

spires catch the eye far up and down the river and across the country. The road falls towards us in front of the church. A cart comes down it in a cloud of dust. The air is glaring unbearably bright and hot, except this gallery and perhaps some spot away up in the swaying branches of the tall trees opposite, which fill the grounds of the grand house. The grand house has not very ample grounds, but they are very grand. Its stone fence posts confronting it would be fine were they not a little small. They are sculptured in an elaborate *renaissance* design, and each bears near the top a grotesque head, all amusing and different. The iron fence rails are tipped with gilt spear-heads and painted green. A pretty white fence with a green stripe borders each side. Red flower-boxes on white stands border the centre path; one bears a cactus, the rest syringas. A fountain, with basins and nymph, is playing before the door. The grand house itself is white stuccoed, with light brown doors and facings, and green blinds, a purplish-blue roof and a conservatory. If you put these details together, you get the impression of a certain Southern elegance. These are only some of its beauties, for are there not whited stones in the grass and a stone sidewalk in front, and iron plates across the paved street-gutter, and many other appurtenances elaborately artificial? The hand of Madame is in this. Pity 'tis the paths should be so scrimped and the trees so crowded together. Within, no doubt, there is plenty, and ease, and luxury even, for what life has more of *otium* than a wealthy country seigneur's?

I am reminded of what my elders tell me of Sabrevois de Bleury, the last of his name, who dwelt here fifty years ago on his fine demesne of 400 acres, with his coat of arms over the gates. They tell of him, that as he drove in every morning the fifteen miles to Montreal, he made it a strict point to rise in his seat and make a stately bow to every passer-by. Somebody asked him why he took all that trouble. "Ah," he said, "because it is an old custom. We must not allow it to die."

On the next lot is the nunnery, with its three green-blinded stories, its gray-white walls, shaded by plume-like elm trees, its galleries, and its great tin roof and belfry. Thence the nuns issue at sunset and sing an "Ave Maria," walking up and down with their pupils in seemingly procession in the garden, and *mon vieux* and *ma vieille*, on their door-steps, will say, "How beautiful!" Behind all is the blue, glittering river.

Two boys of the place are going down the street—dark fellows, coatless, bold of look, and given up to idleness. I hear the careless, merry prattle of children from every side.

A stroll reveals some oddities in the way of architecture. The next house to the hotel has boldly built its upper gallery over the sidewalk, the under posts forming an arcade for the passers by. A few dwellings further on is one of the stout, solid, old sort, with a sculptured statuette-niche over the door. A short distance then brings us to the end of the little village, and the foot of a curious wayside cross opens up a broader view of the blue river.

Is this photograph uninteresting?

ALCHEMIST.

TO A WOMAN'S TEAR.

A WOMAN'S tear of joy! Oh who shall sing
Its beauty, rilling from the liquid eye,
Through the long lashes, with the murmuring
Of waters swollen by an autumn sky
Into the reedy margin of a stream?
The envy of the parching fiends in hell,
Earth's miracle, pearl of the poet's dream,
A matchless crystal from the limpid well
Of life eternal, brighter than the dew,
More worth than waters in the wilderness;
Emblem of all in womankind that's true,
The offspring of an overflowing bliss
That angels welcome with a glad surprise
And only woman's God can analyse.

Toronto.

J. K. PAUW.

PERIWIGS.

"NOVEMBER 2ND, 1663.—Up and by coach to White Hall. I heard the Duke say that he was going to wear a perriwig; they say the King also will. I never till this day observed that the King is mighty gray."

It is almost superfluous to remark that the above passage is extracted from the diary of Samuel Pepys, Esquire, F.R.S., and it may, perhaps, be unnecessary to mention that a few days afterwards this careful chronicler of small beer records his own appearance in a "perriwig," probably out of the fashionable conviction that imitation is the best form of flattery. From this episode it would seem that the wearing of wigs by gentlemen, though of older usage in France, did not become a general custom in England until after the Restoration, a fact amply corroborated by other excellent testimony; nevertheless, instances of other kinds of false head-coverings are previously recorded.

It will not be disputed that women wore false hair long before men attempted anything of the kind. The ancient Roman ladies—by which is meant ladies of the ancient Roman times merely—on the appearance of baldness (*horribile dictu*) wore wigs made of hair, that was glued upon goat-skin and then dyed or painted in the natural colours. Does not Horace refer to a *calendrum*? A literary critic recently declared that no one had ever seen a thoroughly bald woman. "It is only men," he writes, "that are thus depilated. Old women, or others,

through special causes of disease, may come to very sparse hairs; but to a whole denudation they never come. God meant the hair to be woman's crown, and He will not allow her to be uncrowned. A bald man may be made to look like a monkey; but a bald woman would have the aspect of the devil."

All of which, being very chivalric, we devoutly wish may be true; but from certain transit-of-Venus-like observations, made on rare occasions, we beg leave to maintain an opinion to the contrary, believing many women have, as well as many queens, lost their crowns entirely and irrevocably. When occasion demands—but hold! the very term occasion calls to memory that speech of Ponocrates in the "Life of Gargantua," which declares, "Occasion hath all her hair on her forehead; when she is past, you may not recall her; she hath no tuft whereby you can lay hold on her, for she is bald in the hinder part of her head, and never returneth again." To take time by the forelock is, therefore, another phrase for seizing the front curl of occasion. "Let us return to our wethers." The fickle and frivolous nature of France no doubt soon forgave the assumption of false crowns by the reigning queens of natural creation; but in slow and sober England the wearing of wigs and false hair by women occasioned much objection on all sides and caused satirical ballad-mongers and caustic Puritans to vent their indignant protests against such un-English innovations. The departure from custom was considered far more criminal than the departure of hair. A writer of the sixteenth century, lamenting the degeneracy of the age, compares the fashions then prevalent with those of some unspecified good old days gone by, when

A tub or pail of water clear
Stood us instead of glass,

and when there were happily (according to the writer's thought) no "busks, perriwigs, or masks."

In the golden age of Good Queen Bess there also existed much national prejudice against the wearing of false hair and the dyeing of natural locks. "A woman's glory is her hair," said the all-wise Solomon, who (by the way) must have been surrounded by a blaze of glory; but the Englishman drew the line at second-hand, or to be more correct, second-hand glory. How could the gallant lover pen a sonnet to his mistress' thousand lengths of gold when he knew well enough they were not of her own growing? The fervour of his passionate poesy could not be composed in eulogizing those cunning curls that should by right be lying with their original owner "under the ground in a coffin bound." It might be done with an effort, perhaps, but it would be as repulsive as the bishop's laying on of hands upon a too-well-greased head.

In 1615 appeared a book, or rather a pamphlet, bearing the following title, "The Honestie of this age, proving by good circumstance that the world was never honest till now." Titles of books included their indices in those days. In this rare quarto-production is to be found the following passage, relative to our subject, wherein the author, Barnabe Rich, speaks his mind freely to this effect:—

"My lady holdeth on her way, perhaps to the tire-maker's shop, where she shaketh her crownes to bestow upon some new-fashioned attire, upon such artificial deformed periwigs, that they were fitter to furnish a theatre, or for her that in a stage-play should represent some hag of hell, than to be used by a Christian woman."

It is to be hoped that Barnabe was not married or that his wife did not follow the fashion; for, were it otherwise, we fail to see how he could have saved his own hair after the expression of such a violent opinion. This terrible denunciation of the wearing of false hair throws completely into the shade the older admonition, given by the great Tertullian when he appealed to the reason and feelings of his audience thus: "If you will not fling away your false hair, as hateful to heaven, cannot I make it hateful to yourselves by reminding you that the false hair you wear may have come from the head of one already damned?" Certainly the suggestion, which was intended to be a bare one, of wearing such an unsanctified wig could not have been pleasant to a true believer and was going a step in advance of the then unwritten lines of Shakespeare, wherein he scathes "the seeming truth which cunning times put on, to entrap the wisest."

It will be remembered that Bassanio, commenting on the caskets to himself, thus speaks:—

Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight:
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped, snaky, golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre."

The leader of the world's singers is more charitable than the early father of the Church, for he very properly stops short at the grave and its unpleasant associations; but the fulminating ecclesiastic must needs go a step beyond, and add a suppositive anathema upon the second, which was really the first, head.

However, let us revert to Master Barnabe Rich, who could blow the froth from the cup of his wrath over the people as well as any. In the pamphlet already mentioned he again charges full-tilt against both parties who use false hair, believing without a doubt that the wig-bearers are as bad as the wig-makers: "These attire-makers within these forty yeares were not known by that name; and but now very lately they kept their lowly commodity of periwigs, and their monstrous attires

closed in boxes; and these women that used to weare them would not buy them but in secret. But now they are not ashamed to set them forth upon their stalls—such monstrous moppowles of haire, so proportioned and deformed that, but within these twenty or thirty yeares, would have drawne the passers-by to stand and gaze, and to wonder at them."

Only four years before the publication of this extraordinary harangue, a covering of false hair was worn by a famous lady of history, when she escaped from King James' prison with her lover and husband, Mr. William Seymour. It was on the 3rd June, 1611, that my Lady Arabella Stuart put on "a peruke, such as men wore, whose long locks covered her own ringlets," and stole away from her jailers at Highgate, dressed in a doublet, a pair of large French-fashioned hose over her petticoats, a black hat, a black coat and russet boots with red tops, with a rapier by her side, only to be captured in the roads, off Calais, at sea, and brought back to her angry and unforgiving cousin, the King. If ever the wearing of a man's wig by a woman could be excused and commended, it was most assuredly on that melancholy occasion, when love took wings, only to get them clipped.

Oh! what a goodly outside falsehood hath,

remarked Antonio to his friend, when Shylock illustrated the advantages of thrift by the example of Jacob, and was rewarded with the maxim that "the Devil can cite Scripture for his purpose."

A curious passage from Moryson shows how easily, even a few centuries ago, women could invent excuses for their fashionable follies. "Gentlewomen virgins," he says, "weare gownes close to the body, and aprons of fair linnen, and go bare-headed, with their haire curiously knotted, and raised at the forehead; but many (against the cold, as they say) weare caps of haire that is not their own."

The delicious artfulness of that apologetic reason, "Against the cold, as they say," is equal to anything of the kind we have ever met with in rich *naïveté* and plausible excuse.

In an old comedy called "Every Woman in Her Humour," published in 1609, it is recorded that "none wear periwigs but players and pictures," and the existing memoranda of the old theatrical tiring-rooms prove that the actor was commonly "a periwig-pated fellow," who wore his false hair of various colours, as the characters he portrayed might require.

Diversity of hue was also given to the natural hair by ladies, according to fancy and fashion. In 1583 the Rev. P. Stubbes, in his well-known work, "The Anatomie of Abuses," has the following: "If any have haire of their owne, naturall growing, which is not faire ynough, then will they dye it in divers collours." Truly then, as now, all that glitters is not gold—even in the matter of hair.

It will also be remembered that Julia, in the last scene of the fourth act in "Two Gentlemen of Verona," when she recalls the fact that her supposed rival has auburn hair, whilst her own is perfect yellow, exclaims very decidedly and very woman-like: "I'll get me such a coloured periwig."

No one would think of wigs being used anywhere out of this world; but the old dramatists did not hesitate to clothe all creation if they could thereby get mighty-sounding lines in their work; but perhaps no greater liberty was ever taken with the face of nature than by the play-wright Goff, in "The Courageous Task," which was attempted about 1632. One of his characters is made to exclaim,

How now, you heavens,
Grow you so proud you must needs put on curled locks,
And clothe yourselves in periwigs of fire?

This is indeed the crowning of the sublime!

Let us skip a few years and drop in again upon our old friend, Mr. Pepys, and ask leave to look into his diary. From our foregoing remarks and reminders it appears to be quite in accord with the law of precedence, laid down by Dame History, that Mistress Pepys should have worn a peruke several years before her husband attempted anything of the kind, and we are not surprised to find the following entry in the immortal record of the man, who was his own most faithful Boswell: "24th March, 1662. By-and-by comes La Belle Pierce to see my wife and to bring her a pair of perukes of hair, as the fashion now is for ladies to wear, which are pretty, and are of my wife's own hair, or else I should not endure them."

It would be idle to speculate whether this pair of perukes really were made of Mrs. Pepys' own hair. In this passage it cannot be conclusively settled whether Pepys really wrote with an eye to the future and cleverly covered his wife's false-hair with a falsehood; moreover it would be uncharitable to imagine that she and La Belle Pierce concocted the little story in order to mollify and overcome Mr. Pepys' natural antipathy to seeing any other hair upon his pretty wife's head than her own; but we have heard the same tale from ladies with regard to chignons and bangs in our own days with strong mental reservations, for which we have good reasons.

Now Mr. Pepys has placed it beyond a doubt that King Charles II. wore a periwig, or as Holmes writes "perawicke," and a long one at that—His Majesty did not believe in your "short bob" or "grafted wig"—nothing but a long curled wig would serve him; and as soon as royalty set the fashion and the Court copied it with variations, everybody wore a periwig—so much so, that the King took great personal offence on several occasions; once censuring a chaplain-in-ordinary, who preached before him at Newmarket in a long periwig, thereby making himself