

HOUSEHOLD THOUGHTS.

HAPPY are the families where the government of parents is the reign of affection, and the obedience of the children the submission of love.

POSITIVENESS is a most absurd foible. If you are in the right, it lessens your triumph; if in the wrong, it adds shame to your defeat.

AIM NOT AT POPULARITY.—Seek not the favor of the multitude; it is seldom got by honest and lawful means. But seek the testimony of the few; and number not voices, but weigh them.

HOW TO BE RESPECTED.—It is by honest labor, manly courage, and a conscience void of offence, that we assert our true dignity and prove our honesty and respectability.

THE CONSCIENCE.—Keep your conscience tender—tender as the eye that closes its lids against an atom of dust, or as that sensitive plant which you have seen shrink and shut its leaf not merely at the rude touch of the finger, but at the breath of a moth.

OUR ORDINARY LIFE.—Our habitual life is like a wall hung with pictures, which has been shone on by the suns of many years; take one of the pictures away, and it leaves a definite blank space, to which our eyes can never turn without discomfort.

SECRECY.—Talkers and fertile persons are commonly vain and credulous withal, for he that talketh what he knoweth will also talk what he knoweth not; therefore set it down that a habit of secrecy is both polite and moral.

BE EMULOUS.—Don't be content with doing what another has done—surpass it. Deserve success, and it will come. The boy was not born a man. The sun does not rise like a rocket, or go down like a bullet fired from a gun; slowly but surely it makes its rounds, and never tires.

TRUE LOVELINESS.—It is not your neat dress, your expensive shawls, or your ringed fingers that attract the attention of men of sense. They look beyond these. It is your character they study. If you are trifling and fast in your conversation, no matter if you are beautiful as an angel, you have no attraction for them. It is the true loveliness of your nature that wins and continues to retain the affections of the heart. Young ladies sadly miss it who labor the outward looks while they bestow not a thought on their minds. Fools may be won by gewgaws, and the fashionable by showy dresses; but the wise and substantial are never caught by such traps. Let modesty be your dress. Use pleasant and agreeable language, and though you may not be courted by the fop and the sap, the good and truly great will love to linger by your side.

KEEPING ACCOUNTS.—The habit of saving has a dangerous side to it, we admit, and keeping accounts certainly develops the saving instinct; yet saving money for future needs is quite a different thing to saving money through mere stinginess; and to the prudent there is a real advantage in the regular keeping of accounts which is quite worth a certain amount of small trouble, and, if not pushed to an extreme, is a valuable help to conscientious persons. Those who are methodical enough to apportion definite amounts of the various items of their expenditure, and who would be honestly distressed if the allotment, say to personal expenditure, were seriously augmented to the injury of other claims, have an easy way of ascertaining from their private record how far they are fulfilling their own intentions.

TRIFLES.—There are many little things in the household, attention to which is indispensable to health and happiness. The kind of air which circulates in a house may seem a small matter, for we cannot see the air, and not many people know anything about it; yet, if we do not provide a regular supply of pure air within our houses, we shall inevitably suffer for our neglect. A few specks of dirt may seem neither here nor there, and a closed door or window appear to make little difference; but the little dirt and the little bad air are apt to sow the seeds of ill-health, and therefore ought to be removed. The whole of the household regulations are, taken by themselves, trifles—but trifles tending to an important result.

TOYS FOR LITTLE FOLK.—The infantile grace and wise unconsciousness of children make the oldest of us young again. And the infant that peoples rags and tags with living, sentient souls, or the boy that sees a fairy-boat in his rude carving is a perfect bud of the wonderful flower that is to come. Those who destroy their fond illusions, and force into the child's hand a token of maturity, do great harm. They are like those rude florists who tear open the half-blown flower, and give us the rose without its perfume. The little girl who glorifies bits of broken crockery into the finest china service, or animates her rag-baby with a real soul, is wronged when a Sevres and a "widow" doll are put into her hands. Give the young folk the old-fashioned toys that may perish with the using and make nobody bankrupt. Let the little ones romp and tear their clothes; it is a thousand-fold better than "deportment" and fashionable attire. In spite of the unnatural repression of parents, child-nature will try to make its way. The curled darlings who mope and pine in drawing-room and parlor are prematurely unhappy, as well as prematurely old. Sorrow and disappointment come soon enough; let us keep our children young and gay while we can.

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

DEATH OF THE DUKE OF RICHMOND IN 1819.

The death of Charles, fourth Duke of Richmond, in the year 1819, was a sad affair, and one of the important incidents, among the many, that are noticeable in Canadian history.

Various writers give different accounts of his death, and standard authorities make some discrepancies that impair the dependence that would otherwise be placed on their record of the circumstances.

Some locate the place of the Duke's departure from life at the confluence of the Rideau and Ottawa rivers, and others on the Ottawa River. While living witnesses know the facts, and can probably, to this day, point out the ruins of the old log cabin, on the banks of the Goodwood in which the Duke expired, the place might be more particularly designated, as being in the county of Carleton, about four miles from Richmond, and near the confluence of the Goodwood and Rideau rivers, and some sixteen miles from the confluence of the Ottawa and Rideau rivers.

Respecting the Duke's death, the following appeared in the "Gentleman Magazine," in the autumn of 1819.

It is with deep regret we record the death of Charles, fourth Duke of Richmond, and more particularly for it having been occasioned by that terrific malady, hydrophobia.

While at his summer residence, at William Henry, before he commenced his tour to the Upper Province he was bitten by a tame fox, which shortly after died of the malady.

No symptoms, however, appeared for nearly forty days after the circumstance, when his Grace having to walk thirty miles in excessive hot weather, where no road for a horse had been made, he found himself affected.

His Grace left Kingston, August 20th, and arrived at Perth the evening of the following day. On the 24th, he resumed his journey for the Richmond settlement, at the confluence of the Rideau and Ottawa rivers, and as we before intimated, proceeded on foot over a rugged country of 31 miles, accompanied by Lieutenant-Colonel Cockburn.

His Grace was much overcome by fatigue and passed a restless night. On the 25th, he arrived within three miles of Richmond, where he rested well, and walked to the settlement in the morning.

While here, he expressed considerable relief and attributed his healthy sensations to his laborious exercise.

In a few hours, however, he again complained of a returning illness, but passed the next night with so much composure that he continued his journey at 5 o'clock, on the 27th.

He had walked but three miles, when his symptoms returned with increasing violence, and he was conveyed by his attendants to a barn where he remained till 7 o'clock in the evening, when he was removed to a neighboring house, and there expired at 8 o'clock on the morning of the 28th of August.

The old settlers, at Richmond, state that the Duke and attendants proceeded in canoes, from Richmond to Bytown, by way of the Goodwood and Rideau rivers on the 20th of August, and were returning on the 28th to Richmond, when (in the evening) within four miles of the place, the Duke became violently ill, and they had to abandon the canoes, and shelter the Duke in a barn and afterwards in a cabin, while some of the party pressed on to Richmond for a physician, but the Duke died before medical aid could be obtained.

This is the only exception with any appearance of truth that I find the living witnesses take to the account given by the "Gentlemen's Magazine" which they concede to be correct, except the journey on foot from Richmond, the geographical position, and the death from the fox bite. The latter probably conveys a wrong idea by a typographical error.

It would be a shame if the Richmond people who expected to be honored with the residence of the Duke at that place, allowed his Grace to walk 20 miles through the woods, when they could give him a direct conveyance by water.

If the walking story be true, then it is strange that the attendants of the Duke did not return to Richmond for aid, instead of waiting two days within three or four miles of Richmond without procuring medical assistance.

The Duke was descended from King Charles the Second, and his ancestors are prominent in history back to the days of the Conqueror. He was born in 1774, and married, in 1789, Charlotte, daughter of the Duke of Gordon, by whom he had eight or nine children. He was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland from 1807 till 1813.

Duke of Richmond in England, Duke of Aubigny in France, and Duke of Lenox in Scotland, his rank was the highest of any Governor that Canada has had at any time, and though his life may have been sacrificed in the interest of this country, there has not been set up a stone or mark of any kind to point out the place of his death, and in view of the facts I think it desirable to call some attention to this part of Canadian history for the benefit of future generations.

MILO CHARTERS.

VICTOR HUGO AT HOME.

Victor Hugo is the simplest, most unaffected of men. He lives on the third floor of an un-

pretending house in the Rue Clichy, and several times a week holds evening receptions, frequented by all the leaders of the Republican party excepting M. Thiers. The ex-President was formerly an intimate of the poet, at the time when the latter kept open house for all celebrities in the Place Royale, and he is still on terms of friendship with him, though events have put an end to their mutual visiting. You ring at the door, a tidy maid-servant in black, with a white apron, answers the call, and you are shown into smartly-furnished apartments—rather parlour than drawing room—where the poet whom his numerous guests address as *Maitre* sits by the fire, smoking. His features are well known, but photography conveys no idea of their extraordinary vivacity and benevolence. His complexion is like a ripe winter apple, but his high arched forehead, only furrowed between the eyes, bears few traces of his seventy years. Although he has been heavily tried by domestic sorrows, losing his wife and two sons within three years, his air is full of serenity, and his manners towards everybody are marked by cordial, almost affectionate, warmth. He speaks willingly and much, and one can understand how it is that his house is such a favourite resort of politicians when one has heard with what unbounded hopefulness he talks of his country's prospects. *Les malades de la France*, he says, *mais expressivement, ne sont pas malades d'age, mais de croissance*; and he adds that although Republicanism may be smothered once or twice more in the present century, the sparks will smoulder under the ashes, and burst forth eventually into a flame, *une flamme bienfaisante qui éclairera sans détruire*. He reads immensely, and his memory is exceptionally retentive. A favourite occupation of his is to buy old books by forgotten authors—he has piles of them stacked up in his library—and from them he derives curious waifs of information which at some time or other are sure to crop up in his books. The first impression conveyed by his conversation is that he possesses inaccurate knowledge of amazing extent; but gradually one discovers that facts about which he appeared credulous had been detected by him as unsound, and that he merely referred to them to show that he had studied all the bearings of a question. Whilst he is talking, his guests flit about the room discussing the last political news, and cold grog, of which there is an unlimited supply on a side table. There are several ladies present, who keep their bonnets on, and who join in political disquisitions with such aptitude, as to dispel the illusion that French women are incompetent on all questions save millinery. Ever and anon the conversation becomes general, and it then ascends to heights of abstract speculation, which recall those colloquies of the last century, when the brain of every French philosopher teemed with plans for the regeneration of the human race.

The great poet constantly alludes to France as the focus of civilization, and to English ears it may seem that he does not take quite enough account of the civilizing part which Great Britain has discharged in colonising continents, crushing slavery, and disseminating light over such empires as India. But more particularly is Victor Hugo's influence immense in keeping alive animosity towards Napoleonism. In talking of the Second Empire Victor Hugo becomes leonine. With voice vibrating, he launches words of which no translation can convey the scathing force. "On the 2nd of December," he exclaims, "France fell under a Brigand who had sprung at her throat in the dark!" and one is reminded of that fulminating prophecy which he thundered in *Napoleon le Petit* at the Empire, then in its heyday; "You are dancing, and you think you shall dance for ever! Well, they dance on the frozen Neva, and fancy that because all Nature is frost-bound, the ice under their feet is firm earth. But watch the first rays of the spring sun, and see the ice crack and give way on all sides. So shall it be with the ground under your feet when Our Spring has returned!"

LADY BLESSINGTON.

A writer in the Chicago *Tribune* says:—"Lady Blessington, like Mme. Recamier, was an acknowledged queen of Society. But now, after the dazzle and glitter of her fame has faded to a memory, it is plainly seen that not even in a remote degree was her position like Margaret Fuller's or Mme. De Stael's—a purely intellectual one. There can be little doubt that she might have exerted every influence of her apparent wealth, and every power of her intellect, and yet, had she been less favored by nature than she was with charms that catch the fancies of men, might have striven in vain for the honors she bore so well. She had a keenly perceptive intelligence, which, when it went gleaming in the fields of art and literature, never failed to espy the richest grain that would garner well, to feed after conversations. Her mind was entirely objective in its character, not in the least subjective. It laid hold upon the outer world with faculties that gathered and brought home their gain to make her intelligence brilliant but superficial, to make her conversation more descriptive, quotative, and emotionally critical, rather than dispassionately analytical and transparently profound. She had no vision of the mysteries of mind and soul that baffle and perplex the thinker's consciousness. The sight was seldom or not at all inverted. She lived to grow like a morning glory grows, to beautiful blossoms and luxuriant foliage, but with little

root into the deep soil of thought. She was wonderfully gifted in expression, both of speech and person, so that the idea which a less attractive woman, uttering in more barren phrase, would seem but a scanty addition to the conversation, came from her with all the pomp and glory of an assured triumph. She of course was never original; her ideas were the thoughts that are the world's universal own, rehabilitated in the showy Blessington livery, and sent forth to enhance the Blessington reputation. In reading her life and letters one always has the impression that she poses always for dramatic effect, even in her private correspondence; that she always wrote and talked, not from the overflow of her own nature, but pertinaciously up to the standard of social and worldly approbation. Her literary reputation was made at a time when there were fewer feminine competitors for fame than now, and was nourished upon a diet of showy Annuals such as the reading public of to-day would reject as the most insipid of literary gruel. Her tales and novels probably are never read by the present army of light-literature readers, and would not find a publisher were they hawked from one office to another all over the country. Her beauty, her mental brilliancy, her rare expressional grace, and her supreme ambition to be the bright focal point of the intellectual rays of society made her house fashionable."

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

FEB. 23.—Sir Chas. Lyell, the celebrated geologist, died yesterday, aged 78.

The report of the Louisiana Committee will recommend the recognition of Kellogg as Governor of the State.

There was an excited debate, last night, in the French Assembly on the report of the Committee of Thirty in reference to the organization of the Senate.

The rumor is contradicted that Prince Hohenlohe is to assist Bismarck in his official labors. The latter's work, however, is to be lightened by an arrangement which will give him greater control over the Ministry.

FEB. 24.—The United States Senate, yesterday, repealed the contract of 1872, granting an additional subsidy to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company.

An additional section to the American Tariff bill has been adopted, providing for the collection of an income tax of 3 per cent on incomes of from \$3,000 to \$10,000, and 5 per cent on incomes above \$10,000.

A London telegram states that 200 laborers by the Saratania, and 700 more by the next steamer, will leave for Canada, after which there are to be no more free shipments, the Allan line being about to raise emigrant fares.

The majority report of the Louisiana Committee states that all that is needed in Louisiana is to withdraw the Federal troops and leave the people of that State to govern themselves.

FEB. 25.—The steamship France, from Havre, is ashore off Long Branch.

MacMahon has deputed the task of forming the new Cabinet to M. Buffet, President of the Assembly.

The Bill for the organization of the Public Powers was finally passed by the French Assembly, yesterday, by a vote of 436 to 262.

FEB. 27.—M. Buffet has declined the task of forming the new Cabinet.

Her Excellency Lady Dufferin was safely delivered of a son, yesterday morning.

The Protestant clergy of Spain have memorialized several of the European Powers to the effect that their religious liberty is threatened.

Mr. Globensky has been returned to the Dominion Parliament to represent the County of Two Mountains by a majority of 222.

LITERARY.

MR. BANCROFT is now at work upon an eleventh volume of his "History of the United States."

THE King of Burmah is going to start a newspaper. It is to be published in Burmese and English.

THE late Canon Kingsley made a special request that his body might be committed to mother earth without the grave being bricked.

THE translation of the "Æneid," on which Mr. William Morris is engaged, is line for line, and in rhymed fourteen-syllable metre.

IT is reported that Senor Castelar has arranged to write for a Belgian newspaper a series of articles upon the Spanish Republic.

TENNYSON has promised to signalise the opening of the Alexandra Palace in May with some lines which are to be set to music by Sir Michael Costa.

MRS. PROCTOR will publish the autobiography left by Proctor (Barry Cornwall) in the course of the year. As Mr. Proctor knew all the distinguished men of the present century, the book is likely to be of interest.

MR. SWINBURNE is working at his long-projected essay on the several stages of Shakespeare's work, based on a study of the progress and development of his style and metre.

Two literary dinners which are given every year have obtained some celebrity—viz. those which are given by the proprietors of the *Saturday Review* and the *Contemporary Review* to their contributors.

THE *Times* announces the death of Mr. Geo. Finlay, its correspondent at Athens. He was one of the staunchest supporters of the cause of Greek independence, and was probably the last survivor of that small band of enthusiasts who went out to Greece to join Lord Byron and the Philhellenes.

MRS. H.R. HAWES is preparing a "Golden Key" to Chaucer for the use of young people. It consists of a popular essay on Chaucer and his times, followed by versions of several of the "Canterbury Tales" and other poems, partly in free narrative, partly in the words of the poet modernised for the juvenile reader. The work is specially planned to familiarise children with the best parts of Chaucer, and will be copiously illustrated in chromo-lithography by Mrs. Hawes.