

THE COT.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

A modest little cot have I,  
That just across the mead doth lie;  
A little brooklet parteth near,  
Whose water floweth crystal clear.

My little cot you scarce may see  
For yonder stately bending tree,  
Which seems to look with kindly care  
Upon the lonely dweller there.

And now a little nightingale  
Is sweetly singing in the vale;  
So clear his note that one must stay  
And hearken to him by the way.

Thou little maid with soft brown hair,  
Who long hast been my joy and care,  
I go, the storm-wind bloweth free;  
Wilt thou not seek the cot with me?

SPRING SONG.

(FROM HEINE.)

Safely thro' my listening soul  
Sweetest chimera are sounding;  
Little spring-song onward roll,  
Far and wide resounding.

Pause not till thou reach the cot  
Where the violet's springing;  
Whisper to the Rose my heart  
Greets her in thy singing.

GEORGE LEE.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE SYRACUSE FIRE.—Early on the morning of July 19 the beautiful city of Syracuse was visited by a destructive fire, which within a couple of hours consumed property of the value of nearly four hundred thousand dollars. The block in which the fire occurred contained the Wisting Opera House—an elegant structure, of which only the picturesque ruins remain. The stage was large, and well appointed with scenery and furniture, and was in great favour with the theatrical profession. The Opera House and the old hall which formerly occupied its site have a history, says the Syracuse Journal, which would be interesting if written. "In one or the other of them have appeared such notables as Charlotte Cushman, Charles Dickens, Estlin, Laura Keane, Patti, Forrest, Nilsson, Booth, and later Gerster and Bernhardt. The Governors of fourteen States have been upon their stages, together with cabinet officers, able lecturers, and literary gentlemen in large numbers, also hundreds of prominent politicians. They have been the scene of conventions which shaped the political future, of conventions which discussed educational and social questions; have been the theatre in which political history was made which will never be forgotten. There was where the Democratic party fought some of its hardest battles, and where the Republican party was divided in 1872."

The Toronto civic holiday was celebrated last Monday with the usual demonstrations. Excursions were the order of the day, and Lorne, Victoria and High Parks were largely patronized by pleasure seekers. The balloon ascension advertised to take place at the first of these places did not come off, but the lacrosse match between the Torontos and the Independents of Montreal, resulted in a victory for the former by three straight games. The evening was devoted to a display of fireworks in the Horticultural Gardens of which we give an illustration on another page.

The sketches furnished by our special artist of Halifax and its surroundings are supplemented this week by another half-page of the Fort, showing one of the relics of the French occupancy of the place, the ring used to fasten the mighty chain by which the entrance to the harbour was barred.

The reception of the Governor-General and suite on their arrival at Barrie is from a photograph kindly furnished to us by Barrard Bros. of that place. As will be seen there was a large turn out to meet the train, and the loyal people of Barrie did their best to give the Governor-General and party a hearty welcome.

The arrest of a Catholic priest at Mullingar recently caused a great sensation in the neighbourhood, and raised the entire neighbourhood to attempt his rescue, in which they succeeded in spite of the opposition of the police. Our illustration is from the pencil of M. Montbard, the talented correspondent of the *Monde Illustré*.

"The luck of married life" is a charming series of sketches which speak for themselves, and to which the attention of determined old bachelors is called. Before however engaging in matrimony, it may be well for those whose thoughts are turned in that direction to study another half-page on which are depicted the phases of the honeymoon, not to be found in any almanack of the period, but none the less accurately sketched from actual observation.

St. Jean Baptiste Day is celebrated in Russia as a day of even greater importance than is given to it in Canada. Amongst the interesting customs of the day is that known as the "maiden's garland," which prevails in South Russia. The girls of the village seek the banks of a swift running stream towards nightfall and cast each her garland upon the waves. According as the wreath sinks or swims so will her married lot be fair or clouded.

HEARTH AND HOME.

OUR LIFE TIME.—Man lives seventy years. The first thirty are his human years, and pass swiftly by; he is then healthy and happy—he labours cheerfully, and rejoices in his existence. The eighteen years of the ass come next, and burden after burden is heaped upon him; he carries the corn that is to feed others, and blows and kicks are the wages of his faithful service. The twelve years of the dog follow, and he loses his teeth, and lies in a corner and growls. When these are gone, the ape's ten years form the conclusion. The man, weak and silly, becomes the sport of children.

A USEFUL HINT.—When you wish to know what the weather is to be, go out and select the smallest cloud you see. Keep your eyes upon it, and if it decreases and disappears it shows a state of the air which will be sure to be followed by fine weather; but if it increases in size take your great coat with you, if you are going from home, for falling weather is not far off. The reason is this: when the air is becoming charged with electricity you will see every cloud attracting all lesser ones towards it, until it gathers into a shower; and, on the contrary, when the fluid is passing off, or diffusing itself, then a large cloud will be seen breaking into pieces and dissolving.

THE BACHELOR.—Surround a bachelor with every possible comfort; give him the roomiest of bed-chambers, the most refreshing of couches, the largest of sponging-baths; cover his breakfast-table with the whitest of table-cloths; make his tea with the hottest of boiling water; envelope his body in the most comfortable of dressing-gowns, and his feet in the easiest of slippers; feed him amid the luxuries and comforts of the snuggest of clubs; do all these things and more for him, and he will, nevertheless, be unhappy. He mopes, and ponders, and dreams about love and marriage.

ARTIFICIAL GRAVES.—Leave to actresses all artificial contrivances to enhance beauty. Girls will derive no benefit from them—no real advantage in making dark hair golden, in preparations to render the eyes lustrous, in artificial bloom for the cheeks, nor in the abundant use of powder. All these artifices have a rather ghastly effect in the light of day, and should be left to the stage. It is a part of the profession of the actress to understand and avail herself of all such cosmetics as are placed at her disposal; but this does not in any way excuse young ladies for having recourse to them. The best means to preserve the charms of youth are abundant use of the bath; quiet, regular living; plain, wholesome diet; early hours; a proper amount of exercise in the fresh air, and sufficient useful occupation both for the mind and body.

THIS OFTEN HAPPENS.—Who can explain why certain men seem to fascinate women? We knew a man, a fellow with the head and hair of a tramp, and the dress of a doctor with a lean practice, a person who wriggled like a snake when he walked, and had a clammy hand, yet this person was a perfect woman-killer. One girl was betrothed to him for three years, and then he jilted her coldly for a new flame. The new love affair ended with a tragedy, for when in turn he shook the new love off, the restless, grief-stricken girl ended her troubles for ever in a neighbouring river. There were other women who loved the fellow desperately, although they consoled themselves more easily. What they could ever see in the man to fall in love with passeth understanding. Another great lady-killer who seemed to discriminate men to fall below the average, was absolutely fatal to the peace of women. There were five romantic school-girls in love with him at once, if we remember. Female friends and relations, prophesied a future of extraordinary brilliancy for him, and he could have his "pick and steal" of all the young ladies in the country. Well, the man who was to stand upon the topmost pinnacle of intellectual greatness is now a schoolmaster, and a second-rate one at that, with an insignificant wife, who has neither intellect nor beauty to recommend her.

HOW TO BE HANDSOME.—To be beautiful in person we must not only conform to the laws of physical health, and by gymnastic arts and artificial appliances develop the elements of physical being in symmetry and completeness, but we must do more—we must cultivate the mind, and develop the affections to the highest possible degree. To be beautiful we must feed the spark of intellectual fire by reading and meditation until it burns in steady flame, irradiating the face by its brilliancy, and suffusing the countenance with a calm and holy light; also, we must fill the brain with sublime thoughts, and live surrounded, as it were, by an atmosphere of ideas. To be beautiful we must put a great organizing and ennobling purpose into the will, and concentrate our thoughts and affections upon the accomplishment of it, until enthusiasm swells up in the heart, suffusing the countenance, and rebuilding the body on its own divine plan. To be beautiful we must cherish every kind impulse and generous disposition, making love the ruling affection of the heart—the ordering principle and inspiring motive of life; the more kindness, the more beauty; the more love, the more loveliness.

CONFIDENCE IN SELF.—Rely on yourself; take it for granted that you can accomplish your plans. Never say "I can't"—they are ignoble words. He who does not feel within

himself the power to conquer fate, is not a man in the true sense of the word. Of course it is a misfortune for him, since he can never be any benefit to himself or anybody else. Heaven help the woman who marries him! Somebody says, "Oh, I don't like these self-conceited folks!" My friend, self-conceit and self-confidence are two qualities as different as light and darkness; and though the self-conceited man may not be the most agreeable of companions, we infinitely prefer him to the creeping, cringing, craven-spirited fellow who is never ready for an emergency, and who, like Uriah Heep, spends his life in trying to be "umble." The man who says, "I will do it!"—who says it from his heart, and means it, too—who bends his whole energy to the work, almost always accomplishes it; and then people call him lucky and successful, and all that sort of thing, when, in fact, his luck has been brought about by his own persevering efforts, and by his confidence in himself. Fortune detests cowardice; and the man who will not be conquered by trifles is her prime favourite.

OLD RELICS.—Thrilling with that curious pleasure which comes to those of us who are romantic when turning over the relics of the past, with what interest we handle old letters yellow with age but still tied with the true love-knot of blue ribbon; volumes of poetry with inscriptions of the enthusiastic sort, now out of date, written in an elegant hand on the fly-leaf, and with the tenderest verses marked with rose-leaves; silken scarf to which time has given mellow tints no dyer wots of; quaint garments that make one smile, yet which may have set off dimpled beauty rarely; a sword on which the rust of a century has gathered; a great watch that still has power to tick, though its maker and he who wore it have been ashes for generations. And suddenly, in the midst of our enjoyment, a thought will creep over us that makes our hearts stand still. The time must come—will surely come, if we leave anything behind us—when gay young folk, whose grandmothers are yet unborn, will some day find a treasure in some queer old things they have discovered just fit for the next masquerade; and those "queer old things" will be our present best clothes—and the bonnet that was thought "a love" in Paris. They will peep into our letters and try to make love-stories out of them, and wonder at our taste in books; and we—well, at least we shall not be here. The earth will be out no more—its pleasant places or its shadows, its griefs or its delights. As the rose we pluck—the odour we inhale—we shall be gone, as those are over whose relics we pore to-day.

MISCELLANY.

A CORRESPONDENT of *Notes and Queries* sends the following extract concerning a Lancashire custom—"A singular case came before the Clithero magistrates yesterday. Once a year the villages of Clipping go through the ceremony of electing an imaginary mayor, the man who has distinguished himself by getting 'most drunk.' He is placed upon a chair, and a procession, headed by two intoxicated cornet players, and carrying mops, firearms, and painted sticks, is formed. The police summoned two men for taking part in the ceremony, as it was likely to create a disturbance. The cases were, however, dismissed, and one of the magistrates remarked that 'the approved of these old customs.'"

THE Duke of Sutherland has brought home a good deal of useful information relative to railway matters, and one capital story which he has some notion of incorporating in a speech on the Land Bill. But as the Land Bill is yet far off from the Lords, as the Duke may not make his speech, and as the story is already being told across the dinner table, there will be no treachery in forestalling its narration. It bears upon the eviction difficulty of the land question, though the hero is a gentleman who, in more prosperous times, was engaged in commercial pursuits. Having a difficulty with his creditors, he fled to a little bit of land called Sandy Island, half of which belongs to Rhode Island, and half to Connecticut. A Rhode Island officer was sent to arrest him, but he punched his head and withdrew to the Connecticut side. A Connecticut officer being despatched, the islander was found sitting on the boundary line of the two States with a cocked pistol in his hand. Retiring to the Rhode Island side, he informed the officer that if he attempted to take him he would shoot him. At the time the Duke sailed the islander was still monarch of all he surveyed.

HEREDITARY TALENT.—It has long been a matter of observation that the descendants of talented men seldom inherit the ability of their ancestors, but the following anecdote illustrates an exception in individuals as well as in animals. Dr. John Brown, the author, among various works of that exquisite story of humble life, "Rab and His Friends," is a son of a late eminent Edinburgh divine of the same name, and a great-grandson of the well-known Rev. John Brown, of Haddington. On its appearance before the public "Rab and His Friends" was eagerly perused by thousands of delighted readers, and among them by a popular master of a pack of ducal fox-hounds in the South of Scotland; and on his meeting with a brother of the author—a medical practitioner, settled within a hundred miles of Abbotsford, and also a man of literary tastes—the huntsman urged him to follow his brother's example and show the world what he could do as an author. The doc-

tor expressed his inferiority to his brother John, but the other depreciated the idea, and strongly urging him to write and publish, concluded with the assurance that he would be certain of success, for, said he, as a clinching argument, with a quiet smile and in his broadest Scotch: "Man, doctor, ye've a' come o' a guid kind, and talented, ye ken, is hereditary, for I've often seen t' in the dowgs!" So much for hereditary talent both in the human and canine races.

WHO STOLE THE PIG.—There lived in the parish of Auldearn in the good old time, when the good old customs flourished, a rather near-going carle, whose sympathy with the custom of the day was of a kind not altogether unknown in the present day, namely, he "liked to tak' but no' to gie." Saunders was about to kill a well-fed pig, which, according to his calculation, would satisfy his own porky desires for a considerable time to come, but if he conformed to the custom of giving this neighbour a nice bit, and that neighbour a better bit, his well-fed pig would soon disappear. Saunders, therefore, thought he would take advice on the matter, and accordingly consulted a clever, or rather a wide-awake neighbour, who advised Saunders to kill the pig forthwith, and let everybody know that he was going to do so, and added his counsellor, "Ye can hing it in the outhouse a' nicht, an' in the morning say somebody ran awa' wi' through the nicht." This sage advice was accordingly adopted. On the following morning Saunders was up and betimes proceeded to the outhouse to remove the pig, when lo! to the utter horror and bewilderment of Saunders, his grumpyship was nowhere to be seen. As his rueful countenance thus broke forth—"It's awa'!" "Ay, Saunders," replied the counsellor, "just say ye that." "But," replied Saunders, "it is really awa', an' I dinna ken whaur it's gane tae." "The very thing, Saunders," said the adviser, "the very thing, stick to that, an' folk will be sure to believe you."

THAT BOY OF GALLAHER'S.—One morning last winter Mr. Gallaher had to take a train that left at six o'clock, and so he arose before daylight to breakfast, and thought he would put on his thick boots instead of the very light shoes he had on over-night. It seems that Gallaher's son had worn the old man's boots while roller-skating, and left the skates on the boots; and in the darkness Gallaher did not notice this fact that as he pulled the boots on, though he thought the boots felt heavy. He then groped his way to the head of the stairs, the skates giving no trouble on the carpet. Then he started to go downstairs. He got there. He got there dreadfully sudden. He was terribly annoyed as he picked himself up, and said very wicked things as he started for the dining-room. Breakfast was laid, but only a dim light was burning. Immediately he set foot on the Gallaher's feet flew into the air and his head came down with terrible force. The wild yell that he gave brought his wife and mother-in-law from the kitchen. He arose to his feet but they immediately started off again in different directions; and, after wrenching his spine and knee-joints terribly in trying to control them, they got away, and he jarred his spinal column the whole length as he went down. "Good Heaven, this floor is oiled!" he roared as he began to make efforts to rise. "Have you apoplexy, or have you been drinking asked his wife, as she strove to assist him to get up. "You hold your tongue, you idiot!" he replied; and then she let go of him suddenly, and down he went bruising himself in six places. Most unparliamentary were the words put into requisition to relieve his mind that time, and he told his mother-in-law, who had fallen laughing into a chair, that he hoped she would meet cows every time she went out. Then he essayed to rise once more and got upon his feet. The skates began to slip; but he struggled like a hero, and clutched the air wildly to keep his balance. No use! As he fell forward he grabbed wildly at the table-cloth, and, as a result, dragged the entire breakfast upon him. The hot tea scalded him, the pepper got into his eyes, the mustard into his mouth, and the eggs all over him. His cries were fearful. His wife and her mother hauled him from the *debris* and started to put him to bed, when they discovered the rollers. Mr. Gallaher was terribly used up, but he proceeded at once to find his son; and the lad's sighing over his great grief was heard half a mile away.

LITERARY AND ARTISTIC.

A CAPITAL bust of Mlle. Croizette has just been modelled by Franceschi.

THE receipts at the Paris Salon this season are reported to have reached \$70,000.

AN Exhibition of paintings by Washington Allston is being held at the Boston Art Museum.

AMONG the newest books in London is a volume of poems by Oscar Wilde, who it is said, will soon visit America to lecture on aesthetic themes.

A LETTER from Queen Anne, referring chiefly to politics, was sold in London the other day for \$80; one from Robert Burns for \$70, and another, dated 1789, for \$135.

A COMMUNICATION in the *Academy* is headed "The Evil One of the Revisers." To whom can it refer? Is it to an English or an American member of the learned companies?—a dean, a doctor, or an arch-deacon?

THE *Century* will begin its career without Mr. Schuyler's serial, "Peter the Great," which has been running in *Scribner's* for two years. When we next meet with this work it will be in book form, from the press of Charles Scribner's Sons.