

82° 16', the coast of Greenland does not terminate in an open Polar Basin. It may be that the theory of Peterman, the eminent German geographer, will turn out to be correct. He believes that Greenland extends to and is prolonged over the Pole, and probably meets the land seen by American whalers, who, in 1867, ran up Behring's Strait, and which land they supposed to be inhabited. The possibility of reaching the Pole, by way of Smith's Sound, seems now to be established, and all future explorers will follow this route.

It adds no little to the romance of the ice-voyage to find that one of the party rescued is Hans Christian, the Esquimaux who figures so largely in the charming narratives of Dr. Kane and Hayes. He had been taken on board the *Polaris* at Upernivik, with his wife and family. (We are enabled to present our readers, in this number, with portraits of Hans and his wife, taken from photographs procured in St. John's, N. F. The other Esquimaux are Joe and Hannah his wife, with their adopted child, who were so long companions of Dr. Hall.)

Hans is quite a historical character, and rendered good service to this and former Arctic expeditions. As we look upon his honest face, we cannot but think of the time of which Dr. Kane tells, when he was a youth of nineteen or twenty, and when smitten by the charms of a plump Esquimaux damsel, who is now the mother his children, he temporarily deserted his commander, and with the fair maiden on one side and a handsome supply of walrus and seal flesh on the other, he mounted his sledge, and set off on his Arctic honeymoon. He was an active hunter then, though now stiff and worn—so expert that he could spear a bird on the wing. Let us not forget to his invaluable services to Dr. Kane and his party—how he supplied their table by the produce of his hunting excursions—how he was with Kane on that fearful journey in which he rescued eight of his men who were perishing by cold and exhaustion, and how it was Hans who found the track of the sledge in the snow which led to their discovery; and above all how he, with Merton made the celebrated sledge-journey on the ice, when they reached Cape Constitution, and saw as they believed an open Polar Sea; and how at the last he saved the lives of all by bringing a supply of fresh meat, at the risk of his own life, from Etah Bay. Honour to thee, honest, brave Hans Christian. Thy heart is true and warm though thy skin be dusky; and President Grant may feel honoured when, by and by, he will shake thy hard hand!

PRICES IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

We are all so proud of the age we live in, that a man who is bold enough to come forward as *laudator temporis acti* stands a very fair chance of being laughed at for his pains. But with the almost universal wail about the terribly high prices we have to pay for the bare necessities of life, we may be excused for thinking that a return to the good old times would be by no means unwelcome, provided always the good old cost of living returned likewise. Let us suppose, for instance, that the latter part of the fifteenth century came back to us, what a luxury it would be to be able to buy necessities at the prices then paid. What these were, and a pretty general insight into the then style and cost of living, may be gathered from a household book of an Earl of Northumberland, who lived in the reign of Henry VII. The family consisted of 166 persons, including servants; and as 57 strangers were reckoned on every day, provision was made for 223 persons. The whole annual expense allowed by the earl amounted to £1,118 17s. 8d., of which £796 11s. 2d. was for meat, drink, and firing—the cost of these items for each person being reckoned at twopence halfpenny per day. If a servant were absent one day, his mess was struck off. If he went on the earl's business, he was allowed as board wages eightpence a day in winter and fivepence in summer, while if he stayed in any place he was allowed twopence a day besides the keep of his horse. The allowance of wheat was one quarter per month, of malt, 250 quarters for the year, yielding 500 hhd., or about a bottle and a third of beer for each person per day. One hundred and nine fat bees were bought at Allhallowtide, and twenty-four lean bees, the latter being put into the pastures to feed, so as to serve from Midsummer to Michaelmas, when the family ate fresh beef, salt beef being the order of the day during the other nine months. As a seasoning to this beef 160 gallons of mustard appear to have been required. Six hundred and forty-seven sheep were allowed, and these were all eaten salted, except between Lammas and Michaelmas. Then there were twenty-five hogs, twenty-eight veals, and forty lambs; but these appear to have been reserved for the earl's own table, or that of the upper servants, called the knights' table. Of wine ten tuns and two hhd. of Gascony were consumed. Of linen slas! the allowance for the whole household amounted only to seventy ells, and this was made into eight table-cloths for the earl's table and one for the knights', and there were no sheets. Need we wonder at Falstaff's ragged rascals, at the beginning of the same century, having only a shirt and a-half amongst them, the half being "two napkins tacked together," and the shirt stolen? Washing cost only forty shillings for the whole year, and most of this was expended on the linen of the chapel. As to light only ninety-one dozen candles were required for the year's service, while the use of fuel appears to have been equally sparing, there being only twenty-four fires, besides those in the kitchen and hall, the daily allowance of coal for each being one peck. Indeed, eighty chalders, or chaldron, of coal, with a supplement of sixty-four loads of great wood, sufficed for the whole year, there being after Lady Day no fires allowed in any of the rooms except those of the earl and his lady, Lord Percy's, and the nursery. At his own charge the earl kept in his stable only twenty-seven horses, the upper servants receiving an allowance for the maintenance of their own horses. Of the earl's, six were gentle horses at hay and hard meat all the year round, four palfreys, three hobbies and nags, five sumpter horses, six for servants to whom horses were furnished, and three mill horses, two for carrying the corn, and one for grinding it; and besides these were seven great trotting horses for the chariot or waggon. The allowance for the principal horses was a peck of oats a day, besides loaves made of beans. When on a journey the earl was attended by thirty-six horsemen. He passed the year at his three country seats in Yorkshire, but as he had only furniture for one, he carried his goods and chattels from one to the other, and for their transport seventeen carts and a waggon sufficed, one cart being enough for his cooking utensils, cooks' beds, &c. The servants appear to have bought their own clothes out of their wages, and there is nowhere any mention of plate, but only of the hiring of pewter vessels. Though

there were eleven priests in the house, besides seventeen persons, chanters, musicians, &c., attached to the chapel, there were only two—or if the groom of the larder and the child of the scullery are included, four—cooks for this family of 223. They rose early, mass being said at six a.m., dinner at ten a.m., and supper at four p.m. At nine p.m. the gates were closed, and after that hour neither ingress nor egress was permitted. The earl and countess had on their table for breakfast, which took place at seven o'clock, a quart of beer, as much wine, two pieces of salt fish, six red herrings, four white ones, or a dish of sprats, and on flesh days half a chine of mutton, or a chine of beef boiled. And now for the cost of various commodities. The price of wheat was five shillings and eightpence per quarter; of malt, four shillings; oats, twentypence, and beans two shillings. A load of hay cost two shillings and eightpence. Fat bees were thirteen and fourpence each, lean ones eight shillings. Sheep cost twenty pence; a hog, two shillings; a veal, twenty pence; a lamb, tenpence or a shilling; pigs were directed to be bought at threepence or a groat; geese at the same price; chickens at a halfpenny; hens at twopence; capons (lean) at twopence; plovers and woodcocks, a penny or threehalfpence each; partridges, twopence; pheasants and peacocks, a shilling each. The price of the linen was eightpence the ell, and of the Gascony wine, £4 13s. 4d. the tun. Coals cost four shillings and twopence the chaldron, and wood, twelvapence the load.

From an old household account for the year 1594 and 1595 we learn the prices paid for sundry provisions in London in the reign of Elizabeth, that is, about a century later than the time referred to above. On the 26th of March, 1594, 104 lbs. of butter received out of Gloucestershire (16 lbs. at 3½d. and the rest at 3d.) cost £1 6s. 8d.; salt for the same, 6d.; and carriage from Bristol to London, 4s. 6d. On the 29th there was paid for a fore-quarter of lamb with the head, 2s. 2d.; for a capon, 1s. 2d.; for nine stone of beef at eighteen pence the stone, 13s. 6d.; 8d. for a quart of Malmsey; and for 4 lbs. of soap, 10d. On April 3rd a lamb cost 5s.; a dozen of pigeons, 2s. 4d.; and twenty-eight eggs, 8d. April 5th there were paid for three pecks of fine flour, 2s. 6d.; for a side of veal, 8s.; for a calf's head, 10d.; and 3d. for a pint of claret. A peck of oysters on July 31st cost 4d.; a half-peck of filberts, August 19th, 6d.; and half a hundred oranges on Feb. 5th, 1595, 9d.—*Land and Water.*

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

O little feet, just climbing up the rocks
And steady pathways of this stormy world,
The Shepherd good has called thee from the shocks
Of frost and tempest, and of lightning hurled.
His voice has spoken: Hither, little lamb,
To better pastures and the sunshine calm.

What do ye, sorrowing ones, with downcast eyes?
Is it not better as the Lord hath done?
Mistrust not him, nor stand in stark surprise:
Of all his gifts can ye not spare him one?
His voice has spoken: Hither, little lamb,
Choice things I have. I the Good Shepherd am.

O blest escape this little one hath made
From dangerous pitfalls and from hidden snares,
Thick springing sorrows, startling eries, conveyed
Through tangled brushwood, ringing unawares.
Christ's voice has spoken: Hither, little lamb,
Live near my side. I the Good Shepherd am.

GEORGE ARTHUR HAMMOND.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

ON A SMALL WHITE HAND.

BY

Passing down the street the other day my attention was directed to the second story of a house, by the opening of a window and the drawing down of a blind. All I saw was a small white hand—a dainty little hand, plump and white. Why should not I penetrate that cool retreat where the lovely owner of that hand was ensconced? She must be lovely; could the owner of such a hand be anything else? It was more agreeable than building up Hercules' *expelle*, was this task of comparative anatomy with the text of that small white hand. She was a Saxon featured girl, small and graceful and high-bred, with clear blue eyes and hair *à la chère*, as the pretty charms affect now-a-days. While I yet lingered the door opened, and, *parbleu*, out came a red-haired, broad-shouldered, flat-waisted wench; but there was the small hand, where ever she got it. That pretty little pentadactylous member was grafted on, as we see a rose growing out of a gnarled old apple tree or as we notice now and then a clumsy dray horse with some points which would do credit to a racer. It was a deception. My blue-eyed, delicate convolvulus turned out a very sorry weed!

Is a small white hand the only thing that deceives? Do the honied words of the Rev. Mr. Softhead, that favourite divine, prove that he is not harsh to his wife and tyrannical to his children in the bosom of his home, when the doors are shut and the gown and bands laid aside? My lady, is that sweet smile that you know so well how to wear a true index to your inner spirit? You smile and smile while that *babillard* Justice Sticum flounders through his silly old tale, that you have smiled at just as sweetly—how many times before? But I feel your little foot playing a rat, tat, tat, of impatience on the carpet, and I know, madam, that your heart is going thump, thump, to the same tune; yet you smile. *Bon, voilà qui va bien!* Come here Miss R-sey; shall you escape when I have a rod in pickle, and a little castigation will do you good? When you Ma praised your house-keeping last night and said you made those delicious *caramels*, and the Captain nodded his approval and thought of the pies and the pastry he would have in the future, you know you nodded back assent, and yet those *caramels*, and you knew it, you little rogue, came from Jellyby, the confectioner.

What a show of white hands there is during courting time, what a thrusting out of the little fingers for engagement rings and caresses and what not, and what thrusting there is also of our best foot forward and hiding that ugly hoof of ours that will show by and by and that we exhibit often enough now when we are at home! What protestations and deceptions, and *cane belle de cour* and posturing and love-making *à genoux*, and after a little while the hoof is stamping about the house, and the little hand is not so white after all!

The conceit of newly married women is intolerable. They look unutterable scorn out of their lovely eyes and hold their unmarried sisters as unfortunate creatures, who don't possess that grand blessing—a husband. Go charily, my little dears. I hope your joy will never be turned to sorrow, nor those fine wedding robes be like the poisoned garments of Dejanira; but others before you have held as high a head and how they trail in the dust now and find their idol with the beautiful white hands is only clay!

Too frequently, said a dear lady friend the other day, marriage means a husband without a companion, and the privilege of the state is being debarré from seeking the congenial company that you cannot get at home.

Oh, my pretty bird, you are caged and already you are beating your delicate wings against the cruel bars. Caged, *mon amie*, and the pride has gone out of your eyes and the honour of marriage and the brief triumph over the roses left to die upon their virgin thorns, are poor compensations for the sneer and taunt, and (must it be added?) the divers oaths of the man who promised to cherish and protect you? No companionship, indeed! What a curse your intellect and refinement, when he cannot away level to them, and yet he showed a white hand a little while ago and kept that hoof of his hidden in one of Robinson's best boots.

I have my eye on you too, Mr. Muffton; you great, big, lumbering unfortunate. Brow-beaten and afraid to call your soul your own; not master of your own house, not master of your own purse, you are henpecked and bullied by little Emmie. You poor wretch; do you remember, one, two, was it three years ago?—telling me in confidence, inspired by the second tumbler of a certain strong brew you made in your bachelor days, that Em, your Em, was the sweetest, dearest angel of a girl? *Eheu!* What a little white hand, and does it slap your ears and tear your hair now?

I say with that unfortunate young man Hamlet, who was placed in a most embarrassing position by his lady mother and that meddling old fool Polonius—I say we will have no more marriages. Why should we have bickerings and strife, and God knows what heart-burnings—to breed children? There are fools enough in the world, let them marry, but we will go to the convent.

Come here, Rosabel; have you taken my remarks *au grand sérieux*, and do you think me a hard-hearted Malthusian? *Mignonne*, I would not keep you from your gallant Captain. I declaim against marriage? God knows I honour the state. Where love sanctifies the union it is heaven; but, oh, those bickerings! Those silly, silly romantic love matches, where a pair of young fools marry in haste and repent in leisure! Let us have no more of them, but those grand unions of soul to soul, heart to heart, mind to mind, which are marriages and not the jingling of so many dollar pieces in a joint purse! Beware the white hand; beware the dainty little foot, and look out for the pure heart and the large brains.

It is written: *sed manum de tribula.*

News of the Week.

Cholera has appeared in two villages in West Prussia.

Don Carlos is said to have ordered the release of prisoners on their parole.

Mr. Hannatyne's horse "Duffy" won the Grand Steeple Chase at Baltimore.

It is reported the ex-Empress Eugenie is in Paris, and has been there two days.

Lieut.-Colonel Peters will command the next Wimbledon Team from Canada.

Hon. Joseph Howe, Lt.-Governor of Nova Scotia, died at Halifax on the 15th inst.

Edinburgh and Glasgow have resolved to invite the Shah of Persia to visit these cities.

The magistrates of Belfast have determined to prohibit all processions on the 12th of July.

A despatch from Rome says the Pope approves of the candidature of Cardinal Bonaparte as his successor.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* publishes an appeal of the ex-Empress Eugenie to the people of France in favor of her son.

The French Assembly having made an appropriation to rebuild the Vendôme monument, adjourned until the 5th June.

Twenty thousand persons attended the trades meeting held in Hyde Park, London, to promote the interests of labour.

The Carlists under Don Alphonso have suffered a defeat in the Province of Barcelona and were compelled to seek safety in flight.

Several parties for the Pacific Railway Survey are now being organized, and will take their departure during the ensuing week.

The London *Times* urges the immigration of Chinese to East Africa as the means of bringing about the abolishing of the slave trade.

The writ of *certiorari* applied for in the case of McDonald, the Bank of England forger, having been refused it is thought his extradition will follow.

The Russian expedition against Khiva has been heard from, the several columns having sufficiently approached each other to establish communications.

The Prince and Princess of Wales opened the new Town Hall at Bolton, and their Royal Highnesses were received by the inhabitants with the greatest enthusiasm.

By a circular to the Prefects, the Minister of the Interior urges the maintenance of Conservative principles, and the rallying of the people in support of order as the only means of restoring France.

Germany is said to take exception to MacMahon's address to the Assembly, and diplomatic relations will, in consequence, be of an informal character until France shows that the Frankfort Treaty will be carried out.

The Constituent Cortes assembled at Madrid on Saturday. A policy of order was promised. Spain was not concerned with any revolution in other European States and did not seek territorial aggrandizement. The abolition of slavery in Cuba was also promised, and the separation of Church and State advocated.

Mr. Grau, the operatic manager, states that he intends organizing an English Opera Troupe, with Miss Kellog, first soprano; Miss Hersee, second; Mr. Parkinson—an English artist of commensurate repute—and Mr. Castle, tenors; Mr. Santley, baritone; and Mr. Aynsley Cook, basso. Miss Carey and Mrs. Seguin are mentioned as contraltos.