

The Carleton

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor and Proprietor.

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Poetry.

THE PATTERN OF LITTLE FEET.

The following beautiful lines, written by a lady of Crawfordsville, Ind., appeared originally in the Cincinnati Gazette, and we are sure all lovers of true poetry will thank us for re-publishing them:

Up with the sun at morning,
Away to the garden he goes,
To see if the sleepy blossoms
Have begun to open their eyes;
Running a race with the wind,
With a step light and fleet,
Under my window I hear
The patter of little feet.

Now to the brook he wanders,
In swift and noiseless flight,
Splashing the sparkling ripples
Like a fairy water sprite.
No sound under fabled river
Has gleams like his golden hair;
No pearly sea shell is fairer
Than his slender ankles bare;
Nor the rosiest stem of coral
That blushes in ocean's bed,
Is sweeter as the flush that follows
Out darling's airy tread.

From a broad window my neighbor
Looks down on our little cot,
And watches the "poor man's blessing,"
I cannot envy his lot.
He has pictures, books and music,
Bright fountains and noble trees,
Flowers that blossom in roses,
Birds from beyond the seas,
But never does childish laughter
His homeward footsteps greet,
His stately halls ne'er echo
The tread of innocent feet.

This child is our "speaking picture,"
A birdling that chatters and sings,
Sometimes a sleeping cherub—
Our other one has wings;
His heart is a charmed casket,
Full of all that's charmed and sweet,
And no harp strings hold such music
As follows his tinkling feet.

When the glory of sunset opens
The highway by angels trod,
And seems to unbar the city
Whose Builder and Maker is God,
Close to the crystal portal
I see by the gates of pearl
The eyes of our other angel—
A twinborn little girl.

And I ask to be taught and directed
To guard his footsteps aright,
So that I be accounted worthy
To walk in the sandals of light;
And hear amid songs of welcome
From messengers trusty and fleet,
On the starry floor of heaven,
The patter of little feet.

Select Tale.

From Chambers's Journal.

THE PRIZE PICTURE.

My father was a trader and a distiller at Schiedam, on the Maas. Without being wealthy, we enjoyed the means of procuring every social comfort. We gave and received visits from a few old friends; we went occasionally to the theatre, and my father had his tulip-garden and summer house at a little distance from Schiedam, on the banks of the canal which connects the town with the river.

But my father and mother, whose only child I was, cherished one dream of ambition, in which, fortunately, my own tastes led me to participate—they wanted me to become a painter. "Let me but see a picture by Franz Linden in the gallery at Rotterdam," said my father, "and I shall die happy." So, at fourteen years of age, I was removed from school, and placed in the classes of Messrs. Kesler, an artist living at Delft. Here I made such progress, that by the time I had reached my nineteenth birthday, I was transferred to the atelier of Hans van Roos, a descendant of the celebrated family of that name. Van Roos was not more than thirty-eight or forty, and had already acquired considerable reputation as a painter of portraits and sacred subjects. There was an altar piece of his in one of our finest churches; his works had occupied the place of honor for the last six years at the annual exhibition; and for portraiture he numbered among his patrons most of the wealthy merchants and burgomasters of the city. Indeed, there could be no question that my master was rapidly acquiring a fortune equal to his popularity.

Still, he was not a cheerful man. It was whispered by the people that he had met with a disappointment early in life—that he had loved, was accepted, and, on the eve of marriage, was rejected by the lady for a more wealthy suitor. The story, however, was founded merely on conjecture, if not originating in pure fable; for no one in Rotterdam knew the history of his youth. He came from Friesland, in the north of Holland, when a very young man; he had always been the same gloomy, pallid, labor-loving citizen. He was a rigid Calvinist; he was sparing of domestic expenditure, and liberal to the poor; this every one could tell you, and no one knew more.

The number of his pupils was limited to six. He kept us continually at work, and scarcely permitted us to exchange a word with each other during the day. Standing among us so silently, with the light from above shining down upon his pallid face, and contracting with the sombre folds of his long black dressing-gown, he looked almost like some stern old picture himself. To tell the truth, we were all afraid of him; not that he was harsh, not that he assumed any overbearing authority: on the contrary, he was stately, silent, and rigidly polite; and that was far more impressive. None of us resided in his house, for he lived in the deepest seclusion. I had a second floor in a neighboring street, and two of my fellow-students occupied rooms in the same house. We used to meet at night in each other's chambers, and make excursions to the exhibitions and theatres; and sometimes on a summer's evening, we would hire a pleasure-boat, and row for a mile or two down the river. We were merry enough then, and not quite so silent, I promise you, as in the gloomy studio of Hans van Roos.

In the meantime I was ambitious and anxious to glean every benefit from my master's instructions. I improved rapidly, and my paintings soon excelled those of the other five. My taste did not incline to sacred subjects, like that of Van Roos, but rather to the familiar rural style of Berghem and Paul Potter. It was my great delight to wander along the rich pasture lands, to watch the amber sunset, the herds going home to the dairy, the lazy wind mills, and the calm clear waters of the canals, scarcely ruffled by the passage of the public *treckshuyt*. In depicting scenes of this nature—

The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail—

I was singularly fortunate. My master never praised me by word or look; but when my father came up one day from Schiedam to visit me, he drew him aside and told him, in a voice inaudible to the rest, that "Messer Franz was doing a credit to the profession;" which so delighted the good distiller, that he straightway took me out with him for the day, and, after giving me fifteen gold pieces as a testimony of his satisfaction, took me to dine with his friend

the burgomaster, Von Gael. It was an eventful visit for me. On that evening I first learned to love.

Few people, I think, would at that time have denied the personal attractions of Gertrude Von Gael; yet I do not know that it was so much her features as her soft voice and gentle womanly grace that so completely fascinated me. Though so young, she performed the honors of her father's princely table with self-possession and good-breeding. In the evening, she sang some sweet German songs to her own simple accompaniment. We talked of books and of poetry: I found her well read in English, French and German literature. We spoke of art, and she discovered both judgment and enthusiasm.

As we took our leave at night, the burgomaster shook me warmly by the hand, and told me to come often. I fancied that Gertrude's blue eyes brightened when he said it, and I felt the color rush quickly to my brow as I bowed and thanked him.

"Franz," said my father, when we were once in the street, "how old are you?"

"Just twenty-two, sir," I replied, rather surprised at the question.

"You will not be dependent on your brush, my boy," continued my father, as he leaned upon my arm and looked back at the lofty mansion we had just left. "I have been neither wasteful nor unsuccessful, and it will be my pride to leave you a respectable income at my death."

I inclined my head in silence, and wondered what would come next.

"Burgomaster von Gael is one of my oldest friends," said my father.

"I have often heard you speak of him, sir," I replied.

"And he is rich."

"So I should suppose."

"Gertrude will have a fine fortune," said my father, as if thinking aloud.

I bowed again, but this time rather nervously.

"Marry her, Franz."

I dropped his arm and started back.

"Sir!" I faltered: "I—I—marry the Fraulein von Gael?"

"And pray, sir, why not?" said my father earnestly, stopping short in his walk and leaning both hands upon the top of his walking-stick.

I made no reply.

"Why not, sir?" repeated my father very energetically. "What could you wish for better? The young lady is handsome, educated, rich. Now, Franz, if I thought you had been such a fool as to form any other attachment without?"

"Oh, sir, you do me injustice!" I cried. "Indeed, I know no one—have seen no other lady. But—do you think that—that she would have me, sir?"

"Try her, Franz," said my father good-humoredly, as he resumed my arm. "If I am not very much mistaken, the burgomaster would be as pleased as myself; and as for the fraulein—women are easily won."

We had reached by this time the door of the inn where my father was to sleep for the night. As he left me, his last words were:—"Try her, Franz—try her."

From this time I became a frequent visitor at the house of the Burgomaster von Gael. It was a large old-fashioned mansion, built of red brick, and situated upon the famous line of houses known as the Boompjes. In front lay the broad shining river, crowded with merchant vessels, from whose masts fluttered the flags of all the trading nations in the world. Tall trees thick with foliage, lined the quays, and cast a pleasant shade, through which the sunlight flickered brightly upon the spacious drawing-rooms of Gertrude's home.

Here, night after night, when the studies of the day were past, I used to sit with her beside the open window, and watch the busy passing crowd beneath the rippling river, and the rising moon that tipped the masts and city spires with silver. Here, listening to the accents of a distant ballad singer, or to the far murmur of voices from the shipping, we read together from the pages of our favorite poets, and counted the first pale stars that trembled into light.

It was a happy time. But there came at last a time still happier, when, one still evening as we sat alone, conversing in unrequited whispers, and listening to the beating of each other's hearts, I told Gertrude that I loved her; and she, in answer, laid her fair head, silently upon my shoulder with a sweet confidence, as she was content so to rest forever. Just as my father had predicted, the burgomaster showed every mark of satisfaction, and readily sanctioned our betrothal, specifying but one condition, and this was that our marriage should not take place till I had attained my twenty-fifth year. It was a long time to wait; but I should by that time, perhaps, have made a name in my profession. I intended soon to send a picture to the annual exhibition—and who could tell what I might not do in three years to show Gertrude how dearly I loved her!

And so our happy youth rolled on, and the quaint old dial in Messer von Gael's tulip garden told the passage of our golden hours. In the meantime, I worked sedulously at my picture; I labored upon it all the winter; and when the spring-time came, I sent it in, with no small anxiety as to its probable position upon the walls of the gallery. It was a view in one of the streets in Rotterdam. There were the high old houses with their gables and carved doorways, and the red sunlight glittering on the bright twinkling panes of the upper windows—the canal flowing down the centre of the streets, crossed by its white drawbridge, with a barge just passing underneath—the green trees spreading a long evening shadow across the yellow paving of the roadway, and the spires of the Church of St. Lawrence, rising high beyond against the clear warm sky. When it was quite finished, and about to be sent away, even Hans van Roos nodded a cold encouragement, and said that I deserved a good position. He had himself prepared a painting this year, on a more ambitious scale and a larger canvas than usual. It was a sacred subject, and represented the conversion of St. Paul. His pupils admired it warmly, and none more than myself. We all pronounced it to be his master-piece, and the artist was evidently of our opinion.

The day of exhibition came at last. I had scarcely slept the previous night; and the early morning found me, with a number of other students, waiting impatiently before the yet unopened door. When I arrived, it wanted an hour to the time, but half the day seemed to elapse before we heard the heavy bolts give way inside, and then forced our way struggling through the narrow barriers. I had flown up the staircase, and found myself in the first room, amid the bright wall of paintings and gilt frames. I had forgotten to purchase a catalogue at the entrance, and I had not patience to go back for it; so I strode round and round the apartment, looking eagerly for my picture: it was nowhere to be seen, so I passed on to the next; here my search was equally unsuccessful.

"It must be in this room," I said to myself, "where all the best works are placed! Well, if it be hung ever so high, or in ever so dark a corner, it is, at all events, an honor to have one's picture in the third room!"

But, though I spoke so bravely, it was with a sinking heart I ventured in. I could not really hope for a good place, among the magnates of the art, while in either of the other rooms there had been a possibility that my picture might receive a tolerable situation.

The house had formerly been the mansion of a merchant of enormous wealth, who had left it, with his valuable collection of paintings, for the purpose of affording encouragement to Flemish art. The third room had been his reception-chamber, and the space over the magnificently carved chimney was assigned, as the place of honor, to the best painting. The painter of this picture always received a costly prize for which he was likewise indebted to the munificence of the founder. To this spot my eyes were naturally turned as I entered the door. Was I dreaming? I stood still—I turned hot and cold by turns—I ran forward. It was no delusion! There was my picture, my own picture, in its little modest frame, installed in the chief place of all the gallery! And there, too, was the official card stuck in the corner, with the words, "Prize Painting," printed

in shining gold letters in the middle! I ran down the staircase and bought a catalogue, that my eyes might be gladdened by the confirmation of this joy; and there, sure enough, was printed at the commencement:—"Annual Prize Painting—View in Rotterdam, No. 12—Franz Linden." I could have wept for delight. I was never tired of looking at my picture; I walked from one side to the other—I retreated—I advanced closer to it—I looked at it, in every possible light, and forgot all but my happiness.

"A very charming little painting, sir," said a voice at my elbow.

It was an elderly gentleman, with gold spectacles and an umbrella. I colored up; and said falteringly:—"Do you think so?"

"I do, sir," said the old gentleman. "I am an amateur—I am very fond of pictures. I presume that you are also an admirer of art?"

I bowed.

"Very nice little painting indeed; very nice," he continued, as he wiped his glasses, and adjusted them with the air of a connoisseur. "Water very liquid, colors pure, sky transparent, perspective admirable. I'll buy it."

"Will you?" I exclaimed joyfully. "Oh, thank you, sir!"

"Oh," said the old gentleman, turning suddenly upon me and smiling kindly, "so you are the artist, are you? Happy to make your acquaintance, Messer Linden. You are a very young man to paint such a picture as that. I congratulate you, sir—and—I'll buy it."

So we exchanged cards, shook hands, and became the best friends in the world. I was burning with impatience to see Gertrude, and tell her all my good fortune; but my new patron took my arm, and said that he must make the tour of the rooms in my company; and I was even forced to comply.

We stopped before a large painting that occupied the next best situation to mine: it was my master's work, the Conversion of St. Paul. While we were admiring it, and I was telling him of my studies in the atelier of the painter, a man started from before us, and glided away, but not before I had recognised the pale countenance of Van Roos. There was something in the expression of his face that shocked me, something that stopped my breath and made me shudder. What was it? I scarcely knew; but the glare of his dark eyes and the quivering passion of his lip haunted me for the rest of the day, and came back again in my dreams. I said nothing of it to Gertrude that afternoon, but it had sobered my rapturous exultation most effectually. I positively dreaded, the next day, to return to the studio; but, to my surprise, my master received me as he never had received me before. He advanced, and extended his hand to me.

"Welcome, Franz Linden," he said smiling; "I am proud to call you my pupil."

The hand was cold—the voice was harsh—the smile was passionless. My companions crowded round and congratulated me; and in the warm tones of their young, cheerful voices, and the close pressure of their friendly hands, I forgot all that had pained me in the conduct of Van Roos.

Not long after this event, Gertrude's father desired to have her portrait painted—to console him for her absence, he said, when I should be so wicked as to take her away from him. I recommended my old master, whose tutelage I had recently left; and Van Roos was summoned to fulfil a task that I would gladly have performed; but portraiture was not my line. I could paint a sleek, spotted milch-cow, or a drove of sheep, far better than the fair skin and golden curls of my darling Gertrude.

She could not endure the artist from the first. In vain I reasoned with and strove to persuade her—all was of no use; and she used to say, at the end of every such conversation, that she wished the portrait were finished, and that she could no more help disliking him than—than she could help loving me. So our arguments always ended with a kiss.

But this portrait took a long time. Van Roos was in general a rapid painter; yet Gertrude's likeness progressed at a very slow pace, and, like Penelope's web, seemed never to be completed. One morning I happened to be in the room—a rare event at that time, for I was hard at work upon my new landscape; and I was struck by the change that had come over my late master. He seemed to be no longer the same man. There was a light in his eye, and a vibration in his voice, that I had never observed before; and when he rose to take leave, there was a studied courtesy in his bow and manner that took me quite by surprise.

Still, I never suspected the truth, and still the portrait was as far as ever from being finished. It all came out at last; and one morning Hans van Roos made a formal offer of his hand and heart: of course he was immediately refused.

"But as kindly as was possible, dear Franz," said she, when she told me in the evening; "because he is your friend, and because he seemed to feel it so deeply. And—and you don't know how dreadfully white he turned, and how he tried to restrain his tears. I pitied him, Franz; and, indeed, I was very sorry." And the gentle creature could scarcely keep from weeping herself as she told me.

I did not see Van Roos for some months after this disclosure; at last I met him accidentally one morning in front of the stadhouders, and to my surprise, for the second time in his life, he held out his hand.

"A good day to you, Messer Linden," said he. "I hear that you are on the high road to fame and fortune."

"I have been very prosperous, Messer Van Roos," I replied, taking the proffered hand—"more prosperous, perhaps than my merits deserve. I never forget that I owe my present proficiency to the hours spent in your atelier."

A peculiar expression flitted over his face.

"If I thought that," said he, hastily, "I—I should esteem myself particularly happy."

There was so odd a difference in the way in which he uttered the beginning and end of this sentence—so much hurry and passion in the first half, such deliberate politeness in the last; that I started back and looked him full in the face; he was as smiling and impenetrable as a marble statue.

"I too have been fortunate," he said, after a moment's pause. "Have you seen the new church lately built near the east end of the Haring-vliet?"

I replied that I had observed it in passing, but had not been inside.

"I have been intrusted," he said, "with the superintendence of the interior decorations. My 'Conversion of St. Paul' is purchased for the altar-piece, and I am now engaged in painting a series of frescoes upon the ceiling. Will you come in one day and give me your opinion on them?"

I professed myself much flattered, and appointed to visit him in the church on the following morning. He was waiting for me at the door when I arrived, with the heavy keys in his hand. We passed in, and he turned the key in the lock.

"I always secure myself against intruders," he said, smiling. "People will come into the church if I leave the doors unfastened; and I do not choose to carry on my art, like a sign-painter, in the presence of every blockhead that chooses to stand and stare at me."

It was surprising in what a disagreeable manner this man showed his teeth when he smiled.

The church was decidedly a handsome building, built in that Italian style which imitates the antique, and prefers grace and magnificence to the dignified sanctity of the Gothic order. A row of elegant Corinthian columns supported the roof on each side of the nave; gilding and decorative carvings were lavished in every direction; the gorgeous altar-piece already occupied its appointed station; and a little to the left of the raised space where the communion table was to be placed, a lofty scaffolding was erected, that seemed from where I stood, almost to come in contact with the roof, and above which I observed the yet unfinished sketch of a masterly fresco.—Three or four more, already completed, were stationed at regular intervals, and some others were merely outlined in charcoal upon their intended site.

"Will you not come up with me?" asked the painter, when I had expressed my admiration sufficiently; "or are you afraid of turning giddy?"

I felt somewhat disinclined my nerves, but still more so I followed him up from structure, without once d

At last we reached the posed, there was not even tist to assume a sitting p while lying on his back. myself on this lofty couch above the level of his foot and descended immediately. I waited till he rejoined m "How dangerous it mu ing, "to let yourself do perch!"

"I used to think so at I am now quite accustomed approaching close to the "fancy falling from this "Horrible!" cried I

"I wonder how high pavement," continued I, I daresay—perha I drew back, giddy

"No man could painter, still looking dashed to atoms on t

"Pray, come awa swims at the very ide

"Does it?" said I with the voice and eve he cried, as he seized clasp—"fool, to trust whom you have wrong ed!—me, whom you love! Down, wretch your blood, and my ti

It sickens me even struggle! At the first back and seized a bet

near me from it—he rose like knits upon h

felt my wrists strain rated, still I held on

struggle for dear li least it seemed long ed beneath our feet.

failing; suddenly I whole weight upon I—he fell!

I dropped upon m of silence seemed to upon my brow. P below, I crawled to looked over—a shap

marble pavement, blood.

I think an hour i summon courage to reached the level gro what was so near m

With trembling han it, and rushed into t to the ground. I rem

ed.

It was many mont brain fever brought I think I never shoul for the tender cares o

me day and night, ti me out of danger. I been fearful; and m

minds of men as to guilty one, those va establish my innocen

is pretty sure to spee was able to leave m

grown pale and spiri self. Rotterdam was found myself a hero

be started after whe to shatter my nerves

change of air and scen we thought we coul and take our wedding

And I assure you, read deal of good.

From Cham

NOTHING

Conce

It would be scarcely pos to determine whether the kingdom furnishes the larg

suffice it to say that the almost endless in variety, fibres the great material for

the cotton spinners are en hundreds of millions pou

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about the mill, "stripping-pings," "blowings" and carefully collected, not on

and cleanliness in the wor have a money value. The will give for the stripping

half or two-thirds the va the other three kinds, a

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is worked up into pap other articles. Linen rag

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variety of purposes; it used as a lining materi

account of its incombust er of resisting vermin;

facturing chemists as and acetic acid can be

The minor uses of th of the vegetable world

reed, linseed, cotton s pressed out of them, i

cakes, which both in th of oil which they still e