

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)  
**THE MERCHANT'S GOLDEN RULE.**

BY R. EVANS.

Merchandise unsold  
 Stints, and steals the gold;  
 Man it makes a slave,  
 Truth it makes a knave;  
 Borrower, or Buyer,  
 Debt is but a liar;  
 Promise overdue  
 Never yet was true.  
 Paper vows are trash;  
 Buy and sell for cash;  
 Work within your plan,  
 Every inch a man.

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**WALTER PENWELL'S PROGRESS.**

**CHAPTER II.**

I only knew one poet in my life:  
 And this, or something like it, was his way.  
 Browning.

A newspaper office at night is often a jovial place enough if the people around it are young, or old men who have kept their youth. There is a vast amount of intelligence about among the growing class of men who write in and report for the daily papers. Always reading exchanges because the reader is interested in Smith of the *Trumpet*, or Brown of the *Banner* &c., ever on the look out for news of any sort whether it be political, social, historical, literary or scientific, these young men acquire an enormous accumulation of facts of various degrees of importance. They can tell you what the latest production of poet, historian, novelist is like; for they have perhaps read a dozen reviews of it. They know the men who contribute to the British and American press. Copying despatches and correcting proofs, they are forced into habits of careful reading, and acquire much information in that way. But it must be confessed that for the actual reading of books, newspapers men are not, as a rule, noted. Newspapers take away the taste for books, as a habit of nibbling between meals takes away the appetite for dinner. And they try the eyes so that books are a dangerous recreation after a long day's or night's service in a newspaper office. Well, my friend Penwell went, the evening after he left his sanctum, somewhat later in the office of a morning journal, the young men on which were noted for conviviality and rough humor personally, though strange to say their productions were of the most sober, dignified and severe tone, usually, except when they indulged in invective, when they were apt to launch into a sea of adjectives of the most dangerous and destructive sort.

Now Penwell was not in good humor. His conscience was at war with his ingenuity and the strife disturbed his whole mental system. He was irritable and petulant, and that office was the last place on earth for him. When he entered, he was saluted with a chorus of very free and friendly remarks. One chaffed him about his late articles in the *Expositor*. Another went for him fiercely about his late verses, reading them aloud in a staggery horrible way, and adding sarcastic comments. And to cap all, another attacked him about his goings on with young ladies.

"Hear you're going out to Utah, Penwell; it isn't true, is it?" said the tormenter.

"Yes," said another, "he is going to marry the little Maynard and 'seal' the LeBlanc and the Bayfield, and go off to Brigham; for I'm going to be a soldier in the army of the Lord as we go marching on!" drawled another young rascal, in a corner, with his head in a cloud of tobacco smoke.

"See her," said Penwell, "you fellows, don't you make too free with ladies' names. Chaff away at me if you want to; I can stand it from such louts, but you had better leave the others alone."

"He wants to do all the demoralization himself," growled out a big fellow who was bent over a proof. "If you tickle us ain't we to laugh? If you make a show of yourself ain't we to pay our shilling and say whether we like it or not? Do you respect the young women so much that you have any right to come here to quarrel with us?"

Penwell left them after a little sparring, with something like rage in his heart against himself, his friends, his loves and all the world. But his better nature triumphed after a while, and he resolved that he would cut his entanglements and keep himself to his work and his room for the future. But how? That was the question. He couldn't cut his friends without any reason, you see. If he remained away from Prince street for a week, he was reproached so pathetically that his resolution gave way, and he was more tender than ever in that quarter. If he didn't go to West street for a few nights, he was treated by the fair young lady with a coldness that made him bound to conquer it, so he plunged deeper into the entanglement in that quarter. If he remained for two weeks, as he could do, away from East street and the laughing little Bayfield, he would be treated to an exhibition of a rival's books or picture or some story of his cleverness and wit that usually excited Penwell, and before he left he had, ten chances to one, committed himself in a most endearing and shameful fashion in that quarter. He was plainly in a sort of Slough of Despond. A certain humorist has said that when a man is going down hill, all creation seems to be greased for the occasion; and surely when a man has got into a snare, the bringing of him up "all standing," as the boys say, is usually accomplished in a remarkably quick fashion. The occasion of Penwell's disaster was very suitable. He that loves the sword shall perish by the sword, saith the Scripture. He that loveth the wine cup shall perish therein, saith the maudlin Clarence in his Malmsey butt," say the temperance folk.

And surely he that outrages the British or the Canadian laws of female society shall perish by the decrees of the same! For women are the makers of society—and their work is not on the whole very creditable to them. The great Duke of Lougherlin, of the Peerage of Ireland, had come on a visit to Canada, and the Canadian cities surpassed themselves in doing him honor. One city had presented him with an address, given him a ball and gotten him up a pic-nic; another had gotten him up a pic-nic, made him a ball and presented him with an address; and, by way of variety, Wharftown determined to make him a ball, present him with an address and ask him to a pic-nic. The poor Duke had listened to all the addresses with exemplary patience, but with a sad look in his eyes, as if he was thinking of the vanity of Dukedom which entailed upon the owner such a frightful infliction of elderly bores and endless bad grammar; he had danced at all the balls as solemnly as if the night was only preliminary to his execution; and he had attended all the pic-nics and danced with all the Aldermen's daughters, till the whole world seemed one vast collection of old idiots with addresses and old aldermen with daughters. At last he came to Wharftown; and took his address manfully, and did his ball with desperate courage, and came to his pic-nic with a dare-devil devotion to duty which is the characteristic of travelling Dukes. He was a handsome gentleman, with a dark face, and a smile that was slightly mephistophelean; and he had a very pleasant manner and danced divinely. His lady was beauty and grace personified; she raised enthusiasm by a smile; she won all hearts with her graciousness; she prostrated the city councils of seven cities with her waltzing; and she drove all the ladies into light green by force of her admirable example. The pic-nic was the triumph of the century in Wharftown. On this occasion the great depths of society were broken up; people mingled with each other on friendly terms who had been for years content to despise each other at a distance; and even the most vital points of church doctrine and discipline were forgotten in the all absorbing devotion to a Duke and Duchess. Mrs. Wesleyson whose doctrine was so "low" that it gave the observer an idea of no doctrine at all, or at best a strong belief in the goodness of Mrs. Wesleyson, led on her band of beauties to amalgamate actually with Mrs. St. Albans—whose doctrine was so high that it led her to send her daughters to a convent and to deprecate all disrespectful references to the Pope's nose by blasphemous boys at dinner time. When Earl Douglas fell in the battle with Earl Percy, shot through by the sudden English shaft, we know that the battle became general and that ere ever it was over,

"Full many a gallant gentleman  
 Lay bleeding on the ground."

On this occasion the rival leaders shook hands and smiled a truce, and at once their followers and the followers of other leaders of less renown, amalgamated for a day of enjoyment. If at the conclusion of the day's pleasure there were any gallant gentlemen metaphorically "bleeding on the ground," I dare say that no one's wound was so deep, no one lost more blood or was knocked out of time more completely and flatly than Master Walter Penwell. All three of his flames had gone to the pic-nic. Here was richness! here was confusion! here was vanity and vexation of spirit. He must go also, of course; he had promised all three to go; and there was no getting out of it. They had gone in the morning; he had saved himself one more chance for salvation by waiting till the afternoon. But the fates were preparing a nice trap for him in his absence. In the general amalgamation of social elements, what miserable fate was it that brought the little Maynard, and the LeBlanc and the Bayfield girls into one circle on that fatal afternoon? But so it was done. They, with others, had wandered about the ground waiting for the great Duke and practicing Christian charity in gala dress. The men had not yet begun to come; and, of course, there was a little weariness. The girls were slyly teasing each other about the Coming Man, and at last one elderly spinster who was too devoted a worshipper of the great god of Gossip not to know a little about Penwell, slyly comforted Miss Maynard by observing with that peculiar emphasis of chin characteristic of gossip, that Mr. Penwell would soon be there. "He is coming, is he not?" she said. Miss Maynard blushed and laughed and said "she did not know whether Mr. Penwell was coming or not, and he might remain away if it suited him." Miss LeBlanc dropped her parasol. Miss Bayfield shut her lips and looked interested. The conversation was turned to millinery at once. Then, when they had gotten in among the matrons again, a second shot was sent among them by one fat old lady, who had a sandwich in one hand and a little girl in the other, who remarked to Miss Bayfield, "you look pale dear, but Mr. P., (she was an odious, vulgar woman of course), will soon be here and the color will come again." Miss Bayfield stared quietly at the fat lady and said it was good of her to take such an interest in her complexion and she was very much obliged to her; at which the old lady remarked "girls will be girls" and laughed and ate a large piece of sandwich. Miss Maynard began to hum a little tune. Miss LeBlanc went into the wood alongside to pick ferns. The conversation began to flag and even millinery was a failure; novels were even a most disastrous success. They excited sarcastic reflections in the minds of at least three of the party, and were dropped. Happily at this moment the whistle sounded as a signal that the steamer with the men, and the Duke and Duchess, was coming to the wharf of the Island where the pic-nic was to be held. There was a general rush for the landing place, and a most enthusiastic reception was given to the noble pair. But there were three girls for whom even Duchesses were things of earth and vanity that afternoon. Not one of them was very desperately in love. The sentiment was

not deep that any one of them entertained for Penwell. It was not such a feeling as the poet mentions in the "Gardener's Daughter"; when he says that such

"Light touches are but embassies of Love  
 To temper with the feelings ere he found  
 Empire for life."

But then their vanity had been engaged in the matter and had received a fatal shock. Little LeBlanc was the worst hit of the party. She had been the softest and tenderest of Penwell's flames. His manly courage and strength, you see, were proud to exhibit themselves once or twice a week to this little beauty, and to escort her safely through the streets and over the fields on occasions. She had gone farther than the rest with him, and had given him such unmistakable and honest evidences of something that might be termed affection that she felt angry at herself for being so weak, and indignant with him for being so selfish and false. She did not go down to the wharf, but sat apart among some of the smaller girls, and picked ferns and arranged them, and then quietly picked them all to pieces again, looking very pathetic and pretty. I own when I saw her that afternoon I wanted to coddle Penwell or make him go and comfort that pathetic little countenance.

When the boat neared the shore Penwell was standing in a conspicuous position; and was the earliest person on shore. When Earl William leapt ashore on the British strand there was one omen, we know, by which he claimed the land as his. Was there was no omen that afternoon to show Penwell that he had lost his empire, and fallen down among the lowest class of those banished Perils, the "detrimentals"? Not one! He rushed on to his fate. When he had sought and found Miss Bayfield, she was talking with young Chitty, a rising barrister whom Penwell hated; and she bestowed such curt remark and hard glances at Penwell that he was speedily routed, and retired to fresh fields and flirtations new. His next advances were made to Mary Maynard. He congratulated her on the beauty of the day, and flung himself down at a little distance from where she was seated with her mother. Her silence rather puzzled him. She was usually talkative. He rallied her a little on her silence and said with an air of gallantry, and in an undertone, that he wished she would talk to him, he loved music so.

"Indeed Mr. Penwell," she said, "You have the reputation of being able to talk for a dozen ladies; can't you entertain even one, this afternoon?"

"I admit the game is worth the candle, and that the effect to please Miss Maynard is its own reward."

"It's the only reward it will be likely to get," this with something of spiteful emphasis.

"I have not always been so unsuccessful," said the unlucky Penwell with a spice of sharpness.

"Do you boast of it to others as you boast of it to me?" she said.

"I have not boasted, I do not boast," he said, agitated at the turn things were taking, and feeling that there was a screw loose in the mighty universe somewhere that was jarring very badly the calmness of that summer afternoon.

"Yes, you do, you do, you do," she said, as Penwell rose, and her mother rose, and all of them stood up together. "You do boast, and I'm a fool, and you may go to your other two to amuse them and insult them, but you must stay here any longer, sir." And Penwell, struck dumb, backed out in a trance and left Mrs. Maynard taking Mary into the shade of the trees to hide her tears and confusion.

Penwell walked like the man in Coleridge's poem who "walks in fear and dread, for well he knows a frightful fiend doth close behind him tread." He walked over to the thickest part of the wood, hoping to be able to throw himself down in some secluded spot and try to think. But there was to be no cessation of trouble for the wicked this afternoon; and his first steps into the wood took him into the circle where pretty Alice LeBlanc was binding wreaths and feeling like Ophelia. He was sad and mad at once; yet he hoped for peace in this quarter. The soft eyes had often looked gently at him when he was in trouble; the little hands had often let themselves lie in his; he had helped to put up those soft tresses when they had fallen in some playful pastime; and more, than all, there was the memory of a kiss between these two. Therefore he was but half annoyed and half relieved when he came on the little circle of girls, all too young to be sophisticated, but all old enough to feel that no young man could help falling in love with their Queen Alice.

Some of them skurried away as he came in, and one who had been reading Tennyson whispered something about:

"A fairy Prince with joyful eyes  
 And lighter footed than the fox,"

ere she left the little spot where they had all been squatting, or camping out. Poor fairy Prince! Walter the Penniless was never in sorer plight than our Walter was at this moment. He had been snubbed and banished; and his quickened senses told him that he was not to have a pleasant interview. Little Alice rose up, looking very pale and proud, and he said, "What is the matter with you to-day?"

He could not help emphasizing the *you*, and then she knew he had seen the others. "Will you come a little way with me?" she said.

A little time before he would have said, "Aye to the end of the world," with his best smile; but there was no smiling in the case. She led him to a little spot where they would not be likely to be interrupted: and then she turned to him and said "Will you tell me the truth Walter?"

"Do I ever tell lies?"

"Ask your conscience. There are many ways of telling lies. Have you always told the truth to Miss Maynard and Miss Bayfield and to me?" she said, with a struggle to keep down the angry prideful sobs that were rising in her breast.

"I have done wrong, I know it, I am a fool, a villain," he said with considerable incoherence; "but I didn't mean to. You were all so good to me. I liked you all, I liked you best, Alice, and I was in earnest—how could I be? I have no name, no money, no position! I was led away by my own folly and vanity and have done wrong, and been false and mean, and have no way to make reparation, except to go away and let you forget me."

"You would have done better if you had remembered all that in time, and you wouldn't have exposed me, me, to be talked about and laughed at by everyone."

"I can not answer you," he said. "You tell the truth. Only I hoped you did not—did not—you know, feel serious—that is, that you did not love me. I thought it was only play on both sides."

"You are too quick to think a girl is in love with you," she said with a little scorn. "There is nothing of love to be said, only of truth and honesty and manliness, and you seem to value these very lightly."

"I told you I would not answer your scorn, and I won't," he said. "You may say what you like and I will not answer. You may spurn me and I will not resent it, for I feel too guilty. Oh pardon me, forgive me, forget me, let me go away from you. I have given you pain enough already! It is best that I should go. What am I that you should suffer for me?"

He was evidently suffering so much that she felt a little pity for him.

"Yes, you had better go. We had better be strangers from this time. But if you had never come into my life, I would have been happier, and not have lost my self-respect for you—and—I hate you,—there, go away!" and the little thing ran away herself into the woods after the children. Poor little woman! I don't think the blow was very hard after all. She was thinking about as much what the girls would say about her as of what she would feel when Penwell's place by the piano knew him no more. And what of that? That sort of grief is true and keen after its fashion. We can bear a good deal if we feel sure that no one knows our secret trouble. It is the lookers on we fear, and the harsh cynical tongues of them. The bitterest of all for Earl Douglas when he lay stricken to death in the Scottish wood, was this—

"Earl Percy sees me fall."

The pic-nic came to an end. The noble Duke of Ireland, having done his duty, retired.

The social circles began to gather around their centres again. Mrs. Wesleyson parted with Mrs. St. Albans with a smile of regret as if she was bidding good-by to a woman who was predestined to Rome and perdition; and Mrs. St. Albans sorrowfully surveyed her rival as if, when she next saw her, her beliefs would have got down to zero and infidelity. Then they parted. And very late that night the burning end of a cigar was flung out of the fourth story window by a young man who was thoroughly miserable, but who had had a lesson, and had made a good resolution.

(To be continued.)

**ARTISTIC.**

THE death, at St. Petersburg, is recorded of Mr. Théodore Bruni, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. The deceased was one of the most celebrated painters in Russia, and a member of the Academy of Fine Arts of that country.

M. PILLS, one of the decorators of the Paris Opera House, died recently. He executed, while already suffering from the malady to which he subsequently succumbed, the fine and varied frescoes that adorn the staircase. He was lifted on the scaffolding in order to complete his task.

MR. JOHN RUSKIN has recently published a work on Florentine embroidery under the title of "Ariadne Florentina." In it he introduces a description of three remarkable pieces of needlework, which he discovered in a room in the King's Arms Hotel, at Lancaster, where he passed a night. The subject of these tapestries was the history of Isaac and Ishmael, and in their treatment and execution Mr. Ruskin recognized many of the qualities of the Florentine school of embroidery.

M. EDOUARD LABOULAYE, President of the Franco-American Union, requests the press to notify that he will receive subscriptions for a statue in bronze representing Liberty enlightening the World. This statue is to be placed upon an island in the harbor of New York, "designating itself upon space, framed on the horizon by the American cities of New York, Jersey, and Brooklyn. On the threshold of this vast continent, full of new life, where come all the ships of the universe, it will rise from the bosom of the waves. At night a luminous aureole, emanating from its brow, will spread far over the immense ocean."

HANS MAKART has recently thrown open his studio in Vienna to the public. The two new compositions that he is exhibiting are a "Bacchus and Ariadne," and "Dürer at Antwerp at the entry of Charles V." The latter subject is taken from a passage in Dürer's journal in which he relates "how the king (Charles V.) was received with a costly triumph, how there was music and great rejoicing, and beautiful young maidens, whose like I have never seen." These beautiful young maidens, it appears, were exhibited in the procession almost naked, and Dürer afterwards told Melancthon that he observed them "very attentively and closely and without shame, because he was a painter." Charles V., who had not this excuse, is said to have cast down his eyes as he passed them, which might have offended the fair but airily-clad damsels. It is this incident in the procession that Hans Makart has depicted with a pomp and glory of colour strongly reminiscent of the great Venetian.

**HISTORY OF THE WEEK.**

The London *World* says that Mr. Gladstone has assured his family that he will never resume the Liberal leadership.

The presiding Judge at the opening of the U. S. District Court at Salt Lake City, recommended the Grand Jury to indict all persons guilty of bigamy or polygamy.

The London press condemn the Minute of the Admiralty exonerating Admiral Tarleton and Captain Hickley, of the Iron Duke, but dismissing the navigating lieutenant of the latter ship, who, they say, is made a scapegoat for the rest.

The latest news from China is favourable to the continuance of peace. The Chinese Government have granted the guarantee demanded from them by M. Wade.

The Spanish Government have informed the Vatican authorities that the clause in the new Constitution of Spain providing for religious liberty must be maintained.