

VULT ANIMUS.

Thou bidst mine eyes look up and pierce the haze
That, like a mantle, wraps this weary world.
And see, in vistas infinite, unfurled
Visions of bliss beneath their raptur'd gaze.

Thou biddest my heart rise high above the sod
Beneath which lie the dead in endless rest.
And higher soar, and higher, nor cease its quest
Until it reaches to the throne of God.

I raise mine eyes, until they reach to thine;
But thine eyes, looking down, arrest them where
They wond'ring cling, and gaze, as did they there
In lustrous depths a possible heaven divine.

I lift my heart, but only to the height
Of thy heart, which comes forth to meet its guest:
There finding what would seem content and rest,
It seeks and wishes not a higher flight.

So looking down, to earth thou bindest me,
E'en while thou wouldst release me from its thrall:
And thy heart, thrilling to the world's loud call,
Holds mine, e'en while thou biddest it be free.

Oh, lift thine eyes, and mine will follow true
Up through the haze, beyond the ether pure.
Let thy heart rise to God's own throne; be sure
That in its flight 'twill bear mine heav'nward too.

L. B.

THE GRAVE DIGGER'S STORY.

I was strolling one evening in the little churchyard of a pretty village in the mountains of Wales, when I came across a bent and wizened old man, who was trimming the ragged edges of a grave over which was set a simple stone that had often attracted my attention.

The evening was hot and sultry, and the old man was evidently in no great humour for his work, for when I approached he seated himself on the grass and mumbled long and incoherent sentences, in which old age, hard work, and rheumatism seemed to be the principal points. By listening carefully to his complaints, however, and suggesting to his notice various remedies generally applied in such cases of lumbago as he seemed to be suffering from, I soon enlisted myself into his good graces, and he began to amuse me with wonderful anecdotes of his solitary life. "You see," he said, in his broad tongue, "I beant mooch of a scholar, no how; howsomever, if thee knawed all that I knaws, thee would write a main of books for all that."

Seeing he was bent on talking to me upon some subject or other, I asked him to tell me whose grave it was he sat beside. The old man's face was instantly lit up with a smile of satisfaction. Evidently I had touched a responsive chord, so filling my pipe, and leaning back in the pleasant grass that grew thickly round me, I settled myself to hear the grave digger's story.

"I have been working in this here paush," he explained, "as man and boy for sixty years. I've laiced more than half the boys and girls that went to school with me, and I have dug every grave that has been dug here for thirty-two years. Sometimes when I sit here of an evening, I fancy I can see the dead folk out and about again, and many a time there comes a laugh or a voice in the wind that I knew well enough when I was young and hearty. But this rheumatism is terrible hard to be suffering from. You see I can't get along as fast as I used to do, and the spade gets heavy very soon now to what it used to do, too. Well, well, it can't be long before another pair of hands will make a grave for me, and I'll be away where there's no sorrow or pain, and where the ground will never be cut up for making graves. This here grave you ask about is one I always likes to be keeping clean and tidy; you see it ain't one of the ordinary run by no means, and there's a corpse below here that was a kind friend to me. God rest him! It's fifteen years come Easterday since I filled up this grave, but it don't seem that to me surely. There came to the village yonder one day a young man. Of course there are always strangers and great folk passing by this way, and so no person took particular notice of him; he settled down somehow to the ways of the place, and lived amongst the folk for nigh a year. He were a fine free lad as ever was, and so quiet with it all that never a soul knew what good he did in the place with his visits here, and visits there, till after he was gone. He wasn't what we'd call a rich man, d'yee see, or if he was he never spent his money on himself, for he were plain enough to look at, as any one can say. But he had always a toy for the children, or a book for the old woman, and always a kind word for me. Old man as I am, he helped me more to place my trust and hope in God than all the parsons ever I hear. He would come, too, if any work was to be done up here and do it up himself. 'Old man,' he would say, 'sit down and rest, and give me hold of your spade.' And how he did work, to be sure, with his long arms and his great strength—near as well as I could have done myself, I declare. I mind once when the river below was flooded; I never seed such a rushing of water in my born days. Dame Allen's little one was playing on the bank, when all of a sudden she trips and falls in. I was working up here, and he beside me, a singing a song and cutting the dead branches of this tree. Quite sudden like we heard a scream, and says I, I said, 'Like enough some one in the water.' With that he up and away, and jumps over the land gate, and over the dyke, afore I was able to draw a breath. I follows down as fast as I can, and when I gets there I sees him rolling and splashing in the middle of the stream, with the little one in his arms scared to death. My sakes! how he laughed when he got ashore, and walked up with the little one in his arms to tell its mother not to

scold. Well, things went on pretty quiet for many a day, and he and I we got to be such friends that I couldn't work somehow unless he was up here beside. One day I says to him, says I, 'What are you thinking of, my friend?' Somehow I never asked his name, and not a soul here knew it. Says he, 'I'm thinking how glad I'll be when it's my turn to be carried in here and laid down.'

"'Mercy on me,' says I, I says, 'are you mad?'"

"'No,' says he, 'I wish it was over.'"

Well, I puts away my tools and says no more to him that day.

Just about that time the English gentry were coming visiting round the village, for you see there a deal to see up here tho' I say it myself, so there is.

One day there came a young couple (I mind what a fair young lass she was, with her brown gold hair and her big blue eyes), and put up at the inn at the foot of the hill for a night. They went here and there, and saw all the sights, and, last of all, in the evening, they came up to see the churchyard. For you see them guide-books always pays attention to a well-kept place, tho' it's not for me to be speaking. We was sitting here when they came in, and he was reading her a terrible sad story that some great man wrote. When I saw them coming in, says I, I says,

"Here's some visiting folk, and maybe a shilling to me." But, when he looked up, he got as white as death, and the book he was reading fell down at his feet. I don't think they ever saw him, for he was hid, d'yee see, behind the stone he always leaned against, and they went away in a few minutes after. I went as far as the gates to see them out, and when I got back I found he had moved over to the place where the lady had been standing, and was kissing the ground all over. I heard him sob and say,

"My love! my love!" and then when he saw me he was himself again. He bade me "good-night" soon after, but I didn't go home for a long time after that, and after I'd been sitting near an hour, thinking and thinking what it could all mean, I see him coming back and going to the very same place I found him at before. The tears was streaming down his face, and he sobbed like a little child. I didn't like somehow to speak to him just then, but howsomever I went up, and says I, I says, 'Come home now, and don't take on so.' He started up as if he was ashamed of being found there, and says he, "I told you I was tired of life long ago, and to-night I'm wearier than ever."

So we goes off, and I leaves him at his room, and I goes straight to bed, for I had two graves to dig next day, and thought to be up with the sun. Next morning I rose and went off up the hill, half expecting to see him coming after me as he often did. But when I got up to the graveyard I couldn't see him nowhere, so I think I'll go and take a peep at the place I found him at last night. When I got round, there he lay at the foot of the tree, with a pistol in his hand, and the blood pouring out of his heart like a river. In his other hand he had a handkerchief, which like enough the lady had dropped there; it was stained and stiff with blood, but I could see an "M." in the corner, and that is all I ever knew of her.

Whoever she be, sometimes I wonder if she ever missed that handkerchief, or if she would turn sick and white if she had seen what I did in this graveyard.

The villagers were for burying him by subscription—you see, he was a mighty favourite with them all through—but I says 'No,' says I. 'He was my friend,' says I, 'and,' I says, 'I'll dig his grave and bury his coffin, too.'

Well, I did that for him, and there was a power of people at his grave, I mind. I hadn't enough money left to put him up a stone till Bill Parks the pedlar came round in the spring. I sold him my old watch, my silver glasses, and I got enough to put up this with. You see it ain't much I could do, but I like to keep the place neat and clean, for he were always a good friend to me."

Here a twinge of the inevitable rheumatism seized the old man, so doffing his cap and muttering the while, he collected his tools and passed slowly out at the gate, leaving me to think over the sad story he had just narrated.

Toronto. A. D. STEWART.

NAVAL OPERATIONS ON THE RESTIGOUCHE, 1760.

The historian Ferland, in his interesting narrative of a trip to the Lower St. Lawrence, in 1836, whilst describing Campbellton and Cross Point, thus recalls some of the warlike memories of the past, in connection with the river Restigouche:—

*Bella, horrida bella
Et Tyberim multo spumantem sanguine cerno.*

"The horrors of war in days of yore disturbed those waters which at present flow in such placid silence over the bones of warriors of another era. Here, pride, hatred, love of glory, love of country, warmly disputed the laurels of victory. It was in the spring of 1760, Quebec had fallen the preceding autumn. Urged on by the Marquis de Vaudreuil, the French Court had sent weak and tardy succor to the Chevalier de Levis, who was bent on attacking Quebec. The French fleet, however, had, on its way to Canada, wasted some of its time in giving chase to some of the enemy's ships; the English arrived first on the coast, to dispute the

entry of the St. Lawrence. The French squadron then took refuge in *Baie des Chaleurs*, and ascended the Restigouche, where the Admiral, M. de Danjac, found fifteen hundred persons who had sought a refuge on its banks, where they lived in the greatest misery. Captain Byron, probably the celebrated navigator, the grand-father of the poet Byron, at the head of the men-of-war "Fame," "Dorsetshire," "Achilles," "Scarborough" and "Repulse," (with the "Prince of Orange," "Rochester" and "Eurus," and three armed vessels from Quebec) sent to attack the French fleet, which he met on the 8th July, about this point of the Restigouche. The French ships of war were the "Machault," 32 guns; the "Esperance," 20 guns; the "Bienfaisant," 22 guns; the "Marquis de Marloze," 18 guns. The French had made preparations to meet the enemy; several cannon had been placed on Battery Point. Lower down at *Pointe à la Garde*, from whence the eye reaches so far as the entry of the Restigouche, there was a detachment of soldiers who were charged with keeping watch over the course of the river and give notice of the advance of the English fleet.

The wind being fair, Byron's ships ascended the stream without hindrance, until they experienced a brisk fire from the guns.

Two French ships were disabled and the guns of the battery silenced: the "Bienfaisant" and the "Marquis de Marloze" were compelled to withdraw towards the Indian village, whilst the English pushed forward until *Pointe à la Martin* (now Campbellton) on the opposite side, where they suffered much from the fire of some guns placed flush with the water. However, their superior artillery riddled the French ships. One of these was run ashore close to the Restigouche Chappelle, whilst the commander of the other fired its magazine to prevent it from falling into the hands of the English. The destruction of the French fleet having left Commodore Byron master of the river, he gave orders that an assemblage of huts, which had been honored by the name of *Nouvelle Rochelle*, and were built on *Pointe à la Bourdon*, three miles higher than the Restigouche village, should be razed. During the engagement, the French and the Micmacs had retreated to the woods, where they awaited in safety the departure of the English fleet.

The imagination of the visitor who contemplates the *localité* vividly brings to mind those stirring and terrible scenes. The ships of both nations then at war, closing, fleeing or grappling one another; their long pennants streaming to the breeze defiantly; amidst the thickets on the shore, groups of Indians curiously decked out or grotesquely clad; those sterile capes crowned with grim cannon, scattering death and surmounted with the white flag of France; the clouds of smoke hanging over the river and hiding the shores from the eye of the fierce combatants; the crash of broken spars and masts, and the stern voice of command; the popping of musketry and roar of artillery, the shouts of victory mixed with the groans of death or rage, such were some of the incidents of the drama, which some seventy-five years ago were enacted on the narrow theatre where we now stand. It was but one of the episodes of the long rivalry between France and England. —(*Les Côtes de la Gaspésie*, 1836.)

VARIETIES.

ACTOR AND POET.—While Thomson, the author of the "Seasons," was confined in a sponging-house for a debt of seventy pounds sterling, Quin, the actor, went to see him. "I have come to sup with you," said Quin; "and as I supposed it would be inconvenient to have a supper dressed here, I took the liberty of ordering one at the tavern hard by, and I have brought half-a-dozen of claret by way of prelude." Supper over, the actor said:—"It is now time we should balance accounts. The pleasure I have had in perusing your works I cannot estimate at less than one hundred pounds, and I insist on now acquitting the debt." Saying which he placed a note on the table and departed.

DUMAS.—Alexandre Dumas, the elder, happened to be in Switzerland at a roadside inn where German alone was spoken, and he did all he could to impart to the master of the establishment that he wanted some mushrooms. Finding that he could not make himself understood by language, he took up a piece of charcoal and traced on the wall a likeness of the article which he wanted. The inn-keeper, on seeing the representation, seemed quite pleased, and gave unmistakable signs of believing he comprehended. "At last," exclaimed Dumas, "and not without difficulty. However, it is well to be a man of invention, as otherwise I should be without my dish of mushrooms. However, here comes the host; I hear him returning." And so he did, holding in his hand—an umbrella!

THACKERAY.—Thackeray had a singular liking for rare plain dishes, which one never under any circumstances sees, except by chance. One winter afternoon, about half-past four of the clock, a friend of the great novelist, entering the coffee-room of the Athenaeum, was surprised to find him dining by himself at an obscure table, evidently anxious to shun observation. On inquiry, Mr. Thackeray confessed that he had been engaged out to a dinner party at half-past seven, but, seeing tripe and onions on the menu, he was unable to resist the temptation, and had sent an excuse to his intended hosts, on the ground that he had "suddenly

met an old friend and was unable to leave him." This reminds one of Lord Galveston inviting Pelham "to meet a haunch of venison."

BURNS AND HIS MAUCHLINE BELLE.—The Mauchline public green has a pleasing association connected with it. Burns became acquainted with Jean Armour on it one day when she was in the act of bleaching clothes. The incident is very rarely told by Chambers. He says:—"There was a race in Mauchline in the end of April, and there it was customary for the young men, with little ceremony, to invite such girls as they liked off the streets into an humble dancing hall, where a fiddler had taken up his station to give them music. The payment of a penny for a dance was held by the minstrel as gerdoun sufficient. Burns and Jean happened to be in the same dance, but not as partners, when some confusion and a little merriment was excited by his dog tracking his footsteps through the room. He playfully remarked to his partner that 'he wished he could get any of the lasses to like him as well as his dog did.' A short while after he passed through Mauchline washing-green, where Jean, who had overheard the remark, was bleaching clothes. His dog running over the clothes, the young maiden desired him to call it off, and this led them into conversation. Archly referring to what had passed at the dance, she asked if 'he had yet got any of the lasses to like him as well as his dog did?' From that time their intimacy commenced." Of course, Jean was one of the "Mauchline belles," and, according to the poet's notion, was "the flower o' them a." After he was married to her he very sensibly and justly said that he could easily fancy a more agreeable companion in his journey of life, but had never seen the individual instance.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

LIZZY's face is disfigured by warts.

LULU, the "female" gymnast, is the happy father of two boys.

JOAQUIN MILLER is so much encouraged that he will try his hand at another play.

BOOTH'S THEATRE, New York, will probably soon be transformed into a business block.

ENGLISH beer is doing its usual work. Christine Nilsson is getting unromantically stout, owing to pale ale and porter.

SALVINI and Rossi, the celebrated Italian tragedians, are both resting at their country seats near Florence.

WHENEVER Mr. Henry Irving has a benefit, the Baronet Burdett-Coutts, who admires his acting extremely, sends him a purse of fifty guineas. She lately sent him a valuable diamond ring.

BEN DEBAR's last words were, "Get the house ready to open right away." Two hours later he raised his arm, pointed upward, and died with a smile on his face.

WITH the exception of Charles Fechter, no other actor ever rivalled the late E. L. Davenport in exquisite courtesy and delicate and even reverential treatment of women on the stage.

MR. MAPLESON contemplates having an October season of opera at Drury Lane, with cheap prices and without the evening-dress regulations, and will have Marie Roze, Belucca, Bettini, and other well-known singers.

IT is a noteworthy fact that actresses of irreproachable private life draw audiences of larger and better class than those actresses who defy public opinion. The same may be said of the men. The divine spark of genius cannot atone for dissolute lives.

A GRANDSON of Jupiter Lablache, the famous basso-profondo, and a son of Signor Frederic Lablache, the professor of singing, has been playing at the Princess's Theatre in "After Dark." Mr. Luigi Lablache has not taken to the lyric drama, although he has a good voice, but has proposed to adopt the line of *jeune premier* on the stage.

"OUR BOYS" at the Vaudeville, London, last week, reached its 850th representation—a success unprecedented in stage annals. Some of the performers have long since reached that curious stage in continuous acting of the same piece in which, in spite of constant repetition, the memory begins to be treacherous, and the actors can never feel sure of themselves.

WHEREAS thirty years ago it was difficult for a ballet-master to find for even one theatre a presentable corps of front rank *corps de ballet*, now there is no difficulty in supplying three-dozen establishments. The reason is that girls of the class from which ballet dancers are taken have more care bestowed upon them when they are young, and are better fed.

THE composer of the song "Listen to the Mocking Bird" lives in Philadelphia, and is named Septimus Winner. His *nom de plume* is "Alice Hawthorne." He once published a song under his own signature, which the *Round Table* criticised unfavorably, and compared, to its disparagement, with the music of Alice Hawthorne, who was described as "a gifted lady."

MINNIE HAUCK, the American *prima donna*, who has been singing in Germany for several years, has met with greater success in that country than any other artist, with the possible exception of Lucca. After six months' time she was made Court-singer, a fact without a parallel in the musical history of Berlin, because this honorary title has only been granted heretofore after many years' success.

AMÉE says that one can have no idea how hard it is to get good and presentable chorus singers: if they can sing they want to be *prima donna*; if they cannot sing we do not want them at all; if they are pretty they do not care to leave France, where good looks are amply appreciated; if they are not pretty they will not be appreciated here. But she has done splendidly in this respect, and the general appearance of the company is better than ever.

SOTHERN says:—"One evening a man sat in the pit perfectly stolid through the first two acts. Suddenly he began to gurgle—you couldn't call it a laugh—but the people laughed at him so that he interfered with the play. I whispered to the prompter to send a policeman to remove the man. When the officer reached the spot he found a corpse. The man had literally laughed himself into apoplexy. Strangely enough, on that same night and about the same hour—for we compared notes—while Bonicault was playing the "Colleen Bawn" at the Adelphi Theatre, a woman, under the influence of deep emotion, gave birth to a child, and died before she could be removed. In one case it was death resulting from an excess of humor and in the other the effect of strong pathos."