

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

TO MARIE.

'Tis a lady that loves you and reaches  
White hands to you here from the sea,  
From her home by the winter-white beaches,  
Where waves leap and wild winds are free,  
Commands you those verses from me.

The gaunt trees with biting winds shiver,  
The stars are a-cold in the sky,  
The dark fretted breast of the river  
Heaves, and the harsh waves go by  
Tossing, with moan and with sigh.

And what is there here for a poet—  
Shewn of sea, blue of sky, green of field—  
To win from the world, and to show it,  
As prize of a pen that is skilled,  
To a lady whose will is fulfilled?

But fancy, that heeds not the seasons,  
Leaps over the moments and miles,  
And with rhymes, (though you think without  
[reasons])  
Finds where the flowers bloom the sun smiles,  
And a sweet woman wins without wiles.

Your home were a rest for a singer  
Who'd fled from the world in unrest,  
And your sweet voice would cause him to linger  
And love you, and turn to you, best  
In your calm and his love in the West.

And here from the foam-flecked white beaches,  
'Mid the pines' wail, the moan of the sea,  
Will you pardon a poet who reaches  
His hands out of distance to thee—  
To the warmth and the roses to be?

Two hands here are reached out to greet you,  
Two hands that would greet you as one,  
Two hearts leap out gladly to meet you,  
With regard for you filled, as with sun  
Are the flowers the sun shines upon.

Poetess, artist, fair lady,  
The Muses and Graces combine  
In your honour—the garland is ready:  
These humblest of flowers are mine,  
And my Queen's, and we two are thine.

MARTIN J. GREEN.

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## MY FELLOW STUDENT.

BY EDWARD FURLONG.

(Caledonia, Ont.)

MANY years have passed since the matters of which I am about to write occurred, but they are stamped upon my memory as indelibly as though engraved on steel. Some forty years since I entered Laval University like a young bear with all my troubles before me. I knew no one, being an Upper Canadian, and of course most of my fellow students were French Canadians. I formed the usual college acquaintanceships, but being naturally shy and retiring and almost ignorant of the prevalent language (French), had formed no friendship. There was one of the students, however, who irresistibly attracted me, and he, strangely enough, was shunned by nearly every student in the college boarding-house. He seemed rather to repel than to court intimacy, and wrapping himself up in the mantle of his reserve, was impenetrable to each and all of the light-hearted Frenchmen who formed the majority of the students, and who conjectured (for none knew his history) all sorts of reasons for his utter want of interest in the various schemes and projects which make up the sum of college life during the hours between and after lectures. His age might perhaps be nineteen, and his name, if it was rightfully his, as a malicious little Frenchman queried, showed him to be the scion of one of the noblest families of old France. It was Alphonse de Montmorency. But if ever the old constable transmitted any of his qualities to his descendants then the subject of my sketch unmistakably inherited them. No one could look at him for a moment and say that there was not reproduced in him the proud and haughty bearing of the proudest subject in Europe. No one doubted but he possessed the courage of him who had borne the lily banner in triumph on many a blood-stained and hard-contested field, while he was at the same time the very soul of honour and the very type of the *preux chevalier* of the *ancien régime*.

My first year passed away and the examinations were now being held. I happened to be placed on the next seat to Montmorency. All went well with him until the classical paper was handed him. He was evidently unable to answer sufficient so as to pass with credit, and seeing his uneasiness, I copied my own paper and crumpling it up in a ball tossed it to him at a moment when the attention of the argus-eyed Professor was withdrawn. He took it without a word, copied, and passed in his papers, but after leaving the Hall quietly thanked me. The ice was broken, and after that he nodded in a kindly manner to me whenever we passed.

We separated for the summer vacation and on reassembling among other familiar faces appeared that of Montmorency. But I made no further approach to intimacy with him until nearly the middle of the term when I was able to render him a service which he declared he could never sufficiently repay, and which entitled me to consider him my friend for life. After that we were nearly inseparable, but no hint did he give me of his history or of

the cause of that settled melancholy which overcast his countenance and which tinged his whole life.

Towards the close of the term he asked me to accompany him home for the summer vacation, and being an orphan without home ties of any sort, I readily consented. Writing, therefore, a short note to my guardian that I would spend the summer with a college friend, I set off with Alphonse to his home, and after dark on the second day we reached our destination. It was too dark to observe it as we drove up through the fine avenue of maple and other forest trees, but I could see that it was a large commodious mansion of considerable antiquity. We proceeded at once to our room, and changing our dress descended to the dining-room, where a hot and most appetising supper awaited us. Only two plates were laid, and Alphonse, perhaps noticing my look of half surprise, remarked: "I am alone in the world; we shall have the house to ourselves."

This, added to the strange behaviour of my host during our residence at the college, deepened the mystery which seemed to enshroud his life.

When bed-time arrived, Alphonse proposed that we should occupy the same room, adding that he had ordered a large room in the front of the house to be fitted up with two beds for us, and as the house seemed rather lonely I gladly assented to the proposal. Nothing could be more comfortable than our bedroom, with its two large beds, which seemed of the age of the Crusades, and each of which might hold a dozen at a pinch, and the bright fire of hickory logs blazing on glittering fire irons. One or two family portraits hung around the room, while above the fire-place was suspended a full length portrait of Henri, Duc de Montmorency, in the magnificent dress of a Marshal of France of the days of *Le Grand Monarque*.

Next morning a gorgeous panorama met my view from the window of our bedroom. The house was built upon a spur running out into the Lake of Two Mountains, and immediately below my feet lay the lake, its ripples just tipped with gold by the rays of the morning sun; while farther to the west the height trended away from the lake, the space between it and the height which gradually widened being as level as a billiard table. The young grass just springing formed a verdant carpet interspersed with the flowers of the wild mustard, while the dark forest formed an appropriate background to this sylvan scene. The windows of the breakfast room on the other side of the house opened upon a lawn which sloped gradually to the water's edge, broken here and there by clumps of young trees, through the openings of which the shimmer of the lake could be seen. The shooting and fishing were superb, and a month glided by so quickly that I scarcely marked the passage of time.

At length came the fifteenth day of June. It was passed by Alphonse and myself much as other days, in a boat on the lake after breakfast, fishing and shooting as inclination led us, and tired enough we returned to dinner, after which we adjourned from the dining-room to the terrace outside, where with a pipe and a goblet of iced sherry a piece we sat in silence. Alphonse, at no time a great conversationalist, was this evening unusually silent. Knowing his temperament I did not seek to draw him into conversation, but sat sipping my sherry and contemplating the gorgeous panorama spread out at my feet. The moon was at its full and the lawn was lit up by its beams save in spots where clumps of trees shadowed the landscape. About eleven o'clock we retired, and wearied with the day's sport I was soon asleep. I had slept scarcely a moment as it seemed when I awoke with a start and found myself half-sitting in the bed. The clock in the room then commenced to strike, and mechanically I counted twelve. The sound of the last stroke had scarcely died away when I was conscious of a presence other than Alphonse and myself. It was a lady, the most beautiful my eyes ever beheld. She was dressed in pure white with a dark red stain just above the heart. The room was as light as at noonday, but as the figure glided along towards the bed of Alphonse it seemed to diffuse a rosy light which marked it from the pale moonlight. But this figure was not alone. Closely attending her though never passing an invisible though apparently well-defined boundary was the most horrible sight my eyes ever gazed upon. This second figure was that of a tall noble looking man in the uniform of an officer of Napoleon's Imperial Guard, his features were distorted with a look of agony such as might have been worn by a fallen Angel just after he had been dashed from his bright throne into the fiery abyss of the bottomless pit. A phosphorescent gleam which emanated from this second figure threw a lurid light about the room distinctly contrasting with the soft seraphic light diffused by the lady and the silvery moon beams. His forehead was marked as though torn by a bullet which heightened the horrible expression of the features.

The two figures glided towards Alphonse, the lady when she reached him holding her hands over him as though invoking a

benediction, then vanished. The male figure tempted to reach him but was apparently held back by an invisible hand and giving vent to an unearthly wail of anguish disappeared likewise. A shriek from me and all was oblivion as far as I was concerned. When I came to Alphonse was holding my head in his hands in the middle of the room, and his first words were "Try a glass of sherry, old fellow, and go to bed again." Hastily explaining what I saw I declared that I would not go to bed again that night but would sit in a chair. Alphonse heaving a sigh seated himself upon a chair opposite to me and covering his face with his hands for a few minutes appeared to be undergoing a mighty struggle with himself. At length he spoke. "You have seen," said he, "this night what no mortal save myself has ever gazed upon, and when you have heard the sad story connected with these apparitions you will cease to wonder why I hold myself aloof from my kind and lead the cheerless life you have known me to lead. I have yearned to tell you the story, for you never displayed the curiosity of my other fellow students and have refrained from impertinent enquiry into the details of my story. Knowing as you do part of the secret I will now proceed to tell you the remainder."

"My father was descended from a younger son of Henri de Montmorency foully murdered by Louis XIV. After his father's execution he came to Canada and, as though the tyrant wished to make some amends to the man whose father he had disgraced, granted him the seignory surrounding this lake. In my father's early days he was a deep student of the philosophers of the Encyclopaedia and became one of their most enthusiastic disciples. Among the simple *habitants* he was looked upon as one having dealings with the powers of darkness and in fact from what I can learn was one who feared neither God, man nor the devil. The French Revolution breaking out my father's restless spirit urged him to the scene of action, and joining the army saved his head, for had he remained in Paris his name would have assuredly brought him to the guillotine, being too proud to change it and adopt another. He served through all the campaigns of the Republic, and when Napoleon formed the Imperial Guard my father was commissioned one of its officers. After the battle of Waterloo finding his occupation gone he returned to his home in Canada with a wife and child, myself. I can hardly remember my mother, but she was an Italian of noble birth and was dowered with all the beauty which is the heritage of the noble daughters of sunny Italy. My father and mother lived very happily together save when my father's jealousy would cause him to break forth in fits of rage terrible to behold. It's true that in this secluded spot there were few to provoke the green-eyed monster, but jealousy like love is blind, and if my mother only gave a kind look in acknowledgment of a service rendered by even a groom my father would burst forth in a paroxysm of jealous rage. At length, just fourteen years ago to-day, my father who had been out on a hunting expedition returned home somewhat after dark, and passing the parlour windows seeing a light he looked in; the blinds were but partially drawn, when, what a sight for a jealous husband. There was his wife enfolded in the embrace of a stranger seated on a sofa while she was caressing his dark locks with her hand, the pair meanwhile conversing in low tones in the musical language of Italy. All my father's jealous nature was aroused, and dropping a bullet into each barrel of his fowling piece he rushed into the house and confronted the seemingly guilty pair. They rose, and my mother was about to address my father, but before she could utter a word he fired and the bullet pierced her bosom. As she fell she murmured the words "*mio fratello*." This explained all, the stranger was my mother's brother, and my guilty father stood as one petrified. Presently seeming to recover consciousness he threw himself upon the body of my mother and poured forth a flood of endearments addressed to his wife and calling down the most horrible maledictions upon himself, meanwhile vainly endeavoring to staunch the life blood which flowed in torrents from the wound inflicted by his hand. But it was all in vain; with a look of the most devoted love blended with saintlike forgiveness directed towards her murderer, my mother's pure soul returned to its maker. As soon as my father realised the fact that she was dead he sprang to his feet seized the gun and placing his forehead upon the muzzle discharged the remaining barrel into his brains, my uncle paralysed with horror being unable to prevent the execution of his horrid design. He fell across the body of the being he had loved so well, but who alas had died a victim to his ungovernable passions. A few days afterwards a double funeral issued from the house to the little parish chapel; but being a suicide my father's body was huddled into the unconsecrated corner of the churchyard, and his grave left unmarked for in obedience to the stern decree of the *Curé*. I have little more to add, on the anniversary of that fatal night my mother appears as though watching over the welfare of her child, and my father hovers near her

just as you saw them to-night. My uncle watched over me till my eighteenth year when I entered the University, and then he became a Jesuit and now is labouring as a missionary among the wild tribes whose hunting grounds are situated around the headwaters of the Mississippi."

At the conclusion of his narrative my friend's head sunk upon his bosom, and we remained sitting there in silence until the rays of the rising sun tipped the ripples of the lake with gold. Then rising he said: "Not a word of this while I live," and bowing my head in acquiescence we proceeded to make our morning toilet.

On the fatal day of Spotsylvania, while acting as aide to General Lee, my poor friend was struck by a Northern bullet and mortally wounded. A few days afterwards died the last of the Canadian Montmorencys, and thus my lips being unsealed I give his sad story to the world.

THE END.

## VARIETIES.

A Chicago dry goods dealer advertises "the most alarming sacrifices since the days of Abraham and Isaac."

A wealthy man in Pike county, Ind., recently died, having left his property to all the widows within a radius of eight miles from his residence.

Minnehaha, a Digger squaw, has been dragged to a California prison for imbibing too freely of "laughing water." Where was Hiawatha then?

A negro who was suspected of surreptitiously meddling with his neighbours' fruit, being caught in a garden by moonlight, nonplussed his detectors by raising his eyes, clasping his hands and piously exclaiming, "Good Lord! dis yere darkey can't go nowhere to pray any more without being 'sturbed.'"—*Christian Union*.

A Pennsylvania hotel man has gone largely into the echo business, up in the Lehigh Valley. He engaged a boy to secrete himself behind a clump of trees and to repeat the words of the visitors who came to hear the echo. One day there was no reply—the echo struck for higher wages; so the wonder-seekers smashed his bottles for him, and treated the boy to root beer as a testimonial of regard.

A story, combining the essentially dramatic elements of woman's love and constancy, man's cruelty, pistol shots, blood, and death-agony, comes from Lincoln, Ill. The City Marshal had killed sixteen dogs and buried them in one common grave. A German woman heard of the burial, and about the same time missed her dog. With that beautiful devotion so characteristic of the sex, she took a spade and dug up the whole sixteen of them, carefully turned over each terrier, mastiff, and cur, but was immediately relieved by not finding her own.

This is related by the Rev. Mr. Laurie, of Erie: He changed with Dr. Chapin one Sunday, and soon after he appeared in his desk people began to go away. He watched the exodus a few minutes, and then rising, said, in a deep voice, clearly heard throughout the church, and with just sufficient Scotch brogue in his voice to give raciness to his words: "All those who came here to worship Almighty God will please join in singing a hymn, and while they are doing so, those who came here to worship E. H. Chapin will have an opportunity to leave the church." His audience did not diminish after that.

Ten or fifteen years ago a public dinner was given to the members of the Legislature at Providence, and a Narragansett preacher, called the "Regular Pacer," because in his prayers he had a habit of standing behind a chair, stepping backward and hitching it after him, was called on to ask a blessing. He stood up in his usual style, and began a lengthy prayer. There was an open door behind him, and he soon unwittingly backed into an adjoining room, taking his chair along with him, when some one softly closed the door, and the hungry guests proceeded to dine, when the petition was finished at leisure by the abstracted minister.—*Washington Star*.

The most faithful lover who has a name and being outside of trashy novels, lives in Danbury. The parents of the young lady are opposed to his companionship, but that don't make him proud. Sometimes the old gentleman reaches him with his boot before he can get over the fence, but the young man don't lay up ill feelings on account of that; he only smiles at the despoiler of his pants when he meets him, and calls it "heaping coals of fire on his head." Saturday evening he thought he would get up a surprise for the old chap. He put a paving stone in each of his coat-tail pockets, and started for the fence as usual. The old man let out for him with increased enthusiasm, and caught him—caught him good. Then he laid down on the grass and said: "I die by the hand of an assassin." But the young man passed on without a word, and smiles the most heavenly smile of forgiveness ever seen on the street.