

DEATH OF MARK ANTONY.

BY GEORGE Z. EAGLES.

Where the mighty Nile goes creeping,
Noiseless currents rolling free,
Like a giant serpent stealing
Through the deserts to the sea:
Laying with its turbid waters,
Reedy banks 'neath verdant shades,
Rippling on by vales and bowers
In their tropic bloom arrayed.

Where the pyramids uprearing
Their gray summits to the sky,
Tell dim tales of Egypt's glory,
In the faded days gone by:
Breathing o'er the sleeping ashes
Of her sages and her kings,
Whispers of their faded splendor,
Murmurs of forgotten things.

Where the lotus blossoms clustered,
In the storied days of old,
Where the croquet palms loomed proudly
Mid the minarets of gold:
There along the banks of Nile,
Sounded out the battle's peal,
Thundered on retreating legions
With their pennons, flags and steel.

On the sands all reddened o'er,
Swelled the trumpet's blast along,
O'er the prostrate forms of foemen,
Madly swept the charging throng.
Here Egyptians, warlike Nubians,
With their war-spears in the rest,
Gravely met the ruthless Roman,
Blood-stained to the victor's crest.

Like the sand-cloud in the desert,
Rank on rank and shield on shield,
Came the conquering hordes of Caesar,
Sweeping o'er the crimson field.
And amid the helmets gleaming,
Blades and breast-plates glowing red,
Sent they out proud shouts of triumph
O'er the mounds of slaughtered dead.

In the halls of Cleopatra,
Where the fairest Eastern flowers,
And the bubbling crystal fountains,
Lave the breath of passing hours:
Neath the tattered silken awning
Rome's great hero-lover lay,
With the death damp on his forehead,
As the life-side ebb'd away.

Wildly, through the shadowed arches,
Came the racing song and cheer;
Wildly swelled the trumpet's music
In the dying chief's ear:
Yet the kindness of nature,
Held its throne amid the night,
And his eyes saw forth wild lightnings
Like a warrior in the fight.

Thought he then of by-gone glories,
When the nations list'ning heard
Trump and tread of steel-clad legions,
And his soldier heart was stirred.
When he charged the gleaming cohorts,
As they loved their classic home,
To entwine their brows with laurels
For the honor of old Rome.

And again the mighty shoutings,
Of those hardened men of war,
Swelled and echoed through his fancy
As when in triumphal car,
Came he crowned with oaken garlands,
For the victor's triumph wave,
Long the Appian, through the Forum,
To the temple of great Jove.

There were pictures of the morning,
When upon the Cydnus' tide,
Came a barge of stately beauty,
In the fall of regal pride:
Adorned with canopies and flowers,
With its deck of burnished gold,
And a thousand glories beaming,
Neath the crimson banner's fold.

And, again the glistering silver
Of the oars that kissed the stream,
Flashed upon him in their brightness,
Like the vision of a dream:
And he saw the silk-clad rowers,
In their turbans rich of hue,
All bespangled o'er with jewels,
Dipped in the waters blue.

Then the hum of myriad voices
Dwelt upon the lambent air,
Fragrant clouds of purest incense
Reveled in the noonday fair:
Sweetest strains of low-toned music
Swelled along the river's breast,
Hushing, with delicious languor,
Sense and feeling, soft to rest.

As a spell of god-like weaving,
Came the memory of that day,
When the star of Eastern splendor
Wrapt him in her fair array,
Clenched the grooves about his heart-strings,
Rear'd a temple in his soul,
For the love of her proud beauty,
And his love of conquest stole.

At the wane of life's last even,
Radiant, fearless, queenly still,
Watched she o'er her fallen chieftain,
And a void no joy could fill:
Thrilled the swelling, crimson currents
Of the hot blood in her veins,
Murmured 'round the hidden altar
Of her life in sad refrain.

As she smoothed the palling temples,
Wildly swelled the burning tide,
Fonder, fiercer; ten-fold dower
Grew the dower at her side,
With the tameless, uncurbed spirit
Of a lioness at bay,
Held she guard about the death-couch
Where her wild heart's idol lay.

But the love that glowed and struggled
In its passion-verdured lair,
Breathed and flashed a vain defiance
To the pale-faced Roman there,
Beauteous in her wild despairing,
In her weeping and her grief,
Cried she out in words of anguish,
Called she thus unto her chief.

Antony, imperilled Roman,
Lord of Egypt's land and queen,
Tell me, tell me, I implore thee,
That thy spirit's eye hath seen
Omens of a blissful coming,
Words for you and love for me,
Triumphs grander in their glory
Than thy deeds beyond the sea.

"Here behold thine Egypt kneeling,
Peerless, matchless, god-like king,
Hear, and tell me that thou feelest
Not the death flood's piercing sting.
Clasp me once more to thy bosom,
Live, O live, and be to me,
Knightly hero, princely master,
And I'll be a love to thee.

"It is I, 'tis Cleopatra,
Who unto her lord doth call,
Rouse thee up thy Roman spirit
And we'll to the banquet hall:
We will make thee bright and merry
With our pleasure and our mirth,
Antony, my lion-hearted,
Rouse thee, bravest of the earth."

"I am dying, Egypt, dying,
And this tiger love of mine
Ne'er again shall join in revel
With the burning bursts of thine.
But I tell thee, ay, and truly,
By the sinking of yon sheen,
I'll be Antony in dying,
And thou still shalt be my queen.

"I've been dreaming, Egypt, dreaming,
Of the vanished, buried days,
Of the serried ranks and squadrons,
Of green laurel wreaths and bays,
Of old Pompey and great Caesar,
Bloody wars and reeking fights,
And methought beneath each vision
Gleamed again the battle lights.

"From the cold seas of the Northland,
Even to where the Southern sun
Smiles upon the broad Euphrates,
Thrones and empires, all were won.
There were swarthy Afric princes,
Bearded chiefs and accepted kings,
With the golden wealth of tribute
That the conqueror's coming brings.
There were jewels, guns and treasure
From the islands of the sea,
And I deemed the world's fair kingdoms
But as baubles won for thee.

"Then the roar of angry conflict
And the din of clashing spears
Died away, and bird-like music
Murmured in my dying ears.
'Twas the melody of seraphs—
'Twas the spirit note of love
Flitting through my heart's dim chambers,
Cooling for its sister dove.
'Twas the echo of thy calling,
Ringing through me sweet and clear,
Bursting through the sceptered shadows
Like a golden hymn of cheer.

"Rest thee here, upon this shoulder,
I would have thee rest to me
All the story of our wooing,
When I first met love and thee.
And I'll dream of sunlit Cydnus
Of thy barge in glittering state,
When my goddess, Jewelled Egypt,
Came to meet her Roman mate.

"Tell me, tell me, Cleopatra,
For these eyes are growing dim,
And I see around me stealing
Deathly phantoms, gaunt and grim.
Let me feel thine arms entwining,
Press thy lips to mine once more,
Guide, O guide me, star of Egypt,
To the spirit's silent shore."

Like some glorious flower drooping,
Neath that dreamy country's skies,
With the tears of burning sorrow
Flooding o'er her liquid eyes,
And her unspoken words streaming
In their wondrous ebon gleam,
Bent her proud head low in anguish,
O'er the life she held supreme.

Then she spake in passioned accents,
"List, ye gods, why do ye bring
Death to Antony, my idol?
Why your shadows o'er me ding?
Softly, love, here on this bosom
Rest thy kindly head again,
While I hush thy soul to slumber,
O, my matchless man of men."

"Ay, great heart, thou sayest truly,
That these royal loves of ours
Will no more woo sweets and pleasures,
Mid these perfume-laden bowers.
Nor wilt thou, my liege and master,
Casting by thy knightly mien,
Take again with tiger passion,
To thy breast lost Egypt's queen."

"Then I'll lift thy drooping eyelids,
I'll behold thy spirit fade,
And I'll watch the death-glaze glistening
Where the love-light oft has played:
O, wide world! ye stars! ye heavens!
Why do ye not quake with fear?
Why do ye not speak in thunder,
O'er these ashes and these tears?"

"I am dying, Egypt, dying,
Burst pale spectres on my ken,
But beyond these gath'ring shadows
Thou shalt be my queen again.
On the unseen strand I'll wait thee,
With my legions at my side,
And my banner's fold shall guide thee,
Nile's enchantress, o'er the tide.

"Draw thee nearer, Egypt, nearer,
Let me feel thy dewy breath
Bathing o'er my sinking spirit,
As I tread the way of death.
Then, a long, fond kiss, at parting,
For my soul from earth is fled,
Fare thee well, proud-browed Egyptian—
Rome's great Antony was dead.

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THE
GOLD OF CHICKAREE.BY
SUSAN and ANNA WARNER.

AUTHORS OF

"WIDE, WIDE WORLD," and "DOLLARS AND
CENTS," "WYCH HAZEL," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued.)

"That must be the right end of the thread,"
said Hazel looking up. "I ought to be able to
find my way. But I shall have to send my
boxes back empty, and take six months to find
out what I want."

"You do not know of anything that you
want at present?"

"I thought I did!" said Hazel with a laugh,
—"but how do I know! Maybe I have en-
ough,—maybe somebody else wants it more.
Olaf—is there an endless perspective of needy
people in this world?"

"What if I?" said Rollo. "What if life were
one long day of ministry? does that look like
a worthy end of life? and does it look pleasant?"

"I think—it does," said Hazel slowly. "I
mean, I think it will. I have not looked yet.
But then, at that rate—"

"Yes—what at that rate?"

"At that rate," said Hazel, raising her eyes
to his face, "you would want the buttons off
my gloves as well as off Prim's?"

His fingers were slowly, tenderly, pushing
back the curls from her temples and caressing
the delicate brow as he spoke, and his eyes were
grave now with thought and feeling.

"Hazel, I would like to pour flowers before
your path all the long day, and to set you with
jewels from head to feet. Diamonds could not
be too bright, nor roses too fair. And if the
world were all right, I believe I should dress
you so. But it is not all right. Suppose we
were travelling in Greece, and I were captured
by those brigands who fell upon the English
party the other day; and suppose the ransom
they demanded exceeded all you had in hand or
could procure—how would you dress till my re-
covery was effected?"

"That would be you—" said Hazel quickly.
"And what is this?—Our Master, in cap-
tivity, hungry, sick, and naked,—literally and
spiritually,—in the persons of his poor people.
And the question is, how many can you and I
save?"

Wych Hazel rested her chin in her hand and
said nothing. She felt exceedingly like "a
mortal with clipped wings." Not that she
really cared so much about dress, or the various
other gay channels wherein she had poured out
her fancies; something better than fancy had
stirred and sprung and answered Dane's words
in her heart as he spoke them. And yet the
sudden whirlabout to all her thoughts and
habits and ways, was very confusing. So she
sat thinking,—with every dress she had in the
world gravely presenting itself, like a spectre,
and all the glove buttons insisting upon being
counted then and there. Suddenly, from the
waves of blue silk a little foot started out into
the firelight,—a foot half smothered in trim-
ming: rosetted, buckled, beribboned, belaced.
Hazel gazed at it,—and then gave up, and broke
into a clear soft laugh, hiding her face in her
hands. But as the laugh passed, she was very
much ashamed to find that the hidden eye-
lashes were wet.

Rollo watched her a little anxiously, but
waited.

"What can one do but laugh, when one gets
to the end of one's wits?" said the girl, as if
she thought it needed explanation. "Olaf,—
do you remember the time when you drew my
portrait as all hat and wild bushes? I begin to
be afraid it was not a caricature, after all."

"I am afraid it was. Your representative
was hardly gracious or graceful, if I remember."

"Didn't I know what you were thinking of
me that day?" said Hazel smiling at the recol-
lection. "But in serious truth, that is what I
have liked, and what I have done. I have been
wayward and wild and untrained and unpruned,
—and then, upon all that I have hung every
pretty thing I could get together. And I don't
know what will be left of me when I am made
over all new. Olaf," she went on gravely, "I
do understand your harmony,—I see how per-
fect it is, taking in all the lowest notes as well
as the highest, whereas mine covered only the
poor little octave of my own life. I do see that
every part of one's life ought to be in tune with
every bit of outside work and life and life-
demands that can ever come. And I know that
only my unfixtiness of heart can make any dis-
cord. But there my knowledge ends!" And
Hazel leaned her cheek softly against his arm,
and looked up wistfully.

"How much more knowledge do you want
just now?"

"Where to begin."

"We will begin with one of those trunks to-
morrow. I have a presentiment, that if you do
not fill it, I shall."

Hazel shook her head.

"I fancy I have enough of extravagance now
on hand to last me some time," she said.
"Unless you prefer that I should come down—
or come up!—gradually, and not with a jump."

"Neither come down nor come up. Only go
forward keeping the harmony we have chosen to
walk in. I am so ignorant of all but men's
dresses! or perhaps I could speak more intelli-

gibly. But in general, seek your old ends, of
beauty and fitness—only looking to see that
things more precious are not pushed out of the
way by them, or for them."

CHAPTER XXVI.

AN ACCOUNT AT THE BANK.

"Duchess," said Rollo the next morning at
breakfast, "which cabinet-maker is to have the
honour of your patronage?"

"I suppose it is not fair to do people good
against their will," said Hazel. "If Prim would
like the common one—and the money—best,
she must have that. But I shall let her know
she chose it."

"You would not like to be suspected that
you practised economy?"

"Not unjustly."

"How is that an unjust suspicion, which is
founded on fact?"

"I am not practising economy a bit. Prim
wants a secretary—and you say that she would
like that best."

"Excuse me! I said she would like that and
the hundred and fifty dollars; and you will
practise economy to give them to her. Nicht?"

"Not at all. Only self-denial. I never did
buy ugly things, and I don't like it."

"Self-denial is almost as good as economy,
and one step towards it. But I would remark,
that economy and ugly things have no necessary
connection."

"No," said Hazel—"my alternative would
be destitution."

"Economy has no connection whatever with
destitution."

"O there you are mistaken," said the girl
arching her brows. "But for destitution, it
need not exist. But I wish I could think of the
right explosive materials to put in Prim's
trunk! She wants waking up, Olaf,—and you
have just stroked her down for a nap."

Dane's eyes snapped at the speaker across the
table; and then he asked in a quiet business
tone, "what sort of lethargy had Prim fallen
into?"

"I said nothing about lethargy. I must get
a ream of paper initialed in blue and gold, and
another in crimson, to help line the secretary.
And three journal books in green bevelled an-
tique, and fifty note-books in yellow Turkey
morocco. And—how many gold pens does Prim
wear out in a year?"

"You made a profound remark just now on
the origin of economy: I should like to have
your definition of the thing. Would you favour
me?"

"Mind," said Hazel, laughing a little, "it is
an unproved definition, the word itself being
but lately introduced; but at present it seems
to me the doing without what you want your-
self, to give it to somebody who wants it more."

A line of white made itself visible between
Rollo's lips, and the curves of his mouth were
unsteady. When they were reduced to order
again, he asked:

"What more shall we do for New Year in
the Hollow?"

Certain cloaks and dresses for women and
children, it may be remarked, had already been
sent up. Wych Hazel considered.

"Would it be possible—but we shall not be
at home to give them a night festival. There
went no books nor pictures into the Christmas
work?"

"Books—I am afraid—they are not ready
for. Pictures—pictures are harmonizing; I am
going to get you some; I would like to put a
picture in every house. What sort? I have
thought about it and failed to decide."

"Do I want harmonizing in that sense?"
Hazel asked with a laugh.

"You want all sorts of things. Go on."

"Well—for the pictures—I would not get
them all alike. It destroys one's sense of pos-
session."

"True. But the more the variety, the
greater the difficulty."

"What are your notions?"

"Swedes and Germans, a few Irish, a sprink-
ling of Americans and English."

"Good pictures of animals, I should think,"
said Hazel, going deep into the matter; "and
of ships,—and of children. Englishmen would
like King Alfred burning the cakes, and Canute
at the sea, and I suppose the Queen in her royal
robes, and the battle of Trafalgar. Then there
are bits of the Rhine, and Cathedrals, and
Martin Luther, and a Madonna or two, for
your Vaterland people,—and mountains and
ice and reindeer—" Hazel broke off with a
blush. "How I run on!"

"We will have them all, for future use," said
Rollo smiling. "The time will come, but I
believe it is not yet. The people are hardly
ready. It wouldn't be good economy. You do
not understand that subject, I know, but you
will excuse me for alluding to it. Now for
business."

Drawing Wych Hazel away from the break-
fast table to another table which stood in the
room, he opened a bank cheque book which lay
there.

"Do you know what this is?"

"I see."

"This is for your use and behoof. And this
other little book contains—or will contain—
your account with the bank. They will keep
the account, and all you have to do is to send it
to the bank every quarter to be written up.
There, in your cheque book, opposite each
cheque, you register the amount drawn by that
cheque; so as to know where you are. Ver-
standen?"