

BASSO CANTANTE.

TO MR. HENRY C. PRAKES, THEATRE ROYAL.

Strong as the thunder on the purple hills,
Grand as the organ in cathedral loft,
Deep as the murmur of cascaded rills,
Or as the eagle's wooing, sweet and soft;
Potent to sound the magic word of scorn,
The scream of vengeance or the sigh of love,
Thou dost intone Orlando's magic horn,
And moanest Lucrezia in the dusk above
Thou dost rehearse old Beppo's fell disgrace,
The wail of Devilshoof beneath the trees,
Thou dost, unrivalled save by Faure, retrace
The stark, red spectre, Mephistopheles;—
O Voice! in all these varied notes I scan
The genius of the artist and the gentleman.

JNO. LESPERANCE.

Montreal, July 3rd.

WHAT CAME OF A PIC-NIC.

"I vote we have a pic-nic to-day," exclaimed Fred. Campbell, springing into the breakfast-room through the low window, and startling the group at the table by his sudden appearance. "It's a nice day, cool and breezy, and we fellows can fish, while the girls arrange the luncheon on the beach. Who'll second my motion?"

"I will!" "And I!" "And I!"

"To work, then! Dear mother, be generous with the good things. Girls, don't forget the olives and sardines. I'll have the horses put to the wagonette, and we will go over to Fordham's Beach."

"Why not nearer home, where we could walk?" asked Florence Campbell, hastily. "I think Crescent Bay much more convenient, and equally pretty."

"Oh, pshaw!" cried Fred, in a contemptuous manner common to sixteen-year-old brothers; "the fun is getting out of sight and sound of people. Why, we can see Crescent Bay from the lawn!"

Florence made no further objection, though she went about her task of packing the luncheon-baskets rather slowly and unwillingly, as if she did not quite approve of the day's programme.

The little party, who were spending the summer at Campbell Cottage (as the country-seat was called), consisted of Ella and Josie Carter, twin sisters, pretty, blooming, and eighteen; Arthur Rodman, a dashing young collegian of twenty, who was in a really melancholy state of uncertainty as to which of the pretty twins to fall in love with; Tom Ferguson, also a collegian, but one who made it his boast that he "hated girls;" George Campbell, handsome and clever, and rather impressed with his own dignity; Fred, who needs no description; and Florence.

To describe Florence Campbell justly would be a very difficult task; so I will only say that she was handsome, rather haughty, of a quick but generous temper, and always well dressed. And the last quality, let me say, is by no means to be overlooked in any woman.

Shawls, hampers, baskets, and fishing-rods were indiscriminately piled into the wagonette, leaving but small room for the living freight. At last, however, amidst much laughing, the party was all seated and off.

Fordham's Beach was about five miles from the watering-place where Campbell Cottage was situated. Its name came from Charles Fordham, who owned an isolated though beautiful place on the coast. A young man, of not more than twenty-seven or eight, alone in the world, and of a moody disposition, there had been at one time an almost intimacy between Fordham and George Campbell. The former would terminate his daily rides at the cottage, and would spend many of the long summer evenings within its hospitable walls. Three years before the commencement of this story, these visits had suddenly ceased. Fordham closed his house, leaving only one servant in charge, and left for Italy, without even bidding adieu to his friends at the cottage. Many were the expressions of wonderment at this strange behaviour, and many were the conjectures as to the cause. But no one guessed—what would almost be a natural conclusion—that a "woman was at the bottom of it!"

The facts were simple enough, though unknown and unsuspected. Fordham had fallen madly (for that is the only word to express the strength of his passion) in love with Florence Campbell. He was, in reality, a shy man, although his manner was coldly self-possessed; and it was some time before he ventured to address himself to Florence. When he did so at last, he was rewarded by the assurance that his love was returned. Their engagement lasted only two days, and had been kept a secret between the two. Fordham was jealous, passionate, and proud; he took exception to Florence's manner of receiving the visit of a gentleman who had long been an intimate friend at the house; spoke to her about it in an unwarrantable manner—and a quarrel ensued. Florence, who was as quick-tempered as himself, demanded that the engagement should be broken off. He took her at her word, and the next day made his arrangements for leaving the place. In the three years of his absence, not one word had come from him to her. She "suffered, and was silent," and concealed from all the world the pain she still endured. His name had hardly been mentioned before her for two years. She avoided any such mention; and even her rides and drives were invariably taken in an opposite direction to Fordham Beach.

The place was wild and beautiful. The house was almost hidden by old trees, whose sturdy

trunks had resisted the great storms, and winds, and ocean gales, for a hundred years and more.

As the pic-nic party drove through the unhinged and unused gate, the loneliness of the scene was almost mournful. The leaf-littered park, and grass-grown walk; the great, silent house, and the near view of the sea, as it rolled against the rocks, would have had a depressing influence on any party less gay than ours. But the high spirits of Ella and Josie Carter, and the rollicking hilarity of young Rodman and Fred Campbell, were not to be put down. They shouted and laughed and threatened an invasion of the old mansion, suggesting ghosts as a reward. George Campbell made some remark about the absent owner, and spoke regretfully of the broken friendship. Florence only said nothing; but she looked sadly and longingly at the deserted house, and, perhaps, formed a picture in her own mind of how it "might have been."

They drove to the beach; the horses were taken from the carriage, and instantly cared for. The girls were all busy in arranging the lunch, and had retained Arthur Rodman as an assistant. George, Tom Ferguson, and Fred were away on the distant rocks, fishing.

Florence felt an uncontrollable sadness upon her; she tried her best to be interested and amused by their novel occupation; but the very jollity of her companions jarred upon her; and, after awhile, she wandered off by herself, and, following the beach for a short distance, she clambered over some rocks, and crossed the neglected lawn to the house. There, seated in the porch, hidden by bushes and trailing vines from all sight of her companions, and almost out of hearing of their merry voices, she gave way to her grief and tears, as she had not done before in the three long, past years. Tears brought relief, of course, and some of that heavy weight at her heart was lessened.

Then a wish came over her to go into the house, and wander through the rooms which had been his lonely home. She knew that a servant had been left in charge of the place, so she ventured to knock at the great oaken door; but no sound of life came in answer, only the hollow echo of the knock in the long hall. But the desire to enter there was now too strong upon her to be easily relinquished; so she knocked again and again, and at last turned the handle of the door. She had not really thought that it would yield to her, and was almost frightened when the door opened reluctantly, and with dismal creaking.

She entered timidly, and, at first, could see nothing; but, at last, the shadowy outline of massive furniture and closed door-ways appeared through the gloom; and gathering boldness from the sunshine which was shining in through the opened door, she made her way across the hall.

To the right, of course, she would find the dining room, and to the left the library. She had often heard her lover speak of the lonely, dreamy days he passed in his library; and in the happiness of their brief engagement he had told her how he hoped it would be some day when she would be there at his side.

Now it was with almost a feeling as if she were going to his grave, or to the grave of their dead hopes, that she softly neared the door, and slowly and gently opened it. Everything lay in gloom and shadow, at first only intensified by the faint light which now fell upon the threshold. But Florence was brave and bold, and her longing was to sit where he had sat, and dream as he had done; so she groped her way into the long, old-fashioned room. As before, the furniture and frame-work of windows and pictures started out of the darkness, and she now more easily moved towards a great easy-chair, which stood by the side of the chimney-piece. But, suddenly, she stopped, and, with a half-shriek, pressed her hand to her heart; for, rising slowly from the chair, was the figure—the well-known erect figure of Fordham!

If Florence, for one-half minute, thought it was the ghost of her lover, or the effect of her own imagination, such thought was soon dispelled. It was Fordham himself standing there, and looking coldly and steadily at the intruder.

Without a word, Florence, stretched out her hands; but he did not move to take them. She hesitated a moment—pride was tugging at her heart; but love was stronger than pride; she moved impetuously forward, and, seizing the hand which hung heavily at his side, she put it to her lips, and murmured the word "Forgive!" And then—

And then, oh, with what passionate love he clasped her, and pressed her to his bosom! She had been the first to yield; but, after all, his was the greater yielding. For now no words he could utter would sufficiently express his desire for her pardon—his self-reproaches, his deep, wild love and admiration for her. On his knees he entreated her forgiveness; he praised her nobleness and generosity in having first used the disarming word, and reproached himself for the pride and stubbornness which had so long separated him from all he loved on earth.

The explanation of his presence in the house was soon made. He had returned only the day before, and had forbidden his only servant to open the house or speak of his arrival. He had come with no defined intention of seeing Florence; and yet it was the very urgency of his desire to see her which had brought him home from across the seas. He had not noticed the picnic party as they drove through the grounds, but had seen Florence as she crossed the lawn to the porch. There she was hidden from him,

and he had not been witness to her tears. When she told him that she had wept at his door, and all the thoughts that were then crowding into her breast, he took her into his arms, with an inward vow to make her so happy that she should never have cause for tears again.

It was very reluctantly that they, at last, returned to the "outer world;" or, in more simple speech, joined the picnic party. But Florence remembered that her friends would be uneasy at her prolonged absence, which, indeed, proved to be the case.

Fordham was received with enthusiasm by George Campbell, and the fact of the engagement was too evident for any concealment to be even attempted.

"Oh!" said Fred, after a long and thoughtful stare at his sister, and then at Fordham. "Oh! I fancy I see through your walking off so suddenly three years ago." And Master Fred fancied himself very sharp. "Oh, bother!" he added, as a new thought struck him. "Now this place will be spoiled for picnics. You'll be living here, I suppose? What a bore!"

And, after a few months, they were, indeed, living in the old house; and, as years rolled on, many little feet chased through the big rooms and played upon the beach.

Fordham's moodiness and reserve were of the past.

HEARTH AND HOME.

ASPIRE.—Take this wise lesson. Aspire to the high places, and leave those you now have for other beginners. Aspire, but remember that you shall win them only by present content, and by doing well what you have in hand. You reach them only because you have more than filled your present place. If, because you think yourself too good or too big for it, you decline its duties, you will simply demonstrate your unfitness for it; and the shrinkage will slip into a smaller place.

FOOL'S PARADISE.—We must all live according to the light that is in us, and, if we cannot see for ourselves that our paradise is only that of fools and not of men, we must abide by the consequences of our darkness, as the blind must bear the broken heads which come when they run full tilt against a wall. The fool's paradise of certain success, when there are no means by which it can be insured, is not to be confounded with the true patience and courage of persevering men. This, if one likes, is noble, and the power by which the world is moved; the other is pathetic by its futility, and deplorable as a waste, a misdirection, and a delusion.

TEMPER.—A cheerful temper in a house is like perpetual sunshine, gladdening and enlivening every one, in the presence of which you forget your troubles and would be ashamed to remember your annoyances; but a bad temper spoils everything. Offence taken at airy nothings, impatience under unavoidable worries, small things made into great ones by the magnifying powers of suspicion, sullenness, irritability, ill-humour—who can say that all this has no influence? You might as well deny the stinging power of a midge or the penetrating quality of dust as deny the depressing effect of ill-humour wherever it is found, and the corresponding good influence of sweet temper. Also, the imitation of either the one or the other, as it may chance which rules, is sure to break out in the younger and weaker of the family.

GIVE us the boy or girl who smiles as soon as the first rays of the morning sun glance in through the window, gay, happy, and kind. Such a boy will be fit to "make up" into a man—at least, when contrasted with the sullen, morose, crabbed fellow, who snaps and snarls like a surly cur, or growls and grunts like a hyena from the moment he opens his angry eyes till he is confronted by his breakfast. Such a girl, other things being favourable, will be good material to aid in gladdening some comfortable home, or to refine, civilize, tame and harmonize a rude brother, making him gentle, affectionate and lovable. It is a feast to even look at such a joy-inspiring girl, and see the smiles flowing, so to speak, from her parted lips, displaying a set of clean well-brushed teeth, looking almost the personification of beauty and goodness; singing as merrily as the birds that commenced their morning concert long before the lazy boys dreamed that the sun was approaching and about to pour a whole flood of light and warmth upon the earth.

WAIT.—Wait, husband, before you wonder audibly why your wife don't get on with the household affairs "as your mother did;" she is doing her best, and no woman can endure that best to be slighted. Remember the long weary nights she sat up with the little babe that died; remember the love and care she bestowed upon you when you had that long spell of sickness. Do you think she is made of cast-iron? Wait—wait in silence and forbearance, and the light will come back to her eyes—the old light for the old days. Wait, wife, before you speak reproachfully to your husband when he comes home late, weary, and "out of sorts." He worked hard for you all day—perhaps, far into the night; he has wrestled, hand in hand with care, and selfishness, and greed, and all the demons that follow in the train of money-making. Let home be another atmosphere entirely. Let him feel that there is one place in the world where he can find peace, and quiet, and perfect love.

CUTTINGS FROM NEWSPAPERS.—Every one who takes a newspaper which he in the least degrades appreciates will often regret to see any one number thrown aside for waste-paper which contains some interesting and important articles. A

good way to preserve these is by the use of a scrap-book. One who has never been accustomed thus to preserve short articles can hardly estimate the pleasure it affords to sit down and turn over the pleasant, familiar pages. Here a choice piece of poetry meets the eye, which you would long since have lost had it not been for your scrap-book. There is a witty anecdote—it does you good to laugh over it yet, though for the twentieth time. Next is a valuable recipe you had almost forgotten, and which you found just in time to save perplexity. There is a sweet little story, the memory of which has cheered and encouraged you when almost ready to despair under the pressure of life's cares. Indeed you can hardly take up a single paper without reperusing. Then hoard with care the precious gems, and see at the end of the year what a rich treasure you will have accumulated.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

It is said that Wagner is coming to America to reside permanently.

SANTLEY used to be glad to get \$100 a night, but now he charges \$300 and \$400.

AIMEE has made \$250,000 in the United States. She will make it \$400,000 and retire to private life, in Paris.

It is said that Mr. Irving the actor has been offered \$50,000 for a hundred nights' performances at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and has refused.

MAX STRAKOSCH proposes to bring out in December an opera on American subjects, now being written by Max Maretzek. Miss Kellogg to take the principal rôle.

It is not generally known that Lola Montez is buried in old Trinity churchyard, New York. A plain slab bears her real name—Elizabeth Gilbert—and her age, 41. She died poor and almost friendless in 1861.

ALBONI is 53; Bishop, 63; Ole Bull, 67; Von Bulow, 47; Jules Benedict, 72; Jenny Lind, 56; Gounod, 59; Pauline Lucca, 37; Nilsson, 34; Offenbach, 58; Sims Reeves, 56; Scherler, 42; Titiens, 43; Wagner, 64; Wieniaski, 42; and Vieltuxtemps, 57.

BARRY SULLIVAN, the actor, has recently submitted to the painful process of having his eye-ball cut open. It had troubled him ever since he was wounded by a sword in Drury-lane Theatre, and it was found that the sword point had thrust in an eyelash. This was successfully extracted.

VERDI, composer of the "Trovatore," is a slender, middle sized, gray bearded man, of a distinguished, friendly expression of face, but with fiery, flashing eyes. In the presence of his orchestra he does not only guide, he conducts in the fullest sense of the word. He utters his musical thoughts in his countenance, in his bearing, in every motion of his baton.

THE Queen herself is a pianist of high rank. When a young woman she possessed a fine contralto voice, which she cultivated in a very artistic manner. Lablache, who frequently had the honour of singing with Her Majesty, said she sang as well as any artist. Court etiquette, however, prevents her from singing or playing except alone, or in the presence of her immediate family circle.

MUSIC-CRITIC is submitted as a more correctly formed compound than musical-critic. Usage ought never to sanction expressions that are obviously ungrammatical. What would be thought of any one who would say "musical-master" instead of "music-master," or "artistic-critic" instead of "art-critic"? These examples are sufficient to prove that "music-critic" should be used to describe a critic or reviewer of music, and that when we speak of a "musical" person we mean one who is a performer of music of some kind or other.

MR. MAPLESON has hit upon a novelty in operatic entertainments. He is trying morning operas. On Wednesday "Faust" was given in the afternoon at Her Majesty's Theatre, with fair, tolerable success. It will be difficult, however, to get people to imagine that opera is given at two o'clock. The lyric stage is an expensive luxury in England, and depends quite as much upon grand dresses in the auditorium as upon the singing of the prima donna. It gives ladies an opportunity for displaying themselves in their grandest attire.

MR. DANNREUTHER, lecturing on Liszt at the Royal Institution, spoke of the way in which progress in piano manufacture had influenced styles of playing. In Beethoven's time one ounce and a half dropped on a key was sufficient to cause a note to sound. In a piano such as that used in the lecture eight ounces are needed. A totally different position of the wrist and arm results from this. While many instruments remain as they were, two octaves have been added to the piano since the beginning of this century. Chopin and Liszt, and particularly Liszt, Mr. Dannreuther regards as representing the last stage to which the technique of pianoforte playing could be carried.

THE unusual presence of mind of an actor is illustrated by the following anecdote in the *Virginia Chronicle*: Last night James Ward was Myles na Coppaleen in the "Colleen Bawn." The weapon did not respond to the discharge—only the click of the hammer could be heard. Danny Mann, however, fell as usual, and Myles, after he had rescued Eily O'Connor, pulling out his gun, went right ahead as follows: "He the powers, them little air-guns is a great invention. Ye can blow a hole in the back of a blaggard without making enough noise to wake a sleeping cat; and, behold, the smell o' smoke is done away wid entirely." The actor's promptness brought down the house.

SUPERSTITION.

A panacea, or "cure-all," is one of the myths of the age of superstition. Dr. R. V. Pierce does not recommend any one or even his whole list of standard remedies as adequate to cure every disease. For severe lingering coughs, bronchial, throat, and chronic lung diseases he believes his Golden Medical Discovery is unsurpassed, but it will not cure you if your lungs are half wasted by consumption. The Discovery not only exercises a potent influence over pulmonary affections, by reason of its pectoral properties, but possesses also the most valuable alterative, or blood-cleansing properties, and is therefore a sovereign remedy for blood and skin affection. But while it will cure scrofulous and other ulcers or sores, blotches, pimples, and eruptions, it will not cure cancer, nor does its manufacturer claim any such merit for it as is done by proprietors of other blood cleansing medicines, who dishonestly try to deceive the afflicted into the belief that their preparations will accomplish impossibilities. By reason of its intrinsic merit it has a sale surpassing that of any other blood and cough medicine.