

## THE HAPPY FIRESIDE.

With blust'ring voice the nor'-west wind  
May tear along the lane,  
And rattle round the chimney stack  
And shake the lattice pane;  
And in his deep malignity,  
Pursue with sleet or hail;  
Secure at our brave ingleside,  
We laugh and let him rail.

With cheerful face my own true wife  
Prepares the frugal meal;  
Grandad hath put his hedge-tools by,  
And grandame left her wheel;  
And merry rose-cheeked little ones  
Come pressing round my chair,  
To claim the ne'er withholden kiss,  
And take their evening fare.

The toils and hardships of the day  
But appetite have lent,  
The better to enjoy the good  
Kind Providence hath sent;  
And so we make the best of all,  
Contented with our lot,  
And find a world of love and joy  
May centre in a cot.

## MONTREAL FOUNDRY AND CITY WORKS.

We are indebted to the *Gazette*, of this city, for the following account of Mr. Clendinning's Factory, which we illustrate on another page:

"This is one of the largest, if not the most extensive, of the many foundries of the Dominion, is situated on William Street, occupying the entire space between Inspector and Colborne Streets, and running back 180 feet. It was established in 1838 on the present site, and was for years the leading axe and scale factory of Montreal, but bore small resemblance to the present mammoth establishment. During the past year its proprietor, Mr. Wm. Clendinning, has very greatly increased his facilities to meet the requirements of his rapidly increasing business. A very handsome brick building, four stories high, with elegant iron front has been erected. It is 85 feet front by 60 feet in depth, and is occupied as the business offices, ware-rooms, store-houses, &c., for the foundry. There is besides a moulding shop, also erected last summer, 100 x 106 feet, and a stove mounting and pattern shop, 50 x 36, of brick, covered with slate. There are two immense cupolas, estimated to run 20 tons of metal daily. A new 60-horse power engine is being added to furnish motive power for the several machines requisite for the cleaning of castings, fans for the furnaces, drills, lathes, &c. A novelty is one of Root's Patent Force Blast Rotary Blowers, by which the facilities for providing first-class castings are greatly increased.

The staff employed consists of about 180 men, to whom about \$5,000 a month are paid as wages, and the products may be roughly stated as follows:—About 5,000 cooking and other stoves, 1,500 iron bedsteads of various sizes and patterns, over 2,000 tons of builders' machinery, agricultural and railway castings, beside ornamental railings for fencing, &c., sinks and other castings, are turned out annually. In glancing over the order book of the establishment, it is gratifying to note that the establishment counts among its largest patrons leading establishments in several of the towns and cities of Ontario and the Maritime Provinces, and in stoves a goodly number find a market in Western New York, while the railways running from Toronto have contributed in no small degree to the business of the past years.

One feature that we notice with great pleasure in connection with this foundry is the establishment by Mr. Clendinning, for the use of his men, of a most comfortable reading-room, on the tables of which are the leading daily papers in both languages, mechanical papers, magazines, &c.

There is also a benefit society in connection with the works, which is kept up with spirit, and to the great advantage of the employees.

## SHAWENEGAN FALLS.

The Shawenegan Falls, which are situated near the junction of the Shawenegan and St. Maurice rivers, take their name from the first named stream, which was also known as the Manigouito, i.e., the foot of a rapid. In his account of the St. Maurice river Bouchette says, speaking of this cascade: "The stupendous Falls of the Shawenegan are about 6½ miles lower than the Hêtres. Few Falls or places indicate the marks of some extraordinary catastrophe or convulsion of nature so much as the Shawenegan: for that its present channel is the effect of some former event, or fracture in the vertical strata, may appear almost certain. Above the Falls the general course of the St. Maurice is from the east towards the upper landing, and the distance between this and the lower landing is but 341 yards, forming a peninsula composed of calcareous strata, with a thick surface of clay and loam that could have been easily penetrated; the river thence suddenly bends its course towards the south-east, and, being divided into two channels, precipitates itself nearly 150 feet perpendicular, and rushes with terrific violence against the face of the cliff below, where the two channels are again united, and thus this great body of water forces its way through a narrow passage not more than 30 yards wide. It is probable that in course of time the small peninsula will form an island, and that the St. Maurice will pour down its waters near the mouth of the river Shawenegan. Art could effect a canal, at an expense which would be trifling in comparison with the advantages to be derived from it, in the event of an extensive settlement being made upon the St. Maurice."

Mr. Allan Edson is the artist whose rendering of this grand piece of scenery appears in this issue.

## "A KING'S DAUGHTER."

(From the *Art Journal*.)

Four or five years ago, among the pictures in the "Winter" Exhibition, Pall Mall, was one by Mr. Ward, bearing a somewhat similar title to that here engraved. It represented the eldest daughter of Louis XVI., a prisoner in the Temple—the then state prison of France—and Robespierre gazing at her, as she herself describes in a work written and published a few years after, when Duchesse d'Angoulême. It subsequently occurred to the painter that the subject would bear repetition, without the introduction of that arch-tyrant whose name is a by-word for all that is infamous, both socially and politically, and whose presence in the company of youth, beauty, innocence and exalted rank, was nothing less than a moral pestilence. Hence the picture before us, founded on a

passage in the book just referred to:—"For my own part," writes the Duchess in allusion to her past imprisonment, "I only asked for the simple necessities of life, and these they often refused me with asperity. I was, however, enabled to keep myself clean, I had at least soap and water, and I swept out my room every day." What a story is contained in these few simple, but most touching words.

The scene naturally recalls to mind Burke's eloquent remarks, in his "Reflections on the French Revolution," on the murder of Queen Marie Antoinette, mother of the Dauphiness—the "King's Daughter" here so named. After expatiating on the grace and loveliness of the Queen, as he first saw her when at the court of Versailles, he goes on to say, "Never could I have believed that such dishonour would have fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of cavaliers. Methought ten thousand swords would have sprung from their sheaths, to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is passed. The spirit that brought the heads of the royal family of France under the guillotine was not wanting to subject the children to the same shameful death, but it was restrained by events which rendered it at length unnecessary, if not absolutely powerless, to continue its sanguinary policy in that direction.

The history of the period has given Mr. Ward materials for several of his most successful and popular pictures; more than any other artist of the day has he identified himself with the events of the great Revolution of the last century.

Of these pictures none make stronger appeal to our sympathies than this "King's Daughter." Viewed simply as a young girl, with a broom in her hand, performing some domestic duty, it might interest no more than a mere cottage maiden thus occupied; but remembering that it represents a high-born and high-minded girl in the power of a tyrant it excites the most profound pity; a feeling enhanced by the remembrance of the losses she had endured, the patience with which she suffered wrong, and her personal attractions. The artist has painted a most charming figure, to which her simple, unadorned costume lends additional attractions. It is right to state that there are considerable alterations in the dress of the Dauphiness and in other details of this picture, from those of the other work, which claim for it originality.

## SPANISH RIVER MILLS, AIRD ISLAND.

This island is situated on the north shore of Lake Huron, opposite the great Manitoulin Island, and at the mouth of Spanish River; it is one of a cluster of small islands, most of which are covered with stunted pines. It is in the district of Algoma, and about 250 miles from Toronto. The settlement is small, and consists for the most part of the hands employed in the extensive saw-mills of Messrs. Chaffey & Fuedenburg. During the winter months, the place is almost deserted, all hands being in the woods some miles up the river, felling trees and preparing the logs. But as soon as spring fairly opens, the settlement presents a lively appearance, the logs are floated down, the mills set in motion, and soon the buzz of the saws is heard. The mills are capable of sawing from 200 to 300 logs per day, and the lumber is shipped from them to various parts in the United States as well as Canada.

Aird Island is also a mission station of the Canada Congregational Indian Missionary Society. Numbers of Indians (mostly pagan, and very degraded) encamp here during the summer months, and last summer a little school-house was erected, and a school opened under the care of a lady teacher. It is probable that one of the contemplated railways will run within twelve miles of the mills, thus affording a quicker means of communication than at present exists.

## MISS CURIOSITY.

This is one of those charming little sketches of child life that are equal favourites in every circle. The subject is admirably treated; the stealthy attitude and the expectant look of the child who has taken advantage of its mother's momentary absence to pry into the contents of the pot are perfect.

GLOOMY PROSPECTS OF THE SEAL FISHERIES.—A St. John's paper publishes the following from its Newfoundland correspondent: At present there is every reason to fear that we are to have an unsuccessful fishery this year. The prevailing winds since the sealing fleet left have been north-east and east, and these at times very boisterous. When this is the case, the huge ice-fields, drifting out of Davis's Straits on the bosom of the Arctic current, are forced upon our shores, and so closely jammed that the sealing vessels can make no way through them, and are often caught and carried away south in the grim embrace of the ice. When at length released, the season for capturing seals is over; as the "whitecoats," the young of the harp seal, take to the water about the first of April, and can then only be shot. It is ominous that we have not yet a single arrival from the ice, nor the smallest item of intelligence. At present our business men are disposed to take very gloomy views of the prospects of the seal fishery, and not without reason. It is true, that were the wind to blow briskly from the west for twenty-four hours and drive off the ice, we would, in all probability, have speedy arrivals from the hunting fields; and the intelligence might be a re-assuring character, so that we could anticipate a fair fishery—a large one is now out of the question. At this date last year a hundred thousand seals were landed, and many steamers had gone off for a second trip. It is not likely there will be many second trips this year. Those who have ten or twenty thousand pounds afloat in this venture must have some anxious hours. There is a hope that our nineteen steamers, or the bulk of them, may have been able to force their way north and reach the seals, and of these many may be loaded and waiting for an opening in the ice to return to port. The anxiety for intelligence is getting more painful each day; but there is no help for it till a change of weather occurs. The present season is an illustration of the great uncertainty attending this branch of marine industry.

An individual named Smith was standing in the parquet of a Michigan theatre, with a glass of beer in his hand, and watching Mlle. Lemoine dance, became so excited by that artiste's gyrations that he hurled the glass at her in an ecstasy of admiration, "striking her in the stomach, and causing her to double up like an animated jack-knife," according to the local paper. This freak of Mr. Smith's cost him the sum of \$30.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

A most scientific thing was said by a physician to a young gentleman who was very much about town, and at length came to him to ask the reason of the unnatural rush of blood to the head. "It is quite natural," was the reply; "don't alarm yourself. Nature abhors a vacuum." "Oh yes, I see. What shall I take, Mr.—er—er?" "Take a book daily, sir," said the modern Abernethy. But on second consideration he wrote out a mild prescription of water and peppermint for the uncomprehending patient.

The terrible maelstrom off the coast of Norway has unaccountably disappeared. A late traveller says there is no such whirlpool, and that it is only when the tide current and winds are at loggerheads in the narrow straits between Moskenessor and the isolated rock of Mosken that any agitation is visible at all. He is therefore of the opinion that some such phenomenon as this, seen from the shore and exaggerated by the horror of the beholder, gave rise to all the marvellous legends of the maelstrom.

Among the inventions shown in the International Exhibition in London, is an ordinary sewing Machine from France, the peculiarity of which is that it is driven by the clockwork arrangement, which is wound up in the usual way. Fixed on the apparatus, which is enclosed in a case beneath the machine itself, is a set of vanes which can be adjusted to work at any angle, so that the machine is regulated by the greater or lesser resistance which they offer to the air. They form, in fact, the governor of the machine. The application is ingenious, and will of course save much time and labour, but its price is high so that there are only two classes of the rich that will patronise it, namely, the delicate and the lazy.

The notion, observes the *Boston Journal of Chemistry*, that those who work only with their brain need less food than those who labour with their hands is fallacious; mental labour causes greater waste of tissue than muscular. According to careful estimates, three hours of hard study wear out the body more than a whole day of hard physical exertion. "Without phosphorus, no thought," is a German saying; and the consumption of that essential ingredient of the brain increases in proportion to the amount of labour which the organ is required to perform. The wear and tear of the brain are easily measured by careful examination of the salts in the liquid excretions. The importance of the brain as a working organ is shown by the amount of blood it receives, which is proportionally greater than that of any other part of the body. One-fifth of the blood goes to the brain, though its average weight is only one-fourth of the weight of the body. This fact alone would be sufficient to prove that brain-workers need more food, and better food, than mechanics and farm labourers.

A writer in the *Illustrated London News* says:—"The English journalist ought to do his best to keep people to the right use of the English language. I am glad to see that one of the most popular of the daily papers, in using the word 'ovation' does so with an implied scoff at those who use it as equivalent with the words 'grand triumph.' It will take a long time to persuade certain classes that it means nothing of the kind, because it is a neat and classical word, which helps a dull sentence. Yet a gushing puffler would shudder at it if he knew that it meant a second-rate reception, given to one who was decidedly unworthy of a magnificent demonstration. Its very composition shows this. The ovation was so called because an *ovis*, or sheep, only was sacrificed, whereas an ox was offered at a great triumph. If intelligent and other reporters will connect the ideas 'sheep' and 'ovation,' we shall be spared some nonsense. I am also glad to see that when the *Saturday Review* quotes a writer who uses an utterly abominable word, it is done thus—'reliable (*sic*).'" That will help to stamp out a nuisance."

CHINESE ARITHMETIC.—A correspondent of the *London Athenaeum* says the Chinese have a most ingenious method of reckoning by the aid of the fingers, performing all the operations of addition, subtraction, multiplication and division, with numbers from one up to a hundred thousand. Every finger of the left hand represents nine figures, as follows: The little finger represents units, the ring finger tens, the middle finger hundreds, the fore finger thousands, the thumb tens of thousands. When the three joints of each finger are touched from the palm toward the tip they count one, two and three of each of the denominations as above named. Four, five and six are counted on the back of the finger joints in the same way; seven, eight and nine are counted on the right side of the joints from the palm to the tip. The fore finger of the right hand is used as the pointer. Thus, 1,234 would be indicated by first touching the joint of the fore finger; next the hand on the inside; next the middle joint of the middle finger on the inside; next the end joint of the ring finger on the inside, and finally the joint of the little finger next the hand on the outside. The reader will be able to make further examples for himself. The writer alluded to asserts that the correctness of Chinese computation thus performed is proverbial.

POISONED BY A POSTAGE STAMP.—The following mysterious and extraordinary case of poisoning is narrated by a correspondent of the *Nashua (N. H.) Telegraph*. A few days since Dr. L. Chesley, of Nottingham, a well-known and prominent physician in Rockingham county, received a letter from an unknown source containing two postage stamps, with an urgent request that he should send by return mail a letter to a given address in New York city. The doctor complied with the request, using one of the stamps just received in mailing the return letter, wetting the stamp by laying it upon his tongue, whereupon he was instantly seized with a mysterious fainting sensation, accompanied with severe convulsive action of the heart, difficulty of breathing and a prickling numbness of his whole system. He said to his wife, standing by, "I am poisoned by that stamp." She said: "It cannot be," and taking the remaining stamp applied a small portion of it to her tongue, when she was seized with precisely the same, though much more severe symptoms, which have prostrated her for several days. Not more than one-twelfth part of the adhesive side of the stamp was applied to Mrs. C.'s tongue. At the time of using the stamp, Dr. Chesley had in his mouth a quid of tobacco, which he thinks was an antidote to the poison the stamp no doubt contained. Your informant has the above directly from the doctor, who is a very intelligent, straightforward man, who has his own theory for accounting for this design upon his life, as he thinks it evidently was.