

imagination quickened by the beauty of the scene before him, half believed that the goddess of the morning, sweet Aurora, was herself in presence.

"She is come to cool your parched lips with her kisses, my poor Margaret."

A laugh, dissonant and mirthless, jarred on the ears of the young painter as he murmured this fancy to himself. It was difficult to realize that it came from the lips he apostrophized.

"See, mother, see, the abbot is trying to take the casket from me! Oh, mother, what hundreds of pearls and rubies they are in it! We'll sell them in London, and buy the old house again, and have as much land as we had before father began to drink. Lady Dorothy doesn't like the plan, she says. There's her ghost behind the others. Oh, how pretty she is—what lovely blue eyes, and what an innocent face for a woman that was so wicked! Hers is just the hair to twist strings of pearls in. Take the casket—take it—for fear the ghosts should be too strong for me. There's more of them rising, hundreds of them—the room's full of their faces. Oh, what horrible creatures! Keep them off, mother; don't let them come near the bed. Where's Mr. Carew?—he would drive them away. Oh, mother, their cold hands are touching me! Oh, help, help!"

With the girl's scream ringing in his ears, Carew hurried out of the room and house. He painted nothing that day; the exquisite mental pain occasioned by Margaret's delirium had unfitted him to handle the brush. A weary time spent among the abbey ruins gave place to a sleepless night, and when, on the following morning, he attempted, by way of breaking the painful monotony of his thoughts, to resume his picture, the result was so unsatisfactory that he cast the brush from him in despair. The three succeeding days were among the most painful that Carew had ever spent.

On the fourth, an hour or two after he had risen, there came a light tap at his room door. Opening it, he found himself confronted by Mrs. Wolfe's frightened face and despairing eyes.

"Oh, Mr. Carew," she wailed, "my child's dying! the doctor says she may pass away without waking from the stupor she's in. Come and see her once again before she dies."

Carew had never more than a confused and misty recollection of the minutes that followed. He remembered dimly a somewhat large room, airy and fresh and cool, as befits the chamber in which science and affection contend with the demon of fever. The exhausted nurse had retired to her own room to rest; but from the pillows of the bed there looked forth a wasted, strangely-solemn face, more beautiful in its strange stillness than it had been in the serene seriousness of health. The eyes were closed; it seemed the face of one dead.

The great grief that already wrapped her with its shadow had imparted to the mother a self-restraint and dignity that in ordinary seasons were foreign to her nature. She burst into no loud paroxysms of weeping, nor did the anguish stamped upon her features find expression in multiplied complaints. For the first few minutes that the pair stood there, all Mrs. Wolfe said was: "There's death in her face, you see, Mr. Carew, God's taking from me my daughter."

"I want you to paint her for me," she went on presently. "There never was such a face as hers in Furness; and now she's dying, she's more beautiful than ever. Paint her, Mr. Carew; give me a picture of her sweet face, that when she's gone from me I may have something to look on that will remind me of her, and keep me from going mad."

Carew, unable to trust his voice, silently signed assent. He fetched his sketching materials, and fell quietly to work. Mrs. Wolfe, after watching him for a while in silence, felt her grief rising chokingly in her throat, and went away to her own room to sob and pray.

The August day stole on, still and breathless, as if the wind and the birds in the woods, and the very leaves and waters had all hushed themselves in recognition of the presence of death. About the time when the western sky was flushed with a fever of sunset, and shadows like coffin-palls were trailing across grass and woodland, Carew had laid down his brush and looked from the imagined face that had grown beneath his skilful fingers to that other face shrouded by curtain and pillow. He had finished his task.

Mrs. Wolfe had returned to the bedside of her insensible daughter and sat now in a chair by one of the windows, lost in sorrowful thoughts, and motionless as the twilight. Carew stepped lightly past her and bent over the face on the pillow. Would those sealed lids never unclose again? Must this stupor, as the physician had feared, glide insensibly into an enduring sleep?

"It looks like sleep," he thought. He touched the widow gently on the arm. "See, Mrs. Wolfe, how happy her face is. This is sleep that God is giving her. It can't be death."

His companion rose and the two stood side by side, looking earnestly on wasted cheek and drooping eyelash. "Oh, if she would but open her eyes again," said the mother, sorrowfully.

As if the wish had been a summons, the eyes of the sleeper unsealed themselves, and Margaret looked at the two before her. "Mother," she said, in that most delightful of voices—the voice of the rescued one who has passed safely the crisis of fever and shaken off its delirium—"Mr. Carew!"

In the Academy exhibition of the following year, few pictures were more noticed than the

single canvas contributed by Francis Leigh Carew, A. R. A. The scene of this painting was laid in the chapel of the ruined Abbey of Furness; the hour was that of midsummer twilight. From the central niche of the three seats of carved stone that still adorned the chapel, a girlish face looked forth, wondering but undismayed, upon the apparition that confronted her. This was the ghostly figure of an abbot, unsubstantial yet distinct, and frowning malignantly upon the fair creature before him. The girl held in her hand an antique jewel-casket, from which a wealth of pearl and ruby had showered out into her lap. This treasure the dim hand of the phantom was extending to reclaim.

Three or four days after the opening of the exhibition there halted before the already purchased picture a young couple for whom it evidently possessed no common interest. The hour was unfashionable, and the room almost empty, and to these facts, rather than to the thin veil, and eyes aglow with radiant happiness, Margaret Carew owed it that no inquisitive stare and whisper proclaimed her, revealed to others than her husband, as the original of the ghost-confronted maiden of the picture.

"I found something better in the abbey than pearls and rubies, Frank," she said at last. Then, as Carew, disturbed from his vision of midsummer twilights, and rooks sailing in the glow of sunset above an ancient ruin, looked round at her, her eloquent eye and mobile lip whispered to him, "My husband."

Carew made no answer until they had reached home, nor, indeed, for a day or two afterward. One morning at breakfast, however, he suddenly set before his wife a vividly-tinted sketch of her face in its bridal aspect of blushing happiness.

"Pearl and ruby, Margaret," he said, pointing to the scarlet lips and white, small teeth revealed by the smile that parted them. "I found them in the abbey of Furness."

VARIETIES.

BEACONSFIELD.—Lord Beaconsfield, when speaking the other night on the Government bill about landlords, looked exceedingly well—as sunburnt and vigorous as if he had just come from hay-making at Hughenden, and his speech, especially towards the close, was marked by much animation, and by all his own felicity of phrase. For the first time for many years he wore a white waistcoat and light trousers. The task of speaking for over an hour was one that cost him a severe physical effort, but the signs of exhaustion were discernible not so much in his voice, which to the last filled the lofty chamber, as in his manner. It was remarked also that towards the close of his speech he took copious draughts of water—an unusual thing with him. Otherwise he displayed a good deal of what may be called his old House of Commons style. There was the same habit of leaning both hands upon the table, fingers outside—the same trick of keeping his handkerchief in his right hand.

THE TRICOLOUR.—The French themselves do not know what is the origin of their present national colours. Although the rage for the tricolour is to-day at its height—Although scarves and bonnets, and even parasols and gloves, have been made in party-coloured hues to celebrate the Republican fête—it remains still a matter of doubt what is the historic meaning of the emblem of the Revolution. The most probable account of its adoption is that the blue and red were borrowed from the ancient badge of the City of Paris, used by the citizens as far back as 1355. It is supposed that the white of the Bourbons was added in deference to the wishes of the Garde Nationale, which was still loyal to the King, but a writer in the *Journal des Debats* is of opinion that Louis XVI. himself, with his own hand, made the change, when at the foot of the staircase of the Hôtel de Ville he placed in the white cockade of his hat the ribbon offered him by Bailly. However this may be, it was some time before the tricolour, used as mere ornament in the hat, became a National flag.

UNIVERSAL LANGUAGES.—Universal languages have their periods like all mundane things. English we are assured is just entering upon its universal rôle. French is declining from its sway. Before that, Latin was the universal language. Its immediate predecessor on the throne was the Phœnician. Only about a century ago Latin was the tongue of the cultivated world. University lectures were commonly delivered in Latin, and students could wander from one foreign seat of learning to another confident that their progress would be delayed by no such barrier as the modern confusion of tongues has erected in the republic of letters. Latin was the language of diplomacy. The Hungarian Parliament discussed affairs of state in Latin. Oliver Cromwell wrote Latin despatches by the hand of John Milton, William of Orange talked well in the same tongue, Sir Robert Walpole always spoke Latin to George I., the king not understanding English and the minister being ignorant of German, while Gustavus Adolphus conversed with Dugald Dalgetty and the Scottish mercenaries who flocked to his standard in the same universally understood tongue. Sir Isaac Newton wrote his "Principia" in Latin, and Dr. Gregory his "Conspicua." It was, indeed, only after the century came in that learned men ceased to apologize for publishing their thoughts in the "vulgar tongue."

NIAGARA FALLS DRY.—The Right Rev. Bishop Fuller, of Niagara, having been taken to task for saying in a public lecture that owing to

the quantity of water being diminished in the Niagara River by the winds drying up Lake Erie, the Falls of Niagara were once dry for a whole day, he re-asserts his statement, and says—"That day was the 31st day of March, 1848. I did not witness it myself, but I was told of it the next day by my late brother-in-law, Mr. Street, M.P. Happening to go out to his place the next day, he told me that his miller (for he had a grist-mill on the rapids above the falls) knocked at his bedroom door about five o'clock in the morning of that day, and told him to get up, as there was no water in the mill race and no water in the great river outside of the race. He said that he was startled at the intelligence, and hurried out as soon as he could dress himself, and then saw the river on the edge of which he had been born, thirty-four years before, dry. After a hurried breakfast he and his youngest daughter (then unmarried) went down about three-quarters of a mile to the precipice itself over which there was a little water running, that, having provided himself with a strong pole, they started for Table Rock, and walked near the edge of the precipice about one-third of the way toward Goat Island, on the American shore, and having stuck this pole in a crevice of the rock, and Miss Street having tied her pocket handkerchief firmly on the top of the pole, they returned. He said that he then turned his view towards the river below the falls, and saw the water so shallow that immense jagged rocks stood up in such a frightful manner that he shuddered when he thought of his having frequently passed over them in the little *Maid of the Mist* (as I often had done). He then turned towards home, and drove from the Canada shore some half mile towards Goat Island."

PATTI AT HOME.—Nothing is talked of in operatic circles but the magnificent fête given recently by Patti to a few choice *affidés* of the Press, at the Castle of Craig-y-nos-Ystradeynlais, in the valley of Swansea, which for completeness and regal liberality surpasses anything of the kind ever beheld in that part of the country since the world began. The guests were few in number, but all of them chosen from the *élite* of the Press, both English and foreign. Dr. Filippo Filippi, of the *Perseveranza* of Milan, with Adrien Marx, of the *Paris Figaro* (the latter having arrived from Paris expressly to assist at the festival), together with several English journalists, accompanied the fair Adelina to her Elizabethian castle. The rest of the company consisted of Nicolini, Franchi, Emanuel, &c. On leaving the train at Swansea, carriages were found ready to convey the guests to Ystradeynlais in time for dinner. All along the road, from the place to the castle, the enthusiasm of the peasantry was excited to the highest pitch, and the impression of the high rank and even royal antecedents of the fair purchaser of Craig-y-nos Castle was rife amongst them. The castle is splendid—forty thousand pounds of the diva's earnings have been expended on the purchase, and as much more on the repairs and embellishments. The dining hall is painted in panels, and in each panel is represented a scene of one or other of the operas in which the fair warbler has obtained the most success—*Traviata*, *Aida*, *Semiramide*, &c., &c. In all of these she is represented singing her duo with Nicolini. The gardens and grounds are magnificent, and the panorama beheld from the windows perfectly sublime. The whole country was astir at the announcement of the fireworks, which were to be let off from the terrace, and even in the remote region of Ystradeynlais more than a thousand people had gathered on the lawn by one o'clock in the day, willing to wait till midnight for the sake of the show. Fire balloons in profusion were sent up, to the great amazement and delight of the spectators. Many of these balloons bore the inscription "God bless Patti!" which excited the wildest enthusiasm, others that of "God bless Nicolini!" which only excited the greatest wonder. Then came the crowning triumph of all—the bouquet representing Patti herself amid a whole shrubbery of laurel wreaths and roses. At twelve o'clock, when all was over, a loud and earnest appeal was sent up from the crowd to the place where Adelina sat enthroned, to induce the diva to sing. At first she objected, but when it was represented that many of these honest peasants had trudged many a mile over the mountains expressly to hear her voice she consented, and with the most charming good nature she trilled forth the simple melody of "Home, Sweet Home." "The scene," writes an eye-witness, "was one never to be forgotten. The night was calm and fair; the crowd stood listening in breathless attention. Not a sound was heard save the echo of that heavenly voice, which seemed to reverberate sweet and clear over hill and valley until it died away amid the stillness of the night. I have heard the prima donna many times at her very best in some of her most popular roles, surrounded by all the splendours of the opera, but never did her voice produce such deep effect, such soul-stirring emotion, as when in the Welsh valley, beneath the stars of heaven, and before an audience composed of the untutored, simple peasantry of the country she warbled forth with intense feeling the simple notes of "Home, Sweet Home!"

THEODORE THOMAS, who returned last week from Europe, has brought with him several musical novelties by distinguished composers which are not to be published anywhere in Europe till they have been brought out by him in New York. They have met, he says, with the endorsement of the best living critics, who have heard them in private.

LITERARY.

JEAN EUGENE HARTENZBUSH, Spanish dramatic author, has died at Madrid at the age of seventy-four.

E. C. Z. JUDSON ("Ned Buntline") resides at Stamford, Delaware county, N. Y., and is said to be a hale old man.

A **CHAUCER** for schools is in preparation by Mrs. Haweis, in response to a request from many influential teachers that she should prepare such a work.

DR. GUNN, one of Tanner's watchers, says in his book on the subject, that the *New York Herald's* independent watch cost that journal between \$1,600 and \$1,700.

A **DIGEST** of the Government blue books relating to the Zulu war has been prepared by Bishop Colenso of Natal. The work is 750 pages long and was wholly set up by Zulu type-setters in the Bishop's private printing office.

FASHION NOTES.

BREAKFAST caps grow in favour.

ALL outdoor dresses are made short.

THE Pilgrim suit originated in England.

FLUFFY crimps and bangs are out of date.

DERBYS never go entirely out of fashion.

JERSEY costumes will be worn next month.

PLAIDS will be revived in early fall millinery.

POMPADOUR silks are growing in popular favour.

MANY narrow ruffles appear on early fall dresses.

BEADED silk jerseys will be worn in the early fall.

THE nightgown with shirred waist is a new fancy.

SIDE combs of shell, jet, coral and ivory are used again.

WHITE evening bonnets will be as fashionable as ever.

It is admissible to go anywhere now with a short dress.

OSTRICH tips and plumes will be in high favour this fall.

PLUSH will take the place of velvet in millinery next winter.

MANY ruffles or flounces on skirts will be a feature of fall fashions.

CHINESE Corah silks in flowered designs will form parts of fall toilets.

RED pleatings around and under the bottom of dresses increase in number.

WIDE canvas belts are more fashionable than either leather or ribbon ones.

GOLD lace, gold ribbon and gold braid will be used to excess in early fall millinery.

THE fashionable evening colour takes the name of Ophelia; it is a dark shade of heliotrope.

MARGUERITE sleeves, puffed in the armhole and at the elbow, appear on some of the lately imported Parisian costumes.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MODJESKA and Wales smoke together.

VERDI is at work on his opera of "Otello."

THE Athenæum says that piano-forte making is not a trade, but a craft.

VICTOR MASSE, the French composer, has finished the score of his opera, "Une nuit de Cléopâtre."

MISS KATE FIELD, who has just added an entertainment on Paris to her repertoire, leaves London for New York on September 9.

DAN RICE has already retired from the religious field and is fitting up a floating circus for the Mississippi river and its tributaries.

MISS LILIAN ADELAIDE NEILSON, the actress, died suddenly on Sunday last in Paris. She was born at Saragossa, Spain, in the year 1850.

MR. HENRY IRVING says that he has in his possession a play by Mr. Tennyson—a remarkable play—which he will produce during the coming season.

MR. MAX MARITZKE has received an invitation from the board of directors of the College of Music in Cincinnati to accept an important position in that institution.

"**LA FILLE DU TAMBOUR-MAJOR**," the latest opera-bouffe, by J. Offenbach, will be produced at the Standard Theatre, on September 13, by M. Maurice Grau's French opera company.

M. GOUNOD is about to write an oratorio in three parts, called "The Redemption," for the Birmingham festival of 1882. The libretto, of which M. Gounod is himself the author, is already written.

MADAME PATTI says that her favourite opera is "Rigoletto," and her favourite musician Rossini; while, after some little hesitation, she says she has a sincere admiration for Wagner.

It is said that Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan divide upwards of £2,500 by the American season of "The Pirates of Penzance." The legal expenses incurred in the protection of the copyright against pirates amounted to about £1,200.

A **REPRESENTATION** of the *Agamemnon* of Eschylus in English was given last night at Queen Anne's Mansions. The performance has proved beyond a doubt the acting capacities of Greek tragedy, when treated in the modern manner, with the aid of facial expression. The limitations of the ancient stage were all forgotten, when the accomplished woman who played Clytemnestra appeared at the palace door with her bloody axe, and thrilled the audience with her powerful representation of the mighty murderess. She made a bold attempt in also undertaking the part of Cassandra; but in her effort to produce contrast she too much recalled the distractions of a tender Ophelia, though she was delivering the utterances of unavailing prophecy.

IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE.

That a remedy made of such common, simple plants as Hops, Buchu, Mandrake, Dandelion, &c., should make so many and such marvellous and wonderful cures as Hop Bitters do, but when old and young, rich and poor, Pastor and Doctor, Lawyer and Editor, all testify to having been cured by them, you must believe and try them yourself, and doubt no longer. See other column.