

TWO SONNETS.

EVENING.

O Maiden, russet-stoled, whose subtle power
Can soothe our pain and anguish keen alloy,
Such tribute pay we not to garish day,
As that we tender to thy sober hour;
What time we stray where trees o'erhead embower
Their fretted canopy, 'tis thou dost lend
Their chiefest charm, and puissance extend
O'er all the sylvan scene, like April shower
That all green Nature, germ and flower, renews,
Shedding a gentle influence o'er the soul:
What wonder therefore 'tis thy hour we choose,
Away from men, that press toward the goal
Of wealth and honour, and alone with thee
Devote the time to contemplation free!

MORNING.

Emblem of hope, O Morning fresh and new,
That comest to flush the eastern hills with gold,
Day's harbinger, what time thou back hast rolled
The dusky gloom of night: the mountain dew
Shines through thy roseate radiance, that grew
Distilled of mist and exhalation cold:
As light thou spreadest o'er this darkened world,
And callest men to action, e'en so few
But hail thy coming gladly, though to hind
Toil only is thy dower: but the new birth
Of Nature every morning o'er the earth
Reviews the spirit of th' unquiet mind,
Imparts fresh vigour, bidding troubles cease,
And sheds within the holy calm of peace.

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

WITH SAND AND SEAWEED.

When Jack Frost the democrat is biting at our toes and the January fires are in close conjunction with the Carnival turkey; when the world outside is white, then is the time to remember the days when the world was green, when we took holiday in a sunshine now alas! a thing of remembrance only. Let me recall my sea-side pleasures.

"Laudabunt alii claram Rhodon."

Other folks may cry up their swell continental tours, and praise the charms of Paris, the convalescent, with its new fashionable self to day striving to forget its unfashionable self of yesterday in the gay pastures of the "Elysian fields," content enough to exchange bombs for bonbons once again; of Venice "Preserved" and Rome destroyed into fit harmony with the 19th century; and last, if they will—and I could easily forgive them for that—of dear old England, green with tall hedge rows and stately elms and oaks, and yellow with the golden corn. For me, I sing the charms of a new love, and my Lalage is—Tadouac. Possibly the other grapes were out of reach.

I hear it on the authority of that best and fairest of judges on such a subject—the local "Guide Book,"—that the Saguenay, which rolls its deep cold waters into the lap of that very Alderman amongst rivers, the St. Lawrence, is "far-famed." The title is deserved. But, some three hundred and thirty eight years ago, when guide books to the Saguenay were not, and but few things were for Canada save the red man and his brothers, the bear and beaver, a gallant little party of three ships, sailing tediously, but full of hope and expectation, up the strange broad tide which sprung from the very feet of the setting sun, stemmed the mighty waters of a mountain-girt river, its tributary, and landed Jacques Cartier and his adventurous companions at an Indian village nestled, like a maiden waiting for her lover's kiss, modestly at the mouth of the then nameless Saguenay. This was Tadousac. Poor unwise souls that they were, the simple natives, kindly hospitable, welcomed the wonderful, brilliant strangers with feast and favour, little dreaming that they saw before them the germ of that deadly power which was to sweep them and this grand savage race from off the grand savage land that the "Great Father" had given them. The stranger was the shadow of death, the harbinger of many a dark day for the Indian. As to those dark days, it is just possible that the "Great Father," the "Giver of all good things" even to such inferior folk as he, forgetting his drunkenness and evil ways in the greater sin of those who led him to them, and forgiving all his treachery and crimes in memory of the heedless selfishness of those who provoked them, may have provided elsewhere happier hunting grounds for the poor much abused Red Skin, free from the iron tread of the white man's "civilizing" heel. But enough of Tadousac past. It is with the "sand and seaweed" of the Tadousac of to-day that we have to do.

I fear much that the modesty of Tadousac has gone for ever. She was too pretty not to be told of it. Association with the "far-famed,"—upon the principle that "who drives fat oxen most himself be fat,"—has had a decidedly detrimental effect upon that primeval simplicity which greeted Jacques Cartier, and Tadousac has fairly started in the race for "a name in the world." Who knows but that, in place of sitting like a meek maiden waiting for her river lover's kiss, she may not some day throw her girdle across him and tie his mouth with a railway bridge?

Meantime from the small cluster of primitive-looking shanties which constitutes Tadousac proper, and which owes its existence to the great lumbering interests on the Saguenay, there has crept up the road, connecting the river and the bay, a succession of neat little holiday-season cottages (whose capacity for stowage is as out of proportion to their external appearance as was that of the Noah's arks of our young days) till at a distance of some three quarters of a mile from the wharf, surrounded, on three sides, by picturesque ridges of sand mountains, bush-clad, and looking out towards the south east upon a noble bay, at whose broad mouth the

waters of the Saguenay and St. Lawrence join currents, lies Tadousac the "watering place." It is not much to boast of. A good sized hotel, well situated, facing the bay; a quaint little wooden church, whose tiny dimensions represent an ecclesiastical establishment coeval with, if not prior to, the earliest at Quebec; more cottages, of varying degrees of pretension; a couple of stores where all that the (native) human heart can desire is to be found, from fish hooks to flour and frying pans, boots, buttons and "Radway Relief" to say nothing of cheap Manchester prints and feminine fal lals; and a few fishermen's huts—whose owners are now-a-days fishers of men and "boating parties"—no more, save that the present Governor General has built a large and commodious cottage on the ridge above the bay as a summer residence for his family, the broad verandahs of which seem to have an irresistible attraction for the American tourist, who persists in thinking the Vice-regal cottage as much a Tadousac "show," as the old church, and endeavour to "do" it accordingly; add to the above a charmingly cool air even in sultry July and August days, a sky as clear as that of the Mediterranean and the most glorious effects of glowing sunset and bright moonbeams falling on rock and mountain, sandy beach and restless tide, and you have Tadousac minus its humanity.

We are simple minded, easily amused people who come here. I don't believe that there is such a thing as a ball dress amongst us; there certainly is not a dress-maker. Swallow tails are unknown and we dig holes in the sand without gloves. Surprising to say, the world nevertheless rotates as usual; at least ours does. As for that outside, beyond the blue water, which we lie lazily blinking at with cap-shaded eyes while some jolly little party of "smalls" fills our pockets with sand and ornaments our back hair with seaweed, for that world I say, what care we? What care we though kingdoms fall and empires are blown away? We are far more interested in the way the wind blows, or the glass falls, for on the one depends our sail, and on the other our picnic on the rocks, or our chance of tickling some of those fine trout yonder in the Saguenay. The humanizing influence of the telegraph is far from us, and we don't read our papers as if we had any very practical share in their news. Telegraphs are the cancers of an otherwise calm world; they have much to answer for. Uneasy his the mind within the reach of their clutch. In your happiest moments—say when with a crab in each pocket, your shoes full of wet sand and your hat loaded with periwinkles, you are peacefully grubbing amongst the rocks, when the tide is down, for a specimen of that rare thing *amaryllis what d'ye callit-olus*, the object of your heart's desire—down comes the woeful little slip which tells of wars and rumours of wars, of a fall in stocks or sugar, the death of your wife's pet poodle (left in charge of June with strict injunctions to remember that "fly papers" were not wholesome diet for dogs) or else the total destruction of the new and splendid mansion which, on your return, was to have made Mrs Brown's heart happy by setting her a suit of rooms and a conservatory above those stuck-up Smiths. No, thank you; we have no telegraph to Tadousac. Why! there was an aldermanship in the very ante room of that house, a mayoralty in the drawing room, and heaven only knows what high dignities lurking playfully under your mahogany, only waiting for that genial second bottle of "old crusted" to fall into your lap. No, we dispense with telegraphs.

What did we do with ourselves? Well, we lounged through breakfast, dawdled through dinner, loafed through tea, strolled on the beach, scrambled over the rocks. Great fun that. Our maidens became as agile as the "chamois" and our young men as the "Alpine hunter." I verily believe the former had the best of it. We bathed uproariously and inhaled as much ozone, bromine, iodine and other chemical constituents of salt-water as were get-able. Then we had fishing excursions up the Saguenay, whose reward was many a fine dish of trout or noble salmon, whose one rash bite was the signal for the gathering of all the clans of mosquitos within half a mile to avenge that one by thousands. Ah, me! their cheerful "grace before meat" beginning invariably "Fee-fo-Fum," and continuing till they saw fit to sit down to the feast, still rings in my ears. Prayers and supplications, bad language and nets were of no avail. I found, however, that the genus *culex* objects to tar and castor oil. So did I! Then we boated, and sailed, making sailing expeditions round and about the bay, and past "Dead Man's Point," into the Saguenay, where the breeze would surely be found, even when elsewhere was "nary a zephyr," picniced on the rocks, read lots of dog eared novels, and did nothing very successfully. Evening brought us a quiet rubber, music or a dance, and the welcome sleep of the just wound up our simple day. Once, oh, glorious vision of fair forms! we got up "tableaux," and I much doubt whether anything much more picturesque and charming was ever seen on any "boards" than our grand group of "Brigands dividing the spoil." We flatter ourselves that we possess something of beauty in Tadousac. We had that curtain up half a dozen times, and if the fair outlaws had only stayed in their place it would probably be going up still. One young gentleman of misogynistic and misanthropic turn of mind, betook himself with a cigar and a novel to his bedroom, disdaining our fun; with profound repentance he confessed afterwards that he would have sacrificed both had he "only known."

Amongst the "things to be done," at Tadou-

sac, is a drive round the Concession, in one of the rough country carts, whose wheels are innocent of springs, and tenderest mercies cruel. I am asked by a mischievous young lady, "Will I come for a hay-cart drive round the concession?" Certainly, I will, and I accordingly find myself with a party of four ladies and a native, whose language is a fair average result of what may be obtained by mixing Brittany French, "pigeon" English and Huron, to say nothing of other ingredients, seated on the floor of the cart. It certainly is rough, and its open sides with their rickety rail are not productive of confidence. However, there is plenty of straw, and the ladies being stowed forward and myself behind, we cry, "En avant," and "forward" it is. He who has ever given the signal for his own execution, or unexpectedly pulled the string of a shower bath, or stood for shelter under a coal shoot in full swing could best sympathize with my sentiments. They are those of a pea, shut up in a muscular infant's rattle, might be supposed to have. Commissioners of roads are not at Tadousac. Roads make and improvise themselves, and are accordingly not only examples of the ups and downs of life, but a superior series of realised proverbs beginning at "Evil Communications," and winding up (literally) with "Rolling Stones." Jolt No. 1 assures me, happily falsely, of a mouth full of loose teeth and a bisected tongue. "From one learn all." That jolt is a fair sample of the thousand and one which follow. Holding on with the clutch of an epileptic, I meditate as to which portion of my osseous system I can least inconveniently dispense with, and endeavour to arrange matters accordingly. Visions of splints and an amiable row of bottles, small and big, with their ridiculous white tongues ever protruded to the tune of "The Lotion once every three hours" rise before me. I have just decided where I will be buried, and willed away my personal property (twenty-five cents and a clean pocket handkerchief) to my most deserving friends, when a stronger jerk than ordinary sends me sprawling ignominiously into the midst of the billowy mass of fluffiness in front of me. "S-t-o-o-o-o-p f-o-r G-o-o-o-d-n-e-s-s s-a-a-a-ke," I cry spasmodically, in a voice choked with emotion and muslin. I cry to the winds. As it was with Mazepa's steed, so with ours; he only "urges on his wild career." As for the details of that drive, the gullies we descended, the precipices we crawled up, the ruts, logs and stones we jolted over, are they not written in the book of my memory? I did not rise with the lark for a week. Strange to say, the ladies sat throughout with beaming faces and apparent comfort. Was it that the feminine nature really is so far superior to the masculine in power of endurance, or that there was another explanation possible? But the driver with regard to whom there could be "no deception," he sat on the very shafts of his crazy machine, and through he rose and fell with the regularity of a piston rod about sixty times a minute, seemed as unaffected as was Skryme, the "earth giant" of Scandinavian story, by the hammer of Thor. Truly, familiarity with haycarts breeds pachyderms.

The incoming of the steamboat from Quebec, is our one daily excitement. As evening comes on, we anxiously scan the horizon through the one telescope we boast, a telescope whose glasses are misty and joints stiff with old age or telescopic rheumatism, but whose virtues are still slightly in excess of its vices. At last, a thin line of smoke is made out, some twenty miles away. Opinions hover between the probabilities of its belonging to our boat or a down channel steamer bound for the Maritime ports or the wide world beyond. Our oracle being consulted, the reply is favourable. It is ours. "Won't be in for a couple of hours, though." That couple of hours is a superfluity of time and drags by unregretted. Its end sees all the available population of Tadousac—and it mostly is available at all hours,—down at the rickety old wharf waiting in anxious expectance the goods the gods and little fishes may please to send it. We don't "dress" in Tadousac, but leaving the glories of seaside fashion to Saratoga and, say, Ca-couna, come down, "as we are." Perhaps we look none the less captivating on that account. Even now, though near, the blissful moment has not yet arrived. We are not to be laid hold of and taken captive, at once, by every rough rover of a steamboat as are some places I could name. The mighty current of the Saguenay is a jealous guardian and a strong to boot, and they that would win us must woo long and delicately, content to endure repeated failures before the final triumphant hitch of the ropes makes boat and wharf one.

Then comes the scanning of the faces which line the steamer's promenade deck. Magnificence on deck, in silk of the latest fashion, and the "last sweet thing" in hats nods smilingly to Simplicity in cotton, on the wharf. Says, Miss Simplicity, "There are those odious Fitz-doodle girls, I declare! Horrid minxes! Don't tell them I said so, though." Then, with her most engaging manner, oh, woman! woman! "How do you do, dear, so glad to see you. (Oh, Simplicity in cotton!) hope you're going to stay with us." The "horrid minxes" are not going to stay. They only come over to see the "far-famed," and are "going on." Out of the abundance of their pity for our cast-away condition, (they come from Ca-couna opposite, where fashion reigns) they ask condescendingly, "Ain't you all very dull here?" "Not at all, quite the reverse." The "minxes" had always understood this was such a "stupid little hole." Was there any one here?" Simplicity has an oppor-

tunity; she takes it, concluding a long list of names with those of the "Wellington de Boots." Now, young Wellington de Boots is—but no matter. The enemy turns aside quite discomfited. By this time, the American tourist "doing" the "far-famed" is straining up the gangway by the dozen, in company with barrels of flour, firkins of butter and other provisions. He starts off to "do" our little church and bay, and comes back virtuously glowing in an hour, satisfied, and probably warm.

At the post-office, above the wharf, there is an animated scene. During the sorting of the tag, we walk up and down in front of the little window in the gathering dusk, and much innocent badinage flies about. The window opened, there is a general rush. "Miss Smith," Miss Smith has a whole budget, and goes away smiling and contented. "Mrs. Brown." Nothing for Mrs. Brown. Messrs. Jones and Robinson received their respective allowances, and so through the alphabet. A indignantly shows her share of the plunder in the shape of a newspaper, and Z, who is suffering from a plethora of communications, is besought piteously for a crumb or two from her share. It is quite usual for those who have to give to those who have not, and that sweet charity for which woman is so notorious, is constantly shown by one gentle kindly hearted girl, giving a whole side of her own letter to a letterless sister. It is true that the side is too often the outside.

The best of friends must part, and my holiday is over. I say, good-bye, to Tadousac, the simple and its kindly inhabitants. Good-bye, Johnny, my pleasant companion in sailing expeditions, may your boat always sail "secundo vento," and steer clear of "Dead Man's Point" for many a day. As we used to say in long ago days, "Good-bye church, good-bye steeple, good-bye town and all your people," and so with kindly recollections of pleasant days and nights spent within hearing of its voice, I reluctantly bid "Good-bye to the bar and its moaning."

HUMOROUS.

WHEN is a literary work like smoke? When it rises in volumes.

WHY is a married man always single? Because he and his wife are one.

WHY is a kiss like some sermons?—Because there are two heads and an application.

WHAT is that which is both innocent and wicked, although it never did anything?—A candle.

WHO is the largest man?—The lover; he is a man of tremendous sighs.

WHICH is the singer which never gets a cold?—The tea-kettle.

WHERE should a man go to when short of money?—Go to work.

ANN Eliza says that thirteen of Brigham's daughters sat in the front seats and made faces at her the first time she lectured.

THERE is nothing more hazardous than to be bothering an irritable woman with foolish questions on wash day.

"TOO THIN" has become obsolete. "Not sufficiently materialized" is the latest form in which this idea is clothed.

THERE'S where a man has the advantage. He can undress in a cold room and have his bed warm before a woman has got her hair-pins out and her shoes untied.

BROWSKY Bunker of Carmel loafed around all day trying to get the highest bid for his vote. He wanted three dollars; but just as they were about to compromise on two dollars and a half the sun went down and the inspector declared the polls closed. All the remarked was, "Great Caesar! is it possible I'm not in time to vote for the Constitutional amendment prohibiting bribery at elections?"

HERE is a poet who says: "I'm sitting sadly on the strand, that stretches to the water's brink; and as the day slips slowly by, I idly fold my hands and think." Whilst he is sitting on the strand with idle folded hands, his family at home may be suffering for the necessities of life. He should skirmish around before the day slips slowly by, and secure a job at digging a cellar.

THE widower's grief has been pronounced by competent authority to be lovely while it lasts, but it is not constructed to endure the rude assaults of time. A Connecticut man who only last spring threw himself upon the cold turf that wrapped his beloved's clay and wept until his eyelashes fell out, has since had three women following him around for alimony.

ARTISTIC.

THE Queen has received from the Emperor of Austria a portrait of his Imperial Consort, specially copied from a picture by Winterhalter.

MR. THOMAS FAED, R. A., has just been elected Honorary Member of the Vienna Royal Academy, and his election has been approved by the Emperor of Austria.

THE historical painting of M. Terenzio, representing the defeat of the Venetian fleet by the Turkish fleet at the Dardanelles, and the death of the Doge Mocenigo, has been despatched for Egypt.

THE committee recently appointed to report on the condition of Macle's water-glass picture in the Royal Gallery at Westminster, have reason to believe that experiments soon to be undertaken for its restoration will be successful.

THE committee for the erection of a monument to Auber announces that the amount of subscriptions received for that object through private sources, is 11,000*l.*, of which the pieces of the composer gave 3,000*l.*, and the widow of Mr. Scribe 2,000*l.* Subscription lists are to be deposited, from New Year's-day, at all the lyric theatres and with MM. Brandus and Co., music publishers, 103, Rue de Richelieu.

A SALE of sixty-eight pieces of sculpture by Carpeaux, in marble, bronze, and terra-cotta, at the Hotel Drouot, has just taken place. "Spring," a statue in marble, was adjudicated for 1,200*l.* "The Three Graces, marble, was bought for 700*l.*; and "A Wounded Cupid," same, 400*l.* The statuette of "Figaro," terra-cotta, 170*l.*; the bust of G6r6me, 100*l.*; of Gounod, 105*l.*; and of Dumas the younger, 280*l.* The whole proceeds only reached 23,183*l.*