Saint Mary's Beacon

VOL. XI — LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 2, 1874 — NO. 22

ST. MARY'S BEACON

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

J. F. KING & JAMES S. DOWNS.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—$2.00 per annum to be paid within six months. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months and no paper to be discontinued until all arrearages are paid except at the option of the publisher.

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ORATION

OF

M. P. CARROLL, ESQ.,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

Hibernian Benevolent Society,

Augusta, Ga., March 17th, 1874.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

Fifteen hundred years ago when imperial Rome was shaking in the agonies of dissolution; when her majestic form was gradually losing its huge proportions by the attrition of forces such as have never been brought to bear upon any country before or since; when every treasure of art and literature, that had been garnered from the schools of Greece and Rome in unison with the doctrines of Christianity, were guarded by the valour and iron-hand of the Emperor Valentinian; when Continental Europe was heaving and trembling with the tread of the Northern barbarian; there was born a child of noble parentage, who was destined to be the nucleus around which all this art, all this literature and all this Christianity would one day gather, when nearly extinguished elsewhere, and send the penetrating rays of their salutary influence into the Crimmerian darkness in which the human race would be enveloped. This child was the great St. Patrick, the patron saint of Ireland, the man at whose name every son of Erin lifts his voice in praise and bows his head with respect, love and gratitude. It is not alone here in the city of Augusta that this assembling of Irishmen greets the eye on this 17th day of March, but everywhere where a son of Erin is to be found, or I may say, where civilization has stretched its arms. You find them gracing the courts of Europe—thundering their eloquence in the halls of the American Congress—striking for liberty where liberty is in danger and braving the storms of political and religious persecution on the sunny fields of historic Italy. In the language of the great Roman poet, when speaking of the Trojans after the destruction of Troy, "*Quae regio in terris nostrinon plena laboris!*" To-day you are assembled not only to reverence and honor your great St. Patrick, but also your dearly loved, fondly cherished Green Isle of the Ocean. To-day you bring fresh offerings and lay them upon the altar of patriotism, bedew them with a tear of sorrow and seal them with a common bond of hope that the future is not far distant when this burning zeal will melt the chains that bind your native land and her harp will again resound with joy divine, and her shamrock shake the tear of sorrow from its emerald form as in the days of Brain Boru!

To condense into one speech all that is interesting in the history of Ireland would be beyond the finite power of man; and when I attempt to interest you on this occasion by reciting some of the salient features in Irish history, and speak to you of Ireland's great heroes, I feel as if I were touching upon sacred ground. I feel, when my memory recalls those in whose footsteps I am treading, that my theme has already received the impress of master-minds, and hallowed by the inspirations of genius. The task is mine to-day, and I can truthfully say it has my whole soul, for American though I am, that dear old Island is the spot from which my ancestors sprung.

It was said by the great Shakespeare, that "there is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we may," and never was there a better illustration of this maxim than in the case of St. Patrick.—Niall the Great, then monarch of Ireland, in one of his expeditions to the North of France, captured this boy that I have mentioned, who had reached his sixteenth year, and carried him off from his parents into slavery. Delicately and tenderly reared by polished, refinded and religious parents, he was as little suited to act in the capacity of a menial as any one possibly could be; but, fortunately he fell into the hands of a people whose nobility and greatness of soul needed only that which this boy slave afterwards brought them, to stamp the highest type of nobility on their brow. They, his masters, were nobles not by letters patent; not by the weight of gold, but nobles made so by unblemished characters, reaching back through the avenues of time, and of whose ancestors are recorded a long succession of virtuous actions which attract the attention of mankind. Into the hands of these people he fell, and tended the herds of a kind master through the burning suns of Summer, and biting, searching cold of seven Winters. It was there that his great heart expanded, and his great soul grew greater for the glorious future that awaited him. He fled! From bondage, this great Apostle, shivering through the hills of Scotland and England, sought the tender care, the sweet smile and the burning love of his dear mother far away in Armorican Gaul. But e'er he reached her, 'ere her loving embrace caught the darling, long lost child to her bosom; 'ere he heard the gentle accents of a mother's voice in gladness, he caught floating on the wings of slumber the wailing of a nation, and in a dream he heard the voice of Ireland in her sorrow, and saw her beautiful form languishing under the mesmeric spell of Druidical idolatry, but ready to receive the plastic touch of Divine inspiration!

Returning then to his home, he immediately prepared himself to carry out the great purpose of his life. After his consecration at Rome he returned to the land of his bondage, to the ancient "Isle of Destiny," and in the language of the eloquent Father Burke, "O, golden hour amongst the hours, when the sands of the Irish shore first embraced softly and lovingly the beautiful footprints of him who preached peace and good things." When he landed he found no barbarous herd of half naked wretches, wallowing in the slough and mire of vice; no unlettered heathens worshipping beasts and reptiles as the Egyptians and other ancient nations did before the influence of Christianity was made known to them; but a people versed in government, ruled by kings, and a religion wrapped in music looking heavenward for a God from the Round Towers and the hill of Tara! Hardly had he landed before Ireland felt the influence of his presence. The monarch Laogare was in the habit of calling an assembly of the princes, druids and pagan-priests in the halls of Tara. St. Patrick found this out and immediately proceeded with his retinue of assistance to this renowned assembly. It was a custom among the Melesians that when this assembly met, to erect a large fire upon the hills of Tara, and an edict of the druids proclaimed that no other fire should be lighted within the territory of Breah. Ignorant of this superstitious practice, or unmindful of it, the great apostle pitched his tent within full view of Tara, and the blazing fagots shot their rays through the darkness of the night, as the burning truths he afterwards preached dispelled the shadows of idolatry, and shed a ray of glory around that island, which hangs to-day as a beacon that guides her exiled sons on their rugged paths of duty!

He came, he saw, he conquered; but the victories of this Christian Cæsar were achieved without one drop of blood—a conquest without a parallel in the history of this world! How was it accomplished? With the divine sword of Truth he struck, in the halls of Tara, the foremost man of Ireland; the Druids hung their heads in admiration, swept aside their flowing beards and raised their voices, as they were wont to do under their gnarled oaks, and proclaimed to the awe-struck assembly the God of the Christians. The bards tuned their harps in praise of a higher king, and the voices of her maidens swelled in grateful notes the triumph of redemption.

When St. Patrick and his bishops took their seats in Tara, what then was done? The Register of Tara was expunged by three kings, three bishops and three antiquaries. The laws were remodelled, and perfect harmony reigned throughout the land. Ireland became the granary of literature, art and science. Religion flourished as it never has done since in any land; the valleys bloomed with verdure and groaned with the weight of harvests; in fact, the age of St. Patrick, and that immediately succeeding, until the long and bloody incursions of the Danes, is almost beyond conception, says the able historian MacGeoghegan, so distinguished had it become both in religion and knowledge of the sciences.

During all this period of Ireland's glory, Rome was falling to pieces like an ill-constructed, disproportioned edifice, from its own weight. During this period, from 493, A. D., to the beginning of the ninth century, Scythia was pouring forth her bands, or hordes of mounted marauders, from the barren, bleak and inhospitable Steppes of Asia, and the snowgirted slopes of the Ural Mountains. And the pines of Scandinavia and the North, lashed by the Arctic winds, marshalled the hosts of Alaric and Attila, and moaned the dirge of the Mistress of the World. All that polished lore from the Grecian and Roman civilization was entombed in the mountain caves, those vaults of nature, to escape destruction. Religion, wrapped in a cloak of sadness, hid its face and wept again in silence. The storm subsided. At once poured forth the sages and scholars of Ireland to reclaim the lost spirit of man, from the southern shores of Italy to the rock-bound coasts of Britainy.

Amidst the ruins of continental civilization there arose a great and wise king, who caught Religion in one hand and Learning in the other, and led them up the rugged path, to place them upon that eminence from which the wrath of the Barbarian had hurled them, and in their place had seated murky Ignorance, with her handmaid, Vice. But did he achieve this alone?—unaided except by the resources of his great empire? Where were the seats of learning from which all his nation drank the refreshing draughts of wisdom? Were they not Paris and Ticinum? How came these great Universities established, and who founded them? There landed on the shores of France two men—two Irishmen—named Claude Clement and Albinus, having accompanied there some merchants, who were trafficing their wares and merchandise. These two men having exiled themselves for the human race, cried out; "we have science to sell!" The inhabitants struck by this very peculiar and novel remark proclaimed them "mad!" But like the great apostle of the gentiles they exclaimed, "we are not mad, but speak the words of truth and soberness!" They were at once taken before the great Charlemagne and the quick mind of the monarch caught the wisdom of their speech, and they at once found a market for their science, as the fruit of the universities I have mentioned so well attested.

Ladies and gentlemen, it was said by the inspired Milton

"That wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
Where, with her best nurse, contemplation,
She plumes her feathers and lets grow her wings."

And so it was with those men of Ireland in the retirement of the manasteries; they "plumed their feathers and let grow their wings," and swept over Europe—the harbingers of joy and gladness to the human race. Oh! those were the days of thy joy, Erin! How majestic were your hills! How verdant were your valleys! How pellucid were your streams! Standing here to-day, at this end of the aisle of centuries, methinks I see down the long vista, marching in grand and solemn procession, your saints, your scholars, your warriors, your Druids, in harmony and peace, up to the verdant slopes of Breah to the Halls of Tara, and with one voice proclaiming to future ages the glories of your race! But alas! alas! the brightest day in old Ireland's history was fast drawing to a close. Those Corsairs of the North, the blue-eyed, flaxen-haired worshippers of Odin; those fierce and ruthless pirates of the Baltic, the Danes, turned the prows of their ships toward happy Ireland, slumbering in quietude and sanctity.

They were an enemy worthy of the steel of the Celtic Gael! They were the hosts that checked the iron-crowned Charlemagne in his attempts to conquer the Saxons, and when their feet first touched the shores of Erin, it was a signal of blood; the Shamrock, that had never yet been pressed but by the dews of heaven, had its emerald form incarnadined with the blood of the brave!

For two hundred years the tug of war went on. In that time the dauntless invader was again and again hurled back—but, like the fabled hydra, when one was struck down a hundred appeared in his stead—until there arose a Hercules in the great and glorious Brian Boru, who struck the fatal, final blow on Clontarf's bloody field!

Why should I dwell longer here! Why not hurry on to other days, and drop the veil on this eventful scene?

Oh! it is sweet to linger around this glorious epoch of Ireland's greatness, and feast the mind on deeds of valor known to no other race or no other time! 'Tis pleasant, yea, inspiring to the soul to sound the name of Brian Boru; to recall the daring exploits of Malachi and the collar of gold; to stand awe-struck and spell-bound, when contemplating the death plunge that Fionall, the commander of the Irish fleet, made with Sitrick the Danish King, when he saw, or thought he saw, that the death of the Dane was the life of his country. These and such like deeds, grasp the mind and hold it bound in "rosy fetters fast," especially when the next scene is the beginning of a tragedy, bloody, foul and treacherous. Ireland, though freed from the invader was left in such a state that her own sons had forgotten that harmony, a love which St. Patrick had planted in their hearts. We now behold her Thyestean banquet; and England as the Atreus standing by to point out the horror to her, and when she arose from the inhuman meal the chains of her slavery were rivetted in links of steel.

A very interesting and at the same time a very strange historic coincidence occurs about thus period. Roderick O'Conner was the last of Ireland's kings; and it was during his reign that Dermott, King of Leinster, stole the Princess of Brefney and carried her off to his castle at Ferns. The infidelity of this woman in conjunction with the perfidy of her treacherous lover seemed to open the door to all the miseries of Ireland in the future. Not yet had all of that nobleness of soul and love of purity and chastity died out in the hearts of her people, thank God! They turned their faces against the horrid act, and Dermott fled the country to escape the wrath of his subjects and the vengeance of Roderick O'Conner. Now we present the parallel: About the close of the eighth century a Roderick was King of Spain, and committed an act similar to that of Dermott, the names of the females were the same. Count Julien, the injured father, fled with revenge burning in his heart, sought assistance from the Moors, whom he introduced into Spain, where they remained for centuries masters of the country. Dermott brought with him the English into Ireland, and there they have been ever since, and there they are to-day. Roderick, King of Spain, lost his life, his crown and his country as a punishment for his crimes. Roderick, King of Ireland, lost his crown in attempting to punish crime. Does it not now seem that when Roderick O'Conner was seeking retirement in the quiet retreats of the monasteries, flying as he was from the cares of empire, we can almost imagine that he heard coming to him from away up here in this nineteenth century the voice of Ireland's child of song, and turning to his stricken country he cried out in a voice of lamentation:

"Weep on, weep, your hour is past;
Your dreams of pride are o'er;
The fatal chain is round you cast,
And you are men no more.
In vain the hero's heart hath bled;
The sage's tongue hath warned in vain—
O, Freedom once thy flame hath fled,
It never lights again!"

Irishmen, now co[illegible] the great drama of your country [illegible] fidy of Dermott is the [illegible] most performances th[illegible] Henry II, then King [illegible] forged bull in one ha[illegible] in the other, and a p[illegible] lowers at his back, p[illegible] that he goes to civili[illegible] your country! Civili[illegible] civilization marched si[illegible] ery nation then on ea[illegible] boasted of their Brehe[illegible] of Tanistes when [illegible] dering his Phillipics over Greece; and Cicero was adorning truth with the charms of his eloquence, and showing his countrymen how invincible is justice when properly supported. Civilize a people who had drank deep from the fountains of learning, when the minds of the ancestors of Henry and his anglo-Norman civilizers were congealed like the ice-bound coasts of their native Scandinavia. If rapine, fire and sword are the instruments of civilization, then, my Irish friends, did the *Great King* civilize! They came; these Normans with their King to conquor, rob, to exterminate, and when they bearded the Celt, in his Green Isle of the West, they found no cringing Saxon ready to lick the hand that smote him, but iron hearts, impelling stalwart arms that flashed in their faces the trenchant blade stained with the blood of the invincible Dane, and wreathed with the memories of Clontarf and a hundred minor glories!

From the reign of Henry VIII to the present period we find the character of the Irish people developed and presented to the world by a series of incidents that have no parallel in history; for treachery, malignity and spoliation upon the part of their enemies, and virtue, valor and integrity on the part of the Irish. I would not harrow up your hearts and inflame your resentment by narrating the scenes of horror under the Tudors. I would not stir up your warm and impulsive blood by depicting the massacres of Drogheda, Carrickfurgus and Wexford; nor would I allude to these terrible agonies through which your beautiful country passed, only that I wish to present a contrast, and show how grand and magnificent are the people who have borne all this, and more, and emerged from their desolation, pure and unsullied by a single act that would cause a shadow of shame on their brow.

She needs no defense from my hands; the panegyrics of Macauley, in defense of William and Mary, have be[illegible] silenced by a Mitchell, and the imput[illegible] upon the character of her people by [illegible] have been dissipated by the gen[illegible] of her Burke, and the traducer sent cowering back to his paymasters at Exeter Hall.

Amidst all their reverses and crucifixions of the soul, did the sons of old Ireland ever forget the valor and the glories of their race? Let the Confederation of Kilkenny, in 1642, and the struggle that followed for eight years, attest; let the glories of Owen Roe O'Neill, when he gorged the waters at the ford of Benburb with the blood of the Puritan, attest; let the intrepid, the high-toned, chivalrous Sarsfield, in the breach at Limerick, attest; let the fidelity and unswerving adherence to his promise, in juxtaposition to a faithless infraction of a solemn treaty by his enemies at Limerick, attest. Can we we not, at this moment, transport ourselves in imagination to that memorable day? Can we not see the gallant Sarsfield, standing with the treaty in one hand, to which he had affixed his name, and his trusty sword in the other, when it is announced to him that the French fleet was already in the Shannon, and if he would only run his sword through the instrument and send back the negotiators, victory would once more crown the standards of his little army, and the shamrock of Ireland be entwined with the lilies of France. There was a struggle to test the steel of a patriot! Then passed before him the panorama of his country's woes! He saw the starving, squallid poor in the bogs of Connaught; he saw the defeat of his foes and the probable freedom of his country—yea—more, ambition whispered its sweets in his ear and he almost felt the burning crown of royalty on his brow.—But like a true Irishman he knew his country would rather wear her chains than gain her freedom by the dishonor of her sons! He handed the instrument to his enemies, laid down his arms and marched out to be cheated by a corrupt parliament. The following year, 1693, on the 19th day of July Sarsfield and his followers in Exile met the English at Neerwinden where he had the opportunity to cross swords again with the people who had defrauded him and his country; he further beheld the standards of England trailed in the dust and their scarlet ranks riven and rent before his intrepid charge, and he sent pealing after them the vengeful shout "remember Limerick." Here was glory enough for Sarsfield—a shot of the enemy marshalled his gallant soul with the spirits of the brave. He fought for his country in a foreign land, he fell for liberty and those he loved.

"Oh, if there be on this earthly sphere,
A boon, an offering heaven holds dear,
'Tis the last libation liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause."

From this time on to the present day the valor of the sons of Erin is emblazed on the annals of nearly every civilized nation. Go to the classic banks of the Rhine, the battles of Freidlegen and Spires, in 1702. At the latter place Nugent's Irish cavalry saved the fortunes of the day. At Blenheim, when Marlboro's star was nearly fixed, the charge of Clare's dragoons shook the trembling balance of his fortune, and when he saw the famous cavalry of Prince Eugene swept away by the resistless charge of the Irish he, the great Duke, trembled for his fame. At [illegible] the great [illegible] The per[illegible] [illegible]gue. Unlike [illegible] comes first. [illegible]gland, with a [illegible] drawn sword [illegible] hungry fol[illegible] to the world [illegible] christianize [illegible] people whose [illegible] side with every [illegible] A people who [illegible] and customs [illegible] Almanza, in 1707, it was the elite of Berwicke and the Irish that seated Philip on the throne of Spain. When the battalions of Albemarle melted before the maddened fury of Villars at Denain, the Irish were in the van. I could go on reciting a succession of exploits until I would weary the patience of the most zealous and attentive listener, but enough has been said to remind you that your people are grand enough in themselves, and that your country is a nation in spite of tyranny?

In [illegible] great only in the field?—Where is her Flood, her Curren, her Grattan, her immortal—her great O'Connell? These are names that carry with them eloquence, statesmanship, patriotism and philanthropy. These were her modern giants in council. 'Twas Grattan with his volunteers who broke the commercial tyranny of England, and with his declaration of right gave Ireland her freedom. Though temporary, it was sweet to a people that had been slaves for centuries. It was her great O'Connell who thundered at the doors of the English Parliament until he was admitted; and when he entered he sent his burning focuses of thought, careering on the wings of eloquence, frescoing on the seared minds of his country's enemies, the justice of his country's demand—melting the heart of even the Iron-Duke, and wrenching from the relentless grasp of the King rights that have been his people's ever since!

My friends is it necessary for me to say more of your country and her heroes, to stimulate you to greater love and patriotism? You have heard all that I have said before; many of you will hear it again, and it is proper that you should. We have feebly and imperfectly reviewed your nation's history—lives there a son of Erin, who is afraid to turn and look antiquity in the face?

O, ye spirits of Grattan and O'Connell and your grand compeers, you still hover around your green isle of the ocean—the inspiration of your genius fills the souls of its people! O, Ireland you are guarded by the spirits of your patriots, of your poets, your warriors, your saints. The insatiable vulture of tyranny and oppression may feed upon your beautiful form and think you are dead; you have the elixer of life in the undying patriotism of your children. By every wound there is new life imparted. For every rent that is made in your stainless garment but exposes the loveliness of your form, and its shreds are woven by the [illegible] and protecting hand of humanity into strings for your harp that will one day swell forth in melodious strains the anthem of your freedom.

"For every tear your martyrs shed—
For every sigh that rends your breast—
For every wail above the dead—
For every heart by anguish prest—
For every pardon done for God—
For every patient prayer in woe—
For every kissing of the rod—
Rivers of tyrant blood shall flow.

Fill up, proud Albion! fill the bowl!
Your mighty pride still haughty nurse!
Flaunt to the world your crimson soul!
But tremble! when God's children curse!
Sons of fair Erin! stricken one!
See ye that dawn! 'Tis freedom's light!
The battle of Truth's already won
By those who bravely keep the Right!"

Mr. Carroll was repeatedly interrupted with storms of applause.

SHIPPING ELEPHANTS.—A Calcutta newspaper says: The hoisting into the air and lowering elephants into the hold of a ship is not only an unusual sight to most men but a strange experience to most elephants. They were lashed with strong ropes, slung as far as practicable in slings, hoisted up with cranes with three-foot tackle, and lowered into the steamer's hold like a bale of cotton. When in the hold, they are placed in pens built of strong teak timber baulks, bolted to the ship's side to prevent them from breaking lose. The fear the animals suffered was the only pain they underwent, and by watching the eyes of the poor beasts their terror was very manifest. Tears trickled down their mild countenances, and they roared with dread, more especially when being lowered into the hold, the bottom of which was sanded for them to stand upon. We are told that one female elephant actually fainted, and was brought too with a fan and many gallons of water. At sea it appears that they got into a curious habit of occasionally—evidently with a preconcerted signal—setting to work rocking the ship from side to side, by giving themselves simultaneously, a swing motion as they stood athwart ship, the vessel rolling heavily, as if in a seaway. This they would do for a spell of an hour or more, and then desist for several hours until the strange freak took them again. When they reached port they were hoisted out of the hold and swam on shore, thirty-five being thus safely landed without any accident whatever.—When they were released from the slings it was a supreme moment for the mahout, who was always on the elephant,s neck from the time it touches the water to letting go. As the word was given to let go, each of the elephants, either from the lightness of his heart at being freed from his floating prison, or from his own weight, we are not sure which—lightness of heart, like lightness of head, cause elephants and men to play pranks—plunged down deep into the water, the mahout on his neck. The anxiety on the face of the mahout just one second before the plunge was a study; so, too, was it when elephant and man rose to the surface again, the former blowing water from his trunk, and and the latter from his nose.

A great hardship—An iron steamer.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

'Only one passenger by the omnibus,' said the landlady of the Green Dragon, as she turned away from the window where she had been watching the vehicle that plied to and from the railroad, six miles off.

Only one passenger—a tall, fresh looking girl, with glossy masses of raven dark hair, and eyes of a liquid hazel. Marian Ashley was pretty, in the real blooming English style; and she was very self-possessed withal, as she entered the little inn parlor.

'Can you furnish me with a conveyance to Moreton Grange?' she asked of the landlady, who bustled forward to meet her.

'To-night, Miss?'

'Yes, to-night.'

'Then you must be the young lady that is coming as a companion to Mrs. Moreton?' asked the hostess, with a spice of the curiosity inherited from Mother Eve.

'I am,' said Marian, as independently as if she were an heiress.

'It's a long drive, Miss,' said Mrs. Ducey, 'and you'd better take a bit of supper while Tom's harnessing the horses.

So Marian sat down to wait; and Mrs. Ducey eyed her in a sidewise fashion as she spread the table.

'She's a nice looking gal,' thought Mrs. Ducey; and Mrs. Ducey was right. Marian looked like a queen as she sat there in her sober black dress, with the coronal of her jetty locks wreathed about her marble-fair brow.

Marian Ashley was thinking too. She was wondering how this new experiment of hers, to earn her own living, would end. She was sick at heart of the bread of dependence; yet, just now, she felt bewildered and strange, like a child lost in the woods. The only clue she had to follow was a brief advertisement in the newspapers' and that had led her hither.

She turned suddenly to Mrs. Ducey, as that thrifty dame entered with a cold fowl, ham and so forth.

'Is Moreton Grange very far away?'

'Four miles, Miss.'

'It must be very lonely.'

Mrs. Ducey shook her head.

'I would not like to live there—that's all I've got to say!'

A thrill of apprehension ran through Marian's nerves.

'Why not?'

'Well Miss—there's no accounting for such things—but people do tell strange stories about the Grange being haunted!'

'Haunted!' Marian's clear bell-like laugh ran through the room with an indescribable accent of relief. 'What nonsense! As if any one in the possession of their senses should credit such an idea!'

'Supper is ready, Miss,' said the landlady, primly.

The Grange, as Marian Ashley first saw it by the light of a faint spring moon, was a glaring red brick house, its northern gables entirely draped with ivy.—Mrs. Moreton was on the steps to greet the new comer—a fair, pallid old lady, with silvery curls and a dress of pearl gray silk.

'I am glad to see you, my dear,' she said. 'You must have had a dreary ride.'

And Marian Ashley knew that she should love her employer.

It was all so new and strange to her.—The wide hall, with narrow strips of Persian carpeting laid along their centre in the echoing corridors, where weird faces stared down at her from the canvass of old family portraits; the light streaming down through stained glass casements and oriels, seeming to bar the floors with scarlet, gold, and deep, tremulous violet; while all the dwellers in the roomy mansion, except the servants, were Mrs. Moreton, her son Aldebert, and herself.

Aldebert Moreton! The name was like a knight of romance, and so was its owner. Marian's heart throbbed with a singular sensation, as she ventured once or twice to glance slyly at him as he sat opposite to her at the table.

'I hope you like your room, Miss,' said the old housekeeper, as she glanced around the apartment to which she had conducted Miss Ashley.

'It is a beautiful room,' said Marian; 'but it is large enough for half a dozen.'

'The whole house is large, Miss.'

'Tell me,' said Marian, drawing closer to the old woman, 'what is it about this house being haunted?'

Mrs. Brett smiled.

'People will talk, Miss,' she said, 'and it's no use trying to stop 'em. And the truth is, strange things have happened in this house, although it's haunted by nothing worse than sad memories. When I was in my prime, it was a different place. Master Aldebert is the last and youngest of three as noble boys as ever made an old place glad.'

'And what has become of the others?'

'The eldest is dead,' Mrs. Brett answered, in a whisper. 'He lies in a bloody grave, stricken down by the hand of his own brother, in a sudden fit of passion. Poor Mr. Hugh! he fled the country to escape from justice, and died in France. It nearly killed my mistress, and—Hush! there's her bell now, and I must go.'

And with a hurried adieu, the old housekeeper hastened away.

So this was the history of Moreton Grange. Marian Ashley shuddered as she sat alone by the fire, fancying the cry of a murdered man in every sigh of the wind, and seeing the flutter of ghostly garments in the shadows that lurked in the end of the huge room.

Yet, as the days went by, the old Grange assumed a home-like look to her. Mrs. Morton, was all gentle sweetness, and Aldebert's chivalric kindness endeared him inexpressibly to the solitary girl. She began to feel that she had found a refuge. But it was not destined to endure for long.

She was sitting at her window one moonlight night in July, long after the family had retired to rest, when something white and spectral glided across a luminous space on the lawn—the figure of a tall man, not unlike Aldebert Moreton.

She starts up with a [illegible], and buried her face in the draperies in the window.

'The ghost!' she gasped, almost inaudibly; 'the ghost!'

Nor did she rest until she had taken refuge in Mrs. Moreton's room.

The old lady listened to her tale in trembling silence.

'My dear,' said she, 'you are mistaken. The dwellers of another world are never allowed to come back to haunt this. You were asleep—you dreamed unconsciously.'

'Dear Mrs. Moreton,' persisted Marian. 'I was as wide awake as I am now. I tell you I saw it with my open eyes. It was tall and and white, and oh, how ghostly!'

She shuddered as she spoke. Mrs. Moreton soothed, explained, coaxed, but in vain. Marian would not even go back to her own room alone, so complete had been the shock.

'I will go with you, my dear,' said the old lady at length.

She arose, threw on a light flannel dressing-gown, and opened the door of her apartment. As they stepped out into the wide hall, Marian uttered a piercing cry. There, full before them, stood the ghost!

Mrs. Moreton drew Marian back into her room, shut and locked the door, and sank trembling on the sofa, clasping both her hands before her eyes.

'Did I not tell you?' faltered Marian, 'How can you explain away *this?*'

Mrs. Moreton had no word of answer; she could only rock herself backward and forward, moaning like one in mortal pain.

'You must not go from this room to-night, child,' she said. 'Lie down upon my bed, and try to rest.'

Towards morning, Marian awoke from a brief, fevered slumber, and found herself alone; and when she next met Mrs. Moreton it was at the breakfast table.

Aldebert entered the room later. He was pale and strangely agitated, and his mother looked wistfully up in his face as he entered. He nodded slightly.

'At last,' he added.

'Thank God!' Mrs. Moreton murmured.

And Marian noticed that neither mother [illegible] so intensely [illegible].

Marian went to Mrs. Moreton, as Aldebert had withdrawn, and falteringly imparted to her her resolve to leave Moreton Grange. Their kindness had made it very pleasant to her; she had been treated more as an equal than a salaried dependant; but the shock her nervous system had last night received rendered it impossible for her to remain longer.

Mrs. Moreton listened in silence.

'Aldebert,' she said to her son, who had just entered, 'Miss Ashley is going to leave us.'

'To leave us! And why?'

Involuntarily Marian's heart leaped up, as she saw the sudden flush upon his pale forehead.

'She saw—the ghost, last night!' said Mrs Moreton, speaking the words with an effort.

'She will never see it again,' said Aldebert Moreton, sadly, 'Marian'—he had never called her Marian before, and the word sounded strangely sweet in her ears—'will you come with me?'

He led her to a darkened apartment in the disused portion of the old Grange, where, upon a canopied couch, a corpse lay, robed in the garments of the grave!

'There is the ghost you saw, Marian,' he said.

'Who is it?' she faltered.

'My brother Hugh, who has long dwelt concealed within these walls, that witnessed his crime and his daily atonement of remorse, and who is at length set free by the great pardoner, death. Immured in necessary retirement through the day, he was in the habit of seeking air and exercise at night; and the common people, who had fancied him dead in France long ago, and who delight in aught savoring of superstition, believed, from an occasional glimpse of him, that the Grange was haunted. We let the story gain credence; better anything than divulgence of the truth. The long deception is over at last, and the poor prisoner, thank Heaven, is set free. Last night he roamed out, half delirious, in the temporary absence of his nurse, returning only to die.'

He led Marian from the room; she breathed more freely in the fresh air of the portico without.

'Marian,' pursued Aldebert, in a low earnest voice, 'you will not leave the Grange now? With you all its sunshine would depart!'

'I will stay,' she answered.

'But not as my mother's companion, Marian; that must be all over now. You must stay here as my wife!'

And from the wedding day of the heir of Moreton Grange a newer, brighter life dawned upon the old place. As the years crept on, and the sound of little children's voices made music around the gray walls, the shadows fled away, and no one save Aldebert and his wife ever knew where the murderer was laid to rest, after his long penance of solitude and remorse!

Moreton Grange was haunted no longer.

Colored citizens of the South don't say "Shoo-Fly," when an insect troubles them nowadays—"Gumfumdah," is the mysterious word.

The right side of a drinking-saloon; the outside.