

XVIII.

FINAL QUINTET.

Eight years had elapsed. It was the summer of 1784. The great war of the Revolution was over and peace had been signed. Cary Singleton, having laid down his arms, proposed to travel for rest and recuperation. His first visit was to Canada in the company of his wife, and of M. Belmont who desired to return to Quebec, and there spend the evening of his days. Having accompanied Pauline to Maryland immediately upon her recovery—which had been very protracted—he had led a tranquil life there, but now that age was telling, and that he had no further solicitude about the safety of Cary, nostalgia came hard upon him. It is needless to say that the journey was a most agreeable one. All the old places were revisited, all the old faces that had survived were seen once more. But the chief attraction for both Cary and Pauline was Zulma and Roderick. What had become of them? The latter remained in the army for a year after the deliverance of Quebec. Carrying his great disappointment in his heart, he joined the expedition of Burgoyne and, of course, shared its fate at Saratoga. But as Morgan was in that battle, where he caused the death of the brave English General Fraser, and Cary was with him, Roderick received at the hands of the latter the same treatment which he had extended to him after the battle of Sauk-an-Matlat. Whereas all Burgoyne's men were kept prisoners in the interior of the country, Hurdge procured his liberation through the influence of Singleton with Morgan, and returned home renouncing military pursuits for ever. He retired at first to his estate in the country, but the solitude became painful to him, and he took up his residence in the old capital, where one of the first persons he met was Zulma who had just returned from Paris, after an absence of a couple of years. She was an altered woman, the fire of whose spirits had died out and who carried the burden of her loneliness as heavily as she could. But her wonderful beauty had not yet decayed. Rather was it expanded into full flower. Like Roderick, she was alone in the world, her father having died within a year after the siege of Quebec. It was only natural that these two should gradually come together, and no one will be surprised that, after a full mutual explanation, and with much deliberation, they united their lives. Neither will it astonish any one to be further told that their union proved happy in the solid fruits of contentment. They deserved it all, and it was literally fulfilled that the blessings of their great sacrifice came to them a hundred-fold.

Sometimes, when he was in a jolly mood, Roderick would say:

"You remember, dear, that I once predicted I would yet catch my beautiful rebel. I have caught her."

And he would laugh outright. Zulma would only smile faintly, as if the reminiscence had not lost all its bitterness, but she would return her husband's caress with effusion.

We shall not linger to describe the meeting of the four friends—after so many years. Our story is verging to its close, and we have space for only a last incident. One beautiful afternoon, they were all gathered together at the foot of the Montmorency Falls, around the humble grave of Batoche. It was a little tufted mound with a black cross at the head. In their company appeared the picturesque costume of an Ursuline nun. This was little Blanche, whom Zulma had placed in the convent after the death of her father, and who had decided to consecrate her life to God. By special dispensation from a very severe rule, she was allowed to accompany the friends of her childhood to the grave of her old grandfather. Zulma and Pauline planted flowers over it, and Blanche threw herself across it sobbing and praying. All wept, even the two strong men, as they gazed upon a scene which reminded them of so much.

Poor Batoche! What was there in the music of the waterfall that seemed responsive to this tribute of his friends?

During my first visit to Canada a few years ago, I met on the Saguenay boat a young lady whose beauty and distinction impressed me. I inquired who she was. An old gentleman informed me that her name was Hurdge, and on tracing up her genealogy, as old men are fond of doing, he made it clear that the two grandmothers were the heroines, and the two grandfathers, the heroes of this history. A son of Roderick and Zulma had married a daughter of Cary and Pauline, and this was their offspring. Thus, at last, the blood of all the lovers had mingled together in one.

THE END.

AMONG THE THOUSAND ISLANDS

There are really about 1,500 of the islands, and they extend a distance of fifty miles. They range in size from a mere rock, crowned with a single tree, to large and fertile islands that might hold cities. The passage through and among them, especially in the early dawn, is truly delightful. Their number is bewildering and the prospects that unfold themselves as the boat glides over the placid waters is enchanting. Fishing and duck-shooting are said to be famous sports here. We saw numerous encampments of gentlemen and ladies who were engaged in these pastimes, and notably one very large encamp-

ment that had continued for more than six weeks, and contained people from many of the States, even from California.

But the most exciting part of our voyage still was in prospect—the shooting of the rapids. There are eight or ten of these between the Thousand Islands and Montreal. Some are quite small and tame after the first curious sensation of going down hill on a steamboat has been experienced; but some are grand and terrific in the extreme. Cedar Rapids especially present a sight hardly inferior in breadth and tumult to the rapids above Niagara Falls. If you can imagine going in a steamboat through the strongest surf that is ever seen at Cape May, and going rapidly down hill at that, you will have some idea of the passage of the Cedar Rapids. The height of the surges is very great. In the midst of the descent the river makes a clear drop of about four feet over a ledge of rock through which our pilot found a way invisible to me. A curious effect is caused by the "white caps" being all turned up stream.

After sunset we approached the head of the last and most dangerous of all the rapids, Lachine. As we drew near the Indian village of Caughnawaga, on the southern shore, every eye was eagerly on the lookout for the canoe of Baptiste, the old Indian pilot of the Lachine Rapids. For forty years he has piloted vessels through this dangerous passage. No steamer ventures down unless he is at the wheel. At last he came in sight and rapidly boarded our craft. He was verily the observed of all observers. A tall, well-built, well-preserved man of about sixty years of age, with not very decided Indian features, but with a look of intelligence and firmness about him that at once inspired every one with confidence in him.

In a few minutes more we were in the midst of the whirl and tumult of the Rapids. At one moment we seemed to be inevitably dashing upon a large rock which lay directly in our course, and which was mercilessly lashed by the surges, but a sudden turn of the wheel brought us by that also, and soon we were in placid water again, and before many minutes had elapsed we had passed beneath the magnificent Victoria Tubular Bridge and were fast approaching the splendid wharves of Montreal.

HEARTH AND HOME.

SLEEP.—In the present day there is no fixed time for sleep. The world roars around us like a torrent of events. Everything is rapid; and we are whirled with velocity in the midst of a vortex as vast as it is incessant. Repose there is none; and instead of sleeping on a pillow of down, we stand continually on the tiptoe of expectation, awaiting the coming on of the morrow, big as it were with the doom of some great hereafter.

SPANISH PROVERBS.—Love, a horse, and money, carry a man through the world. Three things kill a man: a hot sun, supper, and trouble. To shave an ass is a waste of labor. If the gossip is not in her own house, she is in somebody else's. Don't speak ill of the year till it is over. The mother-in-law forgets that she was once a daughter-in-law. Men are as grateful for kind deeds as the sea is when you fling it a cup of water.

UNSELFISH LOVE THE SOURCE OF HAPPINESS.—Wherever unselfish love is the mainspring of men's actions; wherever happiness is placed not on what we can gain for ourselves, but on what we can impart to others; wherever we place our highest satisfaction in gratifying our fathers and mothers, our brothers and sisters, our wives and children, our neighbours and friends, we are sure to attain all of happiness which the world can bestow.

THE TRIALS OF LIFE.—If you do not bring any strain to bear upon timber, one kind is as good as another. A splinter of a broom is as the best ash if you do not put any weight upon it—if you lay it down on the carpet and do not do anything with it. The only thing which shows the relative excellence of the different sorts is a pressure brought to bear upon them. Lead is as good as iron, or iron is as good as steel, so long as they are not subject to any trial of their strength. And it is when men are tried in life that what they are is made to appear.

THE BEAUTY OF HOME.—The beauty of home depends more on educated and refined taste than upon mere wealth. If there is no artist in the house, it matters little that there is a large balance at the bank. There is usually no better excuse for a barren home than ignorance or carelessness. A little mechanical skill can make brackets and shelves for the walls. A thoughtful walk in the woods can gather leaves and lichens and ferns for adorning the unpicturesque rooms. A trifle saved from daily expenses can now and again put a new book upon the table or shelf. The expenditure of a few shillings can convert the plain window into a conservatory.

WOMEN AND WOMEN.—The chief quality of womanly woman is her motherhood—that is, her power of self-sacrifice and care-taking of those who need her care. From earliest childhood the difference between those who demand sacrifice and those who can make it is plainly marked, and in the nursery—as in the school-room and the home—there is always one who is ready to give up and always one who is to be given up to. The former develops into the mother—the womanly woman *par excellence*; the latter is never more than a toy, a thing to be caressed

and waited on, decked with jewels and clothed in fine linen, but never asked to work, to suffer, or to sacrifice. These are the things which she requires from others, not gives of her own grace—in which she is the exact opposite of her sister the womanly woman, who finds her greatest happiness in making the happiness of others and her best joy in sacrifice and duty.

THE GLEANER.

A PARIS letter says: "False hair will be a drug in the market when the frost comes. Short curls and natural hair, such as the picture of Mme. Recamier and Queen Hortense have made familiar to everybody, will be all the fashion."

THE latest new idea is the "classical" dress for "ladies' evening wear." It is something worse than the trousers with only one leg, which *Punch* declares women now walk in. It is made in the most simple fashion. The trimming is of the slightest. There is nothing to disturb the graceful "classical" outline. The bodies are very low indeed; the trains are very far from what ladies call full; and the sleeves are just a narrow strip of braid. The arms, the shoulders, and the neck are quite displayed, and the figure in all respects is fully shown. This is the new notion in London during the recess.

THE resignation of General de Cissey as French War Minister at the request of Marshal MacMahon, and his replacement by General Berthaut, excite much comment in England and France, and some uneasiness in German political circles. The appointment of Gen. Berthaut implies that the President of the Republic no longer wishes the War Minister to be subject to Parliamentary vicissitudes, he being neither a member of the Senate nor of the Chamber. The *London Times* says, in comment, that France is striving to resume her old military influence, which Europe cannot dispense with.

A "BULL" is one who buys stock, whether investor or speculator; a "bear" is one who sells it. If any one buys a lot of stock as an investment, he "bulls" the market, and the price is likely to rise, because his investment has removed so much stock from the market, and the remainder is by so much the scarcer; while, if he sells, either for speculation or realisation, he "bears" the market, which is likely to go down in consequence of the stock he has thrown on to it making the supply more plentiful. The slang word "bear" is generally supposed to be derived from the old story of the man who sold the skin of the bear before he had killed the four-footed wearer.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

BEFORE a Turk gets married he asks all good men to pray for him.

WHY are good resolutions like fainting ladies?—Because they want "carrying out."

CALL the next baby Elaine, after Tennyson's heroine. Then, when she is cross, call her the Madeline.

AN old bachelor says that every woman is in the wrong until she cries—and then she is in the right instantly.

"WHAT blessings these children are!" as the parish clerk said when he took the fee for christening them.

WE often hear of a man "being in advance of his age," but who ever heard of a woman being in the same predicament?

THE young lady who always wanted her sweetheart close at hand explains it on the ground that 'twas only a nigh dear of her own.

"YES, I want my daughter to study rhetoric," replied a Vermont mother; "for she can't fry pancakes now without smoking the house all up."

AN old pilot, on being asked why a certain point on the Mississippi was called Maiden's Bluff, innocently answered, "I s'pose it's cause it's a virgin on the river."

"MR. JONES, don't you think marriage is a means of grace?"—"Certainly: anything is a means of grace which breaks up pride and leads to repentance." Scene closes with a broomstick.

"IS it possible, miss, that you don't know the names of some of your best friends?" inquired a gentleman of a lady.—"Certainly," she replied. "I don't know what my own may be a year hence!"

A young girl was telling a friend that she had a beau. "Oh," said the friend, "I guess that's all a yarn!" "Well, perhaps it is, seeing that I can wind him round my finger," allowed the first speaker.

THERE was some philosophy in the hen-pecked husband, who, being asked why he had placed himself so completely under the government of his wife, answered, "To avoid the worse slavery of being under my own."

"SO," said a lady recently to an Aberdeen merchant, "your pretty daughter has married a rich husband." "Well," slowly replied the father, "I believe she has married a rich man, but I understand he is a very poor husband."

AN American paper says:—"Seven runaway bridal parties recently arrived at a Kentucky hotel, one after another, on the same day; and seven enraged papas were about two hours behindhand in every instance." That would make forty-nine enraged papas.

A Milwaukee editor writes in this melancholy strain:—"We didn't want our wife to go to the auction, and so we hid her shoes to keep her at home. Having occasion to go out an hour afterwards, we looked for our boots, but they weren't there; neither was our wife. It isn't any use."

A married Aberdonian man and his wife have lived ten years without offspring, but last week they had a stepson. They found a "dear baby" on the steps of their door, and adopted him. These children are always of a grateful character and grow up in physiognomy like the male benefactor.

AN American editor announces the death of a lady of his acquaintance, and thus touchingly adds, "In her decease the sick lost an invaluable friend. Long will she seem to stand at their bedside, as she was wont, with the balm of consolation in one hand, and a cup of rhubarb in the other."

THE following epitaph upon himself is said to have been written by an old Aberdeen bachelor:—

"At threescore winters' end I died,
A cheerful being, sole and sad;
The nuptial knot I never tied,
And wish my father never had."

A DELICATE QUESTION.—"Why is the letter *d* like a ring?" said a young lady to her accepted, one day. The gentleman, like the generality of his sex in such a situation, was as dull as a hammer. "Because," added the young lady, with a *very* modest look at the picture at the other end of the room, "because *we* can't be *wed* without it."

LAST HOURS OF PAGANINI AND MOZART.

Paganini was a great admirer of Beethoven and not long before his death he played one of that master's sublime quartets, his favourite one, with great energy. In extreme weakness he labored out to hear a requiem of Cherubini for the male voices, and soon afterward, with all but his last energies, he insisted upon being conveyed to one of the churches in Marseilles, where he took part in the solemn mass of Beethoven. His voice was now nearly extinct, and his sleep, that greatest of consolations, was broken up by dreadful fits of coughing; his features began to sink, and he appeared little more than a living skeleton, so excessive and fearful was his emaciation. Still he did not believe in the approach of death. Day by day he grew more restless, and talked of spending the winter at Nice, and he did live on till the spring. On the night of May 27, 1840, after a protracted paroxysm, he suddenly became strangely tranquil. He sank into a quiet sleep, and awoke refreshed and calm. The air was soft and warm. He desired them to open the windows wide, draw the curtains of his bed, and allow the moon, just rising in the unclouded glory of an Italian sky, to flood his apartment. He sat gazing intently upon it for some minutes, and then again sank down drowsily into a fitful sleep. Rousing himself once more, his fine ear caught the sound of the rustling leaves as they were gently stirred by some breath of air outside. In his dying moments this sound of the night wind in the trees seemed to affect him strangely, and the summer nights on the banks of the Arno long ago may have flashed back upon his mind, and called up fading memories. But now the Arno was exchanged for the wide Mediterranean Sea, all ablaze with light. Mozart in his last moments pointed to the score of the requiem which lay before him on his bed, and his lips were moving to indicate the effect of the kettle-drums in a particular place, as he sank back in a swoon; and it is recorded of Paganini that on that fair moonlight night in May, as the last dimness came over his eyes, he stretched out his hand to grasp his faithful friend and companion, his Guarnerius violin, and as he struck its chords once more and found that it ceased to speak with its old magic power, he himself sank back and expired, like one broken-hearted to find that a little, feeble, confused noise was all that was now left of those strains that he had created and the world had worshipped.

HUMOROUS.

"IT seems to me I have seen your physiognomy somewhere before, but I cannot imagine where."—"Very likely: I have been the keeper of a prison for the last twenty years."

"I DECLARE, Mr. Goldthumb, you have read everything."—"Why, ma'am, after working thirty years as a trunkmaker, it would be to my shame if I didn't know something of the literature of my country!"

AN intermission of twenty-four hours preceded the second part of the Wagner musical festival at Bayreuth, in order, the Brooklyn *Trojan* says, to give time for the burial of those who died from exhaustion during the first part.

"A young man at Kember's Bluff, in this State," says a Texas paper, "acquired the habit of tossing a cocked and loaded pistol in the air, and catching it by the muzzle as it fell. The last time he caught it was just a moment before he died."

A bailie of Glasgow was noted for the simplicity of his manners on the bench. A youth was charged before him with abstracting a handkerchief from a gentleman's pocket. The indictment being read, the bailie, addressing the prisoner, remarked, "I have used ye did the deed, for I had a handkerchief taken out of my ain pouch this vera week." The same magisterial logician was on another occasion seated on the bench, when a case of serious assault was brought forward by the public prosecutor. Struck by the powerful philosophy of the indictment, the bailie proceeded to say, "For this malicious crime ye are fined half a guinea." The assessor remarked that the case had not yet been proven. "Then," said the magistrate, "we'll just mak' the fine five shillings."