

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE PARIS GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

The entrance is by the Rue Halevy and the door which leads directly into the *Salle d'attente*. This entrance and all the adjacent accommodation, is reserved exclusively for *abonnés*, or holders of subscription boxes, whose carriages here drive close up to the doors of the waiting-room. The latter is a vast circular hall, completely free from draught and similar in conveniences, and leading to the grand staircase, which fronts the chief facade of the Place de l'Opera, by a spacious and commodious corridor. Nothing can be more admirable than the whole of this arrangement. It is on emerging from from this corridor that the grand staircase bursts upon one in all the magnificence of its present unrivalled decorations. It is literally one mass of gold and bronze and marble and onyx combined with the richest draperies, statuary, and everything that the most lavish expenditure and elaborate ornamentation can bestow upon it. The sight of it is absolutely overpowering, and the impression certainly is that the decorative part is overdone, and yet it is impossible to deny, or not to feel, how very effective and striking it is as a whole. The dimensions, in fact, are so vast that it seems capable of bearing almost all that has been put upon it. The view from the foot of the staircase up to the first grand gallery above is one of the most gorgeous, perhaps, to be found in the inside of any building. The gallery itself is a change of style, for its ornamentation is entirely Italian. Its roof glitters with the most brilliant glass enamel and mosaic work of Byzantine character, while the floor is inlaid with marble mosaics of the same country and period. No less than five hundred millions of these mosaics have been employed either on the roofs or walls or floorings of the galleries and corridors. From the first gallery we proceed to the grand *foyer* or saloon, which runs along the whole breadth of the facade, and immediately behind the gallery and its *loggie*, as the Italians call them, which faces the Place de l'Opera. Here, new sources of amazement await the eye; for nothing can exceed the stupendous grandeur of this gigantic gallery. Its sides are lined with columns of part Indian, part Byzantine, part classical composition—all these styles and periods being more or less combined in the decoration of their bases, which ascend as high as one-third of the shaft, and in their not less elaborate capitals. The effect is gorgeous in the extreme, and baffles all verbal description. The lofty roof is adorned with the paintings of Baudry and other French artists, and the walls are adorned with antique masks, exquisitely carved, with marble pannels, gold and glittering enamels and mosaics in lavish profusion. And now re-passing again the first circle, we enter the theatre proper itself. The dimensions of the parts already visited are so gigantic that the *Salle* itself seems hardly proportionate, and it is only after a longer survey that you discover it to be equal to, if not beyond, the utmost limits of which the human voice is capable of making itself heard effectively. Its form is an elliptical semicircle of great elegance, the centre of the arch being deeply depressed, so as to give a frontage which is at once imposing in its wide sweep and commodious and roomy in its arrangements. The angles of the house are broken by double ranges of columns, between which tiers of boxes are placed.

HON. ISAAC BURPEE.

The Minister of Customs is new to public life. He was first returned to Parliament for St. John, N. B., at the general elections of 1872, and appointed to office, November 7, 1873. He is the eldest son of the late Isaac Burpee of Sheffield, N. B., and was born there, 28th November 1825. He was also educated there. He is Vice-President of the Evangelical Alliance of New Brunswick, Treasurer of St. John Industrial School, and a Director of the Confederation Life Association. He has also been Mayor of the town of Portland for several years. For the particulars concerning Mr. Burpee and Mr. Fournier, we are indebted to that excellent little publication, Morgan's *Parliamentary Companion*.

HON. TELESPHORE FOURNIER.

This gentleman was born at St. François, Rivière du Sud, Montmagny, in the year 1824. His education was performed at Nicolet College, after which he undertook the study of law. He was called to the Bar of Lower Canada in 1846, and created a Queen's Counsel in 1863. He has been *Batonnier* of the Quebec Bar, and President of the Council of the Bar of the Province of Quebec. Mr. Fournier always took an active part in politics, and his stand was uniformly in the van of advanced Liberalism. He was one of the editors of *Le National*, Quebec. He presented himself as a candidate for the Canadian Assembly, in 1857, but was defeated. He was unfortunate on other occasions, but he never lost courage and was finally returned to the House of Commons for Bellechasse, in 1870. He still represents that County. He sat for Montmagny in the Quebec Assembly, from 1871 till November 1873, when he resigned on being sworn of the Privy Council, and appointed Minister of Inland Revenue. When Mr. Dorion accepted the Chief Justiceship of the Province of Quebec, Mr. Fournier was promoted to the Department of Justice, in 1874.

SETTING THE TASK.

Aleck Mackenzie need not put on such airs, for he is only a school boy after all, and on his good behaviour. If he doesn't look

sharp, he may be supplanted by other boys in the form. True to say, however, Aleck is a shrewd boy; and he has worked hard to get to his present place. Dame Canada, the school marm, is well pleased with him, and to show him off, she has set before him a series of pretty rude tasks. Aleck has plenty of work cut out for the next three months; but, evidently, the mistress feels confident that he will get through with it successfully—and that is also the general opinion.

FRENCH INTENDANT'S PALACE.

Every reader of Canadian history is acquainted with Talon, the first Intendant, who came over with Tracy. Talon was a great man. His office was as important as that of the Governor, and his palace was filled with courtiers. Under one of his successors, Bigot, the palace was the scene of many an intrigue, worthy of Versailles. A French Canadian writer, Marmette, has made the old palace the central point of one of his best novels.

KITTENS AND FISH.

Pussy probably means no harm, as he peeps down into the glass where the golden fishes swim; but his green eyes, and rigid whisker frighten the poor little floaters, and out of very dread they may shoot to the bottom of the water and die. Perhaps, too, Pussy's pacific intentions may not altogether be trusted. The cat is a treacherous animal at best.

CHATEAU IN THE FOREST.

Embowered in foliage, and looking out on the dusk, leafy avenue, it reminds one of a scene in Boccaccio. In such a wood, and before such a casement, might Romeo have first spied his Juliet, and whispered his first avowals of love; or, perhaps, the maiden in the window is Leonora, and the dark figure between the trees is Manrico, the Troubadour, singing his delicious ballad, *deserto sulla terra*.

CECILE IN ROME.

A perfect type of the plump-faced, black-eyed, round-armed beauty of Rome, such as is often met in the Trastevere, amid the lowliest scenes of poverty and discomfort. When grown to maturity, Cecile may yet be the *diva* of the stage, or the wife of a decayed Italian nobleman.

MARITANA.

Who has not heard the opera of Wallace, the old English band-master? He has immortalized Don Cesar de Bazan, in song, and Maritana as well. As she sits there, pensive and musing, where may her sweet thoughts be straying? Perhaps she is crooning that divine melody, "Scenes that are brightest."

AMERICAN CENTENNIAL.

This noteworthy event, which will take place in 1876, is already beginning to attract world-wide attention. Vast preparations are being made for its fit celebration throughout the United States, and especially in Philadelphia. All the nations of the world will be officially represented there. We give to-day a view of the splendid building destined to contain the gallery of fine arts.

COURRIER DES DAMES.

LOVE IN MIDDLE AGE.—Perhaps love is never so potent as when it seizes upon those who have passed the prime of life. The choice made is then likely to be thoroughly suited to the nature of the man; and any intellectual gifts on the part of the woman are likely to be more attractive to a man of this age than to a younger person. Besides, there is a feeling that, as life is not likely to be very long, this late love is the last thing to be clung to; and that after it, should it be lost, all will be desolation.

ATTENTION TO THE OLD.—A little thoughtful attention, how happy it makes the old. They have outlived most of the friends of their early youth. How lonely their hours! Often their partners in life have long filled silent graves; often their children have followed to the tomb. They stand solitary, bending on their staff, waiting till the call shall reach them. How often they must think of absent, lamented faces; of the love which cherished them, and the tears of sympathy which fell with theirs, now all gone. Why should not the young cling around and comfort them, cheering their gloom with songs and happy smiles?

WOMEN AGAINST WOMEN.—Tale-bearing and idle gossiping is, under all circumstances, and by whomsoever indulged in, a most unprofitable and disreputable business; but when it assumes the form of malicious slanders, it at once becomes a crime, even though the poisonous darts are so shaped that the strong arm of the law may be unable to protect or redress the wrongs of the ones thus injured. But the most serious, very worst feature of slander, is that which is invented or circulated by one woman against another. A woman writes of this great wrong as follows. It is appropriate to the present time, and may be read with profit by all:—"Women against women is a problem none can solve. Why do women stab their own sex so mercilessly—strike so ruthlessly? Many a pure, sensitive woman has been stung to death by such injustice—too often by unfounded rumour. Who that has ever traced the torrent of rumour to its source did not find that vivid imagination

had coloured it till facts and reason had been lost in the whirl? Slander rears its hydra head everywhere, and all good, pure women—and, thank heaven! there are many—disdain to listen to a story against another, unsupported by proof. If women could realize how pained and disappointed all true men are to hear too often nothing, while in their own society, but depreciation of their own sex, they would be nobler and truer women. Men—even bad men—never endorse a woman's trying to injure her own sex; whatever her motive may be it matters not."

CHINESE MAXIMS.—Let every one sweep the snow from his own door, and not busy himself about the frost on his neighbor's tiles. Great wealth comes by destiny; moderate wealth by industry. The ripest fruit will not fall into your mouth. The pleasure of doing good is the only one that does not wear out. Dig a well before you are thirsty. Water does not remain in the mountains, nor vengeance in great minds.

HOST AND GUEST.—"In all grades of society," says a modern writer, "the host is too often the generous simpleton who squanders his money in entertaining his supposed friends, and the guest is the man who fattens at his expense and laughs at him for his trouble. I am sure it would puzzle my readers to remember many parties they have attended at which some invidious remarks were not made about the host or hostess. If the host and hostess are all right—that is, if he owes no man a copper and is as pure as Elijah, and she is dead-in-life enough to escape censure, the management of the entertainment is at fault. Somebody is present that should not have been invited; others are not invited whose absence is regretted. If nothing else, the viands are at fault. The guest forgets that to him the people whose bread he eats should be sacred, and does not always realize that he is under obligations for hospitality, which he is often either disinclined or unable to return. I speak in the masculine gender, because men are frequently more censorious, and always more sarcastic than women. Yet women do their share in that direction. I remember an instance where two sisters, while enjoying a friend's hospitality, had occasion to repair to the dressing room in the course of the evening. There, while adjusting the nameless but indispensable accessories of dress, believing themselves alone, the conversation turned upon the family whose hospitality they were abusing. Those only who have not heard or indulged in the interchange of such gushing confidence need be told the pungent personalities, mortifying reminiscences, and disagreeable facts, together with idle gossip and false reports raked up. Meanwhile, the ladies were not alone. Two little visitors in the family were hovering around the doorway, and, attracted by the subject of conversation, settled down, stiller than mice, on a sofa within earshot. As a natural consequence, the sisters were deliberately cut by the lady so ill-naturedly "talked over" the first time she met them in public; and thus they lost a valuable friend, to their mortification, as her position in society was superior to their own. Is it not possible that other society friendships have been terminated for similar reasons? Not taking into consideration the fitness of things, it is a matter of policy for the guest to outwardly respect his host, and he who will not do so should be placed under a social ban."

THE DIANA KNOT.—A Washington correspondent writes: "The new Diana knot has been adopted by a few brave pioneers in hair-dressing. It is what, familiarly known as a 'peg,' has been popular always among ladies during their morning toilets. Indeed, too many of them, now trying to combine the basely modern 'changs' with the severely classical twist, look for all the world as if they were getting ready to wash their faces. They have yet to learn that the statuesque coiffure requires, if not a glossy smoothness, at least only a suspicion of crimps. It is a very rational fashion, and theoretically ought to be universally becoming, for its simplicity would be a foil to beautiful and a relief to plain faces, and a conveniently moderate style to those that are not strictly one thing or the other. It was displayed to perfection by a lovely blonde at Mrs. Fisk's the other night, who wore her waving golden hair in a low, small twist fastened by a silver arrow tipped with diamonds."

HAGARENE.

Tom boys are very well in their way, but they ought to know when to stop their fooleries. There comes an age when a girl is a girl, and can no longer afford to carry on the wildnesses of the other sex. Mariette seems never to have learned this lesson. As she said herself, she "never had a chance, even as a child." She had to make out for herself, and her character spread out as it would. Her father had held a good position, but lost it through disgraceful conduct, and left Mariette to take care of herself. She did this with a vengeance. She began life by disguising herself as a beggar, and hanging around a racing stable, picking up professional secrets which she could make use of to advantage. Using this information, her scape-grace father and an associate of his were enabled to make large sums of money. This was well enough, so far as it went, but Mariette was ambitious of making some money for herself. For this she thought marriage as convenient an avenue as any other. So she married Leonard Clyde. Leonard was a poor miserable drunkard, but he was heir to a fortune of millions. Mariette married him in the hope

that he would soon drink himself to death, and that thus she would be free to inherit his millions. Her husband was an officer in a British regiment, and that regiment was quartered in Ireland. Thither Mariette followed Clyde. Of course, she soon had an adventure there. Mrs. Clyde was a handsome, dashing woman, and at once found many admirers among Leonard's brother officers. Two of these—a major and a subaltern—were particularly captivated by her charms. The usual result followed. The two rivals quarreled, and the major murdered the subaltern. The latter had been rather the favourite of the twain with Mrs. Clyde, but this did not prevent her visiting the major in prison, and clandestinely supplying him with just that dose of poison which saved him from the gallows and her from further disgrace. She thus rid herself of both these encumbrances "with as little remorse as she would have drowned blind puppies fifteen in the litter."

Still Mrs. Clyde was not satisfied. Her husband disappointed her. Leonard had not drunk himself to death, and, what was worse, he had been deprived of his prospective millions by the utter bankruptcy of his father. For a spirited woman, this was a situation not to be endured. She insisted upon a divorce, and got it. Clyde went off somewhere to South America, where his broken down constitution soon succumbed to dissipation and the climate. Mrs. Clyde gathered up all the money still remaining to her from her turf speculations, and, in conjunction with a typical and congenial French woman, opened an elegant card-salon in a central part of London. There the butterflies of fashion were soon allured in crowds, and there the gold-dust of their wings was filched from them. Among the frequenters of the salon was a young fellow called Tempest, whose antecedents no one knew, not even himself. He had some money, a handsome face, elegant manners, and for all else in the world he cared nothing. Yes, there was an exception, he loved the fair widow of Leonard Clyde. To her in time he was married, but, by mutual agreement, the marriage was kept a profound secret, so as not to injure the business of Madame. This mystery, of course, left Mariette open to other suitors, chief among whom figured Lord Ormskirke. He proposed to her, but she durst not refuse him, because that would be betraying her secret. What was to be done? The position became all the more embarrassing when she discovered that Lord Ormskirke was probably no other than the father of Tempest. The unsuspecting progenitor wanted his son to marry the daughter of an attorney about town, so as to get him out of the way. As is evident, all those circumstances must bring about a crisis. And it came. Lord Ormskirke sent one day to the salon and invited all its inmates to a cruise in his yacht, to be followed by a visit to a famous race course. The voyage was made, and it extended along the pretty coast of France very pleasantly. Then the return to the races. After the races, the whole party rowed back to the ship. A danger, a catastrophe. The boat upset. Mariette floats to a place of temporary safety, but Tempest swims to her rescue. Before doing so, he and Ormskirke confront each other, and the secret is told. Then Tempest plunges forward, seizes his wife by the waist, they kiss fervently, and sink to rise no more. We are not quite clear whether Ormskirke drowned himself then and there, or whether he swam to shore, a sadder and a wiser man. The French woman emigrated to Provence, and there entered upon a life of rigid asceticism. Such is the outline of a story called *Hagarene*, by the famous author of "Guy Livingstone." Our readers may judge of it for themselves. We preferred to give them this outline, rather than any critical remarks of our own. They will probably be able to decide, as well as we, whether such novels are worth writing, or being written, whether they are worth reading. Mr. Lawrence is a man of learning, of an evidently wide knowledge of the world, and as a writer, he holds a high rank. It is a pity that he does not see fit to turn his talents to better advantage than to the production of such perishable stuff. The book is published in the usual paper series of Harpers, and is for sale by Dawson Bros., of this city. If anybody wishes to pay seventy-five cents for it, he is welcome to the book, and, we doubt not, will find the value of his money.

DOMESTIC.

TURNOVERS.—Flour, two pounds; lard, one pound; salt, half a teaspoonful. Water enough to make paste. Take any berries you like, and lay them in the centre of the crust. Turn over the crust. Lap the edges together. Lay in piepan and bake.

HEADACHES.—For sick headache, dissolve equal parts of table-salt and Epsom salts in water, and take a very small quantity on getting up in the morning. For nervous headache, shampoo the head with a quart of cold water, in which a dessertspoonful of soda has been dissolved.

SARDINE OMELET.—Break two or three eggs into a basin, beat up well with a little salt, warm your pan, melt some butter; when it ceases to bubble, pour in the mixture; as it sets put in two or three cleaned sardines, turn the omelet over them or double it up, when sufficiently fried send to table at once. An omelet should be eaten directly, or it falls and gets tough.

OYSTER SOUP, No. 1.—Take two quarts of oysters, and drain them through a fork from their liquor; wash them in one water to free them from grit. Take two thin slices of the lean of ham, and cut in small pieces; some parsley, thyme, and onion tied in a bunch as thick as your thumb; strain the oyster liquor; put all in together, with pepper and salt. When almost done, add a lump of butter as big as an egg, rolled in flour, with a gill of good cream.