

The day the Duke of Sutherland paid his first visit to Caprera, Garibaldi was in bed indisposed. He had declined that morning to receive a Sardinian peasant, who had crossed over to the island to see him, and had told his faithful friend Fazzari—who fought under him in the Tyrol, and had spent several years in the island, helping to tend the obstinate wound he got at Aspromonte—that he would see no one. Somewhat later the Duke's yacht came in sight, and his Grace, on landing, was met by two young men, Menotti Garibaldi and Fazzari, carrying barrels of water on their shoulders—Menotti white with flour, Fazzari black with smoke; they had been grinding corn for the family use, the one attending to the grist, while the other drove the donkey engine; and great was their embarrassment on the Duke announcing himself, not on account of their dusty condition, but because of the order the General had given. What was to be done? Fazzari went to announce the arrival. "But I cannot receive him to-day," said Garibaldi. "How can I do so, when I refused to see Santo Janca?" At last it was arranged that Santo should have his audience first and at once, and then the Duke was introduced.

LOVE AND DINNER.

Ah, love in a cottage is all very fine,
And kisses are sweet when the loving ones take 'em!
But there's naught in this world when you sit down to dine.
Like the girl who knows well how to fry and to bake 'em.
The dinners, I mean not the kisses of love.
Though they both are all right. If you rightly have 'took 'em.
If you want to keep in with your darling, your dove,
Be careful, oh, wives, and be sure how you cook 'em—
The doves, now I mean, not the loves or the men.
But whisper this secret: As sure as we're sinners,
The love will fly out of the windows just when
You fail to have ready acceptable dinners.
It is well you should fondle and "dear" and caress,
For love in itself is a bright household blessing.
It is well for the husband who loves you to dress,
But 'tis better by far if his dinner you're dressing.
Call him "darling" and "lovely" and "dearest" and
"sweet!"
These things are all right, and by him will be "took" in—
But be sure, all the same, that you don't burn his meat.
And serve up his meals in your best mode of cooking.
For remember that love will go out of the door
If his stomach is empty—this sturdy bread-winner.
He may love you to-day; he will love you no more
If you draw up his pudding and ruin his dinner.
There's a sight of this nonsense of "love all in all;"
I tell you, endearment has no such a handle!
The road to affection in cottage or hall,
Leads straight through the stomach, and that you
must dandle.
At the door, with a smile, when he comes into you,
Be ready; enjoyment shall follow the meeting;
But be sure that the fumes of a roast, grill or stew,
Shall rise to his nostrils and second the greeting.
And remember, dear girls who are lately made wives,
Let this be a lesson to each new beginner—
You may fondle and love through the rest of your lives,
But be sure that you second that love with your dinner.

FALL OF "LIBERTY HALL."

THE LEADERS IMPRISONED FOR LIFE.

The destruction of any great institution, whether by fire, or war, or any other means, must be regarded as a great public calamity. The dreadful event creates a feeling of profound regret, and the people do not cease to deplore their loss until the institution destroyed had again been established on an equally prosperous footing. Of course, in all such calamities, public sympathy is aroused in proportion to the magnitude and usefulness of the institution destroyed. There have been instances where some old established concern slowly passed through the several stages of decline, and finally sank into oblivion "unwept, unhonoured and unsung." It is also possible, sometimes, for an organization to rise, have a brilliant existence, then fade into insignificance, and ultimately pass away altogether, without anybody knowing anything of it except those immediately interested. To the latter class, it will be proper to say, belonged the wonderful and delightful, but strangely unhistorical, institution known as "Liberty Hall." This organization was in the height of its glory some ten years ago. A retrospective view of the institution prompts the conviction that, all things considered, "Liberty Hall" was a most remarkable structure. It was fashioned after an entire modern style of architecture. There was nothing about it which in any way bore resemblance to the several ancient systems except that its principal supports consisted of five harmonious "pillars." The "Hall" comprised an elegant suite of rooms in the second flat of a large and handsome building, pleasantly situated on one of the principal corners of a great thoroughfare. The fine pillars which upheld it, were wonderfully dissimilar in some respects. Each was in itself a complete representative of one of the noble fields in which modern ambition so bravely exerts itself, viz: Law, Physic, Fine Arts, Science and Commerce. There was about the whole, however, a charming and delightful harmony, for each pointed hopefully towards the golden crown of victory suspended above. Unlike the Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, and other systems wherein the graceful columns are ranged in delightful order outside the building, in this instance the pillars were placed (or rather they had placed themselves) within the structure, and, according to the opinions of all who visited "Liberty Hall" the innovation was a decided improvement. It will, perhaps, be as well to mention that these pillars were not of the or-

inary, straight-up-and-down description, but were both moveable and pliable. It will be no harm to observe, also, that the office of chief supports of the "Hall" did not necessitate their continuance in a state of perpendicularity. They could come and go, recline or stand, with a freedom that ancient designers had never dreamed of. To speak more correctly, therefore, it will, perhaps, be better to say that, instead of being built in compliance with the laws of an ancient style of architecture, "Liberty Hall" was organized in unison with the requirements of modern life. There was method in its construction however, for the chief or central support was the representative of law (Mr. Frederick Oswald, a great lawyer in embryo) around whom the lesser lights were ranged in the following order—representative of physic (Mr. Hugh Swinton, an M. D. in perspective)—child of genius, or representative of Fine Arts (Mr. Asa Murphy, artist)—emblem of Science, (Mr. Samuel Wingate, C. E.)—representative of white-winged commerce (Mr. Peter Travers, clerk). These five were the chief instigators and substantial supporters of "Liberty Hall," and they were justified in making the proud declaration that various quarters of the universe had contributed to the formation of their organization. Oswald had been originally shipped over from Switzerland; Swinton hailed from the free-stone quarries of Ohio; Murphy sprang from the Green Isle,—of which "Bog Oak" is typical;—Wingate was a "native to the manor born," and Travers was a chip of Aberdeen granite. A beautiful combination of qualities, if not of colours. They all had a wonderful experience in the way of boarding-house life. Hotels, inns, fashionable boarding-houses, private boarding-houses, &c., &c., had all been tried, but all of these had proved in some way unsatisfactory. They had now been intimate associates for some time and each had often endeavoured to console the other in the midst of their social sufferings. Finally the five friends hit upon a plan of fitting up a suite of rooms on their own account. It was a happy thought and they heartily congratulated themselves upon the fact that they had at least discovered a means by which they could enjoy the comforts of a home in reality. They immediately proceeded to test the practicability of the scheme. Considerable time was wasted in the arduous work commonly known as house-hunting. In due time, however, suitable quarters were found in the building before mentioned. Each subscribed liberally to the joint furnishing fund, and, much to his delight Murphy, the artist, was entrusted with the work of preparing the place for their reception. He was commissioned *Côte Blanche*, and he, therefore, for the responsibility of the task. He had long been preaching about certain notions, or principles, which he deemed requisite to make life enjoyable, and was at last furnished with an opportunity of testing the same. Suffice it to say that he proved equal to the emergency. He had a small array of carpenters, plasterers, paper-hangers, plumbers, painters, etc., at work for a week or more. Then he visited various furniture houses, carpet-rooms, &c., until he found such articles as harmonized with his principles, and in a few days the place was completed. Rich carpets, elegant furniture, a variety of easy chairs, lounges, etc., handsome chandeliers, mirrors, a beautiful French clock and a host of knick knacks, gave the place an air of elegant comfort. And when later on, the personal effects of the friends were added, comprising fire-arms, fishing tackle, tobacco boxes, pipes, cigar cases, etc., all unanimously agreed that their quarters had a genuine home-like appearance. Therefore, when they sat down for the first time around their own tasty dinner table, in their own pleasant abode, Murphy was warmly complimented upon the excellent taste which he had displayed in every respect.

Oswald being the senior was of course assigned the place at the head of the table, and, when the cloth had been removed he felt called upon to say as follows.

"Gentlemen,—We have been intimate associates for some years. Together we have been knocked about, and have had all sorts of indignities heaped upon us by unmerciful boarding-house keepers. But, gentlemen, I rejoice to say we are no longer dependent upon such heartless people. I congratulate you all (including myself) upon the possession of a house of our own. I feel that we are under a lasting obligation to our friend Murphy, and I for one am proud to have such a talented gentleman within our circle. Friends, fill your glasses and drink to Murphy's health."

All were in the most agreeable mood, and this bit of formality only added to the general pleasantries.

In due time Murphy was compelled to say something in response. With his good-natured face all beaming with smiles, he arose and said: "Friends, in the name of liberty and justice, I welcome you to the enjoyments of your own home. In doing so, permit me to recommend that henceforth we allow by-gones to be by-gones, and in the enjoyment of the present let us forget the sufferings of the past."

"That's all very well, Murphy, but hang me I will never forget that old Mrs. Handlack," interrupted Swinton.

"She is an exception to the general rule. She is not a fair representative of the boarding-house fraternity," remarked Wingate apologetically.

"All the more reason to forget her then," continued Murphy.

"I quite agree with Murphy," said Travers, emphatically.

"Glad to see you are disposed to agree with somebody," exclaimed Swinton, as he replenished his glass.

"That is more than you ever were," retorted Travers.

"Order, gentlemen," cried Oswald. "Permit me to remind you that this is the occasion of our first dining together in our mutual abode. Let us have harmony."

"You can have the harmony, Oswald, and welcome, but pass me the sherry," said Swinton, looking at the empty glass before him.

"Both together, gentlemen. That is one of my cardinal principles," began Murphy.

"O, cork up your principles, Murphy; we all know they are excellent or else you would not be here, amongst us," exclaimed Swinton. "Besides (looking about the room), we now have an opportunity of seeing, and enjoying, your principles in reality."

"I am quite well aware that you never had much regard for principles of any kind," retorted Murphy.

"Gentlemen," said Wingate, with an effort at solemnity, "in the midst of our prosperity let us not forget suffering humanity. (Hear, hear, unanimously shouted the others.) We have succeeded in extricating ourselves, but there are millions of poor fellows still struggling in the mine. Let us drink to them."

"An excellent sentiment," said Oswald, as he laid down his glass. And thus the pleasant moments flew by. After a while, Travers exclaimed: "I have a conundrum."

"Keep it, by all means," remarked Murphy.

"Turn it into a song," suggested Swinton.

"The majority rules, in this establishment, according to one of Murphy's principles. Let's take a vote to see whether Travers shall ask a conundrum or sing a song," suggested Swinton. The proposition meeting with approval, Mr. Oswald proceeded to settle the matter.

"All in favor of the song will please lift their glasses."

No body moved a hand.

"All in favor of the conundrum will please raise their glasses."

Still no hand was moved.

"Mr. Travers," continued Oswald, "I have much pleasure, in informing you, that it is the pleasure of the company that you shall do neither."

Owing to the laughter, Mr. Travers' remarks about ingratitude, &c., were not distinctly audible. The friends, soon after, adjourned to the sitting room, and, later on, a few friends having dropped in to see them, a very pleasant evening was spent. In the course of a few weeks the friends had become thoroughly domiciled and were, in every way, heartily pleased with the experiment.

II.

Three years have passed away since the evening upon which the five friends sat down for the first time, in their mutual abode. The time had slipped away very rapidly with them. They had each been eminently prosperous, in their respective vocations. Oswald was, long ago, called to the bar, and is now in receipt of a handsome income from his business; Swinton took his degree two years ago and is working up a large practice; Murphy's pictures command good prices and Wingate has been favored with commissions to erect numerous bridges, &c., while Travers has had occasion to remove his business to more commodious premises. Fortune has, indeed, smiled upon the whole of them. The three years of constant companionship had made them like brothers, and life in their bachelor quarters had been extremely agreeable. During all that time not one of them had ever manifested the slightest desire to change his mode of life. Indeed, a thought of their ever having to change never seemed to enter into their consideration. They were a lively lot, very social and pleasant, and always entertained their visitors in a most profitable manner. They had a large number of friends, in the city, among whom the five were exceedingly popular.

The greatest difficulty which they had been called upon to surmount was to find a suitable name for their mutual abode. Wingate and Murphy had held out manfully for something poetical; Oswald was stoutly in favor of a barlesque term; while Swinton and Travers contended that some plain, common word would be the most appropriate. Thus, while the occupants were endeavoring to decide upon something, the matter was kindly taken out of their hands, by their outside acquaintance, who began to speak of the place as "Liberty Hall." The term seemed peculiarly applicable, and, as none of the five seemed to have any objection, the term was finally adopted as the name of their quarters. And, from that time, their invitation cards were always worded, "The pleasure of Mr. so and so's company is requested at 'Liberty Hall,' &c., &c."

They were extremely intimate, of course. There could be no secrets among them. If any one of them was absent, of an evening, the others knew of his whereabouts. There were a number of unwritten rules, which governed life in the "Hall," and that was one of them. Besides these, there were a number of written laws, and the most important of these was, that each anniversary of the opening of the "Hall" must be celebrated by a dinner, to which could be invited such of their friends as they might see fit. They mingled, a good deal, in society, and they were always heartily wel-

comed wherever they went. They were often spoken of, privately, as being very eligible young men, and what puzzled the people most was their apparent indifference to any of the darts which the "little God" might shoot at them. To do them justice, it must be said that they had never actually allied themselves against connubial bliss, but there appeared to be, among them, an understood preference for single blessedness. It is just possible that they may not have given the subject much thought, but, at all events, their style of conversation would have led any one to believe that they actually prided themselves upon their ability to withstand all the allurements of the tender passion. And, when they would sometimes find a notice of the marriage of some of their friends in the papers, they could not resist the temptation of referring to him as an other unfortunate or deluded man. Notwithstanding all their expressions in this respect, each seemed to be animated by a vague sort of a notion; that some one of them would, sooner or later, be flinging himself in a similar direction. Once during the three years, Wingate had behaved in a rather suspicious manner. He seemed to have become infatuated with a Miss Blank, and was, in consequence, absent a great deal from the "Hall." But, when he suddenly became silent, and cross, and stubbornly refused to move out of the "Hall" at all, his friends charitably concluded that the "fair one" must have thrown him over, and they were never loath to remind him of their conviction. On another occasion, Swinton carried on a flirtation, in such a vigorous manner, that the others were forced to the conclusion that he was a lost man. They even went so far as to calculate upon his withdrawal from the fold. But, much to the satisfaction of all, nothing came of the affair; then the five seemed bound closer together than ever.

"Fancy Swinton, there, being sent up town to buy a box of hair pins, or half a yard of ribbon, or some other womanly necessity," said Oswald, one evening, as the five were lounging in the well lighted sitting room.

"Don't ask us to do violence to our imagination," easily remarked Murphy, as he stretched himself upon a lounge.

"You have all done more foolish things than that," retorted Swinton.

"Probably, we have, but it must have been a long, long time ago," said Travers; "hand over the tobacco, please."

"Wonder what those poor fellows do whose wives taboo the weed?" asked Oswald.

"Is that a conundrum?" inquired Murphy.

"Give it up," said Wingate.

"Give what up?" asked Oswald, in an alarmed manner.

"Why, the conundrum, of course," replied Wingate.

"O, I thought you meant the tobacco," said Oswald, with a sigh of relief.

"Heaven protect us from strong minded females," exclaimed Murphy, solemnly.

"Amen," was the unanimous exclamation.

Arrangements were made, that evening, for the celebration of the third anniversary of the opening, which was to take place a week later. A dozen guests were to be invited, and everything promised most favorably. It would probably be the grandest affair that the "Hall" had yet seen. While they were thus talking the matter over, Murphy, who was reading the evening paper, suddenly exclaimed:

"By George. That must have been a narrow escape."

"What's the matter with you?" asked Swinton.

"Why there has been a runaway," said he, and then he read from the paper, as follows:

EXCITING RUNAWAY.—This afternoon as the Hon. Gustave Oberstein, and his daughter, were driving past the central railway station, the spirited team became frightened at a locomotive and dashed away at a furious speed. The coachman lost all power over them, and in turning a corner the carriage was upset and the occupants thrown out. We regret to say that Mr. Oberstein suffered a dislocation of the left shoulder, and was otherwise severely injured. Miss Oberstein had one of her arms broken. The unfortunate coachman was killed instantly. The poor man has left a wife and two children. Mr. and Miss Oberstein were conveyed to the Union Hotel, where they remain in a critical state.

During the reading of the paragraph, Oswald was observed to turn deadly pale. He seized the paper and read for himself.

His friends became alarmed, and begged of him to tell them what it meant.

"O, it may be nothing," he replied, as he tried to regain his composure.

"Do you know the parties, Oswald?" asked Swinton.

"Well, I don't know," was the reply. "I met some people five years ago, in the Southern Valley of the Tyrol. Their names were Oberstein, and the thought just struck me that they might be the same."

"Have they been in town?"

"Not that I know of. Indeed I did not know that they were even in America."

"Nonsense, then; how foolish you are to excite yourself about nothing."

"You are right, Swinton, it is foolish of me. It surely cannot be the people I refer to, and yet, I cannot dismiss the thought."

"No use being in suspense about it, Oswald," said Murphy, tenderly, "you had better go to