

THE TRYSTING-TREE.

BY AMY KEY.

"Sweetheart, high on our trysting-tree,
I carve the name that is dearest to me;
Below, the date of that happy day
When we meet again—The ninth of May,
Eighteen hundred and sixty-three."

In green folds over a waking world,
The banners of life are all unfurled;
The glad reveillé of the flowers
Rings through the sunny gladness hours,
And every fair and fragrant thing
Answers the roll-call of the spring.

"Sweetheart, good-bye!" Across the calm
Of the summer sea, rings the funeral psalm,
Fold the gay colors across his breast,
In the spring of his manhood gone to rest;
Lay him low in the pathless doop;
The trysting hour he yet may keep.

Sunshine gleams o'er a minster spire,
Touching a cross with summer fire—
A marble cross, a faded wreath,
Dead as the memory of her beneath
The name, the date, 'tis the meeting day
Of the lovers beneath the trysting tree
"Margaret Olive. The ninth of May,
Eighteen hundred and sixty three."

SCENE WITH A MADMAN.

BY MRS. C. CHANDLER,
OF MONTREAL.

Many years have elapsed since the incident I am about to relate occurred, yet it is still fresh in my memory, and I shudder when I think of it.

In 18— my husband, who was in the Government Engineer Department, was ordered to Trinidad, an island in the British West Indies. I accompanied him, of course; the change to a tropical climate was very pleasant and novel, as I had never left home before. We lived in a pretty cottage on the outskirts of the barracks, near the Grand Savannah, as the ground for reviewing the troops was called.

It was balmy, beautiful weather, one of those delicious evenings which are sometimes experienced in the tropics, and perhaps more noticed and appreciated, after the burning heat of the day.

My husband and myself were sitting in an open verandah in front of our house anxiously awaiting a friend, whom we expected for dinner, a gentleman who owned a plantation some few miles from us. He was a great favorite of ours, for besides being a very agreeable companion, he was a countryman from the same country, Devonshire, which created a greater interest in him, although we had not been acquainted with each other at home, having only met accidentally after our arrival in Port of Spain.

I had just turned to my husband and said, "Shall we have dinner? it is long past the hour," when I espied our expected guest riding rather furiously through the avenue of trees leading to our house. In a few moments he came up to the steps and jumped off the horse.

As he spoke to us, I saw at a glance that there was something unusual about him, for his manner was always calm and dignified, but now he was quite excited.

At first I attributed it to the influence of wine, although I had always known him extremely temperate. However, we were soon seated at table, and Mr. Glenn's (which was our friend's name) vivacity increased. Of course, I thought then that he had broken through his abstemious rules and was intoxicated, and was much surprised to observe that he refused wine when it was handed to him.

Our guest rattled on wildly and incoherently from one subject to another. My husband exchanged a glance with me, and seemed as much puzzled as myself. I felt inclined to rise and leave the table, but did not like to do it. In spite of my discomposure, I could scarcely forbear laughing when I observed our butler, John, who was handing a dish around, stand amazed at something our visitor said, his great white teeth gleaming out of his ebony face in a broad grin, and his eyes opened wide in astonishment.

After a short silence Mr. Glenn slammed the table, causing all the glasses to clatter, and exclaimed:

"I say, Wainwright, will you exchange your wife for my last new horse. I rather like her, and then you will not be a loser, for my horse is a splendid animal."

That was a climax; I could endure nothing more. It came instinctively to my mind that the man was mad, and I jumped up and attempted to quit the room, but my design was frustrated, for Mr. Glenn seized me and seated me back in my chair, giving me at the same time a furious glance.

Oh! the terror I felt I can never forget, for I had never seen an insane person before. My husband in a moment was at my side, and quite calmly said:

"Leave my wife, Glenn. Let us go out into the verandah and have a smoke."

I was surprised at the time at my husband's coolness, but I knew afterwards that he used the wisest course.

The poor madman (which undoubtedly our friend was) relinquished his hold on me and passively followed my husband.

I escaped to my bedroom and locked myself in, determining not to quit it until Mr. Glenn had left the house.

Hour after hour I sat at the window of my bedroom watching the fire-flies flitting through the trees like myriads of tiny lamps, and listening to the unceasing busy hum of the night insects, for the evening had closed in. My husband had not come to seek me, and there I sat, bewildered as to the cause of our friend's becoming so suddenly insane. I was grieved to lose the society of one I esteemed more than others, for even if he recovered I should always feel afraid of him. At last I could bear the suspense no longer, but summoning my maid, I sent to call my husband.

"Robert," I said, "have I been ill?"

He seemed pleased to hear me speak.

"You have been ill for some days, my love, and I am glad to find you looking better. You had a narrow escape, my dear. I was just in time to save you."

As my husband said this, the whole terrible scene, in which I had fainted, came sweeping back to my memory, for I had entirely forgotten the occurrence.

"I remember it all, Robert, now, but I did not at first. Tell me how he found me. I cannot think how he gained the window."

"I will tell you, my dear, what happened. That night, when I found it getting late, and could not get Glenn away, finding him rather unruly, I went to get Barry to come over and stay with me until the morning, when I would be able to have the unfortunate man taken



"THE NAME THAT IS DEAREST TO ME."

"Robert," I said, as he entered my room. "Is not this a terrible occurrence? What could have occasioned Mr. Glenn's sudden madness?"

"Impossible to tell, my dear," he replied, "he is too incoherent for me to have a clue. He is, without doubt, perfectly insane, and I am trying to persuade him to leave the house quietly, as I should feel sorry to have to resort to force, but as yet I have not succeeded, and very soon I shall have to get assistance, for he is becoming worse. But I can stay no longer; you had better go to bed, for you are perfectly safe here."

Then my husband went out. I again locked the door, and sat down to my solitary watch. Sleep at last stole on me, and I threw my head back on the chair, which I pushed a little away from the window, for I determined not to undress and go to bed until matters were settled in the household.

How long I dozed I cannot say, but I was aroused by a sound at the window by my side, and as I jumped up and sat erect, I was seized in a powerful grasp, by whom I did not see at first. Then came a demoniac laugh, and I knew that I was in the power of the maniac.

Ah! the intense horror of that moment! I was too terrified to think, but gave myself up to death, only giving one despairing cry for help, which seemed to infuriate the mad creature, for he seized me more violently, and attempted to choke me, while he yelled in my ears:

"You hid from me, did you? You shall not escape me again."

Terror overcame me, I became unconscious and knew nothing more until I found myself to bed, and all was quiet. Not long after my husband came in.

away I told John to keep a watch on him for the short time I should be absent.

It appears that Glenn wandered out into the garden, no doubt in search of me, and seeing a light in your bedroom above, the idea entered into his insane brain that you were in that room, as he had been inquiring for you the whole evening.

As soon as John saw the attempt made to clamber the tree towards your window, instead of remaining to guard you, the cowardly fellow ran away to call me. I came back directly, bringing with me assistance.

Not being able to get in at the window, as the poor madman had done, I burst open your door, which was still locked from the inside, and imagine my horror when I found you lying half across the arm of the chair, apparently lifeless, with the madman grinning over you. In a moment the poor creature was seized, amidst howls and yells, and placed in a barn in the yard, where he remained until morning dawned, when the proper authorities being notified of the sad occurrence, the unhappy being was taken away, and placed in the Lunatic Asylum in the course of the day.

Medical aid had been, in the meantime, procured for you. You were in a critical state for more than two days, but yesterday you appeared better, although not quite conscious, but I am thankful that to-day you seem all right again."

Yes, thank God, I was myself again physically, but not mentally, for such a shock could not be got over readily, and I was not sorry when my husband came some short time after this, was allowed to go home, for our tropical home had become quite distasteful.

We never saw our poor lost friend again, and the last we heard of him was that he still remained in the asylum. We never discovered the certainty of the cause of his insanity, but the only clue that could be found was there was a rumor that Mr. Glenn had received an injury in his head some years before, and was then insane for some time, and the doctors feared a relapse if he ever received a mental shock, and it transpired, through his old house-keeper, that on the morning of her master's sudden insanity he had got a letter from England, which "he had gone on dreadful bad about," according to the old woman's words. Whether it was the letter, which may have brought direful news, or whether he had been becoming insane previous to it, will ever remain a mystery.

Thus ended my first, and, I truly hope, my last experience with maniac.

THE CIRCULATORY SYSTEM IN CRUSTACEA.

The circulatory system is more definite, compact and perfect than that found in insects. The heart, instead of being long and divided into chambers, is an oval bag which sends vessels forward to the eye, head, antennae, and stomach, sideways to the two large lobes of the liver, and downwards through a great trunk which divides into two; one running to the gills and legs, and the other backward to the tail. The blood from the gills finds its way into spaces lying immediately under the shell, which all communicate with one another, and the largest communicates with the heart by a vein in the side of that organ. This higher and better developed blood system is rendered necessary by the breathing organs being confined to certain definite parts—the gills. In those Crustacea where there are no gills, the circulatory system is not so perfect. The gills are organs which sprout from above the basal joints of the walking legs. In the lobster there are several to each leg. They consist of a tapering triangular stem, upon which a vast number of little tubular projections are set. These are of thin membrane, and are supplied internally with blood from an artery which mounts the stem, diminishing as it ascends, while the aerated blood is discharged into a vein, which also lies in the stem and enlarges as it descends. Although these organs are essentially gills or outward extensions of the integument, yet they are too delicate to be exposed to the casualties of the outer world. They are therefore included under the dorsal shield. In the lower orders, however, they are exposed and attached to the members of other segments of the body. The gills are thus included in a chamber under the shield. It is of course essential that a free stream of water should pass over them, and to effect this there are two orifices which form the entrance and exit of the water. The entrance lies forward on the side of the mouth, and it has covering it a large flap from the second pair of maxillae or foot-jaws, which is continually worked so as to drive the water inward. The exit is a long slit behind and below the chamber. Aeration is maintained not only thus but by mechanical means within the chamber, for at the top of each leg there is, beside the gills, a long, stiff, leaf-like projection, which passes up between the gills, and as the animal walks this stiff tabellum squeezes the gills, and so renews both the water without and the blood within them.—From "Cassell's Popular Educator."

The shooting of prisoners by the Carlists forms the subject of a circular to the diplomatic agents of the Spanish Government abroad. By this document, the statement so persistently denied by the Carlist organs, would appear to receive that weight which an official expression of the circumstances, brought formally to the notice of the different powers, must give it.

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