

With flashing eyes she rose from her seat with the air of an insulted queen, and raising her tall figure to its full height, while I stared in stupid bewilderment, burst forth, her face flushed to the deepest crimson:

"Sir Arthur, is this the treatment I had a right to expect from a gentleman? Was it for this you brought me here, that unseen you might shame and insult me, as you could insult any minikin of the street? For shame, sir!" And she turned as if about to leave the place.

"Pardon, Lady Laura! Forgive me! Do forgive me! Your beauty has stolen from me what control over my feelings I ever possessed; but let my love—my passionate love for you—be my excuse; and here I lay it at your feet. Will you take it, Laura, and make me the happiest man on earth, or will you throw it away and make me the most miserable?"

I knelt at her feet full of contrition, and looked beseechingly in her dark lustrous eyes.

"Ah, well, Arthur, I suppose I must forgive you, if you promise to behave better in future," returned Lady Laura, with a bewitching smile that entranced me still more.

She suffered me to seat her again beside me, her wrath seemingly quite gone. I do not remember all we said, and there remains only the memory of a time of wild intoxication and rapturous delight.

And so the die was cast; and when we returned to the dancers Lady Laura's mother looked upon me as her future son-in-law.

I will pass over the events of the marriage. My bride was all smiles and happiness; and with the congratulations of our friends we left, to spend our honeymoon on the Continent.

We had been at Rome, and had seen all that was to be seen there. I could have spent days looking at the masterpieces of the old painters, dead and in their graves, some of whose works seemed as fresh as if painted yesterday; but Laura thought it tiresome work, and I had reluctantly to tear myself from the glorious canvases, and drive or ride with her about the country—an occupation much more to her taste. We reached Florence at length, and were sitting in our hotel one day when a letter was handed to me which had just arrived. I found it had been following me about from place to place after we had left Rome.

I started as I recognised the handwriting as that of my old love. Laura who was watching me, had evidently noticed my look of surprise.

"Well, and who may this wonderful epistle be from, Arthur? Why you are as pale as death! Any bad news from England?"

I had meanwhile broken the seal, and hurriedly perused the letter.

"Leave me for a little, dearest. It is from an old friend who is dying, and I would be alone while I read it."

Lady Laura rose, with, as I thought, a slight sneer on her delicately curved lip, and walked haughtily out of the room.

I have the letter lying before me now, stained with Time's decaying fingers and blotted with my darling's tears. She had evidently written it under great weakness, as the writing was tremulous and indistinct. This is the letter:

"Glendora, October 20, 18—.

"My dear Arthur, —Perhaps I should call you Sir Arthur, as you are now; but I will call you once more—for the last time—by the dear old name. I knew of your marriage shortly after it took place, having seen it in a paper at the Manse, when I was calling on the minister as to the burial of my dear aunt. I believe I fainted when I saw it, but I told no one why."

"I would not have written now but that I am dying—the doctor says I cannot live many days—and I would like to write and forgive you before I die. Ah, dearest, how happy we were together in the old days!—too happy, I always thought, for it to last. But I did not think my Arthur would have forgotten me so soon. I know, dearest, I should have been unsuited to have filled the place of your wife, and to have mixed in the society to which your rank called you. But I would have liked if only a short letter, or even a few lines, from my dear love, to say that he had not forgotten me. I used to go day by day, and sit on the mossy bank where we plighted our troth; and for a little I felt happy again, when I thought that you had loved me once."

"Don't fret, dearest, at the thought that you have been the cause of my illness. I could not have lived long anyway—the doctor says consumption was in the family, and my father and all his near relations died of it. So, dear Arthur, it was as well you did not marry me. I forgive you from the depth of my heart any pain you may have caused me. I have suffered much; but I forgive you all. With my last breath I shall pray that you may be happy."

This latter part was written with such a trembling hand as to be almost illegible:

"October 28.

"I am getting weaker and weaker, and have only strength to write a few words. My dear Arthur, I again forgive you all. May you be happy! Farewell! and think sometimes of

HELEN."

And then this note at the end of the letter, written in another hand:

"Helen died on 29th October."

I can only remember now that as I read this tear-stained letter from my old love I felt the most horrible pangs of remorse, such as a lost

soul might feel in hell. Poor, dear, dead love! If the bitterest tears that were ever wrung from a human heart could atone for the past, perhaps my grief may not have been unavailing.

I have little more to tell. I accompanied my wife (now more than ever my wife in name only) to Switzerland, saw the Alps, Lake Geneva, the Tyrol, some of the grandest and fairest scenes in Nature; but to me they were as if they had not been. I saw nothing but the vision of a pale sad face, lit up by tender violet eyes, and crowned with a glory of golden-brown hair. And I was glad when at last we reached England again, to brood in silence over my sorrow.

They are both dead now. Lady Laura, who rode like some wild Amazon of the desert, was brought to Grange Court one day a bruised and bleeding corpse. Her horse a powerful high-spirited animal, had reared and fallen upon her, crushing her instantaneously to death. I never loved her much, and I did not mourn her long.

I shall never marry again. There is only one woman who could have made me happy; and she, I trust, is waiting for me on the golden shores of the unseen world. The fairest place to me in all the earth is the little secluded churchyard of Glendora, sweetly lying under the shadow of the purple hills. I have been there to-day. There are many rugged old tombstones, moss-covered and worn with time, and there are some bright from the chisel of the sculptor. But to me there is only one grave there. It lies in a sunny spot of this "God's acre," with sweet violets blooming above it, and daisies with their pure white leaves fringing the tender grass. There is a marble cross at the head of the grave, with the simple word—her dearly-loved name—"Helen" upon it. It was the only mark of regard I could show to her, dead. A lark was singing sweetly as I left the place, and as it soared into the blue heavens I thought it might perhaps carry up my lonely sigh to the ear of my lost love. And now I only wait until I meet her again, to part no more for ever.

MONSIEUR.

The *American* is the name of a new weekly published in New York, mainly devoted to society matters and the drama. It contains several illustrations, comic and other, mostly from the pencil of C. Kendrick. Judging from the sign manual, as well as from intrinsic evidence, we think we recognize the clever and gentlemanly artist who was connected, some years ago, with the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. He has the rare merit for a draughtsman—we use the adjective advisedly—of being able to draw, and his conceptions are generally very happy. The editorial matter is unusually good. As a specimen we reproduce the following article which, besides being true in its philosophy, has a merit of form and style which would do credit to the *Saturday Review*:

"Among the numerous ingredients contributed by various nationalities to form the *America* of the future, it is to be regretted that the French element is comparatively small. We don't want the *petit coterie* of the Boulevard, whose nervous system is shattered by absinthe and Chartreuse, and whose waking hours are impartially divided between Baccarat and the corps de ballet; nor do we desiderate the gay and gallant Achille and Timoleon, so dear to the novelist, who utter epigrams at every breath, and have the bewildering propensity of mistaking their friends' wives for their own. We have, in fact, a strong suspicion that both of these characters are pure creations of French romance writers, and are as devoid of actual prototypes, in the ordinary world of French society, as Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, or any other long-wooded hero, whose bright swords glitter, and whose smart repartees flash through so many pages of the great Dumas. These creatures of imagination we are content to leave to the adoration of their creators; but we should like to see more frequently the cheerful face and kindly ways of honest and thrifty Jules or Auguste."

If there is one thing which strikes the stranger visiting our shores as more wonderful even than the evidences of generally diffused comfort and well-being of all classes, it is the preternatural gravity of our citizens. We seem to have imported, with Trial by Jury and Habeas Corpus, the peculiarly British faculty of taking our amusement *moult tristement*, and making our very pleasures a toil. Your Frenchman, on the other hand, thoroughly understands the art and mystery of amusing himself, and carries out his theories in successful practice. He can amuse himself easily, cheaply, and gracefully, and "mocks himself" of our elaborate preparations for enjoyment, the heavy coat we incur for it, and the *cami* or boisterousness with which we too often wind up. In his most sober moments he is never windy; in his wildest distractions he is never rowdy; he is no more moral than his neighbors, but he certainly exhibits in all circumstances more grace, taste, and decorum."

We claim, perhaps with justice, that education is more widely spread among us than in any other nation; but we must allow that the French can, with equal justice, pride themselves on the general diffusion of culture. It shows itself alike in their dress, their dinner, and their theatre. The first we copy without having learnt the art of wearing it; the last we plunder for pieces, which on our stage and in our clumster tongue lose half their brilliancy; for the French dinner we still sigh in vain, when we contemplate our matutinal hash, or try our grinders on our evening steak, or peruse, in a

fit of indigestion, the appalling *menus* of the *World*.

But in affairs much less important than cookery, or the proper confection of *potage à la reine*, they manage things better in France. When we walk and struggle through our streets, unswept, undrained, and unpaved; when we see our best thoroughfares bordered by amorphous rows of buildings of all shapes and styles, eight story and two story brown stone fronts, and iron-fronts, plaster-fronts ashamed of being shams, brick-fronts, blushing at their own hideousness, like that ruddy abortion, the *Tribune* tower, we long to let loose a French Prefect and a Baron Haussman.

In society, too, a French element would introduce new charms: for wherever the Frenchman goes he brings affability and politeness, frankness and *esprit*; he thinks with vivacity and speaks with promptitude; there is nothing that he touches that he does not adorn; he can keep the ball of conversation in the air, tossing it to and fro, from epigram to epigram: he is neither fanciful, intolerant, nor enthusiastic. He may be too frivolous, but are we not too serious? He may be too fond of being over-governed, but are we not too impatient of government? He may be too logical, but are not we too fond of compromises?

BRELOQUES.

You can always detect a bachelor by the way he handles a baby, but to be safe from loss it is well to use a borrowed baby in making the experiment.

A man never realizes the blessings of wealth so fully as when he takes his girl out riding, and discovers at the first toll-gate that he has left his pocketbook at home in his other pantaloons.

HERBERT SPENCER says the gold ring now worn by married women is the sign of the iron ring that was worn about the neck or ankle in olden times, and indicated the submission of the wearer. It is needlessly added it has no such signification now.

The following is a copy of a note sent to a clerk of a parish not a hundred miles from London: "Master, my wife is dead, and wants to be buried to-morrow at seven o'clock. You know where to dig it, close by my other wife: but let it be dip."

THE latest at weddings is to have the main aisle thickly strewn with flowers. At the marriage of Mr. Milliken to Miss Outthout, in New York last week, the bride walked over a mat, stretched from the door to the altar-railing, fashioned of evergreens and filled in by lilies, roses and violets.

A young wife remonstrated with her husband, a dissipated spendthrift, on his conduct. "Love," said he, "I am like the prodigal son: I shall reform by-and-by."—"I will be like the prodigal son, too," she replied, "for I will arise and go to my father."

MAMMA—"What is the baby crying for, Maggie?" Maggie—"I don't know." Mamma—"And what are you looking so indignant about?" Maggie—"That nasty dog's been and took and eaten my sponge cake." Mamma—"Why, I saw you eating a sponge cake a minute ago." Maggie—"O, that was baby's."

A THREE-YEAR old little girl at Rochester, N. Y., was taught to close her evening prayer, during the temporary absence of her father, with "and please watch over my papa." It sounded very sweet, but the mother's amusement may be imagined when she added, "And you'd better keep an eye on mamma, too."

THEY were husband and wife, and as they stood before the Guards' Monuments in Waterloo Place, she asked—"What's that figure on top?"—"That's a goddess," he answered. "And what's a goddess?"—"A woman who holds her tongue," he replied. She looked side-ways at him, and then began planning how to make a peach pie with the stones in it for the benefit of his sore tooth.

JAMES MUIR was cured of acute rheumatism the other day by the explosion of the powder mills of which he was agent. That is nothing; we have known a man to be cured of acute laziness in less than a second by an explosion of domestic wrath, accompanied by a shower of rolling pin, and before the patient realized his improved condition he was in the front cellar and had the coal scuttle filled.

A correspondent says this puzzle is inscribed beneath a family painting in the possession of a Devonshire family:—

"Madam.—I pray this one thing me show:
What you three be, if you then know?
Coming from the castle in such degree.
What's their descent and nativity?
Sir.—The one by father's side is my brother.
And so is the next in the right of my mother;
Third, my own son lawfully begot.
All sons of my husband in my lap.
Without hurt of lineage in any degree:
Show me in reason how this may be."

Now this is just what a contested Presidential election causes in America. How lucky it is that we have a sovereign left us! A young lady, says a Charleston paper, bet a young man a kiss that Tilden would be elected—he to pay if Tilden won, and she to pay if Hayes was elected. On the morning of the 8th of November he called and paid the debt; on the 9th he called and took it back. That evening she paid the debt. Next morning she took it back, and he paid; then she paid and he paid; and so they were kept busy by the contradictory despatches until Congress decided the question.

THE GLEANER.

THERE are ten printers in the United States Senate.

THE Prince of Wales has been re-elected Grand Master of the English Freemasons.

AMONG the newspaper reporters in the French Senate is a young lady about twenty.

THE white tunic of the Austrian army has been abandoned for dark blue in all branches of the services.

THE work for improving the Tiber at Rome is to be immediately commenced with appliances from England.

THE Canadian residents of San Francisco have formed a club, in order to cultivate a friendly feeling among themselves.

A donkey carrying a load of books is as respectable an animal as the person whose head is crammed with learning that he does not understand.

DEAN STANLEY has been elected president of the Sunday Society, which has for its object the opening of museums and art galleries on Sundays.

THE latest thing in showers is a shower of live clams, reported at Santa Anna, New Mexico, which furnished several meals to persons who scarcely see a salt water shellfish.

THE Queen's state saloon on the Great Western Railway, England, is made entirely of boiler plate and so lined and padded that if the carriage were to go over an embankment and roll to the bottom, the chances are that the occupants would escape uninjured.

THE following hint is the result of experiment, and is worth remembering:—If your stable is on fire, and your horses are frightened, harness them as though they were going to work. They may then be led out without difficulty.

A world's chess tournament will be held in Leipsic, beginning with the 8th of next July, in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the chess career of Andersen, one of the greatest of living players, and a veteran admired by all devotees of the game. Contestants are expected from all parts of the world.

A few weeks ago some fishermen drew up a net from the Seine a heavy mass of metal, covered with sand and shells, which they sold to a curiosity dealer on Quai Voltaire, Paris. He set to work to divest it of the incrustations, when there came to view an oval vase of most exquisite design and workmanship, marked with the Greek letter "phi." The metal resembles none known in Paris, and a learned numismatist believes that it is a specimen of the famous bronze of Corinth, which, according to Seneca, was even in his time worth its weight in gold. Into its composition gold, silver, copper, lead, tin, and iron entered, but in what proportions it has been impossible to determine. According to the most likely conjecture, this vase came into France in the time of Julius Caesar.

DOMESTIC.

POTATOES cut in small squares, and put into cruet or bottles, with the water to wash them, will clean them quickly and well.

To prevent scorching when cooking keep a basin or cup of water in the oven. The steam generated not only prevents scorching, but makes the meat cook nicer.

OUR lady readers may avoid having their hands affected by water or soapsuds, if the hands are dipped in vinegar-water or lemon-juice immediately after. The acid destroys the corrosive effect of the alkali and makes the hands soft and white.

TINWARE looks much nicer when washed in hot water with milk instead of soap, and will not require the rough scouring which is so commonly used by servants, and which soon wears off all the tin, leaving a rusty, useless article, neither iron nor tin.

It is perhaps the abuse rather than the use of washing-powders, soda, &c., that causes the rapid destruction of clothes. If little more soda be used than is enough to precipitate any lime or other hardening matter the water may contain, little harm would be done either to the clothes themselves or to dyes they are coloured with; but it is common for washerwomen to put in handfuls of soda when spoonfuls would be enough. The idea of weighing or measuring the quantity needed seems never to occur to them; they seem to fancy that because a little is wanted to save waste of soap, a great deal must be still more useful.

LITERARY.

VICTOR HUGO has a bright little granddaughter, who recently lifted on high a glass of wine at the table and begged the privilege of pronouncing a toast to her grandfathers. "Granted," said the grand old novelist, and the little creature enthusiastically cried: "To the great Hugo from the little one!"

VICTOR HUGO is never out of trim. Though seventy years old he works almost incessantly. He rises every morning at six, takes a cup of black coffee and a boiled egg and begins his daily task. He works standing at a high desk and transcribes as from dictation the results of his long afternoon walks through Paris. In the turmoil of the street his mind is most active. In the midst of the crowd he is isolated from the rest of the world. His memory is prodigious. He does not use a single note.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the Ladies of the city and country that they will find at his retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers dyed as per sample or shortest delay. Gloves cleaned and dyed black only.

J. H. LEBLANC, Works: 547 Craig St.