

the irregular and illegal payment. Again, a cheque may be crossed with a banker's name. In that case it is said to be crossed *specifically*, and must be paid to that banker. If the words "Not negotiable" are added, a person taking it does so under the risk of a bad title to it, at least, no better title than the person from whom he took it. There are other intricate regulations enumerated in the Act of a protective character, which, in extreme cases, it may be prudent to adopt. An open cheque is cashed in London at a much cheaper rate than a cheque crossed with all the stringent regulations of the new Act. Six hundred pounds worth of Scotch cheques may be cashed, if open, at a small exchange of 6s.; whereas the same aggregate amount of closed or "crossed-cheques" might rise to a cost of upwards of £3 in London. Very few can comprehend the philosophy of this, and it would require too much illustration to reduce it to plain evidence. Suffice it to say, that the ordinary charge upon a £5 cheque is 6d. if crossed, because it must be treated by itself, whereas a £5 cheque open, in Company, would cost less than a penny.

Before taking leave of British Columbia, Lord Dufferin delivered an address to the members of the various reception committees of Victoria, whom he had invited to meet him, in the course of which he said that he had come to British Columbia, not to make any official announcement to the people, but to learn and report. He dealt with the railway question at great length, and assured them that Canada considered the treaty under which British Columbia entered into Confederation as binding, and was anxious to fulfil her engagements under it as speedily as possible. If, as was stated to be the case, Bute Inlet be chosen as the terminus of the railway, he thought the province would be doing very well to accept the compensation the Canadian Government offered, together with the land reservation on Vancouver's Island, and continue the road to Esquimalt itself.

The *Canada Gazette* announces that the Queen will not be advised to disallow the Supreme Court Act. Lord CARMARVEN, under date of August 29th, thus writes to the Earl of Uxbridge: "I have the honour to inform you that Her Majesty will not be advised to exercise her power of disallowance with respect to the Act of the Legislature of Canada entitled an Act to establish a Supreme Court and a Court of Exchequer for the Dominion of Canada." This seems to be the result of Mr. BLAKE'S mission to England. We shall await full explanations at the next session of Parliament, and be curious to hear what Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD thinks about it.

#### PORK PACKING, TORONTO.

Although the season for pig-killing is just commencing, some establishments have been killing all summer at the rate of two hundred and fifty to five hundred hogs per day for shipment to England. In England, however, it is not eaten as Canadian pork. To overcome the national prejudice, the names Wiltshire, Cheshire, &c., are made to represent certain qualities in the meat. A name goes a long way there. There may not be a perceptible difference between the Wiltshire "breakfast bacon" one is understood to eat in London, and the flesh of a Chicago "razor back," although I believe feeding has a deal to do with the hardness, softness or colour of the fat. National sentiment is firmly set against the use of anything that is not produced at home. By the magic of a word, however, their scruples vanish and the whole pig-headed race submit to be Canadian-fed. The sketches follow one another in the sequence of numbers. In No. 1 they are unloading at the piggeries. No. 2 is the enclosure at the slaughter-house where the nuclear beast gets a short rest prior to mounting that little wooden stair to the pen above. The usual amount of hooting, emphasised occasionally by the back of a shovel, brings them to the upper level where the row begins; suspicious of foul play take hold of the head, but in a small pen and closely packed, they have no room to run, when a boy slips a loop chain round a hind leg of one and the irrevocable windlass turns round. Not without protest is he hooked to that well-greased bar, but before the squeal is finished his connection with the land of the living has been brought to

an abrupt close. With a jerk he slides along through a doorway to the platform No. 4; from here each consecutive pig, now quite dead, is dumped into a trough to the furnace pit; then once more hooked to a chain and passed up through the centre of the flume in a certain measured time and arrives at the platform No. 5 thoroughly singed, thence to be scraped, cleaned, decapitated, disemboweled and cut up. In department No. 6 and last, they are overhauling the contents of the ice-house to ascertain if the sides are still fresh, and the proper length, when they are salted and packed for exportation.

#### THE ONTARIO PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION.

We give a few sketches of the thirty-first Provincial Exhibition of Ontario, just closed at Hamilton. On the whole it has been a great success in showing the progress the Province is making from year to year. This is especially the case in the mechanical arts as represented by the various exhibits in machinery and manufactures of every class. Even the fine arts show an advance in the tastes of our artists in the conception of the productions of their pencil and brush. The show of fruit could probably not be excelled even at the Centennial, and certainly not at any other fair in the world. The exhibit of poultry was also very good, though at this season of the year the birds are in their very worst form and condition for exhibition. The show in nearly all the live stock classes was a fine one, and so large were the entries that in many cases the arrivals were placed at points that, in some cases, caused them to fail to be called before the judges. The entries exceeded those of last year, at Ottawa, by 2,710, and those of any previous year by 600. The attendance was fair, though, perhaps, not as large as in other years. The receipts at the gates, for the whole fair, exceeded \$12,000 in cash.

#### MUSICAL REVIEW.

Mr. Thomas Hurst, the well-known vocalist and music dealer, whose Repository is becoming more and more popular, has embarked into publication, and among his first issues, we notice a sprightly Galop, entitled "Vergessen," or "Look Out," for the piano-forte, by Gruenwald. The music is spirited and pleasing, with the further advantage of being comparatively easy. As a local production, more especially, it is deserving of attention.

We have also received, from Mr. Hurst, a copy of the last London sensation, "Tommy, Make Room for Your Uncle," a rollicking absurdity which has an unprecedented vogue all over England. The song is neatly printed by the Burdall-Desbarats Lithographic Company, which has rare facilities for turning out that description of work elegantly and cheaply.

We may also call attention to the "Ottawa Monthly Journal of Music," a neat quarto, containing several good selections of vocal and instrumental music, together with a variety of reading matter relating to the beautiful art. All attempts in Canada at supplying our own wants in the several departments of letters, science and art deserve welcome at our hands, and we trust our colleagues may meet with proper encouragement.

#### OUR PICTURES.

We mentioned in a previous number, as the highest compliment to Canada, that the French Commissioners, as well as the Japanese Commissioners to the Centennial Exhibition, being so much struck with what they saw there of the Ontario Educational Department, came on to Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal and other cities, for the express purpose of a more minute examination. It is this visit which is the subject of the cartoon on the front page. The explosion of Hallet's Point or Hell Gate Reef, in New York, is fully illustrated, and deservedly so, as it is one of the most remarkable and successful engineering efforts of the age, opening a new route from the sea to New York. The renewal of the war in Serbia gives additional interest to the several military pictures which we give.

#### A CANADIAN ARTIST.

There is on view, at Scott's Gallery, Notre Dame street, a portrait of our esteemed fellow-citizen Mr. Lafrechain, of the late firm of Burland, Lafrechain & Co. As a likeness, the picture will receive general praise, while in the qualities of drawing, coloring and characterization it is full of promise. The author is Mr. Edwin Russell, a native of Montreal, at present studying in Paris. Mr. Russell, who is still a young man, began life in the lithographic establishment of Messrs. Burland, Lafrechain & Co., and these gentlemen, recognizing his abilities, encouraged him to pursue his artistic vocation, for which purpose they cancelled his indentures to them, thus giving him an opportunity to repair to New York, where he entered the Academy of Art and Design. Two seasons were profitably spent in that school, Mr. Russell winning a second prize during the first winter, and a first prize during the second winter. He thence proceeded to Paris, where during the past fifteen months, he has devoted himself with assiduity to his art. It was there he met Mr. Lafrechain who was induced to sit to him. He enjoys the rare advantage of being a pupil of the well-known painter, Carolus Duran, whose portrait of Mlle.

Croizette, on horseback, is attracting so much attention at Philadelphia. We understand that Mr. Russell has made important studies in landscape and other branches, but the present portrait may be regarded as his first public work, inasmuch as it was admitted—a distinction awarded only to genuine merit—in the Paris Salon of this year. For the credit of Canada, and the honor of Montreal of which he is a native, we cordially congratulate the young artist on his successful beginnings, and we trust that, when he shall have perfected himself in the traditions of good European schools, he may return to us and find ample encouragement for his talent.

#### THE KUKLOS CLUB.

The second monthly conversazione of this Club took place on Saturday last, the 30th inst. The rooms were magnificently prepared for the occasion, through the taste and liberality of the President, objects of art and *circa* lining the walls or lying spread out upon the tables and consols. The feature of the evening was the reading of a paper by the President, Mr. T. D. King, which, among other merits, had that of being the inaugural address and a species of manifesto of the Club. Besides a large attendance of the members, there was a brilliant company of ladies and gentlemen, in response to special invitations. The evening passed off most agreeably in the examination and discussion of artistic curiosities, in instrumental and vocal music, and other entertainments. We trust the Club may continue in the way it has begun, and always act up to its present high standard.

#### LORD AND LADY BYRON.

I called on Lord Byron to day, with an introduction from Mr. Gifford. Instead of being deformed, as I had heard, he is remarkably well built, with the exception of his feet. Instead of having a thin and rather sharp and anxious face, as he has in his pictures, it is round, open, and smiling; his eyes are light, and not black; his air easy and careless, not forward and striking; and I found his manners affable and gentle, the tones of his voice low and conciliating, his conversation gay, pleasant, and interesting in an uncommon degree. I stayed with him about an hour and a half, during which the conversation wandered over many subjects. He talked, of course, a great deal about America, wanted to know what was the state of our literature, how many universities we had, whether we had any poets whom we much valued, and whether we looked upon Barlow as our Homer. He certainly feels a considerable interest in America, and says he intends to visit the United States; but I doubt whether it will not be indefinitely postponed, like his proposed visit to Persia. I answered to all this, as if I had spoken to a countryman, and then turned the conversation to his own poems, and particularly to his "English Bards," which he has so effectually suppressed that a copy is not easily to be found. He said he wrote it when he was very young and very angry; which, he added, were "the only circumstances under which a man would write such a satire." When he returned to England, he said, Lord Holland, who treated him with great kindness, and Rogers, who was his friend, asked him to print no more of it, and, therefore, he had suppressed it. Since then, he said, he had become acquainted with the persons he had satirized, and whom he then knew only by their books—he was now the friend of Moore, the correspondent of Jeffrey, and intimate with the Wordsworth school, and had a hearty liking for them all, especially as they did not refuse to know one who had so much abused them. Of all the persons mentioned in this poem, there was not one, he said, with whom he now had any quarrel, except Lord Carlisle; and, as this was a family difference, he supposed it would never be settled. On every account, therefore, he was glad it was out of print; and yet he did not express the least regret when I told him that it was circulated in America almost as extensively as his other poems. As to the poems published during his minority, he said he suppressed them because they were not worth reading, and wondered that our booksellers could find a profit in reprinting them. All this he said without affectation; in fact, just as I now repeat it. He gave great praise to Scott; said he was undoubtedly the first man of his time, and as extraordinary in everything as in poetry—a lawyer, a fine scholar, endowed with an extraordinary memory, and blessed with the kindest feelings. Of Gifford, he said it was impossible that a man should have a better disposition; that he was so good-natured that if he ever says a bitter thing in conversation or in a review he does it unconsciously.

Just at this time, Sir James Bland Burgess, who had something to do in negotiating Jay's treaty, came suddenly into the room, and said, abruptly, "My lord, my lord, a great battle has been fought in the Low Countries, and Bonaparte is entirely defeated." "But is it true?" said Lord Byron: "Is it true?" "Yes, my lord, it is certainly true. An *aide-de-camp* arrived in town last night. He has been in Downing street this morning, and I have just seen him as I was just going to Lady Wellington's. He says he thinks Bonaparte is in full retreat towards Paris." After an instant's pause, Lord Byron replied, "I am—sorry for it, and then, after another slight pause, he added, "I didn't know, but I might live to see Lord Castlereagh's head on a pole." But I suppose, I shan't, now." And this was the first impression produced on

his impetuous nature by the news of the battle of Waterloo.

As I was going away he invited me up stairs, and showed me his library and collection of Roman books, which is very rich and very curious; offered me letters for Greece; and, after making an appointment for another visit, took leave of me so cordially that I felt almost at home with him.

While I was there, Lady Byron came in. She is pretty, not beautiful, for the prevalent expression of her countenance is that of ingenuousness. "Report speaks goldenly of her." She is a baroness in her own right, has a large fortune, is rich in intellectual endowments, is a mathematician, possesses common accomplishments in an uncommon degree, and adds to all this a sweet temper. She was dressed to go and drive, and, after stopping a few moments, went to her carriage. Lord Byron's manner to her was affectionate; he followed her to the door, and shook hands with her, as if he were not to see her for a month.

June 6.—I passed the greater part of this morning with Lord Byron. When I first went in, I again met Lady Byron, and had a very pleasant conversation with her until her carriage came, when her husband bade her the same affectionate farewell that struck me the other day. Soon after I went in, Mrs. Siddons was announced as in an adjoining parlor. Lord Byron asked me if I should not like to see her, and on my saying I should, carried me in, and introduced me to her. She is now, I suppose, sixty years old, and has one of the finest and most spirited countenances, and one of the most dignified and commanding persons I ever beheld. Her portraits are very faithful as to her general air and outline, but no art can express or imitate the dignity of her manner, or the intelligent illumination of her face. Her conversation corresponded well with her person. It is rather stately, but not, I think, affected; and, though accompanied by considerable gesture, not really overacted. She gave a lively description of the horrible ugliness and deformity of David, the painter; told us of some of her adventures in France a year ago; and in speaking of Bonaparte, repeated some powerful lines from "Venice Preserved," which gave me some intimation of her powers of acting. She formed a singular figure by Lady Byron, who sat by her side, all grace and delicacy, and this showed Mrs. Siddons' masculine powers in the stronger light of comparison and contrast. Her daughter, who was with her, is the handsomest lady I have seen in England. She is about twenty. — *Ticknor's Life and Letters.*

#### DOMESTIC.

**Chicken à la Creole.**—Cut up two large chickens; put the pieces in a saucepan with butter; fry them. When brown, take most of the butter off; add two chopped onions; fry again to cook the onions; take the skin and seeds out of eight tomatoes; cut and put them with the chicken, together with half a green pepper chopped fine, a teaspoonful of thick brown gravy and the same quantity of beef broth; season well; cover; let the whole boil slowly for half an hour, and serve with plain boiled rice in a separate dish.

**Stewed Rash.**—Take two quarts of shelled beans and put into four quarts of cold water in a covered iron kettle, with a half a pound of salt pork; let them boil half an hour. Take thirty ears of green corn, cut the corn off the cob, scrape the cobs lightly to get all the juice and pulp. Turn the corn into the kettle with the boiling beans and pork and let them boil together for half an hour, then add a quarter of a pound of butter, stir well, and send hot to the table. This will make a dinner for eight hungry people, and is a good and nutritious dish that tastes of the grand old days that have gone by.

**Beef à la mode, hot and cold.**—Take a piece of rump beef, weighing about twelve pounds, cut it in two, lard it with salt pork seasoned with allspice and chopped parsley; put it in a saucepan with four ounces of butter, fry it a nice color, drain the grease off; add to it one quart of water, a pint of white wine, two glasses of brandy, two quarts of beef broth and four calves' feet, boned and bleached; a little salt, a garished bunch of parsley, eight large carrots, six cloves stuck in an onion and cook slowly for four hours. When done take grease out of the gravy, and pass the gravy through a fine strainer. Serve one piece of beef (the second piece to be kept for Sunday) on a dish, garnish symmetrically with half the carrots, trimmed and cut the size of a cork, half of the calves' feet cut in pieces, some glazed onions, and half of the gravy poured over.

To serve cold *beef à la mode*, take half of the preceding preparation and put it in a large salad-bowl garnished with the rest of the vegetables, calves' feet and gravy. This, when cold and turned over in dish, will make a good and substantial dish for a cold dinner.

A little garlic cooked with it will improve it a good deal for those who live by taste rather than by smell. This dish so prepared is so good, so economical and so well appreciated in France that we shall give more explanations about it hereafter. It is not to be taken for granted that people who think they have eaten it all their lives really understand what it ought to be.

#### ARTISTIC.

**M. Worms**, a distinguished genre painter in the style of Vibert, has been made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor for his picture of a Spanish Wedding, which was bought by Mr. A. T. Stewart just before his death for \$5,000.

A curious anecdote has just turned up relative to the history of the picture of the Death of Nelson, painted by West. Just before Nelson went to sea for the last time, West sat next to the great captain at an entertainment given in his honour, and in the course of dinner, Nelson expressed his regret to Sir William Hamilton that he had little taste or discrimination for art. We give the rest in the words of Ticknor:—"But," said he, turning to West, "there is one picture whose power I do feel. I never pass a printshop where your 'Death of Wolfe' is in the window without being stopped by it." West of course made his acknowledgments, and Nelson went on to ask why he had painted no more of them like it. "Because, my lord, there are no more subjects."—"Do—it," said the sailor, "I didn't think of that," and asked him to take a glass of champagne. "But, my lord, I fear your intemperance will yet furnish me such another scene; and if it should, I shall certainly avoid myself of it."—"Will you?" said Nelson, pouring out bumpers, and touching his glass violently against West's. "Will you, Mr. West? then I hope I shall die in the next battle." We all know how the painter fulfilled his promise in "The Death of Nelson."