

The use which Canadians might make of their maples is instanced by the following fact. The largest maple sugar manufacturer in Vermont, and possibly in America, is E. E. Ray of Wilmington, who taps 3,350 trees and sets as many buckets. His average crop of sugar is from four to six tons, each spring, about one half of which is run into diminutive cakes, while the remainder goes into molasses, which is put up in cans and hermetically sealed. He has two mammoth evaporators, which span two large brick arches, besides four smaller arches, which are used both for boiling and sugar-off purposes. His facilities are ample for disposing of a thousand buckets of sap, which ordinarily will make a thousand pounds of sugar. Mr. Ray's annual receipts for sugar and molasses for the past six years have reached from \$1,000 to \$1,500. The amount of help required in this orchard is seven men, with two yokes of oxen.

M. Michel Chevalier, the celebrated French economist, in reply to a complimentary toast, made a speech, at a banquet in Liverpool, last week, in which he dwelt on the benefits of Free Trade. He expressed his admiration of the extraordinary progress made by the United States. A nation so anxious to possess all improvements in public and private life, so eminent for its love of liberty, could not long remain bound to the protective system. Protection was repugnant to a progressive policy; it checked the growth of trade and restricted the liberties of the producer and consumer. He especially pointed out the inconsistency of Americans in imposing duties on foreign grain, while they attempted to inundate the grain markets of Europe with their products.

In commenting a few days ago on the constituting of the new French Senate, we expressed the belief that M. THIERS would be its first President. Our latest intelligence from Paris confirms this opinion. *Le Moniteur* says that M. THIERS will be elected to the Senate by many Departments, and may possibly be chosen to preside over that body, in which event he is sure to hold the position for life.

M. WALLON, Minister of Public Instruction, has designated Judge Cambert as a special commissioner to examine and report on American systems of education. M. Cambert will visit Washington and New York, and will also attend the Philadelphia Exhibition, in connection with which he will receive special instructions from Ministers DeCazes and DeMeaux.

SOME CANADIAN POETS.

CHARLES HEAVYSEGE.

ALFRED PAPPEL.

I.

We are glad to know that our first study on the writings of Charles Heavysege, has awakened considerable interest in the genius of a man who has been too much neglected by his countrymen. We are, therefore, the more encouraged to continue our examination of two subsequent poems of his which have been in our library for some time. The first of these is "Count Filippo or The Unequal Marriage," a drama in five acts, printed at Montreal, for the author, in 1860. The subject is a terribly hazardous one, being the study of a harrowing social problem, a fearful temptation, growing out of unequal loves between an old man and a young woman of fascinating loveliness. Mr. Heavysege, in his introduction, lays down the theory that such a union is tantamount to a crime, and that "next in enormity to a breach of the marriage relation stand its mutual contraction by youth and years." This idea we believe to be philosophically unsound and ethically dangerous, but it is bold and original all the same, and at once interests the reader to see how the author carries it out.

Tremohla, a very aged man, is Duke of Perce. Hylas is his only son and heir. Count Filippo, an elderly nobleman, is chief minister of state, and the husband of the lovely Volina, a very young woman. The Duke, at the instance of Filippo, wants his son to get married and secures for him a suitable match in the daughter

of the Duke of Arno. Count Filippo is despatched on a mission to this lady and her father. During his absence the first phase of the odious temptation takes place. At the suggestion of Gallantio, the heavy villain of the play, Hylas is induced to attempt the ruin of Volina. Not content with doing this by all the artifices of his own corrupted nature, he draws in to his assistance a creature baser than himself, because she is a woman. Paphiana, the wife of a Perceza gentleman whose estate adjoins that of Count Filippo, is the name of the demon in human shape, who, under the guise of friendship, seeks to poison the heart of the pure and unsuspecting Volina.

There is no need to rehearse the whole incidents of the play. The infernal game follows its usual and almost necessary course. First there is the ignorance of innocence; then the surprise of awakened virtue; then the first fatal lingering over the gilded vision of sin; then the step which compromises reputation without yet staining the soul; then the terrible reasoning which forms the false conscience; then the bubbling of the blood, the paroxysm of passion, and finally the swift, blind headlong leap of Sappho, from the promontory of Lencadia into the death waters. It is the old, old story, but how novel over, and magnificently terrible!

Such a drama was suited to the sombre analysis which is characteristic of Mr. Heavysege's genius, and though it were the easiest thing to point out mistakes of both conception and execution throughout the work, it cannot be denied that the poem is very powerful. It is not equal to "Saul," as indeed none of Mr. Heavysege's subsequent writings have come up to the standard of that masterpiece, but with considerable revision as to the details of stage business, it could easily be performed in public, a use to which the drama of "Saul" could not be put. Considering the amount of mediocrity that is represented at theatres, we do not wonder that "Count Filippo" has not had the honor of histrionic reproduction, but we do think that Montreal or Toronto might attempt to mount this Canadian work. We commend the project both to Mrs. Morrison, of Toronto, and Professor Andrew, of this city.

At the first rumor of the disgrace and sorrow that are in store for him, Filippo thus beautifully expresses his confidence in the fidelity of his wife:

Is there some mystic and invisible bond
That ever links us unto those we love?
Or doth love's strong and melting power transpire
Two souls until they do compose but one?
I fear not for Volina, wherefore should I?

What impious Perceza Titan
Would pile his passage to my lovely star,
Or, having dared approach her glorious sphere,
Not already by her frown thence banish'd
As Satan from the living light of heaven?

Here is one of those terrible prayers that expect no answer, because the heart is already fixed on guilt. One of those ghastly mockeries of that Providence which might still save if appealed to in sincerity.

Now, you conjugal Powers that hover here,
Ye zealous wardens of our constancy,
That reach to the thought, assist and join
Out of my bosom, thou mock chastity,
Or make me virtuous all
Then that in pity look'dst on Magdalen,
Nor didst rebuke her when she washed thy feet,
Rebuke not me, but tell me—gracious tell me—
Is pity shown to Hylas criminal?
Do not the guiltless angels love each other?

The confessional scene where Filippo, under the guise of a monk, hears from the lips of his own wife the avowal of her guilt, is wrought with considerable power, though there, as well throughout Filippo's imprecations, there is a tendency to drawing out which is not always true to nature.

The finale of pardon and repentance is, to our mind, the most successful portion of the work. There is nothing morbid, or even conventional in the sentiments expressed by Filippo, Volina or Hylas, while the unmasking of the two wretches Paphiana and Gallantio is a truthful tribute to outraged morality.

VOLINA.

We go, but different ways, toward different ends
You to a throne in a luxurious court,
I to a cell among severest nuns.

HYLAS.

Then what remains but here to abdicate—
Descend, indeed, before we have arisen—
With crucifix go pass the cloistered aisle,
Instead of sitting, scooped, on a throne,
We will betake us to the sackcloth, too
Who should have donned the purple.

II.

A later work of Mr. Heavysege, and the last to which we shall refer is "Jephthah's Daughter," a handsome volume published in 1865, by Dawson Brothers, of Montreal, and Sampson Low, of London. It is the weakest of our author's poems, and considering the beauty of the subject, our disappointment on reading it was equal to our expectation. Mr. Heavysege's talent is essentially dramatic and he fails in sustaining the interest of a lengthy epic. If he had treated this scriptural episode in a tragic form, as Euripides did its great counterpart, the story of Iphigenia, we have no doubt he would have produced a worthy pendant of his "Saul." Even the language is not up to Mr. Heavysege's standard. The blank verse is often limp and crude and the imagery is not always well sustained. There is no need to go into the details of the story. It will suffice for our purpose to give a few extracts, gathered here and there, from the body of the poem.

Here is a description of Jephthah returning from his Ammonite victory.

Banners filled the air,
And martial music, and a roar of joy,
From the wild, welcoming multitude, that stood
Dense as primeval woods, aspiring, spread
In carnival attire of brightest hues,
O'er balcony and beam, o'er tower and tower,
Thick as the blooms of spring on orchard walls;
And, climbing, clustered on adventured heights,
Till nought was vacant: top of tallest pile
Was covered, and the nest of crow and crane
Invaded, whilst the grinning archin sat
Astraddle on the gilded, yielding vane.

The following represents Jephthah's daughter among her maids, after her first interview with her father.

She add, and, at her signal, half the maids
Received their discarded instruments,
Pauflery, and dulcimer, and sacred harp,
Blazoned with gold and twisted around with flowers.
The other half the sober distaff took,
And spun fair flax,—less fair than their fair fingers;
Less rich, that dyed of purple, or of azure,
And that which rivalled evening's golden clouds.
Then were their various beauties, all confessed:
And, while the wheels whirled like the hum of bees,
The chant rose softly as flow summer winds
Over ambrosial downs, or through the copse
Where linnets sing, or woods where wild doves woo.

The despair and imprecations of the mother naturally formed a principal part of the picture, but we fear that in the hands of Mr. Heavysege it has been overdone. She does not appear on the scene too often, but her speeches are too long. But, on the other hand, the character of the young victim is better wrought. The following little picture of her resignation is exquisite:—

Again she paused, and, with yet raised regard,
Stood with drooping arms, crossed at the marble wrists,
As if, in fancy, for the altar bound
So stood, composed, all to her fate resigned
Peace on her face and patience in her eyes.

The tragic end is set forth as follows:

Thus passed away this ancient Hebrew maid,
Tragic end, and surpassing poet's praise:
Who bowed her to a parent's urgent need,
Enduring an irreparable wrong.
Two months she wandered o'er the mountains wild;
Moist awful shadows and pale, spectral sheen,
Mourning with her virgins her virginity;
Then rendering herself to the grim end,
Died self forgetful,—yet immortal, lives
Loved and remembered to the end of time.

THE PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS OF THE DOMINION.

THE HOTEL-DIEU HOSPITAL.

(Continued from our last.)

The imposing pile of buildings represented in our last issue, was erected in 1861. The site it occupies forms part of a farm of 150 acres given to the Hotel-Dieu in 1730 by M. and Mme. Basset. The edifice may be considered as an immense cross-shaped building flanked by wings on three ends of the cross. The building on its greatest length runs east and west. The center, or shaft of the cross, is 295 feet in length, from north to south, and 50 feet wide. Its northern extremity, however, expands into a wing about 100 feet length, east and west. The two arms of the cross are each 190 feet in length, east and west, by 50 feet depth. The wings at each side of the cross, and forming the eastern and western ends of the Hospital measure 162 feet north and south by 50 feet in width. The total frontage in a straight line, comprising the width of the center building, the length of the two arms of the cross, and the width of the two wings, is 535 feet. The greatest depth, 295 feet. The several wings and the main building, if placed in a continuous straight line, would measure 1,050 feet in length by 50 in depth, 4 stories high. The Church, which occupies the southern part of the center building, is 123 x 59. The three great Hospital wards have each a hall or dormitory 172 feet long by 50. There are also many smaller halls. In this great Hotel of Charity, 70 Nuns, 8 novices, and 12 postulants devote their lives to the service of the poor, sick and infirm. There are usually under their care from 200 to 225 sick people, nursed and fed, gratuitously. They have also 50 orphan boys, and 36 orphan girls; 20 old men, and 25 old women.

The priests and seminarians of the Diocese, are also provided for, when ill, in this hospital. The Venerable Bishop Bourget has been for some time under the care of these good Sisters. The Hospital is visited daily by Doctors Hingston and Munro, whose services to the poor are gratuitous, but whom the Community retributes for professional calls to any of the Sisters who may require their skill. The Canadian School of Medicine also visit daily, the students being accompanied by one of the 6 or 7 learned professors, their masters in the healing art. So that no assistance that charity on the one hand, and science on the other, can afford, is denied to the unfortunate, whom illness and poverty consign to the Hotel-Dieu. There have been from 2,500 to 3,000 patients received yearly in the Hotel-Dieu for the last ten years, and the total number treated since the foundation exceeds 125,000.

The Nuns of the Hotel-Dieu are cloistered, that is to say, they never leave the precincts of the monastery and hospital. Their life is most regular and industrious. They rise at 5; the morning prayer and meditation occupies an hour. At half past 6 they visit and tend the sick; at 7, breakfast; after which they hear mass, and each attends to her work. They sweep, dust, make up the beds, prepare bandages, medicine, &c. At 10, dinner is served to the sick by the Nuns, who dine themselves at half past 10. At 4 o'clock they recite vespers, and at half past four instruct the sick and distribute to them words of peace and salvation. At 5, the patients receive from their motherly hands the evening meal. At half past 7, the Nuns recite matins and lauds, and at 9, retire to sleep. Twenty-

two of the Sisters remain with the sick all day, and six watch all night. The house work, clothing, preparation of food, care of the sick, take up all their spare moments; and although monotonous, laborious, and frequently painful and disgusting, their duties and mode of life are not contrary to longevity. Of the 192 Sisters who had died previous to 1860, and whose remains were then transferred to the new church, seventy-three had lived past 60 years, 14 of whom had reached 80, and 3 attained respectively 90, 92, and 96 years of age.

The revenues of the Community and of the Poor are still kept distinct. The Nuns do not hesitate to spend much of their income for the poor sick and infirm under their care, but are most scrupulous not to touch a farthing of the precious inheritance belonging to the Poor of Christ. These revenues all arise from real estate given to the Hotel-Dieu at its foundation or in the following century. Some of these donations were for the support of the Nuns themselves, others for the use of the poor alone. From the two, a strict economy, and wise administration enabled the Sisters to build the Hospital they now occupy at a cost of over \$250,000. One wing and one of the arms of the cross, belong to the Nuns. The remainder is the property of the Poor. The Church was built on joint account, but the Nuns furnish the means necessary to maintain the dignity of the divine service. The expenses of the house are about \$95,000 per annum.

The Sisters of the Hotel-Dieu have also established hospitals at Tracadie, and Madawaska, N. B.

ANTIGONE.

In our issue of the 17th April, we gave a full synopsis of the plot and incidents of this tragedy. The performance of it, on Wednesday and Thursday of last week in Association Hall, gave the citizens of Montreal an opportunity of hearing the beautiful dialogue, and expressive music, which clothe this noble work. The dramatic interest prevailing throughout the play, the sublimity, variety, and vigour of the sentiments it portrays, the rapidity with which the chain of interesting events is unrolled, give to this ancient tragedy a greater attraction than most modern dramas, whilst it possesses a further charm of quaint simplicity, and freshness heightened by its twenty-three centuries of age. Dramatised according to the possibilities of modern art, and placed on the stage with all the accessories of scenery, costume, and appointments, "Antigone" would draw without a doubt. On Thursday night in its primitive state, it drew a large audience to Association Hall, and was listened to with marked attention and evident delight. The performance was a success. Professor Andrews displayed not only his own powers as an elocutionist and reader, but his talent in training others. For although the several parts sustained by pupils are difficult, and would tax the ability of experienced actors, all acquitted themselves most creditably. The cast was as follows:—Creon, Prof. Andrews; Hamon, Mr. McCorrill; Tiresias, Mr. Baynes; Messenger, Master R. Smith; Sentinel, Master R. Muir; Chorus, Mr. Weir; Antigone, Miss McGarry; Ismeine, Miss Henderson.

The part of Antigone is the most important and requires not only a retentive and ready memory, but vivid sensibility and histrionic talent. Miss McGarry certainly proved herself possessed of all these qualifications. Her elocution is clear and distinct, her voice sympathetic, her gesture expressive and graceful. Her natural modesty did not degenerate into timidity. Her confidence never savored of boldness. We have not heard any *quaint* actress recite as difficult a part with so much fluency, nor identify herself so thoroughly with her assumed character.

Professor Andrews, who conducted the piece, read with energy and excellent intonation the several passages allotted to Creon. The contrast between the haughty imperative accent of the King aroused to wrath and vengeance, and the humble submissive tone of the terror-stricken Monarch, was especially well defined, and very effective.

Mr. Baynes, as Tiresias, the old blind seer, prophesying the punishment about to be inflicted by the angry Gods on Creon, exhibited an intensity and subtlety of feeling and expression seldom witnessed on the stage. He was grand, when, indignant at the imputation of bribery cast upon him by the King, he hurled on Creon's head the curses of the Gods. His exit was followed by loud and continuous applause.

The other young gentlemen all acquitted themselves well, as did also Miss Henderson, whose part, though secondary, was fraught with difficulty.

If the narrative and dialogue of this Greek drama, written 450 years before Christ is so attractive, spoken by young gentlemen in black broad-cloth and white kid gloves, how interesting would they not be on the stage, with the illusions of scenery and correct costume? We throw out the suggestion.

The music of the choruses which occur in this piece, is beautiful in harmony, but, apart from one or two passages does not leave a lasting impression. It was however very well rendered, and on the performance of the singers, Professor Harrison is to be congratulated, as well as on his own precise and classical execution of the piano accompaniment.

We hope the success of this "revival" will encourage the managers of the entertainment to unearth and produce more gems of the same beauty and excellence.