claim against those ballet girls and little pantomime fairies in tarletan, and see no end for them except the *pavé* and immorality. It is true they are exposed to temptation, and many of them try to realize the splendor of fairy scenes in their homes, and have little cottages at Brompton or South Kensington which are not paid for out of theatrical salaries; but is there no immorality before the curtain? Are we all so very pure in thought and action that we can shut out the children earning their bread behind the foot-lights from a little mercy? Are we so kind to our mothers, all of us; so loving to our wives, so tenderly affectionate to our sisters, that we can despise those traits when we find them with a ballet girl?

There are angels in silk dresses—God forbid that there shouldn't be—and heavenly fire can be found in a fashionable *salon*; but we do not mark them so readily. If we are rich, it is so easy to get the name of being charitable; but is the quarter flung down by the wealthy merchant as much as the cent from the struggling man or woman who finds it hard with all economy to make both ends meet? I like to find angels among the Pariahs of Society.

I am bold to affirm that all young men have known a period when they had a particular angel. I had my Glycera and Lydia; but they don't always wear well. They, too, have a trick of laying aside their wings and descending after a time into very ordinary mortals. *Mon Ange*, I commenced a letter in the Long Ago. *Mon Ange*, and I believed it! I thought those dark brown ringlets had an ambrosial dew upon them, and that the lips had a nectary sweetness; but after a time I was forced to cry out *marah, marah*, and the bitterness entered into my soul. I discovered that she had the *auri sacra fames* that I could not satisfy in those days, that all her pretty terms of endearment were so much *eau bénite de cour*, and my angel had to be dismissed. Thank God my eyes were not blinded too long, and that I can hang up the *tabula sacer* at having escaped from the clutches of one whose heart was a stone. She showed her hand and I fled from *Mon Ange!*

Others have not escaped so well. The *intentata nites* has taken them in, and they have been drowned long since beneath the treacherous waves; or if they reappeared, they are meek, henpecked creatures. Poor Lakin, you had an angel once, and with what pride you showed her to me. I can see you now leading her in, and she looking so innocent, with her fair hair braided from her face. *Allons*, will you tell me she is an angel now? We both know better. I escaped; and you, poor fellow, have to trot in double harness with such a ——! No, sir, the word shall be unspoken; but it was not angel!

I have kept my last good spirit as a *bonne bouche*, and partly because I was loath to confess that when I first knew her she was elderly, and, like Hamlet, fat and scant of breath. I was then a lad entering on life; home was not very pleasant, and my evenings may not have been always profitably spent. I may have been dallying with the stream that leads to the Maelstrom; I may have been pressing the flowers on the *facilis descensus Averno* path; but I was rescued. My Angel drew me in, gave me a place in the family circle, gave me society that was pure and amusements which were innocent, and I was saved. God bless her.

Mothers, one word in your ear from an old man. There are youths drifting about town, homeless and friendless, drinking to pass time, and frequenting places that we need not name, because human nature must have society of some kind. Stretch out your hands and save a few of these, take them occasionally into the domestic circle; they are thoughtless but not wicked; a word, a look, a little kindness, will save them, and you will be angels!

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

ORIGINAL ARTICLES.

THE AUTUMN.

I vowed when I commenced to be intensely original, and here I have chosen one of the most hackneyed subjects in all the realms of Literature. Everybody has had something to say about the "sear and yellow leaf," and the "Autumn of Disappointment," which is invariably succeeded by the "Winter of Death." But after all it is a hard thing to be out of season, and it is extremely natural to make remarks upon passing events. (This is a touch of the philosophical).

I would not have thought of this subject if it hadn't been for my wife. I have omitted to mention that Clara, with all her foibles, and occasional superciliousness, is exceedingly clever. I know it is not good policy to admit such things, and, in view of my recent determination, I carefully keep such ideas in the background; but, hang it, she *is* clever; I'll say that, whatever the consequences.

Well, last night I discovered some of Clara's manuscript lying open on her desk. I had been pretty brusque and savage for the week past, and I half suspect that she had gone to her pen for consolation. It does one good to relieve the mind by a healthy outburst of sentiment on paper. I remember how often I had recourse to this process before I was married. When returning from an unsuccessful parley with some esteemed lady friend, I mournfully reflected that "the heart knoweth its own bitterness." I daresay she had shed tears over this desk during the week, for I had been terribly mysterious, and had intimated pretty plainly that I "was going to allow no nonsense, or trifling of any description."

The temptation was too great, I had to glance over it. I felt a vague sort of interest in what she might possibly have to say. Perhaps, thought I, here is the outburst of a soul broken with sorrow; of a heart subdued by the anguish of doubted affection. And, with a man's ordinary magnanimity, I should have been immensely overjoyed, flattered and tickled, as it were, if such had been the case. But it was not quite so bad. It was to this effect:

"Sept.—th. This is one of those beautiful, bright, clear autumn days when there seems a calm and melancholy in the very brightness; when even the leaves seem mourning, as the wind rustles and moans and plays among them; when the sunlight dances and glimmers on the river I have just been watching so caressingly. How the clear water dimples and laughs as the rays seem to dip beneath the surface! How gently the wind kisses the sunbeams, as it lulls away, and there comes a moan, like a dirge, for the glory of the bright and beautiful summer, vanished beyond recal.

"I love these Autumn days; they speak to me as nothing else can speak; each rustle of a leaf, each whisper of the evening zephyrs, each murmur of the distant sea, speaks a language at once graceful and sublime, and lures the thoughts upward and heavenward."

I may say that I was immensely charmed. This was fine writing. I couldn't have written anything like that to have saved my existence. But I thought I would play a little joke on my better half, and so I took up the pen and added as follows:

"The Autumn is, in many respects, an essential and important part of the year. It would be difficult to dispense with it; it occupies a position which nothing else can supply. I love the Autumn. Yes, I do. I love it for its many holy associations, for the deep tinge of its twilights, for the wild grandeur of its drifting clouds, for its rosy-cheeked apples ($3.00 per barrel), for its plums of green and purple ($1.00 per peck), for its chill winds, its whortleberries, its geraniums, its muddy by-paths. It is for these I love the Autumn.

"Nor must I forget about the 'sear and yellow leaf.' How often has this idea been brought to my notice! Long years ago, when life knew the odours of its first spring, has my dear old grandmother observed, with that tender, touching earnestness that I weep now to remember, (her earnestness sometimes made me weep at the time), that it 'was now Autumn, the time of the "sear and yellow leaf." Also that she herself was likewise in the "sear and yellow leaf." How often have I been reminded on the Sabbath, by our venerated pastor Sloame, that *now* was the time to repent, and not wait till we were in the "sear and yellow leaf," and that some of us would, perhaps, die young and never reach the period of the "sear and yellow leaf." Yes, indeed, if for nothing else in the world, I would love the Autumn for the "sear and yellow leaf" alone.

"Autumn immediately succeeds Summer, and is it not delightful, after the oppressive heat of July and August, to repose beneath a clear, star-lit sky on a mild frosty night in November and be cooled by the gentle draughts that fan the aching temples with such refreshing coolness? There is romance in this. After a time you forget all about the heat of midsummer, and, revelling in the ecstatic bliss of the delicious coolness, you clap your hands and sigh—for fire.

"It is noticeable, also, that Autumn is almost invariably followed by Winter. There have not been more than two or three instances where this has failed to occur. It thus becomes a sort of neutral ground between the glaring heat of dog-days and the polarical iceberg temperature of midwinter. It is a time when one naturally is led to contemplate the matter of house-rent, and learns, as if by instinct, to enquire the price of coal; when your wife opens up to your *delighted* vision elaborate schemes in the line of stuffed dresses, shawls, cloaks, furs, muffs, scarfs, and velvet bonnets.

"Yes, I love the Autumn, and I hope I shall never cease to like it.

> I love to wander day by day
> In Summer fields 'mid new-mown hay,
> But, dearer, sweeter far than all
> Are days spent in the chilly fall."

When I came home to dinner this evening I noticed Clara had a somewhat disconcerted look about her; I looked across the table with an air of quiet gravity, as if nothing unusual was the matter, but she kept her eyes downcast most of the time. When I met them with my own, she curled up her lip and favoured me with a pretty face. "Prettier than usual," as I pertinently observed.

At length she broke out:

"I wish some people could let other people's things alone. What trash to *scrawl* in one's note-book! The Autumn is, perhaps, in many respects, 'an essential and important part of the year,' and 'I love it for the "sear and yellow leaf,' what stuff and nonsense!"

"Yes," I replied, "and 'how the clear water dimples and laughs as its rays seem to dip beneath the surface,' and 'how gently the wind kisses the sunbeams' &c., pretty, is'nt it?"

"Oh, do hold your tongue! It will soon become impossible to live with you—you are already intolerable!"

I replied in a pathetic, pleading tone of voice, "I love these Autumn days, dear; they speak to me as nothing else can speak."

Clara said if I did not stop she would leave the table. I stopped, and I will stop. This may not be satisfactory to the sentimentalist as an essay on the period of the "sear and yellow leaf," but I think it is *unique* in many respects, and that is all I ask in its behalf.

JOEL PHIPPS.

THIEVES, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

To the Editor of the "Canadian Illustrated News."

My subject, I may truly fear, will run away with me. I feel beset, like poor Tasso in his dungeon; and am not sure that my paper will not suddenly be conveyed away from under my pen; but should it not, I hope it will not be abstracted from the post-office and find its way to any other Editor but yourself, if it does so, I hope the Editor will not publish it. He that steals this manuscript may emphatically be said to steal trash, but he that filches from the writer his good things —Stop, stop, I thought my subject would be running away with me. I must keep firm. I must put something heavy in my remarks, as the little thin Grecian philosopher used to put lead in his pockets, lest the wind should steal him.

First let me get away from "the third of the five vowels" —that "bare vowel I," or I shall betray my style. *Ego et Rex meus*, may do for Wolsey or those whose ambition is like Cæsar's, "swells so much," and who so thrasonically brag themselves after this fashion, "*I* came, *I* saw. *I* conquered."

But to return to the thieves, some of them assume a grandeur, from standing in the remote shadows of antiquity. There was the famous son, for instance, of Vulcan and Medusa, whom Virgil calls the dire aspect of half-human Cacus—*Semihominis Caci facies dira*—The raw head and bloody bones of ancient fable who lived in a cave by Mount Aventine, breathing out fiery smoke, and haunting King Evander's highway like the Apollyon of Pilgrim's Progress. In his history will be found some of the earliest sharping tricks upon record. Autolycus, the son of Mercury (after whom Shakespere christened his merry rogue in the Winter's Tale) was a thief suitable to the greatairiness of his origin. Autolycus was outwitted by Sisyphus, who has the credit of being the greatest knave of antiquity. The exploits of Mercury himself, the god of cunning, may be easily imagined to surpass everything achieved by profaner hands. Homer, in the hymn to his honour, has given a delightful account of his prematurity in swindling. The history of thieves is to be found either in that of romance, or in the details of the histories of cities. Perhaps the finest thief in old history is the pirate who made that famous answer to Alexander the Great, in which he said the conqueror was only the mightier thief of the two. The story of the thieving architect in Herodotus is well known. There is no necessity to dwell on the few thieves mentioned in the Greek and Latin writers, some of them paltry fellows who stole napkins at dinner.—The robbers in Apuleius, the precursors of those in Gil Blas may be interesting to the classic student but not to the ordinary reader. Who among us does not know by heart the story of the never-to-be-forgotten "Forty Thieves," with their treasure in the green wood, their anxious observer, their magical opening of the door, their captain, their concealment in the jars, and the scalding oil, that, as it were, extinguished them groaning, one by one?

Let us pass over those interlopers in our English family the Danes as well as Rollo the Norman, and other freebooters, who only wanted less need of robbery, to become respectable conquerors. The regular modern thief seems to have made his first appearance in the imaginary character of Brunello, as described by Biardo and Ariosto. He is a fellow that steals every valuable that comes in his way. The manner of his robbing Sacripant King of Circassia, of his horse has been ridiculed by Cervantes, where while Sancho Panza is sitting lumpishly asleep upon the back of his friend Dapple, Ginés de Passamonte, the famous thief, comes and gently withdraws the donkey from under him, leaving the somniculous squire propped up on the saddle with four sticks. In the Italian novels, and the old French tales are a variety of extremely amusing stories of thieves, all most probably founded on fact, to wit:— the two sharping-fellows who robbed a doctor of laws in Bologna of a silver goblet; the two Neapolitan sharpers who robbed a Genoese merchant and so deceived Saint Bernardin that he was convinced that they were two devils in disguise. There are the robbers in Gil Blas who have at least a very respectable cavern, and loads of polite superfluities. Who can forget the lofty-named Captain Ronaldo, with his sturdy height and his whiskers, showing with a lifted torch his treasure to the timid stripling Gil Blas? The most illustrious theft in Spanish story is one recorded of no less a person than the fine old national hero, the Cid. As the sufferers were Jews, it might be thought that his conscience would not have hurted him in those days; but "My Cid" was a kind of early soldier in behalf of sentiment; and though he went to work roughly, he meant nobly and kindly. See Southey's excellent compilation the Chronicle of the Cid. Who has not devoured with greediness the Adventures of Lazarillo de Tormes, written in the 16th century by Don Diego de Mendoza; or the "History of Paul the Spanish Sharper, the Pattern of Rogues and Mirror of Vagabonds." We do not know that he deserves these appellations so much as some others; but they are to be looked upon as titular ornaments, common to the Spanish *kleptocracy*. Among the Italian thieves Domenico Maroco and Filippo Pacchione have been immortalized by Ariosto and Tasso. Again, there are the Robbers of Schiller, and the Prussian Soldier who robbed an image of the Virgin Mary of a gold ring and was tried for the sacrilege, but puzzled his judges by informing them, that the fact was the Virgin Mary had given him that ring. Here was a terrible dilemma. To dispute the possibility or even probability of a gift from the Virgin Mary was to deny their religion, to let the fellow escape on the pretence was to canonize impudence itself.

There are some nations who are all thieves and sharpers more or less; or comprise such numbers of them as very much militate against the national character;—to wit:—the Piratical Malays; the infamous Algerines; the mongrel tribes between Arabia and Abysinnia; the sanguinary ruffians of Ashantee. There is a very fine story of three thieves in Chaucer. The most prominent of the fabulous thieves in England is that bellipotent and immeasurable wag, Jack Falstaff, who in a momentary freak thought it villianous to steal, and in the next moment thought it villianous not to steal.

Captain Macheath, Jonathan Wild are somewhat "caviare to the multitude." What shall be said of Count Fathom, a deliberate scoundrel, compounded of the Jonathan Wilds and the more equivocal Cagliostros? The prince of all robbers, English or foreign is doubtless Robin Hood. The Scottish Rob Roy has had justice done to all his injuries by Walter Scott. Robin Hood will still remain the chief and "gentlest of thieves." He acted upon a larger scale, or in opposition to a larger injustice, to a whole political system. He "shook the superflux" to the poor, "and shewed the heavens more just." We will skip over Jack Sheppard, Dick Turpin, Avershaw, Barrington and other heroes of the Newgate Calendar, and just say a few words about that most attractive of scape-graces, Monsieur Claude Du Vall who came over to England at the time of the Restoration and danced a coranto with a lady of quality whom he overtook in a coach with a booty of four hundred pounds in it. There is no doubt that Du Vall had courage and valour, invention and sagacity, and also an excellent deportment and a graceful manner, and though he picked pockets, it is recorded that "showers of tears from fair eyes bedewed his fate while alive in prison and while dead at the fatal tree at Tyburn."

Most of the thieves ancient and modern, live either in the scrolls of fame or ill fame. Yet there are a few others whose names ought to be enregistered. For instance, the heroes of the recent Post Office Escapade at Mon-Reale, Signors Tonholti, D'Orioni, Juvenalia and Denaria. These cannot have for their delinquencies the excuse of hunger and misery like the rogues of Spain; want and starvation which is so often the original of their sin, the which to relieve it is enough for them, if by a train of most ingenious contrivances they can lay successful siege to a stale crust, or rout some broken victuals, or circumvent an onion and a piece of cheese or salt fish to relish their dry morsel of bread. Our stealers of letters could not say with the Cid, "I do this thing more of necessity than wilfulness, and by God's help I shall redeem all,'—there is nothing romantic, nothing poetic in their post office abstractions.

As it may be thought proper that I should end this lawless letter with a good moral, here are two or three sentences from Shakespere worth a whole volume of sermons against thieving. The boy who belongs to Falstaff's companions, and who begins to see through the shallowness of their cunning and way of life, says that Bardolph stole a lute-case, carried it for twelve miles, and sold it for three-pence.

LUCILIUS.

Lennoxville,
October 4th, 1873.

A papyrus manuscript found in an Egyptian tomb has lately been translated by a scholar of Heidelberg. It is pronounced to be an address of Rameses III. to all the nations of the earth, in which the king details minutely all the causes which led to the exodus of the Jews from the land of the Pharaohs.