

## Choice Literature.

## UNA AND KING DAVID.

(Concluded)

Late in the night a sound as of thunder broke Una's sleep. She sat up in her bed beneath the roof-peak and awoke, gradually, to hear the trampling of horses around the house. Voices hailed the slumberers within, a knock resounding upon the door. Then, over the tumult, arose a familiar sound—the scolding of Mrs. Lucas. The remonstrant tones of the farmer appealed at intervals, in vain. When at last the door opened, and the master of the house, in shirt and trousers, issued desperately forth, a torrent of fresh invective followed him.

"Blamed if I hadn't rather sleep on your hay, old man, than face that battery inside," said a hearty voice. "But we're obliged to ask you for a sup and bite. We're Corn-feds, and blasted hungry ones at that."

"Cornfeds or Yanks, it's all one to me," was the reply from behind the door. "It'll be like as if the seventeen year locusts had passed over this place."

But the soldiers had their way, and the little house soon shook with their tread, while talk and laughter, tobacco smoke and the clank of accoutrements came up the narrow stair to Una's ear. When she had heard the men divide forces, one-half to sleep on the hay in the barn beside the horses, the rest to sprawl as they could on the floor of the living-room below, the child went back smiling to her nest, nor stirred till next morning's light brought the apparition of the farmer's wife to mingle with some dream that her mother's fingers had been toying with her hair.

"Come, git up, now," Mrs. Lucas said, sharply, emptying a pail of clean water into a tub at her bedside. "There's soap and a towel on the cheer, and I've shuck out your things. Soon as you're ready you kin come down and git a mouthful o' breakfast I saved after them consarned critters had cl'ar'd out. Wouldn't have had an ag to bless myself if I hadn't locked up my two best hens in the cupboard with the old man's Sunday clothes."

"Oh! have the soldiers gone?" cried Una, in disappointment.

"Yes, thank goodness, all but two on 'em; and they'd be sleepin' yet, but I broomed 'em off the floor with a mop and a pail o' water."

"How good you are to give me this nice bath, and to get my clothes so clean," the child said, gratefully, sitting up in bed and letting all her bright hair loose like a glory around her face. "It's just what my own mother would have done. It seems such a pity you haven't any little girl to love and take care of."

The woman looked at her for a moment with a curiously softened gaze; then, with her mouth twitching, went over to a chest in the corner, and took out a frock and sunbonnet of faded pink calico, smelling of lavender.

"Them was my gals," she said, briefly. "Died o' scarlet fever bout your age. Hed hair like corn-silk, jest like yours. Come, now, up with you, and dress yourself. Hain't time to dawdle here, and all my work a waitin' to be done;" and, whirling out of the room she shut the door with a vicious snap.

Una slipped down, to find a meal laid for her below. The room was in spotless order, and empty but for her friend the cat; but on the doorstep outside sat a couple of grey-shirted soldiers, smoking corn-cob pipes in the cool shadow of a lilac-bush in bloom; David, in the road beyond, held their horses, champing to be off. At sight of the child, refreshed by sleep and dewy from her bath, the men pulled themselves together, and one of them a huge fellow, with a boy's face, gazed with open mouthed admiration. The other, a lieutenant in command of the body of scouts that had gone on ahead, spoke to her courteously.

"I've been hearing about your trip from uncle, here," he said, "and I wish K Company could help you along the way, Miss. But just now, unless we're turned back, we're going in the opposite direction from Glenmont where you're bound. Road's pretty free from Yanks; that's one comfort; and I've told the old man the best way to go."

"Oh! thank you," said Una, fervently. "If you knew how sound it made me sleep when I heard our dear soldiers ride up here last night!"

But the colloquy was interrupted by Mrs. Lucas, who, trying-pan in hand, issued from the door, and demanded to know if "them 'cavalry' men was agoin' to block up her front door all day?" at which a general shrinkage of spirit ensued among the men folk in hearing of her voice, and the troopers hastily sprang into their stirrups and galloped off, singing mockingly:—

If you want to have a good time,  
Fine the "cavalry," fine the "cavalry!"

"We has to foot it a good piece to day, my honey," said King David, when the travellers, having paid their bill, set out, under fire of a tornado of abuse of him because of a muddy footprint he left on the floor on meekly entering to take Una's bag in hand.

"I wish she had said good bye," said Una, distressfully. "See here, King David, as she almost pushed me out, she put in my hand this nice parcel of lunch. I think she's the strangest woman I ever saw; but she must be really good at heart, don't you think so?"

Thus cornered, David scratched his head. They were under shelter of the hen-house, and comparatively safe. Drawing a long breath, he said, in the discreetest of whispers:—

"It ain't the first time the good Lawd has made honey to come out of a cur'us place, chile. The carcass of the lion brought to its sweetness. Gawd moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."

Past blossoming hedgerows, past orchard and meadow fragrant with smells of June, into an arching wood road as the sun climbed higher, Una thought there could be no method of travel so much to her taste. Their destination was the house of a farmer from whom it was likely they could hire a horse and cart to forward them on their way. But when, just as the child's strength and spirit began to flag, and they came at noon tide out of the cross-cut through the woods upon the clearing to which they had been directed, a direful disappointment greeted them. House and out-buildings there were none; only a series of charred spots

remained in the middle of a trampled and desolated field of growing corn.

"It's a fresh fire—smokin' yit," said King David. "Lawd help the pore folks as was driv' away from here."

While the two stood disconsolate, a clatter of hoofs was heard in a bit of woods beyond.

"It's cavalry, honey," said King David, breathlessly. "Let's git in hidin' behind that clump of sumacs yonder. They'll never look to see us here."

Before Una had time to realize her fear the soldiers were upon them, and, identifying the party of Confederates who had slept over night at the Lucas farm, King David waved his old hat with a rousing cheer.

"Hello, old Tarrypin, didn't expect to see us again so soon," called out their leader, coming to a halt. "Well, boys, this is the place we're to wait for the lieutenant; and, if I'm not mistaken, there's a good spring at the end of the path behind that watermelon patch."

In a trice the horses were unsaddled and tethered in the wood. Canteens were filled at the spring, rations were produced and the bivouac began.

From the trunk of a fallen tree, where Una sat to eat her luncheon, while King David knelt brushing her dusty boots, she looked over affectionately at the ring of troopersolling like Olympian gods at ease. Presently a couple of horsemen came galloping out of the glade, and she recognized with delight her friends of the morning.

"Well, Miss, we've met again sooner than we thought," said the lieutenant. "This is a bad business for poor farmer Gray. We heard down below that he'd been raided last night, and it seems the family's cleared out for parts unknown. The nearest place for you to sleep to-night is Glenmont, ten miles off; and it's past me how you're goin' to get there in this heat. We've got a pair of extra nags since yesterday, and if you can manage to sit on a man's saddle, Miss, we'll mount you, after dark, when we move on. I s'pose you can stick to a bareback colt, old man, eh?"

"I reckon thar ain't much horseflesh that can better me, sir," said David, his eyes shining with delight at the unlooked-for help. "An' I'm beholden to you more than I can say, for givin' a lift to my little mistis."

As Una's story found its way to the ears of the curious troopers, there was not a man among them who did not mentally constitute himself her protector and devotee. But when, at dark, she was lifted up to sit behind the peak of a cavalry saddle, where she kept to her slippery perch with an ease born of early habit, she found at her bridle rein John Britton, the big lumbering fellow who had been the comrade of the lieutenant at the farm. King David, astride of a frisky filly who till that morning had been at large in comfortable pastures, had as much as he could do to keep the wilful creature's back. Una's huge knight held along with her, saying little, but watching every movement of her horse, while before, behind and on the other side rode her stalwart bodyguard. Forward in dead silence, making little noise on the soft, wool road, listening to every rustle of the leaves, passed the ghostly cavalcade, under the light of stars, amid the chi-phi of the frogs, the chant of whippoorwills.

In thick darkness. A little hamlet with shutters obstinately closed, behind which lights glimmered like eyes watching through half-shut lids. At the first stroke of horses' hoofs upon the narrow street, some of the lights went out, keys and bolts were heard to creak in their wards. One could almost count the heart-beats of the anxious folk inside. Then a sergeant, who could whistle like a bird, uttered a bar or two of "The Bonnie Blue Flag," and at once open flew doors and windows, out trooped the villagers, offering food and shelter for man and beast.

Una, taken into the home, and tucked under the diamond-pattern quilt of a good old dressmaker, slept deliciously till dawn, when it was agreed by her friend, the lieutenant, that she should again resume the march with him under the conditions of the night before. The old woman cried over her as she brought out a feather pillow for a saddle-bag, and tucked a bagful of biscuits and cookies into the child's lap. Una herself had no thought of tears as she rode triumphantly away. She knew that every movement forward brought her nearer her precious goal. The troopers, won more and more by her modest acceptance of their comradeship, treated her like a little wandering queen assigned to their special charge. But it was to big John Britton known familiarly to them as "Baby Mine," the others tacitly awarded the right of attendance at her bridle-rein. When they reached the river-ford, he stretched forth a mighty arm to lift her like a thistle-down upon his horse's neck, and, plunging in, they buffeted the noisy yellow current gallantly. Una's cheeks bloomed and her eyes sparkled as their horse emerged dripping and snorting with excitement, first to gain a foothold upon the slippery far bank. Then, as the day wore on, how sweet the odour of the woods, the shady bivouac to lunch upon soldiers' fare. And the joy of the long, bright afternoon, broken by the mysterious appearances ahead of scouts to proclaim the way secure! she watched almost grudgingly the day decline that was to be her last of such congenial fellowship.

"Well, I reckon the best of friends must part," said the lieutenant, when in the evening they put her with her old man down at a roadside house. He made an attempt to be jocular, but his keen eyes showed his sympathy with the waifs thus set adrift.

Una, in her confiding way, went the rounds of her bodyguards, shaking hands with each, and standing on tiptoe, last of all, to leave a kiss and a tear between the eyes of her good grey steed.

"Oh! I shall never, never forget you," she said, with a pathetic break in her voice, as she stood facing them. "And when I see papa I shall tell him how soldiers helped a soldier's daughter. Good bye—good bye, dear friends, and thank you a thousand times!"

Last to take leave of her was "Baby Mine." He had a sheepish look upon his sunburned face, and, as Una offered him her hand, with a graciously tender smile, he bowed low, as if he meant to press his lips to it, then, blushing scarlet, desisted and turned awkwardly away. In her clasp, however, he left a crumpled leaf from a soldier's pocket-book, on which, when they were out of sight, Una read these penciled words:—

"Wen yo mete yore pa, tell him yo have maid a bad man pray that he may git yo safe, an' I am yore friend til deith."

"JOHN BRITTON, "—Co.,—Regt., Va. Cavalry."  
—Mrs. Burton Harrison, in the Independent.

## PAINTING.

The art of painting, like that of poetry, has infinite resources. The analytical history of painting, if it could be written, would be the history of the modifications of the visual sense in humanity, contemporaneous with the history of our intellectual and moral transformations. Each civilization, each generation, almost each individual demands of it something new, according to his degrees of culture, his sentiments, his habits. Between the striking colours which suffice among primitive societies, for enlivening their furniture or accentuating their architecture, and the complications of imagination, of observation, of thought which a Leonardo, a Rembrandt, a Delacroix are able to express by scholarly and refined methods, there remains an enormous place for all sorts of manifestations, approaching, more or less, either to the lowest barbarism or the highest perfection. Nevertheless, in the same way that poetry, great or small, is only able to work by means of a determined rhythm and an exact language, so painting can employ no other means of expression than form and colour. The more use an artist is able to make of the forms which a study of nature furnishes him, the more he is able to harmonize and vary the colours at his disposal, the more will he be able to express that which he feels, thinks and imagines. Knowledge does not give genius, but in a certain degree of civilization it is always necessary to it. These elementary truths, however, are the very ones which seem to be called into question, in certain studies, by a spirit of vain lack of discipline and infatuated ignorance. Yesterday it was for the science of drawing and composition, sciences out of fashion and useless, that they expressed their contempt and hatred. To-day that indifference and scorn is applied, besides, to that which is material in painting: to the means itself, to the brilliancy of colours and their expressive use. These lamentable theories, which favour the weakness of some and the intolerance of others, do not fail to find witty defenders who amuse the gallery, and, as everything is in fashion in our country, there are not wanting honest people who feel themselves in the fashion in applauding all the painters who do not paint and all the drawers who do not draw. This is the anarchic and nihilistic system applied to art, as it is already applied to literature, and perhaps this is not the time for artists who wish to live to resist it and defend themselves. The consequences of this jumble are already sufficiently visible for shame and fright to be able to force out those who have fallen through weakness or error. The shapeless dilutions which everywhere appear at the *Champs-Élysées*, and still more at the *Champs de Mars* like irresolute waifs, in pretentious frames, the rich gilding of which only makes more apparent their emptiness, have something distasteful to the eyes of the most indulgent. The last generation of our painters, those who made their debut after 1870, retarded in their progress by the general disorder, have not, with rare exceptions, done what might have been expected from them. It is to those of their predecessors, from 1830 to 1865, who still remain that the great victory of 1889 was due. The present generation, that which, for some years past, has sought recognition, is still more troubled, at least it should be. After having preached naturalism under the grossest and most rudimentary forms, behold it now preaching idealism under forms most puerile and conventional. And in the meanwhile what has become of noble desires, hard work, productive force in that uneasy school which has such a great desire to live and which they wish to condemn to the government of the sick and disordered! Ah, if young painters better comprehended their interests, if they would read less the journals which flatter and destroy them, if they would give less heed to the literary prattlers and worldly flatterers, if they would live more among themselves and for themselves, only taking for counsellors, besides their professors, whom they should respect, the old masters of Italy, of the Netherlands, of France, and, above all and always, nature, living, healthy, strong nature, generous and inexhaustible, which alone rejuvenates and renews the schools, when they love her with sincerity and study her with intelligence.—Translated for Public Opinion from the French of M. Gray Lafrenestre, in the *Paris Revue des Deux Mondes*.

"I would like to sound the praises of Hood's Sarsaparilla over the entire universe," writes Mrs. Longnecker, of Union Deposit, Penn.

## CANADA'S GREAT FAIR.

SEPTEMBER 5 TO 17, 1892.

The citizens of Toronto have voted \$150,000 to the Toronto Industrial Fair for improvements to be made on the grounds for this year's Exhibition, which is to be held from the 5th to the 17th of September next. About fifty acres have been added to the present grounds, and a new race track and new grand stand to seat twelve thousand people is being built, and many other improvements are being made. Consequently this year's Fair promises to be greater and better than ever. A large number of special attractions have been arranged for, and several new features are promised. The exhibits in all departments will be larger and better than at any previous Fair, and will include many that have been prepared for the World's Fair next year. Cheap excursions will as usual be run on all railways, and the attendance of visitors will no doubt be as large as ever. All entries have to be made on or before the 13th of August, but most of the space in all the buildings for the exhibit of manufactures has already been applied for. For copies of the prize list and programmes drop a post-card to Mr. Hill, the Manager, at Toronto.