

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)  
THE MIDNIGHT WINDS.

BY JOHN READE.

I.

Why wail ye, midnight winds? Because the light  
Of rosy morning, and the noonday bright,  
And the sweet glow of eventide—all, all are lost in  
night.

II.

Why wail ye, midnight winds? For hearts forlorn  
That miss their eldest or their latest boon,  
For those who sorrow o'er the dead they greeted  
yesternorn.

III.

Why wail ye, midnight winds? Because our breath  
Gathers from all the world the scent of death,  
And, soon or late, all that is best and fairest  
withereth.

(Written for the "Canadian Illustrated News.")

## THE ALBUM.

BY JOHN READE.

CHAPTER II.

He sat there, looking into the blazing fire. It was winter time. There was snow on the ground and the wind whistled drearily. It was five years and more since sorrow began to gnaw at his heart. He was thinking of old times, happy old times when Emma was all his own. He thought of her as she was then, of her bright, sweet eyes, of her fair brown hair, of her tender smile, which was such a solace to him in his early struggles. If she had only remained true to him, how different everything would be! How much more he would enjoy his wealth! How much more pleasure he would take in his deeds of benevolence!

Then he thought of the musical little feet that would run to welcome him whenever he came home, of little faces nestling close to his for a father's kiss!

But, again, he remembered Emma's falsehood and his heart grew hard. He had never asked himself for a moment whether he might not be ever so little mistaken in his suspicions. She had deceived him. He had seen it with his own eyes. He saw guilt in her face when she looked up at him that night, discovered. She bartered away his love for wealth and high position. He had both now, while she — He had never inquired after her, but he knew she had never married; that Mills, her lofty suitor, had never returned. She had been deceived too. Now, perhaps, she would be glad to have him as her husband, now, when her father's purse-strings and her mother's vanity had been humbled. Take her! take a woman who sought him for his money! The very idea disgusted him. Dr. Morton had taken her part. What did he know about it? He had not seen her bending her ear to that fellow's whispers. Extenuating circumstances! No! Doctor Morton, you know nothing about it. I don't care what she told your wife. After her treachery to me, any deceit would be only in keeping. But what a fool I am! Let me forget her.

He rose and determined to work off his low spirits. There were some letters of importance which he had required that day, but could not find anywhere. They might be mixed up with some of his old papers. He would look.

He went to search for these in an old-fashioned escritoire which he had not used for many years. Strange feelings came over him as he glanced at the superscription of one old letter after another. He could hardly resist the temptation to sit down and read them all over again. But he did resist it. He knew it would only plunge him deeper in depression so he searched vigorously for the desiderated letters. In doing so, however, his attention was arrested by a little package, neatly enveloped and sealed. For a few moments he forgot what it was and had even torn off a portion of the covering. It was an album—not one of the modern kind, devoted to photographic portraits, but one of the old-fashioned kind, in which ladies were wont to be flattered in ridiculous verse. Instinctively he opened it. As he turned over the leaves he saw some poetical extracts in a neat, youthful, female hand. There was a date attached to nearly all of them. Edward read:

"Amidst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men  
To hear, to see, to feel and to possess,  
And roam along, the world's wide denizen,  
With none to bless us, none that we can bless;  
Minions of splendour, shrinking from distress,  
None, that with kindred consciousness endued,  
If we were not, would seem to smile the less.  
Of all that flattered, followed, sought and sued—  
This is to be alone, this, this is solitude."

E. D. June, 1853.

The last line was marked in the most feminine manner. Edward read it all over again. This had been written two years before he had ever met her. Many thoughts passed through his mind. He felt himself thinking "Poor Emma" before he knew what he was about. Where was she now? Perhaps just as friendless and lovely as Byron's fancy,

"with none to bless her." A little further on he met with another extract—a verse of Moore's:

"O grant that of all that in life's sunny slumber  
Around us like summer barks idly have played,  
When storms are abroad, we may find in the number,  
One friend like the life-boat to fly to our aid."  
August 12th, 1853.

"Poor Emma" came to his lips again. Then he read:

"Believe not each accusing tongue  
As most weak persons do,  
But still believe that story wrong  
Which ought not to be true."

April 21th, 1854.

He fell into a long train of thought. What if he had wronged Emma! Perhaps he had been too jealous, too hasty. She came back to him, as he stood there with the old album in his hand, sweet and innocent. He could see her bending over the book and copying these extracts, as if in anticipation of her own sorrow. He saw her as she first appeared to him in the glory of beauty and hope and maiden modesty. He saw her as she was when she promised to love him, him only for ever. And then came the dark shadow. He saw her as she listened to the impassioned words of Henry Mills. As he thought of that scene he turned over the leaves impatiently. His eye fell on this couplet:

"Oh! what a tangled web we weave  
When first we practise to deceive!"

Emma Dawson.

May 12th, 1854.

These words struck him like lightning. Why should she write such a passage? Was she, then, always deceitful? Had she never been true to him? Then he looked at the date. That was long before their engagement. Had she deceived others? Impossible. She was only a child or little more when those words were written. What was he thinking of? It was his mad jealousy that suggested all these absurd charges. The lines were written because they pleased the girl's fancy. Who knows but it was her innate truthfulness that prompted her to copy them into her album?

His eye rested on another extract—"Long-fellow's Psalm of Life" copiously underlined. He read it through carefully.

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined lot here to be;  
But to live, that each to-morrow  
Find us farther than to-day."

He fell a-thinking of himself at these words. Was he moving farther, day by day, on the path to what is best? He had prospered. He was outwardly respected. But was his soul growing larger and purer? Was he really becoming a better man? Then he thought "Oh! it only Emma —"

But at this point he was interrupted by a ring at the door-bell. He closed the escritoire and, in a moment, was in the presence of his friend, Dr. Morton.

Edward was always glad to see him. He was particularly glad to see him now, for he was beginning to be very tired of himself. But the doctor said he could not stay long—only a few minutes—as he was on his way to see a patient, a young lady. But he would be glad if Edward would accompany him, as it was, in some sort, an errand of mercy. Edward consented. It was quite usual for him to accompany his friend to the houses of the sick poor. In this way he learned a good deal of the kind of help which was most needed, and, also, of the best mode of rendering it.

After passing through several streets, they at last came to a house which Edward soon recognized as a boarding-house. The doctor desired him to wait in the sitting-room while he went to see his patient. After some time he returned and requested Edward to accompany him upstairs. Edward, knowing that his presence must be necessary, at once complied. The doctor led him into a neat little parlour. On a sofa reclined a young lady, who, though pale from illness, was very beautiful. Her face wore an expression of placid resignation, but her eyes betrayed habitual sadness.

She just raised her face for a moment as the two gentlemen entered the room, but immediately turned her eyes downward and half averted her head, while a blush suffused her countenance.

Edward looked at her with an expression of most mingled emotion. He could scarcely trust the evidence of his senses. He seemed like one in a dream. He looked, in his surprise, from the doctor to the lady, then from the lady to the doctor with almost pitiable embarrassment. But Dr. Morton gave him short space for helpless astonishment. He explained the whole position, which he had led to, by a single word—"Emma Dawson."

"Allow me," said he, "to restore to each other two old and long separated friends." Saying this, he left the room.

We will not attempt to describe the scene that followed. "O Edward!" "O Emma!" Thus the interview began. It ended well, and Dr. Morton was forgiven for his kindly treachery.

As has already been intimated, the Dawsons had come to trouble. The head of the house was almost ruined by speculations which turned out adversely. He tried to stem the

current of disaster for a time, but it, at last, wholly overwhelmed him. About two years previous he had left New York in shame and mortification, to try and repair his shattered fortunes in some smaller city. He had gone to Buffalo. His son, who was engaged as purchaser in a large establishment, was most of the time in England and on the continent of Europe. He had faced ill fortune like a man and it had done him good. He was now in a fair way of succeeding well in the world. Emma, who had for some time been supporting herself by teaching, preferred remaining in the situation which she held in New York. She was indefatigable in attending to her duties and was loved and respected by both her fellow-teachers and her pupils. She bore her sorrow well but she felt it none the less. It was indeed gradually wearing into her constitution. But she would not give up.

One day Dr. Morton met her. She had long ceased to visit at his house, and, of late, he had lost sight of her altogether. But he had not forgotten her. He gave her a lease of invitation to his home and requested her to give him her address. He saw that she was failing in health and he was determined to save her, if he could. So he frequently visited her. His first aim was to induce her to take rest—perfect rest. In this point he succeeded with some difficulty. He next set himself to work to bring an interview between her and Edward. This once accomplished, he had no fear for the result. In this also he succeeded.

It is hardly necessary to say that Emma cleared herself to Edward's satisfaction of all imputation of deceit towards him. It was a harder task to reconcile him to himself—ashamed and remorseful, as he was, for his jealous cruelty. His love, deep and enduring, was his only excuse; his future conduct, he said, would be his reparation. For a while Emma felt a delicacy, owing to her changed circumstances, in renewing her former relations with Edward, but he peremptorily forbade all allusion to that topic. He hoped Emma would accept him, cured now of jealous madness and no longer poor.

When Emma wrote to her parents in Buffalo of their renewed acquaintance and engagement, a pang of shame passed, like a sword, through Mrs. Dawson's heart. She now repented of her former injustice to Edward and of her cruelty to her daughter. And her repentance was no pretence. She is not the first mother who has staked her daughter's happiness on what she was pleased to call a "good match." She was not satisfied till she had induced her husband to write to Mr. Leslie, giving his consent and blessing to his union with Emma.

Emma joined her parents in Buffalo, but she was not to remain with them long. Edward Leslie sits no longer by a lonely fireside. He is as active, as benevolent, as practically friendly to the best progress of the human race as ever he was. And he is also a better and a happier man.

He often tells Emma of his psychological analysis of her album and she has succeeded in explaining its very simple mysteries to his entire satisfaction.

The Dawsons, her parents, have considerably recovered from their fallen estate and their reverses have cured them of unworthy pride. But they are very proud of Emma and her husband.

James Dawson is doing very satisfactorily by all accounts, which is a great comfort to his mother, who once pampered and spoiled him.

Henry Mills is a rising lawyer—not quite so rich hereditarily as was expected, but with such chances as a clever and accomplished man has who makes good use of his advantages. A year's travel cured him of his sudden, and, apart from its consequences, very excusable passion for Emma Dawson.

THE END.

Max Adeler is responsible for this celestial story:—There is a Mrs. Smith over in New Jersey who has engaged a coolie to do her work for her. Like all Chinamen, he uses exaggerated and preposterous terms when addressing a superior. And so, a few weeks ago, when he wished to know if he should bring the washtubs up out of the cellar, he approached Mrs. Smith and used the following formula, which he had studied up with great care: "Would the beauteous dove who broods like an angel of peace over this fair heaven of domestic felicity, cooing soft notes to her affectionate mate, desire me to conduct the wooden vessels from the sublime subterranean apartment where they are excluded from the glance of her soft eyes?" Perhaps it was his broken English, or it may have been his warmth of manner, but Mrs. Smith imagined that the wretched Mongolian outcast was making love to her; so she floored him with a broomhandle, rolled him down two pairs of stairs, and then sat on him and thumped him up a lot, while Mr. Smith held him by the legs. The coolie conceived an idea that this ceremony must be invariably identical to the removal of tubs from American cellars—that it was some kind of religious rite which has to be performed always on washing days.

## ART AND LITERATURE.

Marshal Bazaine is preparing a reply to Count von Moltke's history of the recent campaign.

Vieuxtemps, the celebrated violinist, has been appointed Professor at the Ecole Royale of Music, at Brussels.

Rosa Bonheur's new painting, "Two Tigers Fighting," is said to be her masterpiece. It is numbered 71 in the list of her works. Meissonier has completed 819 pictures.

Admirers of Tennyson will be glad to know that Messrs. Strahan & Co. are about to publish a new volume of his poetry containing the concluding portion of the Arthurian legend.

It is proposed in New York to erect a statue of Dr. Livingstone by the side of those of Humboldt and Morse. The statue, if erected, will be after the one which already exists in England, executed by Mrs. Amelia Hill. The proposition is most favourably received.

The sale by auction took place on the 20th ultimo of the right of property in the literary and dramatic works of the late Alexandre Dumas, in two lots. Each has been put up at the price of 15,000fr., and an advance of 50fr. was made in both cases, and no more. Consequently, the whole was adjudicated for 39,100fr.

There are many instances of longevity in theatrical life. Wilkes lived 83 years, Quin 73, Garrick 65, Mrs. Garrick 93, Mrs. Clive 75, Beard 75, Rich 79, Macklin 107, Betterton 73, Mrs. Siddons 77, Quick 80, Colley Cibber 86, King 78, Cumberland 79, Dibdin 74, Murphy 78, Yates 97, Bannister 77, Bartley 74, Mrs. Bracegirdle 85, Braham 79, Dowton 89, Farren 85, Mrs. Glover 68, Hurley 72, Ingleton 69, Jack Johnstone 78, Keeley 75, Liston 69, Mrs. Sparkes 83, Lee Surg 85, Vining 78, H. Wallack 73, Mrs. Wallack 90.

WELL-PAID ARTISTS.—Mesdames Adolpha Patti, Nilsson, Volpini, and Signor Graziani are now engaged for Russia at the rate of £1,500, £1,400, £900, and £800 per month severally. The charming Madame Lucca has concluded for the New York season at £1,400 per month, and Madame Sanz at £400. The Czar is very encouraging towards establishing a National Academy of Music, and being highly pleased with a rehearsal of "Orphée" by the pupils of the Conservatory, at once decreed to raise the subvention of the establishment by £8,000 per annum.

According to a Berlin letter addressed to the *Cologne Gazette*, the firm of Mittler & Son, entrusted with the publication of the "Staff History of the Campaign in France," is quite unable to execute the orders addressed to it. The presses are kept working night and day, but not a tenth part of the copies written for have yet been supplied. Besides the long announced English translation, a complete Italian translation is promised, and a French translation of the first volume (all that has hitherto appeared in German) is advertised for immediate publication. It is expected that the entire work will be out before the end of next year.

The *Nordische Presse* announces that there has lately been discovered at St. Petersburg the only work of sculpture by the hand of Raphael, consisting of a group in marble, representing a child reposing on a dolphin. Models in plaster and engravings of the group are well-known, but the original, the existence of which at Paris about the year 1779 is uncontestedly proved, has disappeared since then, and it is not improbable, says the *Presse*, that the group which has been found, among other objects of art bought in the time of the Empress Catherine II. to adorn the Palace of the Taurida, is really the original by the chisel of Raphael. Nevertheless, the intelligence is given under reserve.

Gigantic as Sir Walter Scott's powers were, they were of slower growth than the powers of any man eminent in literature. He did not write his "Lay" till he was thirty-four, and he was forty-three when "Waverley" was published. With very rare exceptions, poets and novelists have written their best works in the first flush of youth, and written very little at the age when Sir Walter Scott was throwing off his best novels—that is, from forty-five to sixty. Pope wrote his "Essay on Criticism" in his teens, and that essay, as Dr. Johnson said, at once placed its author in the first rank of critics and poets. Shelley wrote "Queen Mab" at eighteen, and the "Cenci" at twenty-six. All Coleridge's masterpieces were written before he was five-and-twenty. Byron was only twenty-four when he published the first canto of "Childe Harold" and he wrote "Don Juan" at thirty. Burns threw off the "Cotter's Saturday Night" at twenty-six, and "Tam O'Shanter" at thirty-two. "Pickwick" was the work of a youth still serving his apprenticeship to literature. "The School for Scandal" was the work of a man of five-and-twenty, and the first volume of Ruskin's "Modern Painters" was written at twenty-four. "Vivian Grey" was the work of a boy; and Sir Bulwer Lytton had published most of his novels long before the age at which the author of "Waverley" discovered that fiction, after all, was his forte.