

left them with him. Presently, sitting in the other room, I heard sobs and cries.

Afterwards others came, not always outcasts: old greybeards who had been sailors, some of the wooden-legged veterans whom I remembered as a boy, aged women, their wives and widows, even young fellows, sailors themselves, their sons and grandsons. Among them all one woman who came oftenest and stayed the longest. I remembered her as the black-haired fury who once, as Leonard had reminded me, came one evening, and made the night air horrible with imprecations. Now she was subdued, now she sat as long as we would let her, silent and gazing with her black and deepest eyes in the old man's face. It matters nothing about her history, which may be guessed—there is a dreadful similarity about these stories, an emotional, impulsive woman who loved and hated, sinned and repented, with the same ardour and vehemence, who believed in the Captain, whose patience she had sorely tried, as one believes a Gospel. He was her Gospel.

The end came more quickly than expected. One morning I saw a change, and telegraphed for Leonard and Celia to come quickly. The Captain knew, I think, that his last day had dawned, for he asked me when I had dressed him if I would send for "the boy" and Celia.

They could not arrive before the afternoon. We allowed no one to see him except the one who would not be denied, and she sat crouched in a corner of the room, her arms round her knees, looking at the feeble figure in the arm-chair.

The Captain spoke little, he suffered no pain, he was perfectly cheerful.

"Do you think they will come in time, Lady?" he asked. "I should like to see them before I go."

Presently he slept, and so passed away the morning unconsciously, the black eyes of the woman watching him from the corner. Outside there were gathered knots of two and three, the women, the old salts, the outcasts, waiting sadly for news.

Leonard and Celia came at last. The old man woke as he heard "the boy's" voice, and eagerly held out his hand.

"Don't cry, my pretty. Don't cry, Celia, my dear," he whispered. "To every man his turn, and then we separate for a while, a little while, Celia, and then we shall all be together, — you and Leonard and Lady and I — all together, dear. Never to part again."

He was growing weaker every moment. I gave him a little wine. As Celia knelt at his feet, and laid her head upon his right hand, the other woman, as if jealous, crept stealthily from her corner and seized the left. The Captain looked down on both, turned from one to the other, and then, disengaging his hands, laid one on either head, as if with a solemn blessing, equal alike for Martha or for Magdalene.

"Lady," he murmured, "put on my uniform coat and my cap, and give me my sword."

It was his fancy that he would die in the uniform of which he was so proud. We dressed him in the coat with epaulettes; we pinned on his medals, we laid his sword across his knees, and we placed his undress cap upon his head. And then we stood round him in fearful silence.

Presently a shiver ran through his limbs.

"Leonard"—his voice was very low now—"take the sword. It is all I leave you. God bless you, Leonard—Lady—Celia—and you— you—". His hand fell out as if for the poor woman who threw herself forward with sobs and passionate crying.

And then a strange thing happened. His voice, which had been sinking to a faint murmur, suddenly grew full again, and strong. He lifted his figure, and sat upright. His eyes flashed with a sudden light as he raised his voice and looked upwards. He lifted his right hand to the peak of his cap—the old familiar salute of a sailor—as he reported himself.

"Come aboard, sir."

Then his hand dropped, and his head fell forward. The Captain was dead.

We buried him in the old parish churchyard, a mile from the town. Leonard's mother lay there, somewhere among the paupers; Wassielewski slept there in peace, Poland at last forgotten; Wassielewski's victim lay there too. The brand new cemetery, which they opened a year or so later, would have been no fitting place for the remains of one who by death as well as in life should be among his fellow-men. And in that great heap of bones, coffins and human dust, piled five feet above the level of the road, we laid the Captain. It was not without a certain fitness that his grave lay next to the Paupers' Acre. When the great Resurrection shall take place the Captain shall lift his head with the ignoble and unknown herd for whom he gave his substance, and march along with them to that merciful Judge who knows the secret of every heart.

While we were yet half a mile from the church the funeral procession was stopped. There was a crowd of old sailors and people of every degree, but chiefly of the lowest; some of them stopped the hearse, and others, opening the doors of the carriages, invited the occupants to descend. We complied, wondering. They quickly formed themselves into procession. First went the old tars, two and two, stamping on wooden legs, then came a band, then the coffin borne on the shoulders of sailors, sons of those who marched first; on the pall were the Captain's cocked hat and his sword, and then we, the mourners, fell in.

The big drum, muffled, gives the signal—boun-

—boun—how many times before had that March from Saul awakened my soul to the glory and the mystery of death; the knell of warning, the wail of sorrow, the upward cry of yearning faith—and now I can never hear it again without my thoughts flying back to the old man before whose bonnet remains a grateful and lamenting folk did this reverence.

Boun—boun—boun. A man who loved his fellow-men is dead. He will bring no more words of counsel, no more exhortations to duty—no more comfort for the afflicted, no more solace for the outcast. Boun—boun—boun. Wail and weep, chorons, with us whose hearts are sore. Boun—boun—boun. And yet it is but for a season. Change, oh music inspired of God, the souls of those who mourn till they become the souls of those who trust.

We are at the lych gate. Mr. Broughton—none other—waits to read the service.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life—"

From every lane and court, from every ship in harbour, from every street, the mourners are gathered together: in the presence of Death, in the graveyard, in the hopes of immortality, we are all equal; all brothers and sisters. The women weep aloud—there is not one who is unrepentant now; the tears run down the faces of the grizzled men who are standing by the graves of their brave and single-hearted old officer; none in all the world to harbour an evil thought, to raise an accusing word, against the man of seventy summers who lies in your black coffin. Throw flowers upon him: pile the lid with flowers, with every flower a tear. The flowers will be crushed and killed by the cold clay, but the memory of the Captain shall be green.

And of all the mourners around that grave there were none—there could be none—who mourned the Captain more deeply, who loved him better, who owed him more—than the two boys whom he had picked from the very gutter, to bring them up in the fear of God and the sense of duty.

When Mr. Broughton came to certain words in the service his voice fell, and his speech was choked for a moment. Then he cleared his throat, and looking round upon the folk, read out in clear and triumphant tones, as if the words should at once bring admonition, as well as joy and consolation and hope for all of us:

"In such and certain hope of the Resurrection to Eternal Life."

THE END.

FALCONWOOD LUNATIC ASYLUM.

This fine building is in course of erection near Charlottetown, the capital of Prince Edward Island. The following is an extract from a report on the building, its site and arrangement:

The site chosen for the building is situated on the north bank of the Hillsborough River, being about 100 acres in extent, and generally known by the name of Falconwood. It is about three miles distant from Charlottetown, and for a long time has been used as the Government Model Farm.

There are about thirty acres of woodland. A fine grove of beech, birch and maple trees, intermixed with spruce, skirt the north side of the fields chosen for the site. These will form a good protection from north winds in winter, and with a little judicious thinning of underbrush, will make a fine park for summer use. The carriage entrance to the Asylum will be along the Model Farm Road, branching from thence under the large avenue of trees, and winding through the wood near the western part of the farm at the entrance to Coles' Creek, and thence up along the front of the building.

In locating the Asylum, all the natural advantages of the situation have been taken hold of. It has been arranged so that the patients in the front dormitories will have the benefit of direct sunlight from sunrise till about two o'clock in the afternoon, while those in the rear will have it from three till sunset. The recreation hall and day rooms will receive the sunlight during the whole day. From each of the recreation hall bay-windows there will be a beautiful prospect of the river and town. A large belt of woodland will protect the rear of the building in winter. The highest point in the field has been taken for the centre of the building, and in the survey made of the site, a very strange coincidence happened, namely, that from this central point to the extreme points east and west to where the building, when altogether completed, is to extend, a distance of seven hundred and seventy-nine feet, there was a natural fall in the land to the east of 6 feet, and to the west of 6 feet 1 inch, thus making a fine natural grade line for the face of the building. By grading the earth excavated from the basement, the natural surface around the building will be raised on an average 3 feet all round, thus giving a very good grade from front and back of the building down to the shore. This grading will be sown with grass, thus giving a pleasing effect to the lower stonework of the building, which will show about five feet above the finished grade line.

The buildings are to be built of brick, having stone window sills. The style of the architecture has been kept as simple as possible, and the architectural effect will depend upon the broad masses of the separate sections. To make a prominent central feature, the administration block has been carried up one story above the surrounding buildings, and the water-tanks are to be placed in a tower rising out of this central roof, the iron van of which will be 103 feet above the surface of the ground and 41 feet above the roof of the administration building.

Everything has been arranged, both in the internal arrangements and outside appearance of the buildings, to keep from the minds of the patients the idea of prison life. At each end and centre of the recreation hall there will be large day rooms, pleasantly lighted by bay windows, from which a beautiful view of the river may be had, arranged in situation so that the sun will continually shine into some of the windows from morning until night.

When all the future extensions of the buildings are completed, there will be accommodation for 400 patients. The central block of buildings is devoted to administration offices in the front, the kitchen arrangements in the rear. The ground and first stories will be used for physicians' apartment, officers' sleeping-rooms, and chapel. In the upper stories of this building convalescents are to be placed.

Connected with this central buildings by long fire-proof corridors, there are two large wings—one on the east side and one on the west. Each wing is to be three stories high, beside having basement and attic. Eighty-seven patients may be accommodated in either of the wings, and these patients classified into twenty-nine inmates for each ward. Each ward may be subdivided into two distinct portions, by having an iron sliding door in the centre.

The general classification will place all the female patients to the right of the centre building, and all the males to the left.

The building, when finished, will be an ornament to the locality, and a lasting monument of the humanity of the people of Prince Edward Island, in thus providing for the unfortunates who cannot provide for themselves.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

Speaking of the journey of the King of the Belgians to Berlin, the *Patrie* remarks with anxiety that he is accompanied by two important military officers, and that Count Molke has been attached to his suite. In presence of Prince Bismarck's known views, the Conservative paper holds that these facts imply a political mission as well as a visit of courtesy. The neglect latterly of the British alliance and the influence of Major Summerfield, a Prussian, in the councils of the little kingdom, are regarded as signs of the desire to trust simply to the protection of the new empire, a course which will ultimately lead to annexation, to the prejudice of Great Britain and France.

At the Opera the other evening attention was attracted to a coloured lady in one of the boxes, very elegantly dressed, and surrounded by a number of other persons of ebony complexion. It was the Princess Celia, daughter of Soulouque, once Emperor of Hayti, and her family. This descendant of the sovereign who was the first to place the Imperial Crown on his woolly head covering, usually resides in England. It may be remembered that Soulouque, having declared himself Emperor of Hayti in 1849, created among the negro population 400 nobles, of whom four were princes, fifty-nine dukes, and twelve marquises. The others were counts, barons, and knights. He also created two orders for men—one military, that of Saint Faustin; the other civil, the legion of honour; also two for women—those of Sainte Madeleine and Sainte Anne, of which the two daughters of the Emperor were Grand Mistresses. Soulouque could not write more than his signature, and he could only read print.

There is a fair plot for a drama from the Paris police courts. A youth comes to the capital full of literary ardour, but has the reception of mediocrity without influence. For a living he is obliged to enter a merchant's office. He obtains the confidence of his employer, and is working up when he hears that his father's good name and position are in jeopardy for the want of a couple of thousand francs. After a struggle he steals the sum from his cash box, and his home is saved. But the crime is discovered, and he is arrested. Hereupon his friends replace the deficit, but the law refuses to be appeased. His father visits him in goal, and, overwhelmed by the disgrace of which he has been the indirect cause, commits suicide. The judge, moved to pity, passes a light sentence, but the young man's prospects are ruined, and all the romance fades out of his life at twenty-one.

Nearly thirty years ago the Pope was put upon the stage; yet not for derision, as Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Lowe, and Mr. Ayrton were some five years back. The title of the piece was *Rome*.

It was written by Laloue and Labrousse, and all Paris went to see it at the Porte St. Martin Theatre. The play represented Mastai Ferretti as having been driven by his disappointment into clerical orders. But he retained a love for his former profession of arms, and was not so strict a cleric but that he occasionally visited the play. While he was watching a ballet he received the news that he had been nominated a cardinal. The next scene was the death of Pope Gregory XVI., at which Mastai Ferretti was present, and pleaded the cause of the Liberal party, to the great delight of the Parisians. The closing scene saw him become Pope and Garibaldi and Mazzini masters of Rome. This scene gave rise to such immense political excitement, the Republicans applauding the efforts of the Italians, and the Reactionaries applauding the interposition of the French troops, under Oudinot, that a serious riot threatened. The matter was reported to M. Dufaure, then Minister of

the Interior, now Prime Minister. The Archbishop of Paris and the Papal Nuncio protested against putting the Holy Father on the stage. General Changarnier, commandant of the garrison, declared that the French army had been insulted, and the murder of Rossi taking place about this time, the Government ordered the play to be withdrawn, which ruined the manager.

HISTORY OF A PICTURE.

Two of the most celebrated artists the world has ever known dwelt in the same city. One delighted in delineating beauty in all its graces of tint, form and motion. His portraits were instinct with the charm of physical vigor. The graceful, half-voluptuous outline of form and feature harmonized with delicately blended tints. On his canvass, the homeliest faces had an almost irresistible charm. The other found pleasure only in depicting weird and gloomy subjects. Above all, did he excel in painting the portraits of the dying. The agonizing death throes, the ghastly face and form, were all depicted with marvelous fidelity. There existed between these artists the most intense dislike. At length this dislike culminated. The beauty-loving artist had been engaged in painting the portrait of a beautiful woman. Connoisseurs pronounced it the most wonderful piece of art that had ever been produced. His brother artist was jealous of his fame and sought revenge. By bribing the keeper of the studio he gained access to the picture each night. At first he was content to only deaden the brilliancy of the complexion and eyes, efface the bloom from cheek and lip, and paint a shadow on either cheek. Later, his strokes grew bolder and freer, and one morning the artist awoke to find the entire outline of the portrait changed. He could scarcely recognize in the emaciated form and haggard countenance the glowing conception he had embodied. The pallid face and expressionless eyes he had attributed to a lack of genuineness in his materials; but when the outlines were changed he suspected the cause and indignantly dismissed the keeper. What the revengeful artist marred by a few rapid strokes of his skillful brush was only restored by years of patient industry. Reader, need we name the artists,—Health, who paints the flowers and "grassy carpet" no less than the human form divine,—Disease, the dreaded artist who revels among the ruins both of nature and humanity,—and Carelessness, the keeper to whom Health often intrusts his portraits. And is it not the beauty of woman, the most admired of all the works which adorn the studio of Health, that Disease oftenest seeks to mar? The slightest stroke of his brush upon the delicate organization leaves an imprint that requires much skill and patience to efface. Restoration must be prompt. Carelessness must be dismissed. Let suffering women heed the warning ere Disease has marred their chief beauty—Health—beyond reparation. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has been used by thousands of these sufferers, and they are unanimous in their praise of its excellence. If you would be transformed from the pallid, nervous invalid into a happy, vigorous woman, try it.

DOMESTIC.

WINTER SALAD.—(1) Slice a cold boiled or baked beefsteak, arrange it in slices overlapping each other, pour over a small mixture made with cream, a very little vinegar, pepper and salt; garnish the dish with horse radish and hard-boiled eggs, whites and yolks separate. (2) Slice some cold boiled carrots, arrange them in a dish with a dressing made with cream and lemon-juice, or oil and vinegar, with pepper and salt; garnish the dish with hard-boiled eggs shredded, with minced parsley and capers, and chopped olives. (3) Pick off the flower from one or two cold boiled cauliflower, dispose them in a dish, and pour over them some dressing made with cream and lemon-juice, or oil and vinegar, with pepper and salt to taste; garnish with minced parsley, powdered sweet herbs and capers.

HOT-POD OR COLD MEAT.—Take cold mutton or cold beef, or both; cut from the bones into neat pieces as for a hash, pepper them well, and add a little salt and two ounces of chopped onion—spanish for choice—to every pound of meat. Break the bones for choice at the bottom of the dish, add the pieces of meat, put in half a pint of cold water or any gravy you may have by you to the same quantity, cover with a layer of potatoes, cold and washed without butter or milk, and put on the top as many potatoes, freshly washed and cut in pieces of a convenient size, as may be thought necessary. Bake for an hour in a moderately quick oven, and serve in the dish with a napkin tied round. This is the roughest form of the dish, but it is greatly improved if, instead of stewing over night in the hot-pot, they are put into the stew-oven over night with any bones that may be handy, a head of celery—or the outside leaves of two or three heads—and an onion stuck with cloves. Let this stew all night, and in deed until required for use; then strain the soup clear and add it to the meat.

ARTISTIC.

VICTOR HUGO has contributed four designs to the illustrations of the splendid new edition of *Notre Dame de Paris*.

ARTHURS of Carpenter's picture of Lincoln's Cabinet, Don Platt observes that "historical painting stepped out when pantaloons stepped in."

M. BARDY has executed the design for the Diploma to be given at the Universal Exhibition. It is symbolic of France leaning on Peace, in order to protect Industry.

MARTIN MILLMORE, the sculpture, who has lived many years in Italy, says the Italian people have simple habits, their food is light, they drink freely of the wines of the country, and drunkenness is unknown.

SAYS London *Truth*. If any one wants to know what Cruikshank looked like he has only to turn to one of the illustrations of Oliver Twist. The artist was sitting meditating how he should portray Fagin. He saw his own shadow reflected on the wall, and it became Fagin.