

## SONG.

Quem mihi, quem tibi  
Finem Di dederunt.—Hor., Per. XI., Lib. I.

Hopes of the youthful breast,  
Oh! whither have ye gone?  
Where is the promised rest  
To crown the labours done?  
Where is the early glow  
Of love's Promethean flame?  
Oh! is it—oh! is it so,  
That love has but a name?  
Tell me, ye angels of the abyss,  
If other worlds are dark as this!

Dave and departed years  
Present to me mort's eye  
Sweet smiles and bitter tears.  
Deep woe and smiling joy.  
Expression's silvery words  
Are turned to wailing cries.  
And fancy's lyre accords  
With sorrow's smothered sighs.  
Oh! all the weary soul at last  
In triumph know life's battle past!

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## MY COUSIN ERENE.

We both sat eating *bon-bons* and waiting for dinner—my little French cousin, Mademoiselle Erène, whom I was visiting, and I. She sat in a tumbled little heap in one corner of her cushioned sofa, her brilliant black eyes gleaming with excitement under her dark eyebrows as she talked. She had light, crisp, airy blonde hair surrounding a very fair, colourless face, and her dark eyes made her appear singularly beautiful. I was a modest little American, with beauty (if any) of a quiet order; hair and eyes brown, and my figure slim and *petite*. Erène was a Parisian born, with all their tastes and ways. She was spitting forth impulsively now about a friend of her father's, an Englishman of high birth, whom we expected to dine with us that day. They had met him on the continent, and although Erène said a great deal against him, I knew her so well that in my heart I somehow felt she liked him. She never made so much ado about any one or "*Mon Dieu*!" so often when she did not.

"Oh, but that was the great nuisance—that piece of high dignity, Lord Stolholm! *Mon Dieu*! what a name was that! His father must have been a Swede! His lordship, then, was to dine with us on this particular day, when we were going to the Santé's grand ball at night, and needed the day to rest! Ah, these English!—they were made of stone! How they walk! *Ma foi*! three miles or four a day—she had seen them! and how he would carry his nose in the air!—they all did—and sit stiff as a post when every one else talked like live people and enjoyed themselves. *Mon Dieu*! but it was a trial. And how gay would she be when the wine came to leave his lordship and go back to her good nevel, 'Virginie.' Ah, but she was getting horribly *ennuyée*, and would sleep soon, she was sure!" and she indulged in a big yawn and held two tiny hands over her mouth.

Here we were summoned to dinner. I could see nothing disagreeable about Lord Stolholm. He appeared a sensible, pleasant gentleman, of about thirty-five. He treated Erène and myself with gallantry, and I thought Erène honoured him with quite as much courteous notice as he did her. He told me that he had once known my mother, and had esteemed her highly. He further remarked that I greatly resembled her. He spoke very kindly, and I was pleased that he had known mamma, for she was dead, and papa I had left with my only brother in Germany.

At the Santé Hotel that night we again met Lord Stolholm. He danced several times with me, and I—well, I was only seventeen, the scene was gay and fresh to me, and Lord Stolholm was very handsome that night. But I could not but feel sore at heart when Erène was so disagreeable after the ball and the next day. Surely I had not tried to draw Lord Stolholm's attention from her! This manner increased as he continued to show me his regard, and I grew homesick and wrote to papa that he must send *fräulein* to bring me to Germany. I left suddenly, without seeing Lord Stolholm, and I thought, "Erène may now know I don't wish to interfere with her preferences." But, alas! I was sad, and knew before long that I had grown to think much more of this kind friend than I was aware of. Weeks passed and I heard nothing from him. To be sure, he did not know where I was, unless Erène had chosen to tell him.

Erène wrote very pleasantly now, and frequently mentioned Lord Stolholm. Presently I began to look ill. *Fräulein* fretted and said I must travel again. So my father went down to Italy; but I continued pale and sad. At last one day I received the following letter, written with the impulsiveness of Erène's nature in its happiest mood:

"MA CHÈRE PETITE COUSINE.—I write now while I can scarcely use my pen, I am so wild with pleasure. What will you think when I tell you that—Lord Stanton Stolholm loves me! This I knew last night for the first time. Is he not a fine match? The world talks of him everywhere; but, then, he has not much money. It is his title that makes every one now wild about him. Papa will, of course, consent, even though he has no wealth, for I shall have so much. *Mon Dieu*! I am so happy, for everybody wants him, he is so handsome! Write me your congratulations, *chère cousine*, for in a few months I shall be Lady Stolholm; and no more—though yours still in affection—

ERÈNE L'ABTÉE."

The letter came to me in the soft southern twilight as I sat alone under the clear stars of the Italian sky. It pierced my tired little heart like the unexpected stroke of a stiletto, and, like it, brought the silence of death—death to a feeble, fading hope. I did not moan or cry out, but despair numbed all my senses, and mechanically, almost unknowingly, I wandered off to a secluded spot amid the lime-trees, and threw myself upon the warm, soft turf. There I lay, grasping in my hand still the letter with its hidden sting, turning my little, wan face up to the waving boughs above me, through which came the glint of the lights of heaven, as if they would find comfort me.

"No, no, naught could comfort me!" I moaned within myself; and like the echo of my heart, sounded the distant vesper-bell—clear, but faint and wailing—borne on the evening air.

"Ach, mein Gott! what is this?" It was the rugged voice of *fräulein* that startled me, and I realized that the long twilight was spent and the night was far on. She roused me and took me up in her strong arms and carried me home. A long insensibility followed. A month passed under the power of the fever that seized me. Upon my recovery we again travelled for six months. With my brother, who was in the University in Germany, came two students. We all journeyed together. One was a Bavarian—handsome, intellectual and fiercely impulsive; the other a Hollander, whom I thought intolerably stupid, for he smoked all the time, and nothing more. Both of these men made overtures to my father for my hand in marriage, and though my father urged the suit of the Bavarian, I declined, not caring for either of them. And upon the Hollander essaying one day to make love to me, I said, very decidedly:

"I can never marry you, so pray do not harbour such an idea."

On the evening of the same day a ball was held at one of the palatial residences in Vienna, for it was in that courtly city that we were now sojourning. Although I was no more in love with the Bavarian than with the Hollander, he was more agreeable company, and he paid me much court this night. My glass told me before I left my dressing-room that my toilet was most becoming. Its pale-green sheen contrasted with my brown hair and eyes, and lent an ethereal aspect to my pale, small-featured face. It was when the evening was far advanced, and I was dancing with the Bavarian, that suddenly a familiar voice struck upon my ear. I looked up and saw—Lord Stolholm. He stood near me, in company with some eminent gentlemen. He saw me, bowed quietly, and after the dance came and spoke with me. He was changed and looked pale and worn. His manner was kind but constrained. I felt the barrier that existed between Erène's lover and myself. I asked if Erène was still in Paris, and he briefly replied "Yes." He disappeared soon after, and I felt as though a tempest had passed over me, and left me beaten down and half-dead. As the night advanced, feeling strange and alien to this crowd of foreigners, I stole softly out alone on to a deserted balcony. The stillness of the moonlit night soothed me, and as I listened to the soft splash of the fountains playing in the garden below, I murmured within myself at the fate which carried me into foreign lands. The one longing of my soul was to return to America or England. I descended the balcony and wended my way through one of the labyrinthine paths of the shrubberied garden. Lights gleamed everywhere amid the dark-green foliage, and the fountains glistened and statues stood out cold and white in the light of the moon. I gathered the sheen of my ball-robe about me and seated myself on the ledge of an artificial grotto. "Oh, why," I murmured, "had my old love shown himself to me for one fleeting moment and then vanished? Why speak to me when he was no longer mine? Did he ever think of me, or had I been merely the toy of the passing hour? It would seem that I had; and yet how strangely he looked at me to-night! Would it have all been well if I had but sent him a note when I left Paris? But surely Erène would have told him where I was! Surely she would not be so cruel as to withhold my address had he asked for it! But why do I talk thus, forsooth! Foolish heart! do not harbour such a thrill of hope. He is bound to another—he cannot be yours. To you he is lost—lost—lost!" And the shuddering night air soothed away through the firs in a sad echo that sounded its sepulchral murmur deep within my soul.

From my despair I was startled by the sound of voices approaching. They were male voices, and as I was hidden from view, I believed I could remain undisturbed. Very soon they reached a spot near me where the path assumed a sudden curve, and instead of passing on, they stopped suddenly, and I recognized the voices as belonging to the Bavarian and his companion. They were angry and were disputing, but I could not hear their words. Presently their tones grew louder, and I heard the Hollander say, "I know your ways, Holstein, of old, you are misleading her—you chide me for your own advancement." I heard a start and a fierce hiss from the Bavarian, instantly followed by a mighty oath and the rattle of his sword. I leaped from my seat and rushed out between them, crying, "Hold! Would you kill each other?" only in time, however, to see the sword of the Bavarian gleaming over his head as he fell dead at my feet. Although quicker than the Hollander, his stroke had been too rash and missed its aim, and before he could regain himself for another the first cool stroke

of the Hollander had pierced him to the heart. The latter, seeing he was discovered, immediately fled, and I essayed to reach the house, but fell midway up the path in a swoon.

When consciousness returned, it was to feel some one lifting me tenderly in his arms, and to hear words uttered in a voice strangely familiar to my ears.

"My God, is she killed!—my little love! my darling!" cried the voice.

I opened my eyes and they met Lord Stolholm's. "Oh, it is a dream," I thought, and closed my eyes again. But no, it could not be. I felt his arms about me still, and his face bending close over mine in the quiet solitude to which he had borne me.

"Did they find him?" I asked, excitedly, looking round.

"Find whom?" he asked.

"The Bavarian. The Hollander killed him, and he is lying by the grotto."

He thought I was delirious, and tried to soothe me. At last I made him understand the scene I had witnessed. He conveyed me to the house, and, after notifying the proper authorities, again sought me alone. The news he had communicated caused great excitement, but, by means of Lord Stolholm's caution, my name was kept out of the tragic account.

"I cannot hope to comfort you over the loss of one to whom the love of your heart was given," began Lord Stolholm.

"The love of my heart?" I repeated, bewildered. "I don't understand you, Lord Stolholm."

"Pardon me, but were you not affianced to the Bavarian? It was so reported."

"Never!" I exclaimed, "not ever cared for him in the least, though I am sorry for him now."

"And is it possible you are then free?"

"Quite free, and have always been, Lord Stolholm."

"Strange! Your cousin Erène told me when you left Paris that you were summoned to the sick bed of your lover, and hearing that you were betrothed to the Bavarian, it seemed, of course, only too true."

"I have never been betrothed to any man," I exclaimed, Erène's duplicity impressing me for the first time. "Had Erène said that?"

"She had."

"And he had never loved Erène—never been betrothed to her?"

"He had never loved Erène, or liked her in the least. Nor had he ever been betrothed to any woman. I was the one woman he had loved from the first time he saw me. He loved me and me only," he exclaimed, passionately. "If I were indeed free, would I not be his—his own little wife?"

Ah, as he thus speaks, how plainly I see it all—Erène's infidelity, to serve her own vanity. Well, she was too shallow to know the misery she had caused. I think not of that now—I only think of the sweet present. Is it true that my lover stands by my side—that I hear him say o'er and o'er that he loves me, and has loved me from the first—that his eyes are telling me more truly still? The spell of the hour is sweet! The half-moon shifting over the church tower near, the faint music issuing from the hall, the languid perfume of rare blooms wafted over the air! I fain would suspend all things as they are—why must it change, dissolve! Why must life move on?

A month later I received wedding-cards from my cousin Erène. The name accompanying hers was that of a Frenchman, an old admirer.

## VARIETIES.

PALETTES.—There is a rage now-a-days for palettes illustrated and signed. In every window where pictures or curiosities are sold you see palettes. The price varies from fifty sous up to 500 francs. The fashion, it appears, comes from America. The history is this: A clever curiosity dealer, wishing to get himself out of difficulties, and not knowing how, conceived a luminous idea. He paid a visit to the studio of a famous painter. A finished picture stood on the easel. The dealer regretted that want of funds prevented him from buying it, but he offered to buy the palette with all the brilliant colours still on it. The artist was struck with the idea. With a few touches he ran the colours into a sort of landscape, put his initials in the corner, and the dealer insisted on giving him a hundred francs. This little comedy was repeated in fifty studios. Then the dealer embarked for America, sold his palettes, and returned with a fortune, and now he is the proprietor of a busy *brasserie* in the *quartier des Martyrs*.

THE FANCHON.—The fashion of the "Fanchon," the most charming and becoming coiffure ever invented by woman for the bewitchment of men, is about to be re-assumed during the season. The chance which led to its adoption is curious enough. During the discussions which took place at Court upon the subject of establishing the Princess Frederica of Hanover as inmate of the great apartment in Hampton Court Palace, the Princess of Wales was induced to visit the old building in order to bestow her opinion and counsel concerning the style of decoration and adornment, best fitted for the reception of the bride. In passing through one of the rooms, Her Royal Highness was attracted by the portrait of Madame de Pompadour, which, painted by Greuze, still retains all its freshness and beauty. The beautiful Duchesse is attired in a

flowered-silk dress, with lace fichu gathered up at the top of the bodice by a bow of ribbon, striped carnelle and white; upon her head is carelessly thrown a *fanchon* of lace loosely fastened under the chin with a bow of the same striped ribbon. The whole toilet is as simple as possible, and in the most elegant taste. Her Royal Highness was immediately struck with the ease and grace of the coiffure, which, instead of depriving the countenance of all shadow, as is the case with the mob cap which has been the fashion so long, throws a *demi-teinte* transparent shade over the face, which softens the complexion and is becoming to every style of beauty whether dark or fair. The *fanchon* is to be the decided fashion of the year.

RICASOLI.—The late Baron Ricassoli greatly disliked court ceremony and would never wear the court costume. When Victor Emmanuel made a triumphal entry into Florence the Master of Ceremonies sent word to Ricassoli that he must wear a gold-embroidered coat and a certain kind of hat for the occasion. Ricassoli listened to the message, then replied: "Return to the Signor Marchese and say there are two ways for him to choose. Either I go to meet the king *en froc* (dress-coat), or I shall not go." The messenger was frightened out of his wits, and when Brenie heard Ricassoli's irreverential reply he also was horribly shocked. "I'll settle the matter," he said, stiffly. So he went to Ricassoli in person, and made him quite a speech upon etiquette, to which Ricassoli listened without changing a muscle in his face; then at the end he replied: "Signor Marchese, I shall go in a dress-coat or not at all. No Ricassoli ever wore livery." The grand master of embroidered coats-tails was in a high rage. "I shall inform his Majesty," he said with a threat, as he turned to leave. "*Informi pure*," (Tell him, then!) answered Ricassoli, coolly, "but my mind is made up." When Victor Emmanuel heard the story he also shocked his grand master by bursting into a hearty laugh, and said, "*Cara Marchese*, pray send word to Baron Ricassoli that he can come dressed as he pleases; he will always be welcome." So, at the grand entry of the king, Ricassoli appeared in a black dress-coat, buttoned tight as usual, and over it shone the order and collar of the Annunziata.

MILITARY BADGES.—A remarkable change in the appearance of the officers of all ranks is being effected by the recent "dress regulations," issued by the Duke of Cambridge, for the alterations, though slight, are of a conspicuous character. The rank of every officer will now be betokened by his shoulder straps, instead of by badges on the collar, which are often copied, and never very distinct. These shoulder straps will not only be worn in full dress, but also on stable jackets, shell jackets, patrol jackets, cloaks, and great coats. A colonel will be distinguished by a crown and two stars on each shoulder, a lieutenant-colonel by a crown and one star, a major by a crown only, a captain by two stars, a lieutenant by one star, and a second-lieutenant by no badge. Chaplains only will wear their badges of rank upon the collar as hitherto. For the higher ranks various alterations of uniform are commanded, but distinctive badges are also provided. A field-marshal's shoulder-strap will be ornamented with crossed batons on a wreath of laurel; a general will wear crossed swords and baton, with crown and star; a lieutenant-general, crossed sword and baton, with crown only; major-general, crossed sword and baton with star; and a brigadier-general, crossed sword and baton without other ornament. These alterations, which are ordered to be carried out at once, do not apply to officers when on the personal staff of the Sovereign and Royal Family as aides-de-camp or equerries, or as aides-de-camp to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland or the Viceroy of India.

A WOMAN'S VALOUR.—Visitors to Paris cannot fail to have seen in the great central market an old woman seated behind a goodly array of cabbages and cauliflowers, wearing the order of the Legion of Honour on her breast. Her name is Annette Drevon, and her history is a remarkable one. In her younger days she was *cantinière* in a regiment of Zouaves who served in Africa, in the Crimea, in Italy, and on the banks of the Rhine. She was present at the taking of Magenta, and during the *mêlée* saw a couple of Austrian soldiers lay hands on the flag of the regiment to which she belonged. Undeterred by the whistling of the bullets, the courageous Frenchwoman rushed forward to save the flag, killed one Austrian, wounded the other with her revolver, and returned triumphant with the standard she had saved from the enemy. For this act of courage she was decorated; but it is not her only one. During the Franco-Prussian war she followed the 32nd Regiment of the Line as *cantinière*. One day after the armistice had been proclaimed, she was insulted by a Bavarian soldier near the gates of Thionville. The plucky *cantinière* drew out her revolver and stretched the aggressor dead on the ground. For this she was arrested, tried by a court-martial sitting at Metz, and condemned to death. On the day when she was to be executed, Prince Frederick Charles happened to be passing through Metz. Having learned that a woman was to be shot, he inquired into the circumstances, granted her a respite, and four days later sent her back to France, pardoned. Since then Annette has established herself as a market-woman, and, aided by a pension allowed her by the State, manages to live, as she is proud of saying, independently.