

caught by the pommel of the saddle, preventing her escape. In a moment Leighton was on the neck of the horse, pressing his weight upon the fallen animal, while he extricated her dress, and with his help she soon limped to a moss-covered log by the roadside. "I am not hurt," she said, in answer to his pleading look and anxious queries, "but essentially frightened. Aren't you sorry I did not break my neck?" she added, looking up archly through the tears that had started into her eyes after the first fright; "but you don't look a bit triumphant," she continued, laying her hand on his arm. Leighton clasped the delicate fingers within his, and bending over her, whispered words that caused her to look away, and suffused with a conscious blush the cheek which a moment before had been blanched with fear. He sat at her feet on the soft turf and urged his suit, telling her with all the vehemence of his nature what he would do for her sake. It was the first tale of love to which Marion had listened, but even then she was measuring his capabilities.

"He would win a name," he said, "a name that should be honored in the whole country, and she must help him." Her drooping eyes and softened tone betrayed the fact that her heart was not untouched, but she held back from giving the assurance of her love with her lips. "Horatio," she said, after a pause of terrible length to him, "I do not think you ought to talk of marriage, with your mother, sister and brothers dependent upon your exertions."

"Trust me, dearest," he replied, quickly; "in a few years I will show you what I can do, and my brothers will be old enough very soon to care for themselves."

"I think we had better wait," said Marion, quite decidedly; "I hate long engagements."

"But I should lose all stimulus for exertion if I could not have your smile and voice to urge me on; I cannot go forward unless I can sometimes come to you as my own, and rest my weary soul in your love and confidence. I should never try for a name for my mother or sister, they would hardly care whether I gained position or no; but for you as my own, I could move heaven and earth to win distinction."

Marion listened with a pleased ear; it charming to think that the one she really loved in her heart of hearts was ready to strive for that which to her was all, and that he would seek honor, and wealth, only because of her. She would be his tower of strength before all; and her father had often prophesied that Leighton would be a great statesman; already he was high in office, no long time would elapse before he would be in Congress, and then! Her first desire was to be somebody, and to her republican tastes, what could be a more enviable position than the lady of one of the Cabinet at Washington; perhaps—but we will not tell all the beaming visions that darted through her aspiring mind. Her lover pleaded nobly, and after many arguments and questions on her part, that would be quite disgusting to a simple, romantic girl, who was so old-fashioned as to think that love, after all, was the great desideratum in such an affair, Marion was induced to give her consent that her father should be consulted, and the matter left to him.

Many of the bright hours of that sunny day sped by before either of them remembered that they would be expected at home. The horses had quickly gone to grazing, and were found with but little delay; Leighton insisted on a change of steeds for the return, to which Marion made no objection. A few words of love, and a more tender care-taking than usual beguiled the way, to these hearts that might have been so thoroughly happy, but for the worm of ambition, that fed secretly upon their choicest flowers. Mr. Benton was not surprised by Leighton's declaration; he had marked the progress of events, and was quite correct in his impression as to the position of both hearts; this was why he had, with almost a woman's tenderness, bidden Dr. Nelson quietly wait.

Marion had an undefined sensation of fear and reluctance, when her father called her the next morning, and said, in a very grave tone, "My daughter, Mr. Leighton came to me to-day, by your permission."

Mrs. Benton arose to leave the room. "Lucy, my dear," he said, turning to his wife, "I have nothing to say to Marion that you may not hear." But the mother excused herself; she was distrustful of her daughter's motives, and she was not a little distressed by her evidently ignoring all differences of faith in one she was to take for life, but here her own example had been faulty. Mr. Benton continued: "You wish my sanction of your engagement; is it so, my child?"

Marion blushed and hesitated. "Not exactly, papa," she said at length; "I thought perhaps you would think it best not have any positive engagement at present."

A shade of doubt, mingled with a little severity, crossed the brow of the father at these words, but he did not immediately speak. "Let there be truth here," he said at last; "truth to yourself, and to one who wishes to be your nearest friend. There must be no trifling; you have known Mr. Leighton intimately for many months; you can have time, a definite time—a week a month—longer if you wish, but after that your connection with Mr. Leighton must be either an acknowledged engagement, or he must be to you simply a distant acquaintance."

THE ITALIAN REVOLUTION.

THE 'Osservatore Romano' has published the following remarkable article which has not a little disturbed the conspirators against Christianity in Rome:—"That the Italian Revolution, promoted and supported by the followers of all the anti-Christian sects, has for its object to overthrow from its foundations the Catholic Church, is so evident that no person of good faith can now doubt it. The very sad spectacle that we have witnessed for so many years, particularly since the disastrous occupation of the Holy City, clearly demonstrates what are the crafty and insidious means used to

weaken the authority of the Church, and deprive the Holy See, centre of Catholic unity, of every prestige, by thus preparing the way for affecting other and more unworthy things. The religious orders have been suppressed, the ecclesiastical patrimony destroyed, the young seminarists forcibly compelled to bear arms, public instruction withdrawn from the authority and influence of the Church, the authority of the sacred priesthood despised—it seems that the moment has arrived for our enemies to carry out their plans, which are, as it were, the completion of the edifice designed and worked out in the secret counsels of the Sectarian Congregation. This is the reason that new programmes—in which, by invoking pretended rights of the Christian people, and by appealing to the Ministerial declarations made not long since to the Governments of Europe, declarations which reveal sufficiently to-day the precise value of certain liberties and guarantees promised to the Church—propose the institution of a new society with a more wicked object, attempting, that is, to surprise the good faith of the Catholic people, and to reduce the Roman citizens by dark artifices, by exciting them to co-operate in the destruction of those forms already sanctioned for ages by the supreme authority of the Church for the election of the sacred pastors, and particularly of that of the Roman Pontiff. Such arts will not succeed in subduing the heroic faith of a people who, having passed through very great difficulties and most seductive promises, have always, to the admiration of all, remained true to the principles of their own forefathers, and firm in their most sincere attachment to the Church and to the Apostolic seat. But precisely to prevent their own good faith from being abused, either by deceitful programmes or by forms of subscription full of pharisaical perfidy, we have thought it our duty to call the attention of all our good and honest citizens to this infernal plot, that they may not consent—sometimes, perhaps, without thinking of the evil of it—to sign acts which are directed to nothing else than to increase civil and religious discord, and to prepare in time days of strife and schism for this apostolic seat, and also for the Church of Christ, already so severely persecuted in so many other ways."

PHENOMENA OF A PENNSYLVANIAN HAILSTORM.

[Correspondence of the Reading (Pa.) Eagle].

At night we stopped at a farmhouse just at the foot of the hill, a spur of the Blue Mountains, that is near the boundary of Northern Berks. We were obliged to take quarters to escape the impending storm. It was about 6 o'clock in the evening. All day long the sun's rays beat down on the hillside with fury, and we imagined the mercury in Reading must assuredly be above a hundred. Two long, low ranges of red-black clouds hung in the heavens east and west. Strange as it may appear, both of the clouds were wafted towards each other. In the middle the sky was ashy gray, and streaks seemed to stretch out their smoky arms towards Heaven's dome. It appeared like the meeting of two great unknown nations. Long, low, rumbling sounds of distant thunder seemed to shake the hills. The lightning flashed, and finally the sky seemed to be a noisy receptacle of wild and tumultuous rockets, bursting and booming in their wild and terrible glee. At 6.15 the two great banks of black vapor clashed as if in a terrible battle; then there was silence, terrible in itself, and then there commenced to descend a perfect volley of hailstones. I cannot describe to you the wild, weird, terrible spectacle of such an icy volley. The heavens rattle and the hills echo. A terrible wind-storm arose, and great trees bent, and the leaves showed their white and silvery sides to be pierced by the bullets moulded away up in the sky. The hail descended for at least ten minutes. In that time corn and foliage were beaten down. Three lambs were killed outright. Current bushes were flattened, and oats unharvested lay flat in the field. We rushed out as soon as the storm had passed and gathered the largest stones. Then came our greatest surprise. We were astounded at the grandeur of a mountain hailstorm; but when we examined the hailstones and found some of them of a dull green color and others a blue, we were doubly mystified. The hailstones we were accustomed to see were white and transparent to a degree. These were perfectly opaque, and seemed to be glass globes filled with a dull coloring matter. They were very cold, hard, and not in melting mood. Some were as large as walnuts. I may say they averaged that size. Our host examined them and pronounced it the strangest thing he had ever heard of. We drew water from the well and emptied about three quarts of hailstones into a pail of water. The water was not discolored in the least. I never drank a glass of ice-water before as cold as that was. It had a peculiar sulphurous taste, very like the water from the hot springs. At first none of us cared to drink too much of it, but we finally concluded it could not kill us, and we partook copiously of it. The aftertaste finally got to be bitter, and as the hail melted it became stronger. We tried to preserve the hailstones by freezing a large number together, but the next morning by 10 o'clock the mass had melted and that was the last of our mysterious ice. On our travel to-day we met Dr. Kirby, and we were pleased to learn that he had seen hailstones of this same storm. He pronounced it a most wonderful freak of nature. He attributes it purely to electricity and the combination of various currents of atmosphere bearing upon the rain drops high up in the clouds. He said he was shown a specimen of dark green hail that seemed to have animal matter in it. One stone was shaped like a half-moon, and the other had a smell of phosphorus. That had a reddish cast. He tried hard to preserve it by electricity, but failed. He said ordinary hail could be preserved, but this last species or kind completely baffled him. Another strange thing about it was that the territory it fell upon hardly covers two square miles along the mountain side.

"Third Duke of Underly," a calf eight weeks old, has been sold by Lord Bective to the Duke of Manchester for £3,000.