

THE LAST FAREWELL.

Farewell to love, farewell to home,
I bid ye both a last good-night;
Soon speeds my bark across the foam.
Soon will ye both be lost to sight.
For I must seek a foreign strand;
Perchance another home to find;
But in my own, my native land,
I leave my heart's best love behind.

For though I roam from pole to zone,
And wander o'er the waters wide,
My heart will cling to her alone.
Whom once I hoped to call my bride.
Whom once I hoped to call my bride.
That speaks of hopes decayed and dead.
Of pictured pleasures blotted and blurred.
Of saddened heart and aching head.

Whom once I hoped? Oh, speak it not,
Nor rend the broken heart again.
To that sad thought the present looms.
Owes all its blackness, all its pain.
Cease, Memory, cease thy saddening way;
Thou art at best a doubtful good;
And let the dead past haste away
Into "the years beyond the Flood."

For I would sing a happier strain,
And bid my love good-bye in peace;
For now we ne'er may meet again.
All bitter thoughts at least should cease.
If e'er I wronged her, she'll forgive,
In memory of the love I bore;
Nor let a fancied slight still live
To rankle in her bosom's core.

And though to me she was not kind,
Though all my hopes she dashed away,
Yet shall her image in my mind
Shine bright as on the happiest day.
No change of home, no change of scene,
Shall that bright image e'er deface.
Or still the thought of what has been,
Or from my heart my love erase.

Then farewell, love, and farewell, home,
I bid ye both a last good-night;
Soon speeds my bark athwart the foam.
Soon will ye both be lost to sight.
Perchance upon a foreign strand,
Another home I yet may find;
But in my own, my native land,
I leave my heart's best love behind.

H. B. HARRISON.

AUNT SUKY'S "CHIS."

A bitterly cold, marrow-piercing blood-congealing New England winter has sent scores of people with delicate lungs to regions where breathing is a luxury and not a penance, among them pretty, frail Mrs. Hawkins, who finds herself established in a large, old-fashioned plantation house near the village of Inntan, Georgia. To sit by an open window, drink great draughts of the deliciously balmy, pine-laden air, to walk in the sunshiny, neglected, old garden, gather great baskets of violets, marsh-mallows, cape-jessamines, lamargues, and the floral treasures such as she has been in the habit of admiring in her rich neighbours' conservatories, or longing for at city florists, as they lay embedded in green moss, behind plate-glass windows, at a dollar a piece, or thereabouts, seems to the little lady the *ne plus ultra* of enjoyment. It is dashed by the thought that her Charles is a lonely husband, chained to a desk the best part of each day, and walking cheerily, or drearily through a strong atmospheric solution of carving-knives to the modest suburban home which somehow, seems to get farther out in the country every day; but all the same she revels in her new surroundings. "The house is big, and quiet and comfortable; the garden is big and quiet and sunshiny; the people are big and quiet and kind. The men are all sons of Anak, the woman daughters of the gods, divinely tall and fair. Think of being in a place where there is no snow, or wind, or rain, or noise, or dust apparently; where roses nod persistently against the window-pane and the sun streams in a broad, beautiful band across the door-sill. Think what it is to get all the flannel out of your lungs and lose all the woolly tones of your voice, and cease to think perpetually of your wraps and overshoes, and umbrellas and no longer take as much care of yourself as you would of your grandmother, and get yourself quite off your mind! Think of being with people who live like aldermen, and are as kind as sisters of charity, and as unworldly as the angels, and have never heard a strain of "Pinafore" and only ask thirty dollars a month for the privilege of living under the same roof! Is it not incredible? I ask myself every day if I am on this continent and in this century," she wrote home; and truth to tell she was in good quarters, with southern warmth and sunshine and kindness enveloping her as in a mantle. In a few weeks, a faint, wild-rose, imitation tea-rose bloomed on the wan cheeks, she regained her rounded, girlish outlines and developed an amount of energy that clamoured for expression all the more for years of enforced subjugation and idleness. And then with the inauguration of the half-cured invalid she committed a grave imprudence. With soul intent upon millinery, she ran out in the hall one day and dragged in her largest Saratoga, opened it, found the ribbon which was to adorn the bonnet she was making, and straightway, dyed it crimson! Great was the consternation of her kind hosts when they found her lying white and speechless on the bed; and the first thing done was to send simultaneously for the doctor and Aunt Suky, the two family-props. Both responded promptly; the first, a pompous, orate medical man, very imposing in his technical phrases, his dignified attitudes and a certain magisterial way of flourishing a gold-headed cane, presented by a former grateful patient; the second a tiny, old woman with all her features drawn to a focus, a wrinkled nose and half-shut eyes.

"So glad you've come, Aunt Suky," said the lady of the house in a cordial whisper.

"What de matter? Hamridge, you say! I know'se all 'bout dat; nussed Kallines Emma wid 'em pretty nigh five years, till de Lord took her into glory," replied Aunt Suky in a low voice, taking of her shawl as she spoke. Limping across the room she deposited what she called her "armbureller" in the corner, came back and stood by the bed.

"How do you think she looks! Dreadfully pale, isn't she? said the mistress.

"Wait till I gets my eye-specs," said Aunt Suky, frowning; and fishing in the depths of a huge pocket she produced a pair of blue goggles, put them on elaborately and looked over them at the patient. Then drawing up a chair she added: "You kin go, chile, I don't want no whispering and circumferatin' goin' on in a room I've called to nuss. With this she settled herself well in the arm-chair, pursed up her mouth to a rather finer point than before, gave her bandanna a slight hitch over the left ear and took command, as bold as an admiral on his own quarter-deck.

Many days passed before Mrs. Hawkins took much interest in what was going on around her. Beyond a general impression that the affairs of her world, the sick-room, were under wise and beneficent control, she knew nothing. The thousand unimportant nothings of the situation were carefully attended to; food and medicine were administered with clock-work regularity, and she seemed to see in feverish half-dreams the figure of a queer old black woman who might have been a cobold, or banshee, or anything else that way uncanny hovering above her, curled up on the floor beside her, nodding sleepily opposite, but always alive to her every want or movement. Opening her eyes one night, after a long and refreshing sleep, Mrs. Hawkins saw the old woman over in one corner of the room, sitting by a table, on which a tallow candle flared and smoked. Her spectacles were pushed well back, her head-handkerchief drawn down to meet them, one eye was screwed up, and her mouth drawn around toward the closed eye, while with the open one she glared intently at a needle held about two feet away, at which she made various and sundry "passes" from time to time in a vain effort to force a coarse waxed thread through its eye. Presently she succeeded, her features relaxed, and picking a garment off the floor, she began working with stiff rheumatic old fingers, the wrinkles in her forehead running up to the fringe of grey hair above.

"Who—who is that?" quavered Mrs. Hawkins, puzzled by the queer figure before her.

"Suky, honey, you jest turn over and go to sleep agin," said her nurse looking up for a moment and then going on with her work.

"And who is she?" said the confused patient, half to herself.

"She's de cat's mother," said Suky shortly, giving her eyes a disapproving roll toward the bed, and feeling the remark a personal indignity. "Yer ain't very perlit," then waving an enormous pair of shears towards her she added: "Sick, or well, remember dis, manners all take you fuder 'en money."

Mrs. Hawkins was not in the habit of being called "honey" by her servants, neither was she accustomed to being criticized by them, so she resented vaguely what she conceived to be an impertinence, and wondered vaguely how she had given offense, and laid still revolving both problems in a head that felt like a bee-hive, until she fell asleep again. Next morning she had both strength and leisure to examine her companion more narrowly than she had yet done. Aunt Suky, when she had attended to all her patient's wants, and propped her up skillfully on a huge square pillow, put her hands on her hips, and her head on one side, looked at her critically and said: "You're better. De Lord's got work for you to do here yit, and yer gwine to git well." Mrs. Hawkins was about to pour out a string of questions and comments but she was interrupted: "Hesh, child, you ain't to talk. He said so,"—with a contemptuous jerk of the head in the direction of the village—"and dough he don't know much it's a mighty big fool dat ain't right once in a lifetime."

Aunt Suky was frequently called in to nurse the doctor's patients, and a bitter jealousy and a raging contempt for him was one of the strongest sentiments that animated her. This with some other of Aunt Suky's peculiarities soon struck Mrs. Hawkins who studied her as if she had been a curious insect under a microscope; knowing nothing of the genus whatever. She noticed that while Aunt Suky's dress was spotlessly clean, it was most obtrusively patched in a dozen different places with bright bits of new calico, whose fresh tints made the garment look quite painfully faded by contrast. "Poor old soul, how fearfully poor she must be, and yet how neat and industrious," thought Mrs. Hawkins. "I wonder why she always wears the skirt of one dress and the body of another. I shall give her a nice new one, when I get well. What a quizzical old face, and how well that towering bandanna and the white handkerchief across the breast sets it off," (Then aloud.) "What a good nurse you are, Aunt Suky, and how kind you've been to me."

"There's them as don't think so," replied Aunt Suky moving about the room, putting everything in its place as she spoke, "but I nussed ole mistis for seben years wid ipecacetic fits, and master allus wuz having de screwmatics; us for dem children I jes took dem and fotch 'em troo ebry ting dat came along till dey was grown and married, and now dey senda for

mammy if dey got a pain in de big toe. I was raised by a mighty 'ristocratical family, honey, and I stayed brung up when I got my freedom. Dere ain't a nigger in dis town, now, what can open de door for quality. I waz tole to open de front door quiet as a tiel in a water-million patch, and den I stood back 'gin de wall to let de company pass, and den I drop a courtesey and say: 'Walk in ladies; what might your name be! Ole mistis didn't know you was a coming, and she's jes stepped out, but Miss Anna 'll be down direkly.' Now, one er dese wuthless yaller niggers bung open de door and stand dere wid dere hands in dey pockets, like a scarecrow in a cornfield, and stare and stare, and say 'What you want?' 'Who you want to see?' And dey calls dat *manners*. Aunt Suky's face wore a look of withering scorn as she pointed out the deficiencies of young Africa, and presently she went on: 'I allus did 'spise 'em. Long as dey's got anyting in dere stummucks, or on dey backs, dey ain't gwine work, not a lick! I sez to 'em over and over agin, 'Linkum would tie you up and give you fifty ef he had de chance, and den dere would be back rations owin' to you! Passel of lazy, trifling, good-for-nothing,' here she dropped the large clean towel that she always carried over her arm, and stooped stiffly to recover it, saying parenthetically: 'I allus carry dat roun', and ef I want to wipe a plate, or bresh off anyting, dere it is. Well, Jawn, my son, born de same year ole master's Robert, he done married one er dem fly-up-de-creek, yaller gals, and bring her home to lib. He went to kawledge, and she went to kademny, and de fus' ting I knowed dey was man and wife fore de justush of de peas. Jawn used to be a good boy fore dat, but a bad wife 'ul spoil the angel Gabriel. He's got kinder shamed of his ole mammy herelately, and dat 'Ris's de sassiest imp dat ever made my blood bile. She's allus saying I ain't got no edderation. Dis morning she asked me whar de skiliet waz, and I say I dunno dezakely, and she laufe and say to Jawn: 'Tell your mawmaw dat it ain't no pronounce dat way; its 'aizakely,' and I up and sez I: 'Jawn been calling me mammy eber since he was knee high to a duck, and ef he call me 'mawmaw' now, I gwine whop him ef he was a hundred! And den 'slam de door un cum away. She tinks 'cause she has went to a kademny and wears a china saucer at the back of her head, and a bonnet top nod dat, dat she's a lady! One time not long ago, 'Ris got 'ligious, she said, and we wuz at a camp-meetin' and de sperrit hang her on de floor, and dat saucer went crack! and de pieces flew every which a way! 'Ris was mad, I tell you, and I thought I would 'ev split.' 'Tank de Lord I ain't got no shynow, sez I."

Mrs. Hawkins laughed feebly over this incident, and the enjoyment it seemed to afford Aunt Suky, who cackled shrilly at the remembrance and showed one snag of a front-tooth, the last of the whitest set of ivories that ever lit up a black face, and a broad expanse of gums framed in deep wrinkles. Presently she stopped abruptly, re-focused her mouth and said: "Stop talkin', child; I don't want to lecturefy yer, but you've got to stop when you're told." Mrs. Hawkins laughed again, remembering what her share in the conversation had been, and tried to extract fresh reminiscences from Aunt Suky, but for the rest of the day she was speechlessly industrious, and mounted guard at the other end of the room.

That night she went home and having brought Mrs. Hawkins's tea and the lights, said before starting: "Ef I've livin' and well I'll be back in de mornin'."

"Why, Aunt Suky, do you feel ill?" questioned her patient, impressed by her doubtful tone, and the air she had of taking a long farewell.

"It may be de Lord's will to take me," said Aunt Suky dolorously and enigmatically, as she left the room.

"Is she worn out nursing me, do you think?" asked Mrs. Hawkins of the mistress, who was sitting by.

"Oh, not at all. She has no more idea of being snatched away by a sudden or violent death than I have, but it is one of the peculiarities of the race, like their distaste for confessing themselves in good health. If you were to ask Aunt Suky every day for a year how she was, she would have fresh ailment and answer for every occasion. She would say that she was 'creepin' through mercy, or 'tankfull' or that she had a 'misery in her head,' or a 'bone in her arm' but she most certainly would never say that she was well. 'Enjyin' had health,' would be the nearest approach to it, perhaps."

"What a queer creature she is," said Mrs. Hawkins. "I have never been so snubbed and tyrannized over in my whole life."

"What a dear creature, you mean. I don't know any one that I have a heartier love and respect for. I feel that I can never repay the goodness and tenderness, and fidelity she has shown us before and since 'the late unpleasantness,'" replied the mistress, rather surprising Mrs. Hawkins by her enthusiasm; as with her it was a fixed conviction that every Southerner's hand was raised against the newly-emancipated.

Bright and early next day Aunt Suky made her appearance with a lovely spray of columbine in her hand, which she gave her patient saying: "Dere some flowers for you. Mighty pretty, ain't dey? Dey calls it the concubine, and it runs all over de poche uv my cabin. How does you feel, right now?"

"Much better, thank you," said Mrs. Hawkins, putting up her handkerchief to conceal her smiles at Aunt Suky's shocking botanical

revelations. "I think I shall sit up, after a while."

"Gracious mussy, what's the child thinking uv! Set up! No, indeed, and double deed. Don't you be so previous. I gwine clean you up and lay you out presently, and dere you stay for a week," announced Aunt Suky.

"Where do you live, Aunt Suky?" asked the patient. "I'd like to go and see you when I am well enough to take a drive."

"Well, you goes out Main street 'til you come to a corner, and den you turn around and go on for awhile, and den you branch off dere till you gets to a street dat runs paralevel wid anoder street, and den you turns down de lane, and dere I is. Dere ain't no water on de place, and its mighty ill-convenient. I've makin' my derangements to leave, and go fuder in town. I kaint stay all day with you, honey, widout you need me berry much, cause de 'siety gwine to 'turn out for a big buryin'. But Miss Anna say she'll nuss you."

"Society, why what society do you mean?"

"Malevolent Society, child. Ain't you heard of 'em? Why, where you been raised? I keeps de regalium myself, and when I dies I ain't gwine be buried like a nigger dat ain't got no frens, I tell you! I'm goin' to have a real nice funeral. I done got my cloas, and de 'siety will march behind de cawfin in a petershun, and when they gets to de grave, Brudder Beverly will be drawed out and wrastle in prayer and den dey'll sing: 'De Golden Slippers is on Her Feet,' and 'Glory Halleluyah,' and de devoxal gum, and kiver me up slow and softly and leasme me to de Lord. Dey allus does dat way for sisters in good standin', and ef I sez it, der ain't no sister dat can trow dirt at me." A smile of extreme gratification lit up Aunt Suky's face as she dwelt on her future obsequies, and it was easy to see that it was a favourite subject of meditation with her.

"I am glad to see that you are so pious, Aunt Suky. What church do you belong to?"

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

A FEW months ago the Earl of Dalhousie addressed a letter to a number of the European universities, in which he asked the professors for their opinion on the Scriptural law regarding marriage with a deceased wife's sister. Of all the professors there is only one who holds that the Pentateuch forbids such marriages. This branch of the controversy may now be regarded as settled.

The engineer of a train near Montreal saw a large dog on the track. He was barking furiously. The engineer blew the whistle at him, but he did not stir, and, crouching low, he was struck by the locomotive and killed. There was a lot of white muslin on the locomotive, and it attracted the attention of the engineer, who stopped the train and went back. There lay the dead dog and a dead child, which had wandered upon the track and had gone to sleep. The dog had given his signal to stop the train, and had died at his post.

Mrs. LANGTRY, as she stood on the deck of the *Arizona* on the morning of her arrival, presented, according to the *Tribune* reporter, a realization of classic Greek beauty—in all things harmony; everywhere gracefulness: in outline, speech and action, repose. Her simple dress was without trimming or ornament other than a plastron of narrow gold braid, with a row of small buttons on either side and gold-braided cuffs. From under a simple little hat, which did not hide the delicate moulding of her temples hung a heavy coil of lustrous, dark brown hair. Her photographs have made known the lines of her all but perfect profile, but they have not hinted at the loveliness of her great violet eyes nor suggested the marvellous mobility of her features. In them and in the perfect purity of her complexion lies the charm which will perhaps compensate for the absence of the brilliancy of style to which Americans are partial. Her voice is full and vibrant and her speech rich in melodious modulations that keep time with the expressive play of her features.

Mlle. VAN ZANDT was the heroine lately of a comical little scene, played by her with infinite skill and merit at the Musée Grévin a few evenings ago. She went there with a party of friends, including her mother, and on entering one of the rooms where there were but few visitors, she spied a vacant niche draped in its red curtains. Watching her opportunity she slipped into it and closed the curtains across the lower part of the front, so as to leave visible only her pretty piquant head, crowned with a picturesque Virot hat. People came in, spied the charming little head, and recognized the dainty features, fair locks, and sparkling eyes at once. Murmurs of "There is a new figure—it is Van Zandt—what a good likeness," ran through the room. A group gathered around her, and meanwhile the little *prima donna* remained motionless, personating a wax figure to perfection, and being inwardly much amused at the comments of the gazers, some of whom thought the likeness flattered, while others declared it quite the reverse. Presently a languid-looking lady came up, looked at the pretty head, and said to her companion, "So this is Mlle. Van Zandt, is it? Quite pretty, but no likeness—I never should have known it." This was too much for the risible faculties of *la mignonne Mignon*; she burst out laughing, threw aside the curtain, and fled to join her mother, followed by a round of applause from the assembled crowd.