

ties was a pleasing gradation of colours, dark brown being the prevailing hue at the bottom, while the pinnacle was silver white, with intermediate hues of green, purple and pink. At every appropriate point were pedestals upholding pieces of statuary; weeping figures, taken from the most beautiful models, praying figures, guardian angels, funeral urns and vases, while the structure was, besides, rich in wood carving and all appropriate architectural decorations. Perhaps it lacked something of that heavy solemnity which is expected on such occasions, but the change was most agreeable, in fact it more resembled a beautiful tomb than a catafalque, and that would perhaps be a more appropriate name for it. Its proportions were grand; the coffin when resting upon the bier was elevated to a height of fully fifteen feet, and could be seen from all parts of the edifice. The cross, as before said, was 26 feet above the floor, while the base was 14 feet in length and eight feet in width. The crowning effect was given when the tapers, with which it was profusely decorated, were lighted, and made it appear as if covered with myriads of bright gems. The design of the catafalque was made by the Rev. Abbé Chabert, and it was constructed under his supervision, much of the finer work having been done with his own hands. At the foot of the mausoleum was a bust of Jacques Cartier with the legend: "*Je reviens dans mon descendant.*" "I survive in my descendant." At the head of the monument was a blue banner, on which Abbé Chabert inscribed the following quatrain:—

"Rien n'est cher au guerrier comme un drapeau sans tache,  
A son ombre il est beau de vivre ou de périr.  
Le déserter jamais est le propre d'un lâche,  
George pour lui sut vivre, et sut pour lui mourir."

Requiem mass was sung by Mgr. Fabre, with Vicar General Casault, of Quebec, Assistant; and M. Lenoir and Parent as Deacon and Sub-Deacon. Mgr. Moran, of Kingston, was present, and the other dioceses of the Province were represented by their Grand-Vicars. The music was of the highest order and was admirably performed. The choir consisted of all the pupils of Montreal College—some 300 in number—under the able direction of Abbé Calixte Desrochers. The responses were made in the Sanctuary, led by Father Barbarin. The music was purely Gregorian, but by special permission of the Bishop, out of regard for the memory of Sir George, the organ was allowed to play. There was also the accompaniment of brass instruments.

The service concluded, the procession formed again and made its way to the Côte des Neiges Cemetery, taking in its route St. James street, Beaver Hall, and Sherbrooke. All along the line of march, flags were at half-mast; the bells of the various churches tolled; and minute guns were fired by Col. Stevenson's Battery at the foot of the mountain.

On arriving at the cemetery the cortège proceeded at once to the chapel where a *libera* was sung. The officiating priest and choristers afterwards assembled at the side of the grave. Chants were sung and the usual services of the Church performed, and the massive coffin containing the remains of Sir George E. Cartier was then placed in a shell coffin, and lowered into the grave.

The spot selected is on the crest of a hillock, a short distance from the chapel. The *Gazette* understands that the Government have secured a lot on the recently acquired property in connection with the cemetery, situated at the top of the mountain, where the remains of the deceased statesman will find their last resting place, and a monument be erected to his memory.

NEW BOOKS.

THE PILOT. By J. Fenimore Cooper. New York: Appleton & Co. Montreal: Dawson Bros. Paper, 8vo., illustrated. pp. 184. Price, 75 cents.

This is one of the series of American novels now being brought out by the Messrs. Appleton, which promises to become a favourite edition. The volume before us is neatly printed and fairly illustrated in sketchy style. For journeying or seaside reading this edition is exactly suited, and if neatly bound will look to no disadvantage on sitting-room table or shelves.

NOTES AND REMINISCENCES OF A JOURNEY TO ENGLAND. By the Rev. John Godden, late Rector of Dunham, P. Q. Montreal: John Lovell, and Hill.

Mr. Godden's book would be exasperating were it not ridiculous. It is so full of blunders, so utterly devoid of point, and put together in such a careless, slovenly manner, that the wonder is that ever a publisher could be found to place it on the market. It has neither originality, instructiveness, nor elegance of writing to recommend it. The author's diction is defective, and in many places his grammar would disgrace a boy of fifteen. He seems utterly deficient in continuity. Having started an idea he is frequently totally unable to pursue it and either starts off at a tangent on an entirely new track, or bursts out in an ecstatic apostrophe. Many of his sentences are so long and so hopelessly involved that it requires an effort on the part of the bewildered reader to extricate himself from the tangle. On page 11 he says: "The buildings will last many years longer, and remain warm and comfortable, and besides adding so much to the appearance and respectability of any village or settlement, is calculated to increase the self-respect of their occupants, which of itself would be an inestimable result, in fact without which no man can be a desirable citizen or neighbour." Again, on page 14: "They are on the bosom of the treacherous and mighty waters, which in an hour, of aught they know to the contrary, might be lashed by the storm into irresistible fury, threatening to swallow down every superficial thing into its insatiable and bottomless depths." Once more, page 38: "Although not an admirer of Dickens' writings, yet he deserves commendation for the example which he has set of perseverance under difficulties and application to work." Page 46, speaking of the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral he gives a remarkable *alla potest* of pronouns: "Frequently, no doubt, in descending, one may first pass through a canopy of smoke and vapour, then the steeples of the churches are reached, and finally you arrive to the region of the roofs and chimneys of dwelling houses, and are soon in the midst of the busy throng, which having in due time reached I made my way to my lodgings." Page 87, on the Ridley and Latimer

monument: "The monument erected to the memory of the martyrs but a little distance from the spot where they suffered is exceedingly chaste and appropriate, and let us pray that the feelings of gratitude to the men whose memory it is designed to perpetuate, and hatred to the system that committed them to the flames, may never be less in England than it was when that beautiful monument was erected." At Portsmouth, page 111: "Of course those who have never boarded one of those monster ships can have no idea of their enormous size, and what a pity that through the revolution which has taken place in the construction of ships of war, so many of them should be, if not broken up, yet almost equivalent thereto in a pecuniary point of view." We could cite many more passages containing like blunders and showing the same obscurity, but refrain from wearying the reader. When we consider that the writer is a man of education and a clergyman we cannot abstain from exclaiming "Can such things be?" Were a school boy of fifteen to perpetrate such deliberate transgressions against the rules of syntax he would, in our time at least, have speedily been made acquainted with Dr. Birch. But a clergyman! There are two peculiarities of the writer's style that we merely mention in passing; firstly his affectation of the feminine fashion of italicising, which he employs frequently with the most ludicrous results; and secondly his passion, for it amounts to nothing less, for using a redundancy of synonyms. Thus at New York the steamer left "the quay or wharf;" in another place he speaks of "the education or bringing up" of children; elsewhere of "our ancient brethren or forefathers" (*etc.*; "crypt or vault;" "sarcophagus or sepulchre;" and so on in a manner that reminds one of the efforts of a school boy trying to stretch his essay to the set limits. On the contents of the book we have no more praise to bestow than on the style of the author. Of the whole milk-and-water class it is one of the most milk-and-water—with a preponderance of the latter fluid—a mere feeble account of a hasty scramble through the southern counties, such as any school boy, blessed with an average amount of imagination might with the aid of an encyclopædia have written. Indeed throughout the work bears on its surface abundant evidence of heavy draws on the guide-book. The author evidently supposes that his reader's education has been sadly neglected, and he accordingly is good enough to volunteer us some very interesting information of the Miss Mangnall description, impregnated with his own peculiar religious and political views. The latter, as far as we can make out, consists in a religious reverence for the memory of "the Martyr King," and a corresponding detestation of Cromwell, whom he never tires of belabouring with such hard words as "that consummate hypocrite Cromwell;" "the arch-rebel Cromwell;" "Cromwell the regicide." We are sorry to observe that the book is throughout marked with something more than a tinge of narrow-mindedness and intolerance. But to our mind the unpardonable sin of the author is his boasted, shameless vandalism. He is an eminent member of the family for whom nothing is sacred; who would chip a piece off the stonework of the Holy Sepulchre or snip a slice from the Oriflamme. At Stonehenge, after labouring some time, he "was so fortunate as to secure a good piece," "... but I had only just got it when the agent of the owner ordered me to desist. On my remonstrating he told me that if every visitor were allowed to take away a piece, that the stones, ponderous though they were, would soon be all removed." The truth of this had evidently never suggested itself to his mind before. Undeterred by this experience he continues his barbarian exploits. At the Roman remains at Bramdean he "could not, of course, touch a piece of the magnificent floor," (which was a great piece of forbearance on his part) but he "secured a little bit of the brick oven close by." In the church at Lymington he "broke off a piece of stone and descended very much pleased with the charming view." In the Chapter House of Salisbury Cathedral he committed another of his vandal deeds, but this time his condemnation comes out of his own mouth. We cannot refrain from quoting the passage. "Some splendid sculptures round the wall at the junction of the roof had just been restored. They were illustrative of sacred history, but had been barbarously covered over in the time of Cromwell with a coating of plaster. .... We then ascended to the top of the tower of the cathedral from which there is a fine view of the country around it. I saw the great bell dated 1680, and brought away a piece of an old beam in the tower." A line below this he says with unparalleled effrontery: "It was distressing to see many of the monuments in the cathedral hacked and cut by the swords of Cromwell's troops; plates torn off from the tombs, and other acts of sacrilege and vandalism committed by them when they were quartered in that sacred building." We venture to say that if a party of modern Vandals were quartered for any length of time in a building of any antiquity or religious associations there would be very little of the edifice left. From the extracts we have given a fair estimate of the character of the whole work may be made. We do not think it will bring its author either credit or custom, and after a careful perusal we must embody our verdict in an expression of regret that no judicious friend had dissuaded him from placing his Notes and Recollections before the public.

BOOKS, Etc., RECEIVED.

Harper's Handbook for Travellers in Europe and the East. By W. P. Ftridge.

Lakeville; or Substance and Shadow. By Mary Healy. New York: Appleton & Co.

Chisholm's International Railway and Steam Navigation Guide.

Mdme. Patti (we learn from a paragraph in the *Lancet*) narrowly escaped a serious accident on the evening of Tuesday the 27th ult., at the Royal Italian Opera. The performance was "*Dinorah*," in which, at the close of the second act, the heroine is supposed to cross a bridge which breaks down. In stage language, this part is "doubled," and the drop is made by a super disguised as Dinorah. A good deal of changing occurs, and Mdme. Patti, making room for others, leant against a screen, which gave way, and her right foot slipped through a small gap in the platform nearly up to the hip joint. She fell backwards, and it was some seconds before she could be extricated. She was carried in a state of insensibility to her room, where she was seen by Mr. Lennox Browne, in professional attendance on the stage. Though somewhat severely bruised and shaken, Mdme. Patti had sustained no serious injury, and, with characteristic courage, as soon as she came to herself she dressed for the next act, and begged that the accident might pass unnoticed. She played her part to the close of the opera with her accustomed animation and effect.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

THE UNREASONABLENESS OF DISCONTENT.

(Freely translated from Horace, Sat. I. 1, vs. 1-23.)

How is it, friend, that no one lives  
Pleased with the lot that Heaven gives  
Or Fortune places in his way—  
That all deem all more blest than they?

The soldier, worn with age and war,  
Exclaims, "How happy merchants are!"

The merchant, when the south winds toss  
His vessel, and he fears a loss,  
Cries, "Oh! for me the soldier's life!  
Soon death or glory ends the strife."

The lawyer would a farmer turn  
When clients knock at early morn.

The farmer, who has sereely given,  
Thinks that the city must be heaven.

I could give many an instance more  
That even Fabius would bore.

But, to be brief, if voice from heaven  
Should say, "To thee thy wish is given,  
Thou, soldier, be a merchant; thou,  
A lawyer late, be farmer now,  
Be happy in your new-found lot,  
And be your former ill forgot.  
You hesitate!" Thy linger still,  
Each clings to what he likes so ill,  
Yet may be happy if he will.

What wonder, then, if heaven aware  
Of man's ingratitude, should wear  
A mien unmoved by mortal prayer!

JOHN READE.

Notes and Queries.

All Communications intended for this Column must be addressed to the Editor, and endorsed "Notes and Queries."

27. "TO ESCAPE BY THE SKIN OF ONE'S TEETH."—"I" will find the original of this saying in the Book of Job, Chap. xix., v. 20, "And I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."  
NELLIE.

28. "WHAT WILL MRS. GRUNDY SAY."—This is found in Thomas Morton.  
London, Ont.  
NELLIE.

"WHO'S BORN TO BE HANGED," &c.—Your correspondent B., in the latter part of his enquiry under the above head, asks for information respecting the drowning-mark, mentioned in *The Tempest*. He perhaps is not aware that in the science of palmistry, or divination by hand, a certain mark on the palm is known as the drowning mark. It is situated, if I remember rightly, at the first joint of the second finger, and consists of two parallel straight lines running across from one side to the other. If B. is at all curious on the matter, he will find all the information he wants in Craik's Handbook of Palmistry. I have known several people possessing this peculiar mark who met with death by drowning. Two years ago two promising young men, with whom I was intimately acquainted, were lost in the St. Lawrence. They both had the double line, and during their lives used frequently to joke on the subject. I should state that when I speak of palmistry I do not mean the vulgar Gipsies' art, but the exact science as set forth by the French school of palmists and their English exponent Craik, a science in which superstition has no place, but in which the student will find much that at first sight appears marvellous, but on further examination astonishes only by its simplicity.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

A FEW THOUGHTS ON SLEEP.

"We are such stuff  
As dreams are made of, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep."  
SHAKESPEARE.

"Blessings," exclaimed Sancho Panza, "on him that first invented sleep! It wraps a man all round like a cloak."  
CERVANTES.

It is a delicious moment—that of being nestled in bed and feeling that you shall drop gently to sleep. The good is to come, the limbs are just tired enough to render the remaining in one position delightful: the labour of the day is done. A gentle failure of the perceptions comes creeping over one—the spirit of consciousness disengages itself more and more, with slow and hushing degrees, like a mother detaching her hand from her sleeping child; the mind seems to have a baimy lid closing over it, like the eye; 'tis closing, 'tis more closing, 'tis closed. The mysterious spirit has gone to take its airy rounds.

It is said sleep is best before midnight, and nature herself with her darkness informs us so. Amongst the ancients, Somnus, the personification and God of sleep, is described as the Brother of Death, and as a Son of Night. In works of art, Sleep and Death are represented as two youths, sleeping or holding two inverted torches in their hands. It is unnecessary to argue that the night is the proper time for repose in temperate climates, for no one will deny that we must exist alternately in waking and sleeping, or will doubt that the day is the proper time for the former.

In the course of the day few people think of sleeping except after dinner, and then it is rather a hovering or nodding on the borders of sleep than a sleep itself. This is a privilege allowable, we think, to none but the old, or the feeble, or the very tired and care-worn, or the bodily sufferer.

Care-worn people, however, might refresh themselves with more day sleep than they do; if their bodily state is such as to dispose them to it—not that all care and anxiety is wakeful—people sometimes sleep as well as wake by reason of their sorrow. The difference seems to depend upon the nature