

our hopes at this stepping stone of our career on entering the world, have I not your pardon if I pause yet once again to express my appreciation and gratitude for that kindness. I am sure that on this point, at least, all my brother graduates and fellow students will join in heartily with me in the expression of our feelings.

But I am treading upon dangerous ground and already like Bob Acres feel my courage oozing out at my fingers' ends, since indeed it is inevitable and must be said let me at least try heartily to bid, my friends, my tutors, and that second home which our *Alma Mater* has kept for us during the past years, Farewell."

The following are the particularized results of the examination in the Faculty of Applied Science:—

Civil Engineering—Advanced Course—Frederick Miller.

Ordinary course (in order of merit)—Philip Lawrence Fester, Thomas Daniel Green, John James Collins, Thomas Drummond.

Mining Engineering—Albert Peter Low.

Practical Chemistry—Jeffrey Hale Burland.

Frederick Miller—Lorne Medal. Certificate of Merit in all the subjects.

Thomas Daniel Green—Scott Exhibition.

Albert Peter Low—First Rank Honors in Natural Science.

Jeffrey Hale Burland—Second Rank Honors in Natural Science. Certificate of Merit in Practical Chemistry. Certificate of Merit in Theoretical Chemistry.

NOTE.—Certificates of Merit are given this year instead of Prizes.

A JOURNEY ACROSS SIBERIA.

Mr. A. Lanson, of the *Illustrated London News*, writes from Irkutsk, in Eastern Siberia:

"From Orenburg to the fortress of Petropavlovsk, there is no Government post for travellers. The horses are kept by the so-called 'voluntary' post. The price here is therefore much higher than in Siberia, the horses costing each four copecks per veest, whereas in Siberia the price varies from a copeck and a half to three copecks per horse. Nor are the stations kept by private enterprise so clean or so large as those on the Government post-road. In my sketch of the interior of one of these post-stations (No. 4) are two travellers drinking tea. To the left hand is the Russian stove, brick-built, and whitened with chalk. An open door to the next room shows a woman standing by the cradle with a baby. The cradle is fixed to the ceiling; the walls are covered with pictures of the Imperial family and others. As we travel day and night, the only sleep we get is while driving on. But on tolerably smooth roads one soon gets accustomed to this. We put a few pillows on the seat, lie down stretched out at full length, well muffled up in furs, and so make ourselves as comfortable as possible (Sketch 3). A few days after our departure from Orenburg we reached the Ural Mountains. The snow had meanwhile become so deep, from the recent snowfalls (Russian 'buran') which we had already seen in Orenburg and along the railway line from Samara to Orenburg. One night I was awakened by the howling storm, and, looking out, noticed that we did not move from the spot. The drivers, called 'yentschiks' in Russian, were beating and swearing at the horses; but it was of no use. The horses were standing in snow up to their bodies, perfectly exhausted. After a few more desperate efforts to move on, they lay down in the snow, as if to say they had done their utmost, and would die before they would do any more. The yentschiks seemed to think the horses were right in this opinion. They came up to the sledge and told us that we could get no further; the snow was too deep. We were in a kind of valley, surrounded by high mountains. To the right and to the left were snow hills, which rose higher every moment. The wind was blowing with tremendous power, whirling the powdery snow high up in the air, making it almost impossible to keep our eyes open. The temperature was about twenty degrees of cold (Fahrenheit). So, what was to be done? Seeing that the horses were not able to pull, hardly even to stand upright, we told the yentschiks to put them out of harness, and take them to the next station, from which they were to bring ten fresh horses. They did accordingly; after some minutes we saw them disappear, with the horses, in the dense mist. When we heard the last tinkling of their bells, it may be imagined how lonely we felt. We were left to ourselves there amongst the mountains, with no other company than that of the roaring wind, and the wolves howling at a distance. But the wolves soon came nearer; so near, that we saw them on the next snow hill about fifty yards off. (See my sketch of this incident.) We got out our weapons and had a few shots at the wolves, but it seemed without killing any one. Yet they were frightened by the shots, and disappeared, and did not come near us any more. During five hours we waited there: the sledge became more and more buried in snow, and we had got inside it to keep ourselves warm. At last, the bells were heard a second time, and then came the men with fresh horses, and wooden shovels to dig out the sledge, if necessary, or to clear the road of snow (Sketch 2). It appeared that our yentschiks had lost the high road, and had consequently got into such deep snow that it was impossible to force a way through it. But all

this while, only about twenty yards to the right of us was the high road, which we found after an hour and a half shovelling away the snow. The new horses did their work splendidly, such work as only a Siberian horse can stand; and after a few hours more we sat comfortably at the station, with a glass of *tschai* before us.

"Alongside the post road, in the steppe through which we travel, live many of the Kirghis. We had often seen them on the road, driving cattle to the next village, and had long wished to visit them in their winter dwellings. At the station Karakulskaja, twenty miles from Troitsk, we met a fine old Cossack named Ponomareff, who kept the post station. He was, as we afterwards learned, a rich man who owned a hundred horses, and the house where the station was established was his property. He gave us a very nice dinner, with a clean cloth, and even napkins to it, a great rarity among the Siberian peasants. In short, he tried, as well as his two sons, tall, fine-looking fellows, to make us as comfortable as they could. When we expressed a wish to visit the Kirghis, one of the young men offered to accompany us. Of course, we accepted his offer, with thanks; and presently started together. After an hour's drive we reached the Kirghis winter quarters, where the young Ponomareff explained, as the Kirghis did not speak Russian, that foreigners had come to see them. They were evidently much flattered, and invited us into their best hut. They ordered mutton to be prepared, with tea and other things, all of which we, however, having little time, were obliged to refuse, not a little to the disappointment of our hosts. According to custom, we sat down on the divan; and while I was taking a sketch of the room, the Kirghis who took us round stood beside me, and watched the pencil. When the sketch was finished he roared with delight, and asked if I would not be kind enough to sketch the children in the school. Of course I wished no better, and we went there. When the door was opened we saw a floor mat four feet below the ground. On the floor sat five children, from four to six years of age, with huge Kirghis books on their knees, reading half aloud. The reading was, to our ears, something like the humming of bees, but was accompanied by the bleating of some young kids, kept in the same room behind a straw lattice. This did not prevent the animals from coming out now and then, showing their heads between the children's, and looking on at the school. We were rather surprised at seeing such young children able to read, considering the fact that a great part of the Russian people in Europe learn neither to read nor write. We asked the schoolmaster, who sat by with his indispensable stick, to bid one of them read aloud. Silence was then established, except the noise of the kids bleating, and every one of the pupils read a chapter of their prayer-book, having previously found the portion he knew best. After having distributed about five pounds of honey-cakes among the children, and having given a trifling money present to the older ones, which they would hardly accept, we thanked our hosts and young Ponomareff and continued our journey, much satisfied with this visit to the nomad Kirghis."

PICTURESQUE CANADA.

Under the above title the Art Publishing Company of Toronto have for the past two years been preparing a work which will, when it is completed, be a credit to the country as a work of art, apart from the interest which its subject matter naturally lends to it.

The first half-dozen numbers of the work, which is published in parts by subscription, are already out, and fully bear out all the promises made for them. It is not at all too much to say that no work of the kind, as regards engraving and press work, has been turned out before in Canada. The greatest possible care has evidently been taken to secure only the best work in each department, and the result fully justifies the means which have been taken to secure it.

The work is in the form of a descriptive and in part historical description of the Dominion, its scenery, traditions and industries, accompanying what is of course the chief feature of the book, the most copious and beautiful illustrations of everything that is picturesque throughout the country. To these plates our Canadian artists have been invited to contribute, and have availed themselves largely of the invitation, the majority of the sketches being by members of the R.C.A., and others, assisted only by one or two well known American magazine illustrators. This department has been under the direction of Mr. L. R. O'Brien, the President of the Academy, who is himself a large contributor; while the letter-press has been entrusted to President Grant, of Kingston, whose name is a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of the work done.

We can only recommend our readers to see the work and judge for themselves whether our praise be not merited, and we most heartily congratulate the Messrs. Belden on the success of their efforts, which, we are glad to say, bid fair to recompense them handsomely for their expenditure of labour, thought and capital.

MR. REDMOND, in the Imperial House of Commons recently, moved the second reading of the Irish Land Act Amendment Bill.

BRADLAUGH is suing the assistant sergeant-at-arms of the House of Commons for putting him out, and has also entered a suit against Mr. Newdegate for £5,000 damages.

AN ANECDOTE BY COL. BURNABY, THE SUCCESSFUL BALLOONIST.

Colonel Burnaby, who has succeeded in crossing the Channel by balloon, relates the following amusing story of a bargain for horses at Orsk:—A tall man, dressed in a long coat reaching to his heels, bright yellow trousers which were stuffed into a pair of red leather boots, whilst an enormous black sheepskin cap covered his head, came out and asked me my business. I said that I wanted three horses to go to the next stage, and asked him what he would drive me there for, the regular postal tariff being about two roubles. "One of noble birth," replied the fellow, "the roads are bad, but my horses will gallop the whole way. They are excellent horses; all the people in the town look at them and envy me. They say, 'How fat they are! Look how round!' The governor has not got any horses like mine in his stable. I sport them; I cherish them; and they gallop like the wind. The people look, wonder, and admire. Come and see the dear little animals." "I have no doubt about it. They are excellent horses," I replied. "But what will you take me for?" "Let us say four roubles, your excellency, and give me one on account. Let me put it in my pocket, and we will bless you." "All right," was my answer. "Send the horses to the Isarskoe Li o Inn immediately." Presently the fellow rushed into my room, and, bowing to the ground, took off his cap with a grandiose air. Drawing out the money I had given him, he thrust the rouble into my hand, and exclaimed, "Little father, my uncle owns one of the horses. He is very angry. He says that he was not consulted in matter, and that he loves the animal like a brother. My uncle will not let his horse leave the stable for less than five roubles. What is to be done? I told him that I had agreed to take you, and even showed him the money, but he is hard-hearted and stern." "Very well, I said, 'I will give five roubles. Bring round the horses.'" In a few minutes the fellow again returned, and exclaimed, "One of noble birth, I am ashamed. But my brother is vexed. He has a share in one of the animals. He will not let me drive him to the next station for less than six roubles, and the man put on an expression in which cunning, avarice, and pretended sorrow were blended, stood on one leg, and asked, 'What shall we do?' I said, 'You have a grandmother?' 'Yes,' he replied, much surprised; 'how did you know that? I have a very old grandmother.'" "Well," I continued, "go and tell her that, fearing less she should be annoyed if any accident were to happen during our journey, and not wishing to hurt the old lady's feelings should the fore-leg of your uncle's horse or the hind-leg of your brother's suffer on the road, I have changed my mind, and shall not go with you to-day, but take post-horses to-morrow." The man now became alarmed, thinking that he was about to lose his fare. He rubbed his forehead violently, and then exclaimed, "I will take your excellency for five roubles." "But your brother?" "Never mind; he is an animal. Let us go." "No," I answered, "I shall wait. The post-horses are beautiful horses. I am told that they gallop like the wind; all the people in the town look at them." "Let us say four roubles, your excellency." "But your uncle might beat you." "No," was the answer, "we will go;" and the knotty point being thus settled, we drove off.

MISCELLANY.

A SAYING attributed to Rothschild gives evidence, if true, of some humor. Once, it is said, a German Prince visiting London brought letters of credit to the banker. He was shown into the inner room of the famous counting-house in St. Swithin's Lane, where Rothschild sat busy with a heap of papers. The name being announced, Rothschild nodded, offered his visitor a chair, and then went on with his work before him. For this treatment the prince, who expected everything should give way to one of his rank and dignity, was not prepared. Standing a minute or two, he exclaimed—"Did you not hear, sir, who I am? I am"—repeating his titles. "Oh, very well," said Rothschild, "take two chairs, then."

A CERTAIN Western Canadian paper published an item, saying that at the request of the citizens the brass band of P— would hereafter not perform in the town square, because it disturbed people, but "hereafter in the old graveyard." Although this was intended as pure gravity, a certain chap on the *Globe*, full of his paragraphic profession, clips it out and gloats over it. "I'll print this as a joke," he said, with a grin, "and all the Yankee papers will copy it." And he did and they did. The Peterborough brass band story was lifted from Maine to California. Somebody went and woke the editor of the P. up, and told him the liberty that had been taken with his local notice. Then the literal-as-the-translation-of-Enoch-Editor got angry, and put in another "local," in which he said that it was utterly absurd to make a joke out of the notice; that it was not written in levity; that no disrespect was intended; that the band could do no harm, for, as everybody in P. knew, the dead bodies had been "removed a year ago!" And he did not think that it was a delicious local either!

ASTLEY'S BAND.—The great Circus Master when he first started his riding school, had no other music than a common drum, which was beaten by his wife. To this he subsequently added a fife, the players standing on a kind of

small platform, placed in the centre of the ring, and it was not till he opened the Royal Grove that he employed a regular orchestra. Although an excellent rider, and a great favorite of George III., old Astley was an excessively ignorant man. One day, during a rehearsal, a performer suddenly ceased playing. "Hallo!" cried Astley, addressing the delinquent; "what's the matter now?" "There's a rest," answered the others. "A rest?" Astley repeated angrily; "I don't pay you to rest, but to play!" Upon another occasion, hearing a manager complain of the conduct of his actors, Astley said to him, "Why don't you treat them as I do mine?"—alluding, of course, to his horses. "I never give them anything to eat till after their performance is done!" Astley always kept a sharp eye on his instrumental performers. One evening he entered the orchestra in a rage, and asked the leader why the trumpets did not play. "This is a *pizzicato* passage, sir," was the reply. "A pizzicato—what?" said Astley. "A *pizzicato*, sir." "Well, I can't afford to let them be idle; so let the trumpets *pizzicato* too!" Indeed, as an accompaniment to equestrian exercises, Astley always considered that loudness was the most desirable quality in music. And though he ever took care to have an excellent band, with a well-qualified leader, he nevertheless considered them more as an indispensable drain on the treasury than a useful auxiliary to the performance. "Any fool," he used invariably to say, "can handle a fiddle, but it takes a man to manage a horse, and yet I have to pay a fellow that plays upon one fiddle as much salary as a man that rides upon three horses."

FIRIN', BEDAD!—The following description of the collapse of the last armed rising in Ireland is extracted from the *Fortnightly Review*. After describing how three hundred Irishmen, armed with Enfield rifles, were drawn up in a formidable position on a steep hill-side, the writer proceeds—A pig was cooking, and all was festive and hopeful, when the morning light displayed our after ear of peelers and red soldiers below. Swiftly the British line was formed—two companies of foot, a handful of constabulary, and a few country gentlemen on horseback. Up they went; but the Republicans were in position fully extended behind their cover, the distances had been marked with flags, and the rifles were loaded and capped. "Faix," says Barney Martin to a friend of Brona, it's little like a rebellion I feel at all. "There's the chapel bell ringin' below, an' the people goin' to work like Christians, an' sarra a differ (difference) I see from yisterdy. I'm in the same frieze coat an' the same old hat, and shure I see no signs of the Irish Republic at all, at all, only the little green flag and the little chap with the sword, and us here like a lot of wanderin' rabbits waitin' for the police to shoot us; and shure here's out of it!" The leader eyed the approaching host, and, without looking behind or to the right or to the left of him, began the morning's duties. "Steady—at three hundred yards—prepare to fire! Now—three hundred yards—no man fires till I give the word! Aim low—steady—" A minute passed; the soldiers reached the fatal spot. "Fire!" Not a bit of it. No sound broke the stillness of the morning air. "Fire!" reiterated the little chap with the sword; and he turned wildly to look along his line. Alas the ditch was empty; and Jim Blake, the officer's orderly, "amongst the faithless faithful only found," responded, "If it's firin' ye mane, bedad they're all firin'—over the hill behind, for sarra a wan of them's left." It was true; the battle was over. The peasantry had grasped at facts, recognized the logic of circumstances, and preserved themselves, if not Ireland.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DR. LAMSON was hanged on Friday morning.

At Degraff, Ohio, on Tuesday, small fish fell in the streets during a storm.

GEN. SKOBELEFF'S illness is said to be dangerous.

The remains of the late Charles Darwin were interred in Westminster Abbey.

The Russian Government is taking steps to suppress anti-German demonstrations.

A GERMAN colony at Elizabethgrad, in Prussia, has been sacked by the anti-German party.

The annual consumption of distilled spirits in the United States is estimated at 70,000,000 gallons.

The Czar has ordered the trials of persons arrested for participation in the Jewish riots to be declared urgent.

PATRICK MCCARTHY, of Niagara, Ont., was shot dead by an Indian named Pendleton, at Niagara on Saturday.

HANNAH REYNOLDS, a lady "no tender," has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment for intimidation.

The laborers employed by the Saginaw, Michigan Broom company, have struck and virtually stopped the saw mills.

MONEY is being collected in Philadelphia for John Brown's family, who are in destitute circumstances in California.

The Cabinet has considered the question of American subjects in Irish prisons and steps are to be taken looking to their relief.

At Joliet, Illinois, twenty-seven cases of small-pox have appeared since Friday. A panic prevails and churches and schools are closed.