

in the foreground with a book in his hand. Secondly:—*The Hampton Court Cartoons* by Holman— as specimens of engraving they are much esteemed for their beautiful execution, while the originals are classed among the great Italian's grandest works, and for dignity, propriety and dramatic force of expression combined are unequalled; a very fine point by Peter Lutz, Dresden, *La Madonna del San Francisco* after Correggio, and another by Raphael Urbano, *Apollon and the Muses*, after Giulio Romano in which the artist has displayed everything that the most extensive powers of the fancy can produce. Time will not permit me to allude to the other prints which adorn the walls of our Club Rooms. I would rather steal a few moments from their description, to express the hope that these transcripts of the pictures which adorn some of the palaces in Europe will tend to refine and elevate the taste of the members of the Club. There can be no doubt that the Fine Arts, whether exemplified in good Prints, Paintings, Enamels, Ceramics or Sculptures, have a beneficial influence upon the development of the mind and feeling of a people, and some go so far as to say that "decay in Art and deterioration in morals go hand in hand together." Others have asserted that the study of Art may be "a bond of union between different classes, who are, unhappily, often brought into antagonism." If the assertion is founded upon fact and observation, there is great propriety in having the walls of our Club Rooms covered with etchings, drawings and paintings. I am thus discursive, believing that my discourse will consequently be more entertaining, therefore I will pass by the collection of ancient and modern pottery and porcelain (Ceramics) which fill the niches of one of our Rooms, in order to refer to a matter of some public interest connected with the subject of Prints, and one which I hope will come under the observation of the Minister of Finance.

The present tariff 17½ per cent upon Prints, commonly but erroneously called engravings, acts most strangely and unjustly upon collectors of the works of the old masters. A tariff or Custom House regulation so unjust and absurd needs only, one would think, to be pointed out as an oversight, to be repealed. For instance, large illustrated books full of choice prints, take for example—*Boydell's Shakespeare*, *Hogarth's Works*, *Robert's Holy Land*, and *Layard's Nineveh*, when handsomely bound, are only assessed at a 5 per cent duty, whereas any loose sheets out of the same books would be assessed at a 17½ per cent duty; and then, these excessive duties are not always levied upon the published prices but occasionally on the fictitious or fanciful values. Surely this is very unfair. Again, if the Canadian book-making resources only require 5 per cent to protect them, the engravers cannot require more than 5 per cent to protect them. It may be said, in reply, that the reason why there is not a greater tax put upon books is because it would be considered a barrier to education. I contend that prints, copies of the works of our best Ancient and Modern Masters are educators; they are *libri oblectamini* as St. Augustine calls them—"the books of the simple." Such prints touch the heart and adorn the tale whether it be the narratives in Biblical, Roman, English, and French history, or the writings of our great philosophers, dramatists, Poets and Novelists. The object of all true Art, more particularly Christian Art is to teach; it is at once the instructor and edifier of the people. If books be the Crown of Literature or Knowledge, prints illustrating them may be termed the adorning jewels. In a country like Canada where so much is done by the different Provincial Governments for the intelligence and education of the people, the least the Cabinet at Ottawa could honourably do, with a clear conscience and a full treasury, would be to admit prints illustrative of Literature free of duty.

In conclusion, I will glance at the drawings which adorn our walls by members of the Society for the study of Epic and Pastoral Design, better known as *The Sketching Society*, established in 1808, by A. E. Chalon, J. J. Chalon, Henry P. Bone and other Royal Academicians, who met at each others' houses weekly, the host of the evening being President and giving out the subject to be treated. At 8 o'clock they commenced labour, and were called to refreshment at 10 o'clock precisely. The subjects distributed themselves into the respective characters of Scriptural, Romantic, Dramatic, Epic, Pastoral and Miscellaneous. The Scripture themes ranged from Genesis to Revelations; the Romantic from the dark mythology of the North, the stories of Ovid, the tales of Boccaccio, the works of LeSage, Don Quixote &c.; the Dramatic subjects related to scenes from plays, the meeting of Antony and Cleopatra, Caesar falling before the Statue of Pompey, &c.; the Epic from *Paradise Lost*, the *Iliad*, *Odyssey* and *Æneid* &c.; the Pastoral from the idylls of Gessner and Theocritus, Musical Contest and Shepherds &c. These drawings evince freshness of spirit and originality, and considering that the time occupied in the production of each was only two hours, their execution and conception are marvellous, yet not so when we reflect that the drawings are the handiwork of geniuses. Men infused with genius can do or bring forth or mature what other men cannot do. Genius is instructive and almost spontaneous—an "offspring of the Eternal Prime". Genius inspired Mozart to write the overture to *Don Giovanni* in one night, and to give concerts at the age of seven. Genius made Shakespeare and Dante, Cardinal Wiseman in his last work alluding to

Genius, says:—"We may describe it as Shakespeare describes Glory, and say:—

"Genius is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to naught."

Now to conclude, or "make an end on't." May our Kuklos Club, which we have cast into the water of literary life, make one circle after another till the last circle reaches the banks or shores of the Atlantic and Pacific. So mote it be.
THOS. D. KING.

Montreal, September 30th, 1876.

HEARTH AND HOME.

SELF-RELIANCE.—The success of individuals in life is greatly owing to their early learning to depend upon their own resources. Money, or the expectation of its inheritance, has ruined more men than the want of it ever did. Teach young men to rely upon their own efforts, to be frugal and you have furnished them with a productive capital which no man can wrest from them.

WOMAN'S SUFFERINGS.—In every situation woman has more causes of grief than man, and suffers more than he. Man has his strength and the exercise of his power; he is busy, goes about, occupies his attention, thinks, looks forward to the future, and finds consolation in it; but woman stays at home, remains face to face with her sorrow, from which nothing distracts her; she descends to the very depths of the abyss it has opened, measures it, and often fills it with her vows and tears. To feel, to love, to devote herself, will always be the text of the life of woman.

WOMAN.—Every man of sense and refinement admires a woman as a woman; and, when she steps out of this character, a thousand things that in their appropriate sphere would be admired, become disgusting and offensive. The appropriate character of a woman demands delicacy of appearance and manners, refinement of sentiment, gentleness of speech, modesty in feeling and action, a shrinking from notoriety and public gaze, aversion to all that is coarse and rude, and an instinctive abhorrence of all that tends to indelicacy and impurity, either in principle or action. These are the traits which are admired and sought for in a woman.

THE FOOD FOR CHILDREN.—The greatest mistake parents make is in giving children too much meat. A child requires meat not more than once a day, and this should be hot and fresh cooked, as this is decidedly more nutritious and easier digested than cold meat. This should be followed by some light farinaceous pudding; the most wholesome are those of rice, or batter. Cheese should never be given to children, as it is too heating and exciting for the tender brain. So also are sweetmeats of all kinds given in excess injurious; they clog the stomach, pall the appetite, and produce fever and sickness. Eating between meals should also be discouraged; the stomach requires rest after work, like everything else. Late suppers should be strictly forbidden, and nothing be eaten just before going to bed; a drink—if possible a cup of milk, slightly diluted with water—should supply this want. If children suffer from chills, caused, in general, by the impoverishment of the blood, fewer dainties should be given them, but more nourishing food.

THE DINING-ROOM.—By far the most important room in a house is the dining-room. It should be a bright, cheerful apartment, where plenty of sunlight enters and an air of comfort prevails. Its appointments should partake of the substantial rather than the showy. The table itself should have the appearance of great respectability, and a seeming consciousness of having sustained loads of good cheer for generations past. The chairs, too, should look invitingly hospitable, not stiff, straight-backed affairs, which are found in so many of the dining-rooms of to-day; but chairs in which you can lean back towards the close of the dinner, sipping your wine and cracking your nuts in an easy, leisurely way. Appropriate pictures—fruit, flower, and game pieces—should decorate its walls, which should be stained a quiet, neutral tint.

A cheerful dining-room, a table covered with spotless damask, bright silver and gleaming china and glass, add greatly to one's enjoyment of a gloomy apartment; soiled table linen, and greasy, half-washed goblets and plates, are abominable and destructive in anything like an appreciation of the meal itself.

Then, again, the most elegant and artistically-arranged table is sometimes—not often, fortunately—the only redeeming merit in a dinner, owing to the inexperience of the cook. Many a fine fish and joint of meat have been spoiled by stupidity in cooking.

We recall, with a good deal of amusement, the remark made, several years ago, by a friend of ours, who sat next to us at a small dinner party, where a magnificent sirloin of beef, fat and juicy, was served. "Ah!" he said, with a sigh that seemed to come from the pit of his stomach, "what a pity that such a fine piece of beef should have been spoiled in the cooking!" Puzzled, for to my eye and taste it was all that could be desired, we inquired what he meant. "Why," he exclaimed, "it isn't half cooked! Don't you see how the blood follows the knife?" We did see, and we rejoiced thereat; but our friend, we found, wanted his meat thoroughly done, dry as sole leather, and without a bit of colour left in it. Tastes differ, but we fear our friend had none at all, and more than this, we

do not think the roast had been spoiled in the cooking.

A good dinner is a good thing, aside from the mere fact that one enjoys partaking of it. It improves our health and temper, enables us to accomplish more business than we otherwise could, and, in fact, is necessary to the "proper performance," as Sydney Smith said, "of our most serious duties and functions." And he was right. Anyone who has given the matter thought will be able to recall, in his own experience, how much better he has been able to converse, argue, and even sing; how much happier, jovial, and satisfied with himself and those around him, after a good dinner, than when his meal has been a cold, ill-cooked, unsatisfactory one.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

Why are troubles like babies?—because they get bigger by nursing.

"Time works wonders," as the woman said when she got married after a thirteen-years courtship.

The lady who was nearly killed by the accidental discharge of her duty, is slowly recovering.

We know of an ancient maiden lady so sour, that she gets her living by pickling the cucumbers of her neighbors.

A new social philosopher says the art of flirting is in its infancy. It will be a sad day when the thing is grown up.

Unmarried girls in Vestula have to wear little bells on their ankles, and the eloping business is not good in that locality.

It is hard to tell which will bring the most pleasant expression into a woman's face—to tell her her baby is heavy or her bread light.

WHEN Brigham Young was in gaol the other day for contempt of court, there were five of his wives weeping at each window of that institution, and twelve at the door.

It doesn't take me long to make up my mind, I can tell you!" said a conceited fop. "It's always so where the stock of material to make up is small," quietly remarked a young lady.

One of the sweetest things about a young and budding love is the way in which she will smooth the hair so gently off your brow, and then smile tenderly in your face, and show that about four of her back teeth are gone.

A slow fellow of a lover asked a young lady, to whom he was feebly paying his dilatory attentions, what form of marriage she thought the most beautiful. "Oh, never mind the form," she exclaimed, "the substance is what I care for." The cards are now issued for that wedding.

Which is the one to believe?—George Eliot says that "girls are delicate vessels in which is borne onward through the ages the treasure of human affection;" and some unhappy Benedict adds that "girls are delicate vessels which require a small fortune every season to keep them in sails."

The classical costume, says the London journal of the "upper ten," has become fashionable for evening wear. It is simple in the extreme. Triumphant of the slightest, bodies low, displaying neck, shoulders, and arms; the whole presenting, when worn by good figures, a superb artistic effect.

EDITORIAL BAIT.—A paper "out West" has the following notice: "All notices of marriage where no bridecake is sent will be set up in small type, and poked in an outlandish corner of the paper. Where a handsome piece of cake is sent, the notice will be put conspicuously in large letters; when gloves or other bride-favours are added, a piece of illustrative poetry will be given in addition. When, however, the editor attends at the ceremony in person, and kisses the bride, it will have especial notice—very large type, and the most appropriate poetry that can be begged, borrowed, or stolen."

ANOTHER WEE WIFE.—A couple belonging to one of the coast towns of Fife, who had been but a few months married, recently took advantage of the railway to Edinburgh to see the ceremonial of a foundation-stone. The young wife proposed staying a few days with her friends in Edinburgh, but it was necessary that her husband should proceed homewards by the boat on Saturday morning. To try the strength of his helpmate's affection, he remarked that he "doutt the boat would be sae heavy laden that they wad a' gang to the bottom." "Dae ye think sae?" responded his affectionate partner. "Then, John Anderson, ye had better leave the key of the house wi' me."

Here is a part of a Kentucky woman's recent petition for divorce: "Dark clouds of discord began to lower over the sky of wedded felicity, and the minacious lightning of disunion began to dart its lurid flames across gloomy clouds of atraumatic blackness, obscuring every star of hope and happiness whose resplendent glory illuminated the dawn of the first few brief years of her wedded life, when she gave her hand and an undivided heart to the defendant, who, in the sultry month of July, 1867, when, after having been warmly and snugly wintered within the fond embraces of her loving arms, and closely nestled to a heart that beat alone for the defendant, he showed his base, black ingratitude by abandoning her bed and board without cause whatever, except the insatiable thirst for novelty, which is the predominant character of defendant's nature."

THE GLEANER.

The King of Bavaria was lately in Paris, where he went about enveloped in a large cloak, and observing the strictest incognito, as is his custom.

A sword said to be 1,400 years old, having on it marks that show that it was used in one or more Crusades, has been sent to Prince Milan from Russia.

A society has been established, under the designation of the "Society of the Holy Cross," to the membership of which only priests of the Church of England will be eligible.

Vienna lately passed a law which compels all restaurateurs to have their beer glasses gauged by the Government, and requiring a line to be cut around them, below which the froth on settling must not subside—Sensible.

It appears that the ex-Sultan's mother has applied for the authorization to take her son somewhere in Europe where he can undergo treatment for insanity. She is said to live in constant fear that the scissors mystery may be repeated.

The new tunnel being built under the Thames is intended chiefly for the use of about 8,000 workmen who have to cross at that point, and who are often detained by fogs that stop the boats. It will be an iron tube nine feet in diameter, lighted with gas, thoroughly ventilated, and is intended only for pedestrians.

Among the demolitions which are about to take place in Paris, from the Arsenal Library to the Hôtel de Ville, to make way for the new Boulevard Henri IV., is that of a house built by the Duc de Lesdiguières, and which was the residence of the Czar Peter the Great, or, as he was called in the chronicles of the time, "Pierre due de Moscovy."

In the Assembly of the Colony of Victoria on the 27th of July, a select committee reported on the conduct of Mr. M'Kean, a member of the House, and found the allegations substantially true. Mr. M'Kean was then ordered to attend in his place; he admitted having made the statements affecting members of the assembly, and said he had done so in the heat of the moment. He apologised to the House and withdrew them. The House, by 33 against 20, resolved that he be expelled.

LITERARY.

THE second volume of Mr. Theodore Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort" is nearly ready.

MR. GEORGE McDONALD's new story is called "The Marquis of Lossie."

THE death of Count Auersperg, better known by his pseudonym of "Anastasis Grün," is announced. His poems have earned considerable popularity.

Professor Charles Davies, LL. D., long an instructor at West Point, and author of a number of popular mathematical works, died at Fishkill on the Hudson, in the seventy-ninth year of his age.

Mr. Charles G. Leland, author of "Hans Breitmann's Ballads," "Pigeon English," and other works of humour and learning, has in the press an original fairy story, profusely illustrated from his own pen and called "Johnnykin and the Goblins."

MISS MARTINEAU's "Biographical Sketches" have reached a fourth edition, and the book has been enlarged by four new sketches of Sir John Herschel, Sir Edwin Landseer, Barry Cornwall, and Mrs. Somerville, as well as by a curious autobiographical sketch, all of which are reprinted from the *Daily News*.

VICTOR HUGO now has in the press two new volumes of the *Légende des Siècles*. He has postponed till next spring the publication of his book entitled *L'Art d'être Grand-père*. He will issue at the same time a volume of verse, *Les Justes Colères*, a series of satires to form a continuation of *Les Châtiments*.

THE demise is announced in London of George Alfred Lawrence, author of "Guy Livingstone," "Swind and Gown," etc. novels famous and more read many years ago than now. He was about fifty years of age, a man of fine presence and address. He was educated at Rugby under Dr. Arnold and subsequently at Oxford.

THE only portrait which George Eliot ever consented to have taken is owned by Blackwood, the Edinburgh publisher, and hangs in his private office. It is a crayon head, taken in 1860 by Samuel Lawrence, the artist to whom Thackeray posed, and who once visited America. Among his sitters then were Professor and Mrs. Botta, of New York.

No end of damage was done to literary men by the fire at Grant's printing offices, London, which are also the offices of the *Gentlemen's Magazine*. Part of Mr. Hepworth Dixon's articles on the Holy Land and Mr. Frazer's new novel were burnt. So, too, was the concluding chapter of Miss Helen Mather's tale, but she sat down and re-wrote it from memory as fast as any one could have copied it.

MR. FURNIVALL's first book for the New Shakespeare Society is in the binder's hands. It is *Wm. Stafford's examination of the complaint of his countrymen in Shakespeare's youth*, A. D. 1581, about the dearth (dearth) of things, and other general social troubles, and it contains a good deal of information as to the condition of the country. The chief cause of the rise in prices Stafford holds to be the debasement of the coin by Henry VIII.

MR. SALVATORE S. Marno writes that he has discovered until now an unknown MS. of Dante's *Divina Commedia* in the library of Santa Maria de Montreal. Two others had been previously found at Catania and Palermo. The newly discovered MS. presents several various readings, and seems to have been very carefully written. A former professor has made numerous corrections and added a number of notes. The same library contains a fine MS. of Petrarch's *Trionfi*.

CHARLES READE, the English author, has been presented with the "Ladies' Centennial brooch" by Mrs. James T. Fields, wife of the Boston lecturer. In return, the author sent a tea-pot of the last century, of antique and curious design, bearing the following inscription:—Charles Reade dedicates to the Ladies of Boston, and presents to his esteemed friend, Mrs. Fields, this pot of the period when the citizens of Boston turned their harbor into a tea-pot and tasted the sweets of liberty.