

THE REFUGEES.

SCENE OF THE AMERICAN WAR.

(Dedicated by permission to H. R. H. Prince Arthur.)

By the mountain springs of the Cumberland.
Under the leafless trees,
With faces lit by the midnight brand,
And hand close clasped in trembling hand,
Sat the hunted refugees.

A woman, one with untimely frost
Creeping along her hair;
And a boy whose sunny locks had lost
Small store of the gold of childhood, tossed
By a mother's kisses there.

The clouds hung thick on the mountain's brow,
And the stars were veiled in gloom;
And the gorges around were white with snow,
But below was the prowling, cruel foe,
And the light of a burning home.

"Mother, the wind is cold to-night."
Said the boy in childhood's tone;
"But oh! I hope in the morning light
That the Union lines will come in sight,
And the snow will soon be gone."

"I am very weary, mother dear,
With the long, long walk to-day;
But the enemy cannot find us here,
And I shall slumber without a tear
Till the night has passed away."

"So tell me now ere I sleep once more
The message that father gave
To his comrades for you and me, before
The glorious fight on the river's shore
That made a soldier's grave."

Then the mother told with tearless eye
The solemn words again;
"Tell her I shall see her standing by,
When the calm comes on of the time to die,
And the wounds have lost their pain."

"And teach my boy for ever to hold
In his heart all things above—
The wealth of all earth's uncounted gold,
Or life with its sweet, sad joys untold—
The worth of patriot's love."

As his blood at the message quicker stirred
The boy's bright arteries through—
"I will remember every word,"
He said, "And the angels who must have heard,
They will remember too."

Then clasped as a mother clasps who stands
Alone between love and death,
Unfelt were the spectral, chilly hands
That softly tighten the soothing bands
Over the failing breath.

Mother and child, as the fire burned low,
Slept on the earth's cold breast;
The night passed by, and the morning show
Broke the veil of cloud over the stainless snow,
But never their perfect rest.

J. E. J. A. DE NARBONNE-LARA.

Montreal, February 22, 1870.

IN THE SEPULCHRE.

An artist who produces a picture of this character almost necessarily lays himself open to comparison with the works of the old Italian painters, who made such subjects their constant practice. This, however, is not our object; nor would it be right to institute such discussion in things that differ, though they may be said to be alike, without considering that the Sacred Art of the present day must, from the very circumstances in which we live, and the feelings which animate us, receive a complexion in many respects dissimilar to that recognisable in the pictures of a period when the Church seems to have been the leading idea of the majority of artists, and how they might best serve her interests, through those who employed them, their chief desire.

He is a bold man who, except under the influence of a direct "commission," would undertake such a subject as Mr. Marshall Claxton has accomplished in the picture here engraved. He deserves credit for the manner in which he has carried out his work. The disposition of the figure of the dead Christ is so far novel, that we do not remember it treated in a similar way in any picture by an old master; that is, with the body in a half-recumbent posture, and the head resting on a raised block of stone, while in the sepulchre. The drawing, moreover, of the figure is good, and the anatomical expression well-developed; the arrangement of the drapery is simple, natural, and without heaviness. The sentiment of the two angels flying down to take their places as watchers by the tomb is poetical; one, as if in agony of grief at the fearful sight, appears to hide it from her. There is much elegance in the grouping of these figures. How far the introduction of the objects identified with the Crucifixion—the crown of thorns, the mock-sceptre of reeds, the sponge, and the nails—are admissible, so far as the scriptural narrative warrants, is doubtless questionable; but they form a kind of episode in the composition which is impressive as well as pictorially valuable.—*Art Journal*.

TABLEAUX VIVANTS AT THE MECHANICS' HALL, MONTREAL.

An entertainment, taking the form of Tableaux Vivants, was given on Wednesday, the 23rd March, in the Mechanics' Hall of Montreal. The proceeds of the exhibition, which was under the patronage of H. R. H. Prince Arthur, were to be devoted to increasing the fund of the Protestant Orphans' Home, an object well worthy of the success with which the entertainment met. The tableaux had been prepared and arranged under the supervision of Robert Reid, Esq., a well-known Montreal sculptor, whose correct taste and artistic talent contributed in no small degree to the perfect appearance made by the various actors in the scenes. Under such skilled direction and with such noble patronage the entertainment could not have been otherwise than a success. The Hall was perfectly crowded, and many who had purchased tickets were unable to obtain admittance on account of the crush. The performance was repeated on the following Saturday with even greater success. As a rule the tableaux were very fine, not only in grouping and dress, but also in point of the expression with which they were rendered. The "Flight from Pompeii," the "Guardian Angel," and "Widow Wadman" were especially good. The illustration depicts the scene in the Hall during the representation of the first mentioned tableau, the Flight from Pompeii.

MOONLIGHT.

In the "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty," Shelley speaks of the Spirit whom he worships by many phrases which may seem far-fetched to prosaic readers; but that they are fairly allied to the subject will not be doubted by anybody who understands poets and poetry. Shelley has various illustrations or "images" for his Spirit of Intellectual Beauty; and the time is coming when literary iconoclasm will not venture to interfere with them.

Amongst the beauties in the Hymn, one example or simile which Shelley draws is exactly to the present purpose. He likens this beauty to

— Moonlight on a midnight stream . . .
Like aught that for its grace may be
Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.

But none of us must make too certain, if we are to trust the invariably irritable and vacillating tribe of poets, about anything being endearing on account of its mystery. If we trust Shelley on the point, what can be said of his friend Leigh Hunt, who speaks thus of Paganini:

The exceeding mystery of the loveliness
Saddened delight.

Here the friends, from the same cause, derive pain on one side, and pleasure on the other. Reverting to our subject, after a pardonable cause, the "moonlight on a midnight stream" is the subject of the late Mr. Stanfield's picture in our present number. Here something may be seen which few people may have seen. On board ship at midnight passengers have a careless trick of going to sleep, or, possibly, of playing at cards as long as the lamps are left alight. Thus very much beauty may be missed; but the work of a great artist becomes all the more valuable. It is he who sees Nature, who "surprises her in her loveliness," as Actæon surprised Diana, and translates it for the benefit of many good people whose only fault is to go about with their eyes shut. Mr. Stanfield was at an early period of life in the Royal Navy, and it may have been in the *Namur*, which we took from the French and employed to bring our wounded from Waterloo—was associated with Mr. Douglas Jerrold; and these distinguished friends wrote early dramas and painted early scenery for amateur theatricals afloat. The life of Mr. Stanfield remains to be written, but probably it would be a mere record of dry details. Artists "rest in Art," and leave us little but dates which belong to parishes, and works which form their lofty monuments. In the scene before us the great artist has clung firmly and truly to the practice of his two professions—the sea and sea painting. The scene, though, is not precisely at sea. It is near the mouth of a river—say the Thames, or the Medway—going down stream, in either place, the effect may be seen. The ship is not modern, for the oblique line of the bows enters not into the modern ship-builder's philosophy. The bows are made almost perpendicular now, especially with our iron-clads—although indeed, the *Warrior* has the most graceful lines imaginable. But the ship before us is no fighting ship. She is a trader, and a landsman might be pardoned for such a slander as saying that she seems scarcely at anchor—her boats are out—one, perhaps, for a little midnight larking, dear to sailors, the other possibly attempting to haul in the cable which we see on shore, and which is sure to be claimed by the skipper as his own, according to the laws of "Flotsam and jetsam." By the way, if the gallant fellows find the cable, they may be no better off for their pains, if we are to trust the management of naval affairs according to one of Captain Marryat's stories. The warrior and novelist describes how a ship's captain had the luck to fish up an anchor, and claimed it by the laws of "Flotsam and Jetsam," but the Port-Admiral claimed the anchor instead, on the three following grounds: "In the first place Flotsam means floating, and anchors don't float. In the second place Jetsam means cast up, and anchors are never cast up." And, in the third and last place, I'll see you (blank) first."

The drawing from Stanfield's painting calls for one especial remark. His peculiar grey tone will be observed. It will be remembered also in his well-known *Cattle of India*. The brilliancy of Turner with all its bewilderment, and the serene cast of Claude, are admirable for Italy and Venice—now, happily, one. But the English grey has always been distinguished by Stanfield's eminent services, and those of Callcott; and will be equally distinguished as long as English genius endures to make a faithful record of calm English beauties. A view of our ship in the river reminds us of the vulgar danger of "going too far." On the extreme right of the picture—unless "stern" is not too nautical for landsmen—is a "Government store," and it might be only faint courtesy to call it anything less murderous than a powder-magazine. It may contain nothing else than old ropes, which Mr. Childers has forgotten to sell, and which have proved more than sufficient to occupy the Government time of our national culprits who pick oakum. No; it must be powder, although they have a trick of painting powder-magazines—those afloat—white. The Thames and the Medway show us plenty of this kind of craft. Terribly dangerous craft indeed. Before the "present writer," as Carlyle calls himself, had come to years of military discretion, he had but only a flash-in-the-pan escape from being shot by a sentry at Purfleet, because he went into the Government powder-magazine with a lighted cigar in his mouth. We leave it to Messrs. Curtis and Harvey, or Pigeon and Wilkes, to say whether the explosion of the gun or the puffing of the cigar was the more dangerous.—*The Graphic*.

ACCIDENT ON THE ICE.

The dangers attendant upon the crossing of the St. Lawrence at the close of the winter have already been abundantly illustrated in these pages. An account, accompanied by an illustration, was given some time ago of the manner in which the mails are taken across the river at Quebec during the breaking up of the ice; and in the early chapters of the story concluded in this number the dangers of the ice-shove were correctly and vividly portrayed. The illustration on the first page depicts an accident that frequently occurs on the river in the early spring, when the ice, which during the winter has offered a safe passage, commences to thaw, and is now no longer strong enough to bear the weight of a horse and sleigh. Accidents of this nature are by no means of infrequent occurrence, and very often result in the loss of life. The one portrayed by our artist had no such melancholy termination however, for it will be observed that the precious "freight" has already been secured and safely deposited beside a trustworthy guardian, while the horse and cutter are being successfully raised from the waters.

THE QUEEN'S DRAWING-ROOM.

Her Majesty the Queen held her second Drawing-room of the season on Tuesday, March 22nd, at Buckingham Palace. The general circle was well attended, and about one hundred presentations were made. Her Majesty was attended by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other members of the Royal Family. The Queen wore a black moire antique dress, with a train trimmed with ermine and jet; and a diadem of diamonds and rubies over a white tulle head-dress, with a long veil. Her Majesty also wore a necklace and brooches of diamonds and rubies, the ribbon and the star of the Order of the Garter, the orders of Victoria and Albert, and Louise of Prussia, and the Coburg and Gotha family order.

The Princess of Wales wore a train of green satin, covered with fine Irish lace, and a petticoat of rich green silk, trimmed with plaitings of tulle and satin and a flounce of Irish lace, looped with bouquets of stephanotis. Head-dress—a tiara of diamonds, feathers, and veil. Ornaments—pearls and diamonds. Orders—Catherine of Russia, Victoria and Albert, and the Danish order.

Princess Louisa wore a train of rich white satin, trimmed with fringed ruffles and satin, and a petticoat of white silk, with lace flounces and bows of satin. Head-dress—feathers, veil, diamond tiara, and red roses. Diamond ornaments.—The Victoria and Albert order, and the Coburg and Gotha family order.

"LOOK-OUT" ON THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

Every here and there along the line of the Pacific Railroad, the traveller by this long route observes a single shanty standing at the side of the track. It is not a station, for it is not large enough, and besides, it is situated in the midst of a wilderness, perhaps half-way between two halting-places, and far from any abode of man. These shanties, used as look-outs and signal stations, are provided with a sort of crow's-nest, raised above the roof of the dwelling-house, and a tall signal-post and flag. From his elevated position in the crow's-nest, the watcher at the signal-station can command a view of the country far and wide, and mark the approach of the coming train. Should there be any obstruction on the line he signals the danger in time for the engine-driver to stop his train before reaching the point where the danger lies. The life of a watcher at one of these look-outs is one of extreme monotony and unvarying routine, besides being as solitary as that of a hermit, except for the few seconds twice a day that a train rushes past with its living load.

ALTERATIONS IN CUSTOMS TARIFF.

The following is a synopsis of the alterations in the Customs Tariff, as compiled by the Customs authorities at this port:

Animals—Horses, horned cattle, swine and sheep, 10 per cent., *ad val.*

Cigars, 45c. per lb.

Coal and Coke, 50c. per ton.

Salt, (except salt imported from the United Kingdom or any British possession, which shall be free of duty) 5c. per bushel of 56 lbs.

Hops, 5c. per lb.

Vinegar and Acetic acid, 10c. per gall.

Rice, 1c. per lb.

Wheat, 4c. per bushel.

Pease, beans, barley, rye, oats, Indian corn, buckwheat, and all grains except wheat, 3c. per bushel.

Flour of wheat, and flour of rye, 25c. per barrel.

Indian meal, oatmeal, flour of meal, or any other grain except wheat and rye, 15c. per barrel.

Spirits and strong waters not having been sweetened or mixed with any article, so that the degree of strength thereof cannot be ascertained by Sykes' hydrometer, every gallon of the strength of proof by such hydrometer, and so in proportion for any less strength and for every greater or less quantity than a gallon, viz.: Brandy, Geneva, alcohol, rum, gin, Tafia, whiskey, and unenumerated articles of like kind, 80c. per gallon.

Other spirits being sweetened or mixed, so that the degree cannot be ascertained as aforesaid, viz.: Rumshrub, cordials, Old Tom gin, Schiedam schnapps, bitters, and unenumerated articles of like kind, \$1.20 per gallon.

Cologne water and perfumed spirits in flasks, \$1.20 per gallon.

Do., do. in flasks or bottles, thirty of such flasks or bottles not containing more than one gallon, 4c. each.

Fruits of all kinds, hay, straw, bran, seeds, not classed as cereals, grease and grease scraps, vegetables, potatoes, and other roots, trees and shrubs, 10 per cent., *ad val.*

Tobacco and snuff, 12 1/2 per cent., *ad val.*, and 20c. per lb.

Wines, all kinds, including ginger, orange, lemon, gooseberry, strawberry, raspberry, elder and currant wines—5 quart or 10 pint bottles to be held to contain a gallon—5 per cent., *ad val.*, and 10c. per gallon.

Colours and other articles, when imported by room-paper makers and stainers to be used in their trade only, to be struck out from the list now dutiable, 15 per cent., *ad val.*

The following articles to be struck out of Free List, and a duty of 15 per cent., *ad val.*, imposed thereon, viz.:

Fire Engines, steam, when imported by Municipal Corporations of cities, towns, and villages, for the use of such Municipalities, 15 per cent., *ad val.*

Machinery, when used in the original construction of mills or factories; Steam Engine Boilers, Water Wheels or Turbines, 15 per cent., *ad val.*

Gold and Silver Leaf, 15 per cent., *ad val.*

Emery Paper and Emery Cloth, 15 per cent., *ad val.*

Sand Paper and Sand Cloth, 15 per cent., *ad val.*

Plaster Leaf, 15 per cent., *ad val.*

ADDITIONS TO THE FREE LIST.

Salt from the United Kingdom and British possessions.

Bookbinders' Mill Boards and Binders' Cloth.

Iron Wire.

Brass in strips.

Iron in Blooms and Billets, not Puddled.

Recently a man engaged in cleaning the windows of a house accidentally dropped a large sponge, which he had been using. Two ladies passed soon after, one of whom noticed the sponge. Without stopping to see what it was, she instinctively clasped her hands to the back of her head to see if her "chignon," "waterfall," or whatever it is called, was safe. Finding this was all right she went on her way satisfied.