

IX.

LEE AND FLOW.

Zulma's anxieties were no less than Pauline's. They increased from day to day, and she fretted herself almost into illness by her impatience. She knew that Cary's malady was of its nature a protracted one, and that the convalescence must necessarily extend over many weeks. She could hear from him only occasionally, and never with that fullness of detail which her affection required. She had recourse to many expedients to ease her mind, but failure in every instance only sharpened the edge of her disappointment. Her chief attempt was to obtain admission into the town for the purpose of aiding Pauline in nursing the invalid. She quite appreciated all the delicacy of the step; but, having obtained her father's cordial consent, she pursued it with all the energy of her nature. She applied for the necessary leave to her brother Eugene who, having done soldier's duty, was supposed to be entitled to some little consideration at the hands of the authorities. Eugene was flatly refused. Zulma then enlisted the services of Rodenick Hardinge, who somehow entered into her views with the greatest alacrity. "She would make a charming prisoner," he said gaily.

But Hardinge failed. So did Bouchette who had been approached in the matter by his friend Belmont. The affair created quite a stir in this small circle of friends, relieving the monotony of the siege for the time being. Cary Singleton was very much amused as well as touched by it. But when it was at length ascertained that the Governor, usually so good-natured, was strangely inexorable in the present instance, Pauline and her confidants gave up all hope of seeing Zulma among them. But the latter was not so easily discouraged. These rebuffs only added fuel to her desire, and though the time passed rapidly, she did not resign her project. Very seriously, she inquired of Batoche whether he could not smuggle her within the walls. The proposition at first struck the fancy of the old man, making his eyes glitter; but, upon second thoughts, he laughed it away.

"The trouble would not be so much to smuggle you in, as to know what to do with you when once we get you in," he said slyly. "Women are awkward things to handle in a camp of soldiers. No disguise can hide them from prying eyes."

As a last resort, Zulma resolved on appealing directly to M. de la Roche, whom surely Carleton would not deny. There were numerous and very glaring objections to this bold measure, but the impetuous girl overruled them all, and, after writing a splendid diplomatic letter, she had concluded arrangements to have it safely delivered to the prefect, when an unforeseen event saved her from the consequences of her amiable rashness.

As we have said, time had passed briskly on since the terrible events of the New Year's Eve. January had glided into February, and March had come with the promise of an unusually early spring. No military events of any importance had occurred, at least, none that had any connection with our story, and beyond the circumstances attached to Cary's long illness, there happened nothing which need make us linger over those bleakest months of the winter.

Singleton had so far recovered as to be able to walk about, but he remained very feeble, without the opportunity of taking that free exercise necessary to his complete restoration. It was awkward for him to tarry much longer in the house of M. Belmont. The seclusion of prison life was interdicted by the humane physician, while there were clear military objections to his being allowed to circulate in the streets of Quebec. Fortunately the doubt was solved by a partial exchange of prisoners which took place about the middle of March, and in which, by a special privilege, Cary was included.

The parting from Pauline was very trying. The young man could not explain to himself the regret which it caused him. It grew out of something distinct from and far above his gratitude for her nursing, and the sense of obligation for the saving of his life which he was conscious he could never discharge. In those long afternoons, within the curtained gloom of the sick chamber; during those longer sleepless nights, with their companionship of silence and the sole intercourse of the eyes; in those frequent conversations made up for the most part of commonplaces, but relieved at times by unbidden revelations of the heart; in those brief but not infrequent visions of Pauline's beauty brought about by sudden graceful movements of her body, or when she appeared under certain favorable effects of the window light; in those intuitive glimpses of her real character made doubly attractive by its constant element of sadness, and the suspicion of self-sacrifice, Cary had woven about his heart an unconscious chain, the power of which he could not understand until called upon to burst it.

Not did he gather any comfort from Pauline's attitude. When he announced his final departure to her, she heard him calmly, but her quiet was that of mental and physical weakness. There was no energetic self-control in her words or manner; merely a passive resignation. As she extended her hand, and felt the warm kiss imprinted upon it, she was an object of extreme pity, which added to the bitterness of Cary's sorrow.

The last farewell had been spoken and the two stood on the steps, at the foot of which a curiole was waiting to convey the released prisoner to his destination among his friends.

Cary turned once more to meet the eye of Pauline. As he did so, he paused, struck by a sudden thought, and, going back a step or two, said:

"Pauline—allow me to call you by this name for perhaps the last time—Pauline, promise me one thing. Take care of your health. I fear that, after I am gone, you will replace me on that sick-bed, worn out by wearing weeks of watching."

Two livid spots burned on Pauline's cheek, and there was a glassiness in her eye. She leaned on the frame of the door for support, but mustered strength enough to answer that she felt no illness and hoped that all would turn out for the best. It was poor comfort; Cary had, however, to be satisfied with it, and drove away with a very heavy heart.

He had not been two hours in the American camp, when he met Batoche. It goes without saying that the meeting was of the heartiest, and between them, a visit to Pointe-aux-Trembles was planned for that same evening. Zulma having heard of the negotiations for the exchange of prisoners, the coming of Cary was not unexpected, and there was great rejoicing that evening at the Sarpy Mansion, as over one who had been lost and was found, who had died and had risen from the dead.

(To be continued.)

HEARTH AND HOME.

CHILDREN AS TEACHERS.—Children may teach us one blessing, one enviable art—the art of being easily happy. Kind nature has given to them that useful power of accommodation to circumstances which compensates for many external disadvantages, and it is only by injudicious management that it is lost. Give him but a moderate portion of food and kindness, and the peasant's child is happier than the duke's; free from artificial wants, unsatiated by indulgence, all nature ministers to his pleasure; he can carve out felicity from a hazel twig, or fish for it successfully in a puddle.

TRUE CONCEIT.—What the world very often mistakes for conceit is a self-consciousness, a recognition of the inward power, which is, in truth, very different from it. In our common acceptance of the word, a conceited man is an empty fellow who bases his opinion of himself upon no true grounds. Very often, great but untried men will take upon themselves the achievement of that which the world deems an impossibility. But if the man has that within him which will carry him through, he is not to be blamed. It is the ignorant fellow and puffed-up fool who exhibits the richest crop of conceit.

SELFISHNESS.—There are some characters that possess an inexpressible charm in their manner, a something which attracts our love instantaneously; without wealth, rank, or talents, still a dignity hovers round them and ennobles every action. What is it? How shall we define it? Simply this: They have a freedom from selfishness, by some extraordinary charter of nature. Though selfishness is the most common of all vices, yet such is our sense of its repugnance to moral beauty, that we are as much disgusted by those who do not conceal it, as if they were exhibiting the secret scars and deformities of their person.

TO BE LOVED.—There is nothing so sweet as to be loved, except loving. The true pure love which is not a thing of the senses, but of the soul—love that is the outgrowth of goodness—what will not one do to win or keep such tenderness? What will not one risk, or dare, or forsake for it? Is any journey long that has a love-kiss at the end of it—any duty hard that cements the bonds between two hearts? To be truly loved is the great reward life has to offer. And any one who has a heart and does not mind showing it, who can put aside selfishness and be true to others, can win love. To have people temperately in love with you needs only beauty. To be beloved, one must have truth, tenderness, constancy, and responsiveness. Be good, and do good, and despite all that is said about this world's ingratitude, some one will love you.

POETRY. Its great tendency and purpose is to carry the mind beyond and above the beaten, dusty, weary walks of ordinary life; to lift it into a pure element; and to breathe into it a more profound and generous emotion. It reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness of early feeling, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature by vivid delineations of tenderest and loftiest feelings, spreads our sympathies over all classes of society, knits us by new ties with universal being, and, through the brightness of its prophetic visions, helps faith to lay hold on the future life.

CHIEFLESSNESS AND MOROSENESS.—If we are cheerful and contented, all nature smiles with us; the air seems more balmy, the sky more clear, the ground has a brighter green, the trees have a richer foliage, the flowers a more fragrant smell, the birds sing more sweetly, and the sun, moon, and stars all appear more beautiful. We take our food with relish, and whatever it may be, it pleases us. We feel better for it—stronger and lovelier, and fit for exertion. Now what happens to us if we are ill-tempered and discontented? Why, there is not anything which can please us. We quarrel with our food, with our dress, with our amusements, with our companions, and with ourselves. Nothing comes

right for us; the weather is either too hot or too cold, too dry or too damp. Neither sun, nor moon, nor stars have any beauty; the fields are barren, the flowers are lustreless, and the birds silent. We move about like some evil spirit, neither loving nor beloved by anything.

DJELMA.

LEAVES FROM A TRAVELLER'S JOURNAL.

It was on the "Trebisonda," and we were steaming through the sea of Marmora. Constantinople was still in view, and presented a gorgeous spectacle with the setting sun shining on the domes and minarets of the countless mosques. Around, the water was perfectly calm, upon which were numerous fairy-like islands, luxuriant in growth; while along the bold and rocky Asiatic shore, dotted here and there, picturesque towns and villages were to be seen. On looking eastward rose Mount Olympus, its distant summit covered with snow and reflected in lines of pink by a touch of the declining rays. Truly an object of majesty seemingly reaching the sky. As the twilight faded into darkness, the moon arose, spreading a soft lovely light over all. So bright was the reflection on the water, that our vessel appeared gliding through a silver sea.

After contemplating this beautiful scene for a long time, I was about to retire, when my attention was arrested by hearing a sweet woman's voice singing some plaintive Oriental melody. I listened awhile to the dulcet notes wafted over the still, breathless air, then feeling desirous to see the gifted one who could so touch the sympathetic chords of our better nature, I walked forward from whence came the melodious sounds, and, seated on the deck among a group of Turkish women, I beheld the object of my search.

A more beautiful face I had never looked upon. It was Djelma's.

She had long ceased to sing, yet I lingered there looking at this picture of loveliness;—a fresh rose-bud nature just bursting into graceful womanhood—and was puzzling myself as to what her station might be, when there appeared on the scene one of those repulsive specimens of humanity, (black men for the most part), who are guardians and attendants of the Harem. Seeing this man, I then felt sure the poor girl was but some slave, and destined for an abode of the rich and licentious.

This attendant she seemed to hold in much disgust, and instead of noticing his ceremonious approach, she turned away, and with an impatient gesture, ordered him off. The negro moved aside, but as he did so, I saw him glance at her and smile maliciously. Doubtless he took pleasure in knowing how soon her imperiousness would become submission, in the presence of a master, where she would be but one of many, an object of command at his beck and call.

As much as I abhorred the life to which I was convinced this young and beautiful creature was doomed, I held her an innocent victim to a barbarous land; where the religion, the laws and the customs sanctioned a traffic in womankind for immoral and degrading purposes. And as I gazed at her fair upturned face, with the full moon shining thereon, I could almost fancy the pure radiant countenance saintly in appearance. I did believe that the Almighty and Merciful Father, when He so willed, would take her hence from a life of bondage, ignorant of the sin she was committing, purified, to dwell with Him above.

Next morning I came early on deck, in the hopes of again seeing the beauty who had so charmed me the night before. But she had not yet made her appearance.

To amuse myself then, awaiting her presence, I watched the many persons collected around the hatchways below. A curious sight indeed. Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Arabs and Egyptians, men and women, all were crowded together. Some were cooking, others conversed or were playing games, (most puzzling ones), while a few in a corner by themselves were occupied with their morning devotions. On seeing these first stand erect, then fall on their hands and knees, and finally bow down full length on the deck, I could but wonder if they were ever tired of this (during prayer time perpetual) movement. Yet they were doubtless sincere, these worshippers of Mohammed, and I firmly believe as strict in their faith and religion, if not more so, than many a brother of the more civilized parts.

Soon I espied the attractive being I had come forth to see, looking as lovely as ever. Hers was that type of beauty, descriptions of which I had read as belonging to those women of the desert tribes inhabiting Arabia, parts of Syria, and the land east of the Dead Sea. A bright expressive face (unlike most women in Turkey she was unveiled), with a tall, graceful figure, she made a charming picture to look upon; and despite the unbecoming Oriental costume she wore, I thought how many a "belle dame" in Paris or London, courted and admired, would have been "put to the blush" by a physical comparison with this poor Eastern slave. Seeing her look around apparently for some one to fill the water jug she held in her hand, and as there appeared to be no person near, I stepped forward, and by a gesture intimated my desire to perform this small service for her. She looked up and seemed surprised, doubtless wondering that I should take this interest; but on a further demonstration of my willingness to

be of assistance, she then smiled pleasantly, but before accepting my offer spoke to the old woman by her side, as if asking her permission. This aged guardian scrutinized me carefully, after which she said something in a most guttural voice, meaning an assent, and the jug being handed to me, I soon returned it filled with cool water from the cabin. This little incident procured me a sort of privilege over the party, which I claimed now and then by sitting near and observing the one jewel in their midst.

Later on I pointed out the group to my dragoman, and requested him to endeavour to ascertain the girl's name and history. He came back shortly afterwards with the desired information, gained, he said, from the black attendant, who had further stated that she was the property of the Governor of Smyrna, to whose abode she was being conveyed.

The second day after leaving Constantinople we anchored off Smyrna. I shall never forget the impression this beautiful spot made upon me, with its domes and minarets, its pretty villas and gardens of cypress trees, and its surrounding hills, thickly planted, on one of which were the ruins of an extensive castle, a remnant of past grandeur and a model of former strength. A magnificent bay opened its blue waters around, washing shores of bright sand on the one side, of high rocks on the other; or dashing the surf on the pebbly beach of some fair isle, an emerald gem on the bosom of the sea. Ships too there were, laden with cargoes of wealth, some sailing away, some resting from journeys afar. And finally, the people themselves, representatives from all nations in strange and novel costumes, lent a finishing touch to this scene of beauty, nestling in the midst of Nature's bounties formed by the hand of God.

It was early when we arrived, and I amused myself looking out of my stateroom window, until it suddenly occurred to me that perhaps Djelma might land, and I should thus miss a last opportunity of seeing her. I rose therefore, dressed hastily, and going on deck I looked in vain for a glimpse of her. She was nowhere to be seen. I then descended below and searched every group, but with no better success. Finally I came back on the quarter deck, and looking down at the many little boats which surrounded our vessel, waiting for a load of passengers, I caught a view of Djelma seated in one just moving off. I waved her a good-bye, she saw me and kissed her hand in acknowledgment; then, as the boat neared the steamer, she stood up and threw me a bunch of flowers—a *saucerie d'honneur*. Her strength proving unequal to the will, the little bouquet fell short of my reach and drifted away, but the kindly thought which instigated the action, was deeply engraved on memory's tablet.

In my rambles around Smyrna a few days afterwards, I visited the palatial and beautiful residence of the Governor, and gazing thereon thought sadly of sweet Djelma a prisoner within.

'Tis true this Governor is reported to be a gentle master, and his Harem is said to be rich and luxurious in appurtenances. But oh! that a human creature, lovely woman, can be thus deprived of liberty, enslaved to a degrading, sinful life, and committed in the end to an ignoble grave, is a stain on the civilized world.

Montreal.

R. C. B.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

THE Bayreuth festival is to cost about \$225,000.

THEATRICAL business is bad in Paris. Some days ago one of the principal theatres took one night of frames and the next 65.

The entire list of Schiller's plays are to be produced at the Court Theatre in Munich in the coming season, beginning with "The Robbers," and ending with "Demetrius."

It is said that Offenbach has informed an American interviewer that he is about to write a Mass. If such is the case, the composition will be looked forward to with interest.

Gaetano Brizzi, the great Italian trumpet-player, who recently died at Bologna, had a mouth hard as steel, and lungs capacious as the bellows of a smithy. Having played a very noisy passage in Donizetti's hearing once, the maestro went over to him, and smilingly tapping him on the cheek, said, "Corrado Brizzi, you're sure of an engagement on the last day, to lay the trumpet in the Valley of Jehoshaphat!"

Mrs. Annie Kemp Bowler, the operatic singer, died in Philadelphia on Monday week. She went to that city several weeks ago, under an engagement to enact the part of *Stalacta* in "The Black Crook," at the National Theatre. On the first night of the play, August 16, the very large theatre was jammed, and the performances had almost terminated. In the final transformation scene, which was an uncommonly splendid spectacle, Mrs. Bowler as *Stalacta* was drawn up from the stage in a golden car. She became dizzy and fell over the unprotected edge of the car, striking hard upon the stage. Her shoulder-blade and collar-bone were broken, and that it was supposed, was the extent of her injuries. She was thereafter confined to her bed and latterly she grew worse, internal hurts beginning to affect her dangerously, and resulting in her death.

Mrs. Bowler was a daughter of R. C. Kemp, a New York merchant. She early developed a fine contralto voice, and commenced her musical education when young, studying under such well-known teachers as Mrs. Seguin, Sig. Badiali, of N.Y. city, and Sig. Schira, of London. She made her first appearance in public at a concert in New York, and was so successful that she was engaged to travel with the concert troupe which supported Thalberg and Viennet. In 1859 she joined the Cooper English Opera troupe, and while with the company was married in Kingston, Ont., to Brookhouse, the tenor of the troupe. In 1861 she went to England, where she remained until 1866, when she returned to America to play *Stalacta* in "The Black Crook" at Niblo's Garden. During the season 1869-70 she was with the Richings English Opera troupe. Since that she has occasionally sung in concerts, acted in theatres, and for a brief time sang in some of the better class of variety theatres. Her husband is alive, and she also leaves several children.