

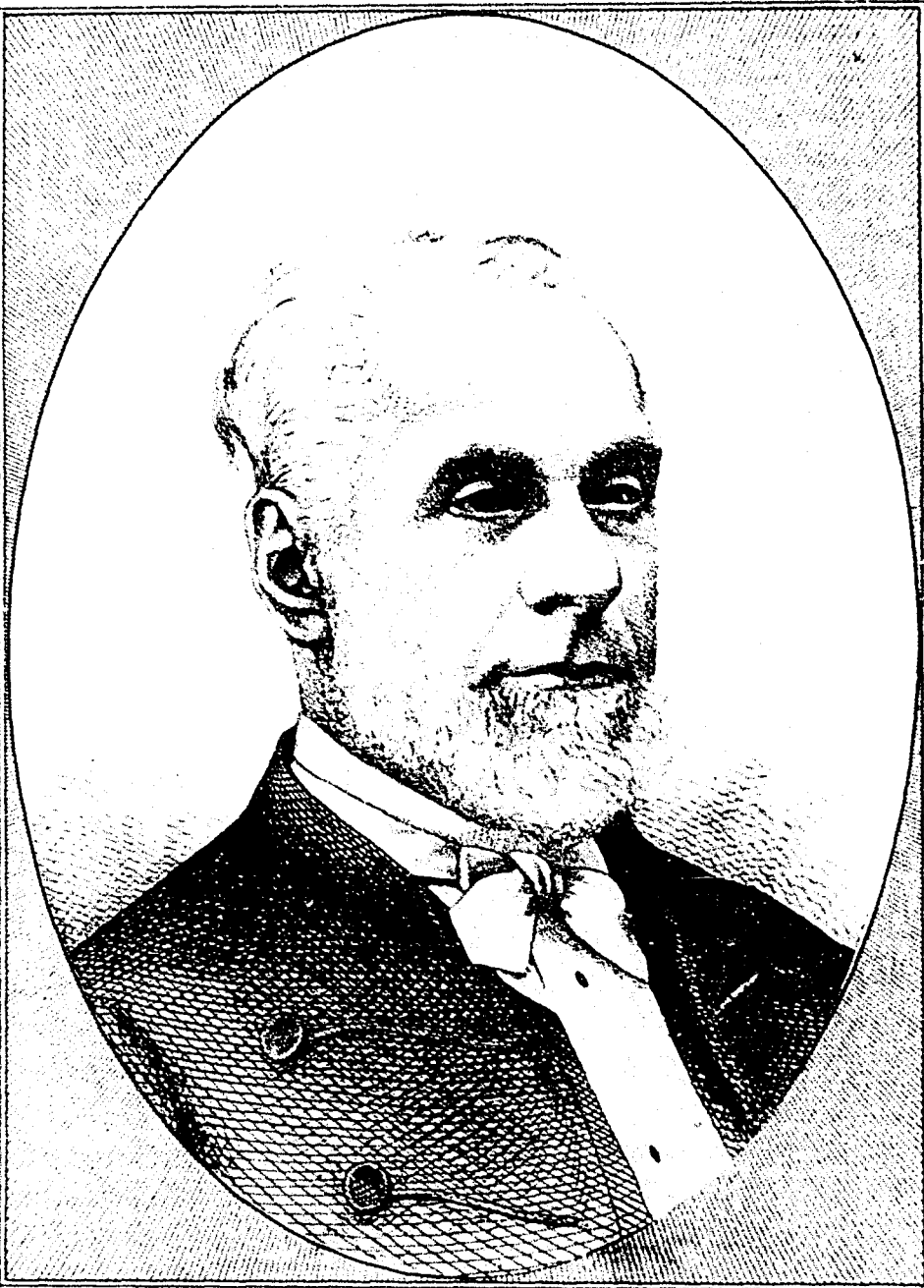
HON. F. H. LEMAIRE.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY
No. 266

The Speaker of the Legislative Council of Quebec was born at the Mission of the Lake of Two Mountains, on the 15th March, 1808. He was admitted as a Notary Public on the 16th January, 1836; is Major Two Mountains Reserve Militia, and has been agent for the Seminary of St. Sulpice at the Seigneurie of the Lake of Two Mountains, since 1842. He was appointed a member of the Executive Council and Speaker of the Legislative Council of Quebec on the 22nd of September, 1874. He was called to the Legislative Council in 1867.

AUTUMN LEAVES IN AMERICA.

Charles Bradlaugh in a recent letter to an English journal says: At present the climate is glorious, and the foliage so splendid that it is almost worth an ocean journey to admire the trees. Yesterday, I visited the Forest Hills Cemetery, on the south side of Boston, but fear that I can but very faintly convey an idea of the magnificent robes of many-shaped and many-colored leaves in which nature has temporarily arrayed herself. The bright leaves of the Virginia creeper, trained around the doors and windows on the wooden house fronts, or making a brilliant crimson riband on the walls, and excelled only by the vivid color of the Japanese woodbine at the cemetery gates, prepared the eye somewhat for the splendor which dressed the walnut, oak, elm, maple, and fir of the neighborhood. Here the russet-brown leaves of the walnut and the dark green of the scrub oak formed a background for the light ochre of the live oak; contrasting with the scarlet of the maple, now pale, now deepened, now about a blood red, and now a leaden plum color, as the bright sunshine or dull cloudshade came on the wind-swayed branches. One tree was specially remarkable; it was a rock maple, its lower limbs thickly clad in dark olive green, which faded into pale emerald, then shone out in pale carmine, and at last edged itself all round with a broad fringe of bright yellow ochre. Special leaves presented marvellous freaks of coloring; a yellow ochre leaf with an eccentric line of bright emerald green, and with two of the points of the leaf scarlet-dyed; another leaf of pale green, as if a fern had been printed on it in dark brown, and others—among which the pretty brown striped squirrel ran to hide—so strangely tinted and painted with mander carmine, sea green, pink, and ruby, that any fair description seems exaggeration. The beauty is not so much in the single leaves, however curious, or in solitary trees, however gorgeous. It is in the glorious array of a thousand trees ranked beside

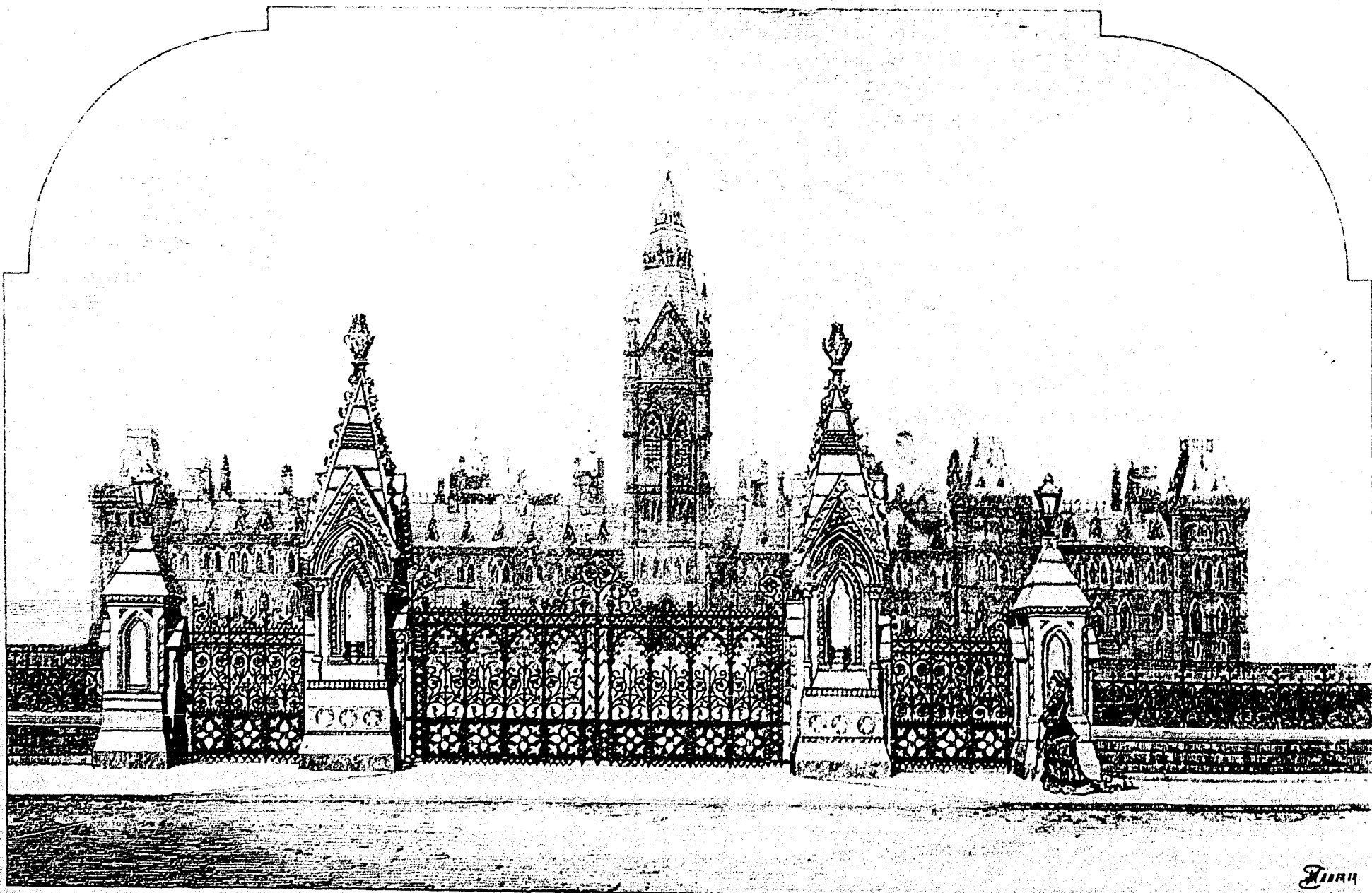


HON. FELIX HYACINTHE LEMAIRE, SPEAKER OF THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL, QUEBEC.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LIVERNOIS.

and above each other on the hill slopes, girded and burnished by the sun's ray pencil. The dark green of the fir, the American poplar, and the elm, the bright green of the spruce, and the white oak, the innumerable shades of color from pale yellow to dark chocolate, of the different varieties of oak, the delicate green, pink, carmine, and scarlet of the maple, fringed with the brilliant crimson of the sumach bush, whose lower leaves mingle with the rich but treacherous and heavy magnificent scarlet of the poisonous ivy, this last losing itself amongst the thick ferns. Paint all these on your eye, and give them almost life with the breeze-breath amongst them, and then you have a faint idea of the beauty of autumn leaves in Massachusetts.

CANOVA'S RIGHT HAND.

Anne Brewster writes from Venice to the Philadelphia Bulletin: Do you know that Canova's clever right hand is in a jasper urn that is placed against the wall in one of the halls of the Venetian Academy? I did not, and was startled one day by learning the fact from the Latin inscription in gilt bronze letters upon the beautiful urn; underneath it is Canova's steel scalpello, which he used when giving the last best touches of a master to the marble. At the Municipal Museum Correr (named Correr from the distinguished collector of the objects who left the museum to the city) you will find a curious collection of Canova's abozzi, or first sketches in clay; among them is the repentant Magdalen, and the group of the old man leaning on the young woman's arm in the sad procession entering his own monumental tomb at Frari. The group was originally modelled for the well-known tomb of the Archduchess Maria Christina of Austria, in the Augustins church at Vienna. Above this case of clay sketches are three of Canova's oil paintings, very poor, and a few carefully executed designs of some of his monuments. Among them is a very beautiful Rezzonico, Clement XIII., tomb, which is in the north transept of St. Peter's at Rome. On the wall, below these drawings and oil paintings, are fastened a bone modelling tool, a rasp, and a long steel chisel with a wooden handle, which were used by Canova in his clay and marble work. Canova, you will remember, died in Venice in 1822; he was born at Possagno, near Bassano, in 1757. He died in Campo St. Gallo; you will find the house easily; it is No. 1119. His cunning right hand is enshrined in jasper at the Academy; his simple, honest heart is embalmed in the superb monument built by all Europe to his memory in the fine old Venetian church of the Frari, and his body rests in the temple he built at his birthplace, Possagno.



OTTAWA:—THE NEW GATES OF THE PARLIAMENT GROUNDS; (IRONWORK MANUFACTURED BY H. R. IYER & CO., OF MONTREAL.)