

Literature.

THE EMPTY CHAIR.

Poor is the heart that never mourned.
Save only for a selfish vow;
Joyless the soul that never turned
To others' joys with blessed glow.
When ties are rent, and death lays low,
The friend that friendship ill can spare,
For ever gone as all must go,
How sad to mark the empty chair!

Then memory brooding o'er the past,
Recalls the light of festive hours,
And perished joys the shadows cast,
Still lengthening more as evening lowers.
The glory of life's summer bowers,
Where roses hide the thorns of care,
Seems dimmed with clouds and drenched with
showers,
When gazing on the empty chair.

Where once the old familiar face
Beamed welcome with its genial glow,
And hailed with hospitable grace
The chosen friends of long ago;
Where conversation's social flow,
So oft relaxed the brow of care,
A voice is mute—a form laid low—
We sigh to find an empty chair.

In friendly gatherings as of yore,
When merry song and toasts went round,
His jocund laugh is heard no more,
His welcome face no more is found.
The silent grave, the grassy mound,
All that remains of him is there—
But memory consecrates the ground,
And sorrows for the empty chair.

As down the vale of vanished years
A retrospective glance we cast,
How swift, how short the span appears,
The graveyard of the burial past,
Like rare leaves trembling in the blast,
And dropping from the branches bare,
Friend after friend still follows fast,
And leaves behind an empty chair.

As years decrease and friends decay,
Though other interests round us spring,
The ties that death has torn away,
Time back again can never bring;
But hallowed memories round them cling,
That none but friends of old can share,
Till comes the hour on viewless wing,
When each must leave an empty chair.

LOST IN A FOG.

It was the last day in November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and twenty something, and about the hour of noon, when the great and glorious—no might, on this occasion, say vain-glorious—City of London was hidden from mortal eyes by one of those dense brown fogs that often-times convert it into anything but a Paradise. So suddenly had the obscurity come on that many an unlucky wight had unwittingly strayed out of the right path, not morally be it understood, but literally, being misled by the impossibility of distinguishing one street from another in those localities where all the residences were private houses.

Among those misguided wayfarers was a certain pretty widow named Cumley, who had been hired from her "apartments," in Great Cornam street, by a faint glimmering of the sun, which at an hour before, had given some hope of at least a continuance of daylight for a sufficient space of time to enable her to make a few purchases, with a view of the enhancement of her personal attractions at a party that was to come off on the following evening. It was in her way back from Oxford street, that the darkness began to gather around like the shades of night, crossing her to quicken her pace, and made sundry wise reflections on the folly having suffered herself to be tempted, by the promptings of vanity, to venture abroad on such an inauspicious morning.

Afraid of passing over a crossing, she kept on her footway, and took one or two turns hap-hazard, still hoping she was going in the right direction, until no longer able to distinguish streets from squares, she became as completely lost as the Babes in the Wood, for she was now in those aristocratic regions, where there was not a single shop in which she might have sought aid or counsel in this her benighted situation.

"What in the world am I to do?" said Mrs. Cumley to herself. "I shall never find my way home, and as to getting into a cab even if I could meet with one, which is not very likely, I should be afraid to trust myself, it must be getting thicker. I shall not be able to see an inch before me presently. What an unfortunate thing, to be sure!"

Mrs. Cumley was no coward, not did she want for presence of mind in any way of the ordinary circumstances of life; but this was a dilemma for which she was totally unprepared, and it threw her into an unwanted state of perplexity, especially as, during the last ten minutes, not a person coming had passed by to whom she might have applied for information as to her whereabouts.

At length a brilliant idea flashed through her mind.
"It can do no very great harm," she thought, "to knock at a door, and ask what street this is. And one will be civil enough to tell me that."

And acting on the impulse of the moment, she with some little difficulty, found out the door of a house, for even the doors and windows had become invisible, and having discovered the knock-knocker she gave, not a loud, authoritative rat-tat-tat, that demands instant admission, but a modest rap, which seemed to say, "I shall feel obliged if you will open the door at your earliest convenience."

It was therefore some minutes before the appeal was answered but at length a man servant presented himself, opened his eyes to their utmost extent at seeing a well-dressed lady out on foot, in such bad weather.

"I am sorry to trouble you," said Mrs. Cumley, "but will you have the kindness to tell me what street this is, for I have lost my way in consequence of the fog?"

"It is no street at all, ma'am," said the man, who seemed much disposed to laugh. "This is Torrington square."

"Torrington square! Bless me then I have come a great deal too far, and now I don't know which way I must turn to get to Great Cornam street."

She had stepped upon the threshold of the door, and was enabled to observe the end of a gas lamp that shed its brilliant rays through the hall, that the house so unconsciously intruded was of not mean order as supposed. There was air of spaciousness and elegance about it that denoted wealth and luxury. The stairs were richly carpeted, and there was a good fire in the stove opposite the door-way in the hall that diffused a glowing warmth and brightness on the scene within, which was more striking from its contrast with the cold and gloom without.

The man was doing his best to put her in the right way for the locality she had named, when a door on one side of the hall suddenly opened, and a gentleman with a newspaper in his hand made his appearance.

"What is it, James?"
"A lady, sir, had lost her way in the fog, and wants to be directed."

"Dear me, that's awkward," he said advancing a step or two, perhaps to ascertain what the lady was like, and the light shown full upon her face, he made another move in advance and said, "You had better walk in, madam, and wait till it is a little clearer."

"I am very much obliged to you, sir; I shall be really very glad if you will allow me to sit down here for a little while; I dare say it will be lighter presently." As she was going modestly to take a seat by the hall fire, he waved his hand politely toward the apartment from which he had just emerged, on which she courtesied with graceful ease and walked in.

As the gentleman was following, she heard the servant say something to him in a low tone, wherein the word "luncheon" was distinctly audible and her quick ear caught the reply—
"Oh, yes—yes. Bring it up all the same; for two, of course."

It was a large, well-furnished dining room, and the widow had no sooner cast her eyes around it, than she came to the conclusion that its owner was a bachelor. She did not exactly know why she thought so, but was so convinced of such being the fact, that she would not have hesitated to bet a pair of gloves upon it.

Mr. Hazlett was in truth a single man, somewhat past the meridian of life, but good looking still, with courteous, gentlemanlike manners, and to judge from the appearance of his surroundings, in easy circumstances.

"I am sure," he said, "as he placed a chair near the fire for his involuntary guest, I ought to feel much indebted to this fog, since it has procured me so unexpected a pleasure."

The lady acknowledged the compliment in proper terms, accompanied by a merry little laugh that sounded very much as if she could have said the pleasure was not all on one side; and while civilities were in course of exchange, the luncheon-tray was brought in, laden with cold chicken, ham, veal patties, and other savory viands, together with a decanter of sherry and some bottled ale.

Mrs. Cumley began to feel herself at home. She drew her chair to the table and took off her gloves, thereby displaying a pair of delicately white and well-shaped hands. She was certainly a very pretty woman, with sparkling black eyes, white teeth, a good complexion. Her age might be thirty-five or thereabouts; it is unnecessary to be particular on that point, thirty-five would be near enough to the mark, even for a census paper.

A tete-a-tete luncheon is often a pleasant thing.

"It's a rum go up stairs," said James to the two dunsels of the lower regions. "I shouldn't wonder if master's caught at last; and that's what she's up to it's my opinion, for I heard her tell him she's a widdler."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed the housemaid. "It would be droll to get a husband in that way, wouldn't it, James?"

"Why, it would, rather, my dear; but there is various ways of getting a husband, you know."

And he favored her with a sagacious wink, which caused her to blush like a penny, and turn away laughing.

The cook, however, who also acted as house-keeper, was not inclined to make so light of the matter as the younger and more thoughtless denizens of the household.

"For her part," she said, "she didn't see anything to laugh at, and she wondered that a man at Mr. Hazlett's years should let himself be taken in in a such a barefaced manner; but it was a true saying—sure enough, that 'there is no fool like an old fool!'"

Having thus expressed her sentiment with regard to her master, she continued to manifest her disapproval of the proceeding in the dining-room by sundry vindictive remarks on wittows in general, as a particular and distinct species of the human race.

"Well, but, cook, it all happened accidentally," said James, "what-er comes of it."

"Oh, don't tell me accidentally, indeed! I'll be bound she knew very well who lived here, and did it on purpose to get her foot in, or else why couldn't she as well have knocked at any other door, I should like to know. But it's just like them widders; there ain't one of them but is as artful as—I won't say what."

In the meanwhile the tete-a-tete was progressing charmingly. Mr. Hazlett had not enjoyed his mid-day reflection so much for a considerable time, and this was a most extraordinary anomaly, for he would have shrunk almost with horror, or at least with a nervous fear, from the bare thought of deliberately inviting a lady to lunch with him alone; yet now that the fates had brought the visitation so unexpectedly upon him, he did not feel nearly so embarrassed as fancy would have depicted, had he known beforehand that such an event was actually about to take place. Yet he was not an unsocial man by nature, neither did he entertain any of those heretical notions respecting the arts and viles of the fair sex, that are so often cultivated in the minds of aged bachelors, like poisoned weeds choking up and destroying the liberal and kindly sentiment that might lead them to adopt a happier state of being.

The two individuals brought so strangely together seemed to enjoy the joke amazingly. It was so laughable, and the amusement it created made them feel as if they had been acquainted with each other for ten years instead of ten minutes. The conversation ran into various channels, and at length touched on the subject of matrimony.

"Yes, a single life is all very well," said Mr. Hazlett, "while a man is on the right side of forty, but after that, when he takes to his own fireside, he finds that he wants a companion. I begin to feel that way, I assure you."

"Then why not make a change?" said the lady, with a smile that was quite fascinating.

"Well, I don't know. It wants some courage to rouse one's self out of old habits. Now, what age should you take me to be?"

This was a delicate question. The lady did not like to answer it according to her honest belief, therefore she deducted ten years from what she imagined to be the real sum total, and replied "Forty-five."

The gentleman smiled pleasantly, he felt gratified, and drawing himself up with an air of self-satisfaction, said, (in a tone that implied, "you would scarcely believe it"), "I am fifty-six."

Of course she expressed all the surprise that could be expected, and although she was by no means a designing person, it would perhaps, be going a little too far to say that she thought entered her mind prejudicial to the future liberty of the old bachelor.

However, all things must come to an end, as was exemplified in the case of lunch and fog. The time devoted to the former had indeed been prolonged to an unusual length, and the sun was again visible in the shape of a crimson ball, so Mrs. Cumley rose to depart, and as she was putting on her gloves, repeated her acknowledgements of the polite attention she had met with in her difficulty.

"Will you allow my servant to get you a cab?" said Mr. Hazlett.

"Oh, no, I thank you, the distance is so short. I can walk home very well. Good morning, sir; I assure you I shall never forget your extreme kindness. Good-bye."

There was something in the sound of the "Good-bye" that fell unpleasant on the ear of Mr. Hazlett. He was unwilling to bid a final adieu to so charming a person, and with a reckless disregard of probable consequences he said boldly then and there.

"Will you permit me to have the honour of calling to inquire how you got home?"

"Oh, you are very good." A dubious answer that may be interrupted without any great stretch of imagination. "Yes, you may come."

As soon as she was gone, Mr. Hazlett sat down to finish reading the newspaper, but he did not find it nearly so enlivening as the widow's cheerful talk; in fact he never felt so lonely as he did during the remainder of that eventful day.

The question put by his lively, entertaining guest—"Then why not take a change?" recurred more than once to his mind; and each time the mental reproaches were, "She is quite right; there is no reason on earth why not."

It was about three months after the adventure we have just related, when a handsome carriage and pair, laden outside with travelling trunks, portmanteaus, other emblems of travellers returning from a journey, drove to a door in Torrington Square.

A smiling footman instantly came out and let down the steps of the vehicle, from which alighted

a good looking middle-aged gentleman, with a smile and a nod, transferred his stick and a railway wrapper to the obsequious lucky, while he assisted a lady in descending from the carriage.

"So to the luggage, James," he said; then drawing the arm of his companion through his own he conducted her through the hall to the dining room, where a blazing fire and a table laid out for a sumptuous repast, betokened that their arrival was not unexpected.

The gentleman looked radiant and happy, and as, with beaming eyes he welcomed his smiling bride to her new home, he said facetiously.

"But after all, dear, you must allow that it was I, not you, that was lost that day in fog."

RIVAL FOR THE CELEBRATED DOG OF THE CAPE GRIGIO, AT ROME.—There is a remarkable dog alive at Florence, of the name of Borriowsky, who is to be seen every day, and all day, either at the fashionable cafes or the other places to which the gay world resorts. Whether or no he may have belonged to anybody is not known. At present he belongs to himself, and is graciously willing to be fed at mealtimes by the voluntary contributions of his fellow citizens. He is more like a human being than a dog, and from continually living among Italians has imbibed all the habits and follies of a young Tuscan nobleman. All of us have our humble followers, if we only recognized them; and Borriowsky is not an exception to the rule. Another dog, who is jet black all over, from ear to tail, has been so thoroughly fascinated by the cool confidence of Borriowsky, that he has determined to link his fortunes in an unpretending way to the fortunes of his superior, and to throw himself on the public protection as an illustrious dog's companion. Whenever Borriowsky makes a journey, this black companion moves, like its shadow, a little behind him, at his side. The Tuscans have given him the name of "Secretary," from his black and sober dress and from his retiring manners. The two dogs march at stated hours of the day from one place to another, and dine together at the best restaurant, in Florence, the "Secretary" refusing to touch a morsel till Borriowsky has satisfied his taste. In the afternoon they walk side by side in the Casene, among the carriages. At night they are to be found among the coffee drinkers at the large cafes just above the Piazza Santa Trinita. When it closes they repair to another, which is open an hour longer, and when that shuts too, they have found a little cabaret which prolongs its hospitality till a later hour in the morning. Finally, they retire to rest on the door-steps of Messrs. Plowden's bank. The humble "Secretary" lies down first, and Borriowsky stretches his illustrious person on top of him. Like all other foreigners of any pretensions to importance, the pair of dogs go to a fashionable watering-place for the hot weather, and when the dog-days begin, walk across to the baths of Lucca or Pisa. The causes of their voluntary migration are the same as those which induce all foreigners to migrate too. The "Secretary," like a great many people, we may presume, simply goes to Pisa because Borriowsky goes. But why does Borriowsky go?—Field.

CURIOUS CRIMINAL ADVENTURE.—A correspondent of an English paper vouches for the truth of the following story:—On Sunday last a young lady expansively dressed, was in a garden within 100 miles of the town of Bradford. She stopped to gather something, when her criminal coquetted with a beehive that stood close by. On attempting to walk forward, the mischievous article, unwilling to surrender its hold, pulled over the hive, and an angry troop of bees came buzzing about the alarmed and unhappy fair one. Clearly no time was to be lost, so mastering up all her courage, she rushed to a pond in the enclosure, and plunged to shield herself from her exasperated foes. As it was, however, the poor girl was very badly stung and had to be removed to bed. It was expected that she would quite recover in a few days.—Preston Herald.

Highland servants are proverbially matter of fact. Mr. Campbell a country gentleman about leaving a house in the mountains, told his man Donald to bring down everything out of the bedroom. Shortly after, going out into the hall, he found that the faithful creature had removed everything in shape of furniture from the room, and made a pile of fenders, fire-irons, chairs, carpets, &c., in the entry. On another occasion he told Donald, "Carry any ladies who may call up into my parlor." A few minutes afterward, Donald appeared on the stairs, very red in the face, struggling with a dowager, whom he was attempting willy-nilly to lug up bodily according to literal orders.

The damage done to the *Great Eastern* turns out to be less than was surmised from the hasty statements made current on her arrival in Cork. It is stated on good authority that her hull was not strained in the least, every door being on its hinges and working freely, and that not a rivet of her plates was started.

Two gentlemen of scientific attainments have recently been appointed by the Government of Nova Scotia at a salary of \$1600 a year each, to make a geological reconnaissance of the Province.

The whole of the Canadian frontier is so fortified.

AN OLD CHAPTER.

If the gods sometimes give a foolish prayer, they reject it. For several years of England struggled, the Empire, to subdue colonies. They went to an immense debt, best troops, till they shook to their own political themselves so low that conceded legislative independence of a mob of hastily vain did the wisest and most protest against such madly ask what was to be done once they were subdued, tended to maintain an attitude the other side of the Atlantic holding in subjection and the same free blood as monarchs were not tamade to ride upon rails, full measure of liberty was sentments to be so prominent been obtained by a trograde community. T given to the winds, and overwhelmed with ignominy should be done with the been subdued! was a solved when it arose. Rebellion must be put down must be vindicated Empire must be restored there could be no thou who desired it were their rebels in their hearts." the separation of the colonies were struggling, was the evidence could bestow. cial point of view alone than all our conquest gain of India has offered with the loss of is that the incapacity bungling of his wooden for us than the genius. The golden current of between the two countries energies of America were repaid us even the hum been squandered in ourselves out of that rich wise endeavor to avert fortune, we had brought of destruction. "We says a cynical historical ease of blindness, "are creatures."

The refusal of the American to Imperial taxation nature, though not und time had arrived when it was that the colonies. The present secession North is a similar sign equally understood by arrived when their occupation on the continent. Unionists imagine that country depends upon Government, and under of the whole of a terrible the great nations of Europe they mistake the nature of material size and power, a moral, not a material that she may be more have other nations at wholesome lessons which duals, man gives to man a great blustering bo instead of learning of modesty among his She has had nobody to rogance, to make her of that intense self-co all littleness and of al her power unbanded body to measure it against State of South America in their leading-string contracted those wret and blustering which sion of unbanded power but one set of ph she has naturally sup inable and she has co stead of correcting, all their defects. She democracy to the rule, in which respect for political power, an all the time to be ad perfection hitherto independent nations, her side, would have besides obliging her taught her better than to have other men the officers of her regime yards with something The hour of trial has education it is to be Her big, burly, hector be tenanted by a big deat is astounding, her brooks, other pe shops, what other pe by acres; but her tro