

## THE PRISONER TO THE SWALLOW.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF GROSSI.

Pilgrim swallow, skimming fleet  
Past my window 'gainst the blue,  
With thy flexile song and sweet  
Every morning sung anew;  
What the story thou wouldst tell,  
Swallow with thy ritornelle!

Mournest thou, like me, poor bird,  
For thy mate, far, far away!  
Little widow! all unheard  
Is the pathos of thy lay,  
Save by me—I feel too well  
The anguish of thy ritornelle!

Less unhappy far than I,  
Thou on darting wings canst rise;  
Skim the lake and search the sky,  
Fill the sad air with thy cries:  
All day long thy grief canst tell,  
Swallow, with thy ritornelle!

Ah! could I but fly with the pine,  
Leave this prison where I pine,  
Whence the air is barred to me,  
Where no blessed sun may shine  
Scarcely to my dreary cell,  
Swallow, comes thy ritornelle!

And I languish, prisoned here,  
While thou flyest o'er the seas,  
For September draweth near,  
To seek other lands than these;  
Greet them for me, Greet them well,  
Swallow, with thy ritornelle!

And each day my weary eyes  
Through a mist of tears shall gaze  
At the snowy winter skies,  
Longing for the summer days,  
To bring back what I love well,  
Swallow, thy dear ritornelle!

In the spring a cross of white  
Thou wilt find here, in the grass:  
In thy circling evening flight  
Sometimes by that headstone pass!  
Then of peace alone shall tell,  
Swallow, thy low ritornelle!

—Kate Hillard, in *The Galaxy for March*.

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

## GUY'S FORTUNES AND MISFORTUNES.

BY BELLE CAMPBELL

(Continued from our last.)

I.

Flora drew herself up and said angrily, "Father, I have often told you that I did not wish to accept presents from Mr. Sylvester, and I begged you to tell him so. "Laird bless us all!" exclaimed Dougald in amazement, "what's got into the lass!" Mr. Sylvester! Certes, that comes o' living i' this upstart country! She has been kind o' strange wi' him ever since we cam' here. She never was like ither girls, but this has altered her altogether!" And with a disturbed countenance, he followed his daughter into the house.

The interior of the cottage showed that it was attended to by a person of taste. The simple pieces of furniture were arranged in the prettiest manner. A small stove with an open grate through which the red hot coals threw warmth and brightness, stood at one end of the cosy if little dining room; in the middle was a table covered with a snowy cloth, which presented a most inviting appearance, bearing, as it did several dainty dishes prepared by the youthful housekeeper.

"Flora," said Dougald, as they took their seats, "what is the reason you winna' tak' a gift frae' the young master now? You never refused at home."

"It is different here from what it was in Scotland. There he was the young master, and you were one of his father's servants, and I could only be too grateful to take whatever he chose to give me; beside I was a mere child. Here, he is neither my master, nor yours, though you choose to consider him as such. I do not like to feel myself under an obligation to him!"

"Why lassie, how'll it be when we gae back, as we are sure to do sometime—Heaven speed tha' day!"

"I hope we never will go back! Oh, I trust we never will!" she cried, hurriedly.

"Why?" said her father more and more bewildered.

"I like Canada and the independence I have here, attending to you and no body else. My mother's daughter was never made to serve!" The girl's eyes flashed as she spoke, and no one who saw her could help agreeing with her.

"Your head is turned, my bairn!" her father said, but he looked proudly at her.

"No more turned than it ever was," she said gaily, "I always felt so, and that is why I was so glad to come to America with you."

"Well, well, you're aye a good daughter to me and far be it frae my heart to want you to do anything against your wish! But what am I to do wi' you jewels?"

"Let me see them. Why, they are costly and pretty enough to be worn by the beautiful Miss Glynberry herself! Let him present his offerings to the right deity; I want them not!" and she left the room.

Her father was so stupefied with wonder, that the only vent he could find for his feelings was to exclaim, "Well, there is leetle o' the McNab blood in her! She's all McDonald!"

To the reader who understands the sex (if there be such a one in existence). Flora's con-

duct will not be so inexplicable. Yes; she was in love, madly, irrevocably in love with one who, by the accident of birth, was placed at an unattainable height.

When they were children, Guy and she had played together, all barriers of rank broken down by the happy democratic freedom of childhood. In after years when he returned, full-grown, from college, he maintained the same playful familiarity towards the beautiful girl, that he had shown to the pretty child; but Flora was shy and cold, a difference which he scarcely observed and which she herself failed to comprehend. It was only when, on the voyage to America, they were thrown more into each other's society, and her beauty and a certain superiority in demeanor and conversation drew from him looks of admiration and slight respectful attentions, that she realized the state of her feelings. No sooner had she done so, than she withdrew as much as possible from all contact with him; when, by accident, she was thrown in his way, she wore an impenetrable armor of proud taciturnity which very much surprised him. In this manner, she avoided the possibility of betraying herself, or thought she did, and poor Guy concluded that she was grieved at leaving home, and angry with him as the cause. Matters remained in this tranquil state till her father informed her of Guy's attachment for Miss Glynberry, since when, she was subject to these little bursts of indignation that to so perplexed her father.

II.

Nettie Glynberry throw her little gold thimble with an impatient click upon a marble-topped table, and tossing her embroidery down beside it, turned towards the door, waiting for the person who had just rung the bell with such unnecessary vigor, to enter. To judge from her impatient manner and pouting lip, it was not a very welcome visitor. However, as the door was thrown open and a servant announced "Mr. Hamilton," she composed her face into an expression of conventional politeness.

"Good morning, Mr. Hamilton. How do you do?"

"Well, thank you, and doubly so in being so fortunate as to find you at home."

"I am always at home at this hour in the morning," and then occurred one of those pauses which are usually so embarrassing to the persons concerned. In this case, however, it was only the gentleman who was uncomfortable, for Nettie, with the greatest composure, resumed her embroidery and waited with calm indifference, for his next remark.

"I did not see you at the concert last night."

"No, I was not there." She was determined not to assist him.

"Consequently," he resumed, "all my anticipated pleasure of the performance vanished." Nettie arched her eyebrows.

"Pray, Mr. Hamilton, how could my non-appearance in the hall mar your pleasure. Madame La Conté did not sing any the less sweetly on that account, I hope."

"I do not know, I did not listen. Finding you were not there, I left before the entertainment was over."

"Complimentary to the fair songstress, I must say!" said Nettie, carelessly.

"Miss Glynberry!"

"Mr. Hamilton!"

"Have you thought over the matter we spoke of when last I saw you?"

"No thought was required, Mr. Hamilton, you had my final and unalterable answer then."

"Oh, Nettie, you are cruel! Does the life-long happiness of a human being, and one, too, whom you have known so long, deserve no more consideration at your hands?"

"I could only give you one answer to the proposal you did me the honor to make me. I do not love you, therefore, I cannot be your wife. I am grieved that you suffer, but I cannot help it."

"I do not ask for love," he cried, "The friendship that you say you entertain for me will more than satisfy me. Once my wife—"

"Mr. Hamilton, pardon me, but what you say is the most absurd nonsense, at least it is so in my case. How any woman could marry without first loving with all her heart, I never could understand. And the man who is satisfied with such a one for a wife, I can't but despise."

Ernest Hamilton grew livid, and his eye glared wildly.

"I can draw but one conclusion from your conduct, Miss Glynberry, and that is, that you have granted to another the boon I crave. Stay! I know! It is, it must be that upstart fellow Sylvester, whom no one knows anything about! Blind! Not to have seen it before!"

Nettie's eyes flashed fire, but she was very pale.

"Str," she said haughtily, "you forget yourself!"

"You do love him, then? You do! You can't deny it!"

"Mr. Hamilton," she said, controlling herself, "Your words and actions are those of a madman! Looking upon them as such, I will not resent their insolence, but will only beg you to stand aside and allow me to leave the room, unless you will favor me by leaving it yourself." She paused one moment with calm dignity, then seeing he did not move, she walked towards the door, but before she had opened it, he sprang forward, and seizing her by the wrist, exclaimed hoarsely, "Either you or he will suffer for this!" and catching up his hat, he rushed from the room, and the house.

Nettie sank pale and breathless, on a sofa.

She had expected to be annoyed, not frightened. Presently, the door opened and her father entered. He was a tall thin man, about fifty years of age, with grey hair and aquiline features. He looked tired and careworn. He was a merchant of good standing in the city, and had the reputation of having immense wealth. His business now, however, was much embarrassed, and like many another father, he hoped to extricate himself from his pecuniary difficulties by marrying his daughter to a rich man. Nettie was his only child. Pretty, petted, and indulged, she had never known what it was to have a wish ungratified; but favored as she was, she was not spoiled by her happy fortune. She had always been her father's darling, and had ever acceded to his every request with true daughterly obedience; but as he seldom had a desire contrary to her own, this was no particular merit in her.

Mr. Glynberry wished his daughter to marry Ernest Hamilton for many reasons. He was the son of an old friend; he liked him personally, and he knew he was aware of his trouble, and ready and willing to help him. More than that, Nettie and he had known each other for years, and had always been on intimate terms, and he, looking upon it with masculine short-sightedness, thought she could not have a more suitable husband.

Another suitor appeared upon the scene in the person of Guy Sylvester, and so confident was Mr. Glynberry that Nettie, knowing his wishes, would accept her old admirer, that he gave Guy the permission to pay his addresses to her, warning him at the same time, not to be too hopeful. Guy, who probably had received many "fair speechless messages" from a pair of soft brown eyes, was not dejected at his prospects.

In finding that he was not so sure of attaining the result he wished for, Mr. Glynberry, with all the injustice of disappointment and rage forbade Guy the house and returned all his letters unopened. At the same time, he endeavored by every means in his power, to induce his daughter to comply with his demands, but all in vain. Mr. Glynberry awoke to the consciousness that his only daughter was disobedient and rebellious.

On this particular morning, he was determined to make one more effort; by impressing upon her mind how vitally important this step was to his welfare, he hoped so to work upon her affection for himself as to gain her consent. He was aware that Ernest had called, and when he went into the room and saw Nettie sitting on a sofa, pale and in tears (she had become quite hysterical) his heart beat wildly with the hope that after all, she had sacrificed her own inclination for his sake.

"Ah, Nettie, so you have changed your mind and sent Ernest away a happier man than he came? Tell me it is so, dear, and that your love for your father has triumphed."

Nettie looked up wildered, but presently realizing what he meant she said scornfully, glancing at a mirror as she spoke. "You judge from my appearance, I suppose, papa. Is this your idea of how a girl should look after she has accepted a lover?"

"You do look pale, my love," he answered, somewhat at a loss what to say, "but the struggle is over now, and the life-long devotion of a husband like Ernest Hamilton will compensate for your present suffering."

Nettie was horrified at his selfishness. Was this the father who had indulged every whim, anticipated every desire of her heart? She was ready to burst into tears, but restraining herself, she simply answered, "You mistake, papa. I have refused to marry Ernest Hamilton; that is, I have repeated my former refusal."

Her father turned pale to the lips. "Girl, you have determined to ruin me! We will be reduced to poverty, ay, to beggary! And all through your obstinacy! Are you mad, to reject a luxurious home, a devoted husband, out of mere wilfulness!"

Nettie bowed her head, and buried her face in her hands.

"You relent! You regret your refusal! Ernest will forgive. Do but let him know."

"I regret, father, that you should require such a sacrifice of me."

"Have you not often said you would sacrifice all even life itself for me?"

"And so I would gladly sacrifice life, and all I possess for you, were it necessary. But not even for you, dearly as I love you, would I stain my soul with such a crime, for such I consider it—to perjure myself at the altar by vowing to love and honor a man whom I detest!"

"What will become of all your fine ideas when you find yourself without a home, or a friend?"

"Is it so bad, papa?"

"Ay, and worse!"

"Then I will work, as many another girl reared in luxury has had to do. I can surely do something."

"Why do you detest Ernest Hamilton?" asked Mr. Glynberry, returning to the subject uppermost in her mind.

"Because to me, he is detestable! Besides, I have other reasons for not wishing to link my life with his."

"What other reasons do you mean? You do not dare to allude to the proposal of that insolent rascal, Sylvester, who comes from no one knows where, and lives no one knows how!"

Nettie flushed crimson. "I was not alluding to Mr. Sylvester, sir. But since you have thought proper to mention him, I may as well state that the feeling I bear to him will prevent me from ever being the wife of another. He loves me—I love him."

"Fool! would you marry a man whose character and social standing are alike unknown to you?"

"That he is a high-bred gentleman, his appearance and manner leave no room for doubt."

"High-bred gentlemen are often great scoundrels!"

"There is no reason to accuse Mr. Sylvester of anything that is dishonorable. For the rest, I have no doubt if you had afforded him an opportunity, he would have furnished you with all the necessary details of birth, rank, and fortune."

"Nettie, you are sadly changed. But bear in mind, you will never have my consent to marry this man, and if you marry him without it, you are no daughter of mine!" He had resigned himself to the inevitable, but determined to have his revenge.

"Father," said Nettie, with gentle dignity, "Although I am obliged by my sense of right to act contrary to your wishes in rejecting Ernest Hamilton, do not imagine that I will transgress so far as to marry another against your will." So saying, she left him, and went to her own room.

On arriving there, Nettie did not throw herself on the bed in a paroxysm of tears after the manner of heroines in general. She locked the door, then took from her bosom a letter, and after pressing it passionately to her lips, read it through. It was the one about which Guy Sylvester had manifested such solicitude, and this is what it said:

"My own, my darling,

Forgive the stratagem by which I contrive to send you this letter. Those which I send by the ordinary means were returned unopened, and I know, dearest, without your knowledge, I could not bear that you should think I consider your father's dismissal as final. Knowing your heart, I will never despair, but live in the hope that time will change his mind. In the mean time, love, I must see you. How can I do so! I feel that I ought to give you all those particulars regarding my position, which you, with a delicacy I fully appreciate, have never inquired into. Send your answer by Dougald McNab, (you know him? He who gave you this.) He is faithful to me, and, as you will have guessed, is connected with my former fortunes.

Fail not, I entreat you, darling, to grant me this interview, and till then, farewell. "Love's heralds should be thoughts," but as they are only mortals who understand not the speed with which their missions should be performed, hasten to relieve my impatience.

Yours ever, and ever lovingly,

GUY SYLVESTER.

Nettie read it over and over, then taking up a pen, she sat down to write. After two or three attempts, she completed an answer to the effect that, as he was aware, she returned his ardent affection and could never love another, but as her father's will was inflexible, it was impossible for her to see him again, for she would never act in opposition to it. Declining on these grounds to meet him, she bade him good bye for ever. After closing and sealing this heroic document, she buried her face in her hands and burst into tears. After she had become a little calmer, she rose and walked to and fro, then turning suddenly, she tore the letter into fragments, and snatching up her pen, dashed off the following words:

"Dearest Guy,

"It is in vain that I try to refuse your request, though I know it is wrong to grant it. I will meet you to-morrow afternoon, between two and three, on my way to a friend's on Bloor St.

NETTIE.

Having done so, she put on her hat and wraps with the intention of carrying it at once to Dougald, but fearing her inability to give it to him without attracting attention, she went, contrary to her usual habit, and posted it herself. After this she felt much happier, though somewhat guilty. But she argued herself, as young ladies placed in similar positions usually succeed in doing, into the belief that her father's sternness and injustice in refusing Guy the house, made it necessary to have this clandestine interview with him in order to have a mutual explanation.

Accordingly, on the next afternoon the lovers met, as it had been arranged. "Thanks, dearest Nettie, for giving me this opportunity of once more gazing upon your face!" cried Guy, as he seized her hand.

"I did not meet you for the purpose of allowing you to gaze upon my face!" said Nettie, laughing and blushing, "and as your demonstrative greeting has caused others to be guilty of the same rudeness, pray let us walk over to that pretty common. The frost was very severe last night, and the snow is dry and crisp."

(Continued next week.)

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

JOHN McCULLOUGH had a fine engagement at his own theatre in San Francisco. His stay of four weeks resulted in receipts amounting to \$35,600 in gold.

MUSTAFA, the celebrated soprano of the Sistine Chapel, is rarely heard now, only singing for the Pope on special occasions. His voice is described as angelic in sweetness and tenderness.

Mlle. ALBANI left the Strakosch troupe in Cincinnati, a cable correspondence having settled that her contract should be cancelled. It appears that the expenses of Mlle. Albani's engagement—something like \$900 a night—were not warranted by the receipts, and Mr. Strakosch having, as is stated, already lost \$75,000 during the season, found that he could not pay such a salary to the prima donna. The matter was amicably settled, and Mlle. Albani will at once proceed to London, where she is under contract to Mr. Gye.