

BALLADE OF WOODLAND FAIRIES.

When solemn midnight tolls the hour,
And in the glade no swain is seen,
Then nightly ope the forest flower,
Unless the storm abroad be keen,
And forth upon the velvet green
Titania leads her elfin band:
Sprites, gnomes, and goblins hail her queen—
Titania, queen of fairy land.

The gallant knights before her bower,
Armed with broad shields of silver sheen,
Stand lance in rest, and never cower
Although the foe be fierce of mien.
Sir Puck in jaunty gabardine
Struts round with air of stern command,
Yet ever bows before her eon,
Titania, queen of fairy land.

She holds in fee by spell-wrought power
All evil phantoms lank and lean,
And in the pines that lordly tower
The wayward oft hath prisoned been
And the fair fays that roam between
The woodland, in the meadows bland,
Pay humble court to her, I ween,
Titania, queen of fairy land.

ENVOY.

Mortals, who ever sow and glean,
Ye toilers of the horned hand,
The fairies are your friends, and e'en
Titania, queen of fairy land.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

A FRENCH NOVELIST.

JULES SANDEAU.

In "Ma Vie" George Sand does not tell in what wise she made the acquaintance of Jules Sandeau. The days of July, fifty-three years ago, set French schoolboys of the hobbledehoy age wild with excitement. Many of them broke away from pedagogic jails, in which they were locked up to study for that sine qua non of admittance to a profession or governmental post—the bachelor's degree. The gentle Jules Sandeau, son of a provincial registrar of deeds and mortgages was among the rebels. He escaped from a lycée, went on a tour through Berri, and fell in at the ruined castle of La Châtre with Madame Dudevaut. She, being romantic, invited him to Nohant, and took him on sentimental rambles through the valley of the Indre. He was her devoted page, and she was charmed with the contrast he presented to her wooden spouse, who governed her and his household in drill-sergeant fashion. At eighteen Jules was curly-headed, light of foot, ingenuous, gay, and something of a grown-up cupid. Though not the ideal man whom George Sand throughout her adult life sought, she found him an enchanting companion. However, as Dudevaut objected to him, and he was dependent on his father, he had to quit Berri and go to study law in Paris. In his absence, the châteline of Nohant moped, had attacks of the vapors, found matrimony a galling chain, and only obtained relief in sitting up all night to express her feelings in the first, though not first published, of her works "Indiana." At the end of a year so passed, she broke away, and joined her young friend in the metropolis. He being now dead, Félix Pyat is the only survivor of the group of writers and artists in whose company George Sand entered the republic of letters fifty years ago. They were all from Berri. When the gifted wife of Baron Dudevaut emancipated herself from dragging petticoats, and, to see life more conveniently, donned a man's coat, Jules Sandeau piloted her through the Quartier Latin. He and other Berrichons made a rampart about her at the pit entrances to theatres, and prevented her in the crowd from being roughly pushed to the wall. She was not then "George," but "Aurore" and Madame la Baronne. M. Sandeau was a law student of nineteen, and his fair friend a handsome, olive complexioned woman of seven-and-twenty, with large, serious black eyes that expressed only a power for day-dreaming. She and Jules with Pyat, worked at journalism, under the eye of a caustic, testy, and original person named Latouche, who was also from their province. He was over fifty, called himself their father in Apollo, and was the editor of the Figaro, which was then not larger than a son paper of the present day. It did not go in for news or actuality, but lived upon the wits and imagination of the staff. The office was in Latouche's bed-chamber—a big, old-fashioned room. He worked at the chimney corner, chatting as his pen ran on with his young apprentice journalists. Jules and Félix were alert writers, who knew how to point their sentences, and to give piquancy or biting power to their articles. The baroness had a little table and carpet to herself near the fire-place. She earned about thirteen francs a month, and considered herself well paid. While the others furnished just what was wanted, she only dreamed. When a subject was given to her to treat, and a slip of paper beyond which her pen was not to run, she got hold of a quire, and filled it with her strong writing. Every word was foreign to the text. She generally ended by flinging all the "copy" into the fire. Jules one day rescued a manuscript from the flames. He saw there were, though it was all moonshine, many qualities which would delight sentimental readers, and proposed that newspaper work should be abandoned for novel writing. As Latouche was also in the publishing business, the idea was carried out. But the baroness asked her young friend to lend her his name. She had promised her mother-in-law—a narrow-minded, provincial dowager—never to disgrace that of Dudevaut by associating it with literary

work. The "Sandeau" was halved, and "Rose et Blanche" was signed Jules Sand. The public took a fancy to it. Latouche asked for another novel. "Indiana," which had been brought away from Nohant, was produced. Jules declined to divide the honors of authorship. But as Latouche thought the name of Sand was already a good one in the literary market, it was agreed that the baroness was to keep it, and, to distinguish herself from the law student, to call herself George as well. Jules Sandeau then lived in a poor sort of cockloft in the Rue Guenegand, opposite the Passage du Pont Neuf. It was a sordid part of the town, close to the Rue Mazarine. The literary association was an intimate one. George and Jules were of an age when people got drunk on cold water. Their feet were in the mud and their heads in the clouds—a state of things which lasted until the poet De Musset crossed their path. George then found out that Jules was neither "l'homme idéal" nor her superior. He was a human poodle, who did well enough to fetch and carry, but not to be worshipped. De Musset was famous, and therefore a feather in the cap of the woman who enslaved him. His bad temper was at the outset of the liaison regarded as a sign of superiority. A weakness for absinthe, and its consequences, were held as evidences of a Byronic temperament. The chubby, good-natured wit was deserted. He thought he should never recover from the blow, and asked Latouche whether he would not advise suicide as a means of escape from sorrow. That philosopher said: "If you were so heart-broken as you imagine, you would not ask counsel of any one. Go to Italy. Against your return, your wounds may be cicatrized." Jules went soon after George and her poet undertook, for love, liberty, and to vindicate equal rights, a journey to Venice. Latouche blessed the pilgrims ere they started; nevertheless, their pilgrimage ended in an irreconcilable quarrel. An Italian doctor was found more ideal than De Musset.

Sandeau, at Turin, wrote a letter to his former companion, and dropped it into a letter-box. Then, feeling ashamed of his weakness, he called on the postmaster and supplicated him to return it to him. "If you tell me the first and last sentences I shall have much pleasure." "They are, 'Je vous aime.' And the subject treated, 'Je vous aime, et encore, je vous aime.'" "And all that is about a monsieur called George! As I am not a fool, you won't be given the letter." Count Cavour entering, recognized in Sandeau a friend's friend, and obtained for him the amorous epistle.

The honest fellow did not harbor malice against the lady; but he avoided her all the rest of her life. He eventually married a woman to who he became the most attached of husbands, and he regretted his Nohant romance. "Mariana" was his answer to "Lelia" and "Jacques." There was a good deal of Jules in the "predestined" husband of the latter novel, in which the thesis was argued that gallantry demands of a husband of whom his wife is tired to emancipate her or to commit suicide. A sin of Sandeau's youth was having taught George Sand to smoke. She had no conversational talent, and was too imaginative to be a good listener. When she and a literary or artistic friend smoked, she did not resent being neglected by him.

Jules Sandeau, though a man of rare brightness of intellect, was plodding, and, until attacked by liver complaint, patient as an ox. Fortune favored him, but not in a striking manner, through the best part of his career. He soon got into a vein of luck, and kept in it. Louis Philippe's daughters and daughters-in-law were very expert in the use of the needle and scissors. They subscribed to a fashion journal called La Mode, and edited by a legitimist nobleman, Count Walsh. It was for it that Jules Sandeau wrote the greater part of his early novels. The Princess Clémentine, who had had Michelet for her professor of history, enjoyed the wit, invention and observation which distinguished them. She communicated her impressions of them to M. Guizot, who decorated Jules Sandeau just a year before the revolution. The Berrichon novelist did not at any time of his life burn the Seine. He was never attacked by the critics. It was impossible for a man or woman of cultivated taste or delicate feeling not to enjoy a work of his. But he did not, at any time, command the ear of the million. Novels giddied from beneath his pen, and were immediately ranked as standard ones in the book market. They were often cast into the shade by the tawdry sensationalism of Eugène Sue. But "The Wandering Jew" and the "Mysteries of Paris" are now as much out of date as the toilettes of Adrienne de Cardouille and the Marquis d'Harville. Those who perused in La Mode and the Revue des Deux-mondes, "Un Héritage," "La Maison de Penarvon," "Un Début dans la Magistrature" would read them a second time. "Mlle de la Seiglière" and "Sacs et Parchemins" are exquisite satires. "They are my best things," said their author to a foreign visitor, who called upon him a few years back to obtain from him information about the aspect of Paris during the first plague of Asiatic cholera, "because I could not help writing them. I felt bound to lash; but as I have not the temperament of an executioner, I did not flay the back of modern society."

Jules Sandeau was too placid, even in youth, to be a party man. In studying types he was indifferent to the colors which they hoisted. If he ever lost patience, it was with the aristocracy of the Faubourg St. Germain, which he ridiculed in "Les Incurables." A mot of his was, in

describing the son of a Crusader, who dabbled in politics and imitated Count d'Orsay, "Esprit léger, bon estomac, cœur égoïste, il vivra cent ans, et il mourra jeune."

Jules Sandeau first knocked at the door of the Français when Arène Houssaye was manager of that theatre. Samson was on the reading committee. The play was "Mlle de la Seiglière." It was a satire on the legitimists. Though not written for a political object, it was at once accepted, because the Bonapartists were coming to the front, and it would afford scope to the actors and actresses of modern comedy to distinguish themselves. Rachel, who detested everything but the classic tragedy, fought and intrigued to keep it out. It was very near defeating the plans of the prince-president, the royalist Catholics whom he had gained round taking offence at the arrows that were shot at them through the Marquis de la Seiglière. "Le Gendre de M. Poirier" owes its framework to Emile Augier. All the witty traits are due to Sandeau.

Sandeau was known in the Quartier Latin in his student days by the name of Rond-Rond (pronounced ron-rou.) He looked as if constructed of a series of large balls. The head was round and the body idem. Short, plump thighs and legs were connected with round knees. His shoulders, where the arms joined the neck, were round and the back was stooped. The face had the outline of a fat infant, or of that of a full moon on the signboard of a country inn. When he laughed, the mouth extended all across it. His teeth were set wide apart. The lips were full, and never were known to say an ill-natured thing. All satirical feeling and righteous or other indignation were expressed by the pen, which Jules Sandeau called on a memorable occasion his "bileduct." The eye was—before liver complaint and another wearying and fatal malady sapped his strength and undermined his intellect—quick, bright, piercing, but withal good-natured. It was the eye of a benevolent skeptic, who saw through the pomps and vanities of his time, took the world as he found it, now and then attempted to improve it, and when he failed, consoled himself with the reflection that the evil he attacked would in the right time destroy itself.

The late emperor, who instinctively shrank from satirical men, allowed Jules Sandeau into the inner circle of his household. He invited him to Compiègne, and made him librarian at the palace of St. Cloud. The novelist did not long enjoy that post. The invasion obliged him to return to the institute, of which also he was a librarian. He resided there in a gloomy set of rooms, to which the death of a beloved son appeared to attach him. That event gave to them a sacred interest.

Once a week the novelist was obliged, when his health permitted, to pass a day in the library. It was cold as a vault in winter. He walked up and down the long rooms quickly, and absorbed in his own thoughts. The outer world had ceased to interest him. Nobody ventured to accost him, or even salute him. He wore, in thus pacing up and down, an old-fashioned beaver hat with a broad brim. George Sand and he used to read together on wet days, when they were apprentice journalists, in the library of the Palais Mazarin. "Immortality" was conferred on Jules Sandeau by the Academy in 1853. He was the first novelist who was not either a poet or historian as well who became one of the forty.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

London, May 19.

AMONG the promised novelties is to be a grand banjo contest.

ONE of the fashionable milliners has a room full of figures à la Madame Tussaud. Their wavy lovely faces and forms are clad in the newest notions of fashion-art.

THE lady who the other evening wore a corset illuminated by the electric light is going to do it again. She was admired; but she would be without the corsetage.

IT is said that a part of the site on which the old Law Courts at Westminster stood, and which is fast being cleared, will be laid out as a garden protected by railings.

THERE is a general idea that Cardinal Manning may attend a Levee—the first Cardinal since the Reformation. This is a reformation. His status will not be a difficulty for the Lord Chamberlain to arrange as some persons suppose.

SUCH is fame. Having passed the Electric Lighting Act, Mr. Chamberlain has given his name to a new apparatus for the best adaptation of gas to cooking purposes. "The Chamberlain Light" is "the cheapest, brightest, and purest known."

CHANG, the mighty and massive Chinese giant, seems to take a deep interest in the House of Commons, from the fact of his visits. It is to be hoped he does not come to champion any one who is going to see what physical force will do.

THEIR Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales have signified their intention of being present at a review of the boys and girls

drilled under the School Board for London, which is to be held on Saturday, the 23rd of June, at Knighton, near Woodford, the seat of Mr. E. N. Buxton, chairman of the Board.

MR. CHILDERS is the next Minister to be banqueting. His constituents, desiring to mark their sense of the high honor done through him to them by his appointment as Chancellor of the Exchequer, have determined to give him a feast on the 16th inst., at Pontefract. His colleague, Mr. Sidney Wolff, presides over the dinner.

MANY heirs to great titles appear to be selling their wines. It does not seem to be objectionable, and they are simply realizing the results of the judicious investments of their wise progenitors, who foresaw that a good sound wine, purchased for a little money, bottled off, and put by in the cellar of a great noble will come out at cent. per cent., and even more, in a few years.

AMONG the exhibits at the opening of the Fisheries Exhibition was the dog Bob, which has become renowned as the faithful friend of the captain and crew of the yacht *Eira* during their perilous sojourn in the Arctic regions. Young Dr. Neale, who was the doctor of the expedition, had him in keeping, and great interest was expressed in the four-footed hero.

THE battle upon the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill is to be of unusual severity. It is, in fact, to be a final. The whip which has been sent out by the Earl of Dalhousie, who moves the second reading of the Bill, urges peers to come early to vote, and to remain for the division, however late it may be. Society will have it that a certain statesman recently in the Government is personally interested in the Bill—in fact is waiting for it.

PEOPLE who go to the Academy have found out a new home of luxury, and fashion seems to have started a new custom. In Bond street, there is a French confectioner, who has fitted up a magnificent little room with tapestry and brie-a-brac, and who supplies a tiny cup of chocolate in most delightful little square cups of ancient pattern. To go and sip chocolate for ten minutes in this darkened place of rest, after the glare of the pictures, is now regarded as the "correct thing." We are returning, it seems, to an ancient custom.

WHATEVER be his faults, the member for Woodstock is not a man to be easily disposed of; and now, in spite of, or perhaps on account of, his audacity, Lord Randolph has taken a very much more prominent position in the eyes of the country than he occupied before. His speech on Monday on the Affirmation Bill shows clearly that in many respects he deserves his position. Both on Liberal and Conservative benches (Lord Randolph) has enemies as keen on the one as on the other; it was admitted to be by far the best made by the Opposition during the debate.

THE Prince of Wales's speech at the Fishmongers' Hall was a capital one. All are speaking of it with admiration. Mr. Russell Lowell's speech was also excellent, sparkling with wit, humor, and good sense. Mr. Russell Lowell's speech was, however, dismissed in a line or murdered in a summary. Any magazine or newspaper would compete for a contribution, a newspaper column long, from the author of the "Biglow papers," and would pay handsomely for it. Yet here was the contribution to the world's not too abundant stock of genial humor to be had for the reporting, and it was set aside.

WOMEN'S suffrage is coming again to the fore. It has somehow gone back since the death of Mr. John Stuart Mill. Mr. Bright's opposition to it arrested the progress of opinion. But Mr. Morley has had such success with his memorial to the Prime Minister, asking him to include women's suffrage in any measure on the franchise he may propose this session or next that the Cabinet cannot fail to be moved. Already 100 members have signed the memorial, and many who have not signed, because they think the proposal would come better from some private member, have pledged themselves to vote for the proposition when it is made. The progress in parliamentary opinion is such as to leave little doubt that the House is now in favor of enfranchisement.

THE number of exhibitions lately held in London is little less than wonderful, and it must be remembered they have all been a success. There have been a bicycle and tricycle exhibition, an Egyptian war exhibition, a building trades exhibition, and a furnishings exhibition. The last named, which includes a display of all kind of indoor furnishings, has attracted considerable attention, and has had no slight educative influence. A stroll through the Agricultural Hall, where the exhibition is held, is a very pleasant way of passing a half hour. There is always good music. Dan Godfrey leads the 1st Life Guards Band. One of the pieces played is a new polka of his own composition, called "The Merry Bells," as brilliant and taking a piece as has been composed for some time. The polka will be sure to become popular; and Messrs. Wilcox & Co. have secured its copyright.