

cliffs rise around, a sea-wall, two hundred feet in height, extending northward as far as the eye can reach. The lighthouse, at the entrance of St. John's harbour, is visible, perched on a shoulder of the hill; the Narrows are invisible, and only a solid wall of rock is seen. It is only when close to it, that the cleft in this wall, which forms the entrance to the harbour of St. John's, becomes visible. The cottages of the fishermen are of wood, most of them one story in height, a porch being erected before each door to fence off the winter blasts. They consist, for the most part, each of one large apartment which serves for kitchen, dining-room and parlour. It is pretty clean and not uncomfortable, with a great fire of logs blazing on the "dog-irons" in the open chimney, on each side of which are benches or "settees." A "dresser" covered with crockery-wares faces the door, and is the pride of the housewife. A table and a few chairs complete the furniture. The sleeping apartments are little closets off the main one, or attics overhead, close to the roof. Before each cottage door may be seen, in fine weather, a rough specimen of the canine species, enjoying his slumbers. These dogs are used by the fishermen in winter to haul their fuel from the woods, on little "catamarans."

NEWFOUNDLAND HOSPITALITY.

As I rambled about, I speedily got into conversation with a young fisherman who kindly invited me into his cottage to rest. His family consisted of a wife, two children, his mother and grandmother. It was very fine to see the old grandmother, eighty-seven years of age, still hale but almost quite deaf, enjoying the warmest corner in her grandson's cottage, and evidently well cared for; and next to her, the mother, sixty years old, both supported by the labours of this stout fisherman, with assistance rendered by another brother. With genuine hospitality, the wife enquired if I should like a cup of tea, after my long walk. The table was speedily spread with a clean cloth; the handsomest tea-set produced, a couple of fresh eggs boiled, a pile of bread and butter in the centre, and a cup of fragrant tea ready. With the keen appetite earned by a long walk over the hill, I enjoyed the meal heartily, and thought the "bake-pot" bread the sweetest I had ever tasted.

WINTER IN A FISHERMAN'S HUT.

It was pleasant, in chatting with the fisherman, to find that the season had been a good one, and that the bulk of the inhabitants would be well off during the winter. His earnings during the summer months reached nearly a hundred pounds; and at the seal-fishery in spring he had made thirty pounds. Then he had a little garden formed by immense labour in clearing away the boulders, in which potatoes, cabbages and turnips enough for winter use, were produced. He had a few kegs of salted "sounds," a few quintals of dried codfish and some caplin. His own hands would bring fuel from the woods, and he had neither rent nor taxes to pay. Evidently he was one of the superior class of fishermen. He informed me he had worked his way out of debt, and had taken up no supplies on credit during the summer, so that he was paid in cash for his fish and bought with cash, at the lowest price, his winter's provisions. Few of our fishermen are in this condition of independence, the vast majority being in the meshes of the ruinous "credit system," and receiving payment in truck. I inquired did they not find it very dreary in winter? "Well thin," he said, "it's rather lonesome to be sure, at times, but we're used to it. Have we any amusements in winter? Well we has a game of cards, and a drap of grog, and sometimes a dance. Have we a fiddler? No; but Mickey Corcoran plays the fife elegantly. I likes a game of cards—the five-and-forty—best of any. Do we get anything to read? Yes; we has a bundle of old newspapers sometimes from St. John's, and when a story book comes along we meets all in one house, and the best hand reads it to us. Yes; I has been often at the "ice"—(seal-fishery)—fell from the top-mast once into the sea and struck the riggin fallin', and had eleven wounds when they hauled me up. No; I niver felt squeamish about killin' young seals; I likes it well; but it is pitiful to see the mothers sarchin' for their cubs and paddlin' over their blood moanin' like. But then people must live, shure. If I didn't kill them somebody else would. The swiles was made to be hunted. There's a man here was fourteen days on the ice; he got on a loose pan of ice, and drifted away from his ship with only two biscuits in his pocket. The water in the hollows of the ice kept him alive for fourteen days, and then he was picked up by a sealer. Yes; we has a school here; the master is an old man, and gets only twenty-five pounds a year and six weeks allowed him to fish, but he's too old for that now. It's a poor livin' for a man that has larnin'."

THE WATER CURE AND HOME SWEET HOME.

I took leave of my kind host and hostess as evening was drawing on, and then I found the rain coming down in torrents. Though an entire stranger to them, they lent me an umbrella which served to keep my head and shoulders dry. A walk of seven or eight miles over these desolate hills tops, with a south-west wind howling through their ravines, and driving the heavy rain in furious gusts before it, was not very agreeable. I found myself speedily converted into the condition of a walking sponge saturated with water. It was a comfort to find, after a time, that the rain could do no more, as no further power of absorption remained; and the gurgling sound from the boots proclaimed that they were full to repletion. This hydropathic treatment completed my cure; and when I reached home all nervous irritability was gone. Then the delight of getting into dry clothing; the blazing coal fire; the meal of hot tea, ham and eggs, so well earned, and eaten with the appetite of a hyena, and the luxurious, dreamy lounge in the easy chair after the toils of the day—what drawing-room enjoyments can compare with these? "Sweet is pleasure after pain." I slept "the sleep of the just" after my ramble, and dreamed of fishing-boats, flakes and "swiles;" and rose in the morning with renovated energies.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND COD-FISHERIES.

Our Newfoundland correspondent's letter, dated the 31st August, relating to the cod and its utilization, may, very appropriately, be supplemented by the four small sketches in the present number of the *News*, shewing the boat used in codfishing; codfishing with the seine; the fishing boats in a squall; and the operations in curing the cod preliminary to the processes of salting, packing and preparing for market. These four illustrations are copied from sketches made after personal observation of the various incidents they represent,

and may, therefore, be relied upon as being correct. The scenes need little description. The first represents the style of boat used on the east side of Newfoundland, usually called a "whale boat," and carrying from two to four men, and from three to eight quintals of fish. These boats generally go on the fishing ground at day-light, returning at sundown. But sometimes they go out in the evening and remain out for the whole night, returning in the morning. The next illustration shows the mode of catching cod with the seine net. The boat carries a crew of seven men, and their *modus operandi* of fishing is to encircle a shoal of cod with the seine, when they sometimes take more than a hundred quintals at a time, a haul which, however, is esteemed more a piece of good luck than of extra management. The actuality of the third scene represented—the boats caught in a squall, is, we are happy to learn, but seldom realized on the east coast of the island, to which these views more particularly refer.

The codfish having been caught, the first care of the Newfoundlanders is to have it cured and ready for market. The last view represents the earlier operations in that important process. Women are generally employed in cutting the fish open. This being done they pass them to the "headers," (also generally women) who deftly press off the head and take out the entrails by a single movement. Head and entrails are dropped by the side of the operating table, and the fish are passed to the "splitter" who takes out the back (or sound) bone with a knife specially made for the work. The fish are then dropped into a box to await the attentions of the salters. These latter place the fish in layers covering each layer with rock salt. When sufficiently salted the cod are hung upon the "flakes" to dry, in the manner described by our correspondent's letter of the 31st August, already mentioned, and to which we beg to refer our readers for further information concerning the great staple industry of Newfoundland.

RUNNING THE RAPIDS—STURGEON RIVER.

Our readers have had numerous illustrations of scenes connected with the Red River Expedition of last year, some of them "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." The illustration in this issue, from a drawing by Mr. William Armstrong, shows a daring adventure on the part of a lady who pluckily accompanied her husband throughout the expedition, and since her return to Ontario has delivered some interesting discourses on the country, the people, and the scenes which came under her observation during that memorable trip. The lady and gentleman who ran Island Rapids, on Sturgeon river, are Mr. and Mrs. St. John, the latter being very favourably known in this city as Lessee of the Theatre Royal, under her maiden name of Kate Ranoe. Mr. St. John, who was formerly an officer in Her Majesty's service, joined the expedition as special correspondent of the *Toronto Globe*. On this trip he was accompanied by Mrs. St. John, who returned to Toronto after staying some time at Fort Garry, and, as already stated, gave some interesting lectures on the Red River country. The sketch which commemorates their adventure at Island Rapids gives a splendid idea of what rapid running is.

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, WINDSOR, ONT.

All Saints' Church, Windsor, Ontario, a view of which we give, has a history not uncommon to that of many other church buildings in Canada. When the present incumbent, Rev. I. Hurst, was appointed to the charge in 1859,—the congregation was small, the church seated only 240 persons, and was in debt about \$6,000. The congregation being unable to pay the debt, Mr. Hurst made a collecting tour in England in 1861, during which he raised about £500 with which the churchwardens paid off a large share of the obligations of the church. Thus encouraged, the congregation commenced in earnest to pay the remainder of the debt. Finding the accommodation much too small, and seeing no immediate prospect of raising funds for enlargement in Windsor, Mr. Hurst, with the kind permission of the Bishop of Huron, again visited England, and collected £600, with which the church was doubled in size, and in November, 1866, was reopened and consecrated, the remainder of the debt being assumed by members of the congregation. From this time the debt diminished more rapidly, and on Easter Sunday, 1869, was finally met by an offering amounting to \$660. At the same time it became evident that the church was still too small, families were waiting for sittings, and could not be supplied. Seeing this difficulty, and unwilling that any impediment should hinder the preaching of the Gospel, Mr. Hurst determined on another appeal for help to his friends in England, and, in September, 1869, set out, returning in June, 1870, having collected £900. With this help another enlargement was commenced last fall, and the church was again reopened on Sunday, 30th April last, able to accommodate nearly 800 persons. This last enlargement consists of north and south transept, chancel, vestry and library. The whole length of the church is now 111 feet and the greatest breadth 57 feet. The view given will render any description of the architecture unnecessary. The interior is plainly but neatly finished, and furnished. The whole of the seats are of oak, oiled, presenting a neat and cheerful appearance, the chancel furniture is chiefly walnut. By the efforts of a few energetic ladies in the congregation, a neat and substantial fence has been erected around the church property, and the interior has been furnished with a good and well adapted chancel carpet, with a new set of lamps, and matting for the aisles. By another effort a very neat and in every way suitable suit of vestry furniture has been presented, the congregation being evidently determined no longer to see the House of God uncared for, but, on the contrary, made comely for Divine service. The roof of the church is ceiled with pine, oiled, and stained, and that of the chancel divided into panels. The chancel window was made by Messrs. Bullock & McAusland, of Toronto, when the church was first built, and is much admired for the richness of its colours. The transept windows are large, and were made by Messrs. Pilkington, of St. Helens, Lancashire, and are considered a very good and effective arrangement of geometrical figures—plain, neat and cheerful. The three arches, in the points of intersection between the aisles and transept, are supported by two groups of four iron columns, forming a light and pleasing contrast with the rest of the stone columns. The vestibule at the west end is separated from the nave by a partition containing 12 glass panels 4 in. in thickness, transmitting light to the vestibule, but not clearly transparent. The opening sermon in the morning was preached by the Rev. M. C. Lightner, Rector of Grace Church, Detroit. In the evening the late Lord Bishop of Huron preached, and

afterward administered the rite of confirmation to 46 persons. The collection, which amounted to \$104 75, was given to the ladies in aid of their fund for furnishing the church.

CONDEMNED MILITARY STORES.

DRAWING OLD CANNON THROUGH LOWER TOWN, QUEBEC—QUEEN'S WHARF, QUEBEC, WITH STORES AND AMMUNITION FOR SALE OR SHIPMENT.

Little by little the last remnants of the Imperial military occupation of Canada are disappearing or being concentrated into very small space. In our present issue we give two illustrations from sketches by our special artist, one of them shewing a gun in a sling waggon being driven through Lower Town, Quebec, to the wharf for shipment to Montreal. The guns not required by the Dominion Government were sold to the firm of Messrs. Ross & Co., of Quebec. Before the guns were delivered over to their purchasers the trunnions were broken off in the manner shown last year, (see No. 20, Vol. 2, pp. 311 and 316 *C. I. News*, Nov. 12, 1870), entitled "breaking trunnions off old guns on St. Helen's Island, Montreal." The citizens of Quebec naturally feel somewhat despondent at the transactions depicted in our illustrations, as they deem them indicative of the departure of the ancient glory of their city. But they have a full supply of far more serviceable pieces of ordnance, either mounted or ready to be mounted. Whereas the stock which has recently passed through their streets was really nothing but rubbish. The horses used in the work of drawing away the guns were hired specially for the purpose, and their drivers were, of course, civilians.

The other sketch shows the Queen's wharf, Quebec, covered with military stores of all descriptions, including heavy guns, field-pieces, shot and shell, coal boxes, waggons, wheel and hand-barrows, &c., &c. Some of them were brought to the wharf for shipment to England; others of them for distribution in Canada. The guns are all either obsolete patterns, or are beyond the requirements of the Canadian Government. The Armstrong guns in the foreground of the picture are 64 pounders; their places being supplied with the same gun but of 110 lbs. calibre. Three of the new ones were mounted some weeks ago.

THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

In the Romance of History the sorrows of Queens play a conspicuous part, and it might be easily shown, that those sorrows have for the most part arisen from the custom, often unavoidable, but almost always productive of evil, of selecting the consorts of Kings from among Princesses of foreign race and manners. The history of England and France is full of such examples. The German sovereigns have not been necessarily subjected to the same necessity, because, from the number of kingdoms and principalities into which Germany is divided, there has always been a wide field of choice. The domestic education, too, of German Princes fits them to sustain their social obligations. We could cite a hundred instances of marriages of the class we have referred to, where the conjugal happiness of the contracted parties, arising from similarity of language, habits, ideas and tastes, could not be surpassed by the most fortunate examples in private life. The Empress of Austria entered in her married life under these favourable auspices. She was not regarded as a stranger either by the family or the subjects of her husband. The Royal Houses of Austria and Bavaria have been so often allied before, that they are almost associated by the ties of consanguinity. The first of those unions dates at about the end of the thirteenth century, when the then Elector of Bavaria, Louis II., married Matilda, the daughter of Rodolph, of Hapsburg. Since that time there have been no fewer than twenty-four marriages between various members of the two Houses of Hapsburg and Wittelsbach.

Elizabeth-Amélie-Eugénie, Empress of Austria, was first cousin, on the mother's side, of the late King of Bavaria. On the father's side she is but remotely allied to the Royal Family, being the daughter of a younger scion, the Duke Maximilian Joseph, who married a daughter of Maximilian Joseph, the first King of Bavaria, and sister of Louis the Monarch—the eccentric King of questionable notoriety in association with Lola Montes. She was born on the 24th December, 1837, and is therefore in her thirty-fourth year. When political events led to the abdication of the late Emperor of Austria in favour of the young Archduke Francis Joseph, the family and counsellors of the Duke sought for him a suitable alliance. Tradition pointed to the House of Wittelsbach, and nature had done the rest. A Princess of that family—young, beautiful, accomplished, amiable—had already attracted the regards of the youthful Emperor. They were betrothed on the 13th August, 1853; and after a courtship, in the course of which the conventional ceremonies of Royalty were evaded more than once by the Imperial lover, in order to see and converse with his *fiancée*, (rumour even spoke of his having incurred the danger of assassination by conspirators on one of the occasions) they were at length married on the 24th April, 1854. Seldom was a Royal marriage concluded under more favourable auspices.

Auguste Villemont, one of the pleasantest of French writers, who died during the first siege, was at one time secretary at the Porte St. Martin Theatre, and was deluged with pieces by rising authors. It was impossible to read the outpourings of all these spirits, and most of them were never examined at all. However, Auguste Villemont used to relate, with that nasal twang peculiar to the south of France, that he had not always fools to deal with. "One day a young author came to me," he would say, "and asked if the administration had come to a decision respecting a manuscript which he had left to be read. I must acknowledge that the rose-coloured ribbons with which the manuscript was tied had determined me to reject it, and I made up my mind to tell a lie sooner than to peruse the drama. I assured the rising author that I had conscientiously glanced over his work, and had found it written in a style not suitable to our theatre. It was perhaps too well written, &c.; and by way of finishing up, I remarked that people should endeavour to write as they spoke. 'Even when they speak through the nose?' tranquilly demanded the young gentleman. I understood the allusion, and hastened to add that the scenario was devoid of interest. The youth smiled, untied the rose-coloured bows, and spread before my eyes the pages of paper, upon which nothing was written. I could no longer defend myself, but promised the author, on my word of honour, that if he would bring me a piece I would read it. He did so, and it was produced with great success."