

BETWEEN FALL AND FALL.

LOVE ON A STEAMBOAT.

(For the Pictorial Times.)

It was in the lull of summer travel, toward the end of September, and even the sight-seers at Niagara Falls were few. But the glorious scenery of that region was never fairer to see. The autumn sky was suffused with softness; the sunlight lay upon the face of the cataract in golden rest, and the incumbent trees were gently flaming in an array of saffron, bronze and russet leaves. One true eye was there to admire the view and, sitting before his easel, in full sight of the Falls, a young artist sketched the main features of the transcendent land and water scapes. When he had brought into his canvass all the features of the spectacle, he drew the outlines of a solitary figure in the foreground. That figure was meant to represent himself. He had worked in comparative solitude, but on turning away with his utensils, he casually observed a small group of tourists who had evidently been watching his labor. The party was composed of an aged couple, and a number of young people of both sexes, among whom was a girl of eighteen summers, whose eye fell upon his in token of keen appreciation, while a ravishing smile played upon her lips. But there was no time to tarry. The first signal had been given for the Niagara boat for Lake Ontario, and the youth hurried forward with his impedimenta.

From Niagara to Toronto no incident of unusual interest occurred, the steamer being crowded and the passengers busy with making themselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. After leaving the Queen City of Canada, however, mutual intercourse became more easy, and strangers made acquaintances who had never met one another before, and would probably never meet again. The party of travellers, to whom reference has just been made, became the centre of attraction, the old people conversing with persons of their own age, the boys and girls scampering over the deck, while the young lady was surrounded by three or four admirers. Over the broad bosom of the lake the voyage was delightful, and the winding through the enchanting maze of the Thousand Islands afforded ample scope for wonderment and exclamations of pleasure. Throughout all the noise and confusion on board, the youthful artist stood alone. No one seemed to know him, and he took no pains to mingle in the throng. He spent most of his time at the edge of the quarter rail, and would sometimes ascend leisurely to the pilot house and there, with an ordinary pasteboard card in the hollow of his left hand, make rapid pencil sketches of the varied scene that passed before him. He had been stationed there when the boat dipped through the Long Sault, and on coming down the stair, met the young lady with two gentlemen going up. Their eyes met. There was the same sweet smile on the girl's face, while, blushing mildly in return, he touched his hat to her. There was another casual meeting at the head of the Lachine Rapids, when the usual rush to the front of the boat took place, to see the Indian pilot from Caughnawaga steer the frail craft over the abyss. The artist stood directly behind the young lady who, suddenly turning to one of her companions, found herself face to face with him. Her cheek burst into fire, but she said nothing, contenting herself with a bow which was answered by a respectful inclination. Under the sweeping arches of the Victoria Bridge and the lights of Montreal sprang into view. The Quebec packet was waiting, under steam, at the quay, and the transfer of passengers from one boat to the other took place at once. At the gangway,

the two young people met again for one moment, he extending his hand to help her to cross the plank.

II.

The Quebec boat turned her head down stream and was off without delay. Past St Helen's Island and the promontory of Varennes, she sped onward in the darkness, till the supper bell summoned all the passengers into the saloon. Our party of travellers sat alone, at one end of the table, the most of their companions having evidently landed at Montreal, while the artist occupied a position a little away, but not holding communion with anybody. No-rel was next reached and the illuminated mouth of the Richelieu, then the boat entered upon the expanded surface of Lake St. Peter. The night was growing late, the starlight and faint moon fell on the rippling waters, and the wind blew chill from the looming Laurentian mountains. Most of the passengers retired to their cabins; some lingered in the saloon, reading novels or inspecting the Indian curiosities on the centre table, while only a few ventured out upon the deck. But there was a party of three there, all the same, in the front of the fore-castle, near the bow, wrapped up in hoods and shawls, and quietly enjoying the loveliness of a Canadian night. Behind them, at some distance, and in shadow, stood the graceful form of a young man, seemingly absorbed in the scenery before him, and intent on his own thoughts. Now and again, but silently, he would turn his face forward, where his eyes would naturally fall on the quiet group before him, from which his artist's instinct could easily detach the outline of the fair girl with whom he had already been travelling for a night and a day.

The morning broke superb. The sun flooded the sky, making a first view of Quebec a sight never to be forgotten. Sillery, the Plains of Abraham, and Cape Diamond unrolled their marvellous panorama, and when at length the wharf was reached, the passengers seemed loth to quit the boat. Our artist remained on board until all were off, and it was only when he saw the companions of his voyage enter their caleches, and wind up the steep, that he went ashore, making this solitary reflexion, "I am sure I shall meet them at Montmorency."

The Falls of Montmorency are one hundred feet higher than those of Niagara, a fact not generally known. The breadth is less and the volume of water not so vast, but in the wildness of the scenery, the cataract presents as many attractions to the eye of the lover of nature. On the following morning, our artist sat before his easel, at the foot of the Falls, and was rapidly taking all the features of the scenery. When he had finished, he reflected a moment, then proceeded to fill up the foreground. He first drew a sketch of himself as he had done at Niagara, then, after another considerable pause, accompanied it by the exquisite outlines of a female form. He had scarcely concluded when his attention was arrested by the sound of voices, and on turning, he saw a number of young children romping on the slope beside him. Slightly behind him were the aged couple, the companions of his travel, and under a tree, directly overlooking his work, stood the young lady whom he had just drawn with his pencil. Further silence was impossible now. The old people advanced, and in the heartiest manner introduced themselves and their daughter. The artist received them with equal cordiality and pleasure. Mutual explanations followed, and the good understanding was sealed there and then by Henry Wilton presenting the picture to Mary Blaine. Three months later they were man and wife and the sketches of Niagara and Montmorency hang in places of honor in their home, with Mary's picture added to her husband's in the foreground of the former.

MILDRED VANE.

(For the Pictorial Times.)

Mildred Vane! The queerest maiden
Of all the many maids I know;
No one like her in the village,
No one like her, high or low,
I have watched her from her childhood,
We have grown in years amain,
And a constant wonder to me
Is this funny Mildred Vane.

In a green and ivied cottage,
Hidden 'mid ancestral trees,
By the fair and murmuring river,
Tuneless in the summer breeze,
Dwells she with her lonely father,
An old man with hairs of snow,
Crippled in his country's battle
On the plains of Waterloo.

Only daughter, free and wayward,
Never swayed nor checked by him,
Child of nature all untutored,
Humoured in her every whim;
Softened by no girlish pastime,
Nurtured in a country lane,
Like a boy has grown this maiden,
Like a boy is Mildred Vane.

See her walking through the village,
In the fragrant summer dawn,
How her dogs career around her,
How they frisk and trip and fawn;
When she blows her ivory whistle,
Up they prick their ears in play,
When she cracks her whip and points them,
Off they rush upon their prey.

Mildred is a fearless rider,
Vaulting on her Morgan brown,
From the barn-door off she gallops,
Unattended to the town;
No gay equeury beside her
Spurs his courser o'er the plain.
For a heartless amazon
Is this dashing Mildred Vane.



Mildred hies her to the greenwood,
With her pistols in her vest,
And for hours aims the target,
Searing wild-birds from their nest;
Or, along the mountain streamlets,
Angles for the timorous trout,
While around her, near the eddies,
Blue flies flutter in and out.

Mildred scorns the tricks of fashion,
In which female beauties shine,
Never wears the flowing dresses,
And discards the crinoline,
Wears a short and narrow kirtle,
Tightly belted at the waist,
While her dainty foot and ankle
In a jockey boot are laced.

She repels the face of chignons,
And false curls the brow that deck,
Her own soft and chestnut ringlets
Wave in beauty on her neck;
And she scoffs the city maiden
With her coronal and chain;
From head to foot to be unfettered
Is the pride of Mildred Vane.

Proper matrons shrug their shoulders
When they speak of Mildred Vane,
Look askance where'er she passes,
Riding, bounding o'er the plain;
And the slinky tongues of gossip
Have been busy with her name,
Hinting at her manly boldness,
And her want of maiden shame.

Ah! ye ugly, jealous cronies,
Cease your cruel, slanderous tale,
There is not a sweeter woman
Treads the grass of Granby vale,
Fawn-like Mildred, shy and modest,
Glory of our wooded glen,
She is chaste as any flower,
And her eyes ne'er look on men.

This wild girl knows not the longings
That devour your amorous souls,

Her pure spirit flies above them,
Like the sea-bird o'er the shoals;
No! she has no fleshly passions,
Nor is crazed with human loves,
For her fancy is in nature,
In its rivulets and groves.



God has fashioned all his daughters
Each to tread a special way;
Some to grace the quiet homestead,
Some to shine in fashion's ray,
Some to pray in cloistral shadows,
Ever celibate as the child,
And thee, O Mildred! to romp and glory
In elemental freedom—wild!

May he guard thee in thy blossom,
And the ripeness of thy charms,
Lilth of limb and pure of spirit,
Far from sin and sin's alarms;
Go thy ways through nature's dwellings,
Live and die there free from stain,
And at thy death, the fays will scatter
Wood-flowers o'er thee, Mildred Vane!

J. L.

THE POLITICIAN.

The politician is an expert of usury
rango; or at least, he believes in having
a policy.

He is like a broken bank, because he
lacks principle.

He is like a pawnbroker, because his
industry depends on his interest.

He is like St. Paul, because he "is
all things to all men."

He is like a ball, because he lies on
all sides.

He is like a circus performer, because
he gains in the ring.

He is like a harp, because he is a
modern specimen of a lyre.

He is like the Arctic and the Antarc-
tic circles, because he is to be bound
about the polls.

He is like the iron man, because he
finds profit in steal.

He is like a telegraph lineman, be-
cause he manipulates the wires.

He is like the dentist, because he
often takes the stamp.

POETRY AND PROSE.

In the stranger's register at a sum-
mer hotel stands written:

"Who loves not women, wine, and song,
Shall be called ass his whole life long."

and below in a different hand:

"If thou had'st tried my currant wine,
And my dear consort had for thine,
And heard her sing when she sings flat
I swear thou had'st not written that."

GETTING INSTRUCTIONS.

"Now, this piece is a very difficult
one," said the orchestra leader, "and I
shall try something distinctly new in
it. All but the trombone player are to
stop at a certain time when I nod my
head, instead of waving the baton."

"When shall I stop?" asked the
trombonist.

"Just before I nod my head," replied
the leader.

A politician is honest when all other
means have failed.