

tary cap and white kid gloves; but he wears the splendid badge of the Osmanli, and his clasped hands rest upon the gorgeous jewelled hilt of a priceless sabre. His two brothers, Resch Effendi, the heir presumptive, and Kemaleddin Effendi, stand at the rearward corner of the throne, on the Sultan's left hand. A few steps in advance of the Sultan, at the right hand front corner of the square carpet is the Secretary reading the speech, which was handed him by the Grand Vizier, who had received it from the Sultan's own hand. Kiamil Bey, Grand Master of the Ceremonies, or Lord High Chamberlain, stands immediately before the Sultan, with hands folded on his breast, as if waiting for orders. Along both sides of the hall are ranged, in due succession, the ministers and court officials, the pashas, muchirs, ulemas and other dignitaries of the State and of the Moslem Church. The senators and deputies, about thirty of the former and ninety or a hundred of the latter, occupy the lower end of the hall. The President of the Senate is Server Pasha, while Ahmed Vefik Effendi, a learned and enlightened man, with a character for honesty and liberality, is President of the Representative Chamber.

SACRED JAPANESE DANCE.—There is nothing offensive in this dance, as in most of Eastern dances. It is entirely symbolic and is performed only within the religious temples.

TRANSPORTATION OF CATTLE.—We gave a full description, a couple months ago, of the mechanism of cattle-transportation to England. As this was primarily a Canadian enterprise, which, as usual, the energetic American is going to take out of our hands, we supplement our description to-day by a series of beautiful sketches on the subject.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, KINGSTON.—Information on this head will be found in our editorial column, where we were compelled to put it, owing to lack of space.

SPENCER GRANGE, SILLERY, NEAR QUEBEC.—The view exhibits the rear or garden front of Spencer Grange, two miles and a half from the city walls of Quebec, on the St. Louis road. The house, an unpretending, cosy homestead, was designed, built and named by the late Henry Atkinson, Esq., an eminent Quebec merchant, on his selling to Government for a residence for Lord Elgin, his *Chalet*, at Spencer Wood. It stands enazoned with trees on the western half of the Spencer Wood domain. To the east, are visible the viney more than one hundred feet long and what was formerly the conservatory, but is now a second viney opening on the dining-room of Spencer Grange. The dog shown in the view is a colossal and eminently handsome St. Bernard, rejoicing in the name of WOLFE, his mate MONTREAL having died. This well known residence, attractive on account of its rustic beauty, river views, groves and English park-like appearance, has been since 1860 the property of J. M. LeMoine, Esq., the historian of Quebec, to whom we are indebted for the sketch and who, we trust, will continue the series of Quebec country seats and suburban residences, as a pendant to his other excellent works on the Ancient Capital.

CRANE ISLAND, COUNTY OF MONTMAGNY.—This island, six miles long and about two in breadth, is the largest of a group of islands conceded in May, 1646, as a *seigneurie*, more probably, in that remote era, a shooting box, for His Excellency the second Governor of New France, whose *parties de chasse* tradition has handed down. River scenery, vast corn fields and pasture lands, with an abundance of game (Brant, Canada and snow geese, myriads of water fowl and smaller beach birds) made it much sought after. More than a hundred years ago, it was owned by a descendant of Baron de Longueuil, Emmanuel Le Moine, part of whose manor is yet discernible; later on by Daniel Leonard de Beaujeu. The island contains from 60 to 800 inhabitants whose white roofed cottages are hid from view by the luxuriant groves of maples and spruce, which crown its high lands. The view shows amongst other objects the parish church, on the north side of the island, some fine maple sugaries and the spacious, much improved Manor house with ornate and well laid out lawns and garden and flag staff, and after a century, the old Manor is again owned by a Le Moine, viz.: McPherson Le Moine, Esq., our respected fellow townsman and President of the Fish and Game Protection Club.

SOUTHERN HOTEL FIRE.—The Southern Hotel, one of the largest and finest in St. Louis, was burned on the morning of the 11th. The fire broke out shortly before two o'clock, and spread with such rapidity that in less than an hour the entire building was in ruins. The guests rushed from their beds frantically, but many were driven back to their rooms by the dense smoke which filled the hallways. Some were rescued by means of ropes and ladders, but others, becoming desperate, leaped from the upper windows, and were instantly killed, or so badly mangled that death resulted soon after. One man who escaped lost his reason, and another, becoming demented, blew out his brains at the house of a friend. The number of killed is estimated at forty or fifty. Among those saved was Miss Kate Claxton, the actress, who narrowly escaped death at the Brooklyn Theatre fire. The money losses will probably reach \$750,000.

THE FIRST STEAMBOAT OF THE SEASON.—After our long winters and the isolation of an ice-bound river for four or five months, the

opening of navigation and the arrival of the first steamboat are events marked with general rejoicing. It is this scene which our artist has pictured in our sketch. The first of the river boats makes its appearance crowded with farmers, their wives and daughters, who are glad to see the great city again after so long a time. They are met with equally jubilant crowds on the quays. Old Bonsecours Church is in sight, and all the surroundings are connected with the French portion of the city.

RESIGNATION OF MR. CURRIER.—Mr. J. M. Currier, senior member of Parliament for the city of Ottawa, having learned that the firm to which he belongs had, unknown himself, had business with the Government, so far showed his appreciation of the Independence of Parliament Act as to resign his seat. This he did in full session of the House, and the scene was a dramatic one. Having made a brief address, he left his place, moved to the centre of the hall, handed his resignation to the speaker and then walked out of the Commons amid the enthusiastic cheers of his friends and the silent admiration of his political adversaries.

THE JUDGE-RIDDEN PROVINCE.—This squib represents the feeling of malcontent among the lawyers of the Province of Quebec in regard to the administration of justice. It is said by some that this Province has almost double the number of judges that Ontario has, while other lawyers deny that the delays in the administration of the courts have anything to do with the numbers of the judges.

THE EDWARD MURPHY MEDAL.

In 1873, Mr. Edward Murphy, of the well-known firm of Frothingham and Workman, Iron Merchants, of this City, founded a prize called the *Edward Murphy Prize for the encouragement of Commercial Education in Montreal*. The prize consists of a gold Medal value fifty dollars, besides a purse of fifty dollars. It was founded for the encouragement as its title indicates, of commercial education among the scholars attending the Commercial Academy, under the Roman Catholic School Commissioners of Montreal.

The prize is to be awarded annually to the highest scholar, in the graduating commercial class, and is open, without any distinction, to all students attending the Academy.

As a proof of the liberal intention of the donor having been fully carried out, we may mention that the medal for 1875 was awarded to Master F. J. Doan, who is a member of the Presbyterian church.

The donor has placed a sum of money in the hands of the Roman Catholic School Commission of Montreal, the annual value of which is sufficient to found the medal in perpetuity. This medal was first struck in 1876, and is from the hands of Messrs. J. S. & A. B. Wyon; being of their perfect classical workmanship. The Obverse bears the head of its founder with the legend—"Edward Murphy Donor." Ex: "Founded A. D.: 1873." Reverse, a beautiful wreath of Maple leaves, enclosing an inscription of five lines with a shamrock above, and a beaver underneath, "For the encouragement of Commercial Education." Leg: "Catholic Commercial Academy." Ex: "Montreal."

With regard to the school itself we quote the following from its prospectus:—

"The rapidly increasing industry and prosperity of the city of Montreal have assumed such proportions of late years as to make it not only the commercial capital of Canada, but one of the first business centres in America.

"This being the case, it is not surprising to find our citizens taking early measures to have the intellectual education of their young people keep place with the development of their young people keep place with the development of their material resources. The Catholic portion of the population, unwilling to lag behind in the march of intellect, felt it incumbent on them to establish a first-class Commercial High School.

"A few years ago the Commissioners of Catholic Education undertook the work, and with laudable energy and enterprise brought it to a consummation; and for the last three years it has been in most successful operation.

"The beautiful mountain of Montreal, lifting itself in 'royal' grandeur above the horizon, and stretching towards the city in a series of gently undulating hills, delights the beholder and varies the beauty of the surrounding landscape. The Reservoir, the Waterworks and the McGill University, occupy one of these declivities of the mountain, while handsome country seats—the residences of private gentlemen or wealthy merchants—occupy the others. Entirely isolated eminences, and still nearer to the city proper, stood one of those hills, which, from its extent and natural position, seemed well adapted for the size of a popular institution. This was the delightful spot chosen by the Catholic School commissioners for the erection of the Commercial Academy.

"The main building is 165 x 45 feet, and the style of architecture is that of the sixteenth century, an epoch so productive of combined strength and beauty of civil and municipal edifices. The style of architecture shows how well the original style may be made subservient to the exigencies of modern times, as exemplified in many of our public buildings and private mansions, as well as in the less pretending residences of citizens, where elegance and beauty combine with solidity and comfort.

"The Commercial Academy presents a strikingly well-disposed group of uniform buildings, the sameness of the architecture being relieved

by tall towers and pretty pavilions in pleasing variety. In the centre *façade* of the main building stands a stately tower, eighty feet high, and at its base a flight of grey granite steps, crowned with two balustrades, leads to the main entrance door. Within this centre tower stands a large and costly clock, the large dial faces of which announce the passing hours with unerring certainty."

One of the chief workers in this enterprise, was Mr. P. S. Murphy, who is about founding a medal in connection with the Polytechnic course, lately added to the curriculum of the Academy. The dies are now being prepared by the Messrs. Wyon, and we hope soon with a short article to usher it in to the list of our Canada Numismatic treasures.

VARIETIES.

A GREAT ART SALE.—The greatest sale the Rue Drouot has ever perhaps witnessed took place at the auction mart there on the 7th of this month and closed on the 20th. The collection of the Duke of Alba was then brought to the hammer. It embraces heir looms dating from the reign of Charles V. An illustrated catalogue, with a preface by M. Charles Blanc, is in itself one of the most remarkable albums of our time. Among the tapestries are 75 in gold, silver, silk, and wool, which were woven to ornament the front of their palace when the Spanish kings were going to prove their Christianity at autos-da-fé, or queenly brides coming home. These were manufactured at Ferrara and Florence. Of the works of Pannemaker, the celebrated Flemish weaver of hangings in the Arras style, there are eleven subjects designed by Raphael, and taken from the Acts of the Apostles, the victories of the Duke of Alba, and scenes from the Old Testament. Not inferior in execution are the tapestries taken from the cartoons of Rubens, Martin Vos, and Charles Lebrun. The engravings would in themselves form one of the most remarkable galleries in the world. There are as many as 4,000. Only four pictures remain of all the artistic wealth of the Liria Palace. They are by Murillo and Velasquez. The rest have been sold piecemeal to meet the pressing wants of the family.

DISRAELI.—Englishmen seem to concede the fact that the career of Lord BEACONSFIELD in the House of Lords has thus far been a complete success, his ascendancy being as incontestable as it was in the Commons. In an age which admires nothing so much as success, the incomparable success of Mr. DISRAELI is unique. The sustained brilliancy of his career has dazzled the eyes of an entire nation. The qualities which he has displayed are those that the present generation most admire; the combination of them that Lord BEACONSFIELD realizes has never been witnessed before in one man. Genius, courage, a clearness of vision almost prophetic, a supreme contempt for every thing in the nature of a political principle, unflinching luck—which is, perhaps, but a weak synonym for the natural outcome of these other qualities—are gifts which no single statesman ever possessed collectively in such abundance as Lord BEACONSFIELD. It is not an exaggeration to say that to the vulgar mind he seems endued with a sort of supernatural power. He has succeeded so frequently in foretelling the future from the past—utterances which at the time appeared preposterous in their unwisdom and grotesque in their wildness have so often been justified by facts—that there is really a disposition to credit him with some of the attributes of the political seer. When attention is drawn to the circumstance that in his early writings may be discovered a prescience of the events of his later years, this disposition becomes a mysterious conviction, causing a genuine awe to mingle with the popular sentiment of admiration. When apparent political blunders are vindicated, and proved to be triumphant illustration of political foresight, their author has a claim to the homage of his fellow-men which may safely defy disparagement.

BURLESQUE.

FATE OF A GREAT TENOR.—A pathetic story has been going the rounds of the papers as to the manner in which Wachtel, the great tenor, first became known and famous. He was originally a poor cab driver at Dresden, and one wintry night as he was singing to himself the audience of the Grand Opera began to disperse. The entranced multitude gathered around the unconscious cabby, who finished his solo amid a storm of applause, and the very next day a large purse was subscribed to send him to the conservatory at Paris. Mr. Schengler, who lives in San Francisco, according to the *News Letter*, was much affected by the story, and as he, too, had a voice, he determined to be sent to Paris at once. So a few evenings since he waited until the California Theatre began to let out, and mounting the box of a hack in front of it, he lifted up his voice and sang. The tumultuous crowd was instantly hushed, and stopped transfixed, as with closed eyes, the absorbed singer sat, his whole inspired soul floating out in glad, triumphant notes. The selection chosen by Mr. Schengler was "Tommy, Make Room for Your Uncle," one of the best of its kind, but we regret to say that at the end of the third verse a brickbat struck Mr. Schengler immediately beneath the right ear, knocking him over the dashboard, following which he was walked over and his neck stepped upon by the thoughtless throng. Mr. Schengler is convinced there is fraud about this Wachtel story, somewhere.

HOW TO CATCH A LOOSE CANARY.—The real way to catch a loose canary, and the only way which can be warranted for a term of years, is to collect all your friends and family and post them around the tree or fence where the canary is at bay. Let them all furnish themselves with plenty of bits of kindling wood, sods of grass, lumps of dirt, hunks of brick, curry-combs, boot-jacks, porter-bottles, and other handy missiles, and let them fire away boldly at the canary. If the bird cowardly turns tail and flies off, let everybody follow and slam bang at him with their utmost vigour. It will be hard to confine this entertainment to your immediate circle. No boy whose heart is in the right place and who has any legs will refrain from the pursuit, and there are men who would leave a dentist's chair to mingle in the fray. There are cases, too, when a funeral would hang by a thread, as it were, in the vicinity of a canary hunt. Even from the windows of upper rooms, where sickness or deshabille may detain unfortunate enthusiasts, the e will come, ever and anon, a frantic wash-bowl or whizzing lamp-chimney to testify the universality of the public interest. Of course in this rapid free distribution of fire-wood and paving material, it will not be long before several of your relations will wish they had brought a tin umbrella along. But considerations of mere personal comfort must not be allowed to interfere. If you keep this thing up long enough, and you all fire pretty straight you'll be sure to get your canary. And then you can have it stuffed.

HUMOROUS.

WHEN Kate Claxton goes to a hotel, she ought to be put in the fire-proof safe with other combustibles and valuables.

BOSWELL once asked Doctor Johnson if a certain classical picture was indecent. "No, sir," replied the doctor, "but your question is."

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN.—1. Image (of his father, of course). 2. Nonage. 3. Ofage. 4. Marriage. 5. Parent-age. 6. Anecdote-age. 7. Dotage.

It is this laying awake nights trying to determine whether or not to leave your fortune to an orphan asylum or a home for old men, that makes the newspaper business so wearing.

If you wish to ascertain just how much disgust the human face is capable of expressing, stand around a bulletin board for a few moments while a near-sighted man is posting up the news, and observe the crowd.

EMERSON has a habit of writing down every good idea that strikes him even getting up in the night to jot down some valuable thought. We once commenced this plan but after spending a few weeks without sleep had to give it up.

JUST as the hunter draws a bead on the graceful wild duck, as it breasts the rippling green-blue waves, does that water-fowl invariably observe something beneath the surface that it has been looking for, many a long day, and proceeds at once to business.

"WHAT should be done with our extra capital," inquires an exchange. We have thought about that, and come to the conclusion that perhaps it would be as well to pay the butcher and groceryman, and then if there is anything left, leave it with the proprietor of the billiard room on account.

A LAWYER was noticed at a recent concert in Aberdeen enthusiastically applauding one of the singers, and trying to get up an encore. "Fond of music, isn't he?" said one acquaintance to another. "No," was the reply, "it's mere professional instinct. He is moving for a new trial."

A correspondent spoke thus of Mr. Wright, the editor of the *Chronotype*:—"He has been known to write with a pen in each hand on two different subjects, rock the cradle with his feet and whistle 'Hail Columbia' for the twin babies, while intently perusing one of Parker's sermons all at the same time."

ADVERTISING is a good thing, says an American paper, but, when a prominent grocer recently carried to a funeral an umbrella on which was painted conspicuously the business of his house, and held it over the clergyman's head while he read the prayers, the bystanders thought he was running the thing into the ground.

WHEN a young and inexperienced man has been invited to dissect the turkey, and is in a cold perspiration over the uncertainty as to which end the wish-bone is situated in, nothing pleases him so much as to have the scientific person who is present request the company to watch and note the beautiful system of anatomy displayed in a fowl.

ONE night we were sitting out of doors in the moonlight, unusually silent—almost sad. Suddenly some one—a poetic-looking man, with a gentle, lovely face—said in a low tone: "Did you ever think of a beautiful lesson the stars teach us?" We gave a vague, appreciative murmur, but one soulless eld said, "No; what is it?" "How to wink," he answered, in a sad, sweet voice.

THEODORE HOOK was a clever man. "A friend of mine," says an author, "has a letter from him addressed to a well-known lady, since dead. In this letter Theodore says, 'Will your ladyship be so kind as to ask me to-day at dinner whether I will venture on an orange?' The question was duly asked, on which Theodore promptly replied, 'No, my lady, I should be afraid of falling off.' Everybody laughed at the readiness of the impromptu."

A GOOD story is told of an English Canon. Thinking himself unjustly dealt with in one of the religious papers, the Divine called upon the Editor for an explanation. High words ensued. The Canon attacked the staff of the paper. The Editor defended them. "I assure you we have a Dean upon our staff!" "Ah!" replied the Canon, "that may be, but a Bishop is what you want." "Indeed! how so?" exclaimed the Editor. "Why, you see," returned the Canon, "most of your statements require confirmation."

STILL another anecdote of Senator Nye. He was trying a case in the southern tier. The presiding judge had been provish and irritable, as well as rather dull. General Nye had not only cross-examined a witness at great length, but had frequently been ruled against as improper. At last the patience of the judge was exhausted, and he rebuked General Nye, and petulantly asked, "General Nye, what do you think I am sitting here for?" Nye looked up at the bench, and with a grave countenance, but a twinkle in his eye, answered composedly, "You have got me this time, your honour."