

PANGEE:

OR A DREAM OF SNOW AND STONE.

There are grouse on Scottish moorlands,
There are red deer in the brake;
But pure must wed with powder
Such shooting-grounds to take.

On the rocky hills of Pangée,
Where the lordly deer
O'ershadowed many a covert,
The haunt of bear and thar;

By the Chundra-Bagha river,
Where the mink deer drinks unseen,
And the wild goat of the mountains
Looks fiercely out his een;

By the Chundra-Bagha river,
Where waters roar and foam,
Where the red bear haunts the forest,
And the ibex is at home;

By the Chundra-Bagha river
You may roam and take your fill
Of sport—wild sport for ever!—
If you only climb the hill.

So, hey, for the Pangée mountains!
But you need to climb with care;
Is an inch of slate below you,
And above the mountain air.

And the Chundra-Bagha river,
Whose cruel waves are sworn,
That he who makes false footing
Shall ne'er see morrow morn'.

O, the towering hills of Pangée,
Where the grass grows 'neath the snow,
And the wily ibex feeding,
Seems warily all below,

Crowned king of the crag's wild summit,
He gravely guards his throne,
And his graceful mákins, watching,
Search every nook and stone.

But crouched on the crest above him,
There are forms he may not see,
Till the rifle ends for ever
His wild career and free.

By the Chundra-Bagha river,
Whose banks are weird and lone,
Where all night long in thunder
Fall cataracts of stone;

By the Chundra-Bagha river,
Whose waves with endless shocks,
And rolling echoing clangour,
Lave round his brave old rocks;

By the Chundra-Bagha river,
Whose waters roar and foam,
I fain would dwell for ever,
And make its snows my home!

A RICH MAN'S DEATH.

BY EMILE ZOLA.

The Count of Verteuil is over 50 years old. He belongs to one of the most illustrious families of France, and possesses a vast fortune. Sulky with the Government, he occupied himself as best he could in writing articles for the heavy reviews, which made him a member of the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques; he devoted himself to great business speculations; he successively became an enthusiast in agriculture, in stock-raising and in fine arts. Once he even got himself elected as deputy, and distinguished himself by the violence of his opposition to the Government party.

The Countess Mathilde de Verteuil is 36 years of age. She is spoken of as the most adorable blonde in Paris. Advancing years seem only to whiten her skin. She used to be a little thin; now her shoulders have ripened and taken the roundness of silky fruit. Never has she been so beautiful as now. When she enters a drawing-room, with her golden hair and satin skin, she seems like a star at its rising, and women of 20 are jealous of her.

The domestic life of the count and countess is one of those about which people say nothing. They were married after the most ordinary fashion of marriages in the upper circles. It is even said that for six years they lived together in perfect harmony. At that time they had a son, Ferdinand, who is now a captain in the army, and a daughter, Blanche, whom they married last year to M. de Bussac, maître des requêtes. Their children occasionally visit them. Long ago their marital relations were broken off; nevertheless, they remain good friends, with immense egotism under the friendship. They consult each other, conduct themselves irreproachably toward each other in society, but afterward fasten themselves up in their separate apartments, where they receive their intimate friends as they chose.

But one night Mathilde returns from a ball at 2 o'clock in the morning. Her waiting maid undresses her, and then, just as she is about to retire, she says:

"Monsieur the count is a little indisposed this evening."

The countess, already half asleep, lazily turns her head.

"Ah!" she murmurs.

Then she stretches herself and adds:

"Wake me to-morrow morning at 10; I am expecting the dressmaker."

Next morning at breakfast, as the count does not make his appearance, the countess first inquires about him; then she finally decides to go up to his room. She finds him in bed, very

* Many a man, journeying to the nearest village, has fallen into the Chundra-Bagha river. The traveller along its precipitous banks passes a stone, inscribed to the memory of Lieutenant Tanner, of the 82d, drowned in 1866. His foot slipped, and, gliding swiftly down smooth rocks, he was lost in the seething waters.

pale, but irreproachably correct in his bearing. Three doctors were already there; they consulted together in a low voice, and left strict orders; they are to return in the evening. The patient is tended by two domestics, who remain serious and silent, smothering even the sound of their own feet upon the carpet. The great chamber seems to grow larger in its icy severity—not even a vial is out of place, not one article of furniture is disarranged. For this is cleanly and dignified illness—the ceremonious illness which expects visitors.

"So you are suffering, mon ami!" asks the countess, on entering.

The count makes an effort to smile.

"Oh, just a little fatigued," he answers. "I need only rest. I thank you for having put yourself to the trouble of coming up."

The days roll by. The chamber remains dignified, stately; everything is in its place; tonics disappear without leaving a trace of their presence. The shaven faces of the domestics do not even permit themselves to wear a shadow of weariness. Nevertheless, the count knows that he is in danger of death; he has exacted the truth from the doctors, and has allowed them to do as they please without a murmur. Most generally he remains with his eyes closed, often for hours at a time, or else he gazes fixedly before him as though he were reflecting upon his solitude.

In society the countess says that her husband is a little indisposed. She has not altered her course of life in the least; she eats, sleeps and drives out at the usual hours. Every morning and every evening she goes herself to ask the count how he is.

"Eh bien! do you feel better, mon ami?"

"Mais oui! a little better, thank you chère Mathilde."

"If you wish, I will remain with you?"

No; it is useless. Julien and François suffice. What would be the use of fatiguing yourself?"

Privately they understand each other; they have lived apart, and they wish to die apart. The count feels the bitter pleasure of the egotist who wishes to pass away alone, without being annoyed by any comedies of grief about his bed. He wishes to abridge the unpleasantness of the last tête-à-tête as much as possible, both for himself and the countess. His last wish is to disappear from the world with propriety, like a man of the world, who does not wish to annoy or disgust anybody with his agony.

At last, however, an evening comes when he can no longer get his breath; he knows he will not be able to live through the night. Mathilde pays her customary visit, and he says to her, with a last feeble smile:

"Do not go away. I do not feel well."

He wishes to spare her the remarks of people. She, on her side, was expecting such an announcement. And she seats herself in the room. The physician can no longer leave the bedside of the agonizing man. The two servants finish their duties with the same silent haste. The children, Blanche and Ferdinand, had been sent for. They remain with their mother near the bed. Other relatives are in the next room. Half the night thus passes by in solemn expectation; the ceremonial is fulfilled—the count can die.

But he will not hurry himself; he seems to find strength enough to avoid a convulsive or noisy death. In the vast, severe room his breathing is like the broken sound of a clock out of order. It is a well-brought-up man about to die. And when he has kissed his wife and children he repels them from him with a last gesture, falls back with his face to the wall, and dies alone.

Then one of the doctors bends down, closes the eyes of the dead man, and announces in a deep whisper:

"All is over!"

Sighs and sobs break the silence. The countess, Ferdinand and Blanche are kneeling down. They are weeping through their hands; their faces cannot be seen. Then they retire; the two children leading their mother, who, on reaching the door, balances her waist in a final sob in order to show her despair. And from this moment the dead is abandoned to the pomp of his obsequies.

The doctors have departed, rounding their backs and trying to look vaguely sad. A priest has been sent for in all haste to the parish church, to watch with the body. The two servants remain with the priest seated upon chairs, stiff and dignified; this is the last service expected of them. One sees a spoon that had been forgotten on the mantelpiece; he rises and slips it into his pocket in order that the perfect order of the room may not be disturbed.

Early at dawn a noise of hammers is heard in the great drawing-room; it is the sound made by the upholsterers, who are converting this salon into a mortuary chapel, with a monumental catafalque in the centre of it. The whole day is taken up with the work of embalming; the doors are locked; the embalmer and his assistants are left alone. Next day when the count is brought downstairs and exposed upon the catafalque, he is in full dress, with the fresh colour of youth upon his face.

Upon the morning of the funeral, from the hour of ten, the house is filled with the low murmur of discreet voices. The sons and son-in-law of the defunct receive the crowd in the parlour of the ground floor; they bow silently; they maintain the dumb politeness of afflicted persons. All upper society is represented here—the nobility, the army, the magistracy—there are even the senators and the academicians.

At last, about ten o'clock, the procession takes its way to the church. The hearse is a first-class vehicle, plumed with sable feathers, draped with silver-fringed hangings. The cords of the pall are held by a marshal of France; a duke, who was an old friend of the deceased; an ex-minister, and a member of the academy. Ferdinand de Verteuil and M. de Bussac are chief mourners. Then comes the cortege, a stream of persons all gloved and cravated with black, all highly important personages who breathe hard at being obliged to walk upon the pavement, and who march with the dull tread of a flock of sheep suddenly turned loose.

The whole curious population of the quarter is at its windows; people stand back upon the sidewalks, take off their hats and shake their heads as if they see the triumphal hearse go by. Traffic is interrupted by the interminable procession of mourning carriages, nearly all empty; omnibuses, cabs, carts are blockaded at the cross-roads; the swearing of drivers and the impatient cracking of whips is heard. And during all this time the Countess de Verteuil remains locked up in her room, in order that people may say she is broken down with grief. Lying upon an extension chair, she is really playing with the tassel of her belt, and with eyes fixed upon the ceiling, finds comfort in happy reveries.

The ceremonies at the church last nearly two hours. In the centre of the nave, all hung with black, flame the lights of a mortuary chapel. At last the procession is seated—the women on the left, the men on the right; and the organ rolls out its lamentation, the singers moan in undertones, the choir-boys sing with sharply-sobbing quivers and trills, while in the cressets tall, green flames are burning, adding their funeral light to the pomp of the ceremony.

"Is not Faure going to sing?" asks a deputy of his neighbour.

"Yes, I believe so," replies the latter, an ex-prefect and superb-looking man, who smiles at the ladies from afar off.

And then the voice of the great singer quivers through the vibrating nave.

"Ah! what a style! What volume there is in that voice!" the ex-prefect adds in a whisper, nodding his head in ecstasy.

The congregation is ravished. The ladies, with a vague smile upon their lips, dream of opera nights. That Faure has real talent! A friend of the deceased goes so far as to say:

"He never sang better. It is unfortunate poor Verteuil cannot hear him now; he was so fond of him!"

The chanters, in black capes, pass around the catafalque; a score of priests complicate the ceremonial, bowing, reiterating Latin phrases, waving aspergillums. Finally the mourners defile before the coffin, passing the holy water sprinklers from one to the other. And all leave the church after shaking hands with the family. The daylight without almost blinds the crowd.

It is a beautiful June day. Gossamer threads float in the open air. Before the church there is pushing and crowding. Those who do not wish to remain with the mourners disappear. It is long before the procession can re-form. Far off, at the end of the street, one can see the plumes of the hearse waving and dwindling away in the distance, although the square is still all blocked up with carriages. One can hear the noise of carriage-doors clapped to, and the rapid clatter of horses trotting over the pavement. Nevertheless, the carriages at last go into line, and the convoy moves to the cemetery.

The folks in the carriages loll back at their ease. One might suppose they were going to the Bois, slowly, through vernal Paris. As the hearse is no longer visible, the funeral has already been forgotten; and conversations begin. The ladies talk about the summer season; the men about their business affairs.

"Tell me, love, will you go to Dieppe again this year?"

"Yes, perhaps; but certainly not before August. We leave here on Saturday for our country seat in the Loire."

"Then, mon cher, he intercepted the letter, and they fought—oh, not very desperately—just a little scratch. I dined with him au cercle in the evening, and he won 25 louis of me."

"Yes, the stockholders meet the day after to-morrow. They want to put me on the committee; but I am so busy I do not know whether I would be able to go."

The procession for a moment follows an alley of trees. Cool shadows fall from the branches; the sunlight hymns its joy through all the verdure. Suddenly a thoughtless lady, leaning out of her carriage, cries out:

"My! This is lovely!"

For the procession is passing into the Montparnasse Cemetery. Voices are hushed; only the grinding of the wheels over the sand of the alleys can be heard. They must go to the other end; the Verteuil sepulchre is there, on the left, a great tomb of white marble, a sort of chapel, highly decorated with carving. The coffin is set down before the gate of this chapel; and the discourses begin.

There are four. The ex-minister reviews the political life of the deceased, whom he represents as a sort of unrecognized genius, who could have saved France had he not despised intrigue. Then a friend tells of the private virtues of the dead count, "for whom all weep." Then somebody, whose name nobody knows, speaks as the delegate of an industrial society of which

the count had been an honorary member. Last of all, a little gray-faced man discourses in the name of the Académie des Sciences, Morales et Politiques.

Meanwhile those present amuse themselves by looking at the neighbouring tombs, and read the names on the marble slabs. Those who listen at all only catch occasional words. One old man with hard, compressed lips catches the phraseology of "fine qualities of heart, the generosity and goodness of great natures," and shakes his head, muttering,

"Very fine! oh, yes! but I knew him—the played-out dog!"

The last farewell is given. The priests have blessed the body, everybody goes away—only the grave-diggers remain in this solitary place to lower the coffin. The ropes creak, the oaken bier cracks. Monsieur le Comte de Verteuil is at home!

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

A VISITOR to the electrical exhibition complains that he went to the telephone room in expectation of hearing the singing at the Opéra, and Pailleron's new play at the Français. He laid the tube to his ear, and he heard loud cries of "Orgeat," "limonade," "sorbetes," "programme," &c. He had the ill luck to light upon an entracte.

THE monster omnibuses of Paris are to undergo still further improvement; on the back footboards there are places for four or six passengers, but not convenient room for the conductor; a special sentry box seat is to be added on for the latter. It is to be hoped that it will be so arranged as to compel him to have his face, not his back, turned to the street, so that fares who hail can be observed, when the vehicle is not *au complet*.

Mlle. DE MORNAY, the younger daughter of the Duchess de Sesto, is about to become the bride of the Marquis de Belbœuf, the grandson of Count Siméon, and a member of an old Norman family. The Duc de Morny, it will be remembered, left four children, two sons—Charles, his heir, and Serge, at present in the Chasseurs d'Afrique—and two daughters, the elder of whom is Countess de Cerzand, while the younger is about to become Marquise de Belbœuf.

An artistic joke is now current in Paris to the effect that M. de Neuville lately painted, on an immense canvas of four mètres by two mètres, a landscape representing a vast sandy desert, in the centre of which appears a single ostrich's egg. The title of this picture is given as "Prise de Bou-Amema par les Français." On being asked where was Bou-Amema, the artist replied, "Il est parti." To the further demand where were the French soldiers, he rejoined, "Ils ne sont pas encore arrivés."

A GERMAN officer, General K., sent one of his friends to M. Poilpot, recently to forbid him to reproduce the general's features in the panorama of the battle of Reichshoffen, which Messrs. Poilpot and Jacob are now painting. M. Poilpot refused to comply with the General's demand, whereupon the envoy challenged him to a duel. M. Poilpot accepted the challenge, but his seconds refused to take part in any meeting between their principal and the Prussian gentleman, or even to draw up a *procès-verbal* of the incident.

THE fashionable colours for the coming season will be peach-blossom pink for evening dress and dark blues, browns, and neutral tints for walking dresses. Pekins and plush will be the materials in vogue for demi-toilette, and brocades and satin for full dress. The new Pekin silks are very rich and handsome, as is also a new material, showing inch-wide stripes of plush on a soft mixed woollen ground. A new long-napped plush is shown for the under-skirts and jackets of out-door costumes; it is very elegant and costly as well, its price being forty francs a yard.

M. Trouvé's electrical boat is capable of holding three persons, which is driven by a screw attached to the rudder in such a way as to assist in steering the boat, and which derives its motion from a small electro-motor. The boat is shown at the Paris Exhibition, and is perfectly under control, and glides about the pond which surrounds the light-house, not very rapidly, it is true, but fast enough to show the value of the application. M. Tissandier exhibits a balloon propelled also by a small electro-motor of M. Trouvé's invention. The balloon is of an oblong form, three mètres and a half long by one and a third wide, and is directed in its course by a wire stretched across the building from one gallery to the other, through which the current passes. The motion is very slow, but that can be accelerated if necessary, the model being simply intended to show how the motion can be applied. In the calm of the exhibition building there can be no disputing its success, but whether the result would be the same in the open air with adverse winds to contend against is quite another matter. The same may be said of the balloon as of the boat and the tram-car, that it is a beginning, and that is something. There is no limit to the uses to which this motor can be applied when worked by the batteries of M. Faure, and sewing and embroidery machines, lathes, velocipedes, &c., may be seen in action, to which must be added the beautiful light of Mr. Swan worked by the same means.