

nothing else for me at which I could earn my bread. Teaching of any other kind would have been intolerable, if only for the fact of my unlucky figure. Esop himself, the most philosophical of hunchbacks, would have trembled at the thought of facing a class of boys—that age which La Fontaine says is without pity. But to sit for an hour beside a girl playing exercises, while the mild-eyed governess played propriety, was different. So I gave up everything except the piano and organ, and started in practice as a teacher of the pianoforte. As Nature had given me a reasonably good pipe, I engaged myself to teach singing.

I was eighteen then, perhaps too young to take upon myself the responsibility of teaching. But pupils came to me, and in a few months I was happily beyond the want of any further help from the Captain. People invited me to give lessons from different motives; some because they thought that a Pole would take their girls at half the price of ordinary professors—in the same way, after the Commune of 1871, the friends of the exiles got them pupils on the ground that they would teach French for a shilling an hour; some came to me because I was young, and they wanted to boast that they were encouraging rising genius; a few, no doubt, because they really thought I could play well and teach their daughters. One lady who had a select boarding and day school—she dressed in black cotton velvet, and bound her brows with a black ribbon, as if to compress and control the gigantic intellect beneath—engaged my services, as I afterwards learned, in order that she might announce on her cards that she had music taught at Cape St. Vincent House (established 1780) by the “young, unfortunate Polish nobleman, Count Ladislas Pulaski.” But as there is no possible romance about a lad of five feet nothing, with long arms, crooked back and round shoulders, parents who came from a distance, allured by the “unfortunate nobleman,” were not allowed to see me. I found out the thing after a time, and was foolish enough, being then quite young, to throw up the engagement in a rage quite befitting my illustrious descent. Afterwards I learned to behave with patience when I was received, as always happened, with a certain deference; but I really think that English people did not grovel before a title so abjectly twenty years ago as they do now—and I grew accustomed to overhear the familiar whisper,—

“A Count, my dear, in his own country, and here too, if he chooses to enjoy the title of a most distinguished Polish family.”

“Enjoy the title.” What a wonderful expression! Does a Duke awake in the morning and begin to smack his lips when a valet says “Your Grace?” Does he stand before his title as before a picture, catching it in different lights? Does he turn the name about as a jewel of many facets, pleasing his eyes with the lustre? I have tried to imagine all the sensual delights possible to be got out of an acknowledged Countship, were one independent enough to bear it openly, and I have always failed.

My lessons were given in the morning, so that I had the more time for Celia. Long before this I had become a son of the house at the Tyrrells. I came and went unnoticed; it was not thought necessary to improve the family tea or supper on my account; no cakes and muffins were provided, and the decanters were not produced in my honour. That was very pleasant. Also it was an understood thing that I was Celia's companion, guardian, duenna, watch-dog—anything. “It is a great comfort,” said her mother, “to feel that she is with Ladislas. He is so steady.”

In those days there were no choral societies, madrigal unions, or part singing in our town. Girls sang duets, but young men seldom took any trouble to cultivate their voices, and unless sometimes when, under pressure, they attempted ambitious things set for high tenor voices, like “Good-bye Sweetheart,” or “Ever of Thee,” wreaking a wicked will upon time and tune, they never sang at all. Musical young men, as they were called, were looked upon with a little disfavor as likely to turn out badly. Therefore it was a novelty in our small circle when Celia and I sang duets.

She learned to play, not brilliantly—perhaps from some defect in my teaching power—but softly and delicately, as if she loved what she played. She had the power of bringing out fresh sweetnesses, such as I had never felt in my own playing of the same piece. It is so always in the highest music. Play it a hundred times, exhaust, as you think, every chord of passion, yearning, faith, prayer, and hope, teach yourself to believe that it is a landscape which you have studied under a thousand effects of light and shade until you know its every possible aspect. Another plays it. Lo! on every side you discern hitherto undiscovered glades of sweet greenery arched by great cathedral aisles in which birds sing endless songs of praise, and clear before you, erewhile so dark and doubtful, lies the path which leads to the higher world, a sunny lane planted by loving hands with flowers, bordered with honeysuckle and meadowsweet, stretching broad and bright to the Gates of Emerald. The best thing about being a musician is that you can understand the music of others.

I encouraged Celia to play only from the best composers, because, while we have the best music to teach us, and the best poetry to speak our thoughts for us, it seems so great a sin to waste ourselves upon lower and ignoble things.

In course of time I began to essay little things of my own; feeble flights, imitations, echoes of

the masters. Celia played them, praised them, and then went back to the masters. This showed me what a mere apprentice I was. For that matter I am not out of my articles.

Sometimes, after playing one of my own studies, it would please us to see Mrs. Tyrrell waking up out of the doze in which she spent most of her afternoons, and nod her head placidly.

“That is a very pretty piece of Mozart, Celia. I always liked that movement.”

Or, “that has always been my favourite in Mendelssohn.”

Why is it that people should take shame to themselves for not understanding music, and cover themselves with ignominy by the pretence? No one is ashamed to say that he does not know Hebrew or mathematics. And yet, unless one goes through the regular mill, how can music be known any more than mathematics?

Mrs. Tyrrell reminded me of those fakeers or yogis, who attain to Heaven by perpetually gazing upon a particular toe. She spent her afternoons in a motionless contemplation of the work which she held in her hands. From time to time her eyes closed, but only for a few moments, when the lazy eyelid lifted and, and her fimpid eyes, which were like the eyes of fallow-deer for absence of care, rested again on the work. A gentle, easy, emotionless woman, who could not understand her bright and eager daughter. A good woman too, and a kind mother, careful that her Celia had the best.

We were at that age when the soul is charged with uncertain longings. Youth is the time when poetry has the greatest power over us. There are so many things we have to say; our thoughts fly here and there like a young bird in early summer, not aimlessly, but without control; the brain has not been forced into a single groove, and hardened by long continuance in that groove; the ways of the world are all open. There is no relief in speech, because, for such thoughts the tongue is powerless. Therefore one falls back on poetry. It makes me sad now to think of the days when our minds, saturated with the winged words of Keats, Byron, or Wordsworth, were as full of clouded visions, sunlit, mist-coloured, crossed with gleams of glory, as any picture by Turner. Where are they gone, the dreams of youth? “Où est la neige d'autan!” For if, in the after years, one such vision comes, evoked for a few moments by the breath of some mighty music, it is but a passing gleam. The fierce noontide light of midday soon disperses the clouds, and gathers up the mists. Perhaps, when evening falls upon us, they will come again, those glimpses of the better world.

We wandered hand-in-hand, a pair of dreaming children, or sat in Celia's Arbour, gazing out upon the broad bosom of the harbour. From the moat below us, which was the practice-ground of young buglers, trumpeters, and drummers, there came blown about by the breeze, the reveille, the call to retreat, the charge, and the eager rub-dub of the drum, which somehow acts so strongly upon the fighting nerves of the soldier. And every day in that busy port there was the firing of salutes, the solemn Dead March for a regimental funeral, with the quick rattle of muskets over his grave, the band of a regiment marching through the streets, and the booming of artillery practice, sounds to remind us of the world outside, to which we did not belong, but which fired our imagination.

And many kinds of life. At the end of the grassy meadow before our feet was a gate leading into the upper end of the Dockyard. Through the gate streamed the Liberty men, like schoolboys at play. And after them, going along as slowly as they possibly could, would be sometimes driven a file of wretched convicts, spade in hand, to dig and entrench in some of the Government works. There was a horrible fascination in looking at the convicts. What crimes had they committed? Why were they unhappy above other men who had sinned and not been found out? What miserable mothers and sisters mourned somewhere their degradation? How could they bear the grey uniform of disgrace, the horrible companionship of criminals, the wretched life on the hulks? Which were the men whose time was almost up, and how would they meet their release, and the return to a world which for ever afterwards would scorn them?

Sentiment all this, perhaps; it is the unhappy thing about us all when we pass into the work time, and youth's brief holiday is over that we have no more sentiment, which is often but another name for sympathy. Men try to crystallise themselves into critics, and therefore put themselves as much as they can outside the emotions. That is what makes poets, novelists, and painters hate and detest the *métier* of critic.

Meantime, no news of Leonard. We knew that there could be none, and yet we hoped. Leonard, of course, would keep his word. He would not write for five years; but yet, perhaps in some indirect way, there might come news about him.

“I wonder in what way, Laddy? Of course he will be successful. Sometimes I think he is in London, writing poetry. Suppose he is already a great poet, everybody buying his wonderful verses?”

This was an extreme view to take, but then we were quite ignorant of publishing, and thought, perhaps, that a poet sprang ready made into existence and popularity. However, on cooler thoughts the idea of Leonard taking to poetry did not commend itself to me.

“He may have gone to the Bar, Laddy, and be a great advocate.”

It certainly did occur to me that advocates are seldom great at one or two and twenty.

“Or perhaps he may have become a merchant prince. Not a small trader, you know, but a great man, with fleets of ships and armies of clerks.”

We breathed faster and looked at each other with flushed cheeks. What success was too great for our hero?

“Laddy,” Celia went on sagely, “we must not choose, because we might be disappointed. Then Leonard would see the disappointment in in our faces, and that would hurt him. We must wait—and hope. Patience, Laddy.”

“Patience, Cis.” It was some proof of the strength of Leonard's character that everybody believed in his success. This young hero had gone forth to conquer the world. There would be no difficulties for him. Celia and I naturally looked upon him, our elder playfellow, with the respect of those who had been children with him, and younger than himself. This kind of feeling never dies out. The opinions of childhood throw out roots which spread all through the after years, and cling round the heart of eighty as much as round the heart of ten. And to this day I regard Leonard just as I used to, as a being quite superior to myself.

The Captain openly spoke of him as of one who had gone into the world to show what a man might do in it. Mr. Tyrrell, who was not naturally an enthusiastic man, would congratulate the Captain on the success of the boy. And Mrs. Tyrrell—how that good lady managed to be infected by the general enthusiasm I do not know—quoted Leonard as an example, when she felt inclined to moralise, of what religion and industry will effect for young people. What she thought they had done for Leonard I do not know. Perhaps she pictured him in a Bishop's apron. As for Mrs. Jeram, who also fell into the popular delusion, she openly thanked Providence for bringing such a boy into the world. She always knew, she said, by those infallible signs which only experienced persons can detect, that the baby—meaning Leonard—was going to be a great man.

There were others too. The Rev. Mr. Broughton, when he met the captain or myself, would invite us to go home with him and drink Leonard's health in a glass of curious brown sherry, adding that he always knew that boy would get on. And Mrs. Pontifex warned us solemnly against the pride that comes of worldly success.

All this was very delightful, and helped to keep us in a glow of pride and pleasure which made the long five years pass away quickly. There was only one discordant voice. It came from Herr Rümer, who lodged with the Bramblers, whose acquaintance I had now made.

“You think,” he said, in his German accent, “that this—what do you call him?—this boy has become a great man. What do you know about it? Nothing. What can a boy do without money and without friends? Nothing. He is some poor clerk in a merchant's office; he is a shopman behind a counter; he is an usher in a school; he has gone to Australia, and is a wretched shepherd. What else can a poor boy become? Great man! Bah! you are all fools together, Ladislas Pulaski. But go on, go on, if it will make you happy, go on till you find out the truth.”

(To be continued.)

THE GLEANER.

THE Colorado beetle has been made into scarf pins.

An English address of sympathy with M. Gambetta is in preparation.

THE standard of height for the German infantry is five feet one and a half inches.

It is reported that the Marquis of Lorne will come to Nova Scotia next month to hunt moose.

A JEW townsman in Russia can never become mayor, however great his influence or unsullied his integrity.

MR. GORDON BENNETT will bring out his London daily paper after all; his arrangements are being made for that purpose.

GENERAL NOGUET, aide-de-camp of the late Emperor, has bequeathed his entire fortune to the Prince Imperial.

HER Majesty Queen Victoria has just set an example by forwarding a large number of bandages to Mrs. Layard for distribution among the wounded Turkish fugitives.

WE shall soon see another congress. The librarians of England are about to have a conference under the presidency of Mr. Winter Jones, of the British Museum.

MADAME THIERS, before the corpse of her husband was soldered down in a leaden coffin, cut off a lock of hair, entwined it with a lock of her own, and made a bracelet of it.

THE QUEEN sent a message of condolence to Madame Thiers. Madame Thiers was much affected by this unexpected mark of respect and consideration on the part of Her Majesty.

THE Prince Imperial, to whom the Pope had sent his congratulations on the occasion of the fete of the 15th of August, has forwarded to the Holy Father his portrait set in diamonds.

PROF. HICKS, Principal of the Montreal Normal College and chess champion of the Dominion,

says he looks upon chess as an excellent educating medium, and favors the teaching of it in schools.

DURING the winter season, the experiment of lighting a great London theatre with electric candles, in place of gas, will be made. It is believed that the new light will be better, cheaper, and safer than the old one.

THE condition of Marlborough House as respects its sanitary arrangements is anything but satisfactory. The report has been circulated that it will be pulled down and that a new Palace will be raised in its stead.

A SPECTACLE illustrative of the Russian and Turkish war is to be given at Agricultural Hall, London. One thousand men and horses are to take part in it, and thirteen elephants and twelve camels will assist in the representation.

IT is reported that the bishops of the Church of England have determined to refuse the rite of consecration to all candidates for holy orders who do not disclaim all belief in certain doctrines which have recently been brought into prominent notice by the Holy Cross Society.

M. THIERS leaves two wills. One exclusively relates to his fortune, the best part of which goes to Madame Thiers and her sister. The rest is devised in legacies to nephews and friends. The second testament is political and literary, and will be executed by Mr. Barthélemy St. Hilaire.

M. THIERS died in the little iron bed scarcely larger than a child's, which he had used for fifty years. It was wheeled into the small drawing-room where he had breakfasted. He took it with him on his tour through Europe in 1870. M. Thiers was only the day before his death with Meissonier to give him a sitting.

THE Parisians at the seaside have gone recklessly into colour whimsicalities. The men wear coloured ribbons round their hats, of the most astounding hues—and carry their fancy into their visiting cards, which are of red, green, blue, or black; the shirts, and stockings, and trousers, are of the same “colour loudness.”

A RETURN about pauperism and its cost, compiled by the Local Government Board, and recently published, involves in its final result the curious fact that the total cost of relieving the poor in England during the year 1875-76 could have been met by a weekly contribution from every man, woman, and child in the kingdom of 14d. apiece.

THERE is considerable truth in a satirical paragraph in the *Paris Figaro*. A young collegian asks his papa the difference between civilization and barbarism. “Very simple, my boy,” replies Paterfamilias. “Civilization kills an enemy with a cannon-ball at six thousand yards, barbarism cuts off his head with a swordstroke.” There is a good deal both of civilization and barbarism about just now.

THAT President MacMahon feels alarmed at the situation in France is evident from his last manifesto, in which he claims that since his accession to power he has endeavoured, by appealing to the moderate men of all parties, to insure order in the empire. He confesses that the outlook is threatening, but claims that elections adverse to his policy would only aggravate the danger. The fact that Mme. MacMahon is to leave Paris till after the election, shows that he fears for the worst.

THE repeated assertions that William Tell was a myth have awakened the ire of the Swiss people, and at the instance of the Uri Government, M. Leonard Muller, a distinguished Swiss historian, has prepared a work in which he shows that Tell actually achieved the various feats of strength and expertness associated with his name. There would be nothing in those physical feats nowadays; could Tell have fallen 130 feet into a net, and then jump up and make a graceful bow as if nothing particular had happened? Perhaps his political feats were his best.

ARTISTIC.

MEISSONIER was so fortunate as to secure a sketch of Thiers.

GUSTAVE DORÉ hopes to let us have for our Christmas, next New Year's Day, his illustrated edition of Ariosto.

COUTURE, the great French artist, is about sixty years old, of short stature, with a large head and a mobile face, a pair of piercing black eyes, a straight nose, with flexible nostrils which dilates as he speaks, a heavy moustache, and thick iron-gray hair. He has no regular studio, but paints in any room he fancies.

THE bronze gentleman who, by the aid of a dish-cover and a kitchen-knife, perpetuates the Great Duke's memory in Hyde Park, is falling into decay. There is a great hole in his right leg. Homer's Achilles was vulnerable only in the heel, but his counterfeit presentment has a bad leg of many years' standing.

A NEW museum of plaster casts of ancient works of architecture and sculpture has been opened this summer in Munich. It has been organized, under the direction of Dr. Brunn, as a sort of complement to the celebrated Glyptothek, and as affording an important means of art education. The models date from the earliest monuments of Greece and Asia Minor to those of late Rome, and include all the renowned works of ancient sculpture.

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