

NOTHING TO DO.

BY HARRIET M'EWEN KIMBELL.

A strip of snowiest linen
Half braided and stamped in blue,
And the gleam of threadless needle
Piercing the pattern through;
The needle is ready, yet the sweet little lady
Sits sighing for something to do.

Heaped on the table beside her
Blossoms of every hue—
Delicate, odorous roses—
The rarest that ever grew;
The vase stands ready, while the sweet little lady
Sits wishing for something to do.

Half hid under flowers a volume
In daintiest gold and blue,
Just parted, as if it would open
At "The Miller's Daughter" for you;
The book lies ready, yet the sweet little lady
Sits sighing for something to do.

A silent harp in the corner,
And melodies old and new
Scattered in pretty disorder—
Songs of the false and the true;
The harp stands ready—still the sweet little lady
Sits longing for something to do.

A sudden wind sweep and flutter—
The door wide open flew;
A step in the hall, and swiftly,
Like a bird, to the threshold she flew;
Blushing, already the sweet little lady
Forgets she has nothing to do!

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

LIEUT. GOVERNOR CRAWFORD.

We publish to-day a fine portrait of the late Hon. John Crawford, Lieut. Governor of Ontario whose death took place on the evening of the 13th inst. The deceased was the second son of the late Hon. George Crawford, Senator, and was born in the year, 1817, at Manor Hamilton, Cavan, Ireland. He received his education in Toronto, entered the legal profession, and was called to the Bar in 1839, attaining the rank of Queen's Counsel in 1867. In the general election of 1861 he ran successfully for East Toronto against the Hon. George Brown, who had represented the Division for the four previous years. He sat in the old Canadian Parliament till the general election of 1863, when he was himself defeated by Mr. A. M. Smith. He remained out of public life till the first Dominion election, which took place in 1867, when he contested South Leeds successfully against the Hon. A. N. Richards. At the general election of 1872 he voluntarily retired from South Leeds and sought successfully a new constituency in West Toronto which he represented up to the 5th of November 1873, when he was created the second Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. He was President of the Toronto and Nipissing railway at its inception; was President of the Royal Canadian Bank until he accepted the Lieutenant-Governorship; was President of the Canada Car Co. up to the same period; and was Director of several Building and Savings Societies. He was also Lieutenant-Colonel of the 5th Battalion Toronto Militia.

The *Mail* says of him: "He filled the office of Lieutenant-Governor, the highest official position in the Province, with infinite credit to himself. Though in his time a politician whose views were well known and settled, he forgot party in the Parliament Buildings and Government House, and aided his Ministers to the utmost of his ability in conducting public affairs." The *Liberal* adds: "The course he has pursued since his elevation to the Lieut.-Governorship has tended very much to raise him, in the estimation of his fellow-citizens, and the regret occasioned by his untimely death will be just as sincere on the part of those who were once his political foes, as of those who have looked upon him as one of themselves."

THE FATAL BALLOON ASCENT.

On the 15th of April, the *Zenith* started from the Vilette Gas Works, carrying namely, M. Gaston Tissandier, a well-known aeronaut and editor of the journal *La Nature*, Captain Sivel, a naval officer, who had previously made 151 ascents, and M. Croce-Spinelli, the author of several valuable treatises on aerial navigation. All went well for the first hour and a-half, but in ten minutes, at the altitude of 3½ miles above the earth, the aeronauts began to be distressed, their hands were frozen, and breathing became difficult. Their spirits, however, did not flag; after inhaling a little oxygen they felt better, Captain Sivel threw out some ballast, and the balloon mounted still higher. Suddenly all three became powerless, and fell senseless, M. Tissandier retaining consciousness to the height of a little over five miles. It was then just 1:30 p.m. At 2:3 p.m., M. Tissandier and his companions regained their senses, found the balloon to be rapidly descending, and in order to stay the descent M. Croce-Spinelli threw out quantities of ballast, and an instrument termed the *aspirateur*, which weighed 80 pounds. The balloon once more ascended, and again the occupants became unconscious. At 3:15 p.m., M. Tissandier regained his senses, found the balloon to be descending at a frightful speed, and his two companions lying dead at the bottom of the car, their faces being black and their mouths covered with blood. Rousing himself with difficulty, M. Tissandier managed to cut the anchor adrift, opened the gas valve and after bumping on the earth for some time the balloon was finally caught and held by a tree, the place of descent being Ciron, a village in the Department of Indre. In a letter to the President of the Aerial Navigation Office, M. Tissandier has most graphically described the voyage and his sufferings,

stating that he almost went mad when he discovered his companions to be dead. The cause of the catastrophe is mainly attributed to M. Croce-Spinelli having thrown over so heavy a weight as the *aspirateur*, an error which he doubtlessly committed through loss of presence of mind. The car was sufficiently large to accommodate twelve persons, and was fitted as a complete laboratory, with every kind of instrument likely to be wanted, including numerous thermometers, barometers, Davy lamps, and respiratory apparatuses to enable the aeronauts to breathe in the higher altitudes. As we have mentioned, the highest altitude noticed by M. Tissandier was about 5½ miles, but the sealed barometers which have been sent to the Aerial Society will give the highest point reached. It may be remarked that Mr. Coxwell in his famous ascent with Mr. Glaisher attained an altitude of over 7 miles, and then possessed just sufficient strength to open the gas valve with his teeth. Captain Sivel was thirty-eight years of age, and though a widower has left a little girl. M. Croce-Spinelli, who was only thirty-one, was the sole support of his aged father. Curiously enough, M. Tissandier, the survivor, was the oldest and least robust of the three.

THE POLYNESIAN ICE-BOUND.

The SS. "Polynesian", from Liverpool to Quebec on 15th April, experienced much difficulty in reaching her destination. After a good run to Merville, she left there at 6 p.m., on Friday the 16th, did well for two days, but had head winds afterwards. On the 23rd saw some very large icebergs and went as far south as 42° to avoid danger. On Sunday afternoon, the 25th, the western end of Newfoundland was sighted, and a canon fired at Port on Basque, to signal arrival in Canadian waters. Cape Ray was seen afterwards, passed at good speed and with a fair wind, and the passengers were looking forward to being in Quebec by Tuesday evening, but about 10 o'clock very heavy gulf ice was encountered. At noon on Tuesday the log showed only 37 miles run in the previous 24 hours and no further progress could be made. Nothing but an immense field of heavy unbroken ice could be seen from the mast head. On examining the screw one blade was found to be broken off and another damaged, rendering extreme caution necessary to avoid total disability. The vessel lay drifting with the ice until noon on Thursday May 6th. The ice was still very thick, but much broken, after several stoppages clear water was reached about 7 o'clock. Several fields of ice, and a heavy fog in the St. Lawrence was afterwards met with, and Quebec reached Sunday morning the 9th May, 24 days from Liverpool.

While imprisoned in the Gulf ice numerous devices were adopted by the passengers to kill time. Many ventured on the ice for miles, but all who did so had to pay the penalty of being "ducked" before being hauled on the ship again, causing much laughter on the part of the hundreds looking on, but probably a different feeling among the unfortunate sufferers. (See Illustration.) Two lads, passengers on the steamer, at dusk were found to be several miles from the ship, and it was thought that a break in the sea had cut them off. A rescue party of two officers of the ship and several sailors left about half past seven with lanterns, ropes, ladders and life buoys and returned about half past twelve having successfully accomplished their purpose, after several narrow escapes and much danger. A liberal subscription was subsequently raised among the cabin passengers for the benefit of the gallant rescue party.

Two steamships supposed to be the "Dominion" and "Lake Champlain" could be seen in the distance also fast in the sea.

T. W. B.

SS. "Polynesian" 9th May 1875.

"SANS GENE."

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: Those who imagine that women are only capable of distinguishing themselves in the arts of peace, and that while displacing men in medicine and at the bar they will be obliged to leave military pursuits to the coarser sex, should read the account of women who have served in the French Army, published in a recent number of the *Revue Illustrée des Deux Mondes*. The most remarkable of these heroines were Therese Sutter, who distinguished not more for bravery than for her freedom of speech, received from the First Consul the flattering nickname of "Sans-gene." The volubility and emphasis with which she "apostrophized" Napoleon at the siege of Toulon made such an impression on the great chief that he reminded her of it years afterwards, when he was Emperor and she still a dragoon. Indeed the ready command of invective for which Therese Sutter was famous throughout her career would seem to suggest that nature had intended her to wear the robe of the advocate rather than the uniform of the soldier. But she was as skillful and daring in the use of the sword as in that of her own sharp tongue; for which reason, when the Committee of Public Safety published a decree banishing women from the armies of the republic, a special exception was made in favor of Therese. After five years' service she retired from the army with a pension of 200 francs, but the monotony of a peaceful existence told severely on her. She became once more a dragoon, and from 1805 to 1810 served with her regiment in Spain. In 1810 she was taken prisoner by guerillas and sent to Lisbon, whence she made her way back, through England, to France. She was present at Waterloo, and did not retire for good until after the Restoration.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

WISPS FROM BEECHWOOD.

BY F. E. K.

You will find the subject of this short discourse, dear readers, in the first chapter of the book of May, on the first sunny mound or mossy bank you encounter in your spring wanderings. 'Tis violets. Nay smile not at so simple a test. Think you that that tiny flower has naught to unchain our thoughts? Look at the delicate stem: those tiny velvet leaves with their rare rich coloring. See! thou not God's finger there; and, in those quivering golden tipped petals behold His handiwork. Aye, and like a magician it casts a charm over our hearts, till the immortal spirit is drawn nearer to the maker of all. Who has not, when the winter has passed and taken away its icy arms, the chill and snow, and warm sunshine and gentle winds try to reign in their first spring wandering, when budding grasses and leaves have scarcely started, has not beheld looking up at his feet a little eyed violet? And as it casts a smiling glance at you, have you not gazed upon the sweet wonderful beauty of the flower, and your lips quivered, your eyes filled, and your heart strained with grateful emotions, all awakened by that frail flower? Ah! yes, little violet, many are the drops of happiness folded in thy tiny cups! many the words of instruction given in thy mute language. Who has not seen a little child escaped from watchfulness, creep out and rest its curly head on the cool sweet grass, and, as it plays with the bright mosses, it beholds a roving violet and as it pulls apart the delicate leaves, the wondering glances almost express the child's thought, its spirit waking up to enquire for the mother of such beauty. Again, why that rising blush on the maiden's cheek, why the glad sparkle in her eye. 'Tis only a little bunch of violets which she clasps so tightly, but we were not permitted to read the note accompanying them. She only knows whose hand culled those flowers, each blossom whispers some loving word. Yes, Cupid knows well the value of violets, and often chooses them for arrows. The air is hot and oppressive in the sick room, and fever is burning the brow of the moaning invalid, the lips are parched and feverish, and how long seem the weary days and nights. The door is pushed gently open and a kind hand lays on the pillow a cluster of sweet dewy violets, sent with the thoughtful love of a friend. And are not those violets cherished, do they not speak to the sick one, of bright sunshine, of cool retreats, of refreshing winds, grassy fields, and singing birds, how they cheer the hours, and give new hope of life and health.

But shall I dwell longer on these little sunny spirits? Have I not said enough to wake us all to love, and thank God for violets.

THE FASHIONS.

FIGURE 1.—Costume with body and striped tunic of azure blue with blue and brown squares. The opening of the tunic is closed with a sack under which the skirt can be tucked up. Collette and sleeves of smooth material.

FIGURE 2.—Costume with train. Woollen stuff either of light or of dark colour. The sleeves can be bordered with a narrow trimming of squares.

FIGURE 3.—Summer-mantle for little girls. Material, grey light stuff, such as used for summer-dress, with grey taffetas and buttons covered with the same.

FIGURE 4.—Costume with coat tunic. Grey woollen stuff of both sombre and light hues. Trimmings of corresponding material with squares.

FIGURE 5.—Costume with tunic and stand-up collar. Material, grey and black woollen stuff. It makes an excellent promenade dress.

MODE DRESSES.

A Paris correspondent writes: The Bon Marché has recently had an exhibition of mode dresses. The vast show-rooms of the silk department presented the curious and novel spectacle of a procession of gorgeously attired though headless dames. Some of these toilets were excessively pretty, while others were rather too showy for perfect good taste. In this category must be placed a brilliant dress of poppy-red silk, trimmed with scarfs and drapery of white surah. An olive-green dress trimmed with folds of plaid in white and olive green was very striking. A tunic and saque in ecru lace over a richly trimmed skirt of palest rose-pink, and caught up behind with large pale pink bows, was one of the prettiest dresses exhibited. Some of these toilets were finished out to the minutest details, even to the sun-umbrella suspended by a chain from the waist-belt. The most daring combination of color I have yet seen is a scarf of deep poppy-red worn with a dark plum-colored satin. The effect, though startling was admirable, but in mingling two such showy and widely contrasting colors the utmost care is necessary in selecting the tints that exactly correspond in tone.

Moderate rates of premiums, so balanced as to meet contingencies, fair appreciation of damages, prompt settlement of incurred losses, entire independence from any rating of risks; such are the advantages, the "Stadacona" Fire Insurance Company, office: No. 13 Place d'Armes, Montreal, relies upon, to secure part of the insuring business of the commercial community.

VICTOR HUGO AT HOME.

A Paris correspondent of the *Boston Journal* writes: When in town, M. Hugo usually receives on Thursday evening. He lives *au troisieme*, in an elegant apartment on the Boulevard de Clichy. An unpretending servant admits the visitors from the landing into a small antechamber, thence into a neat room where bottles and glasses, destined for simple refreshments, are spread on the table; and thence, pushing aside the tapestry, into the main *salon*, where the old gentleman sits on a comfortable fauteuil. An elderly lady, of charming manners, who is a friend of the family, usually assists at the receptions, and, with the traditional French grace, soon makes the foreign visitor quite at home. During the evening there is quite a distinguished company of poets, authors, artists, deputies to the Assembly, and beautiful ladies, and by half-past eleven or twelve the reception is over. Hugo rose with difficulty to greet us, but after he had been talking a few minutes I saw with pleasure that there was very little trace of age in his voice or his face. Now and then he lifted his head with that majestic frown which has been so well portrayed in some of his portraits, and then he seemed scarcely forty. It is the custom at the receptions among French visitors, and especially those of his own guild, to address him as "Dear Master," to which he has become so wont that when addressed as M. Hugo he is almost inclined to stare. I found him as usual much interested in American affairs; anxious and willing to undertake a journey, which, unlike most Frenchmen, he does not at all fear on account of sea-sickness, and which he would certainly do were he not, in his own words, "such an old man, with so much to do!" He sighed wearily as he said this, doubtless regretting, as all regret, when they arrive at old age, that life is so short and art so long. He did not seem fully aware of the extent of his American reputation, and was evidently pleased when the universal recognition which he has received was explained to him. That which he seemed to take most interest in was a few words about Harper's Ferry and Charlestown in West Virginia, places of which he begged me to give him a minute account. He also asked me a good deal concerning John Brown and his family, and then entered with much interest into a discussion among the deputies and some few journalists on the condition of affairs in the Southern States, and Louisiana more especially. I asked him if he had intended that the work on "Quatre-Vingt-Treize" should be a trilogy, as had been intimated, or whether the number which has already appeared was complete in itself. He answered that he had merely intended to paint the great year of history, and said modestly, "In the first volume I have endeavoured to give some idea of the civil war in '93; perhaps I may take up other phases, if I have time; but each volume will in any case be complete in itself."

LITERARY.

MISS CUNNINGHAM, the sole surviving sister of Allan Cunningham, died lately, at the age of eighty-two.

DARWIN has finished his work on "Insectivorous Plants," and the manuscript is in the printer's hands.

THE ex-Tycoon of Japan has contributed 2,000 yen and 1,000 works, consisting of many thousands of volumes, towards the formation of a national library.

A METRICAL translation will shortly be published of the poem entitled "The Demon," one of the chief productions of the celebrated Russian poet, Lermontof.

A FRENCH translation, in verse, of Goethe's "Faust" is about to appear from the pen of M. Marc-Monnier, the witty author of the "Théâtre des Marionnettes."

VICTOR HUGO has left Paris to spend a few weeks at Guernsey where he will put the finishing touch to a new volume of poems entitled "Les Francs et les Germains."

THE satire "New Paganism," by Dryden Minor, has appeared. The poem is marked by great vigour, and is full of pointed and happy lines. The lash is laid on unsparringly, and toleration is evidently not the failing of the Roman Catholic writer.

IN collecting materials for the life of John Locke, on which he has been engaged for some time past, R. Fox-Bourne has come across several of the philosopher's indicted writings. They deal chiefly with free thought in religion, and will probably be included in the biography which is about to appear.

GEORGE HERWEGH, the poet, whose political songs had once stirred the German nation, died at Baden-Baden lately. During the German Revolution, when Friedrich Hecker, Gustav Von Struve, Karl Blind, and others, raised the democratic banner, Herwegh also appeared for a short time with a revolutionary legion in the Black Forest.

EVERY historical student will be glad to hear that the English Government now employs an agent in Rome to collect materials for English history from the secret archives of the Vatican. When the request was first made to the Pope to permit the investigation, his Holiness liberally promised every assistance in his power. Owing to the exertions made by Cardinal Manning on his recent visit to Rome, Protestant England owes a privilege never before enjoyed by any nation to a Roman Catholic dignitary.

HOLMES'S "Authorship of Shakespeare," with an appendix of nearly one hundred pages, is about to be reprinted. Judge Holmes's book is the most weighty presentation of the argument for Bacon on the question of authorship which has yet appeared, and it is full of curious information interesting to all in whatever sense the question is looked upon. The appendix contains, besides such confirmatory matter, an interesting correspondence between Judge Holmes and Mr. Spedding, the English editor of Bacon's works. This is the more noteworthy since Mr. Spedding strongly combats Bacon's claims and presents a clear summary of the argument against them.