

In that witty play of Byron's called "Cyril's Success," one of the characters, a reviewer, makes the following promise to a young author, "and when your next volume of poems appears, I give you my word that not only will I review it, but I will read it." This is severe satire, but unfortunately it is truth. Again the stage nowadays stultifies poetic truth. There is an absence in modern plays of earnest thought, grand passion, and deep pathos; instead, we have light converse, rudesensationalism, light love-making, satirical *bon mots*, ironical fairy tales, and pretty platitudes. There is nothing in them to stir the depths of feeling, or awake noble emotion. The piece may call forth mirth or occasionally evoke tears, but it neither makes our hearts throb, nor our pulse leap. It is all pleasantly tame, evenly sweet, terribly farcical, delicately jocose, or outrageously unnatural. None of the plays nowadays are stamped with the seal of imagination in its highest sense, and fullest import. Instead of being illuminated with the glow and glamour of poetry, they fitfully shine with a glow-worm reflex of it. When not absolutely dull, they are just feebly entertaining. Now the stage to a certain extent expresses ideas in vogue; it illustrates the world outside; it represents modern life, which nowadays can sustain itself evidently without poetry of the old fashioned, earnest kind. Is it any wonder then that new poets cannot move and have their being amid such an atmosphere and surrounding?

Another reason why new poets have to pipe their ditties unheard is on account of the sceptical tendencies of the time, particularly in matters of religion. There is a vague distrust of the old landmarks of faith. The inquiring spirit abroad is so rampant that time-honored truths are thrust aside to give place to vain questionings and idle doubts. The rocks that have withstood the wear and tear of ages, are sought to be rent asunder by a superficial bubble. Men strive to prove that everything is a matter of arithmetic. Calculation enters into divine systems and eternal laws. The illimitable is discussed in a rational spirit; eternity is reduced to a question of rule of three. The larger hope, and the ampler faith in inscrutable goodness and heavenly intelligence are treated as fanciful theories. And so when the spirit of unbelief stalks abroad, is it any wonder that the age is called unpoetical and practical. How can a dull, misty atmosphere of scepticism contain iris-tinted love-lights of poetic inspiration? Poetry that lifts the soul to serenest spaces of higher thought, freezes and perishes in the icy air of doubt, and so unknown poets cannot expect any welcome or encouragement when cold unbelief, wide-spread and potent, deadens noble aspirations and chills poetic ardor.

Such then according to the opinions of the writer of this paper, are the chief reasons why unknown poets fail to find even a "fit and few" audience in this age.

There may be other causes not apparent to us now, which may also tend to dishearten and depress aspirants to poetic honors, but we think that we have descanted briefly on the chief ones. What solace thus can be measured to those, impelled by a desire that cannot be repressed, to warble their songs, which maybe are never destined to meet with a responsive concord, in this hurrying, restless matter of fact, sceptical age? Must the cold rigour of an unsympathising public silence these voices, or else bid them shape their accents in accord with modern tastes?

We cannot satisfactorily answer these questions. Those who feel that they must give utterance to "thoughts that flow and words that burn" will do so despite all lack of encouragement. No poet's lays may crown them now, and yet if their songs are genuine and not merely echoes, they may still, after many days, win the poet's "awful crown," and if they never do so, still their efforts, apparently futile, as far as present recognition is concerned, will be to them "their own exceeding great reward."

No ennobling thought need be uttered in vain; no high purpose need be conceived for nought. There is unutterable joy for the singer, from the mere fact of his being able to sing, still hoping that perchance he may be able to echo the poet's words, as applicable to his lay:

"No one is so accursed by fate,
No one is so utterly desolate,
But what some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own."

London, Eng.

ISIDORE.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE STE. GENEVIEVE LAND-SLIDE.—The stream at St. Genevieve, near Three Rivers, is said to have been about forty-five feet wide and about eight deep, and ran in a narrow valley, on either side of which rose high banks, covered with small second-growth trees. At about half a mile above the mill, it is said there were two hills, one of them supposed to have been eighty feet high. These, about ten o'clock on Tuesday forenoon, May 1st, suddenly collapsed, settling down into the river as a paper pyramid when trodden under foot. The slimy clay, as slippery as soft soap, ran with inconceivable rapidity down the river bed, throwing up the water before it as a wall, the wall growing higher at every yard as it advanced, till, on reaching the mill-dam, to the terrified eyes of those who saw it coming, it appeared as a solid wall of water twenty feet high. It passed over the dam, struck the mill and carried it and those in it away, as a feather, leaving only part of the

flow to mark where it had been. There were at the mill at the time nine persons: Mrs. Lanouette and her three children, who were in the house adjoining the mill; her husband, who was in the mill; Ferdinand Gervais, aged sixteen, who saw the water coming; Mr. Cloutier, an old man, who was loading his waggon with grain, and Mr. Massicotte, the owner of the mill, who had just arrived, and was unhitching his horses. The crash of the mountain and rush of the torrent were heard over the neighborhood, and caused great consternation. But soon the cause was discovered, and the neighbors began the search of the bodies. The first found was that of Eleanor Lanouette, a little girl three years old, who was found in the water more than three-quarters of a mile below the mill. She bore the marks of a blow on the side of her head sufficient to cause death. A few yards lower down the stream, her little sister two years old was found. Her body was beneath the water and some clay on her face. A few yards further on was the body of the mother. One report says she was sitting on a chair. She was but twenty-one years of age, and had been married when only sixteen. A few feet farther on still was the body of Mr. Cloutier, which was found fastened under some trees. There was in the house, at the time of the accident, one little girl a month and a half old whose body has not yet been found. About fifty years ago, on a river near Champlain, there was a land-slide said to have been much larger than the present one, in which over a hundred acres of land slipped from its moorings. On it now hay is being grown. In the same neighborhood, eight years ago, there was another land-slide by which eight houses were taken away. The cause of the late catastrophe has been attributed to certain cracks which are said to have formed in the side of the hills, about three years ago. These have since been filled with moisture which has frozen, and thawed and frozen again until the support was too weak to hold the immense weight of slippery earth. Others in the neighborhood assert that the cause must be attributable to earthquakes, and speak mysteriously of rumbling sounds for which there is no known cause, that have been heard from time to time in the neighbourhood.

UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS AND THE VETERANS OF 1812-14.

The following letter addressed to the Hamilton *Spectator* by a valiant officer, who is 1st Vice-President of the Loyal Canadian Society, and Vice-President of the United Canadian Association, deserves to be circulated among the numerous readers of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS:—

One hundred years ago, when thirteen of the British Colonies in America revolted against the Home Government, many thousands of the inhabitants of those colonies refused to cast off their allegiance to the British Crown. Throughout the whole of the Revolutionary War these devoted people remained true to their faith and fought and bled in the struggle to preserve the Empire. Hence they were termed "United Empire Loyalists." At the close of the war, and in 1783, when Great Britain recognized the independence of her thirteen revolted colonies, upwards of twenty-five thousand of these loyalists,—who had sacrificed everything except their honor, through their devotion to the British cause,—were proscribed and were compelled to seek protection under the British flag, in England, the West Indies, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Canada.

Upper Canada, (Ontario), then a wilderness, was chiefly settled by these heroic people. Strong, courageous and hopeful, they proved themselves to be admirable pioneers and colonists. Their early labors, and their high sense of honor, did much towards making this part of Canada what it is to-day. They were a splendid race of people. Many of them were officers and soldiers of superior education. The British Government endowed them with grants of land, and otherwise rewarded them for their loyalty and valuable services.

In 1812, when the United States of America declared war against Great Britain, and sought to acquire Canada by conquest, these old heroes and their descendants constituted a large portion of the "Canadian Militia," which, together with the few British troops and their gallant commanders—such as Gen. Brock and others—saved the whole of Canada to the British Crown. Many of the brave old veterans of the war are still alive, and many thousands of their descendants pursue their peaceful vocations throughout the country, enjoying the fruits of the land which is sanctified by the blood of their forefathers.

Surely, among these, "Canadian nationality" cannot be a "lost cause." A carefully collected and properly arranged record, embracing descriptive accounts and personal sketches of the early settlers—their hardships and privations in Canadian forests; their sufferings, which were borne so patiently, and finally, their joy at beholding a wilderness made to blossom and bear fruit through the labor of their own hands—cannot fail to be interesting and acceptable to our people, especially at the present time.

Permit me to say that it is my intention to bring out a little volume of this kind, for which I am at present engaged in collecting the necessary material. The volume will also include personal sketches of some of the prominent men who took part in the war of sixty years ago, and will contain much that has never yet been published.

Fellow-citizens throughout the country, interested in this matter, are requested to communicate at once, as all information will be thankfully received.

I have already received numerous encouraging letters and many historical data, and I trust, when completed, my humble effort may prove some slight tribute to Canadian patriotism of bygone times.

Yours, &c.,

W. F. McMAHON.

Hamilton, Ont., May, 1877.

HEARTH AND HOME.

A MASK.—Men are apt to think that the gay, laughing girl who has seemingly not a care in the world, is frivolous and heartless. Few know that observation and good sense, ay, and sound, stubborn principle, are often hid beneath the mask of a gay and frolicsome disposition. There is much more reason to suspect the seemingly faultless than the frank girl, who shows her follies on the surface. "Wearing the heart upon the sleeve" is a good plan. If a woman has a heart, it is always a gay one, until misfortune or affection tames it.

THE BEST LOVED WOMAN.—It is the womanly women who are so tenderly revered on earth, so lovingly mourned and missed when, "life's fitful fever over," they rest in peace. The mothers whose life and memory are God's instrument for the salvation of their sons, the "believing wives who sanctify the unbelieving husbands," the sisters whose influence has power to win a brother from his evil ways or to strengthen him in the path of light, the thousands of women who have been to men guardian angels in truth, all belong to the class of womanly women, the brightest ornaments of earth.

FEMALE EDUCATION.—Keep as much as possible in the grand and common road of life; patent educations or habits seldom succeed. Depend upon it, men set more value on the cultivated minds than on the accomplishments of women, which they are rarely able to appreciate. It is a common error, but it is an error, that literature unfits women for the everyday business of life. It is not so with men. You see those of the most cultivated minds constantly devoting their time and attention to the most homely objects. Literature gives women a real and proper weight in society, but then they must use it with discretion.

LOSING FRIENDS.—Never cast aside your friends if by any possibility you can retain them. We are the weakest of spendthrifts if we let one thing drop off through inattention, or let one push away another, or if we hold aloof from one for petty jealousy or heedless slight or roughness. Would you throw away a diamond because it pricked you? One good friend is not to be weighed against the jewels of all the earth. If there is coolness or unkindness between us, let us come face to face and have it out. Quick, before the love grows cold! Life is too short to quarrel in, or to carry black thoughts of friends. It is easy to lose a friend, but a new one will not come for calling, nor make up for the old one.

MEN UNEQUAL.—The old doctrine that all men are born like a sheet of white paper, and that whatever education they have is all that is written on that sheet of paper, is not only false but absurd. One might suppose that the author of such a doctrine was born like a sheet of white paper, and that nothing had been written on it. It is contradicted at every step, on every side, and every day. Men come down through life bearing, in different proportions and in different degrees of force, antecedent tendencies. Their ancestors repeat themselves in them; and by reason of this men are of different degrees of strength and sagacity and patience and perseverance, some having the highest genius, and some the lowest. So it is in society, and so it must be—a little reflection will prove it.

OPINIONS AND CONVICTIONS.—There are some persons who have no principles, no convictions, says a religious writer; they are little more than bundles of sentiments, notions, opinions—and hence you never know where to find them; they are everything by turns and nothing long. Others there are who have good opinions and wrong convictions, and hence the contradictions often observable in them; while holding what is good, they do mostly what is wrong, our conduct being determined, not by our opinions, but by our convictions. A man's convictions and his opinions are often sadly opposed to each other, and in the crisis of temptation the opinion is always over-ruled and over-ridden by the conviction. Our opinions are outward things; our convictions, as some one has said, are "just the growth and result of our passions, affections, aspirations, and sympathies, the flower into which these open and expand," and they are our convictions that make character and life, that decide the man.

NEGLECT OF CHILDREN.—Many a mother has wept over the sins of her child, little dreaming that while she pursued her round of idle pleasures, that child was taking its first lesson in sin from the example of a vicious nurse. The truth is, parents take upon themselves too many unnecessary burdens, and consider themselves bound by duty to perform too many tasks, which are of much less consequence than the teaching and training of their children. The father has his trade or profession, and his few leisure hours he must spend in social pleasure. The mother has her household cares and the

comforts of her family to study, and besides this, there is much time to be devoted to fancy work, to visitors, and to amusements of one kind and another. Her children are mere secondary considerations, and depend upon the kindness of hirelings. Their dresses may be miracles of puffing, ruffles, and embroidery, but what does that count when their minds are dwarfed through neglect? Her house may be a model of neatness, her bread excel that of all her neighbours, her jellies and preserves enough to tempt the most fastidious; but if, in all this, she has kept aloof from her child, has chilled his heart towards her, what does it count?

A LOVING MOTHER.—Make the most of her while yet you have this most precious of all good gifts. Read the unfathomable love of those eyes, the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after-life you may have friends, fond, dear, kind friends; but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh in my struggle with the hard, uncaring world for the sweet, deep security I felt when of an evening, nestled in her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale, suitable to my age, read in her tender and untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared asleep—never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old churchyard, yet still her voice whispers from the grave, and her eyes watch over me as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother.

LOVE LIVES TO LABOUR; it lives to give itself away. There is no such thing as indolent love. Look within your heart, and see if this is not true. If you love anyone truly and deeply, the cry of your heart is to spend and be spent in your love one's service. Love would die if it could not benefit. Its keenest suffering is met when it finds itself unable to assist. What man could see the woman he loves lack anything, and be unable to give it to her, and not suffer? Why, love makes one a slave! It toils night and day, refusing all wages and all reward, save the smile of the one unto whom it is bound, in whose service it finds its delight, at whose feet it alone discovers its heaven. There is no danger that language can be too strong or too fervently used to portray the services of love.

LOVE OF OFFSPRING.—It is generally taken for granted that parents love their children; yet the care and anxiety most parents feel for their families quite overshadow their consciousness of loving them, and they fall back upon a sense of duty and obligation and responsibility that, however it may stimulate them to perform the actual exterior demands made on them, renders all their labour vain. This sense of duty is not the highest of motives. It is all very well to require filial obedience and submission from children because it is their duty to render it; but when they are lifted into the higher atmosphere of absorbing love for the parent, the sense of duty, that frosty motive, will be no longer needed.

"I do not love my mother one particle," said a middle-aged man the other day, "simply because she never loved me. She took care of us children—oh, yes—kept us clean, taught us the Bible, prayed over us, and cried over us; but we never went to her with our little troubles or our little joys. It is very different in my family. If there is one thing that my children know, it is that I love them, and what I do for them is not from a sense of parental duty, but because they are infinitely dear to me. And such children as they are—so affectionate, so obedient, so happy!"

The teacher who is so wise and so fortunate as to win the love of his pupils has little difficulty in enforcing order or securing the highest grade of intellectual labour of which they are capable. In order to gain their love, however, he must first love them; for only love wins love. So with the employer. If he can convince those in his employ that he bears to them goodwill, kindness, a sincere desire to promote their welfare, they will give him a fidelity, a thoroughness of service that no wages could secure.

ARTISTIC.

THE sale of Mr. Albert Grant's pictures realized £40,072 for ninety-eight lots.

THE Queen has been graciously pleased to express Her Majesty's desire that the Albert Medal, hitherto only bestowed for gallantry in saving life at sea, shall be extended to similar actions on land.

THE Paris Salon has this season seven thousand nine hundred and twenty-three oil paintings and drawings as candidates for exhibition. The jury accepted only about one-third of these.

REBENS' House at Antwerp is to be opened to the public during the Rubens *Fetes*. The painter's studio is still intact, and the house is adorned with numerous pictures by Van Dyck, Teniers, Rembrandt, and Rubens, which have never been moved since they were first hung under the direction of the artists.

A WORK of unusual interest is about to be sold at the Hotel des Ventes, Paris, being the famous table of Napoleon I.'s marshals, by the great miniature painter Isabey, who died in 1835 at the age of eighty-eight. The table, which turns round on a pivot, contains the likenesses of eighteen marshals painted on Sévres china, with a full-length portrait of the Emperor in his coronation robes.

SOME curious specimens of artificial pearls, the joint-work of the Chinaman and the oyster, have just arrived in Paris. Into the shell of the oyster the Chinaman introduces little pieces of wood or earth, which keeps the unhappy mollusc in a constant state of irritation, and causes a pearly secretion, which ultimately covers the fragments. Often a piece of metal shaped to resemble the figure of Buddha is introduced into the shell, and this by a similar process is converted into a pearl possessing all the conditions of a presentable relic that finds a ready sale, and for which there is a large and growing demand.