

CHARLES HARVEST HOME

DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE, ROMANCES, &

VOLUME III. GEO. E. DESBARATS, No. 1, PLACE D'ARMES HILL. MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1872. TERMS, \$2.00 PER ANNUM. SINGLES COPIES, 5 CENTS. No. 41.

SUMMER DAYS.

A little nook of wilderness
Between the meadow and the river
Where two crowhills together came,
And one will come no more to sever.

The rustic bridge, the narrow road,
The seat upon the fallen pine,
The whisper of the summer woods,
So sweet, but not so sweet as thine.

A little wild flower long ago
Among the tangled grasses grew,
So many things are dead since then
How should not that be withered too?

Here were we and I sit alone,
Watching until the sun goes down,
For though 'tis summer-time to-day,
To-morrow will the woods be brown.

"Year after year," the poet sang,
Year after year the spirit sighs,
And summer days will come again,
And suns will set in summer skies.

But to this bourne of wilderness
Between the meadow and the river
Will any come because we came,
And say,—They come no more forever?

Spectator.

"IL BACIO."

BY JUSTIN MCARTY.

Mr. Adolphus Ranthorpe was one of the magnets of London literature. He was a romantic and a dramatist. He was in every way an immense success. He was born in the purple of literature. His father had been a wealthy patron of poor poets and story-tellers; the son became a story-teller on his own account. Now Adolphus Ranthorpe would have been a wealthy man though all his novels had followed the fate of Jean Paul's first, and "gone off like wildfire as waste paper." But to him who built shall be given, and Mr. Ranthorpe's novels and plays were a great success. Money rolled in to him as to Dumas. He had the critics and the public too—the critics because they all knew him personally and were attached to him, and perhaps, too, because he kept open house and gave such splendid dinners. At his little festivals, I am told, you have twelve wine-glasses beside each plate. The true Amphitryon, the really great novelist, beyond doubt, is the novelist who sets twelve wine-glasses beside your plate. For myself, I don't care much about Ranthorpe's novels; I don't see anything in them. But I confess to having heard that he disparaged one of my own little works, and I don't dine at his house—in fact, I have not been asked.

The public admire Ranthorpe's novels because he tells a fine story, with a vigorous current of life rushing through it like a healthy breeze, and full of that old romantic emotion about true love and courage surmounting difficulty, and passion stronger than death, and all that sort of thing, which sets the great child-like heart of the big public throbbing, and fills its great soft eyes with tears. To say the truth, although I myself disagree the merit of Ranthorpe's works in an intellectual point of view, yet if I take one up I can't put it down until I have got to the end of it; and whenever the hero does something splendid for love of the heroine, or vice versa, I find myself positively wishing I was that hero. But, of course, to compare that sort of thing with the thoughtful and intellectual masterpieces of Slowboy, or the profound psychological studies of Barnacles, or the less appreciated but still more refined and impressive works of—well, it's no use mentioning names! Ranthorpe is anyhow a great success and a rich man, with a country house and a mansion in Berkeley Square, London.

In a study in this mansion sat Ranthorpe one spring day. He was a big man, some fifty-four years of age, dark-haired, with a large beard, and not one faintest shadow of gray in hair or beard. He wore a shabby old velvet coat with big pockets, and he was now waiting for an idea.

His servant told him a young man wished to see him. The young man would not give his name, but declared he must see the great author. The great author grumbled, groaned, turned uneasily in his chair, threw down his pen, and, as usual, consented to be interrupted.

A slender, young man of four or five and twenty, with a pale, eager face, deep, dark eyes, and a small mustache—the brand of the race of artist stamped on every lineament and member from forehead to fingers—entered the room. He was carefully dressed, but there was an ease about him which banished every appearance of shabbiness. He carried a book in his hand, at the sight of which Mr. Ranthorpe shuddered.

"Mr. Ranthorpe," the visitor began, "I am one of your devoted admirers. Your works have made me! They have aroused in me an ambition and a knowledge of what I can do. You have brought me up to London, through your books."

Mr. Ranthorpe bowed, but could not say he felt very glad of this.

"My name," the young man went on, "is Hayward—Philip Hayward. I am alone in the world, and I have come up to London to make a name! Therefore I have presented myself at once to you as my teacher and chief."

Mr. Ranthorpe bowed again, and asked, "Have you any friends in London?"

"None—except you."

Ranthorpe smiled, but was rather touched by this boyish kind of confidence.

"Have you no one to give you a helping hand?"

"No one but God and you."

Ranthorpe was tempted to repeat the old bon mot to the effect that no one could have two pa-



KISSES HIS LIPS, AND EXCLAIMS, "MY DEAREST PHILIP!"

trons who had less influence in London. But he did not, for the thing was becoming rather serious.

"Excuse the bluntness of my question: have you any money?"

"Oh yes, plenty. I never would have come over to you if I had any fear of being taken for a beggar. I have sold every thing I could spare, and I have a hundred and odd pounds left. I live on very little, and I hope to be in the way to make a fortune and fame before all that is spent."

Ranthorpe smiled sadly. Fortune and fame so soon! A fortune to be made in literature by a novice before he had spent one hundred pounds!

"You have already published something?" Ranthorpe said, glancing at the book which his young visitor carried.

"Yes; I have published this—a sort of philosophical story, or prose poem."

"Was it a success?"

"No," said the young man, boldly. "I didn't expect it to be."

"Ah, too good for the dull world! I see. We all begin that way. Did the critics attack it?"

"No; not exactly."

"Was it reviewed at all?"

"Hardly; two or three short notices; faint praise."

"No condemnation, no censure, no sensation at all?"

"None."

Ranthorpe thought this a very desperate case.

"Tell me frankly," he said, "why you think you are likely to succeed in literature. Remember, you have actually been in the field; you have had your chance. I have known fellows whose first attempt lay for years mouldering, from mere want of a publisher; but when the thing came out at last it made a hit. Now your first attempt has been out—how long?"

"More than a year."

"Yes; and I, who am concerned in nothing but literature, never heard of it or you. Excuse me if I speak plainly; it's best and honestest. Come, now; this first attempt is clearly a failure. Why do you think the next is likely to be a success, or the next?"

"Will you look at my book?"

"My good fellow, what's the use of my looking at your book? I can't order a new edition, and make it pay. If you have to live by literature, you must write for the public or the critics, or both. The public and the critics would not save this book, it seems."

"I only came to ask you to look at my book, Mr. Ranthorpe."

"I suppose so. I guessed as much from the first. Well, hand it over. Let's have a look."

Ranthorpe took the little volume. He had a wonderful way of getting the meaning and value of a book into his mind in a moment. He used to say, "I haven't time to read. I tear the heart out of a book, and then put it away."

The young man watched him with a glowing cheek and eager, kindling eyes. The confidence which had carried him on so far seemed to desert him during this awful ordeal. The great author was actually looking at the pages of his first effort. Ranthorpe was thus occupied for about twenty minutes.

Suddenly the door of the study opened, and a pretty, brown-haired girl came in. She was so pretty and graceful, her eyes were so animated and sparkling, her hair was so rich in its curling masses, that our poor Hayward forgot even his first literary venture and its ordeal as he looked at her. He rose from his chair. She was about to draw back, seeing the stranger, when her father without looking at her, made a peculiar motion with his hand. She smiled, blushed, looked a little embarrassed, but remained standing just as she was, and said not a word. She kept the very attitude of attempted retreat, and looked as graceful as Canova's "Dancing Girl."

The young man assumed that he had better keep silence too, and remain standing, and he did so; but, instead of fixing his eyes now on the great author, he glanced every moment furtively at the pretty girl. The moment was delicious, but embarrassing.

"There!" said Ranthorpe, after five minutes more had passed, and he put down the volume. "That will do, Charlie; I release you—I am great in discipline in this room, Mr. Hayward. If my daughter ventures in while I am reading any thing that requires attention I make a sign, and then she knows that she isn't to speak, she isn't to go away—for that would only distract me again—and she isn't to rustle her dress. She is a good girl, and does as she is told. Charlie, this gentleman is Mr. Hayward, a new friend of mine."

"I am afraid you thought me very rude and awkward, Mr. Hayward," said Charlie (otherwise known as Charlotte); "but papa's orders are imperative in this room. Any where else I can generally have my own way, but here he is supreme."

"Well, Charlie, now that you may speak, what is it, love?"

"I only came to ask you about luncheon, dear. Shall you be at home?"

"Yes, certainly. Mr. Hayward will take luncheon with us."

"Charlie" bowed to the visitor, gave him a friendly smile which meant welcome, and escaped. Her smile was wonderfully like that of her father. The young author had not been able to say a word. For the first time in his life he thought himself a fool.

"Well, Mr. Hayward," said the great author, "I think I have read enough of this to form an opinion."

For a moment Charlie ceased to inhabit the mind of our youth. He awaited the sentence in eagerness and awe.

"Yes, I think I can judge. I don't wonder it failed. You affect obscurity, thinking it fine, no doubt—young men always do; a great mistake, for young men have no thoughts that are worth people's groping after. All the thinking parts, the philosophic parts, of the book are poor and thin-stuff, mere rubbish. Every body who isn't a downright idiot has thought all the same kind of thing, but that isn't any reason why it should be put into print. I endorse the verdict of the public as to this book—as a book, observe. It ought to be a failure; but—don't be alarmed—I don't say that you ought to be a failure."

The young man's heart had almost stood still with a shock of grief and pain. A faint gleam of hope now broke it beat again.

"No; there are sparks of fancy here and there—and of humor too, when you are off your philosophy—which do promise. Try your hand next at a mere story—a story of common life, but with a lyric dash of passion in it. I shouldn't wonder if you were to succeed. I am not too hopeful, for I have seen rather too much of this sort of thing; but at least, I know of no person which forbids you to succeed. Come, I can't say any thing more: and now what do you want me to do for you?"

"Nothing more, Mr. Ranthorpe. You have done enough already. You confirm my faith in myself—you encourage me to live!"

Ranthorpe smiled. Some people are easily encouraged, he thought, especially when they have made up their minds beforehand. "Well, then," he asked, "what are you going to do for yourself?"

"To begin a new work this very evening."

"What is it to be about?"

"I don't know yet. The idea will come, I am sure."

"Well, Charlie, now that you may speak, what is it, love?"

When the first three chapters are done, let me see them. Now let us have luncheon, and then we must both of us set to our work."

That was a wonderful day for young Philip Hayward. To have spoken with the great author would have been something—indeed, a pride and delight; to have been encouraged to go on in literature by him was the rich fulfillment of a wild dream; to sit at his table and be talked to by Ranthorpe as a friend was beyond words; but to sit next to Ranthorpe's daughter was simply ecstasy. Poor Philip Hayward was in a dream for the hour which thus passed away.

Ranthorpe was a charming companion—fresh, boyish, full of humor and good spirits. As for the daughter, young Hayward was madly in love with Charlie before he left the house. She was Ranthorpe's only child, and he was a widower.

The successful author took a great liking to the young man, and invited him to his house again and again. He could have found him ample opportunity of making a little money by writing for the magazines, but Philip Hayward firmly declined doing any thing of the kind. He said he had made up his mind to try one book more, and do his very best, and that nothing should distract him from that purpose. "It is this is a failure, Mr. Ranthorpe," he said, "I'll supplicate you then to get me a chance on the magazines."

"Your withered serving-man makes your fresh taster, eh?" said Ranthorpe. "Your unsuccessful novelist turns out your excellent magazine! Good for the magazines!" But he liked Hayward's spirit and resolve all the same.

Philip took a small room in a suburban house, and worked away there. He spent many of his evenings at Ranthorpe's. The hundred pounds were nearly out, but the hopes and fears of the young author were almost distinct. For they were not now hopes and fears bound up only with his literary success; they were bound up by his very heart-strings. O dulcet of great romances! most blundering student of human nature! Ranthorpe, how could you go on from day to day, forgetting the moral consequences of your moral consciousness and not see what was certain to happen, what was actually happening under your own bright, brown, blinded eyes? If any where else Ranthorpe had seen a pretty poetic girl and a handsome romantic youth thrown together, he would have at once seen material for love chapters in them. At home he only saw a devoted daughter, who was a little child the other day, and a spoiled, nutty young fellow, who was merely trying to make his way in the world. Let us see how things were getting on.

One evening Philip Hayward came to Ranthorpe's house and found that his great patron was not at home. But Charlie was, and of course Charlie saw him.

"I have written the last line of the last chapter," said Philip.

"Oh, how delighted I am! What a success it will be! But you look depressed and melancholy. Why is that? Tell me. You ought to be full of hope and joy." She laid her hand gently upon his arm.

"I am afraid now; I am a coward! I have no confidence; I only think of failure. Charlie, if it should fail!"

"But it shan't fail; it won't fail! And if it did, you must only try again."

"Try again! With what chance? My whole life is staked on this venture. If I lose this, Charlie, I lose you!"

"Oh, for shame! How can you speak so? Philip! to think that I could change to you because of a book! Have I not given you my whole heart? I didn't give it to your book."

"I never doubted you, dearest" (and he took her hand); "I am not such a miserable wretch. But your father. Can I ask him to give his daughter to a pauper and a failure?"

Charlie did look sad and dashed for a moment.

"I can't imagine papa doing anything which would make me unhappy," she said; "and he has money enough, I am sure. But he is a little hard on failures; and then you are proud; but oh, please, don't let us think of dreadful things that never shall or will occur. If I tell papa that I cannot live happily without you—"

"But then I shall be only a pensioned pauper. What woman could respect such a husband?"

"No, but fancy your being a pensioned pauper! As if you could fall to make a way for yourself in life! I know you too well for that."

"But suppose—"

"I won't suppose. I can't suppose anything but your being clever and successful. But if you are not, well, then, do you think I could care the less for you because the world didn't appreciate you? I appreciate you—that's enough for me."

"And enough for me," cried Philip in ecstasy. The arrival of a visitor cut short this conversation, which has only been introduced to give the reader an idea of how things were going. Her lover was a little remorseful. The idea of having all this a profound secret from her father, and that they determined to wait for the success of the forthcoming chef d'œuvre in order that Philip should boldly tell Mr. Ranthorpe how much he loved his daughter.

The book came out. It was in one sense a complete success. It had the approval, nay, the enthusiastic admiration, of the highest critics. It won for its author a name to be respected wherever literature was talked of. It gave him an individual celebrity. It placed him well up among rising authors—that is, in the estimation of the literary class. But the public did not dare much about it. The libraries did not clamor for it. A few copies sufficed all demands. The book paid very little to the author or the publisher. Poor Philip was, in a pecuniary point of view, now exactly where he started. His original hundred pounds were all gone, and his great work gave him another hundred pounds. Our young author was almost crushed with disappointment. Mr. Ranthorpe could not understand this, for in his mind the