

ROMANCE.

(Translated from *Theophile Gautier*.)

My gallant Cavalier has gone
To war in Palestine,
And oft I dream that I alone
On earth am left to pine.
Through my fond lips my soul he drew,
When last those lips he drew,
Who dares detain my warrior true?
The sun has sunk to rest,
And I alone within my Tower,
Chide, till he comes, each lagging hour!

The amorous doves in murmurs low
Are cooing on the eaves,
The waters musically flow
Beneath the willow leaves.
As oft some lily's cup appears
Surcharged with dewdrops bright,
My spirit overflows in tears—
The moon unveils her light,
And I, alone within my Tower,
Chide, till he comes, each lagging hour!

A footstep up the stairway springs—
My lover can it be?
'Tis but my little page who brings
A lamp, unasked by me.
Fly, breeze of evening, to my knight,
And whisper, with a sigh,
He is my sorrow and delight—
Dawn reddens in the sky,
And I, alone within my Tower,
Chide, till he comes, each lagging hour!

GEO. MURRAY.

Montreal.

MARK TWAIN'S WATCH STORY.

HOW IT AFFECTED THE POPULACE.

"Once I was happy, respected and trusted;
Now I am ruined—completely 'busted.'"

—New Poet.

I am not a very vengeful man. Although my passionate soul glories in retributive justice, still I am not vindictive. I scorn revenge.

I simply smile upon my enemies.

It is well that I am thus constituted, for, were I of a revengeful disposition, what terrible things would I not have to do for satisfaction! Have I not suffered? O, Goliath! how my heart bleeds at the very thought of the past. Abused—robbed—scorned—wronged in every way; and, for what? What have I done to merit the obprobrium which has been showered upon me like hail stones in a thunder storm? Nothing, comparatively nothing. Hear me, O ye gods! I am innocent. I have suffered without cause. I am a martyr.

This is how it all came about. A few short years ago I was a prosperous young jeweler; so prosperous that all my old rivals in trade wished me——! But let that pass. My place of business was not a very ostentatious affair, but it was conveniently located on one of the main streets of a Canadian city, and, suffice it to say, it answered the purpose for which it was intended remarkably well.

I was not to say wealthy, but in a fair way of becoming so. I enjoyed the unwavering confidence of the public. The people trusted me implicitly, and they had always been in the habit of leaving their articles at my establishment in the most friendly and cheerful manner. My honesty and integrity, I might say, were above suspicion. I had acquired the reputation of being a thorough master of the difficult trade, was civil, obliging, and attentive, never appeared to know anything outside of my own business, and, moreover, was an artful listener, and never allowed myself to contradict anything or anybody.

All these excellent traits gained for me that measure of success which I so much deserved. I was, therefore, kept tolerably well employed in renovating the innumerable and eccentric timepieces with which the community was blessed.

Almost every person, old and young, of both sexes, wore a watch of some kind or other. All of these specimens of mechanical ingenuity were not, perhaps, of the most modern shape, and, doubtless, some of them did not originally cost any fabulous sum of money.

Such considerations, however, were a matter of supreme indifference to me. I was not compelled to wear any of them. They were eminently satisfactory to their individual owners. Indeed, every one seemed to value his own much above that of his neighbor's, and that fact was sufficiently satisfactory to one whose simple duty it was to repair them. Valuable though they were, they had a remarkable habit of stopping occasionally, and, as the daily life of the people was regulated entirely by their repeaters, the work of keeping them in running order was quite a profitable business.

It can be readily understood, therefore, that I was justified in cherishing the fond hope of being soon able to retire, buy a snug little house and lot, get married, and—spend my declining years in making discoveries in the higher branches of the horological science, and in making myself useful in other benevolent ways.

But, alas! how vain are human hopes. "It was ever thus," we are told, and I think it is also mentioned somewhere that life is all vanity and vexation of spirit.

In a most mysterious and unaccountable manner my business suddenly dropped off—shut down, as it were. The people ceased to bring in their disabled time-keepers. Nobody seemed to want anything done. Those persons who had been in the habit of dropping in to chat about the weather and such, now went hurrying past as though they were chased by wolves or bailiffs. The neighbors all looked over at me askance, and even my own friends seemed anxious to steer clear of me.

I could not make it out. I felt that there was some subtle power at work, which I knew not of.

For a whole week, the only persons who came in to see me were my old landlord, the gas man, two or three commercial travellers, the tax-gatherer, and a couple of ladies who were soliciting subscriptions for the heathen.

I made inquiries whether any of the other storekeepers had noticed anything in the way of a depression, but all the grocers and dry goods men appeared as busy as usual.

I tried to discover if I had offended the public in any way, but I could think of nothing that could be construed that way. I had never taken any side whatever in politics, and I had always subscribed liberally to every religious denomination that I had ever heard of.

The depression continued from day to day, I could stand it no longer. I had to go up and call upon some of the other watchmakers to see if they had noticed any interruption in business.

We were not very friendly, as a class, and, in fact, I believe any of us would much rather have the other one's bond than his word; still, I thought I would risk it, anyway.

I stepped into old Mr. Laverge's, and was much comforted in finding him idle and cross. I also observed that his work-bench appeared as though it had not been disturbed for a month back. I endeavored to look pleasant and acted as though I was much pressed with business, as I said:

"Good morning, Mr. Laverge. Let me have one of your 'patent double-acting, two-ply, American, duplex chronometers,' for a few minutes. Perhaps I may be able to sell it for you."

"Havn't got any," he growled. Then, as I was stepping out, I asked casually, "How is business, Mr. Laverge?"

"Splendid; never was better," he muttered, savagely.

I knew differently, however.

Then I went over to see Mr. Tomkinson, another brother chip. I found this poor fellow pacing up and down the back end of his store, trying to keep himself warm.

I was now beginning to feel happy.

"Tomkinson," I said, hurriedly, "let me have one of your 'six-ounce, 22 carat gold cased, English patent levers, for a little while. Maybe I may be able to sell it for you.'"

"Just out of them," he replied, in a business voice. "I expect to have a couple of dozen in to-morrow."

"I am afraid that will be too late," I said, sorrowfully.

Then we had a little chat about the situation in Europe, etc., and as I was going out I enquired, incidentally,

"How do you find things?"

"First rate," he said. "Very busy just now," but I knew the poor fellow was trifling with the truth.

I went back to my own shop with a light heart. I was satisfied that the depression was general among us.

A few days after I was further cheered up by seeing my old friend Noodles coming in with his watch done up in a piece of newspaper.

"Mr. Hawthorn," he said, sadly, "I let my watch run down last night and it don't seem to want to go to-day. I am sure there is nothing wrong with it."

I cheerfully set to work to examine the rusty old concern, and found it so clogged up with dirt that the wheels could not move.

"Wants cleaning," I remarked.

"No, no, Hawthorn, you can't come that over me. Give me back my watch. I've learned a wrinkle or two about you fellows," he added, as he walked out.

I was amazed. I had to put up with it, however.

After a while one of my best customers came in and remarked:

"My watch has stopped, Mr. Hawthorn; just start it going for me. I know there is nothing wrong with it."

I took it and looked into it in a scientific manner. The works were as dirty as though the watch had been used as a fanning mill. I also found the mainspring broken. I thought I had not better say anything about its being dirty, so after a while I remarked timidly:

"It must have a new mainspring."

The gentleman stepped back a pace or two and looked steadily at me. Then he broke out as follows:

"Now, see here, Hawthorn, none of your nonsense. You watchmakers have been fooling us long enough. I got an insight into your method of doing business lately. There is nothing the matter with the watch at all." He put the miserable old turnip in his pocket and went away mad.

The next customer I had was old Miss Smithers. This ancient dame remarked as she came in:

"Good day, Mr. Hawthorn."

"Good day, mum," said I, in my blandest voice.

"I have a watch, Mr. Hawthorn, which I value very highly. It has been in our family for generations. It was a present from my grandmother, and I would not have it spoiled for anything."

"O, certainly not," I remarked with suitable emphasis.

Then she placed the antiquated old time-piece in my hand. It was about the size of an ordinary English walnut and of much the same shape and color.

"Handle it carefully," she remarked.

"Certainly, madam," I replied.

I held an inquest on it as it were, and the evidence justified my verdict. I announced:

"It must be cleaned, Miss Smithers."

"O, my gracious," she exclaimed, "it surely cannot need cleaning. Why, it has always kept excellent time."

"That may be," I replied, firmly, "but it can never keep any more time until you have it overhauled. In fact," I continued, "it looks to me as though it has never been cleaned since the day your grandmother gave it to you."

"My grandmother did not give it to me," she replied, energetically. "The dear old lady was dead long before I was born."

I saw that I had put my foot in it, so to speak, so I remarked, with appropriate mournfulness:

"Indeed; how sad."

Then she informed me how that she had recently read of a Mr. Twain, who had a nice gold watch completely spoiled by some watchmakers somewhere.

I mentioned my doubts as to whether anybody by the name of "Twain" ever had a gold watch. The idea that gold watches had not become "quite so awfully common" was a little consoling to the old lady, but she finally concluded that she would not leave her's just then, anyway.

I tried to bear up under these terrible trials, but the distressing circumstances were wearing me away to a mere skeleton.

Towards evening of the next day Mr. Smoker, scissors editor of the *Champion*, came in and remarked in his usual pleasant way:

"Mark Twain has written a capital story about his watch. Have you read it?"

"No," I replied faintly.

Then he proceeded to relate the particulars of Mr. Twain's experience with the watchmakers.

"It's only a yarn," I ventured to suggest.

"Don't know about that," he said. "I am inclined to believe there is a good deal of truth in it."

Then he cheerfully informed me "that he had a couple of valuable watches at home which needed fixing up, but he thought he would not have the work done just now."

I was gradually becoming distracted. I was obliged to go out and try to get a little fresh air; so I started up towards the post office. I had not gone more than a block or so before I stumbled against a couple of acquaintances who appeared to be wonderfully elated about something. They took hold of me by the arms, and, as they walked on, informed me that they had a splendid story to tell me. (They were quite confidential.)

"Yes?" I interrogated, meekly.

"O, it's capital," said one.

"He pitches into you watchmakers pretty lively, I tell you," chimed in the other.

Then I was obliged to listen once more to the whole of that horrible story.

I tried to smile, but I knew it was only a sickly kind of a smile. I turned away sorrowfully and wended my way back to my deserted shop. Life was indeed beginning to be a burden. I remembered that I had an invitation to a small party that evening and I resolved to go, in hope that some pleasant company might tend to shake off the terrible melancholy which had lately settled over me.

The servant admitted me with a chuckle. I thought the hostess eyed me with a peculiar twinkle; even the guests smiled as they bade me "good evening."

Before I had been in the room ten minutes old Codgers the "Ath" proposed, for the benefit of the audience and myself in particular, that he should read "Mark Twain's story about his watch." The proposition was hailed with delight by everybody except myself. I turned pale; became sick; I begged to be excused, and went home. I sought repose in the privacy of my own chamber. But I could not sleep. The ghastly visage of ruin stared me in the face. For two days after I attended at my store and tried to look cheerful and busy, but I failed—failed most miserably.

The only visitors who came in to see me were a few idle busy-bodies who dilated on the beauties of that abominable story. Finally the internal thing found its way into my own boarding house. Human nature could stand no more. I was prostrated by a raging fever, and, for three weeks I lay unconscious; did not even know my head from a pumpkin. I was perpetually haunted by a shadowy view of the poor-house. When I recovered my senses I found sixteen summonses and four capias waiting for my consideration. As soon as I was strong enough to bear it, I was informed that my shop had been closed up by my creditors, who, it seems had pounced down upon me like a parcel of hungry wolves upon a helpless lamb.

I went forth into the world a shipwrecked, ruined, broken-hearted, sad-eyed man.

Still, I am not of a revengeful disposition.

I can smile upon my enemies.

W. F. McMAHON.

Hamilton.

ROUND THE DOMINION.

The last Allan steamships for the season have left for Montreal, the *Circassian* from Liverpool, and the *Mantoban* from Glasgow.

SITTING BULL and his band are encamped forty miles from Battleford, having moved north through fear of being handed over to the United States authorities.

The French residents of Montreal who sent a letter of condolence to Madame Thiers, on the occasion of the death of the ex-President, have received an autograph letter in reply.

MR. CUTHBERT, the builder of the yacht *Countess of Dufferin*, has in process of construction at Cobourg a schooner-yacht of 130 tons, which is expected to visit New York next spring to compete for the America's cup.

CANADA claims to have produced the largest cheese on record. From the Ingersoll, Ont., factory has been turned out a cheese weighing 6,000 pounds. It was 6 ft. 10 in. in diameter, 3 ft. in height, and 21 ft. in circumference. It required one milking of 6,000 cows, or 35 tons of milk, to produce it.

M. JAS. WORTHINGTON has leased the Windsor, the great new hotel in Montreal. He pays \$40,000 a year rent, and takes the premises for ten years, dating from July 1st, 1877. The hotel has cost about a million, and is said to be second to none in the world, except the Palace Hotel of San Francisco.

A DEPUTATION waited on the Minister of the Interior recently, at Ottawa, on behalf of the Oka Indians, the result being that the deputation agreed to induce the Indians to leave the matter in the hands of the Government, to make such arrangements in the interest of the Indians as may seem to them most practicable and suitable.

ROUND THE WORLD.

THE Queen Dowager of Saxony is dead.

A strong opposition to the Government is being developed in Italy.

THE French census of 1876 gives the population of the country as a fraction short of thirty-seven millions.

A despatch from Calcutta states that the Mussulmans of the up-country are greatly excited over the recent Turkish reverses.

THE Bavarian diplomatic representative at the Vatican is about to be recalled on account of the useless expense of the mission.

PERSONAL.

EARL DUFFERIN has become patron of the Dufferin Curling Club of Toronto.

THE annual meeting of the Dominion Board of Trade will be held in January.

M. GREY has been definitely elected President of the French Chamber of Deputies.

A TELEGRAM announces the safe arrival of Stanley, the explorer, at Capetown, on the 21st. ult.

THE Rev. W. H. Tilley, of Toronto, son of Lieut.-Governor Tilley, of New Brunswick, died last Sunday morning of brain fever.

MR. RINE is engaged in writing a brief sketch of his life, to appear in the forthcoming history of the Gospel temperance movement.

THE contest for the Lord Rectorship of the University of Edinburgh, between Mr. Cross, the Home Secretary, and the Marquis of Harrington, resulted in favour of the latter.

LORD DUNRAVEN has engaged the Indians of Maconn, Nova Scotia, to build camps for himself and the Marquis of Lorne, who will shoot moose in that region next season.

THE marriage of Miss Georgie Isabella, daughter of E. J. Brooks, M.P., and Richard Dalby Mackill, nephew of Sir James Fairbairn, Lord Provost of Edinburgh, was solemnized a few days since at St. Peter's Church, Sherbrooke, P.Q. The bride's dress was of a delicate shade of blue silk trimmed with tulle, the veil being of the latter material. She also wore orange blossoms in her hair. The wedding presents were numerous and of great value. Guests were present from New York, Boston, Quebec, Montreal, and some from England.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

WILLIAM BLACK's story, "Madcap Violet," has been dramatized.

BYRON'S "Our Boys" has been produced in Berlin, under the title of "Our Respected Parents," and has made a great hit.

"BOUCAULT," remarks one of the critics for whom the Great Adapter has recently been going, "has the faculty of taking the 'filling' out of French plays, running it through his mental wash foundry, and producing certain stage effects. In this business he is admirable, and yet to us who deal with the originals his garments have a strong smell of the dye-shop."

CAROLINE DAUER, who thirty years ago was the star of the German tragic stage, has just died near Zurich, in the villa of her husband, Count Ladislas Plater. At her request she was buried in the castle of Rapperschwyli, consecrated to her mind by the presence of so many relics of Poland.

M. THEODORE BARRIERE, the dramatist, died lately, aged but 57, from a cold caught a week before while talking to a friend in a draught in a corridor of the Northern Railway. When only 20 he wrote a one-act comedieta, "The Rosière et Nourrice," which had a great run at the Théâtre Beaumarchais. He was the author, in quick succession, of many other successful pieces, generally laughter-provoking, but he is best known as the author of "Les Faux Bonshommes" and "Les Filles de Marbre," so well known in English as "The Marble Heart."

HYGIENIC.

IN treating burns or scalds Dr. Waters, of Salem, Mass., U. S. A., advises bicarbonate of soda to be dusted on the wound and a wet cloth applied.

It has been found that nitrogenous vegetable tissues are able, like the skins of animals, to absorb and fix tannin, and thus acquire a great consistency, which forms a sort of vegetable leather. The amount of fixed tannin depends upon the amount of nitrogen in the vegetable. Some mushroom tissues fixed from 60 to 86 per cent. of their weight; beans fixed 17.2 per cent.

THE difference in the power of healthy individuals of extracting nourishment from the same food is so very great, says Dr. J. H. Bennet, that it is vain to attempt to lay down any limit as regards the amount of food that will merely supply wear and tear and organic combustion, and that which will, in addition, go to the formation and deposit of fat. One person will thrive and grow fat on what would starve another. It is indeed only by weighing at intervals the person under study that we can ascertain the quantity individually required. This observation applies equally to those whose digestive functions are chronically disordered. A small amount of carbonaceous food in addition to what the economy requires will create half an ounce of fat a day. A glass of beer, a piece of bread, a little light pudding more than is wanted for normal nutrition will amply suffice. Half an ounce a day is a pound a month, and a pound a month is nearly a stone a year. One or two stones added to ten or eleven make all the difference between spareness and corpulence.