

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

BECAUSE HE DARED.

UP to her chamber window
A slight wire trellis goes,
And up this Romeo's ladder
Clambers a bold white rose.

I lounge in the ilex shadows,
I see the lady lean,
Unclasping her silken girdle,
The curtain folds between.

She smiles on her white rose lover,
She reaches out her hand,
And helps him at the window—
I see it where I stand.

To her scarlet lips she holds him,
And kisses him many a time,
Ah me! It was he who won her,
Because he dared to climb.

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

LORD ROSEBERY ON IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

AT the late dinner of the Canada Club in London, Eng., Lord Rosebery referred to Imperial Federation as follows: Imperial Federation is a subject on which anyone can speak by the hour according to the view from which he looks at it. My view is a very simple view. It is that there are two paths open to this Empire. One is to proceed steadily outward from each other towards the parting of the ways with the utmost rapidity. The other is to proceed inward and take advantage of every opportunity that may occur to strengthen the bonds that now unite us, and that to my mind is Imperial Federation. The idea of Imperial Federation in my sense has been promoted by the gallantry of men like our really distinguished guest this evening, Lieutenant Stairs, who has shown that Canadians are emulous of the people of this land in showing their devotion to Queen and country. So also the action of men like Mr. Dalley in sending the New South Wales contingent in aid of the Imperial forces in the Soudan—though the aid was not appreciable as an Imperial force—was a token of good will and real anxiety to share the common burdens of the Empire. We know that Canada shares that view. It was only the other day that the Dominion Houses of Parliament passed unanimously an address to the Queen to assure her of their continued devotion. That, I believe, is in itself an assurance of the progress of what is called Imperial Federation, but what is more truly National Unity. And when I mention the Dominion Houses of Parliament, it would not be fitting on this occasion to pass over in absolute silence the death of one of its fathers—I allude to Lord Carnarvon. He was an earnest and sincere—perhaps not always judicious, but that was because of his extreme earnestness and sincerity—friend of the Colonies, and the distinguishing feature of his life will be that he was the father of that Act which gave the Dominion of Canada its existence, and I should be wanting in my duty if on this occasion I passed over a death which we all deplore. If Imperial Federation means the taking of every opportunity of drawing closer together the bonds which unite Great Britain and her Colonies, what prospect have we of that enterprise being successful? In my belief there are the highest hopes, and they rest not on imaginary constitutions, not on the placing of Colonists and others in the House of Commons or the House of Lords, not on the unlimited extension of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, but more truly and more deeply in the aspirations now existing among the great populations which comprise the Empire. The British Empire is like that sheet held up at the four corners, of which we read in the New Testament, which contained every manner of fowl, animal, and insect, for it can accommodate every race and every description of man, and it extends to the greatest distances that can separate any parts of this world. There is nothing in the present constitution of the British Empire to prevent all its inhabitants remaining a part of the Empire, and that of itself is an overwhelming proof of the capacity and comprehension of its constitution. It is under this constitution we have flourished. It is under its aegis we shall flourish in the future, and it is upon the attachment of the people of the Empire to that constitution that we base our hopes of what is called Imperial Federation. But there is another hope, and it is the singular indisposition of the British nation to part with any part of British territory. I am not speaking in a party sense when I allude to the recent Anglo-German agreement of which I do not know except that it comprises the cession of Heligoland. The cession of Heligoland of course no great matter to the British Empire in so far as it relates to the territory represented, but why I allude to it is to emphasize my belief that in the minds of a great many who have not, it may be, weighed the advantages or disadvantages of that agreement, as to which I now say nothing, there is an unreasoning dislike to part with anything that has once been British territory. I am not speaking now of the political part of the agreement, but I think in many minds there is an unreasoning dislike to parting with anything that has once been British territory. That is a feature of British character which we may not be able to explain, but it is one which my perhaps longer experience than that of the hon. gentleman who contradicts convinces me does exist. That it is an unreasoning dislike I have said, and points, it may be, to the fact that we wish to hold the

whole globe, and believe we are quite entitled to do so; but if there is any such feeling in regard to Heligoland, what must it be when applied to territories like those of the Dominion of Canada? I cannot conceive the frame of mind in which a Minister would approach the British nation with a proposal that under certain circumstances Canada should be separated from the Empire or Australia be separated from us. He might be right or he might be wrong, but he would be damned by the nation. We never could part with Canada or Australia except under a strain of anguish and agony which would break up the Empire. We never could part with them except with a feeling of regret and with a feeling almost of degradation which would shake the Empire to its very foundations. That is our feeling with regard to the Colonial Empire which has been built up with so much blood and treasure.

LOVE'S THRENODY.

"LOVE! Love! Love!"
Said the soul one day to the heart;
"Do not ever break—be content to love
Until you and I shall part."

"Ache! Ache! Ache!"
Said the soul next day to the heart;
"Do not ever break—be content to ache
Until you and I shall part."

"Faint! Faint! Faint!"
Said the soul at last to the heart;
"For life is a lie—be content to die,
It is time for us to part."

Ella Higginson in *West Shore*.

A TURKISH "DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT."

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Daily News* tells the following pretty story of a "daughter of the regiment." During the Russo-Turkish war a private in the Kexholm Regiment when in Bulgaria found a little Turkish girl about four years old, who had been abandoned by her father and mother. The soldier took the little one to his officers, who resolved to adopt it. The child, who was suffering from want of food, soon recovered, and told her protectors that her name was Aish. As soon as peace had been signed and the Russians were allowed to enter Constantinople the colonel bought a quantity of dresses for "the young lady," and "a hat with a real garden of flowers upon it." When the regiment returned to Warsaw the officers resolved to do their best for the girl. They imposed upon themselves an income-tax of one per cent. and resolved to pay to "the Aish fund" ten copecks of each game of cards used at the regimental club, etc. Aish, who meanwhile had been christened under the name of Maria Kexholmskaia, was then placed at the Maria College for young girls at Warsaw. Twelve years have passed and Maria Kexholmskaia has become a pretty girl, and has just finished her college studies. The regiment gave a *fête* in her honour a few days ago; then a state dinner, during which the oldest non-commissioned officer of the regiment, in the name of all the privates, presented a holy image, and in the evening there was a ball. As a sign of her gratitude, Maria Kexholmskaia presented the regiment with a large velvet cushion, on which she had embroidered in gold the monogram of the regiment and exact copies of all the decorations and medals the regiment has received for its gallantry. In one of the corners she had embroidered "Masha (or Maria) Kexholmskaia, 24th January, 1878—19th June, 1890." The Emperor of Austria is the chief of the regiment, and it is supposed that he will do something to show his interest in the daughter of his regiment, who is now staying with General Panjoutin, commander of the 11th Division, the officer who commanded the Kexholm Regiment when little Aish was found.

TALLEYRAND'S MEMOIRS.

THE Paris correspondent of the *London Times*, who calls himself de Blowitz, some weeks ago by a neat stratagem, accompanied with the publication of a few extracts from the long withheld Memoirs of Talleyrand, drew from the Duc de Broglie a promise to print the whole work very soon. Consequently we may expect to see, early in 1891, both in French and English, the commentaries of this extraordinary French minister, diplomatist and revolutionary, on the men and events of his time—which was a very long one, and full of remarkable and world-changing occurrences. It included the whole American and French Revolutions, the creation of the United States, Greece and Belgium as new nations, and the arrangement of the European "balance of power" in a new form, after the collapse of Napoleon,—a balance that was to endure until Louis Napoleon, Cavour and Bismarck put it on its present footing within the last 30 years. Talleyrand had seen Washington, Napoleon and Wellington, and most of the great generals of their time; had measured himself with nearly all the statesmen of his own time, and found himself a match for any; had encountered, too, in one capacity or another, nearly all the memorable men and women who filled the world with their fame from 1780 to 1838. He was the depository of many secrets, most of which time has already disclosed; but the reader may perhaps find in his Memoirs who planned and carried out, with Napoleon, the murder of the unfortunate Bourbon, D'Enghien; whether the husband of Mme. Récamier was also her father, and how much of the Bonaparte blood descended to Louis Napoleon, of whom Talleyrand, even in his last years, could hardly have foreseen the greatness.

THE SEASON'S BOON.

WHEN all the swooning air is stilled at noon,
And quiet shadows gather in the glade,
Then drowsy locusts sing within the shade—
Sing praise of summer and the days of June;
And spiders, thankful for the season's boon,
Throw their light webs across the sky, all stayed
With strongest ties, of shining silver made—
To bind the wings that wander 'neath the moon.

—G. Melville Upton, in *August Scribner*.

THE LOST LYONESSE.

LYONESSE was the westernmost part of Cornwall, when the peninsula reached thirty miles beyond Land's End, and broke off, not in that unimpressive cliff, a low jetty compared to Tintagel and

The thundering shores of Bos and Bude,

but in the terrible outposts of the Scilly Isles. It must have been a soft summerland, like the whole south coast; the high ridges having run themselves out into mere craggy partitions between the dells and combs, heavily wooded, as the submerged forest off Mount's Bay still testifies. The low-lying, open country must have been golden with buttercups in the meadows, gorse blazing like bonfires on the banks, with yellow flag-flowers waving in the marshes, and laburnums shaking their golden tresses to the wind under the lee of every gentle slope. A hundred and forty Christian churches are said to have been founded in that blessed region, and no doubt the missionaries, who were from more civilized countries, taught their converts some of the simple arts of peace, and sheep grazed, orchards bloomed, and wheat ripened in the warm folds of the landscape. It was from this pleasant land that Tristram came, with his harp and the lays and ways of minstrels from across the narrow seas. It was here, most likely, that Percivale and others of the Round Table found the hermitages and monasteries to which they resorted for seasons of prayer and penance, or to close their warlike days in religious meditation. Here, and not in the clefts of Roughton and Bron Wella, Arthur and the remnant of his knights met Mordred and his heathen allies, and the sound of battle rolled above the rolling of the surf on either coast. During the silent period of English history Lyonesse was engulfed by the sea, either by a tremendous physical convulsion, such as formed the Zuyder Zee, or by gradual inroads, like those which have got possession of the neighbouring coast of Wales. The flowery domain, with its churches and castles, its humbler homes and the bleaching bones of the great battlefield, lies fathoms below the waves that roll their long, undulating swell in and out of the caverns at Land's End, and dash in a fury of foam against the fangs of the Scilly Isles, standing up like a shark's teeth, edgewise, against the Atlantic sky-line.—*June Atlantic*.

STOWING AND FEEDING A CARGO OF SLAVES.

DURING the embarkation I was engaged separating those negroes who did not appear robust, or who had received some trifling injury in getting on deck, and sending them to an improvised hospital made by bulkheading a space in the rear of the forecabin. The others, as they arrived, were stowed away by the Spanish mate; so that when all were aboard there was just room for each to lie upon one side. As no one knew what proportion the men were, all were herded together. The next morning the separation took place; the women and girls were all sent on deck, and numbered about four hundred. Then a close bulkhead was built across the ship and other bunks constructed. The women were then sent below, and enough men sent up to enable the carpenter to have room to construct additional bunks. A more docile and easily managed lot of creatures cannot be imagined. No violence of any kind was necessary; it was sometimes difficult to make them understand what was wanted; but as soon as they comprehended, immediate compliance followed. The negroes were now sent on deck in groups of eight and squatted around a large wooden platter, heaping-full of cooked rice, beans, and pork cut into small cubes. The platters were made by cutting off the head of flour barrels, leaving about four inches of the staves. Each negro was given a wooden spoon, which all on board had amused themselves in making during our forty-day trip. Barrel staves were sawed into lengths of 8 inches, split into other pieces 1½ inch wide, and then shaped into a spoon with our pocket-knives. It was surprising what good spoons could be made in that manner. A piece of rope yarn tied to a spoon and hung around the neck was the way in which every individual retained his property. There not being room on deck for the entire cargo to feed at one time, platters were sent between decks, so that all ate at one hour, three times daily. Casks of water were placed in convenient places, and an abundant supply furnished day and night.—*The Last Slave Ship*, by George Howe, M.D., in *Scribner's Magazine*.

THE ground of all great thoughts is sadness.—Bailey.

NOTHING endures but personal qualities.—Walt Whitman.

HE that may hinder mischief, and yet permits it, is an accessory.—Freeman.

LEARNED women are ridiculed because they put to shame unlearned men.—George Sand.

NOTHING is thoroughly approved but mediocrity. The majority have established this.—Pascal.