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All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

All literary correspondence, contributions, &c., to be addressed to the Editor.

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## NOTICES.

The index for the last volume of the NEWS is ready for delivery, and is at the disposal of any of our subscribers who will be kind enough to notify us to that effect.

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## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Aug. 24, 1878.

### LORD DUFFERIN IN THE TOWNSHIPS.

The event of the week has been the triumphal advance of Lord and Lady DUFFERIN through the Townships—beginning at Richmond and closing at St. Johns. The daily papers have given full particulars which we need not repeat, but confine ourselves to the description of the reception at Mountfield, a view of which appears in our present issue along with the portraits of the fair hostess and the distinguished host. We are assured by the Sherbrooke Gazette that the preparations at Mountfield were on a scale commensurate with the honour conveyed in His Excellency's visit. The gateway to the grounds was spanned with an evergreen arch, over which appeared the motto "Cead Mille Failthe." Close to the gateway and inside the enclosure, were pitched the tents of the military guard of honour, (a self-imposed task, we understand, on the part of the military officers residing in Sherbrooke).

The grounds were tastefully laid out, the flowers and shrubbery—embracing many new and rare varieties—producing a very pleasing effect. Among these we would mention a fine specimen of the Shaddock, a variety of the Orange tree found in the West Indies and the gift of Mr. Hale, who brought it from that country. A Japanese Ivy is another rare curiosity of the vegetable kingdom well worthy of mention, which is to be found here. Nor must we forget to mention an infant specimen of one of the mammoth trees of the Yosemite Valley, California, which occupies a prominent position on the spacious lawn. This giant tree in embryo is the gift of Mr. DRWDNEY, the member of Parliament from British Columbia, and is one of three which that gentleman brought with him from California to this country. It was duly transplanted into Mr. BROOKS' grounds on the 20th April last, the event being commemorated by a silver garden trowel with the above date neatly engraved thereon, and kept by Mr. BROOKS as a memento. In further remembrance of this event, the following lines were composed by one of our most brilliant literary men, Mr. MARTIN J. GRIFFIN, editor of the Halifax Herald:

#### THE PLANTING OF THE PINE.

Brought hither by a friendly hand  
From thy Pacific Mountain home,  
And destined in good time to stand  
And watch the broad St. Francis' foam:  
Young nursling of a giant line—  
We plant the Pine! we plant the Pine!

Friends from so many quarters drawn  
To this fair spot, to this new scene,  
Here, while we greet the Spring at dawn,  
Showing its earliest, tender green,  
Earth's birth renewed, O sacred sign!  
Let's plant the Pine, let's plant the Pine.

Strike deep thy roots about the rocks  
That make the basis of our land,  
That thou, whatever tempest shocks  
Thy branches, mayest firmly stand.  
We pledge thy growth in generous wine;  
We plant the Pine! we plant the Pine!

Some hands not young touch thee to-day,  
Some keep the tender finger tips  
Of Youth; and some are still at play  
Like this new planted Pine—but slip—  
May Youth and Age also be thine—  
We plant the Pine! we plant the Pine!

Breathe native airs from Western wilds,  
Shine warmest rays of Eastern skies,  
We'll guard its safety like a child's  
Till strong and stately it shall rise,  
The Great Duke of its noble line—  
We plant the Pine! we plant the Pine!

Some heads still dark shall turn to gray,  
God keep our hearts all youthful still,  
And youth will learn a graver way—  
Incline our hearts to bear Thy will,  
And there may rise another line  
Beneath the Pine! beneath the Pine!

And some glad day 'twixt green of Spring  
And gold of Autumn, I may stray  
And hear those happy voices ring  
That I recall with joy away—  
Happy if they remember mine,  
Beneath the Pine! beneath the Pine!

The residence of Mr. BROOKS, which is one of the most elevated sites in Sherbrooke, commands a magnificent view of the beautiful St. Francis River, as well as of the surrounding country, and is, without doubt, in every respect, the finest residence in Sherbrooke.

On entering the front hall, the preparations for the reception of the Vice-Regal party are seen on every hand. The vestibule is a miniature of Canadian curiosities, embracing among other things a black bear, a pure white goat skin from British Columbia, and a monster salmon, the latter a trophy captured by Mr. BROOKS on the Metis last summer.

The spacious hall is lined on either side with floral decorations and *bizarre* articles, while two immense mythological oil paintings adorn the walls, one representing Io, Argus and Mercury, Io having been changed by Jupiter into a cow, while Argus is being lulled to sleep by Mercury; the other painting represents Apollo pursuing Daphne, at the moment the latter is being transformed into a laurel branch by her father to baffle her pursuer.

The north-easterly room on the first floor was fitted up as the reception room, and though devoid of costly articles of household furniture, was a marvel of beauty and neatness. The floral display was among the finest we have ever witnessed, while appropriate mottos with the coat of arms and monogram of LORD DUFFERIN, together with portraits of Lord and Lady DUFFERIN, were arranged conspicuously on the walls. The floor was inlaid. The library contained articles of *virtu* and Indian and Japanese curiosities, as did also the hall on the second floor. On the wall immediately facing the entrance to the library, was a bust of SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD, the political chieftain of Mr. BROOKS. The room immediately over the reception room was appropriated to the use of Lord and Lady DUFFERIN, and was arranged with a view to their every comfort; a Chinese screen from the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition, a beautiful piece of workmanship, occupying a prominent place in the room. Their travelling associates, Col. and Mrs. LITTLETON, and Capt. WARD and HAMILTON, his Aide-de-Camps, occupied rooms contiguous.

Previous to their departure, Lady DUFFERIN, assisted by Lord DUFFERIN, planted a native pine within the grounds as a memento of their visit.

It may be said here that His Excellency observed that the Sherbrooke demonstration was the most brilliant of its kind that he had ever witnessed, and that it was a fitting *finale* to the series of entertainments that had been provided for him by Canadian cities. All the members of his suite expressed themselves to a similar effect. Sherbrooke has made a splendid vindication of her claim to be the Queen City of the Eastern Townships.

EDWARD TOOLE BROOKS, M.A., Q.C., is a son of the late SAMUEL BROOKS, Esq., who sat for Sherbrooke County in the Canada Assembly from 1844 till his death in 1849. He was born in Sherbrooke and educated at Dartmouth College, N.H., where he graduated M.A. His charming

wife is the daughter of the late ELEAZAR CLARKE, Esq., Revenue Inspector and High Constable, Sherbrooke. Mr. BROOKS was called to the Lower Canada Bar in 1854, and was elected Batonnier of the St. Francis Bar in 1875. He was first returned to Parliament for Sherbrooke in 1872, and again in 1874, on both occasions by acclamation. There is no one who is more marked at Ottawa for his ability, impartiality, and polished manners, than the handsome and intellectual member for Sherbrooke.

### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

VIEWS OF HALIFAX.—We call attention to the general view of the city of Halifax which we publish in the present number, along with three other smaller sketches. In subsequent numbers we shall give a few more sketches of this fine old city, with which our readers are generally acquainted.

CHINESE OPIUM SMOKERS.—From the theatre to the opium-den is but a short step in China Town. How do we get there, and where is it? No one of us can tell, further than this—that we follow our guide blindly through a network of passages, narrow alleys, with the rough cobblestone pavement under our feet, and alleys that have no pavement but the refuse filth of China Town; that we grope and feel our way after the glimmering star of his little candle-end, and, turning a corner, come suddenly upon a dimly lighted window, breast-high from the ground; that he pushes open a low, battered door, and straightway following the motion of his hand, we are standing in the Chinaman's paradise.

Such a little, close, stifling den as it is! Eight or ten feet square, barely high enough for a tall man to stand in, and with every inch of its whitewashed ceiling and roughly boarded walls blackened with smoke and greasy with dirt Strips of red paper—the Chinese prayers—are pasted about, but that is the only attempt at decoration. Around three sides of the wall runs a narrow shelf, scantily covered with ragged matting, upon which the smokers lie, packed with heads and feet together like sardines in a box; some with their blouses rolled up for pillows, some with blocks of wood or bundles of rags under their shining yellow pates. Under the shelf are rough compartments or bunks, each holding one, or sometimes two men, coiled up in the smallest possible space. In the middle of the den burns a single lamp, which throws only a little disk of sickly light upon the table where it stands; all the corners are in black shadow, made dimmer and more uncertain by the films and eddies of blue smoke which hang heavily in the air. Weird flashes from their pipes shine upon the men's faces, and brighten and fade as their breaths kindle them: with the black shadows, the swimming vapors, and the gleams of light upon strange, uncanny, yellow faces and half-human glittering eyes, the whole picture seems stolen from a panorama of the "Inferno."

We pause at the door to speak to the only smoker who seems at yet in full possession of his senses, and who glances askance at us with a pair of bright, watchful eyes. He is a big powerful Chinaman, spotlessly dressed in a clean white shirt still fresh in its folds, with his pigtail coiled up like a smooth black snake, and his head resting comfortably upon the neat roll of his dark blouse. Beside him is the opium-smoker's apparatus, the square tray, containing a glass lamp, and a tiny horn box, filled with the opium paste; in his mouth is the long bamboo stem, with its curious stone bowl screwed half-way up, which he holds in his long, listless, thin fingers; the other hand, looking like carved yellow ivory in the lamplight, is busy working the lump of opium into the bowl at the end of a long wire. He glances up at us with twinkling eyes, but never moves the pipe from his lips, nor stops the mechanical motion of his right hand.

"Why do you smoke that horrible stuff?" asks one benevolent, but injudicious visitor. He simply looks at her and gives a short laugh behind the baboon-stem.

"Have smoke?" he says politely, taking a fresh lump of opium from the little box, and holding it to the candle-flame for an instant. "No hurtee Chinaman, no hurtee Melican lady!"

But the Melican lady declines, and for ever afterwards regrets that she did so. Our friend laughs again—a contemptuous, compassionate laugh—and applies himself to the bowl of his pipe with redoubled interest. In half an hour more he will probably have sunken into the trance wherein his heathen heart delighteth; and with his pipe fallen from his lips, and with his body lying like an insensate log, along the little matted shelf, the immortal essence of this particular John will be revelling in bowers of bliss, embraced by almond-eyed hours, and lulled by the harmonies of the spheres—or of a Chinese orchestra.

SEASIDE HOTEL, P.E.I.—This was formerly known as the Ocean House, and its proprietors are Messrs. John Newson & Son. This first-class house is run at moderate charges, and every attention is given to guests. A coach leaves Charlottetown every Wednesday and Saturday evening, calls for guests, returning every Thursday and Monday mornings. Arrangements have also been made to meet every train at Hunter River for passengers to the seaside.

### ECHOES FROM LONDON.

EIGHT thousand pounds is to be spent in repairing and re-decorating the Reform Club.

THE preparations for placing the great Egyptian obelisk on its pedestal are now so far completed that it may be expected to be *in situ* in the course of a few days.

AMONG the other thousand and one schemes and projects to which the "new departure" in our policy in the East has given rise is one to be called the "Bank of Asia Minor."

AN immediate reduction in the strength of the British fleet on the China station is to be made, and the whole of the ships which were lately ordered there under sudden pressure, both from the Mediterranean and the East Indies, will be withdrawn.

THE piano has got into the streets. An artist now goes about London—whose piano is drawn by a pony—he sits down and does his Rubinstein, &c., before an admiring crowd. His locks are long and uncombed, and his eyes roll.

THERE are at this moment the unprecedented number of thirty-three ironclads in commission, besides many unarmoured frigates and corvettes of recent construction. Of the ironclads in commission, fourteen are in the Mediterranean, and fifteen are in the Particular Service Squadron and First Reserve.

SINCE Barham discovered a rhyme to "Mephistopheles," nobody ought to despair of finding a rhyme to any word under the sun. "Cup of coffee less" was Barham's rhyme, and it is a good one; yet a would-be poet offered to give the poet laureate a full cask of Cyprus wine if he would suggest a rhyme to Cyprus. Lord Winchelsea has found "vip'rous."

Decidedly weak, but undoubtedly vip'rous, Are the peacemongers' sneers at the cession of Cyprus.

LORD ELCHO said that he had met Hobart Pacha, who complained that his precise view of the harbour capacity of Batoum was not yet understood, and he had handed him a written statement, with permission to read it to the House if he pleased. The memorandum was to the effect that though twelve or thirteen ships might lie in the harbour in safety, "if lashed with many chains," they would take six hours to move out of port, and in the meantime they might be bombarded from without by a fleet that had command of the sea, whilst from their position they would be unable to return the fire.

THE American Freemasons Knight Templars, who are at present on a visit to this country, are to be welcomed by their London brethren at a banquet in Freemasons' Tavern. The fraternal, feeling between the Masonic bodies of America and the mother country will be increased when it becomes generally known that the representative Lodge of New York State has just decided to follow the example of the Grand Lodges of Scotland and England in affirming that they can hold no Masonic ritual as regular which excludes the acknowledgment of a Supreme Being.

MR. J. T. THOMAS, a deep-sea diver, who recently walked, in a diving-dress, from Greenwich Pier to the Isle of Dogs, under the Thames and back, intends, next week, to jump into the water from a lighter off Greenwich Pier, and walk, without coming to the surface of the water, to North Woolwich Gardens. He will enter the water at 6 p.m., and contemplate arriving at the gardens in two hours. Thomas has also announced his intention by placard, when time and tide serves, to leap from the parapet of London Bridge, and walk to Gravesend, a distance of thirty miles, without coming up from the bed of the river.

A PROJECT for exploring the North Pole in a balloon has been seriously entertained. A balloon, it is urged by the supporters of the scheme, is proof against ice and tempests. To obtain a victory over the Polar climate it is only necessary that it should possess an ascensional force sufficiently durable, and this problem is already satisfactorily solved. The aeronaut, on the other hand, would not, it is argued, be exposed to the effects of the cold. A glacial atmosphere is easily supported "en ballon;" the wind, be it ever so violent, can neither make the face smart nor numb the hands; a light can burn in the car, since it is the atmospheric current itself which bears the balloon through the air.

AT Goodwood, last week, there were two attempts at the adoption of the Greek style of dress which has of late been so encouraged amongst the artistic members of society. The dresses were, of course, the great object of curiosity amongst the company in the Royal Stand, and much interest was expressed as to the secret of their make. When the mystery was revealed they were simply pinned on, all one piece, like a long Indian shawl, folded to the shape of the wearer, confined on the shoulder, and the ends left to fall over the bosom and shoulders. Nothing can be more simple and graceful than this style of dress. The economy of the construction should be a great recommendation besides.