

DAS STILLE LAND.

Once more I hear thy tuneful breezes playing
O'er music-haunted streams,
Once more my spirit through thy realm is straying,
O holy land of dreams!

There do the shadows of the faithful hearted
Wave by me to and fro,
The shadows of the loved ones who departed
In the far long ago.

There is the one who never knew another
Sorrow than for my pain,
There murmured blessings from thy lips, O mother!
Sink in my soul again.

There, too, thou art with me fond and tender,
As thou art good and fair;
I look in thy brown eyes' unfathomed splendour,
And read "I love thee" there.

Not with that cold and measured liking only
Which here I win from thee,
But love for which, when saddest and most lonely,
I pine so utterly.

There, from the heroes of the bygone ages,
The clash of armour swells,
There, with calm, thoughtful look, the ancient sages
Walk mid the asphodels.

There the old poets, themes of song and story,
On that eternal shore,
To strains of an unutterable glory,
Sweep the rich chords once more.

God! how my full heart leaps up and rejoices,
As through the thrilling calm,
With deep accord of their harmonious voices,
They pour the solemn psalm.

O Land! O Land! how long will human blindness
To all thy gifts endure,
Land for the lonely, land which heaven's own kindness
Hath opened for the poor?

But lo! the night hath gone, and coldly o'er me
The chill grey dawn-light streams,
Vanish the sacred shades that passed before me,
There is no land of dreams.

J. L.

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

WINNIPEG TO OTTAWA IN WINTER.

IV.

One hundred miles or thereabouts, east from Brainerd, is Thompson's Junction. The train which carried me down from "Life Spice and Brainerd forever" reached the Junction at noon. The traveler here bids farewell to the Northern Pacific Line, and becomes acquainted with the Lake Superior and Mississippi Railroad connecting with Duluth and St. Paul. The "Northern" train continues its course due east and reaches Duluth early in the evening. Between Brainerd and Thompson's Junction, opportunities are afforded for seeing the great snow fences which have had to be constructed along this line as a protection against the great drifts of the prairie. The snow, in Northern Minnesota, is generally very heavy, the inevitable fence serves to confine the drift, although hardly a winter passes without the trains having a good share of snowing up. These fences are frequently to be found on both sides of the track, a short distance from the rails. They are more or less built according to the topography of the surrounding country, and as each winter comes around, experience always suggests where new and additional ones are required. One of these fences extends for several miles, and at first sight the stranger is wont to exclaim "what a large farm this man has!" and not often he is permitted by the mischievous conductor to carry away this impression.

The heavy forest to be found in North-eastern Minnesota, especially through that portion traversed by the Northern, will account for the extensive snow storms and drift experienced in that region. The trains have been frequently delayed a whole week, and snow fences have disappeared beneath the surface of mountainous drifts. After the traveller takes a car on the Lake Superior and M. R., going south, he will discover a great change in the appearance of the country. The timber, though plentiful, is of a lighter and more serviceable variety to the pioneer settler. Here and there an opening discloses the squatter and the settler, and signs of agricultural civilization take the place of smoky lumbering camps and shanties. The various little stations of pine stumps and a solitary shanty, along the line between the Junction and St. Paul are, of course, designated as "something" city, and among the denizens of these pioneer cities the short Scandinavian predominates. Although a United Statesman by naturalization he still speaks his own language with fluency and partiality, but he is satisfied with his new lot, and is something like the French Canadian who prefers to speak his mother-tongue, unless it is absolutely necessary that he should speak English, and this in most cases he speaks fluently and well.

To reach St. Paul just as night commences and take the iniquitous "bus" for the Merchants' Hotel, is far more pleasant than to be disturbed at early morning, even in the same hotel, and informed that you have to go a half a mile to catch an outward bound train and that you have just twenty minutes in which to do it. Let it be remembered that the chief metropolis of the North Star State is no mean city, and some time I may undertake to write a running description of it. For the present, let it suffice, if I say that its two chief hotels, the Merchants' and the Metropolitan, cannot be beaten by more pretentious cities than the capital of Minnesota. The people of the city have a self-satisfied well-to-do appearance, a fact which is sufficiently demonstrated on the streets and by the numerous palatial private residences of its wealthy citizens.

He whose ticket reads *via the West Wisconsin* has an evening and a morning in which to see

the city, but not so fortunate is he whose past-board compels him to travel nocturnally by the *Milwaukee* and *St. Paul* line, though to many it may be an advantage to have no detention. The *West Wisconsin* line is only a recent one. I have a vivid recollection, and it dates only four years ago, when the *West Wisconsin* was opened only as far as the lumbering regions of Menominee. Now it is one of the chief connecting links between St. Paul and Chicago. Our train left its station at half past nine in the morning, and at 6 o'clock, the next morning, we were in Chicago without exchanging the comfortable Pullman which carried us out of St. Paul. Four years in the West make wonderful changes in the country and in the people. Towns and cities now appear where four years ago, there was only unoccupied space and towns. Much of this line traverses old and familiar ground to me, and to behold these changes in so short a time almost makes one regret the revolutionary tendencies of his fellows, but who dares stop the head of pioneers, "of nations yet to be?" Certainly not the sickly sentimentalism of the poet would have the axeman spare the tree and prevent a house or a steamboat, and his sentiment neither obtains observance—hardly respect, so rude and inconsiderate is progress in the western wilds. By the *West Wisconsin*, I found myself passing such cities and towns as Stillwater, Ma., Hudson, Wis., Roberts, Hammona, Baldwin, Hersey, Wilson, Menominee, Elk Mound, Eau-Claire, Chippewa Falls, Fall Creek, Augusta, Fairchild, Humbird, Elroy, Madison, Beloit, and Caledonia, Ill. The distance by the cars is 409 miles, and this was overcome at six o'clock on the following morning. Two hours later I was enabled to take a Great Western car on the Michigan Central. Detroit was reached at six in the evening. Thence, by Great Western to Hamilton occupied the time until the following morning, at three o'clock, which being Sunday morning, no train left for Toronto. But there are worse places than Hamilton in which to spend any day even a Sunday. Monday morning, from Hamilton, and the same evening in the capital requires no description, as your readers are too familiar with the ground. The distance from St. Paul to Ottawa is certainly not less than 1200 miles by rail, and this distance can be easily overcome in two days and a half. The distance from Winnipeg to St. Paul is only one-half, and yet it takes twice as long to accomplish it. When the Pembina Branch is constructed, St. Paul and Garry will be within 36 hours of each other, and the whole distance from Winnipeg to Ottawa will be readily overcome in four days. There is no wonder then that the "Half Breeds" are very anxious to see the Pembina Branch constructed and the St. Vincent Branch of the St. P. and P. line completed to the Boundary line.

KANTUCK.

MUSICAL CRITICISM.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Sir,—Under the above heading there appeared in your last issue a letter signed "A Newspaper Critic." Why did the writer not sign *Critique de la presse*; or perhaps better, *Criticism Newspaperum*, as he objects to English expressions? Of which paper is "A Newspaper Critic," as it would be beneficial to some of us (who consider ourselves better than Patti, Thalberg, or Gretton!) to know, for we should then learn where to look for our meed of praise, and where to escape criticism? We might improve by studying his "Musical Criticisms," as he calls them. Your readers must learn from my lips (pen?) that I am not one of those ignoramus who does (do?) not know a dominant seventh from a minor third, &c., &c. But enough of travesty. Let not "A Newspaper Critique" presume that because a man can speak several languages, and writes for a Montreal paper that he is thereby qualified to criticise a musical performance, even if he has heard Patti, Kellogg, Nilsson, Lucca, &c. Something more is needed. A considerable knowledge of music, both theoretical and practical, is absolutely necessary. To have heard good music by the best artists is not sufficient. How many are there of those who have heard all the above named artists who are competent to decide which is best, or to pronounce upon the merits of any particular performance of any of the same? Has "A Newspaper Critic" never heard the story of the sailor who travelled all over the world, but learned nothing more than the names of the taverns in the different places he visited, and the price of the liquor sold therein? It comes in *appropos* here.

"A Newspaper Critic" says, among other twaddle, "it is because some of us have heard Patti, Kellogg, Lucca, &c., &c., that we can judge." Here he coolly asserts a fact as proof of the same. Logical certainly! Again, he says "We have been educated to hear good music, and envy those who have not." The italics are mine. A good musical education does not seem to be a very desirable attainment, or why envy those who have not received it?

Still, again, he says: "Critique" seems to have been at great pains to pick out, here and there, a "*lapis calami*," and thus, &c." A paragraph of nonsense is to be overlooked, because it was only a "*lapis calami*!" This is somewhat like the individual who could not spell correctly because his pen was a bad one. Glancing my eye down "A Newspaper Critic's" letter for other points worthy of notice, I fail to find any; and I cannot but consider his letter as another proof of the truth and justness of "Critique's"

strictures upon that class of writers of which "A Newspaper Critic" is a number.

I will conclude these few lines, for which I hope you will be able to find space, by remarking that the position taken by "Critique" is approved and supported by a majority of the amateurs of this city, some of whom have probably heard as many of the first artists of the day as "A Newspaper Critic," and have the further advantage of knowing a dominant seventh from a minor third.

Yours very truly,

AN AMATEUR.

P. S.—It is perhaps worth while to point out that "A Newspaper Critic," in his last sentence, completely undoes the work of the whole column which precedes it, by admitting that he is "amenable to many of the just animadversions of 'Critique.'" But this was probably only another *lapis calami*. I would recommend a stiff pen and strong rough paper to prevent these frequent slips.

THE RIGHT WAY TO DO BUSINESS.

There is always a species of warfare going on between the tradesmen who have a conscience and those who keep no such article in stock. It may be the case, and probably is, that the man without a conscience occasionally gets the best of the market, and that the honest man is the sufferer; but in the long run the old adage in favour of honesty is justified, and the honest policy succeeds. For there is always this immense advantage on the side of the fair dealer, viz.: that his transactions will bear investigation, and therefore he can stand his ground and confidently wait the ultimate verdict of the public. On the other hand, the tricky dealer—the adulterator and the sophisticator—must make a hit soon, or he is not likely to make it at all. In all neighbourhoods there are people who will have their eye on him, and take care that he is known for what he is. It is reputation, after all, that is the best stock in trade, and the genuine trader knows this, and is so thoroughly convinced of it, that he cultivates reputation above all things, and will sacrifice anything or everything else to maintain that inviolate. "I can make that do," said a gentleman to a tradesman to whom he had given a great deal of trouble. "Nay," was the answer, "if you can make it do I cannot, sir; I see it is not what it should be, and I cannot consent to let it out of my hands in a defective state." That was the expression of a true man.

Persons conversant with trade and manufactures know very well that with regard to any product of industry that can possibly be named there are certain men or women, or certain firms, who will supply it of the best quality. It does not seem to be of much importance what the thing be which a man makes, so that he make it well. As surely as he can make it better than his rivals, and sell it at a fair price, so surely will he in the long run get a reputation for it, which means that he will make much money by it. It may be a monster steam-engine, the moving spirit of our iron-clad leviathans of battle; it may be a biscuit that relishes pleasantly on a luncheon tray; it may be a screw, a nail, a pin, a needle, a reel of cotton, a lucifer match, or anything else of even less significance than that. No matter what it is, if it is a thing of real use and general demand, and is the best of its kind, it will prove of sufficient importance to found a reputation and build up a fortune. This, of course, is not the place to record the names of those who might be cited in illustration of the truth of what we affirm; most readers will be able to tell over a list of them in their minds, seeing that so many of them have long been household words in almost every home.

These are the examples which the young tradesman should set up for his imitation, if he means to do business in the right way. The fact that there are so many tricky traders ever ready to delude is one that is in favour of the really honest man, if only he can have patience "and bide his time." Integrity and uprightness, if they are not always at a premium, are sure of recognition and appreciation sooner or later; and if their progress is slow it is sure. Further, of all methods of doing business, the honest method is the comfortable method, as being the simplest and the most free from anxiety, not to speak of the higher motives which will always affect the business life of a true man. "Plain dealing," says one, "is safe sailing;" and plain dealing is what the public wants. If we want a free breakfast table, we want still more an honest one—honest bread, honest butter, tea, coffee, milk, sugar, eggs, etc.—instead of the substitutes, adulterated and stale, with which we are too often treated. We want genuine beer, wine, and spirits, if we want them at all; and we want far weight and measure in the place of light weight, the fraudulent bottles, and lying envelopes in which too many of our liquors and viands are contained. Again, we want cutlery that will cut; plate that is really silvered, and not superficially filmed over by the electrotype process; watches that will go correctly, and tools that will do their work. We want books correctly printed, and not cut down and eviscerated that they may fill fewer pages, and we want them honestly bound; and, among other things, we want cloth that will wear and coats that will burn. In a word, we want to have what we pay for, and not a good-for-nothing something else in its place. Whoever will satisfy these wants at a just price will be doing business in

the right way, and he shall prosper in spite of all the roguery and chicanery that blows its brazen trumpet in public, and gets itself periodically white-washed according to the latest improved system in private.

OUR GREAT LAKES.

A correspondent to the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS from Barrie, sends us the following correct dimensions of the great lakes which form the mighty St. Lawrence. They are the fruit of his own travel and observation: Lake Superior—Length, 355 miles; width, 160; area, 32,000 miles; elevation, 601 ft.; depth, 900 ft. Huron and Georgian Bay—Length, 280 miles; width, 190 miles; area, 25,000 miles; elevation, 578 ft.; depth, 800 ft. Michigan, not Canadian, of course, but quoted last week—Length, 390 miles; width, 108 miles; elevation and depth same as Huron; area, 23,000 miles. Erie—Length, 240 miles; width, 80 miles; area, 9,500 miles; elevation, 566 ft.; depth, 100 ft. Ontario—Length, 180 miles; width, 65 miles; area, 6,000 miles; elevation, 234 ft.; depth, 500 ft.

VARIETIES.

THERE exists at the present time a village in Germany—Ströpkoppe—the peasants of which have been from time immemorial consummate chessplayers.

A BOY jockey in California, who during the past two years has ridden horses in several races, was lately discovered to be a girl.

THE Municipal Government of Paris asked for 220,000,000fr.—for eight million eight hundred thousand pounds sterling—and they have been offered over 374 millions sterling. Paris itself has covered the loan 30 times, the Departments 11 times, and outside France (including Alsace-Lorraine) 54 times. Poor Bismarck! we pity you. You must be galled indeed at your shortsightedness.

MR. DISRAELI is looking a little shaky, notwithstanding the great care and skill with which he is made up. There is no jauntiness in his step, and he is visibly thinner than he was. But the fire burns as brightly as ever, and he has made two or three most felicitous replies already, and altogether may be said to be in what is called "good form." He looks very sharp after his men, and to serve under him is an admirable apprenticeship.

"NAUTILUS" writes to recommend a very simple, ready, and effectual agency for the prevention and extinction of fire on board ships. This is the introduction, by means of a steam pipe connected with the boilers, of a jet of steam into each of the compartments into which all properly-constructed steamships are divided by means of water tight bulkheads. This jet is regulated by steam cocks under the control of the engineer, and is sufficient, where the hatches are properly closed and battened, to stifle any flame that can be supposed to exist.

A LECTURER on natural history was called upon, the other day, to pay for a live rabbit he had in a basket in a railway carriage, and which the ticket-collector said would be charged the same as a dog. The lecturer vainly explained that he was going to use the rabbit in illustration of a lecture in a provincial town; and, indignantly taking a small live tortoise from his pocket, said, "You'll be telling me next that this is a dog, and that I must pay for it also." The ticket-taker went for superior orders, and on his return delivered the lecture in natural history—"Cats is dogs, and dogs is dogs; but a tortoise is a hinsect."

FARMING IN THE STATES.—In 1870, there were 1,660,000 farms in the United States, employing 7,140,000 horses and 1,300,000 oxen; while the agricultural population comprised at the same date 2,977,711 farmers or landowners, 2,885,996 agricultural labourers, 1,112 vine-dressers, 3,609 managers of estates, 31,565 gardeners, 15,369 herdsmen, 3,550 milkmen, 1,085 bee-keepers, and 2,478 individuals engaged in the production of resin. It is well known that the United States is of all countries the most prolific producer of cereals. In 1850 its harvest amounted to 99,731,000 quarters; in 1870, it had risen to 189,145,000 quarters, worth upwards of £200,000,000 sterling.

VOLUNTEERS IN GREAT BRITAIN.—An abstract issued from the War Office shows, according to the annual returns up to the 1st of November last, that the maximum establishment of Volunteers in Great Britain was 236,685, subdivided thus:—Light horse, 995; artillery, 42,026; engineers, 8,410; mounted rifles, 300; rifles, 183,473; and staff of administrative regiments, not included in the returns of any corps, 1,481. The number of supernumeraries authorised was 3,252. The efficient numbered 161,100, of whom 30,827 belonged to artillery and 122,492 to rifle corps. The total number of men enrolled was 175,387—viz., Light horse, 556; artillery, 33,550; engineers, 6,601; mounted rifles, 175; rifles, 123,323; and staff, 1,483. The number of officers and sergeants who had obtained certificates of proficiency is 14,152; and the total number of volunteer present at the last annual inspection was 139,858.

ARTISTIC.

M. CAROLI'S DURAN, the painter, is charged to execute at the Palace of the Luxembourg a grand ceiling-piece representing Marie de Medicis and her Court.

A WONDERFUL exhibition has been opened at Brussels. It is a collection of about 100 landscapes of great merit, painted by a boy named Fritz Kerckhove, of Bruges, who died an idiot at eleven years of age.

M. CLEINGER has just finished a bust representing "La France" that is greatly admired for its calm power and originality. "C'est la France," writes a French critic, "cuisse et casquée, non point belliqueuse, mais prête à la guerre."

TITIAN'S famous painting, "Danaë," has been purchased from the Prince Buoncompagni of Bologna for 630,000 francs by the Emperor of Russia. The picture is at present on view in the gallery of Angers, for a charitable purpose.

MR. GEORGE SMITH has discovered, among the Assyrian tablets in the British Museum, the legend of the building of the Tower of Babel. This discovery is quite as important as that of the tablet relating to the Deluge, made known last year by the same gentleman.

A STATUE of Venus, cut in the finest Parian marble, has been discovered in the gardens of Mæcenat at Rome. The figure is considered greatly superior to the Venus de Medicis. It has unfortunately sustained some injuries. The other discoveries are a fine bust of Commodus, the Tritons, and a Bacchus. These seem to belong to the time of the Antonines.