

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

LONELY.

Tædēt cōmī convōxa tuorī.—Virgil.

I.

A hush on the lofty mountains,
A hush in the lowly vales,
And night from the lanes of the forest
Her funeral shadow trails;
I wander afar on the headland,
To the foot of the tamarack tree,
And I muse, forsaken and lonely,
Ah! lonely as lonely can be.

II.

I bend mine ear and I listen
If the voices of loved ones at home
Will come through the spaces, and whisper
A comfort to me in the gloom:
Alas! I hear naught in the stillness
Save the moan of the desolate sea.
And my heart it is aching and lonely,
Oh! lonely as lonely can be.

III.

I look above in the heavens
To the star by her set apart,
Which, often in hours of sadness,
Illumined and gladdened my heart:
But to-night a cloud has come o'er it,
And hidden its lustre from me,
Ah! to-night I am mournful and lonely,
Ah! lonely as lonely can be.

IV.

A sigh o'er the days of my childhood!
A tear for the beautiful past:
No trust in the hopes of the future,
No hopes of a joy that will last:
I live encircled by phantoms,
And cling to a love that must flee,
I no'er was so sad and so lonely,
Oh! lonely as lonely can be.

V.

Poor heart, what need of repining?
Said a voice from the caverns below:
If the souls thou hast loved are too narrow
To embrace thee now in thy woe,
Look up to Him whose affection
Is broad and immense as the sea,
And thy soul so despondent and lonely,
Shall be happy as happy can be.

JOHN LESPERANCE.

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THE ALBUM.

BY JOHN READE.

CHAPTER I.

EDWARD LESLIE sat alone at his own bedside. And a very pleasant home it was, not only comfortable but luxurious. For its owner had prospered in the world,—deservedly prospered, if thrift and integrity ought to have their reward among men.

Edward Leslie occupied a high position among the rising merchants of New York. He was respected for qualities which are comparatively rare. Though a shrewd business man, he was honest and trustworthy; though ambitious and fond of making money, he was kind and charitable and benevolent. His friends knew his value, although, perhaps, there were some who thought him hard and grasping. Many a man, now doing well in business, he had helped to raise from the slough of despond, when troublous times came and some lost their all. But he was the least ostentatious of men. He hated even to be reminded of the benefits which he rendered to his fellows. For promising young men just commencing life he always had a word of encouragement, for he never forgot the days when he had needed such encouragement himself. Those who were in his employ looked upon him as a father or a brother rather than as a master. Yet he was strict. The kindest masters are not those who allow their employees to do just as they please. But if he was strict, he was just and was never cruelly hard on mere blunders—the result of inexperience. So they all loved and esteemed him, as indeed every one did who thoroughly knew him.

Edward was, also, though he meddled little in party politics, a man of public spirit. Any movement which tended to ameliorate the condition of the poor, to spread education and foster intelligence, or to improve the morals and tastes of the people, found in him a ready and valuable co-operator. His name was well-known in connection with several benevolent enterprises. He had, almost unaided, founded an institution for the intellectual advancement and recreation of young men engaged in commercial pursuits. In fact, nothing of the kind was ever started within the range of his acquaintance without his being consulted. And the same activity and energy which he had given to his business he also bestowed on whatever work of public benefit engaged his attention. Whatever his hand found to do, it was done with all his might.

And yet Edward Leslie was an unhappy man. Perhaps it was his unhappiness which made him so indefatigable in his own service and the service of others. We do not mean to say that he was not naturally a man of energy. But his unhappiness may have tended to increase this energy. With some men and women this is the case; while others, if they have any sorrow, give themselves up to perpetual fretfulness and moping. Neither the tempera-

ment nor the principles of Edward Leslie could have allowed him to do this.

Yes, with all his prosperity and reputation and prospects, Edward Leslie was unhappy. Very little can we tell of the inner life by the outward circumstances and demeanour. The lips may smile while the heart is bleeding; the face may be calm and placid while the soul is burning at the stake; while the ears are listening to praises and flattery, the object of them may be cursing the day in which he was born.

Edward Leslie's unhappiness, it is true, was not so bad as these last words would imply. It was not above what he was able to bear. Still it was a heavy burden, ever present; a dull, abiding pain, which ever interrupted all visits of pleasure.

There were only a few who knew of Edward Leslie's unhappiness; there were fewer still who were aware of the cause of it.

Among the latter was Dr. Morton, Edward's most tried and trusty friend. They had been born in the same pretty village on the banks of the Hudson, and had been schoolfellows. Before Dr. Morton had completed his studies, Edward had already saved some money, the nucleus of his future fortune. He was very careful in those days. By most of his young companions he was considered even miserly. Yet he broke upon his treasure when the young doctor first came to New York, and he saw that he stood in need of assistance to give him a start in his profession. From any other man in the world, perhaps, Dr. Morton would not have received a cent. But he knew that Edward meant all that he said, and nothing could be more delicate than the way the favour was proffered. He made it a sort of investment, and made its acceptance a favour to himself. The investment was successful. The doctor not only turned the loan to good account in his profession, but he satisfied the desire of his heart by marrying, sooner than he otherwise could have done, the lady of his choice. About a year after, Edward lost what was to him at that time a pretty large sum of money through the dishonesty and ingratitude of an acquaintance to whom he had lent it. He, also, was then looking forward to a happier state, and this expectation more than doubled his loss. It was then that the investment proved serviceable. The doctor had prospered and was not only able to return the borrowed money but to lend himself. Edward, however, thought it wise to defer his marriage for another year.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sad," and these delays are a severe test of love. Yet Edward was truly loved. Emma Dawson knew his worth, knew the strength of his affection as well as of his principles, and, after rejecting, to the indignation of her parents, many wealthy suitors, fixed her heart on him and accepted him when he asked her. Her father was a wealthy man, and somewhat vain of his wealth. He desired a wealthy husband for his daughter. She was his only living daughter, and his favourite child. Of his two sons neither had turned out well. One had gone in a whaling ship and was drowned. At least, so it was believed. The other, though he lived at home, was of little comfort to him. His whole aim was to spend his father's money in fashionable sports and vices. Much of the blame rested on the father, more on the mother, who lavished tenderness on him when he deserved rebuke. When he was at college he had been encouraged to bring home the young scions of wealth and distinction whom he met there, that they might reflect some of their hereditary honour on the Dawson family. It is no wonder, then, that James Dawson, who was originally rather inclined to study, soon gave himself wholly up to pleasure.

At the time that he finished his college course, Edward and Emma had been engaged for about six months. But for a much longer period they had become accustomed to love and to treat each other as lovers. For a long time Edward's poverty made him shy with Emma. But she, with a true woman's instinct, saw that the day would come when he would hold his head as proudly as any of them. It was not for his prospects, however, that she loved him, though his prospects gave her good grounds to defend her love and her lover.

By the timely aid of his friend, Dr. Morton, Edward was enabled to begin business for himself. The thought of Emma made him hopeful and added new vigour to his natural energy. It was soon seen that he was a rising man. At the end of a year he was already recognized as on the high road to prosperity. But, in actual position, he was, as yet, far from being an equal match for Emma, and her parents were against him.

A young gentleman, whom James had brought on a visit to the house, a class-fellow of his, of "great expectations," had set his affections on Emma Dawson. He was really a good-hearted fellow and a very intelligent and entertaining; and Emma liked his society better than that of the majority of her male acquaintances. Mr. and Mrs. Dawson favoured his suit, even before he had made any confession of attachment. Mrs. Dawson, especially, was always devising opportunities for compassing the object of her ambition. But her vulgar pertinacity made the young man shy, and he postponed his avowal from day to

day. His will was not altogether his own. He, too, had a father to be consulted,—a father whom he respected and loved. So, although the more he saw Emma Dawson, the more he loved her, he hesitated about entrusting her with his secret. But was it a secret to her? A woman generally discovers any sign of the tender passion, when she herself is the object. Yet Emma Dawson, although her mother was beginning to hope that Henry Mills had supplanted Edward Leslie in her affections, was really unaware that she was the object of more than ordinary attention. She had been long accustomed to respect and admiration and many a harsh voice had grown soft in addressing her. She found in Henry Mills only a pleasant companion whose society she enjoyed. Perhaps the real cause of her blindness to the true state of affairs was that her heart was already engaged. She thought so much of her own Edward that she had ceased to occupy herself with surmises as to the feelings and intentions of others. So, also, she was quite unconscious of the buzzing rumours around her, for Mr. Dawson did not hermetically seal her exultation.

It happened that for some time, while Mills was visiting at the Dawson's, Edward had been prevented by press of business from visiting Emma. Indeed he did not often visit her at any time for he knew he was not welcome to the rest of the family. They often met, however, at Dr. Morton's. One day, during this interval, a gossip acquaintance thought he would surprise him by a piece of news. He did surprise him. The news was the approaching marriage of Henry Mills, the accomplished son of Senator Mills, the millionaire, to Emma Dawson. Edward at first tried to laugh the matter off as empty gossip, but he was agitated and distressed in spite of himself. He determined at once to see Emma and hear the contradiction from her own lips. He called, but Emma was not at home. He left his card.

That very evening a ball had been given in honour of young Mills, who was to leave next day for his Pennsylvania home. When it was over he and Emma, at his request, agreed to walk home together, as it was a beautiful moonlight night. On the way, Mills' overcharged feelings were too much for him to bear, so he unburdened his heart to his companion. He was just eagerly telling the story of his love to Emma, who listened, with lowered face, when a gentleman met them. Emma raised her eyes. It was Edward Leslie. He passed on. She was going to call after him, but restrained herself and soon his quickened steps died away in the distance.

She listened now no longer to Mr. Mills. She even reproached herself for having unconsciously given him the opportunity so to address her. She ought to have told him at first that she was already engaged. But then she thought that such a proceeding would be very indelicate, as much as to say that her charms were irresistible. Still she felt a sort of pang at refusing him, not that she had at all forgotten Edward, but because he had been so modest, so gentle, so respectable. There was nothing left, however, but to refuse him friendly, if kindly. She told him her choice had been unchangeably made. Poor Mills felt his disappointment very much, but he still hoped he might call himself her friend, her brother. For his part, he would never love any one else. He departed next day in great sorrow.

But a greater sorrow awaited Emma. She became on the one hand the victim of her parents' taunts for having thrown away a good chance, and, on the other hand, of Edward's jealousy. For days and days she waited and watched and listened for Edward's coming. But he never came. He had been deceived, he thought. He had seen Emma listening to his rival's words of love. He would think of her henceforth as she was once to him, as he believed her once, tender and true to himself alone, but he would never see her again. So although love still lingered, jealousy and pride gnawed at his heart. This was Edward Leslie's sorrow, as he sat in his luxurious parlour, an energetic, prosperous, much-respected, envied man.

Concluded in our next.

TAKING THE CENSUS.—One of the census marshals entered the habitation of an honest, plain, straightforward German, yesterday, and after explaining his business, stated that he desired correct answers to all questions asked, proceeded to inquire how many persons there were in the family. "Vell, den, deres fere ein halften," said the German. "Four and a half," said the marshal, inquiringly; "how do you make that out?" "Vell, den, deres Katherine, mine vrow, datz ein; deres me, datz swi; deres de swi spitzpoop, dat fere unt deres—choost you stop five minutes unt you see vat it is so vell as I?" (Charley (the marshal) not having time or inclination to wait proceeded on his way. He had not been gone five minutes, before Myneher came pulling up the street, his eyes protruding from his head and a happy smile on his countenance, crying: "Meester! Meester! put me down five—another spitzpoop—and choost so fat like butter."

ART AND LITERATURE.

Mdlle. Rosa Bonheur is about to visit Scotland.

Dr. Darwin's new book on "Expression in Animals" is ready for publication.

Sir Michael Costa has started on a prolonged tour in France, Germany, and Italy.

Mdlle. Rosa D'Erina is to go to St. John's, Nfld., about the middle of September.

The will of a musician, who died recently at Schauenstein, Germany, has been found set to music.

Mr. Motley will soon have ready for publication the first instalment of his History of the Thirty Years' War.

A copy of the first French book printed in France, "Les Chroniques de St. Denis," (Parisian edition, 1476,) is announced for sale at Paris.

Mr. Millais is building a mansion, to which it is his intention to add a studio, more complete in all its appointments than any existing in Europe.

Mr. Nicholas Trubner, an eminent publisher of London, has recently received from the Grand Duke of Baden the honour of knighthood.

James Anthony Froude, the eminent English historian, has been engaged to deliver a course of lectures at Cornell University during the coming winter.

Madame Parepa Rosa has thrown up her Russian engagement and accepted one for a season of Italian opera at Cairo. She will not return to America until 1873.

The *Fanfulla* states that the cupola of St. Peter's at Rome shows unmistakable signs of decay. A commission of Papal architects and engineers has been appointed to examine it.

The copyright of the works of A. Dumas will soon be brought under the hammer at the low reserved price of £600 for his dramatic, and the same sum for his miscellaneous writings.

It is whispered that M. Ambroise Thomas, in his next opera "Psyche," is to have Mme. Nilsson-Rouzeaud as prima donna when the work is produced at the Paris Grand Opera House.

Miss Kellogg is studying, under the supervision of Gounod himself, the opera of "Mireille," of which he is the author, and which Rossini declared to be superior to "Faust."

The lectures which Mr. Edmund Yates proposes to deliver in the States will be of a humorous character, on English society, and will be illustrated with life-size cartoons by one of the artists of *Punch*.

The original picture, by Sir George Hayter, of "The Burning of Latimer and Ridley at Oxford," has left England for Philadelphia, having been purchased by Mr. Latimer, a direct descendant of the martyr.

The *Anglo-Brazilian Times* announces the approaching publication of a work proving the recent discovery of the primitive language of man in a tongue "still living and spoken over no inconsiderable extent of territory."

THE LATE JOHN LEECH.—A public subscription for the purchase of the "John Leech outlines," the property of the lamented artist's sisters, is now open. The object is to give the works a place in one of the national collections.

Mr. Stanley is preparing for publication an account of his adventures in Africa. The book will be published in England by Messrs. Low. The Livingstone Expedition, the *Athenæum* states, cost the New York *Herald* between £8,000 and £9,000.

A Paris publisher has conceived the idea of issuing a history of the Franco-German war, to which the leading authors of France—Victor Hugo, George Sand, Alexandre Dumas, *frs*, Littré, Henri Taine, and others, will be invited to contribute.

The only letter addressed to Shakespeare which is undoubtedly genuine is that now in the museum at Stratford, from Richard Quiny, the actor, asking for a loan of £30. It may help those who wish to know the correct way of spelling the poet's name, to hear that this letter is endorsed: "To my loving good friend and countryman, Mr. William Shakespere deliver Thee." But the whole subject of the correct orthography is involved in obscurity, and was discussed for the hundredth time in the London *Athenæum*.

AN INTERESTING MEDAL.—The director of the Berlin Museum purchased, the other day, a gold medal, smaller than a sovereign, for the considerable sum of 1,600 francs. On one side is the head of Marcus Brutus *imperator*, and on the other that of Junius Brutus, first consul, according to the inscription on the medal itself. This medal was no doubt struck, says the *Gazette de Cologne*, soon after the battle of Philippi, which overthrew the triumvir and the ancient Roman Republic, and set up the new empire. If this can be unique, the price given for it is not remarkably high.