

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

PASSING AWAY.

All things are made to change and pass away.
The young wax into strength, grow old and die:
Like flowers which bloom and blossom and decay.
We flourish for a while, then silently
Death breathes upon us as he passeth by!

Who hath not seen it in the autumn trees
Hectic-leaved in beauty for a little while;
Who hath not heard it in the passing breeze
Murmuring a song their spirits to beguile.
While autumn greets them with a sickly smile?

Who hath not watched some sunlit hope grow pale,
And slowly sink behind departing years?
Who hath not marked their vision dim and fail
Behind the gathering mist of falling tears.
As friend by friend long cherished disappears?

We mark the morning's splendor, when the sun
Rides round forth the bridegroom of the day:
A few short hours and evening rolling on,
Hides all beneath her mantle folds of gray,
And what was bright and joyous fades away!

The pleasures of our youth are now no more.
The smile that used to chase away the tear
Has waxen faint, the hand we clasped of yore
Has fallen from our grasp; for words of cheer
The clang of battle smites upon our ear.

A gloom is on the past, and silent come
Ghosts of dead pleasures trooping on our sight.
While the whole earth seems but a dismal tomb;
Loved lips breathe poison, and their kisses blight.
And all things darken as we near the night.

Change—from youth to age, from life to death,
Action to stillness, beauty to decay;
Change, we feel her lips kissing away our breath,
We too are changing, and our blithesome day
Has heard the common order—Pass away!

TORONTO.

C. W. A. DEDRICKSON.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

ORIGINAL ARTICLES.—"LONG, LONG AGO."

Perhaps there is nothing which seems to a full grown man more ridiculous than the reminiscence of his first attempts at love-making. I have a few personal recollections on the subject, which have been of immense service, and exerted a mighty influence over my later efforts. One of them I will relate—confining myself to the simple unvarnished facts of the case.

When I was about sixteen years of age, I was of a somewhat romantic turn of mind. I did not sigh for the smiles of little girls with short dresses and coy spirits; but my thoughts took a wider range. I conceived a *penchant* for tall women—dreamed of princesses, and cultivated a taste for poetry and intellectual pursuits. Most especially did I turn with comparative aversion, if not haughty contempt, from the girls of my own age in the community. I had an instinctive idea that there was "nothing in them," because, of course, they did not discover anything remarkable in me.

But, about this time, I accidentally met a young lady about a year or two older than myself from a neighbouring town. As I was born, and had ever lived, in a small village, the inhabitants of the town of Bungville were a source of some awe to me—and a beautiful young lady—this was charming; and she deigning to take pleasure in my society, and admire my cleverness, and laugh at my wit—ah, really, this was enchanting.

After the first happy meeting was over, I went back to the world, sick and disgusted. How common-place did all the boys and girls, (young ladies and gentlemen then) about Praggville—that was my village—seem! The girls had no taste—the boys were so empty and insipid. And then I would think of my charming Cordelia—where would I have an opportunity of seeing her again?

My mother had resolved to make a party for my especial benefit, as I was about to leave for college. All my school-mates were to be invited in honour of the farewell occasion. A glorious idea struck me. Bungville was not far distant—my mother was acquainted with her family—Cordelia shall be invited.

She was, and came. So did all the companions of my youth—my play-mates and school-fellows from the earliest childhood. They all gathered on a beautiful September afternoon. To most of us life was just commencing to present its serious phases. Its realities were by no means understood, but we were just beginning to take our second lessons in standing alone.

Most of my young school-mates liked me pretty well. As I was going away to a higher school, they had some interest in my progress. There must necessarily be some fond associations gathering around childhood's days and childhood's friends. I was naturally a little stiff and reserved, but still most of my young friends respected me. I was going to leave them for years, perhaps for ever, and how many changes would sweep over our lives before we should all meet together again. What a splendid chance such a meeting afforded me of cultivating friendly sentiments, and of leaving pleasant impressions. Did I embrace it?

No sooner did Cordelia arrive, looking stylish and beautiful, than I took my place by her side. All the rest of the company faded out of my sight and thought. What cared I for all these insipid people, when Cordelia, my deep, intellectual, spiritual and appreciative Cordelia, was near? Nothing, sir,—absolutely nothing.

At the tea-table I attended solely to her wants, leaving the care of our guests in the hands of my father and mother. After tea, when most of us went into the garden or fields for a ramble, I rambled only with her. Some out-door games were engaged in; I kept her too closely engaged to admit of our participating.

My mother noticed all this, and felt disappointed. When we returned to the house, and the party had again assembled in the drawing-room for the evening, she came near, and whispered to me that she feared "I was becoming a little too exclusive in my attentions, and neglecting the rest of my guests." I replied only by an indignant glance, which meant as much as a long paragraph.

Cordelia and I still sat apart, while the rest formed in little groups, and sought amusement in various forms.

In one group, just opposite to us, was a young fellow of about my own age, named George Biggers.

After directing her attention in that direction for some moments, Cordelia at length remarked:

"What a hateful thing that George Biggers is! He had the audacity, don't you think, to send me a letter when I was at Glenpond Seminary—the poor, silly fool!"

Now if there was one person in this wide world whom I held in unutterable detestation it was this same George Biggers. He had been a sort of empty-headed, scheming and successful rival from the earliest period of my remembrance. Conceited and envious, he was forever thrusting himself forward, and meanly detracting from the merits of others.

"Oh, Miss Lilywhite," said I, "pray do not mention his name. He is really too contemptible for notice; I am sorry my native place contains such a person."

Her attention still seemed to wander in the direction of the group of which Biggers formed a part. Presently she said:

"We must get a chance to torment him some way."

"Oh let him alone," I said, compassionately. "He is quite unworthy of your attention."

I began to dislike her interest in external affairs; I was selfish, and wanted her for myself.

"I would like to join that game of 'pon honour' over there," observed Cordelia, pointing to the aforementioned group.

Piqued as I was, there was no resource but to comply. I walked over and asked permission for Miss Lilywhite and myself to join in the game. Permission was, of course, granted, and I returned and conducted Miss Lilywhite thither, and sat down to the game, gloating in the prospect of showing Mr. George Biggers and some of my unappreciative girl friends how I could comport myself with a lady, and how a *true* lady could show her appreciation of me.

Our hands were placed one upon the other; a number was chosen, and we commenced drawing. The number came to Mr. George Biggers. Next came the questions.

Cordelia whispered to me to ask him "if he ever sent letters to young ladies with whom he was not acquainted?"

I drew myself up, and bristling with the sharp fangs of sarcasm, I propounded the question.

He replied by a significant look at Miss Lilywhite, which was met by a return glance equally significant.

I made a scorching, scathing remark, intended to reflect pretty severely on Mr. Biggers, and expected Cordelia would be immensely taken with my powers of satire.

Strange to say she wasn't, and began to fall into conversation with Mr. George Biggers.

I was disgusted, and endeavoured to divert her attention; I made witty speeches; I affected great interest in the game. All were in vain. She seemed to grow more interested in her new friend.

The game did not proceed long. The interest flagged. Miss Lilywhite became seated on the sofa beside Mr. George Biggers, and, in the genial warmth of their mutual regard, they seemed quite unconscious of what was going on around them.

To say that I was unhappy, miserable, ashamed, and degraded, would be a feeble way of presenting the case. The rest of the company did not seem to care much about me then. I moped about alone the remainder of the evening. When the guests arose to depart they coolly bid me good-bye. All was dark and unpleasant. Miss Lilywhite, to whom—poor, silly fool!—I had made myself as transparent as day, displayed a pleasant smirk of ridicule as she extended her hand on leaving. I scarcely deigned to give her a look.

After all were gone, I had to listen to a solemn lecture, full of reproaches, from my father and mother. "I had behaved very foolishly," so they said, although they did not know the worst.

When all had retired to rest, I went alone into the kitchen and lit my pipe. I was just learning to smoke, and it tasted awfully nasty, but there was comfort in the weed. I gave way to a long train of reflections, and buried myself in a protracted reverie. I had learned a lesson, and this is the moral: *Beware of young ladies when you hear them running down other young men.*

I have met many young ladies since then; my subsequent life has been full of love passages; but, since that night, I have never allowed a woman to get the mastery over me. I have seen them resort to a thousand arts, but they were as transparent to me as water. No, sir, they can never deceive me again. When I hear one of them speak peculiarly harshly of any young man, I always conclude at once that he is about fifty per cent ahead of me in her estimation. When a young lady says that "Tom is a charming fellow, a dear fellow, a noble fellow," I begin to take heart; I am convinced that Tom is a slender rival. But when she says she "just detects that George Snooks," then I begin to feel that things look a little dangerous.

Young men, beware. Be not deceived by gentle women. Don't straightway go into ecstasies of delight, nor indulge in a multitude of pleasing self-confident reflections, because your lady love speaks contemptuously of your rival. Don't waste any pity on him on this account. Before twenty-four hours you may see them together, happy as doves, and unconscious of your existence.

It is thus I speak of the "Long, Long Ago."

JOEL PHIPPS.

HIGH PRICES OF PROVISIONS IN THE EARLY PART OF THE 18TH CENTURY.

The brave long-winded, enduring and frugal inhabitants, constantly employed in sorties against the English Colonies, had not time to cultivate their lands, and though the scarcity of grain had long been made known to the Government of the country, yet the creatures and friends of Intendant Bigot were allowed to ship off vast quantities of wheat to the West Indies to the manifest injury of the people of the colony, so much so, that wheaten bread was a rarity, and they had to subsist on oats and barley. This proved to be the case for some time after the conquest, as may be seen by the Proclamation issued in January, 1760. "By His Excellency James Murray, Esquire, Brigadier-General, &c., &c., of all His Majesty's Forces in the River St. Lawrence," &c., &c., who found it necessary to fix the prices of provisions at the following rates, to license all "British Bakers and Butchers," and order that a departure from them should entail a penalty of five pounds, and imprisonment if the offence was repeated:—Bread, per lb: white, 5d; middling sort, 4d; Brown, 3d Butcher's meat: beef, 5d; mutton, 10d; veal, 8d; pork, 4d

Prices had been much higher before the proclamation of this order, and it is a wonder how the French officials managed to make both ends meet. Monsieur Bigot's "card money" factory was then in full blast, and as he managed in three years alone, 1757-50, to issue letters of Exchange on the French Treasury to the amount of 80,000,000 livres, which were duly honoured, it is clear that they could well afford to pay more than 5d. for white bread and 10d. for mutton.—*Canadian Antiquarian.*

SCRAPS.

Three thousand two hundred and five Frenchmen have petitioned the Shah for the Order of the Lion and the Sun!

The "Geological Garden" is one of the latest novelties in Paris. The idea seems to be to inform the masses a little more definitely as to the whereabouts of Persia. A space of ground is laid out to represent the "five quarters" of the world; kingdoms are separated by gravel walks, and continents by rills. The geography of the globe can be learned in an afternoon, and a voyage round the world can be taken for one franc.

The Paris authorities have very properly suppressed the new fashion of engaging young girls, dressed up in Italian toilets, to do the waiter business in cafés and singing saloons. Another speculation has been nipped in the bud—that of hiring young women to sit from morn till dewy eye outside the café with a glass of beer before them, but which they were no more to touch than the Vicar of Wakefield's girls the sovereign they were intrusted with for pocket-money. The young women in question generally required the services of another to keep them roused up: they were ever *nid, nid, nodding*—like Joe, the Fat Boy.

The French Government intend to erect a monument on the Swiss frontier in commemoration of the kindness shown by the Swiss to Bourbaki's army during the Franco-Prussian war. It will consist of a pedestal of rose granite, its frieze adorned with the arms and colours of the twenty-two cantons, supporting a pedestal with an inscription to the "République Helvétique." To the right will be a bronze group, "l'Arrivée," a French soldier falling exhausted into the arms of Swiss peasants; to the left a similar one "le Départ," the soldier bidding his hosts good-bye; and the pedestal will be surmounted by a marble group of "France exhausted confiding her children to Switzerland."

Whilst the coquettish dames of Spain in times gone by carried on innumerable correspondences and love affairs by the aid of their fans without uttering a single word, their French sisters used rings as signs and symbols of a similar character. A pearl and garnet ring signified that its wearer was unhappy; a thin circle of five turquoises intimated the fair one's inability to return her lover's sentiments; while a thick plain gold ring in the shape of a knot expressed her willingness to share his fortunes. One in the shape of a gold serpent, with a brilliant on his head, indicated the lady's doubts of her gallant's sincerity; while her faith and her wish to confide in him always were shown by a ring formed by two clasped hands.

In Paris the newest practice for keeping the memory of distinguished men green in the memory of the public is to affix an imitation postage stamp, with their likeness, on letters and newspapers. The postal authorities have been quite concerned on witnessing so many "Jules Favres" in the sorting room. The "Duc d'Aumale" is also in circulation, and in the south-east of France Gambetta is in vogue. The Bonapartists distribute tracts with the legend of all the Napoleons, accompanied with flattering texts of Scripture and extracts from the speeches and writings of Thiers. The outriders attached to the Shah wear the Napoleonic livery, green and gold, and it is quite fashionable for Bonapartists to request that their remains be transported to Chislehurst for burial.

One day, in the course of his progress through Oxford Street, the Shah caught sight of the old painting left outside the shop formerly used as the exhibition-room for Mrs. Heenan, the Fat Lady. At sight of this the Shah became unusually animated, and inquired if that were the portrait of a real woman; and being informed that it was, he ordered her to be sent for, saying that he would make her his wife. When it was explained to his Majesty that this was impossible, as the Fat Lady was under contract to the person who exhibited her, and that even Manager Baum, of the Alhambra (one of the Shah's favourites) could not procure her for him, the Shah plaintively replied that it was no wonder they exhibited her, as she was the only really handsome woman he had seen in England.

The following are a few of the titles of the Shah of Persia, which are mentioned by Fowler in his "Three Years in Persia": "Zil Allah," "The Almighty Shadow," "Haaret," "The Presence, or Majesty," "Shah-an-Shah," "King of Kings." The Regent of Omnipotence on Earth. The most Lofty of Living Men. The Source of Majesty, of Grandeur, and of Honour. His Throne is the Stirrup of Heaven. Equal to the Sun, and Brother to the Moon and Stars. Agent of Heaven in this World. Lord of the Vows of all Mortal Men. Disposer of Good and of all Great Names. The Master of Destiny, Chief of the Most Excellent Seat of the Universe. Prince of the Faithful. King of the First Rank. Monarch of Sultans. Sovereign of the Universe. Lord of the Revolutions of the World. Father of Victories.

The travelling train of the Empress of Russia is, perhaps, the most complete and luxurious in the world, and it is, indeed, a house upon wheels. It consists of eight saloon carriages and offices, connected by covered passages, and is divided into dining and drawing-rooms, bed-rooms, and kitchens. The dining-room has large oval windows, which give uninterrupted views over the country through which the train passes; the drawing-room is an elegant apartment, prettily furnished, and the bed-rooms might be those of a comfortable house. The beds are, seemingly, of the ordinary kind, but are in reality hammocks, which enable their occupants to sleep without sustaining any annoyance from the vibration of the train. Of course such an establishment would not be complete without servants, and to the train are attached domestics of all kinds, from butlers to engine drivers and porters. To the train, however, is attached a sad souvenir; it formerly belonged to Napoleon III., and was used by him for his Lyons journeys, though it would be difficult to recognize it as the same, so completely has it been reconstructed and improved.

MUSIC RECEIVED.

The Clondeboye Gallop. By W. T. Vale. Guelph: J. Anderson.
St. Patrick at Tara. By Professor Glover. Dublin: Glover & Co.

In anticipation of the autobiography of the late Mr. John Stuart Mill, it will be of interest to learn that we may still read of some smaller matters that have fallen from his pen. He has left behind him a finished article on "The Right of Property in Land," which is to appear in the *Examiner*, a paper to which Mr. Mill was a frequent contributor in his lifetime.