

In a comparison between the financial outlay of New Zealand and the Dominion of Canada, which appeared in our last issue, the funded debt of the latter was set down as only 17 millions of dollars. It must have been obvious to all our readers that 117 millions was meant.

Little interest is manifested in Europe in the American Centennial, as English and French manufacturers have not been sufficiently informed of the details. To remedy this in Paris, Minister Washburne will organize a Bureau of Information.

It is reported from Nashville, Pa., that a combination of capitalists has been formed to buy up all the petroleum in the oil districts, pool it, and then burn up one half of it in order to obtain an advanced price for the remainder.

Numerous amendments were made in Committee to the Shipping Bill introduced in the House of Commons by Sir Charles Adderley. The Bill finally passed on the 5th without a division of the House.

Latest reports from Newfoundland respecting the fisheries are very gloomy; accounts from all parts of the Island are unfavourable.

The Spanish Government denies that it intends negotiating a seven million dollar loan to indemnify the Porto Rio slave owners.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE OTTAWA PRESS GALLERY.

Mr. Hamilton was erroneously described in our recent illustration of "the Ottawa Press Gallery" as attached to the *Canadian Monthly*. We are advised by the proprietors of the *Monthly* that Mr. Hamilton has no connexion with it, and is not employed by them in any shape. We learn further that at the time this picture was taken he was not connected with the Magazine in any way. Moreover he has never written a line for the *Monthly*. His sole capacity was as a canvasser for a short period prior to his visit to Ottawa. Under these circumstances, how he got into the Gallery is a mystery to us, as we thought the rules of admission were rigid and that no one was admitted without credentials.

CONTESTED ELECTIONS.

We advocate pictorially to-day, what we have frequently urged editorially; that every agent or elector convicted of bribery at an election should be imprisoned, heavily fined and disfranchised. These meddlers, generally belonging to the refuse of society, will understand no other argument than dry bread, cold water, confinement and a heavy drain on their purses.

THEOPHILE GAUTHIER'S MONUMENT.

We give this view of Gauthier's monument in Père Lachaise, first out of respect for the poet himself, and also to show how merit is rewarded in the old countries and how literary glory is treasured up.

THE BELANGER FARM, NEAR FORT CUMBERLAND.

In a late issue, we presented a view of Fort Cumberland, which will give the present one, of the Belanger farm, an additional interest. Mr. Horace Belanger, who is now in charge of Fort Cumberland, on the Saskatchewan River, is a brother of the Hon. Mr. Letellier. He left Rivière-Ouelle in 1854, and took service in the Hudson's Bay Company at Sault Ste. Marie Fort during the building of the canal. One year later, he was stationed at Michipicoten on Lake Superior. Later still, he was entrusted with the charge of Lac Seul Post, where a white man did not set foot for months and sometimes for years. He afterwards conducted the caravans which the Company sent to York Factory, and after having resided at Fort St. Pierre, near Lake Winnipeg and at Fort Lacorne, he was chosen as Superintendent of Fort Cumberland where he at present resides. As a friend of his French Canadian countrymen, his desire is to see them settle in the lands watered by the Saskatchewan, and he begins by giving them the example of a pioneer, joining to his own efforts those of several Canadians of the Province of Quebec, who have established three settlements at the Forks of the Saskatchewan, where grain, hay and vegetables grow wonderfully well. Mr. Belanger, by his activity, his energy and his honorable character, has merited the confidence of the Hudson's Bay Company of which he is one of the most distinguished officers and shareholders. Mr. Belanger has been married about 18 years. His wife is a lady of much urbanity and rare educational accomplishments. Two of their children perform their studies at the Collège de St. Boniface.

SHERIFF LEBLANC.

A memoir of this distinguished gentleman appears alongside of his portrait.

THE HOLY FAMILY.

One of the gems of Bouguereau's brush. The reproduction is highly successful and the picture deserves to be preserved as a rare specimen of art.

DUEL ON THE FRONTIER.

A realistic scene of French life, admirable for its drawing. The practise of duelling is still rife in France, and though the National Assembly has had velleities of passing a law against it, there seems no hope of such a reform for some time to come.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

FLIES.

We are not in the habit of complaining. We flatter ourself that we are in general disposed to view the circumstances which surround us, favorably. But occasionally, we are the victims of more than we can submit to, and then we find relief in the pen, and pour out our grief complainingly to our acquiescent paper. Occasionally we find that we have been imposed upon, that we have been carrying too big a load, and then we proceed to throw off the surplus. Occasionally we discover that we have taken in (and passively, we have been taken in) twenty cent pieces for twenty-five cent pieces as it were, and then we proceed to assemble all our faculties at an indignation meeting to denounce this fraudulence. Our Judgment denounces; our Benevolence says it cannot give money, unsolicited, no matter how deserving the object; our Memory states its willingness to forgive, after due reparation has been made, but really can never forget, and expresses the intention of recording the meeting's decision, as a precedent.

Our Memory then proceeds to give its evidence in the case which causes the meeting to decide unanimously on the necessity of demanding restitution, and ourself as executive proceeds to act on the matter.

Not to go further in this direction, let us merely state the present is one of those occasions, and we feel ourself compelled to—as follows:

Our grievance is that winged contrivance, that summer satellite, whom we call, a fly. Why this insect is so called, we do not know. This appears to us to be one of those curious states of affairs, by which the most pretentious, and the least deserving secure a monopoly of distinction. Surely this insect is not the only animal that can fly! Does it fly more swiftly than any other? Or is its flight more continuous than that of any other? Would that these last two questions could be answered in the affirmative, and that this fellow would make immediate use of his powers, that he would fly so swiftly, and continue his flight so long, that we should never see him again.

Do you ask us why we wish this? Listen! Here we are this beautiful day, engaged in reading the "Fair Maid of Perth," and driving away these flies. What a pest they are! We chase one from our nose, and he immediately betakes himself to our head. (We happen to have recently had our hair "velvet cropped" and we are sure the fellow thinks it was for his accommodation.) We follow him up, but there he is on the ceiling, and if flies can laugh, we are sure that one is laughing at us. We resume our reading, which he evidently interprets as a signal to resume his annoyances. We try this for twenty minutes, and then in despair, throw down our book.

But this is not all. Our landlady Mrs. Jones is a good, quiet, attentive creature; one who is pleasant without being familiar; one who sets a neat respectable table, without demanding a too respectable price. Now it is not my intention, (even if that were possible) to say anything derogatory (even if that were possible) to the character of Mrs. Jones in her culinary capacity. Mrs. Jones is a widow of twenty-eight, as she told us shortly after we were admitted to her hospitable roof, but—we may mention here confidentially that we are a bachelor of thirty five—but far be it from us, to take advantage of her bereavement to say anything, that might convey even the shadow of a suspicion against her ability. But we would like to mention, that last Tuesday evening, we sat down to table with a strong appetite, and an intention to do ample justice, as they say, to the neat little tea, which Mrs. Jones had prepared. Among other niceties we noticed some raspberry jam, for which our appetite expressed a strong desire. We saw, we ate, we—alas! how shall we say it! we are powerless to express ourself. We can only state that that jam concluded our evening meal, or rather the fly which it contained did so. The first spoonful we transmitted with internal gratification; the second, however, proved the last. Even the slight mastication necessary for the assimilation of raspberry jam, proved beyond a doubt the co-existence in that delicacy of the animal and vegetable.

We were annoyed exceedingly last year by a troublesome cur, the property of one of our neighbours. We remember that we frequently quickened our pace almost unconsciously, when passing the house which rejoiced in the possession of this canine guardian. This animal was during its existence a warm admirer of our pants, and, whenever an opportunity presented, testified his appreciation by endeavors to obtain a sample of their material. We need not say that we didn't enjoy this. It was rather uncomfortable. But

a short time ago, he died, and now we pass backward and forward with a delightful security. He troubles us no more. His functions ceased with his death, and as we never eat sausages, we never expect to see him again. Alas! What would we not give for the assurance that with the decease of a fly ceased the possibility of any connection with it.

This little insect is possessed of impudence to such an extent, that he is equally at home on a royal nose and a plebeian countenance. He sits on a jewelled hand with as much complacency as if he himself were a jewel. We have no doubt that he prides himself upon the fact that he is not at all fastidious, inasmuch as it matters little to him whether he dines on the luxury of nobility or the poverty of a labourer. He flies contentedly from the palace to the cottage. But this indiscrimination we consider proof of his degeneracy. If he is to be found in the palace, he may be also seen in corner groceries, playing hide-and-go-seek around a toper's head. But his company is no more solicited in that quarter, than in my lodgings, for, as Josh Billings says, "although these flies are never the worse for liquor, liquor is frequently found the worse for flies."

Who will tell us whence they come, and whither they go? They vanish in October, and they come unheralded some fine May morning to disturb our repose. The first notice you have of their arrival is their buzzing around your head and resting occasionally on your nose. We have received much advice as to the various modes of keeping them away, and have tried several methods. A military friend directed us to keep our boots polished with a kind of blacking which he assured us was very attractive to the flies, owing to the large proportion of sugar which it contained. We tried this, but gave it up speedily when we found our feet constantly enveloped in a cloud of flies, and the usual number about our head besides. On another occasion we procured some paper covered with a poisonous substance, which caused the death of any insect who touched it. But alas! when any one was caught, one would think that all his aunts and uncles, brothers and sisters had come to witness his expiration, and it would seem, that prompted by a feeling of sympathy, they determined to die with him. Mrs. Jones protested against such a spectacle, and I was compelled to permit their cremation.

We will not trouble the gentle reader at present, with any further fly experiences, but would thank him for any plan that would cause their extermination. As we have stated, we find a relief in telling others of our troubles and we feel confident of sympathy in this instance.

OTREBOR RIEW.

BOUCICAULT AND POSTERITY.

Dion Boucicault has felt called upon to write a letter to the *Alta California* in reply to some comments made by that paper upon the originality of his plays. He admits that he takes what is good wherever he finds it, and elaborates and utilises it. In concluding his reply he says: "Another reproach preferred is that I have deserted the field of legitimate comedy (to which I contribute such works as 'London Assurance' and 'Old Heads and Young Hearts') to cultivate a lower drama, as the 'Colleen Bawn' and 'Arrah-na-Pogue'; that I owed it to my fame to maintain the standard of my reputation. The taste of the age has altered since those comedies were produced, and I write to the taste of the times. The truth is, I don't care a button for posterity nor write to amuse unborn generations. Posterity is a bad audience. That reminds me of what an old Californian replied when a life insurance company was first introduced into San Francisco and he was asked to support it. 'Well,' said he, 'I've no opinion of a speckelation whar a man has got to die to realize.' So it is with poets who write for posterity. I love to give pleasure to those among whom I live, to feed their minds with innocent, wholesome thoughts, good of digestion, that leave meditations clean, that no mind need be ashamed to entertain or express. That is my vocation and the limit of my ambition."

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

Sir Charles Adderley's Shipping Bill passed the Imperial House of Commons without a division.

The Herzegovina insurgents have succeeded in surrounding Trebigne, and have burned a portion of the suburbs.

Eighteen additional cotton mills have joined in the Oldham strike, and the number of operatives now idle is 20,000.

The condition of the hop crop, says a London despatch, is favorable, and the prospects are that there will be a larger yield than usual.

The route of the procession in Dublin yesterday, in honor of the O'Connell Centennial, was five miles in length, the procession covering the whole of that distance.

The Bishop of Paderborn is in Holland, from whence he intends to proceed to Rome, where it is rumored that he is to receive a Cardinal's hat as the reward of his past sufferings.

Despatches from Central Asia report a revolution having broken out in Kokhand.

An additional \$100,000 in specie has been recovered from the wreck of the Schiller.

A serious riot took place in Glasgow on Saturday between the Orangemen and Home Rulers.

The steamer Faraday will sail again this week to resume operations for the repair of the Direct United States cable.

The crew of the ship Clydesdale, from Greenock to Quebec, have refused to proceed to sea in the vessel, alleging that she is unseaworthy.

The jury in the case of John D. Lee, charged with being the prime instigator of the Mountain Meadow massacre, have been discharged, being unable to agree.

Cholera is raging in Damascus; 400 cases are reported daily. The Christian quarter of the town is said to be entirely abandoned, and there are no physicians or medicine for the plague-stricken populace.

LITERARY.

GEN. LONGSTREET is at work on an account of his part in the battle of Gettysburg.

BANCROFT entertains occasionally at Newport in the time-honored cake and lemonade style. Everybody goes.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMS, the distinguished Southern novelist, who is buried in Magnolia Cemetery, Charleston, S. C., is to have a monument.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S latest novel does not make a deep impression in England. It shows a falling off of power and style.

MR. R. G. HALIBURTON will publish in October a number of essays on colonial subjects. The most important one is entitled, "How we Lost an Empire a Hundred Years Ago."

THEODORE TILTON is writing a novel, which is already half finished. He expects it will be published by Christmas, but is very reticent as to topic and plot. He has lecture engagements covering most of the winter.

THE death is recorded of Wilhelm Corssen, the author of the great work on the "Pronunciation of the Latin Language," whose name has lately been so often mentioned in connection with the decipherment of the Etruscan inscriptions.

MR. GLADSTONE has collected his three essays "The Vatican Decrees," "Vaticanism," "The Pope's Speeches," and added a new preface. The volume will be published by Mr. Murray, under the title of "Rome and the Newest Fashions in Religion."

FATHER TOM BURKE, the great Dominican preacher, continues to improve in health at his home in Ireland. From the nature of his malady his convalescence is necessarily slow, but he enjoys the best of spirits. His venerable mother, his sister and nieces are in constant attendance upon him.

THE largest library in the United States is the Library of Congress, which contains 274,000 volumes; next in order is the Boston Public Library, with 273,000 while the Harvard University Library, with 108,000, and the New York Mercantile Library, with 155,120, are respectively third and fourth in point of size.

IN connection with the recent Byron memorial meeting, it has been suggested that a monument rivaling in pomp and beauty that of Scott at Edinburgh be erected to Byron on the south side of Piccadilly, "so that," to cite Mr. Disraeli's words, "the English people when they pass should recognize one of the greatest masters of the English language."

HENRI VAN LAUN has made a translation of the entire works of Moliere, the great French playwright, and the first of the six volumes has been published in Edinburgh. It is superbly printed and adorned with finely finished etchings, and is enriched with notes that make it entirely intelligible and enjoyable by English and American readers.

THE elder Dilke's memoirs contain much that is interesting. He says in one place that "Underwood and Maokenzie say that there was more humbug in Coleridge than in any man that was ever heard of. Underwood was one day transcribing something for Coleridge, when a visitor appeared. After the commonplaces, Coleridge took up a little book lying upon the table and said, 'By the by, I casually took up this book this morning, and was quite enchanted with a little sonnet I found there.' He then read off a blank verse translation, and entered into a long critique upon its merits. The same story, the same translation, and the same critique were repeated five times in that day to different visitors, without one word being altered. Mr. Underwood says that every one of his famous evening conversations was got up." Wordsworth used to do the same thing.

DOMESTIC.

PEAS PORRIDGE.—Boil a pint and a half of shelled green peas into two quarts of water until they are quite tender. Then have ready four spoonfuls of oatmeal or flour, mixed by degrees with a quart of milk, and stir it into the pot of boiled peas till the whole mass becomes thick. Season it with a bit of lard or dripping, and a little pepper and salt. This porridge is also very good made with twelve good-sized onions or leeks, instead of peas.

MUSHROOM CATSUP.—Sprinkle mushroom flaps, gathered in September, with common salt, stir them occasionally for two or three days; then lightly squeeze out the juice, and add to each gallon bruised cloves and mustard seed, of each, half an ounce; bruised allspice, black pepper, and ginger, of each one ounce; gently heat to the boiling point in a covered vessel, macerate for fourteen days, and strain; should it exhibit any indications of change in a few weeks, bring it again to the boiling point, with a little more spice.

TO ROAST A TURKEY.—If the weather be very cold, a turkey will hang for a week, and prove to be all the better, however young it may be. But take great care not to let it be the least thing gone. Pluck, draw, and singe with care; wash and wipe the outside well, and pour water through the inside. Fill the breast with sausage-meat, seasoned with minced herbs, lemon peel, mace, and cayenne. Truss the bird, roast it at a clear fire, baste constantly with butter, and serve it when done with brown gravy and bread sauce. A chain of fried sausages is often placed round a turkey.

EXCELLENT SOUP.—Take a pound of salt beef or pork, and cut it into very small pieces into the iron saucepan. Pour six quarts of water over it, and let it boil on a very slow fire three-quarters of an hour. When this is done, then put in some carrots, turnips, potatoes well cleaned, and a cabbage, all cut into slices. Let this boil slowly another hour, and then thicken it with a pint of oatmeal, stirring it after the oatmeal is put in, to keep it smooth and nice. Season it with pepper and salt, and there is a noble dinner for a large family. If any soup remains when all have done dinner, keep it in a clean earthenware dish or pan till the next day, when it can be warmed up again.

HOW TO CHOOSE POULTRY.—Young, plump, and well-fed but not too fat poultry are the best. The skin should always be finely-grained, clear, and white, the breast full-fleshed and broad, the legs very smooth, the toes pliable and easy to break when bent back; the birds must also be heavy in proportion to their size. This applies to fowls and to pigs. As regards ducks and geese, their breasts must also be very plump, the feet flexible and yellow; when they are red and hard, and the bills of the same colour, the skin full of hairs, and coarse, the birds are old. For boiling, white-legged poultry must be chosen, because when dressed their appearance is by far more delicate; but dark-legged ones are more juicy and of better flavour when roasted. The greatest precaution ought to be taken to prevent poultry getting at all tainted before it is cooked. Unless the weather be very warm it should be kept for a day or two at least, and a great deal longer in the winter. Pigeons are the better for being cooked the same day they are killed, for they only lose their flavour by hanging ever so short a time. A goose should hang up for some days in the winter before it is wanted; the same rule applies to fowls in the cold season. Take great care to cook your poultry thoroughly; for nothing is more revolting to the palate than under-done poultry.