

crown of Spain? or was it merely from the tender sentiment which is usually called forth on such an occasion? or was it from the thought of that one whose fortunes she had followed for many eventful hours with a view to such a conclusion as this?

No matter.

Reader, let us draw a veil over the emotions of this afflicted lady.

The marriages went on. The knots were all tied.

Then came the wedding breakfast.

Don Carlos was in his best mood. He jested, he laughed, he paid innumerable compliments to the ladies, and finally gave the whole party an invitation to visit him on some future day at this royal court in Madrid. Which visit, it may be stated parenthetically, has not yet been paid.

After this little speech Don Carlos handed over to Harry the Spanish bonds.

"I understand," said he, "that your lady will soon be of age, but, under any circumstances, according to Spanish law, the husband is entitled to receive all the property of his wife. Take this, therefore, and you will thus relieve our aged friend yonder,

the venerable Señor Russell, from all further responsibility as guardian."

Harry took it, and could not help casting a triumphant glance at Russell, but that good man looked away. He afterward told his wife that he had lost all faith in Providence, and felt but little desire to live any longer in such an evil world. Since the bonds were lost to him, it mattered not who gained them—whether Bourbon, bandit, or bridegroom.

At length the hour of their departure came. The luggage was heaped up in a huge wagon. Another wagon was ready to take the ladies, and horses were prepared for the gentlemen. With these a troop of horsemen was sent as a guard.

As they passed out through the gates Don Carlos stood and bade them all farewell.

So they passed forth on their way to liberty and home and happiness; and so they moved along, until at length the castle, with its hoary walls, its lofty towers, its weather-beaten turrets and battlements, was lost in the distance.

THE END.

THE THRUSH IN THE OLD CONVENT GARDEN.

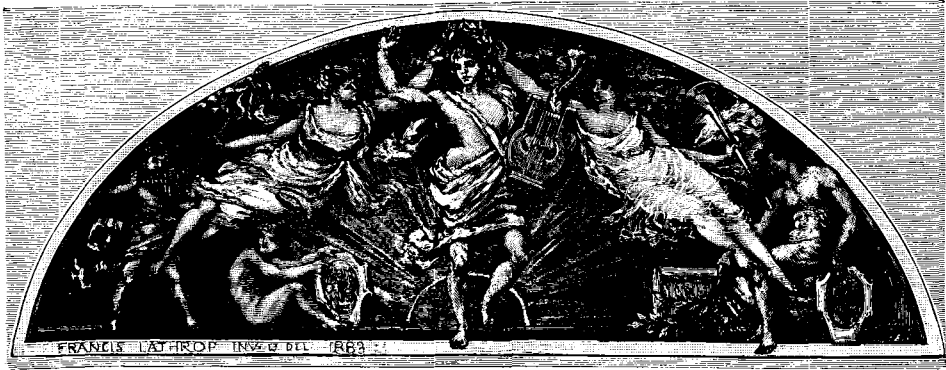
GLAD prophet hidden in the leaves,
Thy sudden flute strikes through the rain;
The air a thrill of hope receives,
The day begins to breathe again—
The dull day weeping ceaseless rain.

The world may weep, yet sound of tears
But faintly stirs this cloistered space,
Where noiseless feet of passing years
Fall on soft lawns and leave no trace,
But cast fresh spells about the place.

Ah, not for us such green repose,
Gray wall-girt stillness, brooding air.
Where floats the soul of each dead rose
The endless years have seen unclose.
And pass, sweet ghost, to haunt the air.

Sing loud, and bid us dream no more
In this fair prison of the soul,
But rise and gird us, and before
The sun sets hasten toward the goal,
Break loose these sweet bonds of the soul.

Sing 'mid the falling leaves thy song
Of hope, though Autumn's breath is here;
The day is short, the way is long.
Up! let us labor and be strong,
Nor falter till the end appear.



APOLLO CROWNED BY THE MUSES—FOR CENTRAL PANEL ABOVE CURTAIN.

THE METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE.

"FROM a psalm of Asaph," remarked the late Mr. Carlyle, in one of his most bilious seasons of reflection, "to a seat at the London opera in the Haymarket, what a road have men travelled!" The distempered sage had himself, upon one occasion, been induced to take a seat in the London opera, which he abandoned during the ballet, upon the ground, as he subsequently explained, that he "hadn't the heart to stay and watch a woman with an immortal soul making a Manx penny of herself." The outcome of all the cost and of the various art that had been lavished upon the performance he declared to be "an hour's amusement, not amusing either, but wearisome and dreary, to a high-dizened, select populace of male and female persons, who seemed to me not much worth amusing."

These are extremely bilious remarks; but it must be owned that to many persons the Italian opera in its present estate makes no more appeal as a serious form of art than it did to Carlyle or to Wagner. The high-dizened, select populace is very apt to wear a bored aspect except when a Patti or a Nilsson or a Schalchi or a Campanini breaks in for moments upon its apathy at the crisis of an aria. The interest in opera is at least three parts social to one part musical. To recur to our Jeremiad: "Euterpe and Melpomene, sent for regardless of expense, were but the vehicles of a kind of service which I judged to be Paphian rather." The more, or possibly the less, wonderful the heroic and unexampled sacrifices which are laid

upon the operatic shrine! An impresario was long ago defined as a person who paid all his money for the pleasure of being blackguarded by everybody, and the definition remains so far true that the successful managers of Italian opera who have escaped its perils with their lives and fortunes are scattered columns in a waste of ruins. And yet the seed of the martyrs of Italian opera continues to fructify. From the lean and primitive opera seasons which Mr. Richard Grant White not long ago commemorated in a very interesting series of magazine papers until now the "cause" has never lacked a forlorn hope. A whole procession of Curtiuses, each girded with an orchestra and a chorus, and brandishing his poetical prospectus in his good right hand, have followed each other into the gulf of insolvency, which obstinately declines to close over them. Managers who have amassed competences in the more prosaic departments of their calling do not consider their careers rounded until they have embraced the opportunity to beggar themselves in behalf of the lyric drama.

Nor is it only these altruistic servants of "society" who burn the lamp of sacrifice before this modern shrine. In what other cause of charity or of culture would it be possible so to enlist the men of business who have for years carried the New York Academy of Music, and cheerfully threw what, from a commercial point of view, was the good money of assessment after the bad of hopeless investment? In what other cause would it have been found