

## Art and Literature.

The erection of a monument to the Countess Dash is proposed in Paris.

Mr. S. C. Hall has made a present to Mr. Long-fellow of Coleridge's inkstand.

A monument to the late Dr. Norman Macleod is to be erected in Glasgow Cathedral.

Playing cards are to be in future amongst the amusements provided for soldiers in their recreation rooms.

The first "History of the Third Republic" is announced in Paris. It is written by M. Adolphe Michel.

An edition of the novels of Captain James Grant, translated into Russian, will shortly be published at St. Petersburg.

An Irish writer is preparing a reply to Mr. Froude's book *The English in Ireland*, and it is likely to be a trenchant attack upon the historian.

Eight fresh lines of Chaucer have been found in the Ellesmere manuscript of the "Franklin's Tale," which are not in any other MS. yet examined.

Mme. Nilsson's appearance at St. Petersburg in "Hamlet," at the Imperial Theatre, was a great success, and she was called before the curtain twenty-two times.

Strauss, the well-known composer of dance music, is going to appear in a literary character. His "Reminiscences of America" will shortly be published in Prague.

Marie Antoinette's work-table has been placed in the Louvre. The Empress Eugénie bought it at a sale some years back for £1,720, and it was fortunately saved from the Tuilleries before the fire.

Dr. F. W. Joyce, author of "The Origin and History of Irish Names and Places," and other works, is about to publish a volume of Irish music and songs. The volume will comprise 100 Irish airs never published before.

Melbourne has developed a talent for violin manufacture, and a former pupil of Joseph Panormo is making instruments which are said to put the productions of Stradivarius, Amati, and Paolo Magini completely in the shade.

The Grand Duke Alexis is to bow himself to the people in print. He kept a diary while here and wherever he has travelled, and the matter is to be worked up into a volume of travels by a man who understands how to do that sort of thing.

Dr. C. M. Ingleby has at press a volume entitled "Shakespeare's Plays sung by the Poets of a Century," being a complete catena of early notices of Shakespeare and his works, with a photographic frontispiece, reproducing the Hunt portrait.

The Paris journals announce the death of M. Pion, the celebrated publisher. In the literary world few names were more widely known than that of the publisher of the "Vie de César." M. Pion was sixty-seven years of age, and succumbed to an illness of only a few days' duration.

M. Doré will shortly send three more pictures for exhibition in England. The subjects are, "The Dream of Plato's Wife," the night succeeding the Crucifixion, which he entitles "The Night of Remorse," a work treated somewhat in the style of Martin; and a "Massacre of the Innocents."

It is not generally known that the poet Shelley at one time of his life was an agitator in Ireland, and contended stoutly for "Home Rule." This, with many other new facts and writings of the poet, will be given in the new "Life of Shelley," by Mr. Denis Florence MacCarthy, which will shortly be published in London.

A project is on foot for establishing another illustrated newspaper in London, with the peculiarity that one-half will be illustrated by lithography. It is believed that pictures of passing events can by the different processes of that art be produced much more expeditiously and infinitely cheaper than by the ordinary wood-engraving process.

A writer from Copenhagen says that a life-like portrait of Carl Maria von Weber has lately been discovered by a relic-hunter in that city. It was drawn by Hornemann in 1820, and differs in some respects from the well-known likenesses. An unpublished cantata by Weber was performed at Dresden on the occasion of the celebration of the Golden Wedding of the King of Saxony.

The *Court Journal* understands that Mr. Edward Jenkins, author of *Gin's Baby*, &c., intends to publish a Christmas story, and that it will take up the question of the agricultural labourer. It will be entitled *Little Hodge*, and is to be issued in the style of Charles Dickens' Christmas stories, at one shilling. He has also nearly completed a novel intended to illustrate the Coolie system, and the relations of the races in the West Indies.

The *Journal of Mental Science* gives some interesting facts upon a much vexed subject. Does the

Hair turn white  
In a single night?

whether it be from sudden fear, or from some other cause of mental disturbance. The writer vouches for the truth of two instances—one that of a young man of twenty, whose hair, stiff, black, and wiry, turned, in one night, from intense mental anxiety, from its natural colour to iron-gray; the second case was that of a sea-captain, who suffered shipwreck, whose hair turned gray, and became further blanched when a similar disaster occurred a second time.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

### NEW YEAR'S EVE.

In the time of frozen weather,  
Ley spear, and snowy feather,  
An old and young man sat together—  
The ingle flame was low;  
For the youth the fire had waited,  
While the tempest on'er abated,  
But o'er all the world belated,  
Fell the dizzy snow.

Over moorland, manse andcroft,  
From the cold grey skies aloft,—  
Swept the snow-blooms white and soft,—  
Knee-deep plunged the youth,  
Careless vigour marked his tread,  
On his cheek, by e's flush of red,  
And a sweet wreath round his head,  
Grass and flowers in sooth.

By the dusk of fading ember,  
In his lonely log-but chamber,  
Cried the old man, "I remember  
Fairer flowers than those—  
Mine were sweet as summer laughter,  
Winter chilled them, like the waters,  
O sweet snow-blooms—O my daughters,  
Lily and white rose!"

But the purling and the singing,  
Of the little treshets springing,  
In my old ears still are ringing  
Very soft and low,  
Evening hoots and woodland crashes  
Haunt me from the frazzant bushes,  
And the rapture of the thrushes  
Is upon me as I go.

Tenderly the stripling smiling  
Still the old man's thoughts beguiling,  
Shook his fragrant tresses, willing  
Him until the morn:  
None may wake him then from sleeping,  
His snow-daughters other weeping—  
Chirp the wrens and red-breasts peeping  
"Spring will soon be born."

EDWARD ELLIS.

REGISTERED in accordance with the Copy-right Act of 1878.]

## THE NEW MAGDALEN.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

SECOND SCENE—Mablethorpe House.

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

Grace rose from her chair. "What is the cab for?" she asked sharply.

"For you and for me," Julian replied. "I am going to take you back to your lodgings."

"I refuse to go. My place is in this house. Neither Lady Janet nor you can get over the plain facts. All I asked was to be confronted with her. And what did she do when she came into the room. She fainted at the sight of me."

Reiterating her one triumphant assertion, she fixed her eyes on Julian with a look which said plainly—answer that if you can. In mercy to her, Julian answered it on the spot.

"So far as I understand," he said, "you appear to take it for granted that no innocent woman would have fainted on first seeing you. I have something to tell you which will alter your opinion. On her arrival in England this lady informed my aunt that she had met with you accidentally on the French frontier, and that she had seen you (so far as she knew) struck dead at her side by a shell. 'Remember that, and recall what happened just now. Without a word to warn her of your restoration to life, she finds herself suddenly face to face with you, a living woman—and this at a time when it is easy for any one who looks at her to see that she is in delicate health. What is there wonderful, what is there unaccountable, in her fainting under such circumstances as these?'"

The question was plainly put. Where was the answer to it?

There was no answer to it. Mercy's wisely candid statement of the manner in which she had first met with Grace, and of the accident which had followed, had served Mercy's purpose but too well. It was simply impossible for persons acquainted with that statement to attach a guilty meaning to the swoon. The false Grace Roseberry was still as far beyond the reach of suspicion as ever, and the true Grace was quick enough to see it. She sank into the chair from which she had risen; her hands fell in hopeless despair on her lap.

"Everything is against me," she said. "The truth itself turns liar, and takes her side." She paused and rallied her sinking courage. "No!" she cried resolutely. "I won't submit to have my name and my place taken from me by a vile adventuress! Say what you like, I insist on exposing her; I won't leave the house!"

The servant entered the room, and announced that the cab was at the door.

Grace turned to Julian with a defiant wave of her hand.

"Don't let me detain you," she said. "I see I have neither advice nor help to expect from Mr. Julian Gray."

Julian beckoned to the servant to follow him into a corner of the room.

"Do you know if the doctor has been sent for?" he asked.

"I believe not, sir. It is said in the servants' hall that the doctor is not wanted."

Julian was too anxious to be satisfied with

a report from the servants' hall. He hastily wrote on a slip of paper:

"Has she recovered?" and then gave the note to the man, with directions to take it to Lady Janet.

"Did you hear what I said?" Grace inquired, while the messenger was absent in the dining-room.

"I will answer you directly," said Julian.

The servant appeared again as he spoke, with some lines in pencil written by Lady Janet on the back of Julian's note:

"Thank God we have revived her. In a few minutes we hope to be able to take her to her room."

The nearest way to Mercy's room was through the library. Grace's immediate removal had now become a necessity which was not to be trifled with. Julian addressed himself to meeting the difficulty the instant he was left alone with Grace.

"Listen to me," he said. "The cab is waiting, and I have my last words to say to you. You are now (thanks to the consul's recommendation) in my care. Decide at once whether you will remain under my charge, or whether you will transfer yourself to the charge of the police."

Grace started.

"What do you mean," she asked angrily.

"If you wish to remain under my charge,"

Julian proceeded, "you will accompany me at once to the cab. In that case, I will undertake to give you an opportunity of telling your story to my own lawyer. He will be a fitter person to advise you than I am. Nothing will induce me to believe that the lady whom you have accused has committed, or is capable of committing, such a fraud as you charge her with. You will hear what the lawyer thinks, if you come with me. If you refuse, I shall have no choice but to send into the next room and tell them you are still here. The result will be that you will find yourself in charge of the police. Take which course you like; I will give you a minute to decide in. And remember this, if I appear to express myself harshly, it is your conduct which forces me to speak out. I mean kindly towards you; I am advising you honestly for your good."

He took out his watch to count the minute.

Grace stole one furtive glance at his steady resolute face. She was perfectly unmoved by the manly consideration for her which Julian's last words had expressed. All she understood was, that he was not a man to be trifled with. Future opportunities would offer themselves of returning secretly to the house. She determined to yield—and deceive him.

"I am ready to go," she said, rising with dogged submission. "Your turn now," she muttered to herself as she turned to the looking-glass to arrange her shawl. "My turn will come."

Julian advanced towards her, as if to offer her his arm, and checked himself. Firmly persuaded as he was that her mind was deranged—readily as he admitted that she claimed, in virtue of her affliction, every indulgence that he could extend to her—there was something repellent to him at that moment in the bare idea of touching her. The image of the beautiful creature who was the object of her monstrous accusation—the image of Mercy as she lay helpless for a moment in his arms—was vivid in his mind while he opened the door that led into the hall, and drew back to let Grace pass out before him. He left the servant to help her into the cab. The man respectfully addressed him as he took his seat opposite to Grace.

"I am ordered to say that your room is ready, sir; and that her ladyship expects you to dinner."

Absorbed in the events which had followed his aunt's invitation, Julian had forgotten his engagement to stay at Mablethorpe House. Could he return, knowing his own heart as he now knew it? Could he honourably remain, perhaps for weeks together, in Mercy's society, conscious as he now was of the impression which she had produced on him? No. The one honourable course that he could take was to find an excuse for withdrawing from his engagement. "Beg her ladyship not to wait dinner for me," he said. "I will write and make my apologies." The cab drove off. The wondering servant waited on the doorstep, looking after it. "I wouldn't stand in Mr. Julian's shoes for some time," he thought, with his mind running on the difficulties of the young clergyman's position. "There she is, along with him in the cab. What is he going to do with her after that?"

Julian himself—if it had been put to him at the moment—could not have answered the question.

Lady Janet's anxiety was far from being relieved when Mercy had been restored to her senses and conducted to her own room.

Her mind remained in a condition of unreasoning alarm which it was impossible to remove. Over and over again she was told that the woman who had terrified her had left the house, and would never be permitted to enter it more. Over and over again she was assured that the stranger's frantic assertions were regarded by everybody about her as unworthy of a moment's serious attention. She persisted in doubting whether they were telling her the truth. A shocking distrust of her

friends seemed to possess her. She shrank when Lady Janet approached the bedside. She shuddered when Lady Janet kissed her. She flatly refused to let Horace see her. She asked the strangest questions about Julian Gray, and shook her head suspiciously when they told her that he was absent from the house. At intervals, she hid her face in the bedclothes, and murmured to herself piteously, "Oh! what shall I do? What shall I do?" At other times, her one petition was to be left alone. "I want nobody in my room"—that was her sullen cry—"Nobody in my room."

The evening advanced and brought with it no change for the better. Lady Janet, by the advice of Horace, sent for her own medical adviser.

The doctor shook his head. The symptoms, he said, indicated a serious shock to the nervous system. He wrote a sedative prescription; and he gave (with a happy choice of language) some sound and safe advice. It amounted briefly to this: "Take her away, and try the sea-side." Lady Janet's customary energy acted on the advice without a moment's needless delay. She gave the necessary directions for packing the trunks over night, and decided on leaving Mablethorpe House with Mercy the next morning.

Shortly after the doctor had taken his departure, a letter from Julian, addressed to Lady Janet, was delivered by private messenger.

Beginning with the necessary apologies for the writer's absence, the letter proceeded in these terms:

"Before I permitted my companion to accompany me to the lawyer's office, I felt the necessity of consulting him as to my present position towards her."

"I told him—what I think it only right to repeat to you—that I do not feel justified in acting on my own opinion that her mind is deranged. In the case of this friendless woman, I want medical authority, and, more even than that, I want some positive proof, to satisfy my conscience as well as to confirm my view."

"Finding me obstinate on this point, the lawyer undertook to consult a physician accustomed to the treatment of the insane, on my behalf."

"After sending a message, and receiving the answer, he said: 'Bring the lady here—in half an hour: she shall tell her story to the doctor instead of telling it to me.' The proposal rather staggered me: I asked how it was possible to induce her to do that. He laughed, and answered: 'I shall present the doctor as my senior partner; my senior partner will be the very man to advise her.' You know that I hate all deception—even where the end in view appears to justify it. On this occasion, however, there was no other alternative than to let the lawyer take his own course—or to run the risk of a delay which might be followed by serious results."

"I waited in a room by myself (feeling very uneasy I own) until the doctor joined me after the interview was over."

"His opinion is, briefly, this:

"After careful examination of the unfortunate creature, he thinks that there are unmistakably symptoms of mental aberration. But how far the mischief has gone, and whether her case is, or is not, sufficiently grave to render actual restraint necessary, he cannot positively say, in our present state of ignorance as to facts."

"Thus far," he observed, "we know nothing of that part of her delusion which relates to Mercy Merrick. The solution of the difficulty, in this case, is to be found there. I entirely agree with the lady that the inquiries of the consul at Mannheim are far from being conclusive. Furnish me with satisfactory evidence either that there is, or is not, such a person really in existence as Mercy Merrick, and I will give you a positive opinion on the case, whenever you choose to ask for it."

"Those words have decided me on starting for the Continent, and renewing the search for Mercy Merrick."

"My friend the lawyer wonders jocosely whether I am in my right senses. His advice is, that I should apply to the nearest magistrate, and relieve you and myself of all further trouble in that way."

"Perhaps you agree with him? My dear aunt (as you have often said) I do nothing like other people. I am interested in this case. I cannot abandon a forlorn woman who has been confided to me to the tender mercies of strangers, so long as there is any hope of my making discoveries which may be instrumental in restoring her to herself—perhaps, also, in restoring her to her friends."

"I start by the mail train of to-night. My plan is, to go first to Mannheim, and consult with the consul and the hospital doctors; then to find my way to the German surgeon, and to question him; and, that done, to make the last and hardest effort of all—the effort to trace the French ambulance and to penetrate the mystery of Mercy Merrick."

"Immediately on my return I will wait on you, and tell you what I have accomplished, or how I have failed."

"In the meanwhile, pray be under no alarm about the reappearance of this unhappy woman at your house. She is fully occupied in writing (at my suggestion) to her friends in