

THE MAIDEN OF OTAHEITE.

(FOUNDED ON A POEM BY VICTOR HUGO.)

"And wilt thou fly me? Must thy folk sail
Soon waft thee hence before the favouring gale?
From my quick senses I would fain conceal
The nameless trifles which the tenth reveal;
My jealous eyes confirm my boding heart—
I cannot doubt that thou wilt soon depart!

"This very eve, while roaming o'er the wet
And shell-strewn beach, where we so oft have met,
(Thou dost remember well the Giant Cave—
There we would sit, and hear old Ocean rave)
I saw thy ship, at anchor in the bay,
Clean, bright and trim, as for some holiday;
I watched thy sailors folding many a tent,
I heard their shouts, with songs and laughter blent,
I guessed the cause of all their glee, and crept
Within our cave, where bitterly I wept!

"Why quit our isle! Around thine island home
Doth Ocean more magnificently foam?
Are the blue skies more exquisitely clear,
Is there less sorrow in thy clime than here?
Are the flowers fairer, or the trees more grand,
Do brighter shells and pebbles deck the strand,
Or, if by sickness thou should'st stricken be,
Will far-off friends more fondly wait on thee?
Hast thou forgotten when the kephyr bore
Thy weary vessel to our welcome shore?
I gazed upon thee, as upon some star,
And thou did'st call me to the woods afar:
'Twas the first time I saw thy smiling eyes,
And yet I came, obedient to thy cries.
Then, I was beautiful—but beauty's flower
Fades, droops, and withers in one stormy hour,
And so with me—salt bitter tears, in truth,
Have marred my comeliness. O stranger youth!
But, if thou stayest, I will bloom again,
As flowers revive in sunshine after rain.

"Stay, then, sweet stranger—bid me not farewell—
Tales of thy tender mother thou shalt tell,
And sing the ballads of thy native land,
That thou hast taught me half to understand.
To thee I yield myself—to thee who art
My being's breath, the life-blood of my heart—
Who fill'st all my days—whose form of light
Haunts my rapt soul in visions of the night—
Whose very life is so involved with mine,
That my last hour must be the same as thine!

"Alas! Thou goest; on thy natal hills,
Perchance, some virgin for thy coming thrills;
'Tis well; still deign, O master, deign to take
Thy slave along with thee; for thy dear sake
E'en to thy bride I will submissive prove,
If thy delight be centred in her love.
Far from my birthplace, and my parents old,
Whose fond affection never can be told;
Far from the woods, where, reared by no alarms,
When thou did'st call, I sank into thy arms;
Far from my flowers and palm-trees I may sigh,
But here, by thee deserted, I shall die.
If ever thou did'st love me in the past,
Hear now my prayer—it is the first and last—
Frown not upon me—thou wast wont to smile—
Fly not without me to thy cherished isle,
Lest my sad ghost, when death hath stilled my heart,
Should hover round thee, whereso'er thou art!"

Day dawned, and reddened the receding sails
Of a great ship, far distant out at sea.
Her playmates sought the maiden in her tent,
But never more beneath the forest boughs,
Or on the shore of ocean was she seen.
The gentle girl no longer wept—but still
She was not with the stranger, out at sea!

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.

ENDYMION.

There was published last Friday at eleven o'clock, in England, the United States, and Canada, Lord Beaconsfield's latest contribution to the literature of the age. Ever since the time when it was first whispered that His Lordship was again writing a novel there has been the most intense curiosity to learn the nature of its contents. The publishers to whom the work was sold have, however, guarded it with the utmost caution, and nearly everything that has appeared before this has been based on conjecture. The *Globe* is, it is believed, the second journal in the world which is able to speak of the contents of "Endymion" from an actual—and extremely hurried—perusal of its pages. The work appears to be a comprehensive history of the inner life of Cabinet making and Cabinet breaking during the period succeeding the death of George Canning. The opening scene is laid in St. James street, London, on an August evening. The writer dashes brilliantly into his subject commencing with a dialogue between two leading men of the day. The reader is left to find out further on that the August evening in question occurred five years after the death of Lord Castlereagh. It was just at the time when the Duke of Wellington had been sent for to form a Ministry, after Mr. Canning's death had been announced. The conversation, details in what appears at first sight to be a hard, cynical style, but which is really full of delicate hits, the process of forming the Cabinet, the why and wherefore of this man's preference and the other's rejection. The author goes on through one phase after another of political life until 1842, recounting in his last chapters the disorders in England, the food riots in Scotland, and the proceedings of the Corn-Law League, the disasters in Ireland, and the terribly demoralizing effect of the Afghanistans troubles. The characters to whom the reader is introduced first are Sidney Wilton and William Pitt Ferrars, who speculate upon the result of the expected formation of the new Ministry by the Duke of Wellington. Ferrars mildly taunts his friend with having had very few revelations during his term of office under the late semi-Whig Ministry. Replying to this Sidney owns his qualms with which he was beset on leaving the Tories for Canning, whom he believed exactly the man for a transitory age. He is reminded that Canning's foreign policy was Liberal, like the Duke's, and the same as Castlereagh's. The succeeding chapters show W. Pitt Ferrars to be the son of a private secretary to the Secretary of the Treasury. He had made himself a useful member of Parliament,

too, while Pitt and Grenville flourished, but he never got near the Cabinet which he had desired to enter. He married a viscountess, and had destined his son, the younger Ferrars, to achieve what his father could not. Young Ferrars comes back from college crowned with honours, writes Greek plays, a treatise on Aristotle, and so forth. "Zenobia," the Queen of London Society, makes him an especial favourite in the grand salons in which she holds sway. By his father's influence he becomes a Lord of the Treasury by Castlereagh's appointment, and afterwards Under Secretary of State. Meantime Sidney Wilton disappears from public life to supervise the education of young Prince Florestan. The younger (W. Pitt) Ferrars marries a Miss Carey, the beauty of the season, whose fan had dropped at his feet from the old ventilator in the ceiling of St. Stephen's Chapel—a romantic incident that led to her first acquaintance with the Under Secretary. With the Duke's accession to power came Mr. Ferrars' preferment to the Privy Council, and amid the splendour of one of his father's dinners young Endymion is introduced along with his sister Myra. The manner in which the history of this pair is interwoven with the political history of the score of years that follow is very ingenious. As the author proceeds he abandons the cynical tone in which the first chapters are pitched, and wanders through the chapters in the plainest of English. In every line of the history it is shown what tremendous power can be wielded over a man's destiny by a clever devoted woman who loves him. Endymion and Myra are twins of thirteen summers when introduced to Lord Pomeroy, Lady Zenobia, and the *connoisseurs* of the host's most excellent wine. Proud of the name Endymion was his mother that day. It was a family name, and the first Carey that bore it had been a courtier of Charles the First. Mrs. Ferrars was as ambitious for social distinction as was her husband for political power. Their mansion was one of the abodes of the blessed in this world.

The battles of the Whigs and Tories are detailed. Queen Zenobia's elation at preventing the intrusion of the newly-invented illuminating coal gas in Grosvenor square is brought out finely. The exodus of Lord Dudley, Lord Palmerston, and Charles Grant from the Duke's Cabinet, and the election of O'Connell; the Catholic Emancipation and such events; the death of the elder Ferris in 1827, and that of George the Fourth, followed by the Duke of Wellington's defeat, after the dissolution of Parliament, brings the reader to the period when Endymion's father goes out of office, but is certain of a seat. He meets "Sergius" during the turmoil, and this Baron, who had attended the Congress of Vienna, though representing a fallen party, tells him the story of the Liberal Reformers and of the success which was to attend their efforts in Europe. The "hand-writing on the wall" it may be called for W. Pitt Ferrars. Europe was honeycombed with secret societies, and whether the Baron was right or not in that, he was a prophet in his other remarks. Following this the passage of the Reform bill is chronicled. Lord Grey resigned, and Lord Lyndhurst was sent for, and at the latter's advice Lord Wellington was asked to return to office. Then Ferrars came nearly being a Cabinet Minister. But disappointment after disappointment fell to his lot. Steered in debt, and despairing of an official appointment, Mr. Ferrars saw a crash coming, and met it like a man. Along with his wife and family he sought a home among the Berkshire Hills, and here Endymion and Myra, the twins, have their education completed. This man, who really had some claims upon the Government when the Whig party again succumbed and Wellington returned to power, three years after went to London. He entered the Carlton Club, which he had helped to found, and, to his surprise, was almost unknown. He saw scarcely a face he knew. Then came more bitter lessons of failure. He could get nothing more than a junior clerkship for his son Endymion. All that is selfish and ungrateful in politics is summed up very adroitly in detailing Ferrars' visit to the Duke. The suppliant returned to his Berkshire home broken-hearted, but with his secret sorrow well kept. Endymion's education has been in progress, and by some strange, subtle genius his sister Myra seems to have become his guiding star, nay more, the ruling oracle of his life. She appears devoted to him, as only women can be who have an absorbing passion and its fire proves unquenchable. The author's picture of Endymion's "footing" dinner at the Blue Posts, and his departmental life, with the miscellaneous group of civil servants into which he is thrown, is extremely amusing.

St. Barbe is the most marked of the clerks he there meets, and St. Barbe proves what may be called a nineteenth century Sir Walter Raleigh, going from one adventure to another until he achieves distinction at last. The Rodneys, with whom Endymion lodges, and Mr. Rodney, who takes special care of him, are woven into a family picture of most pleasant type, the only blemish being a little humble patronage by Mr. Rodney, who tells with pride of his interest in young Ferrars, whose father might have been Prime Minister.

Endymion's disappointments are many, and it is little wonder that, following Nigel Penruddock's vein of thought, he sees most to love in the Church. Greatest of all is his trial during the Christmas holidays when he goes home to find his mother a wreck and to be present at her death. His mother dead, he returns to London.

Nigel Penruddock falls in love with Myra, and here the strong points of her character come to the surface. She tells that she lives only for her brother—that some subtle instinct compels her to do so, and that her destiny is one with that of her brother. Nigel Penruddock contrives to give young Endymion many liberal ideas during their friendship, and then the young man goes back to London. The father of Myra tells her that a decorous marriage with young Penruddock would save them from ruin, and the lady still declines to move from destiny's line. Endymion is called home, and his father's suicide broken to him. The father could not face his troubles out, but Myra goes on with a heart Joan of Arc might have envied. She has her brother's destiny to watch over. A Lord Neuchatel wants a lady of good birth, accomplished and poor, to be companion for his daughter Adriana. Myra is chosen from a hundred others, and is installed in the family of high degree. She fills the duties admirably, and really loves her companion. Lord Roehampton is believed to be in love with Adriana, but, to the surprise of every one, proposes to and marries Myra. Now, this grand woman is in a position to help her brother Endymion. He has been getting along with his debating club. His introduction to Lord Montfort, Lady Berengaria, and others has stood him service. He finds his sister's influence first in his promotion to be secretary to his father's old friend Sidney Wilton, now a Cabinet Minister under the Whig regime. His altered circumstances suit him excellently. Being of good stature and well made, like his father, Endymion, now commences to cut a figure in society and to appear as a public character. By this time the troublous period of 1837 is reached. Count Ferrol, the Austrian Ambassador, and Prince Florestan, the exiled Prince, now reappear on the social scene. If Endymion has been in love at all, he must have kept his lips sealed, unless in the passage with Imogene at Rodney's, where his sister breaks in upon the pair and carries him away. Imogene marries Lord Beaconsfield.

There also comes into the narrative of the liberal movement Job Thornbury, a manufacturer, who has most pronounced Liberal sentiments, and Enoch Craggs. The latter might easily be mistaken for Mr. John Bright. Among other things he points out that the only thing there is for the workingmen is co-operation. He directs the attention of Endymion to Paisley and other places where Radicals flourish, and warns him that Paisley will barst. Thornbury is less Radical, but determines upon the reform that must come to England.

Thus the narrative goes on. Now the reader is told how Nigel explains to Endymion that there is but one Church Catholic and Apostolic, and holds that should all act upon its principles there would be no need for any other form of government again.

The siege and capture of Acre and Sir Robert Peel's changes in the Corn Law are explained. The manner in which the latter was carried by a majority of one is described, and the Government is made out to be so near its end that Endymion receives his marching orders from his chief, Sidney Wilton. Then comes the explanation of the grand invention, a dissolution of Parliament, which gives the Ministry one hundred days of power to which they were not morally entitled. With that approaches the crisis in Endymion's career. He must go into Parliament, Lady Roehampton tells him; but how? He is rich and has plenty of friends, and a friend of experience and ability, too. While he ruminates a letter is handed to him from an unknown—a fair unknown enclosing him £20,000 in consols! His way to election becomes as clear as is the matter dark concerning the donor of the consols. Lady Roehampton urges him on. It is his crisis in life. He commences to feel a desire for power, and his pulse beats with a vigour that thrills every nerve in his being. He must go to Parliament, and he does go, taking his seat behind the Treasury Benches. He makes his first speech, forgets the well-learned first sentence the moment he stands upon his feet, and goes on to a successful issue.

Now, for the first time, the scene changes to the continent, and Endymion goes abroad. He meets Adriana Neuchatel in Paris. Lady Roehampton wants him to marry Adriana, but she has too much money, and he has not forgotten his first love. His sister, still urgent, tells him Adriana loves him. In his patience, he meets an editor who asks for Mr. Wilton and gets a curt answer. The author here moralizes amusingly upon the impolicy of giving editors curt answers, and he pathetically advises them to remember that even private secretaries have private feelings that make them irritable at times. He also speaks regretfully of the sanctity of the House of Commons, whose purlieus "Our Own Reporter" has laid bare. By this time, 1842, with its rioting at home and its foreign policy abroad signalized by such disasters as the Afghanistan disaster, is reached, and the end of the book draws near. Lord Roehampton becomes Secretary of State and young Ferrars his secretary. Meantime Count Florestan has left England for his own country in southern Europe to head an army and make a bold stroke for liberty. He has left unmistakable evidence that he is in love with Lady Roehampton secretly. He goes to his task. Lady Montfort, one of the principal factors in the assistance Endymion receives, will hardly be taken for the Imogene of the Rodneys, secretly in love with Endymion, but the fact develops more and more as the end is near. Roehampton works for his country and his party. He is called a great

worker. One night his wife found him at work, and likely to go on working till the morning. He never felt better, but yet when she comes again she finds in the chair that which makes her a widow. "Died in harness," is the verdict of public opinion. "King" Florestan it is now. He has succeeded in regaining the throne of his fathers, and rests for a very short time upon his sword. Sidney Wilton has become Premier of England, and Endymion his Secretary of State. Lady Montfort also finds herself a widow. Nigel Penruddock becomes a Roman Catholic and a Bishop of the newly-restored Papal Hierarchy in England. Adriana afterwards marries Mr. Wildershare. The news rings all over England that Florestan, the newly-made King, has sent a proposal of marriage to an English countess, and Lady Roehampton is borne away to be a Queen with the King she loves. Endymion finds out that he loves the Lady Montfort, and at length tells her so, and marries her. King Florestan and his bride visit England in state, and here the author shows that Myra and Endymion, underlying all their rank, are brother and sister still, for while the crowds are assembled to do her honour, she steals away *incog.* for the old house at Gaydene, and the brother and sister have one more look through the old familiar places. They shed tears in the nursery, where their joys and sorrows were so often shared, and "Endymion" is finished.

In the brief sketch furnished above are outlined some of the characters whose prominence strikes the eye. There are many worthy of notice whose position incidental to the tale is secondary.

THE KEY TO THE CHARACTERS.

A special despatch to the *New York World*, no doubt sent by Mr. Louis Jennings, an Anglo-American journalist now residing in England, gives this interesting key to Lord Beaconsfield's characters:

You will be receiving "Endymion" in a day or two, and I may as well, therefore, send your readers at once the recognized key to passages depicted or sketched in its pages, as they are deciphered in the clubs of the capital to-day. The action of the novel begins with the throes of the Reform movement at the time when George Canning is on his deathbed and the Iron Duke is the hope of Conservative England. Sidney Wilton, who represents Sidney Herbert, afterwards Lord Herbert of Lea—the well-known brother of the twelfth Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, opens the novel, emerging from White's Club, and coming at once into conversation with a friend, Mr. Ferrars, an imaginary character, made to do duty as the father of Endymion Ferrars. Under the last name, the Earl of Beaconsfield has clearly undertaken to describe certain features of the career of the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli. Endymion Ferrars has a twin sister, Myra, another fragment of the brain, who strikes the key-note of her brother's character and career when she says to him:—"Power, and power alone, should be your absorbing object, and all the accidents and incidents of life should only be considered with reference to that main result." The boy himself, when he is first introduced as a disdainful lad, seven years old, in a velvet jacket with silver buttons, announces that after going to Eton, he is to go to Christ Church, and then into Parliament.

Queen Hortense comes into the novel early under the rather severe name of Agrippina, and the Emperor Napoleon III., her son, as Prince Florestan, with "his graceful bow that always won a heart." He sets forth from England in a yacht, and conquers his kingdom, after writing a pretty little note to Lady Palmerston, who figures in the book with her lord as Lord and Lady Roehampton.

Lord Beaconsfield makes nothing of anachronisms in this curious production. He paints the Eglinton Tournament, and makes Prince Bismarck figure in it as the Count of Ferrol. Baron Lionel Rothschild appears as Baron Neuchatel. Poole, the tailor, figures as Vigo. Cardinal Manning plays a part as Penruddock, a prophet ordained in Mayfair, who regaled Lord John Russell with well-bred horror. "Soapy Sam" Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, appears under the pseudonym of Dr. Comely, Lord Strangford is introduced, first as Mr. and then as Lord Waldershare. Milner Gibson appears as Mr. Jarrocks, and Lord Melbourne as Lord Montfort.

One of the best pen pictures in the book is that of Richard Cobden as Job Thornbury, whose thin, clear voice was only less clear than his statements. Neither this, be it remembered, nor any other portrait in the book, can be regarded as a full length, and the times, places, and persons are so tossed and tumbled together that the Earl can confidently deny any given likeness to be the likeness of the person who sat for it in his mind. But the names I have sent you may be relied on, and your readers will see this for themselves.

In the United States there are 532,550 Freemasons in good standing.

BROADWAY, New York, is now illuminated by numerous electric lights.

ABSTINENT DRINKING in France has now reached such a pitch as to cause in many cases a regular disease, known as "chronic abstinence."

The latest London bulletins make it probable that the marriage of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts will take place this month.