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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

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MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 2nd FEBRUARY, 1889.

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CANADIAN WINTER SCENES.



THE TOBOGGAN RACE.

From a Photograph by Notman.

The Dominion Illustrated.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED PUBLISHING
COMPANY.

We are forming a joint stock company to own and publish this journal. Its success as a commercial enterprise is now beyond doubt. The reception given the paper by the Press and the Public has been enthusiastic. The subscription lists keep swelling day by day. The advertising is steadily improving and the outlook generally is excellent. We started the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED with limited means, and have, single-handed, brought it to a period when the employment of additional capital is not only justified by the work done, the results achieved, and the certainty of success, but is required for the improvement, permanency and economic production of the paper. The proposed capital of the company is \$50,000, in shares of \$100, a notable portion of which is already subscribed by good business men, whose names are a guarantee of efficient and successful administration. Among these are:

Hon. Sir Donald A. Smith, K.C.M.G., M.P.,
President of the Bank of Montreal, Governor
Hudson's Bay Company, etc., etc.
Andrew Robertson, Esq., Chairman Montreal
Harbour Commissioners; President Royal
Canadian Insurance Company; President
Bell Telephone Company; President Mont-
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Montreal.
Adam Skaife, Esq., of J. H. R. Molson & Co.,
Montreal.
Gust. W. Wicksteed, Q.C., Ottawa.

The limited time we can spare from the arduous labours connected with the publication does not allow us to call on, nor even to write to, the many friends and well-wishers of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, who may be both able and willing to assist in the enterprise. We therefore take this means of reaching them and asking them, as a particular favour, to send us their names, so that we may mail to them a detailed statement and prospectus. We would like to have shareholders all over the Dominion, and will be pleased to have applications for one share, five shares, or ten, from any of our friends. They will find it an investment that will be highly profitable and can only increase in value year by year. For prospectus and form of application, address the publishers.

G. E. DESBARATS & SON,
Montreal.

DOMINION NEWS.

A short time ago the announcement was made of the unlocking of nearly 700,000 acres of land in the Northwest by the cancellation of a number of grazing leases for non-compliance with the departmental regulation. Mr. Dewdney has followed this up by another recommendation cancelling orders-in-council authorizing the issuance of fifteen other grazing leases, affecting 366,000 acres, which recommendation has been approved. Over one million acres of some of the best land held by the Government have therefore by this timely action been thrown open for lease or settlement within the past month.



A point of certain Canadian contact with Mr. Gladstone is his utterance on the subject of Imperial Federation, as contained in a letter to Mr. Castell Hopkins, of Toronto, in favour of a closer union of the Empire. The *Pall Mall Gazette* says:—"Who knows but we may have Mr. John Morley a vice-president of the Imperial Federation League before many months."

The *Canadian Mining Review* says Captain R. C. Adams, of Montreal, confirms the report of the discovery of gold on property of the Anglo-Canadian Phosphate Company in Wakefield. Though giving a small average to the ton the immense size of the vein of quartz may make it possible to work it. The vein measures sixty-nine feet in width and extends into the valley on each side.

Sir Alexander Tilloch Galt had an interview with the Minister of the Interior at Ottawa, the other day, with reference to the extension of his railway from Lethbridge to Fort Benton, work on which will be begun in the Spring. This is good news. Sir Alexander was the first to work coal in the North-West, a discovery which was hailed with satisfaction and has proved a profitable investment to himself.

It is a mistake to suppose, as is universally done, that the Cashmere shawl is made of camel's hair. No camel hair enters into the composition. They are made of Cashmere goat's hair, two kinds of which, the Puttoo and Pashimina, are used respectively for the coarse and fine varieties. The weavers, who are men and boys, are paid only three cents a day. The Cashmere shawl is spread very generally in England.

Lady Salisbury has carried out, with her usual grace, her tribute of respect and friendship for Mrs. Phelps, the wife of the American Minister to the Court of St. James, who took his departure from England to the United States, on the 30th ult. Lady Salisbury and Lady Rosebery called at the dwelling of Mr. Phelps, and presented Mrs. Phelps with a magnificent diamond bracelet, on which was this inscription:—"Presented to Mrs. Phelps on her leaving England, as a token of affectionate regard from some of her English friends—January 22, 1889."

Max O'Rell got floored by Sandy. He was lecturing in a Scottish town, and made his invariable apology for his defective English, and was astonished to elicit from an old Scotchman the encouraging remark, "Hoot! mon! Dinna apologeese! Ye can speak the English maist as well as oorsels!" It was with no less astonishment that Andrew Carnegie recently read an account of his personal appearance and manners in a Scotch paper, in which the following sentence occurred:—"Mr. Carnegie's speech is occasionally marred by a slight American accent."

The readers of Lalla Rookh are not all aware of the whereabouts of the Vale of Cashmere, where many of the most beautiful scenes of the poem are laid. It is two hundred miles from the last point of the railway, travelling north from India. The "Happy Valley," as the name signifies, is an independent State. It was purchased from the British Government by Gulab Singh for 750,000 pounds sterling. Until recently it could

be visited by foreigners only with permission obtained from the Maharajah. Now, however, foreigners can live in Cashmere and own property there.

The instructions given not to issue any more *modus vivendi* licenses, are indicative of a vigorous enforcement of Canadian Treaty rights during the coming fishery season. Ever since the commencement of the fishery embroglio American fishermen visiting Halifax have been leniently treated and have often abused the courtesy extended to them by surreptitiously purchasing supplies. This was done by the "Batson," in the Ross case. Hereafter Americans coming to port under pretence of being in distress, but really to get new supplies, will be carefully watched.

The Americans are taking time by the forelock, in anticipation of another Battle of the Swash. A powerful company of capitalists, already organized with millions of dollars behind it, have proposed to the Government a plan to defend the entrance to harbours by forcing petroleum to the surface of the water, through pipes laid at the bottom for that purpose, and igniting it with a burning bomb, thus creating a sea of fire, through which the enemy's fleet must pass. An experience will soon be made to demonstrate the practicability of the plan.

Mr. A. F. McIntyre, of Ottawa, is presenting the National Liberal Club, at London, with a portrait of Mr. Gladstone on behalf of the young Liberal party of Canada. Mr. Gladstone is being asked to sit for the portrait to enable the same to be presented to the Club as an expression of the high opinion held by Canada of Mr. Gladstone's patriotism and devotion to the Empire. This is gracious and timely. Mr. Gladstone, as a statesman, a scholar, a philanthropist, and a man of genius, is one of the glories of the British Empire.

The London *Standard* lately published Ottawa telegrams stating that the Dominion Government, owing to pressure from the Knights of Labour, had decided to adopt a policy of hostility toward immigration, forbidding all alien labourers, except British, to enter Canada, and stopping all grants for aid to emigration. British official circles discredit the statement. The policy of Canada, as understood in London, is to discourage unsuitable emigration in every possible way, and stimulate emigration of the classes Canada needs. No effort will be spared to carry this out. The result is, as Prof. Shaler, of Harvard University, states in the *Universal Review*, that Canada is now receiving better emigrants than any other country.

The recent agitation among the shareholders of the Hudson's Bay Company is named as one of the indirect causes of changes on the Board, made on the 23rd ult. Eden Colville has retired from the Governorship on account of ill-health, and Sir Donald Smith is elected to succeed him, Lord Anson becoming Deputy Governor. Sir Donald Smith is recognized at headquarters as the most progressive member of the Board. Lord Anson has also shown himself keenly alive to the present needs of the Company. The *Canadian Gazette* says both promotions are without regard to seniority, and an evidence of a desire to infuse vigour and freshness into the management.

"Catherine Cole," a well-known Southern newspaper writer, recently visited Last Island on the Gulf coast, and has been led to declare eternal war upon what she calls the "ornithological hat," by observing the revolting cruelties practised by the bird-hunters in search of fine plumage to adorn women's hats.

LUNDY'S LANE.

In his address before the Lundy's Lane Historical Society, Professor Ernest Cruikshank deals with works of reference, and throws a welcome light on the labours of the Dominion Archivist, Mr. Douglas Brymner. It has not infrequently, especially of late years, been asserted that nothing was inflicted by the Americans upon Canadians but what was justifiable by the rules of war. Quoting Major McFarland, of the 23rd U.S. Infantry, we find that "The whole population is against us. Not a foraging party goes out but is fired on and frequently returns with diminished numbers. This state was to have been anticipated. The Indians and militia have plundered and burnt everything." This partizan warfare, says Mr. Cruikshank, grew daily keener. On the 15th an American waggon train was attacked at Queenston and the greater part of it destroyed. The following night the picket guard at Fort Erie was cut off to a man. These incidents so exasperated the invaders that upon the 19th they burnt the entire village of St. Davids, containing some thirty or forty houses (and mills and stores), and followed this up by the destruction of every dwelling between Queenston and Niagara Falls. These proceedings were attended by such rioting conduct on the part of their militia, under Col. Stone, that Major McFarland, who was sent to cover their retreat, declared that he would have resigned his commission if the commanding officer had not been dismissed the service.

Recounting each engagement on the frontier as it occurred, and pointing its results on the campaign, Mr. Cruikshank keeps his subject well in hand until at last he reaches his climax, Lundy's Lane. Here his power of clear narration is fully exemplified, and the terrible struggle of that July night is depicted in all its awful grandeur. He says: "The remainder of the British artillery was at the same time brought forward, until the muzzles of the guns were only a few yards asunder, and the battle thenceforward became a confused, ferocious and sanguinary struggle, waged frequently at the bayonet's point, or with clubbed muskets, the British striving desperately to regain the ground they had lost, and their opponents to thrust them down into the hollow beyond and drive them from the field. Regiments, companies and sections were broken up and mingled together. They retired, rallied, and were led to the charge again."

On the question of which was the victor in this engagement, which, strangely enough, has been claimed by the Americans, the address speaks plainly and gives ample proof to sustain itself in the notes of reference freely distributed upon nearly every page. "The battlefield remained in the undisturbed possession of the British during the night, but they were in no condition to pursue their disorganized enemies. Pearson's brigade marched fourteen miles, and had been deprived of sleep the night before; Morrison's detachment had accomplished the same distance, and the remainder, not less than twenty-five miles in the heat of a July day. Almost one-third of their entire number had been killed or wounded, or were missing. The survivors were utterly exhausted, and threw themselves down to rest among the dead and dying upon the blood-stained hill they had finally reconquered.

"Thus ended the most stubbornly contested and sanguinary engagement ever fought in the

Province of Ontario, after having continued five hours and twenty-three minutes (letter dated Fort Erie, July 28, in *Alexandria Herald*.) By American writers it is frequently styled the Battle of Bridgewater or Niagara Falls; in British official records it is known by the name of Niagara, and, in commemoration of the fact, the Royal Scots, the 8th, the 41st and the 89th bear that word emblazoned on their colours, but among Canadians it usually receives the more homely appellation of Lundy's Lane."

To quote further would be to go beyond the province of a review, and nothing less than a perusal of the address could satisfy the student, or ought to satisfy any Canadian. It remains, therefore, but to state that two appendixes are given, one containing the official return of the loss of British troops in the action of July 25th, 1814, the other the names of both British and American officers killed and wounded in the same engagement. A map of the battlefield is also given.

The prospectus of the Lundy's Lane Historical Society, to whose patriotic energy the Canadian public, as well as the immediate residents of Drummondville, owe the existence and publication of this the first fruits of their society, is bound up with the address and gives a description of the memorial proposed for Lundy's Lane battleground, for which subscriptions are asked. As will be seen by the map the battle-ground is now a cemetery, and very fittingly so, for there were buried in trenches the bodies of nearly seven hundred men who fell fighting for Canada; and there lies Laura Secord, the heroine of 1812, while on every hand the tombstones tell of patriots, loyalists and pioneers whose dust makes holy the place.

S.A.C.

CANADIAN COPYRIGHT.

A deputation from the Canadian Copyright Association, consisting of Messrs. J. Ross Robertson (President), A. S. Irving, A. W. Croil, G. H. Strickling, R. T. Lanceford, D. A. Rose, Toronto; John Macfarlane, J. Lovell and Ald. J. Rolland, Montreal, had an interview with the members of the Privy Council, on the 22nd ult., with reference to the Berne Copyright Bill which was introduced in the House last session but not passed. In the absence of Sir John Macdonald, who had gone to Montreal to attend the Board of Trade banquet, Hon. Mr. Bowell presided. The deputation presented a draft bill prepared by the Copyright Association as well as a numerously signed petition against the Berne Bill. In the discussion that followed it was pointed out on behalf of the publishers that the "Berne Bill" would be ruinous to Canadian interests if it were carried into effect, as the printing of a British Copyright in Canada would be rendered unnecessary. At present a work of which an exclusive copyright is desired must be printed in Canada, thus giving work to Canadian printers, electrotypers, etc. Stress was laid upon the fact that Canadian publishers would no longer, if the "Berne Bill" were adopted, be able to secure the right to publish cheap editions of British copyright works; and because the importation of reprints of British copyright works from the United States would be absolutely prohibited, practically all cheap literature in Canada would be forbidden, because Canadian booksellers would have to purchase British copyrights at the expensive rate they are sold at in England. A great grievance with the Canadian trade is that

under the Copyright Act every work copyrighted in Great Britain is copyrighted in Canada, but the importation of reprints of such works is not prohibited unless the work is actually manufactured in Canada. Many United States authors first publish their works in Great Britain, securing their copyright there and thus indirectly securing copyright in Canada, whilst Canadians are denied copyright in the United States. Hon. Mr. Bowell promised that the matter should be considered by the Government.

Of course, there stands threatening in the way one almost all-powerful influence—the British publisher, and the difficulty will be to come to terms with him. The hardships of the Canadian printer and publisher is truly grievous, the importation of British copyright books, though the American market being rudely debarred, unless the English rates of sales were paid. The Hon. Mr. Bowell has a knotty task before him. Whatever may be his individual opinion, he will take the views of the Privy Council and thus the difficulties of the case will have to be canvassed. We sincerely hope that the result may be favourable to our printers and publishers, as nothing would be so conducive to the promotion of Canadian literature as the removal of the Berne Bill, and a broad system and fair trial of a national copyright.

LITERARY NOTES.

I have several announcements of literary interest from my friend, Mr. James Hannay, now editor of the *Evening Gazette*, St. John, N.B.

He has written, in five numbers of *The Gazette*, the History of the Sunbury Settlement, a paper read before the Literary and Historical Society, which he hopes to use as part of a History of Nova Scotia settlements, after the expulsion of the Acadians, including the Loyalist settlements, a sort of continuation of his History of Acadia.

Last winter Mr. Hannay wrote a History of the War of 1812, which will be published shortly in Toronto.

He is also writing a History of St. John, which will run through the *Gazette* for about a month, and then be published in book form.

A literary friend, of Toronto, sends the editor the three following paragraphs of interest:—

"With reference to the paper on the poem of Mr. Phillips Stewart, Harrison, who wrote it, sailed on Saturday for a year's tour in Europe; and Stewart told me a few nights ago that there was not a spare copy of the book which he could put his hands on in the country. His publishers are Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., and they sent out only a small number of the poems here. Whether this was their own or Stewart's idea I don't know. Stewart, who is quite a young fellow, was Laureate in his years at Toronto University."

"The only verses of Bliss Carman I have seen are those which I have read in the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED*, and I observe that you speak very highly of them. I mean to read them over a few times again carefully. For myself, unfortunately, I can't speak of poetry at all scientifically; but can only measure it, as I do pictures, by what pleases, or does not please, me,—by the extent to which it stirs up a pleasurable or reverent feeling. I dare say it is a wild and barbarian method of criticism, but I judge of the merits of a writer of poetry, not by his word jugglery, but solely by his ability to crowd into his verse a strong thought or a strong feeling. Tennyson's "In Memoriam" is, to my mind, a fine specimen of this. One finds so much subject in it for meditation. Carman, I should judge, has a nice, poetic mind, of much delicacy, and it may be, we shall see, of strength."

"By the way, you published some time ago in the *ILLUSTRATED* "The Curse of Doneraile," and you credited it to Cormac O'Kelly, a bard. Looking over some old Irish books and papers in my collection, I came upon something which I am inclined to think correct, namely, that this absurd poem, well known in the South of Ireland, was written by a schoolmaster of the County Galway, called Pat O'Kelly, whose high opinion of his own merits may be understood by his travesty of the sonnet commencing "Three poets in three distant ages born," and in it alluding to himself, Byron and Scott, winding up by saying,

"'T would take a Byron and a Scott, I tell ye,
Combined in one to make a Pat O'Kelly."

Readers of his vigorous curse will be astonished to learn that Lady Doneraile, having given him a "watch and seal" in lieu of the one he "lost in Doneraile," he wrote an elaborate eulogium on the place."



THE "GENTLEMEN OF IRELAND" AND "OTTAWA AND DISTRICT" CRICKET TEAMS, ON THE RIDEAU HALL GROUNDS.

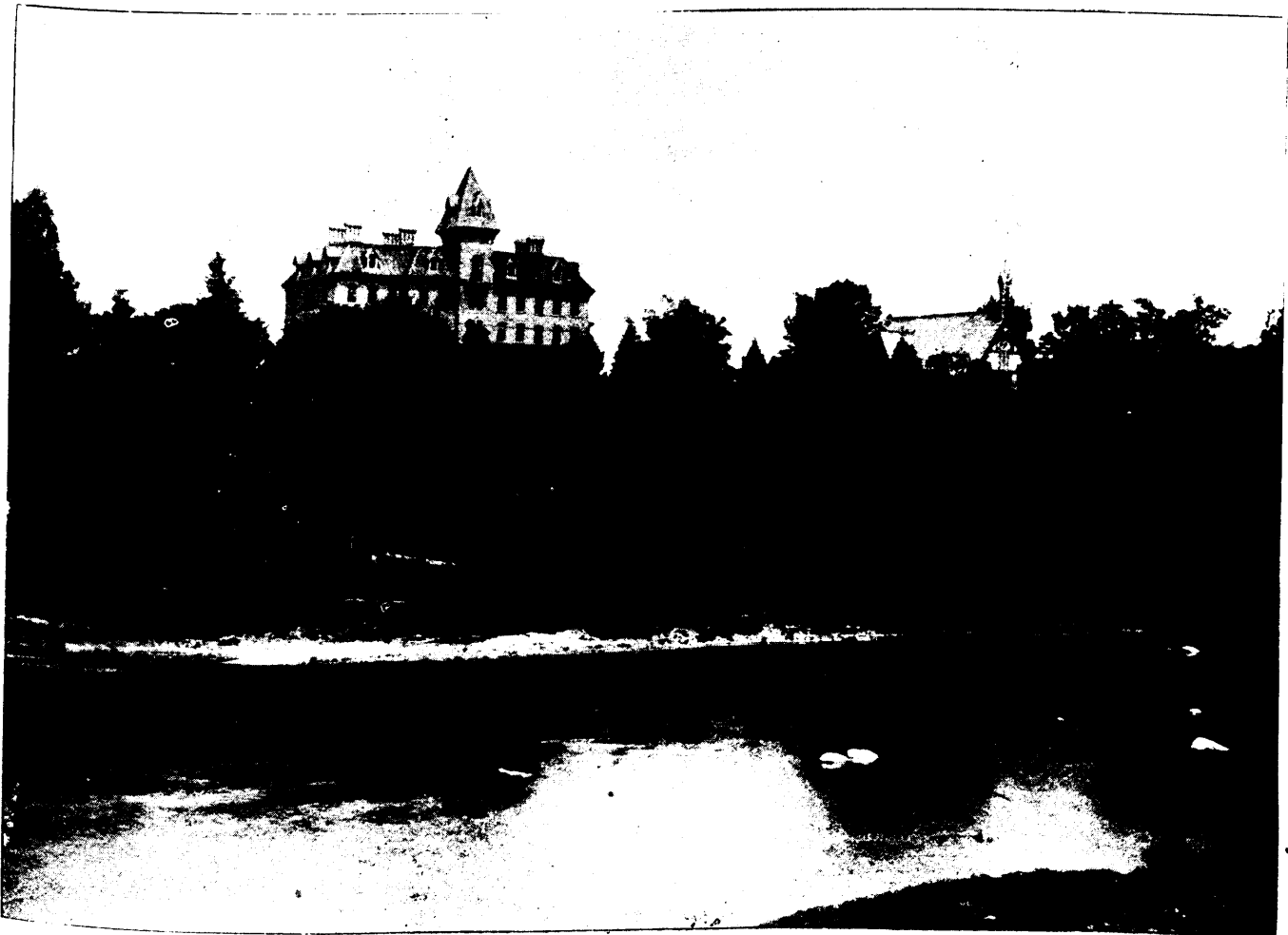
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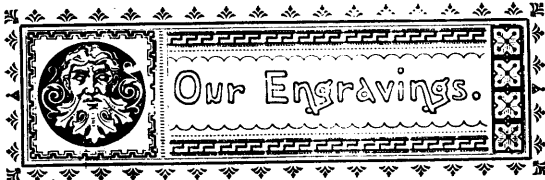
THE HON. JOHN CARLING, MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE.
From a photograph by Topley.



THE HON. G. E. FOSTER, MINISTER OF FINANCE.
From a photograph by Topley.



HELLMUTH LADIES' COLLEGE, LONDON, ONT.
From a photograph by Cooper.



THE TOBOGGAN RACE.—There is one trouble about the toboggan slide. It is the weary ascent, at least for the lady. But the sport is a national one and the sensation so exquisite as to fully warrant any amount of fatigue. Four toboggans are on the slide; the one in the foreground, bearing two beauties and one stalwart pilot; the second, to the left, making a handsome couple, and the third, to the right, consisting of a young family party. The two foremost are evidently ambitious to "get there" first. Hence the title of the picture.

GENTLEMEN OF IRELAND AND OTTAWA AND DISTRICT—RIDEAU HALL GROUND.—The Ottawa Cricket Club is one of the most exclusive in Canada. The members play on the beautiful grounds at Rideau Hill, the residence of the Governors-General, who for years have been distinguished members of the club, the late Governor-General, the Marquis of Lansdowne, being an especially good cricketer. During the past season the club gave a number of 5 o'clock teas on the grounds; and particularly brilliant was the one given on the occasion of the visit of the Gentlemen of Ireland to Ottawa. Our engraving shows the teams of the Gentlemen of Ireland and Ottawa and District, with a view of part of the right wing of Rideau Hall in the background.

The Parliament of Canada has just opened another of its sessions, and among the Ministers, whose portraits we had hitherto not been enabled to publish, were the Honourables John Carling and George Eulas Foster, which to day come in appropriately to grace the inauguration of the House of Commons. A little later on we shall give the portrait of Sir Richard Cartwright to keep company with those of Hon. Messrs. Blake and Laurier, already published.

HONOURABLE JOHN CARLING.—The Minister of Agriculture is of Yorkshire stock, his father, Thomas Carling, coming over to Canada in 1818, and settling in Middlesex, Ont., in 1819. His son John was born in the Township of London, Middlesex, on the 28th January, 1828, and educated at the common school there. He married Hannah, eldest daughter of the late Henry Dalton, Esq., of London. He was a member of the firm of Carling & Co., brewers, London, a director of the Great Western Railway for a number of years, and director of the London, Huron & Bruce and London & Port Stanley Railways. He was elected a water commissioner for London, in 1878, and subsequently appointed chairman of the board. He was returned to the Canadian Assembly for London in 1857, and held the seat continuously till Confederation. In 1862 he was made Receiver-General, and sat in the Commons for London from 1867 to 1874. He was also returned to the Legislative Assembly in October, 1867, holding the office of Minister of Agriculture and Public Works in the Sandfield Macdonald Government from July, 1867 to December, 1871, when the Government was beaten and withdrew. Mr. Carling was sworn of the Privy Council and appointed Postmaster-General from 18th May, 1882, until 25th September, 1885, when he was chosen Minister of Agriculture. He was re-elected for his old seat in 1878, 1882, and again at the last general elections.

HONOURABLE GEORGE E. FOSTER.—The Minister of Finance, the Hon. George Eulas Foster, B.A., B.C.L., P.C., is of U. E. Loyalist stock, settled in New Brunswick in 1783. He was born in Carleton County, N.B., in September, 1847; educated at the common and superior schools in King's County, and at the University of N.B., where he took his B.A. in 1868. He spent 1872-3 at the Universities of Edinburgh and Heidelberg. He was principal of Victoria County Grammar School, Sunbury County Superior School, classical and mathematical teacher, Fredericton, and principal of the Ladies' High School at successive intervals from 1868 to 1872. He was professor of classics and history in the University of New Brunswick from 1872 to 1879, and received the degree of D.C.L. from Acadia College, N.S., in 1873. He preached and upheld the cause of temperance in Canada and the United States. He was returned to Parliament for King's County, N.B., in 1882, and appointed Minister of Marine and Fisheries in December, 1885, and, in the changes brought about by the return of Sir Charles Tupper to England, last summer, he was promoted to the high position of Minister of Finance.

HELLMUTH LADIES' COLLEGE.—This admirable institution was projected and organized by the Venerable Bishop Hellmuth, under whose fostering care it soon gained a celebrity of wide range not in Canada only, but also the United States, many of whose distinguished citizens have availed themselves of the advantages to be derived from a high class education, which the college pre-eminently confers. It is located about two and a half miles from the city of London, and occupies a most picturesque site on the banks of the Thames. The grounds are tastefully laid out, covering many miles. It is now most ably conducted by the Rev. E. W. English, under whose supervision it continues in a most flourishing state. The ladies engaged as assistants rank as the highest class in their respective branches.

NEXT SLEIGH, SIR?—Here you have the simon-pure Canadian cabby—the jolly, rugged face, beaten by the storms of many winters, and the rains of many chill days,

and still ready to bundle you in his sleigh for a dash over the snowy roads. Of course, he has a good horse; the nobby whip shows that. And look at the "rig"—the big cap, the comfortable fur coat, the *ceinture fleche*. "Next sleigh, sir?" "Oui, c'est bon. Mene moi dru." "Savez pasinquette." And away we go.

THE HUNTER (COL. RHODES).—The type of the true Canadian huntsman and sportsman. The fur cap, skin coat, the antlered cariboo, the snowshoe, the cartridge, the rifle and the axe. It is a wild scene of nature.

CARIBOO HUNTING—CAMP FIRE.—A characteristic scene in the woods. The hunters and their guides are warming themselves around the log fire, smoking, preparing their evening meal, and going over the events of the adventurous chase. It is a view peculiar to Canada and not found anywhere else.

THE RIGHT REV. MAURICE SCOLLARD BALDWIN, D.D., Bishop of Huron, whose portrait appeared in the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, No. 29, 19th January, was born in Toronto on the 21st June, 1836; is the fourth son of the late John Spread Baldwin, and first cousin of the late Hon. Robert Baldwin. He received his early education at the Upper Canada College, and graduated at Trinity College, Toronto. He was ordained Deacon in 1860, by the Right Rev. Benjamin Cronyn, D.D., first Bishop of Huron, and appointed to the curacy of St. John's Church, at St. Thomas. In 1862 he entered upon his first independent charge as incumbent of St. Paul's Church, Port Dover, and in October, 1865, accepted a call to St. Luke's Church, Montreal. In January, 1870, he was appointed assistant minister of Christ Church Cathedral; in June following was constituted one of its canons; and, on the death of the Very Rev. Dean Bethune, in 1872, he was unanimously elected Rector of the parish, and subsequently was appointed Dean of Montreal. In October, 1883, he was elected to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of the second Bishop of Huron, *i.e.* the Right Rev. Isaac Hellmuth, D.D., LL.D.

CHIEF BASTIEN.—Our very kind friend, Mr. J. M. LeMoine, an authority on all things connected with old Quebec, sends us the following notes on Chief Bastien, of Lorette, whose portrait appeared last week:—"I saw the Chief this morning and can now give you this as reliable. Maurice Bastien (Agnioleu—the Bear) is 62 years of age—a hunter in his earlier days—now a snowshoe manufacturer and father of six children—three boys and three girls. In 1855 he was elected one of the Six Chiefs, and at the death of Paul Picard (Tahourenche—Break of Day), in 1883, Maurice Bastien was elected GREAT CHIEF. He is a lithe, tall, handsome savage, with black piercing eyes. There is nothing else striking in his career."

THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.

I.

Flow on stupendous river to the sea,
Roll on in beauty and in majesty!
There is no lonely grandeur in your tide,
There is no mystery in your bosom wide;
You symbol toiling man's achievements well,
We hear the pulse of labour in your swell,
The dashing roar of energy and will,
Resounding evermore and never still!

II.

Flow on imperious river to the sea,
Roll on in stateliness and majesty!
Your mighty course our freedom shall reveal,
The gifts we prize—the joys—the hopes we feel;
You widen like our destinies to be,—
The fuller life of our futurity;
That broadens, like your ever glorious tide,
A symbol of our grandeur and our pride!

III.

Flow on enchanting river to the sea,
Roll on in turbulence of melody!
Your waters lave the Isles of loveliness,
Where light and beauty wake in aerial dress!
Amid the calms and silences that brood,
Eternal spirits of the solitude!
Your voice steals onward,—an enchanting strain,
In one undying, sad and sweet refrain.

IV.

Flow on impetuous river to the sea,
Roll on in cadences of melody!
I hear your dashing rapids seethe and roar,
Wasting their riotous strength upon the shore;
I hear the ceaseless rushing of your roll,
Like spirit whispers surging o'er my soul!
Wafted afar, from desolate leagues of sea,
To sound and stir the depths of memory.

London, Eng.

ISIDORE.

[The reader will be pleased to see the well-remembered name of "Isidore," who, amid other scenes of business and literary recreation, in London, still cherishes the memories of his once Canadian home. He has sent us three or four poems on subjects of Canadian scenery, in and about Montreal, which we shall publish at intervals, within the next month or two.—Editor DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.]

Marshal MacMahon's Memoirs are finished, but are reserved exclusively for his family and a few bosom friends. There are interesting pages on the attempts at Royal Restoration and the journey of the Count de Chambord to Versailles in 1873.

ROSSETTI'S SONNETS.

Mr. Rossetti's strength lies in the Sonnet, as in his first volume, which contained fifty specimens of his workmanship in that direction, in the shape of an instalment toward a long poem which he entitled "The House of Life," and which he has finished in one volume, by the addition of fifty-one sonnets more. We find Mr. Rossetti at his best here, and his best is very good indeed. He is familiar with all sonnetary laws, and if we can bring ourselves to sympathize with the unreal character of the emotion which he depicts, he writes nobly. We should read his "House of Life" as we read the sonnets of Shakspeare and Sidney, and so read they are full of beauties. We can recall but one modern English production of the kind with which to compare them, and with this, which, of course, is Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese," they hold their own. We are not certain on the whole that Mr. Rossetti is not the better sonneteer of the two, which is but another way of saying that he is the best living English sonneteer. We present two examples from his volume:

TRUE WOMAN.

HERSELF.

To be a sweetness more desired than Spring;
A bodily beauty more acceptable
Than the wild rose-tree's arch that crowns the fell;
To be an essence more envying
Than wine's drained juice; a music ravishing
More than the passionate pulse of Philomel;—
To be all this 'neath one soft bosom's swell
That is the flower of life:—how strange a thing!

How strange a thing to be what Man can know
But as a sacred secret! Heaven's own screen
Hides her soul's purest depth and loveliest glow;
Closely withheld, as all things most unseen,—
The wave-bowed pearl,—the heart-shaped scal of
green

That flocks the snowdrop underneath the snow.

HER HEAVEN.

If to grow old in Heaven is to grow young,
(As the Seer saw and said,) then blest were he
With youth for evermore, whose heaven should be
True Woman, she whom these weak notes have sung.
Here and hereafter,—choir-strains of her tongue,—
Sky-spaces of her eyes,—sweet signs that flee
About her soul's immediate sanctuary,—
Were Paradise all uttermost worlds among.

The sunrise blooms and withers on the hill
Like any hillflower; and the noblest troth
Dies here to dust. Yet shall Heaven's promise clothe
Even yet those lovers who have cherished still
This test for love:—in every kiss sealed fast
To feel the first kiss and forbode the last.

For another exquisite sample of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's excellence, let the reader turn back to the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED of 3rd November, No. 18, where he will find the double sonnets, in Italian and English, "La Bella Mano."

PERSONAL.

Pellegrini, the famous caricaturist, is dead.
Alexander Cabanel, the French painter, is dead.
Rev. Lombley, late principal of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, died recently at Sedbergh, England.

Mr. Sandford Fleming has been elected chancellor of Queen's University, Kingston, for the fourth time.

Lieut.-Governor Schultz is progressing capitably, and his medical attendant says there is no fear of serious results.

Mlle. Eugenie Tessier, of Montreal, the celebrated blind singer, has left for Boston to complete her musical education at the Conservatory of Music.

Premier Floquet has informed Senator Renault in confidence of the Government's intention to rescind the decree of exile against the Duc d'Aumale.

Mr. A. McGill Desrivieres, a wealthy gentleman, lately died at Ottawa. He was a grandson of the late Peter McGill, founder of McGill College, Montreal.

A. P. Macdonald, the well-known Dominion contractor and formerly member for West Middlesex, in the Dominion House, died last week at his home on Rusholme Road. He was 76 years old.

Col. Forsythe, of California, is an old Toronto boy. He left there fifteen years ago and went to Fresno, Cal., where he engaged in vineyards. Then he went into raisin-curing. He visited Spain and Portugal, and improved on the methods of curing raisins in those countries. The output of his establishment last year was sixty car-loads, which were easily sold in New York and other cities in the east. Mr. Forsythe is an old member of the Queen's Own, and served with them at Ridgeway and at the camp at Thorold in 1866.

LAW-BREAKERS AND LAW-KEEPERS.

BY HELEN E. GREGORY, MUS.-BAC.,
Graduate of Trinity University, Toronto.

The failures in the administration of the law in the United States is the subject of an article in the August number of the *Century Magazine*, entitled an "Administrative Novelty." The writer expresses himself as follows:—"What is the remedy for the lawlessness of law officers? Who will keep the keepers? The fact is notorious that all over the land plain statutes are disregarded by those who are plainly bidden to enforce them, that sheriffs, constables and policemen stand and look on while the laws which they have sworn to execute are dishonoured before their faces. That evil and desperate men may be found among us who, for selfish purposes, are ready to defy the law, is not marvellous; that the men who are entrusted with the execution of the law should in so many instances appear to be in league with the law-breakers, guaranteeing them immunity in their transgressions, is certainly alarming. * * * The complete paralysis of the police force of many cities is a lamentable sign.

"If public opinion is the effective force of popular government, then our Government machinery should be so contrived that public opinion can act promptly and directly upon the administration. * * * It seems to have been supposed that those forms of administration are safest which put the officers, who are the final depositaries of power, at the farthest possible remove from the hands of the people. It is needless to say that this practice evinces a total lack of faith in democracy. Indeed, we might almost say that the democratic principle has been ignored in our municipal system. * * * Thus it is often true that the failures of the police authorities to enforce a law is due to those legislative contrivances which prevent public opinion from acting directly and efficiently upon the custodians. It must be remembered also that the courts, as well as the police, are the custodians of the law."

The writer of the article I have quoted is, I think, astray in attributing the failure in the administration of the law in his country to an insufficient application of democratic principles. I venture to say that the true cause is not its insufficiency, but its improper application. I believe it is generally conceded that we Canadians are a law-abiding people. It is not, however, that we are more morally disposed than the people of the United States, but because we are taught to know if we break the laws, punishment will pretty surely and promptly follow. We also claim to be a democratic people and to have in our civil polity the very essence of democracy, but we keep our democracy in its proper place, and where it will prove most beneficial. We use, but do not abuse, it, nor permit it to abuse us; we confine it to the election of the makers of the laws, and keep it away from the administrators thereof.

That mighty power, the voter, cannot reach our policemen any more than he can our judges, sheriffs and public prosecutors; the three last named functionaries are appointed by the administrators of the day, and the appointing power is held directly responsible to the people for the quality of its appointments. None of these officers feel obliged, in the discharge of their duty, to keep one eye, or half an eye, on it, and an eye and a half on the possible result of the coming election. Our police force is also practically removed sufficiently far from the voter to render it independent of that element. It is under the control of a commission composed of the county judge, who is himself appointed for life or during good conduct, the police magistrate the same, and the mayor elected annually by the people. They, therefore, go forth to their duties, serenely oblivious of the ward politician.

The plan of allowing the aldermen to control our police force was abandoned in Ontario many years ago, as it proved defective, and is now being eliminated from the municipal system in Montreal. We may next drop the alderman himself and yet not feel that we are abandoning our democratic principles.

While we may, from time to time, copy with advantage some of the excellent institutions of our American cousins, there are others which, I earnestly hope, we will ever avoid, and they on their part may learn from us the true application of those democratic principles which, in deed and not in empty name, enable the people of Canada to enjoy life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness with greater security and certainty than the people of the neighbouring Republic under their vaunted democratic and republican institutions.

Hamilton, Ont.

ANGLO-HINDUSTANEE.

I know it is easy to play, or pun, upon languages we are conversant with, as the riddle, for example: Why is an egg as good as a feast? Because it's an œuf (enough); but Anglicizing and "playing" on Anglo-Hindustanee is my present theme. My first example is from the dining table of Bishop Wilson, of Calcutta. At dessert there was a dish of mangoes and one of raisins (kishmish), and a mango rolling off to its neighbour, the bishop said: "How naturally man goes to kiss miss!" In the drawing-room, his sister, Miss Wilson, asked a conundrum, which, though locally Hindu, was broad Saxon in speech: "Why is the Athanasian creed like a tiger? Because of its damnation clause!" In Hindustanee, rye is mustard, and Do Give, and the Griff (new arrival) is told to sing "Fol de rol de ri do," and the Kholmaghur quickly gives his sahib the mustard. Doom, is Hindoo, for tail, and lizards drop (or shed!) their tails when running away, frightened. An officer, calling upon friends at a bungalow, in his cantonment, saw one on the wall, and, striking thereat, it quickly ran off, but minus its tail, when the officer said: "There it goes, regardless of its doom!" I joined my friend, Barlas, one evening in taking a sicca-gharree (a hired coach), and we explained to our dusky gharree-wun that we would pay at the end of our destination, so Barlas said: "This is Garry Owen." This same happy friend went to Rangoon to take up the work of an invalided clerk, and wrote me: "I am now taking his duties, and hope soon to be in his jhuties (shoes)." I have heard the riddle: "What is the difference between the Irishman and the Indian coolie? Because, in India the ryot makes the paddy (rice); but in Ireland the Paddy makes the riot." Soon after I came to Montreal, one Sunday evening I stood (with my family) near McGill College Grounds, struck by a familiar name, on a mansion gate, and a man passing by (with his family) said: "Can you please tell me what that name is, sir?" I replied: "As it happens, I can, but I imagine you might stay here a long time before you could get anyone else to do so. It is 'Dilkoosha,' a name Indian princes and nobles often call their garden palaces. It means the heart's delight." Such examples are endless, but I have detained you long enough, and, having brought you from Calcutta to the very gates of Montreal's great college, reader (gentle or otherwise) I will wish you adieu!

Montreal.

JOHN PARRATT.

"CANADIANS ARE WE."

[A TOAST FOR DOMINION DAY.]

Here's to the glory of the land that we name
The dear Land of Canada the Free,
Where our hope is, and our home, and our faith, and our
fame,—
For Canadians—Canadians are we!

Dominion is to us from Columbia's shores of balm
To the shouting tides of glad Acadie,
From the laughing waves of Erie to the Arctic fields of
calm,—
For Canadians—Canadians are we!

Here the lily and the thistle, the shamrock and the rose,
Are at one beneath our goodly maple tree,
From our union confusion shall come down about our foes,—
For Canadians—Canadians are we!

Then here's to our Land! Lundy's Lane—Chateauguay—
Would they win by bribe or battle? They shall see
Our Maple Flag forever proclaim our nation's sway,—
For Canadians—Canadians are we!

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.
King's College, Windsor, N.S.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE ALBANI CONCERT.

Our Canadian nightingale has lost nothing of her mellow and sympathetic voice since we last heard her, some years ago. Her tones are as rich, as pure, as brilliant as ever. In fact, she is in the zenith of her power, and the reception she met with on Saturday at the Queen's Hall, crowded to the doors with the élite of both French and English society, attested her undiminished empire over the hearts of her audience. It was a complete ovation from first to last. If anything, the audience was too enthusiastic and exacting, almost cruelly so, insisting on an *encore* after every number, no matter of how difficult and exhausting a nature; but Albani met the demand each time with unconquerable good humour and inimitable grace, answering the persevering plaudits with fresh selections. She sang with equal vigour and sweetness an aria from "La Traviata," in Italian, the balcony scene from "Lohengrin," in German, and an air by Handel, "Sweet Bird," in English. In all these the marvellous qualities of her voice and execution were exhibited to perfection; the bird-like trills, clear, flute-like upper notes, expressive modulation in the melody, distinct phrasing, precision in the staccatos, and flexibility in the rapid runs and variations of the music, producing a sense of finish and completeness of rendition in the minds of her hearers. But it was when, in answer to recalls, Albani sang, at one time in French, "Souvenirs du Jeune Age," and later on, in English, "Home, Sweet Home," that, carried away by her own almost uncontrollable emotion, the enthusiasm of the audience knew no bounds. The sweetness, tenderness of feeling, that, inspired by her presence once more in the land of her birth and among her very own relations and compatriots, she infused into those simple and touching melodies, sent a thrill to every heart and evoked round after round of sympathetic and tumultuous applause. Albani is our Queen of Song, indeed, and we are proud to claim her as our own.

The artists who accompany her and contribute to vary and complete the concert are all distinguished musicians. Miss Damian has a powerful contralto voice, and sings with judgment and good taste songs that are within her compass. Mr. Barrington Foote has an excellent baritone, which he uses very effectively. Signor Massimi, though not in the ranks of the first-class tenors, is an artist of culture and refinement, and improves much on acquaintance, his later numbers being rendered much more acceptably than his earlier pieces. Mr. Barrett, both in the obligato accompaniments, and in the solos which he executed, proved himself a flutist of the first water, and his flute a splendid instrument.

We go to press before Tuesday's concert, which will have been, if anything, more crowded than Saturday's.

Madame Albani gives two concerts in Quebec, and will afterwards delight Ottawa and Toronto. In Ottawa she will be the guest of Lady Macdonald. We hope the rumour is true that Albani will favour Montreal once more before leaving Canada. We heard a lady remark that she had heard Albani in England seven times in opera and oratorio, but she could not resist the desire to hear her again, and that not only had she been to Saturday's concert, but was going also to Tuesday's. When you hear Albani once, you must hear her again. It is such a treat, and this is her Farewell Tour!

As announced elsewhere, we are engraving a fine portrait of Madame Albani, which we purpose publishing in our issue of 16th February, accompanied by a reliable biography.

A TOUCH OF NATURE.

James H. Jones, coloured, of Raleigh, N.C., who was Mr. Jefferson Davis' body servant while the latter was President of the Confederacy, wrote him a letter some time ago expressive of his high regard. Jones stated that he had not seen his former master since both were taken to Fortress Monroe. Jones was captured with Mr. Davis in Georgia and made great efforts to secure his master's escape. Mr. Davis makes special mention of him in his history. Jones has made particular denial of the story that Davis was attired in woman's clothing when captured.

Since the war Jones has lived in Raleigh. He is a Republican, in politics, and has, for eighteen years, been an alderman. His love for Mr. Davis amounts to devotion.

He received the following autograph letter, on the 30th December, from Mr. Davis, dated at Beauvoir, Miss., December 26:

"I was very glad to receive your letter, with its assurance of kind remembrance, and it gave pleasure not only to me, but also to my daughter, who was an infant when you last saw her. Mrs. Davis, you know, was always your particular friend. We have all rejoiced when we have heard of your honourable prosperity, and have felt that it was what was due to your integrity and fidelity. The many years that have come and gone since we parted have in no way diminished my regard for you and interest in your welfare. On Christmas Day I mailed to you the last photograph taken of me in order that you might see me as I now am.

"With the best wishes of myself, Mrs. Davis and my household, I am, truly, your friend,

"JEFFERSON DAVIS,"

CANADIAN WINTER SCENES.



“NEXT SLEIGH, MISTER?” A TYPICAL MONTREAL JEHU.

From a photograph by Notman.

CANADIAN WINTER SCENES.



THE CARIBOO HUNTER.

From a photograph by Netman.

The Lady in Muslin.

Like a kaleidoscope that never presents the same picture, and almost fatigues the eye with its perpetual change, she seemed to take a delight in presenting herself ever under some new phase to the gaze of those around her; and as if not content with that means of rendering herself incomprehensible and mysterious, she most carefully concealed all the details of her previous history and all her schemes for the future. I never encountered a young person who seemed to confine herself so mysteriously to the present—as to have apparently severed every tie that interested her in the past and every expectancy that might connect her with the future. With a freedom that might have subjected her to considerable criticism, if there had been neighbours to criticize, she threw her house open to us, visited us in return and joined us in walks, drives, and rides, with as complete an ignoring of the usual restrictions imposed on girls of her age and in her position, as if such had never existed.

Yet, with all this contempt for outward *convenance*, her manner, language, and bearing could have borne the eye of the severest moralist. Frank she was always—audacious occasionally—bold often—but loose or coarse never.

The same contradiction was apparent in her education. She sang, as I said before, like a "prima donna," drew caricatures and painted with considerable skill; but beyond reading, writing, and spelling, there her accomplishments ended. She was fearfully ignorant of even the elements of what other women know well; but then a little wild reading, and a mass of newspaper literature in the possession of a naturally clear-sighted, acute mind, became a source of wealth from which she drew sufficient to render her conversation sharp, sensible, and, by its very wants, quaintly original.

Men in our position were not likely to quarrel with a young woman for being what our landlady once called "unparticular, very unparticular, sir;" and we accepted as frankly as they were given her invitations to pass the evenings at the cottage, to listen to her music, to join her in her walks, or to take her out in our chaise. Poor Cecile! her comfort was not so rigidly consulted on those occasions as formerly, and she was obliged to conceal her dislike as best she could, sitting on a stool at my lady's feet, in the bottom of the carriage. How the child grew to hate the lady! I was amused and yet almost pained to watch her, as day by day the intimacy between Margaret and Gaunt increased. I have seen her come creeping to the drawing-room, with a quiet stealthiness in the dusk of the summer evening, and then as she saw, as she always did see, Gaunt, either lounging by the piano where Margaret Owenson sat sometimes singing, but more often making believe to play, while she carried on a low-toned conversation with Dick,—or Gaunt bending over her, as if in an energetic humour, she dashed off spirited little drawings of himself; or as perhaps she would catch sight of them in the conservatory arranging the plants (for my lady was a fidget and always altering or re-altering her arrangements); or about some other work, far enough to be out of my hearing as I sat, perhaps about as much satisfied as Cecile, smoking my cigar alone; as she saw one or the other of these scenes, a look of intense trouble would come into the child's face, and when the opportunity came how vindictive she was! I could account for her strong dislike to Miss Owenson, knowing her jealous fondness of Gaunt; but the disfavour with which, in spite of herself, Miss Owenson could not hide from my eyes, she regarded her tiny rival, was more puzzling. To imagine her jealous of a mere child, to whom, besides, Gaunt now showed no very strong affection, would have been ridiculous; yet I noticed she listened with eager attention to the slightest remark Gaunt addressed to his little niece, and watched with a kind of fascinated gaze his most trivial action when it concerned her.

At the commencement of our visits to the cottage, she had attempted to court Cecile's friendship by caresses, gifts of flowers and fruit, or other

articles of value in most children's eyes; but her advances had been so decidedly repulsed by the young lady, her gifts declined, or, if accepted, carelessly destroyed under her eyes, her caresses unnoticed or even avoided, that she soon gave up her attempts, and, I saw, decided to look at Cecile in the light of a necessary nuisance.

One evening, after Gaunt had left us for a few moments to take the child back to the inn, I could not help saying, "Why do you dislike little Cecile so, Miss Owenson?"

We were sitting in the twilight, she by the window, watching the retreating figure of Richard Gaunt, I lounging comfortably on her settee.

She turned sharply round.

"Dislike her! what! do you think I am such a fool as to entertain such a strong sentiment as dislike for a baby of that age?"

"I don't think you are a fool," I replied; "but I do think you dislike poor little Cecile."

"Think what you choose—it is too fatiguing to contradict you; only, I'll thank you not to put such a silly idea in the child's head or her uncle's," was the lady's answer, in a voice that contrasted strangely with the gay, pleasant tones she had been addressing to us all the evening.

"Don't be under any alarm," I replied carelessly; "I seldom trouble myself with setting before my friends disagreeable truths."

"You are right; nothing is more foolish," she said drily; then, turning away, she went to the piano and began playing and singing a rosy Italian song.

I smoked on. From the commencement of our acquaintance, I had been accustomed to be treated by, and to treat my fair eccentric friend in a very off-hand manner.

The day she had joined us so unceremoniously whilst fishing in the boundary stream, I had learned at a glance that cope with such a character I must meet her on her own grounds, and fight her with her own weapons, or else submit unto her, which I was not at all inclined to do.

With Gaunt it was different. He had the happy art of making love to women in such a manner that, while submitting to them, he always remained master; besides, his love-making was of that pleasant, light description—here to-day, there to-morrow, back again the day after, and so on—directly Margaret Owenson's eccentricities become tiresome he would save himself in flight, I knew.

I was lying very comfortably, not at all disturbed by the evident irritation which was venting itself in that noisy, passionate song, when it suddenly stopped, and she began wailing more than singing the most plaintive little air I ever heard. The words, almost whispered, sounded like an Indian dialect of which I knew a little, and they came breathed almost lovingly from her lips, with a pathos that one can only throw over a familiar tongue.

When she had finished she came and stood beside me, with her usual freedom:—

"Do you know that I have never sung that since I left my —" Gaunt's figure darkened the window at that instant, and she paused. "Did he hear, do you think?" she half-muttered, and then, not waiting for an answer, she went to meet him.

Gaunt replied to her question himself by asking immediately "Where had she learnt that Hindoo air?"

Margaret, as if scarcely noticing that he spoke, uttered a careless "What?" and turned away to give a rather lengthy order to the Indian who happened to enter the room at the moment, and then, as he quitted it, she also left by another door, with the free abruptness to which we were now too accustomed to question its politeness.

When she returned, supper was on the table, and we sat down to it, Margaret, I fancied, with a slight shade of embarrassment. However, we talked as usual, ate and drank with our usual gusto, and if the lady of the cottage had any quietude, she certainly concealed it well under more than her wonted gaiety and wit.

After supper she did not, according to her ordinary habit, sit down to the piano. She complained of the heat and proposed going into the garden,

and then, when we were there, my lady was so restless and fidgety that we thought it best to take ourselves off.

She did not press us to remain, neither did she accompany us, as usual, to the end of the garden; but, like an impatient child, no sooner were the simple words "Good night" pronounced, than she bounded into the house, and when we reached the stream, the light shining from her bedroom window showed that my lady was already following Gaunt's advice to go to bed immediately.

IX.

AN ARM WITH A GOLDEN BRACELET.

It was a pouring September day. We met each other with imprecations against the weather, exclamations of disgust at everything, and with every sign of anger, disappointment, and bad temper.

We had planned a particularly agreeable excursion for that day.

"Confoundedly provoking!" Gaunt exclaimed, as he watched the pouring down of the rain on the climbing roses, on the already drenched flowerbeds, on the gravel walks, on everything and anything. "Patter, patter, how hopeless that sound of rain is!"

I sensibly arranged myself with pens, ink, and paper, and left Dick to his groans and smoke.

After writing a very good article and a capital critique for the —, which, I solemnly declare, owed their piquancy to my own wit, and not, as Gaunt ill-naturedly declared, to that little meteorological disappointment, I felt refreshed and my nerves invigorated, and, as a light recreation, I determined to go and have a ride.

I can't say much for the horses that mine host took such a pride in. They were skinny and bony, and did little credit to either their parents, supposing they were as respectably connected as their possessor declared them, or to their diet. There was a nag, however, which went tolerably well, and him I mounted in spite of the still falling rain.

It was about four o'clock p.m. and I calculated I should have time to ride to Q —, deposit my despatches in the post, and return in time not to aggravate Dick's raspiness by keeping him waiting for dinner.

With my waterproof coat on my shoulders, my legs similarly encased, and mounted on my white-brown nag, I flatter myself I made a peculiar if not an elegant appearance, and one admirably suited to the wet, narrow country road, with its overhanging dripping trees, if not to Rotten Row.

It was not unpleasant to ride quietly along—the damp earth sent up a refreshing smell—the country all around looked brightly green, and, to a poetical ear, the chirpings of birds in the neighbouring copses, the only sounds breaking on the stillness, might have been poetically suggestive.

I am not of a poetical disposition; but the scene, combined with the quiet, rather sleepy motion of the horse, made me meditative, and I mused so deeply that I paid no attention to where I was going or the distance I had already gone.

The nag jogged on, neither turning to the right nor to the left, apparently well accustomed to follow that road; and when I roused up I discovered, to my discomfort, that I must certainly have passed the turning that lead into the L — road.

Pulling up my horse and looking round, I saw a lane on my left, which, according to my knowledge of the *locale*, ought to lead me by a short cut to the town of L —, so towards this lane I turned the nag's head.

It was a very damp ride down that narrow lane. The trees on either side hung low, bowing to each other across the path, and as I passed along, I drew on myself a perpetual shower-bath from the drenched leaves.

My macintosh ought to have rendered this a very slight annoyance, and so it did, so far as my shoulders were concerned; but the said garments belonging to Gaunt, whose proportions are so elegant as mine, fitted me very loosely about the neck, and there the raindrops found easy entrance.

Perhaps you, my dear reader, know the feeling of little rills from your hat trickling down your back between the skin and shirt. You know, per-

haps, the peculiar sensation of steaming that the rain and exercise combined produce. It is disagreeable, is it not?

That ride gave me a very good taste of the water-cure, and it was not a *bonne bouche*.

I jogged on, thankful to reach, as I thought, the L— road, and then putting the nag to a sharp canter, rode away for a mile or two.

In spite of sharp cantering, however, the road still refused to assume a familiar appearance, although from the distance I had come, I felt sure L— ought not to be far off.

I began to have misgivings concerning that short cut.

The road was undulating; just before me it rose considerably, so I determined to ride up to the highest part, and there try and make out the country.

This I did, but no signs of L— appeared. As I looked carefully around I caught sight of a small cottage, the only habitation visible, standing almost buried among the trees at the corner of a lane which led away from the road on my right.

"I may perhaps get some information as to where I am, at any rate," I thought; and with these hopes I pushed on down the road and soon reached the cottage.

A little green paling, enclosing a small garden, separated the dwelling from the path, and a large willow, standing in front, drooped its branches so thickly as to almost hide it from view.

As I came slowly along, before I could see or be seen by any one in the cottage, the sound of voices coming from an evidently open window attracted my attention.

I could not, at first, catch the words spoken, but a laugh, low, long, and merry, followed by a loud "No, no, Geoffrey—Geof!" startled me. I could have sworn that it was the laugh and voice of Margaret Owenson. I advanced, and bending down, tried to peep through the screen of willow branches into the house. All that I could see was a portion of a creamy-skinned arm leaning against the window-sill; but on that arm was a band of gold that I knew well, and as it was suddenly moved and a hand came in sight, clasping some baby-looking fingers, on that fair hand were rings, rings I knew well also.

(To be continued.)

SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY.

A fresh soft wind, the meadows blowing over,
Brings tidings from the distant village bells;
And where the road leads through the purple clover,
The people follow as the summer swells.
The rural people, from quaint homesteads lonely,
And from the hamlets by the river side,
Simple of heart and life, and eager only
For comfort which the shallow codes deride.
The bright-haired children and the old man hoary,
The matron marked by care and household toil,
And ardent youth, just learning Life's sweet story,
With sunny eyes that fear not Time's despoil.
And of the harvest hither comes the sower,
Who watches, as he walks, the summer skies,
Foretells the wind, and prophesies the shower,
And dreads the hungry crow that past him flies.
Not theirs the cavil, or week speculation,
Which is not thought, although it tramples faith
Beneath the goddess dust of drear Formation,
And claims for nature what she nowhere saith.
Wiser these hearts which, in a world of sorrow,
Their joys and blessings humbly count and scan,
Trusting their hopes in that unknown to-morrow,
Where each a part shall fill in one vast plan.
The story of the Cross is still unshaken,
Because its fullness satisfies their need;
Rather would they with Jesus be mistaken,
Were Fate so dark, than own the scoffer's creed.
Around their quiet homes the orchards flower,
The scented thorn o'erhangs the swinging gate,
And, all unconscious of his joyful doer,
Sweet-throated robin cheers his happy mate.
And in the twilight peace the neighbours cluster
Around some open hospitable door;
A weekly respite is the evening muster,
A fellowship that soothes care's daily store.
Down from the green hill pastures in the gloaming,
The small streams hasten musical and fleet,
(Unheard through busy day their voices roaming),
And over all the Sabbath rest falls sweet.
Montreal.

A. C. JENNINGS

RED AND BLUE PENCIL.

It was not generally known, on this side of the water, that the poet Southey had a son living so far into the nineteenth century, and yet, it is only about a month ago that the Rev. Cuthbert Southey died at Askam, near Penrith. He was author of a life of his father, which, with letters, runs to six volumes.

The inexhaustibly kind Professor Roberts sends me two more poems, by Miss Sophie Almon, saying: "I hope they will meet with your approval. She is a girl of great promise, having a strong intellectual foundation on which to build. Moreover, she is very young and hath the saving grace of sound common sense. Given poetry, these added on should succeed, *n'est ce pas?*"

How little the London capitalists and speculators knew what they were about when they offered the Grand Prior of the Carthusians the sum of £3,000,000 for a monopoly of the manufacture and sale of the Chartreuse *liqueur*. It needed not the intervention of Pope Leo, who did step in, nevertheless, on hearing of it, to induce the monastery keeping to themselves the secret and mystery of their divine elixir.

Julia Wedgwood, in an historic study, which she calls the "Moral Ideal," says that the Greek artistic ideal is utterly unmoral. Now, "unmoral" is one of your catchpenny words which mean nothing. Greek art, in all its phases, is not only not immoral or unmoral, but it is the highest ideal of mental and moral elevation. All the great philosophers, of ancient and modern times, admit that, and Goethe claims for it the source of all calm, serene and elevating inspiration.

The establishment of new historical societies is growing on apace. Besides the old institutions of Quebec, Halifax, Montreal and Winnipeg, there are the Lundy's Lane, Simcoe, Huntingdon and Chateaugay societies. The last of these, just heard from, is the Pioneer and Historical Society of the County of Wentworth, which was formed a couple of weeks ago, appointing a committee to draught a constitution and by-laws, with instructions to report on the first Thursday in February.

This is the first of the poems of Miss Almon:

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN,

RONDEAU.

It might have been so different a year
To what has been; the summer's guileless play
Not all a jest, comes back to me to-day
In added sweetness, and provokes a tear.
Strange pictures rise, pass on, and disappear,
Drawn from your tender words of yesterday,
When, looking in my eyes, in the old way,
You told me of your life, how passing dear;
It might have been:
Unless to dream, more useless to regret!
We might have lived and loved, nor lost the glow
Of Love's first sweet intensity;—to let
These foolish fancies die I strive,—and yet
I still must count it happiness to know
It might have been.

SOPHIE M. ALMON.

STONEWALL JACKSON AND HIS MEN.

In modern times no army ever made better use of its legs—not in retreat, but in continuous attack—than the "foot cavalry" of Stonewall Jackson in 1861 and 1862. The following description of the men by whose aid Stonewall Jackson drove three Federal armies, under Gens. Shields, Fremont and Banks—each of them stronger numerically and infinitely better armed and found than his own—out of the valley of Virginia, in 1861, was written from Stonewall Jackson's headquarters by an English eye-witness, who was accompanied by Lord, then Col. Wolseley: "As we advanced, the road was thickly crowded by the refluent sick and furloughed soldiers. Such gaunt, wan, bony, famished skeletons, many of them shoeless and hatless, almost all in rags, the flame of life burnt down to the socket, the eyes deep-sunken and lustreless, the hair matted and tangled like a wild beast's, it had never been my fortune to encounter before on earth. Suffering, hungry, thirsty and reduced as the poor fellows were, not one

fainthearted, timid, or complaining word issued from their lips." With men of this stamp Stonewall Jackson held the Valley of Virginia securely month after month, against armies collectively outnumbering his in the ratio of eight or ten to one, and with them he marched over hills and rivers, by night and by day, until no Federal General lay down to sleep without a misgiving that when tomorrow's dawn broke Stonewall Jackson might burst on his flank or centre and strike panic into the hearts of the invaders of Virginia. With them Stonewall Jackson descended with astonishing rapidity from the Blue Ridge and joined Gen. Lee before the Seven Days of battle around Richmond, in 1862, which ended in the total discomfiture of Gen. McClellan. How it will be asked, were Stonewall Jackson's "foot cavalry" equipped? Not in the same manner as the English infantry, on June 17, 1775, attacked the raw American levies posted on Bunker's Hill, near Boston, and carried their works, with tremendous loss to the assailants, who, according to Mr. Charles Ross, the biographer of Lord Cornwallis, "moved to the attack in heavy marching order, with three days' provisions in their knapsacks, and carried altogether a weight of 125 pounds." Bunker's Hill was fought on a fearfully hot day—the climax of the torrid summer of America—and the British regulars of those days wore the leather strap of neckcloth which, even in the temperate climate of England, no one would now regard otherwise than an instrument of torture. Very different was the equipment of Stonewall Jackson's men. A loose jacket, a soft and unbragous felt hat, a musket, seventy or eighty rounds of ball cartridge, a blanket rolled up and a tin water bottle—such was the preparation for battle, for skirmishing, for climbing hills and fording rivers with which the Virginians, North Carolinians, Georgians and Alabamians who constituted the "Stonewall Brigade" achieved wonders to which few parallels can be found in the history of war.

MILITIA NOTES.

French-speaking candidates for the Royal Military College will, in future examinations, be allowed to prepare the papers in French.

Lord Stanley has continued the customary Governor-General's grant of \$150 to the Dominion Artillery Association for the purpose of challenge cups.

Lieut. Scott Gray, son of Hon. Judge Gray, of British Columbia, who has for some time been attached to H. M. flagship "Triumph" on the Pacific Coast, has been gazetted Commander of H. M. S. "Forward," now on the North American station.

General Middleton has received Major Short's reply to the charges made against him by Col. Turnbull, and has arrived at a decision which, however, has not yet been communicated to the parties concerned. It is believed that a reprimand will be administered to both the officers for the disagreements which have taken place and toward which it is said both officers have contributed.

Another veteran on the loyal side in the troubles of 1837 has passed away at Sherbrooke. Mr. Andrew Young, aged 71 years, a native of Ayrshire, Scotland, died last week. He came to Canada in 1833 and served in the cavalry at St. Luc, near Montreal, during the rebellion of 1837-8. In 1845 he was married at Laprairie to Jane Fenton, who survives him. He came to Sherbrooke in 1870, where he entered the employment of the Grand Trunk.

Colonel Panet, Deputy Minister of Militia, has had advices from England stating that the authorities are extremely well satisfied with the military knowledge possessed by the graduates of the Royal Military College who received commissions last year. In consequence of this the graduates are absolved from entering upon certain initiatory studies which they would otherwise have been obliged to go through. Col. Panet's son is one of the graduates and holds a commission in the Royal Engineers.

Daniel Wilson died at Halifax Saturday before last, aged sixty. His father fought at Waterloo, and the son enlisted in the Royal Artillery, and afterward in the Eleventh Hussars. He was close beside Lord Lucan and Cardigan, heard the fatal order given and rode into the Valley of Death. His horse was disembowelled, but he seized another and continued the fight. The second was killed and Wilson himself wounded, but he managed to retreat with the other handful of heroes. He afterward served through the Indian Mutiny, and was present at Cawnpore and Lucknow, and took part in the thirteen other Indian engagements. After serving his time he came to Halifax and joined the Princess Louise Fusiliers militia, of which he was paymaster-sergeant at his death.

CANADIAN WINTER SCENES.



CARIBOU HUNTING: THE CAMP FIRE.

From a photograph by Notman.



"SECRETS."
From the painting by Fig. Black.



TWO GOOD WOMEN.—Mrs. Harrison has been in weekly correspondence with Mrs. Cleveland since the election with reference to many household affairs, which a woman of Mrs. Harrison's domestic thoughtfulness and care would deem important to know. It is said by those who seem to speak from knowledge of past changes of White House occupants, that more friendly relationship with the outgoing and incoming families never existed.

A SAD-FACED EMPRESS.—So strange and startling are the mutations of fortune, that, ere now, perhaps, we should be perfectly hardened to the reverses of those in high estate. Paris has harboured during a week lately the Comtesse de Pierrefonds, who is no other than the Empress Eugénie. She has walked alone and unobserved in the garden of the Tuilleries, where formerly she reigned supreme, and she quietly attended mass in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, where, as Mlle. de Montijo, she was married to the Emperor of the French.

EMPIRE DRESS.—For an Empire Dress there is a distinctive way of dressing the hair, and this is it: A few curls fall on the forehead, the hair is thence drawn flat to the extreme top point or back of the crown, and there is formed into a large double bow, or close, high cluster of loops. A flat bandeau of gold or of velvet, with a diamond star on it, can then be laid across the head; or a tiara may be worn; or a string of pearls may be twisted along the base of the bow of hair, or a small half wreath of flowers can be placed in the same situation.

AN OLD MARRIAGE ACT.—The custom of ladies having the privilege of offering marriage in leap year is taken from an old act of the Scottish Parliament, passed during the thirteenth century, whereby it was: "Ordonit that during ye reign of her maist blessit Maiestie, Margaret, ilka maiden, la dee of baith high and low estait, shall hae libertie to speak the man she likes. Gif he refuses to tak her to bee his wyf, he schale be mulct in the sum of one hundredty pundis, or less, as his estait may bee, except and alwais, gif he can mak it appear that he is bethrothit to anither woman, then he schal be free."

SYMPATHY.—The most seductive way of conveying your sympathy to another is to join with him in some strong antipathy, thus showing that all the world cannot claim your friendship, but that you distribute your likes and dislikes with judgment and discrimination. A man who is known to have a special sympathy for some particular age, or sex, or class in society, is far more agreeable to that class than he who embraces all the world in his affections. Nay, if one usually reserved or shy, expands for once, or to some few people, in contrast to his usual habit, this sympathy is indeed measured as a real token of confidence.

JEFFERSON'S RULES.—Jefferson's ten rules are good yet. They are short and concise, and embody so much of value that it would be well if they were clipped and put where they could be seen often. They read as follows:

1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap.
5. Pride costs more than hunger, thirst and cold.
6. We seldom repent of having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain the evils have cost us that have never happened.
9. Take things always by the smooth handle.
10. When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, count a hundred.

RHYMES AND FANCIES.

Like many another reader, Miss Helen Fairbairn was pleased with the series of "Quaint Rhymes and Fancies." Furthermore, "Bliss Carman's Stanzas were so delightful" (we quote her own words) that she felt tempted to try her pen on some of those Rhymes and Fancies, and the following samples are her first attempt:—

I.

MALBAYE.

(TRIOLET.)

Could I hear the waves caressing
Malbaye's rocks and sandy shore,
Every breath would bring a blessing.
Could I hear the waves caressing,
Softly rushing, forward pressing,
Whisp'ring rest and hope once more;
Could I hear the waves caressing
Malbaye's rocks and sandy shore!

II.

Her next effort is a Dizain, which enters very well, indeed, into the introspective spirit of that shape of Decade.

WHY BLIND ARE YE?

(DIZAIN.)

"Poor Love is blind!" the people, laughing, cry;
And, wondrous fact, the people all agree,
"Aye, blind indeed," philosophers reply,
"In truth," say moralists, "he cannot see."
"Ah, Love," the poet sighs, "why blind are ye?"
Oh, poet, that *you* could be so deceived!
The artist, too, the fiction has believed,
And his sketched Love with bandaged eyes we find.
The truth is this—though hard to be received,
Love, only, sees, and all the rest are blind!

III.

There is a fine fancy in the following Roundel:

THE MORNING STAR.

(ROUNDEL.)

One lonely Star, a paling jewel gleams
In Dawn's pure breast, where sweet new glories are,
All flushed with triumph over night—still dreams
One lonely Star.

Oh, faint and fair! still farther and more far,
Within the Morning's pearly flushing streams,
Gleaming above a purple cloudy bar.

Oh, Morning Star! thy fading radiance seems
An angel prayer that no dark stain may mar
This day, in whose fair dawning faintly beams
One lonely Star.

IV.

The Villanelle is the best of the whole, and, for a first attempt, is fraught with graceful conceit.

SEASIDE SOUNDS.

(VILLANELLE.)

The ripples softly sink and swell,
And rush to break upon the shore,
The trailing sea weeds weave a spell.

White, sun-warmed sands the waves repel,
Each farther reaching than before;
The ripples softly sink and swell.

Sweet, idle thoughts they, whisp'ring, tell;
In sunlit air white sea birds soar,
The trailing sea weeds weave a spell.

Like distant chime from silver bell,
Each rhythmic tone revealing more,
The ripples softly sink and swell.

The sunbeams on the wavelets dwell,
And dance delight with gleaming oar,
The trailing sea weeds weave a spell.

Sweet sea-born airs new hopes impel,
That thrill the heart to inmost core,
The ripples softly sink and swell,
The trailing sea weeds weave a spell.

Montreal.

HELEN FAIRBAIRN.

The new ninth edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica consists of 50,000 copies, of which the United States take 40,000.

Three conditions of true happiness are order, content and industry. Three things to fight for, honour, country, and home. Three things to govern, temper, tongue, and conduct. Three things to think about, life, death, and eternity.

We hear no more about Sangster. Why not prepare that memorial volume, which we suggested some time ago, and for which we are certain that it would take well with the public? If Mr. Sangster will not put his hand to it, let him depute one of our first writers in Montreal, who has volunteered to do it.

CHOLERA OF 1832.

Dr. Stephen Ayers, called the "Cholera Doctor" (I think his Christian name was *Stephen*), visited Montreal when the terrible outbreak of Asiatic cholera was at its height, in the summer of 1832, bringing with him what he claimed to be a remedy for the cholera. He came, I believe, from one of the New England States. His prescription was as follows: *Charcoal and hog's lard*, mixed, with maple sugar (scraped). He was very successful, at least he got the credit, for he inspired the greatest confidence. He presented a very curious appearance; was careless and slovenly in his dress; he wore a slouch hat and loose made clothes. His beard and hair were iron gray, which he allowed grow long (an usual thing at that time). In passing through the streets, on his rounds attending the stricken, he used to create quite a sensation by his extraordinary appearance. He carried a long staff and a leather bag, or wallet, and two or three rawboned colts followed him on his rounds. *It was said these lived on shavings* (?) Altogether there was a great air of mystery about him and his colts. No one knew from whence he came, and by the humble classes, who looked on him with the greatest veneration, he was supposed to be St. Antoine, or *his apparition*, after St. Anthony (an abbot of the fourth century).*

He made no charge for his services, but accepted an offering when made to him. I believe he petitioned the old House of Assembly of Lower Canada, some time after, for compensation, but for some reason, I do not now recollect, his petition, I think, was not entertained.

He was very successful in quite a number of cases, but whether from the effect of the "remedy," or from the unbounded confidence he inspired, I cannot tell, nor was it possible, perhaps, under the circumstances, to tell. At any rate, the *charcoal and hog's lard* treatment was not followed, that I know of, during the subsequent outbreaks of Asiatic cholera, which visited Montreal in 1834, 1849 and 1854, nor did Dr. Ayers return to us. Perhaps some other old inhabitant can furnish you with *additional* information about that strange man who so mysteriously appeared here, almost like an apparition, during the horrors accompanying the outbreak of the Asiatic cholera of 1832.

I may add that I had a very bad attack of the cholera at that time, and *was given over*, but my youth (a boy at the time) and Dr. Caldwell carried me through, without the assistance of Dr. Ayer's or his remedy.

E. M.

*During a great epidemic of erysipelas which broke out in France in A. D. 1080, his prayers were invoked, and that plague stayed. Hence the popular name, "St. Anthony's cure."

BLONDES AMONG THE CREOLES.

We are not hidebound nor narrow-minded, says the New Orleans *Picayune*, in our admiration for female beauty. The fair and the dark, the blondes and brunettes, all have their special charms and admirable points. Besides the beauty of feature and colour there is also a spiritual and intellectual beauty which is quite as potent as the other. In the presence of a pure and lovely soul or a sparkling intellect and a delighting disposition, one may be so completely enchanted as to be utterly blind to material things. But whatever maybe our liberality in matters of love and admiration for the beautiful sex, and we recognize their claims without regard to ethnological or geographical limits, we are bound to reserve a special homage for our own Southern women, and we are moved to this by the following tribute to Louisiana beauty. It was contributed to The Boyce (Rapides parish) Headlight by one who signs herself a "Cane River Girl." This is her verdict:—

"Many of our Northern friends picture all Creoles with dark, swarthy skins, hair black as the raven's wing, and eyes of ebon darkness. Now, this is altogether an erroneous fancy. Why, some of the girls have lily white complexions, golden locks and eyes of heaven's own blue! In the little village where I live there are four sisters, all of the purest blonde type, and it would be difficult

to find anywhere in the wide world fairer, sweeter, lovelier maidens than they. Whenever I read of the 'dark-skinned Creole' a smile crosses my face, and I wish the reader's eyes could rest upon my 'rosebud garden of girls.'

As I write these lines a dainty Creole maiden enters my presence. She has come like a gleam of sunshine athwart a murky sky, to chase away the clouds which sometimes surround me; and truly she is a fair vision to gaze upon, sitting where the sun shines full upon her, revealing the glint of gold in her wavy brown hair, which ripples above a broad, fair brow. Her pearly cheeks are slightly tinged by the sun's kisses, and her eyes, of 'passionless, peaceful blue,' are gazing tenderly upon me, utterly unconscious of her own picturesque loveliness. The mind of this gentle girl is as pure and bright as her face. Altogether she is one of earth's fairest flowers.

"I have lived among the Creoles nearly all my life, but I am not one of them. I am what they call 'an American.' Why that term should not be applied to them is a mystery which I cannot solve. I have a penchant for Creole girls. They are usually dainty and refined, sensitive and sympathetic, light-hearted and sunny-tempered. Then the marks of deference they pay to old age is truly something to be admired, and might well be imitated by many of my American sisters. A Creole girl rarely ever sullies her lips with that slang which is so generally used nowadays. She is usually reared in seclusion, and her days glide by peacefully and tranquilly. This tranquility is seldom disturbed by a storm cloud. She is content to remain at home, where there is always a wide field of action, and 'do her duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call her.'

"There are many other fine characteristics which the Creole girl possesses, and I regret that I have not time to mention them. I have had to steal the moments to write even these few lines. But before closing this article I must admit that the majority of Creoles are dark; there are many nutbrown maidens, but some of them are 'fair, very fair.'"

THE VATICAN.

The Vatican at Rome is a collection of buildings, erected at various times and for different purposes, consisting of a Papal residence, a library and a museum. The first residence of the Popes was built by St. Symmachus (498-514). This ancient palace was rebuilt in the thirteenth century by Innocent III., and greatly enlarged by Nicholas III. (1277-1231); but the Lateran continued to be the Papal residence, and the Vatican palace was used only on state occasions, and for the reception of any foreign sovereigns visiting Rome. While the Popes resided in Avignon, France, (1309-1377), the Lateran palace fell into decay; and, for the sake of greater security afforded by the vicinity of the fortress of St. Angelo, it was determined to make the Pontifical residence at the Vatican, and the first conclave was held there in 1378. The length of the Vatican palace is 1,151 English feet, its breadth 767 feet. It has eight grand staircases, twenty courts, and is said to contain 11,000 apartments of different sizes. The small portion of the Vatican inhabited by the Pope is never seen except by those who are admitted to a special audience. Two hundred and fifty-five Popes are reckoned from St. Peter to Pius IX., inclusive. The library of the Vatican was founded by the early Popes, but greatly augmented in modern times. It is the oldest and most celebrated library in Europe. The noble hall is of splendid architectural proportions, surrounded by an immense double gallery, the whole adorned with frescoes, busts, statues and columns, but no books or manuscripts are to be seen; they are all inclosed in cabinets of painted wood. The number of printed books does not exceed 40,000; but the collection of manuscripts is the finest in Europe, and is said to amount to upward of 25,000. The Museum of Art is the finest in the world. Among its paintings are several of the most famous of the old masters. It contains also 10,000 pieces of statuary, yet so ample is the space that it nowhere appears crowded.

HERE AND THERE.

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES and the venerable Dr. Peabody, of Cambridge, once had an appointment to see a statue of Eurydice. Dr. Holmes arrived first, and, when a few moments later his friend drove up in a buggy, he greeted him with the obvious pun, "Ah, you rid I see!" Dr. Peabody was much pleased with this sally, and, on his return home, attempted to repeat it to his family. "Dr. Holmes was extremely witty this afternoon," he said. "We went to see the Eurydice, and, when I drove up, he said, quick as a flash, 'Ah, doctor, I see you came in a buggy.'"

WHAT THE CZAR AND CZARINA READ.—The Emperor of Russia has decorated several French authors, and has thereby offended the Germans, some of whose principal writers would also have been decorated, no doubt, but for the fact that neither the Emperor nor the Empress ever reads German. His Majesty's favourite authors are Dumas père, Balzac, Paul de Kock, and Edmond About; while the Empress likes Prosper Mérimée, Victor Hugo, and Octave Feuillet; and she also reads many English works, preferring those of Dickens, Scott, Marryat, Thackeray, and Wilkie Collins. They are both particularly fond of Lever's novels, and "Ten Thousand a Year" and "Valentine Vox" are constantly taken up by them, and "Vivian Gray" and "Henrietta Temple" are also favourites.

OF THE HOME OF THOMAS A-KEMPIS, a writer says: "Situated in a flat expanse of the Rhine province, close to the frontier of Holland, and about two hours' railroad ride to the northwest of Cologne, is the little town of Kempen, with about 5,000 inhabitants, and much given up to the iron industry, which has flourished there from some time out of mind. Kempen is a name Germanized from the ancient Latin designation of the place *Campi*—"the fields"—for this region along the Rhine was brought under Roman dominion almost with the beginning of our era, and was one of the first to accept the Christian religion. As early as the period of the Pepins it was a centre of Christian zeal, and Cologne, which is the seat of the diocese to which Kempen belongs, is still called 'the Northern Rome.'"

SAN PIETRINI.—The men employed about the dome and roof of St. Peter's are called San Pietrini. They dwell upon the roof. Most of them were born there, as were generations of their kind gone before. There are forty-one of them—twenty regular employés, seventeen supernumeraries, two aspirants to the place of supernumerary, and two who do only sweeping and cleaning. The illumination of the dome and cupola used to take over 300 men. Extra hands were hired for the occasion from trades and occupations in which labour is done at dizzy heights, and they were set to work under the direction of the San Pietrini. Every precaution was taken against accidents. The writer's informant, a San Pietrino, grown old and grey in the service, said that though oftentimes some of the men employed were careless, yet during the forty-four years preceding 1870 only three men, all of them San Pietrini, had lost their lives by falling.

THE LATE SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK.—The death is announced of Sir (William) Frederick Pollock, late Queen's Remembrancer. Sir Frederick has been gradually sinking for the last month. The illness, which seems to have been more of a gradual collapse than any specific disease, dates from last spring. The eldest son of the Right Hon. Lord Chief Baron Pollock, he was born in 1815, and educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, taking his B.A. degree in 1838, and M.A. in 1840. He was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1838, and was appointed a Master of the Court of Exchequer in 1846, Queen's Remembrancer in 1874, and Senior Master of the Supreme Court of Judicature when the Judicature Act came into operation. These offices he resigned in 1886. He was well known in the world of letters. In 1854 he published a translation of Dante's "Divine Comedy" in blank verse, line for line; and in 1875 he edited "Macready's Reminiscences."



Large stockings are not as fashionable as they were before Christmas.

"My dear wife," murmured paterfamilias as he looked at the dressmaker's bill.

No one has ever yet been able to explain why a kiss is such a pleasant thing, but the subject is being constantly investigated.

If there is anything which will make a young man query whether evolution is not a failure, it is to see a pretty girl kiss a pug dog.

Many a man who thinks he is marrying the lady finds out, in the course of three or four years afterward, that he has got the tiger instead.

From Froebel, the widow of the pioneer kindergartner, receives a pension of \$3,000 marks. This was one of the last acts of Emperor Frederick.

Miss Parantalstem (aged 35): So you are going to get married at last, Pauline? Pauline: Yes, dear; I should think it was about time; you know I'm twenty-four.

Something in a name. Madge: "So you've named the mare after me, Jack, you dear, silly boy!" Jack: "Rather; she's the fastest little thing in the county."

"I—aw—wahnt a tie, doncherknow, to match my eyes." "Let me see. Blue eyes and—er—sorry, sir, but our blue ties with red edges are all sold. Have some in next week."

There is no doubt that an active politician can be an honest man if he tries, but there is a serious question whether he can be an honest man and still keep on being an active politician.

Customer: Here's something in my chicken salad, waiter, that looks a good deal like feathers. Waiter: Dat cahn't be poss'ble, sah. Customer: Why not? Waiter: Kase calves don' hab no feathers.

A petition is being circulated among the business men of New York who patronize the elevated road, requesting the guards not to kill more than one member of a family, except in cases of absolute necessity.

The Wife was not Incredible, But— Blotterwick: I see that the bustle is no longer worn. His Wife: Where did you see that, my dear? Blotterwick (meekly): When you see it in the street just let me know.

Unusually High: "Hubbard, how's the colonel to-day?" "W'y, de doctah say, sah, he temp'atuah a hun'ered and eight, and he fevah—" "Temperature a hundred and eight!" "Yes, sah, a hun'erd an' eight in de shade."

Teacher: Johnny, can you tell me anything you have been thankful for in the past year? Johnny (without hesitation): Yessur. Teacher: Well, Johnny, what is it? Johnny: Why, when you broke your arm you couldn't lick us for two months.

Mr. Staylate: Y-a-as. I hate those—an—simple-minded country people that show everything they feel. Miss West-end: It is a mere matter of training. One of the first things I taught was the art of appearing interested when bored half to death.

Bobby: Ma, did pa spend a good deal of time at the dentist's when he was in New York? Mother: I didn't know that he was at the dentist's at all, Bobby. Why? Bobby: I heard him tell Mr. Smith that it cost him over a hundred dollars to get his eye-teeth out.

First benedict: "Yes, it is mighty quiet at home. When wife and I are alone in the evening you could hear the clock tick." Second benedict (unhappily wedded to a temper): "The silence is still more oppressive at my house. When wife and I are alone you can only hear the broomstick."

New Chicago Pastor: "Of what State is your husband a native, Mrs. Veneer?" Mrs. Veneer, of Chicago: "Connecticut, I believe, sir." "Do you know in what part of the State he was born?" "I don't think he was ever born, sir—I so often hear him speak of himself to others as a self-made man."

"What is an orphan?" asked the teacher in the class of definitions. Nobody seemed to know. "Well, I'm an orphan," said the teacher, seeking an illustration that would not reveal too much. At this a hand popped up and the owner of it exclaimed: "An orphan is a woman that wants to get married and can't."

They were packing Mr. Billus's trunks for a journey. "There's just room in that corner for this Bible, John," said Mrs. Billus. "I'd like to take it," he replied, as he put the book regretfully aside, "but I can't conscientiously do it, and leave that box of cigars, Maria. They would be a temptation to Tommy."

A Statesman's Trials.—Stranger (to eminent statesman): "Will you promise me—" Eminent Statesman: "Really, sir, I can promise nothing. So many applications are made—" "But I only wanted you to promise that you will meet a party of friends of mine at nine o'clock to eat some oysters, you know." "Certainly, my dear sir, certainly."



COMMENDABLE FORESIGHT.

"Now tell me, Lizzie, why don't you enter in your album the date of your birth as your young friends have done? At fourteen you need make no secret of it!"



HOW SHE KNEW.

"The rent? Ma forgot to leave the money for it when she went out." "Indeed! how do you know?" "Ma told me,—in case you should call!"

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