

A REGRET.

I.

I met the maiden that I loved
One evening on the sea;
And, save a peeping star or two,
All by ourselves were we.
The silken moths flew round about,
And softly moved the air,
But softer on my shoulder fell
The flutter of her hair.
And so we walked an hour or more:
How swift the minutes sped!
And then we parted—well-a-day,
What might I not have said?

II.

I met the maiden that I loved
One sweet May-morn again,
And, save the happy Sabbath bells,
No sound was in the lane.
But when I looked her in the face
So fast the blushes flew,
No wild-rose blossom in the spring
And ever such a hue.
And so we wandered toward the church
How swift the minutes sped!
And then we parted—well-a-day,
What might I not have said?

III.

I met the maiden that I loved
Once more in after-years,
And as she passed me in the street
I scarce could look for tears.
For by her side a stranger walked,
And she might be his bride—
But oh! she smiled not as of yore,
Our darling village pride.
Then met I thought of one still eve,
Of one May-morn how sped,
And how we parted—well-a-day,
What might I not have said?

AROUND THE RICHELIEU BY
MOONLIGHT.

CHARMING SCENERY.—HISTORIC SITES.—
FAMILY COMFORT.—TRIFLING EXPENSE.—
HEALTHFUL RECREATION.

There are thousands of us who know the Richelieu only by name. And yet it is as picturequely beautiful as the St. Lawrence is sublimely grand. It has features that are unique on this continent, and scenes to be met with nowhere else in America. Supposing you want an outing on the water, and can afford neither time nor money to go to the seaside. Then take the Richelieu. It is essentially the river for families. The trip is short and easy. Trundle the young ones down to the Bonsecours Basin and embark on the steamer Chambly at 1 o'clock of a Tuesday afternoon. Put your traps in the stateroom, direct yourselves of superfluous shawls or other gear, and sit you down in the cool shade of the fore-castle. In a few moments you are gliding through the channel and the great wings of the water breezes are fanning your cheeks.

The panorama opens at once. There are Longueuil and Boucherville on the one hand; Longue Pointe and Pointe-aux-Trembles on the other. Presently the clear waters of the Ottawa flow in from the Bout de l'Île, and opposite, the twin towers of Varennes gleam from the wooded height. Then come St. Sulpice and Lavallée on the northern bank; Vercheres and Contrecoeur on the southern—all historic names, recalling the seigneurs and nobility of 200 years. About five o'clock Lanoraie appears in sight, where we round to, unload and take in freight from the long pier, after which the welcome supper bell is heard and cheerfully obeyed. The table is spread in the upper saloon, with all the windows open, so that the shifting scenes on the shore can be observed even while we eat. The meal is scarcely over, and the post prandial cigar lighted, when a broad curve is made and Sorel stands before us like a sentry at the mouth of the Richelieu—Sorel, the site of the old French fort, built by an officer of that name, and the William Henry of a later English date. The spectacle at that soft evening hour is very beautiful. After a halt of twenty minutes, we proceeed up the Richelieu, through a labyrinth of docks and ship-yards. For the first twelve miles the banks are quite elevated and thickly wooded down to the water's edge. All is silent and solitary, and the imagination easily goes back to the far time when Champlain propelled his canoes over the same route on his way to the land of the Iroquois, discovering the pretty lake that bears his name, and mooring at the foot of Carillon or Ticonderoga. It is safe to say that this part of the Richelieu has not altered in those two hundred years—the same banks of sand, the same bushes and trees. A bend in the river and two steeples spring into view—St. Roch on the right, St. Ours on the left. We stop at both places. Down from the hills they all come—men, women and children, with the village curs—to see the steamer come and go. It is the calm hour of twilight; the work of the day is done in field and farm-house, and the passage of the boat is a pleasant break in the monotony of the week. All along this river the French *habitant* can be seen in his primitive condition. A few miles further on is the St. Ours lock, or dam, where we are naturally detained a bit, after which all is plain sailing. The sun goes slowly down in banks of hammered gold, and a pink atmosphere suffuses all the landscape. Then the colors deepen as the gloom advances. Purple cows and sheep drink the purple water, and violet ropes sink silently into violet wells. St. Denis and St. Antoine are reached, facing each other over a narrow expanse, and the sweet Angelus bells mingle from the bellries of both:

Ave Maria! 'Tis the hour of prayer!
Ave Maria! 'Tis the hour of love!
Ave Maria! May our spirits dare
Look up to thine and to thy Son's above!

At St. Antoine you are shown the large stone house where Sir Geo. Cartier was born, and from which he crossed to the other side to take part in the battle of St. Denis. At the latter place the field lies tranquil and all unconscious where Gore's Waterloo veterans were driven back by a handful of peasants, armed with truncheons and old blunderbusses. Near by is St. Charles, which our venerable friend, General T. S. Brown, can tell us all about. There Wetherell made short work of the rebels, entrenched at the De Barzsch mansion. The sun has scarcely sunk in the West when the moon arises in the East. It is the harvest moon, full and round as a ball, and yellow as a guinea. Slowly it mounts from the sedges, clears the dark tops of the forest trees, until, having attained the open spaces of star-light, it bathes the whole valley of the Richelieu in its mellow radiance. The tin-clad spires of the village churches glitter like shafts of silver. The surface of the river shines like a burnished shield. The white farm-houses on the shore are repeated in the water. The mirage is weird and beautiful. All is calm and silent, but it is not the solitude of death.

Nature sleeps in the sweet repose of night, under the eye of the moon, that fills the whole heavens and the earth with its mild queenship. One by one the lights on either side of the bank go out. Not a sound is heard of bird or beast—only the thud of the waves of the steamer's bow, and even that is hushed as the Chambly puts in at St. Marc toward midnight. The engines are stopped, the fires are banked, and we all retire till five o'clock in the morning. At that early hour motion is resumed; we are awakened by the Angelus bells of St. Marc and St. Charles, and are out again on deck to greet a glorious sunrise. The air is deliciously cool, and we experience an exhilarating sense of rejuvenation. It will be admitted that this short trip is worth undertaking, if only for the triple enjoyment of a sunset, a full moon and a sunrise amid such exceptional scenery. The first place we make is Isle aux Cerfs, where we stop to land a piano and a quantity of household goods. This charming island, famous among the old hunters of the Richelieu for its stag and other game, has just been purchased of Major de Montenach by M. Senechal, who is fitting it up for a summer residence. He is improving the fine manor house, embosomed in secular trees, and bringing up water to it in pipes from the Richelieu. On the pier we saw Messrs. Dansereau, Drolet, Bergeron and a handsome group of ladies and children, who are spending a few days in that leafy retreat. I have a notion, however, that the island is rather too isolated for pleasure, being more adapted to the seclusion of country family life. This isolation is modified in a degree, indeed, by the presence of the little steam yacht *Undine*, which we saw balancing under the trees, and which is used to carry the denizens to any point that they may desire to visit. On leaving Isle-aux-Cerfs the landscape increased in beauty, owing to the superior quality of the soil. The fresh air of the morning tossed the branches of the silver poplars till they looked like waves of apple blossoms, while the purple poppies and vinegar plants flushed bright on the sloping banks. The uplands were flushed with the spreading fields of buckwheat.

At St. Hilaire we passed the stately mansion of the Rouvilles, the home of the Campbell family. A venerable bank teller of Montreal, was disporting himself in a boat. Then we crossed over to Belœil, under the bridge, made famous some twenty years ago by a terrible catastrophe, and beneath the giant shadow of Rouville Mountain. A little beyond are the Belœil Powder Mills, a group of neat brick houses, removed from all other habitations for acres. Next is St. Matthias, and then we sailed into the broad basin of Chambly. Here, again, the spectacle was imposing and varied. Four mountains in view—at the rear, the basaltic pillars of Rouville; to the left, the majestic hump of Rougemont; to the right, the grand sweep of Boucherville, and far in the front, the blue outline of our own Mount Royal. I fancy there are few prettier places in this province than Chambly and its basin. After breakfast we were given ample time to land. We visited first the statue of DeSalaberry, which we found in good condition, the little park in the midst whereof it stands, being well attended to. We then wended our way to the old fort at the Canton and were agreeably surprised to find that it had been partially renovated. Three of the walls have been repaired, that facing the rapids being still in ruins. The preservation of this historic monument is due to the zeal of M. Dion, who obtained a grant from the Federal Government for that purpose. We left Chambly at 10 o'clock in the morning on our way back, stopping at every town and village on either shore, where we were pleased to observe that there was plenty of freight awaiting us. On touching at Belœil again, we were shown a number of residences belonging to Montreal people, such as the Jodoin, Desmarreaux, Bellemare, and others. Mr. H. J. Gray has also a splendid farm there. We arrived at Sorel at eight o'clock and remained in port till three in the morning, when we set out for home, which we reached in good time for breakfast. We were thus two nights and one day and a half on the water, having every comfort, and crowding together a series of health-giving enjoyments

which I venture to say cannot be surpassed anywhere. The expense of the voyage is only a trifle, the meals are excellent, the attendance is of the best, and from the captain and purser, who have both been on the Richelieu for upward of thirty years, every courtesy and attention is received. Indeed, they make the trip resemble a family party excursion. There is a second voyage on Friday, extending to Monday, thus giving three days on the river. If the Richelieu & Ontario Company had maps drawn of this lovely river, with historical and other notes, and distributed them in folders, I am confident they would obtain abundant patronage, and the traveling public would thank them for one charming tour the more.

J. L.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

London, July 21.

THERE is to be a junior Savage Club. The old boys will, doubtless, have reason to be proud of the young ones.

MADAME SARAH BEENHARDT will appear at another English town next week, namely, Boulogne-sur-Mer.

SPA hopes to get the pigeon-shooting of the world, and is making especial arrangements for matches for the autumn and next year.

BRIGHTON will be the first place on the south coast where the new and improved bathing-machine will be seen which we recently alluded to.

AMONGST the names of those who it is thought may possibly receive the vacant garters are those of Lord Northbrook and Lord Roseberry.

A FACT in natural history has been noticed by the observant of late, namely, that young men moving about the West End wear white duck trousers.

AMONG the experiments of the day will be a new halfpenny daily paper. It will be under the highest auspices, and the greatest expenses.

THE Prince of Wales has made the gratifying announcement to the members of the Imperial Club that he accepts the Presidentship of their club.

ONE of the additions to the Fisheries Exhibition which creates considerable interest is the boat in which Mr. Johnston made his 1,000 miles trip from Norway.

THERE are a number of Chinese officials on a visit to this country at present. Their chief object seems to be the inspection of manufactories in which war material is made.

A NEW complimentary phrase now heard in Paris is, "You are quite electric." Presumably it is meant to assert that the complimented one is most sparkling and brilliant.

IT is perhaps forgotten that the late Sir William Knollys had literary claims of a fairly high rank. Among his other productions were some excellent translations of the Odes of Horace.

A PIER a mile long is a big thing, and a turn up and down to sniff the briny will be enough for a day. It is promised for Weston-Super-Mare; the cost will be £100,000.

THE handsome stained glass window, subscribed for by members of the House of Commons, to the memory of Lord Frederick Cavendish, is to be placed immediately in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster.

THE Brighton Aquarium whale is perfectly well in health—mind and body are both vigorous. It is pronounced by an expert, "a young Beluga." It is not an offensive remark, and we believe means a white whale.

ANY millionaire in sovereigns may make an agreeable investment of a portion of his wealth in the purchase of the principality of Monaco, which, it is said, is for sale—gardens, tables of play and all the rest.

LACROSSE clubs are being established in many parts of the country, as a consequence of the recent visit of the Indians and Canadians. The game has taken the public taste, and yet another enemy (with tennis) has been found for old King Cricket.

IT has been in a mildly sarcastic way proposed by a few dissatisfied gentlemen to invite a dozen Savage Club members to supper, and give them exactly what the inviters got on Wednesday night at Albert Hall. There is a prodigious amount of grumbling about this part of the business, and a second show would certainly be ill patronized.

THERE can be no reason to believe that there was anything in the report of a sinister prophecy having been made of the near end of the late Duke of Marlborough. The cause of death has been proved by his grace's medical attendants to have certainly been due to ossification.

THE Americans think that it would greatly lessen danger by fire if all the new theatres were henceforth to be built at the angles of streets, and that permission should not be given to construct theatres elsewhere. The Americans have always been favorable to a "corner."

M. MAURIEL has found innumerable friends willing to aid him in his new position of manager of the Théâtre Italien. It has been said he has been offered the decorations of Covent Garden and also those of the Lisbon Opera, that Madame Albani will sing for him, and Mlle. Tremelli has been engaged.

SIR ARTHUR HAYTER having secured to him newer and brighter hat in place of the one which was lost so mysteriously, has wreathed his face in smiles to correspond, and jauntily speaks of August 22nd and 23rd as the probable date of the conclusion of the Session.

M. FERDINAND DE LESSEPS has returned to Paris in consequence of Madame de Lesseps having just presented him with another son. M. de Lesseps has eight sons and four daughters by his present wife, to whom he was married less than twenty years ago. The constructor of the Suez Canal was born in November, 1805.

THE proposed chess match between Messrs. Zukertort and Steinitz will not come off. The hero declines, and he cannot be blamed; he has gone through great fatigue, and need not, without great cause, put himself through a new test process. It is usual in all cases of laurels won to give some time to the winner to digest them.

WE are glad to hear that Professor Huxley has been elected President of the Royal Society. Some said he would be passed over, great as his claims were. This snub has, happily, not been given—we never saw a sign of it. We are not speaking materially, but metaphorically.

Those who clamour for the abolition of the bearing-rein are now as pressing for the discontinuance of the blinker. There is, perhaps, something to be said in favor of the idea, especially if the animal is gentle and amenable, but we hope that the "reformers" will not progress in their demands and ask first for the bit to be done away with, then the driving reins—lastly, the whip.

THERE is a report that the old project has been revived of removing the monuments from Westminster Abbey to St. Paul's Cathedral; doubtless the notion has been revived in consequence of the removal of the statue of the Duke of Wellington from its exalted station to another place as yet not exactly decided upon.

THE story is told that Sergeant Ballantine recently wrote a letter to Mark Twain, and becoming exasperated because the funny man of Hartford didn't answer, followed his epistle with a sheet of paper and a postage stamp. Mark replied on a postal-card, "Paper and stamp received; please send envelope."

AFTER all we are not to have sixpenny telegrams till October, 1884, when we shall be able either to send a dozen words, address included, or five words including sender's address, the receiver's not being charged for. It cannot be done earlier because it takes long to instruct in telegraphy; usually about four years, says an authority.

THE following singular advertisement appears in the "agony column" of a London morning paper: "It is not our custom to give matrimonial advice, but as you have paid for the advertisement and postage, we reply by stating that when a lady writes 'She cannot marry you,' it means exactly the reverse. Our experience of womanhood justifies the answer."

A FEW days ago Lady Emily Kingscote called around her serving men and serving women, and informed them that she had decided to make an important alteration in her domestic establishment. She had decided that beer should no longer be recognized there. It had been the practice, as it is in so many, for Lady Emily Kingscote to allow beer money to her servants. This money was entered, as is the case in all well-regulated households, in a book, and this book her ladyship declares should no longer have upon its pages the charge called "beer money." There was no intention to deprive her servants of the equivalent, which they should receive as usual, but not in the name of beer money. After some conversation amongst the astonished servants, who valued their place (which is a good one) higher than their inclination to dispute the will of their mistress, they decided that the money should be received as washing money. This compromise was duly accepted between the contracting parties.