

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

MONTREAL.

Fair "City of the Mountain"
How proudly thou dost lie,
Like Eve beside the fountain,
In calm, sweet majesty;
Stalwart sons and lovely daughters
Attend thee at thy call,
Like lilies on the waters
Gathering round thee, great and small.
Thou art part of a great Nation!
Thou art Queen of thine own Isle,
Many bounties of creation,
In thy fertile valleys smile,
Rise up, and gaze around thee,
Try thy powers—what they are,—
All the treasures which surround thee
Should increase thy fame afar!
All the wisdom of thy pages,
All the great works of thy sons,
Will be told in future ages,
As the tide of History runs,
The good deed of Mills and Molson,
Richardson and many more
From the hearts of grateful thousands
Will resound from shore to shore,
So, rouse thee fair one, rouse thee!
Thou hast duties,—not a few—
"The rest which Time" allows thee,
May soon be broken through:—
All the world is in commotion
There are "banners in the skies!"
Canst thou see, without emotion,
All the dangers that arise?
Let not sloth nor false indulgence
Thy grand energies e'er blight,
But, may Virtue's bright effulgence,
Crown thy onward path with light!

E. L. M.

OUR SUMMER VISITORS.

THE THRUSHES.

In a previous communication I briefly alluded to some of our most common feathered stong-ters; in the present, I crave leave to say a few words anent two of the most musical tenants of every hardwood grove round Quebec, in which shade, protection and running water occur in May, June and July. About the beginning of August, the great office of incubation being over, the chief portion of our melodious favorites mysteriously disappears and our shady glens and green groves become again silent. Though spring brings us a brilliant array of artists for the annual concert of nature, how many escape observation, unless ticketed and pointed out, in unmistakable terms! What an American naturalist wrote for the latitude of Washington, is just as applicable to that of Quebec:—

"Most people," says Mr. Burroughs, "receive with incredulity a statement of the number of birds that annually visit our climate. Very few men are aware of half the number that spend the summer in their own vicinity. We little suspect, when we walk in the woods, whose privacy we are intruding upon,—what rare and elegant visitants from Mexico, from Central and South America, and from the islands of the sea, are holding their reunions in the branches over our heads, or pursuing their pleasure on the ground before us.

"I recall the altogether admirable and shining family which Thoreau dreamed he saw in the upper chambers of Spaulding's woods, which Spaulding did not know lived there, and which were not put out when Spaulding, whistling, drove his team through their lower halls. They did not go into society in the village; they were quite well; they had sons and daughters; they neither wove nor spun; there was a sound of suppressed hilarity.

"I take it for granted that the forester was only saying a pretty thing of the birds, though I have observed that it does sometimes annoy them when Spaulding's cart rumbles through their house. Generally, however, they are as unconscious of Spaulding as Spaulding is of them."

We have here also a fair number of Spauldings. I purpose now describing two of the most musical amongst the five varieties of Thrushes who have been serenading me morning and evening for the last two months—the Hermit Thrush and Wilson's Thrush or Veery.

THE VEERY OR WILSON'S THRUSH.—This is one of our most diminutive thrushes. It is of the size of our blue-bird, and easily distinguished from other varieties by the indistinctness of its markings; there is a shade of orange on the crown and tail—the belly is white, with the dark markings on the breast, indistinct. The nest composed of grass, leaves, and weeds, carefully lined with hair, is hidden occasionally in a low, thick shrub, but usually in a deep wood, on the ground. The eggs,—oval in shape—of a blueish-green deeper than those of the Hermit Thrush, are generally four or five in number. At earliest dawn—at sunset—in cloudy weather before rain, the Veery pours forth his "dulcet melody." Sañuels has well described it. "The song," says he, "is a peculiar one, with a singular metallic ring, exceedingly difficult to describe. It begins quite loud, the syllables, *chéury, chéury, chéury, chéury*, decreasing in tone to quite a faint hiss; then, after a short pause, the notes *cheou, twit, tritter, tritter*, are uttered; and the whole is finished usually with the ejaculation, *chickcheu*. This song is often repeated; and sometimes, two or three males, perching on a shrub or tree, emulate each other in a musical contest that is very pleasing to hear. This Thrush, as are all the others, is eminently insectivorous; and through the whole day, he may be heard busily searching among the fallen leaves for his favorite food."

An elegant American writer thus describes the Canadian favorite: "Whilst sitting on the soft cushioned log, tasting the pungent acidulous wood-sorrel, (*oxalis acetosella*), the blossoms of

which, large and pink-veined, rise everywhere above the moss, a rufous-colored bird flies quickly past, and, alighting on a low limb, a few rods off, salutes me with "Wheu! Wheu! or "Whoit! Whoit!" almost as you would whistle for your dog. I see by his impulsive, graceful movements, and his dimly specked breast that it is a Thrush. Presently, he utters a few soft, mellow, flute-like notes, one of the most simple expressions of melody to be heard, and scuds away, and I see it is the Veery or Wilson's Thrush. . . . To get a good view of him you have only to sit down in his haunt, as in such cases he seems equally anxious to get a good view of you."

THE HERMIT THRUSH, somewhat larger than Wilson's Thrush, with a late season, arrives round Quebec, in the early days of May. The spots and markings on his breast, deeper and most distinct, easily distinguish him from his congener. The bare ground in a secluded spot, but generally a thick, low bush, contains his nest. The eggs, three or four in number, are of a light-blue, with a very faint tint of green—sometimes, but rarely, spotted with reddish-brown. The Hermit Thrush is a shy, but very sweet songster, whose note much resembles that of the Song Thrush—the latter does not reach Quebec in its northern migration. The Hermit is a very dear friend to our household during his annual visit from May to August.

Later on, when September crimson the leaves, a solitary wanderer or two, but silent and tuneless, may be met in my oak and beech groves, closing to the crystal runlet Belle-Borne. In my mind also, the solitary minstrel in his autumnal journey "is always associated with the falling leaves—the rustling of acorns through the birches and alders of the swampy glens."

Let us again hear Mr. Burroughs describe this lonely child of song. "Ever since I entered the woods, even whilst listening to the lesser songsters, or contemplating the silent form about me, a strain has reached my ears from out of the depths of the forest that to me is the finest sound in nature—the song of the Hermit Thrush. I often hear him thus a long way off, sometimes over a quarter of a mile away, when only the stronger and most perfect parts of his music reaches me; and through the general chorus of wrens and warblers, I detect this sound, rising pure and serene, as if a spirit from some remote heights were slowly chanting a divine accompaniment. This song appeals to the sentiment of the beautiful in me, and suggests a serene religious beatitude as no other sound in nature does. It is perhaps more of an evening than a morning hymn, though I hear it at all hours of the day.

"It is very simple, and I can scarcely tell the secret of its charm. "O spherul, spherul!" he seems to say; "O holy, holy! O clear away, clear away! O clear up, clear up!" interspersed with the finest trills and the most delicate preludes. It is not a proud, gorgeous strain, like the tanager's or the grosbeak's; suggesting no passion or emotion,—nothing personal—but seems to be the voice of that calm, sweet solemnity one attains to in his best moments. It realizes a peace and a deep solemn joy that only the finest souls may know. A few nights ago, I ascended a mountain to see the world by moonlight; and when near the summit the Hermit commenced his evening hymn, a few rods from me. Listening to this strain on the lone mountain, with the full moon just rounded from the horizon, the pomp of your cities and the pride of your civilization seemed trivial and cheap.

"I have seldom known two of these birds singing at the same time in the same locality, rivaling each other like the Wood Thrush and the Veery. . . . Later in the day, when I had penetrated the heart of the old "Bark peeling," I came suddenly on one singing from a low stump, and for a wonder he did not seem alarmed, but lifted up his divine voice, as if his privacy was undisturbed. I open his beak and find the inside yellow as gold. I was prepared to find it inlaid with pearls and diamonds, or to see an angel issue from it. He is not much in books; indeed, I am acquainted with scarcely any writer on ornithology whose head is not muddled on the subject of our three prevailing song thrushes, confounding either their figures or their songs."

Amongst the collector of Canadian birds in my aviary, I have a very handsome Veery or Wilson's Thrush. Notwithstanding what Mr. Burroughs has said of this constant spring visitor, there will yet remain, I fear, many Spauldings in Canada, to whom the Hermit Thrush will seem a myth.

Spencer Grange, near Quebec. J. M. L.
Dominion Day, 1876.

MUSIC.

All music is the expression of the beauty of form through the medium of sound. That form varies to a vast extent, just as the written languages of men vary, as the forms of versification vary, as the possible combinations of colour, the linear shapes of the human countenance, the outlines of vases, of dress, of architectural structure and decoration, all vary. But just as in all these there can be no beauty without the proportion of parts, without symmetry, without the sentiment of life united with the conception of overruling law and order, so it is with musical expression. Music, again, possesses a power peculiarly its own. It can excite the purely emotional portion of our nature to a degree without parallel in any other art in which a definite human feeling is not presented to us. In its vagueness lies concealed a readiness to

adapt itself to the expression of combined thought and feeling with an intensity altogether transcending any other vehicle which our nature possesses. And the secret of this power I take to be this: Every man and woman who thinks and feels, except in the most commonplace and superficial fashion, is conscious, in some degree, of the inexplicable mysteriousness of the life we live and of the universe we live in. It is not a question of this or that theology, or of this or that philosophy, or of this or that mode of living. All of us are conscious of the same desire to escape from the bondage of our personal loneliness and ignorance into some sort of freer atmosphere, in which our faculties may range and expand in a new and more unhampered exercise, and our enjoyment of existence and our perceptions of truths may become more definite and real. And it is because it puts into a species of articulate voice this undying desire, that music exercises its spell upon those who are sensitive to its charm. As in all other matters, men are variously endowed in this respect, and this endowment does not necessarily accompany any other peculiarity of natural endowment. At the same time, the sensibility to music takes various forms, in exact accordance with the rest of a man's nature. The man of shallow nature likes one kind of music, the man of thought and depth loves another. There is music which touches the weak and morbid, but which is repellent to all healthy and masculine minds. There is music which by no possibility can be understood and enjoyed by a fool; and there is music which is essentially low and vulgar. . . . But, granting the presence of the natural musical capacity properly cultivated, and the intelligence, the emotional susceptibility, and the healthy activity of the listener, then I say that in those works which unite profound elaboration to intense tunefulness, he finds an expression of all that is best and noblest in his nature, and is lifted into a region of thought and feeling where this present existence seems for the moment to have vanished away. And among such works the Mass in B Minor stands pre-eminent. It is to the greatest choral writings of other composers what the marbles of the Parthenon are to all other sculpture, and what Shakespeare is to all other poets. Those who look for this pre-eminence in its songs will be disappointed, admirable as they are. It is in the succession of its gigantic choruses that it leaves all other music behind, as comparatively slight and inexpressive. They have all the brilliant and masterly clearness of Handel's best choruses, all his tunefulness and propriety of expression; but they cancel them in a boundless richness of elaboration and development, in a union of complication and multitudinousness of detail with a perfect unity and simplicity of general effect, and in a power of inventing and working out of orchestral accompaniment, which Handel, great above all others, never achieved.

STRANGE FASHIONS.

In Scribner's *Monthly* we read:—A Parisian lady is not said to be dressed nowadays, nor does she even order a dress to be made for her. She asks her dressmaker to mould a dress upon her, and, when this is done, she is called a *moulée*.

To be moulded, you must begin by adapting every article of your underclothing to shape and size prescribed by fashion. Therein lies the only secret of perfection in dress which the *Parisienne* possesses over other women. Next to the *Parisienne* it is the American woman who is considered to be "the best dressed." She has one fault, however—she is not always *japonnée* according to the requirements of her toilet.

As a rule, each dress should have its separate set of skirts, to be worn exclusively with it, and this should be supplied by the dressmaker herself, as it should always be almost of the same length and width as the skirt of the dress, and always of the same shape. Now two underskirts, at the utmost, are worn. The one which accompanies the dress, and which is of white muslin, is trimmed with lace insertions and edgings. No flounces are worn on underskirts. They are too bulky for the present style of dress.

The skirt to be worn under this muslin skirt is of white foulard, which material clings better than any other to the figure. And the skirt (which is gored, so as not to form a single plait) is stitched to the edge of the corset, in order to leave the figure perfectly untrammelled by band or belt, however thin. The skirt is also trimmed with lace-insertion and edging. The corset is very long—à la *Jeanne d'Arc*. As a guide, it should be of the length of the dress cuirasse, which cuirasse, by the by, is now only simulated by trimming on the dress. This, again, is to avoid giving extra size to the figure.

Some dispense with the second skirt of white silk; they wear an undergarment of white silk under the corset, which garment they trim with lace, as if it were a skirt. It is made as long as an ordinary skirt, and it takes the place of one. In reality therefore, no skirts are worn by the most strict.

To recapitulate, a fashionable lady's toilet now consists of a white silk bodice inlaid with Valenciennes, which white silk bodice is continued into a skirt, which is also richly trimmed with lace insertions and edging. This garments answers two purposes and is called by two names. Then comes the long cuirasse corset of white or pink satin, which improves the entire figure. An extra white foulard skirt may be stitched to the edge of the corset, but this is not necessary. It should, however, be worn under costumes not

provided with a special under-skirt of their own. The dress itself, of whatever material it may be, is of the Princess shape—that is, in one piece from neck to hem of skirt.

The trimming on the dress simulates cuirasse and even tunic. But separate cuirasses or tunics are quite laid aside, as being too bulky, and hiding the outlines of the figure too much. It thus follows that nothing is worn under a dress body excepting the under corset. Bad, indeed, must be the figure that does not look moulded under this system of underclothing. You may wear a cotton dress of five dollars, if you will, but under this must be worn the finest foulards and the richest lace.

Nor is it the dressmaker who can make the figure. This depends entirely on the corset manufacturer. There is even a talk of having dress cuirasses made by corset makers, and the skirts would then be fastened to the corset, which would at the same time form the body of the dress.

CHEESE MAKING IN ONTARIO.

But a few years since hardly a cheese factory could be found in a week's travelling the country, but at the present time there is hardly a county in Ontario in which there cannot be found several which annually turn out thousands of pounds. The process which the milk undergoes while being made into cheese is interesting to one who sees it for the first time. The farmers either sell the milk or take a share in the cheese which is made at the factory the milk being taken up every morning, and at some factories both morning and evening. The milk when received is weighed, then run into a vat where it is heated to a certain temperature, and by the action of rennet the curd is separated from the whey which is drawn off the curd—the curd is then dipped into the zincs when it is salted and thoroughly mixed by hand and where any whey which may still remain in it drips through the fine sieve like bottom of the zinc. After being thoroughly mixed in the zincs the curd is ready for the wrappers and pressers which shape the cheese. After remaining in the press for about twenty-four hours, the cheese is taken from the press and stored in the curing or drying room where they remain from two weeks to a month, or longer, when after being weighed and its particular brand marked on it and boxed, the cheese is ready for market. At the present time a cheese is made about fifteen inches in diameter and weighs, when fully cured, about fifteen pounds; formerly the cheeses were made much larger, but of late years have been made the size stated. The season commences at the factories about the first of May and with most close during October, though some continue longer. It takes about ten pounds of milk to make a pound of cheese and while some of the farmers only send from 50 to 60 pounds of milk a day to the factory, some send as many as 600 or 700 pounds, or even more than that. A great deal of the cheese which is manufactured in Canada is shipped to England and France. Our Canadian manufacturers of cheese have made a creditable exhibition of cheese at the Centennial Exhibition, and we hope they may make a still greater show in October, when another exhibition of cheese takes place at the Centennial.

HYGIENIC.

BORAX dissolved in water, used as a lotion, will remove prickly heat.

To preserve ice-water make a hat-shaped cover of two thicknesses of paper, with cotton wadding half an inch thick between. Place over the entire pitcher.

THE softer parts of common ferns, if stripped from the stems and dried in the sun, retain their toughness and elasticity for a long time, and are said to be superior to various substances commonly used for stuffing mattresses.

MR. A. J. COOK, of the Michigan State Agricultural College gives a valuable hint to housekeepers whose carpets are in danger from the attack of clothes moths. Take a wet sheet, or other cloth, lay it upon the carpet, and then run a hot flat iron over it, so as to convert the water into steam, which permeates the carpet beneath, and destroys the life of the grub.

THE hot season revives the necessity of having at hand a good cholera mixture, and none has proved more effective than the one published years ago by the *New York Sun*. This consists of equal parts of tincture of opium, red pepper, rhubarb, peppermint, and camphor. It is a remedy for summer complaint, diarrhoea, cramps in the bowels, and similar ailments, and affords almost instant relief. The dose is from three to ten drops for a child, according to age, and ten to thirty drops for an adult, according to the severity of the attack.

IN the hot months it is worth while to bear in mind the plan adopted by M. Martin in order to keep the rooms of the sick in a state of freshness. This consists in opening the windows wide, and then hanging wet cloths before them. The water as it vaporises absorbs the heat, and lowers the temperature of the apartment by several degrees, while the humidity which is diffused renders the heat much more supportable. By adopting this plan patients find themselves, even in the height of summer, in a freshened atmosphere analogous to that which prevails after a storm.

DR. PARKES says that, if a man becomes much heavier between thirty and sixty, it usually shows that he is eating or drinking too much, or that he is less active in body and mind, or that some of his organs are beginning to act less perfectly. Consequently increasing fat should serve as a warning either to take less food, or more exercise, or the advice of a doctor. "The rich classes in England," says Dr. Parkes, "are certainly too large meat-eaters. Meat is usually the base of half-a-dozen dishes eaten consecutively at dinner, and it has in most cases been previously eaten at breakfast and luncheon." Where this sort of dietary is persisted in the health must suffer, and even where it is only occasional Dr. Parkes recommends that when a man goes out to a great dinner he should make some difference in the amount or kind of food taken the next day.