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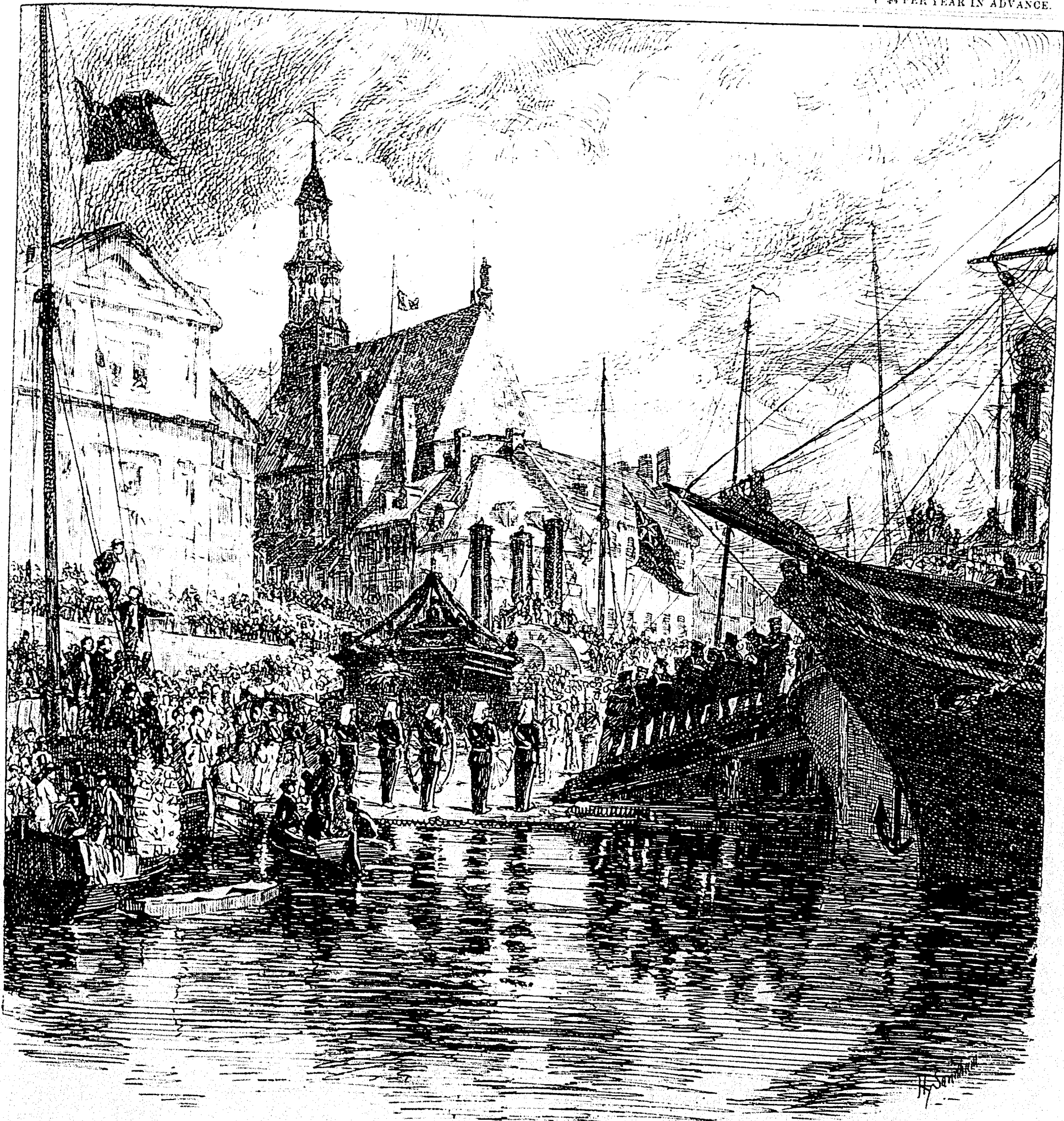
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Illustrated News

Vol. VII.—No 25.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1873.

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OBSEQUIES OF SIR GEO. E. CARTIER.—ARRIVAL OF THE "DRUID" AT MONTREAL.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1873.

The funeral of Sir George Cartier has, unfortunately, been the occasion of one of the greatest scandals which ever disgraced the history of Canada. When it was announced that the Government intended honouring the deceased baronet by giving his remains a public burial, a storm of indignation was raised by a certain portion of the Canadian press. The leading organ of the Opposition was especially loud in its denunciations of the resolution taken by the Ministers, and its cry was re-echoed by a portion of its small followers. After reviewing the history of the late Minister of Militia, we utterly fail to see any valid reason for this unseemly display of party spirit, and it is to be deeply regretted that individuals should have taken upon themselves thus publicly to give expression to their disapproval of the course taken with reference to the obsequies of Sir George Cartier. We say individuals, for we do not believe that the sentiments expressed by the *Globe* are to any great degree shared in by those who oppose the policy of the present Ministry. The leader of the French branch of the Opposition gave abundant proof of this in acting as pall-bearer at the funeral. By this single act Mr. Dorion shows all the justice and generosity of his character in a manner which contrasts strangely with the virulence of some of his Upper Canadian supporters. The whole conduct of the anti-public funeral agitators is a crying shame. It is utterly without parallel in the political history of any country. Such conduct might not have been surprising in the factionists of some of the lesser European nations, but in Canada—the Canada we are so proud of as a free and enlightened country—it is pitiful. We do not deny that during his early career the deceased statesman had made some great and grievous mistakes, but surely this is not a time to rake up former errors. It is only the meanest of souls that would seek to deny the fair fame of the dead. Sir George had amply atoned, in so far as lay in his power, for his political sins of omission and commission. His dead past had long ago buried its dead. He had been received with favour at Court, he had been publicly thanked for his exertions in making Canada what it is, and, after all, it has been reserved for Canadians to heap contumely upon his memory. It is pitiful. He was in every way a man whom his monarch delighted to honour. Is this the reason why his opponents delight to dishonour his memory? What will our descendants who read the story of Sir George Cartier's career think of us of the nineteenth century? What kind of a record must the truthful historian give us?—for the disgrace covers the entire nation. In the name of common sense, in the name of decency, in the name of humanity we protest against the rude words which have been uttered, against the cruel scenes which have been enacted on the occasion of the funeral of Sir George Cartier. What can we call the man who nurses his hate for his enemy after his enemy has succumbed to the Great Avenger. For such a one coward is no name. How then shall we stigmatize those who do this for a political opponent—one who differs solely in opinion and creed? All honour to those who, though arrayed in political warfare against the deceased Minister, were just and generous enough, manly enough, to forget past differences and render him the last rites with all the honours he deserved. In thus entering our protest it cannot be objected that we are influenced by any party bias. We have studiously kept aloof from joining either one of the political parties of the day. As spectators we have applauded where we felt applause was due, and condemned when to have withheld condemnation would have been unjustifiable. In speaking as we have done, we feel that we are only uttering the sentiments of the large majority throughout the country, and that we shall be supported by all right-thinking and generous men.

We are glad to see that the North Shore Railway scheme has at last been successfully launched and the contract signed. The three million dollar bonus, required as security by the English capitalists who are to advance the money for the construction of the road, has been a subject of lively discussion by the Board of Directors, by the Shareholders and by the Corporation of the City of Quebec. At the meeting of the

Board of Directors a resolution authorizing the bonus was carried by a large majority; at the meeting of the Shareholders the resolution was ratified by a majority of six hundred and eighty-seven, while in the Quebec Corporation the opposition to the granting of the bonus was due solely to party spirit. We therefore congratulate the inhabitants of Quebec on the prospect of shortly having a road of their own, for it will be seen by the contract the line must be in running order before the 1st of January, 1875. The advantages which must accrue to Quebec City are easily perceived; a large tract of country will be opened for cultivation, the produce of which will find a ready market in the old capital. Villages and towns will spring up along the route, each serving to increase the trade and traffic of Quebec. But it is not alone Quebec that will reap benefits from this road; the city of Montreal will also have new tracts of country pouring their riches into its coffers. If the counties towards the Quebec end of the line are wealthy, much more so are those at the Montreal end and so Montreal in that ratio shall benefit by the line; it is therefore the duty of all at both termini and in the intervening county to assist in building the road. It has been stated that the Grand Trunk Railway Company has used its influence to defeat the scheme, but such is not the case. Whatever trade or traffic which will come to the share of the North Shore Railway, little if any will be taken from the Grand Trunk, but will be wholly newly born. Of the unlimited produce of the North Shore how much now benefits the Grand Trunk? none whatever; and this will naturally be a mine of wealth to the North Shore Railway. Of the imports which arrive at Quebec the present system being so adequate and simple it will be long before any deviation, to the detriment of the Grand Trunk, could take place. We conclude in wishing success to the enterprise.

THE OBSEQUIES OF SIR GEO. E. CARTIER.

On the arrival of the "Druid" at Montreal, on Wednesday morning, the 11th inst., the remains of the late Minister of Militia were conveyed to the Court House, where a *chapelle ardente* had been prepared in the Advocates' Robing Room. The pillars on the portico of the building were hung with black, and inside the spacious vestibule was draped in black and orange. The chapel had been tastefully arranged by the Sisters of the Providence. The room was darkened, a dim light being shed by a gasolier and by candles which were burning. The choicest flowers were put in every convenient and appropriate place, and heavy draperies, suspended from the centre of the ceiling, fell in graceful curves, forming a sort of dome, over the catafalque. The latter was extremely plain, and was covered with black velvet pall, edged with gold fringe and tassels. Six antique urns were placed on each side of the catafalque, and from a small cavity in the top a pale pink-colored flame was emitted. The coffin having been placed on the catafalque, the doors were opened and the public admitted. During the whole of that and the following day crowds pressed in to obtain a last look at the deceased statesman.

On Friday, at an early hour numbers of people from the surrounding country appeared, which until late in the afternoon were as thronged as on a public holiday. At nine o'clock the funeral car drew up in front of the Court House. It was drawn by eight matched horses caparisoned in plain black housings. As a work of art the car was all that could be desired in point of design, workmanship, and good taste. Its dimensions were: length, 17 ft.; width, 16 ft. 6 in.; height, 22 ft. 6 in. It was entirely covered with black cloth, reaching to within six inches of the ground, and gracefully looped up in the centre. On either side, above the loop was an oval shield, charged with the rose, thistle and shamrock, and surmounted with a crown, around the whole the motto: *Tria Juncti In Uno*. At each corner of the lower platform or story were four cinerary urns, with silver flames issuing from the mouths. Along the sides of the car were panels mounted with glittering silver stars. The panels and mouldings were all of velvet, and the body of black cloth. Immediately in front of the car was Sir George E. Cartier's coat of arms—On a chief, a ferret argent and band gules; a field gules, pale or. Crest—an anchor argent, with the device *Franc et Sans Dol*. The black drapings were edged with silver trimmings and buttons set at regular intervals, and silver stars attached to black escutcheons at the four corners. The second story was that upon which the coffin rested. Its base was adorned with a number of small wreaths of violets spangled with white flowers, twined by the Ladies of the Hochelaga Convent; and at the four corners, were large wreaths of the same colour and form. Four columns supported the frame, and were surmounted with tufted black crosses. Immediately above these, and at the extremities of the roof, were four similar crosses. In the centre of the roof, towered a massive silver cross, elegantly designed and tastefully chiselled. Four imitation urns guarded the ends of the lower platform, bound with wreaths of purple violets and maple leaves. Two spears, jutting fore and aft of the chariot were draped with folds of velvet and attached to the upper part by silken cords and tassels. On each side was an oval shield bearing silver rose, thistle and shamrock, and the words *Tria Juncti In Uno*. On the rear were the Cartier arms, and in the front, the Cartier monogram. This splendid work was due to the design of Mr. Marshall Wood, the eminent sculptor, whose ideas were admirably carried out by Messrs. N. & A. C. Larivière. Shortly after nine the coffin was placed on the hearse, the mourners took their places and the procession moved slowly along. As the funeral car passed the Grand Trunk Infantry, which was drawn up on Notre Dame St. in front of the Court House, the loud word of command was given and the guard presented arms; the Montreal Field Battery, under command of Colonel Stevenson, mustered in its full force, thundered out a volley, which was answered from St. Helen's Island, and thence after, until the church service began, minute guns were regularly fired from those two points. Simultaneously the great bells of Notre Dame

tolled, answered by other peals in the eastern part of the city. The march was from the Court House, along Notre Dame to St. Denis street, up St. Denis to St. Catherine, up St. Catherine to St. Lawrence Main, down St. Lawrence to Craig, up Craig to Place D'Armes Hill, and up that Hill to the French Church.

The following is the order of the procession:

- The Governor-General's Guard's Band,
- The Fire Brigade in uniform,
- High School Cadets,
- Militia Officers of the 5th and 6th Military District,
- Foot Artillery Band,
- Typographical Unions,
- Société Bleuveillante de Notre Dame de Bonsecours,
- Stone Cutters' Association,
- L'Union St. Jacques,
- Butchers' Association,
- L'Union St. Pierre,
- Carpenters' Association,
- L'Union St. Joseph,
- St. Bridget's and St. Ann's Temperance Societies,
- Members of the Civil Service,
- The Mayors, Corporations and Officers of different Cities, among them Mayor Manning, of Toronto, and Ald. Hamilton, Mayor Martineau, of Ottawa, and four Aldermen,
- The Grand Trunk Band,
- The Corporation of Montreal, headed by Acting Mayor Brunet,
- St. Andrew's Society,
- St. George's Society,
- St. Jean Baptiste Society,
- B Battery Band,
- THE FUNERAL CAR.
- The pall-bearers:—Sir Francis Hincks; Judge Siotter; Hon. Mr. Archambault; Sir Alex. T. Galt; Lieut. Governor Howland; Sir Narcisse F. Belleau; Judge Meredith; Judge Polette; Hon. T. Ryan; Hon. A. A. Dorian; Hon. Letellier de St. Just; and Hon. J. Ferrier.
- The family of the deceased baronet:—Mr. C. Cartier, brother of the deceased; Messrs. H. Desrosiers, J. Desrosiers, J. E. Lusignan, nephews; R. R. Hubert, Dr. Desrosiers, N. Cartier, R. Raymond, J. Cartier, cousins; M. Cuvillier, Grand Vicar Raymond; Messrs. H. Fabre, G. Fabre, Mrs. Lusignan, sister.
- The Members of the Privy Council and Cabinet of Canada,
- The representative of His Excellency the Governor-General, Col. Fletcher, A.D.C.
- The Lieutenant-Governors of the Provinces, or their representatives. Their Excellencies Lieutenant-Governors Caron, of Quebec, and Howland, of Ontario, chief mourners.
- The Executive Councils of the Provinces,
- The Speaker and Members of the Senate, the Speaker of the House of Commons, and Clerks, and Sergeant-at-Arms, A.
- The Judges,
- Clergy of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, and Episcopal clergy,
- Members of the House of Commons, Dominion and Local,
- The Consuls,
- The Bar,
- The Board of Notaries,
- The Medical Profession,
- The Professors and Pupils of Universities,
- The Montreal College Band,
- The Professors and Pupils of the Montreal College,
- The Professors and Pupils of St. Mary's College,
- The Professors and Pupils of the Normal Schools,
- The Christian Brothers' School Band,
- Pupils of the Christian Brothers' School,
- Militia.

Along the greater part of the line of route the houses were hung with black and numbers of people thronged the sidewalks. An affecting incident occurred as the cortege passed along St. Denis street. M. Pominville, Sir George's partner and intimate friend, appeared tottering on the porch of his house supported by his family. As the old gentleman, who was in deep mourning, sank into a chair overcome by his emotions, the passers-by involuntarily raised their hats out of respect for this outburst of genuine, heartfelt grief. While ascending Place d'Armes Hill an unwelcome incident occurred, the silver cross on the top of the funeral chariot entangled in the telegraph wires, and, before the horses could be brought to a halt, it was wrenched from its place and thrown to the ground. During the service, however, it was replaced as firmly as ever.

By eleven o'clock the procession reached the Parish Church, which had been tastefully and appropriately decorated. The altar was completely draped in black, and from its horns sprang two columns of jet twined with white bands. Behind the tabernacle, and covering the great window, was a gigantic cross of silver tissue, floriated at the extremities of the arms. The double row of galleries, on either side of the nave, was heavily hung in black cloth with delicate silver fringe, and over the stalls of the sanctuary was a similar ornamentation, heightened in effect by the addition of snowy wreaths. Half way up each of the fluted columns of the church, was attached an escutcheon—the arms of the deceased baronet, alternating with the insignia of royalty. All the windows were veiled with purple curtains which shed a soft light throughout the aisles. From the central point of the roof radiated a number of black and yellow streamers, immediately over the catafalque. This was a gothic structure of artistic design and perfect proportions; the base was square and tomb-like, coloured in imitation of variegated marble and where it rested on the ground painted a dark brown. White marble tablets were let in on the sides which bore the following inscriptions in French and English:—*Homme Sincère*, "A Sincere Man"; *Homme droit*, "An Upright Man"; *Homme ferme*, "A Firm Man"; *Homme honnête*, "An Honest Man"; while below, it was encircled with a moulding on which were the words in letters of gold:—"Sir George Cartier, *L'ami de son pays*," "Sir George Cartier, the friend of his country." Medallions in plaster, with Madonna faces, were placed on either side, above the panels, and crowning this portion of the structure was a balustrade from which depended six crowns, over which were silver scrolls bearing the names of the six provinces of the Confederation. Next came the bier, of a pale flesh colour, and above it was a canopy supported on four gothic arches and pillars. From the centre of the canopy rose a lantern, and the whole was surmounted by a tall and graceful spire, which terminated in a silver cross. One of the chiefest beauties

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

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

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

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

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

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

NEW BOOKS.

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

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

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

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

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

BOOKS, Etc., RECEIVED.

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

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

Chisholm's International Railway and Steam Navigation Guide.

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

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

THE UNREASONABLENESS OF DISCONTENT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

JOHN READE.

Notes and Queries.

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

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

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

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

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

A FEW THOUGHTS ON SLEEP.

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

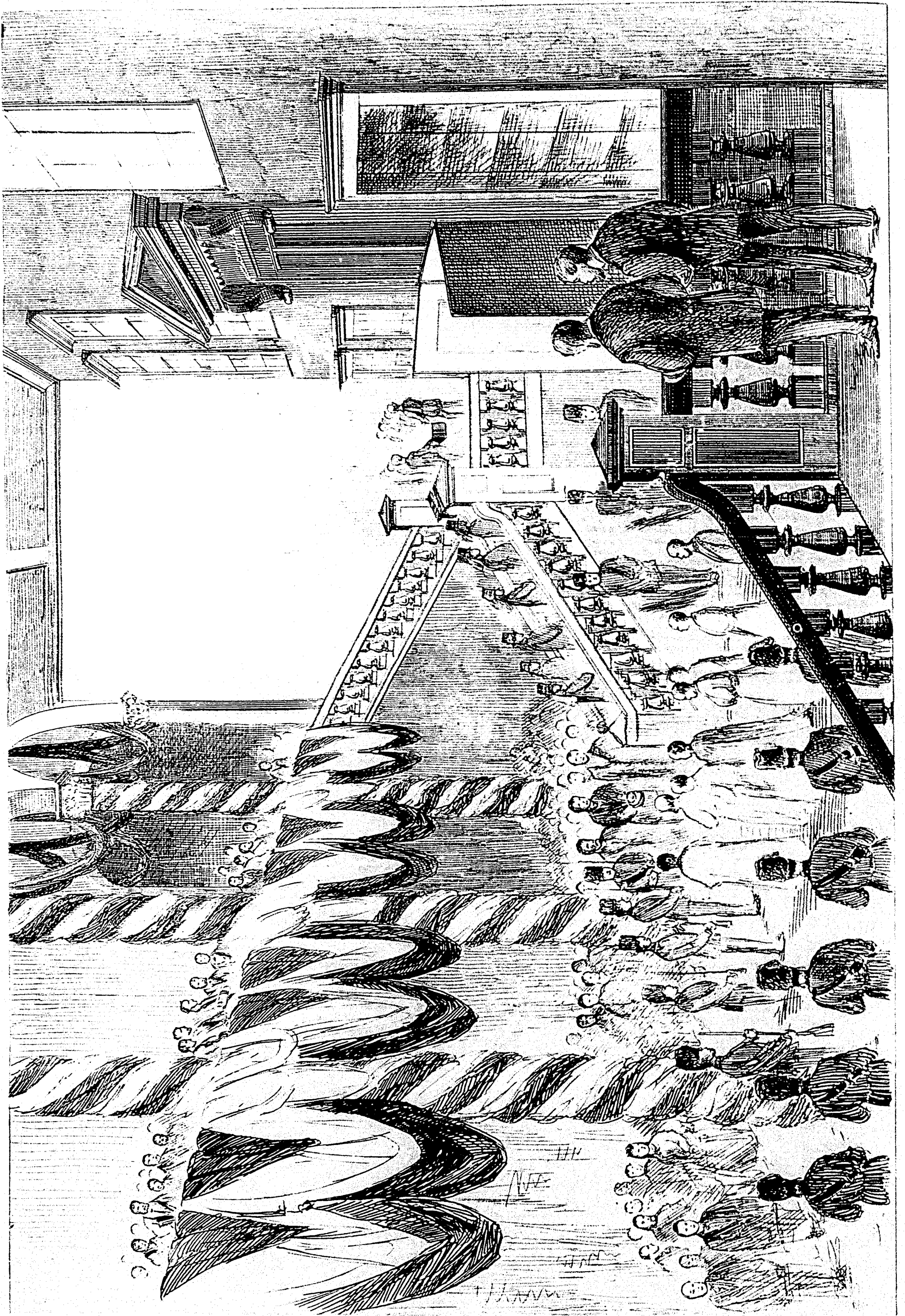
"Blessings," exclaimed Sancho Panza, "on him that first invented sleep! It wraps a man all round like a cloak."
CERVANTES.

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

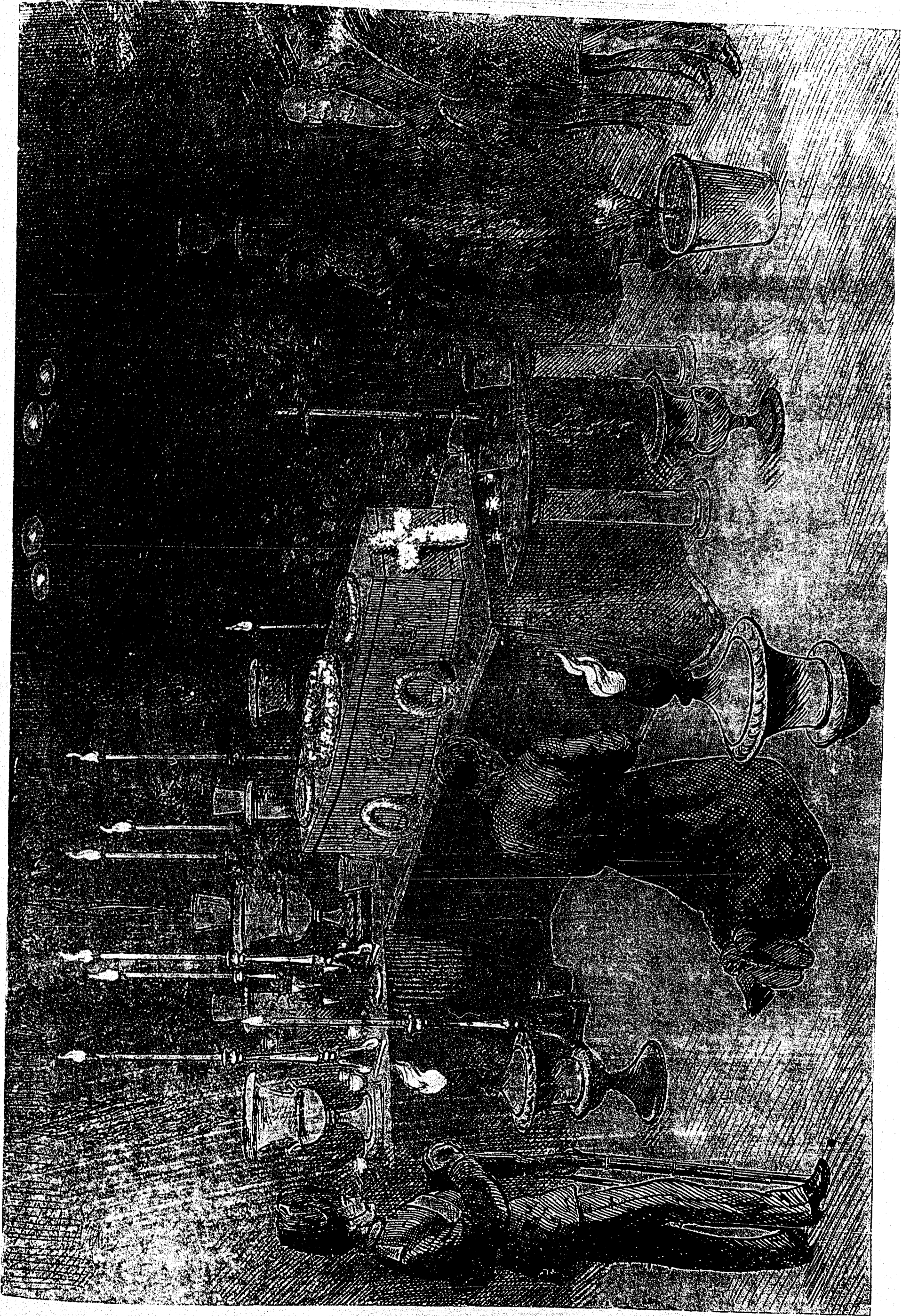
It is said sleep is best before midnight, and nature herself with her darkness informs us so. Amongst the ancients, Somnus, the personification and God of sleep, is described as the Brother of Death, and as a Son of Night. In works of art, Sleep and Death are represented as two youths, sleeping or holding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

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

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



UNRAQUER OF SIR GEO. E. CARTER — THE GRAND HALL OF THE COURT HOUSE



OBSCURITIES OF SIR GEO. E. CARTER.—THE BODY LYING IN STATE IN THE ADVOCATES' ROBBING ROOM AT THE COURT HOUSE.

of their temperament, though in most excessive cases, sleep is perhaps nature's never-failing relief, as swooning is upon the rack. A man with jaundice in his blood shall lie down and go to sleep at noonday, when another of a different complexion shall find his eyes as uncloseable as those of a statue, even though he has no sleep for nights together. Without meaning to lessen the dignity of suffering, which has quite enough to do without its waking hours, it is this that may often account for the profound sleeps enjoyed the night before hazardous battles, executions, and other demands upon an over-excited spirit. Shakspeare describes Richmond on the eve of the battle of Bosworth as having, "The sweetest sleep, and fairest boding dreams that ever entered into a drowsy head." It is recorded that the servant of William Lord Russell, when he came in the morning to call his master, found him in a sound sleep, and that while the servant was preparing to dress him with the clothes he was to be executed in, he fell asleep again.

The most complete and healthy sleep that can be taken in the day is in summer time, out in a field. There is, perhaps, no solitary sensation so exquisite as that of slumbering on the grass or new-mown hay, shaded from the sun by a tree—the birds singing in the branches—with the consciousness of a fresh but light air running through the wide atmosphere, and the clear blue sky like a mighty dome overhead. Earth and heaven seem to have the creation to themselves. There is nothing between the slumberer and the naked and glad innocence of nature.

Next to this, perhaps, the most relishing snatch of slumber out of bed is the one which a man takes when he is thoroughly tired, before he retires for the night, while lingering in his sitting room seated by a cheerful fire—for a fire-side is a great epiate. The consciousness of being very sleepy, and of having the power to go to bed immediately, gives great zest to the unwillingness to move. Sometimes he sits nodding in his chair, but the sudden and leaden jerks of the head, to which a state of great sleepiness renders him liable, are generally too painful for so luxurious a moment; and he gets into a more comfortable posture, sitting sideways with his head on the chair-back, his legs thrown upon another chair, and half reclining. It is curious to find how long an inconvenient posture will be borne for the sake of this foretaste of repose.

In allusion to the painful position into which a sleepy loungee will get himself, it is amusing to think of the fantastic attitudes that so often take place in bed. Sleep never shows himself a greater leveller. A man in his waking moments may look as proud and self-possessed as he pleases. He may walk proudly, he may stand proudly, he may sit proudly, he may eat his dinner proudly; he may shave himself with an air of infinite superiority, his hair may flow in majestic curls; in a word, he may show himself grand and absurd upon the most trifling occasions. But sleep plays the petrifying magician. Sleep arrests the proudest lord, the veriest fop as well as the humblest clown in the most ridiculous postures; so that if you could draw a viceroy from his bed without waking him, no limb-twisting harlequin should create wilder laughter. The toy with the string between its legs is hardly a posture-master more extravagant. Imagine a despotic monarch lifted up to the gaze of his valets with his eyes shut his mouth wide open, his left hand under his right ear, his other dangling helplessly before him, one leg with the knee lifted up forming a right angle to the thigh, the other leg as straight as a wooden one, or both knees huddled up together; what a curious figure to lodge power absolute in!

But sleep is kindly, even in his tricks, and the poets have treated him with proper reverence. According to the ancient mythologists, he had even one of the Graces to wife. He had a thousand sons, of whom the chief was Morpheus, or the Stager; Icelos, or the Likely; Phantasus, the Fancy; and Phobetos, the Terror. His dwelling some writers place in a dull and darkling part of the earth; others with greater compliment, in heaven; and others with another kind of propriety, by the sea shore. Spenser has built a nice bower for him. Archimago, in the first book of the Faery Queen (Canto I. St. 39) sends a little spirit down to Morpheus to fetch him a dream.

Claucaer has drawn the cave of the same God with great simplicity; it seems as real as an actual solitude, or some quaint old picture in a book of travels in Tartary. He is telling the story of Ceyx and Alcyone in the poem called his Dream. Juno tells a messenger to go to Morpheus and "bid him creep into the body" of the drowned king to let his wife know the fatal event by his apparition. We dare not trust ourselves with many quotations from the poets upon sleep, they are so numerous as well as beautiful. Shakspeare's

"Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds—great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast."

Admirable as it is, yet there is perhaps as an exquisite bit in Beaumont and Fletcher's tragedy of Valentinian, the hero of which is a sufferer under bodily torment. He is in a chair slumbering, and these beautiful lines are gently sung with music:

Care-alarms! Sleep, thou eases of all woes,
Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
On this all-cured prince. Fall like a cloud,
In gentle showers; give nothing that is loud
Or painful to his slumbers; easy, light,
And as a purring stream, thou son of Night,
Pass by his troubled senses; sing his pain
Like hollow murmuring wind, or silver rain,
Into his prince gently, oh gently, slide,
And kiss him into slumbers, like a bride.

How earnest and prayer-like are these pauses! How lightly sprinkled, and yet how deeply settling, like rain, the fancy! How quiet, affectionate, and perfect the conclusion!

Sleep is most graceful in an infant, soundest in one who has an easy conscience and has been tired by out-door exercise; completest to a seaman after a hard voyage; most welcome to the mind haunted with one idea; most touching to look at in the parent that has wept; lightest in the playful child; proudest in the bride adored.

Some grave-diggers at Palermo have been discovered in pursuit of a very horrid but no doubt very lucrative practice. These utilitarians were in the habit of dis-interring their plump, fleshy subjects, cutting them up, and boiling them for the sake of the grease which they converted into relishes and pomades. Resurrectionists are nowhere after this.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

SONNET.

I think I could have borne all forms of ill
In thought, or word, or act that e'er were born
And gained maturity through wicked will—
But oh! that thou shouldst vex me with thy scorn!
The earth awakes; the birds salute the morn;
The flowers open their eyes, and every tree
Drinks the fresh matin air; the yellow corn
Bends, listening to the music of the sea.
And all is as it erst was wont to be.
Save that my heart is wretched and forlorn.
But thou shalt never look on my despair,
Nor see me, in my anguish, pry my grave;
As I have borne all else, this, too, I bear—
At least I shall find respite in the grave.

JOHN READE.

University Intelligence.

(We shall be happy to receive communications from the various Universities respecting the conferring of degrees, etc.)

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

At the Annual Convocation held on Tuesday the 10th inst., the following degrees were conferred:

- LL.D.—J. A. McLennan, M.A., LL.B.; R. Snelling, LL.B.
- M.D.—H. H. Fell, M.B.; A. Groves, M.B.
- M.A.—C. R. W. Biggar, B.A.; Rev. G. Burnfield, B.A.; W. Dale, B.A.; H. M. Hicks, B.A.; W. H. Kingston, B.A.; J. G. Robin-on, B.A.; J. White, B.A.; Goldwin Smith, Univ. Oxon., *ad eundem*; Rev. Geo. Paxton Young, Univ. Edin., *ad eundem*.
- LL.B.—M. Cumming, B.A.; R. E. Kingsford, M.A.; J. Muir, M.A.; J. McIntosh; Rev. N. McNish, M.A.; D. G. Sutherland, W. Watt, B.A.
- M.B.—F. R. Armstrong, J. S. Balmer, M. I. Beeman, N. Brewster, J. A. Close, W. Ferrler, J. W. Gray, J. Gunn, S. D. Hagle, H. T. Macell, N. W. Meldrum, C. Morrow, W. Nichol, C. A. Paterson, J. Richardson, R. H. Robinson, A. H. Wright, B.A.
- B.A.—F. Ballantyne, W. Barwick, F. Black, James Campbell, John Campbell, J. Craig, W. D. Dudson, J. K. Fiskin, C. Fletcher, A. C. Galt, J. R. Gilchrist, A. M. Hamilton, J. B. Hamilton, F. N. Kennin, R. B. Lesslie, J. H. Long, J. H. Maddon, F. Madill, H. P. Milligan, L. A. McPherson, J. Nichols, W. E. Perdue, W. J. Robertson, J. T. Small, T. S. T. Smellie, C. G. Snider, A. Stewart, J. Torrance, A. M. Turnbull, F. H. Wallace, J. Wallace, N. J. Wellwood.
- Diploma in Agriculture—F. Madill.

The following is the list of medals awarded for the Year 1873:—

- Faculty of Law—Gold Medal, J. McIntosh; Silver Medal, J. Muir.
- Faculty of Medicine—Gold Medal, J. A. Close; Silver Medals, 1, M. I. Beeman; 2, A. H. Wright; 3, S. D. Hagle; Starr Gold Medal, N. W. Meldrum; Starr Silver Medals, 1, J. A. Close; 2, S. D. Hagle.
- Faculty of Arts—Classics, Gold Medal, F. H. Wallace; Silver Medals, 1, J. T. Small; 2, J. Craig. Mathematics, Gold Medal, H. P. Milligan; Silver Medal, W. J. Robertson. Modern Languages, Gold Medal, J. H. Long; Silver Medal, L. A. McPherson. Natural Science, Gold Medal, J. Nichols; Silver Medals, 1, J. B. Hamilton; 2, J. H. Madden. Metaphysics, Ethics, &c., Gold Medal, W. J. Robertson; Silver Medals, 1, C. G. Snider; 2, A. Stewart; 3, C. Fletcher; 4, J. Torrance; 5, P. Straith.

SCHOLARSHIPS.

- The following is the Scholarships list:—
- Faculty of Law—Second Year, H. J. Scott; Third Year, W. F. Walker.
- Faculty of Medicine—First Year, A. C. Bowerman; Second Year, A. Farewell; Third Year, O. C. Brown.
- Faculty of Arts—Greek and Latin, 1st year, 1, J. G. McKeown (double); 2, E. Harris; 2nd year, 1, L. E. Embree (double); 2, A. Crysler (double); 3rd year, 1, T. T. Macbeth; 2, J. E. Hodgson. Mathematics, 1st year, 1, A. K. Blackadar (double); 2, W. Grant; 3, J. Cameron; 2nd, H. H. Gilmer; 3rd year, 1, F. F. Manley; 2, A. Dawson. Modern Languages, 2nd year, A. R. Diekey; 3rd year, G. Stewart. Natural Sciences, 2nd year, W. Fletcher (double); 3rd year, G. W. Thompson. Metaphysics, &c., 2nd year, A. P. McIlmird; 3rd year, F. B. Betts. History and Civil Polity, 3rd year, W. Johnston. Special Proficiency in subjects other than Classics and Mathematics, 1st year, W. G. Eakins (double); 2nd year, W. Fletcher. General Proficiency, 1st year, 1, W. G. Eakins; 2, J. G. McKeown; 3, A. K. Blackadar; 4, P. S. Campbell; 5, A. J. Moore; 6, B. D. Carey; 7, J. Doherty; 2nd year, 1, L. E. Embree; 2, A. Crysler; 3, T. Caran-ziden; 4, M. S. Clark; 3rd year, 1, A. B. Aylsworth; 2, J. Reid.
- French Prose Prize, L. A. McPherson.
- German Prose Prize, J. H. Long.
- Prize for Oriental Languages, 1st year, E. Harris; 2nd year, F. R. Beattie; 3rd year, J. Torrance.
- Civil Engineering, J. F. McNab.
- Prince's Prize, W. J. Robertson.

ANOTHER CASE OF BRONCHITIS CURED.

BRIDGEWATER, N. S., March 2nd, 1869.

MR. JAMES I. FELLOWS:

DEAR SIR,—While in Windsor on a visit in December last, I fell in with an old friend—Capt. H. Coffin—and finding him looking so hearty and robust, was led to enquire what had produced the great change, for when I last saw him two years previous he was a mere skeleton. He informed me that your very valuable Syrup of Hypophosphites had effected a perfect cure. He persuaded me to try the Syrup for Bronchitis, from which I had suffered much during several years. I purchased one dozen of this Syrup, and have used only three bottles, and my health is now better than it has been for years. Not requiring the balance of the dozen, I sold it to different parties, and now there is a general demand for it from all parts.

Respectfully yours,

W. J. NELSON.

Capt. H. Coffin is the person who was cured of Consumption in 1866 by Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, whose letter was published some time ago.

Jacob's Rheumatic Liquid put up by S. J. Foss & Co., Sherbrooke.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

THE GRAVE AND THE ROSE.

(Translated from Victor Hugo.)

The Grave said: "Rose, fair Queen of Flowers,
What dost thou with the dewy showers
That gem thy buds each day?"
The Rose replied: "O solemn Grave,
With all that crowd thy hungry cave
What dost thou, I pray?"

Thus spake the Rose: "O Grave forlorn,
From the bright tear-drops of the morn
Sweet odours I distil;"
"And from my depths," the Grave replied,
"The dead, transformed to angels, rise
The courts of Heaven to fill."

GEO. MURRAY.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

TOUCHSTONE PAPERS.

NO. XI.—COBWEBB AND GOSSAMER.

We are all subject to illusions. Those among us who are most learned, have most experience of life, have made most progress in the pursuit of ethics, or are most versed in the intricacies of the social relations, are all liable to be deceived in some more or less serious manner. We are subject to illusions in everything—in science, in letters, in art, in the worship of the altar, in the loves and cares of the domestic fireside.

Illusions are twofold. One is the offspring of Ignorance—dark, nearly impenetrable, easily dispelled in one shape, but oft-recurring in another, hard to remove completely, and almost invariably leaving its contamination behind. It may be referred to the *ignorantia crassa* of the schoolmen, and taints mainly the lettered. The other is a phantasy of the Imagination—bright, translucent, not easily dispelled, because seldom known for what it is, often dangerous, often harmless, and likely to remain in the same mind so long as the imaginative faculty preserves any force. It is the *amabilis insania* of the poet, and is observable almost exclusively among men of intellect or women of strong sensibilities.

The first is a cobweb; the second a tissue of gossamer. The cobweb darkens our rooms and defiles every object which it covers. In certain seasons and certain localities it is one of the great annoyances of the housewife. It is rare that a house is completely purged of it, for, with the instinct of birds and insects, the spider will seek to weave her net where she has spread it before. In addition, her sting is sometimes venomous and may taint the blood. She likes the obscurity of hidden corners, and hates the glare of noon. The gossamer swings in the open field and in the broad light of day. It dazzles the eye by its brilliancy, or distorts the vision by the obliquity of the rays which impinge upon its ever-balancing surface. It is a fair thing to see, and we forget that it is a net and a veil while admiring the beauty of its tints.

We feel quite differently in regard to this double hindrance to our view, we loathe the one and rather delight in the other. The first is a blot in our homes, the other a glory of the field; the former contrasts sadly with the cleanness of its surroundings, the latter is part and parcel of the beautiful summer landscape. And so in regard to the two-fold illusions above mentioned and those who are influenced by them. We shall be certain to vex and insult a man by referring to his ignorance, to his gross prejudices, or to his superstitions; whereas, we shall rather flatter our friend by referring to his eccentricities. The first we put down as a bore and a dolt—the other we sometimes salute as a genius. Yes, crooked-mindedness is often mistaken for genius! Besides, we are disposed quite differently towards these two individuals. We shall have no patience with the one, while we shall judge it a pleasant pastime to poke fun at thee, O Poet, my brother, or make game of yonder pensive, sentimental dandy. But illusions, whether amiable or otherwise, are an imperfection, and should humble the pride of our reason; they are an obstruction to the purity and straightness of our gaze at Truth, and must be removed, for it is Truth which shall set us free. *Veritas liberabit nos.*

Cobwebs are swept away with a broom. The besom of popular education and religious instruction is fast removing those grosser illusions which overcloud the mind of the masses. Hand in hand, ecclesiastical and secular learning are imparting correct ideas of all that it behoves a man to know. This is the more consoling that illusions among the untutored—and even among the educated—are common in regard to the most vital points and that, on this continent, the higher might vie with the lower classes in their distorted notions of duty to God and Society and their misconception of the conjugal and filial obligations.

The second class of illusions are not so easily dealt with. The gossamer is almost intangible; it sways in the breeze and eludes the grasp. There are many of these harmless fancies which may be spared—others must be dispelled unhesitatingly. It is too much the fashion among the lettered to imagine and defend the most absurd and even impious ideas. It is no more necessary for such men to entertain their fancies than it is for the poet's eye to be ever "in a fine phrenzy rolling," or for the astronomer to stumble into every ditch he meets. Nay, it is less so. The latter are the innocent follies of vain men, but the former are sins and crimes that may lead to ruin. It is often difficult to face these illusions, for it is difficult to define them, circumscribe them, or prevent the mind being dazzled by their splendour; but once fairly seized, they should be rent asunder, as we would tear the thin web of the gossamer.

In religious matters, it should be the business of every man, no matter of what condition, to remove from his mind every veil of illusion; and for this purpose, a simple, humble faith is needed, in imitation of Him who was meek and humble of heart and who often chided His disciples because on account of their little faith, they were scared at shapeless phantoms.

One of the most curious relics of Mollère now at the Jubilee Exhibition in the Paris Théâtre Italien is a small reliquary about double the size of a finger-nail, containing a small quantity of white powder—the dust of Mollère's bones.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

REALITY versus THE IDEAL.

Shall we mourn an idol fallen,
Grieving for a lost ideal?
Finding what we risked our all on
Not infallible, but real!

Not a goddess, but a human,
Soul-enslaved form of clay,
Just a loving, lovely woman;
Let us prize her while we may!

Let each beautiful trait or feature
Raise our adoration more
For the Creator—but the creature
We may love, but not adore.

H. P. MAH.

ADELINA PATTI-CAUX.

That bewitching little Marchioness whom the Greeks would have enshrined as a goddess had she sung and smiled to Alcibiades as she does to any among our noble common-wealth who can pay a guinea for a stall—that child-faced siren who would have charmed Ulysses and followers out of their boat, despite all the cotton-wool in their ears—must think we are a close-fisted people as compared to our enemies the Russians, who have so filled our Diva's jewel-case with diamonds that the Marquis de Caux, when he escorts his wife to and from the cities of her triumphs, keeps the jewel-case on a seat in the carriage beside him, and watches over it affectionately with an ivory-mounted revolver in his pocket.

The part of *Amina* has continued to be Adelina Patti's favourite, and Gardoni, who sang in the "Sonnambula" with her on her first night, and many nights afterwards, used to confess that he could never hear the "Ah non, giunge!" without thrilling. The words were so suited to Adelina's character in real life—a temper sweet, blithe, loving, and trustful as a pet humming-bird's. At first Grisi was terribly jealous of her and, sitting in a pit stage-box, on the nights when Mario sang, watched with glaring eyes to see if the handsomest of husbands and tenors dared chat with Adelina whilst they stood in the slips together. But he never dared, and Adelina used to stand beside him demure and silent till by degrees her naive innocence and exquisite tender grace softened even that lioness amongst women—a dethroned and chafing prima donna. Adelina Patti has long been a frequent visitor at Springfield Lodge, the demesne of that first among managers and gentlemen—Mr Gye. The gatherings at this pleasant house have been brightened by more pretty women and agreeable men than perhaps any others in London. But the glass-roofed terrace at Springfield Lodge looks never so sunny as when Adelina Patti sits there receiving homage with an artless modesty which often tinges her sweet face pink, and prattling with a freshness of spirit which must have led more than one poor devil to dream what a paradise a cottage on the Lake of Como would be with this heaven-favored charmer to gladden it.

Adelina Patti is, of all the women on this pining globe, the one who has excited most amorous declarations, and three despairing Frenchmen and a Yankee have hanged themselves on account of her. In the space of twelve years, the love-letters she has received may be computed by the ton, but it may pain old-writers and the like to learn that their effusions never reach the Diva's eyes, but are burned. For a long time the prudent Strakosch, Adelina Patti's pianist brother-in-law, used to see to this business, and it was a study to watch how this Strakosch would mount guard over his pearl of price as if he were in constant apprehension lest she should be snatched from him. It was he who signed her engagements, accompanied her to the opera, and saw her home again after the performance; and if you offered Mile. Patti a bouquet, this devoted and affectionate brother-in-law would dart forward under pretext of relieving her of the load and cautiously feel with his knowing fingers to detect any *billet-doux* that might lurk among the flowers. He was perpetually hovering around his sister-in-law, and in truth if Adelina Patti has been the most adored woman, Maurice Strakosch is the man who in the mind's eye of exasperated suitors has been most frequently kicked down stairs. There was an English Earl who, but for Mr. Strakosch, would have laid at the Diva's feet one of the richest coronets in this realm, but he could never stand M. Strakosch, and there was a rather hot scene between them one night, when the *custos Dixæ* assured his lordship that his attentions were unwelcome. "I'll learn that from her own lips, and thank you to keep your distance," shouted his lordship in flaming wrath, and the subject of the contention coming off the stage at that moment in the character of *Zerlina* had to interpose between the two, as she might have done between *Don Giovanni* and *Don Otello*. On another occasion soon after *Zerlina* had reached her majority, one of our countrymen—young, red-haired, and furious at having written half a gross of letters for M. Strakosch's sole behoof—summoned the Diva to the Vice-Chancellor's Court, where she was asked to swear that no illegal constraint was being put upon her actions, and that she was really the mistress of her own earnings. She readily gave the oath, and it was a true one, for Mr. Strakosch certainly meant well, though it is positive that if he had been allowed to have his own way Adelina Patti would never have found a husband at all. When Monsieur Louis Sébastien Henri Roger de Cahazac, Marquis of Caux, Equerry to the Emperor, and leader-general of cotillions at the Court balls, presented himself, so many impediments were thrown athwart the marriage that the Marquis at last told M. Strakosch very significantly that if things were not suffered to work more smoothly he should treat it as a personal affront and hold his interlocutor responsible. M. de Caux handled his sword as deftly as M. Strakosch did his fiddle-bow—so the wedding came off. Mme. de Caux speaks English, French, Italian, and Spanish. Her favourite authors are Dickens and Feuillet; she reads the *Paris Figaro* every day, *Punch* and the *Illustrated* once a week. Rossini and Bellini are her best-loved composers; primrose the colour she most delights to wear. Nobody has ever seen her with an opal, for she has caught from the Russians the prejudice that this stone is unlucky; but she loves pearls, Brussels lace, sable fur, and black silk dresses with mantilla à l'Espagnole. As to other tastes—why deny that every night after she has sung she tips off a bowl of mutton broth, with rice enough in it to keep the spoon standing upright; and the beverage which serves to preserve her voice pure as crystal is not Clicquot, Grand' Marque, nor Lafitte '44, but—how they head, Cambrianus, and ye, too, Messrs. Guinness—our own Dublin stout? More glory to her for the frankness of her choice. If there be

a man who could see her dip her pretty lips in the foam cresting over the sides of a silver tankard, without wishing that he himself were this foam imprisoned in the tankard, may that man wither up in his slippers, and jackasses waltz over his uncle's grave.

A word in admiration of the kindly generosity which has made of the first of living songstresses the Providence of the weak and unfortunate. Adelina Patti has not the business aptitudes of Christine Nilsson, and if M. Strakosch had not been there to see after her engagements, and keep an eye to the money when it was paid in, the Diva would have accepted any terms offered her, and her wealth would have melted in subsidies to beggars—chiefly Italian and French refugees, who, as we all know, are a high-souled race. M. Strakosch has found a very competent successor in the Marquis de Caux, who consoles himself for never having had a fortune of his own by taking attentive care of his wife's—*Vanity Fair*.

News of the Week.

THE DOMINION.—Governor-General Dufferin and suit arrived at Quebec on Wednesday week, and will remain there, at his residence in the citadel, for a couple of weeks. Then he will leave for Saguenay and the Maritime Provinces in the "Druid," which has lately been fitted out in good style for the occasion.

The *Chignecto Post* announces that the Hon. Albert J. Smith has been offered the Lieut.-Governorship of New Brunswick, and that he has decided to accept it.—The sentence of the prisoner Johnson, condemned to be executed at Walkerton on the 3rd of July, has been commuted to imprisonment for life.—The first narrow gauge train from Owen Sound for Toronto, left last Friday, with the directors and others.—The subscriptions for the Drummond colliery relief fund in Halifax has now reached \$7,951.—The Union Protection Fire Company, of Halifax, has presented the Rev. Mr. Ancient with a purse of \$1,500 for himself and \$75 for the crew, in appreciation of their heroism at the "Atlantic" wreck.—A shocking murder was perpetrated at Hamilton, last week. An engine-driver named Field, employed on the Great Western Railway, quarrelled with his wife, and murderously assaulted her with a small axe. She got away from him, however, much injured; and then the infuriated fiend fell upon his two little children and cut their throats.

THE UNITED STATES.—The Grand Jury has found an indictment against young Walworth, the parriete, of murder in its first degree.—The Court of Appeals by an unanimous opinion has granted a new trial to Stokes.—A melancholy disaster has happened at the Shamokin coal mine, in Pennsylvania. Several persons have been killed.—Information has reached Washington, from London, to the effect, that the Geneva award would be paid before the 13th September.—The report of the proceedings of the Board of Enquiry at Vienna, in the case of General Van Buren, while it does not impugn his honesty, shows his incapacity for the business placed in his charge.—Captain Jack, the Modoc Chief, had a "talk" with Gen. Davis, and tries to excuse himself. He says he was not present when Gen. Canby was killed.—A despatch from Boyles' Camp, June 11th, states that the captive Modocs are to be taken to Fort Klamath, where a commission will sit and try them. It is generally thought that Biggs Charley, Hooper Jim, Steamboat Frank and Shack Jim, who volunteered to assist in the capture of Captain Jack, will escape punishment. Those not tried for murder will be forwarded to Alcatraz.—A despatch from Jacksonville, Oregon, says that Gen. Ross, of the Oregon volunteers, has just arrived. He denies that the massacre of Modoc prisoners was committed by the Oregon volunteers; that they had other and better chances to murder prisoners if they desired.—A St. John's, N. F., letter to the *Herald*, states that a gentleman who held a long conversation with the Esquimaux, Joe, before he left for Washington on the "Frolic," says that Joe informed him that Captain Hall was given a cup of coffee after returning on board the "Polaris" from an expedition, and that after drinking it he was seized with a violent illness.—A Washington despatch says the "Janata" was ordered to leave at once for Upernivik, where it is believed some of the crew of the "Polaris" may be found; as it is believed that Captain Budding would winter the "Polaris" in Northumberland Sound.

THE UNITED KINGDOM.—A company has been organized in London for the investment of British capital in the Western and Southern States.—The Ascot race for the gold cup on the 12th was won by "Cremorne," "Flagpole" 2nd, "Reigny" 3rd. Seven ran.—There is a serious dispute in the building trade in London, the journeymen ask an advance of a half-penny per hour, wages which the master builders refuse to give. It is feared that the dispute will lead to the greatest lock out ever known in the city.—The Empress Eugénie has left England for the continent.—The case of Bowles Bros. came up before the court again last week, but owing to an offer of an arrangement made by the representatives of Mr. Appleton, the Registrar adjourned the hearing for three months.

FRANCE.—The Government has decided to immediately transport Henri Rochefort to New Caledonia.—It is said that Count Von Arnim, the German Ambassador, has been recalled because he made unnecessary evils upon President McMahon.—In the Assembly, last week, the Left submitted an interpellation in regard to the suppression of *Le Corsaire* newspaper by order of the military governor of Paris.—Gambetta caused tremendous sensation by reading a Ministerial circular, dated the 14th inst., addressed to the prefects of the departments. The document enquires minutely into the position of the provincial press, and suggests, confidentially, the employment of subsidies and such other means of influence as can be secretly brought to bear for its control. The Minister of the Interior, admitted the authenticity of the circular, and accepted responsibility for issuing it. After a protracted scene, a motion supporting the Government was carried by a vote of 359 yeas against 315 nays. The result shows that the coalition of the Conservatives is still unbroken.—The Shah of Persia is expected in Paris in July.

GERMANY.—It is probable that the Parliament will extend the provisions of the Constitution of Germany to Alsace and Lorraine. Should this measure be carried out, Alsace and Lorraine will be entitled to elect 15 members of Parliament. None of the inhabitants who choose the French nationality will be allowed to vote until they have sworn allegiance to Germany.

ITALY.—It is said that many of the monks belonging to the suppressed monasteries contemplate going to Bolivia and Chili.

RUSSIA.—Despatches received at St. Petersburg on the 12th, state that the van-guard of force marching against Khlva under command of Gen. Kaufman, reached the Ama Darla River on 11th of May, where it met and put to flight a body of 3,500 Khlvans without losing a single man on the part of the Russians. After waiting until 13th ult. by which time the remainder of his force came up, Gen. Kaufman continued his march.

TURKEY.—The Sultan has issued a firman granting to the Khedive of Egypt an independent internal Government, authorizing him to raise an army and conclude foreign treaties.

SPAIN.—A foreign letter states that three Republicans, after a recent fight with the Carlists, were allowed to join the ranks

of the latter. For a few days they were noticed as always near Alphonso on all opportunities that occurred, and on one of these, while the Prince was mounting his horse, one of them fired a pistol at him and the other two rushed at him with drawn daggers. The Zouaves immediately seized them, when they were found to be heavily armed. They were put to death. They confessed to having been sent by the Republican Captain-General of Catalonia to assassinate Alphonso and his princes.

A ministerial crisis occurred last week which resulted in the resignation of the Figueras Cabinet. The following is the list of the new ministry:—President of the Council and Minister of the Interior, Senor Pl. Y. Margall; Minister of the Colonies, Senor Sorla; Minister of Foreign Affairs, Senor Mazo; Minister of War, Estanoux; Minister of Marine, Furiish; Minister of Finance, Ladus; Minister of Public Works, Benot; Minister of Justice, Gonzales. On Friday, an official statement of the future policy of the new ministry was read in the Cortes. It favours the speedy demarcation of the Federal States, the restoration of discipline in the army, the proclamation of martial law against the insurgents, the liberty of the Antilles and the suppression of the slavery. It estimates the deficit in finances at the end of the present month, at 2,800,000 reals. Senor Mazo, the new Minister of War, is a friend of Castelar's; he announces that he will pursue the same foreign policy as his predecessor.

CUBA.—Mr. Price, the New York *Herald* correspondent, has been liberated.

SOUTH AMERICA.—Advices from Rio Janeiro to the 23rd ult. have been received. The conflict between the clergy and the secret societies still continue to agitate Brazil. The Ministry have taken strong ground on the subject and were gaining support for their policy. In the lower House the Premier made a speech defending the Freemasons and pronounced that energetic measures would be taken to prevent bishops and Jesuits from interfering with the society.

Art and Literature.

Mr. Winkle Collins will, it is stated, leave England for America in August.

Max Muller will dedicate his volume of lectures on the "Science of Religion" to Mr. Emerson.

It is said that Joaquin Miller is engaged to an English lady of fortune, the only daughter of Sir T. D. Hardy, of London.

Winkle Collins' entertainment during his tour through North America will consist of readings of an original story in two parts.

It is stated on what should be good authority that the unpublished works of the late Mr. Howe are about to be given to the world.

Joaquin Miller is writing an account of his life among the Indians, for English readers. It will be in prose, and "founded on facts."

It is stated that James Gordon Bennett is about to start a daily newspaper in London. The salary of the editor is fixed at £5,000 sterling.

Mr. J. M. Bellow gives only three readings in England previous to his return to the United States for an engagement of 100 nights from the 1st October.

At a late sale of pictures in London, one canvas, forty-eight by thirty-nine inches, and showing the portraits of two young ladies, by T. Gainsborough, realized \$31,500.

The demand in London for Lord Lytton's "Kenelm Chillingley" may be judged of from the fact that Mudie, of the great lending library, alone took twelve hundred copies.

The life of the late master of Trinity College, Cambridge, Dr. Whewell, is being written by Mr. Todhunter, who was selected by the executors, and in whose hands all the letters and papers relative to his life have been placed.

The King of Italy has just presented to the Empress of Russia a marvellous table in mosaic of Florence manufacture, from the studio of Enrico Bosl. It is round, and about four feet in diameter. The design represents Apollo and the nine Muses.

The total sum subscribed as a testimonial to Mr. George Cruikshank is \$1,205, of which Mr. John Ruskin contributed \$500. The venerable gentleman also enjoys a life pension by the Queen of \$175 yearly, and the Royal Academy's grant of \$250.

We hear of a Lydgate MS. in the Leyden University Library which contains a copy of Chaucer's balade of "Fortune," and another balade, at leaf 207, headed "Aurum Seculum Degeuerans," which we hope may prove to be a third copy of Chaucer's beautiful "Former Age," at present known only in two MSS. in the Cambridge University Library.—*Athenæum*.

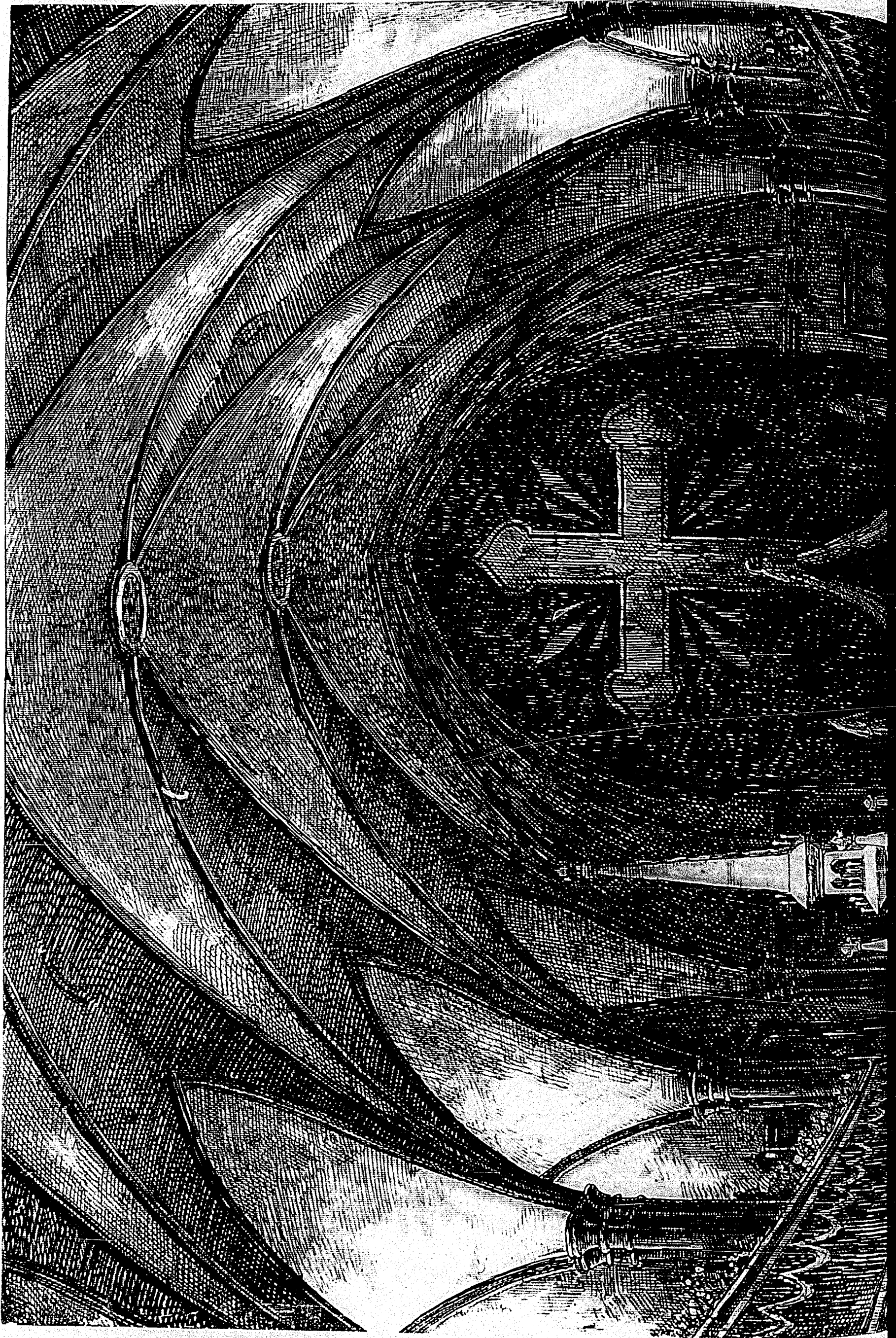
Mr. George Smith reports to the *Daily Telegraph* a most interesting and hopeful account of his progress with the Assyrian excavations. Having found the site of the King's library, at Nineveh, he has been rewarded in his search by many important discoveries, chief of them being that of a broken tablet containing the very portion of the text which was missing from the narrative of the Deluge.

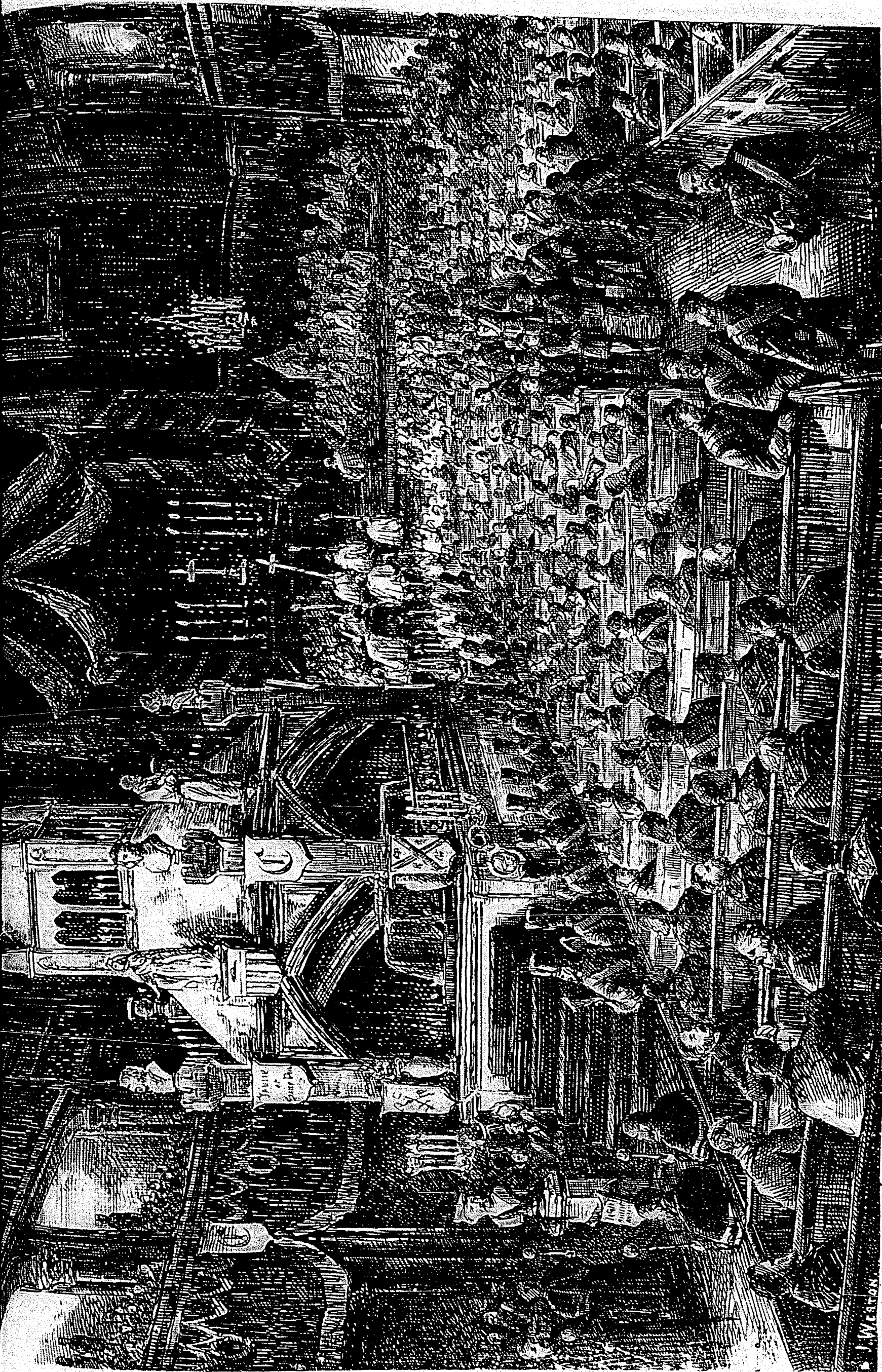
Strenuous exertions are being made in Edinburgh to raise a sufficient subscription for the erection of a statue to the honour of Livingstone. The cost of such statue in bronze is estimated at £3,500 sterling, including pedestal and ornamentation. A committee is now at work collecting funds, and it is expected that their object will be attained very promptly, so as to have the statue completed by the spring of 1874, in case the illustrious traveller should arrive to unveil it himself.

Karl Hillebrand has written a great book in German on France and the French. He tries to do justice to the grand nation, but he lacks the sympathy that enables one to appreciate what she is, while recognizing what she is not. He says French sociability is, at bottom, a mutual vanity insurance association. Personal vanity must, on no account, be trespassed on. The character of the whole race is feminine, but the women are naturally feminine without affectation, whereas the men are spoiled by their want of manliness. He thinks the race is great, but has been injured by sophistries and bad rule for a century or more. It may recover, however, and France may be a great nation once more.

In the June number of the *Churchman's Shilling Magazine* Mr. Mackeson will, it is said, offer some explanation as to the origin of the title of the "Christian Year," on the authority of Mr. Parker, of Oxford, a son of the eminent publisher of the first edition of the work. According to this gentleman, the late Mr. Keble, on entering the shop in Broad Street one morning, saw at the top of a small staircase which led to a little gallery filled with bookshelves, a work entitled "L'Année Chrétienne," in twelve volumes, and at once asked Mr. Parker to allow him to examine it. A short time after the "Christian Year" appeared, and there can be little doubt that the author took his title from the old French devotional work. At any rate, if this should not have been the case, the coincidence is remarkable. It is said that ten different editions of the "Christian Year" have been issued in London since the copyright expired, less than two months ago. Messrs. Parker are publishing a sixpenny edition, and a publisher not named is said to be contemplating a penny edition.

Dr. Colby's Pills are a mild but certain Cathartic.





CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, JUNE 21, 1873.

OBSEQUIES OF SIR GEO. E. CARTIER—THE FUNERAL SERVICE IN THE PARISH CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME.

SOME POINTS RELATIVE TO THE SANITARY INFLUENCE OF LIGHT.

BY WILLIAM A. HAMMOND, M. D.

The gardener who wishes to bleach his celery, piles up the earth around the growing leaves, and thus depriving them of light, prevents their full development and keeps their substance white and crisp. The grass which grows under logs and walls, and in shady corners, is blanched and stunted and the vegetable inhabitants of mines and cellars present a like unhealthy appearance. When we submit the substance of such plants to careful examination, and especially to inspection with the microscope, we perceive that in addition to the loss of colouring matter which it has sustained, the cells of which it is composed are malformed and small, and that the tissue which holds them together so as to give form to the plant, is present in deficient quantity. The water, however, is increased to a great extent.

I have several times taken two potatoes which were as nearly as possible alike, and placed one under a bell-glass through which the light could pass, and the other under a similar cover rendered opaque by several coats of black paint. Sprouting went on unchecked under the translucent glass, while it was always notably retarded and sometimes prevented in the potato under the dark glass.

When we come to beings higher in the scale of organization, we find that light is even still more necessary to perfect growth. The fish found in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky and in several dark caverns of the Tyrol, suffer from a want of development not only of the eyes but of the optic nerves, and those ganglia of the brain which preside over the function of sight.

The *protus an. vivus*, an animal partaking of the characteristics both of a fish and a reptile, probably, as Sir Humphrey Davy asserts, owes its intermediate position to the absence of light. These singular animals are found in the grotto of the Madalena in Illyria, many hundred feet below the surface of the earth, and are consequently entirely shut off from all access of light. They have no organs of vision, and it is not certain that they possess any power of perception. They have been kept in confinement for several years, but have never been known to eat, though they are well supplied with teeth. In their natural state, they are white and nearly transparent, but by exposure to light, the flesh gradually becomes dark and opaque.

Edwards, a distinguished French physiologist, performed a series of experiments which showed that tadpoles when deprived of light did not develop into the frog. I have several times repeated his experiments, and always with confirmatory results. On one occasion I prevented for one hundred and twenty-five days the development of a tadpole by confining it in a vessel to which the rays of light had no access. On placing it in a receptacle open to the light, the process of transformation was at once begun and was completed in fifteen days.

Upon another occasion I took two kittens of the same litter, and when they were twenty days old weighed them accurately. One weighed eighteen ounces and the other eighteen ounces and a half. The first was placed in a box to which the light of the sun had free access, the second in a similar box to the interior of which no light could reach. Both were fed alike, and in all other respects, save as regarded the light, were kept in the same condition. At the end of the first five days, number one weighed twenty-two and a half ounces while number two weighed but twenty and three quarters ounces. At the end of a second period of five days, number one had attained a weight of twenty-four ounces, while number two scarcely weighed twenty-two ounces. The two animals were now placed together in the box which was exposed to the light, and at the end of the third period of five days each weighed within a fraction of twenty-five ounces.

But without adducing other examples from plants and the lower animals, let us see what influence light and its absence have over the well-being of man.

Humboldt ascribes the infrequency of deformities among the Chaymas, the Caribs, the Mexicans, and the Peruvians, to the fact that they are from childhood subjected to the free influence of solar light upon the whole surface of the body.

Jungken was acquainted with two persons who were instantaneously seized with asphyxia if light were excluded from their apartments, and who awoke in a state of suffocation if their lamps chanced to go out while they slept. On the other hand, a case is cited of an aged woman in whom a single ray of the sun or the light of a candle excited so abundant a sweat that she was obliged to be always in the dark.

Dr. Reid states that in a barrack in St. Petersburg three cases of disease occurred on the shady side of the building to one on the other, though the rooms on both sides communicated and the discipline, diet and treatment were the same. In experiments on his own respiration, he found that he recovered more rapidly when exposed freely to light as well as air, and he is convinced from experiments in white, black, green and other painted rooms, that a very different influence is produced upon the body by rooms differently painted.

A lady now under my charge is subject to severe neuralgic headaches, which are promptly relieved when she sits in the direct rays of the sun, and are as promptly reinduced should she retire into a closet, or even a dark corner of the room. Another can always cut short an attack of sciatica by allowing the light of the sun to fall directly on the affected limb.

The effects of deficient light upon the inmates of hospital wards and sick chambers have frequently come under my personal observation. Most physicians know how carefully the attendants upon the sick endeavour to exclude every ray of light from the apartment, and it must be admitted that the members of the profession are often fully as assiduous in this respect. That the practice, except in some cases of actual disorder of the brain and other parts of the nervous system, is pernicious, I am well satisfied. During the early years of the late war, I visited the camp and hospital of a regiment stationed in West Virginia. Reports had reached Gen. Rosecrans' headquarters that the sickness and mortality were something frightful, and I was ordered to examine minutely into all the circumstances connected with the situation of the camp, the food of the men, etc. Among other things, I found the sick crowded into a small room, from which the light was carefully excluded by blinds of India-rubber cloth. They were as effectually bleached as is celery by the earth being heaped up around it. Pale, bloodless, ghost-like looking forms they seemed to be scarcely mortal. Convalescence under such circumstances was almost impossible, and doubtless many had died who, had they been

subjected to the operation of the simplest laws of nature, would have recovered.

The condition known as etiolation is mainly the result of insufficient light, and is similar in general features to the state induced by deprivation of light in vegetables. The blood becomes thin, the fibrin, the albumen, and the red corpuscles are diminished in quantity, while the water is increased. The face is discoloured, and, losing its red hue, acquires a tint analogous to that of yellow wax. The veins of the skin are no longer to be perceived even in those parts where they are naturally largest and most numerous. The pulse is very frequent, beating at the rate of from ninety to one hundred per minute without increasing the heat of the skin and always being small and weak. Palpitation of the heart occurs in paroxysms, and the least muscular exertion renders the action of the heart still more frequent. The prostration of the forces of life is extreme, and it is distressing to see the miserable beings thus affected scarcely capable of sustaining their lean and prematurely decrepit bodies. They are extremely subject to dropsy, petechiæ, and passive hæmorrhages, and when attacked by any disease, however slight, show little recuperative power.

The most frequent subjects of this condition are miners, whose occupation shuts them off to a great extent from the full influence of the sun's rays, and the denizens of our crowded courts and cellars. There are many of these latter places in this city to which the direct light of the sun never reaches, and many of the inhabitants of which never see a ray of sunlight during their infancy and early childhood. A very cursory inspection of these children reveals the fact that they are weak and puny, and the frequent subjects of deformities. Indeed there is no doubt that the scrofulous diathesis is often induced by the mere deprivation of light.

Many of our schoolhouses are so situated that the direct rays of the sun never enter some of their rooms. Into these apartments, children are often excessively crowded, and, as generally there is little or no attention given to proper heating or ventilation, it is not a singular circumstance to find the pupils suffering to a greater or less extent from etiolation.

As has already been intimated, the management of the light in the sick chamber is rarely the subject of intelligent and scientific action. In anaemia, chlorosis, phthisis, and in general all diseases characterized by deficiency of vital power, light should not be debarred. In convalescence from almost all diseases it acts, and as too intense or too long continued, as a most healthful stimulant, both to the mental and physical systems. The evil effects of keeping such patients in obscurity are frequently very decidedly shown, and cannot be too carefully guarded against by physicians. The delirium and weakness which are by no means seldom met with in convalescents kept in darkness, disappear like magic when the rays of the sun are allowed to enter the chamber. I think I have noticed that wounds heal with greater rapidity when the solar rays are occasionally allowed to reach them, and when they are as far as possible exposed to diffused daylight, than when they are kept continually covered. A similar statement has been made by other authorities. Epileptic attacks have been known to be excited by darkness, and Laennec has frequently seen paroxysms of dyspnoea measurably abate as the light of day began to appear. Asthma, as is well known, is more severe in its manifestations at night than during the day.

In this country it is rarely the case that disease or injury is induced by excessive light. Occasionally, however, we meet with eye affections due to excessive light, either coming directly from the sun, or reflected from water, snow, or sand, or resulting from the intense light of a flash of electricity passing near the individual. Bright artificial light may also cause derangement of the visual organs. A child of my acquaintance was rendered permanently amaurotic by looking intently at a bright object while her photograph was being taken.

The practical application of these imperfect remarks is this, that care should be taken both in health and disease to ensure a sufficient amount of light to the inmates of houses, and that it is impossible to rear well-formed, strong and robust children unless attention is paid to this requirement. Sun baths, or apartments in which the solar rays can fall upon the naked body, are doubtless highly advantageous to health, and rooms for this purpose could probably easily be constructed, in or on most of our city houses. At present a chief object of cit. families seems to be to devise means for keeping the sunlight out of their houses. That this is contrary to nature needs no argument. The world is said to be under-fered, it is certainly under-lit as we manage it. Let us then, to use the dying words of Humboldt, have "*Mehr Licht*."

The session of the Imperial Parliament is expected to close about the 21th proximo.

In a leading article on the Pope which appears in the London Times of the 21th ult., the following curious sentence occurs:—"From his return to Rome up to the day of his death, he may be said to have been in permanent and inevitable antagonism to Italian nationality." The article was probably written in anticipation of a fatal result from the Pope's recent illness, and inserted without having had a few lines from the Pope himself to say that he was dead.

A new apparatus for saving from drowning—the invention of a Mr. Wayland—has just been produced in England. The inventor's plan is a mattress (a very economical one—from 16s.) and is capable of saving five lives, having a buoyancy at sea, equal to 70 lbs. It is for general use at sea, and can easily be thrown overboard in case of shipwreck. Had there been only 100 mattresses on board the unfortunate "Atlantic" or "Northfleet," 500 lives might have been saved: there would have been time for throwing the mattresses over. They could be put through the port-holes and followed; but if they were wrapped round the body as life-jackets they would be a great protection when dashed against the rocks or coming in contact with spars, &c. Mr. Wayland has fitted the Inman Line of steamers with his life-belts, &c.

The Rev. Edward Everett Hale, editor of *Old and New*, received the following unique note on a postal card the other day:—"New York City, May 20, 1873. Rev. Edward Everett Hale, *Old and New*.—My Dear Sir: Having just been released from a short period of confinement, I drop you this to inform you if you want that nice overcoat (\$50) which was professionally abstracted from that noble Edifice, the Boston Public Library, last Feb'y, you can find it at the first "Woodbinery" on Broadway in that part of the "Hub" known as So. Boston where it is "up the Spout" for the trifling sum of \$7.—Just enough to enable me to reach my home in "America's great Metropolis," where they wanted me for three months. Just got out, Pray for me, Metropolitan." Sure enough, the coat was found in the pawn shop, and came back to its owner on the payment of \$7.

Music and the Drama.

Wienawski has left with his new company for the Pacific. Middle, Aimée, will probably make her *debut* in London this season.

Middle Nilsson-Rouzeaud leaves Liverpool for New York in August.

Schubert and Beethoven festivals have been recently held at Vienna.

Miss Rose Hersee arrived in England last week in the "Battle."

"Richeilieu" is to be revived at the London Lyceum early in September.

Ben de Bar has taken the St. Louis Grand Opera House for next season.

A new mass, by M. Edmond Audran, has just been produced at Marseilles.

Bach's Oratorio, "The Ascension," is being rehearsed by the Dusseldorf Choral Society.

A new two-act opera by Signor L. Venanzi, has been produced at Genoa, with marked success.

Adelaide Nilsson will spend the summer in England and return to America early in the autumn.

Miss Amy Sedgwick, the popular actress, has been married to Mr. Chas. Pemberton, a Liverpool solicitor.

The Vokes family commence a two-months' engagement at the Union Square Theatre on the 1st of August.

At the Hague, a new oratorio, entitled "Boniface," composed by M. de Heer Nicolai, has been given, and is highly spoken of.

Gounod, the most prolific writer of church music now living, has just brought out in London a new Mass, called "St. S. Argell Custodes."

The *Musical Standard* says that English opera is to be given at the Lyceum in the autumn, under the management of Madame Parepa Rosa.

M. Gounod has forwarded to M. Offenbach the score of two acts of his new opera, "Jeanne d'Arc," which is to be produced at the Paris Gaité.

Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's new entertainment in London, written by Burnand, with the music by Mr. Reed, is called "Mildred's Well."

Lester Wallack has sent \$1,500.00 to the widow of the late F. W. Robertson, as the return for the performances of "David Garrick" at his theatre.

Molière's "Le Tartuffe" has been brought out at the Princess Theatre, London, with Madame Arnold-Plessy as "Elmire," M. Coste as "Tartuffe."

Among the coming events of "the Row," booksellers' gossip includes the publication, in a few weeks, of a comprehensive Musical Dictionary or Encyclopedia.

Boucicault will be associated with Stewart in the management of the new theatre on Broadway. It will be opened with a new play by Boucicault and Bret Harter.

The music performed at the recent coronation of the King and Queen of Sweden was directed by M. Norman, the husband of Mme. Norman-Neruda, the distinguished violinist.

The La Verde Children have been performing at Lee's Opera House, St. John, N.B., last week. At the Dramatic Lyceum at the same time Abaugh was appearing to large houses.

Carlotta Leclercq sailed for England on the 14th inst. She has Wilkie Collins' own dramatization of "The New Magdalen," notwithstanding the fact that three other versions have been prepared in the States.

One of the finest German bands, that of the Prinz regent Regiment, sailed from Hamburg last week for New York. The band comprises sixty members and will make an extended concert tour through the country.

Signor Gaetano Ferri, Signor Merelli's successor in the post of impresario of the St. Petersburg Opera House, has engaged for his next season, Patti, Abanti, Scatchi, Niodini, Graziani, Cotogoli, Bagagiolo, and Champal—all famous in London.

Great expectations have been raised in London by the promised early production of an Italian version of "Les Diamants de la Couronne," one of Auber's most charming works, the attraction of which will be enhanced by the performance of Madame Patti as "Caterina."

It is rumoured in London that Madame Ristori has been engaged by Mr. Mapleson to give a series of dramatic representations, on operatic evenings, at Drury Lane. The plan was tried with Mlle. Rachel, and succeeded, under Mr. Lumley's management, at the old Her Majesty's in 1841 and 1842.

Mme. Ristori, it is now announced, will make her first appearance at Drury Lane on the 11th of June, and will give eight representations. She will appear, for the first time, as Marie Antoinette, in a drama of that name, written expressly for her; likewise, for the first time, as Rosata di Francia, in a drama entitled "La Notte di S. Bartolomeo," founded on the "Massacre of the Huguenots."

A set of 24 pencil drawings, published by Mr. McLean, of the Haymarket, will give those who have never seen the Ammergau "Passion Play" a more distinct idea of the mingled solemnity, simplicity, picturesqueness, and humour of that famous spectacle than can possibly be gathered from the best written accounts. The anonymous artist has touched his pencil figures with colour, and the plates are thus much more expressive than the newspaper engravings with which all the world is familiar.

The London *Era* estimates the value of "Lord Dundreary," "Garrick," and other of Mr. Sothern's characters to their impersonator, by judging that during the sixteen years of his public life he has made £193,000. When he has concluded his Australian engagement and finished his second tour in the United States, Mr. Sothern will have brought his total gains up to something not far short of a quarter of a million of money. As the *Era* justly moralizes, "The best paid representatives of law, physic, and divinity are old men before they are best with any sprinkling of Danae's golden shower. They are past fifty when fortune smiles." Mr. Sothern is not yet three-and-forty.

The following were the performances at the Royal Italian Opera during the last week of May: On Monday, "Guglielmo Tell;" on Tuesday, "Dinorah," with Mme. Patti; and on Thursday, "Il Trovatore," with Mme. Patti, Mme. Scatchi, Signor Graziani, and Signor Nicolini. "Hamlet" was in preparation, with Mme. Abanti as Ophelia. At Her Majesty's Opera the performances were:—On Saturday, "Lucia," with Mme. Nilsson; on Monday, "Il Trovatore," with Mlle. Titiens, Mme. Trebelli-Bettini, and Signor Aramburo; on Tuesday, "Faust," with Mme. Nilsson, M. Capoul, and Signor Roti; and on Thursday, "La Favorita," with Mlle. Titiens and Signor Aramburo. M. Ambrose Thomas' "Mignon" is in preparation, with Mlle. Nilsson in the principal character.

Courier des Dames.

Our lady readers are invited to contribute to this department.

In reply to an advertisement for eleven young women to be employed in London post-offices, two thousand candidates recently presented themselves.

A culpably foolish, as well as ungallant joke, at Allahabad, has led to a civil action, which is pending. A young man presented a lady with a rose which had been powdered with cayenne pepper. The lady, smelling the rose, went into a fit of sneezing, and ultimately became so seriously ill as to require the constant attendance of two or three medical men, and a journey for change of air. Her husband claims 700rs. damages for the expenses incurred.

A school committee in a certain New England town said encouragingly in their report: "As this place offers neither honour nor profit, we do not see why it should not be filled by a woman!" Encouraging, very.

"Kenneth Chillingly" says: "I don't think nearly so many young ladies six years ago painted their eyelids and dyed their hair; a few of them there might be, imitators of the 'crag' invented by schoolboys, and circulated through the medium of small novelists; they might use such expressions as 'stunning,' 'cheek,' 'awfully jolly,' &c. But now I find a great many who have advanced to a slang beyond that of verbal expressions—a slang of mind, a slang of sentiment, a slang in which very little seems left of the woman, and nothing at all of the lady. Newspaper essayists assert that the young men of the day are to blame for this; that the young men like it, and the fair husband anglers dress their flies in the colours most likely to attract a nibble. Whether this excuse be the true one I cannot pretend to judge."

Mr. Frederick Lockyer, of London, is the author of this little verse, which contains a deal of truth:

They eat and drink, and scheme and plot,
And go to church on Sunday;
And many are afraid of God,
And more of Mrs. Grundy.

What is the verdict of our lady readers on the following opinion of an English lady on the "Woman's Rights" question?—I do not hold at all with all this talk about our rights, and those who uphold the system I think, as a rule, are disappointed old maids, women who have married unhappily, or strong-minded people. Woman was sent into the world to be a help to man, and not to try and imitate him. That which is right and manly in him is wrong for her; she was sent to be patient and gentle, a peace-maker, tender and loving, to do all the good she can in the station in which she is placed; to be true to her husband, comforting him and helping him in trouble, to be a good mother and good mistress. These are what I consider a woman's duties, and the one who cannot fulfil them perfectly, whoever she may be, loses what is her duty, her glory, and her pleasure far more than holding forth and storming and struggling for so-called rights which, when attained, only make for the laughing-stock of men, and a person disliked and avoided by all modest women. The greatest aim of a woman is to be womanly, as our great Example intended her to be, and if she comes out of her sphere she makes herself despised by all.—Content or non-content?

The Countess T., who possesses the most beautiful colour in St. Petersburg, if inquiry is made in regard to the price of this treasure, replies, "It cost me ten months in prison."

Here is the key to the enigma:
The Countess had a revenue of about three hundred thousand francs a year.

One day a jeweller presented himself at the Countess's house with this famous necklace.

It pleased her immensely, of course; and she eagerly demanded the price.

"Two hundred and fifty thousand francs," reported the lapidary.

"It is a great deal. I haven't the money," sighed the beautiful Museovite.

"Well, I shall take it to the Princess N.," he replied.

This lady was a rival of the Countess. It pained her to the heart to think the Princess should acquire these splendid jewels.

"Stop," said she. "Can you keep them for me for ten months? I engage to purchase them at the end of that time."

The jeweller was satisfied, and the bargain was concluded.

Thereupon the Countess went into a Greek convent for ten months. She bade adieu to all luxuries and vanities, discharged cooks, coachmen, and all other domestics, and devoted the expenses thus saved from housekeeping to the fund for acquiring the diamond necklace.

Ten months, thereafter, she returned to fashionable life more brilliant than ever, with a diamond necklace *de plus*.

"A necklace of two hundred and fifty thousand francs!" cried all the great ladies, her friends. "How did you manage it, Countess?"

"I have gained it by a certain method. And every one of you could do the same. But I know you will not try."

And that is true.

Young ladies who find a difficulty in deciding on the merits of their suitors will do well to study an Indian novel entitled "Miragamma," published in Pundjabee for five annas, described as a tale of a highly accomplished, pious, and beautiful young lady, daughter of a King of China, professing the Mohammedan religion, who had taken a vow to marry him alone who equaled her in learning and piety. To test the proficiency of her many suitors, she had prepared a certain number of questions relating chiefly to morality and religion. The book

contains these subjects of examination, together with the answers by one of her suitors, who eventually succeeded in obtaining her hand. There is no good reason why the competitive system of examination should not be adopted in the case of all matrimonial candidates of the male persuasion. The Civil Service Commissioners would no doubt willingly undertake the duty of conducting the examinations on receiving from young ladies instructions as to the qualifications required in each case. Care, however, should be taken to reject those who have merely been crammed for examination by husbands with experience as to the treatment of wives, and who would no doubt establish classes for indoctrinating their pupils with that cunning for which vile men is proverbial, and which accounts in great measure for the low estimation in which he is now generally held by gifted women. It might also be as well in the present unsettled condition of man's future prospects to lay it down as a rule that no husband is entitled to superannuation or retirement unless he can produce a certificate from the Civil Service Commissioners, or some other properly constituted body, showing that he was duly examined at the commencement of his career, and did not contract matrimony under false pretences.

Rumour assures us that there will be exhibited at the Vienna Exposition an elegant dress of point de Venise—the first specimen of that kind of lace manufactured in more than a hundred years. The current story, which may interest our readers, is briefly as follows: A few years before the fall of Paris the Empress Eugénie one day discovered among some old laces which had been transferred to her as souvenirs of the Empress Josephine about a quarter of a yard of a lace flounce of most peculiar mesh and beautiful design. It was worn and yellow with age. Eugénie at once realized that it was an art treasure. She sent for M. De Lisle, lace manufacturer of Paris, showed him the lace, and requested him to reproduce it, mesh and design, in a full lace dress for herself. The manufacturer told the Empress that her remnant was real old point de Venise, the art of making which had been lost for upward of a century, and he feared it would be impossible to execute the commission. The Empress, however, requested him to spare no pains to revive the lost art. M. De Lisle took the bit of lace, and for more than a year he used every possible means to discover how to make such lace again. He sought the oldest lace-makers; not one knew the mesh. He selected the most intelligent girls among his employees—those with keenest eyes and deftest fingers—supplied them with the most powerful lenses, and a sample of the old lace; but no progress was made. M. De Lisle was about to give up the experiment, when one day came the welcome news that a young girl had discovered the old point de Venise mesh. The fortunate workwoman was appropriately rewarded, and the work begun in earnest. Eugénie visited the manufactory from time to time, exhibiting much pleasure at the restoration of a lost art to the lace-weavers. Before the dress was completed the Empress was an exile, but the delicate fabric was saved from destruction. She wrote from England that she would still take the dress if the manufacturer would be a loser by keeping it. The manufacturing company, touched by the misfortunes of Eugénie, agreed to release her from the engagement. Such is the romantic story of the lace dress which will be exhibited at Vienna.

Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.

THE DESERTED HALL.

BY HARRIET B. KING,

Ontario.

"The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us!"

SHAKESPEARE.

During the summer and autumn of 18—, my kind and skillful physician, Dr. K., strenuously insisted with my friends upon the necessity of an entire change of air and scene for me, as my health, which from childhood had been delicate, was now decidedly failing, and being intended for the profession of the law as a barrister—a profession requiring the most vigorous exercise of intellect, the keenest discrimination of judgment, sedulous application, and long-continued mental fatigue—I looked forward to keeping my first term with feelings of unqualified apprehension. The arguments of my good doctor that a tour in the northern counties would brace me for the ensuing winter, and a more familiar acquaintance with different classes would enliven my somewhat melancholy temperament, were so fully in accordance with my wishes, that after a few family consultations I was dismissed from the paternal mansion with a purse moderately well lined, and with the voluminous note-book of a determined tourist.

Passing through the many smiling landscapes of the midland counties, I approached by degrees the bolder scenery of the north.

It was towards the close of a fine autumnal evening that I drew my bridle rein before the door of a small inn in the little village of Sandford. But a short time elapsed before I had made satisfactory arrangements with the mistress of the "Dolphin" for the use, during an indefinite period, of her best room and her

best fare, as, attracted by the beauty of the neighbourhood, I resolved upon a more protracted sojourn than was usually my custom.

On the morrow I began my excursions, which were distant or near according as the weather invited or my own changeable mood tempted me, and before long I had made myself master of all the local knowledge which could be collected by an inquisitive traveller from the kind-hearted villagers of Sandford or the ruder fishermen of the seaport of Burnham, to which, being only two miles distant, my rides and walks were often directed. But there was one enquiry to which I received nothing but unsatisfactory replies or skillful evasions. This was with respect to the past history of a large mansion some distance from the high road, which I had observed the very evening of my arrival at Sandford. No question was necessary with respect to its present occupants, as I plainly perceived it to be uninhabited; but great was my surprise when, on asking an old peasant "to whom it belonged?" he turned pale, and, with visible emotion, changed the subject. It was no baronial castle richly fraught with reminiscences of feudal grandeur, no castellated mansion of the middle ages now ruined and ivy-clad, and appealing through the eye to the heart with memories of civil wars and family feuds; it was simply a large gray house, embosomed in orchards now glowing with the ripening fruit of autumn, and built with a solidity which gave it an air of true English comfort. It was the last place in the world, in which a romance hunter would have chosen to indulge his reveries, and the most unlikely spot for the perpetration of a domestic tragedy on which the eye of man ever rested. Yet the dim shadows of a fearful past were floating round it. The peasant loved not to linger near it after night-fall, the song of the merry child was hushed if a passing traveller asked its name, and even the wayfarer, beguiled by his ignorance of the locality to stop within its precincts during the twilight of the summer evening, felt a vague mysterious feeling of horror prompting him to seek, with quickened footsteps, the companionship of the village lights gleaming at a short distance. To add to these marvels, it was long before mine hostess of the "Dolphin" (albeit somewhat of a gossip) could be brought to pour into my thirsting ears the disjointed fragments of a tale which I now place before the reader in a more connected form.

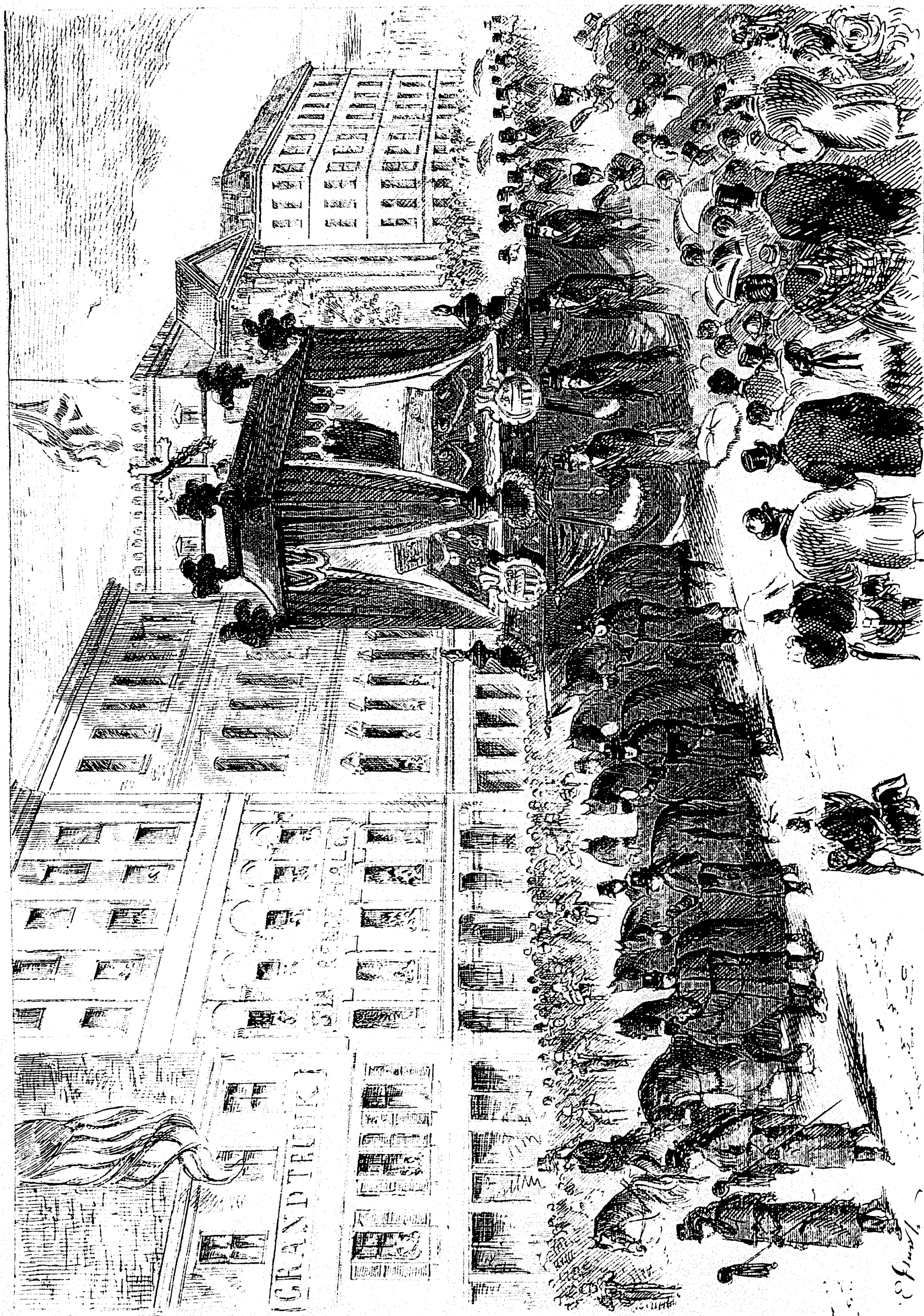
At the close of the Peninsular war, when so many veterans returned to enjoy in retirement their well-earned laurels and the moderate competence secured to them by their country's gratitude, Reginald De Grey, a colonel in the British army, sought his native village of Sandford, partly that he might in its tranquil solitude watch over his only child, a fair, motherless girl, from whom the duties of his profession had long separated him, and partly that he might enjoy the society of his early friend and college companion, the Rev. Henry Melville, now the rector of the same village. Like himself, Mr. Melville was a widower and the father of an only child, but for eight years Herbert Melville had not visited his home. The adopted son of a widow lady, the possessor of the mansion at the outskirts of the village called, *par excellence*, the "Hall," he had gone with her to a Southern climate. Her death closely following their arrival in Italy, had left him as her heir, master of the "Hall" and the small estate on which it stood, and many wondered that instead of returning to take possession he lingered for more than two years in the sunny land of his exile, and afterwards mingled as an amateur in the stirring scenes which were taking place on the continent.

There was sunshine in the village of Sandford from the moment in which Adela De Grey, in the dawn of early womanhood, crossed the threshold of her father's cottage. Rather below the middle size, and delicately moulded, her slight figure conveyed an idea of fragility which was belied by her unwearied activity and uninterrupted health. Her beaming and intelligent eyes were of the colour of an early spring violet, and her luxuriant hair was of that deep chestnut over which a setting sun casts a golden glory. A graceful and gracious creature, gifted with feelings and talents of no common order, she became the light of her father's home, and the universal favourite with young and old. Of that father whose early literary bias, long repressed by sterner duties, eminently qualified him for her guide, instructor and friend, she at once became the cherished idol, nor was the affectionate and high-minded girl slow in discovering and appreciating the high chivalrous principle and the deep under-current of kindly feeling which in Reginald De Grey was veiled beneath an austere exterior.

Adela De Grey and her father had been settled at Sandford for more than two years when they one morning received a summons from their kind friend Mr. Melville, with whom they were on a footing of the most social intimacy, entreating them to spend the remainder of the day with him. This being a circumstance of no uncommon occurrence, they at once complied, and a few minutes brought them to the rectory. As Adela, in the ex-

uberance of happiness which had never known a check, bounded like a fawn through the French window which opened from the little flower garden, she was startled and abashed at the sight of a stranger, whom her old friend hastened to introduce as his long absent and now recovered son. But Herbert Melville and Adela De Grey were not altogether strangers to each other, for the fond father had often dwelt in glowing terms upon the personal beauty and high mental acquirements of his wandering child, and in every letter Herbert received from the rectory was some mention made of the fair girl who had risen like a star upon the dullness of a country village. Herbert Melville was in his thirty-second year, his figure was tall, elegant, and manly, and his complexion was redeemed from the charge of fairness which might once have been brought against it by long exposure to a southern sun. His eyes were of that clear grey which, set off by the darkest lashes and eyebrows, give so intellectual a character to the countenance; hair of the same dark hue, and a smile which, if rarely seen, was yet so captivating that it seemed to unlock the secrets of all hearts, completed an exterior eminently prepossessing. The party separated at night mutually pleased with each other. Col. De Grey appreciated in its fullest extent the high polish and varied information of his friend's son, and Adela was not a little gratified to find that her preconceived notions of his personal and mental excellence were so fully verified. It must be admitted that the few thoughts of their fair visitor which floated that night round the pillow of the handsome stranger were not unmingled with surprise that so much beauty and elegance should be found in a far off village of the north. From this time a constant daily intercourse succeeded, and before the lapse of six months rumour was busy in the little village of Sandford. Friendly gossips whispered over their tea-parties that arrangements were nearly concluded for the marriage of Herbert Melville and Adela De Grey. And such was indeed the case! It was not difficult to foresee to what results the constant companionship of two such beings would lead, and if the fond father felt something of a pang when he saw that his darling had given him a rival in her heart, yet he suffered no selfish feeling to interfere with a union in every respect so suitable, and on which the happiness of his child evidently depended. In this case "the course of true love did run smooth," for Mr. Melville was equally satisfied that his early friendship with Reginald De Grey should be cemented by the marriage of their children. Arrangements were made for the young couple to reside, immediately after the wedding, at the "Hall" of which Herbert had been for many years the master. Had there been any at this time with feelings and passions wholly uninterested, willing to scrutinize the mind of Herbert Melville, they might have traced in its workings something which boded little good for the future happiness of the young pair. He appeared to labour under a mental restlessness, and to indulge in saddening thoughts, which evidently flowed from some hidden spring of sorrow, and which could hardly be accounted for by the natural anxiety attendant upon his coming change of life. It required even more than the playful tenderness of Adela to withdraw him from the reveries in which he daily became more fond of indulging, and had not the acute perception of Col. De Grey been blunted by that idolatrous love for his child which led him to view the object of her affection through the same partial medium, he would have been startled at the absence and distraction of mind so clearly manifested in the affianced bridegroom. After a courtship lengthened by the reluctance of the fond father to part with his child, the day was fixed, and Adela almost won a promise from Col. De Grey that he would in due time give up his cottage and reside entirely with her at the "Hall." It was on a beautiful summer's morning that the bells of the village church rang out a merry peal of congratulation to the newly-married pair. Amid the mingled smiles and tears of her friends, and the heartfelt blessings of the poor, among whom she had moved like an angel of mercy, the hand of Adela had been bestowed upon her lover, and the gay flowers with which her pathway was strewn by the village girls seemed but glowing types of the joys of her future existence. The last kiss of the dotting father was pressed upon the cheek of his fair child, the last blessing died away upon his lips, when the carriage arrived which was to convey them the short distance between the cottage and the Hall. As he placed her trembling hand within that of her newly made husband, something he would fain have said to him of the care and tenderness necessary for the fair blossom thus separated from its parent tree, but the words found no utterance; touched to a degree of tenderness of which superficial observers would never have deemed him susceptible, the iron-hearted soldier watched the receding carriage, and then retiring to his study, wept those bitter tears which so constantly prove that the heaven of sorrow is forever mixing with the brightest enjoyments of earth!

At the early hour of seven on the morning subsequent to the marriage, Mr. B., a resident



GRAND TRUCK — THE PROCESSION PASSING FROM THE PLACE D'ARMES UP ST. JAMES ST.

E. Smith



REQUIES OF SIR GEO. E. CARTIER—THE SCENE AT THE PLACE OF INTERMENT, COTE DES NEIGES CEMETERY

in the village, and the worthy magistrate of the district, was roused from his sleep by a loud knocking at the street door and the hurried tones of some one in deep agitation, requiring his immediate presence.

In accents almost inarticulate from terror, she informed him that on passing the door of the bridal chamber she remarked a moist stain on the delicate carpet of the landing place, that on examination it was found to proceed from a slender stream of blood issuing from under the door: that in the height of alarm and terror, herself and her fellow-servant had knocked loudly and repeatedly, but receiving no answer, had come for assistance to him, a known friend of both families and one of the wedding guests on the preceding day.

Briefly commending her judgment and discretion, Mr. B. hurried from his house, and being joined on his road by Dr. M. they rapidly gained the entrance to the Hall. Collected there by the horror-struck words of the younger servant, a few of the villagers were assembled in mute dismay, and were waiting for the presence of some authorized person.

The bride of yesterday was seated in an antique chair before a toilet richly furnished. She had evidently been preparing for repose on the preceding night, inasmuch as her sunny hair was unbound, and falling in glossy curls over her delicate person.

The following laconic epitaph, carved on a Spanish tombstone, should be remembered: "I was well, I tried to feel better, took physic, and here I am." A few weeks ago a well-known artist had, according to custom, thrown open his studio to his friends and patrons for a private view of his pictures intended for the walls of the Royal Academy.

Our friend Coombs was out in India, and having read that any wild beast could be frightened into flight merely by opening a parasol suddenly in its face, Coombs determined to test the truth of the assertion. So he sallied out to the jungle with his largest green gingham umbrella to hunt for a tiger.

ized love of a young English traveller for the daughter of a noble house—of a mock marriage, a blighted name—a broken heart, of misguided love and confidence on her part, of betrayal and desertion on his. This was all that the most searching curiosity could collect, save that on minute enquiries being made at the sea-port of Burham it was ascertained that a foreign lady had landed without baggage and without attendants from a ship in the ofing, which had sailed again during the night.

The more chastened temperament of the minister of God sustained his reason, but Mr. Melville died of a lingering consumption, his last moments saddened by the thought, that the early and unrepented sin of his erring child, had brought down upon himself and those connected with him the fearful retribution of her who was in turn the victim and the destroyer!

Varieties.

A good anecdote is in circulation respecting Dr. Guthrie. One day he came to the door of an Irish Papist, who was determined that the doctor should not enter his house.

A re-engagement as Governor in a Protestant family or as Companion to a Lady. Undertakes to teach English in its different branches, also French and music to beginners; has had many years experience, and can give high testimonials and references.

The only work of the kind ever written by a woman, is a necessity in every household; its entire novelty and eminent practicalness will create an immense demand. Notwithstanding the delicate subjects necessarily treated, it is written in such a brave, pure style as will not offend the most fastidious.

Chess.

Solutions to problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correct solution of Problem No. 83 also received from J. H. G., St. John, N.B., and of Problem No. 84 from W. H. P., St. John, N.B.

T. C., Toronto.—Your Problem (marked No. 3) received, is under examination. We are not aware that any treatise on the "four-hand" game has been published; perhaps some of our correspondents can inform you?

Two lively specimens of the "Patrol" defence, played lately in Montreal, between two members of the Club

- Black.—J. W. 1. P. to K. 4th 2. K. Kt. to B. 3rd 3. Kt. takes P. 4. K. Kt. to B. 3rd 5. P. to Q. 3rd 6. P. to Q. 4th 7. K. B. to Q. 3rd 8. Castles. 9. P. to K. R. 3rd 10. Q. B. to K. 3rd 11. P. to Q. R. 3rd 12. P. to Q. B. 4th 13. B. takes P. 14. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd 15. P. takes Kt. 16. P. takes B. (a) 17. P. to K. B. 4th 18. K. to R. sq. 19. K. R. to Kt. sq. 20. Q. to K. B. 3rd 21. P. to B. 5th 22. Q. to Kt. 4th 23. Q. R. to K. sq. 24. B. to Kt. 5th (b) 25. Q. takes Q. 26. R. takes R. ch. (a) Q. takes B. would have been the correct move; the error here is very well taken advantage of by the second player. (b) Bad; but it is difficult to suggest a good move for Black at this point. (c) Black can't now avoid the loss of a piece or the "exchange."

(a) Q. takes B. would have been the correct move; the error here is very well taken advantage of by the second player.

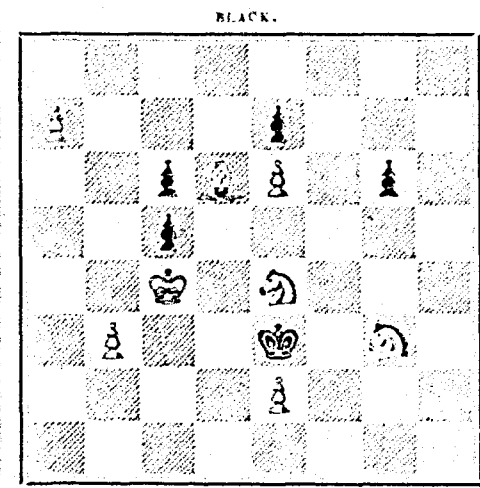
(b) Bad; but it is difficult to suggest a good move for Black at this point.

(c) Black can't now avoid the loss of a piece or the "exchange."

- White.—H. V. B. P. to K. 4th K. Kt. to B. 3rd P. to Q. 3rd Kt. takes P. K. Kt. to B. 3rd B. to K. 2nd Castles. Q. B. to K. Kt. 5th B. to R. 4th Q. Kt. to B. 3rd P. to Q. 4th P. takes P. Kt. to K. 5th Kt. takes Kt. B. takes Kt. B. to K. 3rd K. R. to K. sq. Kt. to K. 2nd Kt. to Kt. 3rd Q. to K. B. 3rd Kt. to R. 5th Kt. takes P. Kt. to R. 5th Q. ch. Kt. takes Q. R. takes R. wins. (c) White.—J. W. 1. P. to K. 4th 2. K. Kt. to B. 3rd 3. Kt. takes K. P. 4. Kt. takes K. B. P. 5. B. ch. 6. B. takes B. ch. 7. Castles. 8. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd 9. P. to Q. 4th 10. P. to K. B. 4th 11. P. to K. 5th 12. P. to K. B. 5th 13. Q. B. to K. 3rd 14. Q. P. takes P. 15. Q. to K. 2nd 16. Q. R. to Q. sq. 17. B. to Q. 4th 18. Q. R. to K. sq. 19. P. takes P. 20. R. takes Kt. 21. Kt. to K. 4th ch. 22. Kt. takes B. wins. (b) (a) K. to K. sq. is probably better. (b) If Black play 22. Q. takes Kt. the correct reply, B. takes Kt., must win.

PROBLEM No. 85.

By F. T. J. Toronto.



WHITE. White to play and mate in four moves.

A LADY OF MIDDLE AGE DESIRES a re-engagement as Governor in a Protestant family or as Companion to a Lady.

A BRAVE BOOK!

"What Woman Should Know." A Woman's Book About Women.

By Mrs. E. B. DUFFEY.

The only work of the kind ever written by a woman, is a necessity in every household; its entire novelty and eminent practicalness will create an immense demand.

LANCEFIELD BROTHERS, Hamilton, Ont. 7-18 U

R R R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Cures the worst Pains In from 1 to 20 Minutes. NOT ONE HOUR

After reading this advertisement need any one suffer with pain. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A CURE FOR EVERY PAIN.

IT WAS THE FIRST AND IS THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the excruciating pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands of organs, by one application.

IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES, no matter how violent or excruciating the pain the Rheumatic, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF WILL AFFORD INSTANT EASE.

INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS, CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS, SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, HYSTERIC, CROUP, DIPHTHERIA, CATARRH, INFLUENZA, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, COLD CHILLS, AGUE CHILLS.

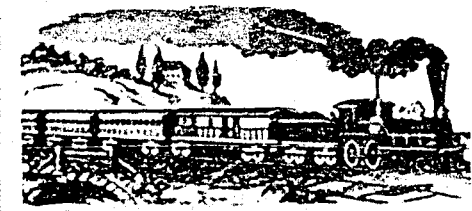
The application of the Ready Relief to the part or parts where the pain or difficulty exists will afford ease and comfort.

Twenty drops in half a tumbler of water will in a few moments cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all Internal Pains.

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CERTIFICATE FROM MR. ALFRED KNUCKLE, American House, St. Joseph Street.

DEAR SIR.—I was afflicted during the beginning of this winter with a most severe COLIC, attended with incessant COUGHING and DIFFICULTY OF BREATHING, which reduced me so low that many persons supposed I could never recover.



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1872-3. Winter Arrangement. 1872-3.

On and after SATURDAY, 21st inst., a Passenger and Mail Train will leave Halifax daily, at 7:30 a.m., and be due in St. John at 8:35 p.m.

Trains will connect at Painesville with trains to and from Shelburne and intermediate stations. At Truro, with trains to and from Pictou and intermediate stations.

At Windsor Junction with the trains of the Windsor and Annapolis Railway. At St. John with the Consolidated European and North American Railway for Bangor, Parville Junction, Montreal, Quebec, Portland, Boston, also with the International Steamers to and from Eastport, Portland, and Boston.

LEWIS CARVELL, General Superintendent. Railway Offices, MONCTON, N.B., Dec. 1872.

HEALTH TO THE SICK. Strength & Vigor to the debilitated. DOES NOT REQUIRE COOKING OR WARMING. LIEBIG'S LIQUID EXTRACT OF BEEF AND TONIC INVIGORATOR. INSTANTLY RELIEVES PAIN, CURES ALL WEAKNESSES. Consumption, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Losses of Spirits, Fever, Ague, Cholera, all Female and Children's maladies, Sick Headache, Bladder Complaints, Sea Sickness, Influenza, Purified the Blood and THOROUGHLY RENEWS THE SYSTEM. ONLY ONE LIQUID EXTRACT OF BEEF IN EXISTENCE. Signature of the Inventor: Baron Justus Liebig. BARON JUSTUS LIEBIG, M.D., F.R.S., Professor in the University of Munich. 7-24 U

THE LATE FRANCIS CASSIDY, ESQ., M. P. P.

Our late Mayor, whose portrait we give this week, was born, of Irish parentage, at St. Jacques de L'Achigan, Que., in 1827. He was educated at the College of L'Assomption and was called to the bar of Lower Canada, in 1848. In 1863 he was created Q. C., and in 1871 was elected by acclamation to represent Montreal West in the Local Legislature. On the retirement of Mayor Coursol from office in February last, Mr. Cassidy was elected by acclamation to fill the position of Mayor of Montreal, a position which, however, illness prevented him from occupying as ably as he would otherwise have done. Shortly before his election Mr. Cassidy was seized with a severe illness which it was hoped would not terminate fatally; he was very feeble at the time of his inauguration and has only been able to preside at meetings of the Council on one or two occasions for a short while. About ten days ago his illness assumed a more alarming character and he expired at his residence in St. Denis street, on Saturday evening, 14th inst. Mr. Cassidy was highly esteemed by his companions at the bar, and won his way to fame and position more by honest hard work and close application than by brilliant genius. He was quiet and unobtrusive in manner, but social and genial, and his many good qualities of head and heart won him hosts of warm personal friends who will mourn his loss. The deceased was unmarried; but, it may be remembered that at the time of his election to the mayoralty, playful allusion was made to this fact as his one fault, and he replied that that fault should be corrected within six months; death has, however, intervened, and rendered his plans futile. The funeral took place on Wednesday, 18th inst., and was one of the largest and most imposing



THE LATE FRANCIS CASSIDY, Q. C., M. P. P., MAYOR OF MONTREAL.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. N. GRENIER.

ever seen in this city. The procession formed on the Champ de Mars at 8 o'clock, and proceeded to the late residence of the deceased in St. Denis street and from thence to the Parish Church in the following order:

- Militia Officers.
- Band.
- Benevolent Societies.
- National Societies.
- Firemen. THE BODY Firemen.
- Mourners.
- The Mayor, Aldermen and Councilors of the City of Montreal.
- City Officials.
- The Mayor and Corporations of different Cities and Towns.
- Members of the Senate.
- The Judges.
- The Clergy.
- Members of the House of Commons and Local Legislature.
- The Consuls.
- The Legal Profession.
- The Medical Profession.
- Citizens.

After the ceremony the procession moved by way of St. James street, Beaver Hall Hill, Sherbrooke and Guy street to Mount Royal Cemetery, where the body was interred. Business was generally suspended on the line of the procession; many flags were at half mast, and a most profound and sincere regret at the death of a good citizen evinced by the people at large.

The famous Heidelberg tun, seems to be out-barrelled by the feat of an Austrian cask manufacturer, who exhibits at the Vienna Palace an infant of the following gigantic dimensions—height, 39ft.; diameter at bottom, 29ft.; capacity, 250,000 eimers (12 gallons each). The vat is constructed of oak, from the magnificent forests in Lower Hungary.

It is stated that the Hon. Stewart Campbell, the leader of the Nova Scotian Liberals, will succeed the late Mr. Howe in the Cabinet.

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