

MARRIED YOUNG.

Beautiful youth and noble maid,
Wedded you go your walks together.
He it a day of sun or shade
Happiness makes you changeless weather.

BERMUDA.

Some further views and sketches taken in Bermuda will be found on page 28. The central picture shows a noble grove of palms (charitably mis-called "cabbage") which were brought here from Jamaica sixty years ago, and are now consequently in a green old age.

The oranges and figs of Bermuda, of which specimens may be seen in the principal museums, are very tempting, but the supply for the use of the vulgar comes from New York--when it comes at all. It is a common notion that onions constitute the chief product of this island. It has also been currently reported that the production of cats was something uncommon, but this is all a mistake; in reality the principal crop is glass beer bottles, which bestrew every field, every hillock, and lie in clusters under every hedge-row. Whether they dropped up from beneath of their own accord, or were laid down by the natives as manure, is still uncertain, but the latter conjecture seems the most probable. At all events, they follow the Vincentian rule, and are to be found "everywhere, at all times and by all" -- bristling with inhospitable points on the tops of walls, lurking in symmetrical groups under every sofa and bedstead, striving with pigs and poultry for the occupancy of every sty and cock-loft, and, broken, but still unconquered, constituting the pavement of every bathing place. Now here is a chance for some enterprising Yankee to make his fortune in a week without the risks of Wall Street or California. Let him charter a five thousand ton steamer, take her to Bermuda, and offer three cents a dozen for beer bottles. In three days his ship would be loaded to the gunwale, three or four more would suffice to take his cargo to New York, where it might readily be disposed of at five hundred per cent. profit.

All winter through, brilliantly-colored flowers blossom in the hedges. Olanders gem the roadsides in pink and crimson patches, and blue convolvul cover the ruggedness of the stone heaps with a mantle of beauty. The number of ruined houses is prodigious every darkey who reaches man's estate borrows a saw and saws himself out a house, designing it with great nicety to last fifty years. By that time his children have erected cabins for themselves, and the old man and his old shanty crumble away and disappear together. Prickly pears and almittoes grow wild, but the invariable answer to the question whether they are fit for food is, "Some eats them and some don't" -- the latter are evidently level-headed.

A colored man once advised us to taste the fruit of the papaw tree, which looked rather nice. We did so, and have regretted it ever since. We didn't swear at all -- we were too well bred, but we came as near it as the time when we tried to carve the under-done goose for a party of hungry ladies at a picnic. Observing our discomfiture, the black scoundrel, who had recommended the dose the very minute before, now seemed to think he saw a joke, for he leered most facetiously, and said, "Some gives them to children for the worms."

The negroes are very highly educated, and sometimes exhibit remarkable sagacity. An old grizzly-bearded fellow once took us out boating. At first he tried to keep quiet for fear of frightening the fish, but kept muttering to himself: he was evidently wrestling with some weighty thought. At last he couldn't stand it any longer, and he spake and said:

"There's a wonderful power o' Methodists lives down our way, and the amount o' tea their ole people drinks is a caution. One ole lady I use to meet in society a good deal was a scarer and no mistake. I guess her folks had to keep the big copper kettle a bilin' putty near all the time" (having indicated his accent, we continue the narrative in English). "She drank more tea every day and constantly wanted it hotter, until at last they gave it to her boiling off the fire, and even then she would drink it off without the least inconvenience. At last she died, and her friends got her analyzed, when it was found that the tannic acid contained in the tea had converted the whole mucus membrane of the throat and coats of the stomach into leather." This story may be true, but we don't believe a word of it. The tea they used to give us wouldn't have tanned anybody.

The spongy walls of a Bermuda church hold about four tons of water after a shower of rain, and at such times the atmosphere of the interior can be better imagined than described. All the natives have colds; it isn't respectable to be without one. A man without a cold in the head is suspected of being an atheist, who stays at home on Sundays.

A County Down regiment is at present quartered at Prospect, the military camp. Most of them look as if they had been taken too soon from their mothers, and the inhumanity here shown by the Government is only equalled by the fine irony of the official regulation which prescribes that neither officers nor men shall wear beards. The regimental barber is kept closely at work, but he uses a microscope.

Between here and the Dockyard, a close but generous competition is maintained in picnicking, private theatricals, and other military duties, but without any decided advantage on either side.

Over at the Dockyard is to be seen the largest floating dock in the world, looking very much like a gigantic sewing machine shuttle; it will lift the greatest ship in the British navy high and dry out of the water for repairs, and it has even been said it is large enough to hold all the beer bottles in the place; but this is saying a good deal. One must draw the line somewhere and make allowances for poetic exaggeration.

A great point of attraction is Fairyland, a romantic island-sprinkled bay, only to be entered by a narrow and tortuous channel, and much haunted by somewhat substantial sylphs in ulsters and Tamoshanters. Difficult as is the entrance, it is a good deal harder to get out again, especially by moonlight, and, in fact, it is dangerous ground or water in more ways than one. Opposite the entrance to this enchanted region, a military outpost frowns on a little rocky island, constructed with great skill so as to protect the harbor against an enemy descending from the clouds. A single officer, exiled here for his sins, for two whole weeks at a time wears the narrow pavement with his unhappy steps, chained to his solitary rock like Prometheus, or Tantalus, or somebody, he is compelled to linger within sight of innocent pleasures which he must not share, while his haughty blood boils under the unaccustomed indignity of having to appear in the uniform of his country. On entering the harbor a picturesque object attracts the attention -- this is a very long, low shed, in which two or three companies of oxen are drawn up in military order, but with their tails presented to the enemy, an arrangement hardly soldier-like. These are brought here in sailing ships, and are kept and stalled for the sustenance of the troops and inhabitants; if a contrary wind should cut off the supply for any length of time, those who don't like outens and arrowroot would be liable to suffer from famine.

Here we must stop, ere the reader's patience becomes exhausted, and only pause for a glance into the turtle ponds cut into the solid rock and filled with great monsters, big enough to take a ride on. Looking into the cool depths at these slimy brutes ("reptiles," we think, is the proper word), one sees nothing very romantic, but out of what unpromising materials will the genius of poetry extract her food? Who has not heard that

Love is but an empty sound,
The modern fair one's jest,
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest!

T. H. C.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Last week we presented to our readers a view of the exterior of one of the lumbering shanties on the Upper Ottawa, furnished us by the Rev. C. A. Paradis, the energetic and faithful missionary priest. This week our front page displays the interior of one of these homes of the lumberers. In the centre is the huge fireplace on which burn whole logs twelve feet long, the smoke escaping through a huge aperture in the roof, the most primitive and yet the most effective form of chimney, for no smoke is to be found in the interior of the hut. Around sit the lumberers taking their ease after a hard day's work in the woods, while if we could lift the lid of one of those enormous kettles, a fragrant odor of bouillon would revive our appetite, if indeed at the close of a day in the open air, appetite needs any artificial stimulus.

THE Hanlan-Trickett boat-race was perhaps the most signal exhibition of the champion's absolute superiority to all rivals that he has yet given. From the start he rowed fairly away from his antagonist, and after finishing many lengths ahead, he turned his boat and rowed back to meet Trickett, turning again and passing the post ahead for the second time. Hanlan's day is by no means over yet.

THE object of the Deacon's visit is by no means far to seek, and we should betray a secret were we to publish it abroad. Nevertheless the lady appears fairly well to understand what is to come, and the intelligent reader will not be far behind in guessing.

LAST week we published a portrait of the late Archbishop Hannan with the promise that this week we would give some sketches of his funeral, a promise which we now fulfil. For the full account of the late prelate's life and works we refer our readers to the last number of this journal.

SPRING-TIME. -- Youth and Spring -- with youthful love at that tender season of the genial year -- seem in perfect harmony amidst the rustic scenery of the agreeable picture. The birches are putting forth their fresh leaflets of the brightest verdure, answering the gentle call of Nature to renew the glories of her Summer foliage, while the May-blossoms have already begun to adorn the neighboring hedge; where this happy young couple are seen loitering on the plank-bridge over a moorland stream, looking down upon the clear water that bathes the roots of trees and fragments of hard rock, but thinking only of one another, and with thoughts which are exceedingly sweet. The girl has filled her hat with Spring flowers; and now she finds it a convenient by-play to cast them one by one into the stream, pretending to watch them as they float down, or as they are stopped by the stones; but she is really listening, with her full heart and mind, to the earnest speech of her lover, and she means to give him an answer in her own good time. There is a certain air of decision, tempered with self-respecting reserve, in the countenance of this young lady, which seems to promise that she will not tease him and waste his confidence by any sort of coquetry or feminine finesse. Such is one of the ordinary processes of Nature in Spring-time; and we sincerely hope that both these young persons will find it the prelude to a life of continued and increasing happiness in their mutual affection.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

THE terrific fire in Park Row, N.Y., on the 21st of January last wiped out the offices, together with the great library and picture gallery of the *Turf, Field and Farm*, and since then the paper has occupied temporary quarters at 26 Vesey street. The journal, however, has been issued with the greatest promptness, and the quality of the matter seems to have improved. The courage with which the publishers faced adversity has been warmly commended, and the circulation is larger than ever. New and handsome offices have been secured in the *Times* Building, 39 and 41 Park Row, for the *Turf, Field and Farm*; and as every member of the staff feels at home in that locality, we may look for him to do good work, and we may expect to see the paper made even better than it is, if such a thing is possible.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

THE number of pictures sent to the Academy this year is quite without parallel. The average is 6,000 canvases, but it is said that 7,000 were sent in.

EFFORTS are being made to have a grand exhibition of English textile fabrics. The idea is the issue of the movement in favour of English woolen materials and English made silks.

IS the event of sufficient funds being subscribed in Liverpool for the proposed new Royal College of Music in London, the promoters have agreed that local scholarships may be established.

WE are assured by those who are behind the scenes that the slender Sara was much beloved by some of our golden youths -- who are golden only as far as moving in gilded saloons goes. She was much wooed, but not won, though many cherished golden hopes, that is hopes of gold, on account of her exceeding kindness to them and her great familiarity -- but that is Sara's manner to man, pretty nearly always, and it has made her the host of friends and admirers she will always be able to boast of among the strong sex, though they must hope no more.

THE coming exhibition of pictures at the Royal Academy is again to have a popular battle scene, painted by Mrs. Butler. It is the deadly episode of "Laing's Neck," and it is said by those who have seen it to be a fine and powerful production. Mrs. Butler rather went back in reputation last year with her "Charge of the Scots' Greys," which, though it had many points of power and vigor, was unequal as a whole. The Royal Academy promises to be a better exhibition than it was last Summer, when it was, comparatively speaking, commonplace.

AT a dinner given in a certain little literary and dramatic club a fortnight ago, to a distinguished military officer -- a member -- who has been specially promoted for bravery on the field, one of the party, a well-known dramatist, brought down the house in the course of the evening by singing "Vilkins and his Dinah" in French. Later on a certain eminent O.C. was called upon for a song. He, after some persuasion, complied, and gave "Vilkins and his Dinah" in Greek! Not so bad that by way of an impromptu!

A CORRESPONDENT calls attention to an interesting fact worth noting that during the last day or two a demand has arisen at the florists in London, at least in every part of the West-end, for what are called "Beaconsfield button-holes" -- that is, small bunches of primroses, for

wearing on the anniversary of Lord Beaconsfield's death on the 19th inst. It will be remembered that the primrose was his favorite flower. This spontaneous expression of popular sentiment is, so far, altogether apart from party feeling, any exhibition of which, on such an occasion, would, indeed, be a desecration of Lord Beaconsfield's memory.

MADAME NILSSON-ROUSAUD intends to return to the stage for three years in order to repair the breaches recently made in her fortune. She leaves Paris for London, where she is to create an oratorio, inspired by Delaroché's celebrated picture, *The Martyr*. She will remain in England two months, singing only at concerts. While she is in mourning Mme. Nilsson will not appear on the operatic stage. Next January she intends to go to Russia, and the following year she will visit Sweden. After this three years' campaign Mme. Nilsson proposes to settle down quietly at Paris and to live like a *bourgeoise*.

WHEN the announcement first appeared that it was proposed to establish a cemetery for the interment of domestic pets, most persons treated the matter as a joke. We have before us, however, the prospectus of "The Zoological Necropolis Association, Limited," established to supply a burial place for "pet animals, dogs, cats, and little birds." The capital consists of £10,000, in 5,000 shares of £2 each, and amongst the patrons of the movement are the Countess of Portsmouth, La Marquise de Vinchiaturo, Hon. Miss Molesworth, and Viscount Molesworth. Tombstones may be erected to the memory of departed pets, and the promoters have no doubt about the commercial success of their venture.

WE have not yet heard the last of Temple Bar. It will reappear still under the patronage of the Corporation. When it was pulled down to make way for the Griffin there was a kind of understanding that, like a leading attraction at a popular theatre, it was only withdrawn. The stones of it were all labelled, and carefully put aside, and it was within the resources of modern architecture to re-construct it and set it up for the public to look at. The public, as a rule, are fond of what they are accustomed to -- how else would they tolerate a four-wheel cab? -- and it would be a kind of comfort to see old Temple Bar anywhere where it might not be greatly in the way. It has a Doctor Johnson flavor about it, and really appears to be much older than it is. It would have been a satisfaction to meet it suddenly in some unexpected scene, like a familiar quotation in a Shakespearian play. But this, it seems, is not to be. The City Architect has been otherwise instructed. He is going to make designs for an obelisk, and the obelisk will be built out of the Temple Bar stones and statues. If Temple Bar could be used as a gateway into one of the parks, it might be made useful. Could it not be utilized at some spot where the alterations are to take place to lessen the obstruction to traffic at Hyde Park Corner?

A STORY about Mr. Gladstone is being told which freshly illustrates his restless desire to see and know everything, however remote it might be from his customary fields of labor. When the *Corsican Brothers* was revived at the Lyceum Theatre the Premier went to see it, and between the acts he went behind the stage under the guidance of the manager. He was all over the place, looking into everything, inquiring into everything, and quite as eager as if he were about to bring in a bill for the reform of the stage, or to disestablish the prompter. "Did you ever see an audience from the front?" Mr. Irving asked. "No," said the Premier, and his eyes glistened at this discovery of something he had never yet seen. "Well, the best way to see it is to go in as a super." "Thank you," said Mr. Gladstone, laughing, "but I fancy I am too well known even to mingle with impunity in one of your crowds." "But it can be done without danger of discovery," said Mr. Irving, "in the next scene, which is the carnival scene; there is a private box on the stage in which we generally have two or three supers in evening dress. Now, if you will sit there I don't suppose anybody will recognize you." The Premier jumped at the idea, took his seat in the box, and when the curtain rose the right hon. gentleman -- one of the 200 supers -- looked upon the crowded pit and stalls and boxes. In his time Mr. Gladstone has played many parts; but this was the first occasion in which he, or indeed any other English Premier, filled the part of a super.

BOYLE ROCHE once said in the Irish Parliament, "Mr. Speaker, I would give the half of the Constitution -- nay, the whole of it -- to preserve the remainder."

AN advertisement reads: "Wanted -- A young man to be partly outdoor and partly behind the counter; and the *Clerical Leader* asks, 'What will be the result when the door slams?'"

WANTED, at once, Nos. 2 and 23, Vol. xxiii., of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. 25c. each will be paid for clean copies of either of the above.