

Our Illustrations.

H. B. THE COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN.

Harriet, Countess of Dufferin, daughter of Archibald Hamilton, of Killyleagh Castle, and great grand-daughter of Hamilton Rowan. Her Ladyship was married on the 23rd October, 1862.

THEIR EXCELLENCIES AT VILLA MARIA CONVENT.

The ladies and pupils of the Villa Maria Convent were honoured on Friday, the 24th inst., with a visit from Their Excellencies the Governor-General and the Countess of Dufferin. The weather was most unpropitious for the three mile drive to Cote St. Catherine, the wind blowing keenly and the snow falling so heavily as to render the roads almost impassable. On their arrival at the Convent the vice-regal party made the tour of the establishment and were then conducted into the recreation-room, which had been tastefully decorated for the occasion. At one end of the apartment the young ladies, dressed in white, were drawn up in a semi-circle, and in front was a low dais for Their Excellencies. When the visitors had taken their seats, one of the pupils stepped forward and read an address of welcome in French. Another young lady then read the following verses:—

To-day smiles bright and gladsome light up our Convent halls,
And gladly do we welcome, within its quiet walls,
Illustrious guests, already to honour known and fame,
Who come to our young country in a well-loved sovereign's name.

Little have we to offer, a snatch of joyous song,
A strain of festive music, from a happy girlish throng.
A wreath of mountain blossoms of varied form and hue,
But given with warm wishes, heart homage deep and true.

Half hid mid brilliant flowers, behold a tiny leaf,
That e'er has kept its freshness through sunshine and through grief—
And taken root as firmly upon our mountain side,
As in Green Erin's valleys beyond the ocean wide.

'Tis fitting we should offer this shamrock, emblem fair
Of a brave and generous people, a land of beauty rare.
To two of Erin's children, whose genius and whose worth
Reflect such peerless lustre on the land that gave them birth.

Vast the country over which extends your lordship's reign,
From Atlantic to Pacific stretches the wide domain,
From heart and brain scope giving to work such mighty good,
And stain thy name in deathless fame, on city, field and flood.

For thee, my lady, boundless the power thou wilt wield
O'er minds and hearts of thine own sex, surely a noble field;
Them thou wilt teach by word and deed to do as thou dost do,
And to the pure high instincts of womanhood be true.

Deep is our prayer and earnest that whilst with us ye stay,
The time may prove as pleasant as a long mid-summer day.
No cloud of factious discord e'er mark its golden flight,
Nor brooding public sorrow change sunshine into night.

And though wild storms may riot through winter's long bleak reign;
Though lakes, streams, mighty rivers be bound in icy chain;
Though snow-drifts heap the landscape with forms fantastic strange,
Ye will find our hearts true, loyal, will know no shift nor change.

A bouquet was next presented to Her Ladyship, after which an allegorical representation was given, in which Anglia, Caledonia, Erin, and Canada were the performers. An address in French was then read to Her Excellency, and after some musical exercises the Governor-General rose and replied in French to the address. The event of the occasion, however, in which the inmates of Villa Maria were especially honoured, was Lady Dufferin's reply to the address presented her and to the request for a holiday. As this is, so far as we are aware, the only occasion on which Her Ladyship has replied in person to the welcomes extended to her since her arrival in this country, we append a translation in full:

My Young Friends,—I find it difficult to thank you sufficiently for the warm and flattering welcome you have given me to-day. In every part of Canada where I have been I have heard this convent spoken of with respect and admiration, and I have, therefore, looked forward to my visit to Villa Maria with the greatest impatience. I can well believe with what affection you, who have come forward with such warm expressions of loyalty to your Queen, and of kindness to ourselves, must regard your Convent Home, and those kind Sisters who sacrifice themselves to your welfare; and I trust that you are able to repay them in some measure for all their care and for their goodness to you, by your attention to their instructions, and your love for themselves. I hope also the day is far distant when you will cease to think a holiday one of the greatest pleasures in the world. I can assure you that if I can persuade these good ladies, to-day, to allow me to present you with one, you will not enjoy it more than I myself.

This terminated the proceedings, and the company dispersed.

VIEW FROM THE FORT, PRINCE ARTHUR'S LANDING.

The fort from which this view is taken was built at the time of the first Red River Expedition, but now to such "base uses" has it come that it is no more than a lock-up. The view looks eastwards along the shore of the lake, and embraces Shuniah, Thunder Bay, and Silver Harbour.

THE MONTREAL CITIZENS' BALL.

This great event, to which Montrealers have been looking forward for two months past, took place on Tuesday week, in the new Queen's Hall, on St. Catherine Street. The room, of which a very good idea may be obtained from the illustration, was elaborately decorated with evergreens, flags, armorial shields, etc., etc., and at the south end was a dais on which were chairs for Their Excellencies. At ten o'clock the Governor-General made his appearance, accompanied by the Countess. His Excellency wore a scarlet dress coat, with silver epaulets, chapeau bras with white plumes, blue ribbon across the chest, and the two orders of St. Patrick and the Bath on his left breast. The Countess was simply and tastefully costumed in a white satin robe, trimmed in front with crimson. After taking their stand for a few moments on the dais, they walked around the hall for a few moments and then proceeded to open the ball, His Excellency with Madame Coursoi in front of the dais, and the Countess and His Worship the Mayor at the opposite end. Dancing was kept up with great vigour until midnight, when Their Excellencies proceeded to the supper-room. After supper it was carried on far into the morning, when the company separated with great reluctance.

the Romans by going in person to the district surrounded and devastated by water near the Ponte Nomentano. He drove in a light victoria, making the driver go to the very doors, although the horses were up to their bodies in water. The bottom of the carriage was covered with mud. This and similar acts are characteristic of the kind-hearted, unconventional king. He is utterly without those formalities and caprices so common to royalty. He always dines in the middle of the day, and is fond of the plainest food, having a particularly strong liking for onions, beets, and cabbage. He never eats at any grand dinner given in his own palace, though he is polite enough elsewhere.

The Paris *gamins* are noted for their pranks, but their latest amusement, *la panique*, surpasses in excitement all previous efforts. One little *gavroche*, separating himself from his companions, stops before a shop, looks about him uneasily, and when he sees himself observed runs off as hard as he can, the others pursuing him, crying "Stop thief!" A crowd joins in the pursuit, and *gavroche* is arrested and taken before the Commissary of Police. No prosecutor appearing, he is asked why he ran off in such a manner, and replies, "Please, M'sieu, I was in a great hurry; I had to get a sou's worth of bread for (with that illal pathos so characteristic of a Parisian) my mother." A band of these little rascals also recently stole a number of those gas balloons, so common in Paris, and tying them to a little dog, managed to suspend him in mid-air. Here the poor animal, uttering the most plaintive cries remained for some minutes, the *gamins* dancing round him, and shouting "Ohé Gambotta!"

A PERFORMING COCKATOO.

Mr. Frank Buckland describes as follows the performances of a clever trained cockatoo in the possession of a Mr. Harris, of Bloomsbury, London, who has had the bird for nineteen years, and commenced training him twelve years ago. The feathered pupil has now arrived at such a high pitch of training that he will obey a signal, and even a word of command. It is also very curious to observe that the bird seems to have a good ear for music, keeping time to the tune, and doing what he ought to do at the right place.

The bird being placed on the top of a chair, his master put a little tambourine into his bill, and then, as we had no piano, sang to him the song, "Uncle Ned had no wool on his head." The bird shook the tambourine to the regular time, and when the chorus came rattled it beautifully, like the organ people do on Epsom Downs. A short drumstick was then placed in the bird's bill, and another nigger song sung. The bird beat time with the stick on the little tambourine. A professional drummer could not have done it better. A doll is then put into the bird's beak, and he dances the doll up and down on the tambourine, like the mechanical dancing-nigger one sees in the toy-shops. At the end, or even in the middle of the performance, Mr. Harris suddenly says, "Show your wings." The bird instantly opens his wings, and holds them open till told to close them. A very funny scene then takes place. A little model head and shoulders of "a gent," with a white hat, long whiskers, glass in eye, etc., is placed over the bird's head. Mr. Harris sings, "I'm a gent, I'm a gent." The bird waves the head about so funnily in imitation of the swagger and walk of the gent that the effect is most amusing and laughable. During the singing of "Far down the Old Swan River," the bird accompanies with "the bones," only "the bones" are imitated by the snappings of his own bill always to perfect tune. While Mr. Harris sings, "I wish I were a bird," the cockatoo ruffles up his feathers, and in the funniest possible manner, when the pathetic parts come, and at the words, "that I might fly to thee," he opens his wings quite wide, and flaps them violently as though he was making every effort to fly, but could not manage it at all. This wonderful bird goes through many other performances equally as clever. Mr. Darwin ought to see him to get some notes for his "Anatomy of Expression," for certainly I never saw such a clever-faced bird before. My old parrot, who is by no means a fool, for she can talk famously, looked quite an idiot by the side of this preternaturally learned bird, of which, by the way, my old poll was frightfully jealous.

Home Items.

A company is about to be formed at Ottawa for the manufacture of extract of hemlock bark to be used in tanning operations.

Eleven of the vessels intended for the direct line between Chicago and Liverpool are now being constructed and will be launched at the opening of navigation.

The Montreal Telegraph Company are about to extend their wires in the Ottawa district from Havelock to Chichester. An additional wire has been put on—making in all four wires—between Montreal and Ottawa, and another line is to be added between Ottawa and Toronto.

A company has been formed for the establishment of a monster refinery at Petrolia, with a capacity of 3,000 barrels weekly. In connection with this enterprise, the Petrolia Council purpose offering a bonus to induce an extension of the Grand Trunk from Cambachle; or, if Sarnia will co-operate, from Point Edward.

The work on the Ottawa and Coteau Landing Railway is now being pushed forward as rapidly as is possible at this season of the year. One hundred men are now employed on the heaviest cuttings, and this force will be largely augmented in the spring. Already fourteen miles of the railway have been graded and prepared for track-laying in the townships of Lochiel and Kenyon.

The Victoria, B. C., *Standard*, states that the Seymour Narrows and Bute Inlet railway parties have discovered iron and coal beds, rich in quality and of large extent. The discoveries will prove most valuable in connection with the building of the line of the Canadian Pacific. Large areas of lands suitable for agricultural and grazing purposes have also been met with; and the engineers are very favourably impressed with the wealth of the country which they traversed the past summer.

The Victoria *Standard* says that experiments have recently been made at New Westminster with a view of testing the adaptability of the soil and climate of the delta of the Fraser for the growth and production of the sugar beet, and to ascertain whether the manufacture of beet root sugar could not be made a profitable source of industry to the people of the Province. So far as the experiment has been tried, the result has exceeded the most sanguine expectations, both as regards the productiveness of the soil in the yield of the roots and the percentage of saccharine matter they contain for sugar-making purposes. The yield per acre of the roots is said to have been from thirty to forty thousand pounds in weight, or equal to a thousand pounds of good marketable sugar, besides a relative quantity of syrup of an excellent quality, to every acre of land cultivated.

The affair is universally admitted to have been a perfect success and in every way worthy of the occasion.

The ladies who had the honour of dancing with His Excellency were the following:—Madame Coursoi, Miss Allan, Mrs. Young, Miss Beaudry, Mrs. Justice Monk, Mrs. Starnes, Miss Dorion, Mrs. Edward Carter, Miss Gordon, Miss Johnston, Mrs. Ouimet, Mrs. Jetté, Mrs. W. E. McKenzie, Miss Laframboise, Mrs. Justice Day, Miss Campbell.

Among the gentlemen who had the honour of dancing with the Countess of Dufferin were Sir Hugh Allan, Hon. Mr. Dorion, and Hon. John Young.

The catering department was admirably attended to by Mr. Martin, of the Carlton Club.

On the opposite page will be found a paper contributed by Professor Pepper, on Optical Illusions, and specially illustrative of the phenomenon known as

PEPPER'S GHOST.

On Thursday evening, the 30th ult., the Victoria Skating Rink in this city was crowded on the occasion of

THE FANCY DRESS ENTERTAINMENT

held in honour of Their Excellencies. The ice was in admirable condition, and the participants in the masquerade were both numerous and effectively costumed. The decorations were, as usual, in the best taste. At one end of the rink a throne was erected for Their Excellencies, and in front of this, on the arrival of the distinguished visitors, an open space was cleared where eight couples formed into two sets and danced the Lancers. This, with the waltzing which followed, were the two great features of the entertainment, and were saluted with loud applause. After this His Excellency made his appearance on the ice in a pink satin domino with grey trimmings, and spent some time skating among the masqueraders. Supper was served at about half-past ten, and Their Excellencies withdrew at midnight, His Lordship declaring that he had never spent in Canada a more agreeable evening.

THE WRECK OF THE "GERMANY."

It will be remembered that the steamship *Germany*, of the Allan Line, went ashore on Saturday, the 23th of December, on a sand-bank at the mouth of the Gironde, and that some thirty of the passengers and crew were lost, the remainder being saved by two French vessels after having passed the entire night in a position of extreme peril. We reproduce in this issue a sketch of the scene on the Sunday morning, when the crews of the steamer *Mendoza* and the fishing smack *Joseph Tristram*, were engaged in rescuing the sufferers. The *Germany* left Liverpool on the 18th December, bound for Havana and New Orleans. She had on board 127 persons, of whom 23 were passengers. When off the mouth of the Gironde she took on board a pilot, intending to call at Pauillac, a small town some way up the mouth of the river on the south bank. Owing, however, to the carelessness or incapacity of the man, she went ashore off Point de la Doube, a sharp spit of land on the north side of the entrance of the estuary. The following is the account of the affair as given by those taken from the wreck, translated from the *Courrier de Rochelle*:

Shortly after the stranding of the *Germany*, the sea broke over her with such violence that the lives of all on board were in the greatest danger. It was pitch-dark, the ship was gradually going to pieces, and it was impossible to remain on the deck, which was swept from stern to stem by the furious waves. At half-past eight the main-mast went, and was followed half an hour after by the mizen-mast—the latter carrying with it seven unfortunate men who had taken refuge in the rigging. It was a terrible moment for the survivors. They could hear the ominous cracking of the timbers as the vessel parted, mingled with the hopeless cries of anguish and despair of their friends as the pitiless sea swallowed them up. Several persons were carried away by the waves, which uninterruptedly washed over the vessel. One sea swept away a mother and her four children. About five in the morning a young girl of eighteen who had passed the night in the fore part of the vessel, attempted to reach the bridge. While making her way aft she was thrown down by a wave, notwithstanding the assistance of one of the officers, and dashed violently against the bulwarks. Her sufferings were horrible, and her cries wrung the hearts of all who heard her. At daybreak the *Mendoza* made her first trip to the rescue, and then followed a terrible scene. The poor wretches on the wreck, half-crazy with suffering and despair threw themselves eagerly into the boat despatched to their assistance, and in the struggle six were drowned. The *Carrier* pays a high tribute to the bravery and self-devotion of the crews of the *Mendoza* and *Tristram*. The captain of the latter has already distinguished himself on similar occasions, for which he has received a medal.

It is only just to add that Capt. Trocks, of the *Germany*, has been absolved by the court of enquiry from all blame in the matter, the loss of the vessel being entirely due, as already stated, to the carelessness or inefficiency of the French pilot.

In a long article on Science and Spiritualism, the *London Times* makes some curious revelations regarding the spread of Spiritualism in the English upper and middle classes. The editor says:—A volume now lying before us may serve to show how this folly is spread throughout society. It was lent to us by a distinguished Spiritualist, under the solemn promise that we should not divulge a single name of those concerned. It consists of about 150 pages of reports of séances, and was privately printed by a noble Earl, who has lately passed beyond the House of Lords, beyond, also, we trust, the spirit-peopled chairs and tables which in his life-time he loved, not wisely, but too well. In this book things more marvellous than any we have set down are circumstantially related, in a natural way, just as though they were ordinary, every-day matters of fact. We shall not fatigue the reader by quoting any of the accounts given, and, no doubt, he will take our word when we say that they range through every species of "manifestation," from prophesyings downwards. What we more particularly wish to observe is that the attestation of fifty respectable witnesses is placed before the title page. Among them are a Dowager Duchess and other ladies of rank, a captain in the Guards, a nobleman, a baronet, a member of Parliament, several officers of our scientific and other corps, a barrister, a merchant, and a doctor. Upper and middle class society is represented in all its grades, and by persons who, to judge by the position they hold and the callings they follow, ought to be possessed of intelligence and ability. Certainly it is time that a thorough and practical investigation cleared this cloud out of the intellectual sky, and the task need not be scouted by professors or other learned men, by Royal or other learned societies.