

The Abduction of Poppet.

It seemed at first almost a hopeless attachment. She was of undoubted aristocratic parentage and descent, and had the entrée of the very cream of society. Had he ever troubled to think about it at all, he must certainly have experienced some misgivings as to the legitimacy of the connection, of which he was the result. He certainly was aware of the suspicion which inevitably manifested itself whenever he happened to be thrown outside the little world in which his peculiar qualities were recognized and appreciated. She, of course, belonged to the upper ten thousand, and had done nothing of any note since the hour of her birth. He also appeared to have nothing else to do except lounge about at street corners and at the doors of taverns; but, nevertheless, he had acquired a certain reputation, in some quarters, as a man of action and determination—in a word, as a "character."

Her name was "Poppet." She was known by no other, and was familiarly called so by princes and potentates in the grandest *salons* in London. Great men tried to propitiate themselves into her favour, and even duchesses occasionally used all sorts of endearments toward her. Still her head was not turned. The reason why, the reader will presently discover. He was known as Jim Lukens among his associates; but he was a fellow of infinite fancy, and had a happy knack of christening himself every now and again as he considered the circumstances of the moment appeared to demand it. Thus, in Coldbath-fields prison he was one person, and in Holloway gaol he was a different person altogether—nominally, at least. He did not find that continual baptisms mitigated the severity exercised in the official circles in which he often found himself, but he did not think it expedient to become too well acquainted by name to the Bench. Except in his one love affair, he had a deplorable lack of ambition.

"Poppet" lived with Lady Dollydacks in Park Lane, Hyde Park. She was not her ladyship's daughter, as Lord Dollydacks died without issue; neither was she her niece. Lady Dollydacks possessed a comfortable hatred of all her kith and kin. She felt it was the proper thing for a woman of her quality to do, and it saved so much trouble. No; "Poppet" was merely her ladyship's little *protégée*, and can hardly be said to have had any expectations beyond the comfort of her surroundings.

There was one particular about which all the official documents, in which Jim figured invariably, agreed, and that was, that he had "no occupation." It is reasonable to infer, therefore, that he was a gentleman of leisure, and, at least, her equal in this, if in nothing more. Indeed, he was more independent than she was, for he was a vagabond, who owned no master, not even his own will; while, as has been already told, she was but the *protégée* of Lady Dollydacks after all. "Poppet," however, was acknowledged by men and women of the highest capacity and rank to be simply perfect in form and beauty; he was described, on more than one occasion, in the police reports, as repulsively ugly. He was conscious, in a dim sort of way, of his physical deficiencies, but it did not check his passion for her.

Their first meeting, if it can be so called, happened in this way:

It was one beautiful summer morning. He was leaning over the railings of the "drive" in Hyde Park, looking at the brilliant equipages and their fair occupants as they passed him. There was a tinge of sullen, enquiring cynicism on his ugly but expressive features. He was reflecting, in his own crude fashion, upon the strangeness of the dispensations of Providence. He was a homeless, irreclaimable parish; these vivid crowds seemed veritable gods and goddesses.

All at once the discontent vanished out of his face, and it became irradiated with an appreciative intelligence. An open carriage, emblazoned regardless of expense, and drawn by a couple of beautiful coal black horses, was arrested by the opposing stream of traffic immediately in front of

him. Two servants, in gorgeous livery, sat on the box. The footman's calves, encased in flesh coloured hose, would have made George IV., of sacred memory, green with jealousy could he have seen them. The man was also a model of deportment—a creature after Mr. Turveydrop's own heart. He was motionless, silent and pompous, and his face wore that peculiar look of superior vacuity, of which those moving among the upper circles of society seem to possess a monopoly. But Jim did not give more than a glance at the servants; his eyes at once became riveted upon *her*. She sat, in the midst of her embroidered cushions, alone. Lady Dollydacks insisted upon her taking the air in this way every morning, except Sundays. It was in this matutinal drive that she performed the only labour she ever did. She brought home the day's supply of literature from Mudie's in the carriage with her. She was watching the faces of the occupants of the carriages as they passed her, and was wholly oblivious of the admiring glances cast back from them at her. She was thoroughbred and knew it, and one fancied, looking into her eyes, that there was a coldly critical air about them. Suddenly turning away from gazing at her world, having failed to recognize any one, her eyes for a moment fell upon him. Instinctively she shuddered back into her downy wrappings and averted her eyes, with a startled look about the corners of them. She was too proud to make any sign, although in her heart she felt a fearful dread of him spring up. His eyes seemed to devour her, and the carriage was delayed long enough for her profile to burn itself into his brain. He loved her, in his own vindictive way, at first sight.

During the next fortnight he was always at his place at the railings, and saw her driving past every morning. He had found out where she lived and all about her. There was some sort of fascination about him, too, for her, as every time she passed him her eyes were irresistibly drawn in his direction for a moment.

He had learnt of her visits to Mudie's library, and one morning he waited for her there, accompanied by another man, whose general appearance at once placed him in the same evil category as himself. The footman descended from the box and went inside; she remained without in the carriage. Jim's companion at once struck one of the horses with a stick he carried, and engaged in an altercation with the coachman, distracting his attention from his charge. Jim then lifted poor Poppet right out of her seat in his strong arms, and strangling her cries with one of her own silk wrappings, he turned hastily down a by-street, and was soon lost in the intricate mazes of Bloomsbury. She was abducted in broad daylight. Her struggles were all in vain; she was lost to her world for ever.

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The turns of Fortune's wheel are most curious. Poor "Poppet," after her glorious past, was ultimately disposed of to the proprietor of a circus, and after going through a great many vicissitudes, was obliged to perform tricks to a wide-mouthed mob. As for Lady Dollydacks, she was quite inconsolable for the loss of her favourite *poodle*.

Montreal.

WALTER BLACKBURN HARTE.

English is Germanic, although its vocabulary is loaded with many words of Latin origin. The French language was introduced into England by the Norman conquest in the eleventh century. From the two languages which were then found in the presence of one another, the Anglo-Saxon and the French, it has usually been said that a mixed language was formed—the English. This assertion is very inexact, from the morphological point of view. French, after the conquest, became the language of court and of justice, while it entered into the popular language only as to its vocabulary; but there it made a deep impression. Of the 43,000 words in the English language as they occur in the dictionary, more than 29,000 are of Roman origin, while only 13,000 or 14,000 are of Germanic origin, or Anglo-Saxon.



Mr. Lajeunesse, father of Mme. Albani will spend the winter in Montreal.

Mr. Jehin Prume has returned from Paris with his brother Erasme, a fellow artists.

The remains of Schubert were exhumed at Vienna last month, and were consecrated in the Wahrung Chapel by Father Schubert, a younger brother of the composer. The body was reinterred next to that of Beethoven.

THE CURSE ON DONERAILE.

Cormac O'Kelly, an Irish harper, went to Doneraile, in the County of Cork, where his watch was pilfered from his fob. This so roused his ire that he uttered the following "string of curses":

Alas! how dismal is my tale;
I lost my watch in Doneraile—
My Dublin watch, my chain and seal,
Pilfered at once in Doneraile.
May fire and brimstone never fail
To fall in showers on Doneraile;
May all the leading fiends assail
The thieving town of Doneraile;
As lightnings flash across the vale,
So down to hell with Doneraile!
The fate of Pompey at Pharsale,
Be that the curse of Doneraile;
May beef or mutton, lamb or veal,
Be never found in Doneraile,
But garlic soup and scurvy kale
Be still the food for Doneraile.
And forward as the creeping snail
Industry be at Doneraile.
May heaven a chosen curse entail
On ragged, rotten Doneraile;
May sun and moon forever fail
To beam their lights on Doneraile;
May every pestilential gale
Blast that cursed spot called Doneraile;
May no sweet cuckoo, thrush, nor quail,
Be ever heard in Doneraile;
May patriots, kings and commonweal
Despise and harass Doneraile;
May every post, gazette and mail
Sad tidings bring of Doneraile;
May vengeance fall on head and tail,
From north to south of Doneraile;
May profit small and tardy sale
Still damp the trade of Doneraile;
May fame resound a dismal tale
Whene'er she lights on Doneraile;
May Egypt's plagues at once prevail
To thin the knaves of Doneraile;
May frost and snow and sleet and hail
Benumb each joint in Doneraile;
May wolves and bloodhounds race and trail
The cursed crew of Doneraile;
May Oscar with his fiery flail
To atoms thrash all Doneraile;
May every mischief, fresh and stale,
Fall upon you, Doneraile;
May all, from Belfast to Kinsale,
Scoff, curse, and damn you, Doneraile;
May neither flour nor oatmeal
Be found or known in Doneraile;
May want and woe each joy curtail
That e'er was known in Doneraile;
May no one coffin want a nail
That wraps a rogue in Doneraile.
May all the thieves who rob and steal
The gallows meet in Doneraile;
May all the sons of Granuaile
Blush at the thieves of Doneraile;
May mischief big as a Norway whale
O'erwhelm the knaves of Doneraile;
May curses whole and by retail
Pour with full force on Doneraile;
May every transport wont to sail
A convict bring from Doneraile;
May every churn and milking-pail
Fall dry to staves in Doneraile;
May cold and hunger still congeal
The stagnant blood of Doneraile;
May every hour new woe reveal
That hell reserves for Doneraile;
May every chosen ill prevail
O'er all the imps of Doneraile;
May th' inquisition straight impale
The rapparees of Doneraile;
May curse of Sodom now prevail,
And sink to ashes Doneraile;
May Charon's host triumphant sail
Completely manned from Doneraile;
Oh! may my couplet never fail
To find new curse for Doneraile;
And may grim Pluto's inner gaol
Forever groan with Doneraile!