

FATHER'S GRAVE.

As down the glen I chanced to stray
In fair and pleasant weather,
I saw a maiden in my way
Low seated on the heather.

The tear was trickling down her cheek.
Her heart was sad with sighing,
She would not lift her head to speak,
From off where she was lying.

"My little maid," I gently said,
"We're here alone together,
Tell me why lies so low your head
Upon this bonny heather?"

"What flowers are these within your hand
You gaze at so intently?
What is that mouldy piece of land
You treasure there so gently?"

"Ah! me," she said, "my heart is sore
And filled with grief and sorrow,
Such pain I ne'er have felt before,
And ease I fain would borrow."

"We sail to-morrow, far away
From friends, and hope, and home,
To lands we've heard of many a day
Across the ocean's foam."

"But ere we go, these little flowers
I plucked myself to-night,
I've watched them grow for hours and hours
O'er father's grave, so bright."

"This grass was growing also there,
This clay that here you see,
His grave may often now be bare
But these shall live with me."

"Tho' far away I then may be
Across the sounding wave,
My heart shall fly across the sea
Back to poor father's grave."

A. D. STEWART.

Toronto.

MOUNT LILAC, BEAUPORT.

Some twenty years ago, I saw, for the first time, the picturesque old manor of the Rylands at Beauport, in its classic days. Later on, I viewed it, in what some might call its "iron age." Of this, hereafter.

The Chateau stood embowered amidst lilac groves and other ornamental shrubs, so far as I can recollect, with a background of elms and white birch, &c.—its vaulted, lofty and well-proportioned dining-room, with antique chairs and buffets to store massive plate—its commanding position on the crest of the Beauport ridge, affording a striking view of Quebec; its well-stocked gardens, umbrageous plantations, and ample stables, from which issued, amongst other choice bits of blood, in 1842, the celebrated racer "Emigrant." Several circumstances, in fact, conspired to impress it agreeably on my mind. I found *le milord anglais* (as a waggish Canadian peasant called him) under his ancestral roof.

Recalling the parish annals of early times, I used then to think that should England ever (which God forbid) hand back to its ancient masters "these fifteen thousand acres of snow," satirized by Voltaire, here existed a ready-made manor for the successors of the Giffards and Duchesnays, the primitive seigniors, where they could becomingly receive fealty and homage (*foi et hommage*) from their feudal retainers. There was, however, nothing here to remind one of the lordly pageantry of other days—of the dark time, the age of *corvées*, and feudal burthens, when the Bourbon flag floated over the fortress of New France. In 1846, at the time of my visit, in vain would you have sought in the farm yard for a seigniorial capon (*un chapon vil et en plumés*), though possibly in the larder, at Christmas, you might have discovered some fat turkeys or a juicy haunch of venison. Of *vin ordinaire* ne'er a trace, but judging from the samples on the table, abundance of mellow Madeira, and "London Stout" must have been stored in the cellars. In fact, everywhere were apparent English comfort and English cheer. On the walls of the banqueting apartment, or in antique red leather portfolios, you would have run a much greater chance of coming face to face with the portraits of Lord Dorchester, Gen. Prescott, Sir James Craig, and other English Governors, the cherished protectors and friends of the Rylands, than with the powdered head of His Sacred Majesty, the Great Louis, or the ruffled bust and voluptuous countenance of his heir, Louis XV. . . . But let us see more of Mount Lilac and its present belongings.

Facing the glittering cupolas of Quebec, there is a fertile expanse of meadow and cornfield stretching from Dorchester bridge to the deep ravine over which Montmorency Falls hang their perennial curtain of mist. On the river shore, in 1759, stood Montcalm's earth and field works of defence. Parallel to them, and distant about half a mile from the highway, a macadamised road ascends, by a gentle rise, through a double row of whitewashed cottages, some seven miles to the brow of the roaring cataract spanned over by a substantial bridge; half way looms out the Roman Catholic temple of worship—a stately edifice, filled to overflowing on Sundays. This constitutes the parish of Beauport, one of the first settled in the Province. It was conceded, in 1634, to a French surgeon of some note, "le sieur Robert Giffard." Surgeon Giffard had not only skill as a chirurgeon to recommend him, he could plead services, nay captivity undergone in the colonial cause. An important man in his day, was this feudal magnate Giffard, to whom fealty and homage were rendered with becoming pomp, by his *conseillers*, the Belangers—Guions—Langlois—Parents of 1634, whose descendants bearing the old Perche or Norman

name, occupy to this day the white cottages to be seen on all sides.

On the highest site of this limestone ridge, a clever, influential, refined and wealthy Briton, the Hon. W. H. Ryland, for years Civil Secretary, Clerk of the Executive Council, with other appointments, selected a spot for a country seat in 1805.

For more than thirty years, Mr. Ryland enjoyed the favor, nay the intimacy of every ruler (except Sir George Prevost) which this then mis-ruled colony owed to Downing Street.

Antipathies of race had been on the increase at Quebec, ever since the parliamentary era of 1791; there was the French party, led by fiery and able politicians, and the English oligarchy, occupying nearly all the places and avenues to power. French armies, under Napoleon I., swayed the destinies of continental Europe; their victories occasionally must awake a responsive echo among their downtrodden fellow-countrymen so cowardly deserted by France in 1759, whilst Nelson's victories of the Nile, of Trafalgar, of Copenhagen, and, finally, the field of Waterloo, had buoyed up to an extravagant pitch the spirits of the English minority at Quebec, which a French parliamentary majority had so often trammelled. It was during the major part of that stormy period that Herman Wistius Ryland, —aided by the able Chief Justice Jonathan Sewell, —was in reality entrusted with the helm of state. He was, as Christie observes, considered the "Fountain head of power." This able diplomat (for such will be his title in history), however hostile in his views he might have been towards the French Canadian nationality, succeeded in retaining to the last the respect of the French Canadian peasantry who surrounded him.

Probably never at any time did he wield more power than under the administration of Sir James H. Craig. His views were so much in unison with those of Sir James, that His Excellency deputed him to England, with a public mission threefold in its scope, the ostensible object of which was first, "to endeavor to get the Imperial Government to amend or suspend the Constitution; secondly, to render the Government independent of the people, by appropriating towards it the revenues accruing from the estates of the Sulpicians (1) of Montreal, and of the Order of the Jesuits; thirdly, to seize the patronage exercised by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Quebec, the *cures* or church livings in his diocese, contending that no Roman Catholic Bishop really existed in Canada, none having been recognized by the Crown.

It has been stated that he had a fair chance of succeeding on two points, had not the great Lord Chancellor Eldon intervened to thwart his scheme. The correspondence exchanged between Mr. Ryland and His Excellency Sir James H. Craig, preserved in the VI. volume of Christie's History of Canada exhibits Mr. Ryland at his best and has led some to infer that "had he been cast in a different sphere, where his talents and attainments would have been more properly appreciated, and directed," he would have played a conspicuous part. We find him in 1810 in London (2) consulted on Canadian affairs by the leading English politicians and some of the proudest peers. The Beauport statesman, the honored guest of English noblemen, (3) appears at no disadvantage, sips their noble wine un-awed, comfortably seated at their mahogany. It must be borne in mind that in 1810 Lord Castlereagh and Lord Liverpool had their hands pretty full with continental politics, perhaps too much so, to heed poor distant Canada.

Shortly after the arrival, at Quebec, of the Earl of Durham, viz., on the 20th July, 1838, the Hon. H. W. Ryland expired at his country seat at Beauport, aged 68 years. Mount Lilac then reverted to his son, George Herman Ryland, Esq., now Registrar at Montreal, who added much to the charms of the spot. It was that year offered to the Earl of Durham for a country seat, but his Excellency had cast his lot in Quebec. Mr. Ryland occupied it till his removal from the Quebec to the Montreal Registry office. Some few years back the property was purchased by Mr. James Dinning, of Quebec,

(1) By an ordinance of the Special Council, obtained through Sir Poulton Thompson, in the troublous times of 1838-41, these gentlemen made safe their well-beloved charter.

(2) Mr. Ryland writing to Sir James Craig, under date of 23rd August, 1810, thus describes his interview with eight Ministers of State, the Earl of Liverpool, Lord Bathurst, Mr. Perceval, Mr. Peel, Lord Camden, the Marquis of Wellesley, &c. On entering the room I found it was a meeting of the Cabinet Ministers, eight in number; Lord Liverpool desired me to take a seat between him and Mr. Perceval. . . . I then repeated an observation I had made in my first interview with Lord Liverpool, concerning Bédard in particular, as the chief leader of the anti-government party, who has now so committed himself as to render it impossible he be employed . . . H. W. RYLAND.

(Christie's History of Canada.)

(3) MY RYLAND TO SIR J. H. CRAIG, K. B.

London, 14th August 1810.

"Dear Sir,—I yesterday had the honor to dine with the Earl of Liverpool at Coombe; Wood the party consisted of His Lordship, Lady Liverpool, Lord and Lady Bathurst, Lord Apsley and his sister, I believe, Sir Joseph and Lady Banks. Mr. Peel, the Under Secretary of State, and a lady whose name I do not recollect. I had some conversation with Mr. Peel, before dinner, concerning the state of things in Canada, and I was mortified to find that he had but an imperfect idea of the subject . . . H. W. RYLAND.

He told me he had read Lord Grenville's dispatch of October 1789, to Lord Dorchester, which I had recommended to his attention, and he seemed to think a re-union of the two Provinces a desirable object . . . H. W. RYLAND.

(Christie's History of Canada.)

who reserved for himself the farm one hundred and five acres in extent, and sold in 1856, the house and twenty-three acres thereunto attached to a wealthy and whimsical old ironfounder of Quebec. Mr. John H. Galbraith. This thrifty tradesman, in order to keep his hand in order, like Thackeray's hero, continued the smelting business even under the perfumed groves of Mount Lilac, and actually erected an extensive gravery and conservatory, and a foundry: the same furnace blast thus served to produce, under glass, fragrant flowers—exquisite grapes—melting peaches as well as solid pig iron, and first class stove plates. Mount Lilac owed a divided allegiance to Vulcan and Flora. Which of the home products pleased the most the worthy Mr. Galbraith, is still an open question. (4)

J. M. LEMOINE.

Spencer Grange, Dec., 1876.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

THE HEART'S ACTION.—Breach of promise case.

CHARLES KINGSLEY IMPROVED.—"Men must work and women must dress."

THACKERAY described the kiss of etiquette as "a kiss which is like the contact of oysters."

THE tongue of a woman is her sword, and she never suffers it to grow rusty.

WHY is a ring given as a pledge of matrimony?—Because there is no end to it but in destruction.

A LOVER has been pithily described as a man who, in his anxiety to obtain possession of another, has lost possession of himself.

EVEN quadruple bustles are now worn. They are made like flounces. The cry is still they come, and seven they will be ere long. These are truly bustling times.

"USE great prudence and circumspection in choosing thy wife," said Lord Burleigh to his son: "for from thence will spring all thy future good or evil, and it is an action of life like unto a stratagem of war, wherein a man can err but once."

A FRIEND was complimenting Madame Dennis on the admirable manner in which she played *Zaire*. "In order to play the part well," said Madame Dennis, "an actress must be young and pretty."—"Ah, madame," ingenuously rejoined the complimentor, "you are a living proof of the very contrary."

SAID a little boy to his mother the other morning:—"Ma, I had the beautifullest dream last night you ever saw. I dreamt that I wouldn't go to school, and that you went into the yard and cut a great long switch, but just as you was going to give me an awful dressin' the world came to an end! Didn't I get out of that easy, though?"

"I SYMPATHIZE sincerely with your grief," said a French lady to a recently widowed friend. "To lose such a husband as yours—" "Ah, yes, he was very good. And then, you see, such a misfortune is always great, for one knows what kind of husband one has lost, but cannot tell what kind of a man one will find to succeed him."

WE see with much pain how frequently a husband or wife is quick-sighted to see faults or mistakes in one another which would not be noticed in a friend or acquaintance. This ought not so to be. Those who are to walk through life together should be slow to find fault and quick to see and recognise a deed well done, however simple, for love's sake, and also for the good such examples can do the young under their care, who are so easily influenced, and that there may be no bitter repentance for their reaping by-and-by.

PRIMA VISTA.

This is the expressive name given by the old navigators to the fine island which bears the equally commemorative name of Newfoundland. It is not generally known that the island is the oldest of the British colonies, and as such should be particularly dear to that nation, one of whose chief glories is its success in the field of colonization.

Mr. Wm. J. Patterson, Secretary of the Montreal Board of Trade and Corn Exchange Association, has just published "Brief Notes" relating to Newfoundland, from which we may gather a few paragraphs of interest. Thus we learn that the population of the colony, including Labrador, amounts to 161,000 souls, the town and settlements being scattered along the coast, while the interior is comparatively unknown. Seventy-two thousand persons are employed during the summer in the coast fisheries. The climate is not more severe than that of Ontario. The soil is generally fertile and capable of raising all or most of the cereals in abundance. The chief source of occupation and revenue is, of course, the fisheries, about which there has been frequent and ample reference in the columns of this journal. Here, too, we have several times discussed the vexed question of the so-called French rights, having been

(4) John Henderson Galbraith expired at Mount Lilac in 1871, leaving his beautiful residence, on which some \$25,000 had been spent by him, in the erection of glass ranges and also a machine shop, to his widow. The machine shop has been closed, but under the intelligent guidance of his daughter, Miss Elizabeth Galbraith, the Conservatory and Gravery still continue to yield each year delicious fruit and lovely flowers.

partially instrumental, we believe, in bringing this important subject to the knowledge of the Canadian public. It is a cause of gratification, however, to learn from Mr. Patterson that Gov. Glover, who recently went to France in regard to the matter, is reported to have said that, in his opinion, "all difficulty with respect to the exercise of our territorial and sovereign rights on the so-called French Shore would soon be removed."

Heretofore communication between Newfoundland and ports in the Dominion has been mainly by sailing-vessels. For a year or two past there has been a Canadian mail-service *via* Halifax, one of the Allan Line steamships coming and going on alternate weeks. An U. S. line of steamers also affords service between St. John's and Halifax. Steam communication with Montreal and Quebec has, until the present year, been irregular; but during part of last summer and throughout the fall months, the steamers of the Montreal and Acadian Line have plied regularly between Montreal and St. John's.

THE GLEANER.

FIFTY thousand Mennonites are reported to be about to leave Russia for America.

AMERICANS claim, and with grounds, to drink more coffee than all the world beside.

QUEEN VICTORIA has seen a change in the occupancy of every European throne since she became a sovereign.

A HALF-TON of coal, a sack of flour and a dollar in money given to some deserving poor family will bring the donor nearer to Heaven than a dozen long-winded prayers.

THE press, as it is personally typified, doubtless represents a larger amount of incorruptible virtue to the square inch than any other profession or pursuit.

AFTER many more or less unsuccessful attempts, the "Emperor's Bell" in the Cathedral of Cologne, the monster bell cast out of French cannon, has at last been made to give forth a clear sound.

No matter what the weather is, Sir Edward Thornton, the English Minister at Washington, and his two daughters, walk nearly every day the whole length of Pennsylvania avenue, which is about four miles.

COL. VALENTINE BAKER has returned to London much disgusted with the Turkish authorities, who wanted to put him as second in command of a cavalry regiment under a Pasha, whereas the Prince of Wales's quondam protégé had demanded a full colonelcy.

THE Water Witch, the only English man-of-war not propelled by paddle or screw, but by means of the recoil of two water jets projected at high velocity from nozzles at the ship's side, made seven knots an hour at her last trial trip. The system has important advantages over the old ones, and the promoters are sanguine of ultimate success.

IT is a fact worth thinking about that Africa is three times as densely populated as America. The estimated number of inhabitants in Africa on about eleven and a half square miles of territory is more than twice that in America on about fifteen and a half square miles. In America the average is 5½ people to the square mile, in Africa, 17½.

A VEGETARIAN banquet, given by the members of the London Dietetic Reform Society, took place in London the other evening. The menu comprised vegetables and fruit only, arranged in courses, and including soups, thirteen different kinds of vegetables, seven different sorts of sweet tarts and puddings, and six kinds of fruit. The drink consisted of water or milk, vegetarians not only abstaining from the use of flesh, but from alcoholic liquors, and the stricter part of them also from smoking. The Chairman, Mr. Richardson, stated that he supposed he had been chosen President because he was a life vegetarian, never having tasted animal food in all his life. Nor did he wear any animal clothing, and he had canvas shoes and even goloshes. But he and other vegetarians took care to get substantial food.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

All communications intended for this department to be addressed Chess Editor, Office of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

"Anonymous."—Solution of Problem No. 101 received. Correct.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Solutions of Problems No. 101 received. Correct.

The late Herr Lowenthal seems from his gentleman-like manners, skill over the board, and acquaintance with Chess literature, to have been much liked by all with whom he came in contact. From this circumstance one would have thought that the sale of his Chess library would have attracted many votaries of the game, if only for the purpose of obtaining a souvenir of the great player. From the *Westminster Papers*, however, we learn that the whole collection consisting of two hundred volumes, only realized £52 sterling. We may fairly conclude that even in Canada itself, where men as yet have been too busy to give much time to Chess, seventeen volumes of the Chess Players' Chronicle would have found a few purchasers who would have been willing to give more than half a dollar a volume for a work which for a long time found many subscribers who willingly gave a guinea annually for a publication, which a few years ago, was considered to be the Chess periodical of the day. Herr Lowenthal seems to have had the works of only two of the old masters of Chess, Cozio, and Car-