

buildings in front with vaults underneath, were undoubtedly built in the same compact manner, as Mr. Boswell, some years ago, in excavating for his brewery on the site of these stores, came in contact with the old foundation walls, and so hard that powder had to be used for blasting; the mortar was found to be harder than stone, and a drill had but small effect upon it. That gentleman many years ago became the tenant of the war department for these ruins and vaults and has roofed them in, taken care of the property and made improvements generally at his own expense. There is an old story current that a subterraneous passage, under these old ruins, led to the river. Others say that a passage communicated with the Upper Town; it is highly probable the old vaults and passage discovered by Mr. Boswell in the above excavation have been the origin of this story. For in one case towards the river it would be flooded at high water and towards the Upper Town barred by a rampart of solid rock.

From 1775 to the withdrawal of the Imperial troops in 1870-71, nearly a century this property was used specially for military purposes, and commonly known, as shown on old plan, as the King's Wood Yard, and more recently as the Commissariat Fuel Yard. The land several years ago was reduced in extent by the sale of building lots on the lines of St. Valer and St. Nicholas streets; and the Palace Harbour, in front to the River St. Charles, was disposed of to the City Corporation in 1851.

At the beginning of this century, and many years afterwards, a military guard seems to have done duty at the "Palais," and adjoining premises, east of St. Nicholas street, known as the Royal Dock Yard, King's Wharf, Stores, &c. This latter property extended eastward as far as *La Casse*, in front of a black house, the site of the present Nunnery Bastion, and lying between what is now known as St. Charles street, or the foot of the Cliff, and the high water mark on the North side corresponding pretty nearly with the line of St. Paul street.

The ruins of "Le Palais" and accessories since 1775, were several times fitted up by the military authorities, for stabling, fiddler sheds, wash house, military stores, cartmaker's quarters, &c., &c., and the vaults were leased for storing iron, wines, and other liquors, and storage generally to the inhabitants of the city, and the roof was shingled, or otherwise covered in on several occasions by the Government.

In the great fire of St. Roch's, 1845, the Fuel Yard, about four acres in extent, with some hundreds of cords of wood piled there, and a very large quantity of coals in a "lean-to-shed" against the Palais Walls was consumed—the coals continued to burn or smoulder for nearly six months—and notwithstanding the solidity of the masonry, as already described, portions of it with the heat like a fiery furnace gave way. Upon this occasion, an unfortunate woman and two children were burnt to death in the Fuel Yard. Great efforts were made by Mr. Bailey, a Commissariat Officer, and Mr. Boswell, owner of the Brewery, to save the lives of the victims, but unfortunately without success. These gentlemen, after their coats had been burnt off their backs, and the hair from their heads and eyebrows, had to fly at last to save their own lives.

On the withdrawal of the Imperial troops in 1870-71, the whole of "Le Palais" property was handed over to the Dominion Government.

CHARLES WALKER,
(Late R. E. Civil Staff in Canada.)
Ottawa, 24 July, 1876.

THE ISLAND OF ENNAYE.

"Summer-isle of Eden in dark purple sphere of sea."
Locksley Hall.

The island of Ennaye was the twin sister of Tenerife. Part is a low, rich champagne, hot and teeming with rich vegetation. Part is rocky and mountainous; ascending from a cluster of hills up to the regions of ceaseless cold and perpetual snow.

It was almost entirely inhabited by two large families living, like Lot and Abraham, in the old patriarchal style. They were the offspring of the two patriarchs Psam Yocel and Khan Ueque. The sept of Psam lived on the plains; that of Khan on the hills and mountains.

Now it has always been observed that in nations those who live in the rich plains are effeminate, hot-blooded, treacherous and quick-witted, while the everlasting hills nurse a race of men of deepest patriotism, moral lives, undaunted bravery and slow but sure reasoning powers.

So was it to a great extent with Psam and Khan, as these clans were called after the names of their two great fathers.

The histories of the wars and commerce of these families one with another extends over numerous quartos and folios. But like Flaccus of old we will drop from lofty themes, touch a humbler string with slighter quill, and tell how Psam cheated Khan out of his sugar orchard.

One of the sons of Khan was named Rougechemin. He had a splendid sugar orchard on one of the slopes of the hills at the foot of the everlasting mountains of Ennaye. He employed many men who used to offer their sugar for food or furs to the other sons of Khan. And right glad were they to make the trade, for sugar is dear to the tooth of the innocent, and it has been proved that the more civilised a nation becomes the more sugar does it eat. And the orchard and Rougechemin flowed with white and refined sugar the whole four seasons round.

But Psam cast jealous eyes at the sap-buckets

and boiling house of the children of Khan. Psam too had children who supplied their brethren with sugar from the ephemeral cane. Not content with this Psam wished to entice away the sturdy bucket-carriers of Rougechemin, to swell the numbers of those who paid tax and toll to him and he thought, with a devilish cunning the depths of which could not be sounded by the brain of Kartroug (the great Caliph of the house of Khan) that, if he once killed out the trade of Rougechemin, he could sell sugar to the Ueques at any price he wished.

So he said to the great cane-boilers of his family:

"Your brothers and I are rich; for every pound of sugar which you sell to the house of Khan, we will give you three obols. This being a 'draw-on,' we will call it a 'draw-back.'"

And so the farmers and the hunters on the sides of the mountain of Ennaye got sugar so cheap from Psam that they would no longer try that of their own brother. Some of the bucket-carriers of Rougechemin left him and hoed the cane and led the "trash" to the huge boilers of the great commercial house of Yocel.

Others with their ruined master shared the toil of the hunters on the mountains and diminished the prospects of the chase.

But the rest of the Ueques, who had at first rejoiced in getting sugar so cheap, found it gradually go up, up, up, in price, and the Psams laughed and said "We will no longer take your butter and beef for our sugar. We produce enough of these for ourselves. Give us of your gold."

Then indeed rose the slow wrath of the children of Khan. And a wise man said "that, since Kartroug has been Caliph, not one seven days together of pleasant weather had gladdened our wives and daughters who love the picnic and the sleigh drive. The curse of our mighty god, the weather klerc, has rested on us since we turned out our old Caliph and his band of Softas."

Of Kartroug and his softas indeed had the prophecy of the ancient bard come true.

To scatter plenty o'er and smiling land
And read their history in a nation's eyes
Their lot forbode."

And so Sir George, the old Caliph, came back to the council hall of Ottawaais.

And he said that for three obols of "draw-back" he would lay a duty of three obols on every pound of Fuchs Samuel's sugar that came across the line of the Canucks; and for four obols of drawback he would lay a duty of four obols. And the boiling-house welcomed back its old master to Rougechemin. And Redpath's bucket-carriers filed slowly back to Canada. And again in the merry spring tide when the buds are bourgeoning on the maple, what time the tender ash delays to clothe itself with leaves, the sugar orchards resound to the merry songs of the white palmed daughters and horny handed wives of the sugar makers, and the time-honored rites and ceremonies are kept up so well known to every reader of *Mudie* or the "Bastonnais." Belleville, Ont. F. C. E.

YORK PIONEERS AT LUNDY'S LANE.

The cry of hard times kept up with full chorus for the last two years, luxuries going by the board and retrenchment amounting to inconvenience and discomfort the order of the day, it is curious to notice with what tenacity people still hold to their pleasures. There is no tax, not even an Englishman's dog tax, paid more readily by a community of rogblers, than that which nature exacts for mental buoyancy and relief from care. It may be that the hot weather suggested the advisability of a sail on the lake and the great number of steamboats, launches, barges and craft of every denomination and tonnage lying in the harbour with nothing else to do, and cheap fares consequent on fierce competition, may have rendered an excursion the most convenient manner of doing it, or as opium, arsenic, whiskey and idleness are indulged in proportionately to the hunger, rags and disgrace of the individuals requiring either of the unusual amount of festivity, holiday making and "mirth which proclaims the absence of solid enjoyment" may be dancing all out of tune to the rather slow piping of business, in obedience to the very same law. "That must be as it may," but crowded steamers "bound for a fair spice country of a nowhere" are intoxicating affairs, and a band where there is occasionally too much brass and frequently too much drum "palls on the sense." The excursion of the York pioneers however, which we present in this number, celebrating as it did the victory of Lundy's Lane, is one of national interest, savouring, indeed, somewhat of a religious character. Never did pilgrims to Lourdes, or Paray-le-monial carry more sincere hearts or more honest convictions of the good purposes of their mission, than those old men to the grave of the gallant Brock. They had served under him, probably saw him die. The lesson in hardship which they received early in life has instilled a modesty unusual with old men. They have retained some of the soldier's pride in his old corps and are literally dying in the ranks, meeting here every 25th of July from all parts of the country to "close up in the centre," and call the roll of their own enfolded memories to see who is missing. There is a certain amount of the ludicrous always coming to the surface on such an occasion in the matter of flags and cannons, as we see in the sketches, but where there is an infusion of inoffensive lunacy without being vulgar, there is hardly a possibility of one ever being dull.

OUR PICTURES.

The greater number of our illustrations, in the present issue, are separately described. The front page cartoon refers to the great question of the increase of taxation in this city, wherein the rich proprietor is seen to grumble because his assessments have risen, and the poor tenant rejoices because his have gone down. The reason of the difference is that the assessment roll is now based on the value of property, not on the rental. The Eastern war, now drawing to its close, is represented by a series of graphic sketches. Our readers will allow that we have kept them abundantly informed of the events of this war through our pictures. We have an art engraving entitled the Harvest Time, after Bouguereau, which, besides being appropriate to the season, is well worth preserving as a work of art.

THE DUKE OF ALVA'S BREAKFAST.

In reading an old chronicle of the sixteenth century, we met with the following anecdote, which, for many reasons, deserves to be preserved. We have since found it confirmed from other sources.

A German lady, descended from a family which was always famous for heroic spirit, and had seen one of his sons on the imperial throne, once made the dreaded Duke of Alva tremble by a display of masculine resolution.

In the year 1547, when Charles the Fifth was passing with his army through Thuringia, Catherine, widow of the Earl of Schwartzburg, by birth Princess of Henneberg, obtained from him a letter of protection for her subjects, forbidding the Spanish forces to do them any injury.

In return, she bound herself to furnish bread, beer, and other necessaries of life, at a reasonable rate, to the troops, at the place where they crossed the river Saal.

She had the prudence, however, to remove the bridges which stood near the town, and erect others at a distance, for fear the neighbourhood of wealth might tempt too strongly the soldiers' appetite for plunder. She sent orders, likewise, to the inhabitants of the villages in the army's line of march to bring their most valuable effects to her own castle of Rudolstadt.

In the meantime the Spanish general approached the town, accompanied by Duke Henry of Brunswick, with his sons, and sent a message to the lady, expressing his wish to breakfast in her castle. Such a request, from a man with an army at his back, could not well be refused.

He should be welcome, was the answer, if his excellency could be satisfied with what the house afforded. At the same time he was reminded of the letter of protection, and requested to observe it scrupulously.

A friendly greeting and a well-furnished table saluted the Duke on his arrival. He must confess, he said, that the ladies of Thuringia understood the management of a kitchen and the other duties of hospitality.

The company had not yet sat down to table, when a messenger called the lady out of the room, and informed her that, in certain villages, the Spanish soldiers had violently driven off the cattle of the peasants. Catherine was the mother of her subjects, and felt a wrong done to the meanest among them as a personal injury.

Greatly irritated at this breach of faith, but still retaining her presence of mind, she ordered all her vassals to arm themselves quietly and speedily, and bar the gates of the castle.

Meanwhile, she herself returned into the parlour, where her guests were seated at table, and complained, in the most moving terms, of the wrong which had been done her, and of the contempt with which the plighted faith of the Emperor was treated.

She was answered with laughter. She was told that it was one of the usages of war, one of the little accidents which always attend the march of an army, and could not be prevented. "That we will see," exclaimed she, glowing with indignation: "my poor subjects shall have their property restored, or by heaven, princes' blood shall pay for oxen's."

This said, she left the apartment, which in a few moments, was filled with armed men, who placed themselves, sword in hand, but with respectful looks, behind the chairs of the nobles, ready to wait on them during their meal.

At the entrance of this martial troop, the Duke of Alva changed colour, and his companions looked at each other in mute astonishment.

Cut off from his army, surrounded by a superior force of armed men, what remained for him but patiently to submit to any terms which the offended dame might impose. Henry of Brunswick first resumed his courage, and broke out into a loud laugh.

He adopted the judicious course of treating the whole scene as a joke, and pronounced a panegyric upon the lady for her maternal care of her subjects, and the resolute spirit which she had manifested. He begged her not to trouble herself at what had happened, and undertook to obtain Duke of Alva's consent to anything which justice required. The Duke, agreeably to his request, immediately sent orders to his camp to have the cattle restored without delay.

As soon as the lady learnt that the order had been obeyed, she thanked her guests in the most obliging terms, and they, with great show of courtesy, took their leave.

The skillful manoeuvre of the astute dame soon became a matter of public gossip throughout the whole of Germany, and the courage of the lady was the theme of high praise wherever it was made known.

It was this transaction, undoubtedly, which obtained for Catherine of Schwartzburg the name of the Heroic. She died universally honoured, in the fifty-eighth year of her age. Her remains lie in the church of Rudolstadt.

LITERARY.

HEPWORTH DIXON is writing about the economy of Palestine.

"Ready Money Mortiboy" was written by James Rice and W. Besant.

HEPWORTH DIXON is writing his first novel. "In and Out of Sunshine" is its title.

TWELVE years elapsed before 500 copies of Emerson's "Nature" were purchased by the public.

"HELEN'S BABIES," the popular tale published anonymously by Loring, was written by a New Yorker.

HENRY BLACKBURN is writing a series of hand-books to the National Collection of Pictures, Statues, &c.

THE *Revista Europea* for July contains the first act of a translation of Longfellow's "Spanish Student."

MR. DARWIN is reading the last proofs of his new work, "The Results of Cross and Self-Fertilization in the Vegetable Kingdom."

THE author of "St. Elmo" is the only American writer of fiction to whom a publisher will pay \$15,000 for a novel on receipt of the manuscript.

DISRAELI'S novel will illustrate the development of imperialism in Europe and continue the fortunes of Lothair. He should, by all means, write his autobiography.

James Russell Lowell has copied his tribute to Virginia in his Centennial Ode and had it elegantly framed for the Library of the Mother of Presidents, at the request of one of her sons.

Swinburne has concluded a tragedy, for the library, not the stage, and calls it *Elizabeth*. It is about half the length of *Bohemia*, and is said by the few who have heard passages from it to be full of beauty and power.

A BEAUTIFUL copy of the Complutensian Polyglot, the rare Editio Princeps of the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures, together with two Missals, a Codex of Justinian, and other MSS., and seventy-three other volumes reserved from the library of the late Bishop of Manchester, have been presented by the Rev. Canon Evans to the library of Owens College.

AN attempt some time ago was made by a few gentlemen to start an illustrated newspaper for the Chinese, who, it appears, are very partial to foreign illustrations. The idea was certainly a good one, as it would tend to give the Celestials some idea of the manners and customs of foreigners. The natives of China, leaving the inhabitants of the Treaty Ports, know very little about foreigners; and such a paper, if brought out at a moderate price, would do much good.

GEORGE SHEA, a compositor employed in the *Ashton Star* office, is alleged to have abstracted the manuscript of a letter published in that paper, and to have handed it over to certain persons who had been warmly criticised in it. The Ashton magistrates do not consider this sort of thing theft, and have refused to convict Mr. Shea. The result is that Mr. Broadbent, who has prosecuted, has announced his determination to apply for a mandamus to compel the bench to send the case for trial. The *Liberal Review* thinks that he will get the mandamus, and hopes to find that property in MS. is just as sacred as it is in silver plate.

"CONNECTED WITH THE PRESS."—This expression, says the *World*, will soon pass into a by-phrasal meaningless as "something in the City." A fellow, whose name was unwholesomely mixed up with a tale of seduction and suicide, described himself at a recent inquest as "connected with the press." The probability is that the fellow had no claim to that distinction. It is one thing to be "connected with the press," another to be a journalist. The red-nose penny-a-liner who "flimsies" tremendous conflagrations, the advertisement tout, the dapper clerk in the financial department, the proof-reader, the "devil" who fetches copy and beer, even the boy in livery who rides the hack-pony of the *Echo*,—all these are "connected with the press;" but, if you please, they are not journalists.

Mortimer Collins, the English novelist and poet, whose death is announced, fell a victim to over-work. He had not rested from his incessant literary toil for years. He was born at Plymouth, in 1827. He early devoted himself to journalism, and was for many years connected with various metropolitan newspapers, and was also well known as a writer of *vers de société*. Among his novels are, "Who is the Heir?" "Sweet Ann Page," "Marquis and Merchant," "Two Plunges for a Pearl," "Squire Silchester's Whim," "Transmigration," and "Frances." In poetry his separate publications are, "Summer Songs," "Idyls and Other Poems," and the "Inn of Strange Meetings and Rhymer Poems." A volume of essays, published in 1871, anonymously, and entitled "The Secret of Long Life," was also from the pen of Mr. Collins.

Books are not made for furniture, but there is nothing else that so beautifully furnishes a house. The plainest row of books is more significant of refinement than the most elaborately-carved sideboard. Give us a home furnished with books rather than furniture. Both if you can; but books at any rate. To spend several days at a friend's house, and hunger for something to read, while you are tramping on costly carpets, and sitting on luxurious chairs, and sleeping upon down, is as if one were bribing your body for the sake of cheating your mind. Books are the windows through which the soul looks out. A house without them is like a room without windows. No man has a right to bring up his children without surrounding them with books, if he has the means to buy them. It is a wrong to his family. Children learn to read through being in the presence of books. The love of knowledge comes with reading, and grows upon it. And the love of knowledge in a young mind is almost a warrant against the inferior excitements of passion and vice.

THE London correspondent of the *Lynn Advertiser* is answerable for the following:—"To judge from appearance, literature is not a profitable profession. I had occasion lately to spend a good deal of time at the reading-room of the British Museum Library, and of all the badly-dressed, unwashed, unshaven, unkempt persons ever collected in a public room, the frequenters of that library are certainly the sordidest. And yet a large proportion are not the mere rank and file of the profession, mere literary bucks and penny-a-liners—but names familiar in our mouths as household words, men famous wherever the English language is spoken are there. But a single magazine article for which the publisher would pay ten guineas would defray the annual tailor's bill of most of these celebrities; and, to the shame of the craft be it said, there are few of its profession whose brain-work does not prevent their giving any attention to the exterior of their heads. Most of them are prematurely bald—most stoop—many are asthmatic. In society they are often as shy and awkward as a senior wrangler; and, in point of fact, they are, as a rule, pleasanter in their writings than in their persons."