

to accompany him in his perambulation, and most did so; in which perambulation he would usually express more pleasant discourse than at other times, and would then always drop some loving and facetious observations, to be remembered against the next year, especially by the boys and the young people, still inclining them and all his present parishioners, to meekness and mutual kindness and love; because love thinks not evil, but covers a multitude of infirmities."

Blount tells us that Rogation week (Saxon Gangdagas, i. e. days of perambulation) is always the next but one before Whitunday; and so called because on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday of that week rogations and litanies were used; and fasting, or at least abstinence then enjoined by the Church to all persons, not only for a devout preparative to the feast of Christ's glorious ascension and the descent of the Holy Ghost shortly after, but also to request and supplicate the blessing of God upon the fruits of the earth. And in this respect the solemnization of matrimony is forbidden from the first of the said week until Trinity Sunday.

The Dutch call it *Cruys Week*, that is, Cross Week, and so it is called in some parts of England, because of old when the priests went on procession this week the cross was carried before them.

At the University of Oxford at this time the little crosses cut in the stones of buildings, to denote the divisions of the parishes, are whitened with chalk.

Ascension Day is a festival not only observed by the Roman Catholic Church, but by the Anglican Church. Its observance dates as early as A. D. 68. It occurs forty days after Easter Sunday, such being the number of days the Saviour passed upon earth after his resurrection.

On Ascension Day it was customary for the corporations of some of the seaport cities of England, more particularly at Newcastle upon Tyne, to make their annual procession by water, visiting the bounds of their jurisdiction on the river, to prevent encroachments, &c. Cheerful libations were offered on the occasion to the geni of the rivers.

In the painted hall at Greenwich hospital are the geni of the Thames, the Severn, the Humber, and the Tyne.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

ON A PIECE OF CHALK.

BY

Δ.

Professor Huxley has a clever essay on a piece of chalk; but for my part I will not treat it scientifically. Did I say will not? If I said *cannot* I would be more honest; but who likes showing the poverty of his own exchequer? Have I not encyclopedias and books of reference, and could I not come out bravely, an I would?

Chalk may be useful in the arts and sciences, it may be honest and desirable; but I only know it is a mockery and deception. Was it not only the other morning that I noticed a queer sediment in my milk, and a chemist to whom I submitted it, wagged his head sagely and pronounced it—chalk! Was that honest? was that what I paid for? John Pump, you know I settle your account regularly, you know you charge so much a quart extra because the milk, you state, is pure from the cows, and yet I find chalk in it! Oh, John, John, when the great reckoning day comes, will not that chalk be heavy on your soul? Think of Mrs. Frumpton's wailing little child who draws no nourishment from the maternal fount, and has to imbibe your chalk and water! Think, John, of Miss Lacingtight, that elegant consumptive, whose only hope is plenty of pure milk, and the amount that fair creature is swallowing of your chalky mixture. John, I would not change consciences with you, "no, not for Venice."

I was at Mrs. Alderman Glubberton's *soirée dansante* the other night. The rooms were crowded, the music was spirited, the supper was abundant, and of wine there was no lack. "The life of society, the youth and beauty and most distinguished members of our citizens were present to honour the hospitality of the respected Mrs. Alderman Glubberton." There is the newspaper report. Jenkins wrote it. How do I know whether he was there or not? I confess I don't know. Perhaps he was sipping beer with the butler in the pantry. Perhaps he was sparking the cherry-ribboned housemaid over the way, who was watching the arrivals from the doorsteps. Perhaps he was that tall, lanky young man with the white cotton gloves in the dressing-room; or perhaps he was that melancholy fiddler who had a literary air. I profoundly believe in Jenkins, and never stop to enquire how or where he got his information. I know that the organ that I favour with my confidence cannot lie!

But what has all this to say to chalk, you enquire. *A quoi bon, you say.* Am I to be bound down to approach a subject as you would? I tell you there is a relevancy, and if, like Agag of old, I come delicately, you will appreciate it all the more afterwards. "What has it to say to chalk, indeed? The long-winded fellow, why can't he tell us what he is driving at at once and have done with it!" Oh, Miss Frippery, do I deserve this at your hands? Was it not delicacy towards you and other charming young ladies I met at Alderman Glubberton's that has tongue-tied me? But it is over now. After the party I found an irregular chalk mark on the right lappel of my coat near the shoulder. "Chalk on your shoulder, sir, and how came it there?" How came it there, indeed; that is the question. There is the relevancy. While I was dancing with—was it Julia, or Amelia, or Lu? Never mind which—the innocent girl rested her cheek against my coat in the whirls of the delicious waltz—*prenez?* Are you angry—you, Miss Frippery? You say you don't believe a word of it, and that I drank too much of that excellent Gladstone claret (\$3.50 per doz.) and leaned against a door post or what not, and so got my coat dusted. Well, perhaps so; but had I not eyes? I never saw you look more dazlingly fair than on that night. I contemplated some lines, as I struggled through the crowd that separated us, beginning:

Shadow of roses in lilies concealed
Were naught to the cheeks of my love.

But when I came closer I saw—chalk! Shall I panegyricize chalk? Is carbonate of lime a thing to become ecstatic over when I find it on a lady's cheek? *Fi donc!* Better that yellow-faced old lady in the corner in her cleanliness than you, my simpering miss, with your cosmetics and your

unctions. And there is no need of your being yellow-faced neither. Fresh water, plain food, exercise, and sunlight, and my reputation on't there will be fair cheeks and good colour too. Oh, Miss Frippery, which do you or Jack Pump make the dishonester use of chalk? You assure me that it was not chalk. So much the worse. It was Magnolia Balm, or Lily Bloom, Cream of Whiteness, or Circassian Elixir, "guaranteed to reproduce the Bloom of Youth, and impart a dazzling freshness of complexion," or some other poison which will make you wrinkled and yellow and loathsome! If you will employ art—let it be chalk.

Has not chalk a painful association too? Does it not come back side by side with that dreary black-board and Euclid, algebra, and arithmetic, and the swish, swish, swish of Dr. Tanneboy's cane? Do I not remember, as it were yesterday, (and it was—how many lustres back?) during the master's absence drawing a horrid caricature, and writing under it (as I wish other artists of more fame would under some of their doubtful sketches) "This is Dr. Tanneboy." He seized me in the very act. Have I no painful recollections of the subsequent interview, and if I had a delicacy about sitting down after leaving the study, had I not a cause?

A piece of chalk, indeed; I hate the very sight of it.

NEW BOOKS.

WREY OF WISH-TON-WISH.—By James Fenimore Cooper. New York: Appleton & Co. Montreal: Dawson Bros. 12mo. Cloth. Price \$1.50.

This is one volume of the library series of Cooper's works now being published by Messrs. Appleton & Co. We recommend the edition to those who are fond of this author's writings. Each volume is well printed and handsomely bound in brown cloth, with gilt side and back.

A STRANGE STORY.—Bulwer Lytton. New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros. Cloth. 12mo. pp. 475.

A very neat and serviceable edition of one of Lord Lytton's most remarkable works. Since the death of the author of "Pelham" there has been an unprecedented demand for his writings, and we are pleased to see that Messrs. Harper are displaying their wonted energy in catering for the public taste.

OCEAN TO OCEAN.—By the Rev. George M. Grant. Toronto: James Campbell & Son. London: Sampson, Low & Co.

We have received advance sheets of this very promising work, which will doubtless have an immense sale both in this country and in England. It is an account of Mr. Sandford Fleming's Expedition through Canada in 1872, compiled from the diary of the Rev. Mr. Grant, who was secretary to the Expedition. The work will consist of nearly four hundred pages, well printed, illustrated with sixty lithographed illustrations and maps, and will contain much information of the most valuable nature respecting a part of the Dominion of which little or nothing is generally known. The appearance of the volume is looked forward to with much expectation.

MISS BEECHER'S HOUSE-KEEPER AND HEALTH-KEEPER. New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros. Cloth, 12mo. pp. 482.

Miss Beecher's volume is decidedly one of the most valuable books on domestic economy that we remember having seen. Without being in any way bulky it is extremely comprehensive, and treats of such a number of subjects interesting to the house-keeper, that a mere list of these would take up far more space than we could well afford. In addition to the usual receipts for preparing dishes for table, the writer gives some noteworthy hints respecting the arrangement of the table, carving, and other kindred subjects. At times, however, she descends to details which would almost make us suppose that her book was intended for uncivilized beings. Thus in one place she informs us that the table-cloth should always be *white* (the italics are her own); and lower down that "when table-napkins are used, care should be taken to keep the same on to each person,"—and much more information of a similar elementary nature. The book is, however, as we have already said, an invaluable one, and we recommend every house-keeper to invest a couple of dollars in the purchase of a copy. The money invested will bring good interest. The receipts above mentioned, together with hints on providing stores, setting tables, washing and ironing, and much miscellaneous advice of a sensible kind, complete the first part of the book. The second part is mainly devoted to sanitary matters—ventilation, heating, the care of the health, exercise, what to eat and drink, cleanliness, what to wear, etc., etc., but we are also given many acceptable hints on home adornment, the care of domestic animals, of the sick, of children, and of servants. Gardening, needlework, and domestic medicine are also treated of, and lastly, but not least, the author speaks—in an earnest quiet manner—on the responsibilities of the house-keeper, and the necessity for religious training in the household. We note with much pleasure that Miss Beecher, in her remarks on clothing, proclaims war to the death against the foolish practice of tight-lacing, so much in vogue among ladies of all ages. Her sensible remarks on this subject more than compensate for the table-cloths that must be *white*, her "very elegant" peach preserves, and her recommendation of the abomination of clearing coffee with egg or fish-skin.

The new singers introduced thus far at Covent Garden have been successful. Mme. Bull-Paoli, Mlle. d'Angeli, and Mlle. Fossa are severely criticised by the leading musical authorities. Mlle. Albani is apparently the best of Mr. Gye's prime donne so far, and M. Faure is the only male artist who has made a sensation. At Drury Lane the basso Medini, favourably known in New York, has made an excellent impression, appearing for the first as the Duke in "Lucrezia Borgia."

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

GOOD-BYE.

So I say good-bye to my love,
Now as she lies in my arms to-night,
From the little chin to the hair above,
All the face of my heart's delight.
(Good-bye is easily said!)

One long kiss on the lips of my sweet;
Ours again will never meet.
One kiss on the little chin,
Pressing the tiny dimple in.
Kisses two for the dainty ears;
No more whispers of hopes or fears.
(Good-bye is easily said!)

One kiss on the fair white brow;
No more there for ever now.
Two on her cheeks with their maiden down;
Never for me will come dimple or frown.
Brown hair waving over her head.
You will wave when I shall be dead.
(Good-bye is easily said!)

Two soft kisses on two soft eyes:
Dear love that in them lies.
You and I are strange from to-day;
I must go and you must stay;
You have pledged yourself away.
Take farewell and let me go.
Whither I neither care nor know.
(Good-bye is easily said!)

FREDERICK G. DIXON.

OBITUARY.

DR. ANDERSON.

Dr. W. J. Anderson, President of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, died in that city on Thursday, the 15th ult., after a three months' illness. By his death the literature and archaeology of the country have sustained a severe loss. Dr. Anderson was indefatigable in his researches in the early history of Canada, and especially of the ancient capital, Quebec. He has published several pamphlets giving the result of his studies, and a small work on "The Life of the Duke of Kent," and was engaged, we believe, previous to the attack which carried him off, on a work on the fortifications of Quebec.

CANON ROBINSON.

The death of the Rev. Thomas Robinson, Canon of Rochester, and the friend and biographer of Bishop Heber, is announced. Mr. Robinson was in his eighty-fourth year. He was born in 1790, and was educated at Rugby and Trinity College, Cambridge, where, in 1813, he came out thirteenth wrangler. After taking orders he proceeded to India, where he became chaplain to Bishop Heber and Archdeacon of Madras. On his return to England he became Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic at Cambridge. In 1845 he was Master of the Temple, in 1853 received the rectorship of Thorfield, in Hertfordshire, and the following year was appointed Canon of Rochester. Mr. Robinson is well known in clerical circles in England by his many contributions to theological literature. In addition to his work on "The Last Days of Bishop Heber," he has published a Persian translation of the Old Testament, and several sermons and lectures. He is also the author of "The Character of St. Paul," "The Twin Fallacies of Rome," and "Lectures on the Study of the Oriental Languages."

SIR GEORGE E. CARTIER.

It is with the very deepest regret that we chronicle the death of the Minister of Militia, which occurred in London at six o'clock on Tuesday morning. Sir George Cartier had been suffering for some time past with Bright's disease, and visited England in the hope of obtaining relief. His health was very much improved, and he was on the point of returning to Canada when a relapse occurred, which terminated in his death.

The following biography of the deceased baronet, penned by the hand of a gentleman who had closely watched his political career, appeared in one of the earliest numbers of the *News*. It will doubtless, however, be new to many of our readers:

"George Etienne Cartier is the son of the late Jacques Cartier of St. Antoine, and was born in 1814. He was educated at St. Sulpice, Montreal, and admitted to the bar of Lower Canada in 1835. In 1854 he was created Queen's Counsel, and in 1866 admitted to the bar of Upper Canada. About the time when Mr. Cartier entered on his professional career, political feeling ran high, both in Upper and Lower Canada. The *parfaits* were then deep into the agitation which culminated in the troubles of '37 and '38, and Mr. Cartier, with the intusosity of youth, advocated the popular cause. But the spirit which chafed under and rebelled against an unequal system of government proved in later years the staunch upholder of Crown and Constitution, when the latter was remodelled so far as to confer upon the people that voice in the direction of affairs to which, according to British theory and modern practice, they are fairly entitled, and which, in Canada at least, it must be said they have not abused. These troublous times over, Mr. Cartier settled down quietly to the practice of his profession in Montreal, and soon won a distinguished position at the bar. At the general election, in March, 1848, he emerged from his retirement and offered himself as a candidate for the representation of the County of Verchères, which at a former time had been represented by his grandfather. In this appeal he was successful and continued to sit for that County up to 1861. At the general election in 1857, when the late Mr. McGee first appeared as a candidate for Parliamentary honours, Mr. Cartier ran for Montreal as well as for his old constituency; but the city then declared for the Opposition, returning Messrs. Dorion and McGee on that side, and Mr. Rose as the only representative of the Ministerial party. Before the next general election Montreal was divided into three constituencies—East, West and Centre; and in 1861 Mr. Cartier was returned for