

"Will you see her here?" said the Colonel, "or will you go to the library?"

"I will meet them together," he said very angrily: "I will know in his presence the result of my coming."

The Colonel stepped across the hall and ushered him into the room unannounced. Here was a rencontre indeed. Stapleton, the thorough good-natured man of the world, with his nonchalant air, his courteous manners, and (I must say it, shocking as it is, it is the truth,) his *recherché* dress, perfect even to the very tips of his boots, had a decided advantage over the plain, straightforward, somewhat diffident manner of our western hero. Marion gave a little scream of surprise as he entered, but she was not abashed, for she had neither the stern eye of her father, nor the cold, cynical sneer of the Doctor to meet; she expressed her wonder very naturally, and eagerly inquired if there was any trouble at Inglewood, that was the cause of his unexpected presence.

Let not my readers suppose that Marion was entirely heartless, she was only weak and vain. It would have been impossible for her then to have loved any man simply for himself; over her soul, capable of great things but for this shadow, had grown up the upas of ambition to be rich, to have position; the roots were imbedded in her very nature, and they had grown with her growth, in spite of the careful weeding of a mother's hand; nothing but the spade of affliction, sorrow, mortification, digging down deep into her soul, could tear out and root up this deadly plant that fed on the "right choice food" of her affections. As Leighton pleaded with her that night, opening before her the rich treasures of his love, and telling her what he would do for her, and of his high hopes for her sake; of political advancement, Congress, the Cabinet, even the White House, passed in review before her, but these were only possibilities: while Mr. Stapleton, as he had told her often, was ready to make her at once mistress of as fine an establishment as the city could furnish, with every thing money could buy, and a voyage to Europe as a wedding tour; these were tangible certainties. Let us hope it was the tour of Europe, and not the filthy lucre decided her. Leighton was seen no more at Colonel Hartland's, and in less than two weeks she allowed her new lover to inform the Colonel that they only waited the consent of her father to their betrothal. The consent was not given, neither was it withheld. Mr. Benton warned his daughter of the possible consequences of her folly, in words that made her tremble and weep over the beautiful set of diamonds her lover had that day brought her. He did not order her to come home, he laid no command upon her as she feared, but he did not give her his blessing, or wish her happiness; he simply said, "My daughter, if you have deliberately chosen this lot—God help you!"

Marion's energy and determination came to her assistance, she did not give way to grief, she rode rough-shod over her own better nature, to the accomplishment of her ambition. Mr. Stapleton was impatient; why should a man of fifty years defer his marriage? Matters were perhaps hastened by a report which Dr. Hartland mischievously brought home, that a former friend of cousin Tom's had just arrived in town, in the person of a rich and charming widow. It may be said to Marion's credit perhaps, that although her external manner was bright and gay as ever, she could not go through the preparation the Catholic Church requires even of her negligent children for the reception of the sacrament of marriage, without much interior suffering and many misgivings. She did not care to meet Father Roberts, but a stranger might be found to perform the marriage ceremony.

It was the closing eve of the month of May, the day before the wedding; a tender letter from her mother was in her hand, couched in those terms which only a mother can use. Marion had asked to be allowed to return home with her husband before their foreign tour, and it had been Mrs. Benton's hard task to say, that for the present she must spare them, the wound was too recent. It would be small satisfaction to either herself or her parents to come to them now; and then in the close there were so many affectionate heart-yearnings for her wandering child, that even Marion wavered, asking herself almost with anguish, if it were best thus to grieve and wound those who loved her so dearly.

It was dusk of a moonlight eve, the lamps were not lighted, and there was great quiet in the room, a silence almost ominous; no one observed the terrible anguish that crossed her brow as she sat gazing into the street, wholly unconscious of what was passing without, until she saw her lover alight from his carriage, and run up the steps. The splendid span of mottled bay horses pranced and champed the bit with impatience; he had come for a last drive together before leaving the country. Just for one instant she wished the horses, carriage, servant, footman in livery, and the master of the establishment with Pharaoh's lost chariots; the next she was arraying herself for the drive, scattering all her better thoughts to the wind.

## POPULATION IN FARMING COUNTIES.

THE State census in New York shows that there has been a decrease of population in ten of its agricultural counties in the last five years amounting to 6,177. All the counties having a large city, except Jefferson, show a decided increase, which reveals the fact that the tendency of our population is more and more towards cities. All the increase of the State in the last five years, which amounts to 322,000, has been in cities and villages. The tendency has been marked in New England for the last fifty years, and is destined to go on in the future. Nothing can be more certain than that in the older States the consumers of agricultural products are rapidly increasing, while the farming population is decreasing, or barely holds its own. It follows from this that farm products must increase in value. The demand for them grows faster than the supply. Within fifty years the price of many of these products has doubled, and some of them quadrupled. Veal and mutton were

thought to be well sold at four and five cents a pound, cheese at six cents, eggs at ten, butter at twelve and a half, poultry at ten, and beef and pork at five or six cents. Animal products are, without doubt, destined to advance in price still further. If prices go up as consumers multiply, farming must pay better in the future than it has in the past. The young men who, during our Centennial year, will make up their minds as to their business in life, should take these facts into consideration. There is to be a harder struggle for bread and the comforts of life in the large cities where consumers are so rapidly multiplying. Labor will not be so well rewarded there. All farm products will be in greater demand, and will bear higher prices, while the cost of production will not be materially increased. The comforts of life have greatly improved in our farming districts, and in most of them in the older States the style of living is much above that of laboring people in cities. To those who stick by the farm and cultivate the paternal acres the future promises an abundant reward.

## THE GREGORIAN CHANT.

THE *Noire Dame* 'Scholastic' discusses the advisability of a general adoption of the Gregorian Chant music, and adduces some reasons in its favour:

"Pure Gregorian Chant is wanting in two of the elements which constitute modern music, harmony and rhythm. It retains only melody, pure, simple, diatonic melody, such as the child learns in its first scale. It is, therefore, suitable to all capacities, and, for this reason, best calculated for congregational singing, which the Church has never ceased to recommend; the custom of putting a few good singers in a loft in the rear of the Church is an invention which must have been originated by pride, and has done more to foster that vice, and a variety of other evils, than any innovation we know of.

"Uncultivated ears never find anything agreeable in music when they miss a strongly marked rhythm. To them a dance is the most enjoyable form of music; they can nod their heads to the time, and go to sleep perhaps. Persons who have had more experience find this kind of music monotonous, and receive much more enjoyment by following the artistic combinations of harmony and melody in more classical compositions.

"From what has been said, it is plain that neither of these classes will find in the Gregorian that purely musical enjoyment which they seek for outside of the Church; hence the foolish prejudice against it from persons who forget that they go to Church to pray. Only simple melody, which the most ignorant can understand, and yet which can, in its untrammelled freedom, give scope to the most cultivated singers to express their feelings—always, however, in a prayerful manner.

"As to these melodies that have come to us from the *dark ages*, what do great musicians say about them? Let us hear Mozart: "I would give all my fame if I could boast of being the author of a single one of the *Prefaces*" (in Gregorian Chant, as sung by the priest during Mass.) Hector Berlioz, one of the ablest musical critics of our century music: "Nothing in modern, says is comparable to the effect produced by the *Dies Irae*," a Gregorian Requiem.

## THE JEWS AND THE TURKS.

THE zeal which the Jews have shown on the side of the Turks in the present war in the East, has been explained in various ways and on various grounds. Hatred of the Christians has probably played no inconsiderable part in determining their feelings to the side of the enemies of Christianity. Besides, the amount of plunder carried off by the Turkish marauders, and which they are too happy to sell to any dealers who would let them have a trifle of ready money in return, naturally enlisted the sympathies of a multitude of Jewish pedlars on behalf of their Turkish customers.

The other day, the correspondent of the *Times* announced that thousands of Jews followed the Bashi-Bazouks in Bulgaria and Serbia, and bought at low figures the loot which these ruffians had carried away from the murdered and outraged villagers. Even this, however, was insufficient to throw light on the general impartiality of the Jewish race and the Jewish journalists of Europe, from Mr. Disraeli to the editors of the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Neue Freie Presse*; for the Ottoman cause.

Perhaps the following paragraph may contribute towards the elucidation of the question. It is well known that the Jews look to the recovery of Jerusalem with the most unshaken longing. In every synagogue, the prayers for restoration to Sion form a part of the regular religious service. The rumor has long been current that the Turkish Government has been under very heavy obligations to the Jewish bankers, and that it is Jewish loans which enable the Pashas to maintain the present war. It would seem that in return the Jews are exacting a form of recompense doubly grateful both as a concession to their national feeling and a triumph over the Christian religion, to which they attribute all their misfortunes.

"The *Jewish Herald* states that "the last four or five years have witnessed a return of the Jews to Palestine from all parts, but more especially from Russia, which has been altogether unprecedented. The Hebrew population of Jerusalem is now probably double what it was some ten years ago. Great accessions still continue daily; and whereas ten years ago the Jews were confined to their own quarters in Jerusalem, the poorest and worst, they now inhabit all parts of the city, and are always ready to rent any house that is to be let."—*Liverpool United Irishman*.

Mgr. Dupanloup, in noticing that the Pope would send his blessing to republican France under the same conditions as those under which he would send it to monarchical France, makes the point that it is "only Protestants, Greeks, and Mussulmans who confuse religion and government."