

THE DARING MICE.

BY PALMER COX.

Some mice in council met one night,
And vowed by this and that
That they would arm themselves for fight,
And brave the tyrant cat.

Said they: "Why longer fear her power?
'Tis time our strength to try.
We'll hang her by the neck this hour,
Or in the effort die!"

Two pistols and a carving-knife,
A rifle and a rapier,
Were instruments of war enough
To justify their hope.

So with the Captain in the front,
The hangman in the rear,
They started out to search for puss
Without a thought of fear.

Through silent halls and broken walls
With cautious step and slow,
And furtive glances right and left,
From room to room they go.

Now pausing by a nook or sill,
Where trouble might be found,
Now crowding close and closer still
At every trifling sound.

But when before an open door
The cat appeared in sight,
The very instruments they bore
Seemed paralyzed with fright.

The Captain shrieking in the van,
The hangman crouched behind,
The pistol-shot and rifle-man
Had but a single mind.

In doubt and dread they turned and fled,
And lucky mice were they
To find a hole so large that all
At once could run away.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

FRONT PAGE.—This week's cartoon concludes the series of three commemorative of the glorious finish of the war in Egypt. The "Diplomat" and the "Soldier" have been already illustrated and the last of the two who contributed so much to the happy result is the "Sailor" Sir Frederick Beauchamp Seymour.

BIRD-A-BRAC.—Two charming pictures of child-life are there on our fourth page. The youngster who has extracted from the dust heap a precious treasure-trove, a veritable piece of bird-a-brac, and the little girl, who, tired out and disgusted at the slowness of things, is pitifully complaining of her want of companionship.

THE WIMBLEDON BARBER.—Of this curious character, one of the team who forwarded the sketch from which the engraving is taken writes: "The Wimbledon barber is a well known character there and his face is familiar to many Canadians. As he appeared at one camp on the day referred to and said 'Shave, sir!' his attitude struck me as so absurd with his little figure enveloped in a waterproof sheet, that I paid him a shilling to remain just as he was, while Serg't Smith sketched him."

A CAMPAIGN PARTY.—The campaign party at Pointe des Chênes is but a likeness of many a campaign party, enjoyed no doubt by those who look upon this—

"Mutatis nomine, de te
Fabula narratur,"

Gentle reader, you and I have set up just such a hut, donned just such an uncivilized and picturesque costume, fished from such a boat, and catch the results of our skill with rod and gun caught just so good an appetite as those gentlemen will no doubt bring to bear upon their approaching meal. And if you have not, our advice is, go and do so next year, and then you will be in a better position to appreciate our drawing.

THE BAYONET CHARGE AT TEL-EL-KEBIR.—The interest in the Egyptian campaign has not died out, if it has, it has been revived by the arrival of English papers with the last news and details which failed to reach us by telegraph. Hence an apology seems to be needed for the double page which we reproduce from the *Illustrated London News*, and which represents in the style of which Mr. Woodville is such a master, the bayonet charge which carried the lines at Tel-el-Kebir, and virtually decided the fate of the war.

THE VILLAGE OF MATTAWAN.—Mattawan, miscalled Mattawa, is an Algonquin name, signifying "the meeting of the waters." Ten years since Mattawan was but a trading post with the savages. In 1850 even there were few houses of any size except the establishment of the Oblate Fathers, which served as once as chapel, convent, and hospital, the shops of Messrs. Timmins and Gorman, and a hotel for the "voyageurs." But to-day the Pacific R. R. has waked a veritable metamorphose. Mattawan has become a town which is already posing as a rival of Pembroke. There is no doubt that the geographical position of this new city will before long make it one of the busiest in Canada. Every branch of industry is already to be found there. Day by day the old stores are being enlarged, and new ones built, and quantities of produce is sold at lower prices than in Ottawa or Montreal.

HEAD OF THE RAPIDS AT LONG SAULT.—The six-mile rapid, known as the *Long Sault*, is the first which has to be passed in descending the Ottawa River from Lake Temiscaming. The drawing represents the head of the rapid. An

island thickly wooded with pine and with tall larch, divides the river into two branches. The right hand one is dry during the summer, but the other is always deep enough in spite of the rocks which show their backs above the surface of the water in all directions. It is through this last named channel that the little steamer the "Mattawan" is seen passing in the sketch. On the opposite bank is Gordon Creek, constructed at great expense, vomiting forth its foaming waves to mingle with the last eddies of the rapid. In the distance are seen the mountains which surround Lake Temiscaming.

THE DECAY OF THE LEAVES.—This is a subject which never fails to appeal to us here in Canada, when the beauty of our fall coloring and the brilliance of the leaves as they are nipped by the frost is one of our chief natural glories. We need not recall to the minds of our readers the visions of pleasant strolls among the charming glories of the maples, when the last breath of summer is enjoyed to the utmost ere winter robs her of her glories and brings her scarlet and gold under his snowy coverlid, nor the other pictures of homes made beautiful by the tasteful decorations of leaves which remain to speak of the summer when its worth and radiance are gone.

WITTY ENCOUNTERS.

He (Dickens) never thought himself too great a genius to enter into our games, but he somehow always contrived to transfuse such a tone of cleverness and depth into them that they became "keen encounters of our wits," and we were all put on our metal to play up to the subtle spirit with which the master mind impregnated the most sterile matter. How proud I used to feel whenever I had said a better thing than usual to get an approving smile or word from our *maestro*! The first time he thus noticed me is marked with a white stone in my memory. A number of us were playing at the simple game of "How, when, and where do you like it?" The word given was "scull," and the object is to puzzle the querist by the several meanings given to the word. Frederick Dickens was the questioner, and I gave, in reply to, "How I killed it!" "With the accompaniment of a fine organ," 2nd, "When?" "When youth is at the helm, and pleasure at the prow." 3rd, "Where?" "Where wanders the hoary Thames, along his silver winding way." Dickens rose and came over to me, saying laughingly, "Of course, little goose, your answers betrayed the word to the most simple comprehension; but they were good answers, and apt quotations, nevertheless; and I think it would add to the interest of the game if we all sharpened our wits, and tried to give a poetical tone to it by good quotations as answers." After this time we had to read up to keep pace with the fund of quaint sayings he introduced into this pastime. Another game was nothing but a series of leading questions, which we called, "Animal, mineral, or vegetable." The first time we played it Mr. Dickens was obliged to give up, after exhausting himself in questioning. He had arrived at the facts that the article in question was vegetable, mentioned in mythological history, and belonging to a queen, and that the destiny was pathetic. After a display of his classic lore in attaining this much he gave it up, and was good-naturedly indignant at finding the subject over which he had wasted so much time and erudition was one of the tarts mentioned in the rhymes—

The Queen of Hearts she made some tarts
Upon a summer's day;
The Knave of Hearts he stole the tarts,
And took them quite away.

We promised to abstain in future from such unworthy subjects; but on another occasion he pulled my hair with pretended wrath, because I puzzled him with, "The wax with which Ulysses stuffed the ears of his crew to prevent their hearing the songs of the sirens." Sometimes we played vingt-et-un, and he was as playfully eager, as full of noisy glee, as the veriest school-boy. One evening his friend, Mr. M—, made his appearance in a preposterously long stock, which he evidently thought was perfectly chic. Dickens eyed it for some time with a perplexed and thoughtful demeanour. "Hollo, Charley!" said Mr. M—, "what are you staring at my stock for?" Dickens threw into his countenance an exaggerated expression of relief from a harassing doubt, and cried, "Stock! Oh, I'm glad to know you might have intended it for a waistcoat." — *Reminiscences of Charles Dickens.*

CORSETS

Corsets appear to have originated in the Norman era. Certainly there appears in the dress of the Romans a garment closely fitting the body, and having in its employment a strong likeness to the corset, but the wearing of firm body supports laced closely together began, so far as is known, in the reign of Rufus. Soon after we find mention of kirles "y-laced small," and also of a lady

With gentil body and middle small.

The mode apparently continued in moderate employment until the reign of Elizabeth, the "middle small" continuing to be, in popular opinion, one of the chief charms of a lady. Then came a change. Lacing became really tight. In a work, the scope of which is well ex-

pressed by its title of "Pleasant Quippes for Upstartt gentle-women," a contemporary poet speaks of

These privie coats by art made stong,
With bone and paste, and such-like ware,
and avers that stays

Do not only stay
The course that nature doth intend,

but that

Many mothers by them slay
Their daughters young and work their end.

At this time these reproofs may have been well-merited. Catherine de Medicis had adopted the corset and made it fashionable in excess. When we learn that her standard of perfection was thirteen inches, and that during this period waists of twelve and even ten inches were known, we have plenty of sympathy with old Stephen Gosson's indignation. Yet the mode flourished. Another author of the following century speaks of this fashion as pernicious beyond imagination, and condemns that "foolish affectation" in young virgins "who, thinking a slender waist a great beauty, strive all they can, by straight-lacing, to attain unto a wand-like smallness of waist, never thinking themselves fine enough till they can span the waist." And so down to our own day, when Charles Reade, with his natural bluntness, writes of "the fatal, heroic corset," and another equally uncompromising writer styles the custom "one fertile in disease and death," a multitude of councilors advise, warn and condemn stays and their wearers, but in vain. Ladies are told to study the statue of Venus of Milo and beware, to turn to medical works and see the error of their ways; but still stays hold sway. Dr. Roth says that he never yet met with a lady who owned to wearing a tight pair of stays, and it is on the view taken of this relative term that the whole question turns. What degree of pressure constitutes tight lacing? Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, when visiting a bath at Adrianople, was a source of wonderment to the Turkish ladies present. "They fain would have undressed me for the bath," says this neglected writer. "I excused myself with some difficulty. They were, however, so earnest in persuading me, I was at last forced to open my shirt and show them my stays, which satisfied them very well; for I saw they believed I was locked up in a machine, and that it was not in my power to open it, which contrivance they attributed to my husband." The wonderment and curiosity of Turkish ladies is shared by all uncivilized nations.

FOOT NOTES.

SELLING A WIFE.—Whether the fashion of selling one's wife was introduced from Smithfield to China or from China to Smithfield is not known with certainty. In a China paper we read that a husband sold his wife the other day for 130 dol. It was a sale of affection. The man loved the wife, and she loved the man. The husband stipulated, however, for payment by instalments; and, on the deed of transfer being presented to him, he naturally refused to sign it till he had received all the money. There was an awkward legal hitch; the wife belonged to him till he signed the deed. Acting on legal advice, the buyer and wife saw one only way out of it. There is no action for specific performance in China. They drugged the husband, and, inkling his hands and feet, stamped the document. The happy pair had scarcely sat down to their wedding breakfast when the mother-in-law, accompanied by a mandarin, arrived, and they were both hurried off to separate dungeons. As in England, these sad cases bring their own bitter ends. The wife took opium and died, while the buyer committed suicide, and the husband is a widower, and has lost his 130 dol.

PERSONATING A DUKE.—The other day a tall, elegantly dressed man, whose "dignified bearing proclaimed the wealthy Briton" waked into the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, and informed the manager in a low tone that he was the Duke of Richmond, travelling *incog*. Having ordered rooms for his suite, which it seems is a habit of dukes to do personally, he produced a £100 note, on which he wished to borrow 100 dol., for the mysterious reason that he did not wish to break it. The genial manager, whose only idea of dukes is that they must be eccentric, was about to produce it when the hotel detective appeared in the hall. His eagle eye was turned on the duke, and in a few moments he pronounced him a fraud. His hat, coat, and eye-glass, indeed, were superb, his nose most overbearing, but, alas! his boot heels were nearly worn down on one side to the uppers. With pained surprise the stranger crossed to the Hoffman House, where he was enthusiastically received; splendid cigars and excellent champagne were offered up by the elated manager. His Grace discoursed of Arabi and that "fellow Gladstone," and explained his eighteen titles, including K.P., K.G., and Hon. D.C.L., until he ended by asking 30 dol., offering to give his £100 note as security. The deluded manager was about to offer 30,000 dol., when a faithful domestic suddenly explained that the Duke was a well-known "English swindler and confidence man," and with a howl of baffled toadyism six stout pairs of boots simultaneously ejected the "President of the Council."

HE GOT A NICKLE.—A hotel guest was standing having his clothes brushed. On finishing he handed a \$5 bill to the hall boy. He grinned from ear to ear, and nearly broke his back bowing and thanking so generous a being. But his

face fell so quickly that he had some trouble in catching it before he reached the floor when the generous being said in tones not to be trifled with: "Get it changed!" He went away and brought back the change—five one-dollar bills. Deliberately pocketing four, the generous being handed the remaining one to the duster. Again a sweeping bow from the dust broom, a "Thank you," and a sudden convulsion as the guest remarked in solemn tones: "Get it changed!" One more he departed and brought back two fifty-cent pieces. One went into the traveller's pocket, the other into the hall-boy's palm: He smiled, said "Thank you" and slipped it into his pocket, when "Get it changed" again rang into his ears. Two quarters came back with him this time, which he handed to the guest, who putting one in his purse, turned over the other to the hall-boy. This time he was allowed to walk off nearly across the hall, when, as if by an electric shock, he was brought to a standstill, with those terrible words "Get it changed!" This time two dimes and a nickle were deposited in the hands of the guest, who put the two dimes in his pocket, handed the brush-boy a nickle, and walked in to dinner.—*Detroit Free Press.*

LOUIS II. King of Bavaria, is now thirty-seven years old. He succeeded his father in 1864, when still under age. He took little share in public business until after the battle of Königgratz, when he entered into a treaty of alliance with Prussia. In 1870 he came for a time out of his shell, and went to Versailles to proclaim, as the mouthpiece of the German kinglys, grand dukes, and princes, the Victor of Sedan German Emperor. King Louis displayed in respect to the relations of his country with the new order of things more sagacity than some of his ministers. But as soon as the crisis was passed he went back into his retirement. He is not exactly a King Log, for he travels extensively in his own kingdom by night, when his people are in bed, and when the railways are closed to all but the royal train. He has rural palaces and shooting lodges, which he has crammed with works of art and musical instruments. His peculiarity is that he cannot, except under great pressure, look his people or his kind frankly in the face. He is passionately fond of music, and a good judge of pictures and statuary. He is the zealous and munificent patron of Wagner, whose pieces are performed for him in an empty theatre—that is, empty except for the solitary man who is the sole audience. The Bavarians having got tired of the king's seclusion and odd habits, are now signing petitions urging him to change his ways completely. There is no danger at present menacing their state. They admit the blamelessness of the king's character; but they say truly enough that he is not acting like the head of the state, and that they have borne long and patiently with a phantom monarchy, which they have a right to demand should be made real by a change of life on the king's part, or, failing that, by his abdication.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Bey of Tunis is seriously ill.
ARABI'S trial is not expected to take place till after the Feast of Bairam.
WHITES are organizing and arming to resist the threatened negro rising in Alabama.
MRS. HAMILTON FISH has been seriously injured by being thrown out of her carriage.
BARRY SULLIVAN, the actor, is going to run for an Irish constituency on the Home Rule ticket.
THE British ship *St. George*, which sailed from Quebec for Maryport, is stranded off the Irish coast.
MARIE PERSCOTT, an actress, has obtained a verdict for £12,500 against the American News Company for libel.
NATIVES in the interior of Egypt refuse to pay debts due to Europeans until Arabi withdraws his orders to the contrary.
THE Egyptian Ministry will permit Arabi's defence by English counsel on condition of the witnesses undergoing preliminary examination.
THE Mexican Government has cancelled the concession granted to New York parties to build a railway across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec.
THE German ship *Constantia* and the steamer *City of Antwerp* were both sunk by colliding off Eddystone.
THE native Egyptian who wounded Mr. Cookson, the British Consul at Alexandria, during the June massacre, has been arrested.
THE Irish National Conference opened in Dublin during the week, Mr. Parnell presiding, and there being present between 700 and 800 delegates.
THE Suez Canal authorities have prohibited the employment on the canal of any one who assisted the British forces during the campaign.
AT the National Conference in Dublin a letter was read from Mr. Egan, treasurer of the Land League, tendering his resignation.
A PARTY of Frenchmen, assisted by 1,400 Africans, and protected by a military column, are about to construct a railway between the Niger and Senegal rivers.
A DESPATCH from Chilliwack, B.C., says the Vice-Regal party is returning from the interior, having travelled 400 miles beyond New Westminster, and being much pleased with the appearance of the country.