



TWO GOOD WOMEN.—Mrs. Harrison has been in weekly correspondence with Mrs. Cleveland since the election with reference to many household affairs, which a woman of Mrs. Harrison's domestic thoughtfulness and care would deem important to know. It is said by those who seem to speak from knowledge of past changes of White House occupants, that more friendly relationship with the outgoing and incoming families never existed.

A SAD-FACED EMPRESS.—So strange and startling are the mutations of fortune, that, ere now, perhaps, we should be perfectly hardened to the reverses of those in high estate. Paris has harboured during a week lately the Comtesse de Pierrefonds, who is no other than the Empress Eugénie. She has walked alone and unobserved in the garden of the Tuilleries, where formerly she reigned supreme, and she quietly attended mass in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, where, as Mlle. de Montijo, she was married to the Emperor of the French.

EMPIRE DRESS.—For an Empire Dress there is a distinctive way of dressing the hair, and this is it: A few curls fall on the forehead, the hair is thence drawn flat to the extreme top point or back of the crown, and there is formed into a large double bow, or close, high cluster of loops. A flat bandeau of gold or of velvet, with a diamond star on it, can then be laid across the head; or a tiara may be worn; or a string of pearls may be twisted along the base of the bow of hair, or a small half wreath of flowers can be placed in the same situation.

AN OLD MARRIAGE ACT.—The custom of ladies having the privilege of offering marriage in leap year is taken from an old act of the Scottish Parliament, passed during the thirteenth century, whereby it was: "Ordonit that during ye reign of her maist blessit Maiestie, Margaret, ilka maiden, ladee of baith high and low estait, shall hae libertie to speak the man she likes. Gif he refuses to tak her to bee his wyf, he schale be mulct in the sum of one hundredty pundis, or less, as his estait may bee, except and alwais, gif he can mak it appeare that he is bethrothit to anither woman, then he schal be free."

SYMPATHY.—The most seductive way of conveying your sympathy to another is to join with him in some strong antipathy, thus showing that all the world cannot claim your friendship, but that you distribute your likes and dislikes with judgment and discrimination. A man who is known to have a special sympathy for some particular age, or sex, or class in society, is far more agreeable to that class than he who embraces all the world in his affections. Nay, if one usually reserved or shy, expands for once, or to some few people, in contrast to his usual habit, this sympathy is indeed measured as a real token of confidence.

JEFFERSON'S RULES.—Jefferson's ten rules are good yet. They are short and concise, and embody so much of value that it would be well if they were clipped and put where they could be seen often. They read as follows:

1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap.
5. Pride costs more than hunger, thirst and cold.
6. We seldom repent of having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain the evils have cost us that have never happened.
9. Take things always by the smooth handle.
10. When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, count a hundred.

RHYMES AND FANCIES.

Like many another reader, Miss Helen Fairbairn was pleased with the series of "Quaint Rhymes and Fancies." Furthermore, "Bliss Carman's Stanzas were so delightful" (we quote her own words) that she felt tempted to try her pen on some of those Rhymes and Fancies, and the following samples are her first attempt:—

I.

MALBAYE.

(TRIOLET.)

Could I hear the waves caressing
Malbaye's rocks and sandy shore,
Every breath would bring a blessing.
Could I hear the waves caressing,
Softly rushing, forward pressing,
Whisp'ring rest and hope once more;
Could I hear the waves caressing
Malbaye's rocks and sandy shore!

II.

Her next effort is a Dizain, which enters very well, indeed, into the introspective spirit of that shape of Decade.

WHY BLIND ARE YE?

(DIZAIN.)

"Poor Love is blind!" the people, laughing, cry;
And, wondrous fact, the people all agree,
"Aye, blind indeed," philosophers reply,
"In truth," say moralists, "he cannot see."
"Ah, Love," the poet sighs, "why blind are ye?"
Oh, poet, that *you* could be so deceived!
The artist, too, the fiction has believed,
And his sketched Love with bandaged eyes we find.
The truth is this—though hard to be received,
Love, only, sees, and all the rest are blind!

III.

There is a fine fancy in the following Roundel:

THE MORNING STAR.

(ROUNDEL.)

One lonely Star, a paling jewel gleams
In Dawn's pure breast, where sweet new glories are,
All flushed with triumph over night—still dreams
One lonely Star.

Oh, faint and fair! still farther and more far,
Within the Morning's pearly flushing streams,
Gleaming above a purple cloudy bar.

Oh, Morning Star! thy fading radiance seems
An angel prayer that no dark stain may mar
This day, in whose fair dawning faintly beams
One lonely Star.

IV.

The Villanelle is the best of the whole, and, for a first attempt, is fraught with graceful conceit.

SEASIDE SOUNDS.

(VILLANELLE.)

The ripples softly sink and swell,
And rush to break upon the shore,
The trailing sea weeds weave a spell.

White, sun-warmed sands the waves repel,
Each farther reaching than before;
The ripples softly sink and swell.

Sweet, idle thoughts they, whisp'ring, tell;
In sunlit air white sea birds soar,
The trailing sea weeds weave a spell.

Like distant chime from silver bell,
Each rhythmic tone revealing more,
The ripples softly sink and swell.

The sunbeams on the wavelets dwell,
And dance delight with gleaming oar,
The trailing sea weeds weave a spell.

Sweet sea-born airs new hopes impel,
That thrill the heart to inmost core,
The ripples softly sink and swell,
The trailing sea weeds weave a spell.

Montreal.

HELEN FAIRBAIRN.

The new ninth edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica consists of 50,000 copies, of which the United States take 40,000.

Three conditions of true happiness are order, content and industry. Three things to fight for, honour, country, and home. Three things to govern, temper, tongue, and conduct. Three things to think about, life, death, and eternity.

We hear no more about Sangster. Why not prepare that memorial volume, which we suggested some time ago, and for which we are certain that it would take well with the public? If Mr. Sangster will not put his hand to it, let him depute one of our first writers in Montreal, who has volunteered to do it.

CHOLERA OF 1832.

Dr. Stephen Ayers, called the "Cholera Doctor" (I think his Christian name was *Stephen*), visited Montreal when the terrible outbreak of Asiatic cholera was at its height, in the summer of 1832, bringing with him what he claimed to be a remedy for the cholera. He came, I believe, from one of the New England States. His prescription was as follows: *Charcoal and hog's lard*, mixed, with maple sugar (scraped). He was very successful, at least he got the credit, for he inspired the greatest confidence. He presented a very curious appearance; was careless and slovenly in his dress; he wore a slouch hat and loose made clothes. His beard and hair were iron gray, which he allowed grow long (an usual thing at that time). In passing through the streets, on his rounds attending the stricken, he used to create quite a sensation by his extraordinary appearance. He carried a long staff and a leather bag, or wallet, and two or three rawboned colts followed him on his rounds. *It was said these lived on shavings* (?) Altogether there was a great air of mystery about him and his colts. No one knew from whence he came, and by the humble classes, who looked on him with the greatest veneration, he was supposed to be St. Antoine, or *his apparition*, after St. Anthony (an abbot of the fourth century).*

He made no charge for his services, but accepted an offering when made to him. I believe he petitioned the old House of Assembly of Lower Canada, some time after, for compensation, but for some reason, I do not now recollect, his petition, I think, was not entertained.

He was very successful in quite a number of cases, but whether from the effect of the "remedy," or from the unbounded confidence he inspired, I cannot tell, nor was it possible, perhaps, under the circumstances, to tell. At any rate, the *charcoal and hog's lard* treatment was not followed, that I know of, during the subsequent outbreaks of Asiatic cholera, which visited Montreal in 1834, 1849 and 1854, nor did Dr. Ayers return to us. Perhaps some other old inhabitant can furnish you with *additional* information about that strange man who so mysteriously appeared here, almost like an apparition, during the horrors accompanying the outbreak of the Asiatic cholera of 1832.

I may add that I had a very bad attack of the cholera at that time, and *was given over*, but my youth (a boy at the time) and Dr. Caldwell carried me through, without the assistance of Dr. Ayer's or his remedy.

E. M.

* During a great epidemic of erysipelas which broke out in France in A. D. 1080, his prayers were invoked, and that plague stayed. Hence the popular name, "St. Anthony's cure."

BLONDES AMONG THE CREOLES.

We are not hidebound nor narrow-minded, says the New Orleans *Picayune*, in our admiration for female beauty. The fair and the dark, the blondes and brunettes, all have their special charms and admirable points. Besides the beauty of feature and colour there is also a spiritual and intellectual beauty which is quite as potent as the other. In the presence of a pure and lovely soul or a sparkling intellect and a delighting disposition, one may be so completely enchanted as to be utterly blind to material things. But whatever maybe our liberality in matters of love and admiration for the beautiful sex, and we recognize their claims without regard to ethnological or geographical limits, we are bound to reserve a special homage for our own Southern women, and we are moved to this by the following tribute to Louisiana beauty. It was contributed to The Boyce (Rapides parish) Headlight by one who signs herself a "Cane River Girl." This is her verdict:—

"Many of our Northern friends picture all Creoles with dark, swarthy skins, hair black as the raven's wing, and eyes of ebon darkness. Now, this is altogether an erroneous fancy. Why, some of the girls have lily white complexions, golden locks and eyes of heaven's own blue! In the little village where I live there are four sisters, all of the purest blonde type, and it would be difficult