

THE GUIDES OF THE POLARIS EXPEDITION,  
RESCUED FROM THE ICE BY THE SS. TIGRESS.



JOE.



JOE'S DAUGHTER.



MRS. JOE, OR HANSE.



HANS.



MRS. HANS CHRISTIAN.

(Written for the "Illustrated News.")

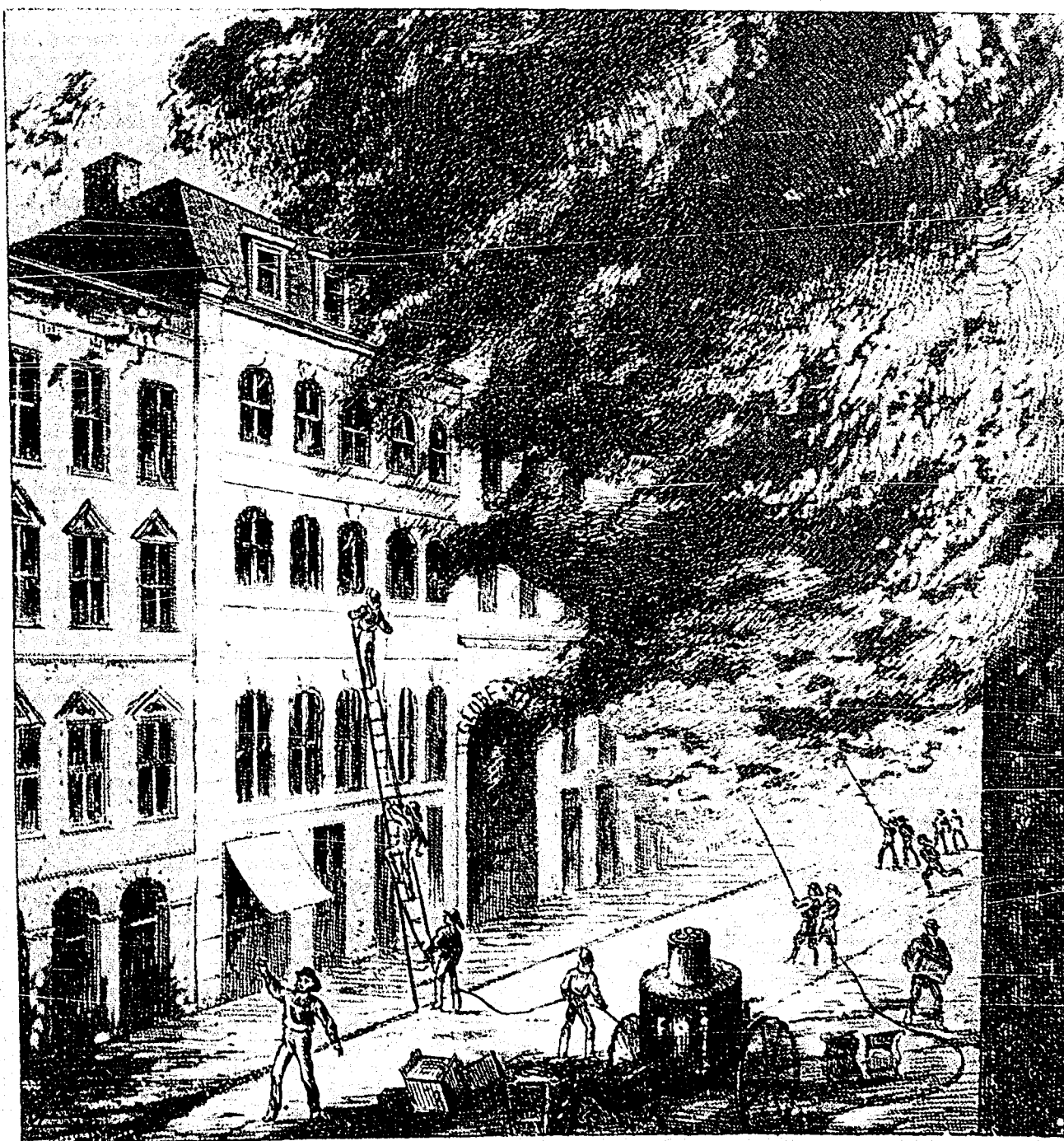
THE LORE OF THE  
CALENDAR.

NO. IX.—CORPUS CHRISTI DAY.

This festival of the Roman Catholic Church, supposed to be held on the Thursday after Whit Sunday, is in honour of the doctrine of the Transubstantiation—one that never found favour in the Anglican Church since the Reformation. Prior to the Reformation it was a day of great show in England, as it now is in all Roman Catholic countries, and even in some parts of the Dominion of Canada, more particularly in the Province of Quebec.

The ceremony is so well known to all, or at least the majority of our readers, that we need only give the main features of carrying the pyx, containing the consecrated bread in the procession. It is generally, in large cities, borne by the Archbishop or Bishop under a canopy, who is accompanied by all the resident priests and members of the different local corporations, religious and civil—professing the Roman Catholic faith. The streets are decorated with green boughs, and flags of all nationalities are suspended across them—bands of music strike up at intervals, occasionally interrupted by holy songs or chants, in which the priests, nuns, and the children join—the people lining the route of the procession reverently looking on, and, in some instances, devoutly kneeling or prostrating themselves before the Host.

In the procession are borne costly wrought flags and banners—with devices illustrative of some events in the lives of the saints—Ursula with her many maidens—Christopher wading the river bearing the infant body of our Saviour—Sebastian stuck full of arrows



THE FIRE AT BOSTON.—THE GLOBE THEATRE IN FLAMES.

—Catherine with her wheel, &c., &c.

In olden times, after the procession, there used to be Miracle Plays, to which we adverted in our notice of Whitsuntide.

A short time since a gentleman with long fair whiskers, and dressed in the height of fashion, entered a hosier's in Vienna, and requested the shopwoman, who happened to be alone, to show him some coloured shirts. Every variety was brought out, when he made his choice, and requested that a parcel might be made up for him. This being done, "What an idiot I am!" he said. "I have not seen how the shirts look when on—Would you oblige me, made moielle, by putting on one over your dress?" The shopwoman having complied with his request, "Be so good," he continued, "as to button the collar and the wristbands, that I may get a thoroughly good idea of the effect. And now," he added, taking up his parcel, "allow me to wish you a very good morning!" and in an instant he was outside the door, and had disappeared, the unhappy girl perfectly stupefied, not daring to follow him into the street on account of her singular costume. Her employer, on returning from his *café*, half-an-hour later, found her, with the fatal garment on, crying on the counter.

The towers of the Cathedral of Cologne has now reached the height of 230 feet. The construction of the spires, which are to bring the total up to 600 feet, will be commenced. Six years more are required for terminating the work.

The New England States are to be destroyed by an earthquake on the 20th of August next; so says an Eastern seer.