

TO VICTOR HUGO.

Victor in poetry! Victor in romance!
Cloud weaver of phantasmal hopes and fears;
French of the French and lord of human tears!
Child lover, bard, whose fame-lit laurels glances
Darkening the wreaths of all that would advance
Beyond our strait their claim to be thy peers!
Vain genius, by thy wintry weight of years
As yet unbroken! Stormy voice of France,
Who dost not love our England, so they say;
I know not! England, France, all men to be,
Will make one people, ere man's race be run;
And I, deprecating that diviner day,
Yield thee full thanks for thy full courtesy
To younger England in the boy, my son.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

LOVE OR MONEY.

There were three Miss Gillets, spinsters, who lived with their Uncle Gillet, a bachelor, in their old house at Atwater; and in pointing them out to strangers, the Atwaterites were accustomed to remark upon the fact that it was love or money with them, and that a Miss Gillet who married would cease to be her uncle's heiress.

Nobody knew how much Mr. Gillet was "worth," but that he was uncommonly wealthy was certain. He had no other living relations but these three girls; and his peculiar prejudices rendered it unlikely that he would will his wealth away to any benevolent or public institution whatever. So to whom could he leave the gold that he could not take out of the world with him, unless it were to Georgina, Millicent, and Dolly Gillet.

All regularly instituted public charities Mr. Gillet declared were "friends," and friends he had none. Averred that friendship was all humbug. As for marriage, it was, in his opinion, something which all sensible people eschewed.

The fact that in his earliest youth a dear friend had stolen from him the affections of the girl to whom he was betrothed, was at the bottom of all this. He trusted no one, because the two beings he had once loved and trusted utterly had deceived him.

When his brother and his wife died in one week of a fever, the bachelor uncle had done his best for the young people. He managed their little income, and provided luxuries for them which their means would not have allowed. He educated them and allowed them a few female friends. But as they grew up, one law was maintained with inviolable rigidity. There was to be no coarting and no marrying beneath his roof. Beaux were utterly forbidden; and it was understood in the family that a Miss Gillet who married would be blotted from her uncle's will.

"What infatuation! They'll fight like cats and dogs in a year," he would exclaim when wedding cards were sent to him. "Take warning by this poor couple, who don't know what is before them, girls. Oh, what infatuation!"

And Miss Georgina Gillet would shake her head, and her younger sisters would follow her example, and they would cry in chorus, "What infatuation!"

They were pretty girls, tall, slender, red-checked, and blue-eyed; little ears like pearl, little mouths like coral, dainty waists, and cunning hands—girls to be loved and married by nature; but there was Uncle Gillet's money. So they grew up and grew older, still single, and not one of them had a thought of marriage in all her life.

There was Oliver Robb, who had followed Georgina about to and from church for a year. I don't think he wanted the heiress; I believe he loved the girl; but what use was it? Georgie had given him a glance or two, and he had found favour in her sight; but he had only a clerk's salary, and it would be so delightful to handle thousands of her own. And Millicent had met Rufus King in the apple orchard once or twice; but Dolly had never had even a passing flirtation—Dolly who was now eighteen, and prettiest of the three.

It was a well-understood matter in the village, as well as in the family, that marrying a Miss Gillet lost her inheritance. Doctor Rush in handsome young medical man had heard it, and believed it to be true, when Uncle Gillet, having a touch of rheumatism, sent for him to prescribe. He had always thought the three slender girls, with ripe, round cheeks, dappled with peach color, the prettiest things he had ever seen; but when he stood face to face with Dolly, he fell in love with her. He looked after her as she went out of the room, and Uncle Gillet looked at him sharply.

"My niece is a pretty girl," he said. "I see you think so. She's a sensible girl too. They are all sensible girls; they prefer a single life and pecuniary independence to the miseries of marriage."

"By your advice I believe, sir," observed the doctor.

"They consider me a man of experience, and I'm entitled to respect."

"But are you not rather hard, sir?" said the doctor. "A beautiful girl like that—"

"Hard?" cried Uncle Gillet. "What's love worth? It fades in a week, and is stone dead in a year. What do men give their wives but deceit and neglect? Either the wife deceives the husband, or the husband the wife. Better never to love than to see love die. Dolly's a dear little girl. I hope she'll never fling herself into any one's arms, to be dropped when the sweetness has been kissed out. That's a wife's destiny. If she ever does, no money of mine ever goes into the brute's pockets."

"All the fault is on the man's side?" asked the doctor.

"It's a miserable muddle altogether, this marriage," said Uncle Gillet: "don't talk about it any more."

Dr. Rush did not, at that time; but about dusk next evening, Dolly, crossing the bridge just out of Atwater, paused to look down into the water; and then and there some one came behind her and said "Miss Gillet!"

She turned with a start. It was Dr. Rush. "It is growing so late that I mean to see you home," he said. "I have just left the good uncle; he is better. He will be well in a day or two. He has a strong constitution, and is a man to live to a hundred years old."

"I'm very glad," said Dolly.

"I think you are seventeen," said the doctor, smiling.

"Well," cried Dolly, "ladies don't tell their ages; but I am that, and a year more."

"Your uncle is fifty," said the doctor.

"You'll probably be sixty-seven when he takes his departure."

"My goodness!" cried Dolly; "how terribly old!"

"You don't really mean to live single all that time?" asked Dr. Rush.

"Of course I do," said Dolly, as innocently as possible.

"I don't mean to let you," said the doctor.

"I'm in love with you. If mortal love has any power, I'm going to call you my wife. Confound the money! I'll give you all you can need, and I'll try to give you all you want. Of course you don't care for me; but I'll make you. Do you want me to swear it?"

"Oh, mercy! no," said Dolly. "You are very nice, and I'm sure I—but I don't. I can't ever. Oh, goodness! don't talk so."

"You can't ever like me?" asked the doctor, insinuatingly.

"No, I don't mean that," said Dolly. "I can't ever marry."

"But you'll take a walk over the bridge to-morrow?" said the doctor.

"Well, perhaps so," said Dolly.

And so she did. She took a great many; and at last, one day, Dr. Rush was allowed to slip a ring upon her finger, and to kiss her hand.

"I shan't have a penny," said Dolly. "You are sure you don't mind?"

"All the pennies we want I can earn myself," said the doctor.

"And uncle will be so angry!" said Dolly, demurely.

"But I am so glad!" said Dr. Rush. "And you must tell the truth at once, and marry me in a month. Promise, Dolly."

Dolly promised.

Georgina and Milly sat at work together that evening, while Uncle Gillet read to them. Dolly was not sewing. She held the work, it is true, but her hand never moved towards the needle. She did not hear a word that was uttered; but when at last there came a pause, she dropped the needle and started to her feet.

"If you please, uncle," she said, "there's something I must tell. I can't keep it secret any longer. It isn't a bad thing—it's a good thing; only I know you'd be angry. I'm going to marry Dr. Rush."

Georgina and Milly screamed in chorus.

"We don't care for losing the money," said Dolly. "Money is nothing compared with love; but we want to be friends here at home. As for things left in wills, it's a miserable sort of hope. I'm glad I shan't have any. If you'll only not be angry, and come to see us, and let us come and see you, that's all we hope. He's perfectly splendid, dear Richard Rush is. I love him awfully, and he loves me awfully, and we're to be married this day month, no matter what anybody says."

"You are, eh?" said Uncle Gillet.

"Yes, sir," said Dolly.

"And he knows my opinions?"

"Of course," said Dolly. "He knows that I'll never have a penny."

"Then make fools of yourselves if you like," said Uncle Gillet.

"You'll come to the wedding, won't you?" asked Dolly.

"No; but I'll let your sisters go," said Uncle Gillet. "I never go to weddings or executions."

So the wedding came off.

Dolly, in white muslin, married her Richard Rush. Georgina and Millicent wept, as custom required, and spoke of their sister as "poor Dolly." They were very kind, as to a beloved, but misguided lunatic, and gave her useful presents, and promised to "do all they could for her."

Dolly did not feel that she wanted anything. They seemed poor to her, those heiresses who had no one to love them. She went to her husband's home, and never a cloud came between them, and never a change fell upon their love.

Uncle Gillet never made them a present; but he came to dine sometimes, and always kissed the last baby. As for the Misses Gillet, they had no means at command, though they had such fine prospects. Oliver Robb had been dismissed long before by Georgina. She had told him plainly that she could not sacrifice mammon to love. And Millicent had had another meeting with Rufus King in the orchard.

"It's the last time, Milly," Rufus had said. "I can't go on offering myself for ever; but I love you better than my life, and always shall."

"I like you, Rufus," said Milly, "and it seems hard; but uncle will not relent. I can't lead a poor woman's life even for you."

"Then good-bye, Milly," said Rufus. "There's no love where money can be set against it."

So they parted. And now Georgina was forty, and Milly thirty-eight, and Dolly thirty-five.

Business went worse with the doctor. A richer practitioner had taken much of his practice.

Dr. Rush trudged over the country, in all weathers and at all hours; and so one night some ruffian, who did not know how empty his wallet was, attacked him in a lonely place, and left him for dead.

A farmer going homeward early, carried him in his cart, and he was cared for as well as he might be; but a broken leg and a dislocated shoulder are no light matters, and Dolly hardly knew what to do or where to turn. She was only sure of one thing, her love for her Richard, which grew greater with every trial.

For the sake of this, she put her pride down, and leaving the servant with her husband one day, trudged over to her uncle's house. As she drew near, she reflected on the fact that she was actually in need of charity. It was a bitter thought.

She paused within sight of the house, hardly daring to go on; and as she did so, she saw that all the blinds were down. Some one was dead.

Faint with terror, Dolly hurried on. In the hall, her sisters, who had seen her coming, hastened to meet her. Uncle Gillet was dead. He had expired suddenly at the dinner-table, and the ladies were overcome with grief and excitement. But they put their arms about Dolly, and promised her to do all they could.

"Just now it isn't much," said Georgina.

"But we shall be rich women, and will help you constantly."

"I knew poor Dr. Rush couldn't get on," said Milly. "Poor dear man! He shall see that we can be friends; and if you like, we'll take two of the children."

"Never that," said poor Dolly. "Thank you; but they are our jewels."

Georgina sighed.

"Uncle meant kindly," she said. "But it is hard. We're lonely sometimes, Dolly; Milly only meant that."

Then Dolly's heart melted.

"They shall come to see you often," she said.

And she went into the dead man's chamber and wept over the quiet figure lying there; and went home again with her dose of wine and jelly, and a few sovereigns.

"We'll be able to do so much more," said Milly, "when the will has been read."

"You've paid dearly for yielding to me, Dolly," said the suffering man, as she ministered to him. "Don't you wish you were still Miss Gillet and an heiress?"

But Dolly said "No" from her heart. Neither did she feel anything but tender sorrow for the prejudiced old man, whom she had been very fond of. "I chose," she said to herself, "and I chose well."

She went to the funeral, Georgina sending her the black dress. And as she sat in the parlour afterwards, awaiting the reading of the will, her thoughts wandered back into the past; and the monotonous rendering of the saids and aforesaid made no impression upon her, until her own name caught her ear. Then she looked up.

Millicent and Georgina were both staring hard at her.

"What is it?" she asked, timidly. "I did not hear."

Millicent had covered her face with her handkerchief, and was crying. Georgina had flushed red as a penny.

"It means that we've been slaves all these years for nothing," she said. "You are the heiress. What have you been thinking of, that you have not heard?"

What Georgina said was true. Eccentric to the last, Uncle Gillet had left all his fortune to the niece who had married, because, as he stated, she had proved to him that there was such a thing as love in the world; and had left to his single nieces, who had crushed their hearts for money's sake, a hundred pounds a-year, lest some fortune-hunter should marry them for their money.

Yes, Dolly was the heiress; and Dr. Rush might take his own time in getting well, and have no anxiety about money; and for this reason Dolly was glad; but she said to her sisters that what was theirs they should have, and soothed them with tender, loving kindness for their great disappointment.

Georgina lives with her still, but Millicent does not. Rufus King heard of what had happened, and came back to Atwater. He had a bald head, and her pink cheeks were gone; but they both remembered the apple orchard, and so there was another wedding. And somebody told me, the other day, that Oliver Robb, having lost his first wife, had been heard to say that Georgina Gillet was the finest-looking lady in Atwater, if she was forty. So who knows what may happen next?

VARIETIES.

DRYING EGGS.—A large establishment has been opened in St. Louis for drying eggs. It is in full operation, and hundreds of thousands of dozens are going into its insatiable maw. The eggs are carefully "candled" by hand—that is, examined by light to ascertain whether good or not—and are then thrown into an immense receptacle, where they are broken, and by a centrifugal operation the white and yolk are separated from the shell, very much as li-

quid honey is separated from the comb. The liquid is then dried by heat, by patent process, and the dried article is left, resembling sugar; and it is put in barrels, and is ready for transportation anywhere. This dried article has been taken twice across the equator in ships and then made into omelet; and compared with omelet made from fresh eggs in the same manner, and the best judges could not detect the difference between the two. Is this not an age of wonders? Milk made solid, cider made solid, apple-butter made into bricks! What next?

SIR ROBERT PEEL.—Since Sir Robert Peel wrathfully quitted Lord Russell's Government in 1865 he has almost invariably voted with the Conservatives, although continuing to style himself a Liberal. If he had gone right over to the other side, he would probably by this time have become a Cabinet Minister, for he was a favourite of Lord Beaconsfield's (as he was of Lord Palmerston's), and he is, in a rough and ready way, a really good debater, besides the advantage of having the "ear" and the "manner" of the House. It has always been said, with great correctness, that the death of the late Sir Robert Peel in 1850, was a wonderful stroke of good fortune for Mr. Disraeli; but there was another person who was still more benefitted by that catastrophe, viz., the present baronet, who exchanged the dreariness of the city of Berne for a seat in the House of Commons and a splendid fortune. He had not been on good terms with his austere sire; in fact he was forbidden the house, and his name was never mentioned in it. The late Sir Robert was the very impersonification of starched respectability, and had not the smallest sympathy or patience with the wildness of his heir, who was *plus Latin que Grec*. When he outdid the vagaries which were only his by inoculation, it was to his astonished and angry father like Pizarro introducing strange fire into the land of peace. The late Sir Robert Peel positively disliked originality, brilliancy, or genius, except of a very staid University type. Mr. Gladstone of 1841 thoroughly suited him, and of the older men, the one most probably most after his own heart was Mr. Goulburn; he never liked Lord Stanley, or, indeed, Lord Lyndhurst, and it is probable that the ardent recommendations of the latter had quite as much effect in slanting Mr. Disraeli in 1841 as the anathemas of Mr. Croker. The present Sir Robert is a clever, indeed a brilliant man, and it is a pity that he has not devoted more to politics of the time he has wasted on the Turf. As a Parliamentary debater he would have made a great success, with a little more discretion and command of temper, and his pockets would not have been the emptier. He is a good whist-player, and most likely thinks, with the late Mr. Walpole (of Strawberry Hill) that "one nonsense is as good as another."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

RUBINSTEIN wouldn't accept the usual \$50 for playing before Queen Victoria.

FLORENCE and **Sothern** will pass the summer in Canada, mostly "going a-fishing."

MISS EMMA THURSBY will accompany Ole Bull on his concert tour through the continent.

It is said that the music from "Evangeline" has had a larger sale than any other published for years.

ANNA DICKINSON is to be painted as *Anna Doleyn* by Frank B. Carpenter, the expenses to be paid by an admirer of the actress.

THE QUEEN says of M. Faure that he is the most polished and refined of baritones, and the finest actor on the lyric stage, barring no one.

MILE. EMILIA OTIOMI, the new *prima donna* soon to be brought out by Mr. Maple-on in London, is not only an exceptional vocalist, but has a remarkably beautiful face and an impressive presence.

THE instrumental musicians of Montreal, both professionals and amateurs, have resolved to form a society to be known as the Montreal Orchestral Union, for the purpose of giving to the public of Montreal the orchestral works of the great masters.

EMMA ABBOTT has a head voice of considerable strength and volume, clear and flexible. Her upper notes are very good. She is quite uneven in her method and uses sustained notes too much. On the whole, although not a great artist, she will please an average concert audience.

It is not generally known that George Eliot, though she has never written a play for the stage, has yet had a hand in more than one. Her last-hand, Mr. G. H. Lewes, the philosopher, is the Mr. Saville Rowe who has a piece of the Prince of Wales's running now, and he has more than once announced a literary partnership. His fellow author is his wife, George Eliot's is not a dramatic talent; but she is capable of writing good dialogue, and her humour is real comedy.

MADAME MACMAHON sent her carriage to carry Mlle. Albani to a ball at the Elysees. Albani was dressed in tulle over white faille, looped up with roses and with diamonds in her hair. Round her neck she wore a circlet of diamonds presented to her at her benefit. She sang "Ah, non giunge," from *La Sonnambula*, and two airs from "Linda." The Comtesse de Paris and other ladies of the highest rank pressed forward to be introduced to her. Next day she received two charming groups in Sèvres biscuit porcelain from the Elysees, with a large basket of roses and a check for 4,000 francs.

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