

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

MY OWN.

I.

She is full of wayward fancies, blythe and sportive as a fawn,
Sweet as rose buds ere they open to the first fond smile of dawn;
And she decks my life with beauty as the flowers deck the earth,
And her presence is the spring-time breathing joy and warbling mirth,
And her love is set around me like a spiritual crown,
May the angels guard my innocent, my darling one, my own.

II.

I may watch the sparkling light that dwells within her azure eyes,
And the archness of her stainless smile so mirthful and so wise,
I can't read her aerial fancies; who can scan her girlish thought?
That partakes of all the varied hues within a flower wrought,
But I know the light and fragrance of her love to me has flown,
While my ever constant prayers are for my darling one, my own.

III.

I may touch the soft profusion of her glossy sunny hair,
Till its glory seems to daze the mind and make my world too fair,
For the sunshine of her presence is the gladdening dawn of day,
That dispels the midnight shadows, till it shames their gloom away,
For it stole upon the darkness of my life when I was lone,
Till my grateful heart evokes its prayers to God to bless my own.

IV.

There is sunshine in her gravity and in her winsome smile,
There's a little glimpse of heaven, just to charm us all awhile,
I love her dear capricious moods, her pranks, her sparkling jest,
Till in my wildest joy, I know not what I love the best,
For I never can tell the happiness which with her love has grown,
I can only bless her morn and night, my darling one, my own.

ISIDORE.

Forest Hill, London, Dec., 15th, 1874.

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POOR BAPTISTE.

A CANADIAN SKETCH.

BY CLARE.

I stood one evening, all alone, leaning over the pasture gate of our farm, at Lakeside, where we retire in summer to escape the heat and dust of Montreal, for the three hottest summer months. I had gone there for company—strange company, you will think, for a young lady—that of three cows; but our cows are not ordinary cows, and, moreover, the house was very lonely, all the grown-up members of the family having gone up to Montreal for two or three days on business.

It seemed oppressively quiet now, our usually merry, noisy homestead, with only the ticking of the clock, and the monotonous whirr of old Marie's spinning-wheel, to break the silence. So I flung my tatting, and David Copperfield, which I was reading for about the thirty-first time, aside, and came into the calm evening air, to try and shake off the feeling of restless ennui which had fastened itself upon me.

Bessie, Eva and Bessie, our three milk-producers, did not evince any huffiness at my seeking their society, just because I couldn't find better; on the contrary, they hustled up to the gate in great haste, to welcome me seemingly. At least, to an outsider it would have seemed so—but I am afraid their movements were actuated by more interested feelings, as there is every reason to believe I was strongly associated with salt, in their bovine minds.

However, on this occasion I had neglected to bring the customary handful, and felt too lazy to return to the house for it—so I tried to quiet my conscience by thinking they had eaten too much lately, and to make up for their disappointment by any amount of stroking and petting.

The sun had some time since sunk to rest; a bright deep golden colour had tinged the western sky when he disappeared beneath the horizon, flooding the lake beneath with his reflection till every little wavelet seemed burnished. Now, an hour later, the sky had paled to a light yellow, the lake, calm as a mirror, and the hills around, were purple black. There was no moon, but the days were at their longest; the lingering light seemed loth to leave the beautiful earth in her early summer loveliness. I stood and gazed, and my three companions, also, their large, expressive, melancholy eyes, looking as if they took in and appreciated the beauty of the panorama before them; but I am afraid their musings related chiefly to the grievous disappointment they had just undergone.

Only a cricket's doleful song, and occasionally a whippoorwill's note disturbed the still evening air, so I was somewhat startled when a voice behind me said, "Bon soir mademoiselle."

I turned quickly round, to confront a man standing in the road—a tall, square-shouldered young fellow, with a handsome, sunburnt face, whose most striking feature was a pair of black eyes, quick and restless, but with a certain honesty of expression. His clothes were travel-

worn and dusty, and he carried in his hand a small valise.

"Evidently a *voyageur*—and yet, his face seems familiar," thought I, as I returned his greeting.

He seemed perfectly self-possessed, and removed his hat and spoke with the ready grace which characterises the French Canadian, belong he to whatever rank.

"Can mademoiselle inform me in what house Louise Leblanc is living in the village? I have been away for eight years, and have returned by Quebec on foot. I want to see her directly to-night. I am Baptiste Colbert."

I realized the situation at once, and my heart sank like lead at the task before me. Louise Leblanc, at once the prettiest girl, and the greatest coquette in the parish, had been the affianced of Baptiste when he left eight years ago, a penniless boy, to seek his fortune as a lumberman in New Brunswick. Well did I remember their courtship, for had it not begun under our auspices, as it were? Louise was our maid of all work, one summer, and Baptiste, and his cousin, Gaspard Comtois, were hired by my father to make the hay. Of course, such a pretty girl as Louise received plenty of attention from both young fellows; and I remember innocently remarking to her how often they were *thirsty*—which involved, of course, running to the kitchen, overlooking the hay field, for a drink. I was considerably mystified by the laugh with which the remark was received by Louise, but a few weeks later understood the matter better. Baptiste was then her acknowledged cavalier, and came regularly to *veiller* with her in our great low-ceiled kitchen.

"I am glad it is Baptiste, Louise, and not Gaspard," I remember once saying to her. Baptiste was always my favourite. He would pick up the deserted nests he found, when mowing, and give them me for my collection, and would allow me to drive the great swaying loads of hay up to the barn—tomboy that I was, to care for such a thing.

But the course of true love never does run smooth. Baptiste had not wherewithal to support his Louise in the way he would care to make a wife live, as he said; and I well remember their tearful parting when he left, with several others, to join a lumbering expedition in New Brunswick.

"Only for a couple of years, Louise!" he said, as he bade her good-bye; but the two years had grown into eight, for sickness and mischance had kept Baptiste longer away than had seemed probable when he left. He had no recollection of me, I could see—but he was little altered, save for his bushy beard and whiskers, and stouter form.

All the past rushed before me, as he stood waiting respectfully, but with impatience in his eyes, for my answer.

"Louise Leblanc is not living in the village," I said, at length. "She is living in Three Rivers, but—"

"Three Rivers! *supr!* I passed through there only two days ago. If I had only known! Well! I must return—that's all," said Baptiste, turning northward, as if he intended at once to start on his way, and traverse the fifty weary miles that lay between him and Three Rivers. "She told me in her last letter she might chance to be away," he continued; "but I never thought she would be in Three Rivers. It's too bad, especially as I passed through there on foot two days ago. Well, I must return. After all, it will only take two days—and what are they after eight years, especially when we have our lives before us to spend together—Louise and I."

He had all his countryman's faculty for making the best of things, and was turning away with a gay smile after wishing me "Bon soir" when I called him back. "Eight years make many changes, you know?" I began. "People go away; some die; some—"

"Ah! that you may well say, mademoiselle," interrupted Baptiste. "I returned to Batiscan to find my mother, whom I left a strong woman, promising to live many years longer, away in the church yard, her place filled by a stepmother, and a herd of children. My brothers and sister, were all scattered—some married, some gone *aux Etats* to work in the factories, or *à la brique*. Not much of a home was it, mademoiselle, to return to; but, please God, I shall soon have a real home, with Louise to take care of it for me. For to-night," he continued, "I suppose I must pass it *au village*, although it is a mile the wrong way. But to-morrow, hola for Three Rivers."

He was turning away again when I suppose the expression of my face arrested him, and he stood and looked at me questioningly.

"I wish—oh? I wish," I cried, "that I had good news to tell you. Louise is living in Three Rivers, but I don't think you need go there, for she is married—has been married two months now—to your cousin, Gaspard Comtois."

I often stand at that pasture gate now on summer evenings, looking down the hay-field at the lake, and, whenever I do, the figure of poor Baptiste rises before me, as he stands, speechless and white faced, listening to my recital of Louise's giddy unfaithfulness, ending in her marriage with Gaspard, whom she declared she had always liked best. No doubt, a legacy left to Gaspard by his master, a rich, eccentric old gentleman of Three Rivers, helped to strengthen the preference, particularly as Baptiste had had doubts of being able to come for Louise that summer. She was tired of single blessedness, so accepted the formerly discarded, but now prosperous Gaspard, and was married three weeks after. The many presents that Baptiste

had from time to time sent her, served to array her in finery, that made her wedding the thome of all the parish for weeks after.

"It was for her; I don't mind that," said Baptiste, as I commented on this fact. "But I hope the good God will never permit me to meet Gaspard face to face on this earth."

He turned his head away for a minute—the iron resolution inherited from an Indian mother came to his aid. He held out his hand, and I took it, longing to say something to comfort him, but no fitting words would come—no words seemed of any use in a sorrow like that which had fallen on poor Baptiste. I watched his form borne away by long, steady strides in the darkness, and stood a long while musing on Louise's duplicity and her lover's childish faith, till old Marie came and volubly ordered me in doors. But it was long before I slept, for Baptiste's pale, stern face, as I had seen it last, haunted me for hours.

Two months later I received a letter from a friend who had just completed a tour through the Maritime Provinces. She spoke with all a novice's delight of the grand scenery of Gaspé, the bluffs and towering old forests of New Brunswick.

"But one incident occurred to damp our pleasure—an awfully sad one, though. While we were waiting at one of the stations, a great lumbering place, (I forget its name,) in New Brunswick, a cry arose. A little child had fallen overboard. It was nearly dark, but we saw a man jump from the wharf into the water. He dived and brought the child to the surface, where it was taken from him by a man in a boat. The brave fellow, however, must have been seized with cramps, or exhausted by his long stay under the water, for he sank again instantly, and notwithstanding all efforts was drowned. We heard afterwards that his body was recovered the next day. He was a lumberman from Batiscan. His name was Baptiste Colbert."

Poor Baptiste!

COURRIER DES DAMES.

HEAD DRESSES.—A visitor to the last competition of hair-dressers in Paris writes: "A large dais was erected in the middle of the hall, so that people could move about all around it. At one end of it was a large table around which the judges were seated, hair-dressers in black coats, with a president at their head; for there is no competition in France without a president, vice-president, secretary and assistant secretary. All these dignitaries hastened to put some distinctive badge in their buttonholes; for nothing delights a Frenchman more than the prospect of putting something in his buttonhole. Nothing was lacking, for, as I have already had occasion to say, there is no good meeting of any kind without a speech. One of the gentlemen with something in his buttonhole delivered a speech, in which he spoke of the hairdressing art from the most remote times down to the present day—from Semiramis to Mlle. Nilsson, from Absalon to M. Naquet of the National Assembly at Versailles. During this address, the conclusion of which was much applauded, about forty hair-dressers, professors and pupils, prepared to dispute the prizes, which consisted of gold and silver medals, while the Dutch coiffeurs had placed a gold medal at the disposal of the candidates. The professors first competed for a prize. Each brought forward a lady whose hair, type, and character he knew, and executed on her head a capillary fancy. The head of hair which carried off this prize served as a model to the pupils, who had a specified time allowed them to imitate it, and the one who succeeded best had the first prize allotted to the pupils. When a professor completed the operation he took the lady by the hand and led her through the hall, so that the audience could judge of his performance. They applauded or were silent as the case might be. Some of these hair-dressers attired the lady in the style of the coiffure, and a DuBarry or a Pompadour was from time to time seen walking with a gentleman attired in a black coat. Others, less careful of local colouring, matched a powdered head of hair and patches with a dress of black taffeta, producing often shocking if not laughable contrasts. All displayed a grave demeanor, which subdued the levity of the most profane of the spectators. Perhaps I ought to draw a practical conclusion and state the coiffure adopted for the year; but I leave this to the *Moniteur de la Coiffure*, only remarking that on my asking a competent spectator what coiffure would be the fashion, he replied, 'The hair will be worn very high and very low,' pointing out the medalled lady who was serving as a model to the pupils. On looking at her I quite understood his reply. She had hair which fell down on her back, while in front it formed a veritable dome. I never saw anything more extravagant or less graceful. It was as though a prize had been given for pretentious ugliness, and had I been in my informant's place I should have said, 'This year, sir, as nothing definite has been fixed in politics, art, government, or hairdressing, the hair will be worn too high and too low.'

HAIRDRESSING.—Speaking of a hair-dressers' competition at Paris, a correspondent says: "Nobody will be surprised to learn that there exists a *Moniteur de la Coiffure*, more fortunate, indeed, than the *Moniteur Universel*, for it has not ceased to be the official organ of the capillary art. It publishes articles from which I have derived materials enabling me to judge precisely

of all the knowledge and merit necessary to aspire to the rank of professor of hairdressing. In it questions of false hair, combs, and curling irons are agreeably intermixed with politics, philosophy, and economic science. It is this paper which posts up the reader on the price of false plaits, their preparation, rarity, or abundance. There one learns in how many ways the immense quantity of false hair which walks about on the face of the earth is collected, the traffic carried on in the fairs of Germany, Italy, and Brittany, where hair-buyers set up temporary shops with, as their sign, a tuft of false hair which floats in the wind, and where, in exchange for gilt jewelry, glass, corals, silk handkerchiefs, and money, peasant girls are induced to resign their heads to the travelling hair-buyer's murderous shears. At other times, the tempter, in various disguises, goes round the villages and isolated mountain cottages, giving chase to some fine head of hair of the existence of which he is aware, and, by stratagem or the seduction of some gold coins, which he sparkles before the owner's eyes, he deprives the innocent head of its splendid ornament. I have been told of a well-known *cocotte*, whose auburn locks achieved her a reputation, who paid 3,000 francs for false hair of extreme length, the colour of which was identical with her own, and which one of these hair-hunters had carried off for 120 francs from the head of a wood-cutter's daughter immured in the forests of Savoy. But alongside these captures, which have something grandiose about them, what horrors and what frauds exist! There is false hair before which the proudest countenances in the world sometimes humbly stoop, cut from heads which lie on the pillows of prisons, hospitals, and surgical amphitheatres. Certain ladies have such a horror of this suspected origin that they will only wear tresses made with hair which has fallen from their own heads, collected and preserved one by one, during many years, and formed into a cluster, which relieves them from exhibiting horrors on their heads. Others, while undergoing the slavery of the world, protest against this senseless luxury, and all Paris could cite the name of a universally known lady who for some years filled one of the most elevated positions in society, and who, under certain indispensable circumstances, hired hair for a soiree of one of the first capillary artists of the capital."

A NEW GLOVE.—It is of white kid, and is embroidered round the top of its arm with a wreath of flowers forming a bracelet. It is intended to be worn with ball dresses, and the ball dresses should be trimmed with flowers to match the embroidery on the gloves. If this fashion takes, and it is expected it will, we shall no doubt be having gloves next embroidered with gold, silver, pearls, and precious stones, as in the days of the Medici. But at present the embroidery takes the semblance of a bracelet of flowers, and it is both novel and pretty in appearance.

LITERARY.

THE first volumes of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," ninth edition, is ready for publication.

MR. JOSEPH HATTON, the novelist, is stated to have purchased that lively paper, the London *Hornet*.

MR. BANCROFT has in his parlors at Washington the fine life-sized portrait presented him by Kaiser Wilhelm.

ALEXANDER DUMAS is undergoing an "evolution;" he is writing a preface to Thomas à Kempis, and is reported to be editing the *Lives of the Saints*. This is a topsy-turvy world.

MONSIEUR PAUL FÉVAL has written a new piece for a New York Theatre. It is called the *Cavalier of Fortune*, and has met with a great success.

THERE was a vacancy in the sporting editorship of the London *Daily Telegraph*, and no less than 800 applications were made for the office.

PROFESSOR BLACKIE has already succeeded in collecting £2,000 for the establishment of a Celtic Chair at Edinburgh University.

SEÑOR PLY-MARGALL is busy writing a "History of Spain," the first volume of which is said to be ready for the press.

THE new novel, "Sigma," from the pen of Ouida, will appear simultaneously in Paris, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and in London.

ABOUT 2,500 advertisements and £1,000 in money are daily contributed to the advertising department of the London *Times*.

THE 23rd Ode of the first book of Horace commencing "Vitas hinnuleo, me smiles, Chloe," has lately been set to music as a tenor solo.

It is stated that Mr. Moncreux Conway, of London, the well-known preacher and journalist, has been specially engaged by the *Daily News* to proceed to Africa, and explore the interior.

THE Chamber of Commerce of Lyons has offered a prize of 15,000 fr. for the best essay, written in French on the "Comparative State of the Cultivation of Silk in France and Italy."

MR. DURANT has spent 1,000,000 dollars in building, near Natick, Massachusetts, a college exclusively for the female sex, every officer and teacher in which is to be a woman.

THE *feuilleton* of the *Illustrated London News*, contributed by the late Shirley Brooks, under the title of "Nothing in the Papers," has been resumed by Mr. G. A. Sala, under the heading, "Echoes of the Week."

AN amusing correspondence between Mr. Sardou and M. Offenbach has been published in the *Paris Figaro*. The author releases the composer and director of the Gaieté Theatre from the obligation to continue playing "La Haine," as the tragedy has not drawn enough to pay the expenses, and takes his leave of high art, which he laments is not appreciated; while M. Offenbach graciously accepts M. Sardou's offer, and renews the "run" of "Orphée aux Enfers."