

THE PRAISE OF RHYME.

(RONDEL.)

How I love the words that rhyme
Jingling gayly as they go;
Making music like a chime
Rung in summer's amber glow!

When Anonian breezes blow
See them lightly dance in time;
How I love the words that rhyme
Jingling gayly as they go!

Prithce, do'st thou call it crime
That I pipe their praises so,
Singing in a southern clime?
Surely all ye bards will know
How I love the words that rhyme,
Jingling gayly as they go!

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

REST.

Sweet is the pleasure
Itself cannot spoil!
Is not true leisure
One with true toil?

Thou that would'st taste it,
Still do thy best;
Use it, not waste it,—
Else 'tis no rest.

Would'st behold beauty
Near thee? all round?
Only hath duty
Such a sight found.

Rest is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to its sphere.

'Tis loving and serving,
The highest and best;
'Tis onwards! unswerving,—
And that is true rest.

—JOHN SULLIVAN DWIGHT.

AN EVENING WITH THE CANADIAN HABITANTS.

The supper table was soon spread with an oiled cloth, a pewter spoon for each person, and a soup plate for me. We sat down, ten of us, about the little table, large enough for only four. They sat almost spoon fashion, getting only one shoulder and arm up to the table. A milk-pan filled with pea soup with bread broken into it stood in the middle of the table; and after helping me to a plateful they all began to eat from the pan; each one filled his spoon, drew it across the edge of the pan, and then carried it to his mouth. It was an odd sight to see those nine arms so actively and irregularly converging at the pan, and then withdrawing from the skirmish to re-appear at once. It was rather a shadowy supper, with the light of only one small lamp. But the eating was not ill-mannered or untidy. When the soup was finished, one of the girls wiped all our spoons on a towel she had across her knees, and a pan of bread and milk was soon dispatched as the soup had been. After supper the men withdrew to chairs along the wall, while the women resumed their work about the little lamp on the table. Some of them sewed and knitted, one peeled potatoes for breakfast, and the young wife stropped a razor with some persistence and much awkwardness. When it was sharp she brought forth other implements, and then beckoned to her husband, saying, in rather a commanding tone, "Come, now." He slouched to the table and sat down in her chair. She went at him, unbuttoned his shirt, gave him a most thorough scrubbing with a coarse homespun towel, and then lathered and shaved his chin. And he took it all very quietly too. The young women afterward retired to a quiet corner of the room and performed as nearly as possible the same kind of toilet. Meanwhile we chatted about the United States and the revival of business there. One of the sons had passed two years working in a brick-yard at Haverstraw, and, like many of his countrymen, he had returned with some heretical admiration of our more progressive civilization. Emigration to the United States is energetically opposed by Church and State, so in praising the wonders of New York I became an emissary of the devil, which increased the interest of my position. The young man kindled at once, and felt impatient at the skepticism of his parents, but he showed this only by a faint expression of hopelessness; and the opposition of the old people, though quite positive, was equally silent and considerate. I soon relieved them by drawing their attention to my fly-rod, gun, and other accoutrements, and it relieved my own conscience to abandon thus the character of an unwelcome emissary. At an early hour in the evening the old gentleman turned to me and said, with a very practical air,

"Well, now, we're going to pray to God. What'll you do?"

"All right, sir, go ahead, and I'll listen to you."

They all knelt here and there about the room, each erect on his knees, facing the black cross on the wall; the mother said the prayers in a rapid, monotonous voice, and the others replied with equal rapidity. After this audible service they still remained kneeling for a long time while each one finished his chaplet independently; then each one arose and went off to bed. There were fourteen in the family; about half of them went into the next room, where there were but two bedsteads. But they drew out trundle-beds from under these, raised the lid of a large chest, opened the hollow seat of a bench, and

then jacked themselves away in these receptacles. They spread a buffalo-robe and some blankets on the floor for me that first night.

"I ask your pardon, sir," said M. Tremblay, "for putting you to sleep here alone; and if you are not afraid, we'll spread your ben in the next room with the rest of the family. To-morrow the *créatures* (women) will put up a bedstead for you in there; it won't be so lonesome."

The French-Canadian peasants are generally rather small, but sturdy, muscular, well-knit. They are dull-looking, but their rather heavy faces are not animal and coarse. Even the young women are very seldom pretty, but they are all wholesome, modest, and unaffected. As they advance in life they become stout, and reach old age with a comfortable and placid expression. The beauty of the race seems to be confined to the children, who are bright, robust, and cheric. Thus the people are externally unprepossessing, but the more I study them, the more I like them for the quiet courtesy and perfect simplicity of their manners, and their hospitality and unfailing kindness.

Several types of Canadians were there, each standing as a page of the country's history. There was the original Canadian, the peasant of Normandy and Brittany, just as he was when first landed on the shores of the St. Lawrence over two hundred years ago; he has kept his material and mental traits with such extraordinary fidelity that a Canadian travelling now in those parts of France seems to be meeting his own people. He is a small, muscular man of dark complexion, with black eyes, a round head, rather impervious, and an honest face, rather heavy with inertia. He sums up the early days of Canada, when endurance and courage of no ordinary stamp were required to meet the want, the wars, and the hardships of their struggle. And his phenomenal conservatism was not a whit too strong to preserve his nationality after the conquest of Canada by a race having entirely opposite tendencies. There also was the Canadian with Indian blood; he is by no means a feeble element in the population, in either numbers or influence. He is often well marked with Indian features—high cheeks, small black eyes, and slight beard. The most characteristic specimens are called "petis brûlés," like burned stumps, black, gnarly, and angular. But now and then you meet large, fine-looking half-breeds, with a swarthy complexion warmed with Saxon blood. There were no women of low character sent to Canada in the early days, as there were to New Orleans and the Antilles; the few women who came sufficed to marry only a small portion of the colonists, so that many of the gallant Frenchmen, and later some of the Scotch and English, engaged in the fur trade, married squaws, and founded legitimate families of half-breeds. Thus Indian blood became a regular portion of the national body; and the national policy of alliance and religious union with the savages helped the assimilation of Indian traits as well as of Indian blood. There was also the Saxon who had become a Gaul. There are Wrights, Blackburns, McPiersons, with blue eyes and red hair, who can not speak a word of English; and there are Irish tongues rolling off their brogue in French. Some of these strangers to the national body are descendants of those English soldiers who married Canadians and settled here after the conquest. Others are orphans that were taken from some emigrant ships wrecked in the St. Lawrence. But these stragglers from the conquering race are now conquered, made good French Catholics, by the force of their environment, and they are lost as distinctive elements, absorbed in the remarkable homogeneous nationality of the French-Canadian people. The finest type of Canadian peasant is now rare. He is a descendant of the pioneer nobles of France. After the conquest (1763) some of these noble families were too poor to follow their peers back to France; they became farmers; their facilities for education were very limited, and their descendants soon sank to the level of the peasantry about them. But they have not forgotten their birth. They are commanding figures, with features of marked character, and with much of the pose and dignity of courtiers. Some of them, still preserving the traditions of their sires, receive you with the manners a prince might have when in rough disguise.—C. H. FAIRHAM.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, July 7.

A LONG anticipated marriage of a fascinating young actress and a colonel in the army came off the other day.

A NEW door for theatres which opens full width outwardly, but only admits one person at a time, has been invented by Mr. Arnott, of the Lyceum Theatre.

REPRESENTATIONS have been made to certain noble lords and hon. gentlemen, with a view of limiting the patronage exercised by the Usher of the Black Rod.

THE fireworks let off at the Bright commemoration, not the verbal ones, but the pyrotechnic display, cost close upon a thousand, and some hundreds are wanted, by way of subscription, to make up the deficit. Could not J. B. put down a hundred or two? He likes to laud himself in words, and he might not object to pay for the act in fire and smoke.

MONSIEUR CAPEL is expected in London in a few days from Rome, en route to the United States, where he will engage in a lecturing tour, besides undertaking some business in connection with the Propaganda.

At the Reform Club it has been decided to embellish the wall with paintings of the late Mr. Bernal Osborne, and the veteran Mr. C. Villiers, who has for years been one of the most regular frequenters of the club.

WITH regard to the rumor that Mr. Irving is to be knighted, it is now stated that, an informal communication having been made to him on the subject, Mr. Irving has expressed his disinclination to accept such an honor.

THE return of Mr. Ince, Q.C., as Liberal member for Hastings marks another descent from the reporters' gallery to the floor of the house. Mr. Ince was in early life Parliamentary reporter for a London morning paper.

It is said that the National Liberal Club in Trafalgar Square is a financial success, and that as a consequence the committee are considering the advisability of purchasing a site of ground, and building a noble mansion on it for the club.

THE Irving banquet was given on the 4th of July—a covert compliment to America, the land of the great actor, and equally great manager's hopes. As a consequence there were three American stewards, namely, James Russell Lowell, Mr. Henry F. Gilling, manager of the American Exchange, and George F. Smalley, of the New York Tribune.

A GENTLEMAN of Bradford, Mr. B. Hammond, the other day called together about sixty of his relatives, thirty-two of whom were his nephews and nieces, and presented each to whom he was uncle with £740, giving a total of £23,680. This ought to become fashionable. There is the old saying to sanction it of "he that gives quickly gives twice."

THE German band from Saxe-Coburg is the latest addition to the fisheries. They come after a strong favorite in Dan and his merry men, but come with a welcome soldiers can best give to soldiers, and there will be little heart-burning.

THE sixpenny fish dinners, or more properly lunches, at the Exhibition do not pay. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts desires it to be known that she has no interest in the financial prosperity of this cheap banqueting. She simply fitted up the room and presented it to the directors when they were casting about for funds to complete the big show.

TRUE lovers are scarce in this wicked world, but the late Sir George Bowyer was one of them. The woman he loved did not return his affection, and consequently he became a "vert," and took the vows of celibacy. His life was a strange one, and lately he had been somewhat of a hermit. Here was an exceedingly clever man, but hardly appreciated by his own generation.

AN extensive and interesting collection of grain, grasses, specimens of soil and minerals, photographic views of scenery, &c., from Manitoba and the great Canadian North-West, has just been landed at Liverpool, and will be arranged for exhibition at the forthcoming show of the Royal Agricultural Society of York. It is stated that this collection will be the most important that has been sent for the purpose of acquainting British farmers with the resources of the Great Dominion.

By the success of the St. George telephone the question of telephoning over long distances will be finally settled, and there will soon be lines in existence (by the permission of the post office) which will enable any two big towns to talk to each other. But the freedom which would enable us to obtain penny telegrams in London is to be postponed until the sixpenny telegram has succeeded. Our postal authorities will not hear of it. State monopolies are as severe as any other monopolies. They need a vote of the House of Commons to coerce a willing Postmaster-General to give us even sixpenny telegrams.

THE struggle for the presidency of the Royal Society is assuming serious dimensions. It is well known that Mr. Spottiswoode, in spite of his high character and his research, was a mere stop-gap, intended to set at rest for the time being the deadly rivalries of Professor Owen and Professor Huxley. These two gentlemen are once more in the field, burning for the honor of ruling the immortal, but the chances are that the difficulty will be once more solved by electing some harmless dabbler in sixpenny science. The Duke of Albany has been mentioned as a not unlikely candidate; also Prof. Tyndall; but the choice will probably fall on Professor Huxley.

THE House of Commons has at last blossomed into full summer costume. The benches on both sides form one vast bed of white hats, crowning, in most cases, an ample acreage of white waistcoats with coats and "continuations," that are as nearly white as fashion will permit. Nobody else that has a regard for fashion and good taste thinks of wearing a white hat, but the reason the M.P.'s go in for the cabman style of thing is that white does not attract the sun's rays, and there is consequently less danger to superior brains from wearing a white hat to what there is when wearing a black one. The Prime Minister is whitest of all, though Mr. Monk makes a by no means bad second. This eruption of light and airy attire has been as sudden as the change in the weather, and together with the change in the weather is welcomed with joy as an outward and visible sign of the beginning of the end.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

PARIS, July 7.

ONE of the most brilliant marriages of the year is that of the Marquis de Monteynard with Mlle. de Gabriac, the daughter of the Viscountess and Viscount de Gabriac (deceased); he belonged to a family of distinguished diplomatists.

THE marriage of Countess Marie Branicka, eldest daughter of Count and Countess Ladislas Branicki, with Prince George Radzivil, will take place in Paris in October. Prince George is heir to one of the most considerable fortunes in Germany.

A MEETING of Englishmen has been held at Dieppe to consider a proposal for appointing a bishop for Northern Europe. The project did not seem to find much favor, three or four persons only subscribing; but the whole gave a vote of thanks to Bishop Wilkinson for presiding—a cheap gift.

AN announcement in the *Gaulois* is to the effect that "the celebrated English major, Sir John Baeker (*sic*) is organizing a great international cricket competition in which England, America, Austria and France will be represented. The most skilful English and American misses are entering the names in crowds, and the great clubs in London and Paris have promised their support.

THE greatest alarm prevails in the palace at Frohsdorf lest the Count de Chambord should dispose of his property in favor of Don Jaime, the son of Don Carlos. The whole Orleans family is gathering around the deathbed of Monseigneur. The Count de Paris is named as *heritor politique*, but the heir to the property is not yet designated. Even Prince Napoleon has left Prangins for Frohsdorf, animated by a hope as yet but ill defined, and overcome by dread for which he finds no name. He is determined, however, that in any case he will be on the spot as the representative of the *objectivists*, eager to prevent any demonstration or appeal to the people.

A FRENCH notability, but well known to English readers, has gone over to the great majority. Gustave Aimard, who may be called the French Cooper, has just died in Paris. His tales of Indian life and adventure were at one time highly popular, and although of late years he has been somewhat eclipsed by the brilliant extravagances of his countryman, Jules Verne, he has never altogether lost his hold of the public. Aimard was a voluminous writer, and left nearly 100 volumes, but apprehending, perhaps, a change in the popular taste, he made over the whole of his copyrights to his publisher some time ago in return for a modest pension of some £110.

MR. FRANK LINCOLN, the young American humorist whose performances in public and at social entertainments we have so favorably noticed when in London, was invited last week by the Baroness Nathaniel de Rothschild to be present at a grand reception given in honor of the Duc d'Aumale, who was the guest of the lady. The principal Cabinet Ministers, the present members of the Corps Diplomatique, a large number of members of Parliament and the aristocracy were on the occasion, and Mr. Frank Lincoln was called upon to entertain the assemblage in his peculiar way. His humorous sketches afforded infinite amusement and were warmly applauded, being pronounced exceedingly clever, and we have pleasure in complimenting the young American gentleman upon so marked a success.

IN the gallery of the Vienna Academy an original Albert Dürer has been discovered. It was catalogued as a Lucas Krauch. It had been "restored" at some time or other. The restorations have been removed, and the underlying work brought to light. The subject is "The Dead Christ taken down from the Cross, lamented by the Holy Women." Herr Panther, custodian of the gallery, is certain of the authenticity of the picture.