

Our Illustrations.

PERCÉ ROCK AND BONAVENTURE ISLAND.

This remarkable rock lies off Mont Joly, on the south shore of Murray Bay, at a distance of about 50 feet from the shore. Its height is about 300 feet, and it is about 300 yards long, with a width of 30 yards in its widest part. At one time it was pierced with two arches, but about ten years ago the piece of rock, forming with the detached rock shown to the right of the illustration a second arch, fell one night with a thundering crash, almost frightening out of their wits the inhabitants of the neighbouring village who were firmly persuaded that a terrific earthquake was in progress. It is said that no one is ever known to have returned alive from the summit of the rock, and a correspondent informs us that there is a law at Percé condemning to severe punishment any one visiting the rock and returning alive—to this, he says, the law amounts. Bouchette, however, tells a different story. Writing over half a century ago he says:

"Until within a few years this steep rock was considered inaccessible and its only inhabitants were the sea-gull and the cormorant; here they laid their eggs and reared their young in perfect security. A young man of Percé, full of mirth during a holiday, undertook to ascend this rock by means of the lateral arch: his first attempt was unsuccessful—his heart failed him and he descended; but after a minute or two he made a second attempt and to the great astonishment of all the spectators he succeeded, apparently with much ease. He placed a little flag on both extremities of the summit and, by means of ropes and ladders, many others were induced to ascend, partly out of curiosity and partly for the eggs and hay which were there found. The sea-birds being disturbed in their retreat abandoned it, and their departure was considered a public loss, for the fishermen returning from sea in dark and stormy weather were always, if out of their course, guided safely home by the cries of the birds heard from their rocky dwelling; the bold feat of this young man deprived the fishermen of this advantage and the poor of the food which these birds afforded. A police regulation, therefore, with the consent of all the inhabitants, has prohibited any one from ascending this rock during a certain part of the year; this has had the beneficial effect of inducing the birds to return to their ancient habitation, where they now live and multiply under the protection of the law."

During the summer months the rock is covered with thousands and thousands of sea gulls of various species—gannets, black-backed gulls, gullmots, puffins, cormorants, herring gulls, etc., etc. When the Gulf steamer passes and the gun is fired these birds (except the cormorants who sit with outstretched necks in stupid surprise) rise from the rock and wheel round and sound, screaming in alarm. The island of Bonaventure lying about a mile from the mainland, between Murray Bay and Cape Despair, completes this, one of the most picturesque scenes on the continent.

SCENE AT THE EMIGRANT SHEDS, MONTREAL.

Thursday week was a red-letter day in the annals of Canadian immigration. Over seventeen hundred immigrants, all of whom purpose remaining in Canada, were received in this city and forwarded to their destinations in Ontario. Among those were 140 street Arabs, brought out by Miss Macpherson, and destined for the Home at Belleville. Shortly after their arrival at the sheds the boys were marshalled in companies, and the dinner rations, consisting of bread and meat, were served out, the diners expressing their satisfaction at the excellence of the viands in such expressions as "Ain't this plummy fly!" (i.e., capital victuals), "Chickweed and Sparrer-grass!" and more of the argot of the London streets.

The prints

HOME COMFORTS

speak too eloquently for themselves to need any explanation.

ST. MARY'S, ONT.

is an incorporated town on the north-west branch of the Thames river, township of Blanchard, county of Perth. Large quantities of wheat, barley, oats, and other produce are shipped here. It is the centre of a fine grain growing country, and is beautifully situated in a valley. The Grand Trunk Railway Company have built two splendid viaducts here; one on the London and St. Mary's branch, crossing Trout Creek and its valley, the other on the Sarnia branch, crossing the Thames. St. Mary's has unlimited quarries of fine limestone, of which many of the stores and private dwellings are built. There are several large manufactories and mills. This town is rapidly growing in wealth and size.

CHATHAM, N. B.

Chatham is very prettily situated on the right bank of the river Miramichi, about 25 miles from the sea. The largest vessel can get up as far as this and further. Ascending the river Miramichi, the scenery is very lovely, large tracts of timber and well-cultivated land on both sides. The country is not so flat as at Shediac, becoming more bold in its outline as it goes north. The town is of large proportions, and in front there is a magnificent harbour full of vessels of every size busy in the lumber and fish trade.

TOUCHSTONE PAPERS.

NO. VI.—OLD FOGY.

I was reading in an old philosophical work, the other day, a diffuse, though withal learned disquisition, intended to show that it is impossible the world should go on improving from age to age, in science, in literature, and in morals. With regard to the two first, there seems to be no question, but the last point is open to dispute.

In physiology Darwin's theory of development is capable of demonstration, but the system of evolution broached by Newman and others is not so easily proven.

Indeed, if we look to the strict letter of the preacher's language, from Basil to Hyacinthe, or of the ethical philosopher's lecture, from Alexandrinus to Prevost-Paradol, I should be inclined to believe that the world, so far from progressing, is steadily retrograding, even to the brink of primitive "chaos

and old night." Of course, I cannot take these denunciations literally, as it were a poor argument in favour of Christianity and of that Gospel charity which covereth a multitude of sins, if it were really true that mankind is no better to-day than in the ancient days of the world.

Old fogysm, however, is a prejudice very hard to uproot. It resembles the morbid sentiment of nationality which so blinds an otherwise perspicacious judgment, as to induce it not to see any good outside of its own native land and its own kith and kin. Like every other prejudice, old fogysm is deserving of pity and a little sarcasm.

When it passes into literature, it becomes a false rule, and should be rigidly guarded against. It is becoming very fashionable in poetry, more especially, to leave one's own age out of sight and to seek for examples, models, inspiration in the by-gone, forgotten centuries. Americans, as a rule, have fallen into this fault, and hence it is no wonder that American literature, as such, is as yet only in an inebriate, embryo state. Elizabeth Barrett Browning was justified in saying:

"I do distrust the poet who discerns  
No character or glory in his times,  
And trundles back his soul five hundred years."

Our age is a great age, bursting with intellectual vigour, brilliant with moral excellencies and strivings. Our American age yields to no other in any department of progress. As we stand to-day, we have within us the elements of all greatness, and our young bards, who feel inspired to sing of the grand, the beautiful and the good, need not leave our shores for models of their lays:

"Nay! if there's room for poets in the world  
A little overgrown, (I think there is),  
Their sole work is to represent the age,  
Their age, not Charlemagne's—this living, throbbing age,  
That brawls, cheats, maddens, calculates, aspires,  
And spends more passion, more heroic heat,  
Betwixt the mirrors of its drawing-rooms,  
Than Roland with his knights at Roncevalles."

We need not hide the vices of our age, nor the peculiar shortcomings of our modern life. They are patent to every one. They cannot be palliated; they can only be lamented. But beside these vices, there are gigantic virtues; beside these falterings, there are heroic end-avours; beside these multitudinous omissions, there are infinite works of charity which beautify even our hideousness.

Old fogies are invariably pessimists. It is always far better to err on the side of optimism. With a cheerful view of the world's ways, with an humble reliance on God's mercies, we can get on much brisklier than by moping over the present, and dwelling with morbid tenacity on the intangible, irrecoverable past. Our literature, also, will be more healthy, more encouraging, less inclined to that dreaminess which breeds melancholy and that sentimentalism which fosters the soft vices.

We all need energy, vivacity, fortitude, and these we can best acquire by facing the world as it is and living up to our age. If we look back to the past at all, let it be only to learn the ways of surpassing it in all excellence.

In society, the old fogy is a traditional type. The knee-breech, the stiff coat collar, the metal buttons and the pig-tail are now nearly gone, but they have been replaced by the Quaker hat, the long square frock, the shirt frill and the yellow bandanna which still linger as memorials of our great grandfathers. I dearly love to consort with these old relics of the past. There is no species of humour more amiable than theirs, and the instruction which the very looks of them impart is filled with an indecipherable charm.

It is a current notion that reverence is tantamount with awe. It may be so in our dealings with the Deity, but I discard the dual feeling when applied to any thing human. I think I could have sitted on the edge of a broken tombstone and cracked jokes with Old Mortality. While I respect age, I consider that I am justified in being amused at its oddity, because thus I learn a new chapter of human nature. When Uncle Pascal, standing on the sunny side of the street and watching the wicked young world go by, hailed me from afar in his shrill voice, and, when I came up, saluted me with a thwack of his cane over the shoulders, I used to bow to the castigation with the merriest of laughs. And the old man was never offended. On the contrary, I generally saw a merry twinkle in his white eyes, for he knew I was prepared to go in with him and hear a long dissertation on Rabelais or Montaigne.

My professor of Belles Lettres was a dry, matter-of-fact sexagenarian, with not a particle of imagination and a large reserve fund of grim stoicism. He had the *Ars Poetica* cut and dried into sections like Euclidian problems or Aristotelian syllogisms. Of modern English literature, he professed a sovereign contempt. Indeed, he would never condescend to speak of it. He recognized no poetry more recent than Pope's. And yet few professors ever warmed their pupils into more genuine and enthusiastic appreciation of letters. Strange to say, too, his favourite scholars were those whose tendency lay towards the romantic, passionate school of Shelley and Byron.

Let no man run away with the mistaken idea that the old fogy is an object of pity. He is better able to take care of himself than most of us. He is living on the wealth of his memories. His enjoyment is purely intellectual, while ours is marred with the material wants of a struggling life. When we get old—should we ever deserve that blessing—it will be well with us, if, instead of aping the young and sighing for the illusion of perpetual youth, we fall back on our ancient habits and live over again in that ideal world where nascent intellect and budding sentiment made this earth a paradise.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

SOCIAL GOSSIPS.—No. 1.

"Go ask his name."—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act 1, Scene 5.  
"What are you? your name? your quality?"—*King Lear*, Act 5, So. 3.

The object of this gossip is to call to mind the significations of the Christian names most commonly in use with us; to recommend the revival of others; to show who has given to any of them grace or lustre; and to suggest the advantage of paying attention to this apparently trivial matter.

Names are usually given after some family relation, or some godfather or godmother who has provided the pap-spoon or

coral and bells, or some pet parson who has served as a pilot to poor souls on their voyage to heaven.

It may be a good and social thing to give a name to a child after some family relation, but as it is done in general to please the elder people, not the younger people—who are never consulted about it—who may grow up without any fond recollections of them, or, perhaps, scarcely remember them at all, the least that can be done for the possessors is to give them an additional name by which they may be called, if they prefer it, when they arrive to maturity or to "years of discretion."

There is another principle upon which children are named, and that is the sound and beauty of the name, and this we think too much undervalued.

People in humble life, especially those of African origin, it is true, are justly laughed at for giving their children fine names; but it is only when they do so out of an obvious and unmeaning variety. It is well not to call a parcel of idle and ragged young waifs by the titles of Orlando, Theodore, Constantine, and Ferdinand; nor does it sound very fitting to hear a father cry out pompously to his little boy—his first born, son and heir—as we did once, "You, sir, there—Maximilian—come out of the gutter!" But if elegant names, not pompous names—such as Pompey Jones, Julius Cæsar Smith, Andrea Palladio Browne, Chrysostom Robinson—are given in humble life by sensible parents, they may influence the holders afterwards to a very good purpose. They may assist in producing an unvulgar spirit, properly so called; one that sees how vulgarity and the reverse of it may be produced by circumstances, and are not confined to this or that rank of life; one that is just conscious enough of something graceful and peculiar to feel that it has a kind of title upon it without any actual privileges, and that it must resort to a sentiment to maintain and warrant it.

To give a child the name of a favourite hero or heroine is also a good thing. A boy christened after Alfred the Great, by a father who really feels the merits of that wonderful man, is likely, if he inherits anything of his father's sense, to turn the same into a perpetual memorandum of worthiness. Care must be taken not to give great professional names, as that of Michael Angelo or Leonardo da Vinci, to a boy intended for an artist; or Shakspeare or Ariosto to one that is meant to be literary; or Copernicus or Galileo to one who is to be an astronomer and mathematician; or Bethoven or Mozart to one who is to be a musician or music master. If the youth does not turn out a genius, or, at least, above mediocrity, his name becomes a burlesque; and even if he should turn out to be a poet or an artist, or an astronomer and mathematician, or a musician, the comparison will still be awkward. The notion that a name is not to be changed without legal sanction, and the habit of acquiescing in a name disagreeable to the possessor, appear to be equally erroneous. Had a name been given to us of this sort—Roger Ascham, Richard Hooker, Jeremy Bentham, Walter Raleigh—we should have made no scruple to take another, just as an actor changes his surname. We sometimes think it would be an excellent custom if people, without forsaking the names that might have pleasant family associations with them, were to give themselves new ones when they arrived at years of discretion, when their characters were formed and their judgments matured, or at whatever time they may think it proper to wait for. They might make it one of the best holidays of their life, and assume the name in the same spirit they would assume a motto or device, for their conduct in future to abide by.

If they take for their mottoes "A Cuspide Corona," "Servare Mentem Constantiâ et Virtutè," "Mauns Inimica Tyrannis," let them imitate the men who bore such great and bright names in our English history as the following: Howard, and Percy, and Nevile, and Stanley, and Wentworth, and Russell, and mark out a determinate course for themselves, and let their assumed names admonish them what they owe to their country.

A name, to be complete and serve its just purposes, should either have a good and understood meaning, or an equally good or understood association. It also should be good to the ear if possible; but, at all events, good to the understanding and feelings.

The names of our Saxon ancestors were compounded, like those of the ancients, of words in ordinary use, so that they were not mere sounds, as they now are. Thus Edmund or Eadmund signified Happy Peace; Edward was Happy Warden or Keeper; Leofwin (Love-win) answered to the Greek name Erasmus (Loveable, Amiable); Henry, Rich Lord, same as the Greek Plutarch; Albert, All Bright; Alfred, All Peace; Cuthbert, Bright Knowledge; Eleanor, Eleanora, All Fruitful; Osmund, House Peace; Richard, Rich Heart.

But the remainder of what we intended to say on those matters will be gathered from the following nomenclature:

Adam—Hebrew.—Red Earth. The Scripture names of men are more prevalent among the Scotch than the English, and have given rise to some curious inapplicabilities, as Alan Smith and David Hume, called by some "heathen or infidel philosophers."

Alan—Slavonian.—A Hound; or as Camden thinks, a British or Welsh corruption of Ælianus, Sun-bright. Alain René le Sage, the French novelist. Alan Cartier, whose mouth was kissed for his poetry, as he lay asleep, by Queen Margaret of Navarre.

Alfred—Saxon.—All Peace. Alfred the Great. Alfred Tennyson.

Andrew—Greek.—Manly. Most fortunately given to our patriot Andrew Marvell. Andrew Dacier, the commentator. Andrea Palladio, the architect.

Anthony—Greek.—Flourishing. Mark Antony the Triumvir. Antonio Allegri, called Correggio; Anthony Vandeyck, both eminent painters. Anthony Ashley Cooper. Lord Shaftesbury, the great philosopher. Anthony Trollope, the novelist.

Arthur—Greek.—From the constellation arcturus. According to some, from a British word signifying Mighty. It was rendered famous by the old hero of British romance. Arthur, Duke of Wellington. Arthur Helps.

Benjamin—Hebrew.—The Son of the Right Hand, or the Son of Days. Ben Jonson. Benjamin Franklin. Benjamin Disraeli.

Charles—German.—Valiant, Prevailing, the same word as the Valens of the Romans, or the more modern Valentine. Charlemagne or Charles the Great. Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy. Charles Gustavus, King of Sweden. Charles Martel, of France, vanquisher of the Saracens. Charles Lamb. Charles Dickens. Charles Kemble. Sir Charles Napier.

Christopher—Greek.—Christ's-Bearer. An allusion to the