

AUTUMN'S BURIAL.

Hark, light footsteps going!
No one near I see.—
Only dead leaves blowing
From the withered tree.

Yet I make confession,
That I feel a dread
Of the dead procession
Burying its dead.

Through the naked branches
Press the pallid Queen,
Weaving ghastly fancies
With her flickle sheen.

Mockery of mortals!
Skeleton on high!
Sentinel of portals,
Where souls never die!

White as alabaster,
Thou art like a tomb!
Reared above disaster—
Brightest in the gloom.

Still the leaves keep shifting
Through the silent night;
Mournful faces lifting
In the wavering light.

And they mourn with reason,
As they restless wave,
For they bear a season
Dying to the grave.

Dead—the last endowment
Sadly they bestow;
Winding like a serpent,
With the drifting snow.

Montreal, December, 1876. HARRY DANE.

THE INTERCOLONIAL RAILROAD IN WINTER.

The Government is determined to keep this road open during the winter season, "regardless of expense." In addition to the snow-sheds and snow-fences already erected, special engines with ploughs will be run to keep the track clear.

A friend says, in a letter which I have just received from him, "I am going to send tonight for a copy of the NEWS of December 2, to send home to Scotland, in order to give the good folks there some idea of our Canadian winters, and of the means we have to resort to, in building snow-sheds, &c., in order to keep our railroads open in winter."

Please, allow me, in justice to myself, to refer to a mistake made by the artist who copied for the NEWS my inside views of the snow-sheds. He has represented the braces as merely fastened by trenails on the outside of the posts and beams. According to this arrangement, the whole stress would be on the trenails, which would never do for a snow-shed. He should have represented the braces as sunk into the beams and posts, the sides of the former next the spectator being "flush" with the corresponding ones of the latter. They are so in the sheds, and I so represented them. Of course, builders who see these views in the NEWS will ascribe the mistake to me.

As Britons and Canadians, it is gratifying to us to think that we can now have connection with a sea-port of our own during the winter. "The glorious privilege of 'bein' independent."

Yours, respectfully,
Metis, Que. T. F.

SCENES ON THE INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

SAYABEC HOUSE.

The principal house in our picture is Sayabec House. It is so named after a small brook which flows past, between it and the stable to the left. This brook was formerly called "Gosselin's," but some of the engineers on the Intercolonial Railroad called it "Sayabec," the name by which it is now known and is likely to continue to be. The meaning of the name we do not know. Sayabec House was built by the Government for the use of the engineer in charge of that part of the works. The only engineer who lived in it was Mr. T. D. Taylor. The house to the extreme left is a store kept by a Mr. Saucier. Close to it is a bakery. The road which crosses the Intercolonial Railroad in the picture is the Metapédia which extends from St. Flavie to Cross Point—a distance of 110 miles. The nearest house to Sayabec in the opposite direction of the store is what is commonly termed "Madame Brochu's," on the Metapédia Road and at the head of the Metapédia Lake, though that part is often called "Brochu's." The distance between them is four miles and a half. It is about the same from the store to the nearest house in the other direction. In small places along the Metapédia Road, the houses are much further apart. It is, therefore, a very lonely road. On the Kempt Road, however, whose place it has taken, the nearest houses used to be 30 miles apart. Sayabec house is only a station for the present. Sayabec Station, which is being built, is about two miles distant. The nearest house to it is Sayabec House. The Station is, of course, in a very lonely place. The same is true of several others on the Intercolonial Railroad, as, for example, Tartigon, Cedar Hall, Assametchuagan, and Mill Stream Stations. There are, however, certain advantages connected with such stations. The traveller who comes to them is not almost deafened by a multitude of cries consisting of "St. Lawrence Hall," "Victoria Hotel," "Albion Hotel," and so forth. Neither is he pounced on by a host of cabmen, some on his right, and others on his left, who act as if they meant to tear the poor fellow to pieces among them. Our picture re-

presents a somewhat elegant sign at the crossing of the two roads. A large number of the same pattern were set up, at the first, along the line. The crossing signs now used are much simpler and, consequently, much cheaper. They are like a T, and not so high. They answer the purpose equally well. There is no need of signs like triumphal arches. Some of the "new style" are of a deep red, with the words on them in black—"Railway Crossing." The consequence is that one can hardly read the inscription till he is almost near enough the sign to touch it. Many of the crossings, however, have no signs of any kind. Putting up crossing signs appears to us a waste of money. If they are of any use, they are of as much by night as by day. But in a dark night, we cannot see them soon enough to receive any benefit from them. Sayabec is the second station south of Métis.

CHATSWORTH STATION, TORONTO, GREY AND BRUCE RAILWAY, ONT.

The situation of the Chatsworth Station of the Toronto, Grey and Bruce Railway, which is beside the river Spey, is of a somewhat romantic nature. For the following particulars regarding the station and the village, we are indebted to the courtesy of Rev. J. Cameron, Presbyterian Minister of Chatsworth.

Chatsworth is nine miles south of Owen Sound, on the Garafraxa road. Here, the road to Toronto branches off to the east, while the Garafraxa road runs on, nearly due south, through Durham, Mount Forest and Guelph to Hamilton. The Toronto road, on the other hand, takes a south-easterly course, through Orangeville, to Toronto. The situation of Chatsworth at the junction of the two leading roads in the country, has given the village a very favorable position. The absence, however, of water-power and its nearness to Owen Sound have been always a hindrance to the growth of the place. For a long time, the village consisted of only a tavern and a few houses. The first houses, in addition to these, were the Presbyterian church and manse, built in 1857 and 1861. Other churches followed and also parsonages, first, New Connexion Methodist Church, then Roman Catholic Church, then Wesleyan, then Episcopal and parsonages in connection with three of these. Private houses, stores, and taverns have been increasing slowly since 1867, till four years ago, Chatsworth became a station on the Toronto, Grey and Bruce Railway. Since that time, its progress has been more rapid.

This railway is a narrow gauge road of 3 feet 6 inches. It and the Nipissing roads were built on this gauge from ideas of economy and, also, a good deal through the influence of Toronto merchants who saw it to be for the interest of that city that there should be a necessity of transhipment there through the break in the gauge. Toronto is now reaping the fruit of its astute idea by the large volume of traffic brought to its streets by these two roads, a traffic that cannot cheaply or easily move eastward from the cause stated above.

It is felt generally, however, that it was a great blunder to have built these roads on such a gauge as places them always out of connection with all the other railroads of the Dominion. A narrow gauge road is a good summer road for a limited traffic; but it is very incapable of contending with the heavy snow-drifts of the north-west sections of Ontario; and would break down under heavy traffic. There is not the least prospect that any more of them will be built in Ontario for many a long day to come.

Chatsworth is 109 miles from Toronto. Its climate is cool, dry, healthy, and pleasant in summer, and in winter no colder than Toronto, but liable to deep snow, and from its lying high, liable also to heavy drifts in January and February. The country around lies on the Niagara limestone, is tolerably fertile in grain, and ahead of most districts as a grazing country chiefly from its cool summer, its extensive woodlands, its springs, and its unrivalled streams which abound in fish. The Chatsworth monthly cattle fair is well known to the drovers of Ontario. From one of its fairs a month or two ago, it is said that about 500 head of tolerably fat cattle went out to the east and south.

The traffic returns from this station, as given in the general traffic statement of the Toronto, Grey and Bruce Railway for the year ending June 30th, 1876, are as follows:—Number of passengers, 1,796; receipts, \$1,819; freight forwarded, \$9,029; freight received, \$1,508; bushels of grain, 95,000; square feet of lumber, 75,000; head of live stock, 2,382.

The village was originally surveyed and laid out in regular and wide streets. Sidewalks are being laid down. There is a foundry (which turns out a great deal of work), the property of Mr. Andrew McGill who has the confidence and patronage of the whole of the surrounding country. The school-house is a large stone building well furnished. The school is taught by two teachers. There are five general stores and a drug store. There are four taverns; but there is a temperance society of over 100 members. By a majority of over 700 votes the provisions of the Dunkin Bill come into force in the County of Grey, one of the largest in Ontario, next summer. Two good hotels will always be needed in Chatsworth, and these, it is expected, will pay on temperance principles. An unsectarian magazine called *The Canada Christian Monthly*, edited by Rev. James Cameron, Presbyterian minister, is published at Chatsworth.

LUNACY OF A TRAGEDIAN.

"Shade of Kemble!" ejaculated Ward, at that time manager for Jefferson McKenzie, Baltimore, "here it is past seven o'clock, and crooked-backed Richard not in his dressing-room."

"My dear sir," said the most original of all men, the imperturbable Thomas W. Gannor, "do not precipitate. When the late Daniel Reed—"

"And you love me, Hal," interrupted the stage manager, "go to the devil!" and the poor manager *chazed*, as was his wont, with his hands clasped in agony, from one side of the Holiday stage to the other.

"Ring in first music, sir?" inquired the call-boy, who scratched his head and seemed to enjoy the despair of his manager.

"Ring? You red-headed imp of Satan, you juvenile Caliban, get out of my sight or I'll wring your neck off."

Away went the call-boy and away went the manager. Ward searched every bar-room in the vicinity of the theatre for the great tragedian, but all in vain. At last a little boy came running to him, almost breathless with fatigue, and told him that Mr. Booth was in a hay-loft in Front street. The manager found a crowd of people gathered around the building in question, and he had some difficulty in edging himself through the dense mass. Climbing up a rough ladder he cautiously raised his head above the floor of the second story, and there he saw the object of his search seated on a rafter, with a wreath of straw about his temples in imitation of a crown.

"Booth," said the manager, imploringly, "for heaven's sake, come down! It's nearly eight o'clock, and the audience will pull the theatre to pieces."

The tragedian fixed his dark eye on the intruder, and raising his right arm majestically, he thundered forth:

"I am seated on my throne!
As proud a one as yon distant mountain,
Where the sun makes his last stand!"

"Come, my dear fellow, let's go; we'll have a glass of brandy and a supper, and all that. Come, please come."

Booth descended gradually from his yellow-pine throne, and, kissing the tips of his fingers, replied with a smile: "I attend with all becoming grace. Lead on, my Lord of Essex. To the tower—to the tower."

After a little persuasion Ward led the tragedian to the theatre, got him dressed, the curtain rose and the play went on. Just as the second act was about to commence a messenger covered with dust rushed behind the stage, and before he could be stopped was in earnest conversation with the tragedian.

"What?" said Booth, as he pressed his long fingers on his broad, white temples, as though he tried to clutch the brain beneath, "dead, say you? My poor little child—my loved, my beautiful one!" And then, seeing the curtain rise, he rushed on, commencing:

"She has health to progress as far as Chertsey,
Though not to bear the sight of me," &c.

The beautiful scene between *Anne* and *Glacier* was never better played. The actor, "the noblest of them all" when he chose to be, gave the words of the bard with thrilling effect, but there was a strange calmness about his manner that told that his mind was not upon his character. Still, the multitude applauded until the old roof rang again, and those behind the scene stood breathless with eager delight. The third act came out, but Booth was nowhere to be found.

It was a bitter cold night, and the farmer, as he drove his wagon to market, was startled from his reverie as he saw a horseman wrapped in a large cloak—and as it opened it disclosed a glittering dress beneath—ride rapidly past him. It was Booth in his *Richard* costume! Madness had seized him, and, regardless of everything, at the still hour of midnight he was going to pay a visit to his dead child. Drawing his flashing sword and throwing his jewelled cap from his head, he lashed his horse's flank with the bare weapon until the animal snorted in pain. The tall, dark trees on each side of him touched his heated brow with their silver-frosted branches, and, thinking they were men sent in pursuit, the mad actor cut at them with his sword and cursed them as he flew rapidly by.

At last, after a gallant ride of two hours, the horseman came in sight of a country graveyard, and, as he saw the white tops of the monuments peeping through the dark foliage like snowy crests upon the bosom of the black billow, he raised a shout wild enough to have scared the ghosts from their still graves. He dismounted, and away sped the riderless horse over hill and dale. It was the work of a moment (and the insane are cunning beyond all imagining) to wrench the wooden door from the vault containing the body of his child. He seized the tiny coffin in his arms, and with the strong arm of a desperate man he tore open the lid, and in a moment more the cold blue lips of the dead child were glued to the mad actor's!

The next morning some member of the tragedian's family heard a wild strain of laughter that seemed to proceed from his sleeping room. The door was forced open, and Booth was discovered lying on his bed, gibbering in idiotic madness and caressing the corpse of his little one.

ARTISTIC.

THE death of M. Diaz de la Peña, the well-known French painter, is announced. He was born at Bordeaux in 1809, and made his debut in the Salon of 1831 with sketches and studies of landscape.

THE Art Union of London have decided to engrave, for presentation to their subscribers, Mr. Armitage's "Christ among the Doctors." The original oil painting, purchased for £400, will be the chief prize in the distribution of next year.

THE Prefect of the Seine has given orders that a complete catalogue be made of the artistic possessions of the city—monuments, paintings, statues, and of the invaluable contents of the museums of Cluny and Carnavalet. This will give rise to the recital of many legends, and revive in the memory of the Parisians the names of persons who bestowed upon them so many of the treasures in question.

DR. SCHLIEHMANN has made some more discoveries at Mycenae. In the tomb previously explored he has found a great quantity of women's jewellery in gold, and handsomely worked. Immediately after commencing excavations at an adjoining tomb a large head of a cow in silver, with immense horns of pure gold, was found. A large girdle of gold, five gold vases, and immense golden buttons were also found. All these objects are said to be marvellously worked. Among other discoveries are nine silver vases and numerous swords of bronze, but no trace of ironwork.

PERSONAL.

LOUIS RIEL is said to be recovering from his insanity. He has been in an asylum for a long time.

HON. JOHN SHARPLES, member of the Legislative Council of Quebec for the division of Stadacona, died lately after a brief illness.

ROUND THE DOMINION.

THE oldest inhabitant of Winnipeg predicts a mild winter.

It is said that Mr. Crooks has had under his consideration the question of University consolidation, which is at present occupying considerable attention.

SMALL-POX is on the decrease in Keewatin, thanks to the energetic measures adopted to prevent the spread of the epidemic.

THE Canadian Commissioners at Philadelphia have forwarded circulars to the successful exhibitors, asking for the necessary information to enable them to have the medals awarded to the latter properly inscribed.

THE Bonaventure local election case came up last week in the Court of Review at Quebec. The respondent was unseated on the ground of insufficient property qualification, and sentence of disqualification for corrupt practices was pronounced upon the petitioner.

ROUND THE WORLD.

THE Italian Parliamentary Committee on the revision of the penal code have decided to report in favour of the abolition of capital punishment.

THE Greek Chamber of Deputies have authorized the contraction of a loan of ten million drachmas (about \$1,700,000) for extraordinary measures of military organization.

It is reported that the Khedive is dissatisfied with his American officers, and has given them notice that their services will not be required after the close of the term of their several contracts.

THE United States Senate has appointed a committee of seven of its members to act with a committee appointed by the House in devising means to count and declare the electoral vote.

TERRIBLE accounts have been received of the ravages of the famine in the Madras Presidency. Much distress and disease prevail in the country districts, whence large numbers of starving people are flocking into the city.

TROUBLE is anticipated in the Basque provinces of Spain, consequent upon the refusal of the Provincial deputation to pay the eighteen and a half millions réals demanded of them for the maintenance of the army of occupation.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

SOPHERN will, next season, manage a theatre in New York.

MR. W. H. CHIPPENDALE, of the Haymarket Theatre, is confined to his bed by a severe attack of gout. He is the father of our Chip.

"PAULINE," an opera in four acts, the libretto (founded on "The Lady of Lyons") by Henry Hersee, the music composed by F. H. Gowen, was produced in London before a crowded audience, whose demonstrations of approval were many and emphatic. The opera is one of considerable merit.

To make theatres safe use—Iron curtain between stage and auditorium.

- Unflammable fabrics for scenery.
- Wider staircases.
- Doors opening outward.
- No "jags."
- No camp-stools in aisles.
- Paid firemen in attendance.
- Grand shower-bath over stage.
- Brick partition walls between stage and auditorium.
- Directions on the back of every seat advising people what to do in case of fire.
- Directions for obtaining speedy egress and diagram of theatre and drop curtain.
- Audiences to cultivate presence of mind.
- Stay away from theatres.

SCIENTIFIC.

MR. COXWELL, the English balloonist, maintains that the conditions of the Arctic regions are such as to render the ordinary methods of ballooning impracticable in that quarter.

REPORT has it that a river of genuine ink has been discovered in Algeria. It is formed by the union of two streams, one coming from a region of ferruginous soil, the other draining a peat swamp. The water of the former is strongly impregnated with iron, that of the latter with gallic acid. When the two waters mingle, the acid of the one unites with the iron of the other, forming a true ink.

A M. MENIER, of Bordeaux, has invented a new contrivance for the steering of balloons. The mechanism is placed behind the car, and by a clever arrangement of network acts upon a belt which encircles the body of the balloon, extending about four or five degrees above and below a horizontal plane through its centre—its equator, so to say. The rudder is plane, and can be used as a sail. The balloons are said to move obliquely upwards and downwards and also sideways, according to the position of the rudder. The sideways motion is very likely facilitated by changing the position of ballast. One circumstance, which may be of special practical use, is that a balloon provided with this new apparatus, when falling to the ground, can be made to touch the earth's surface very obliquely, and thus avoid any sudden shock, and at the same time facilitate a safe anchoring.