

## THE EXILE'S PARTING.

A MELODY.

From the home of my fathers,  
Away must I go;  
Across the blue waters,  
Where stormy winds blow;  
Across the blue waters,  
Cold, dismal and deep;  
Perchance in a moment  
Beneath them to sleep—  
Perchance in a moment  
Beneath them to sleep.

Then hither come, dearest,  
Why weep'st thou for me?  
Dread'st thou I'll forget thee  
When far o'er the sea?  
No, lovely one, never!  
Though now we shall part,  
Thy love-light for ever  
Shall shine round my heart.

Afar o'er the ocean,  
The land of the free,  
Is decked with bright roses  
For you, love, and me;  
Soon, soon shall I tread it,  
It fate wait me o'er!  
Since the home of my fathers  
Gives shelter no more.

Then fare thee well, dear one!  
Let sorrow be mine,  
Let not one tear sully  
Those bright eyes of thine.  
Let no shade of sadness  
Thy blushing gleam through.  
When I am far from thee,  
My dear one, adieu—  
When I am far from thee,  
My dear one, adieu.

MONTREAL.

DUNDEE.

## THE RED BERRET.

FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. PETER STONNOR.

My nephew Charles has lately taken to himself a wife, and the newly-wedded pair are spending part of their honeymoon with me. A pretty enough tableau they make, sitting there under the large beech; he lazily smoking his cigarette, and she daintily posed on the seat with a red berret on her head. I must explain that a berret is nothing more than a sort of cap, known in Scotland as a Kilmarnock bonnet. This particular one, however, has a history, and recalls some unpleasant reminiscences. Being unpleasant, you may be sure my brother does not forget them. I am sorry to say though, that he is not altogether regardful of facts, so I am constrained to write down what really did occur.

Long ago, I had promised Charlie a trip on the Continent, but year after year something prevented it. Last spring, however, he was paying a visit to the Fortons, and drove over to the Hall one morning in an excited condition, full of ecstatic descriptions of the Pyrenees. He dilated on the splendor of the snow hills, and the quiet beauty of the Val d'Ossau. He would paint the Gave de Pau; he would ascend the Pic du Midi; he would cross the Spanish frontier and chase bears and lizards in the pine-woods. Then Eaux Bonnes would cure my relaxed throat!

Goodness knows what temptations he held out; and as he is an artist by profession, I was simple enough not to suspect any other motive for these rhapsodies but his love of nature. So it ended by my catching his enthusiasm, and before there was time for thought we were bag and baggage on board a steamer leaving Liverpool basin for Bordeaux.

I never liked the sea. My only yachting experience ended disastrously; and this particular steamer seemed especially hateful. The odors were worse, and there was more noise and jostling than I had ever known before. Even I was jostled by a dirty fellow reeking with oil, who never even apologized for his rudeness. Then it became rough. So at last I was forced to go below and take refuge in my berth.

I was very ill; Charles came, but there I lay in great suffering, unable to move or take food. Then I would wonder why he chose this particular vessel. Why not have gone by the proper and respectable route through Paris? Why insist so much on Pau and Eaux Bonnes? Then my contemplations would be cut short by another attack of *Malade de mer*. It was terrible! Not till we were nearing Pauillac did I crawl out of my berth; and I don't think I should have gone even then had it not been for the behaviour of some dreadful person in the adjoining cabin. I was, as I said, very ill. I moaned, and moaned loudly in my misery, when this wretch cried out, "Confound you, sir! Can't you be sick like a gentleman?"

This was too much; it fairly drove me on deck, when, by a stroke of good fortune, I met my old friend and contemporary D. Pascal.

He was now a man of considerable scientific renown. It was nearly six years since we had met, but time had dealt kindly with him, and there he was as handsome and intellectual-looking as ever, talking in his old energetic way to a group of passengers. He came up to me at once.

"Ah, Mr.—, Mr.—; don't tell me your name—don't speak. I forget; I suffer from aphasia. But, see! I bring my memory back!" So saying he produced a piece of dried meat from his waistcoat-pocket, and proceeded to munch it, holding up one forefinger to insure my silence, and fixing his eyes upon me in the most eccentric manner. "I have it!" he said at last. "Your name is Stonnor. See! I eat and my memory returns! You are Mr. Peter Stonnor, of Stonnor Hall; and you have a brother who

makes jokes. Ah, what was that he told me about your family plate-chest?"

"Pray spare me any of my brother's jokes. What good luck brings you here?"

"Ah, I overwork myself. I write too much, and I talk too much. My head gets dizzy and my voice flies away. Then the sea voyage, it clears my head; and Eaux Bonnes, it brings back my voice, and I lecture again."

"How fortunate! I, too, am going to Eaux Bonnes."

"Good! We have a large party here all en route for Eaux Bonnes—I, you, and the Brockbuck."

"Brockbuck! Liverpool people!"

"The same. There they are, and your nephew is their devoted squire. See, he is with them now; he is reading poetry to them. That is Madame with the happy, good-natured red face; and that is her pretty daughter with the beautiful brown hair. Let me introduce you."

"Thank you, thank you; presently. I—"

"No time like the present. You really should know them; they are charming."

"Another time, perhaps; just now I am—"

"But our little voyage will soon be over," he said, "and you will miss a grand opportunity of knowing them."

"Many thanks; a little later perhaps—"

"Oh, just as you please!"

Here was another annoyance. These Brockbucks were in some sort of trade in Liverpool, and I did not care to be introduced. Not by any means on account of their condition in the social scale, for although no Stonnor has ever been in trade, I am not foolish enough to turn up my nose at those who are. My father was intimate with them. As a boy, I remember being taken by him to Liverpool, and being much struck with Brockbuck's crane. There is a sort of mysterious power about the pond-rout, methodical movement of a crane which is very impressive. So much so that I thought, if ever I did adopt commercial pursuits, I certainly would have a crane. The elder Brockbuck was one of those bluff, outspoken creatures who indulged in the offers of habit of calling a spade a spade. He was ditty and slovenly in his dress, while my father, to the last year of his life, was scrupulously neat and clean. He took great pride in his personal appearance—his clothes always of the latest cut, his boots straight from Paris, and his hair and beard elaborately trimmed every morning. They met just before his death, when this Brockbuck was *gauche* enough to say, "Ah! Stonnor, you are having a rare fight with antiquity."

Can it be wondered that after this I did not care to renew the intimacy? And here I was cooped up in a steamer with some of the family, and my nephew already so much their cavalier as to attract the notice of Dr. Pascal.

It was extremely annoying; and the worst of it was, I had to adopt the most stupid expedients to avoid introduction. I feigned a return of sickness. I dodged down one ladder if I saw them coming up the other. I sat as far as possible from them in the saloon, and was deeply immersed in my book if they happened to pass. Once I met Mrs. Brockbuck face to face on the companion ladder, and returned her slight bow and smile of recognition most awkwardly. All this time, too, Charles would be flirting with the girl under my very nose.

A horrible idea crossed my mind, that perhaps she had something to do with his choosing this particular trip. It was a horrible idea to me because for some time I had fancied there was a growing attachment between him and the Fortons' eldest daughter, Adelaide.

I looked upon it with pleasure. By and-by he would be master of Stonnor Hall, and it was altogether a most desirable connection. In fact I had set my mind upon it. As to these Brockbucks, I had never even heard him mention their names. Why was he so reticent about them? Surely twenty-four hours could scarcely have established such an intimacy. Nothing could be said till we reached Pauillac; and here, as the Brockbucks preferred getting to Bordeaux by railway, I had an opportunity of telling him about the old feud as we steamed up the Gironde in the little tug. He was not one bit impressed, laughing it off in his usual airy fashion. "At all events," I said decisively, "we need not meet. Though we have the same destination we will go to different hotels."

He appeared to acquiesce, and in company with Pascal (a most accomplished eccentric) we saw the lions of Bordeaux. We wasted our money in gloves, photographs, and other useless mementoes; Charles insisting on buying a number of berrets and appropriating a dainty red one to himself.

That same evening, to my disgust, while we were listening to the band in the Jardin Public, the Brockbucks appeared. Before I could move he was welcoming them effusively. For nearly three quarters of an hour I waited in a state of ill-concealed irritation, listening to Dr. Pascal's philosophical mannderings, all of which seemed to convey some innuendo calculated to increase my annoyance. We returned to the hotel without him, but I had determined on my course of action. In the morning I simply said we would go on to Pau that day, and taxed him with a little want of consideration the previous evening. "My dear uncle," he said, "I thought I should have been *de trop* while you and old Pascal were talking philosophy; but this is a capital move. We will take him with us."

So off we went, the Doctor and he in inordinately high spirits. I did not enjoy their stupid jests, and mustown I went to bed at Pau not in the best of tempers. A change came with the morn-

ing. I opened my window, and in came the scent of flowers and the tinkling of oxen-bells. At my feet flowed the Gave de Pau with its serpentine channels; a quiet village nestled amid the softly-wooded uplands, and then came the mighty stretch of the purple and white Pyrenees. It was like magic. The warm sun that glorified the snow hills and brought the mist out of the valleys seemed to melt away the Brockbuck worry. I forgot my troubles, regained my appetite, made excursions with Pascal, or read the papers at the English club.

On the third day we had been to Bettarham. We had entertained Mr. Church at M. Gardere's excellent dinner, and had also accompanied him part of the way home, leaving Charles smoking on the Promenade. On our return he was not to be seen.

"The night is warm," said Pascal; "let us sit here and observe humanity. Let us watch the lovers gazing at the moon. What is it that the ancients called her?" Here we sat down while he began to munch his bit of meat again. "Ah! I have it!—Mendax. They called the moon Mendax, 'the liar,' because the crescent moon is never increasing, so 'tis a fitting emblem for the Turk. Observe these happy lovers approaching. He, too, is swearing by the moon—all moonshine!"

I turned to the direction he pointed, and was startled by the moonlight flashing on a red berret. Could I have been mistaken? No; there it was again; no sort of doubt about it. It was Miss Brockbuck. Even in the moonlight there was no mistaking her lithe figure, and certainly no mistaking the scarlet cap, which I saw in my nephew's hand at Bordeaux. He too was there, walking by her side, talking earnestly with his head unnecessarily close to hers. Pascal recognized them, and assumed a sort of Mephistophelian grin.

"Now, Mr. Stonnor," he said, "why will you not know these pleasant people—these Brockbucks? Why did you run away like a little boy, and not let me introduce you on board the steamer? Look at that couple! How grand to be young! Ah! in spite of all you do, you must know these Brockbucks sooner or later."

Here I told him my reason for avoiding them. "Well," he said, "and what then? Would you quarrel with this red-capped angel because her grandpère made a philosophical remark which he ought to have kept to himself? Pray, what has she or her mother to do with it?"

"I think, sir," I replied, "I am the best judge whether the acquaintance is desirable or not."

"How can that be, when you do not know them? No! this is an instance of your insular pride. Why not be more catholic! Look at me! I go to Paris, Madrid, Vienna—here, there, everywhere. I am cosmopolitan. I see the world and cultivate what is beautiful and intellectual, while you—bah!—you live in your own little shell, and get mouldy under your big, damp trees."

"At all events, sir, you must have resided long enough among us to know that English gentlemen are somewhat particular in making chance acquaintances."

"Ah! you are afraid to look over your own walls. In England you boast of your liberties, but, after all, I prefer this country. There you are free by law, but slaves by custom; here we are slaves by law, but free by custom. Now, these nice people, these—ah! I forget their names—pardon my aphasia. Here he began to gnaw his dried meat, during which the red berret again appeared in sight. The young couple were promenading slowly between the Hôtel Gascon and the Hôtel de France, quite unconscious that they passed within arm's-length of us each time. "I have it," he resumed: "Brockbuck—yes, these Brockbucks are in every way desirable friends. Madame—she has a well-cultured mind; she has sympathy for her friends, and money for the poor. Then, mademoiselle, is she not charming? She is beautiful—an angel!"

"Mrs. Brockbuck's virtues, sir," I replied stiffly, "are of no moment to me, and I don't care for her daughter's beauty."

"Nay, but you do!—you must!—because beauty is so fashionable. It is a fine old Conservative fashion. Was it not so in the days of Helen of Troy? Have not crowds followed your Gunninges and your Shridans? Did not the pit make the lovely Miss McLean come in front of her box that they might bow to her beauty? Are not your shops full of photographs of Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. West? I believe she with the red berret would out-bow them all."

"No doubt she is a pretty enough girl; but you would not have me cultivate every young lady with a good look?"

"This particular one I would. Nay, sooner or later you must know her. She will add a grace to your family tree, Mr. Stonnor!"

"I really must decline discussing these people any more," I replied, rising to go; and if my nephew annoys me by carrying on this intimacy I shall start back for England to-morrow!"

"Ah, Stonnor," he said as we walked to the hotel, "was it not your Duchess of Kingston who said, when they told her the end of the world was near, that she would start for China to-morrow? Good night, my friend, good night; sleep well, and don't quarrel with your fate."

It was too bad—Charles going directly against my wishes, and Pascal impudently presuming to defend him! Who was he to thrust these people down my throat, I should like to know! It was abominable. It kept me awake half the night, and I awoke with a bad attack of my old throat ailment. However, when Charles came to my

bedside I at once told him how distressed I was at his conduct. "Charles," I said, taking his hand and speaking tenderly, "see what you have brought me to."

"My dear uncle," he said, "what do you mean?"

"This foolish flirtation. Of course, I know that boys will be boys and all that sort of thing. Under ordinary circumstances I don't see much harm in it, but it is different with you. It behoves you to be very circumspect. These sort of things get about."

"I don't quite see why I am called upon to be so excessively circumspect," he said, smiling.

"My dear Charles, think of the Fortons!"

"What of the Fortons?"

"Come, come!" I said, "there is a certain young lady at Forton House who would be greatly distressed to hear of gallantries paid to any one but herself."

"Do you mean Adie? I'm quite sure she wouldn't trouble her head about it—why should she?"

"Why should she? Because one of these days I hope you two will make a match of it. Both Lord and Lady Forton are very well disposed towards you."

"My dear uncle, what on earth puts such a foolish notion in your head? She is nothing to me. Why, she is a mere child—barely sixteen."

"She won't always remain sixteen, Charles. That is an objection which lessens every day. Ah! my boy, you don't know how I have set my mind upon it. It is most desirable. One of these days you will be master of Stonnor Hall. Pray think of it."

"I can't think of it at all," he replied; "the idea is altogether too absurd and preposterous."

"Surely you can consider me a little," I asked.

"Certainly I will, but—"

"Then give up these steam-boat acquaintances," I said.

"My dear uncle," he answered, "they are old friends of mine. I have known them for years."

"And, pray, did you know they were coming this particular trip?"

"Well, I had reason to suppose I should meet them."

So it was out at last! It was a planned thing from beginning to end! He had arranged the whole affair with a cunning I did not think him capable of, and had made me, his uncle, Peter Stonnor, of Stonnor Hall, a cat's paw! He had reckoned without his host. "I shall return to England immediately," I said.

He winced a little at this, but presently said—

"You are scarcely fit to travel with that red throat. Won't you see a doctor?"

"I am not to be hauled from my purpose," I said; "but send for Dr. Manes."

The doctor came, very pleasant and cheery, examined me thoroughly, and looked grave at the condition of my throat. "Ah," he said, "Eaux Bonnes would cure this throat. Surely monsieur never intended returning to England without trying the waters? Why, it would be foolish—nay, it would be criminal, in monsieur not to take the cure now he has it so near. No, no! he himself was going to Eaux Bonnes, and monsieur would come too and drink the sulphur waters. Then he would return to England completely and permanently cured."

"Could I not take these waters to England with me?"

"Afterwards. But monsieur should commence the treatment under medical supervision. We must regulate the doses and watch their effects."

"Could I travel there to-morrow?"

"Certainly; if it is fine and warm the drive would do monsieur good, and he would have the felicity of prescribing for him there."

I could not act against this advice. Much as I wished to show my displeasure to my nephew, the radical cure of my throat was, nevertheless, of paramount importance. I gave the matter due consideration, and was scarcely prepared to carry out my threat. At last I came to the conclusion that it was my duty to obey the doctor; so, the day being fine, we went. Pascal's dissertations on the places we passed fell flat. What did I care for the wonderful recuperative power of the old wine of Jurançon, or for the peculiar flavor of the omelette aux herbes of the Louvie-Jun? I had no appetite for either. Even the sweetness of the Val d'Ossau failed to interest me, and Pascal's pun about the Valley of the Bear was nothing more than a covert insult. Maybe I was cross. I had a good deal to try me. At all events, there was a growing tension and constraint between us which was unpleasant. It wore off a little at Eaux Bonnes. The Brockbucks' name was never mentioned. Charles settled down to some landscape work. Pascal and I drank the waters and accomplished the Promenade Horizontale twice a day.

We had done this, as usual, and were seated underneath the trees in the little square. "And!" he said, "this suits you English. It is like your London. Take a square out of your"—a pause here to gnaw his meat—"your Brompton; stick it in a niche in the Pyrenees, and you have Eaux Bonnes. We are in a cul-de-sac here. Here do bears and lizards skip about during the winter, for the place is deserted. But lo! on the 1st of June, civilization lays siege to it, and Bruin and Co. vanish up the Pic de Ger. Then all is male gay and trim. A regiment of chefs de cuisine comes from Paris. A contingent of doctors is drafted up the mountain, and then Eaux Bonnes is ready for the patients. Yes, friend Stonnor, we are all patients here, and whether we