

TORONTO IN HONOR OF THE
QUEEN.

Gradually shade by shade vanishes as murky night yields to the irresistible god of day, who rising gorgeous from his variegated couch in the east imparts his life-giving rays on the 'Queen city of the West.'

The day kept in honor of Britain's sovereign's birthday has dawned bright and glorious, and the announcement was made by that same thundering voice which so often has asserted Britain's honor, Britain's rights; but which now, devoid of the carnage and din of war, commemorates a happy event—the forty-fourth birthday of our honored, revered Victoria. And who, on looking forth o'er Canada's peaceful land, witnessing her prosperity, and more, her quiet happiness, but is saddened at the thought that some time we must forget that day which makes May the most coveted of months to loyal and sympathising subjects of England's widowed Queen. Long may that ever joyful day bring the assurances of safety it now brings, dispensing all the blessings it now yields to us as a people—though subject to ourselves. Who, although generally using our abilities in intestine political strife, still when the moment shall come, (if it is thus decreed) for unanimity and for action, I think we will not be found divided or backward, but as one mighty arm united, strike—strike to conquer or die—both for 'England, home and beauty,' and for Canada, 'her fairest, brightest gem,' our happy homes and honored institutions—the firesides of our fathers and the birthright of our sons.

But to return. Unwilling morpheus, the drowsy divinity, was forced to yield to the strange fancy that most of the Torontonians had taken, which was the laudable intention of seeing the sun rise once more, that is, taking for granted that they had seen it two or three times previously in their lives. Therefore by six, if the streets were not prepossessingly gay they were at least extremely lively; for between the old men at the fort and the young juveniles around home, there was one continued, incessant, increasing, repeated continuation of reports, reverberations of every conceivable sound, and in every conceivable direction. And thus things continued till about nine o'clock, when the crowd began to centre in the Model School grounds to witness the presentation of the mace to the 'Queen's Own.'

This was the most pleasing and happy sight of the day; or, perchance I with others may have thought so, because the mind was then craving excitement, not surfeited as was the case in the latter part of the day; or more likely, the great beauty of which Torontonians truthfully boast, was then fresh in its loveliness, simple in its grandeur, and the nice fixings (ladies pardon me) that had cost so many a sigh and thought, were then new and fresh from the milliners.

Be what it may, the 'Model School ground at ten o'clock presented a gay happy, even grand appearance. The prospect itself was well worthy the admiration it received, for on no side could the eye rest upon a defect, that which was not massive by art was grand by nature. On two sides, Church and Gerard streets, the beautiful foliage of spring bordered the block, on the west a lofty row of houses, and on the south the Model and Normal School, and the gardens of the latter, from which a delicious flavor was wafted among the expectant citizens.—This ground is well known as the handsomest in the city, and when filled by Toronto's loveliness, and Valiant Volunteers it became imaginable not describable. A little before ten the 2nd battalion formed in line, having previously gone through some movements very creditably. They are a fine body of men and although they are as yet only playing at soldiers, still their looks speak much more than mere bravado; and should it not be honored by a gift from those whom every manly feeling commands us to protect, and given in the presence of those 'nearest and dearest?' Therefore knowing them I think it will be the happiest moment of those volunteers' career, with only one exception. That will be when knowing in the flush of victory that the trust for which they fought so well is safe.

The Grand Review was more solemn and real—the red coats of the Thirtieth and bayonets glittering in the sun, told of many a blood-battle-field; recalled many a partially forgotten reminiscence of some young aspirant for the laurels of the grim god of war, who died smiling as the fleecy attendants of death twined them around his pallid brow, a willing sacrifice for England's fame,

for England's name. Vesey's battery spoke of many a devoted Russian now sleeping his last long sleep on the memorable plains of the Crimea, where English, French, Turk and Russian now mingle and moulder in the 'Crimean Soldier's Grave.'

After the Review the afternoon was spent by different persons in different ways—picnics, boating, pleasure-gardening, concerts, the theatre, &c., &c., till the shades of evening fell over a tired, dusty, weary, hungry multitude; who, to see them weeding their way home, you would say, had not the slightest intention of coming out again this night.

But don't anticipate such a compliance with the rules of Nature. Torontonians, old and young, rich and poor, beautiful and no, they are all beautiful, (if I may use the term,) 'went in on their muscle;' they must see the last scene enacted, which was the May Festival got up under the guidance of Mrs. W. Stevenson, who was very successful in having an audience able rightly to appreciate the style of the entertainment. The character of the May Queen was well sustained by Mrs. S., and in fact all were as near perfection as possibly could be attained. A really enchanting scene, the coronation; but when was youth blushing at its own loveliness not so? It was a happy ending to a happy day, and appeared to dispense an agreeable quietness, dying into rest, to those hours that at times had been wild with excitement. And as I have been a partaker therein, pardon this brief sketch's faults, while I resign it to you, reader, and myself to the soothing arms of Morpheus. DELLWA.

THE CROSS OF PRIDE.

BY MRS. J. V. NOEL,
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Rathmore," &c.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER III.

An election ball was the next thing which engaged the attention of the inhabitants of B—. It was to be given at de Burg House, and the preparations for it were on a magnificent scale. Every one was on the 'qui vive' about it; dress-makers and milliners were in constant requisition; and more than one fair girl looked forward to the honor of opening the ball with the gallant Colonel, or dancing with his handsome friend, Sir Reginald Vivyan. The ball-night at length arrived; the festivities were to commence at seven o'clock; for people in the middle ranks of life did not then keep such fashionably late hours as they do now. The carriage which was to convey Mrs. Harcourt and her daughter to de Burg House was at the door; and the Colonel's lady giving a last look in the mirror to see that all her arrangements were complete, proceeded to Miss Harcourt's room. She had just finished her toilet and it was with a feeling of exultation that Mrs. Harcourt's eyes rested on her daughter as she stood before her arranged in her ball costume. It was made of some light expensive material, the color sitting admirably with her transparent complexion. Her rich masses of dark hair were plaited into several braids behind and formed into a crown, wreathed with pearls, on the top of her finely-shaped head. In front it was allowed to fall in soft luxuriant ringlets, looped back, to show the snowy forehead, with strings of the same glittering gems.

'I never saw you look so well, Ellinor; your dress is really grand; but I think, my dear, if you wore a white ostrich plume drooping on one side, it would be quite an improvement.'

'I do not think so, mamma; the pearls are sufficient ornament.'

'Well, please yourself, my dear; I know your taste never agrees with mine. I hope, however, that my style of dress to-night will please you. Miss Smyth told me that black velvet was much worn at the Vice-regal balls, and my head-dress of crimson and gold she thought magnificent.'

'It would look better without that yellow and green feather, the contrast is too striking.'

'That is just the reason I choose it. I like something showy.'

Ellinor did not dispute the point. She knew it would be quite useless to try to improve her mother's vulgar taste in dress.

'Mrs. Ormsby was at Mrs. Smyth's the day I ordered my velvet dress; I saw her casting a longing eye on it. She never wore a velvet dress in her life; for you know they are miserably poor, although they have the pride of Lucifer. I do wonder what she and her daughter Belinda will wear at the ball to-night.'

'Miss Ormsby will look well in any dress.

At the last Assize ball, robed in white muslin, she was one of the most attractive girls in the room.'

'I cannot see what there is to admire in her for my part, I hate the whole family.'

Mrs. Harcourt did not add the reason why the Ormsbys had always treated her with supercilious condescension, and had formerly opposed her reception into society, an insult which the Colonel's lady never forgave.

'I should not wonder, my dear,' continued Mrs. Harcourt, 'if Sir Reginald would propose to you to-night; you look so remarkably beautiful, you must play your cards well, Ellinor; a baronet does not visit B— every day.'

'What an absurd idea! Sir Reginald will not offer me his hand on so short an acquaintance. He is almost a stranger.'

'No matter for that; does not every one say that he has fallen desperately in love with you. If it was not the case would he have risked his own life to save yours the other day? Answer me that my dear,' and Mrs. Harcourt's yellow and green plume nodded impressively.

'He only did what any brave man would have done,' was Ellinor's quiet answer.

'I am not so sure of that; there were many brave enough men about you and none stirred to face the mad plunging animal, except Sir Reginald. Miss Smyth told me all about it. She was looking from her window, and she also said that, from that moment she could foretell the lot that was in store for the beautiful Miss Harcourt, but it was only what her grace and beauty deserved.'

'Miss Smyth will add a few more pounds to the bill, to pay for all that flattery,' observed Ellinor, smiling.

An ivory time-piece now struck seven.

'It is time to go, Ellinor; I wonder what keeps Captain Travers, he is always so punctual,' observed Mrs. Harcourt impatiently.

'Captain Travers has been in waiting in the drawing-room nearly half an hour; but why did you allow him to be our escort, mamma? I do not wish him to be seen with us so much in public; it is giving him too much encouragement.'

'Yes, I know; but I had a motive in allowing him to attend us to the ball to-night. I wanted to play him off against your noble admirer. There is nothing like exciting a man's jealousy; it brings him to the point.'

'Play him off!' repeated Ellinor indignantly; 'I despise such mean artifices. I do not need it,' she added, with a proud glance at her mirror.

Pride was an ingredient in Ellinor Harcourt's nature; in fact it was the one great evil which marred the beauty of her character. She inherited it from both parents, and the foolish training of her ambitious mother had served to strengthen rather than subdue it. To form a good alliance was the one thing most desirable in Mrs. Harcourt's opinion; and this had been instilled into her daughter's mind from childhood. In consequence of which, Ellinor had hitherto rejected suitors that other girls would have considered eligible.

Among her many admirers Captain Travers was the only one who pleased her fastidious taste. Him she would not refuse, if he only possessed the rank and wealth she had been taught to consider indispensable; but he was poor. An alliance with him was not to be thought of, and the proud girl dismissed the subject from her thoughts, but not without a sigh of keen regret. As a friend, an agreeable companion, he had been allowed to visit at the house. It never seemed to occur to her that the kindness with which he was treated might create false expectations in his mind; or that coldness would have been a greater favor, as it would have crushed hope within his heart. Now, however, fearing that his attentions to her might lead Sir Reginald Vivyan to suppose there was any attachment on her part she determined to alter her manner towards him and no longer allow him the pleasant familiar intercourse he had hitherto enjoyed.

During his half-hour's waiting in the drawing-room, Captain Travers had employed himself admiring a miniature of Miss Harcourt. On hearing her steps descending the stairs, he hastily put it into his pocket, whether inadvertently or with design, I cannot determine. Probably he felt that soon his visits to Miss Harcourt must cease—such presentiments are not uncommon, and he could not resist the temptation to possess himself of Ellinor's likeness to console him when debared the happiness of seeing her. It was with rather a bewildered air he advanced to meet Mrs. Harcourt and Ellinor, for the latter looked so resplendent in her

ball costume that she burst upon his dazzled eye like some bright vision. Mrs. Harcourt saw the effect Ellinor produced, and she anticipated with triumph the éclat that must attend her appearance in the ball-room.

Owing to the number of vehicles of every description which crowded the street in which de Burg House was situated, it was some minutes before Mrs. Colonel Harcourt's carriage was allowed to approach the entrance. Leaving the lady to bear the delay as quietly as her impatience would permit, we shall precede her party into that aristocratic mansion, blazing with lights, and ascending the broad staircase, enter that noble suite of rooms thrown open for the reception of company, and now filling fast with a motley throng.

From rich vases floated the odor of many flowers rendering the heated atmosphere heavy with fragrance, while from the ball-room came the music of a military band filling the apartments with its exhilarating melody. Near the entrance-door of the reception-room stood Sir Reginald Vivyan, looking for one face of matchless beauty, among the many arrivals, while he listened with a half absent air to the conversation of one of Colonel de Burg's political friends, who was exerting himself to amuse him by humorous remarks on the various guests as they entered.

Dr. Connolly was a retired military surgeon, and for a long time a resident in B—. Being a cynical character, with some wit, his remarks were amusing if not edifying.

'Mrs. Macdonough, and the three Miss Macdonoughs!' he repeated, as a stout overdressed lady entered, followed by some pretty, timid-looking girls, who seemed trying to screen themselves from observation behind the ample folds of their mother's crimson satin dress.

'And following close behind, comes the rival sister with her graces—the Crawleys of Court Crawley! The latter have the advantage over the Macdonoughs, for a Portarlington boarding-school has given a certain air of fashion to the three Crawleys, which their home-bred cousins lack. What a moving mass of velvet and feathers and jewelry that Mrs. Crawley is! and the costume of the daughters is ultra-fashionable. By George, if the old grand-father, Barney Gallagher, could look from his grave, he wouldn't know his own flesh and blood. It was the old man who made the money for them, or managed to get it somehow during the rebellion. That was a time when many became suddenly rich, Sir Reginald! Barney had only two daughters, and when he was on his death-bed Mrs. Crawley contrived to possess herself of the greatest part of his wealth, leaving the minor portion to Mrs. Macdonough, and hence arose the jealousy between the sisters which exists between their families to this day.'

'Who is that lovely girl now entering?' asked the Baronet.

'That is the pretty Miss Ormsby; and there is her supercilious mamma; so ridiculous with her studied airs and graces. Observe her mincing step, and the way in which she holds her head, as proudly erect as if she were a drum-major.'

'Miss Ormsby is the prettiest girl I have seen in B—, except'—Sir Reginald hesitated before he added—Miss Harcourt.

'Oh, Miss Harcourt is peerless!' exclaimed the old Doctor with enthusiasm. 'What a pity she has such low connections. And, by George, here they come, the whole tribe—father and all.'

At this moment a family party, conspicuous for vulgarity in dress and appearance, were seen entering the room. The father in a red wig shading a rubicund visage—indicative of too great devotion to Bacchus—led the van, but seemed ill at ease. His dress was rather 'outré,' a blue coat with brass buttons, and yellow velvet nether garments fastened at the knee with large steel buckles, showing the contour of the stout but well-shaped leg in black silk stockings. Following close behind came his better half and some half-dozen daughters, all dressed gaudily in faded second-hand finery.

'Can these be Miss Harcourt's relatives?' Sir Reginald asked as his horrified gaze followed the vulgar group.

'Yes, that is Billy Morgan and his family, old Joe Morgan's son. The manufacture of snuff and tobacco is not such a prosperous business now as in his father's time. The revenue officers are more on the alert and smuggling is not so profitable. In consequence of this, Red Billy, as he is called, has lately turned his hand to something else and now deals in peltry. Faugh! it does seem that the odor from the tan-pits has followed him to this festive scene! I wonder what brings him here to-night; but such people must be tolerated at an election ball.'

'Is there any intercourse between Mrs.