SONG OF THE MYSTIC.

The following tender little poem is by the Rev. Father Ryan, sometimes called the "poet-priest of the South."

I walked down the valley of silence,
Down the dim voiceless valley alone;
And I hear not the fall of a footstep
Around me save God's and my own,
And the hush of my heart is as holy
As hovers where angels have flown.

Long ago was I weary of voices
Whose music my heart could not win,
Long ago I was weary of noises
That fretted my soul with their din;
Long ago was I weary of places
Where I met but the human, and sin.

I Walked thro' the world with the worldly,
I craved what the world never gave;
And I said: "In the world each ideal
That shines like a star on life's wave,
Is toned on the shores of the real,
And sleeps like a dream in the grave."
And still did I pine for the perfect,
And still found the False with the True;
I sought 'mid the human for Heaven
But caught a mere glimpse of its blue;
And I wept when the clouds of the Mortal,
Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

And I toiled on heart-tired of the Human;
And I moaned 'mid the mazes of men:
Till I knelt long ago at an altar
And heard a voice call me; since then
I walked down the valley of silence
That lies far beyond mortal ken.

Do you ask what I found in the Valley?
"Tis my trysting place with the Divine;
And I fell at the feet of the Holy,
And about me a voice said: "Be mine"
And then rose from the depths of my spirit
An echo, "My heart shall be thine."

Do you ask how I live in the valley?
I weep, and dream, and I pray;
But my tears are as wet as the dew drops
That fall on the roses in May;
And my prayer, like perfume from censor
Ascendeth to God, night and day.

In the hush of the "Valley of Silence,"
I dream all the songs that I sing;
And the music floats down the dim valley,
Till each finds a word for a wing,
That to men, like the doves of the Deluge,
The message of Peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach;
And I have heard songs in the silence
That never shall float into speech;
And I have had dreams in the Valley
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen thoughts in the Valley—
Ah me, how my spirit was stirred!
And they wear holy veils on their faces—
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard;
They pass through the valley, like Virgins;
Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of the valley;
Ye hearts that are harrowed by care?
It lieth afar between mountains,
And God and His angels are there—
And one is the dark mound of sorrow,
And one is the bright mountain of prayer.

A WARNING

She was only sixteen; she was pretty;
Her foot was bewitchingly small!
Her father was warm, as the phrase is,
And, fact, most delightful of all.
I had reason to think, as I fancied,
That she was attracted by me.
(Let the time, if you please, be last summer;
The scene at St. John, in N.B.)

I was there on a pleasure excursion,
Had found it exceedingly tame;
Had reviled both the place and the people,
In terms I'd be sorry to name;
When it chanced I met with this charmer—
You'll excuse my not mentioning how;
Suffice it to say that her father
(I can taste his Madeira e'en now),

Knew some of my friends or relations,
And, in hearty Canadian style,
Declared me his guest for a fortnight,
And would take no denial the while.
And she? Oh she blushed and said nothing,
But she looked so deliciously sweet,
I'd have gone if he lived in the almshouse,
Instead of on Oliver street.

We'll omit the events of my visit;
Enough that with rapture I burned,
And, as mentioned before, I had causes
For believing my love was returned;
And we'll come without further preamble,
To the story I started to tell,
Of the service she asked me to do her,
And the fate that my efforts befell.

She said she'd a cousin in Boston
To whom she'd some riffle to send;
And (here came the daintiest blushes),
Regarding me quite as a friend,
She asked, as a very great favor,
That I'd take a trunk under my care;
And then, I consenting, she gave me—
I won't tell you what, I declare.

We were just coming up Boston harbor,
When a man in blue flannel came round,
And, demanding the keys of their owners,
Examined what baggage was found.
Imagine my painful emotion
When in very gruff tones I was told
That the duties on what that trunk carried
Would be ninety-eight dollars in gold!

I paid it—it took all my money
And some that I borrowed—before
That trunk was released from its durance,
And allowed to be carried on shore.
And the warning I wish to inculcate,
On all who this episode con,
Is to never bring trunks up to Boston
From the people who live at St. John.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

[FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.]

To fortify the positions conquered so as to make them impregnable, to remain united in victory as pending battle, to constitute a ministerial majority, to suppress intestine differences, to avoid all useless quarrels with the Senate, to study all practical reforms likely to be voted, to stimulate the measures for extending free and obligatory primary education, to develope local railways, extend the system of canals, execute new highways, and ameliorate by-ways—such is the accepted programme of the Republic, which is now a reality, and as triumphant—proof the recent elections—in the villages and burghs, as in the large cities. The Republicans have become a governmental party in the happiest sense of the word, and France promises to find peace, security, and prosperity in her new institutions. The partizans of other solutions have not thrown up the sponge; they promise still to fight their good fight, by means that France has repudiated, and for ever, with disgust. Hence, the necessity of the Republicans of every shade remaining vigilant and cemented, till February 1879 gives them the command of the Senate.

France justly claims to associate with united Italy in mourning the loss of her popular monarch, whose policy only had enemies, for the man, where not loved, was esteemed. He was united to this country by the best of all treaties—the instinct of equity and gratitude. He had a robust good sense, a persevering conviction in his romantic destiny, sharpened and sustained by a soldier's loyalty. He was one of the three European sovereigns—Queen Victoria, and Leopold I., represent the others—who staked their honor to practise faithfully parliamentary and constitutional government, and whose success has crowned the Right. Victor Emmanuel has shown that parliamentary institutions when honestly executed, are as excellent for Italians as for Englishmen and Americans—for the Latin, as well as for the Anglo-Saxon race, and the French Republic is contributing to confirm this practicability.

Proclaimed king on the defeated battlefield of Novara, Victor Emmanuel leaves Rome, where Humbert I. is heralded his successor. The new king is here suspected of possessing more German than French tendencies; at the same time it is believed he will not forget to walk in his father's footsteps. The army likes him, as he fought courageously in its ranks, and though less popular than his father, he deserves the esteem of his subjects by his dignity and reserve. Happily there is no pretender to the crown of Italy, and the parties hostile to the dynasty, are not of sufficient importance to cause uneasiness.

The removal of General Ducrot from his command, is the first satisfaction given to public opinion, justly incensed at the platters of Coups d'Etat last month. It will be a salutary lesson to the army, that officers ought not to fish in the troubled waters of politics, but confine their ambition to seeking reward in the legitimate avenues of their profession. The revocation is most creditable to the Cabinet, and a vigorous explanatory circular to the officers would cure effectually embryo saviours of society of any self-appointed call. No conspiracies in camps or elsewhere can be tolerated against the laws and the constitution. Other generals, less notoriously implicated, will in due course receive their deserts. It is gratifying to see France at last resolute to strike the arch offenders; hitherto the minions bore the punishment, but it must be remembered that it was this country which castigated a substitute when naughty dauphins were ordered to be birched. The removal of Ducrot will not prevent a public inquiry taking place into the conduct of that general's co-partners in premeditated illegality and crime. The faults must be publicly branded, the transgressors punished, and so prevent any like plots—not the less odious, because infantile and failures.

General Ducrot is in other respects not a bad officer, daring, like all his companions in arms, and perhaps feeling most at home where balls fly thickest. He is 60 years of age. He has raised a laugh against himself, by promising in connection with one of the "terrestrial sorties" from Paris during the siege, to return "dead or victorious." Unlike the Grecian warrior, whose mother counselled him to return with his shield, or upon it, Ducrot realized neither of his boasts. The Germans might have something to say as to how he observed his signed parole, not to serve against them after being made prisoner at Sedan. His successor is General Garnier, a man of notorious ability and very popular in the army, who has risen by sheer merit from the position of a simple private, having enlisted as such in 1834. As a rule, the French army likes officers who rise from the ranks. The Marshal's *baton* in the knapsack, is not a metaphor.

Increasing activity characterizes every department of the Exhibition: after the Trocadero structure itself, perhaps the next most remarkable object at present there, is an immense flag of the Chinese Empire, floating over a "Summer Palace," in course of erection by native artizans. The Dutch continue to merit the blue ribbon as being the most advanced among the foreign sections; their fixings up are very graceful and coquettish. The United States at last show signs of life; they may be yet first at the finish. The façade of the Belgium department promises to be a veritable *bijou*. It is in marble, and will be decorated with first-class statuary. To make up lee way, and to defy the hard frosts, some contractors cover their works with boarding, and the electric light, if it does not warm, contributes a most useful brilliancy to the men engaged at overtime duties. Croatia, it appears, will not be of our party; it is quite willing to forward exhibits at the expense of the Hungarian Committee, but insists on designating the articles in the Jellachich tongue; something on a par, if the "Home Rulers" demanded that the English Commissioners should describe Irish exhibits in the Celtic language.

Having terminated the Boulevard fair, Paris witnesses the opening of another, in the vicinity of the Pantheon and the Church of St. Etienne, where every variety of relic and religious trinkets are sold to the pious who come to make the *neuvaine* of St. Geneviève. The churches themselves are worthy of a visit to witness the altar decorations and the caskets containing the patroness of Paris. The majority of the objects on sale have been manufactured in the prisons and reformatories, and many of them display sculptural talent of a high order, bridal wreaths and mortuary crowns are prepared in the penitentiaries—extremes meeting here as elsewhere.

The shops have something of the banquet-hall deserted look, since the windows no longer display the toys prepared for the vanished season. There were, a few days ago, only piles of polichinelles, articulated dolls, Japanese buffets, fans at great bargains, and purses at reduced prices. The little furniture that Queen Mab might envy has disappeared like Cinderella on the stroke of midnight; these tiny tables, chairs, beds, chests of drawers, kitchen ranges, etc., for all ages and for all sexes, are said to exercise a salutary influence on the minds of children, by encouraging a taste for domesticity, and an inclination for early marriages. The toys certainly displayed a utilitarian tendency; some cynics say, they were prepared rather for adults than for children—the scientific balloon, for example, and dolls that must have been manufactured at the School of Fine Arts and dressed by Worth. I do believe that infants love the toys they can smash, and then hold post-mortem examinations on the remains; it is against nature to give a child a toy, with a solemn command that if it breaks it, the result will be an early going to bed, or a reduction in mince-pie, and bonbon rations. A Noah's Ark, full of animals unknown to natural history, with trees, strangers to the artificial or natural systems of botanical classification; with cocks that will crow all day, and leaden soldiers that would delight the ghost of the Great Frederick by their rigidity—such are toys for nursery graduates. And when polichinelles and dolls are dragged across floors, like Hector behind the chariot of Achilles, the youngsters still find joy in their victory, and happiness in the scattered and tinselled *disjecta membra* strewing the battlefield.

That Republican of the old school, Raspail, has been gathered to his fathers; if he did not die full of honors, he did full of riches, thanks to a reliance on camphro preparations to cure all disease from consumption to king's evil. He passed the greater part of his fourscore years in prison or in exile; every policeman he encountered he believed armed with a warrant for his arrest—use doth breed such a habit in a man; every individual in private clothes he concluded to be a Jesuit. He was educated for a priest, but preferred chemistry to theology, the cure of bodies to the cure of souls. He may be said to have commenced life by being condemned to death; Napoleon I., only for Waterloo, would have made him a poet laureate; Napoleon III. banished him, not on account of his bad poetry, but his inconvenient politics. He maintained on the trial of Mme. Lafarge that arsenic existed everywhere, even in arm-chairs; but the jury did not consider that was the manner arsenic entered into the stomach of the accused's husband. He never charged a fee to the patients who consulted him, but he appealed to them to follow him to the barricades during the era of insurrections—not a bad way to "prepare" a *clientele*. He will be interred with all popular honors, and the authorities very wisely leave the people to constitute themselves the police at the funeral.

The detectives have discovered this time the murderers of Mme. Cremieux, an old lady living at Neuilly; they fled to Belgium, and one of them had in his possession the moiety of the flannel jacket he tore off the old lady during the death struggle; search led to the discovery of her jewels. The Emperor of Brazil startled Parisians by his early hours; but he astonished the managers of the Hammam, or Turkish baths, by arriving one morning at six o'clock; the managers declined to take a fee; the honor of having a live Emperor in these Republican times was in itself a recompense. But a journal asserted a sum 500fr. had been paid, hence, action for damages for defamation. The plaintiffs tried to overtake his Majesty in his travels, to obtain a denial, but like Young Rapid, he ever "kept moving," and the chase was given up only on learning he had arrived at home. The *Monde* was condemned to pay a slight compensation. A Bonapartist deputy, Jules Ambignes, took an action for defamation of character against a score of Republican journals: he has received 5fr. damages from each—out of which he will have to pay costs. This is worse even than a Cadmean victory.

There is a story told of Victor Emmanuel, who on one occasion received quite a scolding from Napoleon III., for his compromising his promises; there was a court ball on the same evening at Turin, and the King called the French ambassador aside, and poured out his wrath on Napoleon, describing him as an upstart, etc. Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne astounded, replied, "Your Majesty will permit me not to have heard a single word of what you have said." Later, the king observed to the ambassador, "Surely it is not necessary to report what I said to the Tuileries; besides, you assured me you did not hear me?" During the first night of his arrival in Rome, Victor Emmanuel, who was very superstitious, did not like to sleep in the Quirinal; so when the crowd had retired, he quietly left the palace in a private vehicle with the Prince Doria, and passed the night in the latter's mansion.

The government intends working several of the small or "feeding" lines of railways, that the big companies prevent from living profitably. It is proposed that it should also take in hand the direction of the abominable night cabs in Paris. A "coffin ship," is safety itself as compared with many of these vehicles; some of the drivers are said to carry revolvers, perhaps bowie knives too, to clear their way in some of the suburbs; a hint for nervous gentlemen and maiden aunts.

A new museum has been inaugurated at the Juralides, to amuse not only the old pensioners, but the public; the gallery contains plastered and colored models of all the "savage" warriors—in every part of the world, who prefer clubs, bone lances, bows and arrows, etc., to Krupp cannon and repeating rifles, for knocking out brains.

Solitary confinement is not severe: a wag points out, that the *ver solitaire* thrives in its isolation.

A few oysters swallowed with their juice, the first thing in the morning, is said to be—infallible of course—against a cold.

A gentleman was called upon to explain, why he called his friend an imbecile, and replied, that he did so, "but confidentially."

PARIS, France, Jan. 12, 1878.

An anecdote is told of Driesbach, the once famous lion tamer, who died on his farm in Ohio a few days ago, aged 70, a poor but contented man. At an exhibition given in New York, twenty years ago, he was taken out of a cage covered with blood, and apparently dreadfully injured, after a severe fight with a tiger. The audience shrieked, and much horror was expressed. For a fortnight afterward Driesbach appeared with his arm in a sling and his face covered with bits of plaster. Then it leaked out that his wounds were imaginary; the gore had come from a sponge filled with rose-pink, and the whole performance was nothing but a clever piece of advertising.

New York Fashions.

HINTS OF THE SPRING STYLES.

ABOUT BEADS.

Buyers for the large furnishing houses writer that the Parisian fancy for beads and beaded trimmings far excels that which prevails here, and they add that it has not yet reached its height, but will extend into the spring and summer. Jet and the blue-gray *clair de lune* beads are most generally used at present, but for the gayer bonnets and dresses worn at the summer resorts the old gold or amber beads and those known as rainbow beads will be largely used. These are not confined to bonnets and to trimmings for wraps and for dresses, but are mounted as jewels, and made to serve as bracelets and as dog-collars or necklaces. The brim and crown of bonnets will be of net covered with beads. For trimming dresses and sacques there are beaded plastrons, broad beaded collars, vests, panels, cuffs, and pockets; there will also be large plaques for buttons made entirely of beads. New passementeries have diamond-shaped beaded ornaments.

SPANISH STYLES.

Spanish styles in colors and designs are being made up in the best Parisian houses for the spring. What is called the Castilian jacket is a black silk paletot glistening all over with embroidery of finely cut jet beads. Another garment, called the Spanish mantle, is of Sicilienne, somewhat in scarf shape, with a hood or drapery that passes over the head like a Spanish veil. The Spanish mantilla of black lace will also be worn in the evening and in afternoon drives in the country. These styles point to the continued use of the black dresses which have been in favor here for years, and which Parisian correspondents say are more often seen now on full-dress occasions than they have ever been. Black satin dresses are chosen for full-dress toilettes, and there are many black silk dresses ornamented with plaques and plastron of old gold beads. This combination of yellow with black, and of red with yellow and black, carries out the Spanish colors, which are so becoming to brunettes, and which can be worn by most blondes if the proper shades of yellow are chosen.

INDIA COLORS, ETC.

The India colors and the rough-threaded surfaces now worn in bourettes will be seen in thin goods, such as grenadines, gauzes, barege, and the woolens of light quality that are worn in the spring and throughout the summer. These are to be trimmed with light fluffy fringes made up of all the colors in the material, and with two or three silk pipings, showing the most conspicuous colors. Percales or cambrics are to have black or white grounds with borders stamped with many-colored dashes, or else the whole surface will have these dashes of color. Woolen fabrics have smooth or else basket-woven grounds of pale gray, blue, or brown, or stripes of rough threads of gayly colored silks and wool. Raw silks similar to the Louisine silks formerly worn will repeat the same colors and be roughly woven.

SPRING PALETOTS.

Some of the new paletots of light cloth for early spring wraps are being made without a seam down the middle of the back. The side form seams begin on the shoulders or in the armholes, according to fancy. There was an effort to introduce these backs in the basques and wraps brought out last fall, and many imported garments were made in this way, but the backs with many long seams were too popular to be easily superseded. As thinner goods look best with few seams, this change in shaping backs will probably be brought about in the coming season. The jackets will continue to be close-fitted and shapely, outlining the figure without compressing it, and will be shorter than those now worn. The jauntiest of the spring wraps will be the coats that fasten over the breast by a single button, showing a vest below. These are so masculine-looking in shape, material, and finish that they are being made by tailors.

ABOUT DRESSES.

Sleeves of dresses will continue to be made in coat shape, but for warm weather they will be quite short, reaching only half-way between the elbow and wrist. Many will have frills turned down, but the richest dresses will have lace set on like a cuff turning upward, and without gathers. Square plastrons will be made of similar lace, and in the house a bouquet will be placed in one corner; for the street a bow made of a cluster of ribbon loops will take the place of the bouquet. For plain costumes the plastron will be outlined by velvet ribbon, or else two or three straps of ribbon velvet will cross the plastron, and be fastened in the centre by buckles. Trimmings of fringes or galloon will be arranged in yoke shape on long slender basques. Percales and muslins made with belted basques will have deep square collars shaped like a yoke, and edged with white open-figured Hamburg embroidery or with the serviceable new Russian lace. There will also be small Carrick capes on spring paletots, some of which extend square down the front to the waist like a priest's stole. These capes will also appear on the blouse-polonaises that are worn with a belt all around or else merely in front. Slender ladies will not take up darts in the fronts of polonaises, while those of stouter figure require them tight-fitting, and will have darts as well as belts in front. The Laveuse, or washer-woman's tunic, so fashionable at present in Paris, will also be made up in summer fabrics. It has a short wrinkled apron, with the lower edge turned up on the right side in careless fashion, and the back hanging in two ends nearly straight or else slightly bunched up.

NEW FLORAL GARNITURE.

New garnitures of artificial flowers just imported for ball dresses are of roses glistening with dew-drops. These come in cream white tea-roses, pale pink, and deeper yellow. Another novel trimming, very brilliant on white silk dresses, is entirely made of the breasts and heads of Brazilian hummingbirds and beetles. The dark rich colors of the feathers change with the light, and are mounted as vines, leaves, and quivering blossoms, upon which the beetles rest.

MASQUERADE COSTUMES.

The season for masquerades and fancy dress parties has returned, and costumers are busy with new dresses. There is the usual preference for picturesque national dresses, but this year the European war has brought into special favor the rich costumes of Turkey and Russia. Very coquettish Turkish dresses have short skirts and bodice of pale blue silk with gold embroidery of spangles and crescents, and a body of dark cardinal red velvet. The full gathered Turkish trousers are of dark red silk, a velvet jacket may be added, and there is a red velvet fez, consisting of a high sloping crown with an aigrette of white herons' feathers and necklace of colored stones; red slippers and pale blue silk stockings complete the toilette. For an older lady a more stately Turkish dress has a skirt of red silk with close high bodice and tight long sleeves, with an over-dress shaped like a long basquine, made of dark blue satin wrought all over with gilt and red; this has an open heart-shaped front and angel sleeves; the Turkish drawers of dark blue silk are barely visible below the skirt; high fez of black velvet. The handsomest Russian costumes have trained satin dresses of pale blue or else of scarlet, with long slender over-dresses of black velvet, bordered with ermine or else trimmed with white lace, and falling open to show the fur lining; the round hat is of velvet, with long white ostrich plumes. The Japanese toilettes introduced last winter are still very popular, and some remarkably rich ones are made of the embroidered silk Japanese robes shown at the Centennial Exhibition, and sold for robes de chambre. These are worn over a short skirt of white, rose, or pale blue cashmere; the robe is lapped toward the left side, and a gay silk sash is tied below the hips. The hair is done up in high puffs on top of the head, and large gilt pins or arrows are stuck through the puffs. Mediæval costumes, from which so many of the present fashions are taken, are in great favor, as they are very easily gotten up; the brocades and embossed velvets now in vogue are the proper materials. Spanish dresses and the becoming Spanish veil are also in especial favor. Ladies who have caught the Anglomania for furniture and china appear in the fashions of England during the reign of Queen Anne; they wear the farthingale, the short skirt, small waist, and ruff, with black silk stockings, and low shoes with very high heels. Another costume, called Dresden China, represents one of the pretty Watteau shepherdesses with which that china is decorated; the skirt of striped silk reaches nearly to the ankles; the tunic, laced bodice, and Watteau drapery of the back are of brocade in the Pompadour colors of pink and blue; gay stockings, high-heeled slippers, powdered hair, and patches complete the costume. Another pretty toilette, called White China, is a white satin dress, trimmed with old lace, white roses, and pearls, with powdered hair. A novel dress, called the Colorado Beetle, is popular abroad. It consists of gold-colored silk, embroidered to represent beetles in green and gold; a necklace and bracelets of Brazilian bugs, with a beetle ornament in the coiffure. Pretty new dresses for flower girls are of pink or of blue satin, with many flowers on the dress, the hat, and in the basket carried in the hand. Pierrette costumes are in favor for young girls; also the peacock dress of blue-green silk, with apron of gilt cloth, and a sweeping train covered with peacocks' feathers. Young English girls dress themselves up in quaint antique fashion to represent the Rococo, or else to recall some famous painting, such as Sir Joshua Reynolds' Miss Penelope Boothby, or one of Gainsborough's duchesses, or as some favorite character from history or poetry. New Parisian costumes copy the pretty Cuckoo dress and other toilettes from La Marjolaine; the Japanese dress is in great favor there also; and a thoroughly French costume is a new burlesque Undine, with high top boots, and short green gauze dress, ornamented with sea-weed, shells, and coral, while the green velvet bodice has fins of lace coming out from the shoulders. Children are dressed up as fairies, to represent Puck and Ariel, Cinderella, Spanish pages, and the White Cat.

Our Hamilton Letter.

The writer would first carry out a promise made touching prosecutions under penal laws, and so it has often been the fate of those of mature years to listen to much clamor for the passage of laws for the abatement or putting down of matters and things offensive to or in the eyes of the clamorous; or as remedial of something deemed by them to be a grievance, a wrong, or otherwise injurious to the community at large. At the same time it has, as often been experienced, that the excitement occasioned by such clamor became so general as first to arouse the community, and eventually to force or compel legislatures or Parliaments, to pass the sought for laws, and should any one only take it upon them to look through the statute books of almost any country, they will find therein many such laws, almost all of which are permitted to stand there absolutely obsolete, while the matters, reasons, and causes for which they are placed there, still prevail, exist, and as if they never had been passed; and almost all of us have seen in the infancy of such laws efforts made, yes terrible efforts made, even to the extent of perjuries and loss of reputation to enforce them; and that such efforts have invariably been made by persons of a loose, froward, deceptious, reckless and disreputable character, if not by officers of the law, who it has been experienced, have ever looked upon such laws as but infringements upon their ordinary duties and have consequently been even loth to engage in or even encourage any such efforts. No doubt many, if not the many, have often wondered why the respectable class of the clamorers for or originators of such laws, after succeeding in securing the passage thereof, and but for whose efforts they never would have been passed, are and never have been found making the slightest effort, nor yet taking the least pains or trouble in or towards the prosecution of any of the breakers or infringers of such laws have been and always are in the end looked upon and treated with contempt. It is not the present purpose to either argue show, or contend that most, if not all or any of such laws are not necessary, and would not be highly beneficial and preventative of evils, if properly, practically, and thoroughly enforced or carried out, but it is thought the use of a little polosophy and scripture, might be the means of showing, gathering, or divining the reason why they are not so enforced. In the first place then, the person giving information for breach of any such a law, by consequence entails upon himself and properly the cognomen or name of the informer. This name is and always has in all countries and ages been looked upon as infamous, consequently no person of standing good character or esteemed worthy, or has the name of being such, would so far sully his reputation as to become an informer, and thereby, as it were, voluntarily entail upon himself without good cause, the infamous appellation of common informer. Moreover, all experience, all teachings of wisdom, prudence, morality and religion, forbids worthy men assuming or undertaking any such a task or position. What man, prudent or worthy, seeing or hearing his neighbor offend, or knowing him to have committed some offence contrary to some penal law, yes, although such law may be fully justified by scripture, is willing to quit his ordinary avocation, and become a prosecutor or informer against any such offender? There is not one text in scripture to even justify him in doing so, except for personal safety or redress, and even in the latter case, prudential and religious motives causes many an offence to be overlooked. Let us now recount a few of the many words of scripture, showing why wise, prudent, or worthy persons should, and no doubt do not engage in or even encourage such prosecutions. In fact texts are found in almost every book in the Bible and Testament, and it would take a very lengthened sermon to compile all or even a twentieth part of such reasons.

Last week Bavard Taylor lectured; subject, "Ancient Egypt," in the Mechanic's Hall, to a large and appreciative audience, and it need hardly be stated from the well known talent and personal experience of the lecturer that every listener was edified, in fact so much was the audience enwrapt in the lecture as it progressed for over an hour, that disappointment prevailed when it ended, it was entrancing to intelligent minds to hear of the ancient splendour and glories of the East.

On the evening of the 5th of February, Wendell Phillips is to lecture in the same hall, on "Women Labor and Temperance," and the fame of the lecturer ought to command a large audience even from a distance.

Concerts still prevail. Among others, last week a grand one was held in St. Patrick's Church (Roman Catholic) for the benefit of the various charitable and benevolent institutions connected with that denomination. St. Patrick's is a new and stupendous edifice, in fact the largest and most commodious in the city, and yet upon the occasion in question it was completely filled with a respectable audience. The music played and various pieces sung were delightfully charming and enrapturing. On the whole this concert was in every respect what is usually termed a success.

Grandly she played her every part
And captivated every heart.

The new city Council is in harness and is composed of two lawyers (the Mayor being one of them), 2 painters, 1 flour dealer, 1 miller, 1 doctor, 1 merchant tailor, 1 baker, 3 builders, 2 merchants, 1 wood and 1 coal dealer, 1 hide dealer, 2 accountants, one being an insurance agent, and two gentlemen, these being men who have retired from business. While last year's council was composed of five lawyers, including the Mayor, 1 doctor, 1 baker, 1 plumber, 1 miller, 1 fruiterer and manufacturer, 1 grocer and butcher, 1 merchant tailor, 1 flour dealer, 1 brushmaker, 1 painter, 1 sailmaker, 1 merchant, and 5 gentlemen. The talent and experience of the former council was far in advance of the present one. There are it is true, some clever men in the new council, but whether their lack of experience will not tell against them, time alone will make manifest. There is also in the new council more of that class of representatives known as mere riotting machines than in the last; the consequence will be that the entire burthen of legislation will devolve and depend upon about 6 members out of the 21; while over a dozen of the last council were capable of preparing, introducing, and carrying into effect measures as deemed requisite and necessary. From what has been shown the verdict for the present must be given in favor of last year's council.

GNOSTICUS.

HAMILTON, Jan. 30th 1878.

Peace.

The whole world will rejoice if all difficulties in the way of peace being concluded shall be successfully overcome. It is easy to speak of the horrors of war, but the most vivid description and the most laboured statistics can give very little notion of what those horrors really are. There cannot have been less than 200,000 persons killed during those last months, while the sufferings through which the survivors have passed, and the additional deaths which must follow from the wounds and exposure, make up a sum total too horrible to be calmly contemplated. Whole provinces have been laid desolate. The survivors have been far more to be pitied than the actually slain, for the prospect before them is in any case dismal enough. In these circumstances, how beautiful on the mountains are the feet of those who publish peace. Perhaps both sides deserved to suffer; but then in this as in many other cases, those who deserved the least were those who suffered the most. Women and children, what had they done that they should be subjected to such nameless horrors? When will the time come when people will be too wise and too brotherly to think of settling national differences by slaughtering each other? The progress of civilization does not seem to bring on that day. The progress of genuine religion certainly will.

A Sensible Girl.

They were seated together, side by side on the sofa, in the most approved lover fashion—his arm encircling her taper waist, etc.

"Lizzie," he said, "you must have known how dearly I love you."

"Yes, Fred, you certainly have been very attentive," said Lizzie.

"But Lizzie, darling, do you love me? Will you be my wife?"

"Your wife, Fred? Of all things no! No, indeed, nor any one else's."

"Lizzie, what do you mean?"

"Just what I say, Fred. I've two married sisters."

"Certainly, and Mrs. Hopkins and Mrs. Skinner have very good husbands, I believe."

"So people say; but I wouldn't like to stand in either May's or Nell's shoes, that's all."

"Lizzie, you astonish me."

"Look here, Fred; I've had over twenty-five sleigh rides this winter, thanks to you and my other gentleman friends."

Fred winced a little here, whether at the remembrance of that unpaid livery bill or at the idea of Lizzie's sleighing with her other gentleman friends, I cannot positively answer.

"How many do you think my sisters have had? Not the sign of one, either of them. Such pretty girls May and Nellie were too, and so much attention as they used to have!"

"Now, Lizzie—"

"I am fond of going to the theatre occasionally, as well as a lecture or concert sometimes, and I shouldn't like if I proposed attending any such entertainment to be invariably told that times were hard, and my husband couldn't afford it; and then to have him sneak off alone."

"Lizzie, Lizzie—"

"And then, if once in a dog's age he did condescend to go with me anywhere in the evening, I shouldn't like to be left to pick my way along the slippery places, at the risk of breaking my neck, he walking along unconsiously by my side."

"Lizzie, this is all nonsense."

"I'm the youngest in our family, and perhaps I've been spoiled. At all events I know it would break my heart to have my husband vent all the ill temper which he conceals from the rest of the world on my defenceless head."

"But, Lizzie, I promise you that I—"

"Oh, yes, Fred; I know what you are going to say—that you will be different, but May and Nell have told me time and time again that no better husbands than theirs ever lived, and I'm half inclined to believe them. No, no, Fred; as a lover you are just perfect, and I'shall hate awfully to give you up. Still, if you are bent on marrying, there are plenty of other girls who have not married sisters, or who are not wise enough to profit by their example if they have. And don't fret about me, for I've no doubt I can find some one to take your place——"

But before Lizzie had concluded, Fred made for the door, muttering something "unmentionable" to ears polite.

"There!" exclaimed Lizzie, as the door closed with a bang. "I knew he was no better than the rest. That's precisely the way John and Alec swear, and slam doors when things don't go just right. He'd make a perfect bear of a husband; but I'm sorry he came to the point so soon, for he was just a splendid beau.

A Puzzled Painter.

A young friend of mine who has just come back from studying art in Europe said the other day, in a complaining way which had a touch of the pathetic in it, that he was more mixed in his ideas about art than ever before in his life. "A fellow makes an experimental sort of a design," said he, "with a group of figures, and a nice tone to the whole thing; and he shows it to his friends when they drop in at the studio, and they say it's a pretty thing; but what is it? what is the story? When he replies that it isn't anything, and hasn't any 'story,' they shake their heads and seem to think that both painter and picture are very silly. The next time anybody asks him what scene his picture is intended to represent he promptly answers, 'Oh, that's the Vision of Ezekiel!' 'Indeed! Ah, yes, I see,—the Vision of Ezekiel, to be sure. Very fine, very fine. But pray may I ask where is Ezekiel? 'Ezekiel? why he's supposed to be just outside, don't you know!' 'Just outside, certainly; very interesting picture,—fine conception,—the Vision of Ezekiel, to be sure,' and they go away with an idea that that young artist is, as they say in Paris, *arrive!*—one of our young painters who have ideas!

"I believe," said my friend, "that this is about the way that some of the great pictures have been made. First the picture, then the name,—and then come the critics and the public, who never dream but that the name and the picture were together from the first."

My friend appeared to be very much troubled by this. A good many other people, painters and not painters, are troubled in the same way. But after all it is a simple matter. Suppose that a great picture has been made without the artist deciding in his mind before finishing it, either the exact subject, or the exact title. Suppose even that all he has done is to paint from a model who had certain qualities that interested him. The picture may have been merely a "life study"—which he has called Moses, or David, or Delilah, or Venus, or the Virgin Mary, or what not. The name that the great painter gives his picture the world accepts,—because the greatness that is, perforce, in every line and touch of his pencil is able to carry meanings deep and manifold. The painting is not only great technically,—it is great spiritually. The model from whom he paints is looked at with intelligent and serious eyes. He sees not only the individual character; he sees the deeper traits which belong to a common humanity. He sees not merely the human being before him; but he sees in his human being something which is reflected from the painter's own mind,—and the picture becomes and forever remains a type. The little painter may with careful forecasting, and painful historical accuracy, make us a picture of John the Baptist, but though he swear by all his gods that this in verity *is* John the Baptist, the world will never, never, never believe him!

The Sultan's Day's Work.

A salary of £2,000 a day will appear to those who have but few wants a nice competency. That is the daily wages of the present Sultan of Turkey, and no sovereign alive earns his money harder. Out of that sum, he has, moreover, to pay for his own board, fire, candles; his lodgings alone are free, so that, considering the footing on which his establishment is placed, he must be a man of order and economy to make both ends meet with so small an income at his command. There is, indeed, no more diligent or active man in the empire than the Sultan, and it is literally true of him to say that he eats his bread in the sweat of his brow. He gives personal audience to any one that applies for it, whenever it is possible; when not, his first adjutant gives audience for him.

The six hundred wives of Abdul Aziz have vanished, and Abdul Hamid finds it as much as he can do to meet the milliner's bills of a poor three dozen spouses. This scanty harem leaves him a good deal more time for devotion and state business. It leaves him a good deal more time for devotion and state business. He leaves his apartment betimes, and bathes the prison of his soul in tepid water, after which he stretches himself full length upon a carpet, and breathes a silent prayer. He then drinks a cup of chocolate, and proceeds immediately after to the affairs of the state. Despatches are received and sent, reports examined and approved of, expenses consented to, decorations granted, ministers and ambassadors received, and that goes on for several hours.

Towards noon a second carpet is spread at the feet of the ruler of the faithful, whereon he prays again, and then takes his second breakfast. He goes out for a ride or a drive, and when he returns he is at the disposal of his family and the inhabitants of the palace. He gives audience to his brothers and sisters, listens to the reports of his household officers, confers with the chief of the eunuchs on all sorts of delicate subjects, and gives him his orders. The chief of the eunuchs ranks next after the Grand Vizier, and whenever a despatch containing some good news from the seat of war comes in, it is he that is charged to read it to the ladies confined to his watchful care.

The Imaum, or chaplain of the palace also comes in the evening, and the Sultan prays or reads some pious book with him. Three times in the week he takes lessons on the piano from a French teacher, M. Paul Dutsap—that is, he listens to his teacher playing a few *morceaux*, but never plays a single scale himself. Later in the evening he dispatches more state business, and then an hour before midnight, accompanied only by the chief of the eunuchs, he retires to the mysterious recesses of the harem where it is forbidden us to follow him.

Constantinople Defenceless.

A City that has been Besieged Twenty-three Times and Taken Six Times.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Jan. 12.—The defences of Constantinople are hardly worth talking about. There is a ridge of heights fifteen miles to the north of the city that stretch over a line of seventeen miles from a point near the Black Sea to the Sea of Marmora. Some batteries and other works have been erected on them, cannon mounted, and ditches dug. Even if they were as formidable as they ought to be, we have no army to hold them. Hasty levies of citizens cannot be depended on. The Russians would carry them in any event, and would push for the heights of Daoud Pasha, and the plateau behind Cassim Pasha. These positions overlook all Stamboul, and from them a plunging fire could be directed into it that in a few hours would render it untenable. The Crusaders and Mohammed II. brought the Greeks to terms by the heavy cannonade they kept up upon them from these commanding positions. Neither of them have any fortified lines that would give the Russians trouble. The fact that the city cannot stand a siege is doubtless the reason why an effort is being made to bring the Russians to a halt by an armistice.

Constantinople has undergone more sieges than any other city in the world. It has been besieged twenty-three times; twice by the ancient Greeks; thrice by the Roman Emperors; once by the Latins, the Persians, the Avares, the Sclaves, and by one of its dethroned sovereigns, Michael Paleologus; twice by the Bulgarians; once by Byzantine rebels; seven times by the Arabs, and three times by the Turks. It was taken but six times; by Alcibiades, the Roman Emperors Septimus, Severus, and Constantine, the Doge Dandolo and Count Baldwin, the Emperor Michael Paleologus, and Mohammed II.

In 672, under Constantine II, it was besieged for seven years by the Arabs. They made the surrounding country a desert, uprooting trees, levelling villages and habitations, and converting the flourishing environs into a waste. Then came the Crusaders in 1204. The devastation committed by the French and Venetian champions of the cross exceeded even that of the Arabs. They burned the richest and largest quarter of the city, and inflicted such a blow on it that it never recovered its former wealth and prosperity. They profaned the Cathedral of St. Sophia, broke into the tombs of the Byzantine Emperors, dragged out their skeletons, and scattered their bones in the streets. They fired the public libraries, ridiculed the Greek religion by decking their horses with the vestments of the alergy, and their heads with the pontifical tiaras.

Were it not for the incomparable beauty and advantages of its situation, Constantinople could never have risen again from its ashes, and survived such terrible calamities.

What now is most to be apprehended is that if the conditions of peace prove very hard, and the Sulltan is obliged to cede