

DREAMS.

I.

Life's hour-glass has no moments marked for dreams. There is the healthy slumber of the mind Fatigued with honest toil, when Fancy streams Her witching rays, as through the latticed blind The summer moon-beams slip to kiss the lids Of eyes as luminous. Fetters cannot bind Her immaterial being; naught forbids The unchecked freedom of a form designed By heaven, impalpable to baser sort Who with their sensual arms a form entwined, They christen Fancy, but whose face distort And flushed with dalliance and with feverish win e, Proclaims her wanton; while true Fancy's brow Yields but to lips that seal the purest vow.

II.

Is there no hour for dreams? I then must life's sand, That ever swift and noiseless speeds away, Bear little of the gold that must defray The cost of our souls' transport to that land That lies so distant, yet so near at hand. Of life's pure gold, deeds that do not decay With their trail author, what a poor display We boast! The bleakest ocean strand Is not more barren than our wasted years, That are but dreams and sudden wakings up To broken promises, and hopes decayed, And friendship withered for the want of tears That rain the heavier in sorrow's cup, For that they are so stubbornly delayed.

III.

'Tis not the dream of slumber that deflowers The brain, and leaves it but an echoing cell, Where aimless guinea of thought a moment dwells; But vain vagaries of our waking hours, That fright our reason, till it flees or cowers Before the wild, delicious terrors that swell In numbers ever, dowered with fatal powers, Like some strange grape as sweet as muscadell, That, too, ferments and drags the hapless mind, Till, reeling, lost in a dedalian maze, It seeks for trifles that it cannot find, Or found, but gratifies a moment's gaze; Then slip the memory, as from weary hands The gathered shells re-ack their native sands.

Montreal, Sept. 20. BARRY DANE.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AND THE PRINCESS LOUISE AT SEASIDE HOTEL, RUSTICO BEACH, P. E. ISLAND.

A special correspondent, in making a highly complimentary allusion to the views recently given in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS of the arches erected in Charlottetown on the occasion of the late visit of the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess to Prince Edward Island, sends us some notes of an excursion taken by His Excellency during that visit to Seaside Hotel, Rustico Beach. This well-known summer resort, a sketch of which appeared in this journal in June last, lies 18 miles north from Charlottetown, and is much frequented by families and tourists from both Canada and the United States. A sight of the register showed the names of, among others, Sir Alexander Galt, Hon. Judge Torrance, Rev. Professor Jones, Hon. Judge Burton, G. B. Burland, Esq., Thos. Swinyard, Esq., Misses Stairs of Halifax, W. J. Buchanan, Esq., Mrs. Dow, Bishop Binney, of Nova Scotia; Rev. Chancellor Hill, LL.D., Rev. Gavin Lang, Rev. J. C. Cayley, Rt. Hon. Mr. Childers, M.P., the late ex-Governor Wilmot, J. B. Cartwright, Esq., Henry Lyman, Esq., Hon. W. Mackenzie Bowell, Minister of Customs, J. M. LeMoine, Esq., &c., &c. The hotel, which is capable of holding 80 to 100 guests, is beautifully situated, surrounded by groves of pine-wood abounding with ferns and flowers of all kinds, and in front a substantial pier with a variety of boats and the sea rolling beyond. His Excellency having expressed a wish to see something of the interior of the Island, the Government, of which the Hon. W. W. Sullivan is Premier, selected Seaside Hotel as, on the whole, the most suitable place to which to take the Vice-Regal party. The time for preparation was very limited, but Mr. John Newson, the worthy and enterprising proprietor, was equal to the emergency. Within a few days the grounds were converted into a kind of fairy-land by the rearing of arches at the different entrances, the display of evergreens and bunting, the construction of additional walks, and not least by the erection of a handsome pavilion in which, besides tables, seats for sixty guests were provided. Mottoes of welcome and containing loyal sentiment greeted the eye everywhere, one bearing "God bless our Princess" being especially conspicuous over the entrance to the hotel. It ought to be mentioned that the skilled labourers and material necessary to effect these improvements had to be brought all the way from Charlottetown. The decorations for the pavilion were supplied by a number of those staying at the hotel, among whom were three American ladies from Nyack, N.Y., viz., Mrs. and Miss Morford and Mrs. Van Houten, who could not have been more earnest or interested though they had been doing honour to the President of the United States himself. Running through the centre of the roof from end to end, were festoons of maple leaves and ferns; at right angles to them were four festoons of immortelles and pigeon berries; and running diagonally, from each point where the others met, were festoons of ground juniper with berries. Inside the hotel, the drawing-rooms and other apartments for the illustrious visitors were specially renovated and fitted up; the "Governor's Room," generally reserved for occupation by His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of the Island, who has been in the habit of paying an annual visit to the "Seaside," being almost entirely re-furnished for Her Royal Highness' use. At length, the eventful 16th August came, and, with it, much pleasurable excitement

at the Seaside Hotel. Taking special train at Charlottetown, the Marquis of Lorne, attended by Major DeWinton and suite, reached Hunter River station, a distance of upwards of twenty miles, in about 45 minutes. The drive from that point to the "Seaside," about eight miles, was through a lovely country, and splendid arches at Hunter River, New Glasgow and Rustico Village. Great disappointment was felt all along the road at the absence of the Princess, who was prevented from accompanying the Governor-General by indisposition. But, notwithstanding, the enthusiasm was unbounded when the Vice-Regal carriage drove under the arch and the Marquis alighted in the midst of enthusiastic cheers from an immense multitude that had gathered from New London, Cavendish, and other surrounding settlements. His Excellency, immediately on alighting, recognized and shook hands with the Rev. Gavin Lang, of Montreal, with whom he several times during the day entered freely into conversation. Having been conducted by the Hon. Mr. Ferguson, Minister of Public Works, and R. R. Fitzgerald, Esq., Stipendiary Magistrate, he passed into the hotel, from which, however, he soon emerged. At this stage (the little incident having been arranged by the guests at the hotel), Master Alexander Mathieson Lang, a little two-year-old son of the Rev. Gavin Lang, led by Mr. Fitzgerald, came forward and presented him with a bouquet, instructing him in childish accents that it was to be handed over to the Princess Louise. The Marquis took the little fellow up in his arms, kissed him, and promised to faithfully convey the bouquet to its destination. Shortly after, the Marquis and a number of invited guests sat down to luncheon in the pavilion, which had been so situated that it commanded a beautiful view of the harbor, dotted with the white sails of the fishing boats. The repast was under the superintendence of Mr. Wagstaff, of the old Rankin House, Charlottetown—one of the best hotels in that city—who, during the season, takes charge of the table in Seaside Hotel. It was in his best style and thoroughly enjoyed by all who partook. Luncheon being over, the Marquis, in company with Lieut.-Governor Haviland, Admiral Sir E. Inglefield, Hon. J. C. Pope, R. R. Fitzgerald, Esq., and several others, was rowed over to the Island, opposite the hotel, where they visited Mr. H. M. Churchill's fishing establishment. The Marquis was much interested in an account given by Mr. Churchill of the methods of catching and curing fish. From the Island the Marquis also viewed a Regatta which took place in the bay. Upon returning, His Excellency signed the Hotel Register, and, on Mr. Newson being presented, was pleased to say, "This is a beautiful place, and I am not at all surprised at its popularity—everything is so tasteful and clean." Altogether, the Governor-General's affability, and his repeated assurances that he had spent a very enjoyable day left a most pleasing impression upon the minds of all present. As His Excellency drove off, the hearty cheers given for him and Her Royal Highness must have convinced him that, not only Her Majesty whom he represents, but also he himself had a firm hold upon the hearts of the people of Prince Edward Island. Mr. Newson may well be congratulated on the perfect success of all his efforts to make the Vice-Regal visit of the happiest possible kind, and, as His Excellency re-passed through the arch at New Glasgow, he must have realized the sincerity, as well as the appropriateness of the wish and hope which met his eye in the return motto there inscribed, "Will ye no come back again?"

FIRE IRONS.

A FEW RECENT DISCOVERIES ABOUT THEM BY JOSH. M'KOSH.

When once we have admitted the well understood maxim that all household furniture, the use of which custom has rendered necessary to our existence, is made expressly for our discomfort instead of, as we expected, for our greater comfort, it will not be much to concede, that of all refractory and temper-trying household utensils, fire irons are the worst.

Fire irons have a social individuality which nothing else in the house seems to possess. Their repeated attacks upon our good nature are, therefore, all the more difficult to bear. As a family group they consist of three members: Mr. Tongs, Mrs. Shovel, and a personage of lesser importance, whose position in the family is not, as yet, clearly defined, viz., Mr. Poker. Each member of the family has a special temper of its own, which must be studied separately and carefully, and must be humored by the person who hopes to live in peace and comfort in a house where the Fire Iron family have taken up their abode. For instance, if we were suddenly called away while in the act of putting down the tongs, our hurry and anxiety would at once become known to the tongs which would, therefore, refuse to stand upright on any consideration, but would persistently put one of its long legs on a lump of coal at the bottom of the stand. Impatiently we turn it round to avoid the lump, but it as deliberately puts its other leg on the same lump, and then as we release our hold, quickly prepares to fall down. We seize it indignantly, throw away the cause of its discomfort, and settle it again; but while we are doing so, it trips up the unoffending poker, which has to be mollified before it will stand still again. All the while we have been called by some one in the house, and told "for

goodness sake" to "let the fire alone, and not to stay there all day." The fire irons hear that, and are satisfied.

The tongs is the only one of the family who has a visible pair of legs, but they all have invisible ones; and it is doubtful whether after a set of fire irons have attained maturity they do not possess invisible wings as well. You discover on some cold winter afternoon that the fire is nearly out; your first impulse is to put on some coal, but the tongs have either walked or flown away. You look in vain in the coal-scuttle, there is nothing in it but enormous lumps, which you dare not attack with the shovel, for you have had a little experience with that refractory implement. With a few heart-felt wishes for the future of the confounded tongs, you seize the lump of coal with your hand and hurl it into the grate. Of course you wipe your forehead and thumb on your coat, and immediately discover that you have on a light-colored suit. Feeling ruffled, you sit down, but not in peace, for the lump you threw on, though it begins to burn, needs to be broken. You therefore attack it vigorously with the poker, and the result is so far very satisfactory; the lump gives way splendidly before the repeated thrusts of the poker, and the fire burns brightly; but just as you finish with a poke, stronger than any of the others, a blazing fire rushes out on the hearth rug. Instantly you kick it towards the hearthstone, but not before it has had time to singe the rug. Putting the poker out of our hand with as much care as you can, you take up the shovel. Mr. Poker immediately falls flat on his face. You leave him there and endeavour to get the coal on the shovel by trying to insinuate it gently under the piece, but the shovel objects to that, and only jams it under the fender. Now nothing will release it but the tongs. But where are those tongs! You ring, and softly enquire "What in the name of wonder has become of the tongs?" The household does not know; of course not. The coal under the fender all this time continues to smoke vigorously, and the smoke, carefully avoiding the chimney, fills the room. With tears in your eyes you hear the maid say she thinks the tongs might possibly be in the parlor. How on earth did it get there! She does not know; she never knows anything. You rush to the parlor for the much desired tongs, but are stopped as you get to the door, by seeing two or three ladies calling on your wife. You have the unutterable satisfaction of seeing through the crack of the door two pairs of tongs nestling side by side over by the parlor fire, in the greatest good humor possible. You return to the scene of your trials quite desperate, you batter the smoking piece of coal to bits under the fender, using the shovel and poker alternately. You lift out the fender, and throw the ashes about, and black your hands, but succeed in demolishing the smoking lump. All this time flakes of dust and smut settle on your face and nose, which take considerable brushing to get satisfactorily off. You give yourself several additional whiskers and eye brows, or "beauty spots" in so doing, but never mind that, you have conquered at last. Only your wife, on coming in, mistakes your victory for something else, and wants to know what have you been doing, and what is the matter, and is the house on fire! Your reflection is that it is really very annoying to be left without any one or all of the fire irons in time of need.

The fire, too, seems to understand perfectly what ones are away, and is always certain to take advantage of it. Some day you discover that a lot of large cinders have fallen down and are burning quietly underneath the grate to its greater damage. You naturally wish to put them back on the fire again, you think too how economical you will be this winter, as coal is getting dear, you must therefore burn all the cinders. But the shovel is not there. Your wife thinks you left it out in the yard when you carried that clinker from the hall stove this morning; but that is all nonsense, for you know you brought it back. It walked away of its own sweet will. Your belief in its walking powers is confirmed by finding it leaning up against the fence near the back gate, although you had not left it there in the morning. In time, however, you get the cinders disposed of.

Of the whole fire iron family, the poker is the only one which escapes most of the maladies which afflict the other two. Frequently the tongs get an attack of palsy which loosens its joints and prevents him from grasping the coal tightly, but it never affects his invisible legs; they seem to be perfectly exempt from all such attacks, and are often more vigorous, in comparison as the visible ones grow weak. The shovel is often similarly affected, and its loose joints cause it to spill the ashes and cinders about.

It is probable that all this arises from a feeling of revenge, caused by the way they are used in the household. As everybody thinks himself capable of lifting a poker and using it judiciously, so everybody thinks he can make up a fire on thoroughly scientific principles; nevertheless everyone of these people makes up a fire in a different way; our only conclusion is, that dealing with a fire is the most *inexact* science yet known, or else that science is only in its infancy, and will require cycles and cycles of time, and ages and ages of patient study to even begin to understand it. Can we in fairness to the fire irons expect that they should entertain proper feelings toward the *genus homo* when they are made the instruments for carrying into effect the tangled theories and vague ideas of their

several masters! Mr. Sharp desires to get the greatest heat out of the fire, he therefore piles the coal up like a pyramid. Mr. Harp, with the same end in view, flattens out his. Mr. Carp keeps his grate empty. Tharp keeps his full. Larp puts on coal lightly, leaving large spaces between. Parp hammers his down as tightly as possible, while Darp, Marp, Narp and Quarp pile up theirs in all conceivable and unconceivable ways, as different as day is from night, all in order, and disorder, to produce the same effect.

Fire irons as a rule get on very smoothly among themselves, but they sometimes fall out very seriously. For instance, after dinner, just as you have finished poking up the fire, (which you alone in the house can do properly,) in laying down the poker, it very clumsily contrives to step on one of the toes belonging to the tongs, which makes the tongs spin round on the foot which escaped, and lean anywhere and everywhere in silent agony. In the meantime you get back to your easy-chair, pour yourself out a glass of port, and throw a silk handkerchief over your head, and prepare to *think*, (you don't sleep after dinner as it doesn't agree with you!) you will be only able to pass the first few stations on the road of quiet repose and deep thought, when the tongs recovers sufficiently to look about it for revenge. It swings back to its former position and makes a rush for the poker, which of course catching at anything as it goes, pulls down the shovel and its tormenter, the poker, in its fall. You wake with a start and wish all the fire irons in the world in Hades.

From all we can learn on this subject, there seems to be a great want felt by the whole civilized race, and that is that while we are, as yet, but imperfectly acquainted with the proper method of making fires, the want of some competent inventor is seriously felt, to design some solitary confinement, perpetual, vice-holding stand, which would put a stop to all internal squabbles among the irons, and destroy their invisible means of locomotion, which now enables them to exercise such tyranny in every household in which they are inmates.

Toronto.

H.

THE GLEANER.

AN account is given of an interesting race of two post cards sent by a gentleman in Sweden round the world. The one was sent east via Madras and San Francisco, the other west via San Francisco and Madras. It is a remarkable proof of the regularity of the postal service that the cards got back within a day of each other, the one taking 116 days, the other 117 days. When it is considered that the cards sent have to be detained at various places on the road to catch steamers and other connections, the punctuality with which each made the circle is surprising.

THAT there are many curious associations of which the world knows little is no new statement, but the second annual meeting of a society with so strange a name took place recently in London that it is worth recording. This society calls itself the "Conditional Immortality Association." The meeting was not held in an aristocratic neighbourhood, as its trysting place was a chapel in Islington. As a large number of delegates were present from the provinces, from Scotland and Ireland, it is to be supposed that the Conditional Immortalityites are a strong if not a prominent body. Beyond the fact that there appears to be some connection between the millenium and conditional immortality, there is no clue to the notions held by this peculiarly named sect.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Pimply eruptions on the face, so annoying to the young and baffling to medical skill, can be completely cured by ACNE PILLS. They contain no arsenic, potash, or any injurious drug; nor, except the disease, do they affect the system in any way, save as a tonic. Box containing 120 pills, with full directions, mailed to any part of Canada for one dollar. Sample boxes of one dozen 10 cents in stamps. Address W. HEARN, Chemist, Ottawa.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full direction for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y. e-o-w.