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# AMERICAN Illustrated News

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TAMBURINI, THE GREAT BARITONE.



MIDHAT PASHA.



GENERAL IGNATIEFF.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is published by THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY on the following conditions:—\$4.00 per annum in advance, \$1.50 if not paid strictly in advance, \$3.00 for clergymen, school-teachers and post-masters in advance.

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## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

will be essentially

### A CHRISTMAS NUMBER,

containing appropriate illustrations, Christmas Stories, Poems and Sketches, beside the usual amount of varied matter.

### TO ADVERTISERS

the opportunity is a good one for putting their goods before the notice of the public, during the Holidays.

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, 16th Dec., 1876.

### PRACTICAL AND ANALYTICAL EDUCATION.

Education has been declared to be the most difficult study to which an intelligent man can apply his mind, but certainly there can be few departments of thought which will better repay the time and energy consumed on them. It might properly be defined as the art of bringing the human creature into true relations with his God and into a rational harmony with his surroundings. The Edgeworthian idea, though pretty fully developed in the lady's clever and always entertaining books, cannot be said to have maintained its ground with the fullness that might have been expected, in Anglo-Saxon discussions of what is suitable to be imparted to the minds of the young. The useful was Miss Edgeworth's predominant idea, and she carried it so far as to exclude all descriptions of scenery and of pictorial nature in her portrayal of living groups, and their conduct and utterances. The painful void thus created may be within the memory of some who recall their early school days. Still we cannot be said even now to be competing with that ingenious instructress in all that relates to the mechanics and chemistry of our daily life—or in adapting to the strength of the young scholar's understanding their visible exponents in notions of food and tools—house and clothing—land carriage and boat. How these ideas will subdivide themselves under the analysis of the able teacher—and how many and varied industrial forces and operations will thus be brought within their scope—and the sympathies which will go on to be established between them and the primary ideas of created things, and the researches that have exhibited the mutual relations of these, are views of the question which we have not just now space to enlarge upon. We need only say at present that if we succeed in making our children practical, we shall have gone a long way towards enabling them to realize a livelihood, and towards protecting their lives from disease and casualty. Miss Edgeworth had little to say in favor of that Scriptural History and morality which certainly lay at the foundation, whether she knew it or not, of her own moral teachings. To come down to a later day, Dickens also availed himself of the affections that Christianity only could create, without fairly acknowledging their source or depicting their more complete workings.

### THE ANCIENT CAPITAL.

At length in Quebec all the parliamentary and a number of special committees are in full swing, and since the night on which the Budget speech was made there have been night sittings in the House. The work done since our last issue has been the passage of the Civil Service Bills, the Superior Court Act and a number of Public Bills introduced by private members, also the consideration of a few items in the Estimates. The Superior Court Bill provides that the Chief Justice when informed that the despatch of judicial business in any district requires the services of more judges of the Superior Court than there are in such district, or whenever the sole Judge of any district is unable to discharge his duties for any reason whatever, he shall have the power to require one or more of the Judges of districts other than those of Quebec and Montreal to discharge their duties temporarily in such district, to hold any term of the Court provided they can absent themselves without injuring the administration of justice in their district. This is an important change and will do away with the inconvenience so recently felt in Three Rivers and elsewhere in the Province. The Budget speech was given at the first evening session, and the House was crowded with spectators, a large number being ladies. Great interest was exhibited, it being the first Financial statement ever presented by the present Treasurer, who took the portfolio only about ten months since. The speech is admitted on all sides to be the most literary Financial one ever given in the House, and, barring its great length, was a perfect success. It gives the Revenue and Expenditure for the past year, showing a surplus of something over \$60,000. It details the estimated expenditure for the coming year at \$2,783,000. It details the last loan and the difficulties the Treasurer had to encounter in London, and concludes by the new Government Railway Policy.

### THOUGHTFUL CHARITY.

A friend writing to us from Quebec states that he had the pleasure of being present at an entertainment, a few evenings since, which might be adopted with advantage in Montreal by some of our charitable societies. It was a children's concert, and consisted first of a number of glees with solos rendered by a choir of some sixty little girls ranging from six to sixteen years of age; and secondly, of a presentation of "Cinderella" also by children. As to the first part, the best description which can be given of it is by appending the two following verses from a local paper which will give an idea of the simplicity of these glees:

I saw the little Children  
With faces beaming bright;  
As they stood upon the platform,  
They formed a pleasing sight.  
And oh, such queenly dresses  
And pearls and flowers rare,  
I thought that all in fairyland  
Could not with these compare.

I heard their bird-like voices  
Which rose so soft and clear,  
While friends and parents gathered  
Their little ones to hear.  
I saw their smiling faces  
Which no trace of sorrow bore,  
For a pure heart in each bosom  
Was the brightest gem they wore.

The representation of "Cinderella" was very creditable, and our correspondent is sure if something of the same sort could be got up in Montreal, it would meet with great success. The children belong to the first families of Quebec; so, as the Hall was crowded, one can fancy what a beautiful sight it was. Of course all their relatives had to be present, especially the brothers and sisters, who were flitting about the hall from one group to another in all the glory of their pretty dresses, ribbons and other finery. We venture to press this on the consideration of our friends, as we know the St. George's Society, for one, will be glad of a novelty that would promise to be as successful as those they have already tried.

### THE BROOKLYN CATASTROPHE.

The terrible and appalling catastrophe at Brooklyn in the burning of the theatre by which 350 souls have been suddenly thrust into eternity deserves more than the short notice we can give it. The architects especially should be impressed by it, for on them more than on citizens generally devolves the responsibility of averting similar inflictions for the time to come. There is no reason, we believe, that a public building should not have any number of passages for exit that might be called for by such an emergency, on all its sides. Building materials are not so rigid but that they could serve quietly enough as parts of the containing walls—until the emergency demanded their transposition. Call them opening doors or what you will, if the public cared for its own safety as it should do, the thing would be done. The Roman auditorium was entirely fire-proof, however, and iron pillars and railings and tiled seats for the spectators would go far to make a building fire-proof—tiles being also used for the flooring. The staircases are a great difficulty, as things now are, but they might be multiplied. Mr. MACKENZIE has made all Canada his debtor by his law to have all doors of such buildings open outwards. We should like much to arouse the profession in regard to this great problem, and as a commencement should be glad to see such men as Mr. SPRINGLE and Mr. F. N. BOXER, of Montreal, bending their energies to it. We are glad to hear that the proprietors of the Academy of Music are already awakened to the great claims that rest upon them.

### THE BENGAL CYCLONE.

The great inundation in Bengal proceeding from a cyclone and resulting storm-wave 20 feet high, by which between 300,000 and 400,000 lives are said to have been destroyed in a single hour of the night, is probably the greatest calamity from the incursion of water since Noah's flood. In addition to the multitude of natives, many British officials were lost. The sufferers were mainly an agricultural people in a fine alluvial country, such as is often more or less exposed to floods. The crops, though they have suffered, are not wholly destroyed. Some of the people of the large islands which were entirely submerged floated in their houses ten miles to the mainland and were thus saved, but the storm-wave penetrated into the mainland also for about 5 or 6 miles. The agricultural implements and buildings have been largely injured of course. Some few saved themselves by ascending trees, and but a few numerically. It is hard to grasp the idea of such a devastation. The London Times says it is a calamity which no human forethought could provide against. That will be thought true enough so far as ordinary conceptions are concerned, but if we permit the mind to deal with possibilities, and to allow the imagination some play, we perceive that the pre-diluvian and faithful idea of the ark and the post-diluvian and infidel idea of the Tower may each take rank at least as suggestions. It is evident that a 20 feet wave would not have affected ordinary three-story-houses, as regards the safety of the inmates, had there been such on the ground, and the notion of attaching a large raft to every domicile in any flat and easily flooded country may be new and strange, but it is not absurd.

### OUR MINERAL RESOURCES.

The Committee on Industry of the Quebec Legislature have been doing good work this session. The Rev. Curé LABELLE has appeared before them and made a statement of the development lately undertaken by him on a vein of copper recently discovered in his parish of St. Jerome. He also introduced a Mr. PIET, mining engineer of Belgium, who has assayed some specimens of the ore and claims to have

discovered copper, silver and even gold in them. This latter gentleman possesses certificates from eminent French engineers as to successful investigations he has conducted in France and other countries, and it is suggested Government should appoint either him or some other qualified engineer as Inspector of Mines in this Province. The Committee also suggest that an act should be passed to protect the interest of mining companies as well as the ore of individuals in this Province.

Mr. SAMUEL WILMOT, Government Fishery Superintendent, passed eastward last week, with 150,000 whitefish from the Sandwich fishery establishment. A number of these ova are to be forwarded to the Duke of Marlborough and Lord Exeter. At an interview Mr. BLAKE had with these noblemen in England, they expressed a strong desire to have forwarded to them some of our Canadian fresh water fish for the purpose of introducing them into waters of Great Britain. This whole subject of fish culture is of the most important scientific and national interest and we trust very shortly to be able to give our readers a pictorial view as well as full description of the great establishment at Sandwich.

It is reported that the Dominion Parliament will meet about the middle of January. It is also said that a Ministerial announcement is to be made concerning our relations with the Colonial Office, and that some changes may be expected in the tariff—that duties may be increased on some articles that now pay very little, and a portion of the duties on sugar remitted. The sugar duties should certainly be regulated. Our cartoon last week, on the rise in sugar, has attracted much attention, as chiming exactly with the popular sentiment.

We beg to call particular attention to our sketch and letterpress account of the recent treaties negotiated by the Dominion Government with Indians of the North-West. The subject is interesting of itself through many of its curious and novel features, but it acquires additional importance at the present time, as contrasting the Canadian mode—copied from the British—of treating the Red Man with that employed by our neighbors across the border.

Germany will not take part officially in the Paris Exhibition of 1878, the principal reason given being that the German Government and the Chambers of Commerce do not anticipate that a sufficiency of German goods will be sent to Paris to warrant the large expenditure to be incurred by the Empire. In addition, they think the present time of depression inopportune. We fear the real reason of abstinence is the antipathy of the two nations.

Marshal MACMAHON lately attended the opening of the new building at Sevres for the display of the celebrated porcelain there manufactured. The Chamber was invited to meet him, and did not sit at Versailles until an hour after the usual time. M. GAMBETTA was for the first time presented to the Marshal, who spoke to him in courteous terms. This meeting is significant and is so regarded in France. M. GAMBETTA may yet become a Minister, as why should he not?

In consequence of the large number of exhibits offered by the Canadian manufacturers for the New South Wales Exhibition, another vessel has been chartered to take a cargo to Sydney. That is right. The expedition to Australia is only tentative, but it illustrates Canadian spirit, and we like it.

A GREAT CONCERT.

One of the greatest concerts ever given in Montreal, and certainly the greatest given during the past year, took place at Mechanics' Hall, on Tuesday, the 5th inst. Whether we consider the character of the artists, the quality of the programme, or the size and standing of the audience, it was a success to be long held in remembrance. Messrs. Prume and Lavallée have conquered the highest reputation in this city and throughout the Dominion, and when we add M. Jacquard to their number, we have a trio of which Montreal should not only be proud, but of which it should not, under any stress of circumstance, allow itself to be despoiled. With three such artists, as a nucleus, Montreal need not envy any city of its size on this continent, and there is no reason why they should not be employed to create a fine school of performers among us.

The main attraction of the concert was Mendelssohn's trio in C minor which, however, by what appears to us a mistake, was placed first on the list of performances, instead of being reserved for a later stage. It was executed to perfection, except that the Steinway Grand was too loud, and, by consequence, the soft thunders of the violoncello were veiled. But, through all and above all, sounded the warm, rich sounds of Mr. Prume's wonderful instrument, conveying fully the pathos and beautifully modulated meanings of the author. M. Prume, during the evening, delivered two solos, the first and allegro of Viouxtempis which he interpreted to perfection, the second, a triplet of short compositions from Spohr, Gounod, and an old French writer of the last century, Leclair. These pieces gave him an occasion of displaying that variety of treatment and that skill of manifold adaptation without which no artist need aspire to the title of master. Might we be allowed to say, however, that at times there was a needless gush, an exercise of undue force in M. Prume's play? But we can hardly blame him for this when we consider the gratification he could not help feeling at the sight of the immense audience sitting spell-bound under his bow, and responsive with genuine appreciation to the varied and various merits of his performance. As to M. Lavallée, we have never seen or heard him in better form. His rendering of Mendelssohn's concerto in G minor was clear, subtle and sustained, while the selection from Weber proved once more his unquestioned mastery of the techniques of his instrument. But his masterpiece was the interpretation of a quiet meditative recital to which he imparted all its proper dreaminess, tenderness and recondite significance. M. Lavallée was less nervous and demonstrative than on former occasions, and impressed us with the idea of settling into a mood of thorough artistic earnestness. He is certainly a pianist of the best capabilities from whom we may expect the highest results. M. Jacquard seemed to wish to remain somewhat in the background, as if he were only an auxiliary in the programme. In the concerted parts, his violoncello was not quite sufficiently heard, and in his solo from Servais, although it was played with firmness and fidelity that would have delighted the old Belgian virtuoso, there was lack of mechanical intensity and a slackness in bowing which, quite evidently, are not inherent defects of the artist's playing. To us the violoncello is the king of instruments, and we recognize in M. Jacquard one of its best handlers. We trust to hear him again more prominently, and doing more justice to himself. We trust further that he will be induced to remain permanently among us. We have nothing to say in favor of the stringed quintet introduced to accompany some of the soloists. We object on principle to have amateurs mingled with professional artists, and in the present instance, this amateur quintet marred the effect intended by their want of homogeneity and precision. In the Mendelssohn concerto, they more than once distracted M. Lavallée's attention, and came near putting him out. Madame Prume is an instance of what can be accomplished by patient culture and a judicious method. Her voice is neither naturally strong nor rich, although sweet and sympathetic, but she has succeeded in so moulding it as to enable her to attempt a wide range of subjects. In the grand aria of the Queen of Night, from the Zamberflote, her voice was rather husky and lacked expression, but in the Valse de Concert, composed by M. Lavallée, and Kücken's Celestial Tear, she managed the scales with much skill. Altogether, Madame Prume may be set down as perhaps the most cultivated of our public vocalists, and what adds to her success is the charm of simplicity and unpretentiousness. We were informed that Mr. Maltby was hoarse, which will excuse his unsatisfactory singing, but does not account for his choice of songs. One innovation in this concert is noteworthy. Recalls were firmly declined, spite of the loudest efforts, and we trust this example will be hereafter universally followed. The audience was so large that the stairway and lobbies were filled, and a great number had to stand. Considering the unqualified success of this concert, we venture to express the hope that it may be the first of four or five during the present winter.

TREATIES WITH INDIANS.

In August and September last, under instructions from the Dominion Government, Lieut.-Governor Morris, of Manitoba, Hon. James Mackay and Hon. Mr. Christie met the Indians of the far North-West for the purposes of nego-

tiation. Two treaties were made with the Crees and other Indians—one at Carleton, on the Saskatchewan, and the other at Fort Pitt—under which the Indians ceded their rights over a district in the Fertile Belt estimated at 200,000 square miles. The treaties now made include all the Cree nation—and the Dominion may be said to have acquired nearly the whole of the territory within the Fertile Belt, and for some distance north of it—all the land east of the Rocky Mountains, in fact, except a district of not more than 1000 square miles, principally inhabited by Blackfeet. The portion yet untreated for may be roughly described as lying to the south of Red Deer River—along the Rocky Mountains—and from the Boundary Line to Bow River. The first treaty, a sketch of which we present to our readers in the present issue, was made on the 16th August, at Fort Carleton, on the Saskatchewan. Much difficulty was experienced in dealing with the Crees assembled here, who made demands of the most extravagant character. The Opposition was mainly composed of 70 lodges, who wanted a separate treaty on their own behalf. Each chief demanded \$100 a year—that a large steam mill should be erected on the reserve—and that farms should be broken out for the Indians; and even when these enormous demands came to be reduced, it was found that no treaty could be made without a horse and buggy being given to each chief. At this treaty there were 370 lodges of Crees, or between 2000 and 3000 in all. There were the River Crees, the Wood Indians from Sturgeon Lake, and the Low Bush and Plain Crees. The territory covered by the treaty extends from Sturgeon Lake to the Cumberland District, northwards to Beaver Lake and up to English River; thence to Green Lake, and across the country north of Red Deer Lake, and up the Athabasca River to Jasper House; from thence south, along the Rocky Mountain range to the headwaters of the Red Deer River, or South Saskatchewan. The line would follow the course of that river south to Buffalo Lake, and downwards to Bow River, where it joins No. Four Treaty-line (made in 1874 at Qu'Appelle).—From Bow River the land would run down the South Branch of the Saskatchewan till it intersects Treaty line No. Five. The terms ultimately agreed upon were as follows: Each man, woman, and child gets \$12 a head for this the first year, and \$5 a head per annum afterwards. The chiefs get \$25 each, and are allowed four councillors or headmen at \$15 apiece. Every family of five is to be allotted 160 acres as a homestead, and for the cultivation of the same is to be furnished with certain requisites, such as oxen, cows, ploughs, harrows, hoes, axes, &c. The above-mentioned articles will be divided in the following manner. To every family two oxen and axes, and to every three families, actual cultivators of the soil, a plough and harrow between them.—Every 20 lodges (and no chief is to be recognized with less than that number) will get between them for agricultural purposes two yoke of oxen and six cows, and each chief is to be furnished with a chest of tools for his hand. Besides his \$25 annuity, each chief is to be supplied with a horse and wagon, or, in lieu of the latter, two carts should be prefer them; and, further, every chief and councillor is to be provided with a new suit of clothes. Another proviso of the treaty was made to guard against actual starvation; and to this end the Indians insisted on a stipulation under which the Government agreed to expend yearly \$1000 for the next three years, in provisions to be distributed among such as are actually engaged in cultivating the soil.

The Indians also urged strongly that in times of starvation or sickness, they should be provided for. But the Commissioners were necessarily very guarded here, lest cases of starvation or sickness should multiply to an alarming extent. They told the Indians that in the event of a general famine throughout the country, or in case of plague or wide-spread sickness, the Government would do what it could to help the sufferers. Provision for ordinary sickness is to be made by sending a small chest of medicines to the agent on the reserve. The Commissioners next proceeded to Fort Pitt, at the north Branch of the Saskatchewan, where they arrived on the 5th September. Negotiations were opened on a Thursday, and by the following Saturday the treaty was duly signed, sealed and delivered. About one thousand Indians were present—Crees, Chipewyans from Green Lake and two or three families of Stonies. The terms made, in this instance, were identical with those agreed to by the Carleton chiefs, and the land covered by the Treaty is included in the 200,000 square miles, of which the bounds have been already given. Some of the Wood Assiniboines living in the Rocky Mountain House district, have not yet, we learn, formally come into this Treaty, though they were partly represented by the few families of Assiniboines taking part in the Fort Pitt proceedings.

OUR PICTURES.

DON GIOVANNI TAMBURINI.—As the varied excellencies and merits of Mozart's masterpiece, *Don Juan*, are perhaps less likely to be united again in a single opera than is the case of any other work of the same kind, so Antonio Tamburini possessed the characteristics requisite for performing the part of the hero in that celebrated production in a degree never yet equalled in the case of any other artist. This celebrated singer appeared on the boards in 1816, at the early age of 18, and during a career of nearly 40

years was without a rival in the greatest baritone parts. His death is reported to have occurred last month at Nice in his 77th year. He was the son of a handmaster at Faenza, and at the age of nine years was engaged in an orchestra as a bugle player; but a serious illness having obliged him to discontinue playing, he turned his attention to singing. He made rapid progress, and at 18 made a successful debut at Bologna. He appeared in succession at all the principal theatres at Turin, Rome, Naples, Milan, and in 1832, after having visited England, where he was warmly received, he appeared in Paris at the Italiens in *Cincentola*. For more than 20 years he continued a favourite with the French public, and as late as 1854 he sang in *Don Juan*. He had acquired a comfortable independence, and retired many years ago to Sevrès, where he usually resided.

THE EASTERN CONFERENCE.—We give to-day the portraits of Midhat Pasha, Turkish Minister for Foreign Affairs, and Gen. Ignatieff, Russian Plenipotentiary to Constantinople. In a former issue appeared more extended notices of these two statesmen. Midhat is the greatest man in Turkey to-day, while Ignatieff is a disciple of the Gortschakoff school, who enjoys the additional advantage of a thorough knowledge of Turkish affairs. Both of them will take part in the approaching Conference.

THE DUCHESS OF AOSTA.—Delicate as she was, and simple as were her habits, 'The Queen'—whom the eighteen thousand washerwomen of the Manzanares call still by that title—loved to take walking exercises. Day by day she saw that the babies of the washerwomen of the river that ran so close at the foot of her husband's palace had no place wherein they might be put while their mothers were at work. The Queen, in her plain black silk walking-dress, went back to her husband and her palace, and said that night—it was winter, and she knew how often a flood came down and swept off in one afternoon three or four of those poor mother washerwomen—'I will build a chapel for the Madrid washerwomen, an orphanage for their children if they die, a nursery refuge or home, when they go down to Manzanares to wash.' King Amadeo and his Queen founded that chapel school and nursery, endowed it with their private money, and there it is, and there it works. Very few there are among the Spanish aristocracy of to-day who look after their Spanish poor. Amadeo, the Italian King, and the lost Maria Victoria did. The Spaniards say, 'We never value a thing until it is lost to us forever.' Now, turn your feet where you will, the warm praises of Amadeo and his consort are on all sides heard.

PICTORIAL EUROPE.—Grouped together will be found a series of sketches illustrative of recent events in different parts of Europe, such as the launching of the new French war steamer "Tourville"; the breaking of ground on the Trocadero for the Paris Exhibition of 1878; a combat of white bears in the Geological Gardens of Cologne; the burning of an American ship in the port of Marseilles, and the ovation, at Athens, to King George, an idea of whose popularity will be gathered from an article in another column.

THE ST. ANDREW'S BALL.—We need not recur to a description of this entertainment, beyond calling attention to our sketch. By universal consent, it was admired as one of the grandest and most successful balls ever given in this city, reflecting the highest credit on the Society and Board of management.

THE FREE LANCE.

Prince Edward Island is not afraid of a Pope.

Between Tory and Grit. The returns for Queens, P. E. I., are read.

"Oh, the tight little island!" exclaimed the former exultingly.

"Yes, it must have been a little tight to go that way," replied the latter in disgust.

The *Star* says that a great deal of the Quebec City loan in England will prove a Barren Grant. I grant that this is about the best joke of the season, always barren my own.

How is it—Keewatin or Keewatin? We want to see this momentous question settled to a t.

Did you ever see a man who, on taking off his hat, at the entrance of any public room, did not touch his hair and settle himself nicely in his coat shoulders? I never did.

Lost in London. That's Wat's Phillips been doing.

Into what depths some people will go in quest of a pun. A friend of mine, just returned from New York, informs me that on entering a certain fashionable cellar where oysters, clams, and other dainties are furnished, he read this on a scroll above the door:—*De profundis clam-avi!* On reading this, my friend didn't know whether to laugh or to get mad.

There is a strange perversity sometimes in titles. Why did Alexandre Dumas call his famous novel "The Three Musketeers"? Because there were four of them. Why did Phillips, the playwright, entitle his drama "Lost in London"? Because the heroine was lost before ever she came to London.

LACLED.

QUEBEC CIVIL SERVICE.

I notice in your paper of last week a letter asking for the name of the paper and of the writer to whom I referred in my first letter as being in the Civil Service. According to the Civil Service Act of Mr. Chapleau, the body to which the writer is said to belong is not of the Civil Service, though till the passage of that Act it was generally supposed to be. As to the name of the paper, your correspondent can hardly feign ignorance, as it has been a topic of conversation all over Quebec and of correspondence to most of the papers in the Province.

The session promises to last till Christmas, and in case of the death of the Lieutenant-Governor, who is said to be sinking fast, during the session, I expect the House will have to be adjourned over Christmas. The work is progressing steadily and will no doubt make considerable progress before the end of next week.

C. W. M.

FASHION NOTES.

A NEW umbrella holder is a double chain, made to suspend from the wrist, and attach to the ring on the handle of the umbrella. The loop in the chain which goes round the wrist can only slip up and down a certain length, being kept in its place by a ball.

THERE is a great variety in fichus. The newest (of the Marie Antoinette form) is a double handkerchief, edged with wide fine Torchon lace, gathered in the centre of the back, and tied together in front with long ends, larger than those hitherto worn.

To give the appearance of slimmness to those who are not the possessors of slight figures is now the aim of the modistes. Their attention is turned to lengthy seams in the back, to the banishment of all superfluous draping, and of all gathers and plaits, particularly round the waist and hips. Fashion dictates that dresses must be flat and straight.

EVENING dress petticoats are still out with the queue de paon train; they are quite plain in front, and have three gathered flounces at the back and two wide lace edged platings all round. The chief novelty is, that they have a slit at the sides so that the strings for tying the dress can be passed through them, and that pieces for the back only, and coming half way up the skirt, are made to tuck into dresses. Some of the full-dress petticoats have a frilling of coloured silk between the muslin kiltings.

THE caps, which would be peculiarly becoming to young matrons, are just large enough to rest on the top of the head, and have pointed crowns. The newest are made entirely of silk; for example, a square cardinal handkerchief is converted into a most stylish cap; the ends form a bow at the side, and the whole is bordered with Torchon lace; like most of the caps of the day, it is not made on a spring or wire of any kind, but the silk is lined with tulle.

FOR day wear polonaises made of fancy velvet (either striped or spotted) are to be seen at all the leading modistes. Thus prune velvet with large dots of dead prune silk; moss-coloured velvet with black dots, black velvet with small straw spots; grey velvet striped with brown, &c. I forgot whether I have alluded in former letters to the new bête material, studded all over with small snowflakes of white silk, each of these flakes, not being larger than a pin's head. This novelty is most popular in navy blue with red flakes, in brown with straw-coloured flakes, in prune de Monsieur with pale blue flakes.

A style, particularly adapted for heavy materials, is the Dagnar polonaise. It is very deep in the front, reaching nearly to the bottom of the bottom of the dress; the back is plain to about twelve inches below the waist, where it is caught up at the side-seam with a bow or three buttons; a deep pointed collar on the neck gives a pretty finish. As many do not admire the entirely plain bodice, this style is very fashionable in serge, drab, grey, or dark blue, piped with cardinal red; three rows of small buttons down the back and front, also down the back of the sleeve, are much worn.

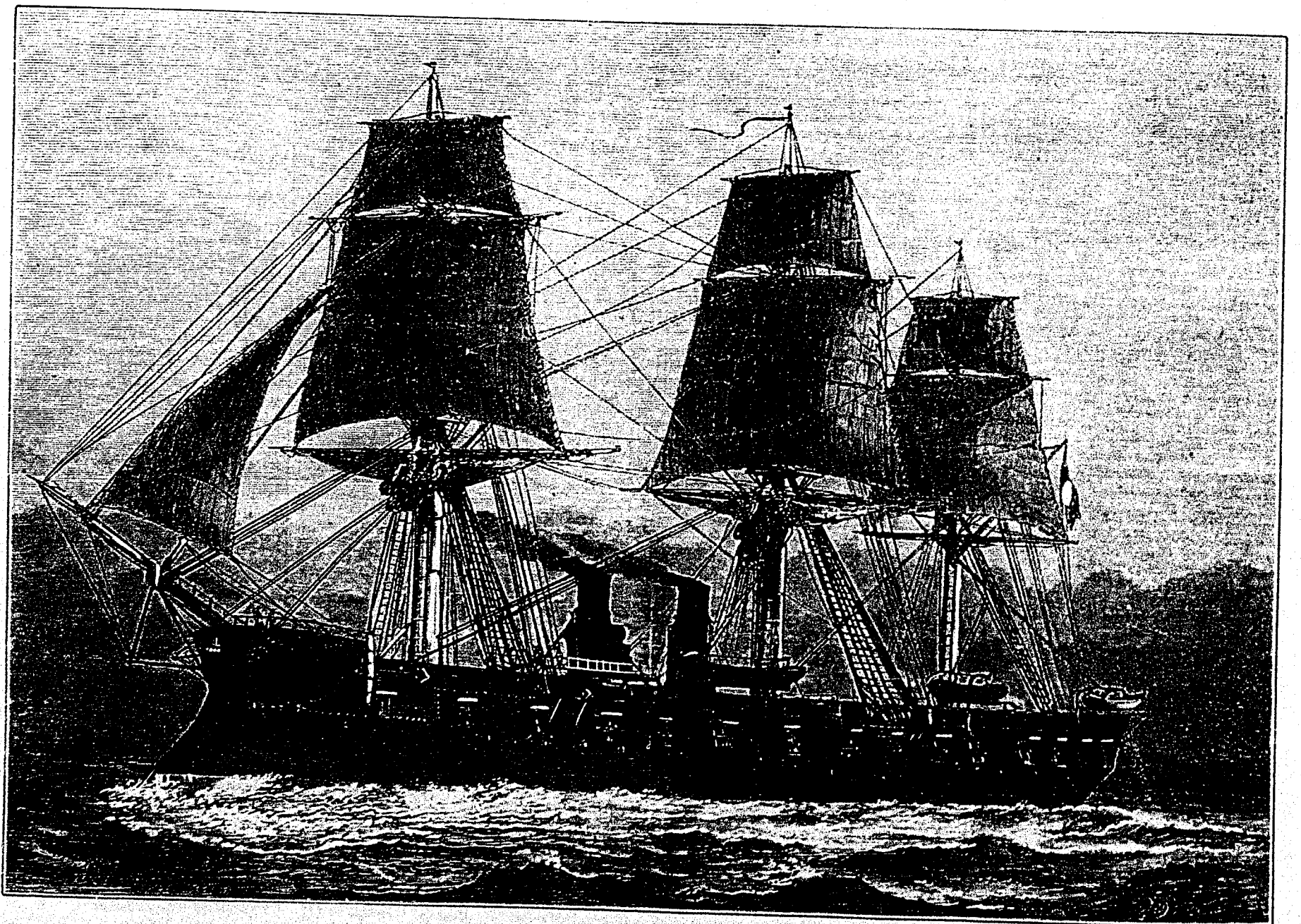
THE Adelaide costume for young ladies from four to sixteen is a new and becoming style for winter materials. The front is "Princess," with a small kilting at the bottom, in front, and a deep one carried up into the waist at the back; a trimming is brought from the shoulder across to the back, and there finished as a sash; there is a small collar at the neck, with bow. Several rows of narrow military braid are much used for trimming winter dresses; the gold is also pretty and very stylish, particularly on dark blue or brown serge; the front pocket and the cuffs are ornamented with buttons.

WHAT CAN ALL THAT CHIEF!—How many thousands of parents ask themselves this question, as they see their children becoming more emaciated and miserable every day. A correct reply to the question would be *Worms*; but they are seldom thought of, and the little sufferer is allowed to go on without relief until it is too late.

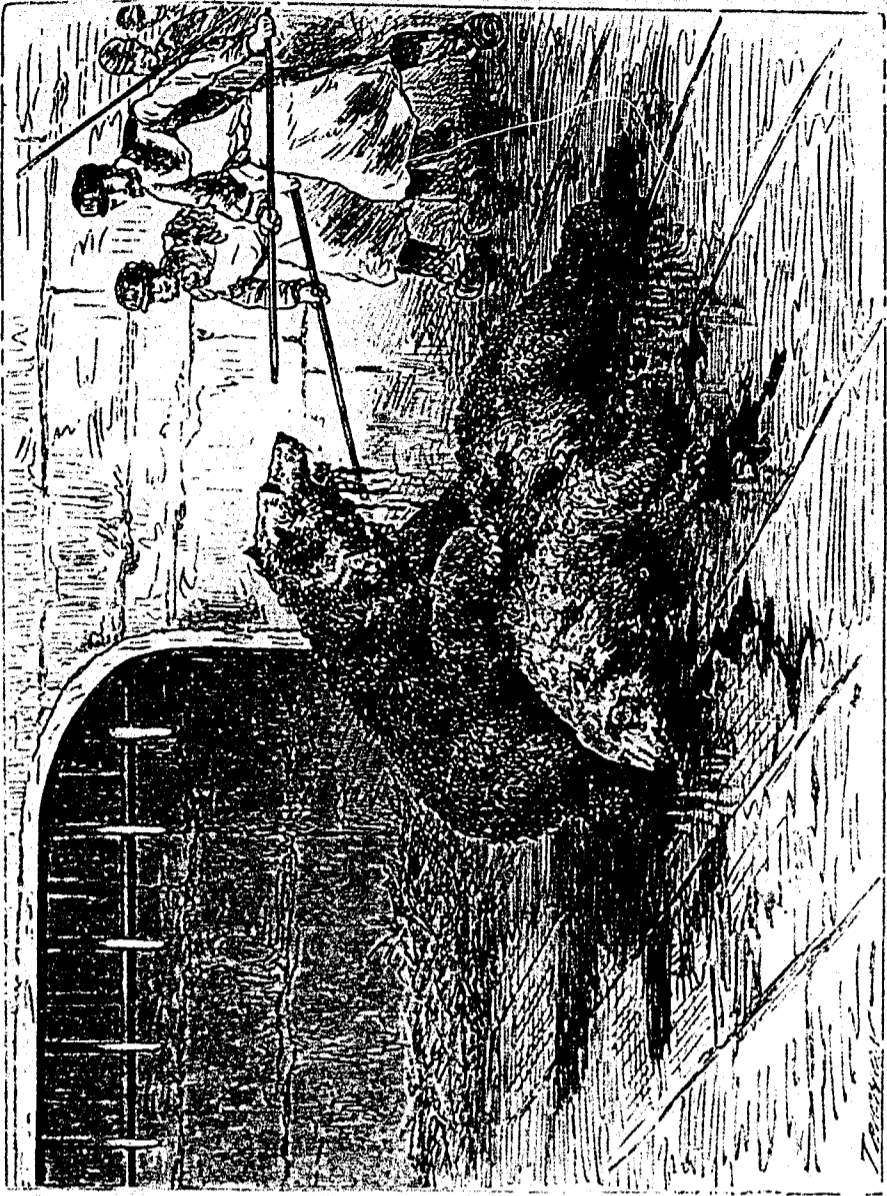
Parents, you can save your children. *Dr. Williams' Vegetable Worm Pastilles* are a safe and certain cure; they not only destroy the worms, but they neutralise the vitiated mucus in which he vermin breed. Do not delay! Try them! Take no other kind offered you.



H. R. H. MARIA-VITTORIA. DUCHESS OF AOSTA, EX-QUEEN OF SPAIN, JUST DECEASED.



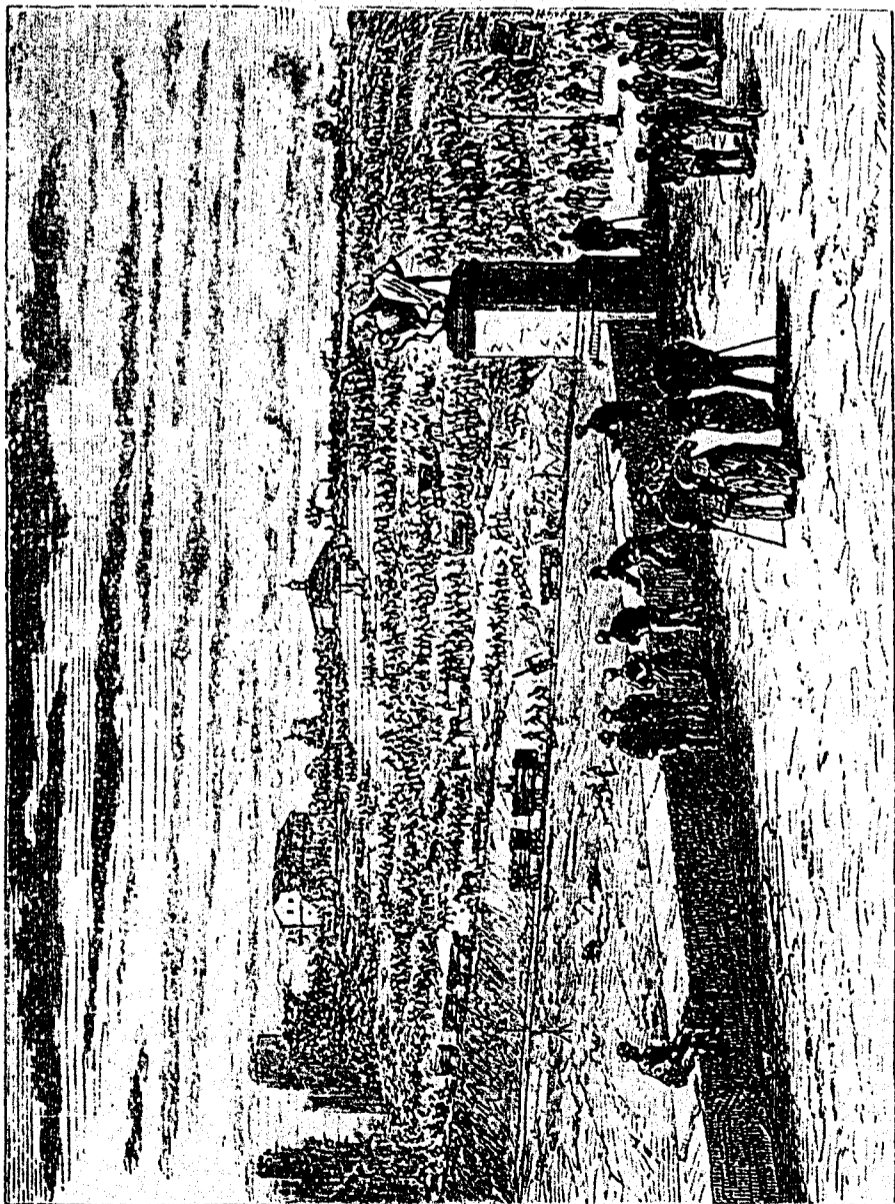
FRANCE:--THE TOURVILLE, NEW FRENCH WAR STEAMER LAUNCHED AT TOULON.



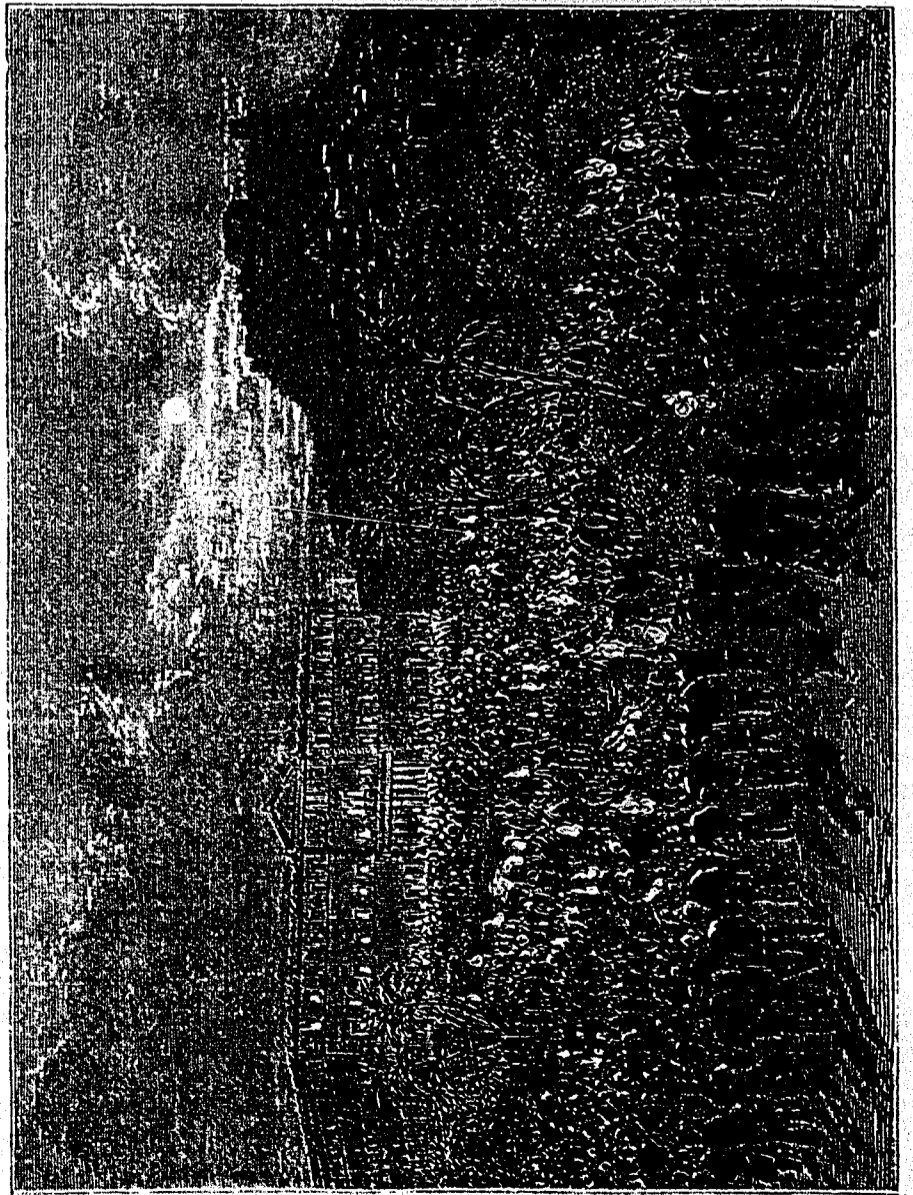
COLOGNE:—COMBAT OF WHITE BEARS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.



MARSEILLES:—BURNING OF AN AMERICAN SHIP IN PORT.



PARIS:—THE EXHIBITION OF 1878; BREAKING GROUND ON THE TROCADERO.

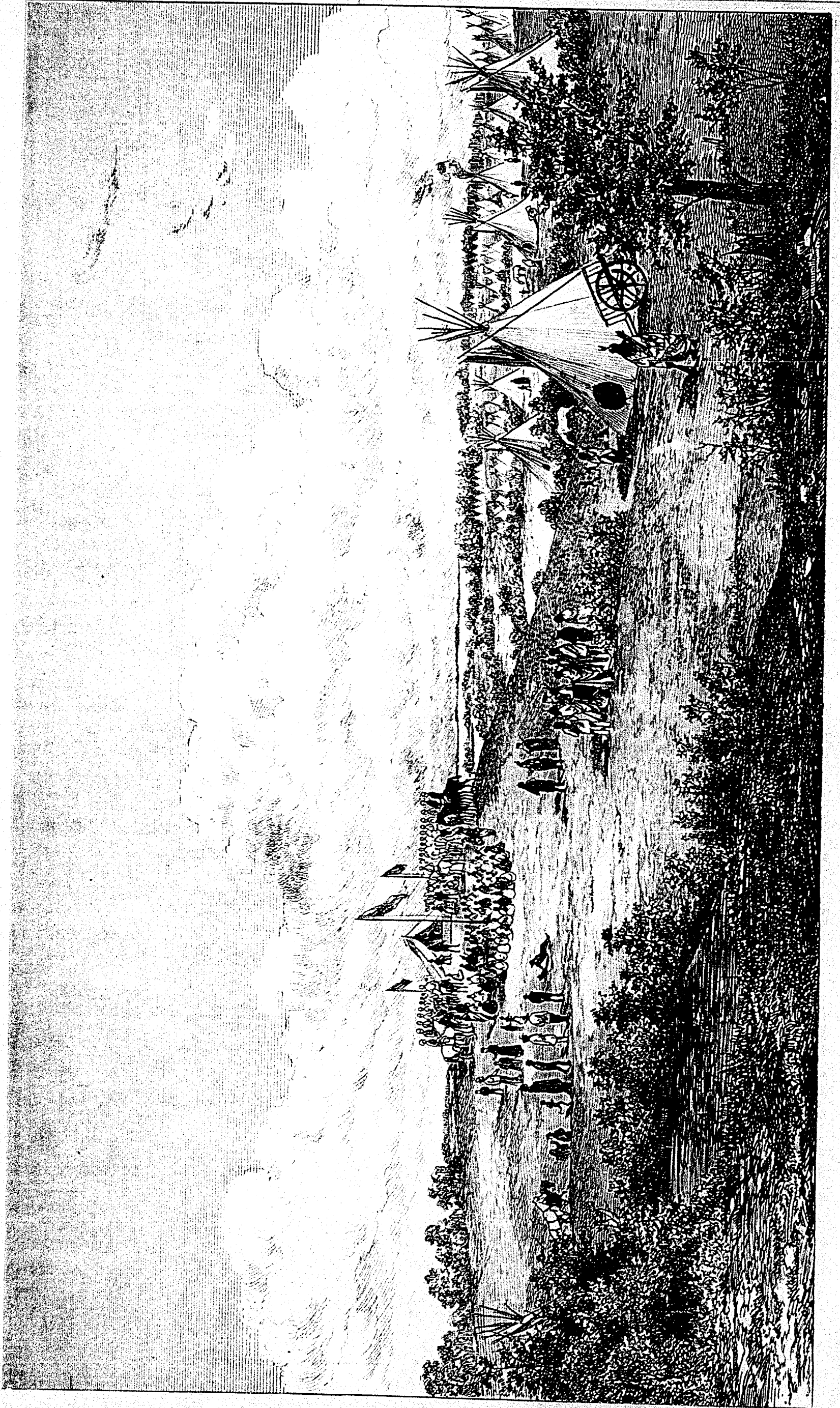


ATHENS:—OVATION TO KING GEORGE ON HIS RETURN.

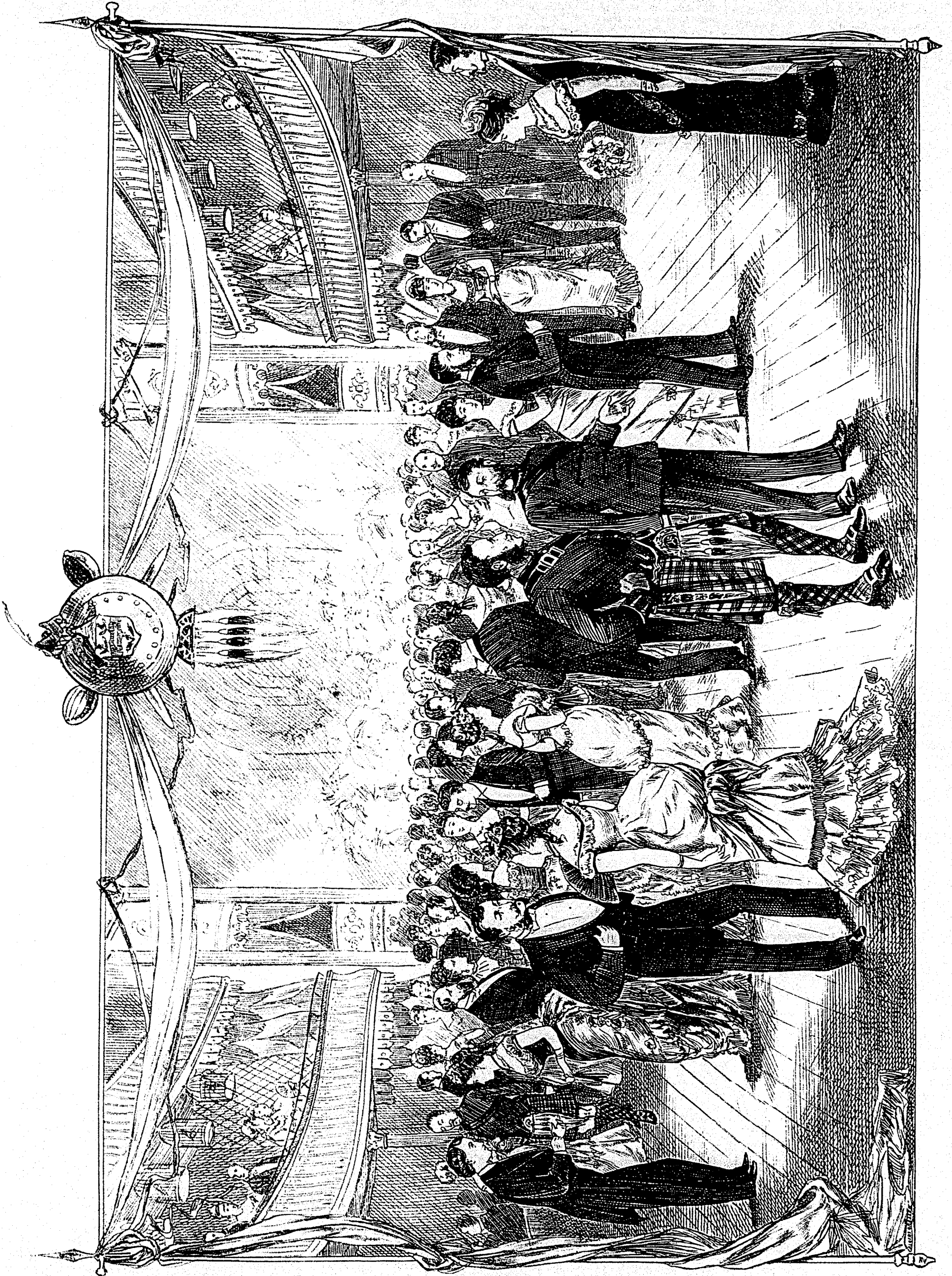








TREATY WITH SASKATCHEWAN CREES, AT FORT CARLTON.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. C. MCINTYRE, BROCKVILLE, AFTER A SKETCH BY M. BASTIEN.



MONTREAL:—ST. ANDREW'S BALL AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

## TO THE EVENING STAR.

(Translated from Alfred de Musset.)

Pale Star of Eve, fair Messenger on high  
Whose brow gleams softly through the sunset's haze,  
From out thine azure palace of the sky  
On what beneath thee dost thou bend thy gaze?

The winds are calm—the storm has died away—  
The woodlands shiver, dripping still with rain—  
The gilded moth, that loves thy tranquil ray,  
Flits, like a meteor, o'er the balmy plain.

What seekest thou, while Earth is laid asleep,  
And to the mountain-tops thy beams descend?  
Thy farewell glance that seems to smile and weep  
Will soon expire, O melancholy Friend!

To you green hill thou glidest, gentle Star,  
A tear of silver on the robe of Night;  
The lonely shepherd, leading from afar  
His flocks and herds, doth watch thy waning light:

Deserting Heav'n's immeasurable space  
Mid reeds and rushes wilt thou sink to rest,  
Or, while deep silence broods o'er nature's face,  
Drop, like a pearl, within the water's breast?

O pensive Planet, if thy light must die,  
And the vast sea must soon thy tresses wet,  
Ere thy pale radiance passes from the sky,  
Sweet Star of Love, one moment linger yet!

GEO. MURRAY.

Montreal.

## A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

## CHAPTER I.

A painful conviction had been growing upon me for a long time that it was my probable destiny, within an easily calculable period, to be "hard up." Hitherto I had only been acquainted with such a condition of things as a matter of pure theory. The world had seemed to me an elaborate system of contrivances whereby all my wants had been diligently ministered to, much to my personal gratification. When I had attained my majority, which happened at the time I obtained my degree, my guardians insisted on my going through the form of closing their accounts and bringing all matters between us to a termination. I am afraid I had given them my share of trouble, and that they had considered me an extravagant and an unhelpful subject. I had done very well at a great public school, but at Cambridge I had done absolutely nothing; and I am afraid that the master of the college, who was a cousin of one of my guardians, had reported, and only with too much justice, unfavourably of my pursuits and prospects. We had a meeting in the West-end office of the family solicitor; all accounts were gone through; a balance, considerably below my expectations, was still due to me; it was deposited in my name in a London bank, and a cheque-book was considerably handed over to me. Although my balance was smaller than I expected the leavings of my inheritance would be, it was still larger than anything which I had hitherto manipulated; and I expected that I should derive a good deal of enjoyment from its sporadic dispersion. In order to assist this object I removed from Cambridge to London, where I had been lately made member of a very fair club, more social than political, and took modest apartments in the neighbourhood of Pall Mall. The whole arrangement was modest, though hardly practicable for one of small and rapidly decreasing means. I wrote out cheques with startling rapidity, and wondered at the power of those little white slips of paper in commanding the respect and even the subserviency of mankind. My club presented the phenomenon, so usual at the present day, of an immense number of young men being members; and it was almost a tacit point of honour among us we should have our diurnal champagne and feast on the best. Accordingly when my banker's book was last made up, considerably to my dissatisfaction, in the height of a London season, one midsummer day, I perceived with a sigh that the Dr. side was crowded, and that the Cr. side, beyond the original sum paid in, presented a perfect blank. My possessions had attenuated to the entry of two hundred pounds; and as it was an understanding with the bank that my account should not go below a hundred, there remained to me that sum precisely, with the solitary good point about it that it was free from debt. Under such circumstances the melancholy conviction deepened on me that at no distant date I should be hard up.

One day I had gone into a little French café. It was a clean quiet little place, doing a modest business among humble people; but the proprietors understood cooking, and were doing things remarkably cheap and well. It was the autumn of the year, and things were very dull in the newspapers; and perhaps that was the reason why a long letter appeared in a leading morning paper, contrasting the expensive club-dinner with the equally good and inexpensive dinner at this restaurant. As I read the paper, the notion occurred to me that this was the sort of dinner which I ought to eat for the present, until affluence should by some strange chance dawn upon me again. It so happened, however, that the same notion had occurred to a lot of other fellows. The proprietor of the rooms was amazed by about a hundred gentlemen walking into the premises, each expecting a first-class dinner. The inroad was not unsuspected, and an immense number of dinners were served, though with considerable delay between the removes. As the tables thinned, I found myself sitting with a very interesting man, who like

myself had been taxing the resources of the establishment by ordering some dishes which one does not often meet with in London, but are not uncommon in Paris. What attracted me to this man was an immense pile of ponderous books belonging to the highest departments of German literature. Having done very fairly, we engaged in moralising over the vanities of the pleasures of the table.

"Yes," said my companion, delicately spreading some *pâté de foie gras* over his bread, "I am afraid the age is passing by for plain living and high thinking, which used to be the plan for the great scholars of old."

"Yes," I sighed deeply, sipping my *Chartreuse* of the Monastery, "men now carry personal luxuries to an unwarrantable extreme. As for scholarship, I am afraid the habit of steady application has vanished; at least I never had it myself. I cannot even stand an opera, and merely drop in for my favourite airs."

He glanced at his books, and said half apologetically, "I think when a man has worked hard, as I have all day, that it is a pleasant revulsion to loiter for a couple of hours over a repast which at least has been distinguished by considerable variety."

"I have not done the work, but I have enjoyed the dinner," was my answer; "and there are such lots of men I know who have an increasing appreciation for dinner and an increasing depreciation of work. It is wonderful how people hate work and like dining."

"We have it on very good authority that if a man will not work, neither shall he eat."

"I suppose so," I said; "but working is a great bore. It is revolting to all the finer feelings to be grinding merely for the sake of grist, like a mule on a mill, when in quiet observation and reflection one might be elaborating a higher kind of workmanship altogether."

"Possibly"—this was in a very quiet, perhaps sub-acid tone. He added, "If a man goes in for plain living and high thinking, that is a very different affair altogether. You may think as high as you like, if you live as plain as you can."

I had a little further talk with my new-found friend, telling him with a sudden confidence, which seemed a bold venture, but which rested upon an intuition of character, some little about myself. I remember very well that the sum of his remarks was a little like this:

"I am rather a rich man myself," he said: "and I really like to cultivate dining as one of the fine arts. But it is only one amusement out of many, and by no means one of the most refined. Many people limit the feeding altogether. Lord Byron would dine off dates and water; and I know a great nobleman who has an immense dinner daily at his house, and frequently dines off an apple."

"You happen to say that you are rather rich; on the other hand I am particularly poor. I shall by and by have to dine on a Ribston pippin, unless, like Mr. Micawber, something turns up."

He looked amused. "You are breaking yourself in very gently for your reverse. There have been a great many men in this room to-night, but you are about the last sort of man whom I should expect to use such language."

"It will soon be all up with me," spelling that expressive monosyllable.

"I don't think that need distress you. You are a little hipped. Get out of London, and have a little solitude, leisure, activity, in our broad wonderful provincial life. In this England of ours no man like yourself need starve. With your muscular development you might in a couple of days, as collier or ironworker, earn enough to keep you as a gentleman for the rest of the week. You could live if you chose on twelve shillings a week. You laugh, but I can assure you that I have lived in remote districts where money is seldom seen by the natives, and its use is only imperfectly comprehended. Well, that is only an exaggeration, but, as the philosophers say, it is an exaggeration which contains a truth. Have you travelled much about England?"

"Yes," I answered, "to several of the watering-places—Cheltenham, Harrogate, Scarborough."

"That is substantially all the same district, working in the same groove. Artificial society is distributed by the Fates in certain belts and regions of England, and you never get out of this area. You will have the same sort of people and the same high prices everywhere. Go to some ordinary shire not overrun by tourists and would-be fashionables. Wander about at your own sweet will. You will have time to classify and mature your ideas."

"Where had I better go, think you?"

"Go where you like. One place is much the same as another. Open *Bradshaw*, and go to the first place you lay your finger on, with the proviso that it is a place you have never heard of before."

"Still I don't exactly see, even when I have got to this outlandish country place, how I am advanced in my plans."

"Neither do I. But I will give you one short piece of advice in the practical conduct of life. Don't take long views. One of the Port Royalist writers says that in the morning he only looked forward to the afternoon. I don't go so far as to say that; but take my word for it, short views are best. They open up the path to longer vistas. They open up the gambit of the game, and you trot out the pieces and see how they conduct themselves. However, I may perhaps be an empiric. I am simply telling you

to do much as I have done in my own time myself, and found the benefit of it."

Then he arose to go. As I did the same, I took out my card; and he handed me his own. I cast my eye on it and saw the name, Sir Henry Westlake,—a name which at that time was well and favourably known throughout the country, although I will not here specify in what path of eminence.

"It is very curious," I thought to myself, "this man dropping from the skies and speaking like an oracle at the very moment that I wanted something oracular. I have nothing at all to do, so I may as well do as he tells me."

I took up *Bradshaw* in my hands. "I will go into some unfrequented neighbourhood. I will live cheaply. I will think quietly. I will see what will turn up." Such were my cogitations at this point. I closed my eyes and opened *Bradshaw*. I turned over several pages, and then I put down my finger on one of them, making a slight indentation with a pencil. Then I opened my eyes and glanced at the *Bradshaw*. *Amesbury* was marked by my pencil. "Amesbury is henceforth linked to my destiny," I exclaimed aloud. "I go to meet my fate at Amesbury. Where on earth may Amesbury happen to be?"

"Somewhere down west," said my companion, much amused with this new kind of *sortes Virgilianæ*. "You are sure to be in luck. I should be happy to start empty handed into the world, if I could only do so at three-and-twenty once more. Any use in asking you to dine with me at the Reform Club to-morrow?"

"No," I said, as we shook hands heartily. "I have just arranged to meet the future at Amesbury."

## CHAPTER II.

At five o'clock in the afternoon of the next day I descended from a third-class carriage on the platform of the Amesbury Station. I had never been in a third-class carriage before, and I did not coincide with a genteel passenger that the third-class was as good as the first. I had never heard of Amesbury before in all my life. Such being the case, I considered that it must be a place totally uninteresting. I thought I knew the names of all the places whither people think it worth their while to rush, and Amesbury was certainly not in the number. But I have reason to believe that all the nice places in our little island have not yet been discovered, catalogued, and labelled. I had bought *Murray's Handbook* for the country, and I had found out that for the first time I was in the propinquity of cathedral, castle, abbey, river, hills, well worth the seeing. Indeed, so rich is this England of ours, that there are not many square miles totally devoid of objects of interest. So I got out at Amesbury quite cheerfully; but as I did so my original inquiry returned, "Where is Amesbury?" Amesbury was not at all visible from the Amesbury railway station, and I discovered that it was a mile and a half away, a distance that might be slightly abridged by going up a lane and through some meadows. Amesbury was on a little branch line—of course in a hopelessly insolvent condition—and you might count up the number of daily trains on your fingers. The station master, who was able to combine with his official duties the care of a small farm, was returning home to feed his pigs, and told me he could show me the road past Squire Gorst's house. I left my portmanteau in the open office which did duty as a cloak-room, and shouldering a knapsack I sallied forth. On the way we saw Squire Gorst's house, to which *Murray* had devoted a line and a half containing two complimentary adjectives. It was the prettiest sort of house that comes out so well in photographs, having verandah, bow-window, cedars, lawn, and young ladies in book-muslin; only on the occasion the young ladies were conspicuous by their absence.

"That's Squire Gorst's," said the station master.

"Who might Squire Gorst happen to be?"

"Him as used to keep the hounds," said the station master, without any particular lucidity of expression.

The hounds were more interesting to me than the squire.

"What has become of the hounds?" I asked affectionately.

I had something to do with hounds in my day—had hired hunters at *Death's*, and had gone to the field in scarlet array.

"Squire giv' em up," said the station master.

"He has about giv' up everything: first Parliament, then the magistrates' meeting every Monday at Amesbury Town-hall, then being director of the railway, and, last of all, the hounds. I didn't like his giving up the railway company," added the station master, generously identifying himself with the original shareholders. "But he sends me a pheasant or a brace of partridges all the same. And he has a main clever daughter, that could go either to Board or Bench or Parliament itself if she chose to go, and they choose to have her. She is a good creature, though perhaps a little masterful."

Amesbury House looked very pretty—a big house, but still a home-like one, just escaping the being shown as a show-house, and so destroying anything like seclusion and domesticity. It had an ancestral sort of look about it:

"All things in order stored—  
A haunt of millionaires' peace."

I have been in millionaires' houses, where everything was bright, sharp, angular, metallic

—ready-moneyish even on the first outside inspection; but there was nothing of the kind here. Squire Gorst's lines had been cast in pleasant places, even though the lines might now be beginning to run out. I am not certain that some sort of Communist's notion did not come to my mind that old squires who could no longer ride to hounds might give a mount to younger knights of the Lackland order. It was evident also, by the clumps of plantations in the surrounding dewy meadows, that there would be a plenty of shooting of those pheasants and partridges whereof the honest station master spoke. We passed two lodges which were villas in themselves, and the prosperous, well-kept, orderly appearance of things was unmistakable. The station master might have proved a regular Andrew Fairservice in speaking of the big houses and the gentry, only the appearance of some pigs which he identified as his own caused him to pursue practical researches on a path opposite to that which he had indicated to me.

"I suppose you'll be sure and go on and see Beacon Point? It's about the prettiest view in all these parts, I'm thinking."

"How far?"

"Three or four miles. There'll be a beautiful view at sunset. Lots of gentlemen have come down to paint it."

"These artist fellows find out every place," I said to myself. "I defy *Bradshaw* to name a place which they haven't spotted."

So, wishing the station master good night, I strolled on through the pleasant lanes and fields, taking the obvious bye-cuts through the meadows. There was some high ground in the distance, which obviously formed my destination. I emerged at last upon the Point. I came so suddenly upon it, that I was utterly unprepared for the view that it revealed to me. I came out of a narrow path on the tallest point of a promontory that overlooked a tidal river. It was sunset, and I watched momentarily to see the disk of the sun descend into the broad water. Its last red light was on the sails of ships, on the scarred rocks, on rich timber, on rich sheaves of corn, on the delicate purple heights far away beyond the "silver streak" of sea. The view broadened beautifully before me, not last beautifully when it became indistinct, and the haze hanging over distant mountains was helped by the imagination. Ineffably pure and sacred was the evening hour, the solitude, the calm. A denizen in cities, a mover in active life, I had hitherto strangely overlooked the rich joys that belong to scenery and solitude. The views were lovely, and I examined each view that could be gained from either side of the height.

As I reached the summit once more, I perceived that I was not so lonely as I had thought. Two ladies were reclining on a hillock, with their shawls somewhat tightened around them, on account of the freshening breeze. I suppose I am an inconsistent being; but as I had been happy in solitude, so, as soon as I saw faces, I longed for companionship. It is a feeble sort of feeling, but I am afraid we cannot exercise that instinctive "yearning" for sympathy. One of these faces was, I thought, very fair. The other had also that soft matronly beauty possessed by so many old ladies; and I took the two for mother and daughter. I sat down on a jutting rock, and carelessly addressed some remark to them. It was against all the conventionalities; but my silent day had made me hungry for talk, and, like the fishes, I was ready to nibble at sunset. So I carelessly addressed some remark to the elder lady on the suddenness and sweetness of the prospect on which one came so unexpectedly from the lower grounds.

"So you have never been to the Point before?" she asked.

I answered, No; that this was my first visit to the western shires.

"What part of England do you know and like best?"

I answered, somewhat logically, that the part I knew best was not necessarily the part I liked best.

"I had only been regretting to myself just now that I had lived so long in cities—in Cambridge and in London—and so I know little of sweet and civil country ways, and all the beautiful scenery of the western lands."

Cambridge and London! These are talismanic words. There is no Englishwoman to whom they are fraught with all manner of associations. For the matter of that, every part of England is beginning to know every other part. The railways bring all parts of the land into connection. To go from one part of England to another is now little more than to go from street to street, and from room to room.

My talk was chiefly with the old lady. The younger one said little, but said it in a musical tone that it was positive pleasure to listen to.

After we had been talking some time, with the unceremonious ease of strangers meeting at an evening party, I was somewhat shocked by a servant in a dark livery approaching, and asking whether he should bring round the carriage. I now noticed a neat carriage and pair standing under some trees at a short distance.

"Can we offer you a seat in our carriage? Are you going to Knottingly?"

"I will take a seat in your carriage with pleasure," I answered; "but I really don't know whether I am going to Knottingly or not."

"That's odd," said the younger lady, with a laugh. "But here's the carriage. Come in."

I snatched up my *valise*, which was lying close at hand, assisted the ladies into the carriage, and followed them in.

It was certainly a new experience to me to be bowing along a pleasant macadamised road...

We had gone on very pleasantly for nearly half an hour, when the elderly lady—on whose mind the notion had probably been gaining ground...

"And don't you really know what you are going to do with yourself to-night?"

I hastened to explain that I was out for a holiday; that air and exercise were what I wanted; and that, these being obtained, it was a matter of extreme indifference to me at what point of the compass they were obtained.

"But such a kind of expedition appears somewhat objectionable," said the younger lady, in a cool, quiet, criticising tone.

"Just so," I answered.

"You mean that your present journey is without an object?"

"I don't profess to have any object at all in life."

"No object at all in life!" she said, a little astonished. "Surely that is a mistake, and not quite right."

"I don't see that there is any object anywhere," I answered. "You have heard of Clough, the model Oriental man, perhaps. Let us quote his lines."

"O that the armies indeed were array'd! O joy of the onset! Sound, thou trumpet of God! Come forth, Great Cause, to array us! King and leader, appear: thy soldiers, sorrowing, seek thee."

"Where is the battle?"

"Neither battle I see, nor arraying, nor King in Israel. Only infinite jumble and mess and dislocation. Back'd by a solemn appeal: 'For God's sake, do not stir them.'"

The elder lady laughed, but the younger sighed. "It is a fine passage. I know the immortal 'Tobie-na-Vuolich' well. But I think the lines lie open to a certain amount of criticism."

"And what will be your criticism?" "Well, if you will excuse my saying so," she answered, "I think that there is a battle going on, and that most of you young men of the present day are very shy of taking part in it. I think that all Christians have a King and Leader, and may hear the trumpet of God if they choose to listen for it. There is always a great cause and a great battle."

She had drawn up her veil while speaking. It was a youthful face, clear-cut features, olive complexion, brilliant eyes; only that for so young a face there was a force, a decision, a melancholy, that struck me as being a little hard, and suited rather for the elderly companion, who appeared on the other hand to be wanting in such characteristics.

"O, that's the line of argument," I answered. "You are of opinion that 'life is real, life is earnest,' and all that sort of thing. I have known several men of my time, who, after reading Carlyle, have gone about calling themselves 'earnest,' and I have generally noticed that they are the most affected and self-indulgent men out. Instead of reforming the universe they might reform themselves and their tailors' bills."

"Well, Mary, you have got your answer," said the elder of the two.

Mary:—how much, I said to myself, I should like to have known her other name! At the same time I could not help colouring. Of course my remarks might bear the character of attempting a laugh at the lady's expense. But I had fallen into the sophistical trick of answering jest with earnest, and earnest with jest.

"Tell me where we are to put you down," said Mary.

I answered that it was a matter of perfect indifference as to where they put me down. "I shall have a pleasant twilight walk till I get under cover somewhere."

"Then I will put you down at the Knoll, James," to the coachman, "stop at the Knoll." "You are the most genuine specimen of a knight-errant that I have ever met with," she continued. "I suppose you have read Mill on Liberty?"

"Yes," I answered; "and his book on the Subject of Women too."

"O, that's great nonsense," she answered, colouring. "But I think you are just the sort of young gentleman whom Mr. Mill would appreciate; a considerable dash of individuality; if you chose, in spite of popular opinion, you would venture to be eccentric."

"You speak," I said, "as wisely as if you were delineating character by the handwriting."

"Well," she said, "I think there is a higher type of character than that, a type which Clough indicated in the lines you quoted, though he may have failed to impart my sense into them. I try to be earnest, even at the risk of being thought affected. If I meet a stranger for once in my life, I try to speak a good word. If I were to meet him again, I postpone my good word for a more convenient time; but I don't think it at all probable that I shall see you again; and therefore I shall not mind giving you a clear word of advice. I think a young man ought to form a high ideal of life, and try and live up to it. I think he ought to stand apart from his life and contemplate it as a whole, and make it a work of art. When a man does that I respect him as having

a spark of divinity about him; but if less, he is merely a Sadducee."

"I am afraid I'm a Sadducee," I answered.

Just at this moment the carriage stopped. An eminence crowned by a tuft of trees stood close by, which I justly conceived to be the Knoll. I shook hands with the ladies and alighted. The carriage rapidly resumed its progress. I watched it until the last sounds of the wheels had died away.

"What an extraordinary young woman!" I thought to myself. "I wonder if she drives about, preaching in the open air, or addressing public meetings on women's rights and wrongs. I can't make out the map"—and already in the gathering gloom I saw the tiny light of the glow-worm—"but I will take the right-hand road at a venture."

The right-hand road degenerated into a lane and seemed to have no turning and no ending. I trudged and trudged till I was fairly tired. The gloom increased till I could hardly see my hand before me. At last I came to a little village, and with difficulty I detected the sign-board of a humble hostel. I knocked and knocked unavailingly, until at last a light was shown in an upper window, and a rough voice bade me be gone, as the place was quite full. So I journeyed on to the next village, and though I detected lights in the little inn, yet no reply was vouchsafed to my knocking. I was now exhausted by this prolonged ramble coming on the close of the long railway journey. It seemed to me to be highly probable that the first night of my bucolic pilgrimage would have to be passed under a hedge or under a haystack. That little flash of adventure had eventuated in a long tiring and sombre way; so soon do all the sparkling colours of life fade out. The rain came on later, first in mizzle, then in a down-pour. However, there was luck in the third time. I came to a village of a larger sort, with an inn of the better kind. The door was at once unbarred, and never had I heard a more grateful sound. With joy I followed into a neat well-furnished bedroom, smelling of lavender, and tempting with clean white sheets. The sheets, however, were thrown off to avoid all risk of damp, and I also had guarded myself by a warm potation against any bad effect of my wetting. So I turned in, I must acknowledge, rather tired and depressed.

I was awake the next morning, however, by the brilliant sunshine streaming in upon my bed. I was thoroughly rested, and my sensations were those of cheerfulness and happiness. I liked my pleasant bedroom, all in the purest white dimity. I liked the purely silvan prospect which was outstretched before my window. I went down-stairs, where ham and eggs were speedily brought to me. The table was adorned, too, with a basket of apples of Hesperian fragrance and beauty. I lounged about on a smooth-shaven lawn and in a pleasant arbour, beguiling my time with my thoughts—some of which, I confess, related to my singular interview the evening before with the two ladies—and a Tauchnitz volume, which consciously or unconsciously I had smuggled over in my last trip from Paris. Then I prepared to leave, and called for my bill, which I give as a specimen of what charges in country villages used to be a few years ago, and which vindicated Sir Henry Westlake's notion of cheapness:

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. To Bed 1 0, Breakfast 1 0, Spirits 0 3, Total 2 3.

I started again on my pilgrimage. I longed for an adventure; but adventures do not come for the asking. I had flushed one in the very outset of my journey, and it was not likely I should have another. Still "adventures to the adventurous," said Disraeli. So I went along the lanes, walking leisurely, noting Nature, chewing the cud of reflection. As for noting Nature, I am afraid that I did so in a most imperfect and rudimentary way. It is astonishing what new notes of Nature you get if you happen to be walking with a poet or painter. You must study Nature a great deal before you make much out of her. My luncheon was as simple as any anchorite could desire; a few biscuits, some delicious blackberries from the hedges, and a glass of cold water, given with exquisite grace by a young cottager, sufficed. The end of reflection was a far less pleasant repast to chew. I could hardly go through this undefined walking tour without impinging on that sacred hundred pounds. I knew of no business where so humble a capital would be able to do anything. That wretched hundred pounds, or call it two with my reserve fund, would keep cropping up with all its practical issues. But soon Nature soothed my cares with the bonny sights and sounds of country life. It was a case of Coin and Care versus Nature and Youth. The latter carried the day; I voted Care and Coin caddish, and, a noble animal, I rejoiced in Nature.

As the laughing streamlet sang for joy, as the trees of the field clapped their hands, my mind was merry with their mirth, and, like Alexander, I reserved for myself hope.

(To be continued.)

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

AN ACID DROP.—"I don't know where that boy got his bad temper—not from me, I am sure," said the husband. "No, my dear, for I don't perceive you have lost any."

A QUESTION for the American Scientific Association: Why is it that it takes two hymn-books to supply the same couple after marriage, who always found one hymn-book sufficient for them while they were lovers?

"GENTLEMEN of the jury," said a New York judge trying a prisoner for murder, "they say that the fact of the prisoner's killing his sweetheart shows that he was insane. Merciful powers! gentlemen, if that be so, what would they have said if he had married her?"

MADAME DE TENCIN, with the suavest manners in the world, was an unprincipled woman, capable of anything. On one occasion, a friend was praising her gentleness. "Ay, ay," said the Abbe Imblet, "if she had any object whatever in poisoning you, undoubtedly she would choose the sweetest and the least disagreeable poison in the world."

"Do you think that souls separated here are united hereafter?" asked a pale, emaciated pietist of a friend.—"I hope not," was the chilling reply. "It cost me a pretty good figure to get a divorce, and when I invested that money, I invested it for time and eternity, too."

A VERY young man who had been in love with a woman of forty, with whom he had a quarrel, was advised by an elderly friend to require a return of his letters. "Probably she has them no longer."—"Yes, yes," said the elderly friend, "undoubtedly she has them, for, after thirty, women very carefully treasure all love-letters."

"MY dear," said a zealous partizan of a nominee to the nominee's little daughter, who was playing in the front garden—"my dear, run in and tell your 'ma that your 'pa has got the nomination."—"Oh! oh!" sobbed the child, "he won't die if it, will he, sir?"

A DOTTING mother of a waggish boy having bottled a lot of nice preserves, labelled them, "Put up by Mrs. Doo." Johnny, having discovered the goodies, soon ate the contents of one bottle, and wrote on the bottom of the label, "Put down by Johnny Doo."

AN impecunious man in Chicago announces this golden wedding will come off just twenty years hence, and that, seeing this is our centennial year, he will allow a liberal discount on any presents his friends design to make him then, if they will hand them in now.

THE sun was going down over the Jersey meadows in blood maroon, deeply darkened with dun blue, and a Newark girl said, "What kind of feathers are you going to put on your fall hat."

THE GLEANER.

JUDGE Ford, formerly of Bismark, loaned to Gen. Custer a fine dog, which accompanied him in the Sitting Bull campaign. Ten days after the battle the dog returned to Fort Lincoln, a distance of 300 miles.

ONE unrehearsed incident of the Lord Mayor's Show has not found its way into the newspapers. When the elephants had reached the top of Cheapside, one of the bands began playing a tune with which the animals were familiar, the result being that one of the smaller elephants quietly dropped its rider, and commenced standing on its head, as in a circus. The crowd understood that the Lord Mayor had duly arranged for this, and were very pleased with his courtesy.

HEARTH AND HOME.

EARLY RISING.—There is no time spent so stupidly as that which inconsiderate people pass in the morning, between sleeping and waking. He who is up may be at work, or amusing himself; he who is asleep, is receiving the refreshment necessary to fit him for action; but the hours spent in dozing and slumbering are wasted without pleasure or profit. The sooner you leave bed the seldomer you will be confined to it.

TALKING OF OTHERS.—It is very difficult, and requires all "the wisdom of the serpent and the harmlessness of the dove," to talk of people without violating the laws of charity or of truth; it is therefore best to avoid it. By substituting books, and the vast variety of characters and opinions which they present, you give yourself and your companions ample scope for the expression of your thoughts and feelings, for the discussion of various questions, for sharpening each other's wits by collision of sentiment, correcting the judgment by comparison and discrimination, and strengthening the memory by repetition and quotation.

FATHERS' MISTAKES.—It is easy enough for men of great sagacity in general matters to make blunders in relation to their own children. The reasons are obvious enough. Some suppose all the necessary knowledge for this portion of life's duties comes naturally. Some leave things to settle themselves. Some are absorbed in general outside affairs, and only awaken to the knowledge of a wrong bent when the twig they forgot is a tree. And, withal, the children are so much a part of the parent that a portion of the difficulty of knowing himself applies to the effort to know them. It is a mistake for fathers to toil all their life that their children may escape toil all theirs. Suppose the calculation correct, and permanent idleness secured for the next generation, what evidence is there that the boys and girls will be happier and better for it? The boys will be exposed to the devices of "sharks," and the girls of fortune-hunters. Leave something

for them also to do. It is a life. No wise man accepts a general invitation to dinner; it involves no particulars. Only a particular education is of practical use. Let the boys be educated for something particular—lawyers, clergymen, printers, merchants, tradesmen—only something definite.—No hands are so often idle as those which are supposed by the owners—and by no one else—fit to "turn to anything."

ROUND THE WORLD.

SAMUEL J. RANDALL, of Pennsylvania, has been elected Speaker of the United States House of Representatives.

A NEW Cabinet has been formed at Athens, the late Ministry having been defeated on the question of war taxes.

MR. GLADSTONE has renewed his attack on Lord Beaconsfield and his Eastern policy, holding him personally responsible for the present position of the Government.

ALTHOUGH hopes are expressed in Constantinople of the Conference having a peaceful issue, Turkish commanders have received orders to provision the Danube fortresses for eight months.

It is reported that an uprising is expected in Epirus and Thessaly, Asiatic Turkey, and the Mohammedan population has been organized as a national guard.

HUMOROUS.

AN atrocious jester advised a dropsical prisoner to get "bailed out."

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN says he has "sunk his egotism in the universal." Nothing short of the universal would hold it.

If a man with whiskers all around under his throat puts his programme on one seat in front of him, and his hat on another, and his cloak on another, be sure that he is a preacher, and isn't worth flirting with.

SILVER was first discovered very strangely. A woman picked up a stone to throw at her husband. It was so heavy that she examined it, and it proved to be a lump of silver. Reader, when you see a woman pick up a fire-shovel, dodge silently, in remembrance of valuable services rendered.

THREE-YEAR-OLD happened to have a want to be attended to just as his mother was busy with the baby.

"Go away: I can't be bothered with you now." "What did you have so many children for, if you can't bother with 'em?" he unexpectedly inquired.

ARTISTIC.

ERNEST LONGFELLOW, son of the poet, has been studying art in Paris, during the past summer, with M. Couture.

YOUNG HOGAN, the sculptor, a resident of Rome, and son of the great sculptor and architect better known as the author of the Dead Christ and designer of the celebrated mole in the harbor of Leghorn, is remarkable for his almost morbid admiration of certain chefs d'oeuvre, notably the statue of St. Bruno, by Michael Angelo, which is placed in the Church of Santi Angioli in Rome. St. Bruno is presented in Carrara marble wearing the monastic garb and in the act of delivering one of his profound sermons. At times young Hogan visits this masterpiece daily, standing before it for fifteen or twenty minutes at a time. His mood while thus contemplating the great masterpiece seems to be mingled with ecstatic delight and profound study. An American sculptor stole upon Hogan during one of his reveries lately in the Church of Santa Angioli and asked why he remained so long before the statue of St. Bruno. Hogan turned round with his usual quite smile and answered, "I am waiting to hear him speak."

LITERARY.

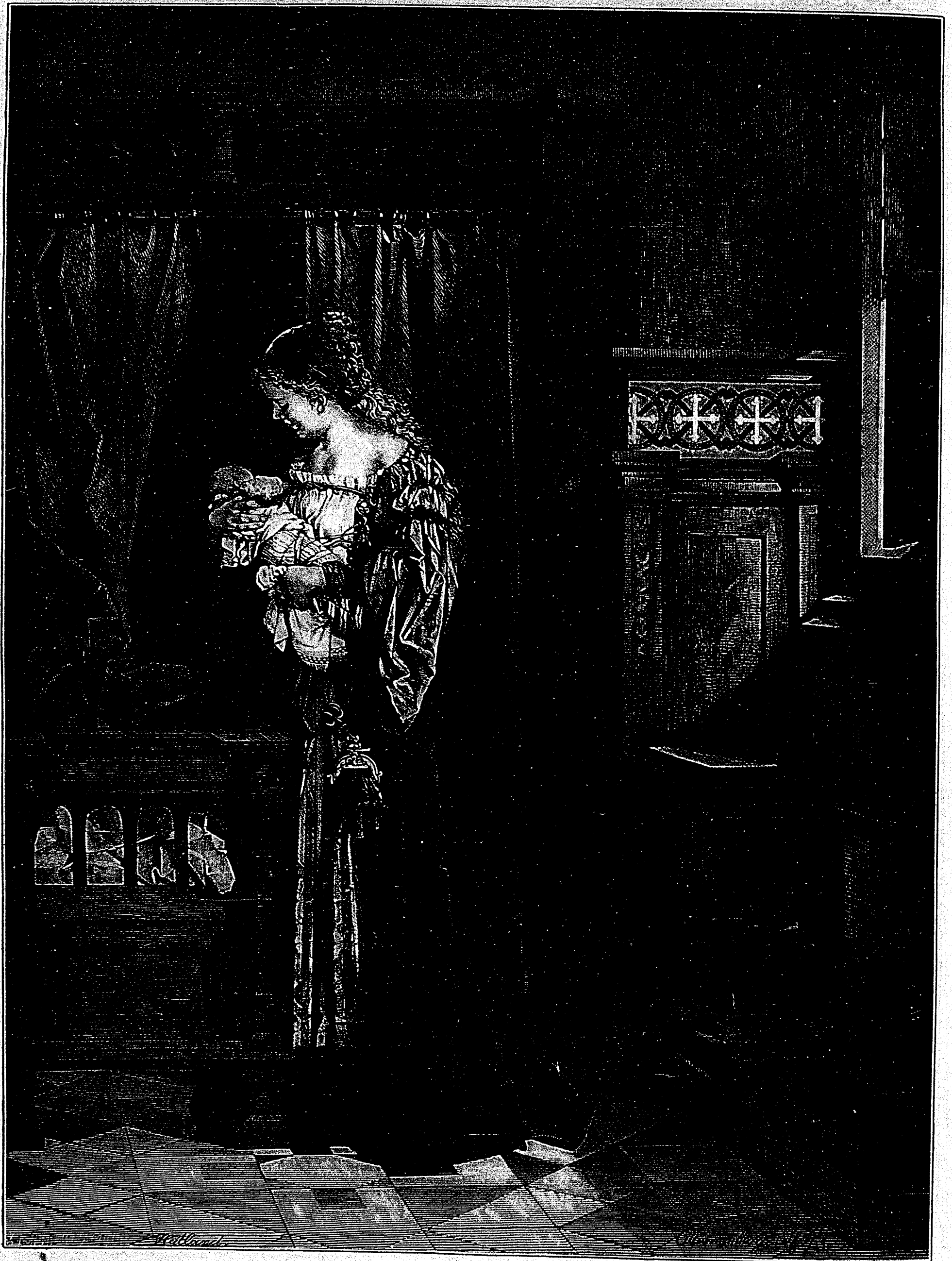
A NEW drama by Mr. Tennyson, entitled Harold, is announced for immediate publication.

BRET HARTE has commenced a serial story in the N. Y. Sun. It is entitled "Thankful Blossom: a Romance of the Jerseys."

CORINNE, the celebrated classic, by Madame de Staël, is reproduced in the standard English version of L. E. Landon. It is brought out in a cheap edition, and offers a fitting opportunity to the younger generation of readers to make the acquaintance of this masterpiece.

THE common notion of Tennyson is that he is surly and repulsive; but he is not. He stoops somewhat, but is a large muscular man, who might sit for a statue of Hercules. His chest balances his brain. Seeing him among other men, they seem to have got up late in the morning; so full and strong and clear is the tide of his life. You never could think of his dying. A scholar said of him that if not a great poet he would be one of the first botanists in Europe. One moonless night at Farringford the speaker had wandered out over the downs with the poet, and suddenly Tennyson dropped on his knees. "What is it?" I cried. "Violets," he growled. "Violets, man; down on your knees and take a good sniff! you'll sleep all the better for it. He seldom wears any suit but one of plain gray, and says that he never will wear a stovepipe hat again as long as he lives.

IRVING was the only American who knew the contents of a volume, concerning which an intense curiosity has been expressed. The volume referred to has a strange history. A great but polluted genius, writhing under the venal touch which society has expressed against him, wrote the memoirs of his own life, as an appeal which could not but be heard. It was to have the additional power of a voice uttered from the grave, for not till its author should be dead was it to appear before the world. Such was the character of Byron's autobiographic memoirs. Having finished the work a few years before his death, he gave it to his friend, Tom Moore, who, after the poet was in his tomb, sold it to John Murray for 2,000 guineas—equal to \$12,000. This was the largest sum ever paid for any work of this kind. After making the sale Moore became convinced that its revelations endangered the character of others to such a degree that its publication would be dangerous. Indeed, when the annunciation was made, society was thrilled with surprise, and no doubt a tremendous influence was brought to bear on Moore demanding its suppression. He returned the price to Murray, and perhaps the money was made up to him in a private manner. At any rate, the MSS. was buried. To come to the point, it may be said that as Irving and Moore were intimate friends the latter consulted the former, who read the work, and therefore knew all its strange revelations. As the book was suppressed, Irving never divulged those mysterious secrets, concerning which so many have been so intensely interested. It may be added that the destruction of this MSS. was done by Mrs. Leigh, the poet's half sister, into whose hands it was placed by its former owner.



THE FIRST BORN.



THE AMATEUR.

**SPENCER WOOD.**

Through thy green groves and deep recessing bowers,  
Loved Spencer Wood! how often have I strayed,  
Or mused away the calm, unbroken hours,  
Beneath some broad oak's cool, refreshing shade.  
(ADAM KIDD.)

On the south side of the St. Louis road, past Wolfe and Montcalm's famed battle field, two miles from the city walls, lies embosomed in verdure, the most picturesque domain of Sillery—one might say, of Canada—Spencer Wood.

This celebrated Vice-Regal Lodge, was formerly known as Powel Place, when occupied by General Powel; it took its name of Spencer Wood, from the Right Honorable Spencer Percival, the illustrious relative of the Hon. Michael Henry Percival whose family owned and occupied it from 1815 to 1833, when it was sold to the late Henry Atkinson, Esquire, an eminent and wealthy Quebec merchant. Hon. Mr. Percival had been H. M. Collector of Customs, at Quebec for many years and until his death about 1830. Like several royal villas of England and France, Spencer Wood had its periods of splendor alternated by days of loneliness and neglect, short though they were. Spencer Wood, until 1849, comprised the adjoining property of Spencer Grange. Mr. Atkinson that year sold the largest half of his country seat to the Government, as a Gubernatorial residence for the hospitable and genial Earl of Elgin, reserving the smaller half, (now owned by the writer), on which he built conservatories, vineries, an orchid house &c., far more extensive than those of Spencer Wood proper. Though the place was renowned for its magnificence and princely hospitality, in the days of Lord Elgin, there are amongst the living plenty to testify to the fact that the lawns, walks, gardens and glass houses, were never kept up with the same intelligent taste and lavish expenditure as they were during the sixteen years (1833-1849) when this country seat owed for its master, Henry Atkinson.

Well can we recall the time when this lordly demesne extended from Wolfefield adjoining Marchmont, to the meandering Belle Borne brook which glides past the porter's Lodge at Woodfield due west: the historic stream *Ruisseau Saint Denis*, up which clambered the British hero, Wolfe, to conquer or die, intersecting it at Thornhill. It was then a splendid old seat of more than one hundred acres, a fit residence for the proudest nobleman England might send us, as Vice-Roy—enclosed east and west between two streamlets—hidden from the high-way by a dense growth of oak, maple and dark pines and firs, the forest primeval—letting in here and there, the light of heaven on its labyrinthine avenues; a most striking landscape, blending the sombre verdure of its hoary trees with the soft tints of its velvety sloping lawn, fit for a ducal palace. An elvish plot of a flower garden, alas! now no more, then stood in rear of the dwelling to the north: it enjoyed the privilege of attracting many eyes. It had also an extensive and well kept fruit and vegetable garden, enlivened with flower beds, the centre of which was adorned with the loveliest possible circular fountain in white marble, supplied with the crystal element from the Belle Borne rill, by a hidden aqueduct; conservatories; graperies, peach and forcing houses, pavilions picturesquely hung over the yawning precipice on two headlands, one looking towards Sillery, the other towards the Island of Orleans, the scene of many a

(\*) We give here the whole of the poetical tribute paid by Adam Kidd to a spot where he appears to have spent many happy hours, as a guest of the Percivals, together with his notes to the poem.

**SPENCER WOOD.**

Through thy green groves, and deep recessing bowers,  
Loved Spencer Wood! how often have I strayed,  
Or mused away the calm, unbroken hours,  
Beneath some broad oak's cool, refreshing shade.  
There, not a sound disturbed the tranquil scene,  
Save welcome hummings of the roving bee,  
That quickly flitted over the tufted green,  
Or where the squirrel played from tree to tree.  
And I have paused beside that dimpling stream,  
Which slowly winds thy beautiful groves among,  
Till from its breast retired the sun's last beam,  
And every bird had ceased its vesper song.  
The blushing hours of those classic days,  
Through which the breathings of the slender reed,  
First softly ebb'd with Arcadia's praise,  
Might well be pictured in this sheltered mead.  
And blest were those who found a happy home  
In thy loved shades, without one throb of care—  
No murmurs heard, save from the distant foam,  
That rolled in columns o'er the great Chaudière. (1)  
And I have watched the moon in grandeur rise,  
Above the tinted maple's leafy breast,  
And take her brilliant path-way through the skies,  
Till half the world seemed lulled in peaceful rest.  
Oh! these were hours, whose soft enchanting spell  
Came o'er the heart, in thy grove's deep recess,  
Where e'en poor Shantone might have loved to dwell,  
Enjoying the pure balm of happiness!  
But soon, how soon, a different scene I trace,  
Where I have wandered, or oft musing stood;  
And those whose cheering looks enhanced the place,  
No more shall smile on thee, lone Spencer Wood! (2)

(1) "The Falls of the Chaudière are about nine miles from Quebec, on the South Shore of the St. Lawrence, and for beauty and romantic scenery, perhaps not surpassed in all America. They are not so magnificent as Niagara, but certainly far more picturesque."

(2) "This is one of the most beautiful spots in Lower Canada, and the property (1830) of the late Hon. Michael Henry Percival, who resided there with his accomplished family, whose highly cultivated minds rendered my visits to Spencer Wood doubly interesting. The grounds and grand walks are tastefully laid out, interspersed with great variety of trees, planted by the hand of nature. The scenery is altogether magnificent, and particularly towards the east where the great precipices overhang Wolfe's Cove. This latter place has derived its name from that hero, who, with his British troops, nobly ascended its towering cliffs, on the 13th Sept., 1759, and took possession of the Plains of Abraham."—(ADAM KIDD, 1839.)  
(The Horn Chief and other Poems.)

ADAM KIDD.

cosy tea-party; bowers, rustic chairs *perdus* amongst the groves, a superb bowling green, and archery grounds. The mansion itself contained an exquisite collection of paintings from old masters, a well selected library of rare and standard works, illuminated Roman missals, rich portfolios with curious etchings, statues, quaint statuettes, medals and medallions, *objets de vertu* purchased by the *millionnaire* proprietor during a four year's residence in Italy, France, Germany; such we remember Spencer Wood, in its palmiest days, when it was the elegant home of a man of taste, the late Henry Atkinson, Esquire, the President of the Horticultural Society of Quebec.

In the beginning of the century, Spencer Wood, as previously stated, was known as Powel Place. His Excellency Sir James Henry Craig, spent there the summers of 1808-9-10. Even the healthy air of Powel Place failed to cure him of gout, gravel and dropsy. A curious letter (2) from Sir James to his Secretary and *chargé d'affaires* in London, H. W. Ryland Esq., dated "Powel Place 6th Aug. 1810" has been preserved by the historian Robert Christie. It alludes in rather unparliamentary language, to the *coup d'état*, which had shortly before consigned to a Quebec dungeon, three of the most prominent members of the Legislature. Messrs. Bédard, Tachereau and Blanchet, together with Mr. Lefrançois, the printer of the *Canadien* newspaper for certain comments in that journal on Sir James' colonial policy. Very different and, we hope, more correct views, are now promulgated on Colonial matters from Powel Place.

If Sir James, wincing under bodily pain, could write angry letters, there were occasions on which the "rank and fashion" of the city received from him the sweetest epistles imaginable. The 10th August of each year (his birth day perhaps), as he informs us in another letter, was sacred to rustic enjoyment, conviviality and the exchange of courtesies, which none knew better how to dispense than the sturdy old soldier. Let us hear our octogenarian friend P. A. De Gaspé Esq., an eye witness, describe one of these annual gatherings.

**A FETE CHAMPETRE AT POWEL PLACE IN 1809.**

"At half past eight A.M., on a bright August morning, (I say a bright one, for such had lighted up this welcome *fête champêtre* during three consecutive years) the *élite* of the Quebec *beau monde* left the city to attend Sir James Craig's kind invitation. Once opposite Powel Place (now Spencer Wood) the guests left their vehicles on the main road, and plunged into a dense forest, following a serpentine avenue which led to a delightful cottage in full view of the majestic Saint Lawrence; the river here appears to flow past, amidst luxuriant, green bowers which line its banks. Small tables for four, for six, for eight guests are laid out, facing the cottage, on a platform of *plaid* deals—this will shortly serve as a dancing floor *al fresco*; as the guests successively arrive, they form in parties to partake of a *dejeuner en famille*. I say *en famille* for an *aide-de-camp* and a few waiters excepted, no one interferes with the small groups clubbed together to enjoy their early

(1) Spencer Wood garden is described in *Louison's Encyclopedia of Gardening*, page 341 and also in the *Gardener's Magazine* for 1837, at page 467. Its style of culture, which made it a show-place for all strangers visiting Quebec, was mainly due to the scientific and tasteful arrangements of an eminent landscape gardener, M. P. Low, now in charge of the Cataraguy Conservatories.

(2) SIR JAMES CRAIG TO MR. RYLAND.

Quebec, Powel Place 6th August 1810.

My dear Ryland,

Till I took my pen in my hand I thought I had a great deal to say to you, and now I am mostly at a loss for a subject. We have remained very quiet; whatever is going on is silently. I have no reason to think, however, that any change has taken place in the public mind; that, I believe remains in the same state. Plessis, on the return from his tour, acknowledged to me that he had reason to think that some of his *curis* had not behaved quite as they ought to have done; he is now finishing the remainder of his visitations.

Blanchette and Tachereau are both released on account of ill health; the former is gone to Kamouraska to bathe, the latter was only let out a few days ago. He sent to the Chief Justice (Sewell) to ask if he would allow him to call on him, who answered by all means. The Chief Justice is convinced he is perfectly converted. He assured him that he felt it to be his duty to take any public occasion, by any act whatever, that he could point out, to show his contrition, and the sense he entertained of his former conduct.

He told the Chief Justice, in conversation that Blanchette came and consulted him on the subject of publishing the paper, "Prenez vous par le bout du nez" and that having agreed that it would be very improper that it should appear, they went to Bédard, between whom and Blanchette there were very high words on the occasion. I know not what Panet is about, I have never heard one word of, or about him. In short I really have nothing to tell you, nor do I imagine that I shall have till I hear from you. You may suppose how anxious I shall be till that takes place. We have fixed the time for about the 10th September: till then I shall not come to any final resolution with respect to the bringing the three delinquents to trial or not. I am, however, inclined to avoid it, so is the B—; the C. J. is rather, I think, inclined to the other side, though aware of the inconsequence that may arise from it. Blanchette and Tachereau have both, in the most unequivocal terms acknowledged the criminality of their conduct, and it will be bitted that if Bédard will do the same, it may be all that will be required of them; at present his language is, that he has done nothing wrong, and that he does not care how long he is kept in prison.

We have begun upon the road to the townships (the Craig Road, through the Eastern Townships). We shall get money enough, especially as we hope to finish it at a time of what it would have cost if we would have employed the country people. (It was made by soldiers.)

The secondrais of the Lower Town have begun their clamor already, and I shall scarcely be surprised if the House should ask, when they meet, by what authority I have cut a road without their permission. The road begins at St. Giles and will end at the Township of Shipton.

Yours most faithfully (Signed) J. H. CRAIG.

(History of Canada—Christie, Vol. VI, P. 129.)

repast, of which cold meat, radishes, bread, tea and coffee form the staples. Those whose appetite is appeased make room for new comers, and amuse themselves strolling under the shade of trees. At ten the cloth is removed; the company are all on the *qui vive*. The cottage, like the enchanted castle in the opera of Zemira and Azor, only awaits the magic touch of a fairy; a few minutes elapse, and the chief entrance is thrown open; little King Craig, § followed by a brilliant staff, enters. Simultaneously an invisible orchestra, located high amidst the dense foliage of large trees, strikes up *God save the King*. All stand uncovered, in solemn silence, in token of respect to the national anthem of Great Britain.

"The magnates press forward to pay their respects to His Excellency. Those who do not intend to 'trip the light fantastic toe' take seats on the platform where His Excellency sits in state; an A.D.C. calls out, *gentlemen, take your partners*, and the dance begins.

"Close on sixty winters have run by since that day, when I, indefatigable dancer, figured in a country dance of, thirty couples. My footsteps, which now seem to me like lead, scarcely then left a trace behind them. All the young hearts who enlivened this gay meeting of other days, are mouldering in their tombs; even she, the most beautiful of them all, *la belle des belles*—she, the partner of my joys and of my sorrows—she, who on that day accepted in the circling dance, for the first time, this hand, which two years after, was to lead her to the hymeneal altar—yes, even she has been swept away by the tide of death.† May not I also say, with Ossian, "Why art thou sad, son of Fingal! Why grows the cloud of thy soul! The sons of future years shall pass away; another race shall arise! The people are like the waves of the ocean; like the leaves of woody Morven"—they pass away in the rustling blast, and "other leaves lift their green heads on high."

"After all, why, indeed, yield up my soul to sadness! The children of the coming generation will pass rapidly, and a new one will take its place. Men are like the surges of the ocean; they resemble the leaves which hang over the groves of my manor; autumnal storms cause them to fall, but new and equally green ones each spring, replace the fallen ones. Why should I sorrow! Eighty-six children, grandchildren and great-grand-children, will mourn the fall of the old oak, when the breath of the Almighty shall smite it. Should I have the good fortune to find mercy from the sovereign judge; should it be vouchsafed to me to meet again the angel of virtue, who cheered the few happy days I passed in this vale of sorrow, we will both pray together for the numerous progeny we left behind us. But let us revert to the merry meeting previously alluded to. It is half-past two in the afternoon; we are gaily going through the figures of a country dance "speed the plough" perhaps, when the music stops short; everyone is taken aback, and wonders at the cause of interruption. The arrival of two prelates, Bishop Plessis and Bishop Mountain, gave us the solution of the enigma; an *aide-de-camp* had mentioned to the bandmaster to stop, on noticing the entrance of the two high dignitaries of the respective churches. The dance was interrupted whilst they were there, and was resumed on their departure. Sir James had introduced this point of etiquette, from the respect he entertained for their persons.

"At three, the loud sound of a hunter's horn is heard in the distance;—all follow His Excellency, in a path cut through the then virgin forest of Powel Place. Some of the guests, from the length of the walk, began to think that Sir James had intended those who had not danced to take a 'constitutional' before dinner, when, on rounding an angle, a huge table, canopied with green boughs, groaning under the weight of dishes, struck on their view—a grateful oasis in the desert. Monsieur Petit, the *chef de cuisine* has surpassed himself; like Vatel, I imagine he would have committed suicide had he failed to achieve the triumph, by which he intended to elicit our praise. Nothing could exceed in magnificence, in sumptuousness this repast—such was the opinion not only of the Canadians, for whom such displays were new, but also of the European guests, though there was a slight draw back to the perfect enjoyment of the dishes—the materials which composed them were *not recognizable*; so great was the artistic skill, so wonderful the manipulations of Monsieur Petit, the French cook.

"The Bishops left about half an hour after dinner, when dancing was resumed with an increasing ardor, but the cruel manna was getting concerned respecting certain sentimental walks which their daughters were enjoying after sunset. They ordered them home, if not with that menacing attitude with which the goddess Calypso is said to have spoken to her nymphs, at least with frowns, so said the gay young cavaliers. By nine o'clock, all had reentered Quebec."

Spencer Wood has ever been a favorite resort for our Governors—Sir James Craig—Lord Elgin—Sir Edmund Walker Head—Lord Monk—Lord Lisgar, its latest inmates; none prized it so highly, none rendered it more attractive than

§ His Excellency Governor Craig went by the name of the Little King, on account of his love of display and despotic rule.

† Mr. DeGaspé married in 1811, Susan, daughter of Thomas Allison Esq., a captain of the 6th Regiment, Infantry, and of Therese Baby; the latter's two brother officers, Captain Ross Lewis and Bellingham, afterwards Lord Bellingham, married at Detroit, then forming part of Upper Canada, two sisters, daughters of the Hon. Jacques Dupuron Baby.

the Earl of Elgin. Of his *fêtes champêtres, recherchés diners, château balls*, a pleasant remembrance still lingers in the memory of many Quebecers and others. Several circumstances added to the charms and comfort of Spencer Wood in his day. On one side of St. Louis Road, stood the gubernatorial residence; on the opposite side at Thornhill, dwelt the Prime Minister, Sir Francis Hincks. Over the vice-regal "walnuts and wine," how many knotty state questions have been discussed, how many despatches settled, how many political points adjusted in the stormy days which saw the abolition of the Seigneurial Tenure and Clergy Reserves. At one of his brilliant postprandial speeches, Lord Elgin was much happier at this style of oratory than his successor, Sir Edmund Head. The noble Earl is reported to have said, alluding to Spencer Wood, "Not only would I willingly spend here the rest of my life, but after my death, I should like my bones to rest in this beautiful spot; and still India had other scenes, other triumphs, and his Sovereign other rewards for the successful statesman."

Sir Edmund Head's sojourn at Spencer Wood was marked by a grievous family bereavement; his only son, a promising youth of nineteen summers, was, in 1858, accidentally drowned in the Saint Maurice, at Three Rivers, whilst bathing. This domestic affliction, threw a pall over the remainder of the existence of His Excellency, already darkened by bodily disease. Seclusion and quiet were desirable to him.

A small private gate is still shown at Spencer Grange, which at the request of the sorrowful father was opened through the adjoining property with the permission of the proprietor. Each week His Excellency, with his amiable lady, stealing a few moments from the burthen of affairs of State, would thus walk through unobserved to drop a silent tear, on the green grave at Mount Hermon, in which were intombed all the hopes of a noble house. On the 13th March, 1860, on a wintry evening, whilst the castle was a blaze of light and powdered footmen hurried through its sounding corridors, to relieve of their great coats and mufflers. His Excellency's guests at a State dinner that night—Sir John A. Macdonald, Sir Geo. E. Cartier, and others—the alarm of fire was sounded, and in a couple of hours, of the magnificent pile a few charred ruins only remained. There was no State dinner that night.

One of the last acts of the Ministry in retiring in 1861, was the signing of the contract to rebuild Spencer Wood. The appropriation was a very niggardly one, in view of the size of the structure required as a Vice-Regal residence. All meretricious ornaments in the design were of course left out. A square building, two hundred feet by fifty, was erected with the main entrance, in rear, on the site of the lovely flower garden. The location of the entrance and consequent sacrifice of the flower garden for a court, left the river front of the dwelling for the private use of the inmates of the *Château* by excluding the public. Lord Monk, the new Governor General, took possession of the new Mansion and had a plantation of fir and other trees added to conceal the east end from public gaze. Many happy days were spent at Spencer Wood by His Lordship and family, whose private secretary, Denis Godley, Esq., occupied the picturesque cottage "Bagatelle," facing the Holland road, on the Spencer Grange property. If illustrious names on the Spencer Wood Visitor's Register could enhance the interest the place may possess, foremost, one might point to that of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, visiting in 1866 the site probably more than once surveyed and admired, in 1791-4, by his grandfather, Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, in his drives round Quebec, with the fascinating Baroness de St. Laurent. Conspicuous amongst all those familiar with the portals of Spencer Wood, may be mentioned the other Royal Princes—the Duke of Edinburgh and Prince Alfred; with Dukes and Earls—the Dukes of Newcastle, Manchester, Buckingham, Prince Napoleon, Generals Grant, Sherman, &c.

Since Confederation, Spencer Wood has been successively tenanted by Sir N. F. Belleau and Lieut.-Governor Caron. The latter still occupies it, and it is unnecessary to state with what zest the traditions of generous hospitality and the elegant courtesies of society have been there kept up by Lieut.-Governor Caron and his amiable family. As we close this hasty sketch, mourning with its sable plume seems hovering over its banquetting halls.

J. M. LEMOINE.

Spencer Grange, December 7, 1876.

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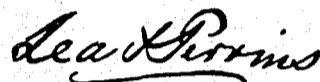


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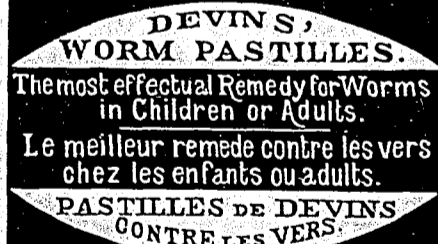
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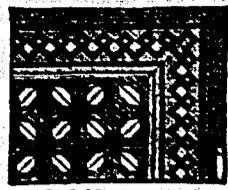
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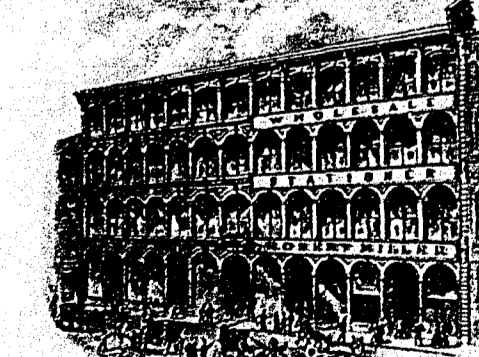
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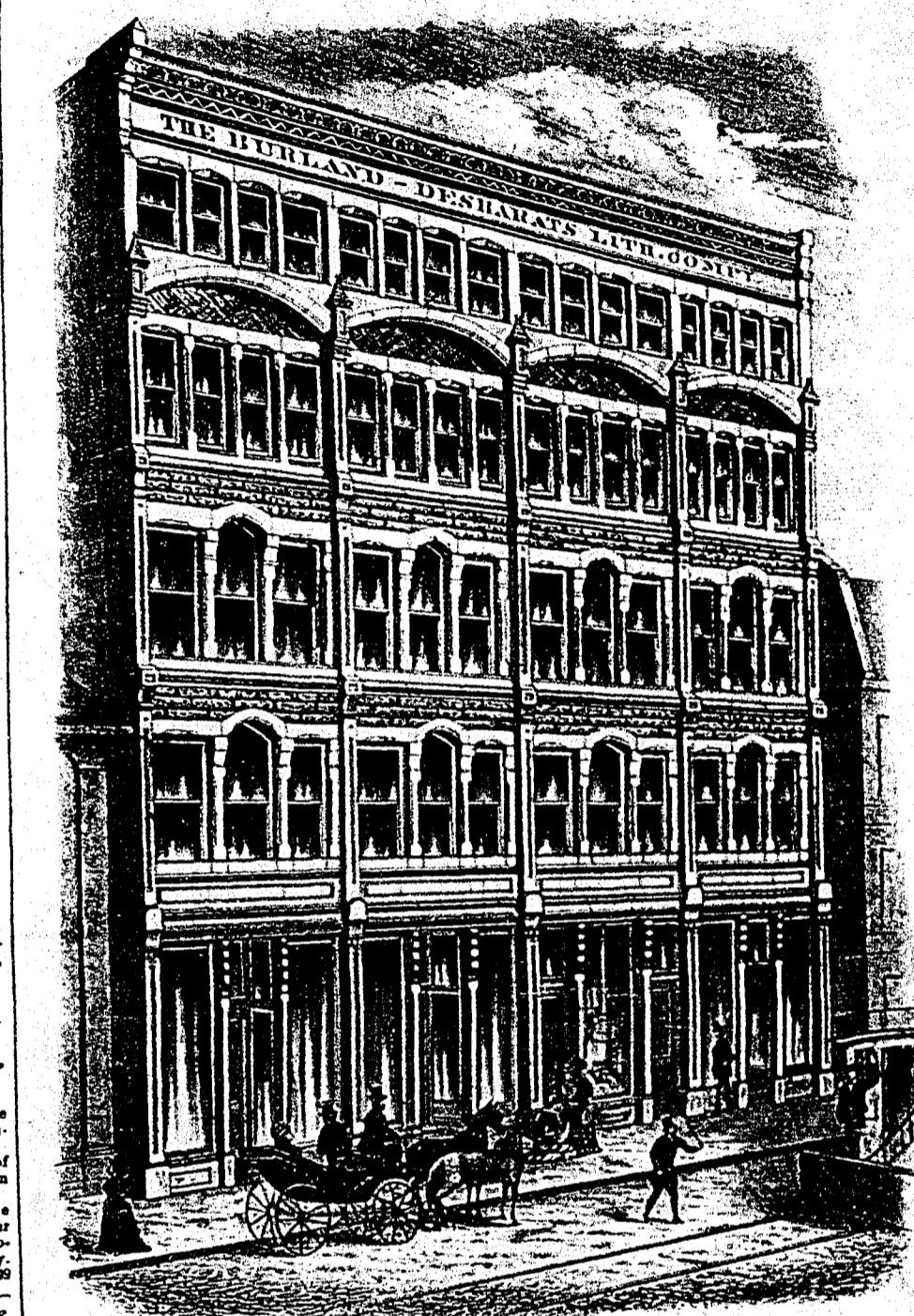


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