

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

MAY-DAY SONG.

I.
happy day! O glad May-day,
Sweet herald of the Spring!
Come, girl with golden promises,
And Hope's bright blossoming.
Thou Earth, be green—ye Skies, serene,
To greet our Queen!

II.
Give flowers to grace her youthful brow,
Soft turf beneath her feet;
Let heaven be musical with songs
Of wild birds, soft and sweet.
Thou Earth, be green—ye Skies, serene,
To deck our Queen!

III.
Bring sunny hours of joy and love
To cheer the course of life,
Make free her path from thorny cares,
Give peace when storms are rife!
Thou Earth, be green—ye Skies, serene,
To bless our Queen!

IV.
Alas! that crowns like these should fade,
And early ties be broken—
The bitterest word of all, "farewell!"
By loving lips be spoken.
When youth is gone, when age is near,
And changed the festive scene,
Thou Earth, be green—ye Skies, serene,
To bless our Queen!

—H. F. DARNELL.

Principal Bellmuth Ladies' College.

Sung on the occasion of the coronation of Miss Maggie Macmillan as May Queen, May 1st, 1876.

HARRY WINSOME.

HOW HE WON HIS EPAULETS.

I.
LIFE IN THE GUN-ROOM.

Harry Winsome wasn't a model midshipman like those you read of in novels. There was nothing very wonderful about him at all, in fact. On shore, when he happened to go to a party or ball, he did not try to dance all the evening with the tallest and finest for partners; he did not bully the blue-jackets and call them duffers when in charge of a boat; and on board he never shirked his work or "fudged" the sums the naval instructor gave him to work, and he never went on the sick-list with the toothache, and he didn't spend one-half of his time at the masthead because he chose to spend the other half in playing tricks on his superior officers. But if Harry had nothing very brilliant about his character—and brilliancy, mind you, is a very dangerous thing for a naval midshipman to be possessed of—he had something that was far better: he had that plodding spirit so characteristic of the Saxon race, that indomitable perseverance which is inseparable from the true Englishman's nature; and so, from the very moment Harry became a naval cadet and floated away from shore, perched upon his sea-chest, to join his ship, although not enamored of his new profession, Harry "meant to go on with it." No one likes the sea at first—there is so much to endure, so much to conquer; but these same hardships, when overcome, naturally make us love old ocean all the more.

When Harry and his sea-chest were bundled—rather unceremoniously, it must be allowed—on board the gunboat *Badger*, the first thought that occurred to him was that he had never seen such confusion in his life; for, although the vessel was under sailing orders, and in less than twelve hours would be south of the Needles, hardly any of the stores had as yet been struck down, and the deck was a perfect litter. Harry wouldn't have known what to do if it hadn't been for his friend and servant the coxswain. That worthy sailor touched him on the shoulder and told him to go and report himself to the tall officer who was walking the quarter-deck.

"That," added the coxswain, "is the commander—not a strieter officer in the service; rather, the shortish gray-headed gentleman—the doctor, the kindest and best-hearted that ever breathed. Sheer off, master, they be looking this way."

"And so, youngster," said the commander, who, to Harry's mind, couldn't have been very much shorter than the funnel of his own ship, "you've thought proper to join at last, have you? A fine lot of French leave you've taken." Poor Harry felt as if he had a pin-cushion in his throat, which he could neither get down nor up, and it was only with difficulty he restrained the tears. The commander wasn't slow to note the lad's confusion.

"So—ho!" he continued, "going to cry, hey? Brought up at a ladies' seminary, hey? Pretty sailor you'll make."

"Excuse me, sir," said the surgeon, who had entered the navy rather late in life, and, although twenty years and over had elapsed since he left old Ireland, still retained the slightest spice in the world of the brogue—"Excuse me, but I cannot be mistaken, this is a grandson of my old and esteemed friend, General Strathburn. There's a drop of the real blood in him sir. Trust me, he'll make a sailor right enough."

Dr. Fitzgerald's face was very homely and deeply pitted with the small-pox, and as brown as an old bo's'ains, but Harry at that moment thought he had never seen such a pleasant man in his life.

"I'm sorry I spoke," said the commander, by no means angrily, as he pushed Harry over to the surgeon. "Take him and make a sailor or lollyboy of him, just as you please."

The surgeon laughed. "Come along, me boy," he said, "and I'll show you your messmates, and a rough lot you'll find them. Can you fight?"

"I think I can," said Harry modestly; "but I never tried."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the old doctor; "very good indeed. Capital!"

A long, low, dark room on one side of the steerage, lighted only by two small ports—this was the gun-room. A table occupied nearly its entire space, leaving merely room, and no more, for the cushioned lockers, which served for seats. The surgeon knocked and entered, dipping his head as he did so, to allow a purser's shoe to whistle harmlessly over it.

"Oh! come away, doctor," said a voice; "I thought it was that beggarly steward; he has allowed Johnson to drink my rum again to-day."

"Well," said the doctor "you drink his to-morrow."

"Never get a chance, sir, or I would every day. Has that young griffin come to join?"

The speaker was a tall, lanky, raw-boned youth, who sat in a corner with both legs on the table, a position he was justified by the rules of the mess in assuming, because he had been round both Capes.

"Oh! dear, dear good old doctor!" cried a young fair-haired middy, jumping up and throwing his arms carressingly round the surgeon's neck. "I'm so glad you've come."

"What's in the wind now, young cub?" asked the doctor.

"Oh! logarithms, daddy, logarithms and 'gebra; you'll do an equation for me, won't you?"

"Not this watch, my boy," said the surgeon; "ask your new messmate here."

"Can you do logs and 'gebr?" This appealingly to Harry.

"I'll try," said Harry; and down sat the two together; away went the surgeon, and in less than five minutes the youngsters were as thick as thieves. Harry promised to do all his messmate's sums for him. "For you know," that youth explained, "I'm an awfully lazy beggar; Lawson's my name—Lazy Lawson, the instructor calls me; and can't he hit hard with the ruler! my word!"

Lawson also gave him a history of all his messmates, from the sub-lieutenants—who was quiet and allowed Hicks, the lanky youth and tyrant of the mess, to do as he liked—down to the young and inoffensive purser's clerk.

Thus far, reader, perhaps you have thought my little hero green. He wasn't, however. He was one of your quiet, considering English boys, who always think before they speak, who take things in at once glance, and who, no matter how soft they look, are not to be imposed upon.

The ward-room officers soon found out Harry's good qualities, and grew very fond of him, especially the surgeon, who invited Harry to make use of his cabin every day to read or study in. Like most of his class, the doctor was a good sailor; he could, so to speak, box the compass, splice a rope, steer the ship, or navigate her; and he often gave Harry what he termed a "hitch" out of a difficulty.

Harry's life in the gun-room was rather a rough one, but he soon settled down to it; not that he followed in the footsteps of the elders, mind you. He treated the steward politely, but he didn't pet him one moment and shy a boat at his head the next, neither did he bully his own servant—and honest Dan Williams would have done anything for him. But Harry had to submit to be bullied a good deal himself. Hicks took his rum regularly; Harry didn't mind. Hicks "borrowed" his pens, ink, and paper; Harry had plenty. The mildest name that ever Hicks called him was "muff," but even that didn't hurt Harry.

(To be continued.)

MARSHAL NEY.

Although more than sixty years have elapsed since the reported execution of Marshal Ney, the "bravest of the brave" of Napoleon's officers, a correspondent has been placed in possession of a remarkable account which leads to the impression that this remarkable personage died and now sleeps beneath American soil. In proof of this declaration he cites a lengthy statement made by Colonel Thomas F. Houston, a well-known and creditable citizen, residing near Houstonia, Missouri, published in the *Sedalia Democrat* and corroborated in a late number of the *Southern Home*, by Mr. W. O. Sherrill, of Newton, N. C. According to his statement Peter Stuart Ney—as he was well known in South and North Carolina and Virginia—landed at Charleston, January 7, 1816. In January, 1830, he became his pupil, and so continued for five or six years. A portion of this time he boarded in his father's family. He was nearly six feet in height, muscular, weighing 200 pounds, and about sixty years of age. He showed his military training in his step and bearing. His head was quite bald, showing a scar on one side, which he said was cut by a sword in battle. He was an excellent scholar, and taught school more for the pleasure of imparting knowledge than for pecuniary compensation. His leisure hours were passed in reading and writing, and occasionally he furnished letters for the *National Intelligencer*, Washington City, and the *Carolina Watchman*, at Salisbury, N. C. He slept from four to six hours in twenty-four, a habit contracted in the army. He was a great admirer of Napoleon, and spoke of him with the greatest admiration. At the death of Napoleon's son—in 1834 or 1835—he was greatly agitated, burning a number of papers, throwing his watch on the floor, and dismissing school. Fears were entertained that he

would commit suicide. Previous to this event he had expressed a determination to return to France, but never afterwards. He was very reticent, and never spoke of his connection with the French army, excepting when his tongue was loosened by an extra glass of brandy. On one occasion, when in a stupor from drink, he was placed across a horse. This aroused him, and his first expression was: "What! Put the Duke of Elchingen on a horse like a sack! Let me down!" He related the circumstance of his supposed execution. The soldiers detailed to fire belonged to his command; and as he walked by them he whispered to fire high. His old command was to "aim low—at the heart." He gave the command fire, then fell, was pronounced dead, and his body given to his friends. He shipped from Bordeaux, France, as a seaman in December, 1815, landing at Charleston. Colonel Houston now has a Latin grammar published in 1818, once the property of his old preceptor, in which are many autographs of Mr. Ney, almost identical with those under his engraving as given in the life of "Napoleon and his Marshals." He also has and is using the spectacles worn by Ney. The stanza in Ney's handwriting, with the note: "As written in a letter to L. E. Poellnitz, 8th of May, 1828, from Abbeville, Va.:"

Oblivion is the common lot
Of common men—they die forgot;
He who would live in memory warm
Must do much good or do much harm.
Fame lifts her voice above on high
For those who fill the public eye.
Down in the brief ephemeral tide
Sticks every manikin beside.

Ney died in Rowan County, N. C., in November, 1810. John Ford was his administrator. He left a large book of stenographic manuscript, supposed to be a biography of himself. This was given into the hands of Mr. Pinney Miles, a member of the New York Historical Society in 1847, with the understanding that he was to unravel the mystery as to whether Mr. P. S. Ney was Marshal Ney. It seems that Mr. Miles never fulfilled his promise, although he informed Mr. Ford there was but little difficulty in establishing that fact. Mr. Ford states that while Ney was on his deathbed he would often exclaim, "Oh, my country! if I could only die in France." The following original poem was written by Mr. Ney in Colonel Houston's sister's album after the death of Bonaparte's son, when he had abandoned all hope of returning to France or of seeing the Bonaparte family restored to the throne:

"GONE WITH THEIR GLORIES, GONE."

Though I, of the chosen the choicest,
To fame gave my hottest time,
Though I, among the brave was the bravest,
My plume and my baton are gone!
My eagle that mounted to conquest
Hath escaped from his altitude high,
A prey to the culture the boldest,
No more to visit the sky.

One sigh to the hopes that have perished,
One tear to the wreck of the past,
One looked upon all I have cherished,
One lingering look—'tis the last.
And now from remembrance I banish
The glories which shone on my train,
Oh! vanish, to deep memories vanish,
Return not to sting me again.

P. S. NEY.

May 23, 1858.

The foregoing is a brief synopsis from Colonel Houston's statement in support of the theory that Marshal Ney escaped execution and died in North Carolina. Ney's reasons—if this fact were admitted—for not publicly making himself known was the belief that it would criminate his supposed executioner, thus placing their lives in jeopardy.

STOICAL PLEASURE.

A friend of philosophical habits of mind has propounded to me a new theory in regard to the happiest period of life. It would not unreasonably be supposed that the experience of mankind had long since decided this question, but it appears to be one of those on which the opinions of no two persons are found to exactly agree. The endless combinations of circumstances suggested by different individuals, as essentials to complete happiness, seem to prevent the possibility of finding any particular conditions which shall meet the views of all—or even of a majority of the race.

Mankind have usually, I think, been divided into two classes in regard to this subject. The first, and by far the largest class, is that which considers that happiness consists in the gratification of all the passions, appetites and desires incident to youth and middle age, and which maintains that happiness is lost when these are denied. To attain the means of gratifying these is, therefore, the great object of all persons of this class. Hence the common desire to make money, as bringing within our reach all that we can possibly attain in this world.

The second class, consisting of a small minority, is composed of those who believe that the greatest happiness is to be found in such a control of the appetites and desires as will prevent them from gaining the mastery over us. Their motto is, "moderation in all things." The means which the first class consume in selfish gratification are frequently used for other and nobler ends by the second. To this class have belonged some of the greatest and most learned of men and women, since the earliest ages of which we have any record.

But my philosophic friend would add another class, namely,—those who have altogether lost, or outlived their appetites and desires. This must certainly, be a very small class, since it can contain none but the extremely aged; whose

only happiness, one would suppose, consisted in their freedom from those desires which disturbed their earlier life. Nevertheless our philosopher contends that these enjoy the highest kind of happiness known to us,—the calm contemplation of the world around about and within them. But surely the prospect cannot yield aught of pleasure, when they observe that the vast majority of the people are eagerly pursuing a will-o'-the-wisp sort of happiness, to the neglect of those quiet meditations which they find so satisfactory, but which, I venture to affirm, would lose half their interest were the world less perverse and foolish than it is.

Again, he claims that the pleasures of gratified desires are as nothing compared with the painful longings which precede them. "We look forward," he says, "to some expected pleasure with a feverish eagerness and impatience that completely destroy our present enjoyment of life until the event happens; when we are usually much disappointed in our expectations. The picture does not prove to be all our fancy painted it. But this does not prevent us from again looking forward to a repetition of the pleasure with equally bright and equally unfounded anticipation." Whence he concludes that the balance is greatly in favor of those who have neither the torments of the anticipation, nor the pleasures of the gratification. This is not, however, the view which is generally taken; for it is commonly said that the anticipation of an agreeable event is vastly more pleasant than the event itself; but this is not inconsistent with the view of our philosopher, because it is the very pleasantness of the anticipation which makes the delay so irksome, and the brighter the one the more intolerable becomes the other. It is well known that those pleasures which come unheralded are enjoyed the most;—as for instance, the arrival of a dear friend whom we had no reason to expect at the moment.

If it can, therefore, be shown that there is more pain than pleasure connected with the gratification of our desires, a strong case is made out against all pleasures; and our friend's theory would receive that support to which he considers it entitled. But if the passions and desires be under complete control, and the mind be not allowed to dwell too long or too persistently on them, the pain complained of must be in a great measure removed, while the pleasure will be none the less because not weighed and measured for days in advance.

All things considered, I have not quite adopted the views of my eccentric friend; and do not propose to form a society of Stoics, with the ghost of Zeno for President.

Montreal.

W. A.

CHARACTER NOTES IN VOCAL MUSIC.

We have noticed in the April number of an American publication, *The Musical Mithras*, a short paper from the pen of Mr. George T. Bulling, of Montreal, on the progress of character notes for use in vocal music. We are by no means so enthusiastic as the writer about the wisdom of the change which he advocates, nor certain of the progressive improvement which he believes to be taking place. We shall not argue the point to-day, however. We prefer to give a synopsis of the writer's views.

He states that it is difficult to impress a tone on the mind through the medium of the sight, by the old notation; inasmuch, as their characters being all of the same shape, do not give the musical reader a fair idea of their relative quality of tone, or the connection of the several tones with the key-note, because, each tone of the scale possesses a peculiar quality all its own. In the scale of C major, for instance, all the tones sung very slow, C, will impress the hearer as being possessed of a strong or substantial tone; D, as the stirring or awakening tone; E, the calm and meditative tone; F, the lofty or dignified tone; G, the grand and clear tone; A, the plaintive or pathetic tone, is also the relative minor key-note; B, the sensitive or striking tone, as it determines the key. It is contained in the dominant chord of the seventh, and in the double diminished chord of the seventh, a delightful sounding chord, which anybody can make by placing consecutively, three minor thirds, or four tones distance from each other a tone and a half, on any degree of the chromatic scale; as for instance, the notes C, E flat, F sharp and A, this chord and the chord of the dominant seventh, are the two principal chords used in modulating from one key to another. These chords, possessed of very high-sounding names, are, with the common chord of the tonic, among the most important chords used in music; in fact, the common chord and chord of the dominant seventh, are the most important chords in music.

We quite agree with the writer on the wisdom of popularizing and simplifying the study of Harmony, even from an early age, and we are equally positive with himself that this study has been hitherto needlessly hampered with obscurities and other difficulties. Mr. Bulling is right in saying that, at least, the names of the various chords should be known, and the rule of modulation be understood to a certain degree by every musical reader. To any one who is musical, the study of the rudiments of Harmony is a far easier task than is generally represented, and makes music a more delightful study than ever. It is an erroneous idea to imagine that a knowledge of Harmony is only needed by composers. Too much cannot be said in favor of the study of Harmony, both as an aid to read and understand music.