

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

TRAURIG.

(From the German of Heine.)

My heart, my heart is mournful
As cheerily shines the May,
I stand, reclined on the linden,
Beside the bastion grey.

Below, in the moat of the city,
The still blue wave is seen;
A boy sails in the rhallop,
And angles and pipes therein.

Beyond, are spread in their beauty,
Like a varied, miniature scene,
Summerhouse, garden and people,
And cattle and forest and mead.

The maiden bleaches the linen,
And blithesome springs in the broom:
The mill-wheel scattered its diamonds,
I list to its distant boom.

From the ancient, hoary tower,
The sentry boxes frown:
A churl in scarlet waistcoat
Goes pacing up and down.

He plays with the trusty firelock,
Which gleams in the sunshine red:
He presents arms, and he shoulders—
I wish he would shoot me dead.

JOHN LESPERANCE.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

STUDIES FOR A PICTURE.

I believe that this old Lower Canada of ours furnishes plenty of subjects for a picture or for a gallery of pictures. I subjoin a few studies.

First of all, its climate and people. A crisp, dry, exhilarating 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 that will hew two cords of fire wood a day, or brandish the hal from five in the morning unremittingly, till six at night. The women are equally laborious, and amid the fatigues of caring for a large family, do work in garden and field which would tax the strength of your best women at home. A happy, jocund 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. With Americans, 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 a village church may be seen 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—course 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 *Evangeline*; for the Acadians of that poem are a branch of the same Breton family which settled two centuries in the Huron-Algonquin villages of Stadacona and Hochelaga, and subsequently spread over the great valley of the St. Lawrence. The American who is desirous of studying peasant life and the charm of quiet villages, need not for that purpose undertake a Transatlantic voyage. He can procure that enjoyment by going 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 concerning the picturesqueness of the country. It is no exaggeration to say, that nowhere in North America can a grander, a more varied scenery be found. There is 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 admiration of the lover of nature.

The principal feature in this panorama is the river St. Lawrence. Look at the map and see whence it rises and whither it flows. First, observe whence 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 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 wandering, it reaches its gigantic brakewater on the western shore of Anticosti. It changes names 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 the woods is the Canadian raftsmen and the Canadian hunter. The raftsmen or *homme des cages* 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 rapids and cascades. He is a famous fellow for songs and stories. He has by heart 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 claire fontaine
M'en allant promener."

Or the more lively barcarole:

"Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant."

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 British Columbia before John Jacob Astor; who founded New Orleans, with Iberville; Mobile with Bienville; Galveston, with Michel Menard; Milwaukee, with Salomon Juneau; Detroit, with Lamothe-Cadillac, and contributed to the early growth of the queen city of Laclède. 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 raftsmen 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 *névils*, or daughters of the Snow, which the northern muse has imagined in addition to the *dryads* and *naiads* of tropical woods and summer seas, (beautiful creations, indistinct and evanescent as the hazy winter atmosphere in which they float, cold and passionless as Undine, pure with the whiteness of the element which composes them),—all these, or some of these, artistically grouped on one canvass, form a whole sufficiently picturesque to captivate a lover of the beautiful. This is so far acknowledged, that our best water colourists have made many studies from Canadian nature. Here is one of those *tableaux de genre*:

A Canadian hunter returns from a successful expedition at night-fall, 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 Opera Comique. A noble caribou lies 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 ghostly 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. A hard day's work in the cold, cold world, and, at night, rest in a warm home.

NEW BOOKS.

I Go A-Fishing. By W. C. Prime. New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

A more enjoyable trip than that we have just taken a-fishing with Dr. Prime can hardly be imagined. He is a prince among companions; a gentleman, a christian (of the muscular school), an ardent sportsman, a ripe scholar, an artist and an experienced traveller. No wonder that with such qualifications he makes the time spent in his company slip away with a much-to-be-regretted speed, and that with him a *marrais quart d'heure* is an unknown evil. From first to last he is pleasant, cheery and honest; whether he is narrating an anecdote of Eastern travel, or a fishing experience; whipping a stream or demolishing a theory; discussing a monkish Latin hymn or the merits of a pet fly, we always find him the same genial, whole-souled, thoughtful guide. The perusal of the account of his summer expeditions has given us unalloyed pleasure. There is something in the book for every type of reader. Fly-fishing, theology, stories of Eastern life, character sketches, classical discussions, and scenery; these are the *farraze de la vie*, the ingredients that unite in making a most attractive, savoury and satisfactory whole. The writer has a wonderful power of word-painting. As we follow him page by page the scenes described seem to rise up as by magic before us; we smell the fresh odour of the forest, the noise of the rush and swirl of the rapids fills our ears; we watch with eager eyes the movements of the fishermen as they deftly make their casts; or as night falls we make one of the party under the trees or around the cosy hearth, and are carried away to the East by the stories of Iskander Effendi and John Steenburger. Another pleasing feature of the book is the entire absence of cant. A flavour of religion there is, honest genuine religion of the true catholic stamp. One passage, strikingly indicative of the author's catholicity of feeling we cannot resist the temptation of quoting. "I venture another bit of advice, based on some experience as angler and traveller. I commend this rule for the Sunday: To worship God with his people, if there be accessible to you any where a church calling itself Christian, or whatever denomination. It is a good plan, and will be found remunerative. I have knelt on many a Sunday morning with Greeks, with Copts, with Armenians, with Romans, and I can't say that it ever interfered with the sense of devotion, the act of adoration, the confidence in the presence of the Divine master, that I was kneeling among those who did not believe precisely as I did. When the Ethiopian asked Philip what hindered that he should be accepted in the visible church by baptism, Philip told him it was a question of belief, and he replied: 'I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God,' and on the instant Philip stopped the chariot, baptized him, and disappeared. It's a short and mighty story that, which polemic theologians in all the Churches would do well to study. Enough for me, an ignorant layman, to be content to worship with those who believe as much as the Ethiopian believed, call themselves or be called by what name they may."

The book is throughout amusing, and instructive, and we cordially recommend it for the perusal of fishermen of all kinds. The taker of fish and the taker of souls will alike find in its pages many hints of great value in their respective callings.

VIRTUE'S IMPERIAL SHAKESPEARE. Edited by Charles Knight. London: Virtue & Co.

This is certainly a superb edition, and one which cannot fail to meet with favour. It is printed in clear, bold type, the text being that recently corrected and revised by Charles Knight. This of itself is sufficient recommendation to ensure

its success, but an additional attraction is given in the shape of handsome steel engravings 10-8 in., after paintings which have attracted notice at the Royal Academy Exhibitions. The size of the work is imperial quarto. It is now being issued in parts at half-a-dollar each, the whole to be completed in some forty parts. We know of no better edition at such a moderate price. Shaksperian readers will do well to secure so magnificent a copy of their favourite author.

Miscellaneous.

The Lafayette, Ind., *Journal* does not "see" Shakespeare to the usual extent. Of a certain overestimated play by that writer, its able critic remarks: "Hamlet" must have been a most remarkable man not to have gone mad in the midst of such characters as his aimless mother, the insipid and discordant "Ophelia," and the noisy, empty "Laertes," as they were presented on this stage. We confess to a secret satisfaction at the secret poisoning of the Queen, who, in rouging her cheeks, caught a double dose on the end of her nose; and we experienced a maddening joy in the unskillful stabbing of "Laertes," who deserved death, if for no other reason than for his unaccounted lamentations over the demise of a horse-fiddle sister, whose departure should have been to him a source of joy. The gravedigger did well, not only in his professional work, but in effectually burying the ill-dressed "Ophelia." We never attended a funeral with more pleasure.

It is related that on one occasion an old lady crossing the Desert of Sahara in the middle of the day, alone and unattended, with the exception of an umbrella, was followed—there being no policeman in sight—by a fierce and vengeful tiger, or some such dreadful animal—it may have been a rhinoceros or chitapanzee—it is immaterial. The animal was about to spring upon her—it was the kind of animal that springs, which we forget about—when, with great presence of mind, she opened her umbrella sudden and unexpected-like right in his face and eyes, just as you may have seen a middle-aged woman burst out of a dry goods store sometimes with an umbrella in front of her, which she opens into the face of some gentlemanly-appearing person who isn't expecting her. The wild beast was so exasperated that he turned round and went away. Since then old ladies cross the Desert of Sahara habitually carrying umbrellas, whatever the weather probabilities are.

Some one in *Old and New* sagaciously remarks that it is as true in billiards as in trade or in politics that steady attention to business, hard work, and careful good sense are the best means of accumulation. In many other ways also, however, are the moralities of this beautiful game—moralities hitherto never developed—illustrative of the affairs of life. A man's shots, for instance, show his character. One player is for ever putting on a twist, or making draw-shots, and counts in the most unexpected manner, forcing the tormented balls in every direction by cunning under-handed strokes. Another, by sheer straightforward force, drives his ball far round the table, with long-sighted, powerful combinations. Another prefers "follow shots." Softly and delicately he coaxes the hard ivory balls, who quietly do what he wants, but don't know that they are coaxed. Another still, the cunningest of all, a silent monopolizer, gets a corner on the balls. He gets the two reds "jawed," and stepping back and forth round the corner pocket, counts and counts to the paralytic and infuriation of the helpless, excluded adversary, who longs to whack him over the head with the butt of his cue.

The Paris *Figaro* tells a "Story of Parisian Life," which reads like a clumsy parody of an incident related in *The Parisians*, the brilliant posthumous novel by Lord Lytton now appearing in *Blackwood's Magazine*. Our inventive contemporary states that there is a lady who habitually resides in Paris, but who occupies a high position in the ranks of international *demimondism*, equally celebrated for her beauty, her jewels, her horses, and her intimacy with the Sovereign of one of the minor States of Europe. The *Figaro* relates that a "gentilhomme anglais," rejoicing in the name of "Sir Joshua," paid assiduous court to this most celebrated of pretty horsebreakers, and that by an ingenious process he got access to her jewel-case, abstracted real gems to the tune of £520,000 (eight million francs) and replaced them by capital imitations. The fraud, says the *Figaro*, was accidentally discovered in London, and "Sir Joshua," who had been already arrested in connection with the Bidwell case, is now detained on this more serious charge. The *Figaro* adds that "the London papers have been requested to keep the matter quiet;" and, strange to say, they have hitherto done so effectively.

Gen. Van Uttem, who was lately interred at Batignolles, in Paris, without military honours, adopted this unusual expedient. Finding his merits ignored, and being anxious to rise in his profession, he took to promoting himself. This strange character, who has been known about Paris for forty years, was a Dutchman, who, at the time of the siege of Antwerp, in 1831, was a lieutenant in the Dutch army. After that event Uttem, not knowing what course to take, whether to become a Belgian or remain a Dutchman, took up his residence in Paris, where he lived ever since on his own means. He would by no means, however, part with his lieutenant's uniform. In 1840, having been for some years a lieutenant, he felt that he deserved promotion, and raised himself to the rank of captain, adopting the required uniform. In 1845 he conferred upon himself further advancement and became major, and soon after lieutenant-colonel. At the time of the Crimean war the necessity for a further rise in his profession naturally suggested itself to his mind, and he promoted himself to a full colonelcy. In 1860 he bestowed upon himself the ribbon of a Dutch order, and finding his health fail in 1870, assumed the rank of general. He was in a fair way to receive further honours when death brought his brilliant professional career to a close.

The Rev. W. M. Punshon was married last month at Sheffield, Eng., to a Miss Foster.

THE VIRTUES OF WHISKEY.—The following curious extract from "Hollinshed's Chronicle," 1557, will be of interest. The *British Medical Journal* says, of the advocates of whiskey as a therapeutical agent of great power: "There is used an ordinary drink of *aqua vite*, so qualified in the makyng that it dryeth more and inflameth lesse than other hote confections. One Theoricus (*Episc. Hermonensis juxta Bononiam*) wrote a proper treatyse of *Aqua Vite*, wherein he prayseth it to the ninth degree. He distinguisheth three sortes thereof—*simplex, composita, and perfectissima*. . . . *Being moderately taken, sayeth he, it sloweth age; it strengtheneth youths; it helpeth digestion; it curreth feume; it abandoneth melancholle; it relissheth the harte; it lighteneth the mynd; it quickeneth the spirites; it cureth the hydropic; it healeth the strangury; it pounceth the stone; it repelleth grauel; it puffeth away ventositate; it kepeth and preserveth the hed from whyrling—the eyes from dazelling—the tongue from lappng—the mouthe from snafflyng—the teeth from chattering—the throte from rattlyng—the weasun from stellyng—the stomache from wamblyng—the harte from swellng—the bellie from wirtchyng—the guts from rumbling—the hands from shueryng—the snowes from shrinkyng—the vaynes from crumplyng—the bones from akynge—the marrow from soukyng. . . . And trulye it is a soveraigne liquour, if it be orderlie taken."*