

**THE UNPARDONABLE SIN.**

A renowned American writer once defined the unpardonable sin to be the separation of the intellect from the affections. Happily, they who sin in this respect are not exceedingly numerous. The ruthless libertine who tramples on the most sacred rights of humanity, and makes women's best impulses and holiest aspirations the aids to serve his purposes—who desires, not the love of women, but their shame, that he may swell the secret muster roll of the victims of his unmanly triumphs; the great general who cruelly paves the way to fame with human heads, and sacrifices to ambition the flower of the youth and strength and manhood of his countrymen; the promoter of gigantic swindles who fills his pockets with the mites of widows, the hard earned savings of the poor, and the little all of the aged and infirm; and the woman who seeks a legalized prostitution in the arms of some aged and altogether objectionable reprobate, with the selfish greed of aggrandizement, position and wealth—these are types which, although we may meet with one or other of them daily, do not, thank Heaven, form the bulk of mankind.

But of those who sin the antipodes of this sin—who, to judge by the number of miserable, ill-advised and disastrous marriages, have succeeded in separating their affections from their intellect—are they not legion? When, for the thoughtless gratification of their selfish love, the victims of hereditary disease marry and produce large families, the most merciful thing which can happen to them is that they may die before they, in their turn, transmit to their progeny the seeds of an ever-spreading scourge—when, because she loves him, a woman weds an incurable drunkard, or a man of weak mind, or an incorrigible rake—a man whose secret vices have vitiated his blood, and undermined his constitution—or when a man, because he loves her, marries a woman who is racked with consumption, or some other ravaging and communicable disease, in the short sighted, selfish gratification of an undisciplined passion—for, if love be blind, in this respect it is the culpable blindness of those who will not see further than the limits of their own personal desires and comforts: to satisfy which they willingly risk the misery, of which, thus begun, it is impossible to define the bounds—are they not also, in this senseless and cruel want of foresight, guilty of an unpardonable sin?

**OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.**

**THE DE SALABERRY HOMESTEAD.**—At the distance of about half an acre from the ruined Manor House stood the de Salaberry homestead; we say stood for in the last month it has been dismantled by the proprietors who are however rebuilding it with much of the old material. They are also re-inserting the marble tablet which was erected in memoriam about two years ago, and replacing the old green keystone above the door. The above is a correct sketch of the birth place of the hero of Chateauguay, Charles Michel de Salaberry, who was born in this old house on the green slopes of Beauport in 1778. The following lines on the Ancient House have been written by a Quebec lady.

**THE "de SALABERRY HOMESTEAD," BEAUPORT.**

Grand old home that gave a hero to Canadian story,  
 Oft he slept within thy walls who now doth sleep in glory.  
 Oft thy pointed roof beneath the infant warrior played;  
 And in thine ample grounds perchance his mimic war arrayed.  
 Oh! memories haunt me as I sit and ponder here alone;  
 Methinks a tender melody is writ upon each stone.  
 I seem to hear the clash of swords, the tramp of armed men,  
 The parting benediction, the solemn deep "amen."  
 Alas! my muse is leaden-winged, she cannot fly away  
 To see the "Volligeurs" engage and fight at Chateauguay.  
 But by thy walls she'll linger 'till the warriors' buck return  
 Oh! see what holy fire within each patriot's eye doth burn!  
 They fought, they won,—seven thousand men before  
 Three hundred fled,  
 And half march back in glory, in glory half lie dead.  
 Long shall his name by us be blessed—who saved our  
 Country's fame—  
 And long the walls be honored that bear the hero's name.  
 Though age unhallowed strike thee, and careless  
 Footsteps tread,  
 He rocks not, he, who loved thee; all quiet sleep the dead.  
 Though and I see thee falling, de Salaberry's home,  
 I know the patriot's honor survives the ancient dome.  
 June, 1882. M. G.

**THE BEAUPORT MANOR HOUSE.**—June, lovely June is here again. Let us hasten forth to greet her, and with portfolio and pencil make the most of our short Canadian summer. Away! dull care; and with bright and youthful feelings, let us follow the stream of tourists starting from Quebec, and commence our "tramps o'er moss and fell" at Beauport and its charming neighborhood. Not far from the church we stumble on the ruins of the Beauport Manor House, now nothing but a heap of rubbish, but once the headquarters of General Montcalm, and the place where he passed his last anxious night on earth, the night before the battle of Quebec—1759. The accidental discovery of the corner stone containing a metal plate and inscription certify us that it was built in 1634 by Robert Giffart a surgeon in the French army, and first Seigneur of Beauport. It became the property of the Duchesnay family, and subsequently passed from them to Col. Gury, in whose family the ruins still remain. It was accidentally burnt in 1879. Thus perished the oldest house on the Continent.

**SKETCHES AT CONSTANTINOPLE.**—"Pera is not Paradise by any means during the winter," writes a correspondent of the London Graphic, "and when the thaw sets in, the careful citizen keeps to the middle of the road. The 'goumeux,' with the Russian fur-topped boots, is fortified with a liqueur at the Café Flamme, or El Dorado, and is 'boulevarding.' The two seafaring gentleman are mates of merchant craft who thoroughly enjoy the humours of the scene. In the spring every Turk who can afford to leave Stamboul moves up the Bosphorus,—all his household goods and furniture are accordingly carried down to the water's edge by the sturdy hammals, whose bearing power is certainly that of many horses. The water journey to the pretty little village where his summer kiosk is situated is accomplished by zaque, which is alternately rowed and towed. Turning to other sketches, hair cutting in Stamboul is a lengthy operation not to be undertaken lightly; the re-blocking of fezzes is also carried on in the same place. The Arcade is a great Pera institution, built after the fashion of the Paris and Brussels Passages, and forms a welcome lounge on a wet day for the Perote dandy. The Bosphorus, though generally as smooth as a lake, is roused at times by a southerly gale meeting the stormy current, and the Queen's messenger in the sketch has his task cut out to reach the mail-steamer in the *Antelope* steam cutter which may be seen steaming hard to the quay over waves of unwonted size.

**ALEXANDRIA: THE CRISIS IN EGYPT.**

Several illustrations of this important Mediterranean seaport and commercial town, the maritime gate of Egypt as well in modern as in ancient times, are given this week. It was founded by the Macedonian conqueror of the East, Alexander the Great, 332 years before the Christian era; and under the Greek dynasty of the Ptolemies, and subsequently under the Roman Empire, was one of the most flourishing cities of the Old World. But few remains of the ancient city, which stood on the western mainland shore, opposite the island of Pharos, since converted into a peninsula are now extant: its extent, from east to west, seems to have been four miles, traversed by two grand streets, each 100 feet wide; and the whole city was nearly fifteen miles in circumference. The Catacombs, the public cisterns, and the column erected in honor of Diocletian, which is called Pompey's Pillar, with some portions of the Roman city wall, still remain to attest the traditions of classical antiquity. Alexandria owed its wealth and prosperity to the conformation of the seashore, with the shelter afforded by the small Pharos islet, providing a commodious harbor, called by the Greeks Eunostos, with good anchorage in deep water, on the western side. The eastern harbor, though it is called the New Harbor, has been little used, being exposed to the north winds, much clogged with sand, and having a foul and rocky bottom. These two harbors, as before explained, are separated from each other by a broad causeway, or artificial isthmus, now joining Pharos to the mainland of Egypt. This tract of land, however, on the main, is of no great width, lying between Lake Mareotis, to the west, and the Bay of Aboukir, eastward; while the Canopic mouth of the Nile is to the east fourteen miles distant. There is a connection with the Nile by the Mahmoudieh Canal, which extends from Alexandria to Fouah, a distance of forty-eight miles. The distance to Cairo is about 130 miles by railway, but it is a journey of five hours. Our bird's-eye view distinguishes the ancient Pharos lighthouse tower at one end, and the modern lighthouse at the other extremity of the original island; the Khedive's Palace of Ras-et-Tin, situated on the island, next the lighthouse and fort; the western harbor, with the new break-water, the Khedive's yachts, a ship of war, and some mercantile shipping; the jetty for landing passengers of the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company; the arsenal, at the inner harbor; the Catacombs, on the southern shore, marking the site of the ancient city; Pompey's Pillar, still erect, and the site where Cleopatra's Needle, with her companion obelisk, remained from the time when they were brought down from Upper Egypt till they were carried off to London and New York; the Rosetta gate and road to Rosetta, on the one hand, leading eastward from the city of Alexandria; the Mah-

moudieh Canal, and the railway to Cairo, along the shore of Lake Mareotis, on the other hand. The interior of the town itself presents no features of interest; there are the quays, with old-fashioned rather squalid houses on the shore of the Old Port; the Arab quarter, to the south, consisting of mud hovels; the cotton market, the canal wharves, the railway station, and barracks, on the same side; to the east, facing the New Port, beyond Fort Napoleon, is the Grand Square, the Place des Consuls, or Frank Square, formerly called the Place Mahomet Ali, which has, with several adjacent streets, come to be chiefly inhabited by European residents. It was in the Rue des Sours, "Sikket el Binaat," in this quarter of the city, that the frightful riots of Sunday, June 11, began, and simultaneously in two other places, and along the Marina. These parts of Alexandria seem to have been quite out of sight, as well as out of reach, of the British naval squadron lying in the harbor or in the outer roadstead. Another sketch represents the scene in the harbor of Alexandria, at the arrival of the Khedive, Tewfik Pasha, from Cairo, on Tuesday, the 13th, when the British and French naval squadrons, and other foreign ships of war, dressed with flags and fired salutes in honor of His Highness the legitimate ruler of Egypt.

**PERSONAL.**

**WAGNER**, who has just returned to Bayreuth from Sicily, has not left a favorable memory of his manners behind him. At Palermo, one evening, he was expected at the Villa Tarca, but, after making the whole company wait, he arrived at length at eleven o'clock. The mistress of the house went forward to meet *l'illustrissimo maestro*, but, on seeing him, threw out an exclamation of surprise. Richard Wagner was in everyday costume, a soft hat on his head, an old macfarlane on his shoulders, and a cotton umbrella in his hand. The incident made a great noise throughout Sicily, which was not abated on learning from the Bayreuth papers that the master had so acted in order to escape from the invitations of the Sicilian aristocracy.

A **JOYOUS** present. It is said that the cremation apparatus which will be used if Garibaldi's body is incinerated, was expressly constructed for the General by the late Paolo Gorini, who made him a present of it four years ago.

**COUNT BEUST**, before leaving the Austro-Hungarian embassy at Paris, was the recipient of numberless testimonials of esteem and admiration. The Count belongs to that great school of diplomatists, who are essentially men of the world, and of whom Talleyrand was the most brilliant representative. He is a poet, musician and charming *causeur*.

THE French memories of Garibaldi's participation in the Prussian war are not at all enthusiastic. His Red Shirts did absolutely no fighting, and it is further charged that they did a lot of carousing. Their refrain in the taverns of Autun was: *Mangiamo bene, beviamo bene, La Francia paga bene. Tutto va bene.* "We eat well, drink well. France pays well and all goes well."

THE only port rait that hung over the head of Garibaldi's bed at Caprera was that of an elderly matron, bearing the traces of former beauty and unmistakable goodness. When any visitor noticed it, the General's eyes would become suffused with tears, and he would murmur reverentially: *L'amia madre!*

**M. LOUIS FIGUIER**, well known all over the world for his popular works on science, a department of literature which paved the way for the successes of Jules Verne, has taken up a new scheme with the view of still further promoting the spread of scientific notions among the masses. He has written an historical and scientific drama in five acts and eight tableaux, entitled *Denis Papin*, and devoted to the discovery of steam. The success of the attempt is so far problematic, owing, however, mostly to defects in the construction of the piece.

THE announcement that the Duke of Connaught is going to take the field in Egypt is fraught with special significance. None of the Royal Princes have ever been under fire, during the several wars in which England has been engaged of late, and it is no secret in many circles that the circumstance has been unfavorably commented on. The Duke of Connaught ought to inherit some of the military qualities of his godfather, Arthur, Duke of Wellington. When he was in Canada, in 1878, with the Rifles, he went to the front, during the Fenian invasion, but never actually came into contact with the enemy.

**SIR BEAUCHAMP SEYMOUR**, Commander of the British fleet off Alexandria, is a typical English sailor. Not only does he come of naval stock, but he entered the service at the premature age of 13, in 1834, and has remained in it ever since. His service-roll is long and brilliant, comprising deeds of merit in almost all waters.

JUDGING from the looks of the Khedive he is weak and effeminate, but his character is not at all weakened by such defects. Without being a great man, in any sense of the word, he is above the average of men of his race that have been called upon to rule. His moral and physical courage is likewise unquestioned. Had he betrayed fear in the terrible crisis, he would inevitably have been slaughtered.

**RAJHEB PASHA**, the Egyptian Minister of Justice, is, to all intents and purposes, an European, and a man not only of sterling worth, but of high capacity. M. De Lesseps, whose word is worth something, affirms that he has known Rajheb for five-and-twenty years, and a more upright, well-meaning citizen he never met. We are too apt to look down upon these Orientals as semi-barbarians.

It is remarkable that, while everybody affects to look down upon the Senate as an effete and useless body, no sooner is there a vacancy therein than a general rush takes place of the best men in the country to fill it. For many of these aspirants the \$1,000 annual allowance is a consideration, but the title of "Honorable" is a far more potent incentive. The last vacancy is that made by the distinguished journalist and essayist, Hector Fabre, who goes to France on a quasi-diplomatic mission.

**EDSON** was in this city the other day. He had come down through Lake Champlain and the Richelieu, and was on his way up the St. Lawrence to the Thousand Islands. He formed one of a yachting party. Mr. Edson is above medium size, thinish, with angular features and clear eyes. His manner is absorbed and absent. He is clean-shaven and looks not more than twenty-five, though his age is about ten years more. He knows Western Canada well, having been employed as telegraph operator there for several years.

It is Mr. Parnell's intention, so soon as Parliament rises, to speed him to the Pyrenees and the South of France for rest and recuperation. The Irish leader is not a strong man. His elongated face bears traces of chest debility. His is a constitution that requires tonics and constant bracing up.

Now that Guiteau is gone, it is safe to say that not one of the men connected with his trial will derive any advantage therefrom, in the way of reputation. Neither Cox, Corkhill, Scoville, nor Reed have gained anything by it. As to Guiteau, the question of his sanity will ever remain a question, the *post-mortem* examinations throwing no light whatever on the subject.

**NEWS OF THE WEEK.**

**GAMBETTA's** mother is dying of paralysis. THE Dutch ironclad *Adder*, carrying two 12-ton guns, has been lost.

A **WABASH**, Ind., woman has been 61 days without food.

THE number of lives sacrificed in the *Sciotia* disaster, it is expected, will reach 100.

**ARABI PASHA** still expresses his determination to offer the most dogged resistance.

**GERMANY** and Austria have telegraphed their approval of the action of the British fleet.

It is asserted that Arabi Pasha actually gave orders to his soldiers to kill the Khedive.

**GAMBETTA** will shortly deliver a great speech in the Chamber upon general politics.

THERE are said to be great numbers of American Fenians in Egypt, working up anti-British sentiment.

THE situation of the "stay outs" at Harmony Mills is becoming desperate, the relief funds having given out.

THE Friendly Islands were visited by a terrible hurricane, accompanied by a tidal wave, on the 25th of April.

THE Treasurer of the Irish Land League reports the receipts from March to June mostly from America, of £19,740.

THE Paris *Gaulois* alleges that Skobelev committed suicide to escape exposure of his connection with the Nihilists.

THE Canadian team have left Wormwood Scrubs and gone to Wimbledon. The weather, so far, has been very unfavorable for practising.

A **FRIGHTFUL** accident has occurred on the Moscow Railway, by which 178 persons were killed and 40 others more or less injured.

THE Hillsdales beat the Marlow crew by a length at Marlow regatta on Saturday, having fouled them badly in the first part of the race.

**GENERAL STONE**, an American in Alexandria, expressed himself as filled with admiration for the rebel Arabi, and hostile to England.

THE scenes of pillage and massacre in Alexandria after the departure of the Egyptian troops are said to have been appalling, nothing European escaping the blood-thirsty fanatics.

THEY had just returned from a Ball, and had conversed long and earnestly one night about the weather and other thrilling subjects, and at 2.30 Llewellyn grabbed his soap-dish castor from the \$75 hat rack and prepared to go home. In the hall were some rare exotics, among them a young century plant, only a year old. "They are a curious flower," said Maud. "They are that," replied Llewellyn. "How I would like to see one in bloom." "Would you, truly?" inquired Maud, with a radiant, artless look in her soft brown eyes. "Indeed I would," said Llewellyn, a wild hope springing up in his experienced heart. As they stood in the doorway beneath the warm, bright stars of June, and he held her snow-white, jeweled hand in—his—a—Maud asked him to curl again. Llewellyn ventured to squeeze the tiny, unresisting hand. "Yes, call," she said softly, and sweetly, and tenderly, call again, Llewellyn—when the century plant blossoms."