

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

ARCANUM.

I taught the draperies of Sleep
And rose with him in mystic flight
Across a black and writhing deep
To the far realms of Ice and Night.
Where dusk, despairing demons keep
The keys of depth, and breadth and height.

And there sits Time and weaves the shroud
Of all things being or to be.
Sovereign of the uncertain crowd
Who sway upon that chilly sea.
With none as strong, and none as proud
And none as merciless as he.

There sits the changeless; thence unchains
The impatient ages each in turn;
Assigns each hour-glass its grains
And guards the sepulchre and urn.
Earth has no bound to his domains,
No head his shadowy rule can spurn.

Like drifting mists the weary years
Float back to seek a shade once more,
And gladly leave the throne of spheres
To reach again that icy shore.
But every phantom shape appears
To shun and dread its monarch hour.

So rests he till the trumpet blast
That heralds not his majesty.
Shall hurl him from his seat at last
To sink him in the writhing sea.
So rests he till his years are past,
Till he, too, feels his own decree.

And with his fateful fall shall end
The silent rule of Ice and Night.
While Hades, justice-struck, shall bend,
And all the legions die in flight.
Then, too, all echoing space shall send
His welcome to eternal light.

J. S.

THE BARTONS.

"There is no use in talking, Gustavus; I have chosen a cap for Charlie, and he shall wear no other."

"Don't be unreasonable and obstinate, Emily. I wish him to wear the cap which I have selected."

"It cannot be," said the lady, decidedly. "I would not show my want of taste by putting a blue cap and purple mantle on my child."

"You know as well as I do that blue is the most becoming colour to a child like Charlie; and I do not believe," added he reluctantly, "that if I had not happened to express a preference for it, it would have been your choice."

"Oh, surmise and believe as you will, he shall wear the cap which I have chosen, and no other."

"He shall wear it, you say?" reiterated the husband, sternly.

"He shall wear it," repeated the wife, with calm decision.

"Then, madam, all I have to say is this, and I wish you to understand it distinctly," rejoined the now thoroughly enraged husband, emphasizing every word, "the day that next sees Charlie Barton in the street with that green cap on his head, will also witness our immediate and lasting separation."

"Then this day will witness both!" was the wife's rejoinder.

The dispute concerning the green and blue caps affords a sample of the sinful folly by which domestic peace may be embittered and destroyed.

Alas! that love once warm and tender could be weakened by petty disagreements! Yet weakened it undoubtedly was, for the silken chain had long weighed heavily as one of iron, and the severance of its galling links seemed the only means of regaining peace and happiness.

Three hours after that decisive conversation, Mrs. Barton, dressed in the most elegant style, and leading little Charlie, with his purple mantle and green cap, by the hand, was slowly passing the fashionable street with a friend whom she had met during a morning call.

Emily was in her gayest mood. During the past hour compliments extravagant enough to satisfy even her most exacting vanity had been lavished upon her fair boy; and she was chatting merrily, as if no thought of care had ever crossed her mind, when Charlie suddenly exclaimed, gleefully, "Oh, here comes papa!" And, with secret uneasiness, she saw her husband, in company with another merchant, coming towards them.

As they met, both gentlemen politely raised their hats; but at the same instant a gleam of suppressed anger shot to Mr. Barton's eye, which had just noticed the unfortunate green cap, and without a word he passed on.

By a great effort, Emily preserved her gay manner until she parted with her companion; when returning home without delay, she dismissed Charlie to the nursery, and began arranging her personal effects as if for immediate removal.

While she was thus occupied, Gustavus hastily entered. He glanced around at the disordered apartment, then turned a scrutinizing regard upon his wife, who, continuing her task, cast upon him an occasional glance of inquiry. At last he spoke.

"You have not forgotten, I presume, what was said this morning?"

"No; I have not forgotten," was the brief reply.

"Your resolution is then taken?"

"It is."

"And so is mine; let things take their course."

His voice was husky with grief and anger, and he paced the apartment several times rapidly, as if seeking to keep down the struggling emotions. Then opening a bureau drawer he drew forth papers, glanced carelessly at them, and replacing them, turned more calmly to Emily.

"These are the title deeds of the houses."

"I have no need of them," interrupted Emily, haughtily.

"You are aware that they were purchased for you and the children, and the income accruing therefrom will probably be of some little use." He paused an instant, then added, "For the rest, as soon as I can arrange my affairs, half of what I possess will be at your command; give me the address of the person who will act as your agent."

"When your children are grown up, of course you will do your duty by them. At present I need no assistance in maintaining them."

Emily spoke quietly but firmly, and for a time nothing more was said.

"Why cannot you remain in this house?" asked the husband, at length. "I will never trouble you with my presence here again, if that is what you fear."

"No; I will not remain here," she rejoined, hastily. "After to-day the house will be at your disposal. The furniture I will take, as it was my mother's choice."

She broke off abruptly, for the recollection of her deceased parent brought tears to eyes; her hands trembled nervously as she continued her employment.

The husband's heart softened as he saw the gushing tears. He knew how deeply she had felt her mother's death; and she must miss her at this juncture; and for a moment he accused himself of perverseness, and half-excused her; but he quickly hardened himself against the repentant impulse.

The door opened, and Charlie gayly bounded into the room. His father caught him in his arms, and gazed upon him with mingled pleasure and pain. But the little fellow saw that his mother was grieved, and struggled to free himself from the close embrace.

"Won't you stay with me, Charlie?" asked the fond father, and there was deep mournfulness in his tone. "Mamma is going away—won't Charlie stay with papa?"

The child looked strangely from one to the other, but when the question was repeated, replied readily, "No, I must go with mamma;" and gliding from his father's relaxed grasp, was folded closely to his mother's bosom.

She cast upon Gustavus an expression of half-dread, half-defiance.

"Fear not that I shall ever deprive you of him," he answered to that look with bitterness. "I have no longer wife nor child."

After a time he approached Emily, and extending his hand, said, with forced composure, "At least, let us not part as enemies. Good-bye."

Emily's hand trembled as she placed it in his; but resolutely smothering her feelings, she responded to his good-bye with equal appearance of indifference. He again embraced little Charlie, who still holding to his mother with one arm, put the other around his father's neck, while his artless pleadings fell sadly upon the ears of the misguided ones.

Gently Mr. Barton put away the encroaching arm, and in a low tone asked where was "little sissie."

"In the nursery with Jane," replied the child; and the father departed to bestow a last caress on the petted babe.

Presently a light tap was heard at the door which was partly open, and Barton's voice called softly to his first-born. The child hesitated, and it was not until his mother whispered "Go," that he approached the door. Gustavus stood on the outside.

He drew the child to his bosom, looked at him fondly with moistened eyes, as he whispered, "Charlie, you will never see papa again—won't you love him always when he is far away?" He kissed him again and again with passionate tenderness; then suddenly taking his watch from his pocket, put it and his pocket-book into the tiny hands of the sorrowful and bewildered boy, set him down on the threshold, and rushing down the stairs, the quick closing of the door announced to the listening wife that he had left the house.

And she sprang to the window, gazing wistfully through the partially closed blinds after that familiar form until it passed from her long-lingering sight; then gave vent to her long-suppressed feelings in a burst of agony.

The next morning Mrs. Barton with her children left the city. A trusty domestic, who was to remain in her service, was directed to superintend the removal of the furniture to a small town, at some distance, where she intended for the future to reside.

Gustavus also had disappeared, having on the close of that eventful day retired into the country, whence he wrote to his mother a full account of what had occurred.

The windows of a large, hand-somely-furnished chamber were thrown open to the soft breezes of May, which, toying with the light lace curtains, admitted the golden day-beams in picturesque alternation with cool, deep shadows.

There was a sad, tearful woman sitting in that pleasant room, surrounded by gladness sights and sounds; but she sees but one object—the suffering occupant of the couch, by which she watches with patience that never wearies—with love stronger than death—with agony that wrings every fibre of her maternal heart.

Not alone the unutterable anguish of the mother hovering over her suffering, dying child is hers—there is another feeling that renders more acute every pang—every trial—her lost husband, whose name the little invalid repeated in endearing terms.

Few months had passed since she was moving

in conscious pride amid gay and fashionable associates; yet how few of them could have recognised the lively and blooming Emily Barton in that sad, spiritless woman, wasted by secret sorrow and maternal solicitude! For many weary weeks little Charlie had been an invalid; hope alternately rose and fell in the anxious parent; now the last glimmer of hope had faded from her sinking soul, and the unclouded glory of advancing spring—the beauty of that lovely day mocked her with its cheerfulness, for a fearful presentiment haunted her through the rosy hours, that with the fall of night on nature's glories the darkness of bereavement would envelope her in gloomy clouds. And it was to be so. For when the animation with which the little invalid, so long confined to a sick-bed, hailed the fair scene he had pinned to look upon, had passed, the quickened pulse, as if exhausted by its transient animation, grew feebler and lower—a chill pallor took the place of the momentary flush of joy—and the signs of approaching dissolution became more fearfully evident.

The mother wept on long and bitterly without fear of disturbing the loving child, who now lay unconscious alike of her tears and caresses. Time passed on counting out the last hours of that brief young life; and from that death-like stupor little Charlie awoke amid the angel host of heaven.

His beautiful remains were laid in the quiet churchyard not far from her dwelling, and thither would the bereaved mother often repair to weep and muse above the hallowed spot. Of a fine summer afternoon she would take her little Emily, now a sprightly, winning child, whose lisping prattle whiled many a weary hour; and they would wander through the shady precincts of the "city of the dead."

One afternoon, it was towards the close of October, her steps were directed to her accustomed haunt. Two days had passed since her last visit, and the heavy rain that had fallen almost continually during the interim had robbed the graveyard of the remnants of summer beauty; and as she passed slowly through the leaf-strewn paths she trembled with grief and nervousness, when her eye rested on the spot so dear to her maternal heart. There, more than anywhere else, she thought, were the ravages of the chilling storm; and she went more disconsolately than since the first days of bereavement, as she bent over the faded mound—her face bowed upon her hands, as was usual with her in seasons of great anguish.

She continued thus indulging her grief, till startled by an approaching footstep, and looking up, beheld a gentleman almost at her side. With a wild scream, she threw her arms about him, sobbing convulsively. "Oh, Gustavus, our Charlie's gone! our own darling little Charlie!"

The gentleman was, indeed, Gustavus Barton. Vainly had he sought in foreign climes the peaceful happiness he had recklessly shipwrecked; and returning to his native city, was told of his son's death. Stunned and heart-stricken, he had set out to visit the grave, and wandering through the churchyard, had witnessed his wife's anguish, which softened still more his relenting feelings. Tears streamed over the face of the proud man, as, tenderly supporting his distressed wife, he knelt with her beside the grave where reposed the remains of him who had been so dear to both the erring parents. He could not speak, and Emily also wept in silence—till at length the night shadows deepened they rose sadly, and together proceeded to her quiet dwelling, where the only remaining object of parental tenderness was clasped in the fond embrace of a father of whom her infant mind retained no remembrance. The sight of her recalled more vividly her brother's image, and he exclaimed, "My bright, beautiful boy! I told him he would never see me again—but, oh, I thought not of death!"

In the city where the first years of their married life were spent, Mr. and Mrs. Barton now reside, less gay, but more really happy than in the time to which both look back with painful self-upbraiding. But the lessons of the stern teacher, affliction, have not been in vain; they have learned mutual forbearance, which renders lasting the reconciliation tacitly made at the grave of little Charlie.

OUR CARTOONS.

We give our readers two spirited pictures this week in the way of cartoons. The one has a politico-social significance referring to the extravagance of dress among the fair sex, which, so often, is the primary and fatal cause of downright dishonesty on the part of husbands. It may look like a bit of strained sentimentality to appeal to women as co-operators in the needed work of reform, but when the grim facts of life are probed to the bottom, there is a startling reality in this appeal which makes it positively necessary. The case of Mrs. Belknap, wife of the ruined American Secretary of War, is a lesson which even our Canadian belles would do well to take to heart betimes. The other cartoon depicts quite graphically the result of the late Parliamentary trials of strength. One after the other, Mr. Workman, Sir John A. Macdonald, Mr. De Cosmos, Dr. Tupper, and Mr. Mackenzie Bowell, have tested the Government's power, as represented by Mr. Mackenzie, and on every occasion they have been defeated by considerable majorities. Reviewing the Session at its close, it may be said that the Ministry has been not ineffectually assailed in many points, with an ultimate result which may yet lead to weakness, but that, in numerical adherence, it prorogues Parliament with sufficient strength to do as it pleases for at least another year.

LITERARY.

WALT WHITMAN, through the medium of Mrs. Conway, authorizes a denial of the reports that he is in great poverty and distress.

LORD LYTON, it is said, has taken so seriously to politics and the Indian Viceroyalty, that he has withdrawn "King Poppy," his new poem, which was on the eve of publication.

MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE will commence a serial story in the May number of *Temple Bar*, to be entitled "The American Senator." The story is laid in England.

MR. A. N. WOOLASTON, of the Political Department of the India Office, is about to publish a new translation of the Persian work, "Anwar-i-Suhbi," which for more than twenty years has been a text book for the Indian Civil Service.

MR. GEORGE VANDENHOFF has just commenced a series of Shakespearean readings at the Langham Hall, London, and is engaged in the preparation of an entirely new edition of his "Art of Eloquence," which work has been out of print, and quite scarce for some years.

The early publication is announced of the *Memoirs of Herr von Kündworth*, the confident and colleague of Prince Metternich. They comprise the inner and political history of half a century, and include, it is said, interesting details, which may clear up facts hitherto unexplained.

As we announced some time ago Hon. Wm. M. Evans has consented to be the orator on the occasion of the Centennial celebration of the Fourth of July in Philadelphia this year. Mr. Longfellow having declined to be the poet for reasons of ill health, the Commission asked Bayard Taylor to deliver an ode, and he has accepted the appointment.

The publishers of *Fraser* will exhibit a magnificent book case of gigantic dimensions at the Centennial Exhibition. It is of exquisite workmanship, is about 12 feet square by 22 feet high, and will contain the printed publications of the exhibition, who invite inspection and perusal by placing over the entrance Shakespeare's motto, "Come and take choice of all my library, and so beguile thy sorrow."

The Bishop of Kilmore writes that Mr. Forster, shortly before his death, informed him that he had been mistaken in stating that Swift was ordained by Dr. W. King, Bishop of Derry. Mr. Forster was told to that effect by confounding, in Swift's letters of orders, the title *Episcopus Darenensis*, which would mean Bishop of Kilmore, with the title *Episcopus Derricensis*, which would mean Bishop of Derry. The Bishop of Kilmore, when Archbishop of Kilmore, saw Swift's signature upon the ordination roll of that diocese.

Mrs. MITCHELL, widow of Hugh Mitchell, died at Assynt, Sutherlandshire, on the 15th ult., at the age of sixty-four. Her maiden name was Lydia Fraser, and she wrote several books under the nom de plume of Harriet Myrtle. At the time of the disruption of the Scottish Establishment she published a novel entitled "Passages in the Life of an English Housewife," in which the views of the "Non-Intervention" party were advocated. She also wrote a book for young people, with the title "Cats and Dogs," took an active part in editing her husband's works after his death, and gave much assistance to Mr. Peter Bayne in the preparation of his biography of her husband.

MR. SWINBURNE has recently finished a poem, called "The Last Oracle." Starting from the answer brought back from Delphi to Julian by his envoy, A. M. 361, the poem undertakes Apollo to regenerate the race, called him in Greece, merely son of Zeus, the word of Chronos, but under that, Time, the Light and Word incarnate in Man, of whom comes the true sunlight of the human mind, whence all ideas of gods possible to man take shape. Of this, the sun-god and singing god of the Greeks is assumed by the poet to be the most perfect type attainable, and is called upon to return and reappear over the graves of intervening gods. It is, no doubt, the most daring poem Mr. Swinburne has written since "Herman."

PERSONAL.

"JEMUEL BRIGGS" intends to reside in Boston.

The Hon. George Brown is expected home in May.

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF will accompany the Emperor Alexander to Enns.

Sir Henry Halford has formally resigned the Captaincy of the British National Rifle team.

LORD LYTON, the new Governor-General of India, arrived at Bombay on the 7th inst.

MR. DRYMOND, of Ottawa, has invented a machine that will set from undistributed type.

Hon. Mr. Geoffrion is now in New Orleans. He is expected at Ottawa about the end of this month.

The United States Senate in executive session has rejected the nomination of R. H. Dana, Jr., to be Minister to England.

It is said that Mr. Geo. Shepherd, well known in connection with the press of Toronto since years ago, is to be the editor of the new paper in Toronto.

Mr. Jefferson Davis will sail for Europe on the 1st of May, where he will remain for six or eight months to promote the establishment of a direct trade with the cities of the Mississippi Valley.

It was currently reported in Montreal last week that there are to be some important Cabinet changes at Ottawa. Mr. Holton to succeed Mr. Huntington, and Mr. Lacombe, M. P., to take the place of Mr. Geoffrion.

It is stated that Mr. John Cameron, publisher of the late *Liberal*, has an interest in the proposed Toronto *Evening Telegram*, and that Prof. Goldwin Smith has withdrawn from the *Nation* to devote attention to the new paper.

HUMOROUS.

Moustaches the barbers love the young.

AN American paper says that a rich tailor—Mr. Nihil—wishing to sport a moustache to his arms, was supplied with "Ex nihilo nihil fit." It was however soon laid aside, for unelated customers translated it, "At Nihil's nothing fits."

A gentleman in the city has a pair of pantaloons which were worn by his ancestors a hundred years ago. They are made of homespun cloth, except the seat which is thick leather. It is inferred from this that the original owner was a book agent.

HE never touched a bit of warm sugar all through the evening, because he said it did not agree with him, and yet when he bid her adieu at the door of her home, he bore away on his lips an unmistakable flavor of maple, and it is nobody's business how it came there.

THERE is a man who looks smilingly out on the stormy dawn of a March morning and murmurs blessings on the night-made drifts, and hurries eagerly after his snow shovel and clears off his sidewalk before breakfast, while a smile of serene self-satisfaction lights his face, until it looks like a pumpkin with a candle in it, there is such a man, but we don't know where he lives.