

THE FAIRY QUEEN.

A YACHTING INCIDENT.

I.

A bright day in August; abundance of sunshine to awaken the lake into smiles; a fair wind blowing, just enough to sport gaily with the tresses escaped from the circumscriptions of jaunty head-coverings. Laughter and song mingle together as we skim along the water, in which the worthy Captain of our yacht does not join, however, his mind being busy with other matters, possibly with certain gloomy-looking clouds that skirt the western sky. The *Fairy Queen* skims along like a thing of life; the sunshine is very bright and the wind blows refreshment from the shore of Clear Point, now fast fading from sight. A day for pleasure with no thought of care. We are a party of congenial spirits. That young gent lying forward there, of a literary and musical turn of mind, has just retired to rest himself after amusing the company with a number of "Pinafore" airs, making his best hit when he informs his friends, eyeing the ladies particularly, that he is called—

"Little Buttercup, sweet little Buttercup, Though he could never tell why."

The Captain finds time to say, "Nor could anybody else tell why," being a little grumpy, perhaps, at the sentiment of a former song, in which the musical gent asserted that he was the Captain of the *Fairy Queen*, the company endorsing the sentiment by exclaiming, "And a right good Captain, too."

That heavy individual, forward, is the Captain's right-hand man, is a trifle this side of two hundred, is very useful whenever ballast is required at any particular end, and at present greatly terrifies the musical gent, who is extended at full length, by hopping about hither and thither quite recklessly, and apparently quite indifferent to the consequences of his planting his feet upon the afore-said gent. That interesting-looking young lady, gazing pensively into the water, who at times seems oblivious to all around, wrapped in a mist of melancholy pondering and again enlivening all with smiles and wit, is from Montreal. Rumour whispers that though still young, and in the fulness of her charms, yet over her the grim clouds of care and sorrow have been hanging for many a day. To none has she confided the secret of her sorrow but to that lady near her, who has reached that middle and happy wayside in life, where the glory of youth is not forgotten, where the gloom of darkening shadows is not yet seen, and where the wisdom that comes of experience has been secured. The truth of this latter statement Hope Grange has often verified. Her truest friend and most faithful friend she has always found Mrs. De Warrenne to be.

Five years had gone since Hope Grange had parted from one she loved. Fair visions of future felicity had she painted before her delighted fancy; delightful dreams had enveloped her in their soft and silken gossamer; her sky had been one vast expanse of unclouded blue, and her sun beamed happiness upon her; but black shadows had bedimmed and obscured all, and life seemed weary. He who was hers, Harold Grey, had one lovely day received intelligence from England which rendered a journey thither imperative, and one week afterward he was on board the good steamer *Sardanapalus* bounding on the far-away sea. The disaster which befell that ill-fated vessel is too fresh in the mind of the reader to require description. Within a few miles of the French coast, in the English Channel, with scarcely a moment's warning, the treacherous ship went down. Who that has witnessed a shipwreck can forget! Struggling strength, gasping weakness, timorous shrieking, silent despair—all combine to make the most terrible of earthly disasters. Harold Grey, strong, muscular, was among the survivors. After ten hours' struggle with the cruel deep, he was picked up more dead than alive by some poor fishermen. Long and dangerously ill was he; and even after returning health his difficulties continued. By manful determination, however, he succeeded in overcoming them all; crossed to England, arranged his affairs satisfactorily, found a fortune secured to him, and then returned to his old home in the West, eagerly anticipating the reunion with her from whom he had been long parted. Imagine his dismay when he found the old mansion deserted; Hope Grange no longer there; "Gone East," he was told; nothing else could he learn, and eastward he wearily turned his face.

II.

We must not forget the *Fairy Queen*. Onward she sped. Around her the swallows flew, kissing the water and darting upwards towards the sun again. Brightly gleamed the sunshine and freshly blew the breeze, and the towers of the village church of B— began to appear in view. But a few miles from the village where the party intended to land, the wind began to drop, the sails to flap idly, and the yacht no longer crested the waters with foam. Recourse was had to the oars, and late in the afternoon the party landed. After spending an hour viewing the quaint old village, its ancient church, its gloomy churchyard, its cats and dogs, which eyed us curiously as denizens from a remote sphere, to be watched, not trusted, we returned to the *Fairy Queen*, and found, greatly to our joy, that a fresh breeze was blowing homeward and that a speedy jour-

ney across the lake was probable. To one at least, the fate that prevented the realization of our expectations, at that moment, must ever be thought of with thankfulness. On what apparently trifling circumstances does the future depend! Happiness, misery, wealth, poverty—a fate as fickle as the wind seems to waft them to us. So afterwards thought Hope Grange.

Pretty Louisa Waller, sitting near the Captain, says, looking towards the horizon:

"Do you not think the wind is getting stronger?"

"Yes," replies the Captain; "rather strong for our purpose. Look!" he suddenly exclaimed; "look at those white caps yonder. Drop the mainsail and out with the anchor. Quick!"

Scarcely had the command been executed when the squall came down, striking the gallant yacht violently and lashing the waves about her boisterously. With much difficulty the jib was got in, and the party then breathed more freely. All had been considerably alarmed. Mrs. De Warrenne was pale, but calm. Hope Grange looked upon the scene with a sort of delight, it seemed, while Louisa Waller, and Ada, her sister, rendered no inconsiderable assistance in the manipulations so suddenly demanded. "Does the anchor hold?" inquired the Captain. "Dragging a little," was the reply. "How now?" "Steady." Heavily was the stout little craft tossed about by the angry waves. The day was fast drawing to a close; the wind was high; ominous clouds still hung over; it grew cold, and we were far from home. What was to be done? Soon we found the wind dying away somewhat, and before long, to our surprise, left us in complete calm. Our danger was thus removed, but our prospects of getting home that night were remote enough. "What light is that moving yonder?" suddenly inquired Ada. "A steamer!" all exclaimed. Nearer and nearer it came; we had no lights, and we began to fear that we should be run down. A sail, however, was hoisted, and apparently was seen, for the steamer turned aside some distance away. Looking through the glass the Captain announced that none but the pilot was visible, except one tall figure pacing up and down the deck. That danger over, it was proposed to drag at the weary oars and attempt to reach Clear Point that evening. This endeavour, however, after a short trial proved so unavailing, that the proposal of Mrs. De Warrenne to row back to the village of B—, only a few miles distant, and thence telegraph to our friends to relieve their anxiety, was adopted, and at eleven o'clock at night we again, a weary company, stepped ashore.

III.

We landed right beside the large steamer which had passed us as we lay anchored. Its lights were out and the prospect gloomy. To add to our discomfort it began to rain, and, after securing our yacht, we hastened to throw ourselves upon the hospitality of the Captain of the steamer. That gallant officer kindly placed his cabin at our disposal, we preferring that arrangement to any other. Soon we found ourselves spread out in different directions on the floor, various articles being brought into service as pillows and wraps. The stoutest of our party, with a small companion, Billy by name, secured a piece of canvas from the yacht, and was soon snoring in unconscious bliss. A modest youth, brother of Miss Louisa, Edmund by name, ensconced himself in the wheel-house, and the rest distributed themselves in various positions and attitudes. But sleep was out of the question. The exciting events of the day kept us nearly all awake, although for a time there was a semblance of slumber. Sudden laughter and commotion as some ludicrous incident suggested itself to the mind of any one in particular were frequent, and at each disturbance, Edmund in the wheel-house growled and grunted as a tired and sleepy denizen has a right to. Presently all were startled by a sudden scream from the youth called Billy, followed by the announcement that a spider was endeavouring to effect a passage through his oral orifice. Another growl from the young man in the wheel-house; quiet reigns again for a time. Soon, however, our weighty companion grows restless; finally arises and amid the protests of all, who do not relish the danger of being trampled upon, seeks more complete comfort. More growls from the wheel-house. Somebody then proposes a general promenade on deck, and as they start for the purpose, the youth in the wheel-house swiftly rushes out and deposits himself as far away as possible from the maddening crowd.

The promenading party soon adjourn to the pier and the sounds of swiftly moving feet and merry laughter seem to indicate the advent of Terpsichore. Hope Grange and Mrs. De Warrenne alone are in the cabin. The continuous uproar has evidently aroused the slumbers of some one, for a tall figure is seen to pop his head out of an apartment, is heard to mutter something and then pop his head back again. Evidently, however, his mind is not yet at rest, for a moment after out pops the head again, and this time surveys the group of two quite steadily. The group of two are about to withdraw, when back goes the head again, to re-appear in about five minutes, together with the other appendages incidental to the human frame. Evidently he is somewhat excited, for he swiftly advances to the group of two, speaks earnestly to Hope Grange, places her hands in his own, and—but we must not describe too minutely. The tall figure is none other than that of

Harold Grey. When the promenading party returned they were spectators of an interesting tableau. Daylight soon revealed our whereabouts, and it was on all hands deemed highly expedient to adjourn to the nearest hotel. No difficulty attended the accomplishment of this, and a breakfast party of weary but happy voyagers were seen partaking of the bounties of mine host. Afterwards we joyfully embarked for home. The warm sunshine, the blue sky, the gleaming waters, the warbling birds again accompanied us, and when the church bells of a certain town pealed their merriest chime, and the strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March were awakened by our musical friend, no one was found to regret the squall that so nearly sent us to our reckoning, followed as it was by events so auspicious.

R. S. W.

Montreal, Sept.

STREET CATCHES IN PARIS.

I.

The chanson is dead, says the Parisian; the joyous couplet is a thing of the past. The newspapers at the present day do not publish even verses, because it is no longer "dans le mouvement." When we come to ask what is "in the movement," we find people shouting to the air of Fahrbach's polka, "Tout à la joie!"

Ah! quel chic a
C'pantalou-là, ah! ah! ah!
Quand on le verra
Chacun dira, ah! ah! ah!

This is in the movement now. Last year it was:

Le marchand d'un coin,
N'est pas encore fermé.

Previously to that Mr. Libert and others were applauded with frantic enthusiasm as they nightly pronounced, to a catching musical phrase, some rhythmic eccentricity relating to a "Beau Camélia," the "Amant d'Amélie," the "Canne à Canada," "Madame Lenglé," or "La Fille à Bastien."

To be just, it must be admitted that equally stupid things were sung years and years ago. With very few exceptions the popular refrains that have successively been dinned into the ears of the Parisians are as stupid and idiotic as the "Pantalou de Casimir." They have been neither the result of a political event, nor a satire, much less a moral. The refrain *à la mode* is born nobody knows how or where. Generally it is a commonplace or absurd couplet, or a single line that has had the good fortune to be linked to taking music. Somebody sings it; then somebody else learns it; then suddenly everybody knows it; it is played on all the barrel-organs; strummed on all the pianos; and then, after having worried Paris, surprised the provinces, raised a smile from the proverbially splenetic English and provoked the joy of Yankees, one fine day, this air, this refrain, this *seizi*, which nobody knows in full, disappears, without leaving any trace behind it, and gives place to another refrain which will have the privilege of amusing the most witty nation in the world while the caprice lasts, and which, like its predecessor, will, in its turn, sink into oblivion.

A retrospective review of the different songs that were in fashion during the fifty years between Louis Philippe and the foundation of the present republic would alone form an interesting comparative study of the popular taste. Sometimes this taste becomes ennobled and purified, and consecrates a high and chivalric refrain like—

Mourir pour la patrie.
C'est le sort le plus beau, le plus digne d'envie,

which had such success in 1848, but generally this taste shows its decadence and degradation by patronizing such absurdities as—

J'ai un pied qui s'mue
Et l'autre qui ne va guère;
J'ai un pied qui s'mue
Et l'autre qui ne va plus.

II.

On the very morrow of the revolution of 1830 it was in vain that attempts were made to popularize patriotic songs. The favorite song in those days was still the romance, when suddenly the comic *chansonnette* came like a revelation upon the Parisians. It was just what the gay and witty inhabitants of the centre of the universe wanted. The song in which the genius of lyric effusion was created was the "Bons Gendarmes."

Il y avait un fois cinq, six gendarmes
Qu'étaient des bons rhums de cerveau.
Ils s'en vont chez des épiciers
Pour avoir de la bonne réglisse.
L'épicier leur donne des morceaux de bois.
Qu'étaient pas sucrés du tout.
Puis il leur dit: Sucez moi ça.
Vous m'en direz des bons nouvelles.

Gendarmes and pompiers appear to have been good material for comic songs. Thirty years later we shall meet them again, only one of them will have been promoted brigadier. Still the romance held its ground for some time yet. Our worthy editor will not allow me space to quote the first lines even of half the sentimentalities that used to delight the Parisians; there is one, however, a charming improvisation

by Alfred de Musset, "l'Andalouse," which one hears sometimes even now:

Avez-vous vu dans Barcelone
Une Andalouse au teint brun?
Pâle comme un beau soir d'automne?
C'est ma maîtresse, ma blonde,
La Marquessa d'Amélie.
J'ai fait bien des chansons pour elle,
Je me suis battu bien souvent,
Bien souvent j'ai fait sentinelle
Pour voir le coin de sa prunelle,
Quand son rideau tremblait au vent.

About 1837 somebody invented patois songs, and Paris was inundated with the sayings and doings of Norman and Picard peasants. Then, passing over languishing romances and musical absurdities, we come to "Les Etudiants," in 1845. The words of this song were insignificant, but the refrain was a "trouvaille." It ran:—"Et youp, youp, youp, la la la la!" This meaningless expression singularly amused the Parisians and was as popular as "Ohé! Lambert!" was under the empire, or as "Ah! ah! ah!" at the present moment.

III.

From February 23 to June 23, 1848, Paris reechoed night and day with "Mourir pour la Patrie," in alternation with the "Marsellaise" and the "Chant du Départ," the following verse of which was modulated with especial care:

Le peuple souverain ain ain s'avance.

Any peaceful citizen who was a light sleeper had to resign himself and wait until Messieurs les Patriotes had finished their trio of songs. Then the *voyous* used to promenade the streets at nightfall, ordering the citizens to illuminate their windows, and singing: "Des lampions! Des lampions!" After two days of June the Parisians relapsed into the tearful and low comic style. They sang Alfred de Musset's "Mimi Pinson," "Le Docteur Isambart," which has been intercalated in the "Voyage dans la Lune" under the title of "Les Charlatans," and a quantity of romances, until 1854, when the rage was "Pandore ou les deux Gendarmes."

Deux gendarmes, un beau dimanche.
Chevauchaient le long d'un sentier:
L'un portait la sardine blanche,
L'autre le jaune saupiquet.
Le premier dit: d'un ton sonore:
"Le temps est beau pour la saison."
Le brigadier, répondit Pandore:
"Brigadier, vous avez raison."

The success of this song was immense, and "Pandore" has remained a type like "Jocrisse" or "Cadet-Roussel." Another immense success was "Le Sire de Fraumbois," which Mr. Charles Nisard has called a *chef d'œuvre* of burlesque. It ran thus:

Avait pris femme, le sire de Fraumbois, (bis)
La prit trop jeune, bientôt s'en repentit. (bis)
Partit en guerre pour tuer ses ennemis. (bis)
Revint de guerre après sept ans et d'mi. (bis)

There were about twenty verses of this calibre with this morality:

De cette histoire, la moral' la voici: (bis)
A jeune femme, il faut jeune mari. (bis)

This song obtained, perhaps, not a small portion of its colossal success from the fact that people imagined that they saw in it allusions to the emperor and empress. Where the allusion lay nobody knew. But still the times were ticklish, and allusions were in the air. People felt a want of allusions, and the "Sire de Fraumbois" filled that want just as well as "Ohé Lambert!"

In the year 1867 the comic song, as sung at the *cafés* concerts, attained its apogee. Tlièresa was invited to the Tuileries, and charmed her audience with the "Femme à Barbe," "Rien n'est sacré pour un Sapeur," and the rest of her repertory. Mr. Offenbach, too, was in his glory.

Le roi barbu qui s'avance
Bu qui s'avance. (bis)

If you asked any one if he had seen *La Belle Hélène*, he was bound to reply:

Bu qui s'avance.
Bu qui s'avance.

and by that token was recognizable by those who had seen *La Belle Hélène*.

I must stop somewhere. As I have said before, of popular refrain and *seizi* there is no end; they mean nothing, and yet are sometimes appropriate and useful for conversational purposes, for instance,..... Well!.....

Ah! zut alors
Si ta sœur est malade.....

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full direction for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y. e-o-w.