

long drive and a long sleep after it, I make a hearty meal, and then prepare for the drive back.

The horses are soon round, the last box hoisted on the sleigh, the last rope tied, the last "tip" given, and with a parting good-bye we are off. I can't say I found much difference between the drive there and the drive back—one object of interest I forgot to note on the way up was "Gibraltar Rock," so-called from its real or fancied resemblance to the Mediterranean's sentry. This "Gibraltar" is really admirably constituted for the erection of a fort if there were anything to defend, or anybody to defend it against, but the only people who invade this country are land-agents, electioneering canvassers and the peaceful "drummer." The rock rises perpendicularly from the road to a considerable height, and its rugged appearance is enhanced by the great boulders that have fallen from it and are now piled and strewn at its base. It has been dubbed its present cognomen by an eccentric old soldier who lives in the clearing on its summit and who still retains all his old love for all the grim paraphernalia of war. A flag pole, extemporised from a sapling bears aloft a grimy, weather beaten Union Jack, very much the worse for wear, and the old enthusiast has erected a battlement with the loose stones lying about, and adorned these with disused stovepipe lengths, making at a distance a very fair imitation of cannon. The aged warrior delights in this playing at siege, and his neighbours humour him in the conceit.

We reached Orillia after an uneventful drive about noon, and I then paid off my charioteer glad enough to be able to resume my journeyings on the Iron Horse. From Orillia I took the Midland Road to Beaverton, a village so dull and ancient looking and so utterly devoid of new buildings that my first impression was that I had dropped into an abode of sleeping Rip Van Winkles who were waiting to be aroused from their slumber. I don't want to be too hard on the poor old place, but really Beaverton is very depressing to the spirits; despite its apparent dullness, however, there is considerable business done there in a quiet, easy-going way. No one hurries himself—no one tries to emulate his neighbour much. In the evening I went as a looker-on to a genuine country shindy; I had frequently seen one before but always, strange to say, find something new and amusing in the exhibition—in fact, I always derive more amusement from watching the grotesque antics of the performers than from participating in them. The uncouth dresses and motions of the male portion of the assembly, their well-oiled but uncombed hair, their too often unwashed faces and brawny necks innocent of confining-collars—the flaring, gaudy dresses of the women in which a superabundance of discordant colours is the most prevailing feature—these alone make a scene worth viewing, but in which, unfortunately, novelty is the only charm.

Remember I am speaking of a genuine farm-hand breakdown. And the dancing! alas Terpsichore! that the name should be profaned by such elephantian gambols. Watch young verdant houbble-de-hoy—with what muscular energy he grasps the capacious waist of his blooming Jemima, and with what gigantic strides he swings her round the room, regardless of time, of woman's dress or tender corns. A rural violinist is usually the only musician, but his execrable scraping is deemed an indispensable accompaniment, and he is kept constantly plied with backwoods whisky, and he soon becomes inspired with a musical frenzy. Faster and faster goes his bow over the strings, that screech with the torture, faster and wilder and madder become the movements of the dancers. And now a yell is heard, a sort of Indian whoop from one of the whirling crowd, and it is taken up and repeated from one to the other, as if the excitement that their heels alone cannot express were finding vent from their mouths. Pandemonium reigns. But it cannot last; exhausted, one couple after another drop out from the flying throng till but one veteran pair is left. And now begins a genuine heel-and-toe performance; the observed of all observers, they feel they must win fame now or never. Facing each other in the centre of the floor, and placing their arms akimbo, with heads thrown stiffly back and a defiant expression on each face suggestive of "come on, if you dare," they lay themselves to their work. The fiddle squeaks in triumph, approving friends clap and cheer, and the male actor in the scene, unable longer to restrain his pent-up feelings gives vent to an appalling but defiant yell; then relaxing from his position he grasps his partner round the neck with both arms, gives her three or four final whirled, administers a sounding smack on her lips, and the performance is ended.

Next day I returned to Orillia, arriving there just in time to catch the Northern train for Barrie, where I this time found myself more fortunate in the matter of a sample room, and was soon comfortably quartered with mine host of the Queen's for Sunday. I don't suppose a description of Barrie would interest my readers particularly; suffice it to say that it is the county town of Simcoe and is a thriving, prosperous place despite its being the residence of more stick-in-the-mud, shabby-genteel, would-be aristocracy than any other place north of Toronto. It is sadly deficient in hotel accommodation, but absolutely bristles with grocery stores, bank-clerks and briefless lawyers. I hope the Barrie folks won't take offence at this description, but I must be truthful, and I know they dislike flattery. I have no reason to complain of it, as I have always done a good trade there and have many warm friends in the place, so good-bye to Barrie as I'm off for Penetanguishene, a drive that almost eclipses the drive from Orillia to Bracebridge.

Penetang, as the natives style it, is one of the oldest places in Canada, but it has seen its best days; the regulars, who at one time were quartered there, made things lively, but they have left long since. Still being so completely isolated from other places, it has a trade peculiarly its own, and a large portion of which is French Canadian, there being a French settlement adjacent to it, and as a natural consequence the half-breed element is well represented, the French being the earliest white settlers. Some phases of Canadian life are seen here that you come across in few parts of Canada now; the mails are conveyed to far distant points along the Georgian Bay in sleds drawn by dogs and driven by half-breeds, and it is said there are no surer or more reliable messengers. Here, too, quite a large fur-trade is done. In summer it is a most beautiful place, being situated partly on the brow and partly on the slope of the hill overlooking Penetanguishene Bay, a beautiful sheet of water, and said to afford rare sport to the disciples of Isaac Walton. But I must leave Penetanguishene and drop my pen at the same time, for it doesn't do for Commercial Travellers to burn the midnight oil.

WAYFARRER.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

HEAVING THE LEAD ON BOARD H. M. S. "HYMALAYA."

The Admiralty require all government vessels to heave the lead upon entering any harbour, whatever may be its depth. The lead consists of a longitudinal lump of lead, varying from 10 to 15 lbs in weight, with a hole in the bottom filled with grease. The object of this arrangement is to ascertain the nature of the channel bottom—sand and mud sticking to the grease, and rock shewing thereon a clean indented surface.

THE BRANTFORD Y. M. C. A. BUILDING

and the ceremonies attendant upon the laying of the corner stone thereof are fully described elsewhere.

THE MIDDLEMISS PROPERTY.

The now famous land swap is briefly treated of, not as any novelty, but as a mere matter of history, on the page on which is produced a map of the various properties which gave rise to the Tanneries scandal.

PHILCE,

the residence of the beautiful Miriam, is an island of Upper Egypt, situated above the first cataract of the Nile, close to the Nubian frontier. Its length is only some 400 yards, but it contains some of the finest Egyptian remains extant, comprising four temples, a long colonnade, several obelisks, etc., with a Roman triumphal arch, and other antiquities, of which the pretty Miriam's father is responsible guardian and curator.

HALT OF THE N. W. MOUNTED POLICE.

Our special correspondent writing from Pembina Mountains, on the 12th July, says:—"We are definitely out on the prairie, and have crossed the Pembina Mountains, in which are hidden about a hundred predatory Sioux. They are keeping on the American side. On the 10th they carried away a woman at Grant's Place, where we passed on the 11th. We have not much sleep; water is scarce, but for the rest, all is going on very well. For the last two days we have met with many families running away from the Sioux. I do not think that we shall have much to do with these latter as some American cavalry is advancing to meet them. Mosquitoes are our plague; the doctor has however discovered a very good remedy for their attacks, which we are trying to-night for the first time."

THE PET OF THE REGIMENT.

Bruin, the subject of this illustration was some years since captured in the vicinity of Quebec and presented to the Royal Artillery, at that time quartered in the ancient capital. He became such a favourite with his new masters, that on the Regiment being recalled, he too was taken home and given quarters at Newhaven, where he has since been taken care of until quite recently, when he died, universally regretted by his friends.

THE OPENING OF S. E. T. & K. RR.

is fully described elsewhere. In connection with this event we also give the portrait of the

HON. J. G. ROBERTSON,

who is the son of the late Rev. James Robertson, for thirty years pastor of the Congregational Church at Stuartfield, Aberdeenshire, Scotland, and subsequently of Sherbrooke, Que. He was born at Stuartfield, and educated in Canada. He married in 1870, Mary J., eldest daughter of A. C. Woodward, Esq. of Sherbrooke. Mr. Robertson was Secretary-Treasurer of Sherbrooke county from 1847 until the introduction of the present municipal system, in 1855; Mayor of Sherbrooke, in 1854-55, and from 1858 to 1868, and President of the Quebec Temperance and Prohibitory League in 1870-1. He is President of the Sherbrooke Eastern Townships & Kennebec Railway Company, and a director of the Sherbrooke Mutual Insurance Company. Was first returned to the Legislature at the general election of 1867 for Sherbrooke, and re-elected by acclamation in 1869 and 1871. He became Treasurer of the Province of Quebec Oct. 25, 1869. Hon. Mr. Robertson is one of the most popular public men in the Province, and is looked upon by his constituents as unsurpassed for business talent as well as for tact and forethought. He has worked hard for the interest of Sherbrooke and the adjoining country and to his energy the success of the S. E. T. & K. railway is chiefly due.

THE GRASSHOPPER PLAGUE IN ALGERIA.

Our illustration represents the inhabitants of an Algerian village, during the recent plague of grasshoppers, turning out to frighten off the coming cloud of devastation, by firing guns, beating gongs, and making all kinds of earthly and unearthly noises.

HAYMAKING.

No explanation is needed here. The scene is one that will at this season repay the shortest stroll in the country.

BULWER'S HABITS.

A writer in *Belgravia* on Bulwer (Lord Lytton) says: "The *hoi polloi* were not very familiar with Lord Lytton's presence. He was not often seen in the parks or other places of public resorts; but in that part of Oxford street bounded at one end by the Marble Arch and the other by the Regent Circus he was well known, and many a hat went off in silent greeting as he passed on his way, his brougham generally following to the Portland Club, where he spent a couple of hours every afternoon in the season. It was in this locality I met him, two days, I think, after his name appeared in the *Gazette*. In later life he was generally deaf; but I said 'Good morning, my lord.' He heard me, and laughingly replied I was the first person who had called him by his new title. The last time that I ever met this distinguished man was at St. Leonard's, where I had gone for a short holiday. I came quite suddenly upon him one wet, stormy November evening, not far from the archway by the South Saxon Hotel. It was blowing a gale of wind, and his slender figure wavered and reeled almost as he tried to make head against the blast. He had no overcoat, and that which he did wear looked, I thought, faded and

shabby. I was trying to slip past him unobserved, for he never met me without stopping to say a few kind words; but he recognized me at a glance, caught hold of my arm, and asked me to come home with him to the Queen's Hotel at Hastings, where he was staying, and dine. He was without any umbrella, the rain fell in torrents, and I covered him as well as I could with mine. I found he occupied apartments on the ground floor at the hotel. They seemed in a sad state of confusion. The floor was strewn with a litter of books and papers, and copiously sprinkled with Turkish tobacco, an odor of which pervaded the air. The tables were laid with covers for three, but only myself and the host sat down. He ate, I observed, but sparingly, and drank nothing but water with a dash of sherry in it. In the evening, as I was taking my departure, I came upon the German waiter who had attended at table, and hinted that the rooms might be kept in a little better order. 'Bless you, sir,' said the Kellner, 'the place has not been swept or dusted for a fortnight; that 'ere gent is outrageous-like if a book or a paper is touched. The manager wants to get him away, but he has taken the rooms for a month and won't go; and he is such good pay that our governor don't like to disoblige him.' 'Waiter,' I said sternly, 'do you know who that "ere gent" as you call him, is?' 'Yiz, sir—no, sir,' replied the waiter in a breath, puzzled by the solemnity of tone. 'That is Lord Lytton,' I said, 'the greatest man in all England. If you see much of him, and note down carefully what he does and says, you may become a second Boswell.' 'Lor, sir,' said the waiter, 'you don't say so! Our manager thinks this gent is cracked: he goes out in all weathers without any great coat, and won't even take an umbrella; then he never examines his bills, but scribbles off a check on any scrap of paper that comes to hand. It was only the day before yesterday a poor woman came with one of them bits of paper. She said the outlandish-looking gent who lived in our house had given it to her, and she did not know what to do with it. He had come into her cabin to light his pipe, while her husband, a poor fisherman who was drowned in the last gale, lay there dead. He wrote it on the back of an old letter and said he hoped it would do her good. You can't think of the poor creature's surprise when I brought her back ten sovereigns which the manager gave me when he saw the paper. Surely, sir, the gent cannot be all right here;' and the waiter significantly touched his forehead."

THE LITERARY WORLD.

Mr. William Black's new story for the *Cornhill* will be called "Three Feathers," and will be illustrated by Mr. Du Maurier. The scene of the story is fixed in North Cornwall.

Two hundred and forty thousand Bibles and Testaments, and nearly half a million Books of Common Prayer, were issued last year by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

A new paper, in English, the *Toket Journal*, has been started in Yeddo, with, apparently, but little promise of success.

Margaretha Wulf, the well-known Schleswig-Holstein authoress of "Tales for Young Persons," died recently at Schleswig, at the advanced age of eighty-five. Frau Wulf was perhaps best known under her *nom de plume* of Anna Stein.

Fritz Ruter, the well-known author of works in Plattdeutsch (Low German), has just died at Eisenach of apoplexy.

Mr. S. C. Hall writes that his golden wedding will not be celebrated till September next, and that Mr. William Howitt attained his golden wedding two years ago.

Mr. Henry Stephens, author of "The Book of the Farm," died on Sunday, the 5th inst., at his residence at Bonnington, in the eightieth year of his age.

Prof. J. E. Cairnes is engaged in writing a reply, for *Macmillan's Magazine*, to Mr. Goldwin Smith's article "On Women's Suffrage," which recently appeared in that periodical.

Messrs. James Blackwood & Co. have in preparation "The Story of the Trojan War," with a preface by the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol.

The first volume of the new issue of the Encyclopædia Britannica is in press and will appear in a few months.

The *Dagblad*, of Copenhagen, announces the death, by drowning, of the chief editor of the *Aftonblad*, of Stockholm, Dr. Auguste Sohlmann. The deceased, says the Danish journal, was one of the most distinguished publicists of the Scandinavian countries.

Madame Jules Janin has presented her late husband's library to the French Academy, on condition that it shall be placed in a room to be named after him.

Mr. Roach Smith, F.S.A., &c., is about to issue a new and improved edition of "The Rural Life of Shakespeare, as Illustrated by his Works." A second and enlarged edition is being printed by subscription.

Mr. Froude, the *Academy* says, is about to leave England for a year or two. He starts in August on a tour of inspection, visiting all the English Colonies, beginning with the Cape and ending with Canada.

Mrs. Sheba Goulstone, of Liverpool, whose name as a graceful writer of poems and narratives is not unknown in the Jewish community, is about issuing from the press a volume embodying all her past productions in literature, accompanied with a new and interesting tale.

Michelet's library was sold in Paris a few days ago. It comprised about 3,000 volumes, chiefly historical works, and a collection of unpublished documents bearing on the history of France. There are also a good many modern books on geology and natural history.

The "Proverbs of John Heywood" have been published in London, with notes and an introduction by Julian Sherman. He tells how popular the book was on its first appearance. Ten editions of it were printed in the sixteenth century. One orator delivered a speech in the House of Commons in which a proverb formed the substance of every sentence.

The poet Vincenz Zusner, who recently died at Gratz, has made provision by his will that every year two prizes of twenty and ten ducats respectively are to be offered for the best compositions of two songs from his poetical works. The three judges, each of whom is to receive five ducats yearly, are to be chosen from the Conservatoire at Vienna.

Dr. Prutz and Dr. Sepp, who were sent out by the German Government some weeks ago to conduct some proposed excavations at Tyre, have returned to Germany, after having fully achieved their object. They have discovered and partially uncovered an ancient cathedral, dating from the time of the Crusades, and containing interesting inscriptions, many of which the two savants have successfully deciphered.