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## SPRING—JOYOUS SPRING!

I love all seasons as they come  
The winter's frost and snow,  
The summer's fully ripened bloom  
The Autumn's ruddy glow—  
But dearest far to Love and me—  
Is spring—the joyous glad and free!

F. W.

Once more with many a joyous freak  
Comes forth the spring, a maiden coy  
With tears upon her dimpled cheek  
While laughter sparkles in her eye.  
But just escaped from winter's arms,  
(The rough rude monster held her long,  
Hath given a paleness to her charms  
A trembling cadence to her song.

Standing on tip-toe on the hills,  
As if afraid to venture down,  
Then springing thro' the sunny dells  
She laugheth at his angry frown;  
Now o'er the meads she feebly treads,  
Planting at ev'ry step sweet flowers,  
Or a board of Emerald spreads,  
Glist'ning with dew and sunny showers.

From many a tall and lonely tree,  
From coppice brown and woody brake,  
The minstrel Robin glad and free  
Is singing as for singing sake.  
From lowly sod, and twisted root  
The Grass bird sends his roundelay,  
Nor is the "tiny Wren" less mute  
Perch'd on the bending Ashen spray.

Tho' last not least, on azure wing,  
With ruddy breast and hazel eye,  
'Chanting a "Sonnet" to the spring,  
On banks where springing flowerets lie,  
Is the sweet Blue Bird and his mate;  
They always both together come  
Never too early or too late—  
To the wood-man's forest home!

Basking in some sunny nook  
The Blackbirds in a concert join,  
While wild Ducks sweep adown the brook  
Or on its swelling breast recline;  
The Musk Rat too with watchful eye  
Beside the margin of the flood,  
Comes from his watery home to try  
How fares his brother of the wood.

The glesome Squirrel, with his plume  
Worn like a jaunty cloak behind,  
He too the loving summer's bloom  
Rejoices more when spring is kind.  
And here she comes the glad some spring  
Tho' with a coy and bashful air—  
Yet, there are insects on the wing  
And mirthful voices every where!

FREDERICK WRIGHT.

Westport, C. W., April, 1854.

## GEORGINA, THE BALLET-GIRL.

FROM "AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ACTRESS."

She had been educated as a dancer from infancy. She had been on the stage all her life,—had literally grown up behind the scenes of a theatre. Her parents were respectable, though it is difficult to determine their position in the social scale. At the time I knew her, her mother was paralytic and bed-ridden. The father was enfeebled by age, and could only earn a pittance by copying law papers. Georgina, the ballet-girl, their only

reader could hardly picture what I know to be a reality. Georgina's parents kept no servant: she discharged the entire duties of the household—cooking, washing, sewing, everything. From day-light to midnight not a moment of her time was unemployed. She must be at rehearsal every morning at ten o'clock; and she had two miles and a half to walk to the theatre. Before that hour she had the morning meal of her parents to prepare—her marketing to accomplish—her household arrangements for the day to make—if in the week, her washing—if in the middle of the week, her ironing—if at the close, her sewing—for she made all her own and her mother's dresses. At what hour in the morning must she have risen?

Her ten o'clock rehearsal lasted from two to four hours—more frequently the latter. But watch her in the theatre and you never found her hands idle. When she was not on the stage you was sure of discovering her in some quiet corner knitting lace, cutting grate-aprons out of tissue-paper, making artificial flowers, or embroidering articles of fancy-work, by the sale of which she added to her narrow means. From rehearsal she hastened home to prepare the mid-day meal of her parents, and attend to her mother's wants. After dinner she received a class of children, to whom she taught dancing for a trifling sum. If she had half an hour to spare, she assisted her father in copying law papers. Then tea must be prepared, and her mother arranged comfortably for the night.

Her long walk to the theatre must be accomplished at least half an hour before the curtain rose—barely time to make her toilet. If she was belated by her home avocations, she was compelled to run the whole distance. I have known this to occur. Not to be ready for the stage, would have subjected her to a forfeit. Between the acts, or when she was on the stage, there she sat again, in her snug corner of the green-room, dressed as a fairy, or a maid of honour, or a peasant, or a page, with a bit of work in her hand, only laying down the needle, which her fingers actually made fly, when she was summoned by the call-boy, or required to change her costume by the necessities of the play.

Sometimes she was at liberty at ten o'clock, but oftener not till half past eleven, and then there was the long walk before her. Her mother generally awoke at the hour when Georgina was expected, and a fresh round of filial duties was to be performed. Had not the wearied limbs which that poor ballet-girl laid upon her couch, earned their sweet repose? Are there many whose refreshment is so deserved—whose rising up and lying down are rounded by a circle so holy?

No one ever heard her murmur. Her fragile form, so pale of strength overtaken; it was more care-worn than her face. That had always a look of busy serenity off the stage, a softly animated expression when occupied before the audience in the duties of her profession. She had a ready smile when addressed, a meek reply when rudely chided by the curlish ballet-master, or the despotic stage-manager. Many a time I have seen the tears dropping upon her work; but if they were noticed she would brush them away, and say she was a fool and cried for nothing.

Her delicate features, though he could scarcely

Some fairer face, though he could scarcely have found a *succeder*, had rendered him faithless. She bore her deep sorrow with that lovely submission which elevates and purifies the spirit, but gave her heart away no more. Younger and gayer girls in the theatre used to designate her as the old maid to Georgina. Was not such a heart as hers what Elizabeth Barret has described as

"A fair still house, well kept,  
Which humble thoughts had swept,  
And holy prayers made clean."

Her answer to a sympathising "How weary you must be at night!" was, "Yes; but I am so thankful that I have health to get through with so much. What would become of my poor mother or of my father, if I fell ill?"

How many are there who can render up such an account of their stewardship as this poor girl may give in hereafter? How many can say with her, that life has been

"One perpetual growth  
Of heavenward enterprise"

And this flower blossomed within the walls of a theatre,—was the indigenous growth of that theatre—a *wall-flower*, if you like, but still sending up the rich fragrance of gratitude to Him by whose hand it was followed. To the eyes of the Pharisee, who denounces all dramatic representations, while with self-applauding righteousness he boldly approaches the throne of mercy, this "ballet-girl," like the poor Publican, stood "afar off." To the eyes of the Great Judge, which stood the nearer?

## A NIGHT IN THE LIFE OF A PHYSICIAN.

I was sitting dozing in my easy chair, when a tremendous knocking was heard at my door. The servant opened it, when a man rushed in in the wildest disorder—

"For God's sake doctor," said he, "come with me, it's a case of life and death. A young girl has stabbed herself; she is bleeding to death. One thousand dollars to save her! Come, oh do not delay!" and he rushed towards me as if to drag me along.

I hurried away with him, snatching the instruments from the table as I passed it. I think I never saw before such convulsive grief as this man's face expressed. He was a handsome man with one of those faces the ladies admire, jet black hair, clustering in waving curls over a white forehead. The lower part of his otherwise feminine features was relieved by a deep jet black beard.

I asked him the particulars of the case.

"Doctor," said he, "make haste. I shall go mad. Why, I would give every drop of blood in this body to save one drop of hers. Oh, God!" said he, "preserve my reason. She stabbed herself before I could prevent her. Make haste. Oh, my God! my God!"

We reached the house. On a satin couch, in a splendid room, the rich Turkey carpet covered with her blood, lay a young girl. I think I never saw such a beautiful creature. Even with pallid countenance and bloodless lips, she was more of heaven than earth. What she was when the rose played

blood, lay the weapon—a slight Damascus dagger, the handle richly set with pearls, strongly lit up with the reflection from the blood-stained ivory.

I was too late! Alas, the life blood was slowly dropping away. The master piece of creation was soon to be cold and inanimate. She slowly opened her eyes and fixed them with dying loveliness upon the young man who had summoned me to this scene of death.

"Sidney," she said, "Sidney, I am dying. My own Sidney I could not live neglected. I told you I would love you to death. Kiss me, Sidney."—She sank back, and death closed upon his victim.

My companion sat for some time strangely staring at the lifeless form on the couch. I could perceive that reason was tottering on its foundation. I was fascinated by his strange look. At last I went up to him. "Sir," I said, "she is no more. Death has released her from her troubles."

"Dead! did you say she is dead, doctor?" said he, with a strange and curious stare at me. "Ah, and you have murdered her," yelled the madman—for such he was now. "You have murdered her, and I—I shall murder you. Ah! ah! it will be rare sport." Before I could prevent him, he had picked up the dagger. "Yea," said he, with a yell, "I will murder you with her dagger. I will stab you in the same place. Oh, it will be rare sport to see you groan and struggle like she did. Ah! ah!" and he made a bound at me. Now this was far from pleasant. In fact, it was a very awkward fix to be in. I did not know how to act. The madman made a grab at me, but fortunately I eluded his grasp, and thinking it better to fight in the dark, I seized the light and cast it on the floor.—The room was now dark. The madman set up a terrific yelling, and I could hear him lock the door and put the key in his pocket, while he kept muttering, "I will kill him. Oh, it will be rare sport to see him die like she did."

I felt my courage rise with the emergency. I half determined to try a struggle with him, but I knew the increased strength that the insane possess, and I thought it scarcely prudent. What should I do? I must do something. It would soon be daylight, when I should again be in his power. I felt for some weapon with which to defend myself, and, as luck would have it, found a heavy dumb bell in the corner where I lay concealed. Presently, I heard the madman slowly searching for me. I raised the dumb bell, "may God forgive me," I said: it descended, and I was free. The madman lay stunned on the floor. I rushed to the door, smashed in the lock with the heavy metal, and rushed down stairs. Presently the house was all in commotion. Oh, what a scene! the girl dead in a pool of blood, the man insensible on the floor, with the dagger firmly clutched in his hand. I bled him, and he slowly recovered. But reason never returned.

He is a madman to this day. I never heard the history of my patients of that night. They were strangers in the house. I never will forget that night's adventure.

A CANDID WITNESS.—In the hearing of an Irish case for assault and battery in the United States Court, cross-examining the witness