

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

MAIDS AND MATRONS.

I.	II.
Lovely little beings, Blythe, and pure, and gay; Happy in their innocence All the livelong day.	Weary, suffering creatures, Labour never done; From their careworn features Banished mirth and fun.
III.	IV.
Little fairy feet Twinkling o'er the sod; Dainty little feet Beautifully shod.	Languid feet and weary Slipshod feet—who cares? Tired of journeys dreary Up and down the stairs.
V.	VI.
Tiny dimpled hands Glimmering o'er the keys; Working little mischiefs Naughty men to tease.	Hands coarse and red with working, Flour, white, or black with dust; When lady maids are shirking, Work the house-wife must.
VII.	VIII.
Brilliant liquid eyes That each thought reveal; That upon the soul Like a sunbeam steal.	Eyes red and dull with weeping May a bitter tear, That natty, old, house-keeping, Red acot. books bear.
IX.	X.
Curling silken lashes, Merrily are you, Veiling dazzling orbs Too gloriously blue.	Heavy lid's long lashes, A tattered fringe appears; Nor hide the angry flashes Glimmering through tears.
XI.	XII.
Finely pencilled brows Like bows in rainy skies; Accents circumflectant O'er the speaking eyes.	Brows as black as thunder With a threatening frown; Or raised in cynic wonder That Betty isn't down.
XIII.	XIV.
Charming little noses, Or pink or aquiline; Tiny curving nostrils Roseate and fine.	Perky noses, sniffing Onions for the pie; Curled in scornful "tiffing," Ending in "a cry."
XV.	XVI.
Gem bedecked, transparent, Watchful little ears, Which the postman's ring Fills with hopes and fears.	Ears by knocks appalling, (Of course) duns made wild; Deafened by the squalling Of a fretful child.
XVII.	XVIII.
Tempting ruby lips Like a budding rose, Parted by a fragrance Such as flowers disclose.	Pale word portals, folding Underneath the nose, Only cease their scolding When in deep repose.
XIX.	XX.
Little dears, who think Marriage must be bliss; Little fools, who hover On a precipice.	Poor martyrs, whose alluring Young charms no more are found; Still patiently enduring Life's weary, dreary round.

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SOCIAL GOSSIPS.—No. IV.

ANGLING.

Anglers are a race of men who puzzle us—by anglers we do not mean Brothers of the Angle, who rough it at the Saguenay, the Escoumain, the Godbout, or the Bersimis—but such as are to be seen on the Queen's birthday on the wharves at Longueuil or St. Lambert's. They do not puzzle us on account of their patience, which is laudable; nor for the infinite non-success of some of them, which is desirable. Neither do we agree with the good joke attributed to Swift that angling is always to be considered as "a stick and a string, with a fly at one end and a fool at the other."

The anglers who use worms for bait boast of the innocence of their pastime; yet it puts creatures to the torture, if Shakespeare is correct when he says:

"The poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies."

They pique themselves on their meditative faculties, and of being as contemplative as the fool that Jacques met in the forest of Arden; and yet their only excuse for their cruelty to animals is a want of thought. It is this that puzzles us. Old Isaac Walton, their patriarch, speaking of his inquisitorial abstractions on the banks of a river, says:

"Here we may
Think and pray,
'Ere cold death
Stops our breath.
Other joys
Are but toys,
And to be lamented."

So saying, he "stops the breath" of a trout, by plucking him up into an element too thin to respire, with a hook and a tortured worm in his jaws.

"Other joys
Are but toys."

If you hunt or skate, or play at cricket, or at lacrosse, or enjoy a dance or a concert, or a social glass and conversation with a friend, it is "to be lamented." To put pleasure into the faces of a party of agreeable young women, or to cheer the heart of a school-boy "creeping like snail" unwillingly to school, is a toy unworthy of the manliness of a worm sticker. But to put a hook into the gills of a black bass or a golden perch—there you attain the end of a reasonable being; there you truly show yourself a lord of the creation. To sit on a wharf or in a punt for hours, or perhaps all day, waiting for "a glorious nibble" is the height of enjoyment.

"Other joys
Are but toys."

The book "The Complete Angler," or Contemplative Man's Recreation, in two parts, by the ingenious and celebrated Mr. Isaac Walton and Charles Cotton, Esquire, is undoubtedly a delightful performance in some respects. It smells of the country air and of the flowers in cottage gardens. Its pictures of rural scenery, of green and woody landscapes refreshing to the eye, its simplicity, its snatches of old songs are all good and thoroughly enjoyable; and Walton's prodigious relish of a dressed fish would not be begrudged him if he had killed it a little more decently, without impaling "black snails with their bellies slit to shew their white," young beetles, grasshoppers, &c.

Old Isaac seems to have a respect for a piece of salmon; to approach it, like the grace, with his hat off. But what are we to think of a man who, in the midst of the tortures of other animals, is always priding himself on his wonderful harmlessness; and who actually follows up one of his most complacent passages of this kind with an injunction to impale a certain worm twice on the hook, because it is lively and might get off? All that can be said of such an extraordinary inconsistency is, that having been bred up in an opinion of the innocency of his amusement, and possessing a healthy power of exercising voluntary thoughts (as far as he had any), he must have dosed over the opposite side of the question, so as to become almost, perhaps quite, insensible to it. And angling such as we have described does seem the next thing to dreaming. It dispenses with locomotion, reconciles contradictions, and renders the very countenance blank and void. A friend of ours who is an admirer of Walton, was struck, just as we were, with the likeness of the old angler's face to a fish. It is hard, angular, and of no expression. It seems to have been "subdued to what it worked in," to have become native to the watery element. One might have said to Master Isaac, "Oh flesh, how art thou fishified!" You may almost imagine him a pickerel dressed in broadcloth instead of butter.

The face of his pupil or follower, or as he fondly called himself, son, Charles Cotton, a poet and a man of wit, is more good-natured, the features are not so rigid. Cotton's pleasures and amusements had not been confined to fishing. His sympathies had been rather more superabundant, and left him not so great a power of thinking as he pleased. Accordingly we find more scrupulousness upon the subject of angling in his writings than in those of his adopted father.

Walton says that an angler does no hurt to fish; and this he counts as nothing. Cotton argues that the slaughter of them is not to be repented, and he says to Walton:

"There whilst behind some bush we wait
The scaly people to betray,
We'll prove it just with treacherous bait
To make the preying trout our prey."

This argument, and another about fish being made for "man's pleasure and diet," are all that anglers have to say for the innocency of their sport. But they are both as rank sophistications as can be; mere beggings of the question. To kill fish outright is a different matter. Death is common to all; and a trout speedily killed by a man, may suffer no worse fate than from the jaws of a pike. It is the mode, the lingering cat-like cruelty of the angler's sport that render it unworthy. If fish were made to be so treated, then men were also made to be racked and throttled and tongue-slit by Inquisitors. Among other advantages of angling, Cotton reckons up a tame fish-like acquiescence to whatever the powerful choose to inflict:—

"We scratch not our pates,
Nor repine at the rates
Imposed on our living;
But do frankly submit,
Knowing they have more wit
In demanding than we have in giving."

Whilst quiet we sit,
We conclude all things fit,
Acquiescing with hearty submission, &c."

And this was no pastoral fiction. The anglers of the seventeenth century, whose pastimes became famous from the celebrity of their names, chiefly in divinity, were great fallers in with passive obedience. They seemed to think that the great had as much right to prey upon men, as the small had upon the fishes; only the men luckily had not hooks put in their jaws, and the sides of their cheeks torn to pieces; though they had to submit to having their heads put in the pillory and their feet into the stocks.

The most famous anglers in history are Antony and Cleopatra—see Shakespeare's play of that name, Act II., scene 5.—These extremes of the angling character are very amusing.

We should like to know what these grave divines would have said to the heavenly maxim of "Do as you would be done by." Let us imagine ourselves, for instance, a sort of human fish. Air is but a rarer fluid, and at present when the mornings have been so cold, a supernatural being who should look down upon us from a higher and a purer atmosphere, would have some reason to regard us as a kind of pedestrian *Salmo Salar*. Now fancy a genius fishing for us. Fancy him baiting a great hook with pickled salmon, and twitching up old Isaac Walton from the banks of the river Dee, with the hook through his ear. How he would go up roaring and screaming and thinking the devil had got him.

"Other joys
Are but toys
And to be lamented."

We repeat, that if fish were made to be so treated, then we were just as much made to be racked and gibbeted; and a foot-pad might have argued that old Isaac was made to have his pocket picked, and then tumbled into the river.

We do not say that all anglers are of a cruel nature because they impale worms and slugs and grasshoppers. Many of them are amiable men in other matters—wouldn't hurt a fly. They have only never thought perhaps on that side of the question, or been accustomed from childhood to blink it. But once thinking, their amiableness and their practice become incompatible; and if they should wish, on that account, never to have thought of the subject, they would only show that they cared for their own exemption from suffering, and not for its diminution in general.

OFFICE OF EVANS, MERCER & CO.,
Wholesale Druggists,
Montreal, November, 1871.

MR. JAMES I. FELLOWS.

DEAR SIR:—We have a large and increasing demand for your Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, and there is no doubt that as its valuable properties become more generally known, its sale will still further increase.

The best proof of the efficiency and high character of the preparation is that medical men are largely prescribing it; and we hear from Dispensing Chemists that prescriptions for Syr. Hypo. C. Fellows are daily on the increase.

We are, yours respectfully,

EVANS, MERCER & CO.

Jacobs' Rheumatic Liquid is a trade mark. Jacobs' Liquid is the best Liniment.

NEWFOUNDLAND CORRESPONDENCE.

St. John's, May 27, 1873.

We have now here the *Polaris* party, whose marvellous escape on the ice has been described in a disjointed and imperfect way in the newspapers. Certainly there is no parallel to it, in all the narratives of Arctic adventure. That a party of nineteen individuals, two of them being Esquimaux women, and five of them Esquimaux children, one of the latter, too, being but six weeks old when they started, should float on an ice-raft from latitude 77° to 53°, or 1440 miles in a direct line, but, allowing for the windings of their track, more than 2,000 miles, and be at length rescued by a sealing steamer, 40 miles from land, on the coast of Labrador, in a fair condition of health, exceeds all the inventions of the most sensational novelists, and illustrates once more the old saying that "facts are more wonderful than fictions." The party spent six months and a-half, on the ice, and passed 85 days without seeing the sun, sheltered during a good portion of the time in snow-huts built in Esquimaux fashion, on the ice, and subsisting largely on seals and a Polar bear which they shot. A small lamp, fed by seal oil, supplied the only means of cooking or rather warming their food. At starting, they had only a few bags of bread and cases of pemmican on the ice with them, but they had ammunition and guns. Borne South on the Arctic current, they were repeatedly driven from the floes on which they found refuge by their sudden breaking up, and had several narrow escapes in this way from destruction. Fortunately they had with them a boat in which they were able to escape when the floe was broken up under them. At one time they were reduced to the last extremity by hunger, having only ten biscuits remaining; when a Polar bear came within range and the Esquimaux shot him. His flesh sustained them many days. One of our sealing steamers called the *Tigress*, out on her second trip in pursuit of seals, fell in with them as already described, and brought them into St. John's.

The account they give is that they are part of the crew of the *Polaris*, of the United States Polar Expedition, under command of Captain Hall. They left New York in the end of June 1871. Congress appropriated \$50,000 for the expenses, but no naval officer accompanied the expedition. Dr. Bessels, a naturalist and doctor of medicine, who was in the German expedition, in 1869, was placed in charge of the scientific department; and Captain Buddington, a New London whaling Captain, was ice-master. Mr. Morton, of Dr. Kane's expedition, was one of the crew. The *Polaris* touched at St. John's, N. F., for a few days; then reached Disco in Greenland, and took her departure for the Polar regions from Tossuc, the most Northern port of Southern Greenland, on the 24th August 1871. She had the most extraordinary run of luck of any Arctic exploring ship. She ran through the dreaded Melville Bay without difficulty, up Smith's Sound and Kennedy Channel without meeting any serious obstructions from the ice; passed Cape Constitution, where Morton stood when he supposed he saw the open Polar Sea; and found herself crossing the mouth of a large bay, 85 miles wide. This Captain Hall afterwards named *Polaris* Bay, and in it he determined to winter. This bay narrowed at length to a channel 25 miles in width, up which the *Polaris* steamed, and at its termination Capt. Hall found the land on the Greenland side, trending eastward, and a bay or sound opening in that direction, and Grinnell Land, on the American side could be seen to latitude 83° or within 420 miles of the Pole. No ship ever before reached such a high latitude. But at this point Capt. Hall stopped, being in latitude 82° 16', although the ice did not compel him to turn back; and thus he lost the rare chance of reaching the Pole, which no one may have again for a generation to come. He returned through Robeson's Channel, and found a harbor in *Polaris* Bay, which he named "Thank-God Harbour," and in which he wintered. After a fatiguing sledge journey in October, Capt. Hall was taken ill and died on November 8, 1871.

The *Polaris* remained frozen in during the winter of 1871-72, in latitude 81° 35', the highest latitude in which any white men had ever wintered, being nearly three degrees further North than Kane's party in 1854. They were 135 days without seeing the sun. The lowest degree of cold experienced was 58° below zero, and this but for a short time. Musk oxen were found here in abundance, and before the Arctic night set in, twenty-five of them were shot. These creatures are about the size of a small cow, and are covered with long shaggy hair. They emit a musky odour—hence their name. They subsist during winter on a kind of ground-willow which is very nutritious. Some birds were seen, and a kind of rabbit was plentiful.

In the month of June, an attempt was made to penetrate to the northward by boats, but was unsuccessful. Capt. Buddington, who was now in command of the expedition, determined on returning home, the ship being in a leaky condition. When in latitude 80° she was caught in the ice and drifted South till October 15. On that day during a violent gale and snow-storm, the vessel was in great danger of being crushed in the ice. Capt. Buddington then ordered the stores to be removed to the ice, fearing the worst might happen. The Esquimaux women and children were also placed on the ice for safety. A portion of the stores had been removed, and while some of the crew were engaged on the ice in hauling them back, the portion of the floe to which the vessel was moored suddenly broke off and the *Polaris* was driven away before the wind, just as night was closing in. Next day those left on the ice saw the *Polaris* under steam and were in hopes of being rescued, when, owing probably to the movement of the ice, she suddenly passed in between Northumberland Island and the main land, and the unfortunates on the ice saw her no more. The floe on which they were, moved off rapidly to the South; all their efforts to escape to land in the boat, which fortunately they had on the ice, proved unavailing, and their terrible ice-voyage of 2,000 miles had begun.

It is probable the *Polaris* wintered, in 1872-73, somewhere in Whale Sound, at the entrance of which is Northumberland Island, where she was last seen. There were ample stores on board and the probability is that she will be released from the ice before July, and will be able to make her way homeward.

The results of her voyage are important. Capt. Hall's discoveries have exploded Kane's and Hayes' theory of an open Polar Sea at Cape Constitution, and have proved that even at