

TEMPERATURE in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Saturday, June 3, 1871, observed by JOHN UNDERHILL, Optician to the Medical Faculty of McGill University, 299 Notre Dame Street.

		Aneroid Barometer compensated and corrected.											
		9 A.M.	1 P.M.	6 P.M.	MAX.	MIN.	MEAN.	9 A.M.	1 P.M.	6 P.M.	MAX.	MIN.	MEAN.
Th.,	May 28.	54°	62°	60°	68°	46°	57°	30.40	30.35	30.28	30.45	30.10	30.28
M.,	" 29.	70°	81°	84°	88°	48°	68°	30.18	30.10	30.05	30.25	30.05	30.11
Tu.,	" 30.	76°	82°	82°	86°	64°	70°	30.08	30.06	30.11	30.15	30.06	30.11
W.,	" 31.	70°	76°	72°	86°	56°	66°	30.22	30.22	30.30	30.25	30.16	30.25
Th.,	June 1.	72°	82°	78°	84°	52°	68°	30.38	30.25	30.16	30.38	30.16	30.16
Fri.,	" 2.	78°	87°	86°	90°	60°	75°	30.20	30.18	30.16	30.20	30.17	30.12
Sat.,	" 3.	81°	88°	76°	89°	63°	76°	30.20	30.17	30.12	30.20	30.17	30.12

#### CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1871.

SUNDAY,	June 11.	First Sunday after Trinity. St. Barnabas, Ap. & M. Earl of Chatham died, 1778. Hon. S. Smith, Administrator, 1817. Sir John Franklin died, 1847. H. R. H. Prince Arthur knighted at Montreal, 1870.
MONDAY,	" 12.	New York incorporated, 1665. John Bell, the Anatomist, died, 1763.
TUESDAY,	" 13.	St. Anthony of Padua, C. Battle of Fort Gaspareau, 1755. Catholic Emancipation in England, 1829. Departure of H. R. H. Prince Arthur from Montreal, 1870.
WEDNESDAY,	" 14.	St. Basil the Great, C. Battle of Marengo, 1800. Battle of Friedland, 1807. Quebec Theatre burnt, 47 lives lost, 1847.
THURSDAY,	" 15.	Montreal retaken by the British, 1776. Campbell, the poet, died, 1844.
FRIDAY,	" 16.	Salvator Rosa born, 1615. Battle of Quatre Bras, 1815. Pius IX. elected to the Papacy, 1846.
SATURDAY,	" 17.	St. Alban, M. Great Fire in Montreal, 1765. Battle of Bunker Hill, 1775. Death of Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte at Baltimore, 1870.

## THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1871.

SURELY the example of France ought to be a warning to the nations that the wild theories of the doctrinaires of liberty and so-called progress are dangerous to the last degree. The Prussian successes were not half so disastrous for the French people as were their own intestine quarrels. The latter were based upon mistaken notions of national freedom, upon false ideas of liberty, upon mere political doctrines, which, though plausible enough in print, are found to be utterly rotten in practice. The Commune has taught the world a lesson; it has shewn that neither life nor liberty, nor the possession of property, can be safe under mob law, and, by consequence, it has forced men's minds back to the recognition of the first principle of government in all systems that authority must rule. Once again has France given a lesson to the nations; but this time it has been altogether in the interest of the Kings and Queens, of the parliaments or governing bodies, under whatever form, which rule, and entirely against the authority of the mere *vox populi*. "We have a law," was once said, and it was a very wise saying. All should have a law; all should recognise the principle of authority, which, while legitimately exercised, is but the voice of the greatest number. It is not to be reasoned that while people act rightly, the acts of the governing power should be against their wishes, any more than it can be believed that a government bereft of the popular sympathy can maintain itself in power without extraneous aid.

That Kings have

"The right divine to govern wrong"

is a doctrine to which we certainly should shrink from subscribing; but, on the other hand, we do as certainly believe that constituted governments are to be preferred to the mere creations of irresponsible mobs. Men are born with certain responsibilities "upon their heads." They cannot disavow these without a crime; nor can they legitimately set to work by violence to upset the Government under which they live, unless they have an almost absolute guarantee of success, without incurring enormous guilt because of the disorders which their conduct brings upon society. We have seen the hoary-headed Victor Hugo, older in iniquity than in years, who has influenced the minds of the Parisians by his brilliant but deceptive and delusive teachings, skulking away like the miserable coward that he is, from the dangers which he, more perhaps than any other man, helped to create. Who will blame Belgium for expelling such an enemy of human peace and rational progress from her soil? Who will applaud the country that gives him safe asylum when his life is due as an atonement for the many he has seen the means of causing to be sacrificed? We mention Hugo as only one, and probably not the most guilty of many hundreds that could be named; and we do so only from the conviction that no warning can be too strong, or too often repeated, against these insane political propagandists whose doctrines of liberty and human rights only turn the heads of the ignorant, and influence the passions of bad men, without bringing other than misery to the world at large.

France, having escaped from her delirium of licentiousness, mistakenly called freedom, is rapidly returning to a severe Conservative system; and her next mistake will probably be that from one extreme she will plunge

into another. From Scylla to Charybdis was but a single leap, though its import was death, and the only danger we fear for the sunny land that has shed so much glory—even if there be some shame with it—upon modern history, is that France, under whatever régime she may hereafter select, will revert to a system of absolute repression. Such a course would make it certain that at some time hereafter, the date cannot now be fixed, we should have a repetition of the Communistic scenes of the last few months. But we hope for better things. It may safely be believed that the sad lesson of experience which all the world has witnessed, and which France has most severely felt, will not be lost upon her; that if she restores the old reigning family, the members of which have sat so long and so heroically in the school of misfortune, it will only be because she and they have learned lessons within the century upon which both intend to improve. We trust the future of France is not so threatening as present appearances might indicate; but under any circumstances her experiences since last July ought to warn us in Canada of the danger of tinkering at the free, but yet Conservative, Constitutional system under which we live.

**THEATRE ROYAL.**—The new management is winning fresh laurels and increased patronage with every change on the boards. This week Mr. John E. Owens, the famous comedian, has been playing to crowded houses, and has frequently brought his audience to tears—with laughter. We are glad to understand that the public are sensibly manifesting their appreciation of the admirable companies which, under Mr. Albaugh's management nightly appear on the stage. We are also pleased to notice that Mr. Albaugh himself has been several times in the "bill." A great treat is promised for this (Saturday) evening, and on Monday a fresh novelty will be presented.

#### SECRETS OF BEAUTY.

(From Land and Water.)

What is beauty? A divine gift, that Providence bestows on woman, with which to gladden the eye and heart of man! Have not poets sung it from oldest times? Do they not sing it still? Then be not callous, you who possess it, but hold it fast while it is yours; once lost, it can never be restored, for Nature punishes those who neglect her choicest boon by taking it from them, often when most needed. Again, what is beauty? Is it the hair, the eye, the teeth, the hand? It is all these—and more than all—it is complexion. With a soft peach-like complexion, whether fair or dark, a woman is always lovely; and this may be preserved till a good old age with very little trouble; to a certain extent it may be acquired, and it can always be improved. How? I will tell you.

First of all, beware of cosmetics of any kind. I fancy I see a whole array of *cosmétiques* glaring at me with savage eyes, though at the same time they inwardly acknowledge the justice of the warning. It is said in France "that the use of cosmetics was introduced by the English." Can that be true? Can the women whose complexions are the boast of the world, really have been the first to use poisonous unguents to the skin? I would rather not believe it. It is also said "that the constant application of cold cream to the face is injurious, and lays the foundation of skin diseases, which scarcely anything can afterwards eradicate." The same authority goes on to say "that had cold cream found its way into France during the reign of Henry III., he would have preached a new crusade against it"—a crusade in which every woman of the period would have enlisted. Women knew what beauty meant in those days; they studied it with heart and main, and, it is justice to say, they brought their study to a perfection which it has seldom since attained. Nothing could have induced them to daub their faces with animal grease! It was not that they did not have recourse to cosmetics; on the contrary, they were fearless in their use; but not one particle of animal substance entered into them. Italy was at that time the depot of the oils and essences which figured on ladies' toilet-tables, but they were composed entirely of vegetable ingredients, and though in some instances they might be injurious they were not poisonous, as animal matter too often is.

Skins, however, differ: some are cold, soft, and moist; others are warm, firm, and porous; some are oily, some dry. They equally vary in thickness, colour, and elasticity; but in any case they should never come in contact with animal grease. Imagine for yourselves, ladies, the danger of stopping up the pores of your skin with the fat of animals, perhaps diseased! The idea is as noxious as that of sleeping with slices of uncooked beef on your cheeks, which some misguided women have been foolishly induced to try. What are you to use, if you may not use cold cream? you say. There is an answer to that question, as to all others: search Nature. Take the oil and juice of vegetables—they never hurt. Indeed, fresh olive oil is the unction above all others to soften the skin. Rub the face gently every night with it, and you will soon find the skin become impervious to storm and blast. The ancient Greeks knew the value of oil to the skin, and used it freely for beauty to the skin and pliability to the muscles. Naturally oily skins should avoid ointments of all descriptions. A few drops of camphor, diluted in water, will be found more efficacious, and powdered fuller's earth puffed on the face after washing. Exposure to the sun is very beneficial to the skin, though ladies object to the tanning it produces. It was on this account that masks used to be worn in the streets at one time. Some ladies, it is said, carried the mask mania so far as to sleep in masks. Marguerite de Navarre was one of these; Henry IV. expostulated in vain, but Marguerite preferred losing her husband to losing her mask. Indeed, it played a not unimportant part in their subsequent divorce. This shows the folly of the whim, for a mask could only check perspiration, and would be most injurious to the wearer in many ways; in fact it only deserves mention to be condemned.

It was not to such tricks that Diana of Poitiers, Duchess of Valentinois, resorted to preserve her beauty to the age of three

score years and ten, she who at sixty-five rode on horseback like a girl! This remarkable woman was a celebrated beauty in an age of beauties, yet, strange to say, no historian has ever given details of those wondrous charms which captivated two kings, one of them fifteen years her junior in age. We do not even know whether her eyes were blue or black, whether her hair was light or dark; we only know that she was the loveliest woman at a Court of lovely women, and that at an age when most women are shrivelled specimens of ugliness. People said she possessed a secret that rendered her thus impervious to the ravages of time. Some went so far as to say in that superstitious age that she had bought her secret from a very dark gentleman indeed! What was this secret, then? Did she ever tell it? Never. Did any one ever know it? Yes, her perfumer. Did he never tell it? Not during her life. It is known, then? It is, for those who have the patience to wade through musty manuscripts and books. May we not know it? You will only smile and disbelieve! Try. Good then, I will translate *Maitre Oudard's* own words to you:—"I, Oudard, apothecary, surgeon, and perfumer, do here declare on my faith and on the memory of my late honoured and much beloved mistress, Madame Diana of Poitiers, Duchess of Valentinois, that the only secret she possessed, with which to be and remain in perfect health, youth, and beauty to the age of seventy-two was—*Rain Water*! And, in truth, I assert that there is nothing in the world like this same Rain Water, a constant use of which is imperative to render the skin soft and downy, or to freshen the colour, or to cleanse the pores of the skin, or to make beauty last as long as life!"

Thus, the only service which *Maitre Oudard* rendered his illustrious mistress was to gather the rain water for her, bottle it and seal it up, to be in readiness in case of scarcity of rain. So all these bottles of *philtres* which daily arrived from the great perfumer to the still greater lady only contained *rain water*! Is that possible? *Maitre Oudard* says it is. I had intended to give you a hundred or more recipes, but space fails. I have already taken up more than I dare claim. I had also purposed to give hints on the preservation of the hair and hands—but I find that the subject is almost inexhaustible, and I must end even this slight sketch before one half is said upon it. I cannot conclude, however, without adding that Diana always took an hour's outdoor exercise before the morning dew had left the ground! If any of my readers will follow her example in this, they also like her will be "beautiful for ever," without Madame Rachel's aid. Would the sacrifice of an hour in the morning be too great? I fear it would.

Next to complexion and hair, what is more beautiful than a good set of teeth. "Next!" I ought rather to have placed the teeth at the head of secrets of beauty. Yet, no; for there are no secrets respecting these to divulge. Cleanliness and a healthy digestion are the only means by which teeth can be preserved. By the same rule that I decried cosmetics for the face and washes for the hair, so do I now decrie odorous and dentifrices, many of which have caused teeth to decay years before they otherwise would have done, had nature been left to herself. Eau-de-cologne should also be avoided for general use; myrrh is greatly to be preferred, a few drops of which, mixed in the water, with which to rinse the mouth, being very agreeable and rather beneficial to the teeth. When powder is desired, charcoal is much recommended; it certainly possesses great cleansing and purifying qualities, but no powder of any description is really needed, if the mouth be rinsed after meals and the teeth well brushed every night and morning. Again, I can only repeat that health and cleanliness are the only "secrets" by which to preserve the teeth—and these are no secrets.

And now I am going to take a little leap upwards, and give a touch to the eyebrows—but not with kohl, ladies. No, no; I am too great an enemy to pigment of any description to allude to them in any way but condemnation. My aim is solely to invite you to keep your beauty by all natural means within your reach and knowledge, and in some cases even to help nature; as, for instance, with regard to the eyebrows. The long, arched, narrow eyebrow is the prettiest, as we all know, but it is rare; it would not be so rare, however, if a little more care were taken in its cultivation during early youth. For instance, if a child's eyebrows threaten to be thin, brush them softly every night with a little coconut oil, and they will gradually become strong and full; and, in order to give them a curve, press them gently between the thumb and forefinger after every ablution of the face or hands. Simple as this may seem, I have known the most wonderful effects result from it; I have seen girls with wide, straggling eyebrows reduce them into an arch-like shape within a year solely by these means, and surely all will allow that they are permissible. Then, again, as regards eyelashes, every mother knows that she has only to clip her baby's lashes while it sleeps, and continue the process during its childhood, to render them as long and luxuriant as a Circassian's. Yet how few think of taking this precaution, which, indeed, is necessary as cutting the hair, for those who study their daughter's future beauty. Let ladies, however, beware how they try the experiment on their own lashes, for they do not grow after a certain age. I remember a young friend of mine, who had received from nature as rich an eyelid fringe as woman could have, and who in her young wisdom thought to make it richer still by clipping it. She did clip it, and quite short. When next I saw her there was only a thick, dark stump round her eyes, which stump has remained ever since, for the fringe never grew again! Childhood is the time for cropping, not womanhood!

And what about the eyes themselves? There is but one thing that can beautify them, and that shall be my last word on the subject. The eye now looks upon the most prominent feature of the face, but that not all the ingenuity of thought can alter; and it is fortunate, perhaps, that it is so, for, whether it be eagle-shaped, or vultured, or aquiline, or snub, we may be sure it is the most becoming to the face, and therefore with be content!

A firm mouth in a man betokens character, and as such is often beautiful; but in woman, a firm mouth is most ungainly; firmly compressed lips, drawn-down corners of the mouth, repel rather than invite social intercourse. Smiles, on the contrary, render the ugliest mouth pretty; therefore, ladies, maidens and matrons, smile not only in society, but at home; not only in the drawing-room, but also at the homely fireside; not only in the palace, but also in the cottage. Smile, and from the heart! Smiles are the true secrets of beauty of the mouth.

If a sculptor were asked, "What is beauty?" he would say the figure. But his explanation of a beautiful figure would somewhat startle our modern girls with "waspy" propensities. He would say that the waist should be twice as thick as