

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

OLD LOVES.

I have just left my Angelina! we expect to be united soon, and in anticipation of that joyful event, we have been discussing ways and means.

I am not exactly a "Cæsus," in fact, I am only a Government clerk in the waste paper department, and I regret to state that my valuable services have hitherto not been suitably recognized by a parsimonious Government. I trust, however, that with the advent of a Liberal Administration, my acknowledged abilities will be more adequately remunerated.

I supplement my somewhat scanty income by occasionally contributing to the columns of that extremely talented and ably conducted periodical the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, and in this connection, I may perhaps be permitted to remark that I have no doubt the Editor of this journal whose fame has

will in view of the approaching change in my condition, and the consequent enlargement of my expenditure, see fit to increase the rather limited honorarium with which he has hitherto favoured me.

As I before observed, Angelina and myself have been discussing ways and means. I know of a very snug little cottage suitable to our means, called "Rosemary Cottage," a sweet name, and as I remarked to Angelina, we could there enjoy each other's society untrammelled by contact with the outer world and wander in delightful freedom amid the umbrageous solitudes of the adjacent woods. But Angelina didn't seem to see it in this light, and demanded rather indignantly "if I wished to bury her alive?" I fear she doesn't appreciate Arcadian delights as I do. She insists on my taking a house in Megatherium Terrace, a row of hideously ugly dwellings each with a bulbous looking excrescence dignified by the name of a bow window. They are expensive and inconvenient, but then they are highly genteel, which is presumed to more than counterbalance these trifling disadvantages.

I am painfully conscious too that I can't afford the rent, and yet I have weakly consented to take it. Somehow Angelina is not so easily to be persuaded as she was in the early days of our courtship. I fancy I have of late observed in her an unpleasant tendency to "boss" me. Can it be that grown bold in fancied security she is showing the cloven foot? Is it possible that my dove-like Angelina is going to turn out a Tartar? No! Perish the thought! I will never believe it, but let her beware lest she arouse the sleeping lion. I am generally a mild man, but when roused, I am very determined and I mean to be master in my own house.

Wigsby, who is sitting opposite me smoking his pipe and to whom I mention my doubts and determination, laughs sardonically, and says, "He will back the grey mare at five to one." I fear Angelina is quite right. Wigsby is coarse. He is an old friend of mine, and a very good fellow, but Angelina never liked him. I am afraid when I am married I shall have to drop Wigsby.

I am alone now, Wigsby has taken himself off declaring that "I am about as cheerful as a sick clam," so I light my cigar, lean back comfortably in my easy chair, and fall to wondering how it was I fell in love. Angelina is not my first love by any means, though I shouldn't like her to know it. It seems to me upon reflection, that I have been perpetually falling in love and falling out again ever since I can remember.

The light wreaths of smoke curl upward from my havana, and show me in misty outline the vision of my first love. She was an "Infant Sappho" or something of that sort, and when I first saw her, she was standing on a table in a concert room, singing a serio-comic song in character. Our eyes met, and from that moment I felt that if I could not succeed in winning the heart of that fairy-like being, I was a blighted boy. I haunted the doors of that concert room. I surreptitiously abstracted and disposed of various articles of my wardrobe, in order to raise the sixpences necessary to procure me admission into that elysium. I even committed highway robbery for the same purpose and compelled my younger brother by threats of personal violence to relinquish to me a shilling which he had received as a birthday gift from our grandmother.

What an object of reverence was that snuffy, seedy, rowdy looking old reprobate whom I assumed to be the father of my enchantress! how I used to dog his footsteps in his walks about the town, gazing upon him from a respectful distance with an awe and admiration which no human being has ever since inspired in my breast. It never for one moment occurred to me that the weakened withered old womanish looking child that I sometimes saw with him could possibly be the brilliant fairy that had enslaved my boyish fancy.

I think I must have enjoyed an unusually long *interregnum* after this severe attack, or else the strain upon my feelings must have prematurely aged me, for I seem to have been considerably older when I next fell in love.

This time it was with a young lady at a boarding school and, sacrilegious young monster that I was, it was in church that I first became enamoured of her. She occupied a pew just opposite ours, and I well remember how delighted my fond and unsuspecting parents were with my apparent piety, and the regularity of my attendance at our place of worship. I don't know how I managed to elude the vigilance of the female dragon who guarded these fair daughters of Eve, but I did; and I used to scale the wall of the school garden two or three times a week in order to have an interview with my *inamorata*. Oh! that cruel wall, thickly studded with broken glass on the top! what frightful agonies did I suffer in the pursuit of this object of my affections. On looking back I appear to have passed most of my leisure time in picking pieces of glass out of my tender young person, while the contortions I underwent in my endeavours to get at the seat of the injury would have qualified me to take a high position in any acrobatic troop; it seems to me that at this period, I never sat down at all, but took all my meals standing, and even when in bed was nearly suffocated by trying to sleep with my face downwards. I can't remember how this affair came to be broken off, perhaps the waste of tissue was too great for the strength of my affection, I only know that for some time I attended church solely for the purpose of making

faces at her whom I had once loved so fondly, and for whom I had suffered so much.

At this time in my life I must have been in a chronic state of spooniness. The shades of my old loves rise before me so thickly that I feel almost inclined to exclaim with Macbeth,

"What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?"

Blonde succeeded brunette, short to tall, slim to stout, with such rapidity, that I used to get quite bewildered, and in apostrophising my mistresses' hair or eyes must have mixed my colours considerably. I then for the first time assumed the *toga virilis*, which at that epoch consisted of a brass buttoned swallow—tail coat, made very tight to the figure. I had attained quite an imposing stature, had an incipient moustache like a faint trace of gingerbread, and flattered myself I presented a highly genteel and graceful appearance, the fact that I was somewhat run to seed, not to say lanky, was borne in upon my mind in a peculiarly excruciating manner.

I was walking with my last love, a mature young lady old enough to be my mother, and was resplendent in my Sunday suit, when we met two vulgar street boys. Said the first when we were just within earshot, "Bill, look at this cove, aint he skinny?"

"Yes," replied the other wretch, "he is werry thin, perhaps he's in trainin' to go down a gas pipe." I was bursting with indignation and looked at the young fiends as though I could annihilate them with a look, when to my horror I heard a titter. A turned and there was the object of my fondest affections purple with suppressed laughter. I lifted my hat in a stately manner and left her, and never spoke to her again.

Then there was—but hullo! there's the clock striking two, and Angelina doesn't like my sitting up late and smoking, so I had better be off to bed, or else I shall look pale in the morning, and she'll think I have been dissipating. F.

Ottawa, 3rd Dec., 1873.

GERMAN LOSSES IN 1870-71.

Captain D. H. Leclerc, of the French army, lately laid before the Academy of Sciences a statistical account of the losses sustained by Germany during the late war with France. At Berlin, Munich, Stuttgart, and Dresden nominative lists were published of all the killed, wounded, and missing, and from these Captain Leclerc has compiled 8,000 tables, chronologically arranged by months and military operations, giving all the particulars respecting the nature of the wounds, the ranks of the officers, the number of troops engaged in each siege, battle or skirmish, etc. This enormous work, which the author has presented with a view to compete for the prize of statistics in the gift of the Academy, offers various results. Thus we learn that the general losses of the 3rd and 4th German armies opposed to Marshal MacMahon, from the 24th of July to the 3rd of September, 1870, amount to 25,454 dead, wounded, or missing. Of 2,721 of the latter, 322 Bavarians are so still; out of 1,072 officers hit, 298 were killed on the spot. During the same period, the 1st and 2nd German armies that fought against General Frossard and Marshal Bazaine, lost at Spichenen-Forbach, on the 6th of August, 5,056 officers, non-commissioned officers, and soldiers, either killed, wounded, or missing; on the 14th of August, at Borny, east of Metz, in less than five hours, 5,054 men of all grades, from one or other of the above causes; at Tionville and Mars-la-Tours, in eleven and a half hours, 14,915, of whom 3,167 were killed, and 1,435 missing; on the 18th, at Gravelotte, Verneville, and St. Privat-la-Montagne, in seven hours, 20,575, including 4,449 killed, of whom 292 were officers. The above four German armies therefore lost 74,732 men, comprising 2,989 officers, 6,154 non-commissioned officers, 749 drummers or buglemen, and 217 volunteers enlisted for a year. The figures include 6,315 missing; 323 of whom, Bavarians, have not turned up again. This calculation, be it remembered, only extends to the 3rd of September; from that period to the 30th of January 1871, the losses sustained by the Germans amounted to 54,484 men killed, wounded, or missing, making a grand total of 129,270 including 5,153 officers, 11,095 non-commissioned officers, 1,202 drummers or buglemen, 595 volunteers, and 96,425 soldiers. These general total of the dead, either killed on the spot or having died in consequence of their wounds, amounts to 44,995. The siege of Paris cost the Germans 11,701 men dead or wounded.

A BELL LEGEND.

One of the prettiest legends connected with bells in this empire is that of the bells of Limerick. It is said these bells were brought from Italy, where they had been manufactured by a young native, and finished after the toil of many years, and that he was naturally proud of his work. "They were subsequently purchased by the prior of a neighbouring convent, and with the profits of this sale the young Italian procured a little villa, where he had the pleasure of hearing the tolling of his bell from the convent cliff, and of growing old in the bosom of domestic happiness. This, however, was not to continue. In some of those broils, whether civil or foreign which are the undying worm in the peace of a fallen land, the good Italian was sundered among many. He lost his all, and after the passing of the storm found himself preserved alone amid the wreck of fortune, friends, family, and home. The convent in which the bells, the *chefs-d'œuvre* of his skill, were hung, was razed to the earth, and these last carried away to another land. The unfortunate owner, haunted by his memories and deserted by his hopes, became a wanderer over Europe. His hair grew grey, and his heart withered before he again found a home and a friend. In this desolation of spirit he formed the resolution of seeking the place to which the treasures of his memory had been finally borne. He sailed for Ireland, proceeded up the Shannon; the vessel anchored in the port near Limerick, and he hired a small boat for the purpose of landing. The city was now before him, and he beheld St. Mary's steeple lifting its turreted head above the smoke and mist of the old town. He sat in the stern, and looked fondly towards it. It was an evening so calm and beautiful as to remind him of his own native haven in the sweetest time of the year, the death of the spring. The broad stream appeared like one smooth mirror, and the little vessel glided through it with almost a noiseless expedition. On a sudden, amid the general stillness the bell tolled from the cathedral, the rowers rested on their oars, and the vessel went forward with the impulse it had received. The old Italian looked towards the city, crossed his arms upon his breast, and lay back in his seat; home, happiness, early recollections,

friends, family, all were in the sound, and went with it to his heart. When the rowers looked round they beheld him with his face still turned towards the cathedral, but his eyes were closed, and when they landed they found him cold and dead."

There may be, and probably is, some foundation for this beautiful and touching legend, but as the oldest bell in the present peal only dates back to 1613, it is manifestly impossible for it to relate to any at present in Limerick tower; it must have been to a former peal.

DOTHBOYS HALL.

A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* sends to that journal the following article, which puts another aspect on one of Dickens' happiest creations. We have heard something of the sort before, but have never seen it in quite so authentic a shape:—

"I have recently received a letter from an old friend and schoolfellow, which appears to me so far to exceed the interest of a merely private letter, that I have obtained his leave to send a copy of it to 'N. & Q.' I am sure that all who feel an interest in Dickens' writings will be glad to read a communication which throws some light upon one of his most famous fictions. My friend writes from Bowes, in the North Riding, a village in the neighbourhood of the classic ground of Rokeby:—

"We came here, as it is on the way to where we are going; it is my father's birth-place. It is a very fine country—fresh mountain air. Dotheboys Hall is still here, no longer a school. Mr. Shaw, the original of Squeers, married a Miss Laidman, who was a sort of cousin of my father. The school buildings are pulled down, but the house (Dotheboys) is still a very nice handsome one, with large offices, cow houses, &c., &c. We learn from our landlady that in the room where we are now sitting (Unicorn Inn, Bowes), Dickens had lunch the day he and a friend rode over from Barnard Castle to see and make sketches of Mr. Shaw's school, and this same old lady, Mrs. Highmoor, waited on them. Dickens was only here that day, but he stayed longer in Barnard Castle, and got a great deal of gossip, not too true, about the school, from one—a quondam usher of Shaw's, and a 'bad lot,' who had indeed been turned off for bad conduct.

"Mrs. Highmoor tells me, as indeed my father always says, that Dotheboys Hall is a most exaggerate caricature. But somehow the description was in some respects so correct that everybody recognised it. Poor Shaw quite took it to heart, and did no more good, got childish and paralytic, and soon died. The school went down fast. Mrs. Shaw also died broken-hearted. But a good deal of money was left behind. Mrs. Highmoor says there were an immense number of boys, that Mr. Shaw chartered a special coach to bring them from London (this place is on one of the great coaching roads between York and Glasgow), and that there was great joy in the village on the arrival of the coach and its precious freight—quite the event, in fact, it was. She says the boys were used very well, and fed as well as could be expected for £20 a year; that there might be things wrong, but no complaints were ever made; that Shaw made money, because on his own farm he grazed the cows and fed the sheep and pigs which supplied the boys' food.

"The house is at one end of the village. The coach-road runs past the gable between the house and the stables.

"My impression is that Yorkshire schools were bad, but not so bad as Dickens makes out, and Shaw's was much better than most of them. There is a strong feeling here of indignation against Dickens, who, no doubt, ruined poor Shaw."

"In his reply to my request to publish the above, my friend says:—

"By all means use my notes on Dotheboys. I think my information is authentic, being gathered on the spot. There were four large 'London schools' (so called) in the village, all knocked up by Nicholas Nickleby. The inhabitants were furious, and no wonder."

"I should like, by way of comment on my friend's interesting notes, and in justice to Dickens, to remind your readers that the great novelist, in his preface to 'Nicholas Nickleby,' says that his description of Dotheboys Hall was not meant to apply to any particular man or school, but that it was a type of Yorkshire cheap schools in general. He further distinctly and emphatically asserts that this description, so far from being exaggerated, falls far short of the reality. It is quite possible that Dickens unfortunately made his description in some respects too much a portrait of Mr. Shaw, the result of which appears to have been that the latter fell a victim to the obloquy which was due to Yorkshire schoolmasters generally. If the comparison be allowable, Shaw suffered like Louis XVI., who was guillotined not so much for his own sins as for those of his scoundrel ancestors! But although Shaw may have been comparatively innocent, I have no doubt that Dickens was, in the main, right, and that Yorkshire schools and Yorkshire schoolmasters were, on the whole, such as he describes them. That these gentry and their 'Caves of Despair' no longer exist is one of the many debts of gratitude which his fellow-countrymen owe to Charles Dickens."

WHITHER EMIGRANTS GO.

It is of interest to observe the destination of the 295,213 emigrants who departed from the United Kingdom in 1872. As many as 233,747, nearly four-fifths of the whole number, went to the United States—140,963 males and 92,778 females. There went to Australian colonies 15,876—9,068 males and 6,808 females; to New Zealand, 6,616; to Victoria, 5,263; to Queensland, 2,380; to New South Wales, 1,102. To British North America, 32,205—20,092 males and 12,113 females; 29,984 to Ontario and Quebec; 2,043 to Nova Scotia. To the West Indies, 2,231—1,518 males and 713 females. To India, 1,841; Straits Settlements, 76; Central and South America, the large number of 6,411; to the Cape of Good Hope, 1,456; to Natal, 396; to China, 349; to Japan, 13; to Western Africa, St. Helena, and Madeira, 290; to Malta, 141; to the Falklands, 64; to Mexico, 63; to Mauritius, 56; to Eastern Africa, 7; to Aden, 1.

LIFE OF MORCHES.—As there have been inquiries about this work, a notice of which lately appeared in the News, we may mention that it was published in London originally and reprinted a few weeks ago by Roberts Brothers, of Boston. It may be ordered from them by any local bookseller.

* The modesty of the Editor has compelled him to expurgate several highly complimentary sentences which here follow.