

A SPANISH GIRL'S LAMENT.

(From *Théophile Gautier*.)

From my white breast a crimson rose
Drooped, where you angry torrent flows,
And vainly from the rushing wave
Life's fragrant gift I strove to save.

O, bright-hued blossom, whirling by,
Why didst thou seek the stream—to die?
If thy faint leaves were fading—see,
I had these tears to water thee!

GEO. MURRAY.

THE FREE LANCE.

QUEEN VICTORIA has given her garter to King Humbert. *Honnè soit qui mal y pense.*

"I AM not such a fool as I look," said A.
"I hope not," said B, "for that would positively be too bad."

THE United States Congress does not believe in "Missions."

Two French jokes connected with the late war:—

A Russian general rides forward to the Grand Duke.

"I have the honour, your Imperial Highness, to announce a great victory."

"Very well. Go and congratulate your troops."

"There are none left!"

Another:

A Turkish Pasha is surveying the field with his glass. An aide-de-camp rides up.

"All our artillery has been captured."

The Pasha strokes his beard philosophically: "Fortunately it was not paid for."

A LESSON of politeness.

"What street is this?" asked a pompous fellow, in a gruff tone, of a passing gentleman.

"Notre Dame street, sir—if you please."

A GRAND dinner on Beaver Hall Hill.

A magnificent wild turkey is served.

"What an admirable bird!" was the universal exclamation.

"Yes," said the host. "Dr. — sent it to me. He killed it himself."

"Ah! What illness was it treated for?" asked a guest.

A SUBTLE bit of criticism.

Being asked his opinion of a certain work, a critic said:

"There is much that is beautiful in it and much that is new. Only..... what is beautiful is not new, and what is new is not beautiful."

A SERVANT-GIRL drops a valuable dish upon the floor. It does not break.

"That's lucky for you, Bridget," says the mistress.

"It's lucky for the plate, you mane, mum," was the ready response.

THE old bachelor was tired of life. Nothing more could satisfy him. He must put an end to his troubles. His faithful housekeeper tried in vain to dissuade him. At length she said:

"But the serial, sir, in the *Blunderbus!*"

"You're right. I'll wait till that is finished."

The old fellow is still living.

THERE is to be no bar for the sale of liquors in the American department of the Paris Exposition. No one ever expected that there would be.

IT is a cool-headed man you want? Well, I will tell what I saw on St. James street, last Saturday afternoon. A tall, handsome gentleman thus accouted:

Heavy over-shoes.

Immense fur coat, with collar up.

Long fur gauntlets.

Thick black muffler.

Light silk hat.

And under the hat?

A perfectly bald head!

LACLEDE.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

The star of Albani is in the ascendant. She is at present at Paris, with her younger sister, her guardian (what does she want with a guardian at thirty?), and a numerous suite, among which figure a nightingale and a little dog, called "Beauty." The opinion of the famous critic, Auguste Vitu, on her *Gilda* in "Rigoletto," has been sent me. He says that the voice of Albani is of admirable fulness, roundness and homogeneity. In the beginning of her career, this voice was accused of dryness, but that defect, if it ever existed, has entirely disappeared.

The critic adds that, in listening to the part of *Gilda* in the quatuor, he never heard anything so vibrating, so large or so penetrating since the days of Frezzolini, the only singer who herself shed, and caused others to shed, real tears.

When my friends across the border read this, they will rub their hands and exclaim:

"Good, for our American star!"

There is one thing, I am certain, that no one ever heard in Montreal, and that is a solo on the double bass. I wonder that Strakosch or Grau never thought of bringing over Bottesini, who

is, with his colossal instrument, what Paganini was with the violin, or Servais with the violoncello. He makes the big fiddle speak like a stringed quartet, and that played by artists on the double-bass, the violoncello, the viola and the violin. He has surmounted the incredible difficulties of his instrument, transforming its cables into light cords, and extracting from them sounds of the most marvellous sweetness, tenderness and penetration. On the sole great string he executes a vertiginous waltz, for example, that from afar would be mistaken for the production of a flute. His fingering is extraordinary. But what distinguishes the great contra-bassist above all is the elevation and serenity of his play—the true test of high art. There is a soul in the flanks of his giant. He sings in the diapason of the monster, and this sonorousness, deeper than that of violoncello, is not inferior in tenderness and melancholy.

I have just heard of the incomparable Mario. He is living at Rome. He is a handsome old man, with a long white beard, who laughs at the flight of years. His conversation sparkles with wit and humour, and is full of reminiscences of Paris, London, St. Petersburg, New York, and all other places where he obtained so many triumphs. Everybody is his friend, and at the Café Morteo, the fashionable restaurant which he frequents, they like to make him speak of Rossini, Meyerbeer, and the great composers whom he knew. He sings no more, alas! but has taken to gathering antiquities. He says:

"I am Mario, among the ruins of Rome, as my ancestor Marius was among the ruins of Carthage."

One of his daughters is the wife of a Church of England clergyman, of Brighton, I believe. He had two daughters by his marriage with Grisi. One day the great prima donna presented her two daughters to the Emperor of Russia, who received them with great cordiality.

"Ce sont deux Grisettes," he said.

"Pardon, sire, ce sont deux Marionnettes," was the witty reply.

The Mendelssohn Choir of this city is chiefly remarkable for its homogeneity, and its last concert reflected the greatest credit upon the energy, perseverance and his musical taste of its conductor, Mr. Gould. The training of the human voice, especially in concerted singing, is an art hitherto little known in this country, but Mr. Gould is doing much toward introducing it. A few of its simplest rules may be laid down here.

- I. Always sing within the register.
- II. Never go beyond the point of fatigue.
- III. Never sing too loud.
- IV. Never sing when the voice is affected by the slightest cold.
- V. Always sing standing upright, and the chest must not be compressed by tightly-fitting clothes.
- VI. Always sing on a comparatively empty stomach.
- VII. Never indulge in spirituous drinks.

PICCOLO.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

THE Duke of Connaught is about to marry the Princess Louise of Prussia.

THE Premier gets a second riband of the Thistle to give away by the death of Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell.

TEN gentlemen have offered a thousand pounds each for the planting of trees from King's-cross to the Edgware-road.

AN engagement has been made for London of a beautiful Maltese lady, with a voice like a nightingale's, who is to take the town by storm.

OF making clubs there would appear to be no end. There is some talk of establishing a club for the clergy in the West End.

THE Marquis of Conyngham was amongst the Peers who were present at the Earl of Beaconsfield's Parliamentary Banquet. It is a very long time since a Marquis of Conyngham was the political guest of a Conservative Premier.

IT is understood that in the coming session a motion in favour of establishing a national theatre, on the principle of the Théâtre Français and the Odéon, will be brought forward in the House of Commons.

LIEUT.-COLONEL RUSSELL clearly prefers the surplice to the sword. He served with distinction in the Ashantee war, subsequently retired on pension, and last week was admitted to holy orders in the Church of England, and now ministers in a curacy near Bristol.

THE question of a peal of bells for St. Paul's Cathedral is again under discussion. Several of the companies of the city will each defray the cost of a bell, to bear the arms and motto of the company by which it is presented. The weight of the whole peal will be eleven tons. The cage in which the bells will be enclosed will require an outlay of 1,000*l*. The bells, which will cost about 5,000*l*, are being cast by Messrs. Taylor, of Loughborough.

HER MAJESTY has been graciously pleased to

permit the portrait of the Prime Minister, recently painted by the Queen's command for Windsor Castle, to be exhibited in Glasgow for one day, on the occasion of the annual meeting of the West of Scotland Conservative Association. The portrait is painted by Prof. Angeli, of Vienna. Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi & Co., of London, have the commands of Her Majesty to prepare an engraving of the portrait.

THE Queen's speech contained 800 words, and the time occupied in its transmission from London to the provinces by the Wheatstone instrument varied from 4½ to 8 minutes; and by the Morse, printer or sounder, from 17 minutes to 36 minutes. The demand for the speech was greater than on any previous occasion. It was telegraphed to upwards of 300 newspapers, and to nearly 200 clubs and newsrooms. The aggregate number of copies printed in the course of the afternoon must have exceeded 3,000,000. The speech was telegraphed to Alexandria in 34 minutes.

THEY have commenced the planting of trees along the Blackfriars-road, which is more than a mile in length, and if the good work be continued this will become a splendid boulevard. In several other parts of London trees have also recently been planted, and as the beautiful effect of these becomes apparent the planting of trees will become contagious, much to our benefit and pleasure. The work of planting and decorating our disused churchyards also goes on apace, and altogether we are displaying a cheering amount of common sense in this respect.

IT is said that there is to be a change of Russian Ambassadors to our Court, Count Schouvaloff being about to be replaced by Count Orloff. Count Schouvaloff was sent here as the special friend of the Czar, in order that he might arrange the marriage between the Duke of Edinburgh and the Grand Duchess of Russia. Count Orloff is a military man, took an active part in the siege of Silistria, and lost there an arm and an eye. He has been Russian Minister at Brussels, and has written a history of the Crimean campaign.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE portrait of Georges Sand, in semi-masculine costume, taken by Eugene Delacroix, has just been sold in Paris for 280*l*.

THERE has been an exhibition this week at one of the most noted establishments in Paris a service of crystal for 140 persons, made by order for the King of Spain. The work was singularly fine.

Mlle. SARAH BERNHARDT, the well known French actress, has received from an unknown person as a New Year's gift a splendid ebony and satin coffin. Another member of the same profession recently received the title to a freehold grave in a fashionable cemetery. It was in a black-edged envelope.

A NEW museum has been inaugurated at the Invalides, to amuse not only the old pensioners, but the public; the gallery contains plaster and coloured models of all the "savage" warriors—in every part of the world, who prefer clubs, bone lancets, bows and arrows, &c., to Krupp canon and repeating rifles for knocking out brains.

HUMMING birds are actually worn on shoes now! Gold heels are the fashion, and lace, flowers, and precious stones used for ornamenting them. Gold and silver gilt gloves are also fashionable. Is it the golden age, or the age of gilding? The age of brass or of electro-plate more likely.

THE government intends working several of the small or "feeding" lines of railways, that the big companies prevent from living profitably. It is proposed that it should also take in hand the direction of the abominable night cabs of Paris. A "coffin ship" is safety itself, as compared with many of these vehicles; some of the drivers are said to carry revolvers, perhaps bowie knives too, to clear their way in some of the suburbs; a hint for nervous gentlemen and maiden aunts.

M BARBARET, of the *Rappel*, tired of hearing England held up by economists as a model to the French industrial classes, sets himself to dispel the illusion. He states that the soil is monopolized by 46,000 proprietors, and that, according to "the English patriot, Brogly" (Bradlaugh), 150 lords own half England, and ten or twelve others half Scotland, the "Duc de Sarterland" having half a million acres, the "Duc de Bokley" has 4,000,000*l*. a year; the "Duc Hamilton" and the "Duc de Roesborough" nearly as much, the right of primogeniture preventing the division of the property.

INCREASING activity characterizes every department of the Exhibition. After the Trocadero structure itself, perhaps the next most remarkable object at present there is an immense flag of the Chinese Empire, floating over a "summer palace" in course of erection by native citizens. The Dutch continue to merit the blue

ribbon as being the most advanced among the foreign sections. Their fittings up are very graceful and coquettish. The United States at last show signs of life—they may be yet first at the finish. The facade of the Belgium Department promises to be a veritable *bijou*. It is in marble, and will be decorated with first-class statuary. To make up leeway, and to defy the hard frosts, some contractors cover their works with boarding; and the electric light, if it does not warm, contributes a most useful brilliancy to the men engaged at over-time duties. Croatia, it appears, will not be of our party. It is quite willing to forward exhibits at the expense of the Hungarian Committee, but insists on designating the articles in the Jellachich tongue—something as if the Home Rulers demanded that the English Commissioners should describe Irish exhibits in the Celtic language.

THE GOVERNMENT IS THE PROVINCE.

A CONSTITUTIONAL POINT.

A slight but interesting interchange of words (it could not be called a discussion,) took place between the Leader of the Opposition and the Hon. Mr. Chapleau, on the principle affirmed by the latter, during the debate on the Railway Resolutions, that "the Government is the Province," *le Gouvernement c'est la Province*. This affirmation was suggested by what the speaker termed the narrow-minded and factious policy of the Opposition, which injured not only the Government, but also the "interests of the Province," *car enfin le Gouvernement c'est la Province*.

There are, in every clever discourse, certain phrases which, embodying some thought or principle whose boldness challenges enquiry, detach themselves from the rest of the discussion and rivet themselves in the minds of the auditors to be thought over at leisure. Of such a nature was this assertion of the Provincial Secretary, apparently uttered, merely as the outcome of his reflections on the injurious tendencies of the Opposition policy and not laid down as a dogmatic definition. It, nevertheless, created a slight stir in the ranks of the Opposition, an uneasy sentiment of dissent manifested itself, and each member glanced instinctively towards the Leader of the Opposition, evidently expecting him to give suitable expression to this dissent. But Mr. Joly was not then prepared to break a lance with his opponent, and contented himself with an incredulous smile, which was readily taken up by his supporters, and it would have been a study worthy a Lavater to watch their various efforts to mould their countenances to the fit expression of amused incredulity. Mr. Chapleau noted the expression, paused a moment, then continuing, said, "at least it is not the Opposition." This retort provoked a general laugh, along the galleries as well as on the floor of the House, but elicited no reply. After recess, Mr. Joly took up the debate and during the course of his speech alluded to this assertion of the Provincial Secretary. "It is astonishing," he said, "that a number of honest persons in the Province of Quebec are of opinion that the Government is the Province of Quebec, and when the Opposition become strong, they cry out, 'do not go too far, you will injure the Province.'" They reminded him, he continued, of the servant who, on entering the service of Monsieur Le-Curè, spoke of Monsieur Le-Curè's house and *ménage*, then our house and *ménage*, finally my house and my *ménage*; a similar position was assumed by the Government, to which Mr. Chapleau retorted, "the Government is also somewhat, in the position of Monsieur Le-Curè," and again turned the laugh in his favour. It is to be regretted that Mr. Joly did not discuss the question in a more serious manner, not that it had any practical bearing on the subject in hand, but in order to have drawn from Mr. Chapleau an explanation of a principle, which few people, on first impression, will be prepared to admit. That Mr. Chapleau was right, in the sense in which he used the words, will, after a little reflection be evident. The Government and the country, where the Government has been legally constituted, are one. What affects the one equally affects the other. What injures the credit of the Government injures the State. This does not preclude opposition to the Government where that opposition is warranted. Opposition may be necessary to force the Ministry to alter their measures or to make way for a more competent one. Still, whatever party holds the reins of power, the Government and the country are identical. The Government may inflict evil on the country by bad management of its affairs, but this evil will redound on the Government itself, the interests of the two being so closely united that they cannot be separated.

The great evil of Canadian politics is the general tendency to disregard this principle. Every question is looked at from a party point of view, irrespective of its merits. Neither party can be taught to believe that any good can result from the measures or the principles of the other. Thus men, otherwise well intentioned towards their country, are carried away by this spirit of party, and driven to extremes in supporting or opposing measures, basing their support or opposition, not on the merits of the measures or policy proposed, but on the exigencies of party, which may well cause many of them, in moments of sober reflection, to exclaim with honest Mercutio, "a plague on both your houses."

X. Y. Z.