

It is not anticipated that this hostility will lead to a movement of deposition against the President, notwithstanding the scathing indictment of MONTGOMERY BLAIR before the Maryland Legislature, or the resolutions of impeachment which it is pretended that Mr. CONKLING will offer at the re-opening of the Senate, after the recess. Americans have too much good sense to disturb the *status quo*, and the Democrats themselves are too well satisfied with the situation to allow any disturbance for the gratification of malcontent Republicans. But, while Mr. HAYES will continue to preside over the nation, the opposition to him will continue to be such as to make his position extremely uncomfortable and materially impair his usefulness. It was only to be expected that he should, sooner or later, reap the bitter fruits of his equivocal election, and that his self-respect should be made to suffer for his initial false step. Had he refused the Presidency, he would suddenly have been invested with a giant's strength for another contest, and, meanwhile, would have enjoyed, in the solitude of his Ohio home, the proud consciousness of having done a heroic deed of civic virtue.

FIRST SNOW.

How it came about—The memorable 4th January—A few melancholy verses—Behind the mountain—Three weather prophecies.

They tried their best to prevent it. We usually have a first taste of it in October, and always in November. But this year, it came not. Neither did it come in December. Fancy that bleak month passing away in Canada without snow. So far from being bleak, last December was cheerful, with blue skies, white sunshine, clean sidewalks and dusty streets. It was neither too warm nor too cold. The days were pleasant, and the evenings most agreeable. We had an unmistakably Green Christmas. Even the New Year was ushered in under similar auspices, as the beautiful front page of THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS has shown to the world. That page ought to be preserved in *perpetuum vivacitatis*, for surely not one of us will ever witness the like again.

But it came at last, and January 4th was the memorable day. In the early morning there was no sign of a change, but at nine o'clock those of us who were walking down to our offices were overtaken by it. And how we were delighted to see the snow flakes. We grasped one another's hands at the street corners and exclaimed: "At last!"

It was a regular old-fashioned Canadian snow-storm, and no mistake. There was a look in the sky that said so. Cabmen, expressmen and drivers of all kinds understood it, and hurrying up to their stables, exchanged wheels for runners. By noon, none but sleighs could be seen darting by like arrows in the mist and their silver bells tinkling a welcome to the storm.

Every man has his way of looking at things. Mine was to get sentimental and write some verses. Sitting at my office desk and looking up occasionally at the curtain of snow that hemmed me in, to gather inspiration, I penned the following:

The sun burns pale and low  
Along the gloomy avenue of pines.  
And the grey mist hangs heavily in lines  
Above the torrent's flow.

I hear on the purple hill  
The caw of blackbirds fleeing from the cold,  
And hum of insects hiding in the mould  
Under the ruined mill.

The deep embrowned wood  
Is garlanded with wreaths of fleecy white,  
And the stark poplar stands, like Northland sprite,  
Muffled in snowy hood.

Afar, the village roof  
Glistens with gems—the bridge that spans the drain  
Is carpeted with down—the harvest plain  
Gleams like a crystal roof.

Heigho! the silver bells,  
The gaudy sleighs that glide so merrily along—  
The crunch of slipping hoofs—the woodman's song  
Loud echoing in the dell.

The pine knots brightly blaze,  
And shed a cheerful heat in wealthy homes.  
The lards of earth, immersed in cosy rooms,  
Heed not the wintry haze.

But in the dark, damp lanes,  
Where shrinks the potter girl in filth and rags,  
How dimly falls the snow upon the flags,  
Athwart the broken panes.

With quick, convulsive breath  
And hollow cough, the hopeless sufferers groat,  
In cruel winter's ice and snow and sleet,  
The harbingers of death.

But chief, on her headstone  
Who slept 'neath summer roses, cold flakes rest,  
And filter icy drops upon her breast—  
Thy virgin breast, my own!

While on my drooping head,  
Yea, on my sunken heart distils the snow,  
Chilling the life and warmth that in it glow,  
In pity for my dead.

Not till the crocus bloom,  
And April sunbeams thaw the frost-bound slope,  
Will my numb heart, Louise, to light reope,  
With the flowers on thy tomb.

This was dismal enough, in all conscience,  
and I thought that, after it, I was entitled to go

out and enjoy myself. And so I did. I hunted up a meteorologist, a commercial editor, and a man of leisure about town, and the four of us jumped into a sleigh for a drive around the Mountain. I cannot stop to describe that glorious drive, as it alone would require the full length of this column. It will suffice to say that it bore me and my companions nicely through the afternoon. In the evening we had a lunch appropriate to the occasion, and promenaded the streets to view the beautiful effect of a snow-storm by gaslight, another scene which would deserve a description all to itself. Finally, to end the day with practical fruit, my meteorological friend gave me the following three prognostics which I gladly publish and pit against Ven-nor's with odds:

- I. The river will certainly take in January.
- II. The winter, although late, will last nearly the usual four months, until Easter which is away off in April this year.
- III. We shall have fully the usual amount of snow.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

The condition of Prince Leopold's health is again causing considerable anxiety.

The following conundrum is causing considerable amusement in London at present:—I should be my first, if I had my second to throw at my whole. Answer: Gladstone.

STEPS are about to be taken to relieve the now somewhat sombre exterior of St. Paul's Cathedral. The churchyard is to be transformed into an ornamental garden with ample footpaths all around.

At the present moment the ladies' gallery at the House of Commons is undergoing certain alterations, which it is hoped will greatly improve the ventilation of that ill-contrived and uncomfortable chamber.

It is pretty well understood and agreed that there will be no creation of a "batch" of Peerages this winter. It is quite, however, "upon the cards" that one or two baronetcies may be given by Lord Beaconsfield in the interval between New Year's Day and the meeting of Parliament.

The Cleopatra needle ship is about to recommence its voyage. The difficulties as to salvage have been overcome by Mr. Dixon, who designed and built it, giving security for whatever sum the Courts may award, and, unless its ill-luck pursues it, the needle will be lying at Westminster by the time Parliament meets.

A VARIETY in the presents for the curate has long been needed, and is possible at last. The old silk knitted purses are again "coming in." They were quite popular as Christmas presents this year. Of course they are not yet so common that the givers make them, they have still to be bought in the shops. But silk work has become a craze among the young ladies lately, and silk purses made by fair fingers promise to be the great gifts of the season.

It is again proposed in some of the leading West End clubs to introduce round playing cards in the place of square-shaped ones, as being more easy to manipulate in the dealing. Also, instead of merely having the suits coloured black and red, four colours are to be employed, hearts being red and spades black as heretofore, whilst the diamonds are to be green and the clubs yellow. The proposal, however, if report is true, meets with but little favour at the Portland, whose members are the supreme authorities in the world of cards. So it will be decided that the proposal is premature, and that society is not ripe for such an organic change!

MR. CARLYLE is a frequent visitor to the London library, where he likes to spend an hour or two over some old author. Other distinguished men go there also, and recently a discussion arose between Mr. Carlyle and another celebrity. The point in question involved a reference to one of Mr. Carlyle's own books. On application to the librarian it could not be got, and the two worthies sallied out to purchase a copy at a bookseller's, whose counters were literally covered with novels. To the astonishment of Mr. Carlyle the bookseller told him he never heard of such a book, and offered the old man a copy of Miss Braddon's "Weavers and Weft." The sequel need hardly be told. Mr. Carlyle rushed out of the shop, shook hands with his friend, and went home to Chelsea in utter disgust.

A HORSE that is at present in Lord Dunraven's possession has gone through a strange number of vicissitudes in his time. Lord Dunraven—then Lord Adair—acted during the Abyssinian War as a special correspondent, and was carried through the campaign by a very powerful charger. Some time afterwards this horse came into the possession of Mr. Stanley, and was with him when he met Livingstone. Subsequently Mr. Stanley sold it when he reached the coast, and the horse was shipped to Liverpool, where it was purchased by an American horse-dealer, and was transported to New York. Lord Dunraven, when on his way back from a sporting tour in the far West, saw and recognized his old friend, purchased the hero of so many travels, and now the veteran has returned to England, and will live in the paddock for the rest of his days.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

GARIBALDI has written to the workmen's delegates in Paris, who invited him to visit the capital during the coming exhibition, that his bad health will prevent his making the journey.

A CAUTION to jewellers is contained in the fact that in Paris the light-fingered have discovered a plan of rifling windows through the screw-holes at the bottom of shutter fastenings. The implement is a flexible wire, with a hooked end.

A NUMBER of statues in the Tuileries Gardens—among which are the "Spartans" of Foyatree, the "Thesée" of Ramey, &c.—have been removed from the garden and placed in the sculpture gallery of the Louvre. These works of art will be replaced by those of modern artists.

At a *Soirée* given in Paris the other evening, to celebrate the opening of a new *Cercle de la Presse*, which is intended for journalists of all shades of opinion, politics being forbidden, an artist visitor performed the astounding feat of beginning and completing an oil painting in the space of five minutes in the presence of the spectators.

THE dower of the Infanta Mercedes is one million sterling independently of diamonds and other jewellery. King Alfonso has ordered for her the most extravagant parures. Queen Isabella, who, the *Moniteur* says, presents the only clouded brow amid the general radiance, will not give up any of the jewellery she took from Spain in 1868. The Pope is sending a diamond rose to the bride, who, he trusts, by her piety, will hereafter merit a golden one.

DURING the restorations recently undertaken at the Chateau d'Anet, a castle famous in French history, an ancient *cryptopastique* has been excavated which was built by Philibert Delorme, and is mentioned by him in his *Traité de l'art de bâtir*. Its structure is perfectly preserved, and altogether this crypt forms an interesting specimen of French architecture of the sixteenth century. It was supposed that it had been destroyed by the Duc de Vendôme when he took the castle; but it now appears that it was only closed up.

THE administration of the city of Paris costs a total of over two millions of francs yearly; the carving and planting of the public gardens and trees, amount to nearly a like sum; there are over 100,000 trees in the streets and boulevards, and each represents (labour, &c.) a value of 184 francs. The trees are very uncertain in point of longevity; they flourish and fade in a most mysterious manner, and no clear explanation can be found; some of the trees come into leaf and flowers twice a year, while others of the same kind will die off; perhaps fifteen years is the average life of a tree on the boulevards, about as long as a constitution. The gas pipes and the shaking of the ground by vehicles, have much to do with the premature decay of these valuable trees.

VARIETIES.

THE EXPRESSION OF DRESS.—Women are more like flowers than we think. In their dress and adornment they express their natures, as the flowers do in their petals and colours. Some women are like the modest daisies and violets; they never look or feel better than when dressed in a morning wrapper. Others are not themselves unless they can flame out in gorgeous dyes, like the tulip or the blush-rose. Who has not seen women just like white lilies? We know several double marigolds and poppies. There are women fit only for velvets, like the dahlias; others are graceful and airy, like azaleas. Now and then, you see holly-hocks and sunflowers. When women are free to dress as they like, uncontrolled by others, and not limited by their circumstances, they do not fail to express their true characters, and dress becomes a form of expression very genuine and useful.

VERY PARTICULAR.—The Indiana woman o superior *ton* is not behind her sister of New York or Paris in her idea of "the eternal fitness of things." Recently in one of the cities of that interesting Western State a very beautiful woman died, whose mind was somewhat given to styles. On her sickbed she was particular about color, light, and the general tone of the room, and never received a visitor without a red or blue shawl thrown across the shoulder. She preferred not to die, and did not intend to die. "It is such a disenchanting process," she declared. When it was discovered that she must die, her husband broke the news to her very gently. She was a little distressed, but not much agitated. She had only one request to make. It was: "My darling, don't let that horrid Mrs.—make my outfit. Her fits are sickening, and she overtrims terribly; besides she will be sure to spell myrtle in-ur-t-ed in the bill."—EDITOR'S DRAWER, in *Harper's Magazine* for January.

DRESSING FOR DINNER.—In England all persons who regard themselves as in any way allied to the upper ten thousand, dress for dinner, and, even if they dine early, they do not feel comfortable unless they have gone through this form. This habit is essentially English, for it exists in no other part of the civilized world. Elsewhere, people dress for dinner. In Paris, if a lady has been to a dinner party, or if she is going later in the evening to a party, she is "dressed" when she appears at a theatre, and

the same rule holds good with men. But otherwise neither ladies nor gentlemen are dressed in evening attire when they visit a theatre. Before going, they usually make up a party to dine at some neighbouring restaurant, and, from the restaurant, they adjourn to the theatre. In Germany, ladies and gentlemen "dress" even less than in France. Dinner is usually at five o'clock and the theatre is over before nine o'clock. In Italy, there is more dressing than in Germany, for the opera replaces the theatre and after the opera most ladies go to what they term a *secunia sera*—that is to say, a late reception. But neither Italian man nor Italian woman ever think of dressing to dine at home *en famille*.

HATS AND HEADS.—A scientific enquiry lately made by Dr. Delaunay among the hatters of Paris offers some curious results. Accepting it as true that the capacity of the cranium and development of the brain are proportional to the external volume of the head, also that the intelligence is proportioned to the volume and weight of the brain, he shows *inter alia*, that certain families develop like individuals—that is, they have a period of growth, then a stationary period, then a period of decrease, previous to extinction. In families in the first period the head enlarges from generation to generation. The citizens who wrought the Revolution of 1789 had bigger heads than their fathers. On the other hand, in families that are nearing extinction the head grows smaller. The sons of the present ruling families in France have such small heads—according to the author—that they require hats specially made for them. Among certain families newly risen from the common people, the head increases from generation to generation. The wide-brimmed hats—bolivars—worn by the Republicans from 1830 to 1848 were very capacious. The quarter in which are the largest heads in Paris is that of the schools. The hatters of the Faubourg St. Germain say they only fit fine heads. The Polytechnicians have larger heads than the St. Cyrains, and the students of the normal school larger than those of St. Sulpice, &c. The members of the clergy present a peculiar feature in these statistics. "In general," says M. Delaunay, "men from thirty to forty years of age have larger heads than those from twenty to thirty. Not so with ecclesiastics, for their heads cease to grow at about twenty-five. The curés, bishops, archbishops, &c., have no larger heads than the students of the large seminaries."

ARRANGEMENT OF FLOWERS.—Of all decorations which a house can have, flowers are the most beautiful; but much of their effect depends upon the manner of their arrangement. The colour of the vase in which they are placed is of the first importance. Gaudy reds and blue should never be chosen, for they conflict with the delicate hues of the flowers. Bronze or black vases, dark green, pure white, or silver, always produce a good effect, and so does a straw basket, while clear glass, which shows the graceful clasping of the stems is perhaps the prettiest of all. Delicate flowers, such as lilies of the valley and sweet peas, should be placed by themselves in slender, tapering glasses; violets should nestle their fragrant purple in some tiny cups and pansies be set in groups with no gayer flowers to contrast their soft velvet hues. Flower-should never be overcrowded; a monstrous bouquet made up of all the flowers that grow cannot fail to be ugly. If you venture to mix this, be careful not to put o-dours which clash in debý side. Scarlets and pinks spoil each other; so do blues and purples, and yellows and mauve. If your vase or dish is a very large one, to him a great number of flowers, it is a good plan to divide it into thirds and quarters, making each division perfectly harmonious within itself, and then blend the whole with green and white, and soft neutral tints. Every group of mixed flowers requires one little touch of yellow to make it vivid; but this must be skilfully applied. It is a good practice to experiment with this effect. For instance, arrange a group of maroon, scarlet, and white geraniums with green leaves, and add a single blossom of gold-coloured calceolaria, you will see at once that the whole bouquet seems to flash and become more brilliant. And now, after these practical suggestions there comes a little sentiment: love your flowers, for the sympathy of a flower is worth winning, as you will as find or when you grow older, and realize that the rente uch thin ash dull days which need cheering.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

IN the pantomime of "The Wild Cat" at the Drury Lane Theatre, London, over 100 kittens perform.

GILMORE, of brass band fame, says that America is a hundred years behind Europe in music.

THE death is announced of Federico Ricci, the composer of the opera of "Crispino e la Comare," in which Adeline Patti made a notable hit.

Mrs. SEGUIN says applause is the inspiration of the artist. "One can feel it," she remarks, "and not to get it is like having cold water poured down your back."

ROSE EYTINGE is considered the best seamstress in the theatrical profession.

LUCY HOOPER says there are from three to seven hundred American girls studying music in Paris, and of that number perhaps four will become known hereafter.

A DRAMATIC company at Denver, Col., was rotten-egged while endeavouring to play "The Shaughraun." The fun commenced during the wake, and it is supposed that the troubles resulted from the prejudices of certain Irish people against the play.