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[Written for the Canadian Illustrated Notes.] TWO PICTURES: From the French of N. Martin.

THE BIRD OF GLOOM.

High on a snow-clad branch a gloomy bird Sat, silent as despair, and never stirred! Upon the desolate earth are fixed his eyes-In the lone glen, perchance, he marks a prize; Or is he dead? Not so-he strippeth bare The snow-clad bough, and whets his beak with eare; Then sails away on weary wing, and then

Drops where you sexton digs the graves of men!

THE BIRD OF LIGHT.

A bird sat piping upon a spray, All silvered over with blossoms gay. His crimson plumage was wondrous bright. He seemed to have flown from the realms of light.

So clear a voice from his throat did pass, The charmed soul rang to it, like a glass.

He sang such pagans of victory. That the hearts of all mon with hope beat high. He is dead—that bird of my golden days—Oh! would that again I might hear his lays!

GEORGE MURRAY.

JONES' GREATNESS.

My friend Jones started in life with the intention of achieving Greatness, adhered steadily to that determination throughout, and at length, it is almost needless to say, was successful. Mankind, who flatter success even more than they hate it, are in the habit of assigning to the gainers of it a reputation for genius, talent, or shrewdness: whereas what is far more requisite (except in rare instances) to its attainment, is selfdenial-that is to say, the subordination, from the very beginning, of all natural pursuits to the proposed end. This is easier with some than with others, of course; but it can be done by almost all. Who can doubt but that any human male creature, coming naked into the world, and living seventy years in it with his mind fixed on the acquisition of money, will die with at least his plum! Getting as largely as possible, but despising no gain however small; spending as sparely as he can; with eyes ever alive to the gleam of gold; with hands greedy to catch, tenacious to hold-such a man may have had, indeed, to sacrifice all that is best in this life; may have lived without love in the world, and died having made a friend of neither God nor Man; but he will have made (in compensation) his plum, or even his en plums, his Million of Money. "And a very pretty sum, sir," as has been before observed, "to begin the next world with, too." Whether it is possible that such a one may have been a fool after all, is a question which, to some minds, would seem next kin to irreverential. considering the amount of money acquired; but he needs not certainly to be considered a wise man.

Similarly, although less easily, considerable distinction besides this one of mere wealth can be obtained in many walks, by diligent application and the concentration of all faculties to the one object. The enquiry to be made upon setting out, however, is but too apt to be delayed until it is too late-namely, "Will it, after all, be worth my while?" I, for my part, have no experience of the matter to place at the disposal of the public; but I behold Jones Greatness, and that is

sufficient for me.

Have you ever watched a persevering parrot climbing painfully up the outside of his gilded cage, never advancing one perpendicular inch but by a wearisome, tentative process of beak and claw; and at last, having reached the ring at the summit, have you seen him swaying himself backwards and forwards in a self-congratulatory manner, and yet not looking altogether comfortable in his mind, even then? Whether it is that, Alexander-like, he regrets that there is nothing more to conquer, that he can get no higher; or whether he would really feel safer if he were at the bottom again, which, as he well knows, he can never more again except by the headforward method, I do not know; but the general expression of his features, in spite of his gorgeous attire and exalted position. is certainly not a happy one. And I cannot conceal from my self that his case finds something like a parallel in that of the

In the next edition of The Boyhood of Great Men, that of my friend will doubtless be chronicled, and I do not intend to dull the edge of its interest by any anticipation. I will merely state, that as, on the one hand, he did not distinguish himself in athletic sports, on account of that early application to the pursuit of his greatness at which I have already the other hand, he was not a notorious "muff" or "spoon." Throughout his life, indeed, he has been a quiet, well-behaved person, almost necessarily debarred from the extravagance and follies of his contemporaries, and if remarkable at all, remarkable for his noiseless unobtrusiveness. What has been reported of him, therefore, since his distinguished elevation, is, as will be seen, the more extraordinary and unaccountable. He went to bed upon a certain night, a hard-working, deserving person in good repute; he awoke in the morning, and found himself a public character, and infamous.

Jones is a painter, and his last picture was announced by the Thunderer and all its Echoes as being a credit to any age and any country. It was Michael Angelesque, said some; it would have been so, said others, but for its decidedly Claudian character. It was the Picture of the year, and for all time; and if only the colours were durable, he might be certain that mankind would not willingly let it die ____ But, the very next day, poor Jones had tears in his eyes on account of what was the whole talk of the studios, concerning his atrocious conduct to the model of his Iphigenia; and on the second morning it got into the newspapers, and came to the angry eyes of Mrs. Jones. Moreover, it then appeared that he had not in reality painted any of the pictures which were attributed to him, but had kept a colour-mixer, of very great talents, at half-a-crown a week, to do them for him, who was bound over to that service, by a legal document, for a very long series of years. He had picked the poor fellow up in the humblest circumstances; observed, with a vulture eye, his extraordinary gifts; and from that moment had battened upon his unlucky brains in the above unprecedented manner.

Or my friend Jones, the subtle lawyer, but heretofore obscure, except among the profession, has just been appointed

Lord Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas. "A fitting capital to a life-long pillar of legal devotion," say the judicial organs, becoming almost poetical in their enthusiasm. The right man in the right place, as is admitted by all who were not expectant of the high office in question for themselves.

"But how sad it is," says Rumour gravely shaking its in-numerable heads, "to think that, in early life, this man should have stolen a horse!" It turns out, also, that there are two clients of his, formerly in affluent circumstances, and to whom he introduced himself, it seems, without the medium of an attorney, who are now beggars, sir-beggars. His persuasive talents were indeed at all times very remarkable. His clerk (who is poorly clad, and not well fed) is equally wicked, but not equally successful; and if either of them chose to tell tales, it is said, they could hang one another. Moreover, it is probable that the truth will, some day, out, since everybody knows them both-motion as of turning a liqueur glass bottom upwards-to excess.

Or my friend Jones is a divine, and attains a very wide celebrity for pulpit eloquence. His sermons, in their third extensive edition, combine the most fervid eloquence with the truest teaching; possess a rare and genuine vein of the most liberal charity, and exhibit an array of learning, modestly indicated in their foot-notes, which is an honour to the church which bails him as her son.

"The greater the pity, therefore," sighs Universal Report, "that the reverend gentleman should be unable to write except under the direct influence of opium." Although that circumstance is, after all, of the less consequence, since it is alleged that he buys his discourses at an establishment in Cheapside, long famous for its possession of a certain theological writer, who, but that he prefers to sweep a crossing, and cannot be kept from drink, might be Archbishop of Canterbury. With such strict ultra-Anglican views, also, as Jones professes to have, so as to oppose himself even to the marriage of the priesthood, what a very queer story that seemed to be about his niece! Having been himself, too, an only child, and consequently without brother or sister, the relationship does look a little ill chosen, certainly. The idea of his having had his gown taken away from him so lately as 1852, seems almost as strange as the reason for it-duelling. The report, however, that he killed his man, is inaccurate; he only winged the

Or my friend Jones is a physician of most meritorious character, who has done more towards the mitigation of pain, perhaps, than any man in his generation. A doer of numberless unknown acts of good, a beneficent apostle of healing, and an unadvertised Blessing to Mothers.

How unaccountable it is, then, that such a person should not appreciate the value of a moral character! It is more than hinted that, when he has a mind, Dr. Jones will do almost as much harm as good, and is not always such a blessing to husbands as he is to mothers. He could not, clearly, have been thinking of his professional business when he (accidentally, of course) gave poor Sir Joseph Green Belladonna instead of Balm-tea. How such matters manage to get hushed up in the medical profession is very remarkable. He visits, however, good Lady Green as usual, who has forgiven him his little mistake in a truly Christian spirit. Being so generous, as some would have one believe, it seems inconsistent that the brown footman who shews you into his sanctum happens to be his father, who thereby prevents the bribes paid for admission into the popular physician's presence from going out of the family. His grandfather, who is still alive (though in pitiably indigent circumstances), would doubtless have had an appointment of a similar nature, but that he is unfortunately a man of colour, and was formerly a slave in California.

Or my friend Jones is a comic actor of such intense humour that he cannot appear upon the stage without one roar of laughter from boxes, pit, and gallery. Nor, indeed, for low broad farce is there a man to touch him upon the British

And yet, do you know, the private peculiarity of poor Jones s melancholy! Deep-scated, continuous, and funeral gloom! He may die any moment with that disease of the heart he has, and is especially liable to such an accident when singing, which perilous performance he has (poor fellow) to go through every night of his life. Although a player by profession, he is by conviction a strict Calvinist. It is said he learned his most telling laugh of a donkey looking over a village-pond in Essex, and that he instantly killed the too talented quadruped with a pointed stick, lest it should ever give the idea to another person. It is also worthy of mention, that although we always see him as the grave-digger, his own impression is that he acts "Hamlet," and solemn characters generally, better than any tragedian dead or alive.

Or, lastly, my friend Jones is an author of acknowledged genius, whose books have the healthlest of circulations from the The delightful pathos of l natural causes 41 as you may read as you run in the daily press, "is enriched by the highest religious principles;" while his touches of nature are such as to have brought tears, on more than one occasion, even into the eye of a publisher.

But, alas, what hypocrisy is so great as that of the writer of Fiction! It is but too well understood that Jones is at heart an atheist, and opposed to the celebration of the Sabbath. His private life, it is alleged, is of a character to make Nero blush, and Heliogabalus hide his imperial but less profligate head. With regard to his popularity, there is, some say, a sect in the city, who, despising all legitimate objects of veneration, have deified Jones, and worship him; although others assert that this is but an exaggerated account of a convival club of which he is the founder. His great original talents are acknowledged, but it is a curious, though perhaps an undesigned coincidence, that his productions are all built upon plots the property of an obscure French novelist of the last century; while his dialogues present a marked similarity to those of Richardson, Smollett, Fielding, Sterne, and several others. Although not much à propos to this subject, it may be mentioned, as a noteworthy circumstance, that Jones is probably the only man now living in this country who is afflicted with the leprosy; on account of which misfortune he is obliged to perpetually wear gloves, and a velvet mask with metal springs.

My poor friend Jones' Greatness having, in a word, so many drawbacks, I have never much envied Jones. Whether I ever possessed the talents, virtues, self-denial, or what you will, to achieve his eminence, had I desired it, is an open question, of which the world takes one side, and I the other. At all events, I am content with my lot. I prefer to paint portraits from ten shillings upwards; to pick up my guinea in the courts when opportunity and an attorney offer; to preach to a congregation

which has never yet requested me to publish my sermons; to practise physic without a brougham; to consider the second comic countryman a good part, and one which exhibits my talents sufficiently; or to write anonymously, as now, and never to wed my name with immortal title-pages. When I ride into the lists of Fame, like my friend Jones, with visor up, the good Time will have arrived, which has been so long in coming, when Grentness ceases to have its Libels as well as its Privileges.

RUFFLES VERSUS PUFFS.

Rarely is a woman entirely happy. Once in a while perhaps, when by some fortunate coincidence she happens to be the best dressed, the best looking and the youngest present in an assemblage of her own sex, her satisfaction of mind is as nearly unmixed as ever it falls to the lot of female humanity to be. But usually the way of the conscientiously emulative female is thorny, and her anxieties must be grievous and her heartburnings manifold; and who shall attempt to depict the depth of her humiliation should there appear by some hateful chance another woman in the room with Worth on her back (or partially on her back, seeing that it is now the prevailing fashion to have the neck of one's dress commence at the termination of one's spinal cord-ride Mademoiselle Aimée in La Perichole), while she is only dressed by Demorest? Ah, then indeed her anguish is complete, and her rage more dreadful than the lightning in the Black Crook. The pen refuses to dwell on an analysis of this soul-harrowing supposition,

The triumph which a woman feels on being the recipient of unlimited male homage, or when she is the delight of male beings' eyes or the coveted of male beings' hearts, is but as a rushlight, a farthing dip to a lambout lamp filled with the purest Astral oil, a gorgeous gleaming chandelier of glaring gas, when compared with the ravishing rush of satisfaction and complacency and pure jey which feeds her noble soul when every woman in the room is green with envy of her. The utter earthiness of man's gross nature may probably prevent his appreciation of this exalted sensation, this transfiguration which takes place in the female bosom at intervals, but most women know it and feel it, and in fact I know how it is

All great and captivating climaxes, all "decided hits," are but the result of much deep thought and serious study. Ask Feehler the frenzied, or Forrest the ferecious, or Fox the furny. Those gorgeous and apparently accidental successes, with all the grace of exulerant spontaneity clinging to them, are simply the representatives of so many hours of drudgery, of toilsome fiddling with details, perhaps of heart-sickness and garret grinding. But when the supreme moment of triumph comes, who can enjoy it with a keener zest than the man who has worked hard, and carry and late for it; who has hoped for it passionately, and despaired of it gloomily, and wrought for it patiently? Then do not think, O man! that the belle of the ball, the queen of the hour, has sailed into the port of triumph with the swanlike imperturbability, the duleet affability, with which she sails down to supper on your arm, in all the pride of peerless perfection. Oh, no; I tell you again, ask Fechter the F-, or Forrest the F-, Fox the F-; ask Miss A- or Miss B- or Miss Cask any of the ladies who are green with envy of your partner; and they-pretending of course that they would not dream of bothering their heads with the attempt to appear in unique or bizarre costumes-will recount to you with exaggerated spitefulness and appalling volubility how she toiled and toiled, and made her dressmaker's hair grey before she compassed this triumph of a toilette.

"All honour to the noble creature," you will say in your heart, if you are not the basest of your sex.

Hear me. I will tell you the symptoms; and many and many are the diagnoses I have had occasion to study. First week, your mind-or the place where your mind ought to grow is simply chaos. Then the case assumes a virulent form; the pulse is feverish, appetite small, temper uncertain-very and the eves wear at all times a glittering expression, but are mostly vacantly staring " with that wistful far-away look in them which poets love," as Mrs. Southworth would put it. Soon there comes a favourable change, and your thoughts begin to take form and shape, light and colour (generally the form, etc., of silks, satins, or the lighter fabrics-according to the season). Next they arrange themselves into a decided muss; and there is the dawning of a brilliant idea, then it is matured. Eureka! Eureka! the cure is found, the crisis is passed, and the patient speaks to herself brokenly in audible murmurs. (This is an excellent sign.) She says: "Thus will be the basque and thus the bottom of the flounce, and I shan't have a Douglass sleeve, and the peplum shall be so, and the panier looped in this way, and the bonnet, parasol, gloves, boots, shall be strictly dissimilar in colour. (Monotony is so vulgar, you know.) And the polonnise shall be ruffled—shall be ruffl—shall be "—— Bah. "Shall it be ruffled or puffed?" whispers the demon of unrest; and you have straightway a relapse. "Shall it be ruffles or puffs?" rings in your ears and confuses your poor brain, and buzzes through your tortured head like an overdose of quinine. Oh, the days you spend in troubled thought; the nights you pass in herrid dreams or weary sleeplessness; the whole mornings you consume in tryings on and studying effects; the whole afternoons you spend in irresolute reflection; and, verily, your life is more or less a burden to you, and more or less a burden to every one in the house. At this stage of the attack the awful question, "Shall it be ruffles or puffs?" takes the light out of your life, the salt out of your soup, and truly it takes the sugar out of your disposition, and in some cases (where it is contagious) it takes the starch completely out of the manly partner of your bosom, and his home life is passed in a state of limp wretchedness. Despair pursues you; you feel your heart broken, your nerves unstrung, your reason shattered, your existence a failure, and in the desolution of your sorrow you take a morbid comfort in following the example of poor John Chivery, and make a thousand pathetic epitaphs per diem which shall adorn the headstone that ere long must record the demise of your youth and beauty and the date of the fatal day on which "Shall it be ruffles or puffs?" was the death of you. One evening, in the abandonment of agony, you fling yourself at last on the broad bosom of Der Mann on his return from a dry day of stocks and bonds and things, and before he has time to take off his "gum shoes" in the hall you recklessly dump your poor hot head (with its seventy-five dollar chatclaine braids) on his snow-moistened overcoat, and with a great gasp you ask, frenziedly, "Oh, shall it be ruffles or puffs?" and then, with one prolonged and shrill shrick, by way of symphony,