

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

FALLING LEAVES.

Bear with us a while if, setting aside deep anxious questions of philosophy, literature and polity, we consecrate a few moments to musing on the impressive glories of the departing year. There is food for thought even in poetic reveries. There is a worship in the contemplation of the Almighty's wisdom during the revolving seasons.

Gentle reader! lover of the beautiful! admirer of the works of Nature! come to the brown field, come to the bleak, desolate wood and learn a lesson which urban sages cannot teach, which else you may never learn from cabinet lore. Fear not to pass for sentimental. None but the cynic or the epicure is divested of sentiment. Those who affect to laugh have such amiable weaknesses *en temps et lieu*. There is some soft spot in every heart. The *nil admirari* school is hypocritical and has no real existence. Old Sam Johnson pretended to love the shadow of Fleet street more than the cool green lanes of the country, yet see how eloquently he describes rural scenery in his *Rasselas*. It is said that Pope did not appreciate a natural landscape, yet he wrote sweet eclogues, and laid out his Twickenham villa with a gardener's taste. Byron took the Lakers to task for their pastoral pathos, their devotion to Nature, but who has sung better than Childe Harold the elemental grandeur of ocean, Alpine storm and tempestuous night, or the sympathetic beauty of field, forest and fell!

A few weeks ago we mused together on Summer-tide and listened to the multitudinous harmonies of Summer music. Then the meadows and the forest were gay and green. The waters flowed clear and abundant in their channels, the harvests bowed in their fulness, sweet flowers scented the air, ripe fruits hung from the trees, bird and butterfly enlivened the landscape with their colors and their song. But now, all is changed. The law of decline and death is forcibly taught.

"Debemur morti nos nostraque!"

Where all was pleasant noise, now is silence; where all was various colouring, now is dark uniformity; where all was growth and profusion, now all is decay and bleakness. Athwart the favorite woodland where we roamed, the winds blow chill—the birds are hushed—and from the trees the dry yellow leaves are falling, falling! Some fall in a lonely look, some on the deep-rutted wagon road where they are trampled down by the ponderous wheel or the beating hoof; others fall on the tranquil waters which they cover as a mosaic, while others are rudely driven by the shifting winds in eddies over the cold ground. And the sky is ashy grey—small flakes of snow are hovering in the air—the faint infrequent cry of belated birds strikes the listener like a warning—over head dry branches rattle like broken spears, and under our feet the crackling of crisp leaves makes us start with unconscious dread.

Oh! wreck of the forest! Image of existence. We weep to view your widowhood, beautiful trees, for it reminds us that like you we must fade and lose, sooner or later, our health, our wealth and our station. As I lean upon the grey trunk of this hoary elm, and see its red and saffron leaves falling around me, memory goes back to the days of my spring, to the golden days of summer. One by one I have seen them bloom and droop and die, the loved ones of my heart—till I remain forlorn in the solitude of this wood and feel with all the bitter anguish of hopeless love what it is to be alone in the world. Alone! They who have parents, kind brothers, amiable sisters, a warm fireside and rosy hopes, can never understand the crushing blight of that dereliction which deprives one of all that makes life tolerable—of all—even of her who was our last prop, our last consolation in the inevitable sorrows of this world. Alas!

Prayer was vain for death to leave her, prayer that God would stay the fever. Night and morn we both besought Him to remove the hectic bloom; Spring-tide gave the fatal blooming, summer found the bud consuming, And God took her in the autumn and the red leaves strewed her tomb.

The last leaf falls from the elm, the last loved one passes from earth and it is very dark. Yet we may not weep as they who have no trust. There is a comfort for every woe,—a ray of hope amidst the gloom of every despondency. The falling leaves form the fertile mould out of which the spring flowers and the summer corn will grow, and our sorrows and our heart-aches will yet turn to fountains of unmixed gladness in the days that are eternal.

FOOT NOTES.

THE French Assembly has voted 2,600,000 francs for the restoration of historical monuments in France.

A MOVEMENT is made in England to reform the traditional civic robes that now make every state ceremony more or less ridiculous. The wearers desire robes suited to modern times.

THE soundings for the submarine tunnel between England and France are being carried on actively. They are at this moment directed to the part of the straits near the English coast, at a few miles from the shore. Each evening the vessel which carries the commissioner returns to Dover, Calais or Boulogne, and work is recommenced the next day. The engineers charged with the labor are perfectly satisfied with the results obtained. So far, nothing has occurred to destroy their assumptions relative to the depths.

THE FLANEUR.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS was spread out on the drawing room table, as it should always be. The lamps were lighted and the children were looking at the pictures. They came to Guibord's stone coffin represented as now lying in Reid's marble yard.

"What's this they call it?" asked the youngest.

"A sarcophagus," said Minnie, her sweet lips putting the accent on the penultimate with delicious incoherence.

"No, it's a mausoleum," said Fanny, emphasizing the antepenult with a beautiful disregard of prosody.

"Well, I don't know what you girls may call it," said Frank, who is a commercial clerk, "but I should say it was a pretty safe arrangement."

Thomas Workman and Thomas White were the two candidates at the late election for Montreal West. A gentleman who presented himself at the Canning Street polling booth was about checking his ballot, when a Workman canvasser made for him with the peculiar persuasive familiarity which is characteristic of the tribe.

"You vote for our candidate, of course, Mr. Blank," winking the right eye.

"Oh! yes, T. W. is my man," winking the left eye.

"That's right, that's right. Hallo there! (to reporter who had just come up for reliable news) that's one more for Tom Workman."

The elector had voted for Tom White.

To a grumbler who complained that the Montreal papers were heavy reading a reporter demurred and stated that at least two of our journals furnished light literature.

Namely?

The *Star* and the *Sun*.

There was considerable cross voting at the late election in this city.

It turns out now that the Tanneries Scandal was no scandal at all, but a perfectly legal transaction. In giving his decision, however, the learned judge admitted that there was a "nebulous" aspect of the case. If he had said a *nibblesome* aspect, he would have been nearer the mark.

Jones says he won't wear rubbers this winter. For why? He has fore sworn liquor and cards.

The Indians say that early torpor among frogs and some other quadrupeds is a sign of a severe winter. If the same rule applies to bipeds, we fear the winter will be severe indeed.

A mason is a workman, but a workman is not necessarily a mason. The French electors of Montreal have been taught this distinction. They voted for a Workman and wouldn't vote for a Mason.

HEARTH AND HOME.

TRUE RELIGION.—The beauty of a religious life is one of its greatest recommendations. What does it profess? Peace in mankind. It teaches us those arts which will contribute to our present comfort as well as our future happiness. Its greatest ornament is charity; it inculcates nothing but love, and sympathy, and affection; it breathes nothing but the purest spirit of delight, and, in short, is a system perfectly calculated to benefit the heart, improve the mind, enlighten the understanding.

METHOD.—We are in danger of ruining our promising plans, in themselves very good, by the habit of putting off till to-morrow what may be done to-day. "That letter may be answered to-morrow; that request of my friend may be attended to to-morrow, and he will be no loser." True, but you are the loser; for the yielding to one such temptation is the signal for the yielding up of the whole citadel to the enemy. "That note and that valuable fact may be recorded in my common-place book to-morrow." True, but every such indulgence is a heavy loss to you. Every hour should be perseveringly filled up.

THE SECRET OF THE SOCIAL QUEENS.—A singular influence is possessed by some women. We have always found that they were women who looked up to themselves—not necessarily brilliant persons, not necessarily witty, but original—of course a person is original who takes great pains to form his or her convictions—and then as most women are sympathetic, this combination of originality and sympathy makes them the most charming companions—more charming, of course, than men of the like self-respecting nature, because such men may not be sympathetic, whereas the women are nearly sure to be so.

STUDY.—Any man who is really anxious to study can do so infinitely better by himself, with the help of books, than he can possibly do by attending any lectures that may be delivered. It is hardly possible for any man, unless he attends a long course of lectures—which a thousand unforeseen accidents may prevent him from being able to do—to study in that manner any subject systematically and consecutively; and, moreover, inasmuch as the lecturer has to address himself to a very large number at once, and of different capacities, he must address himself in such a manner as to be understood by all. But a man who studies and reads for himself can pick out for his reading that class of information which he is most capable of assimilating and digesting.

FOR THE SAKE OF THE CHILDREN.—How many plans are formed, labours endured, sacrifices made "for the sake of the children"! Families change their residences; parents in middle life their habits; fathers strain their powers, and mothers deny themselves. There is one form in which the most valuable of all services may be rendered to the young ones—too often forgotten. Give them education. They may lose money, real estate may get out of their hands, but a trained mind goes through life, cannot be stolen, and is not convertible. Buy them books rather than delicacies, sweet-meats and costly toys. Give them good, attractive reading, adapted to memory, taste, and fancy. See that it is pure. Habituate them to find pleasure in reading and in talking of what they read, rather than of persons. Make home happy to them in this way, and let them become informed, companionable, and abundant in resources of pleasure and entertainment. Good schools, good books, and general reading matter—get them these, if they have to do without other things; and, to secure a right direction to educated minds, give them by word and example good principles. Let them grow up with the idea that it is not needful to be rich, famous, or influential, but that it is essential to do what is right.

HINTS ON FEMALE EDUCATION. The minds of children are similar to wax, easily taking every impression. Endeavour, therefore, to imprint a good choice of images on their minds, while the characters are easily formed, and when no bad impressions have yet been made. Begin early to teach children patience, and docility, otherwise they will become violent and impetuous. Be as indulgent to them as possible; be not irritated by their faults, but pity their weakness. Suffer them to be gay and familiar before you, that you may know their real dispositions. Do not give them a distaste for religion by being too rigid; but rather describe it as it really is, beautiful, just, and amiable. It is necessary to be strict with some children, but never employ severity, unless on urgent necessity; otherwise you will break their spirit, irritate them if they are violent, or render them stupid if they are meek. Children are always irritating. This disposition produces infinite mischief when they are nurtured by persons of unamiable character, but is sometimes productive of great advantage, as they may attain excellence from proper models. Most children are fond of ridicule; you should be careful therefore to repress this disposition.

OCTAVE FEUILLET.

Thackeray asserted that it required two years to produce a good novel; M. Feuillel asks for double that time, and his merit in this is all the greater as he is a rapid thinker and writer, and could if he pleased turn out his two novels a year like *Mdme. George Sand*, or his half-dozen like the late *Alexandre Dumas*. But he is a conscientious worker, and his method might be commended to many who practise literary composition as a pot-boiling science. M. Feuillel first gets the "idea" of his novel in mind and then reflects over it for a twelvemonth. During this time he mentally conceives his characters, draws descriptions of them as if he were sketching living personages, and takes notes of psychological peculiarities, eccentricities, witticisms, &c., which he may meet with or hear of in society, all with a view to introducing them in his book. After a year of this gestation he takes up the pen; and writing from a full mind, dashes off the novel from the first line to the last without even glancing over the sheets which he throws behind him. Such as it then is the novel would be gratefully accepted by many a publisher who would see in it nothing to alter; but M. Feuillel regards this first draft as merely a rough sketch, and, having collected his chapters, he locks them up in a desk for three months, so as to be able to revise them with a freshened mind. He then goes over the whole work chapter by chapter, lopping dialogues, filling up outlines of character, putting in descriptions of scenery, and, in fact, painting the backgrounds of his scenes. This done, he recopies the work, and then—here we venture to submit he does wrong—reads it in private committee to friends whose judgments he accepts with rather too much deference in the matter of suppressions or additions. After this the novel goes to the printer's and again the proofs undergo such a searching ordeal of revision that sometimes—as in the case of the current serial—a year elapses between the delivery of the first slip, and the moment when the author gives the *bon à tirer*.

CAMILLE.

The history of the *Dame aux Camélias*—that most successful play of the last half century—as recently made public, forms a curious episode in the annals of the drama. How it was carried from theatre to theatre in vain, how *Adèle Page* and *Mdlle. Fargueil* scornfully refused to create the part of the heroine (the latter remarking, "I do not know how such creatures behave"), how the censure prohibited it, and the *corps dramatique* of the Vaudeville scoffed at it, are all facts upon which its now celebrated creator must look back with mingled wonder and amusement. At one of the first rehearsals, when *Dumas* made some suggestion to *Fechter* (who created *Armand Duval*) relating to his acting in the fourth act, the future *Hamlet* sneeringly remarked, "You need not trouble yourself about the fourth act, for the piece will be hissed off the stage long before that point is reached." The sequel is well known. Twenty-three years have elapsed since the play was first given to the public, and first

created that immense and decided sensation which many Parisian theatre-goers still remember, and its vitality still remains unimpaired. It has been transformed into an operatic libretto, and, by the power and pathos of its situations and incidents, was enabled to carry some of the weakest of Verdi's music into lasting popularity. In some respect it is the best of the many plays of the younger *Dumas*. It is the sincerest; it bears the imprint of youthful impetuosity and trustfulness in human nature; it tells a tale of sacrifice and sorrow and self devotion such as a true-hearted public is wont to listen to with interest and applause. The *Demi-Monde* is a far more finished and perfect work of art. But *La Dame aux Camélias* will live on the boards long after the polished cynicism of its late successor has been decently interred on the shelves of a library.

LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

Barry Gray, in the *N. Y. Home Journal*, writes:—Some thirty years ago, Mr. Henry Russell, the musical composer, asked Mr. Sargent to write a song for him, leaving the subject to the author's selection. In a walk on the Battery, at New York, the sight of the vessels in the harbor dashing through the sparkling waters, in the morning sunshine, suggested the "Life on the Ocean Wave," and the poet had finished it in his mind before the walk was completed. Upon showing it to a friend, himself a song-writer, his criticism was, that it was "a very fair lyric, but was not a song." I draw from this the conclusion that, though a man may be able to indite clever songs himself, he may not be able to judge correctly of the merit of another's songs. Sargent, somewhat disheartened, put the verses into his pocket, concluding that they might do to publish, but not to set to music. A few days after he met Russell at Hewitt's music store, and showed him the piece, informing him, at the same time, that it would not do, but that he would try again. "Let us go into the back room and try it on the piano," said Russell. They went. Russell sat down before the instrument, placed the words before him, studied them attentively for a few minutes, humming a measure as he read, then threw his fingers over the keys; tried once, twice, thrice, and finally exultingly struck out the present melody to which the "Life on the Ocean Wave" is set. He certainly was not more than ten minutes about it, though he gave a day afterward to scoring and writing out the music. The song, as all are aware, became immensely popular, and many thousands were sold before the year was out. In England three different music publishers issued it in various styles. The parodies that have been made on it are almost innumerable.

LITERARY.

RENAN is in Italy engaged in writing a novel.

MR. AUBREY DE VEILE has completed and is preparing for the press a drama on the subject of Thomas Becket, which will be published in the spring.

MR. MURRAY announces "Eight Months at Rome during the Vatican Council," containing a daily account of the proceedings, by Pomponio Leto, translated from the original.

It appears that a daily illustrated paper is about to be published in London. It is to be conducted after the style of the *New York Daily Graphic* and to contain illustrations of the leading events of the day.

MRS. CHARLES, author of the "Schonberg-Cotta Family," has in press a new story, "The Notebook of the Bertram Family." It is a sort of sequel to her former work, "Winifred Bertram."

JAMES REDPATH has withdrawn from the popular Lyceum Bureau which he started several years ago and has developed into an important business. His health is too much impaired for the active exertions and care of the agency.

It is stated that the great work upon which Mr. Gladstone is engaged, and to which he has more than once made allusion, is "The Claims of the Papacy as viewed by the Light of History." His library at Hawarden is said to contain loads of books on this subject.

THE Admiralty have just completed the establishment of seamen's libraries. The libraries contain such works as Trollope's novels, Chamber's Scientific and entertaining works, Alison's Europe, Thackeray's works, the whole of Mayne Reid's and Fenimore Cooper's novels, Murray's various handbooks of the world, &c. The whole number contracted for the first issue was 29,578 volumes, upon which nearly £400 has been spent in extra bindings.

For thirty-six years Mr. Delane has been connected with the *Times*. He was only twenty-two when, in 1839, he became Mr. Barnes's assistant editor, and two years later he became full editor—an instance of youthful precocity as remarkable in its way as Pitt's Premiership at the same age. Mr. Delane, after having broken down once or twice, finds it absolutely necessary to take a lengthy holiday, which, at sixty-one, and after such arduous work as his, he certainly deserves. It is stated that Dr. Dewart will, for a time, take his place.

M. VICTOR HUGO is not, as was announced, engaged on the second part of *Quatre-Vingt-Treize*. At present he is correcting the proofs of a poem, *Les Quatre Vents de l'Espoir*, which is to be his next publication. *La Fin de Satan*, another poem announced a year ago, is also finished, and the fact of Victor Hugo having gone a month to Guernsey to fetch the MS. of it points to a prompt publication. The poet has not, as was announced, given up his house in Guernsey; Hauteville House remains in his possession, and henceforth he proposes to pass part of the year there.

MILTON's house in Westminster is still standing, although slightly altered. It is situated on York st., and is not many yards from the James's Park station of the Underground District Railway. It has been lately occupied by a fishmonger, who placed over his shop front the words: "The Noted Fried Fish Shop." William Hazlitt lived in this house for some time, and caused the tablet to Milton's memory to be fixed to the garden front of the house, which now looks toward the Wellington Barracks. In Milton's time the house had a gabled roof similar to two or three other old houses in York st. Subsequently the walls were raised, and the top story now terminates in a square parapet. Milton's garden extended in his time quite up to the Park, and Lord Sendmore was a near neighbor of his, also having a house in York st. in Cromwell's time.