

This and much more had passed through his mind before reaching M. Belmont's house. But as he mounted the stair leading to the presence of Pauline, a great hope rose above all, and when he reached her room, he was in much the same state of feeling as on ordinary visits. Blessed intervention of Providence which gives one last moment of bliss before the descending stroke of destiny.

There is no need to dwell upon this painful interview. The dissection of the heart serves no useful purpose when there is no gleam of consolation to come from it. Pauline was quite strong to go through the ordeal. She was tender, too, and natural—indeed her own self throughout. After speaking of many things relating to former days, omitting nothing that she thought Roderick would like to have recalled, she came at length to the object of the interview.

"Do you know, Roddy, why I called for you?"

He replied that he had heard of her contemplated departure and that, while he deeply regretted the cause, he could only rejoice at any step undertaken for the recovery of a health which was dearer to him than his own.

Pauline's heart failed her as she heard those words. They pierced like a dagger. Her head became dizzy and she had to fall back in her chair for relief. When she recovered, she held out her hand, murmuring:

"Yes, Roddy, I have called upon you to say farewell. I am going, and we shall never see each other again."

"Pauline?"

"I am going away to die. I should have liked to close my eyes in the old house, but for my father's sake, I am willing to depart and make a show for my life. It is useless, however. I will die."

"Dear Pauline, do not speak so. Your case is by no means hopeless. A change of air and scene will revive you. We shall both see better days again."

"You may, Roddy, and that shall be my dying prayer, but not I. Alas! not I."

Still holding her white thin hand in both his, Hardinge threw himself at her feet, weeping and beseeching that she would recall these words of doom.

Pauline sat upright in her seat and, in a strangely quivering voice, exclaimed:

"Rise, Roderick Hardinge. Do not kneel to me. It is I should be prostrate before you. I called you to say farewell, but there is more. I could not have without asking your forgiveness."

"My forgiveness, Pauline? What wildness is this?"

"Yes, your forgiveness. I have been false to you."

And here the poor girl utterly broke down. She averted her face in her chair and burst into a paroxysm of tears.

Roderick rose to the door. He was in a whirl. Had he heard aright, or was he raving? He was at length brought to his senses by a soft voice requesting him to be seated and hear all.

"I could not help it, Roddy. It was all unaccountably. Had I known what I know now, it would not have happened. It was not I brought the circumstances about. It was all meant for the best by you and me. But the fatality came. It was a terrible revelation to me. That is the blow that has blasted my health and life. But the fault is mine all the same. Your conduct was noble throughout and you did not deserve it. I repeat that the fault is all my own. I am willing to expiate it. I am content to die. My death will end everything. Farewell, Roddy. One parting kiss and your forgiveness."

Strange that through this speech, sounding like the music of a broken harp, Roderick remained perfectly cool and collected. With acutest perception he understood everything now. The black cloud was rent and light poured down upon him. It was a light from heaven for it warmed his soul to heroism.

"Pauline," he said in gentle accents, "the poison is past and I can speak to you, as of old. My words shall be few, because I see that this effort has spent you. You have done an injustice to yourself and me. My forgiveness, dearest? You have none to ask. You have done me no wrong. I had no right over you. We have known each for long years and have loved each other."

"Ah! Roddy, ah! how well!" sweet and low, as waters murmuring over pebbles.

"Yes, how well, Pauline. But love is not our own. It is disposed of by a higher will. We had hoped that it might end in something else—at least such was my hope."

"And mine, Roddy."

"But if this may not be, we must bow to the almighty power. Man is not the arbiter of his destiny. False to me, Pauline? No truer heart ever breathed the air of heaven. You could not be false to any one. Oh! dearest, withdraw all these bitter words. Remember me, remember your old friend. May, the blessing of God attend you. Go forth into a broader atmosphere, and amid brighter scenes to recover your health and that beauty which I have adored. Farewell, Pauline, farewell."

She heard him not. The poor shattered spirit, overcome by exhaustion, had drifted away into a merciful oblivion. He kissed her on the forehead and glided out of the room. At the door, he met M. Belmont, whose hand he silently clasped. Then he stepped out into the world, a new man, purified as if by fire.

(To be continued.)

AMARANTH.

I ask not the fame of the great and the brave,
Nor an epitaph graven in stone;
I care not what spot may be mine for a grave
When the spirit within me has flown.

It may be some place set apart for the dead,
With an undisturbed nation asleep;
Where mourners may sadly stand over my head,
And linger a moment to weep.

Or it may be afar on the hot scorching plain,
Where the vulture sweeps by like a cloud;
That the spirit shall rise and shake off the dull pain,
While the sands fold me round for a shroud.

Or beneath the dark wave this weak body may lie,
With the coral reef arching above;
With no one to breathe a fond pitying sigh
Or weep for the one that they love.

I know not, I care not what grave may be mine,
If the spirit within this frail form
Has but uttered some thought that the angels divine
Have rescued from life's dashing storm.

So that I, when the trumpet shall waken the spheres,
And each spirit re-echoes its tone,
Shall see through the half-blinding mist of my tears,
My thought as a gem in His Throne.

BARRY DANE.

Montreal, August 1876.

COURTING.

The thoughts of the young says the *Liberal Review*, naturally revert, more or less, to love, courtship, and matrimony. By the unsophisticated it is thought that love leads to courtship, and courtship to matrimony. It is to be feared, however, that if there are no marriages which have not been preceded by courtship, there are many courtships which have not been led up to by love. No doubt, the majority of marriages are brought about by affection of a certain sort; indeed, it would be ridiculous to suppose that persons willingly tie themselves for life to others for whom they have but little regard. The man who married a woman whom he disliked, and the woman who united herself with a man whom she regarded with aversion, would very properly be held to be bereft of their senses, notwithstanding that they benefitted themselves in a social point of view. But if most people do not positively dislike those whom they marry, many are strangers to the grand passion about which poets have sung and some novelists have well-nigh gone crazy. Liking is not loving, and while a vast number of those who marry really like each other there is reason to believe that but a comparatively few actually love. They may all persuade themselves that they do the latter thing, and may remain the victims of their delusions until after their unions have been consummated. But they are compelled to abandon their fool's paradise sooner or later, and the misfortune is that they often only find out the true state of their hearts when it is too late for them to do anything but bear with becoming meekness the yoke which they have imposed upon themselves. Nothing is easier than for a man to persuade himself that he is in love when he is nothing of the kind; once out of twice when a man so persuades himself, he is in love with a creation of own fancy and not with the woman whom he thinks has captivated him. Every man has his ideal woman, and it is not difficult for a man who has an impressionable and romantic nature when he meets a woman who is pleasant to his senses to imagine that she possesses all the admirable qualities of his ideal. In too many cases he is bound to be undeceived sooner or later, but the course of deception is a gradual and often lengthy one. Indeed, it frequently runs on longer than his wooing or his courting. This, perhaps, is not surprising, seeing that but small opportunity is given to him until after the nuptial knot has been firmly tied of proving whether or not he has made a mistake. Neither public opinion nor the law allows that he has any right to make a mistake. This is continually being demonstrated. If a man engages to marry a woman, and then, discovering that he has misread his own heart and formed a wrong estimate of her character, deserts her in preference to running the risk of making her and himself miserable for life, he is branded as a cold scoundrel, and the chances are that an action for breach of promise of marriage is brought against him, with the result that he has to pay heavy damages and a formidable bill of costs. It is seldom, however, that he positively runs away from his word, for an ordinary courtship is not likely to correct any of the errors into which he may have fallen.

Follow the course of an ordinary young man's wooing and courting, and one cannot be blind to the great extent to which he is dependent upon chance for happiness or misery. He meets his sweetheart, perhaps, in the first instance, at a picnic, at a ball, or at some other popular rendez-vous, and is attracted by the brightness of her eyes, the merriness of her laugh, the gleam of her teeth, the ripple of her hair, the tones of her voice, or the flutter of her dress. Thereupon he sets to work to idealise her generally, and does so with such success that he imagines that the conquest of her heart will be a magnificent and soul-elevating triumph, and so the probability is that she is led to make the same mistake in reference to him that he makes in regard to her. She meets him half way. Amiable to the last degree, she bewitches him still further by her smiles and gay sallies; and he may be excused if he thinks that she is so near perfection that it is impossible for her to display irritation or ill-feeling except at the expense of those whom she shows a disposition to regard as rivals, which little indication of the presence of evils in her composition pleases him rather than not. By-and-by he asks her to be his wife, and experiences

a quiver of delight when she shyly answers yes, and he presses a kiss upon her lips. From the time this event takes place until the day upon which he meets her at the altar, the pair spend a large portion of their time in paying homage to each other, and flattery being extremely pleasant, this is very gratifying to both. They are not permitted to meet at a disadvantage. She never appears before him in *deshabille*. When he visits her at the parental home she receives him in a neat costume, and with a face of smiles, and with sweet words; notwithstanding that she may just have been having an angry altercation with her sister, who is not "engaged," and is inclined to be jealous of those who are. Then, though he may be a sloven and a bad-tempered being in a general way, when he goes forth to pay his court to her he does so looking his best and determined to appear amiable, however unamiable he may feel. The pair see each other under the circumstances indicated once or twice a week and are shortly supposed to know and thoroughly understand each other! They marry, and then comes the honeymoon. This is supposed to be the most delicious period of life. But alas! it is pregnant with awful revelations to many unfortunate men and women. In the few weeks which succeed marriage often a great deal more is learned than is admitted by the recipients of the lessons. But the effect of the lessons is tremendous and permanent. The man and woman find that they have been mistaken in each other. They have been the victims of imposture—unconscious imposture, perhaps, but imposture, all the same; and as the miserable truth dawns upon them they feel very bitter. It may be discovered that their natures are of a kind which utterly decline to harmonise. It would be painful to sketch the career of such a couple. They feel their mistake as much as any one does, especially as it is a mistake which they cannot own. Perhaps they see that it might have been avoided, and perhaps they are led to condemn the laws of society, under which people who know nothing of each other, are daily married by the score. Whatever they do, however, matters will probably remain as they are. Those who draw back before it is too late, and are, in consequence, branded as scoundrels and otherwise punished, may derive what comfort they can from contemplating the wreckage with which the matrimonial sea is covered.

OUR PICTURES.

The cartoon this week refers to the agitation in British Columbia relative to the building of the Pacific Railway, and the strict adherence to the Canadian terms. The details are well known and will be found fully referred to in our editorial article on the subject. Our double page is devoted to a beautiful steel engraving entitled the Flowery Path, which depicts a village wedding and one of the village girls strewing the way of the married pair with flowers. May these flowers ever blow with never a thorn. But alas! who will promise it? The picture of Agricultural Hall, at the Centennial Exhibition will give a good idea of the grandeur and magnificence of that spectacle. We give also a sketch of the Montreal Firemen's picnic and games, the chief feature of which was the Lacrosse Match with a team of the Police Force. Some of the games are represented and a view is also given of the prizes presented to the winners by some of the insurance companies. Another engraving is that of Princess Nathalie, wife of Prince Milan, ruler of Serbia, nursing her wounded soldiers in the hospitals of Belgrade.

THE NAMES OF STATES.

A propos of the centenary of the United States an exchange gives the origin of the names borne by the several States of the Union. The State of Maine derived its name from the Province of Maine in France; and was so called in remembrance of the wife of Charles I., Queen Henrietta-Maria, who possessed the manorial rights of that province. New Hampshire was called after the County of Hampshire in England. Vermont comes from the French words "vert" and "mont." Massachusetts signifies in the Indian tongue "the land of high hills." Rhode Island was so called because of its resemblance to Island of Rhodes in the Mediterranean. Connecticut means "long river." New York was so named in honor of the Duke of York, to whom Charles II. conceded the proprietorship of the State. New Jersey derived its appellation from Sir George Carter, who, previously to his residence there, had been Governor of Jersey in the Channel Islands. Pennsylvania was called after William Penn, with the termination added of "sylvania." Delaware was so named by Lord De la Warr. Maryland received its designation in remembrance of the wife of Charles I., Queen Henrietta-Maria. Virginia, it is well known, took its name from Queen Elizabeth. Carolina was so called in honor of Charles I.; Georgia in honor of George II. Florida signifies the "fete of flowers." Louisiana was so designated in honor of Louis XIV. Mississippi is derived from a word which signifies, in one of the Indian dialects, "the fathers of waters." Arkansas is derived from the Indian word "kansas," muddy water, and the French "are." Tennessee is also of Indian origin, and implies "the circuitous river." Ohio means "the beautiful river." Michigan signifies "fishing net." Indiana means the country of the Indians. Illinois comes from the Indian "illini" (men) and "ois" (tribes). Wisconsin is derived from words of the same language signifying "an impetuous tor-

rent." Missouri means "a muddy river;" Iowa, "sleeping waters;" and Minnesota, "dark waters."

Is it possible, Madame Albani? said the family physician, your children after their trip to the country, are still ailing, peevish, and looking so delicate; depend upon it, there is a cause, and that is "Worms!" Send for a box of Devins' Pastilles, the simplest, the safest and best of remedies, and your children will soon thrive and look healthy.

LITERARY.

Edward William Lane, the translator of the "Arabian Nights," is dead.

Martin Farquhar Tupper, the Proverbial Philosopher is expected in Brooklyn, the guest of James Miller, the publisher. He will be accompanied by his daughter.

Mr. William Black, the brilliant English novelist is in this country on a visit of two months. He is now at Saratoga and will visit Niagara and Boston before returning to New York.

Mr. B. L. FARJEON, the English author, is spending his summer holiday with Joseph Jefferson, in Scotland. There is a probability that the author of "Griff," "Bride of Grass," etc., may visit America in the autumn. So he writes to a friend in New York. Farjeon is now engaged on his Christmas story.

A LIFE OF EDGAR A. POE, by Eugene L. Didier, is in press and will be issued next month by W. J. Widdleton. It is an authentic account of the life and career of Poe, embracing details of his early years never before published, and making a complete history of the poet from his birth in Boston in 1809 to his death in Baltimore in 1849.

"THE True History of *Punch*," which has for some time been appearing from the pen of Joseph Hutton in *London Society*, is to be concluded next month, and to be republished in the winter of early next year with considerable additions. It is interesting in the history of journalism to know that *Punch* was sold to Messrs. Bradbury & Evans for £150, and that it owed its publishers £25,000 before it paid sixpence.

Is the second *centuria* of the Irish College in Rome, "Father Prout" (Rev. J. Mahoney) wrote the melodious "Hells of Shandon." During the siesta hour of a sultry summer noon he perched on the wall beside his bed the original poem. Unpopular as this worldly, though genial priest, afterward became to the heads of the college, the students have never allowed the now dim pencilling to be covered over or erased, notwithstanding the apartment has been papered many times since the writing.

THE French National Assembly has just come into possession of some very curious documents. Owing to a legacy made to it, it has just received the voluminous correspondence of Napoleon III. with his sister, Marie Cornu. The communications commence with the *Feuilles*, at the moment when Prince Louis was ten years old, and the last letter was written by the Emperor two months before his death. By the will of Marie Cornu those papers are not to be published before 1884, consequently they are immediately placed under seal. The restatix has indicated as editor of that publication M. Rouanet, in default of him, M. Duruy.

APART from the million and a half of volumes in Paris, there are no less than four and a half millions in the different libraries in other parts of France. The principal libraries in the provinces are: Bordeaux, 244,000 volumes; Rouen, 152,000; Troyes and Aix, 100,000 each; Besancon and Marseilles, 150,000 each; Lyons, 70,000; Versailles, 65,000; Toulouse, 60,000; Le Mans, 50,000; Orleans, 45,000; Lille, 35,000; and Le Havre, 22,000. There are 215 towns of France in possession of a library containing from ten to twenty thousand volumes and more than twice as many with libraries of three, four, and five thousand volumes. New libraries are being formed all over the country. The Vatican library possesses 80,000 volumes; that of Prague, 150,000; that of Brussels, 200,000; and the Royal Library at Copenhagen, 200,000 volumes. The Escurial library, founded by Charles V., contains in addition to its 20,000 volumes, a valuable manuscript called the Golden Book, written upon vellum in letters of gold, and said to be seven hundred years old. This library also possesses 3,000 Arabic manuscripts, and, according to general belief a copy of every book burnt by order of the Inquisition. Rome has sixteen libraries, of which that of the Vatican is the most valuable, though by no means the largest, having only 50,000 volumes, as against 200,000 volumes and 3,000 manuscripts in the Angelina Library. Of the other Italian cities, Turin has a library of 150,000 volumes, Naples of 350,000, and Milan of 150,000 volumes and 15,000 manuscripts. The library of St. Mark at Venice contains 150,000 volumes and 10,000 manuscripts, and the two Genoa libraries have 100,000 volumes between them. The Imperial Library at St. Petersburg has a total of 600,000 volumes, and the London Library only 50,000 volumes.

ARTISTIC.

A statue of Thorbecke, the statesman and patriot to whom Holland chiefly owes her reconstruction in 1830, has been unveiled at Amsterdam.

A confessional of Italian workmanship of the sixteenth century, and a forged iron pulpit of the same date, have been added to the Cluny Museum.

On September 2, the monument which Germany has erected in honor of Karl Wilhelm, the composer of "Die Wacht am Rhein," was unveiled at Sembladen.

A large and fine piece of Roman mosaic, of elaborate design and in good preservation, has been found at Lyon. It is supposed to have formed the pavement of a room.

THE death is announced in Rome of the Italian painter Professor G. Battista Canevari, at the age of eighty-seven. He was a member of the Academies of St. Luca and Raffaele, and fought in his youth under Napoleon I.

THE statue of the Prince Consort, the work of the late Mr. Foley, has arrived in Cambridge, England. It is of white marble, and represents the Prince in his robes as Chancellor of the University.

A monument to Pellegrino Rossi, the celebrated publicist, who was assassinated in 1848, will be unveiled at Carrara on the 3rd of September. Many distinguished persons will be invited to the ceremony, including representatives of the Universities of Paris and Geneva.

At the Westminster Aquarium is the original plate of the bank note of George Cruikshank which is said to have put a stop to hanging for passing forged notes. He saw two women executed for that offence, and he made a promissory note, signed "J. Ketch," with ghostly accessories of fetters, halter and gibbet, and Britain with skulls and crossbones for a border. Such a crowd surrounded the shop where copies were sold that the Lord Mayor ordered the street to be cleared.