, but not to the point of attending. "They'll find her guilty, I suppose?"

"They can't very well find her anything else, since half a dozen people saw her shoot him; but she'll be strongly recommended to mercy. She killed him, but she served him right!"

"Dangerous doctrine, Laurence," says Miss Hariott. "How does the poor creature stand it?"

"She appears half dazed. I wonder you don't go to see her, Miss Hariott. The poor needs a friendly word. It is hard lines for her just at present."

"Go to see a murderess!" exclaims Marie, in faint horror.

Longworth lifts his thoughtful eyes. The music has ceased, and the black, gauzy dress and long, lemon-coloured beads are at the window.

"Why not?" he says. "Good evening, Mademoiselle Reine. Miss Hariott visits much worse people than poor Kate Blake every week of her life, but not one who need a woman's presence—a woman's words—more than she. She wasn't half a bad girl, although she shot Allingham. Will you go, Miss Hester? I can obtain you admittance?"

"Yes, I will go," Miss Hariott says, slowly, and Longworth gives her a grateful glance.

She has shrunk a little at first; there is something terribly repugnant in the thought of facing a murderess. But she is a thoroughly good and charitable woman, Longworth knows, as all the poor people of North Baymouth know, and when she does go, Kate Blake will have found a comforter and true friend.

"What nice, enlivening subjects Longworth always starts," cries Frank, ironically. "For a Death's-head at any feast, commend me to the editor of the *Phenix*. I think we must ask him to our picnic, Mademoiselle Marie. If our spirits rise to any very boisterous degree of happiness, his pleasant remarks

will bring them down. What do you say?"

"Oh, ask Mr. Longworth, by all means," says Miss Landelle, smiling graciously upon the gentleman in the chair. "Anything in Baymouth without Mr. Longworth would be the play of 'Hamlet' with the part of Hamlet left out."

"Consider yourself invited then, Mr. Longworth," says Frank, gravely, "to an exclusive and *recherche* picnic on the morning of Tuesday, the 11th instant, weather permitting, on Fishhawk Island. The fast sailing and commodious young steamer, Father of His Country, will be at Stubb's Wharf precisely at half past nine ante-meridian. The celebrated string band of Baymouth is engaged for the occasion, and every one this side of forty can trip his or her ten light fantastic toes from that hour till eight in the evening. Preparations are already proceeding on a scale of unprecedented magnificence, and all the *élite*, the beauty and bravery, the skimmings of the cream of society, are expected to grace the festival. To none of these classes, I am well aware, can you, sir, put forth the slightest claim, but at the gracious solicitation of Miss Marie Landelle, I, sole proprietor and getter up, do by these presents invite you."

"Are you going, Miss Hariott?" says Longworth; "because if you are not

"I am going, Larry, and will protect you, or perish with you, from the sarcasms of this ruthless boy. Have you asked Mrs. Windsor, Frank?"

"Even that daring deed, madam, have I done! And she's accepted, too. You could have knocked me down—yes, and dashed my brains out with a feather, when she said yes. If there's a breeze, and there is likely to be one at that hour, there's sure to be a comfortable short chop in the channel," says Frank, with a demoniac chuckle. "Fancy Mrs. Windsor in a short chop! Fancy Semiramis, or Cleopatra, or the Queen of Sheba seasick!"

"I am afraid you are cruelly malicious, Monsieur Frank," says Marie. "Mr. Longworth, do you desert us already?"

"Must, I regret to say. May I charge

you with my regards to Mrs. Windsor, Miss Landelle. I shall not have an opportunity of seeing her until we meet at the picnic. Tuesday you say, Frank? This is Saturday, I believe?"

"I believe it is," says Frank.

"How pleasant is Saturday night! When we've tried all the week to be good and failed mostly. Don't forget the date in the absorbing interest of the murder trial, if you can help it. I know you are perfect ghouls, you newspaper men, and dine and sup on horrors. You don't know the race, Miss Landelle: but it is my conviction that the reporter of a daily paper would rather commit a murder himself than not have one to report. *Appropos* of newspaper men, I've asked that prince of good fellows, O'Sullivan."

"Adieu, ladies," says Longworth, rising. He glances at the window. The face there looks dark and sombre in the faint light. "Good night, Mademoiselle Reine."

She bows, and when he is fairly gone returns to the piano.

The sisters and Mr. Dexter have spent part of the afternoon and taken tea with Miss Hariott. Frank lies in a sort of dreamy swoon of bliss. The night is warm and lovely, he can recline on his elbow on the short, sweet grass, and "sigh and look, sigh and look, sigh and look, and look again," at the perfect face above him to his heart's content. Life is *elysium*, Paradise is regained, to breathe is bliss—Frank Dexter is in love, Marie Landelle is here, and no other man is near to mar his rapture.

"O'Sullivan," says Longworth, late that night, as they sit and smoke together in silent sociability on the porch. "How many times have you escorted Mademoiselle Reine Landelle home from early church since last Wednesday week?"

"Never a time," responds Mr. O'Sullivan; "but I have introduced her to M. le Curé for all that, and there she was, singing like a mavis, last Sunday. Ye did well to tell me she had a voice of her own chief. I've heard Patti when she was in New York, and Nilsson and Kellogg."

"That will do," Longworth interrupts. "I, also, have heard those ladies, and I have heard Mademoiselle Reine.

I'll go with you to church to-morrow, O, if you like."

"Will ye, faith," says O'Sullivan, with a grin. "Well, maybe there's hope for ye—there's pardon, they tell us, for the repentant reprobate early and late. There's not music at all the services—if ye would rather come early—and the choir and the organ *are* distracting to some people at their prayers—"

"Larry! Larry!" shrieks a discordant voice above them, "you're a fool, Larry; a fool! a fool! a fool!"

"Confound your croaking," says Longworth, with an outward scowl at Polly, "that bird will goad me into wringing her neck some day."

But Mr. O'Sullivan, lying back in his chair, laughs long and loudly.

"Upon me conscience, there never was anything more *apropos*," he says; "that parrot has the wisdom of a Christian."

Mr. Longworth goes to church on Sunday with his sub, and listens to a voice, fresh, and sweet, and clear as a skylark's, soaring up in the choir. If he listens with half as much attention to the sermon there can be no doubt he goes home benefited. There is appropriate matter in every word, and the text is "For the love of thy neighbor worketh no evil; love therefore is the fulfilling of the law."

In the evening he goes to Miss Harriott's, and is neither surprised nor annoyed to find Mdlle. Reine there before him. Her presence does not interfere with their friendly *tête-à-tête*, for she goes inside, and sings soft French and Latin hymns, set to sweet Mozartian melodies, and they do their talking undisturbed out among the roses. It is the time of roses, this lovely June weather; Reine has adorned herself with white ones to-night—they become her, and it is not every one to whom it is given to wear roses.

"Stars of the beautiful sky of France,
Of the beautiful land of my birth,
I shall see you no more, with the ocean between,

At the uttermost ends of the earth,
Where May days still passes in sadness and sighs—

Stars of the beautiful sky of France."
sang the voice in the dusky gloaming within, and the pathos sinks deep into

the hearts of the listeners, and, listening, they forget to talk.

The day of the picnic comes, and, remarkable to relate, it does not rain. The gods smile upon Frank's fête there is not a cloud in the sky; only the long "mare's tails," that betoken settled weather, when the "Father of his Country" goes snorting and puffing from his dock. Flags and steamers float proudly on the breeze, the band plays its best and brassiest, the *élite* have mustered strong, and make a goodly show on the deck. Not one has failed; there is not a child on board, and only two matrons Mesdames Windsor and Longworth. Miss Harriott, being unmarried, does not count among the elders; and Mrs. Sheldon, being young and pretty, does not count among the matrons. It promises to be a perfect picnic, and they go floating down the bay amid the cheers of the throng on the shore. Mr. Dexter, as master of the ceremonies, flushed of face, excited of manner, is everywhere at once, but chiefly in the vicinity of Miss Marie Landelle. Mr. Longworth reposes on a rug at Miss Harriott's feet, and quotes appropriate poetry as his youthful kinsman, meteor-like, flashes by.

"Bill Bowline comes, and he says to me,
He says to me, he says, says he,
'What is the rule of the road at sea?'
I says to him, I says (that's me).
'The rule of the road, folks seem to agree,
Is to suddenly launch in eternity.'"

"It is one of Larry's nonsensical days," says Miss Harriott, in a compassionate and explanatory tone to Frank. "You need not be alarmed. Wild horses could not draw a rational word from him. But he is quite harmless in these paroxysms. I am used to him, and know how to manage him."

"He does not forget his charnel-house principles, though, even in the temporary aberration of his intellect," returns Dexter, with a look of disgust. "'Suddenly launched into eternity!' indeed, keep him to yourself, Miss Harriott, if you can; idiocy is sometimes catching, and he may frighten the ladies."

Mr. O'Sullivan and Mdlle. Reine, on two camp-stools, are chatting sociably and cheerfully, as may be inferred from the gay laughter of the young lady. She has fraternized with the descendant

of the Irish kings in a wonderful way. Miss Landelle is, of course, surrounded by a dozen or more adorers. Mesdames Windsor and Longworth, in two arm-chairs, sit and converse, and the former lady is everything that is gracious and condescending—an empress with the imperial purple and tiara laid aside. And the band plays, and the bay glitters, and "Youth is at the prow, and pleasure at the helm," and it is a day long to be remembered in the picnickian annals of Baymouth.

An hour and a half brings them to Fishhawk Island. It is not a pretty name; but the island is a pretty place—large, tree-shaded, with dim green woodlands, and long, white, glistening beach, "for whispering lovers made." There is a lighthouse and one cottage—one only, the lighthouse keeper's—and this makes things romantic. It is a tiny cottage, nestling under an arm of the lighthouse; and the keeper himself, a grim, Robinson Crusoe sort of man, stands watching these airy roisterers land with dreamy and philosophical eyes.

"An agreeable place to come and be a hermit," says a voice in Reine's ears; "every inducement offered—perpetual solitude, profound loneliness, the ocean, the winds, and the sea-birds to accent the dreariness. Let me help you up this ascent, mademoiselle—the rocks are slippery."

It is Mr. Longworth. Beyond saying good morning, he has not addressed her before. She frowns slightly as he addresses her now, and her lips compress, but as without positive rudeness she cannot refuse, she is forced to accept the proffered help.

"Will you not like to go through the lighthouse?" he inquires, ignoring if he notices the frigidity. "One does not see a lighthouse every day, and the prevailing genius of the island is here to the left, chewing tobacco. Shall I ask him to guide us?"

"If you will, monsieur," Reine replies, his cordiality fairly suprising her into assenting.

A few days ago she vowed to hate him all his whole life along; now she is keeping her vow by taking his arm and doing as he tells her. As the incongru-

ity strikes her she frowns again, then relaxes into a half smile.

Mr. Longworth addresses himself to the monarch of all he surveys—

"Yes," that potentate says, "he is willin'. Thar ain't nothin' to see, but folks that comes allers does want to see it, specially ladies. Wall, yes, it is keinder lonesome. In winter now it's uncommon, and of a winter's night, when the wind's from the nor'rard, an' makes a clean sweep of this yere island an' the waves, roar right up a'most over the place, it ain't noway cheerful. But I mostly takes it out in sleep all through the winter, and somehow don't mind. Wrecks, miss? Wall, sometimes, of course, it's the nater of things that there must be wrecks."

A weird picture rises before Reine. A tempestuous winter night, the winds howling over this "seagirt isle," the snow falling in blinding drifts, the lamp up yonder gleaming through the wild white darkness, the lighthouse keeper asleep before his fire, and some fated vessel driving on and on to her doom.

She goes through the lighthouse with Longworth and Robinson Crusoe, up the spiral stairs to the very top, where the big lamp sits like a cherub "up aloft," and the breeze nearly tears the coquettish little hat off her head. Then down, and through the tiny three-roomed cottage, all at sixes and sevens, speaking pathetically in every dusty chair, in every untidy household god, of the abject creature man sinks to when he tries housekeeping alone.

"You ought to have a wife, my friend," suggests Mr. Longworth, "to put things straight, and keep you company on howling winter nights."

"Wa-a-l," drawls doubtfully the philosopher, "I keinder don't know. Marryin' to my mind is suthin' like dyin'—a man knows what he is, but he don't know whar he's going to. I never did sot much store by wimmin folks even when I was a young chap, an' tain't no use tryin', speriments at my time o' life. I guess I'll suffer right on as I be."

Reine laughs. Her coldness melts in spite of her. She has never been in so gracious a mood with her chosen enemy before. He takes advantage of it and shows her all the pretty lookouts, and miniature caves, and tiny inlets, and

glimpses of green woodland where the song of the sea steals slumberously, and the strong salt wind is mingled with the scent of wild roses. He gathers her some ferns, and makes them and the wild roses into a bouquet, and in doing it tears his hand with a spiky branch—a long tear from which the blood flows.

"Oh," Reine says, and turns pale.

"I don't want to stain my bouquet with blood—that would be an evil omen," he says. "Will you kindly wipe it off before it drops on the ferns?"

He draws out his handkerchief, and she obeys in all good faith; but Longworth's eyes are laughing as he watches her.

"'Tis not so deep as a well," he thinks, "nor so wide as a church door, but 'tis enough, 'twill serve. Thanks, mademoiselle. Now, if you will do me the favour to accept my very humble floral offering—"

She hesitates a moment, bites her lip, reddens, but accepts. They pass out of the sylvan twilight into the sunshine and the midst of the merry-makers.

"I hate him—I will hate him my whole life long!" Little Queen," he thinks, looking down at her, "rash promises are dangerous things—foolish to make and hard to keep. You shall forgive me yet for refusing to rob you of your fortune."

The day is a perfect day, the picnic an ideal picnic. The dinner is good, the champagne is iced, the knives and forks have not been forgotten, the jellies are jellies, not shapeless masses, the pies are not squash, the ham is firm and rosy. Insane beings who care for dancing with the thermometer at ninety in the shade dance; the same people who do not drift away in twos and threes, but mostly in twos, and nobody knows anything of the whereabouts of anybody else until the sun goes down like a wheel of fire, and purple and crimson and orange and opal pale away into primrose and drab. Then they drift together as they drift asunder, and there is a gipsy tea-drinking, which is merrier than all. Faces are flushed, noses are sunburned, the wind comes cool off the sea, and poundcake and tea are as the nectar of the gods.

"It has been a consumedly hot day,"

says Mr. Longworth, pushing the damp, fair hair off his forehead. "My lords and gentleman, you behold an utterly collapsed editor. Mrs. Windsor, I hope the thermometer has not been to many for you?"

"No, I like heat," Mrs. Windsor replies; "it agrees with me."

But she looks bored as she says it, and has registered a mental vow to be inveigled to picnics no more. Music and moonshine, picnics and pleasuring, beyond a certain age are mistakes.

Reine is beside her grandmother, but she has thrown away the roses and ferns—wild roses are not long-lived flowers. Marie reclines beside Mr. Longworth on the dry, wind-scented grass; she has been beside him all the afternoon in spite of every effort of Frank Dexter, and neither flush nor freckle, tan nor sunburn, spoil her pearl-fair skin.

They re-embark. The moon, rising slowly from over there in the west, comes all silvery and shining out of the water. It is a full moon. This picnic has been arranged with an eye to her quarters, and three quarters, and she leaves a trail of tremulous light behind her. The band is at it again. "A Starry Night for a Ramble" it plays, and the moon and the melody make the young people sentimental. They lean over the side and stare pensively at the former. Reine stands among the moon-gazers; but Marie, who does not care for moonlight effects except on the stage, is promenading slowly up and down, listening to, and smiling indulgently upon Mr. Frank Dexter.

"Come here, Laurence," says Mrs. Windsor, and he goes over and takes a seat beside her. "I do not think we have exchanged ten words all day. What did you do with yourself the whole of this afternoon?"

She smiles as she says it. She knows very well who his companion has been all the afternoon much better than she does who was his companion this morning.

"I had the honour of pointing out to Miss Landelle the various points of interest and attraction about the island," he answers. "I only regret in my character of cicero they were not more numerous and more romantic."

"Young people manufacture their own romance, do they not, Laurence?" She leans forward and lays one long, slim hand on his arm. "How do you like my granddaughter?"

Longworth laughs. The perfect abruptness of the question is enough to throw any man off his guard, but that inscrutable face never betrays its owner.

"My dear Mrs. Windsor, is that not a somewhat embarrassing question? And there can be but one reply. Your granddaughters are young ladies whose great attractions the whole world must admit."

"I said granddaughter," retorts Mrs. Windsor, with emphasis, glancing at Marie. "My younger granddaughter certainly has little claim to beauty or attraction of any kind."

"That may be a question of taste," says Longworth, coolly, and looks in turn at the dark, quiet face, the dark, strait brows, the dark, shining eyes.

Robe that figures in white, he thinks, crown that dusk brow with a band of yellow gold, and she might stand, as she stands now, for some Oriental princess.

"A most beautiful girl," the gentleman echoes.

"She is well-bred, her manners are full of repose, her disposition is amiable. She will be a wife with whom any man may be happy, of whom any man may be proud."

She pauses and glances at her again. Longworth bows, inwardly amused.

"Those facts are indisputable, madame."

"Have you thought, Laurence," the lady goes on, earnestly, "of our last private interview before those girls came—of the proposal I made to you then, and which you so peremptorily declined? I trust you have thought it over since, and thought better of it."

"I have thought it over for one moment," he answers, promptly. "I never can or could think better of it. If I found it impossible to do then, you may imagine, having seen the young ladies, how much more impossible it must be now."

"But is there no other way," she asks, with a peculiar smile, "in which these different and clashing interests can be merged? Is there no other way in

which what I offer may be yours without injury to them?"

"Madame, your goodness overpowers me," says Mr. Longworth. He pauses a moment, his eyes following hers towards the slender form with the loose golden hair and lovely, smiling face. "I cannot pretend to misunderstand you. Yes, there is one other way?"

"If both my granddaughters were plain girls——"

"Impossible for Mrs. Windsor's granddaughters to be that," puts in the gentleman, parenthetically.

"It, as I say, both these girls were plain and unattractive in any way, it is a suggestion I would never dream of making. But Marie is more than usually beautiful; she is gentle and graceful, and I do make it. It would please me very much, Laurence, to see Marie Landelle your wife—to know you as my son in reality, as you have long been in heart. I like the girl better than I ever thought to like Hippolyte Landelle's child. Will you think of this, Laurence, for my sake?"

"With pleasure, Mrs. Windsor—for your sake and for my own. Indeed," he says, and a slight smile breaks up the gravity of his attentive face, "I have thought of it myself before this evening. How long do you give me to make up my mind?"

"Oh, all that is entirely for you to decide. Fall in love at your leisure, by all means. I do not know how a man may feel, and at no time was I ever very susceptible myself, but I really cannot think it a difficult matter to fall in love with Marie."

"Frank does not seem to find it so at least. I think he was fatally hard hit from the first. You stand decidedly in Miss Landelle's light, madame, in offering her to me. In a pecuniary point of view Dexter is far and away a better match than I."

"My heiress can afford to dispense with that consideration. Yes, I know he has the fortune that was to be yours. I know too why, and for whom you lost it. Laurence, I cannot realize it. She is pretty in her way, but unutterably insipid. What could you ever have seen in Mrs. Sheldon?"

"Ah, what?" Longworth laughs. "Now we are on delicate ground. My

Cousin Laura was a very pretty girl at sixteen, and in those days my taste had not been formed. She threw me over sensibly enough for a better fellow."

He rises as he speaks, turns as if about to go, and pauses, as if a thought had struck him.

"You are sure there are no prior engagements? I wouldn't care to poach on another man's manor. You are sure they will not object? It would be unpleasant for me to fall deliberately in love only to be a blighted being for the rest of my life."

She looks at him quickly to see if he is jesting. It is sometimes difficult for her to tell whether her favourite is in jest or earnest. His countenance at least is quite grave.

"I presume so," she answers, rather haughtily; "they would hardly come to me as they did come if prior attachments or engagements existed."

"And you will drop them a hint of this little arrangement. It will only be fair to give them a voice in the matter, you know."

"Well—if you wish it, certainly; but—"

"I decidedly wish it," he interrupts, coolly, "a fair field and no favour on both sides. By the by, you don't restrict me to Mademoiselle Marie, I hope? A man naturally likes freedom of choice, and as I told you before, tastes differ. If by any chance—"

She looks at him in unfeigned surprise.

"Could you really think of that small, silent, dark, rather plain girl? I cannot believe it. I should certainly, for your own sake, prefer it to be Marie—"

"My dear lady, how are we to tell that either will condescend to think of me twice? As to Mademoiselle Reine, I have it from her own lips that she hates me, that she always intends to hate me, that she thinks me insufferably priggish and Pecksniffian, and for all I know she may be right. But it is my whim to have freedom of choice—with your permission."

"Mr. Laurence Longworth," says Mrs. Windsor, half amused, half annoyed, "my opinion is that you are laughing at me all this while, and mean to have nothing to say to either. You

know perfectly well that for the success of our scheme it would be much better not to say a word about it. Girls are proverbially perverse. Tell them they are to do a certain thing, and they immediately go and do the reverse. But you shall please yourself. I will speak to them if you desire it."

"I do. And believe me I am more in earnest than you give me credit for. Here comes Mrs. Longworth. I resign in her favour."

Marie and Frank pass at the same moment, and she smiles upon him. They both seem well amused; it would be a pity to spoil sport. A little further down he sees Reine, no longer alone. O'Sullivan is by her side, and Mrs. Sheldon and a few more, and this group he leisurely joins. Mr. O'Sullivan appears to have the floor, and is expatiating on the purity of Hibernian lineage and the desirability of the capital letter "O" by way of prefix.

"It's the equivalent of the German *von* or French *de*—a patent of nobility in itself. Sure anyone that ever took the trouble to read Irish history—"

"A trouble which nobody ever does take, my prince" says Longworth.

"Know," continues the O'Sullivan, "that 'O' and 'Mac' are the prefix of all the kings of the country from time immemorial."

The town clocks are striking ten as they land, and all are weary and glad to be home. They have toasted their next merry meeting in claret cups, they have lauded Mr. Francis Dexter, to the heavens, and so, a brilliant success from first to last, Mr. Dexter's picnic comes to an end.

"It has been the happiest, the very happiest day of my life," he murmurs to Miss Landelle at parting, and he lifts her hand as he says it in right knightly fashion and kisses it.

On Reine's table, when she enters her room, a letter lies—a letter in a man's hand, and post-marked London. Her tired face flushes as she sees it; she tears it open and reads it eagerly, and kisses with shining eyes the words which are its last—

"*Thine for ever and ever,*

"LEONCE."

CHAPTER XVI.

"AS THE QUEEN WILLS."

"REINE," Marie Landello says, "did you really enjoy the excursion yesterday? I ask because I heard you singing 'Ah, mon fils' this morning as you made your toilet; and it is time out of mind since I have heard you sing as you dressed before."

She is seated in an armchair, still wearing her pretty morning gown, although it is close upon three, grand-mamma's early dinner hour. Reine stands behind her, brushing slowly out the long, lovely hair, her daily task. She laughs frankly now.

"Undoubtedly I enjoyed it. The day was delightful, the water smooth, the company agreeable, and——"

"Mr. Longworth attentive. Please don't pull, Petite. You and he were together in close and confidential converse all the forenoon."

"Not especially confidential. How shall I arrange your *coiffure* to-day, Marie? Braided, or loose, as usual?"

"Braids, please, and put in the finger-puffs for a change. What did you talk about?"

"As if I could remember! What do people who meet at picnics always talk about? Only I must say this—Monsieur Longworth's conversation, as a rule, is much better worth hearing than the average."

"Ah!"

"I don't know what you mean by 'Ah.' You must have discovered that yourself. One may dislike a person and still do them justice."

"But the other day justice was the very last thing you were disposed to do Mr. Longworth. Truly, now, Petite, in all candour and honesty, do you really dislike him as you say?"

"Am I in the habit of saying what I do not mean, Marie?"

"Oh, you are frightfully truthful, I admit; but rash judgments, Petite, are to be repented of. You said you hated Monsieur Longworth for refusing to rob us of our fortune, and for making our grandmother let us come. Now, was that just or reasonable, I ask? And surely, hearing his praises sung so assiduously by Miss Harriott, and meeting him so frequently there, you must be

inclined to err rather on the side of mercy than of prejudice by this time."

Reine looks annoyed, and Marie winces as her hair is pulled.

"I do not meet him so very often at Miss Harriott's. When he is there, they two talk and I play. I do not exchange a dozen words with him. Have I not told you he heard every word I said that first time we met there, when I declared I would hate him for ever? It was unjust and unreasonable, as you tell me; but what you insinuate—that is another thing."

"He was at church last Sunday—I saw him, Reine. How you are pulling my hair!" Marie says, plaintively.

"I beg your pardon, dear; but it is impossible for me to help it if you will talk," responds Reine, with decision; and Marie smiles to herself, and gives up the point.

But when the red-gold hair is fashionably and elaborately *coiffured*, Reine herself returns to the charge.

"Marie," she says gravely, "Mr. Frank Dexter's attentions are getting far too pronounced. That poor boy is falling hopelessly in love."

"That poor boy, indeed! One would think I was his grandmother. You are getting a trick of your friend Miss Harriott in talking. *Apropos*, Reine, I don't half like your Miss Harriott."

"And I love her. It is the kindest heart, and she is a gentlewoman to her finger tips. But we are speaking of Monsieur Frank Dexter."

"You are, you mean."

"And you ought to put a stop to it—you know that. He was so kind all the way out; he is so goodhearted always."

"And pray what have I got to do with his good heart? One must amuse one's self, and if they fall in love I cannot help it. One likes to be liked, and if it amuses him as well——"

"Amuses! Marie, you know he is in earnest. Oh, you cannot care for him—I know that well. I am not thinking of you, although you have no right——"

"Now, Petite!"

"No right to flirt at all; but one day, poor fellow, when you throw him over——"

"Ah, there is the dinner bell!" cries Marie, jumping up. "She cannot go on

preaching in the presence of her majesty downstairs. If you say another word, Petite Reine, I will drop Monsieur Frank and take up Monsieur Larry!"

"Do," says Reine; "I wish you would. I promise not to interfere there. He cannot hurt you, and I am quite sure you cannot hurt him. The man is as hard as stone."

It was quite evident Mr. Longworth was still not absolutely a foe-forgiven. Mrs. Windsor, with a more gracious face and bearing than usual, awaited them in the dining room. It was the first time they had met that day. Madame had breakfasted in her room, and so had Miss Landelle. Had they recovered from the fatigue of the picnic? Marie, she was glad to see, had escaped the sun scatheless, but Reine was sunburned. It was something quite out of the common for her to notice her younger granddaughter at all, except in the most casual manner.

Dinner passed. Marie always exerted herself and made talk in her grandmother's presence, and no one can do it more fluently or more gracefully when she chooses to try. Reine never chooses. She knows Mrs. Windsor dislikes her, and if the truth must be told, cordially returns that dislike.

Dinner ends. Reine walks to the open window, and looks out. The clear sunshine that has lasted so long is gone. The day is gray, windless, threatening ruin. One or two large drops patter and fall on the flags as she looks. As she stands dreamily gazing at the glimpse of lead-coloured sky seen between the trees, Mrs. Windsor, in her slow, modulated voice, speaks.

"There is a matter of some moment upon which I wish to speak to you, young ladies," she begins; "it concerns the disposal of my fortune. Mademoiselle Reine, may I claim the honour of your attention?"

Marie, reclining gracefully indolent in a chair, turning over the leaves of an illustrated book, pauses and turns to her grandmother. Reine comes forward a step or two, and stands leaning lightly against the low marble chimney.

"I told you on the evening of your arrival," says Mrs. Windsor, "that I had made my will and disposed of all I possess to my friend, Mr. Longworth.

That he declined the gift did not alter my resolution; but last night, coming home on the steamer, he and I talked it over, and a new idea, in which conflicting interests need no more clash, has dawned upon us both. He desired me to inform you of it. It is that one of you two become the wife of Mr. Longworth."

CHAPTER XVII.

A BITTER STRUGGLE.

DEAD silence—dead, blank, unbroken silence. Reine looks stunned, absolutely stunned. Then anger, amaze, defiance flame up, and flash from her dark eyes. She looks at Marie, but except that Marie has grown a shade paler, that her delicate lips tighten and compress, her face does not change.

"I need hardly say Mr. Longworth has not fallen in love with either of you," pursues Mrs. Windsor, and as she says it she turns, and almost pointedly addresses the elder sister; "that is an affair of the future, if necessary at all. Of course such a marriage reconciles any claim of blood you have upon me with my own inclinations. When he has chosen, and is prepared, he will speak. It is necessary for me to say what I desire your answer to be?"

Again Reine looks at Marie, fiery scorn and wrath in her face, passionate rebellion and defiance in her eyes.

"Speak! Fling back her insulting offer in her face," says that flaming glance.

But Marie's eyes are fixed on the white hands folded in her lap, her face tells absolutely nothing what she may feel.

"To young ladies brought up on French principles, as I presume you both have been," continues grandmamma, in her most marked grand-duchess manner, "to accept the husband chosen for you must present itself as the most proper and correct thing possible. Mr. Longworth, I need not say, possesses in himself all that is likely to attract the fancy of the most romantic girl. He is handsome, he is gifted, his manners are perfect—he will be a husband whom any lady may be proud of. He is well disposed to make one of you his wife if you throw no obstacle in his way. And

this, I think, educated as you have been situated as you are, neither of you will be insane enough to do."

"Oh! this is shameful! shameful!" Reine gasped under her breath, her hands clenching, her heart throbbing. "Why will not Marie speak? Why does she not rise up, and say we will go out and beg, or starve, or die, sooner than listen to such degradation as that! And he—oh, I said well when I said I hated him! To make such a compact as this, to be ready to force one of us into marrying him because he is ashamed to take her fortune in any other way. He is almost too despicable for hatred and contempt."

"You do not speak," Mrs. Windsor resumes, in slow surprise. "How am I to interpret this silence? Am I to think the proposition does not strike you favourably?"

"Marie," Reine cries out, in a tone of concentrated anger and scorn, "why is it you do not answer? It is for you to reply that what madame wishes is utterly and absolutely impossible."

"Impossible," Mrs. Windsor repeats, in the tone a sultana might use to an insolent slave; "impossible! What do you mean? Why impossible? It cannot—no, it cannot be that either of you has had the audacity to come to me already engaged."

Marie looks across at her sister—one straight, level, warning look. Then she sits erect, and turns to the speaker.

"We are neither of us engaged, madame," she says, and as she says it, Reine turns and lays her face on the arm resting on the mantel; "it is the suddenness of this unexpected proposal that leaves us dumb. I have not been brought up on French principles," she says, a touch of scorn in her voice. "My mother's daughter was hardly likely to be, and with my father's example before me, his teachings on that point could hardly produce any very great effect. My sister has certainly been, and I see no reason"—again Marie glances steadily at her—"why she should object."

"I do not know that it is necessary for your sister to consider the matter at all," retorts madame, in her iciest voice. "I doubt if there is the slightest likelihood of her being put to the test. Do,

I understand you, then, Miss Landelle, to say on your part that if Mr. Longworth does you the honour to propose for you, you will accept at once?"

Reine starts up. A flush, a faint, transient flush, passes for a second over the pearly pale face of Marie.

"Madame, this is very sudden. Will you not give me a little time—"

"You have known Mr. Longworth a fortnight. That is amply sufficient. I am not in the habit of pressing my favours on any one. A simple yes or no will suffice. Which is it?"

"It must be yes, madame, if you command it."

"Oh," Reine says, as if some one had struck her, and she turns, with clasped hands and crushed look, and goes back to the window.

"Understand me," pursues Mrs. Windsor, in frigid displeasure. "I know very little of your antecedents. You may both have had lovers by the score before you came here; but if I thought either of you were bound by tie or engagement of any sort, that one should instantly leave this house and return to the man to whom she belongs. I have received your father's daughters because it seemed inevitable—if I fancied either of you were bound to men like him, you would not remain another hour with me."

"Oh," Reine says again, under her breath, in the hard tense tone of one in unendurable pain.

"One other thing," continues the lady of the Stone House, rising, "one last and final word on this subject. Which ever Mr. Longworth may choose, should she see fit to refuse, she will also see (if she retains the slightest good taste) the indispensability of providing herself at once with another home. Should he be accepted, however, there must be no reluctance, no playing fast and loose, no young-ladylike humours or caprice. She must look upon the contract as indissoluble, and conduct herself as the affianced of an honourable gentleman, and as becomes my granddaughter."

And then—very erect, very majestic—Mrs. Windsor sails out of the dining room and into her own.

There is silence for a time between the sisters. Reine still stands by the

window; the rain is falling fast and dark now, and she looks at it with blank, stony eyes. After a moment Marie rises and crosses to her sister's side.

"Reine," she says, but Reine neither lifts her eyes nor responds. "Reine—Petite," she repeats, and lays one hand caressingly on her arm.

The hand is shaken off quickly, fiercely.

"Speak on," Reine says, in a voice of suppressed passion; "I hear."

"Are you angry?"

"Have I any right to be? What does it signify if I am? Am I the one whom madame most insulted? Am I the one to whom she spoke? Am I my sister's keeper? Is she not at liberty to be as cowardly, to tell as many lies as she chooses?"

"Thou art angry then, Petite?" She speaks softly, caressingly, in their own tongue, no whit moved by this passionate tirade. "This is worse than I ever feared. Petite, Petite, what are we to do?"

Reine looks up, her great dusky eyes afire.

"I know what I shall do. I shall do all I can to please Monsieur Longworth—all; and if he asks me I will marry him!"

Marie shrugs her shoulders.

"And if he does me the honour, as madame hinted, to prefer me?"

Again Reine's eyes flash out and a flash of red colour darts across her face.

"Marie, if you let him fall in love with you, if you let him ask you, I will never forgive you to my dying day!"

"I foresee I am to lose my inheritance in any case," says Miss Landelle. "I lose it if Mr. Longworth sees fit to select me and I refuse, as you say I must. In that case madame ignominiously turns me out. I lose it if he selects you, for then all goes to you as his wife, and I am still a pauper. It would be better for me if I had stayed in London."

"Much better. I always said so. But if Monsieur Longworth selects me—oh, that I should stand here and discuss such a possibility——"

"No such dreadful possibility," interrupts Marie, coolly. "I like him, and would say yes, monsieur, to-morrow if——"

Reine stamps her foot, perfect fury for the moment in her eyes.

"If you dare to say it. A moment ago I despised you. I shall hate you as well as him if you say another word. Listen! If he asks me, and I take him, do you think it will be for his sake, or my own? No, no, no! it will be for yours, Marie—for yours alone. If his principles, his fear of the world's opinion, would not let him rob us of all before, surely it will not allow him to rob you of your share. I will make it a stipulation that half shall go to you. But he will never think of me; it will be you, Marie, you, and then—oh, *ma sœur*, my dearest, what then? For myself, I do not care, but for—for you——"

"Best of tempestuous little sisters," says Marie, and laughs softly, and stoops and kisses her. "Let us not discuss that. Let us hope for the best; let us hope you will be the one to find favour in the eyes of my lord the Sultan."

"The shame of it—the shame of it!" Reine says, in a stifled voice: "to think he can take us or leave us as he likes. How shall we ever look in his face again?"

"Very easily," Marie responds, calmly. "I can see nothing to be ashamed of. It is a family affair, as grandmother—bless her!—says, quite correct and Frenchy. Monsieur speaks to the grandmother, the grandmother apprises mademoiselle of the honour done her, mademoiselle casts down her eyes and bows. One interview follows between monsieur and mademoiselle, and everything afterwards goes on velvet. If he had chosen one of us—I mean chosen you last evening—since he spoke at all, it would have been better; but as he did not—— Reine, you are not crying!"

But Reine is crying, not in the least like an imperious Little Queen, but like a very self-willed, humiliated, mortified little girl.

"I was trying to be just to him—yes, to be friendly with him, yesterday," she sobs, vehemently, "and see how he returns it. I remained with him, I took his flowers, I tried to be pleased—and this is my thanks for it all!"

She tries to run from the room, but

Marie, who is laughing to herself, catches, and holds her back.

"He is a wretch, a deceiver, anything you like; but one word, Petite. Do be more careful, I beg. You are so terribly outspoken and uncontrollable in your fiery tornadoes. You aroused madame's suspicions by your words and looks to-day—a little more and the whole horrible truth will come out, and then!" she breaks off with a gesture of despair, "that will be direst ruin indeed!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE EMBARRASSMENT OF RICHES.

MISS HARRIOTT was not a lady of leisure; she led a very busy life, an earnest life, a useful life, in the service of all who needed service. Long ago, in the days of her youth, she had known sorrow, and death, and disappointment deep and bitter; in later years she had known illness and poverty in poverty's bleakest and most grinding form—indeed, for years, in the language of Mr. Mantalini, life had been nothing but "one dem'd horrid grind." Then had come fortune's first favour, and the trial and labour of life's best years ended, and affluence began. To many it would not have been affluence, but Hester Harriott's tastes were simple, her wants few.

A rich relative had died, and among many large bequests had left a few thousands to the patient music-mistress and cousin he had hardly ever met. Her own years of suffering and toil had left her with a very tender and pitiful heart for all who toiled and suffered, and she fed the hungry and clothed the naked, and the sick and imprisoned she visited. So when, accompanied by Mr. Longworth, she presented herself at the town goal, and asked to see the prisoner, Kate Blake, no official there was very much surprised, or offered any demur.

She found the woman—a young woman, a girl almost, and handsome, in a fierce and haggard way—lying on the bed, her hands clasped over her head, her eyes fixed in an unwinking sort of stare on the grated square of light, high up near the stone ceiling. Kate Blake knew Miss Harriott well, and knew why she had come, and did not turn on her fiercely, as she did on all other ghostly counsellors; she only made an impa-

tient motion of shoulders and body, and turned away her head.

"What brings you here?" she demanded, sullenly; "I never sent for you. It's manners to stay away until you are asked isn't it?"

"Why, Kate," Miss Harriott answered, sitting down beside her, "is it the first time I ever came to see you? It is certainly the first time you were ever rude to me. You used to seem glad to have me visit you, I think."

"Used to," the girl said, and covered her face with her hands.

She was not thinking of the speaker—a rush of other memories bitterer than death filled her soul. It was not remorse for the deed she had done that was wearing her to a haggard skeleton, not fear of the doom impending, but passionate, longing love and despair for the man she killed. She poured it all out in one burning flow of words to Miss Harriott—Miss Harriott sitting smoothing the dark, tossed hair with soft, magnetic touch, and soothing her frenzied nerves with her low, tender, pitying voice, all her love, all her wrongs, all her madness, all her crime.

"Why do they try me?" she cried. "Have I ever denied it? Have I not told them again and again and again that I killed him? And I am not sorry for it—mind! I am not sorry—I would do it again sooner than let him marry her. He promised to marry me—he swore it. Oh! he promised, he promised, and he left me and went to her, and the wedding-day was named, and I think I went mad. I met him coming out of her house and I shot him. And now the days come back of long ago, and I see him again as he used to be, smiling, and handsome, and always kind, until he almost seems standing beside me, and then I wake up and remember that he is dead, and that I killed him. But mind—mind, Miss Harriott!"—she starts up in bed and wildly tosses back her hair—"I would do it again; I would, I tell you, sooner than let him marry her! Now you know the sort of a sinner I am, and you won't convert me, though you are a good woman, and I like you better than the preachers. But you won't make me sorry for what I have done, and you may go and leave me as soon as you like."

"I will go and leave you presently," Miss Harriott answers; "but you will let me come back; won't you, Kate? You were a good girl once, a girl bright and full of promise, and I liked you so well. For the sake of our friendship you will let me come and visit you again, will you not?"

"Well, if you like," Kate Blake answers, sullenly, but less sullenly than at first. "I wonder you care to come to such a place, and to such a wretch. No other lady would. But you're a good woman; you don't help people with fine words only, you give them what costs money, and that's what all your preaching people don't do. Come again if you like; it won't be for long."

"And I will promise not to preach if I can help it," Miss Harriott says, cheerfully. But though she does not preach, she kneels down for a moment, and half whispers one pleading prayer: "Save me, O God, for the waters are come into my soul!" Sullenly, and turned away, the girl catches the words, and the eloquent cry finds an echo in her broken and desolate heart. And long after her visitor has gone, in the black, desolate watches of the night, they say themselves over and over and over, until they fall like dew at last on hard and burning ground.

As Miss Harriott opens her own garden gate, she sees some one sitting in one of the garden chairs, and catches the flutter of a pale summer dress. It is Reine, and she is reading, reading so absorbedly that Miss Harriott is leaning over her shoulders before she hears her.

"What has the child got? 'Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book.' Do you like Aldrich's poetry? But I see by your face you do. Friar Jerome has a very tender and touching little moral, has he not?"

"And one which I think Miss Harriott practises," says Reine, closing her book. "You are the Lady Bountiful of Baymouth, I think? You look tired. Where have you been now?"

Miss Harriott sits down, rather spiritlessly for her, who is always in spirits, and tells her.

"Poor soul," Reine says; "it is very dreadful. Will they hang her, do you imagine?"

"Oh, no; labour and imprisonment

for life, probably. She killed him, but there were extenuating circumstances. He was a villain—to her at least, though an honourable man enough in a general way, and as men of the world hold honour, and she loved him. Loved him so well that she shot him sooner than see him belong to another."

"It is very horrible," Reine says, slowly and thoughtfully, "and yet I think I understand her, I think I, under similar circumstances——"

"What! you would commit a murder too?"

"No, no! What I mean to say is, that any women who really loved would rather see her lover dead than the husband of any one else. I think there can be no more poignant despair. And as men are mostly false, the better way is not to love at all. Only those we hold in our heart can ever break it."

"Then how close a place Madame Windsor must hold in yours, for you look as if you were letting her, or something or somebody, kill you by inches. Little Queen, you look pale, and dark, and ill to-day. What is the matter?"

"Nothing. Yellow is my normal tint. If I look a trifle yellower to-day than usual it is that I am probably a little more bilious. I have nothing to do, Mees Harriott, and I find that very hard work. I think I must be your almoner, and go with you on your charitable rounds—two *savars de charite*, without white cornette and black robe."

"You could do nothing better. But I wish I knew what was the especial trouble to-day. You promised to make me your mother confessor. If I am, you must not begin by hiding your secret sins and sorrows."

Reine laughs.

"But if it happens to be neither sin nor sorrow. I would like to tell you, but then you are too fond of——"

"Laurence Longworth. Speak up, my dear. Yes, I am fond of him. What has he done now?"

"He has done nothing—at least, nothing wrong. Does he ever do anything wrong? I must be very wicked, I suppose, by nature, for do you know I never like perfect people. They are always pedantic and self-opinionated, and pharisaical, and dreadful tiresome. If I had lived in the old scriptural days,

I would have been bosom friends with the publicans and sinners."

"If'm I!" says Miss Hariott, "and this is the preface to something about Laurence Longworth."

"And in novels," goes on mademoiselle, "one always hates the goody hero who is so pragmatic, and high-principled, and stupidly correct in all his doings, and never swerves the least little inch from the straight path, and takes to one's heart the black sheep who is reckless, and a spendrift, and a daredevil, and who never holds himself a little lower than the angels——"

"All very fine and nonsensical," cuts in Miss Hariott. "What has it to do with, and how does it apply to our friend, Mr. Longworth?"

"I wish I were back in Rouen," goes on Reine, a tremour in the sweet, clear voice, and looking up with impassioned eyes at the patches of cold gray between the trees. "I wonder if I shall ever be as happy again as I was in Rouen? My aunt was so kind—so kind, and I loved her, and Leonce so handsome and so gay——"

"And you loved *him*? Who is Monsieur Leonce?"

A soft roscate flush rises up over the dusk face.

"Ah, who?" she says softly. "Some one whose face I never see here—some one you don't know and never will. But I was infinitely happy there, and now—and now——"

"You are infinitely miserable, I suppose. Thanks, mademoiselle in the name of Baymouth and all its people."

"I like you, and you know it, and I can never be infinitely miserable while Marie is near. But life is all Carnival or all Lent," says Reine; "and Lent has come, and seems likely to go on for ever."

"Still," persists Miss Hariott, "as I said before I say again—what has all this to do with Laurence Longworth?"

"Madame, need you ask? Do you not see grandmamma wishes one of us to marry him?"

"Well, and is that such a very terrible contingency? I think few women might ask for a fairer fate than to be Laurence Longworth's wife."

"How well you like him," says Reine, gazing at her curiously. How

well he seems to like you, "I wonder, then——"

She stops, and laughs and blushes.

"Why I do not want to marry him myself?" suggest Miss Hariott, looking straight into the dark, pretty eyes with a smile that puzzles Reine. "My dear, my days of romance has come and gone. And I am seven years older than Mr. Longworth. I am thirty-nine years of age."

"You do not look it; you are handsomer and fresher than scores of girls of twenty. Marie, for instance, is a dozen years older in heart and a dozen times as *blasé* as you. And seven years is not so *very* much."

But Reine's voice falters over the white lie.

"It is just twice seven too much. Nevertheless, Mr. Longworth once asked me to marry him, I have no delicacy in telling you, because I think a day must come when I would tell you in any case, and besides, he would not care. He never was in earnest, you know—he never really meant it."

Reine sits up and stares.

"He asked you to marry him, and never really meant it. Madame, what a strange thing you tell me."

"I hardly know how to explain," says Miss Hariott, laughing. "If I had been absurd enough to say yes, I should have been Mrs. Longworth today, and the great bugbear of your life—having one day to assume that title—would never have existed."

"I wish you had," interrupts Reine, with a sincerity there was no doubting.

"But it was impossible, and he knew it, and I knew it, and the liking that is so pleasant would have been a very galling marriage bond by now. It was the most absurd proposal, I think, that ever was made."

She laughs once more, her clear, fresh, heartwhole laugh. The scene rises before her as vividly as if it had happened yesterday instead of nearly eight years ago. Both had but lately settled in Baymouth, but lately got acquainted, both had at once recognized each other as "two souls with but a single thought," and fraternized on the spot.

There is such a thing as love at first sight, there is also such a thing as friendship at sight. Such had been

theirs; they were friends, close and sympathetic, from the first moment their hands clasped.

Longworth came to her regularly for counsel and advice; she wrote his book reviews, his dramatic and musical criticisms; she picked him up *on dits*, and scraps of poetry, and bits of romance, and current gossip of all sorts. He spent his evenings almost invariably with her in those days, and people whispered that it would be a match.

The whisper came to Longworth's ears, taking him rather by surprise at first. But the more he thought of it the more pleasing and plausible the idea seemed.

Finally he spoke. Lying on the grass at her feet, a favourite attitude of his after a long day's office work, smoking his cigar, listening to the wind in the trees, and the stitch, stitch of Hester Hariott's busy needle, he proposed.

"Miss Hariott," he said, "I wish you would marry me."

Miss Hariott was sitting, as has been said, placidly sewing. She was used to abrupt speeches after long silences, but the abruptness of this fairly took her breath away. Her sewing dropped from her lap.

"Well!" she gasped, and then she laughed.

"Yes, I wish you would," continued Longworth. "I've thought of it a good deal lately, and meant to ask you before, but somehow it always slipped my memory. In the eternal fitness of things nothing could be more appropriate. I believe we were made for each other. Our opinions differ nearly on every subject, which opens an illimitable vista of agreeable controversy. You intend to live and die in Baymouth—so do I. Let us live and die together."

"Well, upon my word!" Miss Hariott manages to utter; "of all the audacious—"

"No, I don't see it. It is particularly reasonable. See here"—he raises himself on his elbow, cool but quite in earnest—"let me prove it to you. A man marries to find an agreeable companion for life; could any companion be more agreeable than you are? A man marries to find a helpmeet—you are that eminently to me. Don't know how I

or the *Phoenix* would get on without you. We like to be together, we never tire of each other, and I am uncommonly fond of you. You are clever—I couldn't marry a commonplace young woman"—he winces as he thinks of Totty—"though she were a very Venus. You are good, and I reverence good women. You are handsome—couldn't love an ugly woman had she the wit of De Stael, the genius of George Sand. And it would bore me to live with a woman I didn't love. Those are my principles. Think it over, Miss Hariott, I won't hurry you, and let me know when you make up your mind."

And then Mr. Longworth languidly—for it has been a hot day, and there has been a press of work—resumes his cigar and his position on the grass, his hands clasped under his head, and listens with uplifted, dreaming eyes to a bird, somewhere in the twilight piping plaintively to its mate.

Years have come and gone, and Miss Hariott has not yet made up her mind to reconsider that very unimpassioned declaration, and laughs now with as thorough an enjoyment as she did then while she relates it to Middle Reine. But Middle Reine is disposed to look at the matter seriously.

"I think Mr. Longworth was right. I think you were made for each other. You have known him all his life, have you not? Tell me about him—I am in a lazy, listening humour to-day, and even an enemy's history may prove interesting. Who is Mr. Laurence Longworth? Who is his father? Who is his mother? Has he a sister? Has he a brother? He looks like a man who may have had a history."

Miss Hariott laughs.

"Shall we call in Candace? She has been his biographer to me. She tries to picture him to me as she saw him first—a little fellow of ten, with long golden curls, dressed in black velvet, and wearing a crimson sash, tall boots with red tassels, and a little velvet cap with a gold band. Imagine it."

"Impossible!" laughs Reine. She thinks of the grave, gray figure in the felt hat, the editor in his dingy sanctum, the man old, and cold, and self-centred—lifts shoulders and eyebrows, despairingly, and laughs once more. "Oh, im-

possible! You describe a fairy prince in burlesque, not that solemn, matter of fact Mr. Larry."

"Nevertheless, Mr. Larry was a prince in a small way in those days, and his uncle had brought him out in that dress to show him his kingdom and his subjects. In other words, he had adopted the little lad, and displayed him to his admiring servants as their future master. And old Mr. Longworth is a very rich man."

"Then how comes our heir to be a hardworking editor, our butterfly a caterpillar, our prince to have lost his principality, and be here in exile with none so poor as to do him honour?"

"My dear, the reason that has worked all the mischief in the whole world, from the days of Eve down—a woman."

Reine is vividly interested at once. She rises on her elbow, and looks eagerly at Miss Harriott.

"A woman! Monsieur Longworth in love! Oh, more and more impossible! The first might be imagined—this never."

She listens, profoundly interested in the story her friend tells. She may not like the man; but where is the girl that does not like a love story?

"So!" she says, slowly, "he really resigned a fortune for love. That cold, cautious, calculating man! I cannot understand it. And so two ladies—you and Madame Sheldon—have really refused him!"

"Do you like him the less for that, Little Queen?"

"We all prize most that which is most prized by others," responds Middle. Reine, coolly. "I certainly would not (if I liked him at all) like him the less for the story you have just told. He was not then the *bon garçon* of the Sunday-school story that he is now, and so I prefer him. But I cannot realize it."

No, it is impossible, either in the character of fairy prince, all black velvet and crimson tassels, or as ardent lover standing up flushed and impassioned, and yielding a future for a lady's favour, or as youthful poet writing melodious verse or romantic novel. Always before her there arose a vision of a crowded, jostling deck, excited people, scampering in frantic haste everywhere, and elbowing two friendless girls, and

then a tall, well-built figure, in a gray business suit, coming easily towards them as coolly and deliberately as though they had been two parcels left to be called for.

There was power certainly in the tranquil face, plenty of self-will and self-reliance, and a certain beauty in the clear, cold, critical eyes. A clever man that face bespoke him, a talented lecturer, a successful editor, a shrewd man of business, with a steady eye to the main chance; but prince, poet, lover—oh, surely never!

"Long ago," says the voice of Miss Harriott, breaking in on her reverie, "Candace was a slave on old James Longworth's place, and the one ambition of her life was freedom. When Laurence came north, and set up in life for himself, he remembered Candace, who had petted him in his boyhood, and sent her the money that purchased her freedom. She came here, he sent her to me, and with me she has remained ever since. Now, wait one moment, and I'll unearth Larry's poems."

She goes into the house, and returns with a small volume, all blue and gilt.

"This, Mademoiselle Reine, is 'Falling Leaves,' by L. L.—well named, I am sorry to say, for it fell remarkably flat indeed! Prepare to be victimized, for I am going to read you one of these 'Falling Leaves'—not that I do not think them rather pretty myself, but then I'm a sentimental old maid."

"Before you begin," says Reine, demurely, "let me mention that I see the top of a certain straw hat down yonder among the trees, and I think the talented head of your poet is under it."

"That makes no difference whatever. Now listen—"

The roses from the garden wall,
With a low-sung song, and sweet——"

"Were the roses singing?" inquires Longworth, sauntering up; "rather a new floricultural fact that, isn't it?"

He bows to Reine, and takes a seat. The reader frowns, but resumes—

"And my heart kept time to the summer rhyme,
And the patter of little feet."

"Did the feet belong to the roses?" persists Longworth. "If they could sing, why not walk?"

"Will you hold your tongue, Mr.

Longworth?" demands Miss Hariott, with asperity. "Your remarks, sir, are as silly as they are uncalled for.

But now when the summer is dead and gone,
No fireside is for me,
And I sit alone, with a dreary moan
By the lonesome wailing sea."

"If the summer is dead and you have no fireside, I would strongly recommend you not to sit moaning too long by the wailing sea, or you will have an attack of acute rheumatism," interrupts the editor of the *Phoenix*, and Miss Hariott shut up the book in silent displeasure.

"There never was a more necessary prayer than 'Deliver me from my friends,'" goes on the gentleman. "What wrong have I ever done you, Miss Hariott, that you should take revenge in this cold-blooded fashion, and poison the youthful mind of Mademoiselle Reine? I had hoped there was not a copy of those sins of my youthful years extant. I bought up all I could lay my hands on, and made a bonfire of them; and now, without provocation on my part, while I innocently look upon you in the light of a friend and well-wisher, you fiendishly thrust this proof of bygone idiocy in my face. In the words of the immortal Pecksniff, have I indeed been cherishing an ostrich in my bosom all these years that it turns and stings me now?"

"The verses are not so bad," says Miss Hariott. "Rather nonsensical, perhaps, musical. The average of what is called poetry nowadays possesses more sound than sense, more jingle than judgment. Still I will temper justice with mercy, and inflict no more of it on mademoiselle at present."

In the interval that has elapsed since the picnic, Mr. Longworth and the Demoiselles Landelle have met daily. He is eminently a social man, despite these long fits of silence to which he is subject, and many homes are open to him in Baymouth. Of these it has already been said he most preferred Mrs. Windsor's and Miss Hariott's.

At the Stone House he is tolerably certain of seeing both young ladies; at the white cottage he may confidently count in certain hours upon finding the younger. The embarrassment natural to their situation appears to be unfelt,

at least, by Mr. Longworth or her sister. He enters their presence with the debonaire ease that sits so naturally upon him, and converses with Mrs. Windsor on topics of mutual interest, as though grandmamma alone existed, and there were no such things as granddaughters in the scheme of creation. Or he improves his French under Marie's laughing tuition, or he courteously asks Mademoiselle Reine for a song, and renders by his tact an awkward situation as little awkward as may be.

But as he lies back in that great arm-chair, his blonde head resting against its blue back, his quiet eyes seeing everything while seeming to note nothing. Reine catches the steadfast look with which he examines her and her sister—cool, impartial, almost ironical—measuring, as she feels, their worth and fitness, or unfitness, for the honour of his choice. It stings her pride like a whip; she burns and tingles under it with shame.

There are times when it requires an effort of will not to rise and denounce, and defy and refuse him, and rush from the room and the house, and return no more. He is considering well, no doubt, which he will choose and take as the unpleasant but inevitable incumbrance of a great fortune. It is the embarrassment of riches, and he is slow in making up his mind.

She rises now to go, having lingered sufficiently long to prevent his thinking she flies at his approach. She is far too proud for that. He does not offer to go with her, and she is grateful to him for that much, at least. He returns her parting and distant bow, and sees her depart, the same attentive and watchful look in his eyes the girl has often detected. He does not remove it until she is out of sight.

"A thoroughly good little girl," Miss Hariott remarks; "a tender heart, a clever head, a pure soul——"

"And an uncommonly peppery temper," interrupts Longworth. "The pride of the deuce and the self-will of a woman."

"I like her none the less for that. Neither do you, Mr. Longworth. We know what sort of nonentities girls without pride or self-will are—a moder-

ate amount, of course; there certainly is a line."

"Ah, but there's the rub. How much is a moderate amount, and where is the line? Now I am disposed to be friendly with Mademoiselle Reine. Is it her proper pride and self will that impel her to fly from me on every occasion as if I were his Satanic majesty, horns, hoofs, and all?"

"That is prejudice. She will see its injustice one day. How do you progress with the lovely Marie?"

"The lovely Marie is as angelic of temper as of face—she is everything the heart of man could desire. If your little gypsy favourite were only half as amenable to reason—"

He stops and stoops to pick up something. It lies on the grass near him, and proves to be a photograph face of a young and eminently handsome man.

"What celebrity is this?" he asks; "or is it for its intrinsic beauty you keep it, or is it some one you know?"

He passes it to Miss Hariott. She has a mania for collecting photographs, autographs, and relics of literary and artistic people. The little house is littered with albums full of them.

"This is none of mine," she answers; "it must belong to mademoiselle."

The pictured face of the gentleman—the face, beyond doubt, of a Frenchman—is, without exception, the most beautiful Miss Hariott has ever seen.

Underneath there is written, in a manly hand—

"Wholly thine—Leonce!"

"Leonce," Miss Hariott says; "a French name and a French face. Did you ever see anything half so handsome? Yes, Mademoiselle Reine must have dropped it—pulled it out, probably, with her handkerchief."

"Here she comes to claim her missing property," says Longworth.

As he speaks Reine hurries up the walk, a little flushed with heat and haste, and excitement.

"I dropped something. Oh, you have it!" The colour deepens in her dusk cheeks as she holds out her hand. "Thanks." She pauses a second and puts the picture in her pocket. "It is my aunt's son, Leonce Durand," she

says, and she lifts her head as she says it, and there is an involuntary ring of defiance in her tone.

Then she turns once more and goes.

"Her aunt's son! Does she mean her cousin?" inquires Longworth.

"I presume so. I have heard her speak of him before. He must be a remarkably handsome young man."

"'Wholly thine—Leonce!' Affectionate for a first cousin," says Longworth.

And Miss Hariott looks up at him keenly for a moment. Then she leans forward and speaks.

"Larry, I am curious to know. Will you marry one of Mrs. Windsor's granddaughters?"

He laughs.

"Who has been telling you? he asks.

"Oh, it is patent to every one—he who runs may read. You intend to marry one of them?"

"Being impracticable to marry both, yes—if she will have me!"

She looks at him thoughtfully, wistfully, and long.

"I wonder if you are in love?" she says, as much to herself as to him.

His face wears its most impassive expression. It tells her nothing. But the smile that comes slowly relieves her.

"I am your friend," she says. "I wish you well, and I do not wish you to marry without love—deep, and lasting, and true, as it is in you to love."

"And as I will if I marry. Without it I will ask no one, not even one of Mrs. Windsor's most charming granddaughters. And I mean to ask one of them. You wish me God-speed, do you not?"

"With all my heart, if it be Reine."

"Here are visitors," he says, and rises. "No, I won't stay and meet them. Good night."

And so he goes with the shadow of a smile on his face, and Miss Hariott is left perplexed and provoked, to ask herself again and again—

"Which is it to be?"

(To be continued.)

CANADIAN ESSAYS.

MOORE'S MISSION.

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

Two years have not gone by since we saw the sons of Ireland, all over the world's bleak common, uniting hand and heart to do honor to the memory of Erin's great bard, Tom Moore, on the occasion of the hundredth anniversary of his birth. Then the name and fame of the minstrel was heard upon all sides. The orators of the different countries spoke his praises—the poets sang his glories and the story of his life and his labors was told in nearly every city upon the American continent and throughout the cities of the British Isles, and even amongst the people of the Antipodes. That event served to give to the world at large an idea of Moore and his career, and his connection with Ireland and her history.

We purpose in a few words telling his story and then giving an account of his mission amongst the Irish people. His story is well known, but it is a good thing and we can scarcely ever have too much of a good thing.

Moore was born on the 28th May, 1779, of Catholic parents, in Aungier Street, Dublin. The city that was the capital of the Island was a meet place for such a being as Moore to see the first ray of light. It was just that one destined to play so great a part in the drama of his country's history, should breathe, for the first time, the atmosphere that shook so often to the thunder of the potent voices of O'Connell, Shiel, Curran, and above all Henry Grattan. It was right that Moore should take his first step upon the way of life in the same city where Robert Emmet took his last and most fearful one. The city within sight of which the King of Thomsd! hurled back the Northern pirates, the city of the thousand relics, the city of the old house on "College Green," the city where sleeps in Glasnevin and Mount Jerome the ashes of the truest patriots was indeed a fitting stage for such a scene as the birth of Thomas Moore.

In his fourteenth year Moore contributed minor poems to a Dublin Magazine

known as the *Anthologia Hibernica*. He studied his first lessons under Samuel Whyte, a man of great learning, fertile imagination and kind heart. Mr. Whyte gave to the world two great men in two of his students—one was Tom Moore and the other was Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

In 1799, Moore first published his "Odes of Anacreon." By this time his name was pretty well known to the literary world—however, he had not as yet done any great feat in the gymnasium of the muses to render his fame immortal. About the year 1803, four years after the publication of his volume he was sent to Bermuda as Registrar of the Admiralty Court in that place. Moore did not long remain there. The place was not quite suitable to his habits and tastes and he took a trip through America and thence returned to Ireland.

In 1807 he contracted with a Mr. Power, a music publisher, to give to the world his "Irish Melodies"—a series of compositions which he wrote to the old Irish airs and the music of which was arranged by Sir J. Stevenson. These melodies at once brought Moore to the first rank amongst the bards, not only of Ireland and England, but of the world, and of all ages.

About the year 1811 he married a Miss Bessie Dykes. She was a beautiful, kind, good-hearted and, above all, sincere and faithful woman. And in years later on Moore was thankful that he was fortunate enough to find such a being—one who was a true companion and a constant consoler—one who knew how to "divide the cares of existence and double its hopes and its joys."

From 1814 to 1817 Moore was occupied in writing his *chef d'œuvre*, the most romantic and most extraordinary poem ever composed by man, his "Lalla Rookh." In this poem, Moore proved his genius. He had never visited the East and yet the land of dates, the vales of Samarcand, the slopes of Cashmere and the banks of the Bendameer seemed to take new life, and become peopled with a million imaginary beings, 'neath the touch of his magic wand. His descriptions are so faithful, so life like, so true that even the oriental people when reading the translations of Moore's "Lalla Rookh" could not believe that the

author had not spent his life in sight of Oman's blue waves—not to speak of his never having visited the scenes he paints in such living colors.

The close of Moore's life was sad. For three years before his death his mind was clouded. At times through the sombre shades that enveloped his mental faculties a ray of light would gleam, lighting up for a moment the soul, reviving the olden spirit of the bard and illumining the caverns of the mind,—but these occasional changes would merely serve to show him how awful the blank through which he had passed and to cast his intellect into a deeper and darker abyss than the one whence it had just been drawn. Throughout all these troubles his good wife never for a moment deserted him. Faithful and fond to the last she proved herself in every acceptance of the term to be the best, the fairest, the grandest object amongst God's creatures—a good woman.

Moore died in the month of February 1852, at Sloperton Cottage. He was in his 73rd year when he departed this life.

Such is the career and life of Thomas Moore from a human stand point. But greatness and good men have two distinct lives. The first of these lives is that known as the period that elapses and the events that take place between the cradle and the tomb. The second of these lives is the higher, sublimer and nobler career which commences with the birth and ends not with the grave, but with the world and that perchance, is wafted on through the endless cycles of eternity. This is not the immortal life of the soul we refer to, but the imperishable life of merited fame.

There are few who have such lives—they are the exceptions. They are those who in each age and in each country tower aloft over the surrounding littleness of minor beings and who appear like the heads of the mighty pyramids of the East looming in grand relief against the horizon of the world—and of these Thomas Moore was one. We will now ask the question—what was Moore's Mission? And we will answer that question as well and as shortly as we know how.

"Give me," said Fletcher of Saltoun, "the making of a people's ballads, and

I care not who makes their laws. Much truth is in that saying, and more so when applied to the "Land of Song," to a race that was born in music, lived, loved, fought, revelled and died, ever acting under its softening, enlivening, animating influences. Ireland had long suffered from the hand of the oppressor and it was near time that the chains that bound her limbs should be snapped asunder. But so long had her harp been silent, so long had the voice of her minstrel ceased to awaken the echoes of her hills, so long had she slumbered in a species of torpor that some great being of a superior power was necessary to raise her up, touch the chord into vibration, rekindle the olden flame that, altho' slumbering was not dead, and to give a spirit to the nation at large.

This is the mission which Thomas Moore had to fulfil. And nobly and faithfully did he accomplish his task. But it would have been of little or no use to Ireland if Moore had only sung for the few million people that lived the lives of slaves upon their own soil.

This was the mission of the bards who were to come after Moore and of whom we will speak on a future occasion. It was necessary that the spirit of the people should be stirred up, and just as requisite that England should hear of the state of Ireland and that the world all over should know of the sufferings of that unfortunate race. Consequently Moore had to sing not only for the Irish peasant, but to so arrange his lyre that his music could enter into every rank of society and even find a hearing in the very parlors of the lordliest of Ireland's oppressors. Moore has been blamed by some for not becoming Irish enough in his songs and for having tuned his harp more to the ear of the English lord than of the Irish peasant. But such is an unfounded and wrong accusation. What Moore did was simply to fulfil his mission and to "carry the war into Africa."

He attacked them in their own stronghold and even forced them to listen to the tale of Ireland's sorrows. He chanted in the halls of the mighty until those who heretofore had ignored the Isle of Saints and scoffed at the sons of the Celtic clans cast an anxious glance towards the Green Isle—aye, until "Her masters

themselves as the rivet her chains, would pause at the song of their captive and weep."

This was the Mission Moore had amongst the Irish people and amongst the peoples of the earth—and by performing those noble duties he contributed as much in his own way, to the glorious victory of Catholic Emancipation as did the great O'Connell in the Corn Exchange or on the sides of the Irish hills at his Munster meetings.

The songs of Moore are like "a beautiful garland, plucked from Wicklow to Bermuda"—

Moore's patriotic chants are racy of the soil—"Let Erin Remember the Days of Old" "The Minstrel Boy," "Remember the Glories of Brian the Brave," and all such melodies seemed to awaken the olden spirit of the ancient clans. And even his love songs, which seem so delicate and even so personal were from first to last nothing more or less than the expression of the love of Ireland that should animate every one of her sons. For example, that lively and soul-stirring love song—"Nora Creina," is nothing more than a contrast between Ireland and England. Nora being the Isle of Green and Lesbia the land of the Saxon.

But not only in his melodies did Moore fulfil his mission towards Ireland. In every line he ever wrote the true critic cannot help seeing an indirect reference to the "Land of Song." When wandering by the banks of the Schuylkill he lamented, the fate of the Exile and expressed most beautifully the longing for home, that constantly fills the breast of the Irishman.

So in his songs written upon our Canadian waters. Even in his *Lalla Rookh* he constantly refers to Ireland. In that beautiful chant of the Eastern prince, the "Araby's Daughter," when he speaks of Iran we see the story of his own-land. In fact, from end to end of Moore's works, he speaks of Ireland, he condemns her conquerors and tyrants, he exposes her wrongs and sorrows to the world and dictates to the English nation a code of laws which can be read in every gem-like thought of his rich melodies.

Had the poets of the *Nation* come forth before the days of Moore or had

Moore never paved for them the way to public notice outside Ireland, certainly their very best productions would have been lost, or, at least, would not have had the salutary influences which resulted from them. Moore was a pioneer in that great undertaking. He cut down the larger and more rugged obstacles and by the sweepings of his double-edged hatchet laid open a road whereon the others might safely walk.

They followed in his track, and hewed and tilled, planted and cultivated the choicest flowers of poesy upon that, heretofore wild and untrodden soil.

Many ignore the mission of Moore, and intentionally or not seem to render him little in the eyes of Irishmen holding him up as a sycophant-bard, who sought more the praises of the English people than the good of his own race. But they, who thus speak or think, have little considered the state Ireland and her literature at the period of Moore's birth and during his earlier life. They have consequently been unjust to a most well-deserving man.

It has been reserved for the men of after years, who could look upon the events of forty or fifty years ago, with the impartial eye of the unexcited student, to learn the real influences Moore had upon the public mind of England and of Ireland and the part his works played in that great movement known as the rebellion of '48. Let us terminate this essay by the words of the bard himself, when in his *Lalla Rookh*, he refers most clearly to the Land of the Celt and condemns the acceptance given to the word *Rebellion* when applied by England's sons to the movement for freedom and justice that awoke the chivalry of Erin, not long ago—

"Rebellion! foul, dishonoring word,
Whose wrongful blight so oft has stained,
The holiest cause that tongue or sword
Of mortal ever lost or gained.
How many a spirit born to bless
Hath sunk beneath that withering name,
Whom but a day's, an hour's success,
Had wasted to eternal fame!"

Honorable age is not that which standeth in length of time; nor that which is measured by number of years: But wisdom is the gray hair to man, and an unspotted life is old age.

CHIT-CHAT.

—“*But the Irish are a lawless people.*” Lawless, yes; despisers of law—no. And why would not they be lawless? The law was not made for *them*; it was made for their English masters, the Irish landlords. How many of the Irish landlords can shew a good title to their estates? I do not mean a *legal* title; (they have legal title enough, for the law was made for them and their titles). What I mean is they have *not* got a just title. An unjust title may be made legal but can never be made just. Which of the Irish landlords can shew a just title to his estates? Which? What wonder then if the Irish are a *lawless* people? Against unjust laws it is a merit to be lawless.

—What do I mean by, “the law was made for them and their titles?” I will tell you. The landlords stole their lands and then laws were passed to make their stealing legal and to give them titles. Just as if a pick-pocket had stolen your handkerchief, and the policeman should step forward (*not* to arrest the rascal), but to declare that the handkerchief was the rascal’s. Would you be lawless then, or loyal? I fear you would hardly be loyal.

—*The Edinburgh Review*—(it of the buff and blue cover, remember) throws no little light on this lawlessness of the Irish people. Would you Englishmen like to hear him. Then listen. ‘Twill be a drastic dose. In the January of 1844, he says—

“In England and Scotland the great majority of the population are loyal in the primitive sense of that abused word—that is they are the friends of the law. * * * This is accounted for when we recollect that in England and Scotland the law interferes in favor of the rich. * *

“In Ireland on the contrary * * the 1,000,000 families who now occupy the soil of Leinster, Munster and Connaught scarcely know the existence of the civil law courts except as the source of process, distress and ejections.”

This is a lively picture and to our mind fully accounts for that lawlessness which you deprecate. Law has a two-

fold duty—to protect and punish. When it punishes without protecting, it is not law. At most it is only semi-law; and surely it is not lawlessness to break semi-law; You assert too much then when you say the Irish are lawless. At most they are only semi-lawless.

—But the buff and blue *Review* has more in store. Listen. “There are many parts of Ireland in which a *driver* and a *process server* (the italics are its own)—the former a man whose profession it is to seize the cattle of the tenant whose rent is in arrear, the latter an agent for the purpose of ejecting him—form regular parts of the landlord’s establishment.”

This is certainly a pleasing picture (not indeed of mediæval life), but of modern Anglo-Irish manners. “High life below stairs,” in an Irish landlord’s household must be a sight worth seeing. To eat one’s dinner with a sword girt to one’s loins, and a rifle at one’s elbow is a privilege of border warfare; but to have “a driver and a process server sitting down to meals morning, noon and night with “Jeames” the footman, Snell “the buttons” and Susan the cook in the servants’ hall, is certainly unique in the whole civilized world’s history. No where except in Ireland under English rule could such a ‘happy family’ be realised. What wonder then that Irishmen are lawless?—lawless of that law which punishes but never protects.

—But the climax of infamy has yet to come. “There are some (establishments) in which the driver, whether employed or not, receives an annual payment from—(tell it not in Gath)! every tenant.”

Surely this cannot be true, for if true, it is simply brutal. Where is the lawlessness *now*? To charge the tenants for work done for the landlord, cannot surely be law, and must be lawlessness. As well might Susan the cook sue the Queen for her wages, as this “driver” be paid by the tenants for driving off their cattle. And they are to be paid “whether employed or not.” Well! if this is law small blame to the lawlessness that refuses to respect it. Brutal law deserves brutal resistance.

—But our Protestant Reviewer gives a further reason for this lawlessness. He says: "During many generations—a period sufficient to form the character of a nation—the principal object of the civil law of Ireland was, *not* to render justice between man and man, *but* to seduce or force the great majority of its inhabitants to change their religion."

—And do not tell me that "that has all passed and gone." Remember the words of the Reviewer, "During many generations—a period sufficient to form the character of a nation" etc. etc. It is precisely because the law has so long been lawless that it has begotten lawlessness, and in proportion to the length of time this law has been lawless in that proportion is the lawlessness that it engenders excusable.

—But we will let the Reviewer prove our case. He continues: "The criminal law is, if possible an object of still bitterer detestation. In the first place it is the support of the civil law. When the one orders a distress or an ejection, the other compels obedience. In the second place the criminal law has long been the punisher of acts in themselves *innocent* or even meritorious. Within living memory it punished the Catholic priest for performing the offices of religion; the Catholic teacher who ventured to teach; the Catholic parent who sent a child abroad to receive that education which was denied to him at home; and the Catholic Pilgrim who visited a spot sacred to him by its associations."

This is a sad picture of English law in Ireland and a crushing defence of Irish lawlessness. When the law punishes innocent men and meritorious acts it is not law but *oppression*.

—But this is not all. To add the last feather to the camel's back, "the administration of this lawless law was given into the hands of the local aristocracy so that the Catholic tenant saw only in his judge a Protestant landlord." Is there any wonder that the Irish peasant feels scant respect for English law as it obtains in Ireland? The Russian serf, if he is tyrannised over and abused and

degraded by his master, is at least tyrannised over, abused and degraded by a fellow countryman and co-religionist, and by one whose title to his estate is unquestionable. The Irish peasant is tyrannised over, abused and degraded by an alien in blood, an alien in creed, and a carpet bagger.

—"What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," is evidently not an axiom of English ethics, as far as Ireland is concerned. Many years ago we wrote an article in a local paper, which brought upon our head any amount of obliquy and 'pet names.' The printing office was broken into by a mob, and everything "knocked into pye." What had been our offence? We had taken word for word, a speech of Lord John Russell's and substituting "Ireland" for the word "Italy" wherever it occurred, had given it to the world. As the little Lord's words are wonderfully applicable to the present time, we will reproduce them—

"Gentlemen, I thought it my duty to say openly—to say at Vienna—to say at Turin that Italy (Ireland) had a right to choose her own form of government.

I believe the time has come not when treaties shall be thrown aside, but when the treaties which are not in conformity with the wishes of the inhabitants of the countries that are ruled should be altered and to a certain degree superseded in order to make their governments conformable to the people that are ruled. With regard to all these countries I think the time has come when *the people, the inhabitants* will have to be heard. If their governments are conformable to the wishes of the people they will be confirmed and maintained; if they are not conformable to the wishes of the people, we shall see armies led by skilful generals and under the direction of able ministers, who will take care to make the Governments conformable to what they know to be the national will."

Cortes; if what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. Lord John Russell was by anticipation a Home Ruler of the most advanced stripe, and if Parnell & Co., are rebels, the little Lord's bones ought to be dug up and given to the winds as the bones of a traitor. But then what is sauce for the goose in Italy?

is not sauce for the gander in Ireland! Well! we live in a strange world.

"Tis a very good world that we live in
To lend or to spend or to give in,
But to beg, to borrow, or come by one's own
'Tis the very worst world that ever was
known."

—"Scratch a Russian and you'll find a Tartar; scratch an English liberal and you'll find a Tory. The cloture an invention of continental liberalism, is an instrument by which a majority may at any moment silence the minority. We have heard of late from the liberal press a great deal about "free institutions," "freedom of discussion," "the rights of minorities," etc., etc. For years these party-cries of liberalism were bawled into our ears at street corners, in the market place and in all those assemblies where men most do congregate. This was whilst these party-cries told in the Liberal interest as against the Tories. But now that "freedom of discussion" is claimed by the Home Rulers against the liberals in order thereby to enforce their just rights that moment the Liberal becomes a Tory of Tories and with a zeal worthy of Elizabethian days clamours for "the gag, the whipping post, the thumb screw and the rack." Liberalism is only skin deep in some Englishmen.

—"But 'obstruction' is not 'freedom of discussion.'" We maintain it is; and freedom of discussion drawn out to its last most logical and sacred conclusion. For what is "obstruction" but the assertion to the bitter end of the right of "freedom of discussion." The Irish members want their grievances redressed or at least listened to, the English members will not listen; the Irish members to enforce attention use all the legal forms of the house at their command to enforce attention; in other words they employ obstruction to obtain freedom of discussion. Is not obstruction then freedom of discussion drawn out to its last logical conclusion? We think it is.

Lord Enniskillen thinks "the means whereby the Land League seeks to carry out its objects are utterly opposed to the teaching of Christianity." Good for Lord

Enniskillen! But what about the evictions my Lord? Are they according to Scripture? What about the Landlord's system of grab and take-all, and then throw the starving tenant into the ditch to die: is this according to the teaching of Christianity? His Lordship of Enniskillen has strong eyes for "the mote" but cannot see "the beam." Let some one else "throw the first stone," my lord. An Irish landlord certainly cannot.

—And what moral do these words of Lord Enniskillen point to? To this: that an Irish Landlord is so besotted with class interest that he can feel for nobody's corns than his own. What blame to Parnell & Co., if they seek to bring him "more light."

H. B.

FOR THE HARP.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

"*Parva Sub Ingenti.*"

(CONCLUDED.)

The premier of the local government, Hon. W. Wilfrid Sullivan, Q. C., is also an Irish Catholic and one of the most eminent lawyers of the province. He was elected Leader of the Conservatives by the unanimous vote of his party, in both branches of the Legislature, and was appointed Attorney-General, and President of the Executive in March, 1879.

Looking to the Ottawa House of Commons we find that P. E. Island has an Irish Catholic Senator, Hon. George W. Howlan, and of the six members for the Province, two are Catholic, Messrs. Macdonald and Hackett.

Putting religious consideration aside, and glancing over the history of the colony, we see that no countrymen figure more prominently in its pages than the Irish. On the list of Governors, three of the most popular were Irishmen, Colonel Ready, Sir Dominick Daly and Sir William Robinson.

The first Protestant clergyman appointed to the "parish of Charlotte" (which then meant almost the whole island) was the Rev. Theophilus Des-Brisay. He was born in Thurles, in the County of Tipperary, Ireland, in 1754,

and by Royal warrant dated 1774, he became Rector of Charlotte parish, and continued to minister to his flock until his death which took place in 1823. This old clergyman who was the son of Hon. T. DesBrisay, who held the reins of government between the years of 1775, and 1780, was greatly beloved by the whole colony. A spirit of great friendliness prevailed between him and the first Catholic Bishop—the Right Rev. A. McEachern, a state of things that reminds one of the early days of Quebec, when the Catholic Bishop met the Protestant Bishop on his arrival from England, and warmly greeting him on the pier, assured him his flock was “much in need of him.”

The family of Palmer always prominent at the bar of Prince Edward Island is of Irish extraction, as are also those of Warburton, Longworth, and Welsh, all leading names of the present day. The respected and esteemed Rector of St. Paul's (Anglican) Church, Charlottetown, Rev. D. Fitzgerald is an Irishman of the ancient lineage of Desmond, and has always shown himself full of sympathy for the sufferings of his countrymen, and ready to lend them a helping hand.

Inscribed upon the records of the Island's past, and shining with a brilliancy that has reached to other Provinces, is the name of the Hon. Edward Whelan. Distinguished by his literary ability, and the extent of his knowledge no less than for his oratorical powers, which rank next, in Canada, to those of the incomparable D'Arcy McGee, Mr. Whelan wielded his talents for the good of the people. He helped to bring about responsible government, and many of the wisest measures taken by the House of Assembly are due to him.

He was a delegate to Quebec to discuss the question of Confederation in 1864, and was indeed connected with all public proceedings in P. E. Island from 1842 up to the day of his death which took place in December 1867. Mr. Whelan was a Catholic and was born in County Mayo, Ireland, A. D. 1824.

Another devoted son of the Church was the Hon. Daniel Brennan who came to P. E. Island from Ireland in 1823. He was eminently successful both in mer-

cantilo and political life; he was many years President of the Bank of P. E. Island, was a man of undoubted talent and vigorous mind, always generous in the cause of religion, he had much to do with the building and opening of the Charlottetown Convent, of which he was the principal benefactor. His death took place some six years ago. The name of Mr. Brennan suggests that of the Hon. Patrick Walker, for many years a member of the Legislative Council, who died in 1877 much regretted.

And now, in all these columns how little I have said! not one word of the good Bishop—Dr. McIntyre, so truly a father of his people, nor of Dr. McDonald (Father Dan) his Vicar-General, so well known, and so universally beloved throughout the diocese, nor of the beautiful church at Tignish, built when Bishop McIntyre was Parish Priest of that settlement.

And Summerside, I must by reason of want of space pass quickly over it, though much could be said, not only of the interior and exterior beauty of its church, but also of the admirable manner in which the services are there conducted. It has an excellent choir, a fine organ, and a good and zealous congregation. But it is to the taste and energy of the parish priest, Rev. P. Doyle, that St. Peter's Church, Summerside, owes its reputation and indeed its existence.

Passing through the “deserted village” of St. Eleanor's once the capital of the county, but to-day a place where

“What is, meets what is not,

In every hour and every spot

Where lips breathe on—“I have forgot,””

we come to Miscouche—pratty little Miscouche, “the “grand Prè” of P. E. Island, with its picturesque village, comfortable Convent, and quaint old Parish Church, the church that gave to St. Patrick's in Montreal, its well loved vicar Rev. Ronald B. Macdonald. People may smile at Miscouche and call it “behind the age,” but it is very pleasant in its quiet simplicity. To leave the noisy dusty streets of Summerside and drive through the grass bordered roads to Miscouche, where, if it be six o'clock, the Angelus rings out over vale and hill, and the peasants in their quaint dress leave off their work to kneel and repeat the angel's greeting

is very restful, and makes one think that up beyond those feathery clouds perhaps piety is more acceptable than "push," and that in the great day of reckoning Miscouche may not be so far behind other places after all.

One of the prettiest views to be had in the neighborhood is from the summit of the hill leading to St. Eleanor's where one sees over the smiling fields of Prince county, across the blue waters of Richmond Bay, dotted with tiny islands, to where, sharply defined against the dense pine forest stands out the snow white church of Indian River. This church is large and frescoed throughout with considerable taste; it has a handsome side altar dedicated to our Lady of Perpetual Help, and in all its appointments gives evidence of the loving care of its scholarly pastor Rev. Dr. O'Brien, one of the leading clergy of the diocese.

There are 43 Catholic Churches on P. E. Island, and 4 in the Magdalene Islands, which group though geographically in the province of Quebec, ecclesiastically form part of the diocese of the Bishop of Charlottetown. The clergy are less numerous than their churches, there being, irrespective of the Bishop and the three regular clergy at St. Dunstons, but thirty priests on the Island. On the Magdalenes there are four; these sea-girt isles have also a Convent in which four sisters of the Congregation are succeeding admirably in their heroic mission.

One cannot write of Prince Edward Island without speaking of the peculiar soil, that soft, red clay that contrasted with the vivid green of grass and foliage gives the country a somewhat pre-Raphaelite appearance; that thirsty red soil that after a deluge of rain, sucks in all the moisture and in twelve hours is as dry as before. The scenery is everywhere beautiful; Government House is magnificently situated at the entrance to the Harbour, close by it is Victoria Park, and away beyond, the West River winds gracefully through the fertile country, leading up to Crapaud so lovely in its smiling prosperity.

Much might be written of the landscapes of Prince Edward Island—there is,

"Beauty, beauty everywhere"—

from the dark magnificence of Kildaro in the west, to the regal Souris, queen of the eastern coast. Then there is that pathetic, but not unlovely place, Princetown, that, like Dickens' "Eden" exists only on paper; that is admirably laid out in streets and squares, but is utterly destitute of houses or population.

Then the glorious sand-beaches of Rustico, Brackley Point, and Darnley. Darnley the most charming of all charming spots on the "Barbadoes of the Gulf." Darnley, where the ocean rolls in over the rocks until it breaks in low thunder on the pebbly shore, its magnificent waves tossing their white crests, and riding on in majesty like an army charging to victory.

Oh! the beauties of Darnley, the changing sea, the shining beach, the sheltering rocks with their mysterious caves and fissures, the placid rock pools where we gather delicate sea-weeds and feathery sprays of Iceland moss, and watch the queer little fishes darting about here and there in search of invisible prey. The untold luxury of a summer afternoon spent under the shadow of one of those huge sandstone boulders with a volume of Newman or Faber in one's hand, and the ocean at one's feet; the boundless ocean, stretching away to the horizon, dotted here and there with the snowy sails of fishing craft, leisurely plying their lines, and away in the distance a cloud of shadowy vapour betokening a steamer outward bound; the silence broken only by the murmur of the ocean, and the occasional report of a sportsman's gun in the fields away over the sand banks, or the tinkle of the cow-bells, as those placid animals move here and there by the edge of the creek, leisurely browsing the sweet marsh hay.

It is on such a day, and by the sea shore that one is most apt to feel that indefinable, half awful, and wholly inexplicable sensation of having lived through those moments before, in precisely the same time and circumstances—that mysterious mist from the shadow-land that sometimes envelops us, and that Owen Meredith expresses by:—

"Wherever we turn, and whatever we do,
Still that horrible sense of the 'déjà
connu P'"

In winter the climate is much like

that of Montreal, the thermometer is never quite so low, but the cold is more penetrating, on account of the prevalence of high winds. Snow falls in great abundance, sometimes covering the doors and windows of houses. I remember an amusing incident that occurred in Charlottetown some two years ago when an old woman residing in the "Bog," or negro quarter of the town, came before the stipendiary magistrate with a petition *that teams should be prevented from driving over her house, as since the last snow storm she had been completely blocked up, and the temporary road broken through the snow banks, and used by the public, lay right across the roof of her dwelling!!*

In summer the climate is everything that is charming, fresh, mild and invigorating. The spring is later than in the province of Quebec, and vegetation is marvellously rapid. An experiment has lately been made by Bishop McIntyre with regard to the growing of the grape, he having planted 8000 vines on a sunny slope adjoining St. Dunstan's college. There is no apparent reason why the grape should not flourish in P. E. Island equally well as in the vicinity of Montreal. The agricultural products of the colony are of a high order, and its manufacturing capabilities are beginning to develop. A large portion of the inhabitants derive a livelihood from the fisheries; the fishing stations being very numerous all along the coast.

Prince Edward Island has its drawbacks, but its advantages overbalance them. During the winter months it is difficult of access, but that very difficulty offers a field for the exercise of scientific and inventive powers. In summer Charlottetown is but twelve hours journey from Halifax, Nova Scotia, and fourteen from St. John, N. B. The hotels along the shore of the gulf are becoming fashionable summer resorts for Upper Canadians and Americans, and there is every reason to believe that as a watering place the Island will soon eclipse Murray Bay and Cacouna.

I cannot close this little sketch without referring to an event that cast a gloom over the province in the early days of the past October. When the golden tints of September deepened into

the russet shades of Autumn, and the hush that precedes the coming of winter threw a great stillness over the land, that "Reaper, whose name is Death," seeing before him one that was ripe with age, and with good deeds, said "Come," and Sir Robert Hodgson hearing, rose up and followed him very readily. Of an age far exceeding the three score and ten allotted to mankind the lamented knight was one of the few remaining men who had lived through the troublous times that marked the second epoch of the Island's history. Attorney General then Chief Justice and finally Lieutenant Governor, he received honours from the Queen and from her representatives that were pleasing not only to himself but to those whom he governed. Gratifying as these honours were, he prized more the love and esteem of the people among whom he passed the long years of his life, and who when they followed his honoured remains to their long home in the peaceful suburban cemetery, where the many tinted leaves of Autumn blew softly over his grave, felt that, "the Lord conducted the just through the right ways, and showed him the kingdom of God, gave him the knowledge of holy things, made him honorable, and accomplished his labours."

A. M. POPE.

GRANDEUR OF THE LAND AGITATION.

REV. GEO. W. PEPPER, of the Methodist-Episcopal Church, Bellevue, Huron Co., O., recently preached on the "Sanctity and Grandeur of the Land Agitation." We give an extract:—

A new and brighter era has arrived for Ireland! The beautiful island of sorrow and of song has felt the tread of the new Gospel! Ulster, one of the darkest dens of bigotry and prejudice, has received the apostles of Land and Liberty with a generous welcome. The monster scandal of the British Government, that the agitation was religious, and not national, is forever refuted by the proud attitude of the Protestants of Ulster. The very men whom Irish Catholics almost adore were the illustri-

ous Protestant Irishmen who were distinguished by the wrath of the English Government.

Need I refer to Grattan who spoke for Ireland's independence with a voice most sweet and eloquent. Would that it were raised again to a higher note, and like a trumpet make the wolkin ring!

Need I mention Curran, who carried his fearless spirit to the very verge of the scaffold and poured upon the darkness of '98 the full blaze of his resplendent eloquence!

Need I refer to Burke, whose name is hallowed wherever philosophy, wherever eloquence, wherever liberty is known among men!

Need I refer to Thomas Davis, he who was great in prose and in poetry; he who, by the one raised the rapt soul to heaven, and by the other, with enthusiastic fervor, advocated those principles which would make the world better!

Need I refer to Emmet, the noble and generous youth, whose fame will grow with time and the spread of liberty, and live as the eternal stars!

Need I refer to Wolfe Tone, the mighty organizer of the United Irishmen, worthy to be a king of men—worthier to be the President of a commonwealth of free and intelligent citizens!

Need I mention John Mitchel, the glorious Young Irelander, a man of the most profound and various talents, a most accomplished scholar, and the most conscientious hater of the British Government that Ireland ever produced!

I am a Protestant and of Protestant lineage on both sides since the Reformation, and I glory in the name; but when I find Protestantism sustaining the impoverishment and oppression of a high spirited people, using its power to deprive the five millions of the fruits of their labor, invoking the bayonets of forty thousand soldiers to protect the guiltiest rascals upon whom the sun ever shone—the Irish landlords, those scourges of humanity, whose pathway for ages has been reddened with the blood of thousands. If I am required to call this Protestantism I will not do it. To me it seems an insulting mockery of the honored title. Protestant as

I am in all my sympathies, every drop of my blood beats for the outraged and wronged people of Ireland, and were the hour come, when Ireland's immortal green was flung in the bending heavens, I swear, before high heaven, that this pulpit would be vacant:

AN IRISH SCENE.

The heart is saddened and sickened at the very sight of the wretched condition of the Irish tenant farmers. It is absolutely intolerable that the great mass of the people should be so wronged, so insulted, so debased, through the agency of a few titled and lordly thieves, who for centuries have made Ireland a mammoth poorhouse!

I remember a scene in the North of Ireland when I was a youth, which burned into my very soul the most sacred hate against the whole system of landlord rapacity! A widow, with several orphan children, who had recently buried her husband! The poor woman was unable to pay the rent, which, owing to the long sickness of her husband, had been in arrears, was notified by the landlord, a clergyman of the Church of England, that all the rent must be paid. The lady gathered up all she could, took it to his honor—she lacked a few shillings, and because of this she was thrown into a foul jail, where she languished for months. All this was done in the North of Ireland, and by a clergyman of that Christianity whose divine Founder came into this world to preach deliverance to the captives. Merciful God! Think of it. The mother of little children, because the rent lacked a few shillings, was flung into a filthy dungeon to herd with thieves and murderers.

The daughter of this woman is now sitting before me in this congregation—the mother of six children. Every one of whom would consider it a high distinction and proud honor to shed their blood to rid Ireland for ever of those inhuman wretches! I may be told that my address is defective in the spirit of conciliation. It is very easy for Americans to give the Irish tenants lectures on property—they are the best judges as to the methods to secure the rights of humanity! For people like them, who have been deeply injured, as Cur-

ren once said of a client whose warmth had been urged against him "for such a man to writhe with grace and groan with melody is not so easy" for such men, while they hold in their hands the means of crushing, it requires some self-denial to prefer attempts of conciliation, although we readily grant that to cherish such preference is both more Christian and more glorious.

A TRIBUTE TO PARNELL.

The most remarkable and powerful man to-day in Europe is Charles Stewart Parnell. Dauntless agitator, I bid thee God speed! I kiss the hem of thy garment! Endowed with talents of a high order, with a knowledge of politics that falls to few; with a patriotism sincere, intense, and unrivalled, he seems to be ordained by God to be the deliverer of his countrymen. Natural historians tell us wonderful tales of the Ziphius, or sword-fish—the terror of whales. This potent creature, bounding into the air, falls on the back of the whale, sometimes piercing him with its pointed beak, but generally preferring to cut him with its toothed edges. In these fearful encounters the sea all about is dyed red with blood, proceeding from the wounds of the whale, while the enormous animal vainly endeavors to reach its invader!

Parnell acts as the sword-fish, striking the oppressors of his country sometimes above and most times from beneath. The skillful and daring assault on the entire system of Landlordism is a blow beneath, and the pionard, thank heaven, has reached the heart of the British monarchy.

Ireland needs a Protestant leader who has the confidence and enthusiastic support of the Irish Catholic democracy.

Ireland needs an agitator, combining Yankee energy, English frankness, and Celtic gallantry.

Ireland needs a statesman who believes in the eternal separation of Church and State, in the education of the people, and in these American principles, grand as the heavens stretched over our heads, freedom and equality.

Ireland needs a philanthropist who can draw together the adverse elements, who can combine together threads of green and orange in the Land League

banner, and unite their respective colors in one of unity, charity, and good will.

The crisis in Ireland demands a Reformer, who, though born in aristocratic circles and educated in patrician schools, will break through the barriers of race, caste, and creed, and become the champion of the lowly, the impoverished, and the despondent; demands a pure and lofty character, combining the tongue of a Garrison and the heart of a Washington; demands a patriot of lofty purpose, unshaken faith in God, patient reliance on the truth, and whose love of liberty is a consuming passion: demands a soldier of brilliant daring, who, when peaceful methods fail, will invoke the sword and sling out the banner of revolution. Ireland, in a word, demands the man who will give land to the people, reform to the community, peace to its homes, and faith in its business. We believe before God that all these grand and shining virtues are found in the clear head, spotless honor, warm and valiant heart, and splendid career of Charles Stewart Parnell.

REVEREND BROTHER ARNOLD, DIRECTOR OF ST. ANN'S SCHOOL.

THIRTY-ONE years ago, William Frewer, a chubby faced rosy cheeked Irish lad aged sixteen, took French leave of home and kindred in the county Tipperary, and in company with another youth of his own age and disposition, bade farewell to old Ireland, and leaping on board a sailing vessel, determined to seek his fortune in the New World.

Few persons looking at Brother Arnold to-day would suspect that in the present staid and zealous Christian Brother there once lurked the gay, bold, impatient and impetuous youth, to whom the quiet monotony of a hardware store, in his native town, was more than could be endured, and who without even saying good bye to friends or acquaintances, launched out to reap the golden harvest America then was supposed to lay at the feet of every adventurous spirit that could reach her shores. In the spring of 1850 young Frewer reached the city of New York. For a day or two the novel sights absorbed his attention, but the fourth



REV. BROTHER ARNOLD.

morning had not dawned, when the heart of the young emigrant yearned *once more* for his native hills and valleys, and he was about to again seek the shores of the dear old land, when meeting a relative he was dissuaded from his purpose, and induced to remain on the soil of the free. To give anything like a sketch of the career of Brother Arnold, it would be necessary to follow up his busy life, in its zealous imitation of the venerable de la Salle, with whose spirit he is so thoroughly imbued, and we can only attempt a very imperfect record with information gathered from friends who have watched his labors in their extensive field; for in scarcely a section of this wide Dominion, are there not hundreds of intelligent and prosperous young men, who

owe their early training to him, and many of more mature years who are indebted to his good counsel, for their moral and material advancement. For a period of two years after his arrival in New York young Frewer acted as agent for his maternal uncle, in the management of a large business, but at that early age he evinced a disposition for the career he was soon to embrace, by devoting his Sundays and his leisure moments during the week to teaching catechism. Acting under the advice of his spiritual director, with five companions, he entered the novitiate of the Christian Brotherhood in the city of New York. He shortly afterwards was despatched to Canada, and in this city made his *debut* in his most successful career as an educator of youth, in

the old school known, for many year as the Colledge, on the street still bearing that name. In obedience to the orders of his Superiors, who were well aware of his abilities not only as a teacher but an organizer as well, Brother Arnold founded several establishments throughout the Dominion. He labored with extraordinary success in Kingston and became the idol of the people of Toronto as he now is in the city of Montreal. The La Salle Institute, a most flourishing institution was founded by him in the former place, and he is now endeavouring to secure the establishment of a novitiate of the order in the same city, a work that has been blessed by His Grace Archbishop Lynch, and for the success of which the Catholics of Ontario, offer up not only fervent prayers, but have given proofs of a desire to make the most noble and generous pecuniary sacrifices. Next to the venerable de la Salle, Father Mathew is the source of inspiration for good Brother Arnold, and everywhere he has been, evidences of his zeal remain, not only in the noble educational structures he has erected, but in the solid ranks of Father Mathew's associations, sources of estimable advantages to the people. Whilst Brother Arnold is heart and soul devoted to the Institute, with which he has been so long connected, no more ardent lover of his native land breathes in this Dominion.

The modesty of the good Brother would be offended were we to give him his due meed of praise, and as it is we have to crave pardon for the surprise the appearance of this meagre sketch will cause him. We will only say in conclusion, that in tracing as we have done the lives of our prominent Irish Canadians, not one, in any rank of society, has fulfilled more nobly a nobler mission, and none, more deservedly, occupies a place in the hearts of the people than this quiet unobtrusive indefatigable and patriotic follower of the Venerable de la Salle.

Title and ancestry render a good man more illustrious; but an ill one more contemptible. Vice is infamous, though in a prince; and virtue, honorable, though in a peasant.

A LEGEND OF THE EARL OF TYRONE.

(Continued.)

It was not long ere several domestics, alarmed at their absence, came in search; and Constance, borne gently along, was restored to her anxious parent. But he looked thoughtful and disturbed when the stranger's person was described, evidently averse to hold any communication on the subject. Nurse Agnes grew eloquent in his praise, until the following conversation that evening in the kitchen turned aside the current of her opinions.

"A rough grey cloak, gossip thou sayest?" Again inquired a hard-featured hind from the chimney-corner.

"I tell thee a cloak, and a cap turned up in front. He doused it off nobly, and took to the water like a spaniel!"

"Why 'tis the wild man of the woods!" said another listener, who had hitherto been silent, but whose remark seemed to strike terror into the whole group. They looked round as if anticipating a visit from this fearful personage. Dame Agnes crossed herself, and muttered her prayers with great despatch; something was at length audible and articulate, as follows:—

"Mercy on me! my days are numbered. If indeed it should be this incarnate—forgive the thought!—we are all dead creatures. The very horses and kine stagger, and fall into fits at times, when they come home, and it is all along of 'em having seen or smelt the brimstone from the pit. Davy had two died last week, and he was sure they had either seen the de'il or his deputy,—this same gray man of the woods. Woe's me that I should ha' lived to behold yon child of perdition!" The old woman here gave way to an outburst of sorrow that prevented any further disclosures.

"It is about three months agone since this same wild man was first seen," said the old porter, whose office, though of little use, was still filled up in the more ancient establishment. "I saw him once myself, but I shook as the very flesh were crawling over my bones. They say he neither eats nor drinks, but is kept alive in the body by glamour and witchcraft. He'll stay

here until his time is done, and then tormentors will fetch him to his prison-house again. Ye should not have tarried in the wood after sunset."

"That would I not," sharply replied Anges; "but the child, poor thing, would look at the daylight as it lingered on the hill-top, and I thought no harm in't."

"Like enough. He dares not abroad if so much as the value or size of my thumb-nail of the sun's rim were left above the hill!"

"Come, gaffer, strike up a merry trowl," said a thin, squeaking voice, from a personage almost hidden behind a copious supper of broken meat and pastry. But whether the party thus addressed was too much alarmed to let the current of his spirit run bubbling from the spring either of mirth or minstrelsy, or he was too deeply buried in his own thoughts, it were needless to imagine. The request, for a while, passed unheeded.

Gaffer Gee was the ballad-monger of the whole district. He kept on a comfortable and vagabond sort of existence by visiting the different mansions where good cheer was to be had, and where he was generally a welcome guest, both in bower and hall. His legendary lore seemed inexhaustible; and indeed his memory was like an old chest full of scraps continually rummaged. He knew all the scandal and family secrets throughout the parish, and had a quick eye at detecting either a love affair or a feud. He composed a number of the wild ballads that he sang or recited, or at least put them into that jingling and quaint rhythm acquired by habitual intercourse with the phraseology peculiar to these popular descants. On hearing a story, he could readily shape it into verse, extempore, too, upon occasion; and many were the jokes that rebounded from his theme, whether in hall or kitchen. It was pleasant to watch his little grey eye, and the twinkling lashes that rose and fell, varying the expression of his lips. A slight lisp gave to these ditties an air of simplicity which never failed to charm his auditors. He could throw the simplest expression over his features, the keen edge of his rebukes becoming infinitely more cutting and effective. But the prevail-

ing tone of feeling was sad. These wandering minstrels had, from remote ages, been held as seers, and a peep into futurity was often supposed to accompany their poetical inspirations—a superstition not confined to any particular locality, but obtaining a widely-disseminated belief in all climes and nations where imagination assumes her sway, and dares to assert her power.

After a short space, and without any invitation, the ballad-maker, like some Pythian priestess on her tripod, began to exhibit manifestations of the *afflatus*. The spirit of song seemed to be stealing upon him, and in a moment the listening auditory were still. In substance, he half recited, half sung, the following ballad:—

Maiden, braid those tresses bright,
Wreath thy ringlets from the blast;
Why those locks of curling light
Useless to the rude winds cast.

Maiden, why that darken'd brow?
From those eyes, once dimm'd with weeping,
Lurid gleams are gathering now,
O'er their pale wan shadows creeping.

Silent still, the maid pass'd by,
Near nor voice nor footstep came.
Sudden, cleaving earth and sky,
Flash'd a brand of arrowy flame!

Maiden, turn that gaze on me;
Onwards why so madly bent?
Still no stay, no pause made she
Through that kindling element.

Now the midnight chant is stealing,
Mass and requiem breathing near;
Hush'd the blast, as if revealing
Sounds to earth that Heaven might hear.

From yon pile, soft voices swelling
Dirge and anthem for the dead;—
Demon shrieks, their last doom yelling,
Tend Lord Rudolph's dying bed.

Holy men, with song and prayer,
Fain would shrive the passing soul;
Fiend-like whispers, to his ear,
Winds, in muttering curses, roll.

Ere his last lone shuddering cry,
To his couch the maiden came;
On his breast she silently
Bent an eye of ravening flame.

One wild shriek the sufferer sent,
Ere lip's last frail link might sever;
Laugh'd the maiden, as she leant
O'er that form, to cling for ever.

Closer to his heart she press'd ;
 Scorch'd, the quivering flesh recoil'd ;
 Unconsumed his burning breast,
 While that grim tormentor smiled.

Now revenge ! the maiden cried,
 I have barter'd heaven for this ;
 Mine thou art, proud Rudolph's bride :
 Mine, by this last demon kiss.

Tower, and battlement, and hall,
 Scathed as with the thunder-stroke,
 Flash'd through midnight's dusky pall,
 Twined in wreaths of livid smoke.

O'er the gulf of yawning flame
 Horrid shapes are hovering ;
 Monstrous forms, of hideous name,
 To the bridal-bed they bring.

They come ! they come ! their frantic yell,
 On a wave of billowy light
 Sudden rose (so marvellers tell)
 The maiden and her traitor knight.

The moon looks bright on Rudolph's towers,
 The breeze laughs lightly by,
 But dark and silent sleep the hours,
 The lone brook murmuring nigh.

The lank weed waves round the domain,
 The fox creeps to thy gate ;
 Dark is thy dwelling, proud chieftain,
 Thy halls are desolate !"

The legend we have thus rendered.
 His own idiom and versification, as we
 have already observed, were of a more
 homely sort ; better suited, perhaps, to
 the fashion of the time, and the capacity
 of his hearers.

But gloom still pervaded the once-
 cheerful hearth, and the night wore on
 without the usual symptoms of mirth
 and hilarity.

Holt, of Gristlehurst, held the manor-
 ial rights, and was feudal lord over a
 widely-extended domain, the manor of
 Spotland descending to him by succes-
 sion from his grandfather. His charac-
 ter was that of a quiet, unostentatious
 country gentleman ; but withal a proud
 spirit, not brooking either insult or ne-
 glect. This night, an unaccountable
 depression stole upon him. He strode
 rapidly across the chamber, moody and
 alone. The taper was nigh extinguish-
 ed ; the wasted billet grew pale, a few
 sparks starting up the chimney, as the
 wind roared in short and hasty gusts
 round the dwelling. The old family
 portraits seemed to flit from their dark
 panels, wavering with the tremulous
 motion of the blaze.

Holt was still pacing the chamber
 with a disturbed and agitated step. A
 few words, rapid and unconnected, fell
 from his lips.

"Rebel ! Outcast ! I cannot betray
 thee !"

"Betray me !" echoed a voice from
 behind. Turning, the speaker stood
 before him. It was the athletic form of
 the stranger, wrapped in his grey cloak
 and cap of coarse felt, plumed from the
 falcon's wing.

"And who speaks the word that
 shall betray me—a king—a fugitive ?
 Yet not all the means that treachery can
 compass shall trammel one hair upon
 this brow without my privity or con-
 sent."

"Comest thou like the sharp wind
 into my dwelling ?" inquired Holt, in a
 voice tremulous with amazement.

"Free as the unconfined air ; yet fet-
 tered by a lighter bond—a woman's
 love !" returned the intruder. "Thou
 hast a daughter."

The Lord of Gristlehurst grew pale at
 these words. Some terrific meaning
 clung to them. After a short pause, the
 stranger continued :

"Thus speaks the legends of Tiger-
 nach, and the bards of Ulster, rapt into
 visions of the future :—'When a king of
 Erin shall flee at the voice of a woman,
 then shall the distaff and spindle conquer
 whom the sword and buckler shall not sub-
 due.' That woman is yon heretic queen.
 A usurper, an intruder on our birth-
 right. Never were the O'Neils conquer-
 ed but by woman ! I linger here, while
 the war cry rings from the shores of my
 country. Again I hear their shout.
 The impatient chiefs wait for my re-
 turn. Hui—"

The warrior seemed to writhe during
 the conflict. His hands were clenched,
 every muscle stiffened with agony.
 Scorn at his weakness, and dread, hor-
 rible, undefinable dread, as he felt the
 omnipotent power mastering his proud
 spirit—the man who would have laugh-
 ed at the shaking of a spear, and the
 loud rush of the battle, quailed before a
 woman's hate and a woman's love.

"And what is thy request to-night ?"
 said Holt.

The stranger answered, in a voice of
 thunder—

"Thy daughter !"

Tyrone, for it was he, seemed nigh choking with the emotion he sought to suppress.

"Nay," he continued, "it must not be. Oh, did I love her less, she had been mine!"

"Thine?" suddenly retorted the father, somewhat scornfully. "And who gave thee this power over woman's spirit? Thou has not even had speech of her, much less the means to win her favor."

An almost supernatural expression seemed to gather on the features of the chieftain. His eyes after rolling through the vista of past years, began to pause; appalled, as it approached the dark threshold of the future. Lost to the presence of surrounding objects, he thus exclaimed, with fearful solemnity:—

"When the dark-browed Norah nursed me on her lap, and her eye, though dark to outward sense, saw through the dim veil of destiny, it was thus she sang, as she guarded my slumbers, and the hated Sassenach was in the hall:—

"Rest thee, baby! light and darkness
Mingling o'er thy path shall play;
Hope shall flee when thou pursuest,
Lost amidst life's trackless way.

"Rest thee, baby! woman's breast
Thou shalt darken o'er with woe;
None thou lookest on or lovest,
Joy or hope hereafter know.
Many a maid thy glance shall rue;
Where it smites it shall subdue."

"It was an evil hour, old man, when I looked upon thy daughter."

Holt, though of a stout and resolute temper, was yet daunted by this bold and unlooked-for address. He trembled as he gazed on the mysterious form before him, gifted, as it seemed, with supernatural endowments. His unaccountable appearance, the nature of his communications, together with his manner and abrupt mode of speech, would have shaken many a firmer heart, unprepared for these disclosures.

"What is thy business?" he inquired, with some hesitation.

"To warn thee; to warn thy daughter. She hath seen me. And how runs the prophecy? Let her beware. I have looked on her before time. Looked on her! Ay, until these orbs have become dim; I have looked on her till this storn bosom hath become softer than the bub-

bling wax to her impression; but I was concealed, and the maiden passed unharmed by the curse. To-night I have saved her life. A resistless impulse! And she hath looked on me." He smote his brow, groaning aloud in the agony he endured.

It may be supposed this revelation was not calculated to allay the listener's apprehensions. Bewildered and agitated, he turned towards the window. The moon was glimmering through the quiet leaves, and he saw a dark and muffled figure in the avenue. It was stationary for a while; then, slowly moving towards the adjoining thicket, was lost to his view. Holt turned to address his visitor, he had disappeared. It was like the passing of a troubled dream, vague, and indistinct, but fraught with horrible conceptions. A cloud seemed to gather on his spirit, teeming with some terrible but unknown doom. Its nature even imagination failed to conjecture.

His first impulse was to visit his daughter. He found the careful nurse by her bedside. As he entered the room, Agnes raised one finger to her lips, in token of silence. The anxious father bent him over his child. Her sleep was heavy, and her countenance flushed. A tremor passed over her features—a groan succeeded. Suddenly she started up. With a look of anguish he could not forget, she cried—

"Help! Oh, my father!" She clung round his neck. In vain he endeavored to sooth her. She sobbed aloud, as if her heart were breaking. But she never told that dream, though her haggard looks, when morning rose on her anxious and pallid countenance; shewed the disturbance it had created.

Days and weeks passed by. The intrusion of the bold outlaw was nigh forgotten. The father's apprehensions had in some degree subsided; but Constance did not resume her wonted serenity. Her earliest recollections were those of the old nursery rhymes with which Agnes had not failed to store her memory. But the giant-killers and their companions now failed to interest and excite. Other feelings than those of terror and of wonder were in operation, requiring a fresh class of stimulants for support,—tales of chivalry; and

of love, that all-enduring passion, when maidens and their lovers sighed for twice seven years, and all too brief a trial of their truth and constancy! As she listened, her soul seemed to hang on the minstrel's tongue; that erratic troubadour, Gaffer Gee, being a welcome and frequent visitor at Gristlehurst.

One night he had tarried late in the little chamber where she was wont to give him audience: she seemed more wishful to protract his stay than heretofore.

"Now for the ballad of Sir Bertino, the famous Lancashire knight, who was killed at St. Albans, fighting for the glorious red rose of Lancaster."

Nothing loth, he commenced the following ditty:—

"The brave Sir Bertine Entwisle
Hath donn'd his coat of steel,
And left his hall and stately home,
To fight for England's weal.

To fight for England's weal, I trow,
And good King Harry's right,
His loyal heart was warm and true,
His sword and buckler bright.

That sword once felt the craven foe,
Its hilt was black with gore,
And many a mother's son did rue
His might at Agincourt.

And now he stately steps his hall,
A summons from the king?
My armor bright, my casque and plume,
My sword and buckler bring.

Blow, warder, blow. Thy horn is shrill,
My liegemen hither call,
For I must away to the south countrie,
And spears and lances all.

Oh, go not to the south countrie!
His lady weeping said;
Oh, go not to the battle-field,
For I dream'd of the waters red!

Oh, go not to the south countrie!
Cried out his daughter dear;
Oh, go not to the bloody fight,
For I dream'd of the waters clear!

Sir Bertine raised his dark visor,
And he kiss'd his fond ladie;
I must away to the wars, and fight
For our king in jeopardy!

The lady gat her to the tower,
She clomb the battlement;
She watch'd and greet, while through the
woods
The glittering falchions went.

The wind was high, the storm grew loud,
Fierce rose the billowy sea;
When from Sir Bertine's lordly tower
The bell boom'd heavily!

O mother dear, what bodes that speech
From yonder iron tongue?
'Tis but the rude, rude blast, my love,
That idle bell hath swung.

Upon the rattling casement sill
The beating rain fell fast;
When creeping fingers wandering thrice,
Across that window pass'd.

O mother dear, what means that sound
Upon the lattice nigh?
'Tis but the cold, cold arrow sleet
That hurtles in the sky.

The blast was still,—a pause more dread
Ne'er terror felt,—when, lo!
An armed footstep on the stair
Clank'd heavily and slow.

Up flew the latch and tirling pin,
Wide swung the grated door,
Then came a solemn, stately tread
Upon the quaking floor!

A shudder through the building ran,
A chill and icy blast;
A moan, as though in agony
Some viewless spirit pass'd!

O mother dear, my heart is froze,
My limbs are stark and cold.
Her mother spake not, for again
That turret bell hath toll'd.

Three days pass'd by. At eventide
There came an aged man;
He bent him low before the dame,
His wrinkled cheek was wan.

Now, speak, thou evil messenger,
Thy tidings shew to me.
That aged man, nor look you chafed,
Nor ever a word spake he.

What bringest thou? the lady said,
I charge thee by the rood.
He drew a signet from his hand,
'Twas speckled o'er with blood.

Thy husband's grave is wide and deep;
In St. Alban's priory
His body lies, but on his soul
Christ Jesu have mercy!"

* In the parish Church of St. Chad, Rochdale, is a marble tablet erected by John Entwisle, Esquire, a descendant of Sir Bertino, on which is the following inscription:—

To perpetuate a memorial in the Church of St. Alban's, (perished by time,) this marble is here placed to the memory of a gallant and loyal man, Sir Bertine Entwisle, Knight, Viscount and Baron of Bryleke, in Normandy, and some time Bailiff of Constantin, in which office he succeeded his father-in-law, Sir John Ashton, whose daughter Lucy first married Sir Richard le Byron, an ancestor of the Lord Byrons, Barons of Rochdale, and, secondly, Sir Bertine Entwisle, who, after performing repeated acts of valor in the service of his sovereigns, Henry V., and VI., more particularly at Agincourt, was killed in the first battle of St. Alban's, and on his tomb was recorded in brass the following inscription:—

"Here lytho Syr Bertino Entwisle, Knight, which was born in Lancastershire, and was Viscount and Baron of Bryleke in Normandy, and Bailiff of Constantin, who died fighting on King Henry VI. party, 28th May, 1455.

"On whose soul Jesu have mercy!"

Scarcely were the last words uttered, when the chamber latch was raised. The door flew open, and the outlaw, in his dark grey cap and cloak, stood before them. Constance was too much alarmed to utter a word. She clung to her companion with the agony of one grasping at the most fragile support for life or safety.

"Nay, maiden, I would not harm thee," said the intruder, in a voice so musical and sad, that it seemed to drop into the listener's ear like a gush of harmony, or a sweet and melancholy chime wakening up the heart's endeared and hallowed associations. His features were nobly formed. His eye, large and bright, of the purest grey; the lashes, like a cloud, covering and tempering their lustre. A touch of sadness rested on his lips. They seemed to speak of suffering and endurance, though a word might not pass their barriers. Constance, for a moment, raised her eyes, but they were suddenly withdrawn, overflowing with some powerful emotion. He still gazed, but one proud effort broke the fixed intensity of his glance, and his tongue resumed its office.

"Maiden, I am pursued. The foe are on my track. My retreat is discovered, and unless thou vouchsafe to me a hiding place, I am in their power. The Earl of Tyrone—nay, I scorn the title—'tis the King of Ulster that stands before thee. I would not crouch thus for my own life, were it not my country's. Her stay, her sustenance, is in thy keeping."

Never did wretchedness and misfortune sue in vain to a woman's ear. Constance forgot her weakness and timidity; she saw not her own danger. A fellow-being craved help and succor; all other feelings gave place, while animated with a new impulse. She looked on the minstrel, as if to ascertain his fidelity. It was evident, however, no apprehension need be entertained, this personage manifesting no slight solicitude for the safety of the unfortunate chief.

"The old lead mine, in the Cleugh," whispered he.

"Nay, it must be in the house," replied Constance, with a glance of forethought beyond her years. "The pursuers will not search this loyal house for treason!"

(To be Continued.)

FOP. THE YOUNG FOLKS.

CHAPTER III.

THE CURRENTS OF AIR AND THE WEATHER.

IN order to fully understand the conditions of the atmosphere, one must carefully notice the following:

Though the sun produces summer and winter, and although his beams call forth heat, and the absence of heat causes intense cold on the surface of the globe, yet the sun alone does not make what we call the "Weather."

If the sun's influences alone were prevalent, there would be no change at all during our seasons; once cold or warm it would invariably continue to be so, according to the time of the year. The sun however produces certain movements in the air; currents of air or winds pour from cold countries into warm ones, and *vice-versa* from warm ones into cold ones. It is this that makes our sky be cloudy or clear; that produces rain and sunshine, snow and hail, refreshing coolness in summer and warmth in mid-winter, as also chilly nights in summer and thaw in winter. In other words it is more properly the motion of the air, the wind, that produces what we call *weather*; that is, that changeableness from heat to cold, from dryness to moisture, all of which may be comprised in one name, weather.

But whence does the wind arise? It is caused by the influence of the sun's heat upon the air.

The whole earth is enveloped with a misty cover called "air." This air has the peculiar quality of expanding when it becomes heated. If you put a bladder that is filled with air and tied up, into the pipe of a heated stove, the air inside will expand so much as to burst the bladder with a loud report. The warm expanded air is lighter than the cold air, and always ascends in the atmosphere.

Lofly rooms are therefore difficult to heat because the warm air ascends towards the ceiling. In every room it is much cooler near the floor than near the top of the room. This accounts for the singular fact that in winter our feet

though warmly clad in stockings and shoes or boots, feel cold more often than our hands which are entirely uncovered. If you ascend a ladder in a tolerably cold room, you are surprised at finding it much warmer above than below in the room. The flies take advantage of this in autumn, when they are seen to promenade on the ceiling, because then it is warm as in summer, while near the floor it is cold; owing to the circumstance that warm air, being lighter than cold, ascends.

Precisely the same takes place on the earth. In the hot zone near the equator the sun heats the air continually; hence the air then ascends. But from both the northern and southern hemispheres, cold air is constantly pouring towards the equator in order to fill the vacuum thus produced. This cold air is now heated also and rises, while other cold air rushes in after. By this continued motion of the air towards the equator, however, a vacuum is created also at both poles of the earth; and the heated air of the equator, after having ascended flows towards these two vacuums. Thus arises the currents in the air; currents which continue the whole year, and cause the cold air to move from the poles to the equator along the surface of the earth; while higher in the atmosphere the heated air flows from the equator back to the poles.

Therefore the air is said to circulate below from the poles to the equator, but above to go back from the equator to the poles.

He who is in the habit of noticing phenomena of nature, may often have observed something of the kind when opening the window of a room filled with smoke. The smoke escapes above while below it seems to come back into the room again.

But this is an illusion which has its origin in the fact, that above the warm air of the room goes out of the window and, of course, takes the smoke with it; below at the window however, cold air pours in from without, driving the smoke that is below back into the room. The attentive observer may also see how the two currents of air above and below move in contrary directions; while in the middle part they repel each other,

and form a kind of eddy which may be clearly perceived by the motion of the smoke.

What takes place on our earth is nothing different from this, and we shall see in our next article the great influence this has upon our weather.

QUESTIONS ON IRISH LITERATURE, &c.

1. What two great Irish names appear in the impeachment of Warren Hastings?
2. Contrast in a few words the speeches of Edmund Burke and Richard Brinsley Sheridan.
3. What tribute did the "great" Pitt pay to one of Sheridan's speeches delivered on the Case of the Begum of Oude?
4. On what does Sheridan's reputation rest?
5. With what reputation did Sheridan leave school?
6. Who was Oliver Goldsmith?
7. Name his principal writings.
8. Where does his ashes rest?
8. What great man, paid him this high tribute—"He left nothing untouched, and touched nothing without adorning it."

PREDESTINATION.

"Do you believe in predestination?" said the captain of a Mississippi steamer to a Calvinistic clergyman, who happened to be travelling with him. "Certainly." "And you also believe that what is to be will be?" "Certainly." "Well I am glad to hear it." "Why?" "I intend to pass that boat ahead in fifteen consecutive minutes, if there be any virtue in pine-knots and loaded safety valves. So, don't be alarmed, for if the bilers ain't to burst they won't." Here the divine began looking around for a life-preserver.

Why ought tailors to be good (matrimonial) matchmakers? Because they are so much in the habit of pressing other people's suits, and of coating them too.

J. J. CALLANAN.

(POET—DIED SEPTEMBER 19TH., 1850.)

He was calm, he was kind, he was gentle in manner,
 No form more slight, no cheek e'er was wanner,
 No heart was more true and no spirit was prouder,
 He could speak with a child and his voice was not louder ;
 His soul was so pure—no dangers e'er fearing—
 "God's rest," cried the world "to the Minstrel of Erin!"

As yet in his childhood so bright was each token,—
 That often and often again it was spoken,—
 "His thoughts for this cold earth he never is framing,
 He chided the wicked yet never was blaming—
 A priest to the altar some day he'll be nearing
 The kind and the good, the true Minstrel of Erin."

To heaven and God his fond hopes were aspiring,
 To worship and love was his constant desiring,—
 To stand on the altar he ever was praying—
 "He loves to adore," still the people are saying,
 He cared not for mocking, he cared not for jeering,
 A priest in his soul was this Minstrel of Erin.

But God, in his bounty and wisdom desposing,
 To a life so devout had ordained no such closing ;
 Thy cold hand consumption had touched on his beauty,
 And changed, for the bard, the bright path of his duty—
 He bowed to the will that his life course was veering—
 Did the poet at heart—the good Minstrel of Erin!

His heart was too large for a hating, reproving—
 He sought, as all bards, for an object of loving ;
 He gazed all around and no object more splendid,
 Than the Isle of his birth which his fathers defended.
 "He woke its wild harp"—his country thus cheering—
 By the scenes of his youth—the true Minstrel of Erin!

Thy echoes great Mullogh, as the eagle is screaming,
 Retain its last call and when morning is beaming—
 The hills of Ivarah are bright in the glowing—
 That lights on their summit the fair heather blowing—
 They still are recalling and still are they wearing—
 The song and the stamp of the Minstrel of Erin!

From where, in the north, all the mad waves are dashing,
 On Antrim's wild rocks in a fury are splashing,
 To where thro' each valley, by brake and by highland,
 The Lee flows along, fairest stream of the Island—
 The peasant, the poet, with many a tear in
 His dim eye, recalls the sad Minstrel of Erin!

Green, green be the sod where this true one is sleeping—
 Where the muses of Erin in anguish are weeping—
 This destined of heaven whose spirit is rowing
 To-day in God's mansions, the dwelling of loving ;—
 Long, long may his memory, wherever appearing,
 Find a shrine in each heart—fondest Minstrel of Erin.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

We have received many answers to W. K's question in our last number. We select J. Fitzgerald's of Toronto, for publication.

The declaration of Breda, 1660, was different from the treaty. The former was a declaration of Charles II. from Breda, granting pardon and peace to all persons, excepting such as the parliament might afterwards except; and ordaining that every division of party should cease, and inviting all who were subjects of the same sovereign, to live in harmony and union. It declared "Religious Liberty," and thereby was Charles permitted to ascend the throne.

But the peace of Breda occurred July 21st, 1667. Three treaties were signed by the English Commissioners on the same day. By one with Holland it was agreed that both parties should forget past injuries, and remain in their present condition, which confirmed to the States, the possession of the disputed island of Pulcrone, and to the English their conquests of Albany and New York; by the second with France, Louis obtained the restoration of Nova Scotia, and Charles that of Antigua, Montserrat, and part of St. Kitt's. And by the last with Denmark, the ally of the Dutch, the relations of amity were reestablished between the two crowns.

QUEBEC.—Asks who were the parties interested in the peace of Utrecht?

Ans.—The English, Dutch, and Germans, who formed the allied army, and the French. It was induced by the success of the French under Marshal Villars, in Flanders, where he completely routed, 14,000 English under the command of the Earl of Albemarle, who superseded the Duke of Marlboro'. This conference of peace was held in the reign of Anne, in the year 1712.

R. ANDERSON, MONTREAL, WRITES:—I would be pleased to learn through the "Notes and Queries" department of *THE HARP*; the Abbey Estates granted to the Russell and Wriothesley families, with their estimated present value.

N. B.—As this is an extensive, and somewhat complicated question, we cannot oblige our young friend before our next issue.

We have received over a dozen solutions to "Greenhorn's" Mathematical proposition; none of which, however, meet the conditions.

Sir,—Will you permit a Father to return you thanks for having introduced so very interesting a feature into your valuable periodical, as these questions for the young. I can assure you they are a great stimulant to study and research to my boys, who though young, spend many a happy evening in striving to find correct answers to them; they have already filled several copy books with answers which they intend to keep by

them; thus the important lessons are fixed indelibly on their minds, and their writing is improved. I am only too happy to encourage them in their educational efforts. I hope all parents will do the same. Wishing you many years yet to work in the great cause in which you have so arduously labored.

I am, Sir,

Your Obedt. Servant,

A FATHER.

USEFUL HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

BEEF TONGUES.—A salted tongue, if dried, must be soaked for some hours previous to being dressed. It must then be put into cold water, and gently brought to boiling; when, after the surface of the water is cleared from the scum, the sauce-pan must be removed from the fire only so far as to reduce the boiling to a gentle simmering. If dried a tongue will require four hours, if simply salted only three hours' boiling. While hot, the outer skin of the tongue must be peeled off, and it may be sent to the table either glazed or plain. Boiled turnips are a usual accompaniment of boiled tongue.

ROASTED TONGUE.—Parboil a tongue that has only been salted about ten days; roast, baste with red wine, and frost it at last with butter. Serve it with a rich gravy and sweet sauce.

STEWED TONGUE.—Simmer it for two hours in water only sufficient to cover it; then peel it and put it back into the water, adding to it, tied up in a piece of muslin, some pepper, mace, and cloves. Cut some turnips and capers very small, slice some carrots, and add these also to the liquor, with half a pint of beef gravy, a wine-glass of white wine, and a bunch of sweet herbs. Stew all together very gently for an hour and a half longer, then take out the spice and sweet herbs, and thicken the gravy with flour worked into a small piece of butter.

Cows UDDER is generally roasted with a tongue that has been in pickle not more than three days. They are both parboiled, and then tied together and roasted. They are served with good gravy and currant-jelly sauce.

Cow's HEEL.—Get one that has only been scalded, not boiled till the jelly has been extracted. Boil it for seven or eight hours in a quart of water, which, if required, may be afterward made into jelly, or soup. The heel, cut into handsome slices, and covered with egg and bread crumbs, must be fried of a light brown, and laid round a dish, in the centre of which some onions sliced and fried also must be put.

THE PARNELL POLKA.

By E. O'MAHONY.

INTRODUCTION.

Musical notation for the Introduction section, featuring a treble and bass staff in 2/4 time. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The melody in the treble staff begins with a series of eighth notes, while the bass staff provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes.

Continuation of the musical notation for the Introduction section, showing the second and third measures of the piece.

POLKA.

Musical notation for the Polka section, featuring a treble and bass staff in 2/4 time. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The melody in the treble staff is characterized by a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes, and the bass staff provides a consistent accompaniment.

Continuation of the musical notation for the Polka section, showing the second and third measures of the piece.

First system of a musical score, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef). The music features a complex rhythmic pattern with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes, and some slanted stems.

Second system of a musical score, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef). The music continues with a complex rhythmic pattern, including many sixteenth and thirty-second notes.

Third system of a musical score, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef). The music continues with a complex rhythmic pattern, including many sixteenth and thirty-second notes.

Fourth system of a musical score, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef). The music continues with a complex rhythmic pattern, including many sixteenth and thirty-second notes.

Fifth system of a musical score, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef). The music continues with a complex rhythmic pattern, including many sixteenth and thirty-second notes.

System 1: Treble and Bass clefs. Treble clef contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. Bass clef contains a bass line with chords and eighth notes. A double bar line is present after the second measure.

System 2: Treble and Bass clefs. Treble clef continues the melodic line. Bass clef contains a bass line with chords and eighth notes. A double bar line is present after the second measure.

System 3: Treble and Bass clefs. Treble clef continues the melodic line. Bass clef contains a bass line with chords and eighth notes. A double bar line is present after the second measure.

System 4: Treble and Bass clefs. Treble clef continues the melodic line. Bass clef contains a bass line with chords and eighth notes. A double bar line is present after the second measure.

System 5: Treble and Bass clefs. Treble clef continues the melodic line. Bass clef contains a bass line with chords and eighth notes. A double bar line is present after the second measure.

FIRE-SIDE SPARKS.

"My wedding trips," said the grocer, as he stumbled over the bride's train.

A man knows what "The Charge of the Light Brigade" is when he gets his gas-bill.

Why not have female conductors? The ladies are adepts in the management of trains.

Come and seam me; I need little of your aid," remarked the piece of cloth to the maiden fair.

It is possible for three people to keep the same secret, but only after two of them are dead.

A man that has riches and enjoys them not is like an ass that carries gold and eats thistles.

Learning is a good thing for a man to have in his upper story, if he has common sense on the ground floor.

Why is the money you are in the habit of giving to the poor like a newly born babe? Because it's precious little.

Why is the meat in your sandwich like the large middle class of society? Don't you see that? Well, because it lies between the upper crust and the under bred.

"How many quills does it take to make a goose?" asked a teacher of a young pupil. "If he uses it to write a love-letter with, one will usually suffice," she answered.

Grace: "I am going to see Clara to-day; have you any message?" Charlotte: "I wonder how you can visit that dreadful girl. Give her my love."

A gentleman was wondering why there are so many reputations, when a friend said: "It is probably because every man has to make his own."

A red-headed man recently attended a masquerade wrapped from his neck to his heels in a brown cloth, and with his head bare. He represented a lighted cigar.

The most amusing man in the world is a Frenchman trying to vent his rage in English: "By gar, you call my wife a voman throe several times once more and I vill call the vatch-house and blow off your brain like a candle."

The man or woman who has never loved, hugged, kissed, played with, listened to, told stories to, or thoroughly spanked a child has missed the cardinal joys of life.

An old lady with several unmarried daughters fed them on fish diet because it is rich in phosphorus, and that is the essential thing in making matches.

A schoolmistress thinks that pupils ought to have "a great hearty laugh every day." The desideratum might be brought about by the schoolmistress reading her love letters to her pupils.

There is one subject that we never tire of talking about. It is more interesting even than the politics of the present day, and that is our own, dear, never-to-be-sufficiently-appreciated-self.

An exchange remarks that "the Chinese can handle mortars and produce great destruction." Inexperienced drug clerks can compete with Chinese cheap labor in this respect and give them points, besides.

"Why," asked a lady of an old judge, "why cannot a woman become a successful lawyer, I'd like to know?" "Because answered the judge, "she's too fond of giving her opinion without pay."

Some tasteful individual very correctly remarks that the best lip salve in creation is a kiss, the remedy should be used with great care, however, as it is apt to bring on an affection of the heart.

An English servant-girl who had returned from the United States to visit her friends at home was told that she "looked really aristocratic;" to which she responded; "Yes; in America all of us domestics belong to the hire class."

One of the prettiest compliments ever reported was recently paid to the owner of a pair of bright eyes. She took a child upon her lap, and after gazing intently into her face for a few moments, the little one asked naively—

"Are your eyes new?"