

everything, watch everything, and check everything, they undertake the impossible and do harm by taking from their staff their proper duties and responsibilities.

THE ATTITUDE OF TURKEY.

We have heard the views of all the leading statesmen of Europe on the complications of the Eastern question. It is now the turn of the Sultan to take the world into his confidence.

In the Nova Scotia Assembly, last week, on the division on the Maritime Union question, Mr. HOLMES' amendment that it is inexpedient at the present time to pass the resolution in regard to Maritime Union, was defeated by 21 to 15.

EPIHEMERIDES.

Here is a rather good story of the new President:—In the summer of 1860 he was travelling with his family in Canada; taking a steamer at Quebec for Ha! Ha! Bay, at the mouth of the Saguenay river, there came up a dense fog, and the steamer, through the incompetency of the Captain, who was grossly intoxicated, was placed in a fearful position.

Do you want to know how the French economize, and how their thrift is the wonder of nations? Read:—The French butcher separates the bones from his steaks, and places them where they will do the most good.

Now that St. Valentine's day is passed, and there is no fear of plagiarism, here are a few things that were collected prior to that date, relative to women's rights, at least in the eyes of some men, and wise ones:—“There are but two fine things in the world,” says Malherbe, “women and roses.”

Dr. John Wallis, an eminent man of the seventeenth century, used to amuse himself with elaborate trifles. Here is a French stanza, a good puzzle for beginners in the language:

Quand un cordier, content, veut corder une corde, Pour sa corde corder trois cordons il accorde; Mais si un descordant, de la corde décorde, Le cordon décordant fait décorder la corde.

This was twisted into English by Dr. Wallis, in the following perplexing fashion:

When a twister, in twisting, will twist him a twist, For the twisting his twist be three times doth entwine; But if one of the twines of the twist doth untwist, The twine that untwisteth untwisteth the twist.

And afterward he added four other twists: Untwirling the twine, that untwisted between, He twists with his twister, the two in a twine. Then twice having twisted the twines of the twine, He twisteth the twine he had twined in the twine.

And afterward these additional twists: The twain that in twining before in the twine, As twines were untwisted, he now doth entwine, 'Twixt the twain intertwisting a twine more between, He, twirling the twister, makes a twist of the twine.

Tennyson gives the new magazine “The Nineteenth Century,” a word of welcome and good speed:

—Those that of late had fleeted far and fast To touch all shores, now leaving to the skill Of others their old craft, seaworthy still, Have charter'd this, a woe-mindful of the past, Our true comrades round the mast Of diverse tongue, but with a common will, Here in this routing moon of daffodil And crocus, to put forth and brave the blast. For some, descending from the sacred peak Of her high-templed faith, have leagued again Their lot with ours to roam the world about; And some are wilder comrades, sworn to seek If any golden harbor be for men, In seas of death and soulless gulfs of doubt.

This is doubtless all very nice, but I do not understand it. Do you?

The clergy in the time of Queen Elizabeth were not held in very general esteem; indeed, the minstrel and the cook were often better paid than the priest, as may be seen from the follow-

ing entry in the books of the Stationers' Company for the year 1560:

Table with 2 columns: Item, Amount. Items include 'Item, paid to the preacher', 'Item, paid to the minstrel', and 'Item, paid to the cook'.

The domestic chaplain of those days is drawn by Bishop Hall with a glowing pencil; and while his picture faithfully exhibits the servile and depressed state of the poor tutor, it is at the same time wrought up with much point and humor:

A gentle squire would gladly entertain Into his house some teacher-chaplain; Some willing man that might instruct his sons, And that would stand to good conditions: First, that he lie upon the truckle bed; While his young master lieth o'er his head; Second, that he do, upon no default, Never presume to sit above the salt; Third, that he never change his trencher twice; Fourth, that he use all common courtesies; Sit bare at meals, and one-half rise and wait; Last, that he never his young master beat; But he must ask his mother to define How many jerks she would his breech should find: All these observed, he could contented be, To give five marks and water livery.

These “good old times” would appear to have been rather “evil days” for domestic chaplains; and the young squire's progress in learning could scarcely have been brilliant under such a depressed instructor.

On last Saturday week, the 17th inst., all the members of the Montreal Gazette staff, tendered a supper to Mr. Robert S. White, commercial editor of that paper, on the occasion of his twenty-first birthday.

A. STEELE PEN.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE FAIREST SPRING FLOWER OF THEM ALL.—From our long and severe winters, there is no people who enjoy the return of spring more than the Canadians. Our front page picture is therefore bound to be welcome both on account of its artistic perfection and its vernal suggestiveness.

DE. A. M. ROSS.—For the biography of this distinguished Canadian naturalist see the column surrounding his portrait.

THE DEPUTY-MINISTER OF MARINE AND FISHERIES.—A memoir of the services of Mr. William Smith will be found accompanying his portrait on another page.

PAPAL CASKET.—A pilgrimage of Roman Catholics—both Irish and French-Canadian—is being organized for the middle of next month, the object of which is to visit Rome and pay their respects to Pope Pius IX on occasion of the 50th anniversary of his elevation to the Episcopal dignity.

THE DANUBE AT SULKAS.—In connection with our series of Eastern pictures, we give today a view of the port where the broad Danube opens out into the Black Sea. The view is a particularly striking one.

THE OLD FORT AT ST. ANN'S.—This is another of our views of Canadian scenery connected with historical recollections. The ruins of this venerable fort are sadly neglected, and it is to be feared that, before many years elapse, the only memory of it will be found in the sketch which we here publish.

SKETCHES IN THE NORTH WEST.—These drawings were taken in connection with the “Special Survey” of which Lindsay Russell, Esq., Assistant-Surveyor General, is chief, and which has been operating, for two years past, west of Winnipeg, principally running standard bases and meridians, and exploring the country. The work has now progressed to about 60 miles west of Fort Pelly.

WRECK OF THE “GEORGE WASHINGTON.”—We call attention to this picture, not only on account of its thrilling and mournful interest, but also because it exhibits the pluck and generous humanity of our brave Newfoundland seamen. It deserves to be preserved as a memorial of Canadian bravery.

THE FIRST WALTZ.—This is essentially a German picture. The two young rogues are all right. This is their first, but you may be sure that it will not be their last waltz. With the instinct of their nationality for music, they keep time to the accompaniment of the elders, and it were hard to tell which is the happier—the young ones who gyrate, or the old people who behold the evolutions.

NO MOTHER AT HOME.—This sad and pathetic picture is best described by silence. It cannot be studied without tears. Poor little orphans! Alas! they know the terrible meaning of the verse:—“What is home without a mother?”

VARIETIES.

“DUNNING.”—The term “dunning” is by some erroneously stated to come from the French language, in which *dunnez* signifies “give me;” by others from *dunna*—Saxon—“to thunder.” But the true origin of this expression owes its birth to one Joe Dun, a famous bailiff of Lincoln, so extremely active and so dexterous in the management of his rough business that it became a proverb, when a man refused to pay his debts, to say, “Why don't you ‘Dun’ him?”—that is, “Why don't you send Dun to arrest him?” Hence it grew into a custom, and is now as old as since the days of Henry VII.

SWINBURNE.—Swinburne's new poem, “The Sailing of the Swallow,” has a charming picture in these lines. They are descriptive of the Lady Iscalt upon the deck of the fine ship, “The Swallow,” as she sat “with full face against the strengthening light, on deck between the rowers, at dawn.”

Her flower soft lips we a meek and passionate, For love upon them like a shadow Patient, a foreseen vision of sweet things, A dream with eyes fast shut and plumbeous wings, That knew not what man's love or life should be, Nor had it sight nor heart to hope or see, What thing should come; but childlike, satisfied, Watches out its virgin vigil in soft pride, And unkindled expectation; and the glad Clear cheeks and throat, and tender temples had Such maiden heat as if a rose's blood Beat in the live heart of a lily-bud.

A GREAT ARTIST.—Martin, the celebrated lion tamer, while staying at Ghent, in 1825, noticed among the most constant attendants at his menagerie a young artist. Martin yearned toward him, and the two became intimate. One day the artist, while taking the portrait of a noble lion, called Nero, complained bitterly that the bars of the cage were in the way. “Don't let that be an obstacle,” said Martin; “if you will come with me into Nero's apartment and allow me to introduce you, I can answer for it that he will show how flattered he is by a visit from so excellent an artist, and will give you every facility for handing down his features to posterity.” The artist jumped at the offer, and Martin, who was not the man to lose an opportunity of advertising himself, sent word to the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, Governor of Ghent, and to other notabilities, that he would on a given day go into Nero's cage and take “an amateur stranger” with him. The Duke did not fail to put in an appearance; the plucky pair walked into the cage, and Nero was at first inclined to be what is called nasty. But, reassured by his master's voice, the lion went and laid down in a corner; and the painter sitting down opposite, coolly proceeded to cut his pencil. Having performed this little preliminary to his satisfaction he executed a sketch of Nero, which was pronounced to be very like. The “dumpeur” and the painter then took a polite leave of the lion; and the Duke, having complimented the artist on the pluck as well as the talent displayed, would fain have purchased the sketch. But it was not to be had for money, and the artist kept it himself. His name was Verboeckhoven, afterwards famous as a Belgian animal painter. How much of his success he owed to his daring feat there is no telling, but it very likely gave him the start which talent required.

DOMESTIC.

SALT FISH PICKLE.—Put into a saucepan any remnants of boiled salt cod (picked out in flakes, and perfectly free from bone and skin), with a piece of butter and a cupful of cream, plenty of white pepper, and a little English mustard. Let the whole simmer till thoroughly hot, but do not let it boil.

SALT BUTTER MADE FRESH.—Put a pound of salt butter in a wooden bowl, and a quart of water, and work it well either with your hand or a wooden spoon for twenty minutes; then pour away the water, and wash it well in seven or eight different waters. Add a very little salt, and make into pats.

LIGHT DUMPLINGS.—To every cup of cold water needed to make as much dough as is desired, put one teaspoonful of cream of tartar and a half teaspoonful of soda; then stir in instantly flour enough to make a little thicker than biscuit; cut out and boil twenty minutes. If directions are strictly followed, you will have light dumplings.

OMELETTE.—A cup of milk and a handful of flour; beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth, and the yolks by themselves; add to the yolks a little flour, and a part of the milk, with pepper and salt; add remainder of milk and flour, the beaten whites last; fry it in butter or part lard; much of the lightness and delicacy of the omelette depends upon the thorough beating of the eggs.