

and absolutely glared down upon the singer.

"What's the matter?" asked the singer, looking up with surprise, and, as he did so, I noticed that the color rapidly left his cheeks also.

"Man!" cried the other, with a quivering, but solemn and impressive voice, and withal very low (not the slightest notice being now taken of my presence), laying his heavy brown hand on the shoulder of the one seated: "Man, I have heard you sing two blessed songs this day as I thought but one could sing them, but he is dead!—he is dead! The first song made the heart strings here" (laying his hand upon his heart with a painful expression) "tight, very tight; but the last has nearly broken them; for I thought it could only be sung by a twin brother of mine whom I have not seen since we were boys. Our mother taught us those very songs; but he went abroad, and I went abroad, and—Oh! it can't be! Oh! it can't be!"

"And you, man!" cried the other, now also rising and placing his hand on the shoulder of the one already standing—"what have you sung? Was it not such as a twin brother of mine long dead could alone have sung! Didn't we part also as boys, and didn't he go abroad and die abroad? and didn't I go too? and here I am, a lone twin, this blessed day—blessed because it's the first time I've ever looked and prayed at the spot where my sainted mother lies!"

"Mother!" echoed the other, tearing his fingers wildly through his hair, and dashing his hat on the floor. "Why, I've been too, to see my mother's grave, and pray at it! Who and what are you, that you should be a lone twin, and I a lone twin also? That you should pray for the first time at a mother's grave, and that I should do the same also? That you should look, and speak, and sing," he shouted, "as you do, and that I should do the same? Look there, man!" and he dragged the other before the mirror, totally heedless of me; "there's the thing that never told a lie, and does it lie now?—or has my lost twin brother returned from a foreign grave?"

They stood up, side by side, as this was rapidly uttered, the hand of each upon the shoulder of the other; their attitude was the same, their faces and figures the same. With aspects of wild bewilderment they paused, until—

"Give me your name, man!—your name!—your name!" almost shrieked one of them, with a savageness that was echoed to the very letter by the other.

"James Fitzmaurice!"

"Maurice Fitzmaurice!"

The words were spoken with quivering tongues and simultaneously. For the fraction of a second they looked each other in the face, and then, with hysterical sobs, they were locked in each other's arms! Bearded as they were, they kissed each other on the cheeks, on the forehead, nay, on the lips, while tears fell in mockery of the "Monk's Cascade" upon their breasts.

"My dear, dear twin brother!" was the cry of both of them.

The scene was too painful to witness further, and rising from my seat, I crept out of the room and passed into the stable-yard, when, having looked at my horse, I entered into conversation with the shaggy-headed man-of-all-work, and also met the landlord, with whom I made a better arrangement for my accommodation for the night. I then returned to witness the end of this fraternal drama, but the room was empty. Looking out of the window in the direction of the abbey and the cascade, I perceived them with arms around each other's waist, wandering among the broken rocks. I then threw myself into the old chair, and a few minutes after, wearied with the events of the day, I fell into a deep slumber.

I do not know how long I slept, but a violent shock, followed by a crash in which I was involved, awoke me. I had cause to be alarmed, for instead of finding myself in the chair where I had fallen asleep, I lay sprawling on the floor, while the tread of an armed host seemed for the moment to be around me. It was like a man awaking from stupor in a battle-field where the contest still rages; and, in one sense, a battle-field it was. Gathering myself up from the heavy heels with which I seemed to be surrounded, I stood erect, and found but four persons in the room besides myself—namely, the landlord, his man, and the "twins." The first words that greeted me were:

"Look you here, man! You're not my twin brother—my lost, dead, twin brother, if you say that! Do you dare to tell me—do you dare—that the mother who bore me, and who is buried yonder, died a heretic? If it was true, if you

dared to repeat it, I'd go this minute and tear her from the grave, and fling her over the cliff." They stood confronting each other, with clenched fists, disordered locks, and eyes bursting from their sockets.

"She did! she did!" was the defiant and exultant reply. "As I am a true Protestant myself, she died in the—"

"You lie, you dog!" and with a tremendous blow between the eyes, which sent his brother to the ground, he sprang with a howl like a wild beast over the prostrate form, bounded through the open door, and rushed madly toward the abbey. With the blood streaming down his face, the other rose and bounded after him, the first one having seized an axe with a broken handle as he passed the yard. We followed—three of us.

Maurice Fitzmaurice reached the abbey a couple of minutes or more before his brother James, who was blinded with blood, which he tried to wipe away. Before James reached the place, he had smashed either the hinges or the fastening of the door of the vault, and by the time we all got in view, he had succeeded in dragging the coffin by one of its handles out of the ground. Smashing it to pieces just as his brother reached the spot, he was about to carry out his threat, when the other felled him to the earth, and tried to lift the receptacle of the relics of humanity back to the place where it had rested for years. But it fell from his grasp in broken fragments! I dare not attempt to describe what followed, for I do not believe such a scene was ever enacted before, or ever will be again, on the face of this fair earth.

Both were now streaming with blood, their coats torn, and their looks demoniacal in the extreme. Stop them? Why, we might, even the three of us, as well have gone between tigers and her wounded cub. Powerful at all times, they had each now the concentrated strength of a dozen maniacs. Tears of blood were now falling, where an hour before tears of fraternal love and joy had fallen! Alas for poor humanity! Alas for creeds and intolerance! There, amid piles of human bones, with the roar of the waterfall drowning their fierce voices, but not concealing their frantic gestures and fierce faces; with hands still reeking with their own blood and their mother's remains, they left off blows and grappled in a death embrace—a wrestling, bounding death waltz. The object of both of them was now plain—to reach the head of the cascade! The struggle was terrific but brief—very brief, for one was as anxious to reach the brink as the other. Once, even in that dangerous spot, did two of us reach the combatants, but we were whirled away from them like chaff before the wind. Even in the time I have taken to write this paragraph, they had reached the brink they coveted, on the very ledge whereon I had sat. Locked in the death-grip of religious and fraternal hatred, they hurried, against the broad red surface of the setting sun, over the frightful abyss! One unearthly glance into each other's faces; one unearthly shriek of two voices that for once rose above the noise of the cataract, and James and Maurice Fitzmaurice disappeared over the ledge—into the foam—on to the broken rocks, and still onward to the quiet stream, where the innocent cattle stood grazing as the sun went down!

I have but little more to add. The mangled remains of the brothers were picked up that night, still locked in the death embrace, but so mangled and bereft of clothing that they could not be recognized either in face, name, or creed! They had fallen from crag to crag, and the water had done the rest. I gave evidence on the subject the next day, and on the following I pursued my journey; but subsequently I gathered the following particulars: The desecrated remains of Bridget Fitzmaurice were restored to their quiet resting place. But ere the twin brothers could be laid in the earth which was too pure for them, a fearful fight took place. The friends of the "heretic" wanted to bury him, bad as he was, with as much decency as they could, and the true believers wished to "wake" the champion of their faith; but when they so resembled each other in life, who was to recognize their mutilated remains? So the bodies were buried together in a small cemetery near the abbey, without any service whatever. The same night they were both taken up, "waked," and restored before early dawn. The grass grows over them now as richly as though they had never polluted the earth which bears it; and no more than I have related is now known of the Battle of the Twins at the "Monks' Cascade."

Z. C. M. I.

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H. B. CLAWSON Supt.

KANE COUNTY TAXES.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Territorial and County taxes of Kane County are now due for 1872. All persons owing taxes in said county are hereby requested to call at my office in Toquerville and settle as required by law.

WILLIAM A. BRINGHURST,
Assessor and Collector.

Toquerville, June 1872.

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NOTICE.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN. That where-as cash entry No. 907, for the Townsite of Poca, Summit Co. Utah Territory, made June 21, 1872, embracing the following described lands, to wit: N E 1/4 of Sec. 23, W 1/2 of S E 1/4 and N E 1/4 of S E 1/4 of Sec. No. 23, in Township 1, South of Range No. 5 East, containing 208 acres, has been made in trust for the inhabitants thereof, and is now ready to be disposed of in lots to any person or persons entitled thereto.

All persons claiming to be owners or possessors of any portion of said entry, will take due notice and make the application as provided in the statutes of Utah.

E. A. HINKLEY, Probate Judge,
w 20 3m

NOTICE.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN. That where-as I will appear on Monday the 24th day of July, A. D. 1872, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the U. S. Land Office, in Salt Lake City, U. T., to make cash entry for the Townsite of Spanish Fork City, Utah Co. Utah Territory, embracing the following described lands, to wit: E 1/2 of S W 1/4 and Lots 3 and 4 and W 1/2 of S E 1/4 Section 18 W 1/2 of N E 1/4 and E 1/2 of S W 1/4 and Lots 1 and 2, N E of S W and Lot 8, S E of S W 1/4 and W 1/2 of S E 1/4 Section 19, Township 8 South of Range 3 East and E 1/2 of N E 1/4 and N E 1/4 of S E 1/4 Section 24 and S E 1/2 of S E 1/4 Section 13 Township 8 South, Range 2 East, containing 840 87-100 acres. To make the proof required by law and show that I am entitled to have the entries made under an Act of Congress for the relief of the inhabitants of Cities and Towns upon the public lands, approved March 2, 1867, and also an act amendatory thereto, approved June 8, 1868, for the use and benefit of the inhabitants thereof, at which time and place any person or persons can appear and show cause, if any there be, why such entry should not be made.

ALBERT K. THURBER Mayor,
Spanish Fork City, June 19, 1872. w21 1m

M. D. Hammond,

W. C. Rawson

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C. H. DeGROAT, Agent,
Salt Lake City, March 12, 1872. w19 6m

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