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HARRY ARMSTRONG LIVINGSTON, Proprietor and Publisher.

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(From "Gossip" of July 4.)

TO THE READERS OF "GOSSIP."

Commencing with this number, GOSSIP is owned and published by HARRY ARMSTRONG LIVINGSTON. By arrangement with MRS. DOBBIN, all of the engagements entered into with subscribers will be carried out, and the several departments of the paper will be maintained with their former interest nowise diminished. Some new features will be added from time to time. It gives us much pleasure to state that the pleasant relations existing between MRS. DOBBIN and her many friends among her former readers will not suffer, as she will continue to communicate with them every week and supply them with the fashionable intelligence of the day; the new arrangement, indeed, by giving her more freedom of action in this respect, enabling her, as she believes and hopes, to do greater justice to the demand for news of this description than was possible under previous arrangements. It is expected that GOSSIP, in its new form and under new management, will not be less acceptable than formerly to all whose appreciation and liberality have sustained it so satisfactorily since the day it was started.

NINA DOBBIN, HARRY A. LIVINGSTON.

MONTREAL, July 1st, 1885.

Meadows of Gold.

Meadows of gold, Reaching and running away, Shod with the mold, And crowned with the light of the day! Ye are the chemists of earth, The wizards who waken to birth The violets blue, and buttercups, too, Under the dark and the dew. Meadows of gold, Winding and wending along, Fair to behold, And merry and mellow with song! Ye are the poets whose rhymes Are rung by the reapers, whose rhymes Are written in wind-rows of grass, By musical sickles that pass. Meadows of gold, Laughing and leaping afar, Fast in your fold Forever the beautiful are. Ye are the Hebes who dip And lift from the loam to the lip The nectar, whose plethoric flood Is tinted and turned into blood.

It is a pleasant custom of several ladies in Buffalo society to offer the hospitality of their houses for a week or longer each summer to a party of young men and women. Mrs. Bronson Rumsey, an elderly and well-known lady of Buffalo, entertains as many as twelve youthful guests, most of them her own neighbors, at a time. But strangers are cordially welcomed at these gatherings. One of the popular New-Yorkers in Buffalo at present is Miss Lizzie Curtis, a daughter of George William Curtis.

REMARKS ON QUEBEC.

I. THE PLACE.

It is with extremely complex feelings that I approach this subject. Respect for age, pity for servility, love of peace, contempt for inaction combine to impress me with a grave sense of responsibility. I do not write these lines to fulfil a supposed duty; I simply jot down, for my own satisfaction, the impressions of a four years' sojourn in a place unequalled probably in the world for a peculiar class of qualities, using alternately the axe or the scalpel, as occasion demands. If I find reason to smile sardonically at any products of my analysis, I hope no one will thereby find cause for offence. I am an apostle of "cold fact," and cold fact is sometimes worse than a thankless child. However, let us emerge from this cloud of metaphor and get to work. Cape Diamond is 160 miles north-east of Montreal, and about 300 feet above the sea level. Over Cape Diamond picturesquely sprawls Quebec, with her head at the Citadel, her skirts sweeping round from the Cove to St. Roch's, and one arm stretched up the river. She sleeps: do not endeavor to disturb her—it will be useless, and she will only sleep the sounder!

With regard to her population, Quebec is entitled to rank as a city; with regard to her energy and activity, she slides through the avenues of time in the rear of any of her contemporaries known to civilization. There is activity in Quebec, of course; so there is in a bed of peat—quite as much; not apparent to the casual observer, and only to be determined by examinations made at the end of long intervals of time.

When you approach Quebec by water, you notice a long stone wall built in military fashion, but surmounted by an ornamental iron fence. Behind that is the terrace, the great promenade, the pride of Quebec's heart. It ought to be. Go upon it on a bright day and you get a panorama of magnificent scenery that will hurl you breathless at Nature's feet in adoration of her beauty. A bluer pen than mine has described what you will see, spread forth by the hand of the Infinite, where the finishing touch is furnished by the contrast to the city, so that, gazing, you feel like Dives reaching towards Lazarus. Brave the horrors of Quebec and go admire that view; it atones for everything.

At night there are light and music on the terrace, and the tramp and clatter of a happy multitude. All Quebec is there, from the *indiscret* keystone of the highest-toned *digue* in the town down to her cook and scullery-maid; and naturally the males to match. The music is good, the air is balmy, the night is lighted by the moon, the stars and the myriad jets of South Quebec, and under their combined influence you feel so good that you could write poetry to your last year's girl—which is saying a great deal. I have nothing but praise and good wishes for the terrace. Let us move regretfully off it and get into that part of Quebec that crowns the hill and is known as the "Upper Town."

Once fairly in the streets, the originality of the Ancient Capital strikes you as forcibly as the boot of a prospective father-in-law. A Quebec street changes its direction every ten yards, vertically or laterally, and its name with every twist. The effect is bewildering. A bird's-eye view of the city must resemble the hallucinations of a dipsomaniac. The essence of a Quebec street is *slope*, and no native ever crosses the street one way without an overcoat, or the other without a palm-leaf fan, owing to the sudden alterations in climate he experiences by reason of his change in altitude. This is a fact. Go down Fabrique street, a magnificent boulevard that cannot be less than two hundred yards in length, and you will arrive at John street, the principal thoroughfare of the Upper Town. There is a street for you! As many as two carriages can ride abreast on John street. All female Quebec does her shopping on a portion of this road included between the foot of Fabrique street and the St. John Gate—about a quarter of a mile in extent. In winter, when the terrace is impracticable, this little nest is the fashionable promenade, and there between five and six in the afternoon are to be met, amongst others, the famous Quebec girls. But of these more anon. John street is filled with the old-fashioned buildings that seem so attractive to strangers; low, and narrow, and dingy—they have no attraction for my taste at least. This celebrated street is generally crowded. Do not mistake my meaning; the word *crowded* here does not necessarily imply a large number of people. Two hundred persons ought to jam

uncomfortably the frequented portion of John street. In winter the place is a most unique promenade; you can shake hands with a friend on the opposite side of the road. I say in winter, because then you are not put out by the peculiar kind of vehicle used in driving; a microscopic *mobile*, which, harnessed to the ordinary Canadian horse, can pass easily under the locked hands. We start along John street from the foot of Fabrique; five minutes' walk brings us to the St. John Gate. There are three of these things in Quebec—all nice and new. One can understand how the original gates would prove interesting from the historic associations that clustered around them, but how these entirely modern structures can possess any utility, either historical or practical, passes my feeble comprehension. This is very possibly the fault of the said feeble comprehension, which will probably be the opinion of the natives, though strangers will side with me in failing to ascertain these gates' *raison d'être*. I am a Montrealer, and believe religiously with my fellow-citizens that Montreal paid for the gates and the entirely useless repairs to the other fortifications; consequently, I feel privileged to sit on them, metaphorically, as well as in a stricter sense. In the stricter sense, I always take a girl along. When we get through the St. John Gate, we shall just look up the street beyond. It bears a strong resemblance to a street in any other city, if you can imagine a street with only six or seven pedestrians on it, and a carriage; or maybe two carriages—I don't want to be unjust.

Let us retrace our steps a hundred yards or so and go down Palace hill which like most Quebec hills can give points to the side of a house in verticality (copyright), and after gingerly scrambling down we find ourselves in the suburb known as St. Rochs. St. Rochs is the best built, the cleanest and most active part of Quebec, notwithstanding the—to an English resident—astonishing fact that it is all French. There is considerable bustle here and a stranger feels at home; but since Quebecers disclaim St. Rochs as representing their dear old town, we shall, with your permission, good and patient reader, just turn to the right and get into Peter Street which with gentle sarcasm has been called the Wall Street of Quebec. We shall glide through it quickly and avoiding the well-called Mountain Hill—for you ought to know enough of Quebec now not to go up any of its hills—we shall take the elevator and land again on the terrace. We cross this and walk out St. Louis Street as far as the hotel (No, thanks, I've sworn off!) where we take a *calèche*. A *calèche* is an indigenous vehicle with trunk straps for springs; a capital conveyance for a seasoned ocean-voyager, though hardly to be recommended to persons of sedentary habits. However, we are "doing" Quebec and we'll risk a trip in one. Hold on tight and away we go! Any of these hills on the left will take you up to the Cape where all the aristocracy live.

Now we cross Ursule Street. All the aristocracy live on this street. That little building just beyond, on the right, is where Montgomery was laid out. Montgomery was the first American tourist of note to visit Quebec, and the shock killed him. He had just time to stagger into that house and be laid out. Further on is the Esplanade. Formerly a real live soldier used to parade here with a gun that would shoot, to keep people off the grass, but now, alas! the festive youth playeth lacrosse and football thereon. Opposite the Esplanade stands the Garrison Club and therein is safe the reputation of no man or woman that hasn't some relation with an awe-inspiring biceps as a member. That hill beside the club-house leads to the Citadel. We won't go up; it is scarcely worth the requisite quarter except to see the view and you can take that in from the Terrace. Let us go through the St. Louis Gate without comment this time—and lo! we are on the *Grande Allée* where all the aristocracy live. On the right is the rink; a fine building with a membership of nearly fifty sometimes, in the winter. Next the Parliament Buildings; once the scene of a little explosion for a cent; very handsome, only the main entrance is ridiculously small. The next edifice, as you may easily guess, is a saloon. We will spare the drill-shed opposite any sarcasm as it is being replaced by a really fine building.

Here we are at the Thistle Lacrosse Grounds. They have a lacrosse match here nearly every year. We have noticed a few neat private residences; we now pass a few more and then we reach the toll-gate. This passed we are fairly out of Quebec, and the road becomes good. This is the St. Louis Road, a very

pretty drive and dwelling-place of all the aristocracy. Lots of trees and comfortable looking houses with attractive gardens are slipped by and we reach the handsome residence where his Ineffable Nibs, the Lieutenant-Governor, dwells. When we have sufficiently recovered from our awe, we turn round and shortly afterwards roll along the Belvidere, a charming spot overarched with lovely trees through which the sunlight struggles and prettily flecks the grassy path. Then we turn into the St. John Road, home of all the aristocracy. The handsomest houses are here, the road is good, there are multitudes of flowers, here and there a streamlet, smiling under Apollo's kiss; suddenly you find yourself at peace with mankind and your soul full of pastorals. Turn your eye to the left and let your imagination soar over the smiling face of nature as mirrored between you and the distant azure-clad Laurentians. Shades of Claude Lorraine and Virgil hover over this road and tell me if this scene is not Paradise!.....

Ah! What is that which breaks this reverie into which I had fallen? O, yes, I see! We have passed the toll-gate and are on a real Quebec Road again. Haste thee, Jehu! It waxeth late and I would not have my reader spend the night with me in Quebec. No theatre, no concert-hall, nothing for the stranger. What's that, Jehu? Two dollars and a half? Out upon thee, I live here, worse luck; here are seventy-five cents,—take them and live.

He has dropped us in front of the Governor's Garden so-called. It is the lover's resort at night. Max O'Rell in his "Filles de John Bull" describes an analogous portion of London. After him I modestly refrain. In this garden is a monument to Wolfe and Montcalm. Brave hearts! Had they known Quebec as I know it, they'd never have fought for it. Bless you, no! They would have tossed up for it and the lucky loser would have stood the drinks.

Now, reader, take the elevator again and catch the Montreal boat, and as you steam up the river shed a tear for the writer whom the Fates have fastened here!

Perhaps at some future date, if you will again accept my services as a *cicerone*, we shall once more stroll round this marsh, and by a little stirring endeavor to ascertain the nature of the living organisms that people its stagnant waters. But remember I only say *Perhaps*.

COUSIN JOE.

The Prince and Princess of Wales.

EASTHAMPTON PARK:—On Saturday afternoon the 20th June, the Prince of Wales visited the Windsor Cavalry Barracks, and was present at the party given by the officers of the 2nd Life Guards, at the close of the festivities of the Ascot week. His Royal Highness drove from Easthamstead Park on the Earl of Fife's drag, and was received on arrival, about half-past one o'clock, by Lieut-Col. G. A. Curzon, the commandant of the regiment. He lunched at the officers' mess, and also witnessed a musical ride executed by twenty troopers of the 2nd Life Guards, as well as a portion of the cricket match between I Zingari and the 2nd Life Guards. On quitting the Spital Barracks, the Prince of Wales drove through the Great Park to the Fishing Cottage, at Virginia Water, where, on his arrival about six o'clock, he joined the Princess of Wales, who had proceeded thither with Princess Louise, Victoria, and Maud, from Easthamstead Park. The weather was somewhat threatening, but, tempted by a burst of sunshine, the Princess of Wales, Prince George, and the Princesses embarked with the ladies and gentlemen of the suite in the boats which had been provided, and rowed along the lake towards the Wheatheaf. They were followed by the Prince of Wales in a small cutter yacht. The boat, steered by his Royal Highness, sailed smartly before a freshening breeze, and had reached the far end of the lake from which the other craft were already returning when its occupants were caught in a storm of rain. With some difficulty the cutter was sailed back to the cottage against the strong wind, the Prince eventually reaching the landing-place about eight o'clock, after a cruise of about an hour and a half. The royal party dined at the Fishing Cottage and drove later on to Easthamstead Park.—The Queen.

The Mayor of Stratford-on-Avon has made an appeal for \$50,000 to repair the parish church in which Shakespeare lies buried, which is now 600 years old. The repairs are to be made so carefully and the restoration is to be so faithful and literal that the severest critics will be able to find no fault. This church is in the centre of a village graveyard, in which the dead have been gathered for centuries and which is beautifully shaded with flourishing and wide branching trees. It is one of the quietest spots in all England, and a Sabbath at Stratford is the gentlest memory of a lifetime. The church grounds touch the banks of the Avon, which is still whitened with swan, as in Garrick's time, when the great actor sung:

Flow on gentle Avon, in song ever flow, Be the swan of thy bosom still whiter than snow.

THE WHEELMEN IN CONVENTION.

(From the Philadelphia Cycling Record.)

The Sixth Annual Meet of the League of American Wheelmen is a thing of the past, but it did work that we predict will bear good fruit for the future. The attendance—everything considered—was good, and from a large area of the country. There were present some 600 members, representing a membership of 6,000, 2,698 new members having been admitted in the past year. The value of the cycles taken to Buffalo for the occasion is variously estimated at from \$40,000 to \$75,000, the latter being, probably, not far from the correct amount. This gives a faint idea of the amount of capital invested in the cycle business. The business meeting was one of the most interesting as well as successful ones yet held. The election resulted satisfactorily. Dr. Beckwith has made a good President, and we are glad to see him continued. It was simple justice to Mr. Aaron to re-elect him and continue him as Editor, and the League will find its action will bring a full reward. We have no doubt Mr. F. P. Kendall will make an efficient Treasurer. Mr. Terry, as Vice-President, will not find the duties arduous, after those of Treasurer. The spirit of the meeting was strongly in favor of supporting the cause against the North Carolina Legislature in denying the use of certain roadways in that State to cyclists, and a motion was passed unanimously that the Board of Officers should attend to it promptly. The Amateur vs. Professional question was warmly discussed, and it was decided that the League should remain a strictly amateur organization. Pennsylvania, New York and Ohio delegates were strongly opposed to a change. The Treasurer's report showed a balance on hand of nearly \$7,000. The rain of the first day, which did not interfere with its proceedings, held up during the night, and the parade and races passed off well. There were 600 men in line in the former, which was put in motion with the Sixty-Fifth Regiment Band at the head. Leading the Pennsylvania Division was E. M. Aaron, followed immediately by its oldest club, the Philadelphia; then the Germantown, Pennsylvania, Penn City Wheelmen, etc. Philadelphia had 60 men and Pennsylvania 150 in line. The cyclometer measurement of route was 14 miles. Many houses and stores were decorated. The races in the afternoon were witnessed by some 3,000 people. The one-mile League championship was won by Hendee in 2.44 against a stiff wind. The other races were interesting. In the evening the banquet was held, and attended by about 200 wheelmen. It was not, however, the success it might have been, and there was an absence of sufficient spirit. Taking all together, much was accomplished, and the League stands to-day on a firmer foundation than ever it has before. With a good Board of Officers, a good balance in the treasury, its own cycling newspaper, a fast increasing membership and a determination to fight unjust and illegal discriminations against wheelmen, it will enjoy a prosperity that heretofore it has never known.

The Early Closing Movement in London.

Lord Bramwell presided at a large demonstration of the Shop Hours' Labour League, in support of Sir John Lubbock's Bill, held at the Princes' Hall, Piccadilly, on Thursday, the 18th inst. Speeches in support of the movement were made by Earl Stanhope, the Bishop of London, Cardinal Manning, Lady John Manners, Sir J. Lubbock, Mr. F. Harrison, Mr. S. Smith, M. P., Mr. H. W. Lawson, and others. Lady John Manners said she felt she ought to do all she could to bring the position of the vast majority of shop assistants in this country to the notice of her countrywomen. The business of shopping was preeminently a woman's question, and it was woman's happiest privilege to do all she could to assist the suffering and help the distressed. She hoped all present would do their best to make known how dreadful was the state of things in reference to the hours of shop assistants, and that as a consequence, the efforts of the league would be crowned with success. (Cheers.) Sir John Lubbock stated that in one district in London, out of 250 shops, 200 were open at half-past nine at night; in another 150 were open out of 200, in another 320 out of 400, and in another 500 out of 600. The evil was by no means confined to the metropolis, being deeply felt especially in Liverpool, Brighton, Bristol, Derby, Chester, Huddersfield, Leeds, York, and Manchester. Under the Factory Acts no young persons were allowed to work more than twelve hours in a workshop, and he proposed by his bill to apply the same rule to the ordinary shop. Nothing but legislation could remedy the evil, voluntary action having been tried over and over again, and without success.—The Queen.

The character of the Queen is suggested in this note sent from London during the recent crisis: "The Queen's absence from London is a standing grievance of the Londoner. She cannot endure London, but she might endure it for a few days. She hates coming to Windsor, because next week is Ascot week, and Ascot is so near Windsor Castle that the noise of racing revelries, by night and by day, only a few miles off, disturb, or are deemed to disturb, the royal repose. But if she would come to London for a week, live in Buckingham Palace, give a dinner or two, and drive about London in an open carriage, she might enhance immensely both her personal popularity and the prestige of the crown."