



MOUNT PEECHIE.—Those of our readers who have had an opportunity of surveying the splendid circumvallation of many-hued and many-formed mountains, with summits towering up like marshalled Titans, that make the scenery around Banff of unsurpassed sublimity, will recognize in our engraving the giant peak whose sharp cone closes the view to the eastward. It is also the highest of the mountains visible from that lovely halting place and health resort—its altitude being computed to be over 10,000 feet. It is a scene alike impressive to the geologist, the artist and the poet. "There they are," writes one who has witnessed it, "the most gigantic and roughest mountains I ever looked at, and so close to you that you felt instinctively as if you were within walls. Mountains like giant saws, like lonely castles, like hump-backed camels, like the great masses of slate-grey cloud that in summer time, when rain is coming, loom up grandly over our own mountain in Montreal; mountains that seemed as if some Devonian or Carboniferous giant had piled them up in a fit of wild and savage passion, and had then beaten in their faces with his giant hammer; no sloping sides or graceful peaks—nothing but chaos piled up on chaos, till lost in the early morning clouds. The pine trees run up to a given line, or steal in lonely streaks to greater heights, but as a rule there is nothing beyond the line of vegetation but the bare, cruel-looking rock, its mighty ravines filled with snow and ice, and its grey, rugged sides shining like burnished steel when the sunlight falls on them. I never saw or hoped to see anything so awfully grand, and I suppose I could never feel again the same feelings in connection with the same view, though the sense of awfulness never wholly left me as long as ever we were under the shadows of these giant piles of rock which seemed to rise and fall like the waves of an infuriated Atlantic, for over a hundred miles along the railroad track.

H. B. CO.'S POST, PIC RIVER.—Here we have an admirably characteristic group, to the significance of which the Indian figures furnish the key. The "fort" is in better condition than some of the structures which serve the purpose in other establishments of the company. It is enclosed by the usual wooden stockades. That such defences are a sufficient protection and that, in some cases, even the slight barriers are not necessary to guard against aggression, speaks well both for the company's servants and their Indian vassals. The river Pic takes its rise near the Height of Land which separates the waters of the Hudson's Bay from those of Lake Superior, and flows into the latter at Heron Bay. On either side of it rise wooded hills, which increase in altitude towards its source. This post has been brought within the range of civilization by the Canadian Pacific, which now passes its gates.

INTERIOR OF JOSS HOUSE, VICTORIA, B.C.—The word "Joss" is the gift of the Portuguese to the people of China. Christianity was meant to go with it, but the Chinese, exercising eclectic judgment, accepted the word, but rejected its accompaniment. "Dios" would be the proper form, but the English phonetic spelling has prevailed. A Joss-House is literally, therefore, a Beth-El, a House of God. One who has visited the edifice, of the inside of which we give an engraving, thus describes what he saw: "Under the kind escort of Mr. Beanfield, we went into the Joss or idol house—a long room that at first sight had the general appearance of a small ritualistic church, from the banners and hangings on the walls, and the general glitter of the whole affair; indeed, we could not help feeling that we were in a place of worship, and all our hats went off naturally. On the left of the door as you enter, there is a holy umbrella, made apparently of costly material and most elaborately worked; this hangs from the ceiling. Next, going towards what might be called the chancel, is a large metal bell, without a tongue, richly painted in brilliant colours, and then a double row of spears and dragon-headed weapons. On the other side of the room there is a large painted drum, and beyond that, towards the chancel, another line of spears and weapons. Then crossing the room at the top are three wooden structures. The first is an elaborately worked slab, with table top. The slab is crowded with carved figures descriptive of some holy story from the sacred classics, and the table is covered with sacred sticks in cases, illuminated scrolls, shining ornaments, banners, etc. Each sacred stick has a chapter and verse of Chinese Scripture written over it; and the proper thing to do is to take one of these sticks and bring it over to a pigeon-holed case, in which the whole written text may be found. This, when drawn out, tells the fortune of the worshipper for that day. Behind this table is another, bright and glittering, with a sacred lamp burning in front of it, the whole arrangement having the general appearance of a Roman Catholic altar. Behind this again is a kind of sacred grotto, in the middle of which is seated a large figure of a man, with almond-shaped eyes and long hair, and a regular old-fashioned Chinese hat on his head. We could find out nothing as to what form of Chinese faith this Joss was connected with; but as it certainly was not Buddhist, I suppose it was Taoist, and that the figure was that of Lao Tsze, the old philosopher. This, however, is mere conjecture on my part. Mr. Beanfield says that the Chinese walk in and out of the place without the slightest appearance of reverence, but all this may be assumed, for, according to Quatrefages, idolators often purposely assume in the presence of strangers

a manner wholly different from that which is natural, in order to keep their real religious views hidden from outsiders."

THE METABETCHOUAN RIVER AND FALLS.—The view of the Metabetchouan river published in this number shows the stream at a distance of some four miles and a half from where it flows into Lake St. John. In the background are the Falls of the Metabetchouan, of which a better illustration will be given in a later number. Some of the finest fishing in the whole Lake St. John district is to be had from the large rock shown in the foreground in the middle of the river. This lovely spot is certain to become very attractive to tourists when better known. Those who desire to avoid climbing the mountains that intervene between the mouth of the Metabetchouan and the Falls will have no difficulty in obtaining guides with buckboards at Chambord who will drive them around to within a very short distance of the spot from which our view has been photographed.

THE RAPIDS OF THE OUIATCHOUANICHE.—Habitual readers of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED will call to mind the illustration, published in the number of February 16th last, of the mouth of the Ouitachouaniche, or Little Ouitachouan, where it falls into Lake St. John. The view of the rapids shown in this number, and of the rustic bridge over which passes the main street of the parish of Roberval, is a few hundred feet only above the lake. The scenery and the water power alike are here amongst the finest in the province.

THE C.P.R. CO.'S NEW STEEL LAKE STEAMER AT OWEN SOUND, ONT.—Those who take the route westward by the Great Lakes may start by rail from Montreal, going by way of Ottawa and Carleton Junction, or by direct line through Smith's Falls to Toronto. Thence, by a branch line, they may be borne, through the rich farming country of Central Ontario, to Owen Sound, on the southern extremity of Georgian Bay and commanding a lovely view of land and water. At Owen Sound the traveller embarks on one of the company's lake steamers, splendid vessels of 2,000 tons burden, illuminated throughout by electric light, having elegantly appointed upper-cabin state-rooms, and altogether by the richness and completeness of their equipment and decoration recalling the floating palaces of the Atlantic rather than lake vessels plying in the heart of a continent. Hitherto these magnificent vessels have been Clyde-built, but the new one, the Manitoba, whose appearance, on the ways just before, and in the water after, the launch, may be seen in our engraving, is of native construction and has the distinction of being the largest vessel of its kind ever built in Canada.

THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD—THE SCENE AT THE RAILWAY BRIDGE.—Our readers have learned from other sources the particulars of the terrible catastrophe which brought death in such horrible shapes to hundreds of families and individuals in the valleys of the Appalachian chain. The culmination of disaster was reached on the afternoon of the 31st of May, when, by the bursting of the Conemaugh Lake and Reservoir, already swollen by the constant and heavy rains, the towns of Conemaugh, Johnstown and other places along the course of the Conemaugh River were swept away, with their panic-stricken, struggling, helpless inhabitants. The scenes enacted at Johnstown on that fateful day and for weeks afterwards defy description. The accounts that have been published of the sufferings of the hapless victims are heartrending. Even in regions liable to be desolated by floods the wholesale destruction of life and property which visited the towns and villages of that doomed valley has been happily rarely preceded. This illustration exemplifies most piteously the fearful and overwhelming force of the raging waters and the virtual hopelessness of escape, save by some marvel, which occasionally rescued the weak, while the strong perished in their strength. The disaster is not without its gleams of solace in the stories of heroism and sympathy and loving kindness which helped to alleviate the pains and sorrows of the survivors. It also brought to light phases of human nature that we shudder to contemplate.

THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD—THE BROKEN DAM.—About ten miles from Johnstown there was a dam owned by the South Fork Fishing and Hunting Club, an organization of wealthy sportsmen, who kept the waters of the Conemaugh accumulated for their pleasure. When the club leased it, the dam was in bad condition, and, though some repairs were effected, it was never rendered really secure. After repeated warnings the terror came at last with a suddenness from which there was no escape. Rains had swollen the waters to a height never reached before. A young civil engineer, Mr. J. G. Parke, Jr., saw the risk and telegraphed to Johnstown, but the dam broke before many had even attempted to get out of the reach of peril, and with such suddenness and fury did the pent-up waters sweep away all obstacles that human beings were like feathers in its course. The estimates of the loss of life are still conflicting, but it is calculated that at the least the victims numbered from 8,000 to 9,000—some say 10,000, and even 12,000. Our picture shows the character of the dam and the nature of the terribly fatal rent.

THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD—THE MAIN STREET OF THE TOWN AFTER THE DISASTER.—The ruin that meets one on every side in this illustration tells its own sad story. The city sits solitary, indeed—the city that was full of people is left tenantless, a city of the dead, of desolation, of destruction. It is a melancholy picture, the graphic record of an ever memorable calamity.

IN THE WOODS, NEAR BARRIE.—This is a familiar scene to the dwellers in the region of Lake Simcoe and the chain of which it is the chief feature. It is a region of wondrous

diversity, woods and water assuming all sorts of picturesque combinations. The picture is in sequence of several views already published in the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED of the northern lake country of Ontario.

THE NARROWS, ST. JOHN'S, N.F.—This is a fine and characteristic view of a scene which has been admirably described by the patriotic pen of the Rev. M. Harvey. Nature, if bleak in the northern portions of the island, is kindly on the southern coast. There is no more favoured spot in the world than St. John's and its vicinity. The scenery, both in the harbour and at its entrance and in the country that stretches towards the interior, has charms unsurpassed of their kind in either continental or insular America. Seaward lies the source of manifold wealth; seaward, also, are dangers, especially in the season of icebergs, not yet passed, evidently, when our illustration was taken.

SONNETS AT NIAGARA.

I.

FIRST FEELINGS.

Who can conceive the feelings of the first
Fond hearts that, wandering hitherward by night,
From uncongenial camp fire taking flight,
To Solitude, saw on their vision bu.st
These wondrous falls in rolling mist-wrack hearsed,
And felt the thunder of plunging waters smite
Their ears and drown their murmurs of delight,—
Ah! who can dream what mutual thought they nursed?
Since then have fallen athwart the brink of Time
Years multitudinous as the hurrying waves
That leap Niagara's gulf, yet thou and I,
Here standing where the latest ripple laves
The rock ere dashing to its death sublime,
Of those first lovers share the ecstasy.

II.

LOVE'S CHANGEABLENESS.

How many heart-wed lovers here have stood
Like us beside Niagara's folding brink,
Watching the thirsty gorge the torrent drink!
How many, like ourselves, in solitude
Have stood above the fierce, moon-smitten flood,
Through whose mist clouds a myriad star points twink,
And felt the grandeur of the cataract sink
Into their souls until was thought subdued!
How many human hearts here throbbed with love
And dreamed their love would live beyond the grave,
Strong as Niagara's rush, deep as its fall,
Only within a little space to prove
Their love as changing as the tumbling wave
Which breaks in mist that darkly shadows all.

III.

LOVE'S BLINDNESS.

Little we knew when by the thund'rous tide
We stood and looked into its depths profound,
Where boiled the waters after their fierce bound
Over the cliff that doth the stream divide,
Upper from nether, what of Fate did hide
The veil, or that the voice of love should sound
In our ears and earth's discordancy be drowned,
And souls unite, leaping the wall of pride.
Little thou thoughtst that love was in the air,
Touching thy turbulent curls, thy flushing cheek,
Blue eyes, dear heart, and slumbering on thy lips.
Little I wist old love was buried there,
And that another, faltering yet and weak,
Woke at the calling of the water drips.

IV.

AT THE SISTER ISLANDS.

We stand upon the bridge and look below
Into the rush of waters, streaking white
Along the sunken rocks, so swift its flight;
And while we look, it seems to us as though
We move, and the quick tides have ceased to flow.
So much the motion juggles with our sight,
That we must lift, to see the truth aright,
Our faces to the heaven's purple glow.
Thus man may stand on truth while error sweeps
Beneath him to its misty overthrow
Into the tumult of the nether deep,
Yet, self deceived, often the soul will cry
"Error is truth, and truth is falsity,"
Until a God-ward glance the truth doth show.

V.

THE WHIRLPOOL.

After the leaps tumultuous of the tides
That through the narrow, rocky canyon surge,
With sudden sweeps over some ledge's verge
That underneath the seething waters hides,
With clash of snow-plumed billows on all sides,
That like strong warriors ceaseless combat urge,
Niagara's waves in one another merge,
Where calmly deep the circling whirlpool glides.
Thus is it with our love: the earliest sweep
Of feeling was tumultuous, and the soul
Of each was torn and tossed; but now at last
Of love the stormy rapids have been passed
And we are in the whirlpool that will keep
Our lives forever in its calm control.
Montreal, ARTHUR WEIR.