

THE VILLAGE TROUBADOUR.

In this life-like little sketch our readers will recognise the facile pencil of Mr. Bohuslav Kroupa, of Hellmuth College, London, Ont., whose productions in our pages have already attracted some attention by their peculiar *genre*. The sketch is one which interprets itself.

EDMUNSTON, OR, LITTLE FALLS, N. B.

Edmunston is a flourishing little village of about four hundred inhabitants on the banks of the river St. John, in the parish of Madawaska, Victoria Co., New Brunswick. It is a "border town," being separated from the State of Maine by the river named. The population is chiefly employed in lumbering operations. A large majority of the inhabitants are French Canadians, and they have erected a very handsome Roman Catholic church, which is the chief architectural adornment of the village. It is about 240 miles from St. John, and 68 miles from Rivière du Loup. The proposed new railway to connect the New Brunswick system with the Grand Trunk, *via* Woodstock, is expected to pass through, or near, Edmunston.

"A PIPER AND A PAIR OF NUT-CRACKERS."

This animated little scene, one of the most popular of Sir Edwin Landseer's many popular pictures of animal life, is too well known to need any description. It is to be seen in every print-shop, and in almost every home. The original was first exhibited at the Royal Academy about the middle of the last decade.

Sir Edwin Landseer, whose wonderful aptitude for the delineation of animal life has won for him his title, is the third and youngest son of the late John Landseer, A. R. A. and F. S. A. He was born in London in 1802, and at an early age displayed unusual talent for painting animals. In 1816 he became a student at the Academy, and a few months after, when only fourteen years of age, he began to exhibit, his productions attracting much attention and giving great promise of future excellence. On the death of Sir Charles Eastlake, in 1866, Sir Edwin was elected President of the Royal Academy. He refused however to accept the honour, which was offered to Mr. Maclise, and on that gentleman's refusal, Sir Francis Grant was elected.

DEATH OF ARCHBISHOP SPALDING.

His Grace, Martin John Spalding, Primate of the Catholic Church in the United States, and Archbishop of Baltimore, died on the 7th. He suffered from a long illness. The Archbishop was sixty-two years of age, a learned man and a zealous church-man. His theological and other writings enjoy a widespread circulation, with marked effect in aid of the cause which he advocated, as well as in support of the great clerical corporation of which he was so distinguished a minister. He was a builder of churches and worker at all seasons in the vineyard of the Lord. Archbishop Spalding attended the Roman Catholic Council some years since in New-York, and his name was accepted favourably by the Sacred College in Rome as a nominee for the hat of an American Cardinal in connection with that of the Archbishop of New-York, the Vatican inclining slightly in favour of the prelate just now deceased. Among the later efforts of Archbishop Spalding were a sermon on the Catholic convention delivered in 1866; an eloquent reply to a diocesan address on his return from Rome; his speech on the occasion of his formal reception in Baltimore; a sermon on the Italian occupation of Rome. Archbishop Spalding was a prominent member of the late Vatican Council. During the early sessions he objected to the declaration of the dogma of Infallibility, and at one moment uttered a specific dissent from its adoption. Finally, however, he signed the paper with the view of preserving the apostolic claim to unity and indivisibility of the Faith.

CROSSING SWEEPERS.

"If that sweeper touch his hat to me this morning, I'll give him sixpence!" The sweeper *did* touch his hat, and received, with undisguised surprise, the proffered gratuity. "It is twelve years to-day," explained our friend, "since first I passed over this crossing, on my way to the City, and that man has never failed to salute me, though I never gave him a farthing before." Our first impression was that the sweeper had earned his sixpence rather hardly; but, on consideration, that gave way to one of mitigated admiration at the generosity of the giver. The streets are open, we argued (excepting those in the aristocratic neighbourhood of Russell-square,) why should man, woman, or cripple—the boys and girls have some how of late disappeared—be permitted to levy black mail upon lawful travellers under any pretence? As for the touch of the hat, Beau Brummell, the real *arbiter elegantiarum* his august master desired to be, who, though a coxcomb, was no fool, settled the question long ago. To touch your hat, he declared, in return for a sweeper's salutation, if you give him ought is superfluous, if not, a mockery! The filthy state of the roadway, however, suggested an answer to the previous question, and we sighed for the coming day when public streets, like private pathways, will be periodically swept and cleaned. Meanwhile we are, to some extent, dependent upon these volunteers for our comfort; and whether, daily, weekly, yearly, or once in twelve years, are morally bound to pay them. It becomes, therefore, a matter of importance they should be regulated and placed under control. We doubt the legal right of "Jack Rag" to "shut up shop" when he retires from business for the night; that is, "to sweep the dirt over again." We protest against a protruded grimy hand, or a hoarse ginnified voice, distracting our attention as we step "in doubt and dread" across the crowded street, and would have our public paths made clean by a humble class of public servants. We have no wish to interfere with vested interests. There are crossing sweepers who have acquired, from long occupancy, a good "holding title" to their property. The sturdy, pimple-faced sailor, for instance, who, having lost both his "blessed pins" in some long-forgotten naval engagement, stumps along on two wooden substitutes, and sweeps the crossing from Clarendon-place to the opposite Park entrance—we have known that worthy, personally, for thirty years, and respect him as a man of property. We have reason to believe he has an interest in the British Funds, and contributes to the Income-tax. The black man, who was so particular about his rumpsteaks in Bond-street, is gone, as is

that poor hectic personification of famine and decayed gentility in the Edgeware-road; but there is the cripple at one corner of Portman-square. We know him also many years since, when, as a boy, he crept up and down Southampton-row, twisting his head from side to side in a grotesque manner, making hideous faces, and affecting to sell lucifer matches. There is a ruffianly-looking fellow, better, we trust, than his appearance would lead a physiognomist to suppose, near Portland-place, and two Irish ladies by Montagu-square, whose wondrous repertory of blessings, poured out on the smallest provocation, suggest the capability of producing a very different vocabulary on requirement. We repeat, we would not meddle with these, or such as these, they are old abuses, and should be tolerated, so long as they individually last: but why should not a "Sweeper Brigade" be founded on the principle of the Shoeblack Brigade? We throw out the hint for the consideration of the benevolent. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of lads now earn a fair amount as shoeblacks, or in the still more humble capacity of minor street scavengers, who, a few years since, would have earned their living as thieves and pickpockets; but there are hundreds and thousands still ready and willing to work for the smallest wage. It would be a work of public utility, as well as Christian charity, to organise such a gang, clothe them in a livery of coloured flannel, endow them with a broom each, instal them in such unoccupied crossings as are sufficiently frequented to give a fair chance of remunerative wages, and place a well-secured iron box handy, into which the coppers might be dropped by such liberal and thoughtful persons, and there are many such, as believe that, however humble the employment, "It is better to work than live idle; better to *sw. ep* than *thieve*."—"*R*" in *Land and Water*.

BUTTER IN SACKS.

The dairymen of Washington Territory, for want of tubs and jars, have adopted a method of putting up and keeping butter which, though novel, presents some features that are worthy the attention of those having butter packed for family use or for the retail trade. The packing is thus described:—

All butter is packed in muslin sacks, made in such form that the package, when complete, is a cylinder three or four inches in diameter, and from half a foot to a foot in length. The butter goes from the churn, as soon as worked over, into the cylindrical bags, made of fine bleached muslin. The packages are then put into large casks containing strong brine with a slight admixture of saltpetre, and by means of weights kept always below the surface. The cloth integument always protects the butter from any impurities that chance to come in contact with the package, and being always buried in brine, that protects it from the action of the air, and it has been ascertained by trial that butter put up in this way will keep sweet longer than in any other way.

Besides, it is found easier and cheaper for the manufacturer than to pack either in jars or firkins. And for the retailer, there is no telling the advantage on the score of safety and convenience. These rolls of butter can lie upon his counter as safe from injury, from dust or other contact, as bars of lead, can be rolled up for his customer in a sheet of paper with as much propriety as a bundle of matches. If the consumer, when he gets home, discovers specks of dust upon the outside of the sack, he can throw it into a pail of pure cold water and take it out clean and white. As he uses the butter from day to day, with a sharp knife he cuts it off from the end of the roll in slices of thickness suited to his want, and peels the cloth from the end of the slice, leaving it in a tidy form to place upon the table.

VARIETIES.

The census of Rome, just completed, shows a total population of 240,000.

Valparaiso has a Rev. Mr. Beer. It is not stated whether he ever gets at lager-heads with his congregation.

"Who is that foreign lady with the low-cut dress?" asked a bystander at a party. "That is Mrs. Chemisoff, a Russian lady."

Why is a young lady just from a boarding-school like a building committee? Because she is ready to receive proposals.

A Connecticut obituary read: "Passed to the home of the angels from Hartford, Conn., — only surviving daughter of —"

They have a club of lively old gentlemen called the "Harem-scarem Club," in Louisville, who have their annual picnic on Goose Island."

It is said that the wind blows with such force in Colorado that when a man loses his hat he has to telegraph to the next station for some one to stop it.

A Western editor speaks of his rival as "mean enough to steal the swill from a blind hog?" The rival retorts by saying, "He knows he lies; I never stole his swill!"

A minister asked a tipsy fellow, leaning up against a fence, where he expected to go when he died. "If I can't get along any better than I do now," he said, "I shan't go anywhere."

An aged colored man made application for food at Washington, claimed it as a constitutional privilege. "Why," said he, "I understand' dars' provisions in de Constitution for the colored folks, and I haven't had de fust crumb."

The Chinese have a custom at their weddings which we protest is no improvement upon our own practice on those blissful occasions. Instead of kissing the bride the bridegroom and guests slap her gently on the mouth with their sandals. It is dangerous to be "highly spoken of" in Cincinnati. A baby was left at a rich man's door, the other night, with a note saying, "Having heard you very highly spoken of, and also that you are extravagantly fond of babies, I have brought you this treasure."

SERIOUS AFFAIR.—A most determined act of self-inflicted torture has recently caused a considerable sensation in a fashionable quarter of Town. A lady, young, lovely, and accomplished, with troops of friends, and all that makes life enjoyable at her command, was detected deliberately "screwing up" her face!—*Punch*.

Two little girls, an eight and ten-years-old, were gravely discussing the question of wearing earrings. One thought it wicked. The other was sure it could not be, for so many good people wear them. The other replied, "Well, I don't care, if it wasn't wicked God would have made holes in our ears."

A lady's husband being away from home, died while absent. One of the neighbors being requested to inform her of her husband's death, found her at dinner, and when he informed her of the death, she requested the neighbour to wait until she had finished her dinner, when he could hear some howling.

A remarkable illustration of the benefits of having the small-pox is reported from Troy. A man who had been insane for over two years caught the contagion, and, after the usual run of the disease, recovered not only his health, but his senses, and is to-day both physically and mentally a well man. He is a carpenter by trade, and is about to resume his work.

An act of female heroism is reported to the *Levant Times*. During a recent southerly gale, a child passing along the quay of Narli-Cappu, on its way to school, was caught by the wind and was carried into the sea, which was beating furiously against the quay. A young Armenian lady, Miss Agavni Sarkissian, who was sitting at her window, saw the accident, and at once bravely plunged into the sea and brought the child ashore.

A Yankee paper says:—"During the Grand Duke's visit to this city, he called at the *Courier* office and renewed his father's subscription. The Czar is one of our oldest subscribers (he always pays in advance), and the Duke expressed himself as highly pleased with the account of the Revere House banquet published in our columns, remarking that the report of his speech was in gratifying contrast to the culpably garbled version which appeared in the columns of a contemporary."

—The following bonâ fide advertisement is from a Kent paper:—"Notice.—In consequence of—, the practical teetotal bootmaker of—, being very ill in consequence of his having caught a severe cold through attending Divine service on that cold damp night, New Year's Eve, in the large room connected with Ebenezer Chapel—he therefore begs that all the Christian ministers who are personally acquainted with him will offer up prayers to Almighty God for his safe recovery to perfect health at the many churches and Christian dissenting chapel in many large towns that he has very much frequented in his younger days, as hundreds of the poor in—and the surrounding villages are waiting for him to supply them with more cheap strong boots and shoes from his establishment,—, which has been established for more than three years."

We "owe Michigan one" for an illustration of practical Darwinism. Monkeys are in that region, but they are very sharp. A Detroit saddler owns one which usually sits on the counter, and is no doubt a genuine attraction. A countryman came in one day, while the proprietor was in the back room, and seeing a saddle that suited him asked the price. Monkey said nothing. Customer said, "I'll give twenty dollars for it," laying down the money, which monkey shoved into the drawer. The man then took the saddle but monkey mounted him, tore his hair, scratched his face, and made the frightened rustic scream for dear life. Proprietor rushed in and wanted to know what the fuss was. "Fuss!" said the customer, "fuss! I bought a saddle of your son, sitting there, and when I went to take it he would not let me have it." The saddler apologized for the monkey but denied the relationship.

REVOLUTION IN PARIS.—"The Trois Freres Provencaux has closed in consequence of the expiration of the lease." This announcement will cause more emotion among epicures than the destruction of a hundred palaces. Any one would have imagined that the Trois Freres was more durable than brass, and if it is through any fault of the landlord that the admirable institution has been closed, let his name be handed down to infamy. The famous restaurant was an institution of Paris, and has survived many revolutions. The humblest little Cockney that ever took passage to Paris, kept a sacred sovereign to be devoted to the mysteries of superlative *cuisine*, and returned to his native country to prate in unintelligible language of the *bisque*, the cutlets *a la Provencale*, and the *croute aux ananas*. What pleasant visions arise to the mind of the Anglo-Parisian, as he recalls that savoury corner of the Palais Royal. How a thousand memories crowd upon him, as he recalls the hospitable, albeit extravagant attention of those three brothers, whose fame will be as imperishable as that of the Horatii, for having equally deserved well of their country. If the Republic has not destroyed that world-wide resort, at least it perished under its rule.

CHESS.

Solutions to problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

A. P., Levis.—Your solutions of Problems No. 38 and 39 were quite correct.

ENIGMA No. 20.

White.—K. at K. Kt. 4th, Q. at K. 2nd, R. at K. R. 4th, B. at K. 3rd.
Black.—K. at Q. Kt. sq., B. at K. B. 8th, Kt. at K. B. 6th, Ps. at Q. Kt. 2nd, K. B. 3rd, and K. R. 6th.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA No. 19.

White. Black.
1. R. to Q. Kt. 2nd K. to Q. B. 6th (a)
2. R. to Q. B. 7th, dle. ch. and mate.
(a) It is obvious that the same reply will mate if the King move to either Q. B. 4th or 5th.

VARIATION.

White. Black.
1. R. to K. 7th, mate. K. to K. 6th

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 39.

White. Black.
1. Kt. to K. sq. K. moves.
2. B. to K. 4th K. takes B.
3. Q. to K. 6th, mate.