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All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

All literary correspondence, contributions, &c., to be addressed to the Editor.

When an answer is required, stamp for return postage must be enclosed.

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## NOTICE.

In the next number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS will appear a double-page representing all the officers of the

### QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES, TORONTO,

with a brief history of this well-known battalion. We shall also have a sketch or two of the Ross-Hanlon Boat Race, with a number of other interesting pictures.

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Aug. 3, 1878.

### LET US HAVE PEACE.

These words, used on a memorable occasion by General Grant, when the memories and passions of the civil war were sought to be revived to the detriment of the country and of his administration, have an equally apt application to ourselves in the unfortunate state of feeling engendered by the events of the 12th of July. There is not one among us who does not regret the circumstances attending that ill-starred day, but every thinking man will acknowledge that no good can come of so perpetuating these regrets as to kindle them into a flame of hostility which may become unextinguishable. In the cartoon which we present on the front page of the present issue is represented the state of the question as it stands to-day, and we beg to call the attention of our readers to it. Mayor BEAUDRY is shown resigning the controversy into the hands of the Judiciary, with the remark that, whereas he could settle it only for one day, the tribunals of the country are expected to settle it for all time to come. That is precisely the situation. The matter has passed into the hands of Justice where it must go through the various stages, until, as Mr. Doutre remarked in Court the other day, it will be brought for final decision before the Privy Council. The conduct of us all, pending these proceedings, is the simple and usual one of quiescence and patient expectancy. That is the conduct pursued during all public and private trials, and there is no reason for departing from it in the present instance. Rather are there the most vital and imperative reasons for proclaiming a truce to mutual recrimination and hostile invective until we have reached the judgment of the highest Court in our country. Every inducement—political, social and domestic—is there to press this course of action upon us. Extremists on both sides should really bear in mind they serve no useful end, but do an infinite deal of harm, by continuing their polemics on this very fortunate theme. We absolutely must have peace, if we would continue on our round of financial and commercial prosperity, and maintain those social and personal relations which, in a mixed community, are essential to concerted action and ultimate success. We agree to differ in politics without estranging friendship. Why should a dearer and more sacred motive fire us with unholy hostility?

Alas! 'tis sad, on both sides, to be told  
That all is done in sweet religion's name,  
Shall passion's dress thus pass for virtue's gold?  
Then why doth gleam the cross on Notre Dame,  
And the white Host within its shrine of flame?  
The dreadful days, thank God, are gone afar  
When sword and Bible were upheld the same;  
Better than such the days of Moslem war  
When Mahommed taught his Koran with the Scimitar.

Religion is the love of God and man.  
Not taught by torch or lance or hand grenades.  
We want no faggots here, no gyves, no ban,  
No Tyburn quarterings nor Dragonnades;  
Valladolid is a legend now and fades  
The deed of Calvin which must ne'er revive,  
The modern aim is—up to higher grades,  
The rule of action is—to take and give,  
The pith of Christian charity—LIVE AND LET LIVE.

And in this fair young land where, side by side,  
For six score years, two nations dwell as friends,  
Victor and vanquished! where the grief and pride  
Of Frenchmen have been soothed to loyal ends,  
And Britons have with grace done all that tends  
To make the lot of both a thing of worth,  
We may not bear with aught this pact that reads,—  
No feud transplanted here of alien birth  
Shall make our happy shore a by-word of the earth.

No! Rather let us all as one unite  
To welcome in the reign of peaceful toil  
And generous rivalry, rising in our might,  
Like new Antaei on this virgin soil;  
No old world faction shall be left to spoil  
The sunlit prospect of the glorious boon,  
And with this patriot's purpose as a foil,  
Our hopes shall be rewarded and full soon  
Our youthful land shall see a second honeymoon.

## CYPRUS.

There are few persons to whom the name of Cyprus will be anything but a household word. In one connection or another, this small island has always been reminding us of its existence in the past, and sometimes of its existence now. But it is only very lately that it has been talked of as one of the items in the great Turkish question. It seemed to be too snugly ensconced in the north-eastern corner of the Mediterranean to be drawn into the vortex of civil insurrection or of foreign invasion. All at once, however, rumours came about to the effect that it was about to pass into British occupation. These rumours have been translated into fact, and Cyprus is to be subject to the authority of a Government from which it has everything to hope, and nothing to fear. Under the circumstances, it is by no means improbable that the island will stand a chance of coming within the range of the tourist in search of change, health, and novelty, and be no longer visited only by antiquaries or by stray members of the touring multitude. This being the case, a few words about the place may not be out of season. First of all, as a matter of prime importance, we are assured that the climate is on the whole very healthy; that the diseases which prevail, both with regard to their frequency and their character, do not relatively reach three-fifths of the amount of diseases in Europe generally, or in Italy in particular. In some localities it is true that malaria and other ailments are to be feared; but, as the times and places are known, the danger can be avoided. Of course all parts are not equally healthy all the year round, and therefore the best places and the proper seasons must be selected by those who are disposed to be careful where they pitch their tent. Here, as elsewhere, the climate is affected by the features of the physical geography; and this applies to both winter and summer. The northern slopes of the range of mountains nearer Asia Minor, the plains of the interior, and the plains of the south, all have their differences of kind and degree in summer and in winter weather. The cold upon the mountain heights is often severe in the extreme, and the heat in the great plains is simply torrid, parching up all vegetation, drying up every trace of water, and creating a solitude like that of the desert. Well, of course these extremes must be avoided, and due inquiry must be made as to liability to fever and other ills prevalent in certain localities.

Three-fifths of Cyprus are mountainous, the two principal ranges running generally east and west, and the loftiest points rising about 7,000 feet. The extreme length of the island, from Cape St. Andrew to Cape St. Epiphanius, is under 150 miles, the greatest width about 50; the eastern horn, a long, narrow strip, pointing towards Syria, is about one-third in length of the whole. Where there are no mountains, there are magnificent plains and an extensive open country; though cultivation is sadly neglected, the soil is naturally exceedingly fertile, and would be actually so were it not for neglected culture and deficient water supply. Even now the produce includes all kinds of grain, various fruits, such as lemons, oranges, olives, and dates, while madder, flax, cotton, wool, and silk are more or less abundant. The capabilities of the island are very great, and there are forests of oak, with walnut trees and other good timber. The vine flourishes, and time was when the old Commandery wine was more famous than the Cyprus wines which are now common in our markets. In ancient days it was celebrated for its mineral wealth, and it produced gold, silver, and especially copper; besides marble, precious stones and gems, pitch-coal is said to be accessible. Some of the mines which were not allowed to be worked by the Turkish authorities, might again be opened and made to increase the revenue and the prosperity of the people.

The majority of the inhabitants are Christians, professing the creeds of the Greek Church; but they are in a debased condition, and are said to be very double-minded. As for the Turks, they are not so numerous by far as they once were, and need improvement at least as much as the Greeks do. Under an enlightened, liberal, and tolerant rule, and with proper encouragement of the arts of industry and commerce, there would be no doubt a rapid change for the better. Progress would also be helped by greater and free communication with the

outer world. With all its disadvantages, Cyprus is still able to yield a valuable return to its masters. The condition of the people is naturally best in the centres of trade, as at the capital, Nikosia, at Larnaka, and some others.

Among the wants of the island are good harbours, good roads and means of conveyance, and such comfortable accommodation as is desired by ordinary travellers. All these will come in time, but at present visitors will have to put up with disadvantages, and to seek their enjoyment in various occupations. Lovers of sport need be at no loss, while the students of botany and antiquities and the admirers of natural scenery will find plenty to fill up their time. The enterprising tourist who has energy and endurance should be the first to explore this region, and from him, it is to be hoped, accounts will be received favourable enough to tempt others. We are told that one may travel for days over deserted and abandoned plains overrun with brambles and other useless plants. We read also of snakes, tarantulas, and deadly spiders; but these will scarcely come in the way of those who keep to the beaten tracks. Meanwhile it is certain that there is so much to see and enjoy in a visit to Cyprus, that the disadvantages are more than counterbalanced.

A glance at the history of the island will show how much its possession has been coveted, and what importance was attached to it. Thousands of years ago it was held by the Phoenicians, it was taken by the Egyptians, and was afterwards under the successive domination of Persia, Greece, and Rome. It has been occupied by the Arabs, by the Crusaders, who set up a monarchy there, and by the Venetians, under whom it was comparatively rich and prosperous. The Turks conquered it only so recently as 1570, and since then it has formed part of the Ottoman Empire. Nor is it unimportant now. Its very position adds to its importance. Within sixty miles to the north is Asia Minor, and Latakia, on the Syrian coast, is at a very little greater distance, while it is only 230 miles from the mouth of the Nile at Damietta. Its occupation by England will certainly have a beneficial influence upon it. This is not all; it forms the third of the series of stations which give to England enormous advantages in the Mediterranean. There is Gibraltar at the extreme west, there is Malta in the centre, and now there is Cyprus in the east. These, however, are facts which rather concern the politician than the tourist, and we make no comment upon them.

It is not our present intention to enter into detail as to the mode of reaching the island, and the places chiefly to be visited; but we may mention the names of the principal towns. Tzerina or Ghirne is one of the north coast, and from it, by an inland route, Nikosia or Lefkosia may be reached in six hours. A few hours more bring us to Larnaka on the south coast, and a day's journey from it is the ancient Salamis, now Famagusta, towards the east. About the same distance from Larnaka to the west is Limasol. At the west of the island is Baffa, anciently Paphos, with a large open bay, and on the north-west is Limenia, twenty miles north of Baffa. Other places of interest could be named; but let this suffice for a beginning.

### THE CHRONICLES OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

"I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes  
With the memorials and the things of fame  
That do renown this city."

—Shakespeare.

So said Sebastian when he entered a city in Illyria, rendered famous by Shakespeare in that most enchanting comedy—"Twelfth Night." So also must many a tourist have said to his *compagnon de voyage*, when visiting the city of Quebec, which is replete with traditionary lore, quaint legends, and historic incidents of men renowned for their deeds.

For Christian service and true chivalry  
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry  
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son.

All the visitors to the ancient capital who have read Mr. Le Moine's delightful volume "Quebec, Past and Present," must have satisfied themselves that there were in the city many memorials and things of fame of which they would have known nothing without his friendly guidance. If the stranger, or I should say rather, pilgrim, to Stadacona owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. Le Moine, the lover of the romantic shores of the St. Lawrence from the Island of Orleans to the Island of Anticosti is so much the more indebted to him for his "Chronicles of the St. Lawrence." Personally, having been in the habit for many years past, whenever opportunities presented themselves, of making a trip either by steamer, sailing vessel or pilot boat to the Lower St. Lawrence, and being now tolerably familiar with its shores and the picturesque villages which fringe its hill sides, I most cordially thank Mr. Le Moine for his "Chronicles," and must confess that I have not, for a long time, read a book with so much interest and pleasure. I am not going to write a criticism on the book, neither to dwell on the skill and abilities of one, whose reputation as an antiquary, archaeologist and a scholar is as well known in the Province of Quebec as the maple trees are in the autumn for their beautiful and luxuriant foliage, when clothed in a "proud posterity of leaves." But I am going to recommend diligent reading of the "Chronicles" to all who have ever travelled by water from Quebec to the Atlantic, and more particularly

so to those who have never seen the thousand natural beauties and the magnificent Laurentian mountains, which everywhere present themselves to the eye, and so strongly appeal to the imagination and the feelings during the trip down the river.

Perhaps no excursion on this continent can be made where there is such a variety in the phases of the scenery as that existing between Quebec and the "Gulf Ports." Again, for convenience, expeditions and safe transit, the Gulf Steamers *Secret* and *Miramichi*, and the River Steamers *Saguenay*, *Union* and *St. Lawrence* afford everything that can be desired. But the mere trip to and fro, beyond a momentary gratification to the eye, and imparting a healthful glow to the cheek, and invigorating the body, is not seeing the St. Lawrence in the way to appreciate the spirit of Mr. Le Moine's "Chronicles." The rapid passing in a steamboat the Island of Orleans, Isle aux Coudres, Murray Bay, The Pilgrims, Riviere du Loup, Tadousac, Bic, Rimouski, Metis, Cape Chatte, Cape Rosier, Gaspé, Percé and other places *en route* to Pictou, will not enable the tourist to form even a remote idea of the romantic inland scenery "where scarce a woodman finds a road, and scarce the fisher plies an oar," but where every mile is rather "magnificently rude" or sublime in its grandeur. As a hurried walk round the Louvre and the Vatican with an ordinary cicerone, or through such glorious fanes as Canterbury, York and Westminster, Gloster, Wells and Salisbury, accompanied only by the subsacrist or verger, will not let the student or pilgrim, however intelligent or perspicacious he may be, grasp the beauties, whether of sculpture, painting or architecture, presented to his view, neither will a temporary halting at the wharves or landing places of the different villages enable the *voyageur* to find that

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
There is society where none intrudes,

or to find that infinite pleasure in the "Chronicles" which the writer has done in consequence of his familiarity with the places and the peoples so graphically described by Mr. Le Moine.

It is strange how wonderfully little our American and Canadian tourists, in general, know of the glories which lie concealed here and there, in fact everywhere, *en route* to the unfashionable regions of Bic, Rimouski, Metis and Gaspé, and it is also strange that poets and artists have not turned for their inspiration and for their pictures to the everlasting hills, the mountain torrents, the secluded valleys, the quiet dells, rivalling in grandeur and beauty those scenes of which such men as Petrarch and Salvator Rosa have given such wonderful pictures in words and on canvas. It is true there is not the vivid interest attached to the Saguenay or the Metapedia, the Godbout or the Restigouche as there is to the Rhine or the Thames, the Tiber or the Po. The German Teine and the English Thomson have immortalized their rivers, and Byron and Rogers have done the same for the Italian rivers, while such artists as Turner and Stanfield, Roberts and Prout have made us familiar with everything worth seeing or remembering from the Orkneys and the Hebrides to the Archipelago, from the Isle of Man to Cyprus. Would that such men as Church and Bierstadt would do for the Lower St. Lawrence what they have done for the Andes, Niagara and the Yosemite Valley, the latter destined, through the liberality of the artist, to adorn the walls of the Benaiah Gibb Art Gallery. There is a field open for Jacobi and Allen Edson.

THOS. D. KING.

### CALEDONIA SPRINGS.

OUR GREAT SUMMER AND HEALTH RESORT.

This popular retreat, now thronged with its grateful patrons, we have thought it not inopportune this week to bring prominently before the notice of our readers, not that the place needs any laudation at our hands, but in this hurrying age, simply to place on record the changes brought here of late to meet the demands of a fastidious public. Who that has not heard of the gaiety and life of Caledonia Springs in time past or the great healing virtues of the waters? And with the progress of the country generally it has kept pace. The great sporting events of the year do not here take place now, but if the visitors are of a quieter tone of mind, they are not less numerous nor their pleasures or enjoyment less if of a more subdued character. The wearied business men seeking relaxation and rest from city strife, families in search of the pure country air not less than invalids attracted by the known benefits to be derived from the baths and waters, are here to be found, if not by thousands at a time, at least in such numbers as, while giving a gay and cheerful aspect to the place, does not rob it of the sociable and homelike character for which it is now celebrated. To be sure many of its *habitués* are attracted by the renowned waters and have some more or less serious ailment from which they seek relief, and with the perfected experience of the waters and their skillful application for the several affections for which they have been found specific, acquired by the many years in which they have been in use, their reputation has been gradually extending till now it may be said to be continental; this is seen by marking the varied places from which the visitors hail, as varied as the disorders for which they come to rid themselves.