

ORIGINAL POETRY.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

AUTUMN LEAVES.

BY LOUIS A. JEUNE.

Through all the vales of Canada
The early frost has spread
Its transient snows, that shun the day,
And hang on many a verdant spray
Its oriflammes of red.

Far to the northward, miles on miles,
And to the west away,
Opulent nature has unrolled
Her pomp of scarlet and of gold,
Magnificently gay.

The pomp of death, yet through the wood
No prescient spirit grieves,
Or heeds that soon across the waste—
By howling winds of winter chased—
Shall fly the tinted leaves.

Down from the wooded shores they float
To Burlington's bright bay;
And lightly o'er the waters cold,
In many a gullant bark and bold,
Sail to the seas away.

Far out on broad Ontario's breast,
Their bright armadas ride,
And down the streams of Ottawa,
From many an inland forest gay,
The painted shallops glide.

How beautiful to-day must seem
Lone Simcoe's silent strand;
And Manitoulin's savage shore,
Their summer verdure tinted o'er
With hues of fairy land.

O calm, confiding Nature, thus
Thou meetest death and change,
So full of mystery to us;
So doubtful, dark and dangerous:
To thee—a wider range.

VALUATION OF OLD FOLKS.

A LADY who has just returned from a year's visit to Europe—the first she has made, after seeing a great deal of society in her own country—tells us that nothing so took her with surprise in England as the seeing how much more old age is valued, in their gay as well as in their domestic life. On getting sight of the 'beauties' of whom she had heard the most—the woman whom she had been most prepared to admire—they were so invariably older than she had anticipated. The 'belles' of English society, at the present moment, hold their position, by grace, wit, style or powers of conversation—independent, that is to say, of the youth and complexion so indispensable to a belle-ship in New-York. In our own big metropolis we actually know of but one lady of the age of sixty, who remains as fascinating as ever, (Mrs. H———) but she is looked upon as a curiosity, and her society's being so much in request is attributed a great deal to her musical talent. Whether she converses or sits at the piano, however, it is equally certain to be the perfection of the music!

There are two or three accompaniments to this different valuation of old age in England. One is, the continued pains-taking in the dress of those who expect still to be admired. Old people dress better—men and women—than in America. This is a great improvement to the general look of society; and it is a great convenience to have everybody expect to be agreeable. Then the accommodations, at hotels and in all manner of gay scenes, are made to suit the wants of old people, so that they will be 'at home,' or so that they will pass for the same value and receive everywhere the same welcome as younger people. Our friend was astonished at the equalization of cheerfulness which this gave to persons of all ages. Old persons are so much happier where there is no putting needlessly on the shelf—where they are not treated like 'incumbrances' before they cease to have sympathies and powers of conversation.—*Home Journal.*

PUZZLING BLOODHOUNDS.

BEYOND the Lines; or, A Yankee Prisoner Loose in Dixie. By Captain J. J. Geery, late of Gen. Buckland's Staff; with an Introduction by Rev. Alexander Clark. Philadelphia: J. W. Daughaday, Publisher 1808 Chesnut street, is the title to one of the contributions to the war literature of the times. Mr. Geery is the man who came near being killed by a copperhead in Middle Ohio a week or two since. Speaking of an escaped slave, and his way of doing things, especially of avoiding and puzzling the bloodhounds, he says: 'He told us when the dogs followed us in the cane break, in order to prevent them from keeping the trail, we should travel as much as possible in the water; but if we should be closely pursued, to leave the cane break and take to the Ocmulgee River: He assured us that the dogs were fearful of the alligators with which that river abounded, and that the slaves were taught that alligators would destroy only negroes and dogs. He didn't believe it himself, although his master thought he did. He added: 'If dem bound get close on to you, why, jis git a long pole, and hop about twenty feet, if you kin. You do this four or five times, and whenever you light, jis put some pepper in de holes what your heels make, and when de bound come dey lose de scent, and den dey goes a-snuffin and a-snuffin round,' and demby dey sneezes up dat 'ur pepper into dar nostrils, and den dey'll go chee! chee! and dat'll be de last dem dogs can do dat day.' This piece of information and the manner in which it was conveyed, accompanied, as if it was, by violent gyrations of the body, and an exact imitation of dog sneezing, was very amusing.'

CHINESE WITNESSES.

In the towns and at the gold fields of Victoria no cause list would now look complete without a few Chinese names in it. Their powers of giving evidence are as amazing as is their fastidiousness as to the fashion in which they are sworn. Some of them in a witness box blow out a lucifer match; some burn a strip of yellow paper with Chinese characters inscribed thereon; and one once, in my hearing at Bailarat, refused to be sworn at all, but upon the ceremony of chopping off the head of a cock at one blow. In vain was the witness tempted with lucifer match, wax candle, china saucer, and every other article at once handy and deemed likely to bear on the Chinese conscience. He was inexorable, and as his evidence was important, and poultry was at that time scarce in the township, the Court, jury, and practitioners were kept waiting while messengers scoured right and left in search of the necessary victim. On the cock being brought into Court, emitting a cluck of terror whenever he could disengage his beak from the hand of a roguish or nervous Irish policeman, even judicial gravity was sorely tried, and that was not all. A second commission became necessary to go in search of a chopper, common pocket-knives being of no use, as 'the one blow' was carefully explained by the interpreter as being so indispensable that cock after cock must be offered up if there were any failure in this particular. The chopper was at last procured, the cock satisfactorily beheaded, and the Chinaman's conscience satisfied, whereupon, so exhausted was the witness' virtue by the preliminary effort that he at once burst into a paroxysm of perjury, which satisfied all that he was not nearly so particular in the substance of the evidence as he had been in the form of his oath.—*Letter from Melbourne.*

A FEW OF THE 'FALSE STEPS.'

AFTER writing very eloquently about 'wrong love,' an English magazine-writer goes on to say:—

'And many a false step has been made in marriage as well as in love. It was a false step when Sophia, proud, ambitious and worldly, let herself be stayed at the artist's cottage door, persuaded that she could play kith among the corn, with a penniless painter for her Boaz. It was a false step when Eugenia, brought up in France—whose notions of country simplicity were taken from the Bois de Boulogne, and whose deepest religious exercise was to listen to a florid sermon at the Madeleine—it was a false step in her when she bound herself for life to a handsome, enthusiastic, north-country missionary, who would have accounted it a sacrifice of principle if he had labored in any field more cultivated or accessible than the wilds of Central Africa, or the Polynesian Islands. And it was a false step in the missionary himself when he allowed his zeal to blind his judgment, and chose Eugenia and her private fortune—which would come in so well as working capital for his dusky converts—to that poor, little, patient, energetic school governess of his, who had no more substantial dowry than her faith and love, and who would have gone to the ends of the earth with him, if she might have aided in his work, and have ministered to his life. For the love of him and the spread of Calvinism, she would have braved even a scalping-knife above her head, or have contemplated her future end as a meal for hungry men with fortitude and courage. He saw it all when it was too late; when he was standing alone on the deck of the emigrant ship, poorer than when he married, while his wife drove down the Boulevards to her old home in the Champs Elysees, and the poor little governess was wringing her hands on the shore, praying wildly for his safety, and for her own forgiveness for loving him too well. Once he had stood on a pinnacle, whence he might have stepped down to either side. He made a false step, came down on the wrong side, and set his foot on the happiness of three lives forever.

'It was a false step when my young friend, the author of a work on human nature in six volumes—to be had at half-price uncut—married a woman he did not love, and a fortnight older than his mother, because she liked the same books that he did, and held the same doctrinal views concerning original sin; and he thought a marriage of brains a higher kind of thing than one of only heart and feeling, and what a soul striving to grow greater than the body should prefer. He found out his mistake, like the missionary and so many more, when too late, and when it was of no use for truth and feeling to lift up their heads and cry aloud in the wilderness of his life. He had accepted as his portion a field of straw, neither rich with corn nor beautiful with flowers; and of what good to make now his moan that the tender grass-lands were green and luscious, and the leafy woods full of song and scent, while his withered haulm had no flowers and no shade, and was fit for neither food nor beauty? He should not have held false principles, and then he would not have believed that bog-moss was solid ground, or that youth and age could ever go well in hand together.

THINKING AND ACTING.

A CORRECT mode of thinking generally leads to a correct mode of living; a correct mode of living must lead to happiness. How are we to attain a correct mode of thinking? Clearly by not allowing others to think for us, and make us exponents of their views and not of our own; imitators of their lives, machines moving at their command, rather than human beings acting in obedience to the dictates of a rightly cultivated mind.

It is true we must use chairs, sticks, and other aids, in order that we may learn to walk; but the aim once reached, we throw away those unnecessary instruments and walk by means of the exercise of our own unaided powers. So it ought to be with respect to thinking and acting. We may use necessary aids until we feel that we have acquired perfect facility of thought and action, and this, once attained, we must learn to think and act for ourselves.

STUDENT.

PICKINGS FROM PUNCH.

SENSATIONAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

We shudderingly beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following works, and implore the publishers not to send us any more:—

The Ghost and How to Lay Him. Published in White Sheets and a Spirit Wrapper in one of Boxes' Startling Raw-headitions. Also, *The Skeleton Scullery Maid and the Sepulchral Sink.* Motte's, St. Paul's Churchyard.

Music Hall Handbills have been sent to us containing notices of attractions calculated to improve the public mind:—

Canterbury Hall.—At 9 o'clock the Awful Apparition, with Comic Song. This is accompanied by a picture, to which the illustration of the Castle Spectre was of a comparative jovial character.

Islington Hall, near the Angel.—The Goblin! Steaks and Chops always ready for goblin' visitors. The bar has lately been decorated with Goblin Tap-estry.

East an' Western's Treat, near the Cemetery, where the delighted audience will be semi-terrified by the Big Bogie of the Black-a-moor-soleum! From Grave to Gay. Comic Singing and Clog Dancing at 10.30.

The Shades.—The proprietor pledges himself to keep up the celebrated Ghastly Appearances. Clunking Chains, Mysterious noises, Spirits of Water, Tumblers, &c., every evening. A crowded and trembling audience witness the Spectral Spectacles nightly with Shrieks of Horror!!! A medical staff in attendance, and an Inn-Spectre always on duty. Tea and Collins. The justly celebrated Jumping Gibberers at 11 o'clock in their Wonderful Vault!!! The room, by the aid of small Vampire Traps, is kept Ghoul-ish and comfortable.

Is there any truth in the report that the foundation stones of two Lunatic Asylums are shortly to be laid?

A DANGEROUS PUBLICATION.

It is long since we have received anything pleasant in the shape of American news. 'Out on ye, owls, nothing but songs of death!' is the exclamation with which we have greeted the senders of each successive batch of telegrams that we have, for the last two years and upwards, received from New York, and the editors of all the newspapers in America. At last, however, one of the latter has sent us a joke, and here it is:—

'Punch, a London publication of considerable promise, and no bad imitation of Frank Leslie's *Budget of Fun*, has a very clever squib upon the practice of noblemen putting their names down as directors of new hotels. It represents a number of noblemen, with their coronets on, waiting upon customers.'

Now this is really a good joke. It must not be passed over as if it were a broad play upon words, or an outrageous Yankeeism of ordinary impudence. To call *Punch* no bad imitation of Frank Leslie's *Budget of Fun* is a bit of fun, which, if a fair sample of the fun of the last-named periodical, should deter anybody from attempting to read it who is unwilling to burst his sides with laughter.

WISDOM.

KNOWLEDGE furnishes us with the means of action. Wisdom is the right application of the means of action, or the power of knowledge. The former is the fulness of the memory; the latter is the power of the memory directed by the reasoning faculty. A man may be learned, and yet not wise; but he must be to a certain extent learned in order that he may be a wise man. One may be acquainted with all the terms in geological science, yet from an inability to use his knowledge, may not be a wise man.

As far as information is concerned, a man may be a walking encyclopaedia, yet with respect to the application of his knowledge may be a perfect fool. We understand then by the term wisdom, the power of choosing the best means for the attainment of the best ends; and we call that man a wise man who invariably acts in conformity with the dictates of a highly cultivated reason.

STUDENT.

THE BEEF STEAK CLUB

BUT other clubs besides Brookes's and White's were famous during last century, especially the Beef-Steak Club, which also is, or was lately, in existence. It was established in the latter half of the seventeenth century, and owed its origin to the fact that some member of the peerage had called upon a noted actor, named Dickey Snett, at one of the larger London theatres, while the latter was engaged in cooking his dinner. A beef-steak constituted the sole repast; but it was cooked so tenderly, and his lordship enjoyed it so much, that he asked permission to return with a friend on the following day. The friend came, and so much did the trio enjoy the *marceau* cooked in their presence, that a club was formed, to meet once every succeeding week; and it has been kept up ever since. Beef-steaks and port constitute the sole entertainment at this repast, and the custom is still rigidly adhered to of cooking the viand on a silver grid-iron in the presence of the members. The most celebrated men of the age have ranked among the number of these, including Fox, Burke, the noted Duke of Norfolk, and Lord Brougham. The two last were originally 'six-bottle men,' though the last has so reformed that he has become almost a teetotaler—warned, probably, by the premature fate of the other, who died in little beyond the prime of life, after having been accustomed to be carried nightly on the shoulders of six men triumphant to bed.—*National Review.*