

preponderance of Ontario in the affairs of the Dominion, or, as they put it, the arrogance and despotism of Upper Canada. There is a feeling of humiliation in this reproach, and mark me, it rankles. So long as the French members are divided among themselves; so long as Rouges hate Conservatives so heartily as they do now, there need be no fear of reclamation, but if ever the French get united, their animosity against Ontario, for alleged wrongs, extending over thirty years, will burst out and burn fiercely.

CHAUDIERE.

## MRS. BROWN AT THE BOAT-RACE.

Mrs. Welks, she's all for the water, through being brought up by a uncle as were in the marine stores, and come to be transported in the end, and 'ad been a purser or somethink like that; though in my opinion he were receiver of stolen goods; she were out out for a bum-boat woman 'erself, and that's why she always like's to live near the water-side—as I considers the Broadway, 'Ammersmith, the next thing to—not ten minits' walk from it. So when she asked me about goin' to the boat-race last year, I says, "Oh! no, thank you, not for me, as shan't never forget a-settin' on the wireduck, as the railway goes over the river by, with my legs a-danglin' like the hedge of a presserpitch, with the trains nearly a-shakin' you off in passin', and see nothink of the boat-race more than if it 'ad been on Hepsom Downs." So, Mrs. Welks, she says, "Oh! we're a-goin' to 'ave a boat as is as roomy as a barge, and shall take the lunch along with us." I says, "In course, if it's a barge I ain't no objections, 'cos there'll be room for to stretch your legs, but," I says, "if it's a launch you're a-taking, you must let me bring a-somethin' for my share, as shall be a pigin pie, with bottled beer." She says, "all right, so you shall."

It were a fine day enuf, I must say, though a fog on the river, as come by the 'bus myself for to meet 'em at the other side of Putney Bridge; and a good step to where the boat were to be a-waitin' for us. They told me ten puntual; and there I was at 'alf-past nine down by the waterside, dressed like Queen Victorier 'erself in a puce-coloured plush cape and sleeves, as fitted close to the figger, and a black silk skirt and white flowers in my bonnet, with a extra shawl, and my basket with the pie and cake in, and the beer packed careful.

It was not before eleven o'clock as that dratted Mrs. Welks and 'er lot come a-pullin' up in the boat, as were full enuf a-ready.

"Ah! there you are," says she, "basket and all, jest like you;" so out they all got, and she says, "And 'ere's Mrs. Amber and Miss Puttick and my niece Jane and 'er young man, and 'ere's Uncle Bowles as is used to the sea, and two young friends of mine in the name of 'Ollis and their Aunt Tabley."

So I says, when we'd 'ad a little ale and biskits at a genteel 'ouse, "Mussy on us, Mrs. Welks, there ain't no room in that boat for me." "That there ain't," says Uncle Bowles, "for we're over-crowded a-ready, and if you steps aboard we're swamped, that's all."

Says them young 'Ollises, "Oh! we'll take Mrs. Brown and Aunt Tabley, as is scrouged to death, in a ran-dan, if Jane Stork will come too." I says, "In a wot? I won't go in none of them new-fangled fooleries of boats, with irons a-stickin' out, as is like floatin' on a tooth-pick." "Oh! no," they says, "that's a out-rigger. We means this boat, as you and aunt will just fill, and you must steer, 'cos aunt's got a stiff elber. It were a roomy boat, with a green rallin' round the seat you 'old you in; and so I said I were agreeable, and when that old 'ooman were stowed in I got in, though it were werry wobbly work till I got seated; and then they gave me a couple of ropes as was tied to the boat behind me. I says, "Wot's these for?" "Why, to steer by," says Tom 'Ollis. I says, "I can't steer." "Why," says 'is brother, "any fool can do that; you've only got to pull at the ropes accordin' to which way you wants to go."

Well, there was a good many a-lookin' on, partickler some young gents in trousers and Jerseys, as they said was a rowin' lot. One on 'em says, "You'll steer like a fish, Mrs. Brown, never fear."

Well, when we was in the boat, them two young 'Ollises, as come the bounce a good deal, a-makin' believe as they knowed all about it, says, "Now mind you keep us the right side." I says, "Oh! yes, in course; but do be off," 'cos the other boat-load were gone, as 'ad got my basket a-board, and were ever so far a-head, as I could see as they'd begun a-drinkin' the beer.

Whether it was the mud as we stuck in, or the weight, I don't know, but we never should 'ave got floated in this world if a lot of them young gents in the Jerseys 'adn't took and pushed us off, a-larin' like mad, into the river with a spin, as werry nigh upset us, and made that there old Aunt Tabley's 'eels fly up in the hair, and came down on my left corn like a 'atahet. "I won't be anserable for your life if you goes on like that," says the young feller nearest to me, as were pullin' all over the place fit to bust 'isself; "why, you ain't steerin' a bit." I says, "I am; I'm a-pullin' at both ropes like mad." "Pull the left," says one. "No, you means the right," says the other. "Whichever do you mean?" says I. "You're taking us the wrong side of the river," the both 'ollers. I give a wiolent tug at one of them ropes, as seemed for to send us on like mad in among a lot of other boats. "Pull the right rope," says Ned 'Ollis, "I tell you;" and I gave it a good tug, as sent us slap into a 'ole boatful of people, as was reg'lar sea-farin' by their langwidge, and one on 'em took 'old of our boat and sent it a-spinnin'. So I give the other rope a pull, as would 'ave been all right enuf, if that old catamaran 'adn't got 'old of it with her crooked arm some'ow and took and sent us slap across the other side.

"Well, I gets both the ropes in my own 'ands ag'in, as was nearly breaking my arms, and 'ad made both my sleeves break out at the arm-oles. "Don't go into the shore like that," said the heldest 'Ollis. "I will," I says, "for 'ow else am I to get off the way of all these 'ere boats as is runnin' into us?" Just then the one as were a-settin' in front of me, as were a-pullin' like mad, seemed for to miss 'is tip with his oar somehow, for it flew up into the air, and so did 'is 'eels in my face, and he shot back 'ards with 'is 'ead in 'is brother's stomach, as knock-'em over. I thought as he'd broke 'is back, but he 'adn't, 'cos he picked 'isself up; and then the other blowed 'im up frightful, and he says, "It weren't my fault, it's all Mr. Brown's. 'Ow could I 'elp it, as wasn't never in a boat a-fore?" "Well, says the other, "no more wasn't I, not to pull." I says, "you're a good-for-nothink couple of young fresh-water pilots, that's wot you are, to 'flee anyone aboard a weasel to

drownded like this." I says, "Pull to the bank this instant." He says, "Wait till we've picked up the oar." So when he'd got it I didn't make no more bones about it, but pulls that there string as took the boat close agin a bank. "You can't land 'ere," says one, "its only hosiers." I says, "I don't care whose it is, but I gets out there, young Waggerbones. Come on," I says to the old aunt, as wouldn't get out, though.

I'd took and run the boat close agin' the stump of a tree, as I ketched 'old on, and took and jumped ashore like a bird, as couldn't be called dry land, through bein' all squash-like, but that were better than the bottomless deep. So them young chaps began to cheek me, and say as I could stop where I was if I wanted to be drownded. So I says, "If it's private property I'm sure they'll let me stop till I can get a boat," for I see it were a sort of a highland. So I says, "You go on, and don't you bother about me, my good boy. Go on your own way, and look arter your aunt."

It certainly was a werry marshy spot as I'd got on to, and when a steamer comes by the waves as it made splashed me 'alf up to my knees, and at last one boat came up with a man wanted five shillin's to put me ashore. I says, "Go on with your rubbish. I won't pay it if I 'as to stop 'ere till my friends in the big boat comes by." "Ah!" he says, "you wants to stop there till 'igh water, do you? All right," and off he goes.

So there I kep' a-standin' till the water come up close to my feet. So I says, "I'll get a little further back," and turned to do so, when wot should I see but all them tall weeds, as was behind me, 'arf way up in water themselves. "Why," I says, "mussy on us, it must be a quicksand, or else somethink's wrong. Why, wotever will become on me if I should keep on like this, as is a watery grave a-yorning under me, as the sayin' is." So I set up a loud 'oller, and that feller came back in 'is boat and put me ashore for five shillin's, up to my knees in black mud and water, close agin 'Ammersmith Bridge.

So I made my way to Mrs. Welks's, jest to dry myself, as never come in till close on seven, and me a-starvin' for a cup of tea, and then I'm sure she were a little bit on; and if she didn't say to me, "You're a nice one to purvide lunch, as wasn't 'arf enuf to go round, and only six bottles of beer." I were that disgusted as up I jumps, famished as I were, and 'ome I goes by train with nothink but a Banbury cake and a glass of ale, as I got at the station; so you don't ketch me a-gain' to the boat-race no more unless I can see it comfortable from dry land.—London "Fun."

## A NEW ENTERTAINMENT.

We have always been disposed to agree with King Solomon in his famous declaration that there was nothing new under the sun; but according to our latest London advices we find some reason to regard the statement as obsolete. There is, certainly, something new in the way of entertainment, and it has been ushered in by nothing less than a hair-dressing festival held on the night of the 2d of March in the concert room of the Hanover Square Rooms, in London, at which the public were invited to attend.

The scenic properties appertaining to this occasion were a long table in the centre of the room, with toilet glasses standing back along the length, and before each glass a chair, and on the tray a card with the name of the operator and of the particular style he was to exhibit, whether hair dressed Pompadour, Marie Antoinette, Grand Duchesse, Du Barri, Louis XIV., Alexandra, au soirée, fancy, court, ball, or grande fantasia.

We think it must be an alluring opportunity when it is presented, the opportunity of seeing how several of these vast and complicated masses are really endowed with life and stability, of seeing a little heaven leaven the lump; and though there are some, doubtless, who would prefer to unravel the mysteries of the regular *coiffure au soirée*, and some the Alexandra, for our own part we should have given undivided attention to the *grande fantasia*, since it seems to us that the *grande fantasia* of a barber's mind must be something as well worth seeing as a display of pyrotechnics. Think, then, of the chance to see not one but all, and all at once? Quite a number of people availed themselves of this chance, and constituted a suitable body of spectators at this entertainment, to which tickets had been issued announcing the hour of eight as the time fixed for the opening exercises. At that hour the artists entered, made their bow to the spectators, and the opening exercises took place in the depositing of several small cases, containing combs, pomades, powders, pins, cushions, switches, puffs and ringlets, in their chosen places, and the pre-empting of a particular chair by spreading a towel on the back of it. This done they retired, to slow music possibly; very slow one might say, since the "wait" was something longer than an hour. But at half-past nine they reappeared, each artist leading by the hand a lady whose locks flowed *au naturel* about her shoulders, some crepe, others straight and plain, and one already powdered and tied together at the back of her head.

Our readers shall have the pleasure of seeing this powdered lady's hair "done up;" though, if they had been present at the interesting ceremonial, they might have seen all the others of the sixteen various styles of the day grow thread by thread, plait by plait, curl by curl, into the wondrous creations of the artists' fancies. The lady in question took her seat; the hair-dresser untied the knotted tress, and passing his comb through it spread it out à la Godiva. Then he took from his small case a thick cushion which he placed on the front of the head, and combing the immediate front hair straight back wrapped it round and round this cushion and fastened it in its place securely with pins. Over a second cushion the immediate back hair was rolled and the cushion was pinned as before, though this time it was just above the nape of the neck. This left a space still to be filled, and for which the hair upon the sides of the head was utilized, being folded round three cushions converging from the right ear and three from the left towards the central ridge. Thus was erected a thick, firm mass not easily to be moved, and into which the operator might drive vertically the multitude of pins necessary to moore his superstructure. This superstructure was begun by a long, thick wisp of hair which the artist took from his case of materials and pinned in the middle of its length to the back of the head; this being divided in many strands, was rolled in puff above puff until there was presented an effect of hill rising over hill to the grand summit of the frontal roll on which the hair had been brushed straight back from the brow, the whole profusely powdered; a wreath of small roses was fastened by pearls across the front, a single

curl was parted on the forehead, two long ringlets were tucked on and allowed to fall over the left shoulder, and the triumphant effect was complete.

This operation occupied some three-quarters of an hour, and when the toilets of all the sixteen ladies had received the finishing touch, each hair-dresser offered his arm to his "subject," and they formed in procession and marched round the room to the notes of a march played by the seventeenth hair-dresser, who, having no other, was obliged to exercise his art on "Music, heavenly maid." This done, and the company seated, a discourse was delivered by one of the artists, which must have been both novel and amusing; for while it advised the establishment of a "Hair-dressers' Academy," it showed the obvious need of such an institution by declaring that "hair-dressers should have the opportunity of irrigating their minds." And as we said in the beginning, we are very sure that Solomon in all the glory of his five hundred wives never assisted at any entertainment exactly like the festival of the hair-dressers.

## Literary Notes.

George Eliot has a volume of poems in press.

Bellew, the English elocutionist, is dangerously ill.

Mrs. Oliphant's new story is "For Love and Life."

The Paris Salon will open, as usual, on the 1st of May.

As editor of *Punch*, Mr. Tom Taylor receives £1,200 a year.

Frederick Seward is writing a life of his father, William Henry Seward.

Fifteen hundred new journals have been registered in France during the last three years.

Mr. Wilkie Collins will, it is stated, go back to America as soon as he can arrange for doing so.

M. Alexandre Dumas has gone to Naples to prepare his address for his coming reception at the Paris Académie.

It is said that Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe will not bestow any more of her writings on the public for some time.

The "Life of Chief-Justice Chase" has been written by J. W. Schuchman, and will be published by D. Appleton & Co.

A story is current that *Old and New* is to be purchased by a publishing firm in this city and removed to New York.

A new English edition of Boswell's "Life of Johnson," in three volumes, edited by Percy Fitzgerald, is announced in London.

James T. Fields has added two more lectures to his course on English authors. One is on De Quincey and the other is on Long-fellow.

J. R. Osgood & Co. are going to bring out an American edition of "Badeker's European Guide-Books," which have a world-wide celebrity.

Mr. George Carter Stent has in the press a collection of songs, ballads, &c., translated from the Chinese. It will be published under the title of "The Jade Chapter, in Twenty-Four Beads."

James Gordon Bennett, of the *Herald*, is to return to Europe in a few days, expecting to continue his management of the paper by cable. Paris is to be the headquarters of the editor-in-chief.

Messrs. Blackwood & Sons are preparing for publication a "Narrative of the Ashantee War," prepared from the official documents of the campaign, with permission of Sir Garnet Wolseley, by his assistant military secretary, Captain Brackenbury, R. A.

"Taken at the Flood," the novel contributed by Miss Braddon to the columns of several provincial newspapers, will shortly appear in the orthodox three-volume shape. The experiment of issuing an original novel in newspapers published simultaneously in different parts of the kingdom is said to have answered expectations. Miss Braddon has undertaken to follow up the completion of "Taken at the Flood" with another novel.

"Ivan De Biron" is the title of a new novel by Arthur Helps. Mr. Helps is known here as a novelist chiefly by his "Real-mah," a work that we might properly class as a prehistorical novel. "Ivan De Biron" is, on the contrary, strictly an historical novel, and it presents what is undoubtedly a faithful picture of the Russian Court in the middle of the last century. While the leading characters of the book are carefully drawn, and the plot is lacking neither in symmetry nor strength, the chief charm of the work is the admirable style in which it is written. Mr. Helps is a master of English, and he has displayed in his new volume the same faultless literary taste which has characterized his previous works.

LITERARY MEMBERS OF THE NEW CABINET.—The new Ministry contains a very fair representation of literature in its ranks. It is all but fifty years (1825) since the Premier published his first work, "Vivian Grey." He has published about a dozen novels since, besides a "Life of Lord George Bentinck," a "Vindication of the English Constitution," and a "Revolutionary Epic." Mr. Cross has written a work on "The Practice of Quarter Sessions." Lord Derby, as Lord Rector of Glasgow University, has delivered an address which has been published. Lord Carnarvon is the author of a work on "The Druces of Mount Lebanon," and of some historical and antiquarian lectures. Lord Salisbury's articles in the *Quarterly Review* were famous, and equally trenchant were those which appeared in the brilliant but short-lived *Bentley's Quarterly*. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has written "Twenty Years of Financial Policy," which has been scanned a good deal during the last few days by those persons who are anxious to anticipate his first budget. Like Sir Stafford Northcote, Lord Malmesbury has also written one book, or rather edited it—viz., the "Diaries and Correspondence" of his grandfather. Next to Mr. Disraeli himself, Lord John Manners has written most books. Five and thirty years ago, being just of age, he published "Notes of an Irish Tour," and two years later (1841) he issued "England's Trust and other poems," and in 1850, "English Ballads." Since then, true to the "Young England" fancies of his youth, he has published "A Plea for National Holidays," "A Cruise in Scotch Waters," and other works. His lordship is a pleasing and elegant writer.

## BOOKS, &amp;c., RECEIVED.

From Dawson Bros., Montreal.

The Trust and the Remittance: Mary Cowden Clarke.

Roberts Bros.

Through Fire and Water: Frederick Talbot. Harper & Bros.

Colonel Dacre: Author of 'Caste.' Harper & Bros.

Armada: Wilkie Collins. Harper & Bros.

The Christian Pastor: Rev. S. H. Tyng. Harper & Bros.

Canada On The Pacific: Chas. Horetsky. Dawson Bros.

Geology: Dr. Archibald Geikie. Appleton & Co.

Record of Mr. Alcott's School. Roberts Bros.

Thorpe Regis: Author of "The Rose Garden." Roberts Bros.

Sex and Education. Roberts Bros.

The above for notice next week: