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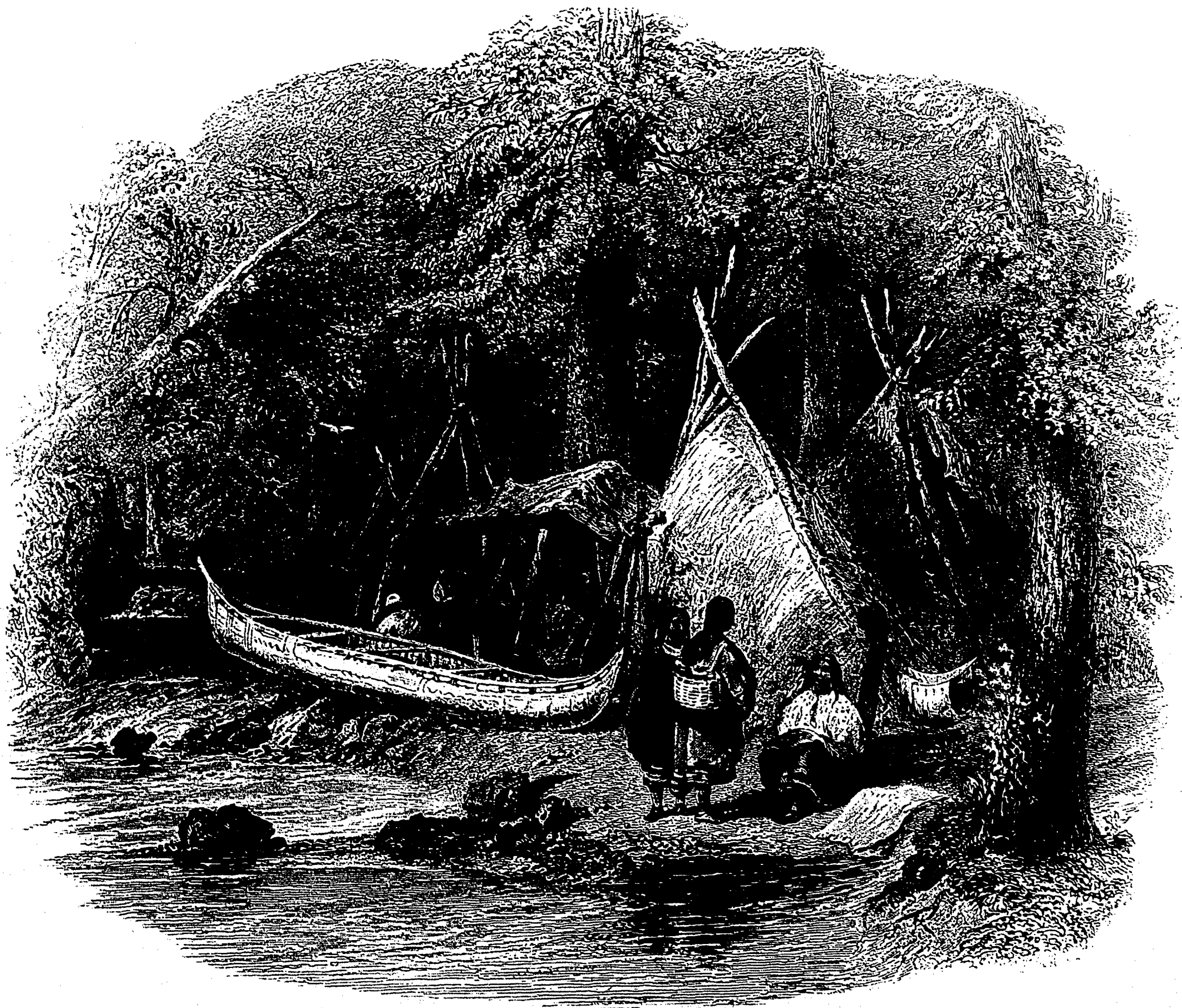
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{ \$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

THE FISHERIES.

One of the gravest and most delicate questions with which our Government has had to deal, has been that of the fisheries. The common privileges conceded under the reciprocity treaty have been continued up to the present year under conditions which the American fishermen practically disregarded. Discontent was therefore spreading rapidly among our fishermen, and many of them betook themselves to the coast towns in the United States, because by fishing as American citizens, they

enjoyed the use of the Canadian waters with the freedom of American markets. Such an uneven competition could not be maintained without great injury to Canadian interests; and our Government at length prevailed upon the Imperial authorities to consent to the reassertion of British rights as defined by the treaty of 1818. The fact that this measure has been undertaken with the full approbation of the Gladstone cabinet, and that its execution is to be supported by the British fleet, is surely not indicative of that intention to abandon Canada of

which so much is said now-a-days. When the Reciprocity Treaty was abolished, it may be remembered that the Americans were labouring under a keen sense of irritation; they were angry with England, and not indisposed to find fault with anything Canada might do; and it was therefore probably the very wisest statesmanship to give no opportunity for picking a quarrel out of the fishery question. But year after year, the American fishermen refused to pay the small license fee, and continued to fish in Canadian waters. This country had given ample proof



INDIAN WIGWAM. From Willis' Canadian Scenery.

of its friendly disposition and its desire for a renewal of reciprocal trade; but though American temper was soon restored to its wonted calmness, American policy verged further off from reciprocity, and Canada in self-defence had to assert her exclusive right to her fisheries. The six Canadian vessels sent down for the protection of the fisheries are supported by the ships belonging to the North American Squadron; and the United States authorities have also taken measures to prevent their fishermen from encroaching upon Canadian waters. In this particular President Grant was far more prompt than in the matter of the Fenian raid, though in respect of the latter his course furnished a gratifying contrast to that of President Johnson.

There were some misgivings that the attempt to exclude American fishermen would lead to trouble; and some of the American papers were good enough to warn us of the danger of attempting to enforce our Treaty rights. But the Washington Cabinet showed its good sense and its respect for international obligations by issuing full instructions to its citizens as to what rights belonged to Canadians, with a warning that they should not be encroached upon, and now a portion of the American navy goes to the neighbourhood of the fisheries to cooperate in keeping order. These are promising indications of the complete success of the new policy; and so far as they relate to the United States, they show that where international questions do not affect home party politics our neighbours can pursue a straightforward and honourable course. Had the like policy towards the Fenians been adopted in time much of the indignation which Canadians feel would have been spared. However, as there is little delicacy amongst us in speaking of American shortcomings there ought to be no hesitation in giving them credit where in a matter of material importance they act with promptitude and honour. It would have been easy for President Grant's Cabinet to have ignored the action of Canada with respect to the fisheries; easy, in fact, had mischief been desired, to have got up a little newspaper indignation over the "outraged rights" of American fishermen, and then undoubtedly trouble would have been bred. The fishermen would have defied the "Britishers;" seizure and confiscation would have followed, and the end of it all might have been a serious diplomatic difficulty. As the case stands now there is no more room for trouble than there was before 1855; the American fishermen have been warned by their own Government that the privileges they enjoyed under reciprocity are no longer theirs, and that they must observe the rules which were enforced anterior to the treaty. Under these circumstances there is good ground for hoping that the policy now adopted will be productive of great advantages without the danger of producing misunderstanding with our neighbours.

THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORY.

No. 10.—BRITISH COLUMBIA.—THE MAINLAND.

By the Rev. *En. Mc.D. Dawson, Ottawa.*

CLIMATE.

Allusion has already been made to the climate of the insular portion of British Columbia. It can only convey an imperfect idea to compare it to that of the south and south-west of England. Although there occur, at rare and irregular intervals, exceptionally severe seasons, the climate of the Islands may be described as exhibiting generally, in the words of Mr. Harvey, of the Finance Department, Ottawa: "A dry, warm summer, a bright and beautiful autumn; an open, wet winter and spring." The average number of clear, fine days throughout the year, is two hundred, whilst there are only fifty-one positively rainy days. This is more than can be said of any part of England.

The same description, as regards climate, will not apply to any two portions of the mainland. Although it be all pretty much in the same latitudes as the islands, it varies so much in altitude, that in the very height of summer it shews the extreme of winter cold, with abundance of ice and snow, whilst at the same time rejoicing in the genial warmth of summer. Like Europe, it has its elevated Alpine regions, rising to the height of sixteen thousand feet, where winter holds unbroken sway, whilst from the summit of the Rocky Mountains, to the fine valley of the Lower Fraser, which is almost on a level with the ocean, as there is the greatest variety of altitude, so is there a correspondingly great variety of climate. Towards the sea, and west of the mountain ranges, where there is the least elevation, the climate is all that can be desired, somewhat humid, but not disagreeably so. The spring is a very rainy season. But who would complain of this, when throughout a beautiful summer, there are only some rainy days, and scarcely any in the bright autumn months. In this region also, winter is generally very mild, commencing in December and ending in March. Frost occurs sometimes in November, but does not continue. It is far from being intensely cold, at any time, throughout the winter season, and anything like severe weather never lasts more than a few days.

In the more elevated country of the Lillooet, a tributary of

the Fraser, winter is sometimes severe, but not generally so. Even when worst, snow does not fall to a greater depth than two feet, and the weather is always clear and sunny. In such exceptionally severe seasons even, cattle require no other shelter and sustenance than can be found in the open fields. It is mentioned, as a remarkable circumstance, that, in one of these unusually severe winters, there were, actually, ten weeks of continued frost. This extraordinary duration of frost might well be remarked, when in the same region, (Lillooet country), there are seldom more than fourteen days or so of severe cold. Penetrating into the interior, and ascending towards the higher mountain ranges, we find the winter more severe and of longer duration. Thus, at Cariboo, winter lasts from November till the end of April, and is attended with intense frost, and heavy falls of snow. Lest gold seekers should be too much discouraged, it is proper to say that the weather is generally clear and calm, whilst, on the other hand, it may cool their ardour, somewhat, to learn that the snow is, often, from seven to ten feet deep, and must be waded through in the best way possible, on snow-shoes. The vast elevated plain, on the contrary, which extends between the Rocky Mountains and the Cascade range, is distinguished by its moderate and genial climate. In this plain, or rather succession of plains, there is already excellent grazing for any number of cattle. Cattle grazers of the United States admit that, although much farther south, they have nothing to compare with it. In fact, the climate and capabilities of this immense plateau improve, towards the north, beyond what would be conceivable, if we did not take into account the circumstance that its elevation is less by several thousand feet, at its northern, than at its southern extremity. At present it sustains only twenty thousand horned cattle and as many sheep, whilst, according to the Hon. Mr. Holbrook, who knows the country well, it is capable of maintaining many millions. In no part of British Columbia is the climate disagreeable, whilst in many sections of the country, it is delightful and highly favourable to the pursuits of agriculture. Above all, it is conducive to health. Its salubrity, whether in the Islands, or on the mainland, is unsurpassed. No endemic is known in the colony, and imported disease has never been able to take root.

PRODUCTIONS—AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL.

The more important productions of a country are those which crown the labours of the husbandman, as well as those which Mother Earth spontaneously affords. British Columbia is rich in both. In the lowlands all the cereals grown in the utmost luxuriance. In the valley of the Lower Fraser, which contains twenty million acres of arable land, wheat yields sixty, and, in favoured localities, eighty bushels to the acre. The land here also produces vegetables of the finest quality and enormous size—such as cabbages, cauliflowers, mangle wurtzle, turnips, carrots, parsnips, sugar beets, squashes, vegetable marrows, &c. Equally large and fine vegetables are raised by the farming population, who occupy sixty thousand acres of the many millions that are available for agriculture, on the Upper Fraser, the Thomson, and Lake la Hache. In these higher regions wheat is not so productive, yielding only from twenty-six to thirty bushels per acre. The produce of these lands now supplies the whole of the mining population which, formerly, imported the necessaries of life from Oregon and other parts of the United States. Eminent men had expressed the opinion that British Columbia would never be, to any extent, an agricultural country. The contrary was now demonstrated. And a much greater portion of its extensive area than any could believe, now offers an abundant recompense to the labours of the husbandman. This wealth of the soil was not apparent some time ago to the passing traveller. Gold only, it was said, would form the treasures of British Columbia. The same libel was also pronounced on California. Both countries, notwithstanding, present fair fields and rich harvests. Wheat does not yield so largely in the country above New Westminster, as in the valley of the Lower Fraser. Agriculturists have found it profitable, nevertheless, to occupy twenty thousand acres in this district. They rely greatly on live stock, having twelve hundred head of cattle. Their husbandry, meanwhile, is far from being unremunerative, wheat producing regularly, year after year, thirty-five bushels to the acre.

TIMBER.

Among all the productions of British Columbia which owe their existence to culture, and which no human industry can improve, the wood is, perhaps, the most valuable. The most enthusiastic admirers of gold will not dispute its value. There is no timber that can compare with it in any other part of the known world. The Douglas Pine varies from 150 to 300 feet in height, and is from five to ten feet in diameter at the base. It grows quite straight, is free from knots and sap-wood, possesses extraordinary strength and flexibility. It is much prized in the English merchant service for the manufacture of spars and masts, which are found to be very durable. It has also been largely supplied to the Spanish, French, Dutch, and Sardinian Governments. The excellence of this Pine has been tested by comparisons instituted by competent engineers, acting under the instructions of their Governments, between it and the best kinds of timber of which masts are manufactured, from Riga, the British Islands, Canada, and the Himalaya Mountains. The experiments have invariably resulted in favour of the Douglas Pine of British Columbia; so

that it may be truly described in the words of M. Sylvester Du Perron, chief engineer at Toulon: "The masts and spars of this wood are rare and exceptional for dimensions and superior qualities, strength, lightness, absence of knots and other grave vices." There is a splendid sample of this Douglas Fir at the international exhibition. It consists of ten horizontal sections of a tree, three hundred and nine feet high. This tree is now, it may be presumed, exhibited in the court of British Columbia, and cannot fail to shew what an ornament, as well as a source of wealth, this fine timber is to the new colony, no less than to the British North American Confederation, of which this exceptionally rich country is destined, so soon, to form a part.

The White Pine (*Pinus strobus*), the Yellow Pine (*Pinus ponderosa*), and all the other kinds of fir, the most useful of which are the Spruce, Balsam, and Hemlock, grow luxuriantly in British Columbia. The Cedar (*Cypress*, or *Thuja Gigantea*) is of very great dimensions, measuring from twenty-five to thirty-five feet of circumference near the roots. Lord Milton and Dr. Cheadle saw one that measured thirty-nine feet. Oak and Maple, well known to be so valuable, attain a great size, and are very abundant. Less important kinds of wood, such as Alder, Dogwood, Arbutus and Cottonwood, &c., are also plentiful. Not only to the countries already mentioned, is timber exported by the Colony, but also to Australia, the Sandwich Islands, China, and South America.

FLOWERS.

There is no end to the varieties of wild-flowers which adorn all those parts of the country that are not overgrown with dense forests. In the higher mountain region, Cheadle and Milton were charmed with the beauty of the flowers. Jasper House, not far from the boundary line, and near enough on the eastern side to be mentioned as exemplifying the productions of the whole region, is represented as "standing in a perfect garden of wild-flowers, which form a rich sheet of varied and brilliant colours, backed by dark green pines, which cluster thickly round the bases of the hills." At another place in the same neighbourhood, "the flowers were very beautiful and various. There grow Cinerarias, in the greatest profusion, of every shade of blue, an immense variety of Composite, and a flower like the lychnis, with sepals of brilliant scarlet, roses, tiger-lilies, orchids and vetches." (p. 228). At Henry's House, or old Rocky Mountain Fort, the same travellers came upon a prairie "richly carpeted with flowers." (p. 241.) At Ripstone River, they traversed "a very pretty little plain, covered with flowers, and surrounded by the Rocky Mountains in all their grandeur." (p. 245). Passing from Moose Lake to the Fraser River, they came to a place which "was rich in grass and vetches." (p. 249.) In descending the western declivity, they found vegetation still more vigorous. "The descent on the western slope was very rapid and continual, although nowhere steep, and a change in the vegetation marked the Pacific side. The Cedar, the Silver-Pine, and several other varieties now first appeared, and became more and more frequent. A species of Azalea, a tall, prickly trailer, many kinds of Rosaceæ, and new deciduous shrubs, shewed strangely to our eyes. The timber was altogether of a larger growth, and the huge trunks which barred the path, rendered our progress very laborious." (p. 250).

[Among the flowers which enliven, by their gay colours, those solitudes of the Rocky Mountains, the distinguished travellers, Lord Milton and Dr. Cheadle, mention, as the most conspicuous, tiger-lilies, roses, the *Gallardia picta*, the blue borage, the white and purple vetch, the red orchis, and the marsh violet.]

As the object of this paper is merely to convey an idea of the capabilities of the country, and not to give a minute description of its floral treasures, no mention need be made here of the flowers which vary the landscape on the numerous streams as they approach their ocean terminus. If Nature has strewn her floral beauties in such rich profusion throughout the more mountainous regions, how bounteous must she not have been, also, in those localities where both soil and climate favour so much more every species of vegetation?

FRUITS.

Travellers, as far as we are aware, make no mention of any of the larger fruits in their wild state. Such as haws, bilberries, cranberries, so common in Canada, and the wild pear, appear to be tolerably abundant. The Aborigines rely much on this last named fruit. Lord Milton and his party were glad to regale themselves with it, when, from the accidents of travel, more solid and satisfying kinds of food had failed them. When in the very heart of the Rocky Mountains, soon after having passed the height of land by the Yellow Head Pass, they purchased from the Indians a plentiful supply of the wild pear, for some needles and thread. "This fruit grows on a shrub, two or three feet in height, with leaves resembling that of a pear tree, but smaller, and it is said by the Hudson's Bay people that wherever it flourishes, wheat will also grow to perfection. The berry is about the size of a black currant, pear-shaped and of delicious sweetness and flavour. They are much used by the Indians on both sides the mountains, who dry them for winter use." (P. 261.) The same travellers also met with several patches of raspberries as large as English garden fruit, and two species of bilberry, the size of sloes, growing on bushes two feet high. In descending the solitudes of the Upper Fraser, they found large quantities of small bil-

berries, not yet ripe, on which, so complete was the log of their stores, they were glad to dine. Potatoes and wild onions are also used by the natives in those dismal regions. The "tea muskeg" affords a tolerably refreshing beverage in the absence of the cup "which cheers but not inebriates." This tea is made from the leaves and flowers of a small white Azalea which is found in considerable quantities, growing in boggy grounds. "The decoction," Milton and Cheadle say, "is really a good substitute for tea, and we became very fond of it. The taste is like ordinary black tea with a dash of senna in it." There is also a berry, the fruit of a kind of lily. This lily berry tastes like the fruit of the yew tree, and is exceedingly luscious, but not particularly wholesome. Lower down the Fraser, there are bilberries as large as English grapes, and of delicious flavour; large black haws and wild cherries in abundance.

WILD ANIMALS.

British Columbia does not appear to have been visited with the curse of venomous insects and reptiles of any kind. There are beasts of prey indeed, but none of the more ferocious sorts which frequent the countries bordering on the torrid Zone. The bears of this favoured land even appear to be less akin to their kind,—less savage than those of other countries. Milton and Cheadle give a remarkable instance of the meekness of these animals. Their attendant, a red man of Assiniboia, came suddenly one day upon three of these grim denizens of the forest. Believing that there was no chance of escape except by killing the brutes, the courageous Assiniboine boldly determined on the immediate use of powder and shot. But his piece missing fire, his only remaining hope was in stratagem, and finally in flight. This would not have availed him had not the three grisly bears returned, after the first surprise, to their occupation of tearing to pieces the trunk of a decayed tree in search of insects. The Assiniboine, meanwhile, having got to a safe distance from the enemy, primed the nipples of his gun with fresh gunpowder, and bravely returned to the charge. His arm again missing fire, he succeeded only in giving the animals another surprise and in directing their attention to his unprotected person. Wonderful to relate, the bears recovered their equanimity after a hasty shew of their anger and their teeth, and declining to resent the insult, applied their energies once more to the rotten trunk in search of less noble prey. This swarthy son of the forest was, on another occasion, still more fortunate. Not far from the fork of the North Thomson, he not only escaped being killed himself, but succeeded in killing a small black bear, which he carried into camp on his shoulders. This game of the wilderness afforded a rich feast to the wayworn party who had been so long without an adequate supply of provisions. They had not tasted any fresh meat since they partook of the flesh of a mountain sheep at Jasper House. They had neither bread nor salt to eat with it, tea to drink with it, nor tobacco to smoke after it. It was nevertheless, they declare, a great treat.

The elk or moose deer abounds in British Columbia. It is so active and wary that only the most experienced hunters succeed in killing or capturing it. Cariboo is also plentiful; but the isothermal line denoting the northerly limits of the Musk-ox, passes five degrees beyond the extreme north of the colony. The buffalo is not unknown, if we may judge from the circumstance that there is a lake named after this animal. It does not, however, appear in such immense herds as are often seen on the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains. The absence of wild cattle, even of the most useful kind, would by no means affect the prosperity of the colony, now that sheep and oxen have been so extensively introduced. Beaver is abundant, as are also wild sheep and wild goats in the mountains. Less important animals, such as martens, wolverines, and mountain marmots, chiefly prized for their furs, are also found.

The fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains are frequented by a species of sheep known to travellers as the *mouton gris* or big-horn, and by the *mouton blanc*, or white sheep, which, however, more resembles a goat than a sheep. But its soft white hair is different from that of the mountain goat, being more like the fleece of a sheep. Of this hair, or wool, the Aborigines of British Columbia weave excellent blankets. Both these animals are akin to the goat, inasmuch as they seek their food in the least accessible rocky places, and are active in their habits, like the chamois of the European Alps. The flesh of these goats supplies a delicious repast to travellers in the wilderness who are skilled in the nimrodic art, and are, at the same time, sufficiently courageous and active to climb the lofty crags where this remarkable goat, for the most part, has its abiding place.

The wood-partridge furnishes a no less acceptable treat, and it is very numerous in the Alpine regions of British Columbia. The porcupine of those places, it would appear, forms a dish scarcely less savoury than the flesh of the partridge. There is a thick layer of fat under the skin which is almost equal to that of the turtle. Lord Milton and Dr. Cheadle dined, one day, on this very fat *pork*. They found it "delicious, although rather strong flavoured." A good opinion in such matters of gastronomic science arises, not unfrequently, from a good appetite; and this excellent sauce is seldom wanting to the courageous explorers who traverse the solitary passes of the Rocky Mountains.

The subject of British Columbia is not yet exhausted. Its fisheries, gold mines and political history will demand another paper.

SCIENTIFIC EDUCATION FOR WOMEN.

Scott Russell thinks a certain amount of science is a necessary qualification for a good wife. In other words, that the art of good and economical living which mainly depends upon the exertions of the wife, no matter how liberal the provision made by the husband, can only be secured in the highest degree through the aid of technical knowledge. He asks, "Ought a wife to know anything about fuel or not? Should she know that there is good and bad coal?—that what is sold to her as best coal is oftener bad coal than good?—that bad coal produces smoke and flame and not heat, and that the one wastes money and the other uses it? Ought a woman to know this knowledge, or is it beneath her?"

"I must answer once for all, that I do not think any household knowledge of this sort is beneath any well-born woman. When of two things you have to choose, whether you will do the better or the worse, it seems to me you have a grave responsibility. It seems to me, if you choose the worse, or don't choose, you are to blame. It seems to me, then, that a woman should know good coal from bad, or she may waste her husband's earnings. But next, if she buys only the best coal, comes the question, 'Is there a right way of using the coal and a wrong?'"

"Ought a wife to know how to use good coal? to use it to the purpose for which it is bought? to use it for light, cheerfulness, ventilation, warmth, cookery, cleanliness, or to use it to waste, smoke, discomfort? Is any knowledge necessary for that? Cannot anybody make a good fire?—keep a good fire, prevent smoke, maintain cheerful heat, warmth without waste?"

"Verily, there are few women who know this: the art to make, to maintain a good fire without excess, without waste, without smoke. Much science goes to understand a fire. 1. What is fuel made of? 2. What feeds the fire? 3. What wastes the fire? 4. What regulates the fire? 5. What makes flame? 6. What wastes heat? 7. What preserves and maintains heat? 8. What spreads it equally around a room? 9. What creates smoke, drafts, rheumatism, and colds?"

"It is not the work of a moment to understand and answer all these questions. A wise housekeeper should have asked them all, and get a good answer to each; that is one element of a home, health and comfort. Can every housekeeper solve all this?"

"To feed her household well, agreeably, wholesomely, without stint, without waste, there is a technical problem of home life. What does each kind of food cost? What parts of food are the more wholesome, the more nutritious? What kinds of food do harm?—to the young, the middle-aged, the old? What quantity should be cooked, so as to give plenty without waste? What is the real value of each kind of food compared to its price? What is the price of food bought wholesale and bought at retail? What is the true weight of good kinds of food? How do I know good food from bad? How can I tell adulterated food from pure and wholesome food?"

"What are the wholesome ways of cookery? What kinds of cooking render wholesome food more or less nutritious, palatable? What dishes are comely, elegant, clumsy, gross, vulgar? How can I use the least sum of my husband's earnings in housekeeping, and yet never make him feel in want of anything?"

"Shall I be told that all these things come by intuition, by experience, by practise? That they are for the servants to study, not for the mistress? That in every household they are already perfectly well done? If I am assured that this is already known and done, I have only to admit that no technical education in housekeeping is required by women."

"Should the mother of a family know anything about her own clothes—her husband's—her family's? What sort, quality, price of stuff, they should be made of? What stuffs wear well? what wash well? what wash out? Which parts wear out first? How to make these parts last the longest? What sewing holds? How many yards of stuff go to each piece of dress? how much for lining, how much for trimming, how much for shaping, how much for sewing?"

"Should the head of a household know how to make anything with her own hands—out of her own head? to cut out, to shape and fashion, to use a sewing machine, to sew, embroider, mend?"

"All about clothes I think woman's work and woman's duty: price, stuff, shaping, sewing, durability, washing, ironing, and mending. A woman who cannot do all these things, and teach them to servants and daughters by example and precept, has not, to my mind, got a good technical education."

"There is no such physician as a wise wife or mother. Not to cure disease—that is a doctor's work—but to prevent disease, or to stop it at starting. What are our gravest illnesses?—neglected colds, indigestion, headaches. Who first finds out that we are ill? Who knows what has caused our illness? Who first takes alarm? Why should not every wife know the early symptoms of disease, the cause, the cure? There—not by the sick bed or in the hospital, but there, by the family fire-side, the kindly mother should wisely watch the first symptoms of disease, wisely give the early warning, wisely apply the simple cure. Which is better in the house, a wise wife, or a perpetual physician? There is no technical training so valuable to a woman as that which shall enable her both to keep the doctor out of the house, and to send for him the moment he is wanted."

THE GREATEST OF ALL FUTURE POSSIBILITIES.

The sun is beginning to be an object of great anxiety to many scientific men. Spots on that orb are not at all uncommon, as may be ascertained by any one who will take the trouble to look at it through a bit of smoked glass. But these phenomena have of late assumed an appearance which astrophysic astronomers, and is calculated to alarm that class which fancies it can detect portents of the future in the heavens. There are great gulfs now to be seen in the sun, each much larger than this earth which we think of so much consequence in the universe. They increase at a prodigious rate, and sometimes seem destined to work a convulsion similar to that which has undoubtedly overtaken other solar systems. Suns as vast as that which lights and warms this world have been shattered to pieces, or disappeared, and only the philosopher in his roving glance over the sky has detected the change. The inhabitants of other planets would not notice the disappearance of the planet we inhabit, any more than we can see a speck of sand carried off by the wind on the sea-shore.

It is not a mere theory, but an ascertained fact, that the sun is always in a highly fluid condition—as one recent writer

describes it, "a hurricane of flame, the disturbance of which might, perhaps, be best represented to our imaginations by the occasional explosion of a planet or two of nitro-glycerine." It is, moreover, subject to "magnetic storms," produced, as many suppose, by the movements of the planets around it. The great disturbance which is now going on was predicted months ago by scientific men. That we are much more concerned in the event than many people suppose, is quite certain. Self-registered magnetic instruments have revealed the fact that whenever a spot breaks out on the sun, the earth thrills under a mysterious magnetic influence. In one case, a few years ago, it is upon record that telegraphic machinery was set on fire, and the "pen of Bain's telegraph was followed by a flame," at the very instant a sudden burst of light showed itself in the sun. "In the telegraph-stations at Washington and Philadelphia the signal men received strong electric shocks." In fact, the electric condition of the earth was changed, though by what precise agency none can fully explain. We are at once lost in a region of conjecture, and can only feel that the fate which was foretold of old for the earth may at any moment overtake it. The forces are all in existence by which, in the solemn language of Holy Writ, the "heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the earth also, and the works that are therein, shall be burned up."

Once in every eleven years the sun exhibits the stupendous phenomena which are at present engaging the attention of philosophers. In 1859 "chasms and abysses," similar to those which are now reported, were seen by many observers. Their recurrence was predicted for 1870. Great disturbances in the world have usually accompanied these outbreaks, though why it should so happen is another of the unfathomable mysteries of the universe. In 1848 there were magnetic storms, and we had the French revolution. Again in 1859 they occurred, and we saw wars and rumors of wars in Europe. The electrical condition of the atmosphere is thought to exert a greater influence upon the minds of men and nations than many are willing to believe, or than any one is able to explain. The telegraphs denote the changed condition of the earth, but they cannot indicate the extent of the change. In the language of the astronomer whose description of the sun we have just quoted, "the pens of all our telegraphic wires may some day trace in flame a handwriting more ominous of human destiny than was the handwriting which, during Belshazzar's feast, traced a warning on the wall of the fall of the Babylonian dynasty."—*N. Y. Times*.

A PEEP AT QUEEN VICTORIA.—A correspondent of the *Chicago Journal* has recently seen the Queen, and writes as follows about her:—"The Queen has made herself quite prominent during the past week. At the drawing-room, of course, none but the *crème de la crème* were present, but at the opening of the new buildings of the University of London there was a more mixed crowd, and in fact a fair representation of English society in all its grades. Hence the test of the sovereign's popularity was on that occasion the best. It is impossible to resist the impulse that seizes one at such a time, and I doubt if any British lungs were more severely tried that day than were my own. To me, of course, the mere idea of royalty never once presented itself. But there was something truly magnificent in the appearance of that solitary woman, something that appealed instantly to every chord of generous sympathy and enthusiasm; and I venture to say that never were such honest shouts raised in honour of any potentate on earth. The Queen has a particularly graceful manner, and her very bow, when acknowledging the greetings of her people, is worth going a good way to see. But I think the very prettiest sight I ever saw was when she led the Princess of Wales forward in response to cheers also awarded to her. The Queen seemed even more gratified by this demonstration than by that made to herself. Of course these ceremonies are always very brief, and the royal presence was vouchsafed only a few minutes, but I feel certain that during those few minutes, the Queen, to use a familiar American expression, made no end of capital, and went home more firmly seated in the hearts of her people than ever."

George Augustus Sala, in his last rambling letter to Belgravia, says he never heard railway whistles so shrill in tone, so terrifically prolonged in screech, as the whistles on the line between Marseilles and Paris, and adds: "There is something almost sarcastic in those sibilations as they rush through the night air; and, indeed, did not some irreverent wag—was it Sidney Smith? once remark that the sound of the railway whistle must be precisely the one emitted by the attorney-at-law, when after a long career of writ-issuing and judgment signing, the enemy of mankind at last clutches hold of him, and strikes his three pronged fork into the small of his back." Think of that, oh lawyers! when next you hear the railway whistle's agonizing squeal.

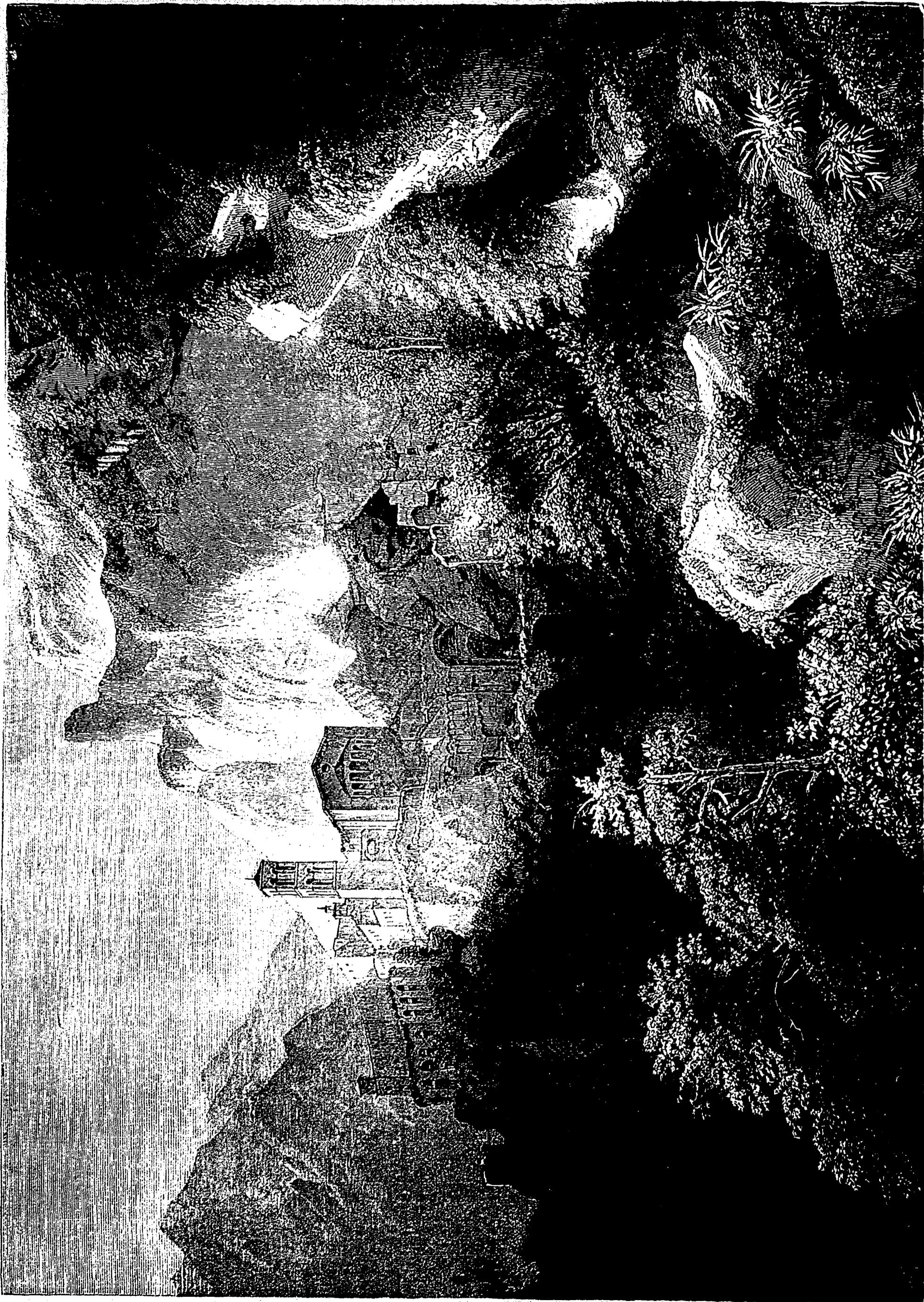
Temperature in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending June 28, 1870, observed by John Underhill, Optician to the Medical Faculty of McGill University, 299 Notre Dame Street.

		9 A. M.	1 P. M.	6 P. M.
Wednesday,	June 22.....	62°	60°	67°
Thursday,	" 23.....	66°	79°	81°
Friday,	" 24.....	78°	86°	87°
Saturday,	" 25.....	80°	87°	74°
Sunday,	" 26.....	78°	84°	76°
Monday,	" 27.....	78°	86°	86°
Tuesday,	" 28.....	77°	83°	78°

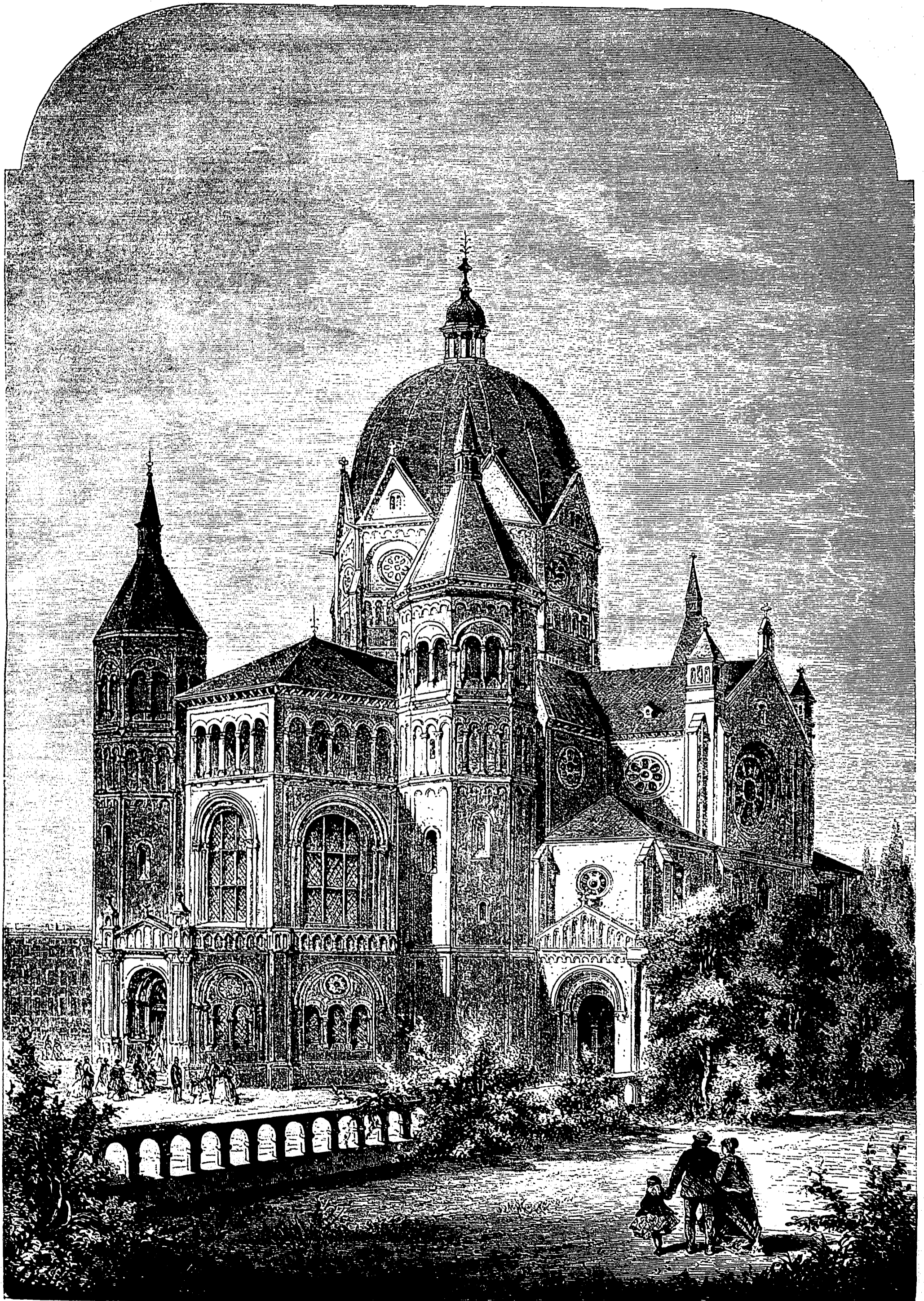
		MAX.	MIN.	MEAN.
Wednesday,	June 22.....	69°	45°	57°
Thursday,	" 23.....	82°	56°	69°
Friday,	" 24.....	89°	66°	77° 5
Saturday,	" 25.....	89°	70°	79° 5
Sunday,	" 26.....	86°	64°	75°
Monday,	" 27.....	92°	63°	77° 5
Tuesday,	" 28.....	86°	66°	76°

Aneroid Barometer compensated and corrected.

		9 A. M.	1 P. M.	6 P. M.
Wednesday,	June 22.....	30.30	30.26	30.22
Thursday,	" 23.....	30.24	30.22	30.18
Friday,	" 24.....	30.22	30.20	30.15
Saturday,	" 25.....	30.20	30.20	30.18
Sunday,	" 26.....	30.26	30.20	30.15
Monday,	" 27.....	30.13	30.08	30.04
Tuesday,	" 28.....	30.10	30.10	30.08



THE CONVENT OF ST. BENEDICT IN THE TYROL.—SEE PAGE 7.



SYNAGOGUE IN BRESLAU.—SEE PAGE 13.

CALENDAR FOR WEEK ENDING JULY 9, 1870.

SUNDAY,	July 3.—3rd Sunday after Trinity. Quebec founded by Champlain, 1608.
MONDAY,	" 4.—Translation of St. Martin. Great fire in Brockville, 1853.
TUESDAY,	" 5.—Battle of Chippewa, 1814. Princess Helena married, 1866.
WEDNESDAY,	" 6.—Postage reduced to 5c throughout B. N. A., 1851. S.S. "Great Eastern" arrived at Quebec, 1861.
THURSDAY,	" 7.—John Huss burned, 1415. Col. Simcoe Lieut.-Governor, 1792. Sheridan died, 1816.
FRIDAY,	" 8.—Burke died, 1797. Great fire in Montreal (1,200 houses), 1852.
SATURDAY,	" 9.—Importation of slaves into Canada prohibited, 1793.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1870.

The discussion of the colonial relationship has received a fresh impetus from the great public gathering in St. Patrick's hall in this city on Saturday evening last. The meeting was not a very satisfactory one. It was, in fact, after the first two or three speeches, one continued strain of noisy discordance. A minority was there, resolved that the majority should not be allowed to carry on proceedings in their own way, and the consequence was, that while, by mere force of numbers, the resolutions were voted through, the force of sound deprived their promoters of the opportunity of uttering a word in their favour that could be heard three feet from the platform.

Though all this happened in good nature, it is yet manifest that feeling is very strong in Montreal upon the subject. The Hon. John Young led the party of independence, and was supported by M. Laflamme and others. They approved the course of the American Government with respect to the late raid, and pleaded as a reason why it should not have been censured that Her Majesty's Government, through the British Minister at Washington, had already thanked President Grant. They affirmed that Confederation had been a failure, or only successful in so far as it had paved the way to independence; that immigrants from Europe either did not come here, or, when they did, made this country a mere halting-place on their way to a "more favoured land;" and that Canada, to be prosperous and happy, and to conform to the desires of the Imperial Government, should become an independent State. These were the views expressed in the resolutions moved in amendment by the Hon. John Young, and which were voted down by a large majority. The main resolutions, which were carried, affirmed different principles. They set forth the injustice inflicted upon Canada by the Fenian raids; the just indignation of the people of Canada against the United States for the open toleration and encouragement given the Fenian conspiracy; the duty of Great Britain to afford substantial protection to this as well as other portions of the Empire, and the willingness of Canadians to submit to every sacrifice entailed upon them as a consequence of the Imperial connection. An address, founded on these resolutions, was adopted for transmission to the Queen through His Excellency, the Governor-General. Such is, in brief, the result of the proceedings on Saturday night.

The issues imported into the discussion by Messrs. Young and Laflamme, though not by any means new, are such as to keep alive the feeling of uncertainty as to the country's future, which has been not a little encouraged of late years by the policy of the ruling powers at home. The disposition to regard the large colonies as something distinct from and beyond the Empire, has grown in England with the growth of democratic notions. The people there have, seemingly, no thirst for territory; they would, if we are to believe some of their chosen mouth-pieces, see, without a pang, half a continent drift away from its allegiance to the British Crown. In this apparent phase of popular English sentiment, the advocates of Canadian independence find their strongest argument. It is the opinion of Gladstone, of Bright, of Lowe, of Adderley, of Monck, and so on, they tell us; there are none more loyal than they; their desire is to relieve England of the burthen which Canada imposes on her, and to deliver Canada from the complications growing out of imperial questions, in which she has no direct interest, or over which she has no control. There is a specious show of force in this mode of reasoning; and there is besides something flattering to the vanity of youth in the idea of having a country owing allegiance to no other. It may, therefore, be expected, if, as announced through the American papers and repeated here, there is an independence league formed, that it will not be wanting in adherents; that it will be strong enough to make a noise in the country for a time, and at least furnish topics for discussion to the Editors of the daily press during the dog days.

But are the people of Canada yet prepared to entertain this question seriously? Those who propose this leap in the dark do not say whether we shall have a Prince of the blood royal to reign over us; whether we shall have a Republic with a simple home-spun President elected by the people; whether we shall maintain our system of responsible government; or, imitating the "more favoured land," adopt a parchment constitution with a judiciary to interpret it, and a Legislature to violate it on the one side, and an executive to set it at defiance on the other. These points should be clearly set forth before the question of independence can become a practical issue; at present, and from the absence of all detail as to the form of our Government in the future which these gentlemen would recommend, they leave the door open for the charge so often made that independence is but the stepping-stone to annexation. This charge is always denied, but those who advocate independence and do not mean annexation are surely bound to show what kind of executive head they would substitute for the British Crown.

The patriotic resolutions adopted at the meeting on Saturday last, affirming as they did the rights of Canada, while acknowledging its obligations, will go before the British public very much weakened because of the resolutions in amendment proposed by Mr. Young. The Anti-Colonial party in England will rejoice that there is an Anti-British party in Canada; and thus be encouraged in their efforts so to weaken the connection as to make it practically valueless on both sides. On the other hand, Canada has a substantial grievance against the United States because of the encouragement given to Fenianism by Americans, and its unmolested toleration by their Government. It has also just claims upon Great Britain for the full measure of protection from invasion that would be given to any other part of the Empire. In view of these facts, and when it is also remembered that one of the Canadian Ministers is already in England to bring Canada's rights in these particulars before the notice of the Imperial authorities, it might have been wiser to have left the question of independence in abeyance, at least until a definite reply had been received to the representations of the Canadian Government. It is at all events an extraordinary stretch of loyalty on the part of Canadians, who desire this country to become independent of the British throne, to contend that the conduct of our neighbours ought not to be called in question, simply because as a matter of diplomatic courtesy Her Majesty's Minister at Washington had been instructed to convey the thanks of the Imperial Cabinet to President Grant. The relations of Canada with the Empire will no doubt form the subject of serious discussion for some time to come, but the difficulties and uncertainties attending the independence scheme are such as to prevent its commending itself to thoughtful men who are opposed to union with the neighbouring Republic. To the few who favour annexation it may very properly have attractions as a decisive step towards that end.

It was our intention this week to have given a large, two-page illustration of the investiture of H. R. H. Prince Arthur. The plate, however, unfortunately met with an accident, which has compelled us to defer its production until next week, and to substitute a number of smaller and less interesting illustrations.

THE CANADIAN MINSTREL, by A. L. Spedon, Montreal, 1870.—This little volume of about a hundred pages is from the pen of a gentleman who has before this effort wooed the muses and given the public an opportunity of judging of his success. The pieces are of varied character, patriotic, sentimental, and humorous. Mr. Spedon has also published a pamphlet of 15 pages of Canadian border songs of the late Fenian raid.

We are glad to notice in a late number of the *Gazette*, a letter from Alex. Somerville, vindicating Col. Booker from the aspersions so unfairly cast upon him because of his alleged want of generalship at Ridgeway, in June, 1866. At this time, when the monument to the Canadians who fell there has just been unveiled, it is proper that every effort should be made to wipe away the last vestiges of suspicion from the reputation of Mr. Booker, who, as a volunteer, was as brave and gallant an officer as ever wore the uniform. Those who know Col. Booker do not need to be told this; but the lasting injury inflicted on his reputation by the misrepresentations so generally circulated four years ago, was evidenced by recent allusions in American, English, and Irish papers when discussing the Fenian raid of May last. We are glad, therefore, that Mr. Somerville has taken occasion to set Col. Booker right before the British public.

A Fenian "general," in green uniform and waving plume of the same, lately called on the British Consul in New York, and impressively remarked:—"I have to inform you, sir, as the immediate representative of British interests in this city, that for every one of my captured countrymen's lives that shall be taken in Canada, the lives of the British subjects shall answer in the United States," and boldly departed.

THE RED RIVER EXPEDITION.

Col. Wolseley, who had been appointed to the command of the expedition, remained in Toronto just so long as to direct the movements of the troops and to superintend the forwarding of the ammunition and other stores. He then removed his head-quarters to Fort William, on Thunder Bay, where he arrived towards the close of the month of May. The point of disembarkation he named Prince Arthur's Landing, in honour of H. R. H. Prince Arthur, who was at that time completing his stay in Canada. Two companies of the Ontario battalion and two of the Quebec contingent were already at Fort William at the time of Col. Wolseley's arrival, and were awaiting the arrival of the remainder of the force to commence the march across the long stretch of country that lies between Fort William and Fort Garry. On the 13th of June the "Chicora" arrived, bringing the third and fourth companies of the Ontario battalion, and a quantity of stores and hay. This now completed the Ontario contingent. The remaining troops at the camp consisted of six companies of the 60th Rifles, two of the Quebec battalion, nineteen men of the Royal Engineers, under Lieut. Henegay, and the same number of Royal Artillery, under Lieut. Alleyne, who had under their charge four bronze guns, similar in shape and make to the steel guns used in Abyssinia. The commander now turned his attention to the state of the road over which the expedition would pass to Lake Shebandowan, where they would take the boats, part of which had already been sent forward. The route to Lake Shebandowan is thus described by a gentleman who accompanied the expedition:—

"From the station on Thunder Bay there is good road for horse and waggon for twenty-five miles. From this point—the Matawin bridge—there is another six miles open, which can be traversed by oxen and carts, though not yet easily by horses, and beyond this there is a matter of four miles, traversable by oxen, but in a still less advanced condition than the ten miles from Matawin. It will thus be seen that of the seventeen miles yet to be made to Shebandowan Lake, ten miles are in a more or less forward state, seven only being in a state of nature. Half-breeds are going into this at once, and the work will no doubt be pushed on with all expedition to aid the passage of the troops. It may be as well to say that, although the last seven miles are as yet untouched, the fact does not necessarily delay the troops, because the road here runs along the side of the Matawin River, and the troops could take to the boats for the seven miles, or any portion of them that might be unfinished. The road, so far as I have seen, is good, though rather narrow. It rises in a gentle incline from the shore of the bay, and meets its first hill about a mile and a half from the station. If it continues in a like condition throughout the twenty-five miles completed, that portion of the journey will be easily and quickly got over."

One hundred and forty boats had been provided for the use of the expedition, and the question now was how to transport them to the lake as quickly, and yet with as much safety as possible. A number were sent across in long waggons, but they sustained such injury in the transit that Col. Wolseley determined upon sending the remainder up by water. The remainder were accordingly tugged up a part of the way by the tug "Okrona," and then left to shift for themselves, while the waggons were employed in transporting heavy stores across to the lake. A serious obstacle, however, presented itself to the through passage of the boats in the neighbourhood of the Matawin Bridge. Col. Wolseley had ordered the first detachment of boats to attempt the passage of the Matawin (or Shebandowan) river, and so make the whole journey from Thunder Bay to Lake Shebandowan by water. Capt. Young with his party started in obedience to these orders; but after proceeding some way up the river, came upon a long series of rapids, which could not be poled or tracked, and which necessitated a portage of three miles. Unfortunately it was impossible to make the portage, for the land on either side of the rapids towered above in high perpendicular bluffs, and *volens volens* the party were compelled to return and report the difficulties which had stopped them. "Colonel Wolseley," says the authority quoted above, "immediately gave his attention to the task of finding some remedy. His faith in the utility of the upper half of the Dawson road for the purposes of the troops seems to be fading. The horses suffer so much from drawing the heavy laden waggons, that no fewer than sixty were on the sick list together during the past week. Gang after gang of men are put upon the works, and yet the road does not seem to arrive at that stage of completion that will permit of continuous heavy traffic passing over it. In a letter written from here about a month ago, I mentioned having driven thirty-two miles over the road, and added that, except for a few bad spots, the vehicle in which I was could have been driven to the then terminus of the line at the Oskondaga, a distance of forty miles from Thunder Bay. A month has elapsed, and the expedition is practically stopped at the Matawin Bridge, for the few miles beyond that over which heavy waggons can pass are more or less useless until those beyond them are in a passable state. It is clear that the expedition cannot wait for this, at least the boats cannot, and Col. Wolseley is determined that if axes and spades can help Capt. Young over his difficulty they shall not be spared. Men are detailed to cut a way for the boats, and Col. Wolseley has, I understand, arranged with Mr. Dawson to send every boat by water; those that are at the Matawin onward, and those that are in Thunder Bay, to join them."

Thus far goes the news hitherto received of the progress of the expedition. Though it is exceedingly discouraging to hear of such obstacles as above-mentioned, it may be expected that Col. Wolseley, who has shown such rare tact and prudence in the conduct of the expedition, and has already overcome so many obstacles, may yet see his way clear to effect the speedy advance of his troops.

The following is the programme from Shebandowan Lake northward:—

The departure from Shebandowan Lake will take place when a certain quantity of provisions have been stored there. As near as any one can judge, the date will be about the 1st of July, but the embarkation will not take place at the lake itself. Such, at least, is Col. Wolseley's present intention. The men and stores will be embarked at a place called Dam Site, a spot at which it was intended to dam the river; and the whole of the stores will be carried from that point to the lake—three miles—in the Pickie boats which were furnished from Ottawa. At the lake the stores will be distributed, each boat taking its proper quantum, and the first brigade of boats will then move on. The standing orders will have told the arrangements for the progress of the expedition up to Fort Francis; after that point, circumstances and the judgment of

Col. Wolseley will decide the route and the method of conducting it. As for the time that will be occupied in making the journey it is impossible to give any opinion that could be of the slightest value. It will depend on many circumstances, over which no one has any control.

CORPUS CHRISTI AT CAUGHNAWAGA.

On Sunday, May 19th, being the Sunday following the feast of Corpus Christi, and the day always set apart for this particular observance, the Fête-Dieu was celebrated in the Indian village of Caughnawaga with more than usual éclat. Immediately after the conclusion of mass, the procession formed and the Host was carried with due solemnity through the principal streets of the village. At three different points on the route taken by the procession repositories had been erected, where the Blessed Sacrament was deposited and the Benediction given. After the usual ceremonies at these stations, the procession reformed and returned to the parish church. A large number of Indians and Squaws attended the ceremony, the latter dressed in their peculiar and picturesque costume. The males of the tribe, it is to be regretted, appeared in the regular dress of every day civilized life instead of their own national costume. Some attempt had been made at decorating the village, and the result was somewhat striking. All along the line of route the houses were draped with bed-clothing—sheets, blankets and many-coloured rugs hung on all the walls, while the windows were blocked up with mirrors, which, along with other household effects, had been pressed into the service of decoration. The telegraph poles were covered with rolls of coloured calico, and an abundance of small flags hung across the streets. The display, if not very grand, had the merit of being novel and was not without effect. Our illustration, giving the scene at the repository on the main street of the village, was taken on the spot by our own artist.

BIC—LOWER ST. LAWRENCE.

One of the most picturesque spots on the Lower St. Lawrence is the country in and about Rimouski, on the south bank of the river. This country is covered with rocky ridges extending for a distance of 27 miles, and enclosing between them a broad, open valley. The width of this valley is 2 miles at its western extremity, from which it extends due eastwards, gradually tapering until its width does not exceed 800 yards. It opens out over the bold and broken mountains of Bic, one of the seigneuries into which the county of Rimouski is parcelled. The whole of this part of the country is excessively hilly, and presents a series of abrupt hills and craggy cliffs, of which a most picturesque view is obtained from the river. The island of Bic, which lies at a short distance off the banks of the river, is nearly three miles in length by three quarters of a mile in breadth. Opposite the island is a bay in which small craft can lie completely land-locked.

THE QUEBEC FIRE.

In a former number an account was given of the devastation caused by the fire which broke out in Quebec on the 24th of May last, accompanied by an illustration of the scene in Mr. Baldwin's ship-yards, during the progress of the fire in that direction. Our illustration in the present issue gives an idea of the havoc committed by this destructive conflagration, which consumed over 400 houses in a district of the city once already devastated by fire. Our illustration is leggotyped from a photograph by Livois & Bienvenu.

THE CONVENT OF ST. BENEDICT IN THE TYROL.

The huge building depicted in our illustration, with its solid archways, its massive stonework and its lofty turret, is one of many such edifices to be found among the lofty crags of the Tyrol. Establishments such as this—perched on the side of some huge rocks, or nestled in some green-clad valley of the Alps or Apennines but always far from the abode of man and the noise and bustle of great cities, are scattered thickly over the northern part of Italy and offer a peaceful retreat to those wearied with the strife and turmoil of life. The greater part of these convents belong to the order of Benedictines—the literary class among the many orders of the Roman hierarchy. Other religious orders have distinguished themselves in their various ways, by their energy, their power, their devotion to the cause they made their own, but to the Benedictines belongs the honour of having constituted themselves the champions of learning at a time when learning was but little appreciated, and of having kept alive the taste for knowledge in the darkest times of the middle ages. They have further pre-eminently deserved the thanks of the literary classes of all nations for having preserved and handed down to us the few remaining monuments of ancient literature that are still preserved. At a time when books were scarce and knowledge hard to obtain, the Benedictines turned their monasteries into libraries where the works of the ancient philosophers and historians were treasured, reproduced and scattered—not broadcast certainly—throughout the lands. More than that, they constituted themselves the historians of their own times. Living secluded from the world, and yet in its midst, they were silent, unmoved spectators of the drama enacted around them. Taking no part in the affairs of the day, they were enabled to become truthful, unbiassed chroniclers—somewhat short-sighted perhaps, and unexperienced, when they indulged in reflections on the causes or result of some great event; but where they confined themselves, as they usually did, to simple narration, their testimony is invaluable. Even at the present day, when the Benedictine order is far from being either as numerous or as wealthy as in the days of old, the good work is still continued and the convents of St. Benedict are still regarded as the repositories of learning and the dwelling-places of the erudite.

CITY HALL, KINGSTON.

The City of Kingston, the chief town of the County of Frontenac, lies on the northern bank of the St. Lawrence, at the point where Lake Ontario discharges its waters into the river. Situated on a broad and beautiful bay which offers safe harbourage to vessels of every draught, Kingston has attracted a large quantity of the shipping trade of the lakes, and having, in addition, every facility at hand for the prosecution of ship building, it bids fair to become one of the most important ports on the inland waters of the Dominion, as well as one of its first

manufacturing towns. The city is one of the oldest settled localities in Ontario. On the site of the Indian village of Cataragui, the fort of Frontenac was raised by the French, and on the site of Fort Frontenac in turn the present city was founded in 1784. As a place of defence Kingston ranks second to Quebec. The batteries of Fort Henry are calculated for the reception of numerous cannon and mortars of the highest calibre, and ever since its occupation the town has been strongly garrisoned with British troops. It is to its shipping trade principally that Kingston owes its present prosperity. Sailing vessels and steamboats of every capacity are here built and fitted out with every requisite, either for lake or ocean navigation. At different times vessels have been built and fitted out here, loaded and sent direct to England; and the largest steamboats that now navigate Lake Ontario and the river have come off Kingston stocks. The timber necessary for the building and fitting out of vessels comes from the neighbouring townships, and the iron-work, including every kind of machinery, is turned out from the city foundries. The material for this kind of work is at present imported from England, but if Dr. Sterry Hunt's ideas respecting the working of Canadian iron-sand (of which an abundance exists on the shores of the Lower St. Lawrence) should prove to be feasible, Kingston will be able to furnish marine machinery of native manufacture and native material. The city has a number of magnificent buildings, the finest of which is the City Hall, of which an illustration is given on another page. The cost of this building is estimated at \$148,000. It was erected in 1839-40, and is built entirely of Kingston stone.

THE LEGGOTYPE WORKS.—Mr. W. A. Shepard of the Belleville *Intelligencer*, having paid a visit to the office of the *C. I. News*, has kindly given the following extended notice of the establishment in his "Notes by the Way."

"Amongst other places of interest in Montreal we had occasion to visit were the leggotype works on St. Antoine street, the publication office of the *Canadian Illustrated News*. It is a long, two story brick building, one half of the roof of which being of glass, gives the impression of an immense conservatory. There is no signboard or other indication to undeceive the passer-by, except that at the windows may be seen many workmen busily engaged either for the *News*, or in the preparation of lithographic designs for commercial work, of which a very large quantity is there executed. Entering by a flight of steps at the west end of the building, we passed through the business office, at the rear of which, and with a window overlooking St. Martin street, is the private office of Mr. Desbarats and his Secretary. Turning eastwards the office is divided by a corridor or passage-way, on either side of which are the little stalls set apart for the artists of the *News* and the lithographers. Further on is the Lithographic Press Room to the one side, and the Editorial Room of the *News* on the other. Then a lateral wing of the same modest style of construction runs northward, in which, on the first floor, is the compositors' room, a large, well-lighted, airy building. Above are the folding and mailing rooms of the *News*, and also the private residence of the foreman, Mr. Bureau. Underneath this wing, in the cellar, is the press room, with three large machines of Babcock & Cottrell's construction, a pressing and cutting machine, etc., etc. At the north-west corner stands the boiler and engine house, over which the tall smoke-stack gives a certain factory look to the whole building. Here a splendid engine of 16 horse power is in almost constant operation; here, over the engine, the stereotyping work by the *papier maché* process—the most perfect in existence—is carried on. Returning by the press room and passing by the ground-floor of the range of the building on St. Antoine street we come against a little glaring furnace, with an intolerable heat, doing duty in drying plaster casts, melting wax, etc. On the St. Antoine street side, turning westward, are the "batteries," electrotyping apparatus, etc. Divided as above by a corridor, we found on the north-side of this "lower region," the place where the plaster moulds for the leggotypes were made, the carpenter's shop for mounting the plates, etc. Going up at the west end, we mounted at once into what strikes every passer-by as the conservatory. Here Mr. Leggo reigns supreme. The photographic art is the beginning of his process, and he is supplied with a huge instrument, the largest camera in Canada, if not in America, capable of taking pictures 30 by 36 inches. It is, we believe, generally admitted that there is not on the continent of America another photographic room so large, so well appointed, and so abundantly supplied with instruments as that of Mr. Desbarats. Beyond this are the "dark room" and other apartments required for carrying out the work. The leggotype itself was also explained to us. A photograph is made on a peculiar and, we suppose, secret preparation; from this a model is taken in plaster; the plaster is brushed and the lines are touched up by skilled hands where it is required; and then a stereotype is made. It seems a simple and inexpensive process. It ought to be the pride of the Canadian people to sustain this new enterprise, which, if well supported, will go far to revolutionize the art of printing, and establish the claim of Canada to an honourable place among the nations of the earth in forwarding the work of human progress."

CURIOSITIES OF EATING.

An old beau, formerly well known in Washington City, was accustomed to eat but one meal in twenty-four hours; if, after this, he had to go to a party and take a second dinner, he ate nothing at all next day. He died at the age of seventy years.

A lady of culture, refinement, and unusual powers of observation and comparison, became a widow. Reduced from affluence to poverty, with a large family of small children dependent on her manual labor for daily food, she made a variety of experiments to ascertain what articles could be purchased for the least money, and would, at the same time, "go the farthest," by keeping her children longest from crying for something to eat. She soon discovered that when they ate buckwheat cakes and molasses, they were quiet for a longer time than after eating any other kind of food.

A distinguished Judge of the United States District Court observed that, when he took buckwheat cakes for breakfast, he could sit on the bench the whole day without being uncomfortably hungry; if the cakes were omitted, he felt obliged to take a lunch about noon. Buckwheat cakes are a universal favorite at the winter breakfast table, and scientific investigation and analysis have shown that they abound in the heat-forming principle, hence nature takes away our appetite for them in summer.

During the Irish famine, when many died of hunger, the

poor were often found spending their last shilling for tea and tobacco and spirits. It has also been often observed in New York, by those connected with charitable institutions, that when money was paid to the poor, they often laid out every cent in tea or coffee instead of procuring the more substantial food, such as meal, and flour, and potatoes. On being reproved for this apparent extravagance and improvidence, the reply, in both cases, was identical; their own observation had shown them that a penny's worth of tea, or tobacco, or liquor, would keep off the sense of hunger longer than a penny's worth of anything else. Scientific men express the idea by saying, "Tea, like alcohol, retards the metamorphosis of the tissues;" in other words, it gives fuel to the flame of life, and thus prevents it from consuming the fat and flesh of the body.

If a person gets into the habit of taking a lunch between breakfast and dinner, he will very soon find himself getting faint about the regular luncheon time; but let him be so pressed with important engagements for several days in succession as to take nothing between meals, it will not be long before he can dispense with his lunch altogether. These things seem to show that, to a certain extent, eating often is a mere matter of habit. Whole tribes of Indian hunters and trappers have been known to eat but once in twenty-four hours, and that at night.—*Dr. Hall's Tracts.*

A HINT.—A French gardener finding a piece of woolen cloth, which had lodged in a tree, covered with caterpillars, acted upon the idea suggested, and placed woolen rags in several trees. Every morning he found them covered with caterpillars, which he easily removed.

THE MANUFACTURE OF CHLOROFORM.—According to the late Jas. Y. Simpson, there is a single manufactory of chloroform, located in Edinburgh, which makes as many as eight thousand doses a day, or between two millions and three millions of doses every year—evidence to what an extent the practice is now carried of wrapping men, women, and children in a painless sleep during some of the most trying moments and hours of human existence.

An invention has recently been introduced for the purpose of increasing the illuminating power of gas. The apparatus is simply a thin disk of some incombustible material—glass, porcelain, or metal—which is pierced with one or several holes, the apertures or aperture being proportioned to the diameters of the different burners. The size of the pierced disk may be the internal diameter of the chimney, so that it may be fixed at the upper part; or it may be a little larger, so that it may be placed directly upon the chimney.

CHIESS.

The following is another of a series of games played by correspondence between Ottawa and Quebec, in 1866.

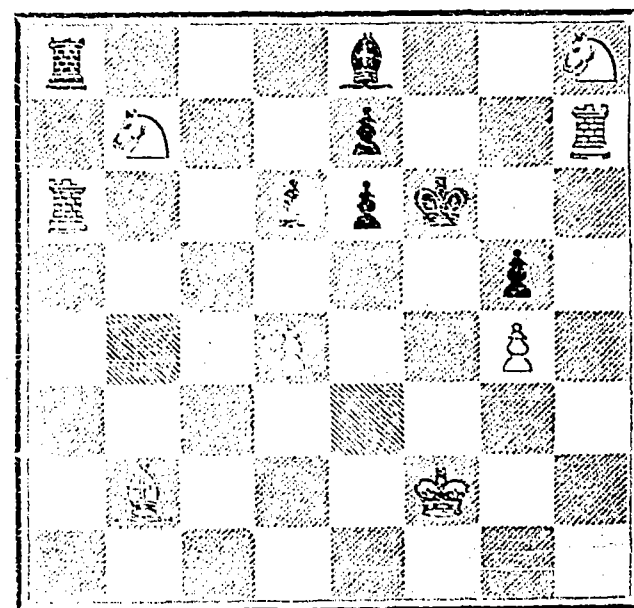
IRREGULAR OPENING.

- | White. | Black. |
|--------------------------------|----------------------------|
| Mr. E. T. F. (Ottawa) | Mr. F. H. A., Jr. (Quebec) |
| 1. P. to Q. 4th. | P. to K. B. 4th. |
| 2. B. to K. B. 4th. | K. Kt. to B. 3rd. |
| 3. B. to K. 3rd. | P. to K. 3rd. |
| 4. K. Kt. to B. 3rd. | B. to K. 2nd. |
| 5. B. to Q. B. 4th. | Castles. |
| 6. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd. | Kt. to K. R. 4th. a |
| 7. Q. Kt. to K. 2nd. b | P. to K. Kt. 4th. |
| 8. Q. Kt. to K. Kt. 3rd. | Kt. takes Kt. |
| 9. B. takes Kt. | P. to K. B. 5th. |
| 10. P. takes P. | P. takes P. |
| 11. Kt. to K. 5th. c | B. to Q. Kt. 5th. ch. |
| 12. P. to Q. B. 3rd. | Q. to K. Kt. 4th. |
| 13. P. takes B. | P. takes B. |
| 14. R. P. takes P. | Q. to K. B. 4th. |
| 15. Q. to K. 2nd. | P. to Q. 3rd. |
| 16. B. to Q. 3rd. | Q. takes P. ch. d |
| 17. Q. takes Q. | R. takes Q. |
| 18. K. takes R. | P. takes Kt. |
| 19. B. takes P. ch. | K. to Kt. 2nd. |
| 20. P. takes P. | Kt. to Q. 2nd. e |
| 21. Q. R. to K. sq. | P. to Q. R. 4th. |
| 22. P. takes P. | R. takes P. |
| 23. B. to Q. Kt. sq. | Kt. to K. B. sq. |
| 24. R. to K. 4th. | K. to B. 2nd. |
| 25. R. to K. B. 4th. ch. wins. | |

a This attack seems premature, and dangerous for Black, after having castled: we should have preferred opening out the Queen's side.
 b P. to K. R. 3rd. would have saved the piece, but White plays correctly in abandoning it, since, after having won it, his opponent's game becomes indefensible.
 c Well played: the beginning of a formidable attack: Black now changes his plan of operations and brings the Queen to the rescue; but the remaining pent up pieces come into play too late to save the game.
 d Singular as this may appear, it will be found to be about the best left for it—16. Q. to Kt. 4th., or Q. to B. 3rd., White wins by force in a few moves.
 e K—20. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd.—then follows Q. R. to Q. B. sq. &c.

PROBLEM No. 12.

BLACK.

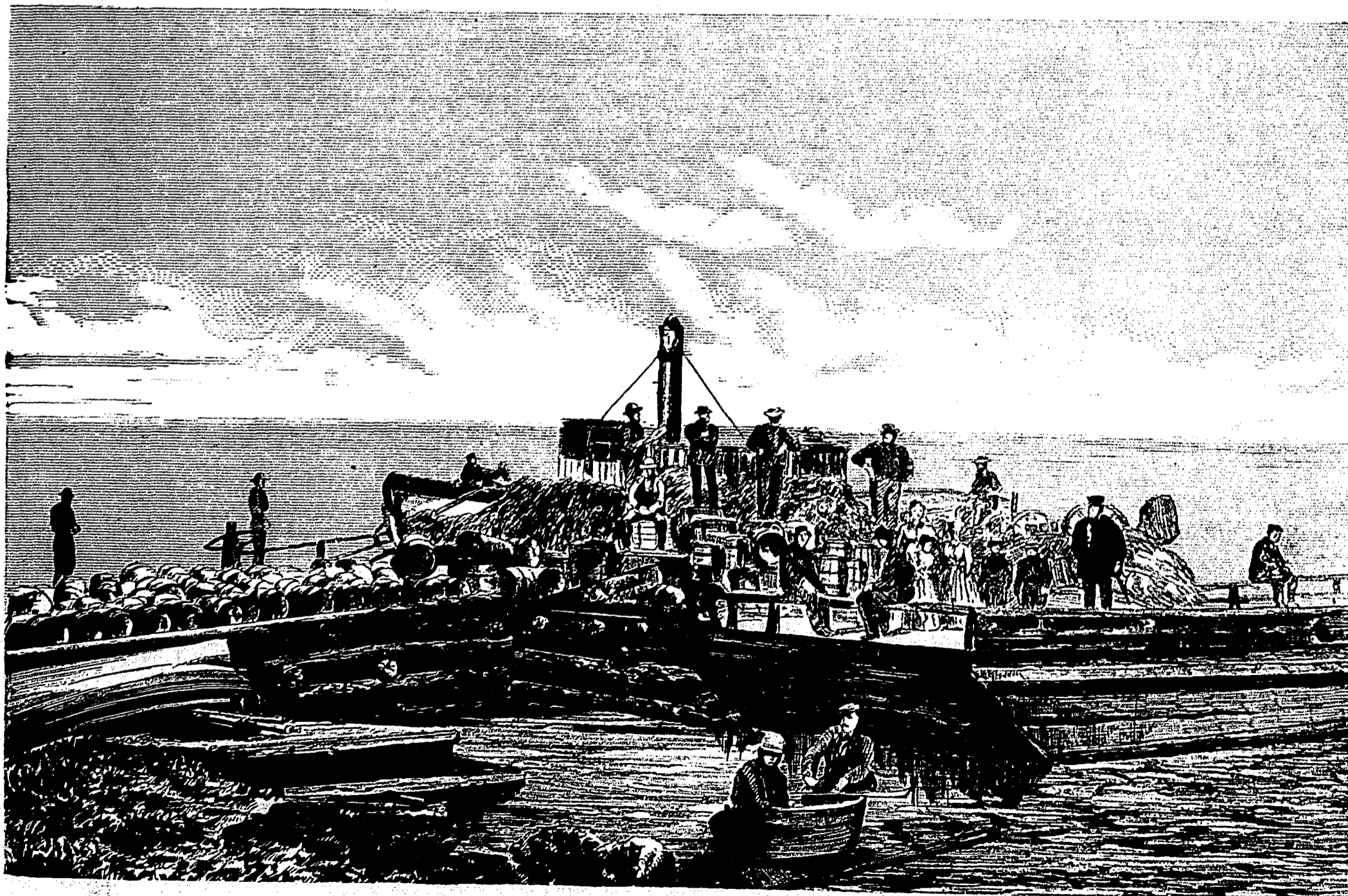


WHITE.

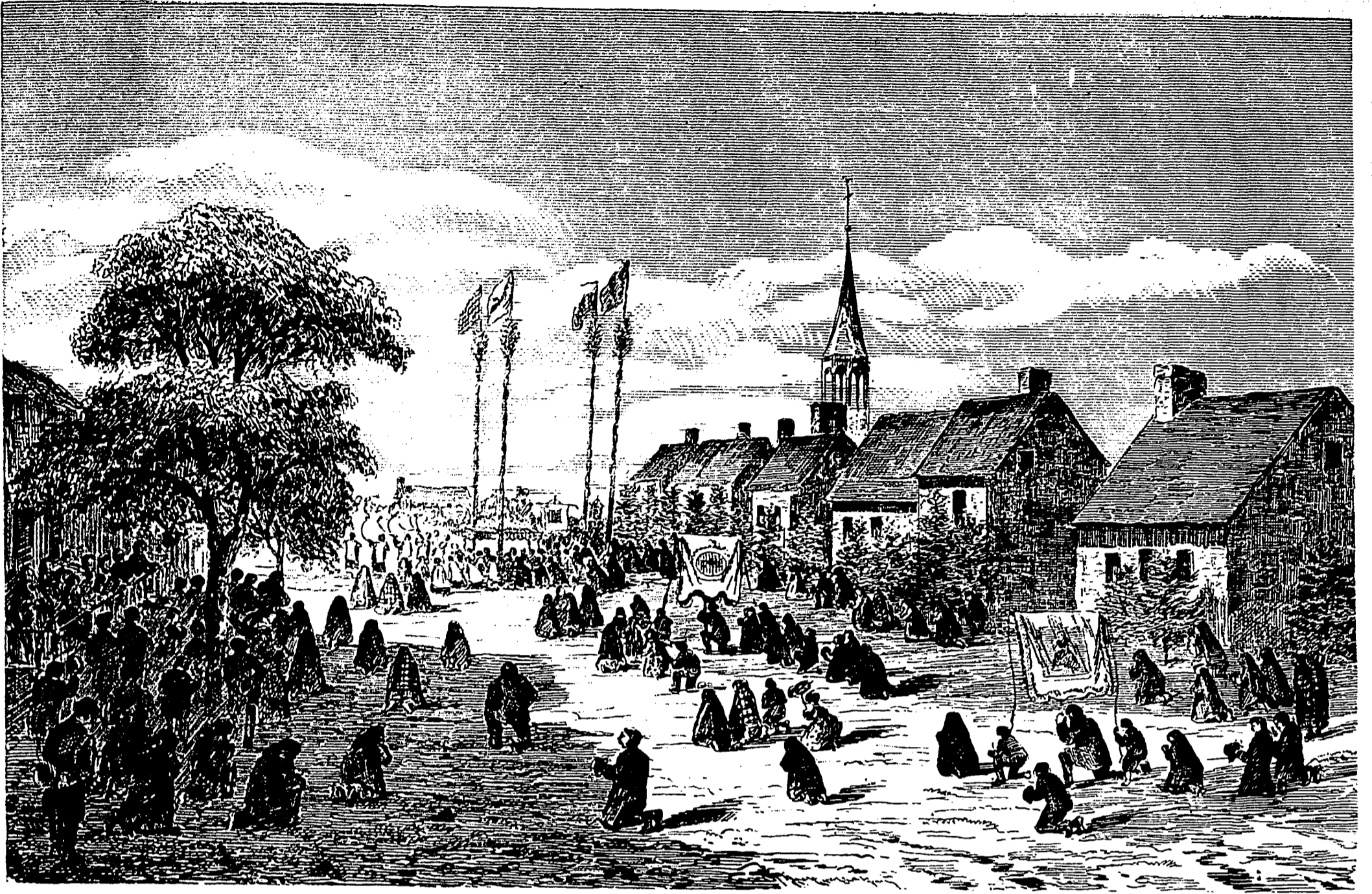
White to play, and mate in two moves.



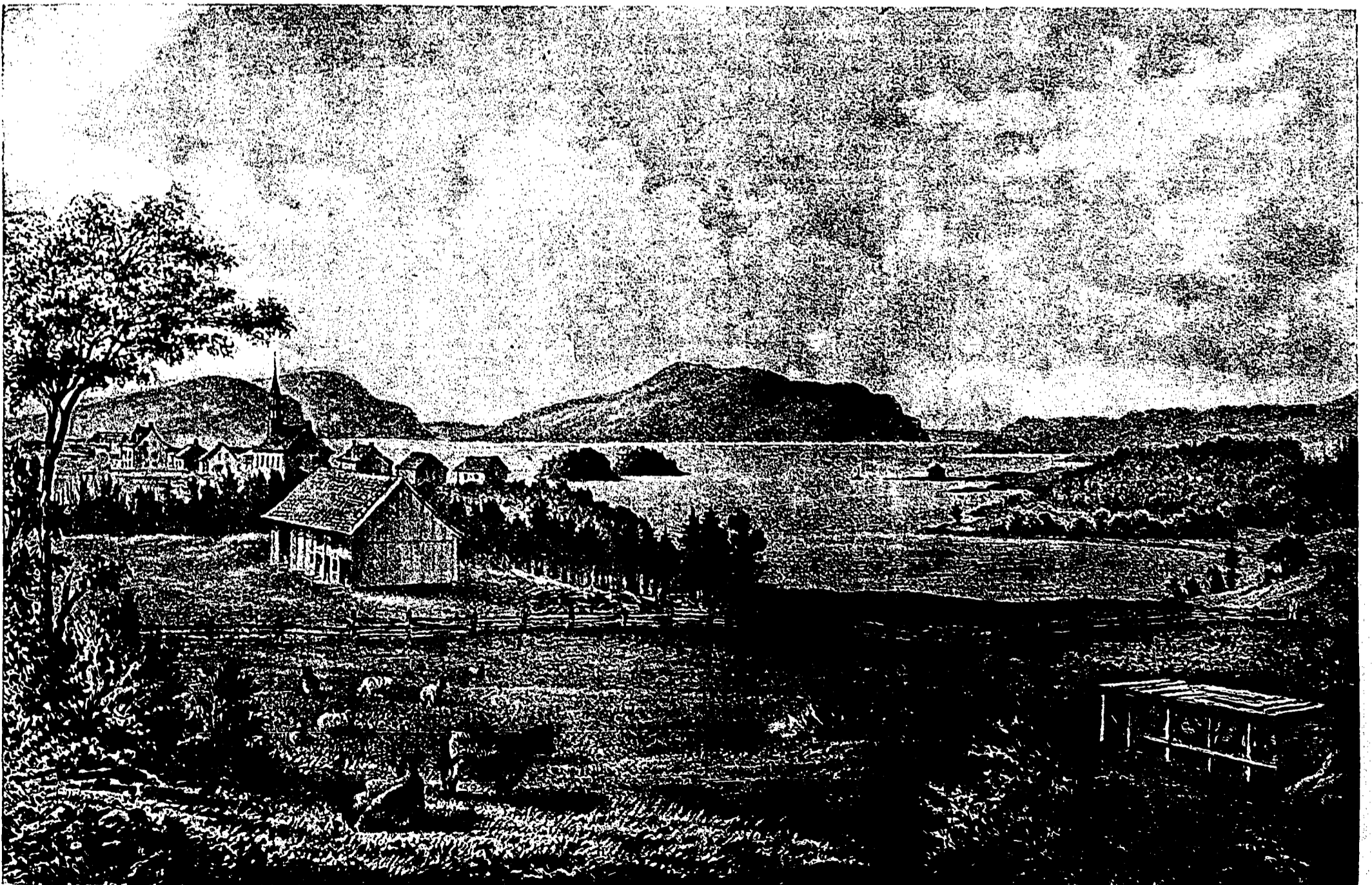
CITY HALL, KINGSTON N.—SEE PAGE 7.



RED RIVER EXPEDITION.—UNLOADING STORES AT PRINCE ARTHUR LANDING.—SEE PAGE 6.



PROCESSION ON CORPUS CHRISTI DAY AT CAUGHNAWAGA. From a sketch by our own Artist.—See page 7.



R.I.C.—LOWER ST. LAWRENCE.—SEE PAGE 7.

OF ALL THE FLOWERS I'VE GATHERED.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

I.

Of all the flowers I've gathered,
Of all the hopes I've cherished,
No flower remains unwithered,
And many a hope has perished.
Shall I therefore hope no more?
Summer's flowery sweets ignore?
Are there hopes and flowers in store,
Bright as those which went before?
Yes; as ever Summer wore:
Yes; as ever bosom bore.

II.

One seemed my friend: I trusted.
He called himself my brother;
I found he only jested—
Then shall I trust no other?
Shall I therefore cease to claim
Friendship that is more than name?
Beats there on this earthly frame
One true heart to death the same?
Yes: let Friendship bear no blame;
Falseness cannot suit her name.

III.

Those whom I hold the dearest
May sometimes cause me sorrow,
As oft glad days are nearest
To sadness on the morrow.
Shall I therefore cease to live
In the joy that love can give?
Is there love that does not grieve,
Love that knows not to deceive?
Yes: love ever and believe;
Love on earth is Heaven's eve.

JOHN READER.

NEVER ACTED.

How or when I became a dramatic author, I can't exactly remember; it is certain, however, that I am one, though my plots, my characters, my situations, my incidents, and my sparkling dialogue, are confined to the original manuscripts, unprofaned by the stage-manager's ruthless pencil. In a word, I am a melancholy specimen of the 'outsiders'—of whom it may with truth be said that their name is Legion. Indeed, it would be worth the while of some naturalist, interested in such matters, to classify us according to our assumed intellectual stamina, from the gloomy concocter of poetical tragedies, in five acts, downwards through the gradations of historical drama, domestic drama, melo-drama, extravaganza, and burlesque, to the humble farce writers—to which fraternity I have the honour to belong; the revelations, I am sure, would fully repay him for his researches. Of course, the grief of the unsuccessful farce writer is much less sublime than that of the disappointed tragedy writer, but the mortified vanity is the same in both cases. However, I will not inflict any speculations of mine on the reader, but proceed at once to the narration of a few of my own experiences.

From the period when I wore lay-down collars and jackets, with one pocket inside, I have been a theatrical enthusiast. My friends say it is a misfortune that I am what I am. I don't think so, I never shall think so. To this hour (I am eight-and-twenty) I experience precisely the same emotions on entering a theatre as I did at nine and a half—my age when I first set foot therein—whilst I have seen youngsters of nineteen preserve a perfectly unmoved countenance throughout the performances.

I have a recollection of having been impressed with a sense of awe at the aspect of a crowded theatre. The lofty ceiling, with its glittering chandelier high above my head—the tiers on tiers of boxes, ending in the noisy, reeking galleries—the multitude of faces—the bright light, and soft music—enchanted my wondering senses on my first visit. But the rising of the curtain eclipsed all these; for when the sulky, green monster (I almost thought it was alive) slowly and grudgingly rolled himself up out of the way, and displayed treasures which he had screened, everything else was forgotten. When my enraptured gaze rested on beautiful ladies with ruscate cheeks, white necks, how my little boy's heart thumped against my ribs! When the bewitching creatures walked about, and conversed with men of noble bearing, I would have given all my worldly possessions—including a new top—to have been one of those men. Two of their number spoke in a loud tone for the benefit of the audience; what they said I could not distinctly make out, but I repeatedly asked my elder companion why they said it there before us, and whether they meant to do what they said. In my bread-and-butter-eating, six-o'clock-to-bed-going life, I had seen and known very little of the real world, much less of the strange ideal existence then presented to me. In later years, when my collars had assumed a vertical form, when the jacket of one pocket had given place to the coat of many pockets, and myself had reached the regions of hobbledehoyhood, the theatre was my sole amusement—a much-loved resort, where the vexations of my junior clerkship could be forgotten, and where I lived a new life in an atmosphere of poetry and sweet sounds. Among the first to enter, and the last to depart, was I; the most rapt listener there to the music between the acts, with its weird comments on the past and coming scenes, when beneath its spell aerial fancies crowded through my brain, and I gazed—gazed till the fishermen in the Italian drop-scene seemed to live, and move, and have a being.

I have already said that I cannot tell how or when I became a dramatic author—the faculty of being so seeming as much a part of me as are my legs and arms—but my first play was written at the ripe age of fifteen. Perhaps it would be a stretch of courtesy to call that a play which was a clumsy farce in one act; but I didn't think it clumsy—I had perfected it with great care and labour, and had built quite a little castle of anticipations upon it. To be sure, it had a few trifling drawbacks; for instance, I had not the faintest knowledge of dramatic construction, and the phraseology which I had taken for my model was that affected by facetious penny-a-liners. Then, again, from my ignorance of the world, I was unable to assign to my characters their proper action and dialogue. My ladies, in particular, were very outspoken. How could they help it, poor things, for I put language into their mouths such as would only be used by a poor-law guardian in his unofficial moments! In addition to the above defects, I was quite in the dark with regard to the mechanical appliances and practical business of the stage. It may be imagined, therefore, that my first farce was not without its blemishes. Such as it was, however, I submitted it to two judges, one of whom was a veteran dramatic author, known to me only by repute, and to

whom I had the assurance to enclose the manuscript for perusal; and the other was an amateur actor of my acquaintance, who has since achieved greatness by the force of his genius. Both these judges pronounced a favourable decision on my crude attempt—qualified, it is true, but still favourable. The author generously forgave my intrusion, and wrote me a few kind words of counsel and caution. He had, he said, no time to read my piece—it was a piece of presumption on my part to suppose he had—but from what he could glean by glancing over it, he thought that I was clever, and recommended me to try my wings at a 'minor.' Should he read these lines, he is assured that I still gratefully remember the incident. My actor-friend, too, with rare delicacy, forbore to probe my vanity with a too rough and candid criticism, but considerably pointed out the faults, telling me that, with time and study, I should become a respectable author. Here was a capital of praise to start with. So, after a short interval, I set to work afresh on another piece, to be entirely free from the errors which had disfigured its predecessor.

I had made several additions to my stock of knowledge. I had learned that it is decidedly improper for a young lady about to be married to make allusions to the number and beauty of her future family; also, that no character must enter or exit without a sufficient motive for such entrance or exit; with various other technical details of more or less importance. Profiting then, by my failure, and stimulated by the approbation which I had received, I threw all my energies into the composition of another piece, with which I determined I should commence my career before the public. Filled as I was with enthusiasm at the prospect of ultimate success, I laboured assiduously at my new work—too much so, I fear, to have been compatible with the proper performance of my duties as junior clerk in a merchant's office. I selected a smart title; I was careful that my dialogue should not exceed the ordinary conversational sentences; and throughout the piece I aimed at the piquant and the witty. To the dialogue I paid marked attention, studding it with elaborate puns, and impromptus which cost me, each of them, half an hour's thought; but I was most especially careful, as I have said, to restrain its exuberance. This latter precaution was so much the more necessary, as I had been in the habit of giving each person speeches of half a page at the least, which tended sadly to retard and a little to mystify the story.

In due time my *petite comédie*, as I loved to call it, was finished; and behold me, one autumn evening, with my precious manuscript carefully wrapped up and sealed, under my arm, betaking myself to a minor theatre which I had chosen for my *début* in the far north of the metropolis. I had not the courage to address myself to such an awful potentate as the manager; but having ascertained, by correspondence with an official, that he (the official) would procure a reading of my piece for 'a consideration,' in the event of acceptance, my journey was to meet this important personage—this histrionic Mazarin—and deposit my treasure in his hands. He was a smart—nay, glossy man, with a very red face, and a very black moustache, which he cherished and fondled with extraordinary affection. His whole appearance, from his curly new hat to his patent boots, was quite the antipodes of his brethren of the sock and buskin in that remote quarter, who had generally a seedy look about them, indicating but too plainly the late hours and hard work which was their portion in life. My Mentor received me in a very familiar, patronising way; indeed, to have seen us together would have suggested, to an inspired painter, a second edition of the poet and the player. He condescended to tell me, with reference to the profession, that he had been 'born in it, my boy,' and therefore knew, as well as any man on the boards, what would take and what wouldn't (decisively). I humbly accepted the conclusion, and requested to be favoured with his professional opinion on the piece which I had brought with me. It is needless to repeat our conversation, which consisted mainly of magniloquent assertions on his side, and deferential acquiescence on mine—suffice it to say, that before I left him he promised, that if the piece pleased him, he would forward my interests with the manager to the utmost of his power, subject, of course, to the aforesaid 'consideration.' I must not omit to mention either, that he requested to know whether I was writing for money or for fame; and on my answering 'for both,' appeared satisfied.

To comprehend the full force of my feelings, you must bear in mind the affection which dramatic authors, more than any *litterateurs*, entertain for their mental offspring. Other writers address you more in the character of spectators of the events which they portray; the dialogue with them is only a minor accessory; subordinate to and illustrative of their verbal descriptions. With us, on the contrary, the dialogue is the first consideration, of which everything else in our art is merely the illustration and counterfoil; into it we throw our energies, our life, till it becomes not only the 'parts' spoken by imaginary individuals, but a record of our own emotions. Can you wonder, then, as a cruel satirist has said, we are more tickled by our own jokes, and affected by our own pathos, than any one else in the theatre?

Tired and happy, I reached my home on the Surrey side of the Thames, and went to bed that night to dream of future greatness, fancying—credulous being!—that I was on the highway to fame. I little knew how often I was destined to advance on that path in hope, and retrace it in despair. But I am anticipating. To use a common expression, if I went once to that man with anxious inquiries in reference to my piece, I went twenty times. His superb demeanour was not in the slightest degree ruffled by my impertinence; on the contrary, he was in full possession of the quality, popularly supposed to belong pre-eminently to Sheridan, and a distinguished light comedian of the present day—namely, *putting off*. Each time that I presented myself for intelligence, I was met with some evasive reply; sometimes it was press of business that had prevented his making any progress; sometimes it was one thing, sometimes another; and each time did I with misgivings drag my young limbs wearily homeward: it was always after a hard day's work. Never shall I forget those long, mournful walks in the twilight—twilight within as well as around me—twilight of hope, joy, and fondly-nursed expectations—twilight of the soul. Yet there was nothing in his excuses to which I could make any objection, and I feared to anger my oppressor by useless displays of impatience. So things went on, till after I had been to him about a score of times, and was still returning with an unsatisfactory answer, I would gladly, if not ashamed, have sat down on the first door-step and relieved my surcharged heart of its burthen in a flood of tears.

At length, when I had almost given up hoping, my slow torturer gladdened me with the intelligence that my piece

was in a fair way of being put upon the stage; in other words, that, owing to his overpowering influence with the manager, that terrible person had been induced to peruse my manuscript. A farce was required, so said the torturer, just at that time; he had read mine himself, and thought that, with a few alterations, it would be presentable. All this was told me with the most undisturbed self-possession, whilst he was combing his moustache. I well knew that comb; it had twelve teeth, one of them broken off at the end; but the effect upon me was electric. I warmly thanked him for his services, over and above the 'consideration,' and immediately became oblivious to all my unhappiness. What! were my two ladies and my two gentlemen to find living breathing representatives? Were two real, pretty actresses to speak the words I had set down for them? How I should hang upon their lips, and follow them with my eyes, and repeat their parts to myself, as the piece proceeded! How delightful, also, to know what was coming before anybody else in the house did! All the people would naturally think that my two gentlemen were going to fight a duel when they crossed and recrossed so fiercely, when the one gesticulated, and the other looked over his shoulder, till at last they exchanged cards. But I should know better; I should know that it would all turn out to be a mistake, which would be set right at the *dénouement*, when one of the pretty ladies would explain everything, and appeal to the audience in a charming little epilogue. Then, of course, I should appear before the curtain in obedience to enthusiastic calls, and make a low bow to the delighted auditory. I scarcely dared to believe in such felicity.

My exultation was short-lived—fleeting as the mirage which deceives the wandering traveller—for the very next time that I went to my Theatre, I was almost stunned by the news that my piece was rejected. A farce had been accepted, and was in rehearsal; but it was not mine; some more favoured writer had superseded me. To say that I felt disheartened, crushed, would scarcely give you an idea of the violent reaction which took place within me as I saw the one hope disappear which had gleamed through the darkness. Even my red-faced friend must have been touched by my look of dejection, for he attempted to console me with the remark, that if I had been only a *lettle* earlier in the field, I might have been successful. So self-confident was I, that I could never bring myself to believe that my failure resulted from any inferiority in my work. No, thought I bitterly, it is not that; some friend or relative, perhaps, with a stronger claim than mere merit, has obtained possession of the magnate's ear, to the exclusion of me—the friendless stranger. I was now indignant; all my former diffidence was cast to the winds; and I went straight to the great man, and demanded my manuscript. After a search and a grumble, he found and delivered it to me, growling out that people must suppose that he paid an amanuensis to read everything that was sent to him. I heeded not the remark, but passing my hat over my eyes, to hide my boy's tears, I left the theatre. I did not stop to take leave of the red-faced man, but with my little comedy in my pocket, pressed close to my heart, I found myself once more returning by that road on which I had made so many weary, useless pilgrimages.

Years have passed away since the foregoing episode, years of application to other pursuits, but through all changes I have never ceased to cherish the idea of one day becoming a successful dramatic writer. Over and over again have I sat down, in my intervals of leisure, to spin some fresh dramatic web more complex or more 'taking' than before; but no manager has hitherto been caught therein. Yet I have not gone carelessly to work, for every link, every mesh of my web, has been zealously perfected before I have suffered it to leave my hands. I have taken household suffrage (after Molière), I have expunged and rewritten and re-expunged, till I fondly imagined I had made as near an approach to perfection as it was possible. Still has come, after much pressing, the same coldly polite answer, declining my assistance, and adding another dead hope to my already lifeless nosegay. To be sure, I have the satisfaction of being condemned unheard (or unread); but that is, at the best, only a sorry consolation.

Once, and once only, since my first oasis, have I been refreshed by a gleam of sunshine, in the shape of a small, but now rather dirty, little note, which I always carry about with me. This little note is a communication from a brother-author, who had become the lessee of a theatre; its contents are warmly eulogistic of a certain piece which I had sent to the writer; and, what is most to the purpose, he intimates—happy consummation!—that when his arrangements permit, it shall have a place on his programme. But it was decreed otherwise; for, after a gallant struggle against adverse circumstances, the poor man was compelled to resign the reins of management, and my farce, upon which I had rebuilt my old fame-castles, now lies in my desk, unacted, causing in me mournful feelings when my eye rests on it, like one looking at a stranded ship thrown high and dry on the shore. My correspondent, whilst he was in power though, set a good example to his contemporary despots, inasmuch as he made some sort of an attempt to read his 'deluge' of manuscripts, and my dirty little note is the result. This thumbed epistle is a source of satisfaction to me, indeed a precious recognition, when I reflect that the hand which penned the encomium belongs to no partial friend, but to an experienced critic, himself an author of talent and reputation. Whenever I grow desponding—which is not seldom—at my want of success, I take from my pocket my dirty little note, and the sight of its well-known characters helps to restore my equanimity; indeed I am not quite sure but that at some of my haunts it is identified with me, and I am known as the young man with the dirty little note.

Yet I ought not to complain, for there are hundreds of amateur-dramatists who have no dirty little notes to shew; hundreds of men and women who have invested their precious time in this fruitless speculation. There must be an absorbing interest in the drama to attract such a crowd of aspirants; personal vanity may be the impulsive motive with many of the amateur-actors, but the dramatists must have a much stronger incentive, for they far outnumber them.

It has been the fashion lately, in periodical literature, to people the old streets of London with the shadowy celebrities of former days. Thus poor Dr. Johnson has been trotted about to an extent, that if it had been in the substance instead of the shadow, would have caused the great lexicographer to use rather undignified language. The posts which he touched, the particular paving-stones that he trod upon, the taverns where he contradicted, asserted, and laid down the law, are all matters of history; in fact, the public are as well

acquainted with his haunts and walks as they are with the windings of their own domiciles. I am no exception to this fashion. I am sensible of a quiet pleasure whilst sauntering, in my own dreamy way, along some ramshackle old street in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden or St. Martin's Lane, where many of the upper stories overhang the cellar-like ground-floors, and every window, roof, and gable is suggestive of the life of olden times. If I behold, high up in air, some garret window more dusty and broken than the others, I picture to myself that there some poor poet wrote, and starved, and died in the wild race for fame; then I see a house of more pretension, the residence of some noble 'patron' yonder in that dwelling was written, under the pressure of debt, the immortal *Vicar of Wakefield*; further on, a sublime epic was composed, or a world-known comedy first put on paper. Perhaps, of all the people in this street—the Irishman selling oranges and fine 'eating' apples, the occupants of the green-grocery, oyster, and coffee shops, the readers at the old book-stalls—I am the only one looking back through the long vista of time. These walks always carry me to the purlieus of the national theatres—I won't call them opera-houses to please anybody—and the sight of the green type on the white bills brings me back to 1860 with a vengeance. I daresay you will not be surprised if I become arid and egotistical as I view those great green letters by the light of the flaring gas from So and So's tavern. Here am I, a poor dramatic author, wandering about among the moral ruins of the British Drama; meeting with few indications of its past existence, save the two gigantic theatres which were once its head-quarters, and the old, old streets which have looked down on crowds of playgoers hastening to see a Garrick, a Siddons, a Kemble, or a Young. Shadows of dead authors join me as I stand reading the bills. What queer-looking men they are with their wigs, ruffles, and swords; they come trooping on—even to the last brilliant addition who joined them two years ago—all casting angry glances at the great green letters. Perhaps the dear old Drama will one day return to its ancient mansions; and perhaps I may be the person who shall reinstate it. Who knows?

LOUIS NAPOLEON AT HOME.—Among the wonderful, and to any one who knows anything of the real life at the Tuileries, incomprehensible stories about in the world, the story that Napoleon III is silent, mysterious, and cautious in his daily intercourse with people about him, is not the least surprising. He is neither a silent nor a laughing man. He talks as much and as freely as any one; his manner is gentle, quiet, un-demonstrative, kindly, complaisant—the manner of a thorough man of the world, who understands how to take people, who is a shrewd judge of character, but who dearly likes to throw off the cares of royalty and the perplexities of politics, to sit down with a friend, to roll up a cigarette, and to have a long, pleasant, unrestrained chat. He is not—we speak by the card—a perpetual inquisitor, always trying to find out what other people are thinking and projecting, and keeping a sphinx-like bridle on his own tongue. The truth is almost the exact contrary of this. Many times Napoleon III. has said imprudent, rash things. On more than one occasion his want of caution has injured his government. Minister Rouher had once to explain away his words in the Chamber, and afterwards went to the palace, and delicately hinted to the Emperor that he must hold a stricter watch over his speech. There is a little group of gentlemen who are almost always at the palace, the Emperor's chosen familiars; among them are General Fleury, Marshal Vaillant, and Prince Metternich. It is with these friends that he spends his happiest hours, sometimes playing cards or billiards, but more often talking and smoking. Although the imperial table is supplied with the richest luxuries, Napoleon III. is abstemious and cautious, silent at table, and a moderate drinker, old Bordeaux being his favourite wine. He is, however, as is well known, a very great smoker, often puffing a cigarette when riding out, and smoking many cigarettes in succession after each meal. The Emperor's kind and considerate manners to every member of his household, however humble his or her position, is often remarked by the habitués of the palace. Serious considerations of health enter into all his habits and actions; his physicians have long enjoined abstemiousness and careful diet upon him, and he keenly appreciates the importance of having a due care over his health until the Prince Imperial arrives at manhood. He takes physical exercise at set hours, and on every pleasant afternoon may be seen walking up and down the shady terraces of the Tuileries garden, leaning upon the arm of an aide, and smoking the inevitable cigarette. When the weather is bad, he promenades up and down the long corridor on the first floor of the private end of the palace. He is very fond, too, of reading, especially the current literature of the day not only the French, but the English and German also. It is well known at Paris that Napoleon sedulously reads the *Times*, and devours all the editorials in the London papers on French affairs. He is very curious, too, to read the "Irreconcilable" Paris papers, and to discuss their sayings with his friends.—*Chamber's Journal*.

AN ESSAY ON SUNSTROKE.

Another illusion of our youth has vanished. We are now told by "an eminent physician" that cases of sunstroke may occur in the shade as well as in the sun. Here is what the physician in question says in *Health and Home*:
 "One of the sacred promises to those who are to inherit the better life is: 'That the sun shall not light upon them, nor any heat.' To the inhabitants of the 'dry and thirsty land,' it is well remarked by an author on sunstroke, this promise was full of meaning. This disease, or rather accident, has undoubtedly been recognized in some form from the earliest periods of history. The sufferings of armies in tropical climates, or during the hot season in higher latitudes, is frequently due to the effects of heat. Labourers exposed to the steady action of the sun's rays in summer, and so situated or clothed as to interrupt free perspiration, or by their habits raising the temperature of the blood, are liable to sunstroke. It follows that so-called sunstroke may occur without exposure to the sun, and such is the case quite frequently. All the conditions may be present in the shade, and even when the person is in a state of rest.
 "Though not strictly correct, sunstroke may, for practical purposes, be defined to be an affection of the nervous system, due to overheated blood. The term overheated must be taken in a relative and not literal sense; for if the nervous system is in good condition, and the functions of the body otherwise

well performed, the temperature of the blood may be very much increased, without dangerous or even injurious result. But if the individual is greatly fatigued, or poorly nourished or weakened by disease, so that the nervous system is depressed or enfeebled, the effect of the sudden elevation of the temperature of the volume of the blood may prove most disastrous. This result is produced, not by over-stimulation, but by actual depression, for this is the recognized effect of overheated blood upon the nervous centres. Whatever other and more subtle causes may be operating upon the individual, this one will be most apparent, and, if avoided, will save the exposed person from an attack.

"By far the larger number of victims of sunstroke are the intemperate; they are predisposed by an induced depression of the nervous system, to poor nutrition, and by super-heated blood from the use of stimulants. They often fall dead in summer from the effects of heat, even while sitting quietly in the shade. Among labourers and soldiers the intemperate are the subjects of sunstroke. The aged and infirm are liable to be prostrated by heat during the rise of temperature of the blood, excited by the heat of external air. Feeble children, also, often sink from pure exhaustion, due to the depression of heat.

"The premonitory symptoms are heat, dizziness, great thirst, suffusion of the eyes, followed by fainting or insensibility, like an attack of apoplexy.

"As sunstroke depends upon several conditions of varying intensity, so its attack may be slight or great, according to these conditions. In some cases it is but a transient fainting, or perhaps only a feeling of slight depression, lasting for several days, while in the severer forms death follows quickly, as though there had been a veritable *coup de soleil*, or stroke of the sun.

"In the management of this disease prevention is eminently important. It is an affection which can always be prevented by proper precautions, and the preventive measures can be practised by every one. The one prime object must be to keep cool, and, above all, to keep the head, the seat of the great nervous centres cool. It will not do to cool the extremities simply, for thus the blood is driven in upon the brain and lungs, and fatal mischief may thus be created. The whole body should be kept in as nearly the normal temperature as possible. This may be done by dressing in light and loose clothing, which allow the cooling process of perspiration to go on unchecked. The Chinese fan their shaven heads, and so, if we create a current of air around us, we reduce temperature. We should avoid all stimulating draughts which excite the circulation, for the same reason very active exercise becomes dangerous. The feeble and exhausted should be placed in airy rooms, and be gently fanned. The labourer should rest during the heat of the day, drink cooling fluids, and when at work frequently bathe the head, neck and hands in cool water.

"When the attack comes on, the sufferer should be taken to a shade, a mustard-plaster should be applied, and over his bare head, neck and chest, cold water should be dashed. This is all that can safely be done without medical advice."

THE GLOSS ON SILK.—"The method of giving an artificial gloss to the woven pieces of silk," says the *Druggists' Circular*, "was invented in 1663. The discovery of the method was purely accidental. Octavio Mey, a merchant of Lyons, being one day deep in meditation, mechanically put a small bunch of silk threads into his mouth and began to chew them. On taking them out again in his hand he was struck by the peculiar lustre which they had acquired, and was not a little astonished to find that the lustre continued to adhere to the threads even after they had become dry. He at once saw that in this fact there was a secret worth unraveling, and being a man of ingenuity, he applied himself to the study of the question. The result of his experiments was the *procédé de lustrage*, or 'glossing method.' The manner of imparting the artificial gloss has, like all other details of the weaving art, undergone certain changes in the course of years. At present, it is done in this wise: Two rollers revolving on their axis are set up a few feet from the ground, and at about ten yards, in a straight line, from each other. Round the first of these rollers is wound the piece of silk, of twenty, forty, or one hundred yards in length, as the case may be. Ten yards of the silk are then unwound, and fixed by means of a brass rod in a groove on the second roller, care being taken to stretch the silk between the two cylinders as tightly as possible. A workman with a thin blade of metal in his hand, daintily covers the uppermost side of the silk (that which will form the inside of the piece) with a coating of gum. On the floor, under the outstretched silk is a small tramway, upon which runs a sort of tender filled with glowing coals. As fast as one man covers the silk with gum, another works the tender up and down, so as to dry the mucilage before it has had time to permeate the texture. This is a very delicate operation; for if, on the one hand, the gum is allowed to run through the silk, or if, on the other, the coals are kept too long under one place, the piece is spoiled. In the first instance, it would be stained beyond all power of cleaning, and in the second, it would be burned. None but trusty workmen are confided with this task; and even with the most proved hands there is sometimes damage. When ten yards of the piece have been gummed and dried, they are rolled around the second cylinder, and ten more are unwound. This is repeated till the end. But the silk, with its coating of dry gum, is then stiff to the touch, and crackles like cream-laid note-paper when folded. To make it soft and pliant again, it is rolled anew, some six or seven times, under two different cylinders, one of which has been warmed by the introduction of hot coals inside, and this is sufficient to give it that bright new look which we all so much admire in fresh silk."

MOSAIC AND ENAMEL.—Mosaic is a kind of inlay, producing a picture or pattern by the due selection of colors in the pieces employed. The substance may be wood, stone, marble, porcelain, terra-cotta, enamel, or colored glass; and it may be cut into cubes, hexagons, triangles, or various other forms; the chiefs conditions being that the pieces should be small in size, variously colored, and placed in such juxtaposition as to bring the proper tints into the proper places. The marble pavement under the dome of St. Paul's, the wooden flooring and paneling done in marquetry, the inlaying of cabinet work known by the names of marquetry and buhl work, the intricate patterns of Tunbridge ware toys, the nicely fitting lids of Scotch snuff boxes—all are examples of mosaic so far as the principle is concerned; but it is generally meant, in art, that

a mosaic is a picture, which must have the mind of an artist thrown into it before the mechanical working begins.

Enamel is really nothing more than opaque glass, the opacity being produced by the addition of some one or more among many metallic oxides to the other ingredients. According to the color required, so is the metallic element chosen—lead or antimony to produce yellow, iron to produce red, gold for a more intense and beautiful red, copper for green, cobalt for blue, and various combinations for other colors. Enamel paintings are plates of copper, silver, or gold, on which the picture is produced by using the enamel in the form of paint, and then vitrifying it by the heat of an oven. Enamelled watch dials have a thin coating of white enamel on a copper disk or plate, while the figures and spots are painted in black enamel, vitrified by heat.

Now the use of enamel for mosaic is simply the substitution of cubes or small pieces of colored enamel for pieces of other substances. They are occasionally employed, like colored glass, with a part of the effect due to semi-transparency; but more frequently they are quite opaque, only to be looked at by reflected light. The beautiful Pompeian mosaic of the "Battle of Issus" is of enamel. The mosaics of St. Peter's are also of enamel. So numerous are the gradations of tint necessary to produce all the lights and shades of an elaborate picture, that the mosaic workshops at the Vatican are said to contain no less than twenty thousand varieties, all methodically sorted and arranged. Some of the larger and more ambitious works have taken ten, fifteen, or even twenty years to execute. The durability of the material is fully as great as that of stone itself; inasmuch that the mosaic pictures of St. Peter's, so far as atmospheric or climatic influences are concerned, may possibly last as long as the structures which they adorn. The mode of proceeding is pretty much as follows: A ground or support is prepared, either a metal plate or a slab of travertine, the proper size and shape of the pictures; and this is surrounded with a raised rim of iron. Into the recess thus formed is introduced a cement or stucco mixed to a pasty state, and consisting of pounded travertine, carbonate of lime, mastic, and linseed oil. The tesserae, cubes, or small pieces of enamel (some barely larger than a pin's head) are selected of the proper colors, tints, and shades, and imbedded one by one in the cement. Only so much cement is laid in as can be filled with tesserae in one day, in order that it may retain sufficient softness. It eventually hardens to the consistency of stone. When the whole picture is finished, the surface is rubbed smooth and made dull or polished according to the kind of effect intended to be produced.—*Scientific American*.

INTELIGENCE OF FISHES.—A writer in a recent English work, "The Angler and Naturalist," says: That fish are not so stupid as many people suppose, is proved by a little incident which was observed at the Zoological Gardens. In some plate-glass tanks were a pike and several perch. These fishes took no notice of our entrance, and continued perfectly supine, though the keeper walked several times past their tanks, as if about to feed them; but when he walked away from them toward the cup-board where the net, with which the baits were caught, was kept, the stolid demeanor of the fish, both pike and perch, gave way to the most intense excitement. They rushed to and fro across their enclosures, straining their noses against the glass, erecting their fins, and exhibiting every token of agitation; and when the keeper, having taken the net, proceeded with it toward the bait tank, the whole shoal fastened their eyes upon him, following every moment, and constantly veering round, as if under magnetic attraction, toward whichever part of the room he turned. It was evident that these fish knew where the net was kept, that the keeper was going to fetch it, and that his doing so was a preliminary to their being fed.

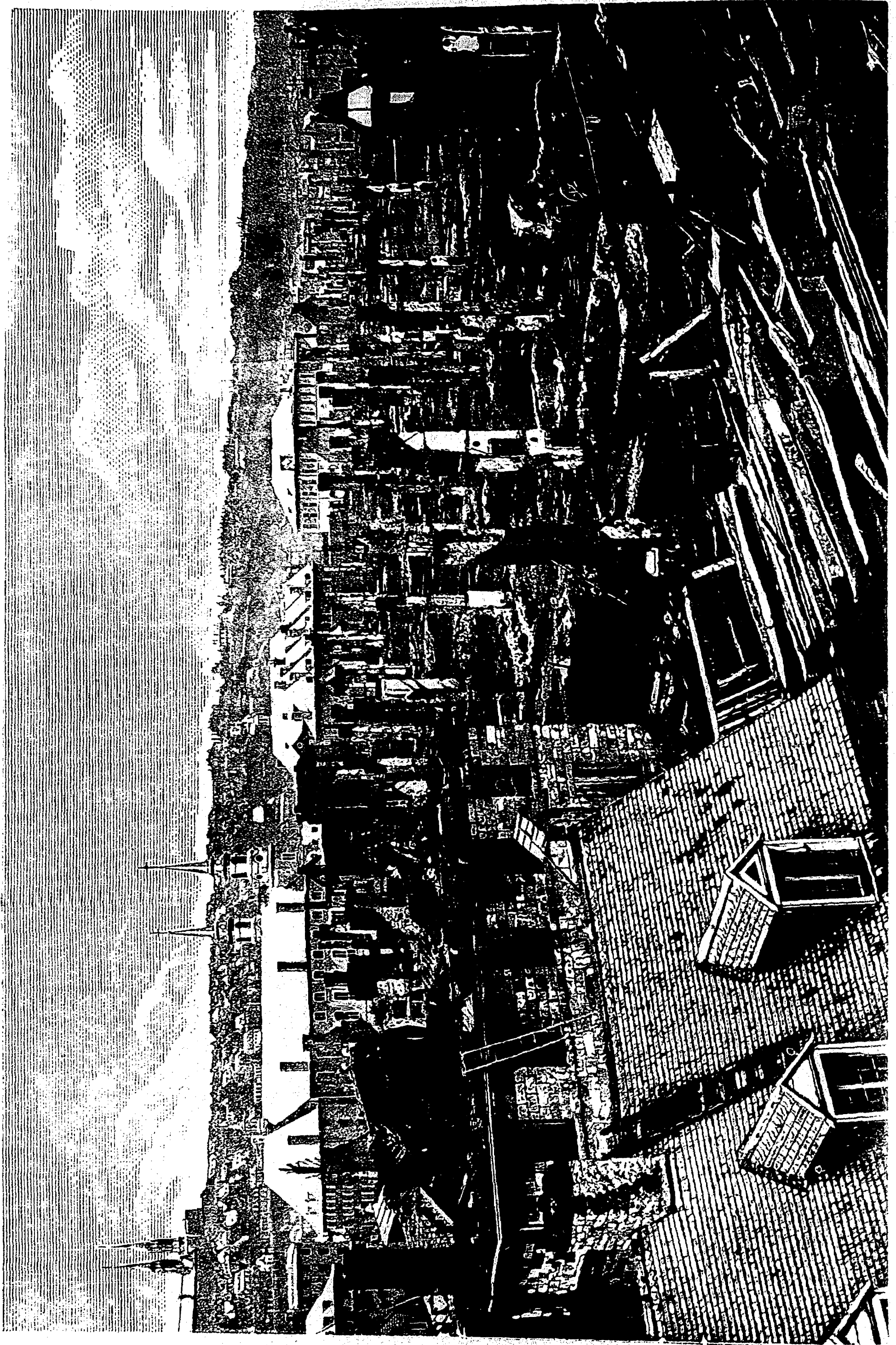
MADAME VOLPINI has received from her St. Petersburg admirers a jewelled ornament, representing a music-staff with the notes La, Do, Re, followed by the words, "du public"—a not unhappy mode of describing the singer as "adorée du public." Educated Russians seem bent on outdoing Parisians in their anxiety to be French in all their tastes.

BOOKMAKING AND TODDY BOWLS.—Mr. Bell, a Dissenting minister in Glasgow, was dining on an occasion with a parsimonious brother in Hamilton. When the toddy bowl was produced, though capacious enough, only a small quantity was compounded—the bowl being about half full. The host launched out on the extravagant style in which books were got up—with such "braid margins." "Weel," replies Mr. Bell, "I am perfectly of your opinion in that respect, for I neither like to see braid margins about types, nor the inside of toddy bowls."

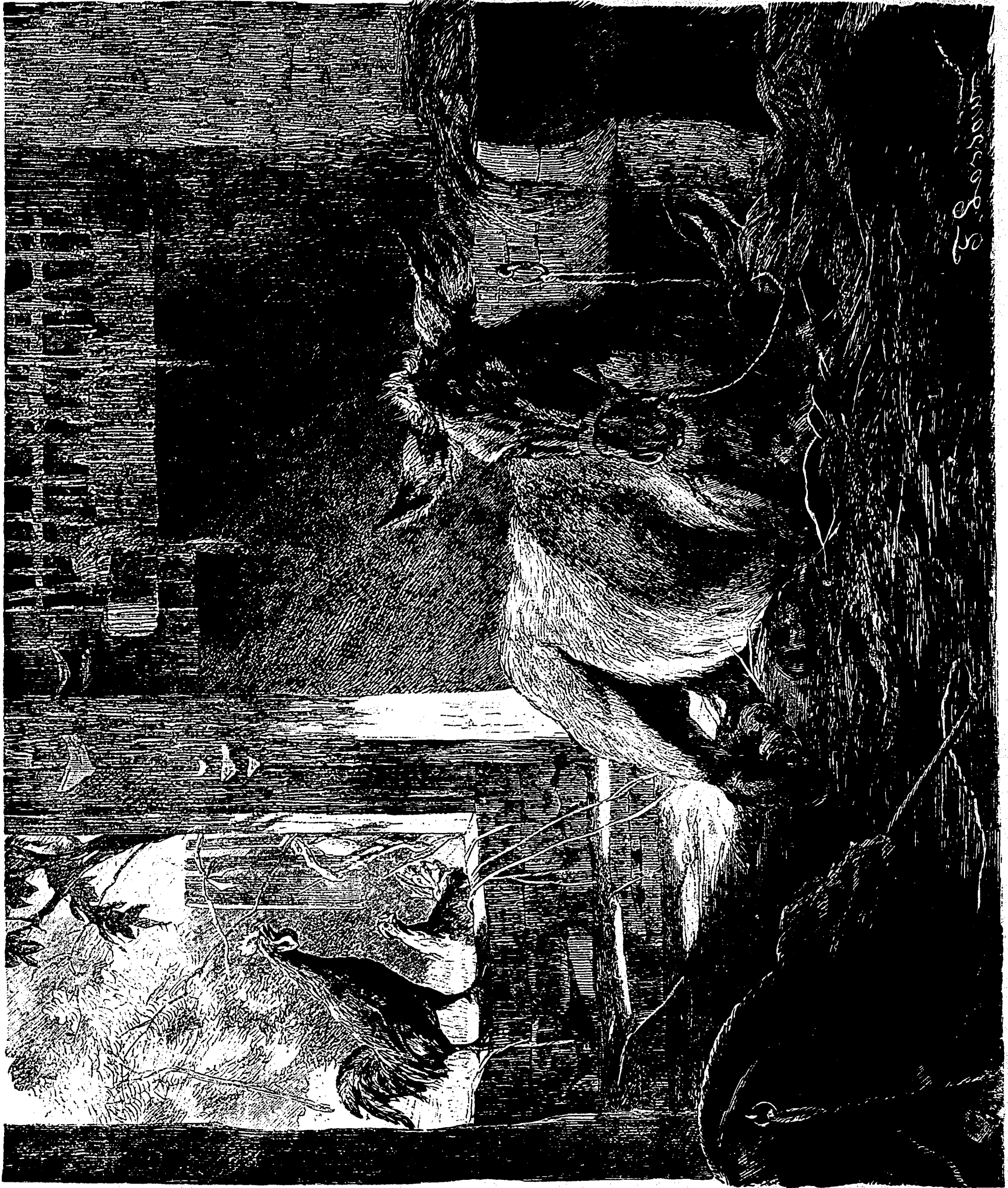
The Archbishop of Canterbury, in applying for a Suffragan, couched his petition in the following terms:—"To the most high and mighty Princess in Christ, our Sovereign Lady Victoria, by the grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, and supreme head on earth of the Church of England."

Two Nestorian friars, whose church had been destroyed by the nomadic Kurds, found their way to London, which they considered the richest city in the world, and began begging in Pure Latin at various houses. They penetrated into the Carlton Club, the resort of the nobles of England, and were arrested by a policeman.

A ballet-dancer who turned the heads of the gentlemen of the Russian capital last winter is a native of Cracow, and reputed to be the intelligent daughter of a Polish count. She received presents by the score from her admirers, among whom was a very wealthy nobleman. He made her acquaintance, and was charmed with her. He offered her a diamond he wore upon his finger for a kiss. She consented, and he gladly gave her the jewel. His suit did not prosper, however, as he had hoped. At the end of a month he presented her with another diamond, and received a second salute. At the end of the year he had in this way parted with nearly all his diamonds. Irritated by her stubbornness, he sought an interview, and upbraided her. "I have no more diamonds to give you," he said. "Then," she replied, "I have no more kisses." "What am I to do? Your heart is made of ice. Give me some word of hope." "I can't do that, but I will give you a word of counsel." "What is it?" "Never buy your first kiss of a woman; if you do, though you were the Czar himself, you would be bankrupt before you reached her heart."



ST. ROCH, QUEBEC, AFTER THE FIRE. From a photograph by J. B. F. B. E. From a photograph by J. B. F. B. E. From a photograph by J. B. F. B. E.



“THE SLUGGARD.”

“THE SLUGGARD.”

Franz Lossow is the artist of the sketch bearing this title, which we produce this week. The subject is well treated—a donkey, of the longest-eared and roughest-coated kind, lies lazily blinking in his stall, deaf to the remonstrances of an extremely full-lunged rooster, who urges him in his shrillest tones to be up and doing. The sun is high in the heavens, and the feathered animal, who has been up for hours, angrily expostulates with his four-footed friend for slumbering so late on so fine a day.

SYNAGOGUE IN BRESLAU.

Within the past few months the new synagogue in Breslau has been completed. It is a magnificent building, of irregular shape, very lofty, and crowned by an immense dome, around which a number of miniature turrets spring up from the corners of the building. The edifice stands in the centre of spacious grounds, and from a little distance offers a splendid *coup d'œil*. The erection of such a commodious and spacious building for religious purposes reflects great credit on the Israelite citizens of Breslau.

TREES ON DECLIVITIES

It is considered rather remarkable, says the *Ruralist*, that we found, in visiting fruit growing districts in Europe, five-years since, the best cultivators there, when they could, planted their orchards or vineyards on a gently sloping hill with a south-eastern aspect, experience having taught them, as they stated to us, that such was the best situation for an orchard or a vineyard. Dodard first observed that trees push their branches in a direction parallel to the surface of the earth. If a tree stands on a steep hill-side, it pushes both toward the hill and declivity; but on both sides it still preserves its branches parallel to the surface. As there is attraction between the upper surface of leaves and light, we are also persuaded, and more than that, certain of it from experiment, that there is an attraction of the same nature between the under surface and the earth. This we consider the true cause of the phenomenon. We had long observed that the most fruitful orchards and most fertile trees are those planted on a declivity, and the steeper it is, though not quite a precipice, the more prolific they prove. It is well known that the spreading of trees always renders them fruitful. On a plane they incline to shoot upward; and therefore art is employed by

skilful gardeners, and applied in various ways to check their perpendicular and promote their lateral growth. But this point is obtained on a declivity by nature. There a tree loses its tendency, although its character of growth may be that way, to shoot upward, and in order to preserve its branches parallel with the surface, is constrained to put them in a lateral direction. Hence an important rule in the choice of orchards and fruit gardens.

To PRINT ON FRUITS.—When a handsome fruit is intended to be shown at a fair or sent to a friend it will add something in the way of novelty to have its name or that of some person printed indelibly upon its surface. This may be done in several ways, but the most common methods are as follows: Just before the fruit has attained its maturity, cut from tough, thin paper the name proposed and paste this upon the side of the specimen most fully exposed to the sun. That portion of the fruit covered by the paper will assume a different color from the other, and when ripe the paper is removed, leaving the name distinctly visible. Upon squashes and melons, names and figures may be indelibly impressed by slightly scratching the surface while they are growing.

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THE PEACE-KILLER; OR, THE MASSACRE OF LACHINE.

BY S. I. WATSON.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

CHAPTER I.

THE COUNCIL OF WAR.

IN the summer of 1687, in the Fort of Catarqui, which then stood on the site of the present city of Kingston, a council of war was convened to deliberate on the campaign about to be opened against the Iroquois, the inveterate enemies and incessant disturbers of the colony of New France.

The President of the Council was the Marquis de Denonville, Governor-General of the Province. He was a man somewhat beyond middle age; and his countenance, although it wore an anxious and a care-worn look, was characterised by an expression of mildness rather than of severity. As a soldier, he had shown himself on the battle-fields of Europe a man of approved bravery; and the polish and suavity of his manners had won for him a reputation which was envied even by the accomplished noblemen who contributed to the lustre of the Court of "Le Grand Monarque." But, like some other colonial governors, both before and since his time, he knew little of the internal affairs of the nation over which he had come to rule; and that little imperfectly. In the art of government, he was a man of speculation rather than action. He could form excellent precepts concerning the duties of a colonial ruler, and the reciprocal obligations of the people; but was slow in putting his theories into operation. He knew neither the time to make concessions, nor the time to act with vigour. He lacked the moral nerve and steadiness to hold, in equal poise, the scales of justice between the hostile Iroquois and his royal master. From this cause his Indian policy resulted in the most terrible catastrophe to be found recorded in the eventful annals of "La Nouvelle France."

M. de Callières, a veteran who, for nearly a quarter of a century, had upheld the military renown of France on the battle-fields of Europe, occupied a seat beside the Marquis de Denonville. In the colony, at the time of which we write, there was no officer who possessed the military experience or the military ability of M. de Callières. But recently, he had been stationed on St. Helen's Island, opposite Montreal, forming a corps to operate against the Iroquois. And now he was awaiting, with impatience, the opening of a campaign, in which, had he been the leader, the colonists might have broken into fragments the entire Iroquois confederation. There also took part in the deliberations of the council the Chevalier de Vaudreuil, who had seen some hard fighting in Flanders, and had lately brought from France to Canada a reinforcement of eight hundred men. The other members of the council were Lavaltrie, Berthier, Grandville, and Longueuil, the chiefs of four battalions of Canadian militia, who, after having been organized on St. Helen's Island, had made their way in four hundred canoes to the Fort of Catarqui.

The plan of the campaign was simple;—to cross Lake Ontario and, after disembarking on its south shore, to attack and destroy in detail each of the cantons of the Five Nations of the Iroquois confederation.

The council were about to rise, when a loud tumult outside, and the sound of Indian voices, vociferating at their highest and angriest pitch, made every member spring to his feet, and place his hand upon his sword-hilt. In a few moments the cause of the uproar was made apparent. A number of Abenakis Indians, in the service of the Marquis de Denonville, dragged into the council-room another Indian, whom they had overpowered and made prisoner. By order of the Governor, they released the captive, who rose to his feet, and paying no attention to the blood which trickled down his left arm from a wound on his shoulder, cast upon the officers a look of indifference, and upon the chief of the Abenakis Indians, a glance of hatred and contempt. The prisoner, who was attired in the costume of the Hurons, was a young man, and almost six feet in stature. He might have stood for a sculptor as the type of an athlete of the forest. His chest was of more than ordinary amplitude; the muscles of his shoulders and arms stood out like whip-cords; while his flanks and limbs, lithe, rather than full, betokened a swift and enduring runner. But it was his face that attracted, most of all, the attention of the Governor and his officers. The forehead, contrary to the general rule amongst the native races, was high and square rather than low and wide. It protruded over a pair of small dark eyes, never at rest, but perpetually glancing from face to face, and from object to object. The nose and mouth bore slight resemblance to those features amongst his own or any other Indian tribe; the former being well defined and prominent, the latter small,

and its thin lips almost always compressed. Altogether, it was a face that denoted mental power, rare cunning, the faculty of rapid observation, and an obstinacy and tenacity of purpose not to be baffled or set aside.

As soon as the council had recovered from their surprise, the President inquired of the leader of the Abenakis the circumstances under which the prisoner had been captured, and the nation to which he belonged. The personage addressed, who was the chief of the tribe of the Abenakis, advanced close to the captive. He was beyond middle age, about the medium height, with the thews and sinews of a giant. He was evidently the equal of the prisoner in strength, but not in agility. His low forehead, over which the hair grew almost to the eye-brows, a deep scar on his left cheek, and an enormously wide mouth, at once savage and sensual in its expression, combined to give to his countenance a stamp of ferocity in perfect keeping with the character of the man himself. He was known as the "Serpent," and a rude representation of that reptile, tattooed on the upper part of his chest, added to the repulsiveness of his aspect. He and the prisoner kept glaring at each other with looks of intense hatred, and it did not escape the observation of such of the council as were acquainted with Indian manners, that the memory of some by-gone feud was still nourished in the bosoms of these two children of the forest.

In a voice husky from excitement and passion, the Serpent proceeded to inform the President and Council, that the prisoner had been discovered lurking in a clump of brushwood on the edge of the lake; that he must have reached his hiding-place by water; that he had made a desperate resistance, and had killed one of the Abenakis, and wounded two others, before he was overpowered. Finally, that he was an Iroquois spy, attired in the costume of the friendly nation of the Hurons.

At this last assertion the self-command of the captive gave way, and he exclaimed in a voice quivering with rage:

"Dog of an Abenakis, you lie! The coward sees his enemy a hundred miles away. It is thus you see an Iroquois in a Huron."

The Serpent ground his teeth, but made no reply.

The Marquis, surprised at this outburst, and at the captive's acquaintance with the French tongue, asked him why he had repaired to the fort in such a covert manner, and if it were true that he belonged to the Iroquois confederation.

"What answer does the White Chief expect from me?" replied the captive. "The White Chief knows the Serpent, but not me; and he will not believe a stranger when his friend has spoken."

"The prisoner speaks truth," shouted out the Serpent. "The White Chief is mad if he believes an Iroquois."

The prisoner's features relaxed into a grim smile:

"Ask the Serpent," said he, addressing the Marquis, "if it were an Iroquois or a Huron hatchet that left that mark upon his cheek, as he turned his head to look behind him while he fled. But that was ten years ago; and the Serpent may have forgotten the time, the place and the man who wounded him. I shall tell him all three. The time was when, in the absence of our braves, he made war upon our women and our children. The place was our village, at Michilimackinac. The man who wounded him as he fled, was none other than myself. Look at his scar; it is a brave man's brand upon the face of a coward." As he finished, the captive warrior raised himself to his full height; a triumphant smile passed over his features, and he shook his clenched hand at the Serpent, in a manner at once menacing and defiant.

The Serpent could bear the taunts of his adversary no longer. Snatching his tomahawk from his belt, he was in the act of springing upon his unarmed enemy, when a young officer who had sauntered into the Council-room, along with the crowd, and who had been watching attentively the motions of the Serpent, flung himself in front of the savage, and, quick as lightning, wrenched the uplifted weapon from his hand. The baffled Indian looked, for a moment, as if he would have rushed upon the officer; but there was something in the young man's air and attitude which warned him to desist. The captive, for a few moments, kept his keen black eyes riveted on the face of his preserver; and then, folding his arms across his chest, muttered a few words in the Huron dialect, which it was well for the young officer's chances of military promotion, the Marquis of Denonville did not understand.

The Marquis addressed the officer who had so opportunely prevented the commission of a deed of bloodshed in presence of the representative of the King of France—"M. Henri de Belmont, the Governor of New France thanks you for your bravery and presence of mind. It shall not be forgotten."

The veteran, M. de Callières, who never lost an opportunity of encouraging a younger officer, or saying a word for the colonists, added—"Yes, M. le Marquis, it was certainly a brave action. But I am sure Lieutenant de Belmont will show himself, before the campaign is

over, to be capable of performing even braver acts. You require men born in the colony to cope with the Indians. These men possess the natural bravery of the French race, combined with a thorough knowledge of the ways of the savage races; and thus their services are invaluable."

Lieut. de Belmont, who was so much confused that he could scarcely muster the few words necessary for the purpose of thanking the Marquis, and M. de Callières, managed to find an opportunity of speedily withdrawing himself from the Council.

"It is near time," said the Marquis, "that this affair should be brought to a termination. Let us again ask the prisoner why he was found in the vicinity of the Fort of Catarqui; and why, if his intent were friendly, he chose to make his appearance in this suspicious and stealthy fashion. What say you, M. de Callières? You know these people better than most of us?"

"M. le Marquis," replied the veteran, "this prisoner I take to be a Huron, and not an Iroquois. The Hurons, moreover, are our friends, and I suspect that the errand of the prisoner was to avenge some private grudge entertained against some one in or about the Fort. I think his object was to be revenged upon the Serpent. But no matter what cause brought him here, he is a brave fellow, and if he were civilized and drilled, would turn out an excellent soldier."

"But," queried the Marquis, "I fail to understand why, if he cherished a just cause of complaint against the Serpent, or any one else, he should not come openly to me and solicit justice. The King, my master, has enjoined on me the duty of protecting equally the friendly Indians with our own colonists."

"No doubt, M. le Marquis," replied M. de Callières. "But I feel constrained to inform the Marquis that an Indian—not this one alone, but all of them—will never suffer another to avenge his quarrel, if there is one chance in a hundred that he can do so himself. He believes there is infinitely more glory in obtaining his object by force, or by cunning, than in asking it openly, and having his request granted. But, if M. le Marquis wish it, I shall put one or two questions to the prisoner."

The Marquis gave consent, and the prisoner, who showed by his countenance that he understood the conversation, turned round and bent his eyes on M. de Callières. The veteran, fully aware of the advantages of speaking in the figurative style of the children of the forest, addressed the prisoner:

"Has the game grown scarce in the forests of the Great Lake, that the Huron descends a twelve days' journey to beg the fragments left at the feasts of the Abenakis? Have his young men been slain, and his women carried away in bondage, that the Huron has no more flesh nor corn in his villages? Or does he love the Serpent so much that he crawls when amongst his friends, and fears to come to them walking like a warrior, upright and on his feet?"

The prisoner, at the finish of the last sentence, gave a start. Then, looking keenly at every member of the Council in succession, and having satisfied himself that the Serpent was within hearing, he addressed himself to the Marquis:

"You are the great white chief; you are the man of peace. He who is spoken, is a great warrior, but he has less power than you. Among my white brothers, the man of peace is greatest; among us the man of war. I would rather speak to the war chief; but the man of peace might be offended. Tell me to whom I ought to speak, for I am a stranger to your customs."

The Marquis de Denonville, who evidently disliked being addressed in no other capacity than as the "Man of Peace," and who was puzzled to know whether the Huron had sinned through ignorance, or had verged upon wilful satire, bade his interrogator, in a peevish tone, to address himself to M. de Callières. The veteran, between whom and M. de Vaudreuil there had passed something like a smile during the Huron's remarks, instantly compressed his features into model military seriousness, and directed the plain-speaking prisoner to proceed.

The Huron obeyed. "The war chief," he said, "has asked me if we have no game in the forests of the Lake which takes its name from the name of our people; and if we have come to beg the leavings of the Abenakis. Let the war-chief enquire of his hunters, who smoked with us, in our wigwams, the pipe of peace, when the moon that is now wasting away, was then but three days old. Who gave to the hunters of the white chief four hundred of the skins of the beaver; and two hundred of the skins of the deer? Who was it refused these skins to the hunters of the great English chief, who offered a hundred guns in exchange, and gave them to the hunters of the French war-chief for thirty? Who filled the canoes of your young men with corn and dried flesh, that they might feast night and day on their journey? My people did these things. But the memory of the chiefs of the pale-faces is full of holes. The good acts of the red-man pass through; his bad ones remain for the age of a grandfather. Our young men have not been slain,

nor our women made captives. We have warriors enough to sweep the Abenakis into the waters, with as much ease as our boys, in the time of autumn, sweep the flies with pine branches from our wigwams. The Abenakis are flies. They cannot slay; they can only feed on what has been slain by others."

The Abenakis, who filled the room, began to utter loud threats.

M. de Callières, in order to prevent a storm, which he saw was gathering, endeavoured to drive the Huron from his irritating topic, and asked:

"Is he a chief of the nation of the Hurons who speaks? Or do we hear the voice of a fox inside the skin of the bear?"

"Ask the Serpent," replied the Huron; "he hides; I cannot even hear his hiss."

"Catspaw of the Iroquois," exclaimed the Serpent, suddenly coming forward from an angle of the room, whither he had slunk after being disarmed by Lieut. de Belmont. "Catspaw of the Iroquois," he repeated, "before another sun goes down, the Serpent will sting thee to death."

The Huron answered by a contemptuous smile.

The Marquis, perplexed and annoyed by his reticence, asked him to answer in a straightforward manner why, if a friend of the French, he did not come openly to the Fort, instead of lurking in its vicinity, and incurring the suspicion of being a spy.

The Huron made reply:

"The hunter kills the snake without warning. So with me and the Serpent of the Abenakis."

The Marquis de Denonville, annoyed and perplexed at the equivocation of the prisoner, inquired of the council how the matter should be settled.

The veteran, de Callières, proposed that he should at once be liberated, and sent on his way home, escorted for three or four leagues, by some of the soldiers, in order to protect him from the Serpent, from whom, it was evident, the Huron would receive no mercy. The old soldier gave it as his opinion that the captive was a man of influence amongst the Hurons, as any one who was acquainted with the Indians, might perceive. The man's taciturnity was nothing remarkable. His scheme, whatever it was, had miscarried; and hence his silence respecting both himself and his visit.

The Serpent suddenly advanced. "The spy," he vociferated, "must not go free. He belongs to me, the Chief of the Abenakis. He killed one of my people; we must kill him in return. This has been the custom of our tribe long before our friends, the French, came here to visit us. I have three hundred and fifty warriors; they bring you food; they bring you furs; they paddle your canoes; they show you the hiding-places of your enemies; they fight for you. Set this spy free, and by sunrise to-morrow, I and my people leave you for ever. We are your right hand. If we leave you, the Iroquois will eat you up. If we go hence, they will roof their wigwams with the scalps of your people. Give me my prisoner, or bend your necks to the hatchets of the Iroquois."

The Marquis and every member of the council were equally exasperated and disgusted with the insolent threats of the Chief of the Abenakis. The only person in the room who seemed to be indifferent, was the Huron himself.

"Prisoner," said the Marquis, speaking in a high and somewhat excited tone, "tell us who you are; explain to us what brought you hither, and this boaster, who dares to hold out threats to the representative of France and the gentlemen who command the French army in Canada, shall see you set at liberty this instant."

The council signified in an emphatic manner their hearty concurrence in the sentiments of the Marquis.

"Speak out," exclaimed M. de Callières. "Tell us what you have been asked, and by to-morrow I will have you dressed in a Christian uniform, and enrolled in my own regiment as a grenadier."

The Huron's features were lit up by a passing smile; but lapsing next moment into their ordinary grave expression, he quietly said:

"The Huron is grateful to the Chiefs of the white warriors. But the eagle never craves mercy from the carrion-crow. The Huron will not move the little finger of his left hand to preserve his life from the Serpent."

The council were deeply disappointed. The prisoner had refused to save himself. The blame rested on him alone, and on his obstinate refusal of all explanation.

He was hurried out of the council-room by the Serpent and his warriors; but not before the Marquis, at the suggestion of M. de Callières, had ordered a guard of soldiers to accompany him, in order to protect him from the fury of the relatives of the Abenakis warrior he had slain while fighting against capture.

But there was no man in Fort Catarqui, save the Serpent, who knew that the captive was the great Huron chieftain, Rondiarak, better known in the annals of the colony as "The Rat," and styled by one of the native historians, "The Machiavel of the Wilderness."

To be continued.

THE MYSTERIOUS FACE.

I AM an old-fashioned old boy, and when I was a child, I was an old-fashioned young boy; so of what fashion I really am it is hard to conjecture. I have tried to read Mr. Thackeray's works, but I do not think I quite understand them, not being literary, and feeling puzzled by satirical remarks, especially when I know beforehand that the author is a wit, and that I ought, therefore, to find a hidden meaning in every line; yes from what I have been able to make out, I should say that I was a fogg. I do not belong to any club, though my means are comfortable; I live in London, and have often been asked whether I should like to join the Polynices or Artaxerxes. Well, I should like; and yet, you see, I could never exactly make up my mind, because I never have belonged to a club. No; there is a tavern I frequent, where the cooking is most excellent, and where I dine daily at the same minute, in the same corner. Once that corner was usurped; I tried to dine at another table, in vain! I was unwell the next day, and had to take medicine; but the waiter, Charles, has been very careful ever since; and I believe, that rather than allow me to be subjected again to similar inconvenience, the proprietor would feed a succession of beggars, gratis, in that place for the entire afternoon, to keep it for me, just as noblemen with younger sons at college present octogenarians to their livings. Why must I dine in that particular corner? Because I always have done so. That unintelligible remark about noblemen's sons and livings is not mine, but my nephew Tom's; Tom, whom I have employed to write out this account, from my dictation, insists on putting in his remarks, will 'touch up' my narrative, as he calls it, and I do not quite like it; no more do I like his slapping me so hard on the back, and rubbing down the calves of my trousers when I have been standing for some time with my back to a large fire; and I do not know why I should let him and everybody play upon me, but I always have. There is also a cigar divan to which I go every morning at ten o'clock, and read the newspaper till half-past twelve, smoking during that time two cigars. One paper always lasts me the whole time, as I peruse every column; and yet, somehow, if any one in the course of the afternoon asks me about the news, I find it has all slipped out of my head. No, Tom, I am not asleep all the time; if I were, my cigar would go out, which it does not—often. I remember my childhood: we always had roast-beef and Yorkshire pudding on Saturdays, cold meat and fruit-pie on Sundays. I can also call to mind my boyhood and school-days, for never have I in after-life been able to discover such toffs as that sold at the dame's round the corner, or such open tarts as appertained to the pastry-cook's higher up the street. I was about eighteen when I first discovered that earth possessed a charm, not indeed equal to eating and drinking, but only secondary to those pleasures: the name of woman began to stir my heart; I indulged in reveries and poetical fancies; and often in the midst of the joys of some unusually piquant dish, have I thought how sweet it would be to see a fair form gracing the opposite seat, enhancing the flavour by her sympathy and, when there was enough for both, participation.

When in the presence of ladies, however, I was bashful, embarrassed, awkward; I trod on their dresses, spill scalding coffee down their backs, pulled all their music off the piano, split their fans, dropped and broke their smelling-bottles, and made myself generally disagreeable; so that I retired early from the field, and made up my mind to die an old bachelor. Still, I could not stifle a yearning towards beauty, which, after a while, took the settled form of a fancy for painting and sculpture; at least as far as those arts took the female face and form for their study. I never bought, but I potted about sales and exhibitions, and spent hours daily in staring in at shop-windows, and turning over second-hand prints. The society of women's pictures is certainly not so thrilling as direct communication with the real article; but then it is more comfortable—the bewitching smile in a painting never turns to a frown; the expression of the features fades not into bored apathy immediately you are left alone with it. You have not got to tickle its vanity—you feel no jealousy when others gaze on it; on the contrary, the admiration of friends enhances your pleasure; and if you are poetically gifted, what charming scenes, tender and domestic—oh, how far above reality!—may the imagination conjure up. Even I, who hate poetry—that is, I can't read it, can't make out what the writer is driving at—even I can fancy all sorts of things, and encounter all sorts of adventures while gazing at a good picture of a beautiful woman. I never came to understand anything about the art as an art, and it was some time before I picked up picture-slang. For instance, one day a friend came up to me at a sale, and interrupted my musings over a painting, by whispering: 'Are you thinking of bidding? Be warned, my dear fellow, and do not go high—quite a take in! not a Titian! by no means a Titian!' 'Perhaps not,' I replied, 'but very pretty; I doubt whether Titian herself had a better leg and

ankle.' Of course I came to know better than that, but still I am not yet a first-rate amateur.

It was when I was about thirty that I was very much struck one May-day by a face in the exhibition of the Royal Academy. It was that of a full-sized Judith, who was standing in a striking, if not strictly feminine attitude, with a bloody sword in one hand, a dripping head in the other, and her eyes turned up to heaven. That face fascinated me; I waited patiently till a seat opposite the picture was vacant, and then plumped myself down, and, heedless of the connoisseurs, country-cousins, and flirting couples, who trod on my toes, and hustled me on every side, there I sat and gazed my — (No, Tom, that is not so elegant; scratch it out)—gazed to satiety (that is better).

I was fascinated. Day after day did I return to feast my eyes upon that picture; and the R. A. was making quite a nice little competency out of me in shillings, when I began to find myself lying awake at night thinking of those upturned eyes, and horrible symptom, my appetite showed signs of feebleness. Having no fancy to become a second Pig, Pig (What's his name, Tom?), Pigmallyon, I left off my visits to Trafalgar Square; and as Ovid tells us the best remedy for love is to multiply the objects of our admiration—proving thereby that Hahnemann was not the first homoeopathist—I patronised the exhibition in Pall Mall, determined to find a rival for Judith. In the first room there was nothing particular to arrest my attention; but the moment I entered the second, I was struck all of a heap by a Siren. No!—yes! it was! The attitude was different, the expression was different, the dress was very different; indeed, the present lady only wore her hair, which was fortunately very long and plentiful, but still there was the identical nose, the very charming chin, the same bewitching mouth. It was a fate, then; for how could two artists have struck out the same idea by chance? I left the room confused, bewildered; and the waiter at Bob's that day looked astonished when I told him I was ready for the Siren; nor was his surprise mitigated when I ordered a pint of Judith. I now no longer attempted to resist my destiny, but gave myself up to rapt seraphic contemplation of the ideal (Ah, cabbage! Uncle has one of Bulwer Lytton's books in his hand.—Tom), visiting one or other of the exhibitions every day until they closed, and then I felt a void in my existence I had never known before. I grew melancholy and despondent, and consulted a medical man, who prescribed complete change of scene; to obtain which I made up my mind to quit my native land, and take up my residence, for a fortnight, at Boulogne. I pass over the horrors, the perils, the miseries of the voyage, which lasted upwards of two fearful hours, and proceed to chronicle my extreme good-fortune in discovering a boarding-house where the hostess was English, the guests English and Irish, the servants English, and, oh! the cookery English. Here I took up my abode, and sought once more the distractions of society—that is, I played Pope Joan with the old ladies for counters at a penny the dozen; I walked on the pier, and saw the people bathing, and the packets come in; and I subscribed to the *Etablissement des Bains*, and sat in a corner on the ball-nights. Plunged in this vortex of dissipation, the face which had so long haunted me began to fade from my remembrance, when one day, the third after my arrival, as I stood on the pier and watched the debarkation from the London packet, I saw a lady advancing alone, along the plank leading from the vessel to the shore. Her veil was down, yet I could distinguish the outline of her features, and my heart throbbed with emotion. With a stately step, she pursued her way to the custom-house door, and then, ere she entered, turned, and to see more clearly where her luggage was being carried to, raised the envious veil. It was she! the Judith! the Siren! the ideal of two artists, and mine. I put the burning end of my cigar to the back of my hand to see whether I was awake or not, and an instantaneous blister proved the fact indisputably. Who shall describe my bewilderment? I felt like the he-dancer in a ballet when the principal she-dancer bursts at unexpected moments out of cupboards, limonpresses, laurel-bushes, flower-beds, and tombstones. Was it angelic? Was it diabolic? Was it a coincidence?

I went home with an oppressive presentiment that something was going to happen to somebody somewhere, and mused till dinner.

We sat at meals in the order of our arrival, and got promotion when those above us departed; and as I had hitherto been the last, I was surprised to see a clean napkin laid next to mine below me. We did not have clean napkins daily, but folded up our dirty ones, and stuck them through a ring with a number on it, which we invariably forgot; so the clean napkin attracted attention, and Mrs. Jones, our hostess, explained that we were to have an addition to our circle, a Mrs. Plantagenet, widow. My heart gave a bound in my bosom—what if it should be her! Pooh, nonsense; it was most probably some dumpy old woman with a red nose, who took snuff, and next to whom it would be very unpleasant to sit. Be she whom she might, the stranger

was late; the soup, the fish passed away, the *entremets* were handed round before the door opened, and—it was she! I thought I should have swooned, collapsed, died of apoplexy, of rush of blood to the heart, and believe that some or all of these calamities would have happened to me, had not a heaven-directed mouthful of oyster-pâté gone down the wrong way.

'Have a glass of water?' said she in the most natural way in the world, as if we had known each other for months.

Could she have seen pictures of me? Was I her ideal, as she was mine?

'Anything going on here?' she asked, when I had somewhat recovered. 'What's at the theatre?'

I replied that I had not been there, not understanding the language.

'Oh, you must learn it,' she said; 'it is soon done, if you are plucky enough to talk, and don't mind being laughed at when you make mistakes.'

'There is the Etablissement, where they dance.'

'That is all right. I adore dancing; don't you?'

'Yes, a little; that is, I am rather clumsy at it.'

'Oh, soon learn—practice in the evening, take lessons in the morning. Is the champagne good here?'

I hastened to order a bottle, and offer her a glass. I had never got on so well with a lady before. I was like the simple Simon (Query, *Cymon*—Tom) of antiquity, Love had polished me. When I sought my pillow that evening, two things astonished me: one was, the manner in which my destiny had taken my education in hand; the other that, as a widow, she must have been some one else's destiny beforehand; but doubtless that was a forced match, an ill-assorted union. Bashful and unenterprising as I naturally was with the fair sex, my present advantages might have been lost from the mere want of being followed up, had not a series of minor events—lacking individually the same startling and supernatural character which distinguished those employed to bring us together, but still bearing the stamp of destiny when considered as a whole—combined to draw Mrs. Plantagenet and myself into closer intimacy. Thus, the morning after her arrival, I was smoking my after-breakfast cigar in the paved court at the back of the house, when the Venetian shutters of a window on the ground-floor were opened, and she appeared, clad in a delightful fresh morning-dress. She started, smiled, and bowed. I apologised for the cigar. It was the scent of all others she most preferred, which emboldened me to remain near the window. What a beautiful day it was! how she would enjoy a walk, if she only had a companion. I offered to attend her; she demurred a little, and saw no harm—we were not known. In a quarter of an hour we were quite familiar. Had I had a dancing-lesson yet? No! She herself would teach me a few steps. In two hours we were walking arm-in-arm up to the Napoleon column; in two days we were dancing together at the Etablissement; in a week, we called each other Leonora and Edward; in ten days, I was an engaged man.

In consequence, as she informed me, of a distressing lawsuit at that time depending, it was not convenient for Leonora to return to England just then; and as I had certain affairs to arrange, and certain relations (a word rhyming with expectations) whose advice it was desirable to ask, and, so far as it coincided with my own views follow, it was decided that I should cross the Channel, settle everything, and return to Bliss; while Bliss remained at the boarding-house at Boulogne, and occupied herself in looking out for comfortable lodgings in the upper town. It certainly saves one a good deal of trouble to marry a widow.

By Leonora's advice I went straight from Boulogne to London, for though the voyage that way is of longer duration, you can go to bed and sleep all the time, or at least you can try to do so; so I took a berth on board the *Stunakpooop*, and, in order to secure it, undressed and turned in before the vessel left the quay. The experiment was to some extent successful, for though the motion caused me to feel giddy, bewildered, and helpless, I was spared that horrible sensation of approaching dissolution, accompanied with tickling in the sides, which I had before experienced, whenever the packet shot rapidly down the side of some unusually big wave, and indeed escaped all the worst symptoms of the malady.

After I had lain quiescent on my back for about three hours, two gentlemen came into the cabin whom, from their long hair, beards, and general cut, I rightly conjectured to be artists.

'Well, Jack, as it is raining cats and dogs on deck, and the saloon is full of temporary invalids drinking brandy-and-water, I suppose this is about the cosiest nook in the whole ship. Upper or lower?'

'You have the longest legs. Lower.'

'All right; here goes!' and the taller of the two swung himself up into the berth immediately opposite mine, the other rolling into that underneath him.

'Jack!'

'Yes!'

'Can one smoke?'

'No!'

'What a bore.' And they plunged into general talk. They discussed politics, cookery, operas, preachers, everything; but their principal conversation was of paintings and painters; to all of which I listened in a dreamy way, passively, not paying attention, when suddenly a word caught my ear which startled me like an electric shock—Judith!

It was the end of something said by the under man, and the upper directly answered: 'O yes, I remember now; she sat also for Blower's Siren, didn't she?'

'That's her. Pity she is so extravagant. Over head and ears in debt. Can't put her foot in England, they say. I saw her yesterday on the pier.'

'Speak to her?'

'Not I; she had the prize in tow; it might have spoiled sport. Besides, she tipped me a little frown.'

'Ah! and you say he is well off?'

'Very, they say. He won't be long so, poor beggar!'

'And he is really going to marry her?'

'Safe.'

'What a consummate ass! It is rather a bore though; perhaps he won't let her sit.'

'Not while his money lasts, perhaps; but that cannot be long, in her hands; and then he cannot be a very particular sort of chap to marry her at all.'

Only Dante could describe my feelings; suffice it that on arriving in London I made searching inquiries into the antecedents of Mrs. Plantagenet, the result of which was to determine me to break off the match.

It is pleasant to be a wife who is a model of virtue, sobriety, industry, good-humour; but not one who is a model of Venus rising from the sea.

An enlightened British jury, however, saw the matter from a different point of view, and when the action was brought against me, brought in a verdict for the plaintiff—damages £500.

Missouri hogs are so fat that in order to find out where their heads are it is necessary to make them squeal and then judge by the sound.



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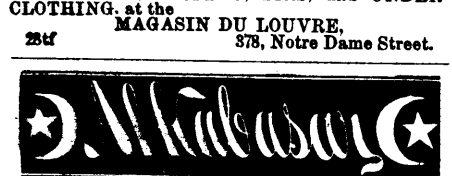
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