

joined the society that one steamer will not accommodate them all. The first ship will leave Genoa on June 1st, and may be expected in New York about the 15th. In that city the travellers will stay until the 30th, and will then proceed to Philadelphia by the Fourth of July. From hence they will visit Washington, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Chicago, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Ontario, Montreal, Quebec, Boston, and will then return home via New York. The trip will cost each member 1,200 francs, and is under the leadership of a late Union officer. There is no doubt that the Philadelphia Centennial will attract thousands upon thousands of visitors from all parts, and that, after inspecting the Exhibition, their route will be pretty much identical with that stated above. It is therefore certain that the travel through Canada will be immense this summer, and we should prepare for it in time. Englishmen and Frenchmen especially will be sure to take Canada on their way home.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

ST. CLAIR FLATS.

The first view shows the entrance on the North side, after passing the Indian settlement on Walpole Island - you then turn to the right at the Bend and are at once in the tortuous channel that runs through the Flats. The main channel is intersected at numerous points in its passage by smaller tributaries, but one of them called the sly (or sly cut) becomes for a time the main or deep channel till the St. Clair is again reached and takes you to the "cut."

The second view presents to the spectator the apparent phenomenon of ships and steamers sailing over dry land in all directions, nor can you see the passage through which you must sail till you are almost on it. During the season this is unceasingly covered with vessels of all descriptions, and in foggy weather is, it not perilous, certainly precarious, as a few yards and sometimes a few feet to the right or left will cause a vessel to ground. At night lights of different colors indicate the true channel.

The third view shows the cut, which is actually a canal in the mouth of Lake St. Clair. There are two lighthouses on the right elevation of the "cut" and two tastefully built brick houses for the men near the lighthouses; one at each end.

The cut is roomy and safe, and the elevations are two immense "caissons" about two miles in length and about 70 feet in breadth, rising out of the Lake to the upper deck of a large vessel. It is substantially filled in on both sides with stones and covered over with earth and planted with young trees from end to end on all sides and with plenty of grass also. In the foreground on the right, a steamer is touching at the old club house to take on or leave off members of the clubs or their friends who are desirous of fishing or shooting. The two houses growing out of the water (as it were) are the old lighthouses. They are still used to guide "rafts," &c., which could not possibly navigate the "cut," and have to pass between them and take the old route. There are several yachts from both Canada and the States enlivening the scene constantly. The little shanty on the left is where game is purchased and packed, 40 cents a brace being the usual price. The three small sketches show a little and only a very little of the sports of the Flats. The duck shooting is hard work to one unacquainted with the various nooks and channels, but to the old sport-man it is keen sport and he will take you through apparently impenetrable thickets of grass, which at certain places known to him yield readily to the bow of your boat and, after you pass through, spring up again and close you in. You now find yourself in a sort of fairy lake with clusters of tiny islands dotted all over it and mirrored so clearly that it is difficult to distinguish the substance from the shadow, and although it is only a few feet in depth, the reflection is so perfect, that it makes you giddy to look over the side of the boat and see the sky-blue vault above, inverted below you.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

An anecdote, which Mark Lemon loved to tell, related to the period when Tom Hood became a contributor to Punch. Looking over his letters one morning, he opened an envelope inclosing a poem which the writer said had been rejected by three contemporaries. If not thought available for Punch, he begged the editor, whom he knew but slightly, to consign it to the waste-paper basket, as the author was "sick at the sight of it." The poem was signed "Tom Hood," and the lines were entitled "The Song of the Shirt." The work was altogether different from anything that had ever appeared in Punch, and was considered so much out of keeping with the spirit of the periodical that at the weekly meeting its publication was opposed by several members of the staff. Mark Lemon was so firmly impressed not only with the beauty of the work, but with its suitability for the paper, that he stood by his first decision and published it. By a letter of

Tom Hood's to Mark Lemon, which we have for the moment mislaid, it appears that the question of illustrating the poem was entertained and discussed. The lines, however, were published without illustration, except that humorous border of grotesque figures which made up "Punch's Procession" on Dec. 16, 1843. "The Song of the Shirt" trebled the sale of the paper and created a profound sensation throughout Great Britain.

SWINBURNE'S NEW POEM.

"Erethius," the title of Mr. Swinburne's new volume, is a dramatic poem, on the model of a Greek play. Erethius, King of Athens, is at war with Eleusis, and he is at first presented to the reader praying to the gods for aid against the foe, who seems likely to be victorious. The answer of the gods he tells Praxithea in these words:—

There shall die
One soul for all this people. From thy womb
Came forth the seed that here, on dry, bare ground,
Death's hand must sow, untimely to bring forth
Nor blade nor shoot in season, being my name
To the under gods made holy, who require
For this land's life her death and maiden blood,
To save a maiden city.

Praxithea, the wife of Erethius, makes known to Chthonia, her daughter, the will of the gods. Chthonia replies, expressing her willingness to lay down her life to save the city of her birth:

That I may give this poor girl's blood of mine,
Scarce yet so warmed with summer—this thin life,
Still green with flowerless growth of seedling days,
To build again my city.

Praxithea's grief finds vent in the words which follow:

Of gods and men
I drift unsteered on ruin, and the wave
Darkens my head with imminent height, and hangs
Dumb, filled too full with thunder that shall leave
These ears dead, deafened when the tide finds tongue,
And all its wrath bears on them. Thee, oh, child,
I help not, nor am helped. Fain, ah! fain,
More than was ever mother born of man,
Were I to help thee—fain beyond all prayer,
Beyond all thought—fain to redeem thee, torn
More than from me sorrowing than the dream
That was thy sister; so shalt thou be, too—
Thou but a vision, shadow shaped of sleep,
By grief made out of nothing. Now but once,
I touch, but once more hold thee; one more kiss
This last time, and none other evermore
Leave on thy lips, and leave them. Go; thou wast
My heart, my heart's blood, life-blood of my life,
My child, my nursing; now this breast, once thine,
Shall rear again no children; never now
Shall any mortal blossom born like thee
Lie there, nor even with small, silent mouth
Draw the sweet springs dry for an hour that feed
The blind little life that shows not. Never heed;
Rest here to make these cold veins warm; nor eye
Laugh itself open with the lips that reach
Lovingly toward a fount more loving. These
Death makes as all good lesser things now dead,
And all the better hopes that flowered from these,
And fall as these fall, fruitless; no joy more
Shall man take of thy inhumanity, no tongue
Praise it; no good shall eyes get more of thee
That lightens for thy love's sake.

Chthonia's death is followed by that of her two sisters. The horrors of the battle which follows are increased by the war of the elements. The scene is described through the chorus in language magnificently strong:

For now, not in word but in deed, is the harvest of spears
begun,
And its clamor outbattles the thunder, its lightning out-
lightens the sun
From the springs of the morning it thunders, and light-
ens across and afar
To the wave where the moonset ends, and the pall of the
last low star;
With a trampling of drenched red hoofs, and an earth-
quake of men that meet,
Strong war sets hand to the scythe, and the furrows take
fire from his feet.
Earth groans from her great rent heart, and the hollows
of rocks are afraid,
And the mountains are moved, and the valleys are waves
in a storm wind swayed,
From the roots of the hills to the plain's dim verge and
the dark lone shore,
Air shudders with shrill spears crossing and harrying of
wheels that roar,
As the grinding of teeth in the jaws of the lion, that foam
as they gnash,
Is the shriek of the axes that loosen, the shock of the
poles that crash,
The dense masses darken and glitter, the mouths of the
mad steeds clasp,
Their heads dash blind through the battle, and Death's
foot rings in their tramp.

Eumolpus, the son of Neptune, is killed by Erethius, and his death is avenged by Jupiter, who, "for his brother's son's sake," killed the king by a shaft of lightning. Athens is, however, saved, the enemy, on the death of their leader, falling "sullen back, and strengthless." Praxithea's grief at the loss of her husband and children is assuaged by Athena, who thus proclaims the future fame of the city which bears her name:—

I, virgin daughter of the most high God,
Give all you charge, and lay command on all,
The word I bring, be woe not—for this
The gods have established—and his soul hath sworn
That time, nor earth, nor changing sons of man,
Nor waves of generations, nor the winds
Of ages risen and fallen, that steer their tides
Through light and dark of birth, and lover's death,
From storm toward haven ineluctable, shall see
So great a light alive beneath the sun
As the awless eye of Athens. All fame else
Shall be to her name as a shadow in sleep
To this wide moon at waking. Men most praised
In lands most happy for their children found
Shall hold as highest of honors given of God
To be but likened to the least of things—
Thy best of all my city; thine shall be
The crown of all songs sung, of all deeds done;
Thine the full flower for all time; in thine hand
Shall time be like a sceptre, and thine head
Wear worship for a garland; nor one leaf
Shall change, or winter east out of thy crown,
Till all flowers wither in the world. Thine eyes
Shall first in man's flesh bring to light liberty;
Thy tongue shall first say freedom.

MARIANA.

The path we trod was broad and bright,
And far from any realm of night;
His kiss was burning on my lips;
And still, thro' all this blank eclipse,
I think of that unclouded light.

And all his words to me were sweet;
The ferns and grasses at his feet,
The leaves and branches overhead,
Were fair for the words he said,
In grace and beauty more complete.

And broken vows have taken root
In my sad heart, and borne their fruit
Of hopes that droop in barren ways,
And die, remembering brighter days,
Before the lips of love were mute.

I sing the songs of vain regret:
The words I write are stained and wet
With tears that fall from other eyes
Than those that looked with glad surprise
And fatal love when first we met.

I pluck the blue forget-me-not
He planted in my garden-plot,
With sky and sun beholding him;
And these may perish, waxing dim
When I forget as he forgot.

J. R. EASTWOOD.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LATE CENTENNIAL IN METIS, QUE.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

SIR,—In the NEWS of the 8th inst., you say "It would have been well if other parts of the country had joined in the Centennial, for all parts of the country were almost equally interested in it."

Well, in this small, out-of-the-way place, the anniversary did not pass away altogether unnoticed. On Friday, December 31st, a large Union Jack was hoisted in front of the Presbyterian House. Among the decorations in the interior on the following (New Year's) was the same flag with several white rosettes and ribbons on it, and in the centre the following inscription:—"Quebec unsuccessfully attacked December 31, 1775."

Another consisted of the flags of Great Britain and the United States arranged in the form of a V. Between them was the representation of two hands clasped together, around which was the following inscription—"Great Britain and the United States, December 31, 1875. May their friendship ever continue." During the course of the thanksgiving meeting that day, the pastor referred to the Centennial, and expressed the hope that these two countries will never fight again, except side by side, and against wrong.

Yours respectfully,
METISIAN.

Metis, Que.

ARTISTIC.

DOLE has prepared forty illustrations of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner."

THE celebrated Moabite stone has been placed in the Museum of the Louvre.

"THE Little Peasant," by Greuze, was sold recently in Paris for 4,700 francs.

At a recent sale in Paris a study of a white horse by Meissonier brought 1,500 francs.

At the recent exposition of art bronzes in Paris the first prize in figures was awarded to M. Picaut.

JULES BRETON, the eminent French painter, has been elected an honorary member of the Academy of Fine Arts, Stockholm.

JULES CLARETTE has just published a little memoir full of charming anecdotes of the lately deceased and much lamented sculptor, Carpeaux.

THE Duc d'Anjou has presented to the city of Versailles five copies of portraits in his possession of Dukes of Guise of the house of Lorraine.

CARL MULLER'S "Madonna of the Grotto," which attracted so much admiration at Goupil's, is reported as sold for four thousand dollars in gold.

At a sale of engravings in London, an engraving by Watson of Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Strawberry Girl" sold for £59 10s., the highest price yet given.

THE Municipal Council of Mentone having determined to erect a splendid theatre in that city, M. Charles Garnier has accepted their invitation to be the architect of the new building.

Ferdinand de Lasteyrie's "History of Gold-mith's Work" has just been published by Hachette, Paris. It is richly illustrated, and is a masterpiece of erudition.

THE Painters of Paris are forming a society analogous to that of men of letters and dramatic authors. One of the first acts of this body will be to organize a permanent exhibition for the sale of the works of its members.

THE statue of Prince Eugene de Beauharnais will shortly be erected in one of the small gardens of the Palace of the Invalides. All the necessary preparations have been made, and now only remains to complete the pedestal.

FOUR superb tapestries belonging to the Department of Justice, Chalons-sur-Marne, and representing scenes from the Odyssey, were recently sold by order of the Council General of that Department. Great indignation is expressed at this act of vandalism.

THE Prix de Sèvres is to be awarded this year to the best design for the vases to be placed on the mantelpieces of the foyer of the Grand Opera. Competitors must furnish one single design for the form and two compositions for the decoration, one of "Music," the other of "Dancing."

THE conclusion of the Maulaz sale (Hotel Drouot), three Gobelin tapestries, with mythological figures in rich medallions, after the style of Bérain, Louis XIV. period, sold for 25,000 francs. A portrait of Beauvais tapestry, with the fable of the Fox and the Grapes, by Oudry, 805 francs. The whole sale realised 126,961 francs.

THE engraving presented by the Art Union of London to every subscriber for the current year is Mac-lise's famous wall-painting "The Death of Nelson." This important plate has been engraved by Charles W. Sharpe, and it is a brilliant representation of the death of

Britain's great naval hero. The amount subscribed to the Art Union of London for 1875 amounted to £18,926, 5s., the largest sum received in one year since the formation of the Union in 1839.

MR. MILLAIS will contribute to the next exhibition of modern pictures at the Royal Academy a large landscape, which is now nearly complete, and on which he has been engaged during the past autumn. It represents Strath Tay and the river in many curves, with the mountains on either hand in the extreme distance. This work, a group of portraits of three young children, seated on the ground, and a stately life-size figure, at whole length, of the Duchess of Westminster, will probably form the chief of Mr. Millais's contributions to the Academy.

LITERARY.

PROFESSOR MOSES COIT TYLER, of Michigan University, has prepared for publication a history of American literature.

JOHN JAMES PIATT is engaged in collecting the poems of George D. Prentice, which he will shortly publish, together with a biographical sketch.

HERR EBEN has made a German translation of Tennyson's "Locksley Hall," and done it very well, too, though parts of the poem are most un-German in feeling.

JULES ABENE, Interpreter in China, has published "La Chine Familiale et Gallante," a series of very piquant revelations as to the most intimate manners and customs of the Celestial Empire.

DAVID A. WELLS has adopted the novel as his most effective means of teaching the public his philosophy of finance. His story is entitled "Robinson Crusoe's Money," and is to be illustrated by Nast.

A NEW clerical paper is about to be started in Paris by M. de Villiersant, proprietor of the *Figaro*. His object is to oppose the Ultramontane organ *L'Univers*, conducted by Louis Veuillot.

POOR W. DALTON, he was the author in his day of some of the best books for boys that ever were written and boys will remember him with affection. They will want to know too, and will inquire of the benevolent, how it was that the poor fellow was permitted to die in a casual ward.

WE are to have at an early day a new Centennial edition of Bancroft's History of the United States, in six volumes, to comprise the matter of the two-volume edition, revised and somewhat abridged. Mr. Bancroft is engaged upon four additional volumes, which will bring the work down to the present time.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S new novel, "The Prime Minister," takes up the story of "Phinias Finn" where the author last left it, and introduces us once more to Lady Glenora, now Duchess of Olanina, and to Messrs. Daubeny, Gresham, Monk, and the rest, in whom Mr. Trollope gives us scarcely disguised sketches of some prominent politicians.

THE private memoirs of Sophie Marie Graefin von Voss, recently published in Leipzig, are attracting much attention. The volume bears the title of *Sixty-nine Years at the Prussian Court*, and contains much interesting gossip concerning court notables of Prussia during the reign of Frederick William I. and the three succeeding dynasties.

THE "new writer" who has published three series of "Songs of Two Worlds," and who has had a most flattering reception from the critics, is now engaged upon a long poem, which will probably be published in the spring. He will then either appear in his own name, or else under another assumed one. Unfortunately his real name is the same as that of a popular modern poet, so that were it used, confusion would be almost inevitable.

THE Bibliography of the original Quartos and folios of Shakespeare, with special reference to copies in America, which has been in preparation for some time by Mr. Justin Winsor, Superintendent of the Boston Public Library, is about to be issued. The work is based upon the bibliographical notes which Mr. Winsor has included from time to time in his reports, which have been extended and corrected by prominent Shakespearean scholars of this country and of Europe. It is announced that but 250 copies of the work will be printed, 100 of which will be reserved for Europe. The negatives of the illustrations are to be destroyed after printing.

FORSTER'S Life of Jean Swift, the first volume of which is just issued, will be exceedingly welcome to the many admirers of the author of *Gulliver*, for the new light which it throws upon his early life, Swift's later life, after he had become famous, has been fully written, but Forster claims that all previous accounts of his obscure years are untrustworthy. Johnson had too little liking for him to do him justice, and Scott had too much other work to do. Mr. Forster, aided by the large amount of new material which his industry and zeal have brought to light, is able not only to present a more complete account of the life of the distinguished Dean, but to completely refute much that has been accepted as truth for more than a century, to his injury. This first volume embraces forty-four years of his life, from 1667 to 1711. Two more volumes will complete the work.

DOMESTIC.

DIET OF CHILDREN.—Tea and coffee dietary for children is as bad in its effects as its use is now universal. Dr. Ferguson found that children so fed only grew four pounds per annum between the ages of thirteen and sixteen; while those who got milk night and morning grew fifteen pounds each year. This needs no commentary. The deteriorated *physique* of tea-and-coffee-fed children, as seen in their lessened power to resist disease, is notorious amidst the medical men of factory districts. It is not the mere difficulty of procuring milk which prompts the adoption of a tea dietary. The convenience of it is one allurement, while the idea of feeding their children like those of the better classes around is another. Foolish pride has a good deal to do with it and to answer for.

BOUILLON, (THE COMMON SOUP OF FRANCE).—The stockpot of the French artisan supplies his principal nourishment; and it is thus managed by his wife, who, without the slightest knowledge of chemistry, conducts the process in a truly scientific manner. She first lays the meat in her earthen stock-pot, and pours cold water to it in the proportion of about two quarts to three pounds of beef; she then places it by the side of the fire, where it slowly becomes hot; and as it does so, the heat enlarges the fibres of the meat, dissolves the gelatinous substances which it contains, allows the albumen (or the muscular part, which produces the steam to disengage itself and rise to the surface, and the osmazone (which is the most savoury part of the meat) to be diffused through the broth. Thus, from the simple circumstance of boiling it in the gentlest manner, a refreshing and nutritious soup will be obtained, and a dish of tender and palatable meat; but if the pot be placed and kept over a quick fire the albumen will coagulate, harden the meat, prevent the water from penetrating it, and osmazone from disengaging itself; the result will be a broth without flavour or goodness, and a rough, dry bit of meat. Add salt in the proportion of half an ounce to the quart, throw in three or four turnips, as many carrots, half a head of celery, two or three leeks, one onion stuck with some cloves, a tea-spoonful of peppercorns, and a bunch of savoury herbs. It will require from four and a half to six lbs. of meat, according to the quantity.