

am assured will be the making of me. But enough of myself. I was but one of those who floated westward to the Park and felt the new sweet wind caress my eyes. The day was delightful, and even the most elevated persons seemed pleased to see each other. Very exquisitely-dressed men almost smiled as they nodded. As I looked up the Row, it seemed full of dark masses of cavalry, while hither and thither, between the slow-moving stately squadrons flitted a light horseman, or a girl on a bright chestnut came bounding. All the chairs beside the way were filled, and before them a crowd were moving, pausing, staring. They were so busy looking at each other, and holding themselves for inspection; so occupied with recurring thoughts, one of the sit of her bonnet, another of the hanging of his coat-tails; so fearful of missing a celebrated personage or being missed by a desirable acquaintance; so eager to see the last new beauty,—that the sky need not have made haste to be so softly blue, nor the trees to put on their new livery. Yet nature fulfilled her modest task of breathing everywhere and through all shrivelled hearts beautiful peace and the stirring of vivid joy. As for me, I walked on air, pleased with the gay throng and with my observation of their manners, and the little lines on passing faces. I was walking slowly when my eye was caught by a peculiar motion of a figure beside me. I was on the left of the Row, and close to the ponies of the beautiful Lady Manuel, who had stopped her little carriage that she might speak to Captain Milvane. I was respectfully interested in the droop of the lady's head, as she bent towards the gallant gentleman, when my eye was diverted by the movement, half jaunt, half nervous, of which I had spoken. I stopped, and instantly recognised the back of the old gentleman. The back was very tightly buttoned into a smart coat, and had a stiff, almost boarded, appearance about the waist. The glossy hat above it was set a little on one side; the trousers showed a sharp line descending straight to the bright heel and eloquent of early days. It was a well-made-up and a prosperous back, a back which would increase the hopelessness of the unfortunate. As I was noting its characteristics, the glossy hat came off with a flourish. A handsome phaeton was passing quickly up the Park. I instantly recognised the driver, who was sitting up with an expression of profound indifference, and allowing his beasts to travel as they would. It was my neighbour of the playhouse. He seemed unconscious of the old gentleman's salute; but beyond him a bonnet was visible for a moment; I inferred that a woman had nodded. The old gentleman looked after the carriage as if he were not unwilling to advertise his connection with so irreproachable a vehicle. He had replaced his hat at an angle a little more jaunt; he patted his collar, touched his cravat with his finger-tips, and swung round to continue his stroll. As he moved he caught sight of me. I was sure that he saw me, for the colour came with a suddenness most unusual in an old cheek, and there was an unnatural stiffness about the head and neck as he stared intently far away towards the Knightsbridge Barracks. I had moved towards him, but I stopped abruptly. It was clear that my study of the old gentleman was to be strictly confined to that smart but unsympathetic back, rigidly artistic, but lamentably deficient in human nature. I was hurt. I crossed the Row and inserted myself into the denser crowd on the other side. I had not moved far when, glancing across the green on my right, I saw the phaeton coming down by the Serpentine. The speed had sunk almost to a walk; the driver seemed equally well pleased. An idle curiosity induced me to turn back, and I reached the end of the Row before the carriage. It was clear that the placid character had no intention of stopping where some great ladies had pulled up their ponies by the way. He dropped his whip across his animals; they sprang forward, and as they sprang I saw for a moment the face of the lady. It was the face of whilom Margaret, the daughter of the old gentleman. I was tired, out of humour with the unrecognised loveliness of the day; I found that one of my boots hurt me; I remembered a stupid call which I was bound to make. I held up my stick to a hansom, got myself into a corner for fear of draughts (after all, this early summer weather is treacherous—perhaps all weather is treacherous—perhaps all things are treacherous, and all people), and so went home.

IV.

For some years past the duties of that office which is to be the making of me, and which necessitate some travel, have taken up so much of my time that I have made little use of my power and nice observation. Noses have passed me unobserved. Perhaps for that reason the images of traits noted in my idle period remain no jot less clear in my memory. I often conjured up the figure of the old gentleman with his tricks of hand, his stiff but tremulous aversion of the head and eyes, the conflicting lines of his face. Of the man I saw nothing for years. I was busy with my new duties, went but little to any club, and never to the Park at a fashionable hour, lest I should be still writ in the list of the unemployed. I once asked Tom Bolivar if he knew anything of our common friend. Tom instantly became denunciatory but mysterious. He exploded into hot and angry words, which quickly descended into mutterings. I am never sure how much Tom knows. He seems to know everything—he seems never to admit the possibility of incomplete knowledge of any-

thing—and yet at times I find myself doubting if he be anything better than a blatant and buffle-headed fellow. I could not tell how much he knew about the old gentleman; if he knew anything about him, it was clearly something to his disadvantage.

Much occupied with the duties of my office, launched on so desirable a stream of the political irrigation-system, ambitious of further successes, I was slowly losing the habit of recalling the old gentleman to mind, when I saw him again. I shall see him no more. Only a few weeks have passed since our meeting. It was in the morning, for I had taken a holiday. I rarely indulge myself with a holiday; but it was a slack time with us, and the supply of samplers at the central office, where I was working at the moment, was unusually small. Let me confess my weakness; I treated myself to a walk in the Park. It was late in May; summer had stolen upon us, capricious, in short-lived beauty; fresh green was everywhere, and the grass where it was allowed to grow was rich and yellow with buttercups. After noon it was almost too hot; my pace fell to a crawl; my mind, relieved from the cares of office, began to resume its old habits; I noted little turns of the head, nervous laughs and coughs, tricks which a philosophical friend ascribes to our insular shyness. Tom Bolivar is not shy. While I was musing, he came and seized me by the arm. I should have liked to shake myself free of him, but I have not enough of strength of mind to hurt anybody's feelings. Tom is not nice in the Park. He is a little rough in dress and manner, rather loud of voice, and fond of being looked at. I suppose that he is a fine-looking fellow; he is certainly big. He is burly, and heavy for a young man; I suppose that he is young. He has a broad nose and a rough reddish skin, in which the colour is fixed, and suggestive of the regular but moderate consumption of alcohol; the bloom of youth has been succeeded by the blossom. People look at him askance, and he takes it for admiration. I do not like to walk with him in the Park.

"I say, look there!" cried Tom, with unnecessary noise, and grasping my arm as if it were a pint-pot—"look at that old brazier." I looked, and started. There was something familiar in the extraordinary figure. It was certainly extraordinary. There were a pair of Hessian boots, which were so old, and had been so rubbed and polished, and I should have thought them but polish and tassels if boots could stand without leather. Was it possible that vanity prompted the display of those shrunken limbs? As my eye passed upward I noted an old, old coat, which stirred faint memories of gentlemen with long whips in unsuccessful circuits. It was magnificently frogged, but obviously thin. It had been blue all over, but was now very white in parts. It was so tight that methought the poor old buttons were one and all frenzied in the struggle for existence; each life hung on a thread. Could it be that the cause of this display of the board-like form was vanity? The hat was not in harmony with the remainder of the costume. The garments were the garments of the romantic Stranger of Kotzebue. The hat was the reckless, mysterious sombrero of the Mexican of Captain Mayne Reid. Redolent of the prairie was the handkerchief, loosely knotted about the white seamed throat. I looked earnestly at the face, but it was not familiar. "He does this every day," said Tom, showing me towards this eccentric cavalier. "Did you ever see such a gay old guy?" Tom spoke in his hoarse whisper, which seems to have the effect of a telephone. I was uncomfortable, and pushed on without a second look. Yes I saw nothing else. The figure haunted me. I paid no attention to Tom's remarks on fashionable folks, nor even to his emphatic nudges. My memory was fitting from place to place, from epoch to epoch of my career. On a sudden it lit upon the old gentleman. Why should I think of him? This cavalier of the Park, for all his shrunken limbs, was evidently younger than that venerable artist. Moreover, nobody knew better than I that the old gentleman, off the boards and with no glass before him, was shy. I had long ago decided that the quality which lay beneath his many tricks and oddities—the soil from which they drew their vitality—was shyness. It was in the highest degree improbable that a shy man would attire himself as if he ran a circus in the boundless prairie, and thus conspicuous, would tread the Park at its most fashionable hour. The idea was intolerable. I whistled it down the wind, and turned my attention to the minute peculiarities of persons less highly coloured. I wished that I could whistle Tom Bolivar down the wind; it would have required a May hurricane. With Tom still dragging at my arm I turned and again encountered the Mexican stranger. As I met him he glanced at me from the corner of his eye, and quickly averted his head. I knew the movement; my vague fancies leapt together, and were certainty: it was the old gentleman. It was impossible, but true. Tom gave a hoarse laugh to show his appreciation of the unusual costume. I shook him off and started in pursuit of my friend. Tom said "Holloa!" and followed me. Pushing somewhat roughly through the sauntering crowd I came to the side of the old gentleman. The old colour came up into the thin lined cheek, but with a strange difference; it was no wonder that he looked younger, for he was elaborately made up. I took his arm; as I did so, I heard a kind of roar of astonishment behind me. I turned my

head and saw Tom Bolivar standing open-mouthed. For a moment he stood like a beast in a slaughter-house, then he fled; I was rid of Tom. The arm which I took was trembling; the colour had ebbed from his cheek and left it ghastly, for all its decoration. The old gentleman muttered something, and interpreting his speech to suit my wishes, I hurried him out of the crowd. There were people all about us staring; a cad laughed; a policeman made a witty remark; afterwards I remembered these trifles. At the time I thought of nothing but the old gentleman, who seemed about to faint. I helped him into a cab, and followed him, though he made a feeble gesture of expostulation. I asked for his address. He fumbled in his old coat, and with a poor imitation of his ancient flourish gave me a card grown dirty and limp about the corners; on it was written in pencil an address: his dwelling was in the dreariest street in Soho. He had a bedroom in a mean house—a bedroom to the corners of which the brush of the slattern paid angel visits; whence, when the faded stained blind had gone up crooked, one could discern a smudged back-window, two irregular chimney-pots, some defective slates, probably a cat. In his room in Soho I saw the last of the old gentleman. He liked my visits: I used to send out for a moderate supply of whisky. Under that influence he made a few remarks. He said that he could not understand why managers had suddenly ceased to offer him engagements. "Soon after my daughter left me," he said, "I fell out of employment. I have never been able to understand the reason. I feel that I have it in me now to act as well as ever." He had just finished his first tumbler. On another occasion he begged me not to suppose that his daughter had been unkind. I asked if she had not been able to help him. He pushed his tremulous right hand into the breast of his coat, and in an attitude of pride said, "Under the circumstances, I did not feel that I could accept pecuniary assistance." Then his hand came out from his chest; he seemed to shrink in his chair; he bowed his head almost to his knees, and I heard him muttering, "God forgive me!" he said (I felt that he had forgotten my presence); "I could not take her money. I tried—God forgive me!—but I couldn't."

When I last visited him, he was wandering a little; he was nervous and fidgety. He muttered fragments of prayers and plays, and broke off again and again to ask if it were not time to go to the Park. "I mustn't miss the Park," he said; "everybody'll be there—the public—I can't do without the public." Afterwards he began to prattle as if he were talking to a child. I could not hear much; but at last he spoke out very clearly and said, "Baby must clap her hands to pretty mamma when the big curtain goes up." After that he said nothing. He would not touch his whisky; and I knew that the end was near.

THE GLEANER.

THE White House at Washington is seventy-nine years old.

THE Prince of Wales has sold his celebrated schooner yacht "Hildegarde."

VESEVIUS is again active, and a great eruption seems probable.

THE Paris Exhibition medals will shortly be ready for distribution.

It has been arranged that a great international fishery exhibition shall be held in Berlin in 1880.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA is called by London *Truth* "the first after-dinner speaker in England."

KOSSUTH has made arrangements for the publication of his essays, memoirs, and letters since 1859.

THE Prince of Wales visits the Continent at least ten times a year, and is almost as well known in Paris as in London.

DEAN STANLEY was lately a worshipper at Father Hyacinthe's Old Catholic Church in Paris. He did not assist as a clergyman.

THERE is not a case of a single Ameer of Afghanistan who has not been compelled to defend by the sword the crown he has inherited.

SIR GARRET WOISELEY has received special instructions to make every effort to find the late Prince Imperial's watch.

DURING the Irish famine years, 1847-9 nearly all the packs of hounds were put down, but this year hunting is as brisk as ever.

A CAVE just discovered near Quero, in the Province of Treviso, Italy, contains a large number of bears' teeth and bones, as also a quantity of stone implements.

THE lottery mania at Mandalay is said to have so possessed the people that Burmese parents are selling their daughters to procure money to purchase tickets.

THE weather has been so favourable for Ogleshorpe County, Ga., that the third crop of figs for 1879 is nearly ripe.

THE Bishop of Natal says that the Zulu war has cost not less than eight millions, instead of four and a half, as estimated by the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

It is announced in the Indian papers that the Government will make ample provision for the families of the native officers and Sepoys killed with Sir Louis Cavagnari.

THE railway to Mount Vesuvius, the last new project in mountain climbing, is now finished. It is 900 metres in length, and will enable tourists to ascend by it to the very edge of the crater.

THE minimum height of British infantry recruits has been raised from five feet five inches to five feet six inches—which means that the supply is now in excess of the demand.

THE comic element of Mme. Tussaud's in London has been re-inforced by a policeman, who stands among the people in the chief thoroughfare, apparently to answer questions, and who, being addressed, proves to be made of wax.

FIVE and twenty years ago, says the London *World*, Mr. Disraeli was not tolerated at court; both Prince Albert and Her Majesty signified to Lord Derby the dissatisfaction with which his lieutenant would be received as minister in attendance.

A MONSTER festival is in contemplation at the Trocadéro, where will be invited the fifteen amateur symphonists of Paris, each of which, on an average, is composed of forty instrumentalists, wind and stringed instruments, who do not usually appear in public.

THE King of Italy has bestowed the order of St. Maurice and Lazarus and a handsome donation on Professor Angelo Motta, of Cremona, the inventor of a chemical process for preserving human bodies, flowers, or other objects, styled by him metallization.

THERE are signs that a knowledge of English is spreading among the tradesmen of Paris. A pastry-cook in the Champs Elysées has the following inscription on his window: "Diners sent here!" When questioned he said that an American wrote the sentence.

STANMORE Priory, near Harrow, formerly the residence of the Marquis of Abercorn, and the house in which Queen Adelaide breathed her last, is likely to be secured by the Governors of Christ's Hospital, and before long we shall see that school transplanted thither—very much to its advantage.

THOUGH not yet officially announced, it is expected that Mr. Evans, Secretary of State at Washington, is to be the United States Minister to England. Upon his arrival, the Fishery Question, it is understood, is to be re-opened between the Cabinets of London and Washington.

THE Government of India has recommended the Queen to permit all regiments—European and Native—which served in the late campaign to inscribe the word "Afghanistan" on their colours and appointments, in recognition of the gallantry and devotion displayed by officers and men.

IT is no secret that the Prince of Wales is retrenching. Like so many other gentlemen, he has felt the pinch of the agricultural depression, and the reduction of the rents upon his various estates will necessarily diminish his income. The Prince has just sold his yacht, thus effecting a considerable saving.

LORD DUFFERIN is about to return to St. Petersburg, whence he came quite unexpectedly, and at some urgent political prompting. To know what that is creates the greatest curiosity. He has frequently been closeted with Lord Salisbury and the Premier, and that he brought a secret which could not be trusted, or had better be verbally related, is clear.

It is said that an underground railway is to be established between the Place de l'Etoile and the Bois de Boulogne. The Parisian street will be situated in the Rue de Presbourg, on the south side of the Avenue de la Grande-Armée, and the extra-muros terminus in the Carrefour du Sablon, on the Boulevard de Maillois. Neatly. Atmospheric pressure will be the motive power.

ON the recommendation of General Roberts, a commission as Second Lieutenant is to be conferred upon Colour-Sergeant Hector Macdonald, 92nd Gordon Highlanders, for distinguished gallantry in action. This is the second instance of a commission won and conferred for valor in the Afghan War, the first case being that of Colour-Sergeant Green, 72nd Highlanders.

MAXIMILIAN VON HEINE, the poet's youngest brother and beloved companion, died on the sixth of November, his seventy-fourth birthday. He published eleven years ago a disappointing book about his brother; just before his death he destroyed a great quantity of his unpublished poems, and was so anxious to prevent anything to the poet. He awaited his death calmly and prepared his own death notice for the papers, leaving the date of decease blank.

Mlle SARAH BERNHARDT is having a villa built at Sainte-Adresse. It is an agglomeration of pavilions and angles of the most coquettish description. The walls of the rooms are to be decorated by some of our master painters, and in the garden there will be the ruins of an ivy-clad temple, dedicated to Vesta, Plutus, Eros, or Apollo, the god of the arts. We shall know next year when the charming tragedienne takes possession of her new abode.

ONE of the most trenchant art-criticisms was made in reference to a portrait recently painted by Mr. Sydney Hodges, of Fitzroy square. The picture was the counterfeit presentment of Major-General Bullen, R. E., and is about to be presented to him by the committee of the Soldiers' Daughters' Home at Hampstead, of which the gallant General has been for seventeen years the active chairman. The picture was on view at the artist's residence, and was generally pronounced to be a capital likeness. General Bullen asked one of his friends and admirers whether he thought it good, and the reply was, "General, if he'd cut off your head and stuck it on the canvas he could not have succeeded better." The original of the portrait looked horrified at the bare idea of having his head thus literally "taken off."

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Pimples eruptions on the face so annoying to the young and difficult to cure, can be entirely eradicated from the system by using ACNE MILLS. They contain nothing injurious nor, apart from the disease, do they in any way affect the constitution, save as a healthy tonic and an aid to digestion. Box with full directions for treatment and cure mailed to any part of Canada for \$1. Sample packets 12 cents in stamps. Address, W. Hearn Chemist, Ottawa. e-2-w

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.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. ISMAN, Station D, New York City.