

A PLEA FOR SAINT VALENTINE.

Beauteous maid and generous stripling!
On this sweet time-honored day
Grave amid his laughers rippling,
Cupid has a word to say.

He has learned with shame and sorrow—
See on his chubby cheeks are tears!
That the Fiends have sought to borrow
Aid from lover's hopes and fears.

Ah! 'tis the treachery which harrows
His little soul upon the rack:
His quiver's shafts made poisoned arrows
To wound a true friend in the back.

Hear the little god's entreating
Let the sourrills forms of Hate
Remain unpurchased. Send your sweeting
Gifts to make her soul elate.

Write with your heart. You need not sign it—
Yourself stands there in your name's stead.
If the maiden can't divine it
She has neither heart nor head.

Cleave to the good old custom. Use it
As true man and lover should.
No true man would e'er abuse it
Surely no true lover could.

DOINGS AT THE CAPITAL.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

Ottawa, February 10th, 1882.

Since my last, I have to chronicle a *soirée musicale* at Madame Langevin's, wife of the Under Secretary of State. It was well attended, Sir Hector Langevin, Sir Chas. Tupper, Sir Leonard and Lady Tilley and the Hon. Adolphe Caron being among the invited guests. The music, both vocal and instrumental, was much enjoyed. Mesdames Christian and Leduc sang, whilst a piano solo by a young lady from Windsor was decidedly above the usual amateur performance. A recitation by a fair *débutante* of this season is likewise worthy of special mention; another *débutante*, the daughter of a prominent official in the Senate, was at the *soirée*, and has by common consent stepped into the ranks of Ottawa's belles.

Opening day, Queen's weather, large crowds, Sir John looking well, great success, as Mr. Alfred Jingle would say, Punctually at the first stroke of three by the clock, His Excellency's carriage drove up to the main entrance a cheer bursting forth from Canadian hearts as well as from Canadian lips.

The Governor-General entered the Senate preceded by Captains Short and Provost, the new A.D.C.'s; Cols. DeWinton and Stuart, Capt. the Hon. W. Bagot, A.D.C., and Mr. Balfour, the Usher of the Black Rod, and followed by Cols. Dyde and Gzowski, A.D.C.'s to Her Majesty, the same order of procession being observed on his making his departure. When seated, "His X" had on his right the Conservative leader, in Windsor uniform, and Sir Alex. Campbell on his left; facing the Throne were Lieutenant-Governors Robitaille and Dewdney. Grouped about it were a host of military swells, noticeable amongst whom was Col. Dyde, a fine, stately old soldier, looking more erect than men his juniors by tens of years. Mr. Balfour, the Marquis' brother-in-law, was attired in a uniform which many took to be that of a naval officer, although it was nothing less than the uniform of a full private of the Royal Archers of Scotland, the Queen's Body-guard.

The scene was more brilliant than of yore; fewer black dresses, but a greater variety of colour, brilliancy being thus imparted to what was once a somewhat dull exhibition. Lady Frances Balfour was attired in cream satin, trimmed with Brussels lace; Lady Macdonald in old gold silk, and Lady Tilley in black satin, trimmed with cream satin and roses with old gold lace. Among the numerous *gowns* to be noticed (a purist tells us that *dress* implies every thing worn by a lady), was that of the daughter of a Deputy-Minister; it was of pale blue satin, trimmed with daisies; the *débutante*, already referred to in this letter as a pleasing reciter, displayed good taste in attiring herself in cream-colored brocaded satin, ornamented with pearls.

The somewhat lengthy speech from the Throne once disposed of, many flocked to the galleries of the Commons to witness the first sitting and the introduction of new members. A laughable incident occurred when Sir John introduced Mr. F. X. Anson, the newly-elected member for Charlevoix. He brought him into the middle of the House, and, turning to him, audibly asked, "What is your name?" the two gentlemen had probably met for the first time.

On returning to Rideau Hall, the Governor-General inspected his escort, which was composed of the Princess Louise's Dragoon Guards,

and pronounced them to be "as fit as ever." As it is now the fashion to *Puissance* everything, the Dragoons are henceforth to be known as "Fit-as-ever-young-men." The guard of honor furnished by the Governor-General's Foot-guards and commanded by Captain Toller, presented a most creditable appearance. I have seldom seen the "present arms" more simultaneously carried out.

The big sunflower has at last visited us, and milliners and shopkeepers will no doubt do their best to cultivate it; this hideous and ungainly flower, with all due deference to Oscar Wilde, is to be seen on Sparks street, and actually made its appearance in the Senate yesterday. Wilde himself is posing *en photographie* in a certain shop window.

Ottawa is invaded by a host of belles from various parts of the Dominion. They are mostly "cousins," who have come to enjoy the gaiety of an Ottawa season, and are great favourites; somehow or other cousins always are.

Lord Lorne gave a State dinner yesterday; it was followed by a reception. One of our dailies this morning evolves a ball entirely out of its inner consciousness, for none took place.

Lady Tilley has issued invitations for a ball, which she is to give on the 21st inst.

I am compelled, owing to postal arrangements, to mail this letter ere the drawing-room is held. Meanwhile I am enabled to inform your readers that Lady Frances Balfour will wear a *robe décolleté* of white broché velvet, trimmed with white satin and Flemish point lace. Ornaments, diamonds. Mrs. Russell Stephenson will wear a *robe décolleté* of maize silk, trimmed with Brussels lace; diamond ornaments.

Hon. Mrs. Caron, wife of the Minister of Militia, will give a musical conversation on the 18th inst.

The bazaar boom, which always takes place during the session, has begun, with one in aid of the Good Shepherd Convent. At least half a dozen more are to follow in due course.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

PEASANT LIFE IN RUSSIA.—Some examples of the costume and manner of life prevailing among different classes and races of the population, in the great Russian Empire, are presented on another page. They represent a period when the approaching war in Turkey caused large demands to be made on the docile and submissive peasantry for the Imperial military service. The first subject here represented is the scene in a rustic family abode, where one of the new recruits, under a wholesale conscription, having already taken his staff and wallet for the long journey on foot to join the battalion with which he is to be drilled and trained, is about to depart from home, in company with the corporal who has got him in charge. His mournful parents, the mother in an attitude of silent grief, the father with a resigned sadness on his face that is equally touching, await the moment when they will lose sight of their only son, too likely to see him nevermore on earth; for these great Imperial wars are seldom finished with less than half a million of lives of the nation's youthful manhood consumed by slaughter and disease in a twelvemonth's deadly campaigning. A monk or friar, not the parish priest, but the familiar messenger of their religion to this simple household, has called there at once to console the bereaved parents and to bid farewell to one of his believing flock; and he now holds up to the young man's adoration his small picture of the Virgin Mary, with the gilt circlet of Divine glory around her head, while extending his hand to receive, in Her name, as a pledge of devout allegiance, the kiss that will be repaid with a solemn benediction. Such is, even at this day, the spirit of the Russian peasantry, without which they would scarcely continue to be the willing instruments, when called upon, of a policy that has demanded enormous sacrifices from popular enthusiasm in the cause of their Church, as well as of Imperial and national aggrandisement. The exterior aspect of a Russian farm-house amid the wintry snows, and in the midst of the monotonous pine-forest, is shown in the next of our Artist's Sketches. We are then presented with one of sledge-travelling at this season, which must be a trying experience when the blasts of bitterly cold wind from Siberia come sweeping over the shelterless side of a hill; but this couple of passengers, with the trika driver, have clad themselves for the journey in thick woollens and bearskins, or in overcoats of sheepskin, to keep off the fierce attacks of the weather. One pities the "Beggars" under such an inclement sky till he gains the needful shelter by his knocking at the closed house-door. The "Samocide" is a type, evidently selected from the wealthier class, owning their flocks and herds, of that North Asiatic race of the Czar's subjects, who sometimes come for trading purposes to the European side of the Empire. Another Asiatic type is that of the

Russian Tartars in the South: we are glad to see the schoolmaster is among them.

ON Saturday week the Montreal Snowshoe Club organized a steeplechase to the Back River in which, in addition to their own members, the members of the *Canadien* and Emerald Clubs took part. The course was from the head of Durocher street to Peloquin's Hotel, Back River. Mr. I. A. Beauvais, President of *Le Canadien* Snowshoe Club, acted as starter, and Messrs Coulson, Starke and Becket as time-keepers, and a start was made from the head of Durocher street at four o'clock, the following being the names of the competitors:—Messrs. D. McTaggart, T. L. Paton, G. L. Sait, C. J. Patton, A. W. McTaggart and R. Summerhayes, of the Montreal Club; T. J. Martin and J. Boyle, of the Emerald Club; and A. Deslauriers, of *Le Canadien* Club. D. McTaggart kept the lead pretty well all the way out, coming in first in 41.55; 2nd, T. J. Martin, 42.07; 3rd, J. Boyle, 43.15; 4th, T. L. Paton, 43.27.

A large number of ladies, and gentlemen as well as other members of the Clubs took the opportunity of witnessing the steeplechase, and Peloquin's Hotel, which was the place of rendezvous presented an unusually festive appearance, as may be seen for our artists' sketch. On arriving there the members of the Club and their friends partook of an excellent dinner, and a pleasant evening was spent in the presentation of the prizes to the successful competitors, and in singing and dancing which were kept up with great spirit until it was time to return to town. Dr. Beers presented the first prize to Mr. D. McTaggart, of the Montreal Snowshoe Club. The second prize was presented by Mr. Maltby, of the Montreal Snowshoe Club to Mr. T. J. Martin, of the Emerald Snowshoe Club. The third prize to Mr. Joseph Boyle, of the Emerald Snowshoe Club, by the President, Mr. T. Larkin, who accompanied the presentation with a few well chosen remarks, which elicited the applause of the company, and the 4th prize by the President of *Le Canadien* Snowshoe Club, Mr. I. A. Beauvais, to Mr. Tibbs for the winner, T. L. Paton, of the Montreal Snowshoe Club, who was called to the city on the conclusion of the race. Thus ended a very pleasant reunion which will be no hope productive of much similar good fellowship between the different clubs.

AN INTERVIEW WITH A PRIMA DONNA.

The prima donna was found in her costly boudoir, in a charming morning costume, toying with a consumptive poodle that reeked with musk.

She gracefully waved the reporter to an ottoman, and asked his motive for such an early call, it being fifteen minutes of six, a.m.

He replied, with Chesterfieldian courtesy, that he wished to learn some particulars of her eventful life, and would be pleased to listen to the narrative of her operatic triumphs.

The prima donna languidly arose, and hurling the poodle across the room, proceeded to enlighten her visitor.

"When I made my debut in St. Petersburg, some years ago, in 'Faust,' the Emperor was present, and after the ovation I received from the audience, he called me into the Imperial box, and handed me a necklace of diamonds, one hundred thousand rubles, and the orders of Stanislaus and St. George."

"But those decorations are not given to ladies?"

"This was an exception."

"I sang in Russia for two seasons, and altogether I received from the Emperor, the nobility and my manager, the sum of six millions. I likewise had 272 offers of marriage, and 80,000 bouquets were thrown at me."

"Then you were quite a *dame aux camelias*?"

"Certainly! After my triumph I went to Vienna, where I sang in 'Lucrezia Borgia.' The same bewildering success followed me. Wagner, who was in town, invited me to dinner, and is at present at work on a new opera for me. He said I was the finest soprano he thought he had ever heard. The Empress gave me a lunch, 100,000 forins and the order of the Golden Fleecce."

"Very appropriate! Were you pursued by aspirants for your hand?"

"Oh, yes; all Vienna was in love with me. I had countless offers. In my own company, the tenor, baritone, basso and all the chorus were in love with me, but of course I haughtily rejected them."

"From Vienna I went to Milan to sing in 'Aida.' Verdi was present and came behind the stage to thank me. He said my voice had the *timbre* which King David's might have had. He knew the King, I believe. I was called out by the dilettante of the Scala 82 times, and after the third act Verdi crowned me in public. I have in my scrap-books full accounts of that evening. You can peruse them."

"Thanks! I prefer to listen to your captivating narration."

"Well, from Milan I went through Italy like a conquering Bonaparte, and when I sang at Naples there was an eruption of Mount Vesuvius; and one dear critic assured me that the old mountain had behaved in that way on purpose to show me its affection."

"Pray continue. Did you ever have any mishaps in your grand career?"

"Alas! yes. I fell down twenty trap-doors during my travels, and was once poisoned by a rival in 'Traviata.' She put some drug in my drinking cup, and while I was singing 'Libiamo'

I fell sick, had to break my engagement, and, consequently, lost five millions."

"But you gained them elsewhere?"

"Oh, yes, I went on to Paris, and sang at the Italiens in 'Norma,' with the tenor, Pannani. Patti was so jealous of me that she cried, poor thing. This was during the Empire. The Emperor sent me 100,000 francs, and the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor."

"Did you ever see Gounod?"

"Oh, my, yes. He wrote his 'Romeo' for me, but Miolan Carvalho bought it from him. Dear Gounod introduced me to Ambrose Thomas, Offenbach and Rossini. Thomas declared I was his ideal *Ophelia* (he said that of Nilsson, too, by the way, the old rogue), and Offenbach taught me the cancan."

"Did you hear Capoul?"

"Oh! dear, yes. He fell in love with me, like the rest of them, Meyerbeer included."

"How about Rossini?"

"Oh! he listened to me with great attention, and proclaimed me to be incomparable."

"Did you have many offers in Paris?"

"Oh! yes; but you know opera bouffe was all the rage then, and I had to sing in Hervé's operettas."

"A sad coming down."

"Alas!"

"And, pray, are you to sing in New York?"

"Oh! yes, I am engaged by Mapleson, and I appear next season."

"As *Aida*, *Lucia*, or *Norma*?"

"No, I am engaged for the chorus. Give me a puff in your paper, that's a nice man. And, by the way, would you mind lending me five dollars? I'll—"

The reporter, before she had finished, was quaffing beer at Theiss's.—CUPID JONES in Music.

SKATING CARNIVAL.

The carnival last Friday at the Victoria Rink fully rewarded those who paid it a visit. The ice temple, nicely designed by Mr. Weston, of Notman & Frazer, was far more elaborate in structure than that of last year, and the effect of the electric light showing through the obelisks of ice which supported it was very pleasant. Such elaborate accounts of the costumes and details of the ladies and gentlemen who took part have already appeared in the dailies, that it would be only repeating an oft-told tale to give them over again. Suffice it to say that the rink was so crowded from end to end, that locomotion was not possible, and seeing only partially so. The best proof, perhaps, of the entire success of the affair,

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

M. DE LESSEPS is seriously ill.

GOLD is being shipped from Paris to London.

A BAND of Chaldeans has been committing outrages in Jerusalem.

THE rumor of Father Gavazzi's arrest in Paris is contradicted.

BULL & WILSON, London cloth merchants, have failed for £124,000.

A GOLD mine has been discovered near the village of Amity, N.Y.

WAITE & CO., Leeds woollen merchants, have suspended for £120,000.

SEVERAL workmen have been killed by a dynamite explosion in the Ailberg tunnel.

THE French Deputies have voted confidence in the De Freycinet Ministry by 287 to 66.

THE reported murder of Stillman, the *Times'* correspondent, in Turkey, was unfounded.

THE Fenian Military Association in Ireland already extends to twenty-four counties.

MR. GLADSTONE estimates the average of reductions by the Land Court so far at 23 per cent.

A COTTON factory at Jarzevo, Russia, has been burned, entailing a loss of 3,000,000 roubles.

THE Lalande astronomy prize has been given by the French Academy of Sciences to Prof. Swift, of Rochester, N.Y.

SIXTEEN Moonlighters have been committed for trial by the Cork Magistrate on the evidence of the informer Connell.

THE Liberal press of Berlin is indignant over the acquittal of a sentinel for shooting two boys who were teasing him.

A DESPATCH from Yemen, in Arabia, says the insurgents have proclaimed Caliph a descendant of the Prophet.

THE PROGRESS OF A COUGH.—The following may be indicated as the progress of a cough in the absence of an efficient check of the lung-destroying malady: First, a cold is contracted, the throat becomes inflamed and the irritation causes a spasmodic contraction and dilation of the lungs, accompanied with a dull or rattling sound in the throat. This daily increases in violence, and as it does, aggravates the bronchial irritation until the lungs become seriously affected. Then abscesses or incipient sores form upon their tissue, which rapidly develop into the fatal tubercles of consumption which eat into and destroy the lungs. Who would knowingly incur such peril as this? The sure means of averting it is Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime, and Soda, a pulmonic which at the same time checks the progress of throat and lung irritations and gives strength to those debilitated by a cough. Sold by all druggists.