

During our short acquaintance I think I have detected one or two little things from which I dare to conclude that I am not altogether an object of indifference to her. But then a man in love is like a drowning one; he clings at a straw and clutches it despairingly. Jack suggests that I should write, boldly declare my love and . . . take the consequences of this rash deed. He knows a lady who lives close to the institution where she is immured; this lady is the fair one whom Jack loved in days of old, but she married another. Yet he feels confident that she will act as the messenger of love between us, and he winds up by saying, "And I'll write a poem, comparing her to the fair moon, and you can pretend you have written it yourself in her honour." I shake my head deprecatingly; the offer is well meant, but she is not fair as the moon, she is dark.

"Hang your fair moon, Jack," are all the thanks the self-sacrificing poet gets, after so generously volunteering the abdication of his author's rights.

Jack and I part at last. I am determined to find out what are her feelings towards me, and to do my utmost to win her by showing her what I can do with such a prize in view. On mature reflection I resolve not to write to her clandestinely; I'll wait two long months; by that time she will have returned to her home and then I'll throw out a line of skirmishers, open fire and answer the challenge of that glance, if challenge it has been.

Two months have elapsed and shot the first is fired. For some time a rattling fire of epistles is kept up on both sides, and he it that mine enemy is not wounded or that she will not admit that any of my shots has told, in fact she does not seem to notice them, matters do not progress at all. I must change my tactics, and I therefore resolve to pour a whole volley into her, to take the fortress by storm; I must shatter the gates of the citadel, of her heart, and enter by the breach, by the big hole I shall have made. This volley from which I expect so much, can be summed up in four words—"Amelia, I love you." I have blazed away all my ammunition; not a cartridge is left. There is nothing to be done but to await the result.

Victory! Victory! From the beleaguered city comes the news that although the enemy has been most "unmercifully surprised" she is "not altogether displeased," and that a well-directed shot has had some effect. My heart rejoices and I burst forth into a jubilant psalm of triumph. It is short-lived however, for is there not a dead lie in every jar of honey? The sickening and dishonest thought comes over me that I have gone too far. What right had I to take a citadel that I cannot keep, at least not at present! Do my worldly prospects justify this wanton and bold attack? Will she not think that I have been indulging in that dangerous and contemptible pastime veiled flirtation? Does she trust me? My mind and heart are at variance. My heart, being the weaker of the two, bids me ask her to bide awhile and to give me an opportunity of showing her how much I value the possession of her; but the mind, which is stronger, reasons differently. She is not displeased! That is a kind way of putting it; but is she pleased? That is the question. I therefore gradually retire from the scene of action, as gracefully as I can, for I have no reserves to bring up to bring the battle to a decisive issue. Once more it is her turn, and now is it that what is noble and generous in her nature shows itself. She heals the wound she has unwittingly made, and the last letter I am ever to receive from her contains these words: "Good-bye, *que Dieu vous garde*." Many months after, we meet, I cannot speak, but she understands the silent request expressed in my look; she puts forth her hand which I fervently and reverently press to my lips and we part, forever.

"Good-night, boys, I'll take a look at the sheep before I turn in to-night."

They know now that I wish to be left alone and no one follows me. I wander away into the bush and leaning against a tree, I pull out a locket, unfasten it and gaze fondly upon her sweet face once more. Above me, the Southern Cross is shedding its softening light upon those dear traits and the moon's rays, (Jack my confidant, where art thou now?) steal gently through the branches and irradiate the countenance of her I have loved and will love to the end. My heart is beating wildly and in the stillness of the night, my lips repeat the prayer she breathed for me. "Good-bye, my love, *que Dieu vous garde*." CHARLES E. ROCHF.

EMMA ABBOTT OPERA COMPANY.

Miss Emma Abbott's *Marguerite* is spoken of as follows:

Miss Emma Abbott's supreme effort is her *Marguerite*. It is simply wonderful. She is the ideal *Marguerite*; a pearl among the representatives of Goethe's heroine, for such is the epic grandeur of her characterization that it is rather the *Marguerite* of Goethe than of Gounod. It grows under the spectator's eye like a picture under the deft pencil of an artist, or rather, it is like a succession of pictures, each one more forcible, more richly colored than the last. The simple, innocent, shrinking girl, living a life so pure as to be almost lifted above her surroundings, ripens under her affection for *Frans* to womanhood, filled with a love so strong as to be almost a pain in its freshly awakened strength, and racked with conflicting emotions of love, hope, despair and fear that stir up depths in her

moral and mental nature of which she was before happily unconscious. It is not the weak cry of a girl that she sends up in appeal for mercy from above; it is the awful despair of a woman in the meshes of fate, realizing to the fullest her terrible doom, and powerless to do ought but suffer. Dramatically considered it is Miss Abbott's best character, and her singing was never better, as regards technique, or more soulful or magnetic. Her voice is clear, brilliant, and in the garden and chapel scenes developed unexpected strength. Her ballad, the "King of Thule," is rendered with pathos, and her love scenes are so fervid and passionate, yet so tender, that the mental exclamation "Here is the ideal *Marguerite* at last!" is involuntary.

OUR WHEAT PRODUCT.

The duke of Beaufort has written the following letter to Mr. Daniel Owen of Ash Hall near Cambridge, Glamorgan, who recently published a pamphlet, in which he sought to show that the English farmer would be able to compete in the English market with the American wheat producer, providing the soil in this country were properly tilled. In acknowledging the receipt of a copy of this pamphlet the duke says:

I have to thank you for the reprint of your paper, read at a meeting in June of the Cowbridge Farmers' club. There are some parts of the paper, partly opinions of your own, partly of those of others, with which I do not agree, and which to my mind are not in accordance with the present state of things in America, and, as far as I can see, are still further from the probable future of the wheat-growing zone or district of the continent, both in Canada and in the United States.

On page 12, in commenting upon the unprecedented crop of wheat grown there last year, you state that it is exceptional, and may not happen again for years to come. As a matter of fact, the crop is much larger this year than it was last, and though the weather was unusually bad and changeable for America, the harvest was well got. As there are now railroads working, others making, and again more contemplated, I believe the surplus of wheat produced beyond the quantity wanted for home consumption in Canada and America will increase every year for some time to come. Also, as they get money from selling their wheat, they will invest some of it in manure, and instead of having eleven bushels per acre to sell, grown on their now unmanured land, they will very much raise the productive powers of their land. Besides this, the wheat zone is enormous, and as the flood of emigration has again set in Westward more acres will be cleared and cultivated. As to the expense, I think that the gentlemen quoted in your paper are in error, for I have no doubt that, though from the very furthest part of the wheat-producing districts it may be more, yet wheat can be landed at Liverpool from the average of the distance from the coast, at a cost of 4s. per bushel, or 32s. per quarter. Can you compete with this in England? I say, certainly not. I put the expenses thus:

One acre.	£	s.	d.
Plowing	1	0	0
Draining and sowing	1	0	0
Seed	1	0	0
Harvesting	2	0	0
Threshing	2	0	0
Interest on freehold	4	0	0
Total	7	0	0
Moving to seaboard	3	0	0
Freight and landing, insurance and commission on sale	1	0	0
Total	10	0	0
To produce 11 bushels.			

If the cost came to £2 4s. for 11 bushels, that would be exactly 4s. per bushel, and allowing 1s. 4d. more than I have calculated. I will put it at that sum. I make this calculation taking the bushel to average 56 pounds weight, which brings five quarters to weigh one ton. You have had great experience, and have grown crops that sound almost fabulous in quantity, but I see that with all that science and capital could do for three years, you had crops far less to the acre than for the seven previous years. The fact is that in America the sun never falls them as it does in this climate. Their crops ripen quickly, and it is almost a certainty that they have fine weather for harvesting. Bad weather beats even energy and good judgment. Mr. Osborne, I think, greatly overrates the average wheat produced per acre in the United Kingdom, even in the favorable seasons, when he puts it at 30 bushels. I believe 20 bushels to be much nearer the mark. He is wrong also in saying that it costs 9d per bushel railway freight to the coast, which would be £1 10s per ton. I believe it to be an error also to say that the railways are carrying wheat at a loss. There is not sufficient competition to cause them to do that.

The result of my consideration of the subject is this, that climate, steam transport by sea and land, together with the labor question on both sides of the ocean, has made it out of the power of our agriculturists to compete with the growers of wheat on the American continent, and that they must turn their attention to cheaper and better modes of growing beef and mutton, so as not to be driven out of the market also by the Americans. The distance, difficulty and expense of transport of live and dead meat give us an advantage we shall be wise to improve, instead of wasting time and capital in trying the impossible task of competing with them in growing wheat. Thanking you again for sending me the paper, I remain, yours faithfully.

A GREAT SCOTCH CRITIC.

The publication of Macvey Napier's correspondence with the various contributors to the *Edinburgh Review* gives additional interest to the life of the great Scotch critic whose acumen and industry made the *Review* famous, and whose name stands at the head of the list of our British essayists. In those letters, which appear in the new volume, it appears that Lord Jeffrey maintained to the last a critical interest in the fortunes of the *Review*, and was accustomed to carry to the horribly restive Napier his views on the articles. Some of his mistakes in characterization are very amusing. The following sketch of Lord Jeffrey was written some months ago, one, if not worthy of him, will at least revive in some minds the half forgotten picture of one of the most amiable and most useful of men, who, in his time exercised a sway in literature, of which in England, before or since, there have been few examples.

The lives, the written lives, of most literary men are very melancholy things to read. "If you write my life I'll take your's," growled old Dr. Johnson at Boszzy when he became aware that that ingenious youth was preparing the materials for a biography of the great Samuel. Boszzy simply took a note of the objection and went on compiling. It was a good thing that Boszzy wrote the Doctor's life. He has given us one of the most delightful books in the world. It is, of course, an equally good thing that the Doctor did not "take" Boszzy's. One Doctor, the excellent Dr. Dodd, was enough, at a time, to be hanged *pour encourager les autres*. And Johnson did his best to save us that interesting spectacle by trying to save Dodd from the gallows, for a crime which in our time is only a common little misdemeanor, like bigamy and bank robbing. But, as I was saying, the lives of all literary men are just a trifle melancholy. They generally form the narrative of consumption. You see the author you are reading of gradually consuming himself, body and brains, emptying his inkstand, blunting his pen and then dropping it—

"Every worm beneath the moon
Sings, tolling out its own cocoon."

Such lives, as a rule, are uneventful. A man who spends the best part of his life at his desk cannot, necessarily, have many adventures. Voltaire, Rousseau, Goethe, the continental men of genius generally had eventful lives. Even in modern times the continental Men of Letters have striking lives, but the reason of that is that their literature tends to be in some sort a literature of revolution; it is connected with politics; it involves personalities; it is in some shape patronized by the State; and literature that accepts State patronage must sometimes incur State punishment. The muse in livery always hears, sooner or later, the crack of the master's whip. On the continent literature has greatly affected history and the fate of nations. It would be difficult to say with truth that the history of England has in any appreciable or striking degree been affected by the most brilliant literature of which any nation can boast. The reason roughly stated probably is that the educational effect of literature on the masses developed itself later in England than in foreign countries. Among the educational vehicles of thought in the beginning of this century the *Edinburgh Review* is entitled to a reasonably high place, and at the head of the *Edinburgh Review* was FRANCIS JEFFREY. His was one of the most uneventful lives on record. A voyage to New York—for a wife; a trip to the continent—for a holiday; a journey to London—to Parliament; these were the most exciting events of one of the busiest of lives. I have lately read Lord Jeffrey's life by Lord Cockburn. It shows that a very dull book can be written about a very great literary man, by a very great judge. If it were not for Jeffrey's friends and Jeffrey's letters, his life might have been written on a sheet of foolscap. Jeffrey was too busy writing of other people's lives to furnish much material for his own. But what there was of it, what one reads in this book gives us the picture of a thoroughly good, gentle, lovable, light-hearted, domestic, and consummately industrious man. Industry, particularly literary industry, was part of his nature. He lapsed in articles, for the articles came. He begins to write essays at an age when other boys are not equal to more than a carefully prepared epistle to the home authorities, with a postscript asking for a remittance. And he wrote essays all his life, all his youth, his manhood, his old age. He was born at Edinburgh in 1773. He died in 1850, aged 77 years. He was 27 years editor of the *Edinburgh Review*. He wrote for it longer than that. The list extends to over 200 articles, on an infinite variety of subjects. With the exception of Dumas, it is impossible to conceive of a more industrious man than Jeffrey. Lord Cockburn tells us that he wrote an immense quantity of excellent essays as mere exercise. It was before the age of magazines. In our days they might have appeared in the monthly periodicals. In the next generation of literature, Macaulay found the pages of *Knights Quarterly* a valuable avenue to fame. But Jeffrey simply filed his essays away with condemnatory notes and criticisms, and never published them at all. Precocious as were his abilities he did not begin to publish early. He kept his pieces nine years. He was twenty-nine years old when he began to write for the *Edinburgh Review*, to edit it in fact. In the first number he had six articles,—they had shorter articles than that after. One of

these was an article on the French revolution which Brougham thought one of the best, if not the best, he had written—but Brougham's savage nature led him often to try to make men believe that they did not improve. And so on, from number to number, you may read two, three, four, five articles in each number almost for the whole period of his literary activity. His studies at the law, his practice at the Bar were interrupted and delayed, but not rendered impossible, as so often happens, by his literary labours; and he rose through slow successive stages of promotion to the dignity of Lord Advocate and Judge.

"Health to immortal Jeffrey! once in name
Could England boast a Judge almost the same.
In soul so like, so merciful, so just
Some think that Satan has resigned his trust,
And given his spirit to the world again
To sentence letters as he sentenced men."

That was the way Byron wrote of him when Byron was young and had published a lot of jingling nonsense. But Byron lived to acknowledge the justice of his sentence, to be good friends, to respect and even love the critic. Tom Moore wanted to shoot him for the castigations he gave Moore's Anacreontic eccentricities; and yet Moore lived to admire, defer to him, and be a good companion on many occasions; for Jeffrey was right and Moore was wrong. Wordsworth, in his passive way, must have felt, and did, as we know, feel wounded at the criticisms to which his uneven work was subjected; but Wordsworth, too, in time came to be one of Jeffrey's friends and admirers. Southey, also, was treated with severity in the *Review*, and Southey resented it; but time and the world are with Jeffrey again, and out of fifty educated and well-read men of our day, probably not five could repeat a dozen lines from Southey's most ambitious works, if from Southey at all. How gratified these men would have been in the beginning had they known that Jeffrey had himself tried to be a poet, and failed. "I feel I shall never be a great man unless it be as a poet," he writes to his sister in 1791, when he was at the ripe age of eighteen. He even gave up wine in order to keep his blood cool, and drank nothing but water, in order to make himself a poet! It is most unfortunate for this poetical view of poetry that it failed utterly. "Notwithstanding all this," he says, "my poetry does not improve. I think it is growing worse every week." Perhaps there was something wrong with the water! As editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, Jeffrey had to deal with a great many distinguished men, who found their account in writing for the great Whig periodical. It is not of the slightest account who is editor of the *Edinburgh Review* now. But that personage was of importance in those days. Jeffrey's name figures in the biographies of all the distinguished men of half a century ago. His correspondence was extensive in times when correspondence was still not cheap. In domestic life the man must have been charming; he was eminently a domestic man. His first wife, Miss Wilson, died young, and his affliction was deep, for his child died also. His second wife, married in New York, lived till a few months after his death, when she was buried by his side. His habits were such as to have made him a charming home companion. He did not shut himself up in the gloom of his library to do his work. His law work, his literary work, were all done with his wife at his side, when they were done at home. He took his wife and daughter with him in a post-chaise in circuit sometimes. He lived to see the *Review* he had helped to make famous, become a great power: to welcome the genius of Macaulay, and to be the loudest in his praise. Since his time another editor has passed away—Macvey Napier—to whom Macaulay had occasion to write so many very good letters, and so many indignant ones. I fancy that Macaulay has so overshadowed all other essay writers that Jeffrey's essays are not read as widely now as they should be. But those who are familiar with them know how much is lost to the generation which has a little neglected them, and which has neglected too, I fancy, such men as De Quincey and Walter Landor.

M. J. G.

Ottawa.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

A NEGRO woman 82 years old is going to school at Carsonville, Ga.

A RUMOR comes from Paris that bonnets are to be worn on the head hereafter.

The average young woman's hair should be well preserved, because it is so carefully put up.

It makes the Fifth Avenue belle crazy to know that Jupiter is at present sporting a belt eight thousand miles wide.

"The higher education of women" means studying astronomy in the observatory of a female college.

An advertisement of cheap shoes adds:—"Ladies wishing these cheap shoes will do well to call soon, as they will not last long."

SOME "horrid brute" has discovered that the difference between a woman and an umbrella is that there are times when you can shut up an umbrella.

The sweetest thing on earth is a little child when it has learned to know and love.—[Exchange.] Just so; a little child of the female sex. They have to be about seventeen before they attain to those accomplishments.