

THE POET'S CHARM.

(Translated from Pierre Corneille.)

Fair lady, if upon my face
Some deep-drawn wrinkles you can trace,
Reflect, that, as the years increase,
Your bloom and beauty, too, must cease.

Time, old and envious, casts a blight
On all things young and sweet and bright:
My hair with silver threads he streaks,
And steals the roses from your cheeks.

The same clear planets, as they roll,
To you and me existence dole—
My youth, long since, with yours could vie,
Soon, you will be the same as I.

And yet, a magic gift I own,
That soothes me, now my youth hath flown,
Forbidden me to face with dread
The day that shall behold me dead.

You have the charms that men adore,
But, when your triumphs all are o'er,
My spell, that now you seem to scorn,
Shall last for ages yet unborn.

My magic can immortalize
The wondrous glory of your eyes,
And, while my strains each bosom thrill,
Can make men think you what I will.

With that new rose, in years to come,
When you and I have long been dumb,
Your charms, proud beauty, shall survive
Kept by my deathless verse alive.

Then, seest thou not at my tapers tongue,
And, though a grey beard seizes the young,
Still, court the grey beard, if he be
A hard at all resembling me!

Montreal. GEO. MURRAY.

OVER THE BORDER.

Away for Bonnie Scotland! This land of romance, of poetry, of our dreams. Who that has lived to see the realization of a "castle in the air" but can sympathize with our thrill of delight! England was fair and smiling, sunny, even, and comfortable, cooling—but Scotland! Oh, and on as fast as the train can travel, through the pretty English landscape, where hills seem to be rare. Then, gradually the color of the soil changes from red to gray, we espy some heather, and see barren, rolling hills in the distance, and others bare of trees, but covered with different shades of green, dark and bright. We catch a glimpse of Carlisle, and a suggestive looking castle, but think that the scenery, both before and after, has quite an American look.

Over the border! and we come near scandalizing our fellow-passengers by breaking out into snatches of "Bonnie Dundee," or "Blue Bonnets Over the Border." Here and there a sign of human life in the picturesque thatched cottages, with high, peaked, moss-grown roofs, and now and then a lonely sportsman, who makes one think of a hero of Scott's tales, and then long stretches of moor and hill, that look very solitary.

Edinburgh at last, ere the daylight has died away. Gray horses, and then the castle crowning the summit of the hill. Could anything be more beautiful? We would fain stop and gaze, but time is flying and where we shall sleep to-night is a yet unsolved problem, so we start out at a venture to look for lodgings. Scotch faces, Scotch voices and Scotch caps on the men and boys; one only, but that one so well appreciated, in tartan. After one or two interviews, which all impress us pleasantly, we conclude our bargain, and are installed in new quarters, a very Bonnie maid in attendance, whose brilliant dark eyes, rosy cheeks, smiling mouth, and glossy hair surmounted with the jauntiest of sma' caps and cherry ribbon, make quite a picture. The old fashioned rooms delight us, and one narrow stone passage-way, with its little grated window seems suggestive of Mary Queen of Scots and her times, while the prettily appointed table with its tea-cosy, not very familiar to our Middle States American eyes, is yet attractive and pleasant, and finds us well prepared to vote everything very good.

The next day is Sunday and we have visions of attending service at Roslin Chapel, but to rise for a six o'clock train is not to be thought of, and when we inquire about later trains or other conveyances, we are told in a very shocked way by our good woman, "not on a Sabbath"—and so we conclude to spend the day in Edinburgh. A walk before the hour of service gives us some little idea of this beautiful city. The newer part with its wide, handsome streets, reminding us a little of New York, the old with its narrow ones, vanishing up the hills, and its picturesque, intensely foreign-looking houses, with their peaked roofs, little painted turrets and chimney-pots. Down into the Grass-market, a rough part of the town, where crowds of men and boys are standing idly about, feeling a good deal impressed with the fact that the human race, after all, is much alike the world over. The Scotch seem to have the same bright color as the English, but with darker eyes, and we have noticed also more dark hair. Then to St. Giles church, formerly one, but now embracing several under the same roof. The part made memorable by Jennie Geddes is unfortunately for us closed. We are told that at one time the floor of the church was raised and an immense quantity of bones taken out, so many that they did not know how to account for it. Regent Murray is buried here. Outside we see a portion of the old cross from which proclamations used to be made; and on the white cobbles a roughly delineated heart, marking the sight of

the "Heart of Midlothian," the old Tolbooth where Effie Deans was imprisoned. Behind the church, on a square stone, over which the traffic passes, and which a few would notice without the diligent search we bestowed upon it, are the initials "J. K." and the date 1572, marking the resting place of John Knox, while further down the street is the quaint old house in which he used to live.

Then we meet a body of red-coat soldiers going to kirk, and we slowly skirt the castle, looking up at its gray walls and ivy covered crags, questioning from which point it looks most beautiful. Back to the same wide avenue on which we started with its fine grey stone houses on one side, and below the level of the street, at the foot of the castle rocks, the Botanical Gardens on the other. We pass the street on which Scott used to live in a gray-stone house like all its neighbors, and catch glimpses of statues of him and other celebrities. Past the Museum and National Gallery, the building is rather long and low, of the universal gray-stone, with figures of the Sphinx on the top of one of them, while in the distance loom the National Monument and the jail, the first resembling pictures we have seen of the "Ruins of Greece," the last like a castle. The Cathedral of St. Marys, where we attend service, is not yet finished, the chancel and one transept being screened off. The outside is beautiful, and much ornamented, and the grounds are very pretty. We are seated on chairs inside and find a large congregation; we observe some little difference from the English ritual. The collection is taken up in embroidered bags, and we have a good sermon and music. In the afternoon we again, at what seems an unusual hour, half-past two, attend service at St. John's, and as we find ourselves early, wander in the church yard. It is a curious rambling old place, a sort of labyrinth, the vaults on one side, the perfectly flat grave-plats, surrounded with little stone walls and planted with flowers, on the other. Writers for the Signet, which a green member of the party takes to be a magazine much contributed to, are buried numerous, and it seems curious to see the mention of a man's avocation on his tomb-stone, carpenter, wheelwright or whatever he may be. Dequincy is said to be buried here in the yard of the West Church (St. Cuthbert's next door, but we did not succeed in gaining admittance).

Old women in caps are showing people to pews, and solemn-looking vergers in imposing black gowns, flitting about here and there, as we finally enter the church. The stained-glass in the windows is beautiful, and along the sides of the church are much ornamented tablets to soldiers, who have fallen in the battles of Lukerman, Sebastopol, etc., for the rest it might have been at home. Another walk around the fascinating castle from the Esplanade, in the rear of which we have a magnificent view of the Old and New Town, the large building, Herrick's Hospital founded by the jeweler of King James, and other points. Then through some of the streets, crowded with promenaders, the scarlet jacket of a soldier here and there, walking with sweetheart or wife, giving the needed "bit of color" to the scene. A look at the Assembly Buildings, whose open court and long flight of stone steps remind us a view we had seen of Milan. And then an adventure with a very young "son of the soil" in Scotch cap and tartan, who is calmly inspecting the railroad beneath, from a high bridge, when an unexpected screech from the engine reduces him to a state of abject terror, and he flies shrieking into the arms of one of the party, who kneels and opens them to receive him, when he is restored to equanimity and to his parents now approaching—and so the day closes.

A bright sun the next morning adds the scarcely needed inspiration to our sight-seers, and they start for another view of the town, before taking the train to Roslin, "up" or "down" Princess street. The ways of a town are never quite clear to our travelers, and they are always in a pleasing state of uncertainty as to which expression should be used. Past the beautiful Gothic Scott monument, with its figure of Sir Walter sitting under a canopy, and further on, the equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington. Then a hasty walk around Calton Hill, and a sight of its various monuments. The view from the summit of the town, Arthur's Seat, the Leith and mountains in the far-distance is so wonderfully extensive and beautiful, that they long to linger, but trains, like "time and tide, wait for no man," and they must needs hurry along.

The carriages are very comfortable, and a goodly number of pilgrims alight when the destination is reached. There seems to be a slight doubt as to which is the way, but with the usual sheep-like-tendency of humanity, the crowd follow the few who have a decided mind on the subject, and the more enterprising soon outstrip the rest, and passing through the little village, reach the wall which encloses Roslin Chapel and the surrounding grounds. Something to pay, of course, and out came the purses, long and short, with more or less reluctance, according to the spirit of the owner. A stone walk leads through the grass up to the door of the chapel. Who that has not seen this little gem of architecture can appreciate its loveliness! With carving and lace-like tracing the very stones seem to blossom forth. It was restored about seventeen years ago, and a fair white statue of the Virgin and Child, on a pedestal is the first thing that greets the eye on entering, which, as well as the windows, is modern. A fragment of a guide, in the shape of a rosy-

cheeked small boy with a long stick, is going volubly through the usual information, much applauded by the company standing round, while the "old original," his father, remains in the back-ground ready to supply any gaps in the youngster's memory. The decorations suggest Chinese ivory carvings, so fine and elaborate are they, the roof, curious square arches, pillars and capitals. The renowned "Apprentice's Pillar," wreathed with sculptured flowers is beautiful, but scarcely so light and graceful as the fancy had painted it. In the mortuary chapel, beneath, is a large cabinet of richly carved oak, which seems rather out of its sphere, and is, for a time at least, occupying the position of old lumber.

One member of the party drops down in a corner for a hasty sketch, while the rest keep close to the guide, see the tomb of the last buried Lord of Roslin, in the Lady chapel, and the stone covering the remains of the founder of the chapel, with a primitive sketch of him and his days. The story goes that he made a rash wager with the king that his dogs would pull down a certain stag before it crossed the Deen, staking his own head on the result. The stag coming near to escape he exclaimed:

"Help and Hand, an ye may,
Or Roslin shall lose his head this day."

but afterwards destroyed the animals who barely succeeded, lest he should be again tempted to risk his life in the same rash way. The capitals of the pillars are pointed out, with designs illustrative of the virtues, and vices; and grotesque faces of the apprentice who carved the wonderful pillar, with the wound in his head which caused his death, made by his master's chisel; his mother and the master—a very hideous trio.

So, reluctantly, after another look at the interior, and a walk round the outside, so exquisitely carved, which has partly fallen into decay, our travelers proceed, their party augmented by a solitary, but energetic American lady, who immediately recognized their nationality, and feels drawn towards them. A heavy shower, while they were in the chapel, has moistened the ground, not a little, but the sun is again shining brightly. They content themselves with an outside view of the ruined and picturesque castle, covered with ivy, and embowered with trees, and then walk on through the narrow paths of the glen, catching, at different points, lovely glimpses of both castle and chapel.

Locomotion is by no means easy, the narrow path, slippery and muddy with recent rains, affords a very uncertain resting place for the feet, and first, this one drops, and then that, but "up and take another" with the genuine traveller's good-humor. Here a party of breathless females slip, and slide past them, there, a solitary Briton, with a scarcely concealed smile, successfully strides by; and, again, they encounter the dutiful son with a stout mother, making slow and uncertain progress, he, very red in the face from his efforts at assisting her, she also rosy and breathless, but bland.

The scenery is wild and beautiful, in some parts resembling the ravines in the Catskills or Watkin's Glen, the path now close by the side of the stream, again a hundred feet above it. Their new acquaintance, who has been here in early summer, tells them of the beauty of the Scottish June, when the hawthorn hedges are all in bloom, and the birds sing, and it is light till eleven o'clock at night. High on the cliffs, across the ravine, they now come in sight of Hawthornden, the poet Drummond's residence. Who could not find inspiration in such a home? They have missed the footpath that leads to it, but do not turn back, another project has taken possession of them, a greater than he, tempts them forward. "Why not strike across the country and include Melrose in their day's sights?" says the enterprising American. The distance is considerable and the day is advancing, but who could resist such a temptation? So the weaker spirits fall into line behind the pioneer. The long walk through the ravine, the estimated number of miles varying according to the fatigue of the computer, is at last ended, and leads them out upon a height, from which they have a beautiful view and look down upon a settlement with its pretty little mill and pond. On the bench before the one small cottage, near, sit a party of tourists, drawn up in line, diligently reading guide-books, and apparently quite oblivious of the panorama spread out before them. Of the crowd that this morning left the train at Roslin, this seems to be the only remnant.

A small detachment of Scottish youth now appear on the scene, and our party, who have seated themselves for a hasty lunch, interrogate them as to the distance to the next railway station. This elicits a great discussion and diverse are the opinions expressed. "It might be a mile, and it might be two," being the only result arrived at. The indefatigable pioneer however pushes on, and they catch a train, and after one or two changes, arrive at the desired goal, Melrose. But the smiling sun has deserted them, and what is perhaps called a "Scotch mist" is descending. Then the possibility of reaching Abbotsford is considered, and the idea reluctantly abandoned. To walk the six miles there and back, as one ardent admirer of Sir Walter suggests, who would fain stand at the gate, and gaze, if nothing more, is evidently out of the question, and to hire a vehicle at this late hour, with almost the certainty of finding the house closed to visitors on their arrival seems equally unwise. Some console themselves

with the thought that we cannot expect to see everything, others sigh as they murmur "so near and yet so far," but all unite in proceeding to the Abbey.

The village is very picturesque with its open market place, in the centre of which stands an old stone shaft and from which the streets lead in every direction. The little inn is so quaint looking and attractive, the houses near so set off with gay window-gardens, that all feel a desire to spend some days there. The surroundings of the Abbey are not quite so prepossessing, houses built close to the walls which enclose it, and a stable yard in the immediate juxtaposition. The "open sesame" of a small fee, unusually moderate, uncloses the ivy wreathed gate, at which an old porter is in attendance, and as they stand in front of the beautiful and impressive ruin, not even the rain can dampen the thrill of enthusiasm which most of the party feel. The American lady, however, having already devoted much time to ruins, declares, "she has seen finer and that Melrose has been over rated," and nothing can move her from that position. "When she will, she will, you may depend on 't, and when she won't, she won't, and there's the end on 't," being especially true of this particular member of her sex.

The stone of the Abbey is of dark-brown tinged with red; a surprise, to at least one member of the company, who had, perhaps in imagination, viewed it always "anight in the pale moonlight," for the mental picture had been of white walls standing on a solitary plain. The ruins are large, beautiful, and in many parts well preserved, exquisite arches and fine carving, but not so richly ornamented as Roslin. They walk round the old church yard, outside, and note the curious flying buttresses, one of them supported by the figure of a pig, and the statues and empty niches, while the luxuriant ivy hangs, here and there, in rich festoons, adding one more touch of loveliness. Within, the old Scotch woman, who goes round with those who wish, but does not intrude herself, points out the beautiful "crown of thorns" window, and they ascend some steps, and look through the ruin, while she, in a way that is not unpleasant, but quite the reverse, recites, in her somewhat musical Scotch accent, the descriptive lines from the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." In the chancel lie the heart of Bruce, Black Douglas, and Alexander Trist, each spot marked, while near the tomb of Michael Scott, is a curious relic of the celebrated wizard.

Some few burials have taken place within the old walls of late years, but there seems a certain inappropriateness in thus disturbing the ashes of the past. At last the warning is whispered, "we shall miss the train," and very reluctantly, with lingering looks behind, they turn away. One more picture added to the lengthening panorama which is day by day delighting them, and which in future years will still be a storehouse of pleasant memories, of which none of life's changes and chances can deprive them. Back to Edinburgh. The rain matters not now, and only makes more welcome the glowing fire and the "cup which cheers but not inebriates" which awaits them.

LEIGH NORTH.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

"PARISIAN" has been a colossal success in point of attendance.

The Carl Rosa Company has commenced its autumn campaign.

MR. EDWIN BOOTH is off to Switzerland on a pleasure tour.

MADAME MATEJKA's performances (Kundry at Bayreuth) are allowed to have been very fine.

MICHAEL STROGOFF this week at the Academy, and Miss Julia A. Hunt in Froude at the Royal.

MILIE VANZANI, ever improving herself, is getting new hints from Signor Lamperti at his villa, Lake of Como.

HEER NEUMAN announces his intention of giving performances of Wagner's "Der Ring des Nibelungen" in America next year.

MISS FANNY DAVENPORT is now in London. She will probably appear at one of the metropolitan theatres in the course of the autumn.

HEER POLLEN has written exhaustively concerning Herr Frank's affairs. Our German friends appear somewhat intolerant of each other's short comings.

MADAME SHERRINGTON's daughter, Miss Ella Leumann, was unable to make her debut at the first Covent Garden promenade concert by reason of a domestic affliction.

ONCE more the Conservatoire has bestowed no first prize in tragedy. A second prize was given to Mlle. Christie-Martel, a student who has not attained her seventeenth year.

MR. D'OYLEY CARTE has made arrangements for the simultaneous performance in London, New York, Philadelphia and Boston of the new comic opera on which Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan are now engaged.

WOULD YOU BE A MAN OR HIS SHOES?

How much a man is like old "shoes"? For instance, both a "soul" may lose. Both have been "tanned," both are made "tight" by cobbler's. Both get "left" and "right." Both need a "mate" to be complete. And both are made to go on feet. They both need "healing" if off get sold. And both in time turn all to mud. With "shoes" the "last" is first with men. The first shall be the "last" and when the "shoes" wear out they're "mended" new. When men wear out they're "new dead," too. They both are trod upon, and both will tread on others, nothing loth. Both have their "ties" and both incline: When "polished" in the world to shine. And both "peg" out—and would you choose To be a man or be his "shoes"?