

ward trip, and the same number of times on their upward trip. These steamers carry a mail, but there is a great difficulty in getting letters when sent to you, through the bungling and inefficiency of those who may be in charge of the Post Office. The mail is sent direct to the village from the steamer, where it is sorted, the matter belonging to the village remaining there, and the letters, papers, &c., which belong to residents of the Cap à l'Aigle, or Point au Pic, being forwarded to accommodation Post-offices in these different places. The accommodation Post-office at Point au Pic has been most signally mis-managed this year. The person in charge of the Post-office is a simple little French girl, very pretty she is I must confess, but quite unable to read a word of English. The writing, moreover, proves a great bulk, and many letters are left undelivered in the office although asked for time and again. Last year the office was presided over by a young gentleman from Montreal, whose presence in the office, although unrewarded in a pecuniary point of view, proved a great boon to the visitors. Postage stamps are very scarce, and I would advise all those who intend to visit this place to bring a full supply with them.

With regard to the trip down, I think it will be generally conceded that the kindness and attention of the officers of the Canadian Navigation Company's steamers, and the beautiful scenery of the North Shore, make this trip one of the most pleasant of any to be had anywhere in America. It was with very sorrowful feelings that I hired my calèche to carry my traps to the steamer, en route for Cacouna, after a very pleasant stay in Murray Bay of three days. To those kind friends who made it so pleasant and attractive I feel myself deeply and sincerely indebted. The remembrance of that stay will be for ever engraven on my memory, as I feel happy to confess it is upon my heart.

TOURIST.

## FALLS AT ALMONTE, ONT.

The illustration of Almonte Falls and "Woollen Mills," from a photograph by Mr. M. L. Kilborn, shows the falls on a branch of the Mississippi River at the village of Almonte, Ont. This branch leaves the main stream below the first fall, about a quarter of a mile above where it returns to it, and forms the island on which is situated, amongst other buildings, the fine woollen factory seen in the centre of the picture, the property of Messrs. B. & W. Rosamond & Co. The houses seen in the left of the background are in the northern extremity of Almonte, and immediately in front of them, along the face of the hill, runs the line of the Brockville and Ottawa Railway. The formation here is rather remarkable, the river falling sideways into its new channel, which runs in the same direction as its old course. Owing to this peculiarity in the river the beauty of the falls is greatly enhanced, and in old times, when the bush about them was uncut, they appeared to gush out of the middle of the woods. The Mississippi falls more than forty feet at Almonte, and thereby forms very fine water-power, which is being rapidly turned to account, as the numerous factories and mills on its banks attest. After the building of the Brockville and Ottawa Railway the water-power attracted attention, and since then the village has rapidly increased to its present size, (some two thousand inhabitants), and this year the signs of progress are more marked than ever before.

## COBOURG FIRE-MEN'S PIC-NIC.

The third annual picnic of the Cobourg fire-men, held last month, was an event of more than ordinary importance, visitors being present from Port Hope, Oshawa, Napanee, Rochester, N. Y., &c. The Rochester, Napanee, Belleville, Oshawa, Bowmanville, Port Hope and Lindsay Fire Brigades were well represented, and, with their bands, made, when in procession, a most brilliant display. After marching through the principal streets of the town, the procession halted in the grounds adjoining Northumberland House, where refreshments in ample supply were provided. Dancing and other amusements followed, and of course addresses of welcome and friendly acknowledgment were not wanting to fill up the time. In the evening a Ball took place in Victoria Hall, which was largely attended, the Rochester and Belleville firemen remaining over for the purpose.

During the day there was a keen competition for the several prizes offered to the winners of the athletic games advertised in the programme; and the speeches delivered at intervals were brimful of flattery to the people of Cobourg who had so ably exerted themselves to make the picnic an enjoyable affair. Prominent among the decorations for the occasion was an arch in front of Victoria Hall, planned by Mr. J. A. Polkinghorne, merchant, which attracted very much attention. The span of the main arch was thirty-five feet, height twenty-three feet; height of columns twenty-six feet; extreme height thirty-five feet six inches. The smaller arches had a span of ten feet. On one was a pedestal draped with a British Ensign surmounted with the Bible and the Crown; on the other a pedestal draped with the Stars and Stripes surmounted by an Eagle—the two designed to represent Great Britain and the United States. But the representation did not stop here, for on the platform of the northern column of the main arch sat a young lady representing Britannia with shield, trident, &c., and on the southern, another young lady representing Columbia. It is scarcely necessary to add that these formed the chief attractions, even in such a splendid arch as that which we this week illustrate. The celebration was in every way successful, and much credit is due to Mr. J. A. Polkinghorne for the taste he displayed in erecting and decorating the arch. The Rochester fire-men, as did those from neighbouring Canadian towns, expressed themselves highly gratified with the kind treatment they had received during the day.

## EVENING AT THE WIMBLEDON CAMP.

More than usual interest has been felt in Canada this year in the proceedings and the result of the annual Rifle Meeting at Wimbledon, in consequence of the presence at the competitions for the various prizes of the Canadian team under Col. Skinner. Hitherto our men have been singularly fortunate, and, although none of them have had the good fortune to figure among the sixty competitors for the Queen's Prize, yet they have far surpassed their own hopes and the expectations of the home volunteers. It is to be hoped that next year they may do even better, and that the Queen's Prize at the thirteenth annual meeting may be carried off for the first time by a colonist. We can form an idea of the interest created in camp by our men from the fact that on the day of the arrival

of the Belgian volunteers the quarters of the Canadians were not a whit less crowded by visitors than at the time of their first appearance, while as to the estimation in which they are held as marksmen it is needless to say more than that one of them, ex-Mayor Murison, of Hamilton, was claimed by a Scottish regiment as a Scotsman, and put into the Scotch eight for the Elcho Challenge Shield.

Of the appearance of the camp a very graphic description is given by an American gentleman, as follows:

"'Canvas town,' as it is called, is divided into streets and roads, the foremost being 'Windmill street,' which is undoubtedly the Broadway of the tabernacle. The name of the corps and the inhabitants of the tents are indicated on printed or written boards. The ingenuity and facetiousness of the inhabitants are also made apparent by the names and signs which they have bestowed upon their various domiciles. Among the quieter nomenclatures we notice 'Corner Cottage,' 'West London Retreat,' 'The Hermitage,' &c., but these are not the names that attract attention. Presently we come opposite a tent that has a blue sign-board with white letters. The name instantly fixes our attention, and we stand wrapt before it. The proprietor is sitting on his threshold beaming with proud delight as he sees our puzzled countenances. 'Now, then, here's a challenge for you,' he cries, 'a glass of grog to the man that reads that name correctly.' Having fragile jaws we decline to accept the challenge, but in case any of your readers should feel inclined to come over and accept it I copied out the name, 'Kaadoogoonarooooo Bungalow.' Further on we notice 'Tichborne Villa,' with a likeness of the obese individual claiming that title—(without the 'villa,' of course.) We should not be surprised, nor are we, to see that next door rejoices in the possession of a similar portrait, but is denominated 'Arthur Orton Lodge.' We can easily imagine what a lively argument goes on between the several occupants of these two domiciles. Here is 'The Roost,' and there 'The Den,' 'The Prison,' 'The Wigwag,' &c., &c. One or two tents are decorated with the portraits of the occupants, and one I noticed with a most elaborate sign. It consisted of a well executed drawing of four calves in various positions, each having a human head representing the owners of the tent. The picture was surmounted with the legend: 'The Essex Calves,' and very good-looking calves they were if the picture flattered them not. In the bar of the refreshment room I happened, in speaking to a volunteer, to ask him if he thought real campaigning was anything like this. A German, who had been in the French *feldzag*, overheard our conversation, and, anxious to show his vast superiority, put in: 'Bah, you call this campaigning out. Why when I was with Prince Frederick Karl we never got a wash for three days at a time.' And his appearance, far from belying his words, would lead one to suppose that he had found that style of living so agreeable as never to have altered it since. Whilst inspecting the camp itself we are constantly kept alive as to the real business of the day by the constant ping-ping that goes on from eight in the morning until six in the evening in the front. Once with his 'Snider' in hand, the British volunteer is a match for any one. Here he is ahead of the world, as the numerous international rifle contests have amply proved. The wonderful feats that are achieved at 600, 800, or even 1,000 yards deserve to be chronicled by a more competent pen. The general weapon in use is the Snider Enfield, but in many of the matches any arm is allowed, and then the Martini-Henry is a great favourite. In conclusion I may observe that although I saw nothing to alter my opinion as to the soldierly bearing of the volunteers, I was convinced that as far as marksmanship was concerned they were not playing at soldiers."

On another page is an illustration of a scene in camp at evening, after the business of the day is concluded, and the men devote themselves to the entertainment of their fair visitors. Later on still the scene again changes. Says the *Daily News* correspondent:—"A peregrination through the camp when darkness has fallen, and when the hour is advancing towards 'lights out,' is full of interest and amusement. From the camp of the London Irish echoes the wild plaintive strains of 'Kathleen Mavourneen,' or a ricketty ditty recounting the exploits of a wonderful gentleman who, fortified with a sprig of shillelagh, betook himself to that frantic carnival, the Limerick races. Next door live our worthy and trusty allies of Belgium. Their mess tent, where a continuous luncheon has been on foot from early morn till dewy eve, is resonant with the chirpy sounds of 'Eep Eep Ee-raye,' which may be considered the Belgian synonym for the British 'Hip Hip Hurray.' To the accumulated distraction of the atmosphere, the 37th Middlesex contribute the twang of the banjo, the rattle of the bones, and a vociferous celebration of the praises of a certain avuncular relative of the name of Ned, who, it would appear, has departed in the direction pursued by all deserving gentlemen of colour. From the London Scottish camp comes on the light night wind the skirt of the pipes, accentuated by the wild 'Heughis' with which the Scotch signalize the climax of their salutary exploits, alternated by the measured 'thud,' 'thud' of the footsteps of some dhinnawassle deftly threading the difficult maze of Gillie Callum or the sword dance. The shoeblack brigade, their labours over for the day, their brush-arms at rest, and their blacking-pots covered in for the night, have thrown open the front of their tent, and are treating such as choose to listen to an amateur concert of an artless and simple character. The shoe-blacks have pleasant fresh voices, and understand part-singing, but they exhibit a tendency to run chronically into an ignoble chorus with 'humtidy-um' as its burden, which is scarcely worthy of members of the profession who have advanced to the dignity of uniform. In the Pavilion tent two separate 'free and easies' are in full swing. The chairman of one is a rugged-faced man with a bright red beard—a stalwart extraction from the regions where the wild heather blooms and the red deer roams. His role lies in such strains of the mountains as the 'Macgregors' Gathering,' and the 'March of the Cameron Men,' and around his table, seated and standing, are grouped a large proportion of the many Scots now in camp. Everybody seems to know everybody's Christian name, and from the prevalence of 'Jocks,' 'Wullies,' and 'Sandies,' there would seem to be a curtailed range of baptismal appellations in the territory north of the Tweed. At another table international fraternisation is flowing gushingly. Britons and Belgians sit alternately round the festive board, and the conversation is of the patchwork order, diversified with pantomime. In one of the Cis Glen Alyn camps somebody is playing on the piano, and in the Guards' camp a hairy soldier, seated in the mouth of a tent, is rivalling 'Old Rosin the Bow,' in his performances on the viol. But regulations step in to stay the festivities and the conviviality. Gun-fire stays

the song and arrests the progress of the revel, and 'lie down follows with a promptitude which must take by surprise those who are given to procrastination in 'feeling.' Soon after a procession sets forth from the camp—not a picket of armed men, not a patrol of caped policemen, but a procession on wheels consisting of three waggons, containing the deft damsels, thirty-and-three in number, who, from seven till gun-fire, perform with nimble civility the duties of the refreshment bar. For their accommodation the Warren Farm, a sequestered home some two miles away from the camp, has been taken and fitted up, and thither every night they are conveyed, as has been said, in waggons, under the escort of a couple of policemen, to secure them from molestation, and brought back in the morning in the same manner."

## POOR MISS FINCH!

## MISCELLANEA.

It is well known that icebergs cool the water around them to a very considerable distance. An American has made this fact the foundation of an invention to protect vessels against collision with icebergs. He proposes to place on the bottom of steamers or other vessels an apparatus so arranged as to sound an alarm on the instant a ship's keel enters a stratum of cold water. On board the steamers it is customary to take the temperature of the water every time the log is cast.

STRANGE VICISSITUDE.—Ben Montgomery, the favourite slave of Jefferson Davis, now owns Mr. Davis's old Mississippi plantation, known as Briarfield. Ben is black and educated. He gave \$300,000 in 1866, payable in ten years at six per cent. interest. He made last year 2,500 bales of cotton, and corn in plenty. Mr. Davis dined lately with Ben, who waited on his old master affectionately. Ben has bought an adjoining estate, which will add 1,000 more bales to his crop. This reads like a romance, yet it is true.—*Farmer and Artisan*.

A most wonderful microscopic machine is the micro-pantograph, constructed by a London inventor. The lower end of the lower lever carries a pencil or tracer connected with it by two equal and parallel links, which is passed by the operator's hand over the design or writing to be copied. The upper end of the upper lever carries the piece of glass for the reception of the diminished copy. Over the glass is mounted a diamond, pointed downward, which remains stationary while the glass moves under it, the usual process of writing being here reversed. Mechanism is connected with the diamond, by means of which it can be raised or lowered, and also pressed with greater or less force upon the glass, and thus the thick and thin strokes of ordinary writing can be faithfully transferred to the minute copy on the glass.

THE COMMUNE.—The *London Economist*, a journal wholly impartial, speaks as follows of the man who was the Communist Minister of Finance during the revolution in Paris, M. Jourde:—"After what has taken place, it is not easy even to be just to the Commune men; but let us record that this Jourde had the handling of large sums of money in a time of unexampled confusion, and that he presented his accounts with greater promptitude and greater clearness than were ever before witnessed in France on any occasion, or on any matter whatsoever. Assuming that the accounts were exact, and that he had vouchers for each item, they do him credit, and will form a curiosity of the financial history of the revolution. In the discussion of the Commune, too, this man displayed common sense which distinguished him from his fellows, showing, in a few words, the financial impracticability or inopportunities of certain socialist projects, and the necessity of modifying others."

At Philadelphia Mr. F. B. Carpenter, the artist, has begun work on a painting, the subject of which is—"The Signing of the Joint High Commission Treaty of Washington." The picture will be four and a half by seven and a quarter feet in size, and the figures will be about half life-size. The room in the State Department at Washington in which the Treaty was signed will, of course, be represented with its long table, and the commissioners engaged in deliberation. The central group will be composed of Secretary Fish, in the immediate foreground, holding a section of the treaty, and painted in profile; Earl de Grey sitting opposite to him, and both listening intently to Sir Edward Thornton, who stands pointing to a passage in a book of reference. General Schenck sits at Secretary Fish's right, Judge Nelson at his left, his gray hair coming out in strong relief against a secondary group consisting of Sir Stafford Northcote, Sir John A. Macdonald, and Lord Tenterden. Judge Hoar sits at General Schenck's right, opposite to Professor Bernard. Senator Williams is at the extreme right end of the table, facing Bancroft Davis, Lord Tenterden, and two secretaries at the extreme left.

The Planet Jupiter has been experiencing lately some changes of visage which are puzzling the astronomers. The surface of the disk is variegated with coloured bands, the nature of which has been long a subject of study. The colours and forms are now changing in an unusual way, showing that there are some movements of a grand character, perhaps somewhat similar to those that have been attracting so much attention in the sun. This new phase of Jovial existence may help astronomers to solve the constitution of that great planet. In the *Journal of Science*, of New Haven, Miss Mitchell, of Vassar College, gives a record of some observations made by her in the winter of 1870-71, which are interesting in this connection. At that time, she says, the rosy tint of the equatorial belt was less marked than in the preceding year, the dark spots were less decided, and the white spots more numerous. She says that in watching the changes of Jupiter's bright, cloudy belts, or its dark bands, one is continually reminded of the changes in the sun's photosphere. The variations are less, and yet an interval of half an hour shows differing relations. The first satellite she has never seen to enter upon or leave the disk of Jupiter other than as a white, circular object; yet in the centre she has "either lost it or it has changed in shape or colour, becoming elongated toward the polar regions and assuming a reddish-brown hue. The impression made on the observer is that of the interposition of some medium through which it is seen dim and distorted." In other words, this would seem to be some sort of atmosphere of the planet within which it passes, or some exterior envelope behind which it is obscured.