### MARCH WINDS.

O'er distant leagues of stormy sea,
They come, the gales of Spring,
From out the Æolian prison free,
Full strong and swift of wing.
They tell of havoc on the deep,
Of ruin on the shore:
And mothers pray, and maidens weep,
To hear the wild blasts roar.

The cordage creaks, the timbers strain,
The wind-god works his will;
He scours above the open plain,
He beats upon the hill.
Or here, like pliant osier-band,
Will bend the forest trees,
Or here delights with giant hand
Uprooted trunks to seize.

Anon he comes, in merry might,
To homes and haunts of men—
Our artist trust—a motley sight,
You straight shall witness then:
He spares them neither young nor old,
Matron, nor child, nor maid,
On all, with daring over bold,
His wanton hand is laid.

He rudely kisses fair young cheeks,
And rudely tosses tresses;
And every fold his presence speaks
In those disordered dresses.
On mischief bent, whome'er he greets,
His work he leaves not undone,
And thus he gambols through the streets
Of this gigantic London.

—*London Society.*

### THE KISS OF JUDAS.

It may be presumed that this picture was painted as a companion work to Ary Scheffer's well-known "Christ and St. John." No two subjects could by any possibility be more dissimilar: yet the painter has treated each of them with perfect propriety. Fully to appreciate the contrast, the two should be looked at side by side, and it will then be seen how carefully Scheffer studied the character and the circumstances of the figures—that of Christ especially—ere he placed them on the canvas. In the former subject, the scene in the "Last Supper," the face of the Saviour, though "sorrowful," as the sacred narrative expresses it, is tender and gentle, to the extreme of pity, even in the remembrance of all He has to endure within a few short hours. In this subject He has passed through that terrible agony in the garden of Gethsemane, and it has left its traces on the attenuated visage, which now seems overshadowed by the force of deep mental suffering, as He quietly submits to the hypocritical salute of the traitor Judas; for we read that "His visage was marred more than any man, and His form more than the sons of men." As if to render the contrast between these two figures more striking, the painter has given to the countenance of the latter an expression of ugliness almost, if not quite, repulsive: it is the Hebrew type exaggerated to the form of a demon's, for "the devil had entered into the heart of Judas," ere he bartered away his allegiance for thirty pieces of silver. There is no authority in Scripture of the age of this renegade from the faith he once possessed—though there are data that give some clue to the ages of the other disciples; but Judas is almost always represented both by ancient and modern painters—the latter, it may be presumed, following in the wake of the former—as an old man; probably because covetousness, which was the root of his sinful act, is the growth of years, and increases in strength as its possessor advances in life.

Were we disposed to write a homily upon this picture, we might point out, among other matters for reflection, the presumptuous familiarity with which Judas approaches and kisses his Divine Master, as if he could deceive him by this act of apparent love and reverence. The face of the Saviour testifies sufficiently to his knowledge of the motive that prompted the deed, yet is there no reproach in it, no turning away from the unhallowed greeting; it is received with quiet submission as an incident in the fearful drama of which it formed a part, and which had been foreseen from the beginning. Each of them is admirable, regarding both artistically, in its diverse and striking expression.

There is a fine effect of light and shade in this picture, produced by the flickering flame of the torch-bearers behind the principal group.

### SKATING ON THE ARM, HALIFAX, N. S.

The Arm, at Halifax, of which a full description, accompanied by an illustration, was given in our issue of the 24th ultimo, is the scene of frequent field-days with the lovers of skating in the Acadian capital. On such occasions the rank, beauty and fashion of the city turn out in hundreds, armed with the indispensable *Acme* Skate, for an afternoon's enjoyment of the favourite winter pastime. Such a day was the 16th of January last, when our artist profited by the large number who had assembled, attracted by the glorious weather, to transfer to his paper the animated scene which is now laid before our readers.

### THE GUNBOAT "PRINCE ALFRED" HAULED UP FOR REPAIRS AT GODERICH.

On the return of the "Prince Alfred" to her winter quarters at Goderich in November last, after a successful wrecking expedition on Lake Huron, it was found necessary to send her into dry dock for the repair of some injuries received while hauling vessels off shore. Unfortunately, however, the unusual thickness of the ice in the harbour prevented her being brought into the Dock-yard. It was therefore determined to draw her across the harbour to a point where she could be raised and placed in a position for the immediate commencement of the needful repairs. The difficulties attendant upon the successful completion of the work were numerous, but in spite of all Captain Wyatt, the Gunboat Inspector, succeeded in his undertaking, and the repairs were commenced in time to be finished by the opening of navigation. Over 800 tons of ice three feet in thickness had to be removed, and then the work of transportation commenced By means of iron blocks weighing 900 lbs. and 1½ in. chains—the gear being worked by horse power—the vessels was hauled across along the bottom and raised on blocks three feet above the ground. The magnitude of the undertaking will be better understood when we state that the tonnage of the "Prince Alfred" is 570, and the dead weight lifted is calculated at 400 tons; and yet this was safely accomplished in the absence of all the usual appliances and in the face of all the obstructions caused by the severity of an exceptionally early winter.

### THE DISGUISE OF WOMEN.

In the island of Cos, as Sir John Maundeville tells us, there still lived, in his time—that is to say, during the fourteenth century—the daughter of that eminent physician, Hippocrates, M. D., who had then been dead, if history lieth not, nearly two thousand years. The goddess Diana, for some reason of hers, unknown to Sir John Maundeville, had changed her by magic art into the form and figure of a loathly dragon, a hundred fathoms in length. She inhabits—for one may suppose she is still there—an old castle in the island whence she comes out two or three times every year, but does no harm to anybody. And she is doomed to remain in that form until some knight be found bold enough to kiss her on the mouth disguised and hideous as she is. This once done, she shall turn again into a woman. Not long before Sir John visited the island, a knight of Rhodes undertook the adventure. Mounting his charger he rode boldly into the castle where she lay; but when the dragon lifted her head, the knight's courage left him, and he turned to escape Whereupon the dragon tossed him, horse and all, into the sea. This accident brought the adventurer into disrepute. But there was another—a young man who knew not of the dragon. He, wandering about the island, came upon the castle, and entering it discovered her on one of those rare days when she was permitted—in the strictest privacy—to resume her own shape, in order to comb her hair. She told the youth, who was not yet a knight, that if he would go away and get knighted, and then come back and have the courage to kiss a harmless dragon on the mouth, she, and all her wealth would be his. He went, was made a knight and returned to the adventure. But, alas! when the dragon came out—so loathly and misshapen—his courage failed him, too; and he fled in haste. She, when she saw that he turned not again, began to cry as a thing that hath much sorrow; and then she returned to her cave. Here she sits still, waiting for the knight to come who shall dare to kiss her on the mouth.

Sir John, of course, never expected that any one would believe this story, which we are to take as the work of an old bachelor, a misogynist, and as a very subtle allegory. It treats, under the veil of a local fable, of the disguise of women. Woman, he tells, is doomed by the goddess Fashion ever to appear in some shape other than her natural one. She appears—occasionally, that is, when she goes into society—always in this disguise, and never doing any harm to people. In her own castle—that is, at home—she puts on her natural shape; but to the outer world she can never appear as she really is, until a knight has been found bold enough to kiss her mouth. Then the woman's form appears; the disguise drops off, she stands before her deliverer, and reveals the precious secrets of her soul. Then the flowers of love and sympathy grow up and bloom in the sunshine of love, and the real self, starved and imprisoned hitherto, springs into the light of a brighter and freer air.

Modern damsels do not, it is true, assume the disguise of a loathsome dragon. That is because Fashion is kinder than she was wont to be. But under other shapes they hide themselves just as well from the knights of these days. Every young lady belongs to one of a few types, under the disguise of which she goes out to dinner and into society. She is, perhaps, the young lady disguised as a butterfly, who always talks of balls, and operas, and concerts, leading one to believe—which is quite absurd—that her thoughts are that way directed. Or she is the semblance of a dove, the religious young lady; she has given up her mind to early services, vestments, and confession, or to the spiritual welfare of Quashee and Sambo. The idea that any one is going to believe that is more absurd than the other. Or, perhaps got up as an owl, she is the young lady who goes in for study, and displays more knowledge than the admirable Crichton. Now she cannot possibly like it, or hope to persuade me that she would not much rather appear in her real shape. Or, sometimes, one has the luck to take into dinner the young lady disguised as a magpie, who loves to talk on the very confines of those mysterious regions where young ladyhood is not supposed to penetrate. Then, under the influence of fear, anxiety, and confusion, you find the dinner slip away with a rapidity quite startling.

They are all alike in one respect. Whenever there is a new book of any importance, they are all quite sure to have read it. Darwin for instance. I have not read that author, and do not intend to, because I care nothing about ancestral honours. But I always pretend to an acquaintance with the book among my disguised young ladies; and curiously enough, I have never yet been found out.

All this is the disguise of society. Why should girls be afraid of showing themselves to the world as they show themselves to their brothers? They may, if they like, spoil the curve of a lovely head by piling up a heap of false hair; or they may ruin a figure like that of the Venus of Milo by tight-lacing—the dear little idiots; or they may inflict torture on themselves worse than any endured by an Indian Yogi, by wearing heels three inches high, and so being unable to stand upright. All this they may do if they please. I am not a married man, and I have no right to interfere. But what I have a right to complain of is, that I can never get the damsels of society to show themselves as they are—to be natural—unless I go through that preliminary performance which the young lady of Cos wanted so badly. And how do I know how she will turn out and what she will be like? I am afraid. I am a lineal descendant of the knight who ran away, and I confess that I am afraid. Is there no other way? Perhaps this is the reason why, as Mr. Weller, senior, informed the world, there are more widows married than single women.

### SYDNEY SMITH.

The following passage occurs in the "Memoirs of Robert Chambers":—

On one of these occasions of visiting the metropolis, a new and unexpected acquaintance was formed. It was in 1844, when residing in Greek Street, Soho. One day about noon, a carriage drives up to the door—not a vehicle of the light, modern sort, but an old family coach, drawn by a pair of sleek horses From it descends an aged gentleman, who, from his shovel hat and black gaiters, is seen to be an ecclesiastical dignitary. I overhear, by the voices at the door, that I am asked for. "Who, in all the world, can this be?" A few minutes solve this question. Heavy footsteps are heard deliberately ascending the antique balustraded stair. My unknown visitor is ushered in—his name announced: "The Rev. Sydney Smith." I hasten to receive so celebrated a personage as is befitting, and express the pleasure I have in the unexpected visit—wondering how he had discovered me.

"I heard at Roger's you were in town," said he, "and was resolved to call. Let us sit down and have a talk."

We drew towards the fire, for the day was cold, and he continued: "You are surprised possibly at my visit. There is nothing at all strange about it. The originator of the *Edinburgh Review* has come to see the originator of the *Edinburgh Journal*."

I felt honoured by the remark, and delighted beyond measure with the good natured and unceremonious observations which my visitor made on a variety of subjects. We talked of Edinburgh, and I asked him where he had lived. He said it was in Buccleuch Place, not far from Jeffrey, with an outlook behind to the Meadows. "Ah," he remarked, "what charming walks I had about Arthur's Seat, with the clear mountain air blowing in one's face! I often think of that glorious scene." I alluded to the cluster of young men—Jeffrey, Horner, Brougham, himself, and one or two others, who had been concerned in commencing the *Review* in 1802. Of these, he spoke with most affection of Horner, and specified one who, from his vanity and eccentricities, could not be trusted. Great secrecy, he said, had to be employed in conducting the undertaking, and this agrees with what Lord Jeffrey told my brother. My reverend and facetious visitor made some little inquiry about my own early efforts, and he laughed when I reminded him of a saying of his own about studying on a little oatmeal—for that would have applied literally to my brother and to myself. "Ah, *labora, labora*," he said sententiously, "how that word expresses the character of your country!"

"Well, we do sometimes work pretty hard," I observed: "but for all that, we can relish a pleasantry as much as our neighbours. You must have seen that the Scotch have a considerable fund of humour."

"O, by all means," replied my visitor, "you are an immensely funny people, but you need a little operating upon to let the fun out. I know no instrument so effectual for the purpose as the cork-screw!" Mutual laughter, of course.

CARE FOR RELEASED CRIMINALS.—One great reason why criminals relapse into crime, after leaving jail, is the difficulty of obtaining employment. With a handicraftsman, the embarrassments attending a rehabilitation are, in some respects, greater than with those who have no regular trade. Workmen naturally shrink from association with a "prison bird," and sooner or later, the fact that a fellow-workman has lately been an occupant of a jail, comes to light, and in most cases the unfortunate object is forced to leave. The free-masonry that exists among members of the same craft renders the presence of a convicted prisoner in their ranks for any long time without discovery nearly a matter of impossibility, and, unless some exceptional circumstances attend the case, his ostracism is pretty sure to follow. In the case of those without trades, the procuring of employment may not be easy, but, when secured, it is more likely to be retained in the absence of the above-mentioned hostile feature. The one thing long needed—the re-starting in life of discharged convicts—a firm in Bridgeport, Connecticut, has inaugurated. This firm teaches convicts while in prison some mechanical business, under contract, and if faithfully served, continue to employ them after their discharge. The fact that he has worked in some establishment after emerging from jail, considerably lessens the difficulties of a criminal's position, and is an indorsement for employment elsewhere. It raises a barrier in the perspective of his history that helps to hide from view the scene of his disgrace. That is what is wanted to supplement the reformatory influences now at work in the penal establishments. It is the little word of encouragement that, given or withheld, restores a convict to the society from which he fell, or leaves him to sink back into the ranks of crime. The Bridgewater Samaritans have set a good example, which it is to be hoped will be followed by others.

BYRON SITTING TO THORWALDSEN.—At Rome Byron sat to Thorwaldsen for his bust. The commonly received story is, that without any previous announcement, he surprised the great sculptor in his studio, and requested him forthwith to take his likeness. The fact, however, is that Hobhouse, commissioned by Byron, had written to Thorwaldsen, asking him whether and when Byron could sit to him. Thorwaldsen, who was a very bad and very indolent letter-writer, probably delayed his answer, and Byron, without waiting for it, went to him. "Byron placed himself opposite me"—so Thorwaldsen told the story to Anderson—"but at once began to put on a quite different expression from that usual to him. 'Will you not sit still?' said I. 'You need not assume that look.' 'That is my expression,' said Byron. 'Indeed?' said I, and I then represented him as I wished. When the bust was finished, it was universally admitted to be an excellent likeness. Byron, when he saw the bust, said: 'it is not at all like me; my expression is more unhappy.' He intensely desired to be so exceedingly miserable," added Thorwaldsen, with a humorous expression. The bust, the first copy of which was sent, according to agreement, to Hobhouse, was repeatedly executed in marble, and a greater number of plaster casts were sent to England. A *replica* in marble was ordered from America in these terms: "Place the names of Byron and Thorwaldsen on it, and it will become an immortal monument." When the sculptor at a later period heard of the part which Byron was taking in the liberation of Greece, impelled by his own feelings, he executed the bust again in a very fine block of Greek marble.—*From "Life and Times of Lord Byron." By Karl Elze.*

There is a Total Abstinence Society, it appears, in France, as it displays near the wine shops pictures of the human stomach as burned by absinthe. The wine shops also have their cartoons exhibiting the hideous state of the stomachs of teetotalers—more dreadful in an artistic point of view.

The widow of a man, accidentally drowned under Old London Bridge, applied to a certain vestry, which gave her an order on an overseer for relief. The entry on his book was made in the following words—"Paid to a woman whose husband was drowned by order of the vestry under London Bridge £1 1s."