

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

KNIGHT TOGGENBURG.

(Translated from Schiller.)

"Sir Knight! true sister-love
This heart devotes to thee:
No fonder seek to prove,
For oh! it paineth me.
Calmly I see thee near,
Calmly I see thee go:
But why that silent tear
Is wept, I may not know."

By dumb despair oppress'd
The warrior's heart was wrung—
He strained her to his breast,
Then on his charger sprung;
And summoned valiant brave
Forth from the Switzer's land,
And sought the Holy Grave
With red-cross pilgrim-band.

There deeds of daring might
Were wrought by heroes' arms—
Their helmet-plumes waved bright
Amid the Paynim-warrens:
And Toggenburg's dread name
Struck terror to the foe,
But still no solace came
To soothe his lonely woe.

One year he now hath pined—
Why longer should he stay?
Repose he cannot find
Amid the host's array.
A bark from Joppa's strand
Sailed gentle gales beneath:
He seeks the hallowed land
Where floats her balmy breath.

And soon a pilgrim wan
Knocks at her castle-gate,
And hears, oh! lonely man!
The thunder-word of fate:
"The maid thou seekest now
Is heaven's unpolluted bride,
By yester-morning's vow
To God himself allied."

'Tis past! He quits for aye
His old ancestral home;
His arms with rust decay,
His steeds at pleasure roam.
Down from his natal crags,
Unknown to all, he hies:
A hermit's sackcloth rags
His noble limbs disguise.

He rears a lowly hut
Near scenes endeared by love,
Where flows her convent shut
Mid shade of linden-grove:
And in that lonesome place
He sate from dawn of day,
With hope upon his face,
Till evening's latest ray:

Watching with earnest hope
The convent-walls above
To mark a lattice-ope,
The lattice of his love:
To see but once her face,
So meek and angel-mild,
Low bending down to gaze
Upon the valley wild.

And then he sought repose,
Consoled by visions bright,
Nor thought upon his woes
At sweet return of light.
And thus he sate—alone—
Long dream-like days and years,
Waiting, without a man,
Until the maid appears:

Waiting to see her face,
So meek and angel-mild,
Low bending down to gaze
Upon the valley wild.
And so he sate in death,
One summer morning, there,
Still watching from beneath
With fond, calm, wistful stare!

W. MURRAY.

in the draped female form. But we are not to suppose that we are confined to a single era for our conceptions of a beautiful form. In every wholesome intellectual age the world has taken care of its ideal. Embodiments of beauty that are approximately perfect are presented by one or two antique statues, as the Medicean Venus and the Venus of Milo—(the latter of which I think you should give in an illustration, as nobody seems to be aware of its presence in Montreal), and by some of the Pompeian paintings and the fictile vases of the Greeks. The madonnas of Raphael, the women of Titian and Guido also afford grand examples, embodying a constant and perhaps progressive change of type. No desire for the presence of the compressed waist is ever suggested by any of these great historic models. The educated eye will on the contrary be convinced that such an addition could only be a blemish and derogation from the general effect of their form, or colour and expression; and the least familiarity with fine ideals will soon satisfy the eye, and through it the mind of the student that the waist has its natural proportion to the width of the shoulders and the hips, and that a prevalent harmonious grace of contour and of movement—for a fine ideal will always suggest graceful movement—is really the higher law to which mere measurements are altogether subservient. As we have already suggested, beauty by no means confines itself to a single model, or prescribed form, but whatever the model, it is nature, or the exalted conception of nature, that has originated it. There are light sylph-like figures, of which the slightly formed waist is an element that satisfies the eye, without attracting its particular notice, because such a waist belongs to the figure, and is one symbol of its language of expression. Nature has provided that element in harmony with a fairy-like contour, and good taste will be satisfied with the sprightly and amiable presence. Let any of the muscles become cramped in their action, and the grace has vanished. Any interference with a spontaneous development of contour in the life of movement can inaugurate only deformity. The true orator will tell you this, and beauty has an oratory of its own. Our friend proceeds so exultantly in the thesis he had prepared for himself that it would be hard to say that he really affords to any one proposition the honour of a distinct assertion. It provokes a pleasant inconsequential ease of mind to write in this vein. For our part, we dare not indulge in the freedom, for the mischief involved might be that young people, not very literary in their modes of thought, might be induced to take such remarks for simple gospel, so endangering their peace, and perhaps even the permanent health and welfare of their lives.

We would have our Canadian Roses without Thorns, and certainly with no canker to destroy their youthful freshness.

Vanity has proved nothing less than the dissolution of myriads of women, and with them of society, in the history of every super-civilized land. We cannot give the right hand of fellowship to this insidious enemy of the race. But confining ourselves strictly to the one object of our beauty-worshippers and adorners, we cannot but still further call their attention to the havoc that goes on in the human face divine, in that example of its best attributes, the beautiful female countenance during this process of compression of the torso. We behold the tender eyes becoming sunken, and losing their lustrous attraction, the fine oval of the face running into parallel lines, all brilliancy of contour and colour vanishing together. The wanness of care sitting on the lips of the nymph, supplanter of the Vernal smiles of peace and security. We are dealing with mere facts, and we know the illusion is not less complete than we have painted it. Nature always resents an outrage; surely it would be a cruel thing to put the originating cause of all this deterioration into any girl's head! The key struck in these remarks was the argument of externals, and to show how completely this attempt must fail in its object. The subject has often been more profoundly treated, but enough has already been said to show that the living soul, the mind and the affections, have been compromised by this monstrous process, in company with the frame that embodies them. The two are indissolubly linked together, and you cannot affect the one for good or evil, but the other will respond. The mythologic idea of the cestus of Venus had, we may be well assured, nothing to do with compression. The exquisite breathing grace embodied in the best ancient sculptures will not allow us for a moment to entertain the thought. Our excellent Milton, who in the purity of his classic inspirations, as in so much else, dwelt as a star in his age, had the right conception in that invocation of his—

Come thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven 'yclept Euphrosyne,
And on earth heart-easing mirth.

We feel well assured as we con his lines that neither the lovely (albeit mythologic) young person nor either of her 'sister graces' owed any portion of their pleasant heart-easing attractions to the virtues of compression. No, sir, it was not until those corrupt European courts, that proceeding from one folly to another, introduced powder and patches and a vast useless expansion of skirt—not until the starched, inhuman egotism that enlisted the pencil of less ideal schools of art, from Holbein and Vandyke to the Watteaus and Lancretis and the Lelys and Knellers had notified the world, as a seed growing into a tree, of the coming horrors of Revolution, first in Britain and more savagely and unreasonably in France, when vanity, in fateful succession, came to be quenched in blood,—that we meet with this particular folly of tight lacing among the women; and it is just because we do not wish to look forward to a repetition of those centuries of madness and fatuity, in the annals of this, our youthful North American Dominion, but, on the contrary, very earnestly desire to conserve the family happiness and independence of Christian homesteads that we raise our humble note of warning. We do not wish to connect with our maidens, wives and mothers the aspect of a blighted youth and a speeded age, the canker of consumption and the decay of the race, and so we have said thus much against tight lacing.

To our virtuous young women I confided the important charge of directing the tastes of our young Canadians of the stronger sex, and keeping them from the paths of dissipation; and this they may successfully accomplish by a demeanour that is true and graceful, and by attractions that are elevated, maidenly and pure. In the sight of heaven the beauty of a meek and quiet spirit is of great price.

Postscript.—It should be added that the best schools of art at the present hour are cultivating the antique and true models. There will be no vestige of the infatuation to be discovered there.

Scraps.

A perfectly white robin, "*Turdus Migratorious*," was recently caught at Rocky Nook, Plymouth, Mass.

"Professor" Holloway, the well-known English patent medicine man, is about to establish two great hospitals in the neighbourhood of London—one a convalescent home, and the other an asylum for incurables. He has already erected an asylum for lunatics.

It is said that Victor Emmanuel is eager to abdicate and retire into private life with the lady to whom he is organically married; and should events take this course, it is well understood in Rome that things will be carried with a Bismarckian hand by Prince Humbert. The new King would have the support of the entire army.

The new treaty between Germany and Persia opens with the following piece of "bifalutin": "In the name of the good and all-charitable God! His Majesty the German Emperor on the one hand, and His Majesty, whose standard is the sun, the holy, illustrious, and great monarch, the absolute ruler and Emperor, the Emperor of all the States of Persia, on the other."

The word snob, says Taine, does not exist in France, because they have not the thing. The snob is the child of aristocratical societies; perched on the step of the long ladder, he respects the man on the round above him, and despises the man on the step below, without inquiring what they are worth, solely on account of their position; in his innermost heart he finds it natural to kiss the boots of the first and kick the second.

In the next encyclical letter Pius IX. will read at the Consistory, the great excommunication will be pronounced against King Victor Emmanuel personally, because he has signed the law about religious corporations. This time it is not an ordinary encyclical letter, but the great excommunication will be read in the Cathedral of St. Peter with the greatest solemnity. The Cathedral will be draped in black, and yellow tapers will burn on the altar, as in Passion Week.

A good story is told of one of the two English peers (Lord Forester and Lord Kinsdale) who possess the hereditary right of wearing their hats in the presence of their sovereign. One of these noble peers, in exercise of his right, entered into the presence of her Majesty with his head covered. The Queen immediately arose, and expressed her great satisfaction in seeing him maintain the ancient privilege; but at the same time quietly observed that she was surrounded by the ladies of the court, and she thought his lordship must have forgotten that he was in their presence.

Changes are obvious at Niagara to the visitor who has allowed a few years to elapse since his last visit. The Horseshoe Fall is losing its original shape, and is gradually assuming a triangular form. The weight of the waters is breaking away the bed of rock over which it passes to such an extent that a narrow channel is in the course of formation, into which the water will fall as from two opposite walls. Strange to say, however, the water never encroaches upon the shore on either side. The American Fall also is losing its symmetrical straightness, and is slowly changing into the outline of a horseshoe. Those who visit the Falls every year do not easily perceive all these changes, but they are perceptible to less regular visitors.

An anecdote is thus told of M. Ranc, the Deputy whose prosecution for sympathy with the Commune, has been revived by the French Government after two years. In 1853 he was examined in the case of a clerk who was charged with having designed to shoot the Emperor. The judge said: "M. Ranc, from what I see in these papers, you endeavoured to dissuade the prisoner from assassination." M. Ranc looked relieved, and replied that he had done so. "But how?" continued the judge. "The prisoner tells us that you said, 'You are short-sighted, and will miss him.'" M. Ranc's head drooped, and his manner admitted that only in the novel way mentioned he had tried to discourage the intending assassin.

A Dresden engineer proposes a method for increasing the durability of railroad tires, by which, he considers, they may be made to last four times as long as at present. The sleepers, of whatever kind of wood, are first allowed to dry for some time in air, then are artificially dried in a hot chamber. They are next introduced, while hot, into an impregnation apparatus containing heated coal-tar, where they are impregnated thoroughly under pressure. Then they are coated with sifted sand or coal ashes and allowed to dry. Every fissure is carefully filled; the nails used in fixing the sleepers are first dipped into hot coal-tar, and any part of the work which may be exposed is carefully coated. The inventor further states that wood thus prepared has been also used for house-building purposes, and with excellent results.

The unfortunate *soi-disant* Countess of Derwentwater, who still remains a prisoner in Newcastle Gaol, has issued an appeal to Her Majesty, in which she says: "O Queen! mercy and justice is thy mission on earth, and why allow one inoffensive heir of Derwentwater to be falsely incarcerated, shut up for seven months, languishing and deprived of even a breath of fresh air? 'What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' Are tyranny, torture, and wrong the civil rights of the people thou rulest? I have kept all thy laws diligently. O Queen, listen! it is thy prerogative to command, 'let right be done.' The crowns have fallen lately from the regal heads of several princes in Europe; and the greatest monarch that ever held the English sceptre looked back and moralised, and Her Majesty exclaimed, 'Millions of money for moments of time!'"

The vanity of artists, and especially of dramatic and lyric artists, sometimes takes a very amusing pose, and their critics seem to be the most suggestive moving power. A Parisian journalist once related that having observed in his *feuilleton* that the performance of a popular actor in a certain farce was perfect, he was surprised by the appearance of the said actor to a state of burning indignation. "Didn't you say in yesterday's *feuilleton*," exclaimed this sensitive being, "that I was perfect in that part? Did you not say so coldly, dryly, without a pleasant word for me?" One of the greatest singers of the day was mentioned as such by a certain journal, and duly went to thank the critic giving words to that flattering opinion. Having made his genial acknowledgements, the great basso went on to say, with a vanity perfectly naive: "You say I am one of the greatest singers of the day; pray, who are the others?"

The magic inexhaustible inkstand is a Parisian invention which may be thus briefly described: In a neat little metal case is contained a chemical preparation, secret of course, into which cold water is to be poured. In the course of a few hours good ink is produced in the reservoir, and the inventors declare that the composition contained in the metal case is ample, simply by supplying water, to produce as much ink as would serve for writing "a hundred folio pages a day for a year, or ten pages a day for ten years, or one page a day for one hundred years." Of these three test-periods, the first and the last are not likely to be tried. Few people will write a hundred folio pages every day for a twelvemonth, and fewer still will be in a position to record their experience at the end of a century. If the magic inkstand only does a tithe of what its inventors claim for it, ordinary folk will be amply content. The apparatus is very neat and portable, and, indeed, rather ornamental; and we have no doubt it will meet with a large sale.

MONTREAL.

Correspondence.

TIGHT LACING.

(From a Correspondent.)

The imaginative essay on tight lacing which appeared in your last number but one seems to call for a word or two of thoughtful comment. As to the prevalence of the custom at the hour in which we write, the general impression seems to be that the habit has greatly decreased of late years, as a natural consequence of the more reasonable views which have been so generally advocated, and of the sense which has prevailed in the minds of considerate people of the desirability of preserving the human frame undeteriorated, if possible, to future generations.

The cultivation of any attribute is but the just corollary of its estimation and value; and if health and beauty were really capable of being subserved by the practice we are considering, we suppose it would have to be admitted. But if it be imagined that beauty can be cultivated without health, or even at the expense of health, we can only say that any such idea is the weakest of fictions, for the two are absolutely united. The one quality is but the visible representative of the other. We do not go the length of declaring that all healthy women are beautiful, in the more refined and æsthetic sense of the word, although perfect health has always a certain beauty of its own, but the most refined general outlines will completely fail to constitute beauty in the absence of health, and this is the point we particularly wish our young ladies to consider for themselves—that along with the departed health will vanish all the charms of expression—and if they consider the matter aright, they will readily see that the only value mere outlines can ever possess will be in proportion as they conduce to the ensemble of the expression of a physical and mental gracefulness, and in its due proportion of strength also. There is no beauty in mere weakness.

If our friend be familiar with those original designs of Phidias in the museum in London, which until Lord Elgin made prey of them formed the frieze of the Parthenon at Athens, and which, it is not too much to say, will leave an abiding impression upon the mind of every faithful student, he will admit that we have there almost a perfection of grace