

TO MEAFORD.

BY THOMAS CLAUDE DEAN.

I
The tide of time exerts its bold mad sway
And life's wild sea rolls on with sullen roar:
Whose restless waves beat me from day to day,
Nearer to death's dark shore.

II
Its fleeting flood has borne me far from thee,
To mingle with the world's remorseless throng:
Yet is thy memory ever sweet to me,
As some wild warbler's song.

III
I think of thee when fall, triumphant day
Wakes from its mystic swoon; and yet again
I think of thee when e'er a strange phantom play
And night begins his reign.

IV
Yes! night and day thou to my thoughts art true,
And though perchance Old Fame has wreathed my brow,
My boyhood days, which once were sweet to me,
Come to my vision now.

V
I see thy fair, bright vales where, when a boy,
I chased the butterflies in guileless play,
And mocked the morning songsters in my joy
At the bright birth of day.

VI
Again I search the secrets of thy deep
Dark forests, where the summer shrubs bowed low,
And the wild winds whistled in their sleep
The river's gentle flow.

VII
Again I wander by thy brooklets fair,
And listen to the murmuring white cascades;
Again I heard the birds chant to the air
Their evening serenades.

VIII
My childish steps were on thy fields, my soul
Held banquet there with joy's celestial band:
T was there I tread my thoughts from all control,
And in bright fancy stand.

IX
I built my future where, within their graves,
Old pain and anguish slept their sleep of death,
And the wild cry of grief's great leap of waves
Stirred not my young breast.

X
T was there I lived as in a soothing dream,
And barred my soul against all thought of care:
My days were boyhood as the soft sun's beam,
Life seemed so bright and fair.

XI
But now my path in life from thee lies far,
And I must boldly tread it where it lies:
Yet do I look to thee as some bright star
Which lights the pathless skies.

OUR CLIMATE AND PEOPLE.

A crisp, dry, bracing climate, invigorating and exhilarant. A climate of rosy cheeks, elastic lungs, stout sinews, producing a hardy, healthy race. The Canadian is rather stumpy in size and rugged in build, but he has a brave heart for work and strong arms to handle the axe, and brandish the flail. The women are equally laborious, and amid the fatigues of caring for a large family—Canadian women are phenomenally prolific—do work in garden and field which would tax the strength of our best yeomen. A happy, fecund people, quaint in their simplicity, with strange old-time customs, and broad, Norman accent, ardent with a fire which two hundred hyperborean winters have not chilled, and hospitable with the proverbial hospitality of mountaineers. In the United States, sixty is considered a venerable old age, but here, even the scriptural term of three score and ten is not the extreme limit of existence. In any village church you will behold the white hairs of many a patriarch of ninety, who has probably walked to mass a distance of one or two leagues. This people have few of the luxuries of life. They do very little shopping or marketing, for every farm produces the clothing and food of the family—coarse linen for undergarments, heavy woollens for upper dress, plenty of fat pork, rich milk and butter, substantial white bread, sugar from the sap of the maple and small beer from the blood of the spruce and tamarac. A primitive, pastoral people, worthy to be sung by another Sicilian Theocritus, as indeed they have been by Longfellow in *Eclogues*; for the Canadians of that poem are a branch of the same Breton colony which settled two centuries ago in the Huron-Algonquin villages of Stadacona and Hochelaga (Quebec and Montreal), and subsequently spread over the great valley of the St. Lawrence. The American who is desirous of studying peasant life and the charms of quiet villages which he so frequently reads of but never sees at home, need not for that purpose undertake a trans-Atlantic voyage. He can procure that enjoyment by coming to Lower Canada, and learning the habits of this singular people, who, unlike their countrymen of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Alabama and Michigan, have preserved nearly intact the simplicity, innocence, and pleasant ancient ways of their forefathers on the banks of the Loire and Garonne. And now, a word about the picturesque-ness of the country. It is no exaggeration to say that nowhere in North America can a grander or more varied scenery be found. There are not the warm exuberance of the tropics, the profuse vegetation, the gorgeous tints, the enervating odorlessness of Brazilian woods, but there are characteristic elements of beauty and sublimity on land and water which must arrest the attention and command the unqualified admiration of the lover of nature. The principal feature in this panorama is the river St. Lawrence. Look at the map and see where it rises

and whither it flows. First observe where it moves on darkling in the shade of the fir-lined shores of Lake Huron, thence through Lake St. Clair, past Detroit into the bosom of the stormy Erie, onward with perpetual roar and amid clouds of mist at Niagara, where, under the triumphal arch of Iris, resplendent with prismatic lights, it tumbles 150 feet into the placid waters of Ontario, bathes the Thousand Isles at Kingston, sweeps past the modern city of Montreal and the ancient walled town of Quebec, till finally, ever widening, it reaches its gigantic break-water on the western shore of Anticosti. It changes name five or six times in its course, but is always the same great northern stream, nearly as broad as the Amazon, as impetuous as the Ganges, and far more picturesque than the "Father of Waters." Canadian forests, too, deserve consideration. As an article of wealth, they are perhaps the greatest resource of the country, for, in spite of the repeal of the Reciprocity Treaty, American builders must have and are willing to pay high duties for Canadian lumber. The maple, birch, beech, oak, pine, hemlock and walnut abound in all varieties. These forests are still wild and teeming with game.

A novel and picturesque sight in connection with these woods is the Canadian raftsman and the Canadian hunter. The raftsman or *homme des rades* spends the winter in the interior, cutting timber and preparing it for the freshets of spring. When he has gathered a sufficient quantity, he constructs a raft therewith, upon which he builds a little cabin for himself, and sets out for the point where the lumber is to be delivered. He knows the river well, and advances boldly through its rapids and cascades. He is a famous fellow for stories and songs. He knows all the legends and ballads which his ancestors brought from France. It is pleasant to stand on the shore and hear him sing, in a clear, resonant voice, in time with the stroke of his long oar, such beautiful romances as:

"A la chaise fontaine."

"Mon enfant promener."

or the more lively bar mode:

"Ronde enfant, ma belle enfant."

The huntsman, or *coureur des bois*, has his home in some country parish, but passes a great part of his time in the pursuit of game. The elk, the moose, the bear, the otter, the beaver, the opossum, the fox, the partridge, the wild duck, the pigeon and many more, fall an easy prey to the skill of the Canadian hunter. He is the descendant of a class who learned the art from the Indians themselves, and who replaced the red man in the traffic of furs. He is of the race of those who explored the Rocky Mountains before Lewis and Clark; who, with Franchère, colonized Columbia before J. J. Astor; who founded New Orleans with Iberville, Mobile with Bienville, Galveston with Michel Menard, Milwaukee with Salomon Jumeau, Detroit with Lamotte-Cadillac, and contributed to the early growth of the city of Lac Seul. A remarkable race, now greatly reduced in numbers, but still retaining all the elements of its vitality.

The river St. Lawrence; the primeval forests; the raftsman and the *coureur des bois*; the mountains of ice upheaving in the thaws of spring; the weird illuminations of the *aurora borealis*, or storm-lights; the *névés*, or daughters of the snow, which the northern muse has imagined in addition to the *degades* and *avalanches* of tropical woods and summer seas (beautiful creations, indistinct and evanescent as the hazy winter atmosphere in which they float, cold and passionless as Indian, pure with the whiteness of the element which composes them)—all these, or some of these, artistically grouped on one canvas, form an ensemble sufficiently picturesque to captivate a lover of the beautiful. This is so far acknowledged, that a branch of the celebrated English Water Color Academy is established at Montreal, and makes many studies from Canadian nature. Here is one of these *tableaux de genre*: A Canadian hunter returns from a successful expedition at nightfall. Clad in heavy great coat, with hood tightly laced upon his forehead and under his chin—boots of moose skin reaching to his knees—red sash about his loins—he leans upon his rifle and looks out from the edge of the pine wood like a Fra Diavolo of the Grand Opera. A noble caribou lies dead at his feet, the trophy of his hunt. The forest and the plain are piled with snow; the piers of the bridge which spans the stream sparkle with ice-gems, and in the distance the moon flashes with ghastly whiteness on the tin roof of the village church, and red lights of invitation glow in the narrow squares of his cottage window. One effort more and he crosses that snowy field—that icy bridge, bending under his prey, and reaches home, where wife and children await him. I close with this picture and its beautiful moral. Hard day's work in the cold, cold world, and at night rest in a warm home!

J. L.

BURLESQUE.

GEORGE FRANCIS.—Mr. G. F. Train, thus describes himself in his own paper:—"I receive no callers, talk with no adults, make no speeches; visit no theatres, concerts, lycées, or churches, enter no hotel, restaurants, courts, or public places, see no interviewers, attend no dinners, balls, or private parties, make no calls, giving no Christmas presents, make no charitable donations, attend no weddings or festivals; shake no hands, belong to no club society, or party, court no sympathy, ask no favours, need no money, desire no friendship, seek no office, have no wish, possess no aspirations."

BETTER THAN BLUE GLASS.—Bobby Blinkers was a Nevada boy, and didn't want to go to school the other day. He did not put in his appearance at breakfast, and about nine o'clock his mother went up to see what was the matter. Bob was writhing about the bed from an improvised stomach-ache. "All right," said the old lady. "I'll apply a mustard plaster," and in a few minutes a hot mustard plaster containing two square feet of motive power was spread upon that boy's abdomen. "Mother, how long must this thing stay on?" "I guess I'll be able to take it off about four this afternoon, and then if I can get an emetic to work it'll be all right. Lie still, my boy, I'll bring you through." Then Bob rose up immediately and started for school, and the plaster was the cause of his being an hour late.

THE BABY SHOW.—But the crowd came, and looked and wondered. Nor is it easy to account for the 1,000 people that constituted the throng. Babies are not a new invention. They are male and female all the year round. There isn't any change in the style of trimming babies. There are no improvements in babies, though perhaps there might be. So the people could not come to see anything new in raw material or anything novel in the make-up, and yet they pulled and hauled around, and fell over the babies, and checked the babies under the chin, and pinched the babies' cheeks, and when the babies howled and yelled and croaked and choked and yawned and squealed, the crowd contended that they were not nice babies. Just as if any one would want a wooden baby that cried with a spring, or a cast-iron baby that wouldn't cry when you doubled it up to see if it was healthy.

A CASH TRANSACTION.—A gentleman living on D. street yesterday hired a boy to walk home beside him and carry a bundle, having first agreed to pay the lad fifteen cents. Reaching the house the man found he had no smaller change than a quarter, and he said:

"If you will call at my office at two o'clock, I'll have the change."

"But it was to be cash down," protested the boy.

"So it was; but I haven't the change, you see. You'll have to call at my office."

"I'll call," growled the boy, as he turned away, "but I know just how it will work. When I knock on the door a cross-eyed clerk will yank it open, ask me what I want, and when I tell him, he will yell out: 'That man went into bankruptcy last September, and now you git.' That's the way they always play it on me, sir, and I'd rather lose the fifteen cents than to call the clerk a dodo, and have to dodge coal-scuttles all the way down stairs."

The gentleman walked with him to the nearest grocery and made change.

BRENDERS OF THE TELEPHONE.—Perkins, a San Francisco broker, bought two of Professor Bell's telephones, and made connections between his office and the parlor. He thought it would be a pleasant thing to converse with his wife when business was slack, to inform her when he would go to dinner, and to learn how often his youngest son fell down the cellar stairs during the day. One morning he was conversing by wire with his wife about a new bonnet when a broker came in to ask about some stocks. He "telephoned" to his wife that he was busy, and without severing connection with the instrument turned to the broker and opened negotiations for the purchase of Julia, Lady Bryon, and other stocks. Mrs. Perkins, at the other end of the line, listened intently, and finally caught her husband's words: "I'll take Julia at 6:30." Her suspicions were aroused; there was a woman in the case; she burst into an animated soliloquy, which the faithful telephone carried to the ears of her husband and his customer. "I'll Julia him—wretch—villain—married fifteen years—where's my rubbers?—just wait till I get hold of him." These words, together with miscellaneous tokens of confusion and racket, denoted active preparations for a sortie upon his office. Perkins broke off his stock negotiations and went home to appease his wife. The instruments were subsequently removed.

BEATEN BY A LARGE MAJORITY.—A Detroit boy, aged twelve, whose uncle is a member of the Legislature, was permitted to make a trip to Lansing a few days ago in order to visit the State House. He came home yesterday noon chuck full of importance, and when his little brother ran to meet him at the gate William coldly waved him back and said—

"I refer you to the Committee on Fisheries, bub, and how's my dog?"

His mother was glad to see him, and when she asked if he had enjoyed himself, he replied—

"Oh, I suppose so, though I now move to strike out all after the enacting clause."

"What sort of talk is that, Willie, dear?" she asked in great surprise.

"Never mind the talk, mother, but move the previous question and bring on the pancakes."

The hired girl came in with the dinner and wanted to know how he liked Lansing. He looked at her with great dignity and replied—

"I now move to lay your petition on the table, Hannah, for future consideration."

She got mad about it, and William slyly informed his mother that it was his opinion that Hannah's title should be made to conform to the body of the bill. He went out to see the boys after dinner, and a house painter asked him where No. 657 was.

"We'll have a call of the House and see," replied the boy, as he looked around.

"Whose house?" asked the painter.

"Or you can rise to a question of privilege," continued the lad.

"I don't want no sass," said the painter, who thought the boy was making fun of his red nose.

"Of course not. Let's pass the bill to a third reading, or else go into committee of the whole and debate it."

"I think you need dressing down!" growled the painter, and he banged William into a snow bank and pushed a heap of snow down behind his collar.

"Have the minority no rights?" yelled the boy, as he kicked the painter on the shin.

He would have been walloped, had not his mother appeared. The painter moved away at sight of her, but called out—

"I'll see you again, boy."

"I refer the whole subject to father, with instructions to report a bill to walk you into the police court," replied the representative, and he went in to tell his mother the difference between suspending the rules and rushing a bill, or referring it to the Committee on Cornfields till some one came around with the cigars.

HEARTH AND HOME.

WOMAN'S TACT AND MANAGEMENT.—Man relies far more than he is aware for comfort and happiness on woman's tact and management. He is so accustomed to these that he is unconscious of their worth. They are so delicately concealed, and yet so ceaselessly exercised, that he enjoys their effects as he enjoys the light and atmosphere. He seldom thinks how it would be with him were they withdrawn. He fails to appreciate what is so freely given. He may be reminded of them now and then—may complain of intrusion and interference. But the frown is swept away by a gentle hand, the murmuring lips stopped by a caress, and the management goes on.

LIFE DISCIPLINE.—It is not the best things—that is, the things which we call best—that make men. It is not pleasant things; it is not the calm experience of life. It is life's rugged experience, its tempests, its trials. The discipline of life is here good and there evil, here trouble and there joy, here roughness and there smoothness, one working with the other; and the alternations of the one and the other, which necessitate adaptations, constitute a part of that education which makes man a man, in distinction from an animal, which has no education. The successful man invariably bears on his brow the marks of the struggles which he has had to undergo.

WOMAN'S TRAINING.—It is a sad fact that a woman is assumed to be able to keep her household with judgment and success without the smallest training for it. With the other sex, in their spheres, no such rule obtains. No man is given the command of a boat or a squad until he has proved himself master of at least the technicalities of his command. But a girl of eighteen passes from the school-room, where she has been in the position of a subordinate at all times under control, to the management of a household where she is supreme and the dispenser of favours or favours the arranger of tasks and times, and without previous training in the care of herself expects to come to a good result in the management of men.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

BET HARTY and Mark Twain are together engaged in writing a new play, in which Harty's "Hear them Chime" will be the prominent character.

FANNY KEMBLE says that when Sheridan Knowles first read *The Hunchback* to the actors who were to play it, it was received with considerable misgiving as to its chance of success.

The fact that but two actors can be found to enjoy the luxurious surroundings of the Fort of Home, is a grander monument to the dramatic profession in the United States than the generous tragedian dreamed of when he made his bequest.

A NEW sensation is promised at the Fort-Saint-Martin, where there is to be produced, about the middle of next month, a drama entitled *Les Éclipses*, in which M. Faillade, the leading actor of the house, is to be pursued across the stage by real wolves!

THE New York Herald, in an article upon Miss Neilson and the divorce which she has recently obtained in the American Courts, states that the popular actress was naturalized as an American citizen in 1873. She is not only a citizen of that country, but a resident in it, and that she intends to remain is evidenced by the fact that she owns a considerable amount of property in New York.

THE old oak chair in which Shakespeare sat when he wrote most of his plays, was sold lately in London together with a good copy of the old folio edition of the Plays of 1623. It is a very plain piece of furniture, without any ornamental carving; an arm chair, the back being not as high as most old chairs, and being formed of one piece of wood, very rudely carved with a steeped chair, and a house near it, which some have supposed to represent the church of Stratford-on-Avon. An inscription, preserved under glass let into the back, gives its pedigree for more than 100 years. It fetched £45.

M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS has been describing his system of play-writing to a Viennese journalist. "I take twenty MS. pages," says the dramatist, "for each of the first two or three acts, and write on, watching how many pages I have left, so that if I come to the end of my paper before I have finished the act, I say to myself, 'My dear fellow, you must make haste and finish it up.' I follow only seventeen pages for the last act, which ought to be much shorter than the others. Indeed, I consider that no act should be longer than seventeen or twenty pages, as the audience cannot digest more at a time. I inherit my father's dramatic instincts, but in a widely different manner. Born at a picturesque and poetical epoch, he was a pure Idealist, while my birth took place in Materialistic times, and accordingly I am a Realist. My father's themes were founded on fancy, mine are based on facts; he worked with his eyes closed, separated himself from the world, and took no model for his pictures. I mix in society, look about me, and where he sketched imaginary scenes I photograph actual events."