The Canton Advocate

CANTON, D. T.

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AVE MARIA.

A BRETON LEGEND.

I.

In the ages of faith before the day
When men were too proud too weep or pray,
There stood in a red-roofed Breton town
Snugly nestled 'twixt sea and down,
A chapel for simple souls to meet,
Nightly, and sing with voices sweet,
Ave Maria!

II.

There was an idiot, palsied, bleared,
With unkempt locks and a matted beard,
Hunched from the cradle, vacant-eyed,
And whose head kept rolling from side to side;
Yet who, when the sunset-glow grew dim,
Joined with the rest in the twilight hymn,
Ave Maria!

III.

But when they up-got and wended home,
Those up the hillside, these to the foam,
He hobbled along in the narrowing dusk,
Like a thing that is only hull and husk;
On as he hobbled, chanting still,
Now to himself, now loud and shrill,
Ave Maria!

IV.

When morning smiled on the smiling deep,
And the fisherman woke from dreamless sleep,
And ran up his sail, and trimmed his craft,
While his little ones leaped on the sand and laughed,
The senseless cripple would stand and stare,
Then suddenly holloa his wonted prayer,
Ave Maria!

V.

Others might plow, and reap, and sow,
Delve in the sunshine, spin in the snow,
Make sweet love in a shelter sweet,
Or trundle their dead in a winding sheet;
But he, through rapture, and pain, and wrong,
Kept singing his one monotonous song,
Ave Maria!

VI.

When thunder growled from the raveled wrack,
And the ocean to welkin bellowed back,
And the lightning sprang from its cloudy sheath,
And tore through the forest with jagged teeth,
Then leaped and laughed o'er the havoc wreaked,
The idiot clapped his hands and shrieked.
Ave Maria!

VII.

Children mocked, and mimicked his feet,
As he slouched or sidled along the street;
Maidens shrank as he passed them by,
And mothers with child eschewed his eye;
And half in pity, half scorn, the folk
Christened him, from the words he spoke,
Ave Maria!

VIII.

One year when the harvest feasts were done,
And the mending of tattered nets begun,
And the kittiwake's scream took a weirder key
From the wailing wind and the moaning sea,
He was found, at morn, on the fresh-strewn snow,
Frozen and faint, and crooning low,
Ave Maria!

IX.

They stirred up the ashes between the dogs,
And warmed his limbs by the blazing logs,
Chafed his puckered and bloodless skin,
And strove to quiet his chattering chin;
But, ebbing with unreturning tide,
He kept on murmuring till he died,
Ave Maria!

X.

Idiot, soulloss, brute from birth,
He could not be buried in sacred earth;
So they laid him afar, apart, alone,
Without a cross, or turf, or stone,
Senseless clay unto senseless clay,
To which none ever came nigh to say,
Ave Maria!

XI.

When the meads grew saffron, the hawthorns white,
And the lark bore his music out of sight,
And the swallow out-raced the racing wave,
Up from the lonely, outcast grave
Sprouted a lily, straight and high,
Such as she bears to whom men cry,
Ave Maria!

XII.

None had planted it, no one knew
How it had come there, why it grew;
Grew up strong, till its stately stem
Was crowned with a snow-white diadem—
One pure lily, round which, behold!
Was written by God in veins of gold,
"Ave Maria!"

XIII.

Over the lily they built a shrine,
Where are mingled the mystic bread and wine;
Shrine you may see in the little town
That is snugly nestled 'twixt deep and down.
Through the Breton land it hath wondrous fame,
And it bears the unshriven idiot's name,
Ave Maria!

XIV.

Hunchbacked, gibbering, blear-eyed, halt,
From forehead to footstep one foul fault,
Crazy, contorted, mindless-born,
The gentle's pity, the cruel's scorn,
Who shall bar you the gates of Day,
So you have simple faith to say,
Ave Maria?

—*Cornhill Magazine.*

From an Old Magazine.

MY CREOLE COUSIN.

I am a stranger in England. In every other country in the world I call myself an Englishman; being born of British parents, in a British colony, speaking no other language (a strong evidence of English extraction), and possessing the usual reserve, awkwardness, loneliness and touch-me-if-you-dareishness of a true Briton. Be that as it may, I am, as I said at first, a stranger in the country of my fathers, in which I had the honor to make my first appearance some twelve months ago.

I have often noticed that it is an article of religion with colonists to instil, double-grained, into their children the principles and prejudices of the mother country. Aware that the fosterhood of national institutions and example will be wanting to mould the character of their offspring into due pragmaticality, they exaggerate a little on certain points to leave room for evaporation. The great glory of my excellent parents was to enlarge upon the distinction of their mother country in the eyes of the universe as the Land of Liberty! British freedom was the favorite text of my father's domestic preachments; and almost as soon as I could squall I learned to expand my lungs in the burden of the song, that Britons never would be slaves. As if anybody dreamed of asking them!

The liberty of the subject, in short, appeared to my boyish imagination as exclusively an English enjoyment as roast beef and plum pudding. The inhabitants of other European countries seemed to be walking about in handcuffs or strait-waistcoats, unsuspicious of their enthralment. The contented prosperity of Austria I regarded as little better than idiocy; Russia, trembling under the knot of autocracy, was a craven hound; Turkey, a corpse from which in imperial vampire had sucked the blood; Spain a plantation nigger arrayed in a suit of gaudy calico, beguiling its sense of abatement by dancing to a tom-tom; France, the sprucely liveried and educated slave, who has (like those of New York) learned to wait at table and play on the fiddle. But, from Spitzbergen to Cape Matapan, not a living body in Europe that could call its soul its own, saving always the favored inhabitants of the glorious British Empire.

With this sentiment pervading my whole being, I behaved with suitable arrogance toward the offsets of less favored nations. Long before I had tails to my jackets I knew the full value of being an Englishman, and brought forward the boast whenever I fancied myself put upon, as a policeman brandishes his life preserver.

My delight, therefore, may certainly be conjectured when I set foot last year upon the godlike land that has the gift of enfranchising all who approach its favored shore.

Hurrah for the land of liberty! cried the sailors the moment we saw the Needles, and as heartily did I join in their cheering, as though I had been languishing all my life under the tyranny of a pasha. I fancied that now, for the first time since I was born, I was going to enjoy the free use of my limbs and faculties, and on landing began instantly to extend them, with a vain consciousness of delight that proved highly entertaining to some little boys who were idling on the quay. They uttered, indeed, a variety of odd sounds, which I mistook for Hebrew, knowing that Jews abound in the mother country, but which I have since learned to constitute the cockney dialect called slang.

That night I lodged in a hotel, and the first thing I noticed in my rooms was a printed notice that no smoking was allowed in the chambers, which to a person accustomed to his cigar the last thing at night and the first in the morning is as a veto on his sleep or his devotions.

Next morning the kinsman who breakfasted with me undertook to introduce me to the metropolis and install me in lodgings. My baggage being still at the custom-house, I had to apologize to Mr. W. for any informality in my toilet. But when we were about to sally forth I saw him look aghast, and after much hemming and hawing he informed me that it was out of the question to make my appearance in a traveling cap.

"My hat-box is with the rest of my baggage," said I, "and being a total stranger here no one will notice me."

"I am not a stranger," pleaded my cousin W., "and the thing would be thought preposterous. We can stop at the nearest hatter's and purchase a hat."

This was easy enough. But even at the hatter's I found I had a lesson of subjection to learn. Accustomed to the exigencies of a hotter climate, I chose a broad-brimmed beaver, which my companion asserted to be as much out of the question as the cap.

"You would be taken for a Quaker! None but a very old man could venture in such a hat in England."

Mistaking reverse of wrong for right, I now selected a very narrow brim, and again stood corrected. At length the exact longitude and latitude admissible under the tyranies of fashion being adjusted, I cocked my paragon of a hat over one eye in triumph, and was leaving the shop, when my cousin entreated me in a fervent and kinsmanly tone to set it straight. I should be taken for a tiger!

A little mortified, I betook myself to a very ordinary source of colonial consolation. As I might not take my ease (in the shape of my cigar) in mine inn, I might at least take it in the street. But on producing my cigar-case W. again interfered.

"You are now," said he, "in Pall Mall. To smoke here in broad daylight would be considered most ungentlemanly."

All that remained for me was to pocket the affront and the cigar case!

A moment afterwards, as I endeavored to detain him that I might admire a display of forced fruit in a shop window, such as I had never expected to see under the skies of the land of liberty, he begged me to pass on. We should be taken for snobs if we stared into the shop windows.

As a balm to my galled sides I proposed calling upon a mutual relative residing at the West End, to whom I was desirous of being presented.

"It is only twelve o'clock!" pleaded my cousin.

"And will not the family be up that hour?"

"Up? Oh, yes. They are early risers. But it is too soon for a morning visit. It is not the custom in London to go out till after two o'clock, and visitors are consequently not expected earlier."

"But if every one goes out at the same time you have no hope of ever finding your friend at home."

"Very true. But you must take your chance. Believe me, it would be thought monstrous to pay a morning visit to Lady R. at this time of day."

My attention was drawn from the lecture by the sight of a most beautiful woman, who passed in a carriage. And I suppose my enthusiasm was somewhat ejaculated; for Mr. W. implored me to moderate my transports. On seeing the carriage stop at a shop I proposed to go in and make some small purchase to afford me another glimpse of such surpassing loveliness.

But he would not hear of it! The shop was a milliner's. "Our object would be too apparent," said he. "If the lady be respectable it is an offense to her; if not, we shall be making tools of ourselves." Everything, in short, that I proposed was absurd and irregular! Even when I stopped short beside a crossing, and, taking out my purse, sought deliberately among the contents for a sixpense to bestow on a mutilated sweeper (when as usual in such cases, all the sixpences proved to shillings). "Come on, for heaven's sake!" cried he, impatiently, "it looks so odd to be stopping here!"

I was disappointed, I admit, in the limitation of my morning's pleasures, for my cicerone objected to my taking more than a passing glance at any of the public buildings at the West End. I comforted myself, however, with the prospect of a pleasant dinner, for already my cousin had invited me to dine with him at the Clarendon, which, he informed me, was the best eating-house in London.

At 7 I met him there by appointment, and I suspect that, even though enhanced by the hat of his selection, my dress did not come within the strict letter of London law; for when I made my appearance he looked singularly uncomfortable. While we were waiting for dinner he gave me a hint not to whistle. In the course of it he took occasion to inform me that spitting in a London room amounted to ostracism. When dinner was ever I proposed, on seeing by the evening papers that it was opera night, to go and hear Grisi.

"But we are not dressed," said my cousin.

"We can go into the pit."

"Not in a morning dress. We look as if we had come off a journey."

"But since we have no ladies to attend, surely it cannot signify?"

It signified, according to his account, prodigies. In the land of liberty people did not go to the git of the opera in frock-coats and plaid trousers.

"Well, since we cannot go to the opera," said I, "suppose we take our chance of finding Lady R. at home this evening?"

"This evening! She would think us mad to go to her house without an invitation."

"But, surely, such near connection," I was beginning.

"My dear fellow! it is a liberty that is scarcely taken in London even between brothers and sisters."

Woe was me. There was nothing for it but to go home to bed.

It was, perhaps, because aware how much he had startled and vexed me, that my worthy relative called on me a few mornings afterwards with the news that Lady R. was desirous to make my acquaintance, and that he had procured me a ticket for Almack's that very evening from one of the patronesses with whom he was intimate to facilitate the introduction, because, having called at her house without finding her, "it would look odd" if I went again.

To Almack's accordingly I accompanied him He appointed 11:30 to call for me, which I thought late, and which he assured me was early and into the ball room we proceeded together. I entered boldly; for this time I knew my dress to be unimpregnable. "As you are in mourning," was my cousin's answer that morning to my inquiries, "you cannot be much at fault. Everything black but your neckcloth, and you will do very well. Willis has already arranged your hair; and your white gloves are a capital fit."

As I said before, therefore, I entered the ball-room, feeling entitled to look about me *a discretion*, till the arrival of Lady R., whom I found, from my companion, had first a private party to attend. But there was enough to occupy my attention! Those pretty, graceful girls, with their enormous redundance of petticoat and so little to cover them besides! And the half-dozen supercilous middle-aged ladies, seated apart from the rest, on a bench at the end of the room, like the bishops I had seen the peeceeding night at the House of Lords, and nearly as old and sour. Several seats near them being vacant. I was about to sit down, when W. informed me that, as a stranger it would be "thought odd."

On my presentation to Lady R. and her daughters, I certainly thought them odd, and saw little to applaud in the deportment of my English connections; for the two girls tittered while I was making my bow, and even the mother bit her lips to avoid a smile.

"It is your own fault!" cried W. pettishly, when I took him aside to complain of their want of civility. "What could tempt you to come here in those infernal trousers?"

Now, the trousers he was pleased to call "infernal" were neither more or less than a pair of perfectly new pantaloons of rich watered silk, such as are esteemed the height of the fashion in my native colony.

"You told me," said I, with some indignation, "that in a complete suit of black I could not be wrong?"

"Suit of black? Yes! Of course! But how was I to suppose it possible there existed such a thing in your wardrobe as watered-silk trousers. How could I imagine that pantaloons were ever made now-a-days in anything but cloth?"

In the course of half an hour he came to me in state of dewy emotion, and advised me strongly to go home.

"You are the laughing-stock of the room," said he, "and if you do not wish to be caricatured, or to get into the Sunday papers, disappear as quietly as you can; and do not come here again till you have completely re-fitted yourself."

Of course, I did not stay to be told twice, and next day assured him that I had given such orders to the tailor recommended by himself as would insure my appearing at the next Almack's in such a suit of sables as a gentleman is permitted to wear in the land of liberty.

"I fear you must content yourself with exhibiting them elsewhere than at Almack's," he replied. "I could not venture to apply for another ticken for you. Your dress last night excited so absurd a sensation that my fair friend, the patroness, reproached me bitterly with having got her into such a scrape. The other patronesses complimented her cruelly on having the *moire* dandy on her list."

"I don't know what you mean by your fair friend, the patroness," cried I, in a pet; "but I protest that an uglier set of old cats than those you showed me I never saw."

"My dear young friend," he gravely replied, "take care what you are about. Such persons as those to whom you allude are never either old or ugly. It is totally inadmissible in good society to talk in a tone you are now using of the ladies in questson."

"Since they trouble their heads about my unmentionables, surely I may trouble mine with their rouged faces and false curls," cried I. But he would not hear. He was already out of the room, and I saw clearly that for the rest of my stay in town his introduction would be of little further service.

Still, I fancy I might have done better by sticking to the counsels of one who had certainly no interest in misleading me, for every step I made on my own account proved a *faux pas*. Some nights afterward, being at the theatre, on a sultry night, beset with offers of oranges by women in attendance, I concluded that were it not the custom to take such refreshment in the play-houses they would not have been offered, and rashly peeled an orange in the box where I had obtained a seat. The two gentlemen between whom I was seated, after contemplating me as they would have surveyed an ourang-outang, rose and quitted the box. I then recollected that some peculiar offense must be conveyed by eating an orange, for while leaning against the rails of the park the preceding day, to look at the carriages, I had refreshed myself in a similar manner, and excited the same disgust. Oranges, like cigars, are apparently interdicted in daytime. It was almost a comfort to me to find that what is called the season was nearly over; for the conventional tyrannies of London would scarcely pursue me in the tour I projected; and in the provinces, at least, I should enjoy those immunities of the land of liberty, so long the *beau ideal* of my imagination. Having encountered my cousin, Lady R., coming out of the opera a night or two before I left town, I ventured to take leave of her, and as it perhaps went against her conscience to have been so inhospitable towards my father's son, she invited me to take her seat in Northamptonshire on my way to the north. It was not for some time afterwards I discovered the invitation was accorded only to engage me in conversation, and prevent my offering my arm to Miss R., to assist her to the carriage.

"I was just the sort of Hottentot," Lady R. had observed, "who would have felt no scruple about appropriating the arm of one of her daughters, though Lord Alfred and the young Marquis of Walsingham were standing by, engaged in conversation with my cousins."

In the frankness of an unsuspecting heart, however to Hurst Magna I went, and having arrived by the mail at the neighboring post-town before daybreak, slept there, and proceeded in a postchaise to breakfast with Lady R. As I stood paying the post boy under the portico, and seeing my portmanteau taken into the house, I preceived through the plate-glass windows of an adjoining room that I was an object of curiosity to a large party assembled there, all of whom were watching my proceedings, and several laughing immoderately, from which I concluded that I had come either at an unseemly hour or in an unseemly mode of conveyance. This made my entree into the crowded breakfast-room uncomfortable enough, especially as Lady R. while receiving me, observed, "Your letter announcing the favor you intended me is probably still on the road, for I have had no intimation of your visit."

If she did not say that it was an undesired as well as an unexpected honor, she certainly looked it; whereupon, in pity to the shortness of her memory, I reminded her that, in parting in the Crush-room at the opera, I told her I should pass through Northamptonshire the first week in August.

"Yes, I remember there was some vague talk about your going to Scotland," said she. "But I concluded I should hear from you in the interim. However, I rejoice to find that you are able to spend the day with us on your tour."

I was puzzled and abashed. Did spending the day imply that I was also to spend the night, or was I to return to ——, and ship? In the course of the morning I should perhaps be able to discover; and I therefore determined to stick fast by her ladyship when the rest of the party dispersed for walking or driving. Compassionating the *ennui* I might be disposed to feel, as the only man in the morning-room where the ladies sat at work, she repeatedly informed me that "there was a billiard-table in the hall; that I should find the library stored with the newest books; that there were saddle-horses at my disposal in the stable, if I wished to ride." But I knew when I was well off, and stuck by the worsted and floss-silk.

At last a faint whisper from the younger Miss R. to one of her guests of "Shall we never get rid of this man?" apprised me that I was *de trop*, on which I betook myself to the room to which the servants informed me my baggage had been conveyed, for the remainder of the day; though, as I went up the stairs, I saw the horses being brought round to the hall-door, and longed to join the party in their ride. Wrong again, it seems! I had been expected to expiate my importunities by forming part of their escort.

When the whole party were fairly off I sauntered into the park, and after a pleasant walk of a mile or two, and passing through several open gates, flung myself at full length to rest upon a bench under some spreading beech-trees. A party of ladies approached me whom I did not recognize, but concluding them to belong to the large party of Lady R., I took off my hat as they passed. Ten minutes afterwards a jackanapes in livery came and asked me what I was doing there. I told him I was resting myself. So he saw, was his impertinent reply. "Was I acquainted with Lord Runtingham?" I asked him, of course, what business that might be of his, but not choosing to affect acquaintance with a nobleman I had never heard of, replied in the negative. "Then what business had I, pray, to intrude, as I had done, upon them ladies?" He ended, in short, with threatening me with a constable, and having taken me saucily by the arm to enforce his request that I would walk off, I knocked him down.

A couple of stablemen, who had been waiting at a distance, now came up and collared me, and in spite of all I could urge I was marched off between them to the parson of the parish, to be examined as a rogue and vagabond. To the magistrate, however, my explanations were perfectly satisfactory. A stranger in England, the guest of Lady R., I was not aware of having quitted Her Ladyship's premises, or trespassed upon Lord Runtingham's private grounds; still less that I had taken the liberty of bowing to Lady Runtingham and her mother, the Duchess of H., without the honor of their acquaintance. I proved to him that, though I had been mistaken for an adventurer, I was only an ass. For my own sake I determined to keep to myself this disagreeable adventure. But, alas! the Runtinghams, the nearest neighbors of my cousin, formed part of the dinner-party that day at Hurst Magna, and Her Ladyship was unsparing in her apologies. The Hurst party dined the preceding day at Runtingham Park, she could not possibly surmise, she said, "that I was a visitor to Lady R. Nothing could have surprised her more than the discovery!

And, unless I am much mistaken, one of the R's whispered a rejoinder of "Or us either!"

I need scarcely add that I made my visit at Hurst Magna as short as the bitterest hospitality on the part of my hostesses could desire. But, having previously intended to spend a week or so with my English relatives, the plan of my journey was unsettled. I had appointed letters to be dispatched to me at given times and places on the road by my London agents; and, in the fear of missing those from home, which were to acquaint me with the welfare of my parents, resolved to spend the interval at a decentish inn in an obscure post-town in Yorkshire, to which my letter were to be addressed. I had books enough in my portmanteau to render the delay supportable, the environs of the town being sufficiently interesting to one as yet so little versed in the features of the mother country.

While still waiting for my letters, I was struck one day by the following notice in a London paper, which I took up on the counter of a stationer's shop where I was making some purchases:

MYSTERIOUS OCCURRENCE.

Considerable curiosity has been excited in a little market town not a thousand miles from Leeds by the arrival of a genteel youth, apparently of foreign extraction, a total stranger in the place, who has taken up his abode in the principal inn, and is supposed to be seeking temporary concealment either from creditors or the pursuit of justice. He leads a secluded life, rises early, spends his days entirely alone in his chamber, dines moderately and retires early to bed, giving not the smallest clue to his projects or connections. We may perhaps forward the ends of justice by stating that he is about five feet eight inches in height, aquiline nose, light hair and sandy whiskers. His linen is marked "J. R."

Yes; positively nothing further was wanting but to advertise me in the *Hue and Cry*. And what had I done? Taken up my abode in a house of entertainment, the master of which would have been handsomely paid at any moment he choose to present his bill, kept early hours and sober habits, and uttered no offensive word to man, woman or child.

I addressed a letter to the editor of the paper, of which no notice was taken. On despatching a second he condescended to inform me that the price of insertion would be £1 1s. He had simply copied the statement from provincial paper. I got into a new quarrel and was again taken before a magistrate, and this time fined 40 shillings for upbraiding in somewhat strong language the scribbler who, to enliven his colums had made so unwarrantably free with my reputation. I remonstrated, and was threatened with the mill! Having been forced into the justice-room by the constable is so compulsory a way as to render it impossible for me to take off my hat to the magistrate, I was voted insolent and disorderly, and the words "swell mob" were distinctly whispered. From the first Sir John "Dogberry had clearly perceived with what sort of person he had to deal."

Everybody knows that when Pope Clement VI. bestowed the Fortunate Islands on the son of Louis of Bavaria, the British Ambassador at Rome asked for his passport to go home and look after his property, because, on hearing the bells ring and drums beat in honor of the bestowal of the "Fortunate Islands," he concluded no other country under the sun than his beloved land of liberty could be intended. I had often laughed in my boyhood at the blunder of His Excellency. I now began to perceive that the information of my poor parents was scarcely less deplorable, and sadly out of conceit with the country of my forefathers, resolved, at the conclusion of a three months' tour in the Highlands, to make the best of my way homewards.

Already I had reached London, meaning to embark from the docks; but before I left England I could not resist the temptation of a peep at Windsor Castle; and a peep it was fated to be, Her Majesty and the court being in residence, which bars all possibility of access. However, I had heard so much of the majesty of the site that even a glimpse was something."

Arrived by the train one Saturday evening I contrived to see as much as could be examined from without, from the various quarters accessible; and next morning attended divine service in St. George's Chapel, with a view (is it to my shame to confess it?) not of saying my prayers but of obtaining a sight of the Queen.

I know not what instinctive feeling of deference instigated me to assume an evening dress on the occasion; for, once in the chapel, I saw that what I knew from my parents, who were travelers in their youth, to be exacted from attendants upon the royal mass at the Tuileries, was out of place at Windsor. I was the more provoked from perceiving that so slight a deviation from the routine of custom sufficed to fix upon me the eyes of one of the least reverent congregations of which I ever formed a part.

When the service was over I was surprised at the highly indecorous manner in which disapproval of my costume was testified by the Windsorians. Even the police came and stared in my face as if I were guilty of a misdemeanor. Unless I am much mistaken, one of them accompanied me to my inn!

On arriving in town, the first person I happened to meet was my cousin W., in answer to whose inquiries I informed him whence I was come and whither I was going.

"You need scarcely have gone to Windsor for a sight of Her Majesty," said he. "Two days hence the Queen will open Parliament in person, and I will take care to procure you a ticket of admission for the interior of the House of Lords."

It was indeed the least he could do in expiation of his preceding neglects.

The ticket and the day arrived, and I set off towards Westminster in my usual morning dress. But lo! as I proceeded through Whitehall I perceived that the ladies in the various carriages going in the same direction were attired in diamonds, feathers and all the paraphernalia of court dress. I had still time to rectify my error, and hastening home, assumed the costume which had been made for me with a view to the levee which I was sated never to attend. The delay had so unsettled my arrangements that I arrived at the door of the House just as the Queen was entering. Contrary, I fancy, to regulation, and thanks to my bag and sword, I was suffered to go in. But I thought the exon of the guard seemed surprised when he took my ticket, which, like all the rest, was a printed card, bearing no specified name. After following the royal cortege, I found myself standing nearer the throne than was altogether agreeable for several personages with white wands and other insignia of office looked hard at me, as if cogitating the distich of Audibras:

The thing is neither rich nor rare,
But how the devil got it there?

In the interest of the scene before me, however, I soon lost all consciousness of the awkwardness of my position, and so long as the Queen was engaged in reading her speech was riveted, eye, ear and heart to her right royal performance of that right royal duty. My interest may, indeed, have been a little too apparent, for as the Court was leaving the House of Lords at the conclusion of the speech, I saw an ill-looking man in a red roquelaure, having a white wand in his hand, address a few words as he went out to an usher of the House who stood near.

As soon as the last of the royal train had disappeared this individual, seeing that I did not stir, addressed to me the startling inquiry of "whether I belonged to the household?" I suppose my confusion was pretty evident as I answered in the negative, for he next took the liberty of asking me "why, in that case, I appeared in court-dress and had followed the royal procession after the doors had been closed to the public?"

Somewhat nettled at what appeared just then an opprobrious disignation, I answered that I had come in with my ticket; of which he denied my possibility, as the exon would not have received a ticket from any person entering with the Queen. My answer probably savored of the indignation which any well-thinking individual accused of falsehood would feel, and, in answer to my proposition to be confronted with the gray-headed gentleman in a scarlet uniform to whom I had given my ticket, he requested me, more civilly, to follow him; and as we hurried through the crowded gallery into a small room, I concluded that the disagreeable mistake was about to be cleared up. Three or four strangers were assembled, to one of whom, a keen-looking, middle-aged man, the usher whisper a few words, in which the name of Lord was audible. Every eye was now turned towards me; for it seems that the public functionary had brought me into the presence of the inspector of police on suspicion of being a pickpocket who had made his way on false pretence into the august assembly.

"A pickpocket! Not he," cried one of the persons present; and I began really to trust that I had found a friend, when, to my horror, he added, "This is the very chap, sir, we were desired to keep an eye on at Windsor. He was seen hovering about the Castle till dark on Saturday last in the most suspicious manner, evidently watching his opportunity to steal in."

"And steal off, no doubt, with whatever else was to be stolen," added a facetious idler who stood by.

"No, sir, I fancy not; for he attended chapel next morning, and, by his dress and manner gave unmistakable token that his intellects were derauged. Lord bless you, sir, scarcely a month passes but we have crazy folks at Windsor. It seems to be their first notion when their heads get wrong to come and have a look at the Queen."

"Ay, a pretty sort of a look!" added the good natured witness. "Hatfield, Peg Nicholson, and Oxford to wit!"

Could mortal patience stand this?—I, the most loyal of the Queen's creatures, to labor under an imputation of regicide! I lost my temper and my liberty!

"Search him," said the inspector; and as nothing was found upon me but a well-filled purse and handsome gold pencil-case, and a small paper of white powder, opinions were divided as to whose pocket I had picked, or into whose food the poison was to be insinuated!

It required, of course, some little time before analysis would determine that the powder was, according to my statement, carbonate of soda, which, since the injury to my digestion caused by my English misadventure, I had been forced to carry about me, or the testimony of my landlord tend to prove that the purse and pencil were my own, and myself one of the most harmless creatures extant. Narrowly indeed did I escape an examination at the Home Office; for I was literally afraid of provoking the reproaches of my cousin W., by sending for him to attest my identity, and extricate me from dilemma.

Of course all the evening papers teemed with accounts of "Disturbance at the House of Lords." "Latest Particulars." "Supposed Attack Upon Her Majesty," "High Treason," etc., etc., all which were duly copied from the daily into the weekly papers. One Sunday print, more daring than the rest, placarded the blank wall in the metropolis with pea-green hand-bills promising an extra sheet to contain the biography of the supposed assassin of the Queen; to which a rival responded by an advertisement in Gothic characters a foot high, of "Confession of the Assassin." If I did not commit regicide I was uncommonly near committing *felo-de-se*. For there was my honorable patronymic at full length staring me in the face from all the palings and scaffoldings between the Peacock at Islington and the Swan With Two Necks in Lad Lane.

But what remedy? In the land of liberty, in dealing with an unhappy man who has not tact to discover when he is to wear a white cravat or when a black, or the exact meaning of fringed or plain linen in a court circular, the freedom of the press is incontestable. They may say pretty nearly what they please, leaving you the remedy of making them suffer for it, provided you have fifteen hundred pounds or so to throw away in doing yourself justice.

My passage is now taken and I am homeward bound. All I have acquired by my trip is the conviction that the subordination of conventional life may be so refined upon as to degenerate into the most abject slavery; and henceforward, whenever I join in the parental declaration that "Britons never will be slaves," I shall feel strongly inclined to add, sotto voce, "or omit an opportunity of making slaves of other people."

Farewell, therefore, gorgeous London, and the capital bill of fare of the Clarendon. For the rest of the day, ye Gods.

Give me again my hollow tree,
A crust of bread and liberty!

A Romance of the Pacific.

San Francisco Examiner, June 27.

Henry Clark, of the well-known firm of Clark & Trimble, came to California sixteen years ago, at the request of an older brother named Robert, who had already located in the Golden state, and who wrote home to Canada such flattering letters about the chances a young man had for making a fortune, that Henry finally consented to his brother's wishes, and in 1861 he set sail for New York, bound for the modern Mecca—the El Dorado of the world—California. His brother Bob had one of those adventurous spirits that in early days characterized the pioneers, and Henry becoming imbued with his brother's spirit, the two started for the Comstock mines that were then in their infancy. They both worked in the mines at that place for some time, until Bob, who had heard of Idaho, wanted to pack up and move into that territory; but Henry, who was doing very well, would not listen to it, and consequently Bob started off by himself, determined to "make or break" in the newly discovered mines. Letters frequently passed between the brothers until the uprising of the Indians in the territory, when all communication ceased. Finally, a report came that Robert Clark was killed while leading an attack on the red devils, the rumor being confirmed by remnants of his company who saw him fall, and many a story was told of the gallantry displayed by their noble leader, whom they all loved for his valor. Henry wrote home to the old folks in Canada, sending newspapers also, describing the fight in which Robert fell. Father, mother, brothers and sisters, shed many a tear over the loss of the brave youth who fell protecting defenseless women and children. Henry wrote to Idaho to try and recover the body of his brother, but without avail. He had been buried, so the answer said, with the rest of the slain in the forest where the battle was fought.

For long years the memory of his brother has dwelt in the mind of Henry, who was wont to look up to Bob with the same confidence that a son looks up to a father. Imagine the surprise of Mr. Clark on yesterday morning when he received a telegraphic dispatch from an old friend in San Francisco, which said: "Your brother is here. Come down. Have sent you letter." Last evening, sure enough, a letter came, telling all about the adventures of Bob in the last thirteen years. How he was dangerously wounded, captured by the savages, kept prisoner for years, finally taken to Arizona, and how he made his escape from them. He is in San Francisco at present, getting a mill to work quartz from a mine which he has discovered in that territory. His relentless spirit will not allow him to remain within the bounds of civilization, and he is determined to go back and work that mine if it breaks him again. Henry left this morning for San Francisco to see his brother, realizing the old adage that truth is stranger than fiction.

A Touching Story.

Detroit Free Peess.

One day three or four weeks ago a gamin, who seemed to have no friends in the world, was run over by a vehicle on Gratoit avenue and fatally injured. After he had been in the hospital for a week a boy about his own age and size, and looking as friendless and forlorn, called to ask about him and to leave him an orange. He seemed much embarrassed, and would answer no questions. After that he came daily, always bringing something, if no more than an apple. Last week, when the nurse told him that Billy had no chance to get well, the strange boy waited around longer than usual, and finally asked if he could go in. He had been invited so many times before, but had always refused. Billy, pale and weak and emaciated, opened his eyes in wonder at sight of the boy, and before he realized who it was the stranger bent close to his face and sobbed.

"Billy, can ye forgive a feller? We was allus fighting and I was allus too much for ye, but I'm sorry! Fore ye die won't ye tell me ye haven't any grudge agin me?"

The young lad, then almost in the shadow of death, reached up his thin white arms, clasped them around the others' neck, and replied:

"Don't cry, Bob—don't feel bad! I was ugly and mean, and I was heaving a stone at ye when the wagon hit me. If ye'll forgive me I'll forgive you, and I'll pray for both o' us!"

Bob was half an hour late the morning Billy died. When the nurse took him to the shrouded corpse he kissed the pale face tenderly and grasped:

"D-did he say anything about—about me?"

"He spoke of you just before he died—asked if you were here," replied the nurse.

"And may I go—go to the funeral?"

SONGSTRESS LUCCA has commenced to give farewell performances in Austria. She says she shall soon permanently retire to her Goldenberg villa, in Switzerland.

INDIVISIBLE.

BY JAMES C. SIMPSON.

A moment face to face they stood,
While soul met soul in honest eyes
That trembling glowed through unshed tears,
Born of a love that never dies.

They met to speak the saddest word
That e'er on human lips can dwell:
But, O, the mockery to dream
That such as these could take farewell!

For as two roseate clouds unite,
In wake of the departed sun,
Their kindred essence pure and sweet,
These twain had softly merged in one.

They might have been severed pole from pole,
Might live through all the years apart;
What mattered time and space to them
Whose home was in each other's heart?

He craved a tress of that fine gold
Whose wavy wreaths her forehead graced,
Bending to grant the boon, he clasped
A zone of pearl about her waist.

A moment more, and he was gone
From sight, nought else. High heart and mind,
Stronghold of tenderness and truth,
Defied the hour and stayed behind!

The seasons rolled, and ne'er again
Thus face to face 'twas theirs to stand;
Yet heart to heart they walked the world
On to the goal, the silent land.

O gift of gifts! a noble soul
That wraps our own in full embrace,
Till all mean things in love's great sea
Are lost, and self hath no more place.

—*Good Words.*

WIT AND HUMOR.

THESE fine evenings lovers sit on stoops to conquer.

CHICAGO thinks her street cars are safe from lightning because they carry such bad conductors. This seems a clear case where they spared the rod and spoiled the child.

A BOSTON merchant forgot the number of his store on Washington street, which he has occupied for a number of years, and is the most laughed at man at the Hub.

"How many children have you?" asked one friend of an old acquaintance. "Well, I have five, but they were eating cucumbers when I left home, and they may be all doubled up now."

How soothing it is for a young man with an empty stomach, knees out and both coat tails worn off, to be told that it is only a question of time when he will be able to ride in his carriage!

IT is now generally believed that the ill-feeling between Judge Hilton and Seligman was caused by the fact that Seligman wore a diamond as big as a tea cup, and was constantly mistaken by the guests of the house for the clerk.

A BENEFACTOR greater than Liebi has appeared in France. He prepares food so condensed that a half-pound package will last a strong man through seven days. No respectable family should be without some.

A LITTLE boy entered a fish market the other day, and seeing for the first time a pile of lobsters lying on the counter, looked intently at them for some time, when he exclaimed: "By gracious! them's the biggest grasshoppers I've ever seen."—*Boston Post.*

IN Vermont the sale of lager beer has been permitted because of the claim that it is not intoxicating, but three-fourths of the persons arrested for drunkenness say that they have drank nothing else, and it is apparent there is a mistake somewhere.

A LANCASTER boy swallowed his mother's thimble. Immediately afterward he seemed to have a stitch in his side, and only felt sew, sew, and it was feared his life hung by a thread. A neighbor came in and tuck it out.—*Norristown Herald.*

MAMMA: "Now, Jack, there are the ten commandments you have to keep. If you took a thing that wan't yours you'd break a commandment!" Jack (remembering something something about some little niggers): "And then there'd be nine?"

"NO MAN is discontented with the world if he does his duty in it," read a Rockland man. He was busily engagrd in rocking a howling infant which his wife had left in his charge while she ran into a neighbor's to compare new dresses. He didn't look as if he believed it.—*Rockland Courier.*

A PATRON of a certain newspaper once said to the publisher: "Mr. Printer, how is it you never call on me for pay for your paper?" "Oh!" said the man of types, "we never ask a gentleman for money." "Indeed!" replied the patron. "How do you manage to get along when they don't pay?" "Why," said the editor, "after a certain time we conclude he is not a gentleman, and we ask him."

AFTER one of the last operations of a celebrated surgeon the resident student stood viewing the two pieces of mortality lying on the surgeon's table. "What are you doing, sir?" sharply inquired the surgeon. "I was watching for you to point out which piece is to be put to bed, and which is to be burned."

BENEVOLENT Clergyman to Joe—"Why are you standing there, little man?" Joe—"Cause I've nowheres to go to." Clergyman—"Where are your father and mother?" Joe—"Dunno! Gone away this eversolong!" Clergyman—"Poor little! fellow. Well, well, can you answer me this question? When your father and mother forsake you, who is it that will take you up?" Joe—"The policeman!"

Two gamblers were in Leavenworth Kon., several years ago, with about $50 in their pockets. They desired to get money enough to go to California. They went to separate hotels. One registered as a physician, and advertised a remedy for cholera. The other put up a large quantity of yeast powder into sample packages, with a little croton oil in each, and hired a boy to distribute them. Soon family after family, affected by the croton oil, felt what they believed were symptoms of cholera. The sale of the cholera remedy was enormous, and the gamblers were enabled to go to California. They now tell the story through the Virginia City *Enterprise.*

A VALUED lady correspondent of the *Journal*, during a recent visit in Ireland, was accosted in the streets of Cork by an old beggar woman, who begged for a hapenny. The kind heart of the lady yielded and bestowed a trifle, upon which the old beggar woman exclaimed: "May you ride in your carriage, lady, and may its wheels throw dust in the eyes of your enemies, if you have any—which you haven't." This was worth tuppence.—*Providence Journal.*

THREE young gentlemen planned a burlesque serenade to three young ladies in Raleigh, N. C., last week. One had a violin, another a bass viol, and another a banjo, and eaah instrument had but a single string. Entering the front yard at midnight, they screened themselves from sight beneath the foliage of magnolia trees and opened the serenade. Now, the young lady had a facetious father with a noisy shot-gun. Sliding noiselessly from his bed, he took out the shot from a shell cartridge, and aiming his gun at the magnolias, fired. He confidently expected a stampede, but he was disappointed. The overture was not broken off; the players scraped and picked each on his own string, and a voice cried out, "Shoot, lower, old coon." "Now, girls, I'll try the hose-pipe," said the facetious father, and soon there was less music in the air.