

## FLY-FISHING.

June flowers are blooming,  
And swallows are skimming,  
And insects are humming,  
And fish are swimming.

Mark yonder the swirl  
Just under a snarl  
Of roots, where that girl  
Picks shells from the marl.

'Tis a trout, a two-pounder!  
See him leap! what a wonder!  
But the girl—oh, confound her!  
Waves the willows asunder;

And dabbling with splashes,  
Among the wet bushes,  
A skiff she unlashes,  
And from the bank pushes,

Up and down by the willows,  
To and fro on the shallows,  
Everywhere with her shrill "Ohs!"  
She follows the swallows.

The trouts hear the rumpus  
Kicked up by this grampus;  
She's managed to stump us  
And sadly to damp us.

Good by to the river,  
Put the rod in its cover;  
From such girls us deliver!  
Our fishing is over.

C. D. S.

[The above is probably the last little poem written by the late lamented Charles Dawson Shanley. It was penned in Florida.]

## NEXT DOOR.

"What, Clara, absolutely cross on the first anniversary of our wedding-day!"

"Cross, Chris?—no! But vexed. Why, it was the most charming bouquet in the world you sent me on our wedding morning, and now, to-day, not, a flower!"

"What a dear little tiresome woman you are!" he said. "Who could have supposed you wanted a bouquet to remind you of your nuptial day? But there—you shall not be disappointed. I will dash down to Covent Garden in a cab, and I shall be back before your mother and father are here—or, at all events, long before your mamma has exhausted her budget of complaints as to my shameful conduct towards you."

"Oh, whatever mamma says, dear Chris, it is all for the best."

"No doubt; but I am bound to say that her remarks rarely result in delight."

Clara Nasmyth was perfectly happy in the thought that Chris had hurried off to town to purchase her bouquet, and she was convincing herself that, despite her mother's peculiar hints and innuendoes, she must be one of the happiest women in the world, when her pleasant thoughts were intercepted by the astounding sight she beheld, which was nothing less than a red-haired and gentlemanly-looking man, carrying his hat in his hand, while his head was bare except for his mane-like hair, and who dashed up to the house-door, and sounded a complete alarm.

In a few moments, a frightened servant entered the room, holding tight on to the door, as she said: "If you please, ma'am, the gentleman says he is quite wretched himself, and wishes to make you so!"

"He must be mad!"

"Whether he is or not, ma'am, he has got master's hat in his hands—I saw him take it myself; and there he is, raging and—"

"Your master's hat! Send him up immediately."

Evidently the visitor did not require pressing, for apparently he ran up the stairs, four at a time, and presented himself, panting and puffing, before the astonished lady.

"It is no use denying it," said he. "I'm the Welsh baritone, Mr. Hain Cymrig Blanklies, and I'll have his very existence."

At this point, Mrs. Nasmyth came to the conclusion she was not the happiest woman in the world.

"Is this his hat?" he demanded; and, before she could reply, he asked another question, "It is mine!"

Which it certainly was not, for, putting it on, it covered him up to the very chin, and the wonderful baritone appeared completely extinguished.

Not that he was, however, for, under those highly disadvantageous circumstances, he said, as though speaking from under a feather bed, "His life or mine!"

It was at this moment that, Clara's mamma arriving, and entering her son-in-law's drawing-room, she saw a strange form, struggling with a hat which had gone on with perfect ease, but which now appeared to refuse to be removed, except under pressure of more force than the sufferer appeared to be master of.

But even the world must come to an end at last, and so there was a finish to this amazing visitor's gymnastics, and suddenly out shot his head, now red to the very tip of his chin, and again the mystic words were heard, "His life or mine!"

At this moment the dignified voice of Mrs. Crane was heard demanding to know what all this masquerading might mean.

"Is this M. Nasmyth's hat?" he asked. "No, Magnolia Terrace?"

"It is," said Clara Nasmyth, in a tragic tone.

"What—what has happened?"

"I should know nothing about it, but as only he and I were there, and consequently but two hats—for she is unmarried—and I have not got my own, for I was not master of myself at the moment—I appeal to you—"

"Be good enough to appeal to me, if you please," said Mrs. Crane, prepared already to be-

lieve the very worst of the mysterious son-in-law.

"Where do you suppose he is at this moment?" said the stranger.

Mrs. Crane looked solemnly at her daughter, who tremblingly said, "Gone to Covent Garden, to buy me a bouquet."

"Indeed!" observed the intruder; "then he has very much mistaken the way; for, upon my word of honour as Mr. Hain Cymrig Blanklies, at the present moment he is next door round the corner, singing duets with the only woman I ever adored—the Signora Peltano."

"I knew it!" said Mrs. Crane; and immediately put on her bonnet and prepared for the worst.

"And here am I stopping about," shrieked the red-haired vocalist, "while he is singing tenor duets with the only woman I ever adored! Good morning."

He was about to fly down the stairs again, when he shot back, and replied, "Tell him," said he, "that when a man puts his name and address inside his hat, he had better be careful where he goes with it. Once more good morning."

And he dashed out of the house, leaving the door open behind him.

"Is it Bedlam?" asked Mrs. Crane.

"I don't know," replied Clara.

"Stop!" exclaimed Mrs. Crane, who made it her boast she had never been foiled in the whole course of her natural career; "this is a new house, and therefore the walls are not so thick but that, if he is there, I can hear his voice through the brickwork. So here is to begin!"

But in vain she sounded the walls like a doctor with a stethoscope; not a murmur could she hear coming from next door round the corner.

She was still busily doing her best to obtain an attack of neuralgia, by dabbing her left cheek over the drawing-room paper, when a vehicle rattled up to the door, a knock was heard at it, and immediately afterwards in came Chris with no catastrophe apparent in his hat, and with the handsomest bouquet even Covent Garden can produce, held in his hand.

Clara Nasmyth was joyfully puzzled; Mrs. Crane was most deplorably sorry—was absolutely disappointed.

By this time he had put his hat upon a table, and had turned with his present towards his young and new trembling wife.

Mrs. Crane immediately held a review of the hat. Strange, there was nothing mysterious in it.

Meanwhile, seeing his darling really in tribulation, Chris Nasmyth laid his flowers on one side, and hurriedly approached her.

"Clara," he said, "surely you are not angry with me? I have not been gone an hour, and I have bought you the most charming bouquet I could find for love or money. Why where is it?"

"Mr. Nasmyth," said Mrs. Crane, looking her son-in-law calmly in the face, "I have cast it forth."

"Cast it forth?"

She pointed to the window.

"It fortunately fell in a dust-cart," said she, "and it is gone for ever!"

Then she suddenly added, "And here the party is again, and apparently with his own hat!"

Once more the knocker of No. 1, Magnolia Terrace, awakened the echoes of that neighbourhood, and again the Welsh baritone swooped into the room.

And upon seeing amazed M. Nasmyth, he unburdened himself of a husky exclamation, which Mrs. Crane has since said "shook her for life" so some good was done, Mrs. Crane being truly a dreadful person.

"Where is it?" shrieked the singer.

"Where's what?" asked Nasmyth.

"The bowpot! On the honour of the Welsh baritone, in his native mountains—on the sword of Hain Cymrig Blanklies, if I don't find the bowpot, some one shall suffer for it!"

"I," said Mrs. Crane, "have cast it forth. The window, sir."

For some minutes the Welshman looked at Mrs. Crane as though about to send her after what he was pleased to call the bowpot.

But suddenly thinking better of it, he turned to Chris, and he said, "Sir, when, ten minutes since, I saw ye in the portico with my hat, and me with yours, the man was being tempted to part with the bowpot he was bringing to the house, and you got it! You're a bad man!"

At this point, Mrs. Crane, quite satisfied that he was in the wrong, dropped stiffly into a chair, shut up her eyelids, and went off into a perfectly silent fit.

"Have it I must!" said the baritone, apparently trying to tear out all his red hair by the roots; "for she says never will she see me, except with it!"

It was now that Clara, finding life a tragedy indeed, dropped on her knees before her loved mamma, called upon her for protection, and burst into tears.

Mrs. Crane came to herself at a blow, gave her daughter one kiss of resignation and then went back into a deadlier fit than before.

"I think," muttered Chris, biting his thumb, "I think if I were to catch him up quick, I could give him a throw he would not get over for a fortnight."

Here, once again, the knocker shook up the whole of the house, and the parlour-maid once again presented herself; but over the threshold she would not pass, and held out a letter like a bait at the end of a fishing rod.

"Answer wanted to-night," said she, at which Mrs. Crane raised a cautious eyelid.

Bewildered, Chris opened the letter, and the next moment he shouted the cabalistic words, "Two hundred pounds!"

Mrs. Crane looked furtively up, and took no more notice of her daughter than though she had been in the moon.

"Who hasn't two hundred pounds?" shouted the Welshman. "But where's the bowpot?" and he flourished a slip of paper he had taken from his pocket.

At this moment in walked Mr. Crane smiling like the most amiable man he was, and carrying a most elegant bouquet, which by the way, he had bought of a grinning dustman for a shilling.

Instantly the pride of Cymrig and Chris Nasmyth had pounced upon the new-comer with one accord.

"Spare him!" shouted Mrs. Crane, who really did think there was danger.

Chris was the conqueror, and swung the triumphant bouquet high above his head.

"Oh, for two hundred pounds!" shouted he.

"Here ye are, ye big fool!" said the baritone.

"Don't I tell you here it is?"

And then this is what Mrs. Crane saw done. Her son-in-law leapt at the piece of paper the Welsh gentleman was flaunting, dashed it in amongst the flowers, handed the whole to Mr. Hain Cymrig Blanklies, and said, "Next door, with very best compliments."

"On the honour of a Welsh baritone, I will," he said; "and without any exhibition of mere polite behaviour, away the Welsh singer went."

"And now," said Mrs. Crane, "I think, Mr. Crane, that you and I, and our daughter, will take our departure; for I, for one, have had enough of Bedlam for one day."

"But my dear," cried Mr. Crane, who was the mildest man (up to a point) in the world, "I have just come."

"Then you are ready to go. Come, Clara, my child, come home! The house may be damp, but you will find warmth here—here!" Mrs. Crane struck her noble bosom heavily.

"But, my dear," said Mrs. Crane, who had not yet reached the point, "why should Clara go home when she is at home?"

"Mr. C—," said his wife, "you are a candidate for Earlwood!"

And here Mr. Crane got past his point; and, dashing his fist down on the table, he looked at his wife, and said, "You're another!"

In one moment Mrs. Crane gave way.

"Then," said she, "I think I may as well take off my bonnet."

Which she was proceeding to do, when she became fixed and rigid, as she saw the red-headed vocalist once more rush into the room, and without knocking at the front door, which had been yawning open for some minutes; and, dashing up to her son-in-law, exclaimed, "You are the nearest and dearest friend I have in the world, and have done me a great service, on my word and honour as the Welsh baritone, Hain Cymrig Clanklies! Pray, give me your hand?"

"He's right," said Mrs. Crane; "for I am a candidate for Earlwood Asylum. I feel so in the back of my head."

"I'm to be hers, and she is to be mine, and she'll give no more lessons to amateur idiots; so shake hands again, my dear friend, for such you are, on the honour of St. David of Wales!"

"Oh, Chris, Chris!" wept the disconsolate young wife, "what—what does it all mean?"

"Mean!" exclaimed Chris, tugging at his hair; "why, that henceforth I'll have no more miserable secrets! Your bothering mother has so prompted you to be jealous, that I was afraid to tell you I've been studying the 'Trovatore,' and singing the part with the Signora Peltano, who is stopping next door, and who is coming out at the opera. This morning the time slipped away so fast I could not go to Covent Garden, so I bribed a man in livery, who was coming up the steps as I was leaving the house next door, to let me have the bouquet he was carrying, and I jumped into a cab that was passing, that you might fancy I had driven up to town. As for this wild lunatic of a Welsh mountaineer, I don't know him from Adam! He was coming out as I entered the house; and he scowled at me when I was leaving next door; and, directly he appeared, tore my hat out of my hand, rushed past me, and—that is all except that I was very much surprised to find I had got my own hat, after all."

"Yes, by St. David of Wales!" said Cymrig. "He is my dearest friend, and speaks the truth as easily as the lady who lives at the bottom of the well! This is just how it was, indeed: The signora felt herself insulted by the opera manager, and I sent word to him never would she sing a note in his house until he sent her a note of apology and two hundred pounds in notes of the Bank of England, stuck up in a bowpot. But he only put the apology in the flowers, and I went with the notes, which was a check, and all the same. Yet, before I can explain myself, I am turned out because my dearest friend here came for his lesson, and I took his hat. Then, ye see, the lessee of the opera sent the bowpot by this livery-servant, and my dear friend here buys it. Then the signora thinks the money is in the bowpot, when it was in my waistcoat pocket, near my heart, and naturally she makes a bit of a stir. Now I and the bowpot came here together, and my dearest friend shouts for two hundred pounds; he gives the bowpot to me; I give it to her; and we are all friends round St. Paul's; and she'll marry me, and I'll send the check back, and I'll ask ye all to the wedding. Shake hands!"

By this time Clara was quite repentant, and promised never to be jealous again.

And even Mrs. Crane was nobly magnanimous,

for she offered her son-in-law her hand royally, and she said, "Christopher, I forgive you from the very bottom of my poor worn heart!"

And after that it is clear there is nothing more to be said.

## THE SCIENCE OF HARMONY.

We are glad to hear that Professor Edgar A. Robbins of whose system of teaching Harmony we gave an account some weeks ago, has met with good success in his visit to the principal cities of Ontario. Many teachers of public schools have gone through the course, and qualified themselves to spread the knowledge of this valuable method. We are convinced that introduced into schools, colleges and convents, it will give pupils a clearer and more comprehensive foundation of musical education than any other system. Professor Robbins intends visiting Montreal again this summer, and hence will proceed to Quebec and the Maritime Provinces.

## HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

MAY 10.—The Czar of Russia arrived at Berlin and was most enthusiastically received by the Emperor and the populace generally.

The Massachusetts Legislature has appropriated half a million dollars towards the representation of the State at the Philadelphia Centennial.

In his speech at the opening of the Buenos Ayres Chambers the President proposed amnesty for all offenders in the late insurrection.

Chief Justice Draper gave judgment in the West Toronto Local election case, sustaining the election of Mr. Bell, and ordering the petitioner to pay costs.

The London Telegraph referring to the meeting of the Emperors of Russia and Germany, owns that the continental situation wears the very gravest aspect and that the future peace of Europe will be practically solved by the results of that meeting.

A deputation of authors waited upon Mr. Disraeli, in reference to international copyright. Mr. Edward Jenkins spoke in behalf of the deputation. The Premier promised that the Government would endeavor to remove the vexations and annoyances now existing.

MAY 11.—The total number of those lost by the sinking of the steamer Cadiz is 65.

A trotting race for a purse of \$20,000 was won at San Francisco by Edington.

Twenty-four more mail bags have been landed from the Schiller, containing New Zealand and New York mails.

The Mark Lane Express says the late rain has done immense good to the crops, almost counteracting the lateness of the season.

The Bill for the preservation of the peace in Ireland passed its third reading in the English House of Commons last night.

The Great Northern Handicap run at the York Spring Meeting yesterday, was won by Clearwell, Freeman second, and Escort third.

MAY 12.—The Carlists and Alfonsists have been exchanging prisoners.

The Japanese Government have ceded to Russia the portion of the island of Saghalien belonging to Japan.

In his address to the Centre Toronto electors, Mr. John Macdonald says he will exercise his private judgment on all political questions, and on this understanding only will he consent to run for Parliament.

A resolution was brought up in the French Assembly, disapproving of the mail contracts made by the Government with transatlantic steamship companies. It was understood that the Government would shortly settle the matter.

The North German Gazette says Germany's relations with France were never more satisfactory since the war than now. The Provincial Correspondence declares Germany can rely on union with a powerful neighbor to repress any schemes for disturbing the peace of Europe.

MAY 13.—Lieutenant-Governor Crawford died at 10:46 last night.

A delegation of pilgrims waited on the Pope yesterday and congratulated him on the attainment of the 83rd anniversary of his birth.

The Emperor of Russia is entirely convinced of the conciliatory disposition which exists at Berlin and assures the maintenance of peace in Europe.

The inhabitants of Sydney, New South Wales, have urged the Home Government to annex New Guinea. Extensive floods prevail in Victoria.

A decree was issued yesterday, by Judge Blatchford, on application of first mortgage bondholders, for the sale at auction of the Northern Pacific Railway.

Charles L. Lawrence, extradited from Ireland for forgery, has arrived in New York and been lodged in jail, pending the trial. There are over 100 indictments against him.

The youth O'Connor, who, some time ago, tried to shoot the Queen, made another attempt on the 5th inst.; but was promptly arrested and conveyed in a lunatic asylum.

The election of Dr. Haney, the Liberal member for Monck in the Local Legislature, has been voided for bribery of agents. The petition against the Conservative, Local, member for South Ontario—Mr. Brown—has been dismissed with costs against the petition.

MAY 14.—South Australia has 204,000 tons of surplus to export.

The gauge of the Intercolonial road will be changed on the 18th and 19th of June.

Captain Boyton will make another attempt to cross the English channel on the 28th.

A Paris despatch says the ex-Empress Eugenie refuses to accept any compromise of her claims upon the civil list.

The election of Mr. William Barber, M.P.P., or Halton has been voided for personal bribery, with costs against the respondent, who is disqualified for running again for seven years.

The divers employed at the scene of the wreck of the "Schiller" report that the vessel's bottom was literally torn off by the rocks. No specie has yet been recovered, and no cargo could be seen.

## ARTISTIC.

THE South Kensington Museum has acquired two more casts of the famous bronze works from Hildesheim Cathedral—namely, the font and a curious pillar. The pillar is the workmanship of Bishop Bernward, of Hildesheim, who died in the 11th century.

A COMMITTEE, at the head of which is Mr. Disraeli, has been formed for the purpose of erecting by public subscription a monument over the grave of Lord Byron. Hucknall York Church, where hitherto there has been no memorial of the poet.

A MEDAL will be struck commemorative of the celebration of the O'Connell Centenary in August next. The obverse containing a representation of the O'Connell monument, as modeled by the late J. H. Foley, R. A., and the reverse a profile head of the Champion of Emancipation.

A NEW feature in connection with the forthcoming Exhibition of the Royal Academy, will be the publication of a collection of photographs in album form of several of the most important works of leading artists, by the Fine Art Publishing Company. The volume is expected to be ready in the course of May.