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IS PUBLISHED

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H. S. PIPER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Weekly Monitor

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VOL. 13. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15, 1885. NO. 1.

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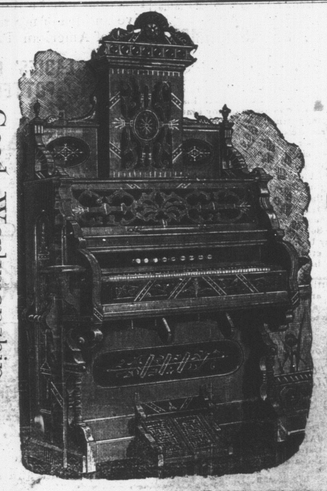

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Poetry.

Spirit to Spirit.

Dead? Not to thee, thou keen watcher—
not viewless, to thee;
Immortal still wrapped in the mortal! I,
from the mortal set free,
Greet thee by many clear tokens thou
smilest to hear and to see.

For I, when thou wakest at dawn, to thee
am the entering morn;
And I, when thou walkest abroad, am the
dew on the leaf and the thorn,
The tremulous glow of the moon, the twilight on harvest of corn.

I am the flower by the wood-path—thou
bendest to look in my eyes;
The bird in its nest in the thicket—thou
heedest my love-laden cries;
The planet that leads the night legions—
thou liftest thy gaze to the skies.

And I am the soft-dropping rain, the snow
with its fluttering swarms;
The summer-day cloud on the hill-tops—
that showeth the manifold forms;
The wind from the south and the west, the
voice that sings courage in storms.

Sweet was the earth to thee ever, but sweeter by far to thee now;
How hast thou room for tears, when all times marvellest thou?
Beholding who dwells with God in the blossoming sward and the bough!

Once as a wall were the mountains, once darkened between us the sea;
No longer these thwart and baffle, forbidding my passage to thee.
Immortal still wrapped in the mortal, I linger till thou art set free!

—*Edith M. Thomas.*

Select Literature.

TWO TRUANTS.

CHAPTER III.

DOLLY'S DIVERSION.

(*Continued.*)

'Mr. and Mrs. Trelawney Jacques, Mrs. Tom Royster, Miss Black, Mr. Slingsby, the Miss Merrys, Mr. Kean Jones.'

Dolly on alighting had felt reassured on finding herself one of a multitude. She had managed her *entree* judiciously, following in the train of a portly matron, whose ample crimson and amber broceded skirts floated the girl in as a big wave floats in a bit of driftwood.

'Delighted to see you,' said Mr. Smart for the hundredth time; adding confidentially half-aside, 'take your seats, ladies, I advise, whilst you can get them.'

'That will I,' returned the matron aloud suiting the action to the word; 'and so you'd better,' she added, in a tone of friendly caution, to Dolly, who was looking round in vain for a vacant place. 'By and by they'll have to sit on the floor,' she concluded making room for the girl on one of the three chairs occupied by the crimson brocade.

Dolly slipped into the narrow space beside those skirts, whose brilliancy seemed to extinguish everything within a certain radius. Whilst their owner was settling down trying to compress them—a matter of time—Miss Thompson gazed eagerly around, enthralled as Dante when transported into the company of the Homeric heroes and finding as keen a satisfaction in every separate act of recognition. Rantwell, and one or two more of equal note whom she had once or twice beheld from the stalls, were not so metamorphosed by the absence of stage strippings but that she instantly identified them. Others she knew from their photographs. Engrossed in active and eager observation, she was suddenly startled by an interjection at her side.

'Snakes! ain't it hot?'

It was the matron, who spoke with a strong Transatlantic twang.

'I should think it was,' rejoined Dolly sympathetically. 'Would you like my fan?'

'Thank you kindly, I'll see,' said her neighbor, accepting the loan. 'I guess mine must have taken a French leave of me in the cab. Laury Smart's in fine form is he not?'

'Splendid,' returned Dolly; never saw him looking so well.'

'It's the success of *Gulliver*. They say the operetta is safe to run for two hundred nights. They're to do the duet out of it by and by. You've got no programme. Take mine. A book of nonsense, if ever you saw such a thing.'

So indeed it was, except for the outset. The opening recitation was grim earnest, Mr. Eugene Rantwell, whose tragic genius was, if possible, even more at home in the horrible than in the heroic, having volunteered to deliver a deliciously ghostly dramatic poem entitled 'The New Frankenstein.'

Dolly's heart beat high as this famous impersonator of many heroes and many kings stepped forward from the throng of guests who stood out of his way and fell back as from an imperial presence. As for Miss Thompson, her eyes, with a reverent interest no crowned head would have won from them, were studying every line of the actor's pronounced features, every fold, every detail of his attire—sleeve-links, gloves, handkerchief, boots; in all she had discovered a special and characteristic significance. Not a wave of his hand, not a turn of his head escaped her as he went through his declamation with all the art and power of which he was master. Dolly, like every one else, thoroughly enjoyed having her feelings harrowed; and the more vivid the counterfeit presentment of agony and horror became, the keener her ecstasy. It was allowed on all hands that he had never been quite so appalling in it before, and the warmest applause showed how all appreciated the pleasure he had given them.

'So often as I hear that,' commented the matron admiringly aloud 'so often I have to hold my tongue between my teeth not to scream. What would I not give to be able to make people's flesh creep, and curdle up their blood in that style! Once I tried it, and they laughed. Thought it was a joke. At least I made them laugh till they cried, which is the next best thing.'

'I really don't know which I like best the sublime or the ludicrous,' answered Dolly politely; 'it's just a question of which I am listening to at the moment.

'Well, that Frankenstein's a creepy thing, and I'm glad its over,' returned Mrs. Tom Royster. 'Ah, there's that chap Connor just come on. Now we shall have some fun.

'Yes; he's always so droll,' said Dolly anxious to appear familiar with the faces, at least of the company, of whom even her inexperience could discern that they belonged mainly to theatrical circles. But her real knowledge was limited to the names of some half-dozen at most, and she could only conjecture what immensity of ignorance might be implied by the fact that the name of Connor, though clearly of high degree, had never reached her ears.

Rantwell's serious monologue was like grace said before a feast to which it served as an introduction, was one of unreason without alloy.

The burlesque without mercy which we most enthusiastically admire seems a necessity of human nature. When and where faith and devotion are strongest the church caricatured by its flock, and its chief sanctioned the proceeding. The clay idols, the fictitious heroes with which we people our modern Olympus, must now and then see jesters take their seats and travesty their selves with impunity. Yet all this goes on with impunity to the Olympians. Now some prince of buffoons takes off Rantwell in Anthony or Lear. Now it is Romeo and Juliet, Mercutio, Rosalind, Portia, Orlando, who sit in a row, and, suitably accompanied, sing to us songs of Christy. As refreshing to see the hero play the fool as the fool play the hero. The fool is better for the game, and the hero never the worse.

A surprising number of Mr. Smart's guests seemed to have come with a recipe for laughter in their pockets. Ludicrous imitations, grotesque musical sketches, dramatic caricature upon caricature, stump-orator, preacher, lecturer—no one was spared. Those who had heard these comicalities before laughed as if they were new; and to Dolly, one and all were things of infinite entertainment.

But what was nothing short of adorable was a burlesque sketch, not included in the programme. A ludicrous imaginary dress-rehearsal of the ghost scene in *Hamlet*. Mr. Smart himself enacted the Prince. The Ghost, whose face was disguised, puzzled everybody. He started with a vivid imitation of the provincial actor, then, changing his style half-a-dozen times, each personation more mirth-provoking than the last, he finally revealed himself as the shade of the slaughtered Shakespeare, and came bearing down on the terror-stricken Hamlet, like the Commander in *Don Juan*, to avenge his own murder.

'It's that young shaver Conner,' ejaculated the matron, convulsed. as Ghost clasped victim; and the conclusion, whatever it might be, was lost in the laughter and applause; whereupon the actors, throwing off their scanty disguises, bowed their acknowledgments.

In the lull that followed, a little clatter of plates and cups, that had already once or twice struck as music on the matron's ears, was again pleasantly audible, and she soliloquized frankly and aloud.

'This is the sort of entertainment I own I enjoy—with your bread-and-butter right behind your back!'

Tea, at this juncture, was announced as served in the green-room, whither the gentlemen were invited to escort the ladies. The securing of partners occasioned a general *melee*, and some crowding and confusion, amid which the voice of prudence whispered to Dolly to try and slip away. But to be the first to leave, and yet manage to make her exit unobserved, was a delicate matter. She had risen: around her, especially on the matron's side, there was a good deal of joking; then came a playful scrimmage, in the midst of which a young gentleman trod on her dress and tore it.

'I beg ten thousand pardons!' he exclaimed, in dismay.

'You shall have them—for a pin,' replied Dolly, gathering up a few yards of frilling that he had set free, and that trailed gracefully on the floor.

'A whole pinchusion you mean. Here it is,' and the offender, none other than the ex-Ghost, that promising young comedian Connor, instantly produced the desired article from his pocket, and by way of atoning for the damage he had wrought, insisted on repairing it himself, performing the task with the utmost neatness and address. But it took time—time spent by the rest in filing off into the tea-room; so that when the work was completed, Dolly found herself alone on the stage, face to face with the comic genius, a young fellow of distinctly pleasant appearance.

He now, for the first time, was looking at the young lady before him, and the adjective he found for her was 'propossessing.'

Dolly was not pretty, according to rule, like May Black; but her features suited together so well that the face was a successe; her brown eyes charmed by their liveliness, her countenance was so full of animation and good nature, and her manner so genial that she could not wish you good-morning without putting you into a pleasant humor with yourself, and by consequence, with her.

The solitary pair, perfect strangers to each other, looked a little blank. Then Mr. Connor smiled, and said,

'Pray may I have the pleasure of taking you to tea?'

Dolly assented helplessly, in silence. Perhaps introductions were not so rigorously insisted upon in theatrical as in clerical parties; perhaps he thought her a Miss Black, and that he ought to know her. Anyhow, she saw no escape.

They followed the crowd into the green-room, where Dolly might satisfy her eyes that the amplest justice was being done to Mr. Smart's merely human fare by the gods of her idolatry. But her attention for the time was drawn off from Rantwell himself, and appropriated by her lively companion.

'What will you have?' he began. 'Tea? It's a figure of speech. I see only champagne. But I know there is tea somewhere about, for I heard Rantwell ask for his fourth lump of sugar.' He dived under the shoulders of the table-worshippers; then reappeared, carrying what seemed to be a reptile. 'Special teacup and saucer, new aligator pattern, designed expressly for Laura Smart by the Japynese Decorative Institute,' he explained as he presented Dolly with the strange vessel.

'Connor, get me some champagne, do,' said the sonorous voice of the American actress. 'It's only a juggler could quench his thirst out of a mad mug like that without spilling the best half of what's inside,'

'I fly,' he said; and having made her happy by bringing a bumper, he turned again to his fair partner. Dolly was afraid to talk of anything but theatrical matters, possessed by an idea that theatrical people never talked of anything else; yet she feared to open her lips, lest she should betray an ignorance that would stamp her an alien in the land.

'You have seen *Gulliver*, of course,' her companion remarked.

'No, I haven't,' Dolly confessed; 'but don't tell.'

'It's great nonsense; but worth all the sense that is running on the London boards at this moment,' he declared pensively.

'I am very fond of nonsense,' said Miss Thompson, in the same tone. 'I consider it one of the Fine Arts, and my favorite.'

'Hear, hear,' he rejoined. 'If I dared, I should agree with you.'

'Life's so awfully serious,' pursued the girl

'It is,' he rejoined feelingly. 'We should die of it if we could'nt now and then take leave of our senses; it's bracing like a dip in the sea. And it's only on the stage that nonsense gets fair play;' and he began almost unconsciously to hum the arch-popular tune from the arch-popular operetta now running in the house over their heads.

He stopped to sip his tea, and Dolly, *sotto voce*, took up the musical phrase where he had paused, and finished it.

'You know the music,' he said.

'Every note by heart,' she asserted with truth. 'Even in music I like jokes best.'

'We can't always be wound up to the Rantwell pitch,' he sighed, suddenly elongating his features, spreading his eyebrows, dilating his eyes, and contriving by some some magical process of facial mimicry, to present the living aspect of the tragedian, between whom and himself, the moment before, there existed not the faintest resemblance.

'If I could do that,' was the thought that crossed Dolly's mind, Miss Black's best friends might be taken in.'

'How do you manage it?' she asked, laughing, as Connor's features relaxed into their natural mold.

'I fancy I feel like the individual; and to know how people feel you must watch their faces and changes of expression minutely. I never forget a face.'.... Here Dolly blushed with a pang of guilty dread; then it struck her that he would misunderstand, and she blushed again with vexation. He did misunderstand, but did not look vexed in the least.

'And I never remember a name,' he concluded. 'But what's in a name? and what's not in a face?'

'All, sometimes,' the words slipped out unawares. Mr. Connor, in polite perplexity, requested an explanation of the enigma. Dolly felt herself on dangerous ground; but at that instant Mr. Laurie Smart touched her companion's shoulder, and said,

'Trelawney Jacques, who was to sing the duet with Slingsby, has had to leave already. You must take the other part; there's a good boy.'

'I'm not a good boy. Ask my papa,' objected the young man, with pretended querulousness. 'And then I've got a cold and not got my notes.'

'Notes? Pshaw! Never saw you use notes in your life. And you won't mind playing an accompaniment, I know. Can't at this moment put my hand on the conductor's score.'

But here Mr. Connor stood firm.

'No, my dear Laurie. Anything you like between me and the ladies of my audience; but not an upright piano. How can I be funny behind a board? Is there no lady or gentleman in the house who will kindly undertake to—' Suddenly turning to Dolly, he said persuasively, 'You said you knew the whole thing by heart. You will play for us, I am sure.'

This was not in Dolly's programme; but Mr. Connor was urgent. He had brought her back upon the stage, and she perceived that, by making difficulties, she was only attracting the more attention. The piano stood in the corner, the pianist's place, as Mr. Conner had surmised, out of sight of the company. She yielded hastily, stepped behind the instrument, and struck the first chord. Her own part, which was of the simplest, gave her no trouble, for she knew it well, and her appreciation of the spirit of the piece enabled her to follow the singers in their animated rendering with ease and rapidity. Thus the duet concluded amid a storm of laughter and applause.

When, a few moments later, the duetists turned to thank their lady-accompanist, they were surprised, she had already vanished. The last chord had been the signal for the simultaneous exodus of at least five-and-twenty people, offering Dolly an opportunity for getting away quietly, of which that she had promptly and successfully availed herself; and at this moment she was rattling westward in a hansom cab.

'Who was it who played?' asked the comic singer Slingsby of his colleague.

'I don't know,' said Conner, 'I trod on and tore her dress, and my pincushion introduced us. Ask Laurie Smart.'

'Smart, who was our lady accompanist—the girl in maize?'

'Girl in maize?' repeated Mr. Smart vaguely. 'There were several. I don't remember. Somebody somebody brought I fancy.'

'Miss Black was her name,' announced the American actress. 'I heard it called.'

'No, that it wasn't,' said the comic tenor Slingsby. 'I know both sisters, and should have recognized either.'

'There's a third—May,' said Mr. Smart brightly, whose memory was for names, not faces. 'I heard of her, and that she's pretty.'

'O, she's worse than pretty,' murmured Connor. 'Black—going into the profession, eh, Laurie?'

'Yes; all the Blacks go on the stage.'

Connor heaved a sigh. 'Just my luck,' he muttered to himself, and for a moment stood looking before him with a doleful air; but Mrs. Tom Royster accosted him, and quips and cranks were soon flying gain.

Dolly, meantime, safe in a hansom, was congratulating herself on her nimble escape, and, reviewing all that had passed she thought that she had got through famously.

It was just six when she entered the ladies waitingroom at Whiteley's, at which establishment she was charged with commisions from home to execute, and which as it stood within a few steps of her aunt's door offered a convenient meeting place for herself and her fellow-conspirator, and had been agreed upon as a rendezvous. Ten minutes later, May Black, duly deposited at the door according to her request by the unsuspected Phippses, rejoined her *alter ego*.

'Dr. Phipps gave me several messages for your father, the Dean,' said May anxiously.

Dolly broke in.

'Yes, yes, I know. Respects, regards, affection; and if ever we come up to Glenbowrie, etceters. All right; I'll deliver them. You take this programme. It will tell you most of what went on. And don't forget—you played the duet out of *Gulliver* for two young men.'

May hesitated.

(*To be Continued.*)

"Man's Inhumanity to Man."

New York, March 23.—Patrick Byrne was sent from Ludlow street jail to Bellevue Hospital, Saturday broken down in health and almost paralyzed from an imprisonment of five years. He was the oldest man in the jail, and had been there longer than any other prisoner has been held. His reputation was that of a shrewd business man. He had been entrusted with a small property, left by his wife's aunt, but failing to account for it satisfactorily he was thrown into jail on a civil process procured by his brother-in-law. In his misfortune his friends deserted him his business went to ruin and his wife died. The brother-in-law would not relent unless Byrne would tell him what had become of his money. This he refused to do. Efforts were made by the warden to obtain his release, but without avail. His entire lack of exercise and the activity of his mind, which was ever looking forward to release, brought on an attack of paralysis about three months ago. On Friday last he was informed that proceedings in his case were to be begun in the court of common pleas, and in anticipation of his release he dressed himself on Tuesday with unusual care and appeared quite cheerful. But the officers of the court brought no word concerning his case, and as the sun went down the old man fell in a dead swoon paralyzed from head to foot. When the attendants found him he could not speak, and his limbs fell heavily when raised up. He was perfectly helpless. He was laid upon his bed, and "Becky" Jones, who was confined there because she refused to testify in the Hammersley will case, sat by him all night. He now lies on a cot in one of the wards of the Bellevue Hospital, speechless and unable to move hand or foot, and his death is probably very near.

IMPERIAL FEDERATION.—The political unification of peoples speaking the same language seems to be in accordance with what the Americans call "manifest destiny." It has found its fulfilment in the resurrection of Italy and the creation of the German Empire, while it is the motive force of the Pan-Slavic movement in Eastern Europe. In the case of Great Britain and her colonies the great desideratum to be aimed at is the transformation of a loose articulation into a compact organism, and so to consolidate the Empire as not merely to aggrandize its power, but to make that power available for defensive purposes at every point of attack. But as all highly complex structures are slow of growth, and become what they are by a process of natural development, so will it be with a federated empire. It is to be called into existence by a paper constitution, like those of which the Abbe Sieyes had such a choice assortment packed away in his pigeon-holes. It will grow from small beginnings, stimulated, perhaps, by the stress of external circumstances, like those which led to the formation of the Hanseatic League, the combination of the three hundred states of Germany in a former century, the union of the Netherlands Provinces and the federation of the United States. In all probability it will be preceded by the attribution of increased power and authority to the agents-general of the various colonies, of which Canada has already set the example, and by their being constituted a Consultative Council, to be conferred with on all questions in which Imperial and colonial interests are jointly concerned. And out of this council, as the outlying portions of the empire grow in population and importance—more particularly if they should spontaneously contribute, as they are not unlikely to do, to the cost of maintaining the naval defences of the empire—may arise a more influential body, with larger powers and a more direct participation in Imperial affairs.—*The Australasian.*

FUEL OF LARGE STEAMERS.—An English contemporary, in replying to a correspondent who asks how many tons of coal a large steamship consumes in a day, quotes the following facts from a pamphlet called Bottled Sunshine, issued by T. B. Purnell & Sons, of Exeter: "Ocean steamers are large consumers of coal. The Orient line, with their fleet of ships running to Australia every two weeks may be mentioned. The steamship Austral went from London to Sydney in thirty-five days, and consumed on the voyage 3,641 tons of coal; her coal bunkers hold 2,750 tons. The steamship Oregon consumes over 330 tons per day on her passage from Liverpool to New York; her bunkers will hold nearly 4,000 tons. The Stirling Castle last year brought home in one cargo 2,200 tons of tea, and consumed 2,800 tons of coal in doing so. Immense stocks of coal are kept at various coaling stations, St. Vincent, Madeira, Port Said, Singapore, and other; the reserve at the latter place above 20,000 tons. It is remarkable with what rapidity these steamers are coaled; for instance, the Orient steamship last year took in over 1,000 tons at Port Said in five hours."