

both within the reach of the law. Now in the case of this misguided young man, Christian Gottlieb, (by the way, what an extremely amusing sarcasm his first name is!) I have no doubt that after his five years' penal servitude have expired, that he will turn over quite a new leaf, and become a very tolerable mendicant."

Madge, with her little hands twisting and writhing, and her face flushed with indignation, cried out "shame! father, shame!" Christian Gottlieb is as honest, and God-fearing a man as ever lived; and the little lady with her eyes bright with anger, and the tears running down her cheeks, left the room.

"Poor father! poor father!" said Mr. Smythe, rolling up his eyes, and reaching out his large, flabby hand for his spouse's: "he's trodden on by his own flesh and blood." Here Mrs. Smythe had to submit to a great amount of clawing from the flabby hands, and had to soothe her lord's ruffled feelings, by kissing him, sitting on his knee, and acknowledging that he, of all the fathers, then or at any other time living, was the most ill-used and trampled on.

"My own," said Mr. Smythe, after a pause, during which he wiped his eyes a great number of times, "that inestimable young man, Robert Onslow, will be here to-night. He has served me so long and faithfully, has managed my business so well, and was so active and decisive in that robbery case, that really, my dear, I have been thinking quite seriously of taking him into partnership—and moreover," said Mr. Smythe, smiling genially, "methinks theyouth, doth love mine offspring. What dy'e think of that, my dear?—but bless my soul," he cried, evidently with the full assurance, that he possessed one "here is the young man himself,"—and Mr. Robert Onslow, more captivating and handsome than ever, entered the room. The next day, the worthy master of the house contrived to leave his daughter and embryo partner together, while he took his spouse for "such a jolly ramble along the shore—just as we used to when we were lovers, my Queen"—and then he dragged the poor delicate little creature up rocks, down rocks, through bushes, and along the sands, with the sun staring down with all its might—and then brought his Queen home at night sick, and tired almost to death.

However, although Mr. Smythe thought he had arranged matters very cleverly—he would probably have felt less complacent and self-satisfied, if he could have obtained a peep into his drawing room where his daughter and clerk sat.

Mr. Onslow, for once in his life, was ill at ease, and Madge's monosyllabic answers did not increase his comfort. At last he said, "Miss Margaret, I have your father's permission to speak to—that is to ask—I mean—I mean—"

"You do not appear to know what you mean, sir," said Madge haughtily; "you must excuse me, I have some letters to write; my father will be home shortly, and you can transact your business with him;—you and I, can have nothing in common."

The man dropped on his knees, and caught her hand. "Madge! dear Madge! I know you will let me call you so, I wanted to ask you to be my wife. You will give me hope, will you not?"

Madge flung his hand from her, and stood over him, he cowering down under her stern, relentless gaze.

"Robert Onslow," she said lowly, "as I believe there is a God, I believe you to be a thorough villain; I believe it was you who committed the robbery, and not poor Christian. I believe you ruined him, because you hated him; and now you ask me to be your wife—the wife of a low-minded, cowardly wretch. If I had a man's strength I would lash you through the streets of London, miserable hound, that you are." She pointed to the door, the man rose, and with a cry more like that of a wild beast, than that of a human being, dashed out of the house.

When the brig "Mary Jane" sailed from London next day, she had, on her log, the name of "Robert Onslow, ordinary seaman."

The five years were creeping to a close; five weary, weary years of waiting and watching, and longing; and now these three women were all hope and expectancy; it wanted but another month till Christian would again be in their arms. The happy day at last arrived, and three bright, happy faces, were looking from Christian's house, watching, oh! how anxiously for his arrival.

It was about dark, when a carriage pulled up at the gate, and the three women, with palpitating hearts, waited till a tall slight figure, stepped slowly out, and walked up the pathway. Then, with a glad cry, Madge sprang to meet him, but no hand was extended to hers, and no voice answered her welcome.

They led him into the house; he looked at no one; spoke to no one; and when Mrs. Smythe ran to him, crying "Christian, don't you know me? your old mother, whom you used to love so much, and Madge your future wife, and dear old Martha. Have you forgotten us all?" he looked at her in a wondering way, and then stared about the room, like one trying to reason something out in his mind.

Madge had grown ghastly, as she stood looking at him. She came forward, and caught his hand in hers. "Christian, have you forgotten your little Madge; will you not say one word to her?"

He turned his eyes on her wearily; "so tired," he said, "so very tired; I would like to rest,"

and he dropped heavily into a chair, and sat looking from one face to the other, in blank wonderment.

At last, he caught sight of his old piano, and starting up, he walked over and sat before it. He touched the keys; his face changed and brightened; a new light seemed to have broken upon him, and as he played, his whole soul seemed rapt in the music.

Mrs. Smythe touched her daughter on the shoulder and beckoning Martha, whispered, "come away, come away, this is the only thing which can save our boy's reason," and the women left the room, crying softly.

They heard him playing far into the night, and when the music ceased, they crept into the room, and found him with his head lying on his arm, like one who had fallen asleep; but he was not asleep—Christian Gottlieb was dead.

It was a clear, frosty night, and the moon threw her soft rays over the snow-covered roads and hedges. A man was plodding along steadily towards the village of Maldon, and though the night was cold, he was but poorly clad, and the snow went whirling down his neck in great rifts.

As he strode on, he kept muttering to himself, "yes! yes! I'll do it now. I'll make amends for all the wrongs I did him." As he passed the little village churchyard, he glanced in half nervously, stopped as his eye caught a name, clutched at the railing and sank down in the snow. "My God! my God! am I too late? No! No! it cannot be," and the man started up, sprang over the railing, and approached two tombstones, side by side. The first was—

SACRED
to the
memory
of
CHRISTIAN GOTTLIEB,
who died
June 19, 18—,
aged 26 years
and three months.

The other read, simply
MADGE.

He sank into the snow once more, sobbing out, "too late! too late!"

He got up, vaulted the fence and went striding down the road, towards London.

It was about daybreak, next morning, that he reached a ship lying in port.

The captain was pacing the deck, and the man touched his hat as he passed him, saying, "Come aboard, sir!" and passed on to the fore-castle.

The ship sailed next evening and England saw Robert Onslow no more.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The Academy of Music has at length been appropriately inaugurated. For a mere theatre it is a misnomer, but when opera is introduced in it, it becomes true to its name. The French Opera Company of Mlle. Marie Aimee did honor to it, as we are glad to add it did honor to the performances of the troupe, by its scenery and properties, and its large, fashionable audiences. It is needless to say that never have the operas produced last week and this been done justice to before. Indeed, many of our citizens who had seen and heard them here before acknowledged that they had really no idea of the originals. The reason is that the works are produced entire, according to the Parisian traditions, and that all the actors are proficient in their art. Aimee, in her sphere, is excelled by few in Europe while in America she stands, as she has long stood, first. Her voice is all that is required for the exigencies of the score, while her acting gives that organ a prominence which it would not otherwise have. The secret of French acting was never so well displayed and no wonder that admiring crowds have greeted the gifted artist, night after night. Her support was excellent, Duparc, Guemard, Duplan and Raoul, deserving a high rank in any combination. The management was also carried on in that high spirit of courtesy so pleasing to the public who are indebted to the agent, Mr. Zimmerman, for both his tact as a gentleman and his capacity as an administrator.

OUR PICTURES.

We published last week a full account of the ceremonies attending the inauguration of Lafayette's Statue in New York. It is needless therefore to repeat it in connection with our picture to-day. We give some views of the Exhibition of the Horticultural and Agricultural Society, at the Crystal Palace, last week. The display of flowers and vegetables was good, but the collection of fine arts was very poor, not to use a plainer expression. We also give a sketch of Cayuga jail where the Young murderers are in confinement, and whence they made an escape which has become memorable through their recapture. The jail is furthermore notorious as having held the infamous Townsend. From a scaffold erected in front three of his gang were executed. Cayuga, the county town of Hamilton, is situated on the Grand River. Almost the entire business part was destroyed by a large fire, but it is being rapidly rebuilt. The two works of art, The Storm and Happy Days, are not only gems of themselves, but appropriate to the season.

PROTESTANT INSTITUTION FOR DEAF-MUTES.

To Ministers, Mayors, Postmasters, Missionaries, and others:—The Board of Managers of the Protestant Institution for Deaf-Mutes, Montreal, desirous to obtain reliable information respecting the Protestant and non-Catholic deaf-mutes in the Province of Quebec, and to make known the existence and advantages of this institution for the instruction of this class of people, respectfully request you to forward to the undersigned the name, address, sex, age, circumstances and post-office address of parents or guardians of all non-Roman Catholic deaf-mutes between the ages of five and thirty years. By doing so you will not only confer a favor on the Board of Managers, but be doing an act of charity to the deaf-mutes, whose parents or guardians may be unaware of the existence of an institution for the instruction of deaf-mutes in the Province. When it is not convenient or possible to supply all the information desired, the name of the deaf-mute's parents or guardians, and their post-office address, or the name and address of their minister, will be sufficient to enable the officers of the Institution to communicate with the parties they desire to benefit. The conditions of admission into the Institution are such as to place it within reach of all deaf-mutes of school age, not mentally defective, so that poverty can be no excuse for keeping them in ignorance. These conditions and all information desired respecting the Institution can be obtained by addressing the Principal, Mr. Widd, Drawer 353 P.O., Montreal. The Board of Managers trust that all those addressed will kindly co-operate with them in their benevolent efforts, and aid them in ascertaining, as far as possible, the number of Protestant deaf-mutes of school age in this Province, which will materially assist them in determining the amount of accommodation required in the new Institution which they have in contemplation. Communications may be addressed to any of the undersigned:

CHARLES ALEXANDER, President.
Protestant Institution for Deaf-Mutes.
Montreal.
F. MACKENZIE, Hon. Sec.-Treas.
THOS. WIDD, Principal.

BRAIN-WORK AND NOISE.

While any man may if he will, at least approximately, secure himself all the prime requisites of life in so far as cleanliness is concerned in them, the great majority of people have very little power to secure that condition of quiet and freedom from mental distraction by discordant noises which to many are every whit as essential to perfect health as pure air and wholesome water. There are tens of thousands of people in London to whom, if they are to prosecute their daily work with anything like ease and comfort, quietude is absolutely indispensable, and there are hundreds of thousands to whom it is at least very desirable, and whose working powers are exhausted nearly as much by the distracting sounds around them as by the labours in which they are engaged. This is a fact which will be disputed by nobody competent to express an opinion on the subject, yet it is one which neither the law or public sentiment will recognise. However important a man's work may be, either as regards himself or the community, his labours may be interrupted and retarded, his health affected, and his working life made a misery to him by a continual series of noises, from every one of which, by all that is civilised, he ought to be protected. Unless, however, he has the courage to engage in a very troublesome, a very unpleasant, and very uncertain legal proceeding, and can show that he is being rapidly killed, or prevented from pursuing his lawful calling, it is of no use complaining. It may be quite out of his power to take such proceedings, and with respect to some noises it would obviously be absurd to attempt it; but unless he does attempt it the law will not protect him. Hawkers and costermongers, organ-grinders, concertina players, and nigger troupes, may irritate and torment him all day long, and any attempt to suppress them will merely prove the impracticability of the thing, and bring upon him the odium of trying to prevent poor people getting an honest living. If, in deference to their rights and privileges, he at length foregoes all claims to the uninterrupted use of his day, and consents to postpone his work till night, he may probably find that the safety of his neighbour's conservatory requires that a wretched dog shall be tied up to bay the moon all night, and that luggage and passenger trains cannot be run into each other with customary regularity unless the night is made hideous with the distant screams and shrieks of engine-whistles. Up till eleven or twelve o'clock at night he may, perhaps, find that a poor man with an organ or piano-organ continues to make his "honest living" within earshot, and before he has done the public-houses begin to turn out little groups of melody-makers and concertina players. He may consider himself lucky, indeed, if these prove the only source of annoyance. There are in London innumerable stylish-looking houses—"semi-detached villas," "desirable residences," "eligible modern dwellings," and other equally pretentious structures—in which a fretful child or musical student on one side of a party-wall will very effectually put to the rout any nervous toiler who may happen to be on the other.

It is quite time that all this received a little more consideration than it has hitherto done. It is a subject well worthy of it. All the world over, quiet and freedom from distraction have been held to be indispensable to the full exercise of mental power. There are, of course, exceptions. There are some who are not easily disturbed, and a few who appear to find a mental stimulant in noise, but they are altogether in a considerable minority, and never need be in want of a little hubbub for long together. As a general rule, brain work requires silence, and if it is considered desirable to promote brain work, common sense should suggest the expediency of reducing, as far as possible, that which is unquestionably a hindrance to it. A cynic might well sneer at the civilisation which is fastidiously careful to put down anything that may offend gastronomic or olfactory sensibilities but that does so little to limit the irritation and injury to which a man's brain may be subjected by noises over which he himself in a general way has no control whatever. The pigs which Mrs. Brown, Jones, or Robinson finds unpleasant to her delicate nose must be sternly and promptly put down; but the dog or the cockatoo which the old lady may think proper to tie up within fifty yards of a philosopher's study-window must be endured, and even the mildest of protests will in all probability be represented as an unwarrantable interference with a person's right to do as she pleases in her own house. Of course, it may be said that the pigs are abolished because they may occasion disease. But ought not yelping dogs, organ-grinders, and unnecessary engine-whistles to be done away with on precisely the same ground? It appears to be the opinion of competent authorities, that after all allowance has been made for the increase of population and the efficiency of modern registration, insanity is absolutely on the increase among us. It is easy to believe this. The strain and pressure under which so many are compelled to work, and which seem likely to become even more intense, are just what might be expected to result in mental break-down, and there are very few who do not at least occasionally find this strain intensified by those incessant and irritating noises from which anywhere in the neighbourhood of London it is impossible to escape. Some of them are, of course, inevitable. We cannot repress the howling of the wind, the rattle of mail trains, or the crying of babies, but the necessary noises of life are quite numerous enough without the addition of unnecessary ones. Among the most trying of them all is the organ-grinder.

HOW TO READ SHAKESPEARE.

As to the play with which it is best for a young reader of Shakespeare to begin, I should not hesitate to say that the first play in most editions, "The Tempest," is as good as any, although it is among the last productions of his latest years as a dramatic author. Its charming story, its striking and clear characterization, its simple construction, and its exquisite although not involved or too finely wrought poetry, make it a creation that no one capable of pleasure from literary art can fail to drink in with delight. If not this, "As You Like It" might first be taken up; then "The Merchant of Venice" and "Much Ado about Nothing." To these "Romeo and Juliet" might well succeed, after which a return to the comedies would be advisable, among which the reader could not now well go astray, except that I should recommend that "All's Well that Ends Well," "The Winters Tale," and "Measure for Measure" should be left until the last, and indeed until the reader shall have made further acquaintance with the tragedies, and read at least two of the histories—the First and Second Parts of "King Henry IV." To these it would be well to pass from "The Merry Wives of Windsor," because of Falstaff, whose humor appears in its lowest (yet high) form in "The Merry Wives," and in its highest in the "Second Part of Henry IV." The reader cannot now well go astray; but I should advise that the Roman and Grecian plays should be left until the last, "Troilus and Cressida" being read last of all, not because of any superiority, although it is one of Shakespeare's greatest works, but because of a peculiarity which I shall speak of further on. — Richard Grant White, in the Galaxy for October.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Dr. LISZT has the intention to organize a festival in honour of Berlioz, at Weimar.

THE new Opera House at Dresden will be soon finished, at a cost of nearly £160,000.

THE death at Paris, at the age of seventy-three, is announced of the dramatic author Fabrice Labrousse. His pieces were mostly of a military class.

MIDDLE ALBANI—who will probably by this time have become Mrs. Ernest Glyn—is engaged by the Liverpool Philharmonic Society to sing in Beethoven's "St. Cecilia" in December.

ON the day after Tannhauser failed in Paris Meyerbeer called on Rossini. The great Neapolitan was seated at the piano with the score before him. "My dear fellow," said Meyerbeer, "you have got the music upside down." "Oh, yes, I know!" replied Rossini. "I tried it the usual way, but it wouldn't go a bit. It's better now."

IN connection with the Hereford Musical Festival it is stated that M. Gounod, the composer, has supplied Mr. Townsend Smith, organist of the Hereford Cathedral, with the score of a new movement he has introduced into the service. It was performed for the first time at the Festival on Tuesday, the 14th of September, after Barnett's "Raising of Lazarus."