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# Wholesale News

Vol. VII.—No. 20.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1873.

SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.  
\$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



THE CANADIAN CLASSICAL GALLERY OF GODS AND HEROES.—No. VI.—NEPTUNE, STERN TYRANT OF THE SEAS.

"Neptune, tremendous o'er the boundless main."  
POPE, *Odyssey*, XIII, 65.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

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## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1873.

INDIAN troubles are matters of very infrequent occurrence in Canada, thanks to the very sensible system pursued in dealing with our dependent tribes. Unfortunately, however, there have of late been rumours rife to the effect that the tribes of the North-West have become dissatisfied, and are assuming a threatening attitude. Measures should at once be taken by the Government to prevent any chance of disturbance. In the first place the military force in Manitoba—at present ridiculously insufficient to preserve order in case of trouble—should be considerably increased. Means should also be taken to employ the Indian tribes, and by turning them to good use keep them from the mischief to which idle hands are proverbially prone. Mr. Sheriff Treadwell, of L'Orignal, has devised a very feasible scheme in this connection which he has recently set forth in a petition to the Government. We trust that his proposal will meet with the attention it deserves; of its merits our readers can best judge for themselves. The following is the text of the petition:—

To the Honourable the Commons of the Dominion of Canada, in Parliament assembled:

The Memorial of Charles Platt Treadwell, of the Township of L'Orignal, Esq., Sheriff of the United Counties of Prescott and Russell,

MOST RESPECTFULLY SHEWETH,

That for nearly thirty-five years your memorialist has been agitating on the subject of a railway across to the Pacific.

He took the idea from Whitney, who was the first to bring the subject under the notice of the American Government, and transferred it to the British Territory, and has availed himself of every opportunity that has since offered to bring it prominently before the Canadian and the British public.

That while the discussion was before the Honourable Executive Council of the Dominion, he laid his views before His Excellency.

That your memorialist had a correspondence with Major Carmichael Smith, one of the earliest writers on this subject. He also has had a voluminous correspondence with the Imperial and Provincial Governments on this and other subjects, and he feels no ordinary degree of pleasure that his early productions and suggestions are in progress of consummation.

Your memorialist cannot refrain from remarking that the greatest benefit to humanity which this great work should accomplish has been during the present negotiation overlooked and ignored; he refers to the civilization and evangelization of the Indians, whose labour in the construction and management of the railway has been overlooked.

There are two statements made against the red men that he wishes to contradict. The first is that they will not labour, and the second is that they are not reliable. If these remarks have, to a certain extent, reference to the Indians within the territory of the United States, it is owing to the perfidy of the white and his dealings with the natives of the forests, as all history will fully confirm; but the history of the British Indians in America shows an entirely different record. The humane and honest treatment of the native tribes in British North America by the Hudson Bay Company and the Christian missionaries, both Roman Catholic and Protestant, have made the Indians faithful allies of the Crown, and with the assistance of the parties just referred to, your memorialist feels confident that he could clear the track for the Grand Pacific Railway, Nipissing to the Pacific coast, by exclusively Indian labour, at a cost 30 per cent. less than it could be done by imported labour, and he has intimated this to the President of the Company for his consideration.

Your memorialist's plan is to clear the line at least one acre wide, and to clear a greater when the railway will be in danger from large trees that the hurricane will bring down upon the road at any future time, and that the first year after such clearing, the squaws be provided with garden seeds to sow the clearing for their own profit, and to be well paid for their labour in clearing the land. The great benefit that would be derived from such would be their immediately being taught to clear land for themselves.

Your memorialist thinks that humanity is greatly indebted to General Grant for his exertions to do justice to all the different tribes of Indians within the bounds of the United States, but he greatly fears that from the barbarous treatment of the Indians in days gone by, the disease is too chronic and deep seated to be eradicated, and he fears that the destruction of the buffalo and the extermination of the poor Indian will be the result of the perfidy of the white man. But may God grant it may be otherwise.

Your memorialist prays that your honourable body may

pass such an Act as will protect the buffalo and all other game from wanton destruction, and thereby protect the interests of the natives, and that any encouragement that can be legally extended to the natives should be included in the same Act.

Your memorialist is informed that in British Columbia much of the labour is performed by Indians; that in Oregon most of the female servants are natives. The carrying out of the policy of protection will prevent Indian wars for all future time, that have cost the United States more than their canals, and from recent reports the end is not yet reached, even with all the good intentions of the United States Government.

Your memorialist begs that a Committee be formed, and that he may be instructed to lay all his papers and correspondence before it.

And your memorialist, as in duty bound, will ever pray.

CHARLES P. TREADWELL.

L'Orignal, 13th March, 1873.

## THE INTERIOR OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

(By our Newfoundland Correspondent.)

Half a century since, W. E. Cormack, Esq., a Scotchman of superior ability and well educated, set out to explore the interior of Newfoundland. In company with a single Micmac Indian, he crossed the island from Trinity Bay on the east to St. George's Bay on the west. From his narrative alone do we obtain any information regarding the interior of an island larger than Ireland; for no one has ever followed in his track. His narrative has all the charm of a romance. It has been out of print for a length of time; but I am happy to say that lately arrangements have been made for bringing out a new edition, which, owing to the wide-spread interest lately awakened in Newfoundland, will receive a large circulation, especially in Canada and the Maritime Provinces. The first portion of Cormack's journey lay through dense forests of pine, spruce, birch, and larch, and proved to be an uniform ascent, till at length he reached the summit of a mountain ridge, which served as a barrier between the sea and the interior. From this summit the vast and mysterious interior, on which the eyes of a white man had never before gazed, broke on the view of the traveller in all its magnificence. It was truly a splendid sight. Far as the eye could reach, a vast basin spread out in a succession of green plains, marbled with woods and lakes of every form and extent—a boundless emerald surface. It must have been a rapturous moment for the traveller—more than enough to repay him for all his toils and dangers—when his eyes first wandered over this splendid expanse, untrodden by the foot of man, now for the first time disclosing its beauty and sublimity to an appreciative observer. It carried the mind back to the ages when primeval man took possession of his fair heritage, and gazed with wonder and worship on the green earth and its glorious canopy of light and blue. Omnipotence, primitiveness, tranquillity were stamped on every thing. How different from what ignorance had pictured was the real scene! Instead of impassable morasses, grim rocks, stunted woods, scowling deserts, a scene of striking beauty and mysterious grandeur met the eye. The soft breezes came laden with the scent of the wild flowers. The great plain was alive with a vast variety of birds and beasts, whose movements gave animation to the landscape, and whose tameness showed how innocent they were of the designs of man, the hunter. North and south in undulating beds stretched the vast savannas—lakes, brooks and skirting woods giving variety to the scene. Here and there, for more than ten miles, a yellow green surface was spread out without a single rock or shrub or any inequality in the unbroken steppe. The deep-beaten deer paths are seen, like a vast network, seaming the surface in all directions. The courage of the adventurous traveller rose, and a passionate longing to penetrate the unknown land took possession of him. "A new world," he wrote, "seemed to invite us onward, or rather we claimed the dominion, and were impatient to proceed to take possession. Fancy carried us swiftly across the island. Obstacles of all kinds were dispelled and despised. It was manifested on every hand that this was the season of the year when the earth here offers her stores of productions. Land-birds were ripening, game birds were fledging, and beasts were emerging to prey on one another. Everything animate or inanimate seemed to be our own. There was no will but ours. Thoughts of the aborigines did not alter our determination to meet them, as well as everything living that might present itself in a country yet untrodden and before unseen by civilized man. I now adopted, as well for self-preservation as for the sake of accomplishing the object of my excursion, the self-dependent mode of life of the Indian, both in spirit and action."

Descending from this mountainous belt which encircles the coast, Cormack entered this open interior, which he found to be level plains or savannas, composed of fine, black, compact peat mould, formed by the growth and decay of mosses, and covered for the most part with wiry grass. He describes it as being in reality "magnificent, natural deer-parks, adorned by woods and water. The trees here sometimes grow to a considerable size, particularly the larch; birch is also common. The deer paths are countless, tending from park to park through the intervening woods, in lines as established and deep-beaten as cattle-paths on an old grazing farm. It is impossible to describe the grandeur and richness of the scenery, which will probably remain long undefaced by the hand of man." Not a trace of the red Indians was found in the whole route. The Brethicks, or indigenous Indians, are long since extinct.

It took the traveller a month to cross this savanna country, which appears to be about 150 miles in breadth. The progress was slow, as, in order to examine the country, he did not follow a direct course; while in order to find game, and to get round the extremities of woods and lakes, he had frequently to adopt a circuitous route. There was no deficiency of game—deer, ducks, geese, beaver, and trout from the ponds and brooks, constituted their food. Wild berries were found in prodigal abundance. Cormack says that for the first ten days after his stock was consumed, he felt a longing for bread, but after that did not miss it. The venison he found excellent, the fat upon the haunches being often two inches in thickness. He had no trouble in shooting the fattest of the herds of deer which were met. "The leading stag of a herd," says Cormack, "is generally the fattest. He is as tall as a horse, and must sometimes be shot at full speed,

sometimes by surprise. The ball having pierced him, he bounds, gallops, canters, falters, stands, tosses his antlers, his sinewy limbs quiver, unwillingly bend, and he stretches out his graceful corpse. Should the ball have passed through his heart, he falls at once, probably balanced on all fours. There is regret as well as triumph felt in taking possession of the noble vanquished." Beavers were found in great abundance; also black ducks—the finest table birds in Newfoundland. So unsophisticated were the trout, from their being unacquainted with man, that they took the artificial fly merely by holding out the line in the hand without a rod. "No country in the world," says the traveller, "can afford finer sport than the interior of this island in the midst of August and September. The beasts of the chase are of a large class, and the cover for all game excellent."

In these savannas of the interior the proportion of water to land is very great. In some directions northward one half seems to be lakes of every size and form; in other directions, one third, and seldom less. Where berries are abundant great numbers of black bears congregate, but they are harmless. Wolves, too, are common, but they fly from the approach of man. The rocks noticed were granite, quartz, chloritic greenstone, mica, and clay slates. But one solitary peak or granite top was met with, standing very conspicuous. Cormack named it Mount Sylvester, after the name of his Indian. To the north-east of this peak are displayed the features of the summit of an immense mountain mass, as if just peeping above the earth. Huge blocks of red, pink, and grey granite, coarse-grained, but compact and granular, lay around, in cumulous or confused heaps, like the ruins of a world. Quartz rocks, both granular and compact, the latter sometimes rose-colored, were often found associated with granite. Plates of mica six inches and upwards in length were found attached to the quartz when associated with granite. Rolled agates, sometimes transparent, were found on the shores of some of the lakes.

The countless deer-paths proved that the whole of the interior is amply stocked with cariboo, who migrate to the north-west in spring, returning to the south on the approach of winter. No such herds of reindeer are to be met with in any part of continental America; and they are superior even to those of Norway and Lapland. It is not uncommon to meet with specimens weighing six or seven hundred pounds. Were these reindeer utilised, as they are in Lapland and Norway, vast benefits might be realised. They are easily tamed when young, and could be conducted from pasture to pasture, as in Norway, by qualified herdsmen. There can be no doubt that this savanna soil could be reclaimed by drainage and tilling, so as to yield green crops—a process which has been successfully carried out in Scotland and other countries. A vast grazing country will one day be found where now these deer-solitudes extend. The climate is far superior to that of the regions along the eastern shores. Fogs are rare, and the summer warmth is delightful. During the two months he spent in the interior, Cormack mentions that there were but eight rainy days, four foggy days, and forty-one bright days. The prevailing winds were westerly. Frosts did not set in till the second week of October.

After a month's travel over the Savanna country, Cormack at length reached a hilly ridge in the westward, which he named Jameson's Mountains, after Professor Jameson of Edinburgh. This ridge proved to be a serpentine deposit, including a variety of rocks, all lying in nearly vertical strata alternating. "The mineralogical appearance," says Cormack, "were altogether so singular that I resolved to stop a day or two to examine them. All the highest parts of the ridge were formed of this metalline rock, and were extremely sterile. The other rocks were noble serpentine, varying in colour from black green to a yellow, and from translucent to semi-transparent, in strata nearly a yard wide; steatite or soap stone, verde antique, diallage, and various other magnesian rocks. Sterile red earthy patches, entirely destitute of vegetation, were here and there on and adjacent to the ridge; and on these lay heaps of loose fragments of asbestos, rock wood, rock leather, rock horn, and stones light in the hand, resembling burnt clay, *cum multis aliis*, the whole having the appearance of heaps of rubbish from a pottery, but evidently detached from adjoining strata and veins. I could not divest myself of the feeling that we were in the vicinity of a quiescent volcano." This range is about 1,200 feet above the level of the sea. The serpentine deposits of which they are formed separate the low slate country, covered with savannas, through which the granite rocks occasionally peep in the east, from a high and granitic country that appears in the west. After crossing the latter, with great difficulty and amid many hardships, Cormack reached St. George's Bay.

In future papers I propose to give some account of the various animals found in the interior and elsewhere.

## Notes and Queries.

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

In Queen Elizabeth's reign (1581) there were a set of rogues called *coney-catchers*; cheats and masterless vagabonds who fell upon the young and unwary, but did not use violence. Massinger alludes to them in his play of the "Renegado":—

"All's come out, Sirs!  
We are smok'd for being *coney-catchers*;  
My master is put in prison."

Falstaff, in "Merry Wives of Windsor," after remarking to Pistol that he is out of heels, says:—"I must *coney-catch*, I must shift."

Master Slender in the same play tells Falstaff that he has matter in his head against him and his *coney-catching* rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol, because they carried him off to a tavern, and made him drunk, and afterwards picked his pocket.

Can any of your readers give me the definition or the derivation of *coney-catcher*? I find no mention of the word in Francis Douce's Illustrations of Shakespeare.

T. K.



Our Illustrations.

PERCÉ ROCK AND BONAVENTURE ISLAND.

This remarkable rock lies off Mont Joly, on the south shore of Murray Bay, at a distance of about 50 feet from the shore. Its height is about 300 feet, and it is about 300 yards long, with a width of 30 yards in its widest part. At one time it was pierced with two arches, but about ten years ago the piece of rock, forming with the detached rock shown to the right of the illustration a second arch, fell one night with a thundering crash, almost frightening out of their wits the inhabitants of the neighbouring village who were firmly persuaded that a terrific earthquake was in progress. It is said that no one is ever known to have returned alive from the summit of the rock, and a correspondent informs us that there is a law at Percé condemning to severe punishment any one visiting the rock and returning alive—to this, he says, the law amounts. Bouchette, however, tells a different story. Writing over half a century ago he says:

"Until within a few years this steep rock was considered inaccessible and its only inhabitants were the sea-gull and the cormorant; here they laid their eggs and reared their young in perfect security. A young man of Percé, full of mirth during a holiday, undertook to ascend this rock by means of the lateral arch: his first attempt was unsuccessful—his heart failed him and he descended; but after a minute or two he made a second attempt and to the great astonishment of all the spectators he succeeded, apparently with much ease. He placed a little flag on both extremities of the summit and, by means of ropes and ladders, many others were induced to ascend, partly out of curiosity and partly for the eggs and hay which were there found. The sea-birds being disturbed in their retreat abandoned it, and their departure was considered a public loss, for the fishermen returning from sea in dark and stormy weather were always, if out of their course, guided safely home by the cries of the birds heard from their rocky dwelling; the bold feat of this young man deprived the fishermen of this advantage and the poor of the food which these birds afforded. A police regulation, therefore, with the consent of all the inhabitants, has prohibited any one from ascending this rock during a certain part of the year; this has had the beneficial effect of inducing the birds to return to their ancient habitation, where they now live and multiply under the protection of the law."

During the summer months the rock is covered with thousands and thousands of sea gulls of various species—gannets, black-backed gulls, gull-mots, puffins, cormorants, herring gulls, etc., etc. When the Gulf steamer passes and the gun is fired these birds (except the cormorants who sit with outstretched necks in stupid surprise) rise from the rock and wheel round and sound, screaming in alarm. The island of Bonaventure lying about a mile from the mainland, between Murray Bay and Cape Despair, completes this, one of the most picturesque scenes on the continent.

SCENE AT THE EMIGRANT SHEDS, MONTREAL.

Thursday week was a red-letter day in the annals of Canadian immigration. Over seventeen hundred immigrants, all of whom purpose remaining in Canada, were received in this city and forwarded to their destinations in Ontario. Among those were 140 street Arabs, brought out by Miss Macpherson, and destined for the Home at Belleville. Shortly after their arrival at the sheds the boys were marshalled in companies, and the dinner rations, consisting of bread and meat, were served out, the diners expressing their satisfaction at the excellence of the viands in such expressions as "Ain't this plummy fly!" (i.e., capital victuals), "Chickweed and Sparrer-grass!" and more of the argot of the London streets.

The prints

HOME COMFORTS

speak too eloquently for themselves to need any explanation.

ST. MARY'S, ONT.

is an incorporated town on the north-west branch of the Thames river, township of Blanchard, county of Perth. Large quantities of wheat, barley, oats, and other produce are shipped here. It is the centre of a fine grain growing country, and is beautifully situated in a valley. The Grand Trunk Railway Company have built two splendid viaducts here; one on the London and St. Mary's branch, crossing Trout Creek and its valley, the other on the Sarnia branch, crossing the Thames. St. Mary's has unlimited quarries of fine limestone, of which many of the stores and private dwellings are built. There are several large manufactories and mills. This town is rapidly growing in wealth and size.

CHATHAM, N. B.

Chatham is very prettily situated on the right bank of the river Miramichi, about 25 miles from the sea. The largest vessel can get up as far as this and further. Ascending the river Miramichi, the scenery is very lovely, large tracts of timber and well-cultivated land on both sides. The country is not so flat as at Shediac, becoming more bold in its outline as it goes north. The town is of large proportions, and in front there is a magnificent harbour full of vessels of every size busy in the lumber and fish trade.

TOUCHSTONE PAPERS.

NO. VI.—OLD FOGY.

I was reading in an old philosophical work, the other day, a diffuse, though withal learned disquisition, intended to show that it is impossible the world should go on improving from age to age, in science, in literature, and in morals. With regard to the two first, there seems to be no question, but the last point is open to dispute.

In physiology Darwin's theory of development is capable of demonstration, but the system of evolution broached by Newman and others is not so easily proven.

Indeed, if we look to the strict letter of the preacher's language, from Basil to Hycinthus, or of the ethical philosopher's lecture, from Alexandrinus to Prevost-Paradol, I should be inclined to believe that the world, so far from progressing, is steadily retrograding, even to the brink of primitive "chaos

and old night." Of course, I cannot take these denunciations literally, as it were a poor argument in favour of Christianity and of that Gospel charity which covereth a multitude of sins, if it were really true that mankind is no better to-day than in the ancient days of the world.

Old fogysm, however, is a prejudice very hard to uproot. It resembles the morbid sentiment of nationality which so blinds an otherwise perspicacious judgment, as to induce it not to see any good outside of its own native land and its own kith and kin. Like every other prejudice, old fogysm is deserving of pity and a little sarcasm.

When it passes into literature, it becomes a false rule, and should be rigidly guarded against. It is becoming very fashionable in poetry, more especially, to leave one's own age out of sight and to seek for examples, models, inspiration in the by-gone, forgotten centuries. Americans, as a rule, have fallen into this fault, and hence it is no wonder that American literature, as such, is as yet only in an inebriate, embryo state. Elizabeth Barrett Browning was justified in saying:

"I do distrust the poet who discerns  
No character or glory in his times,  
And trundles back his soul five hundred years."

Our age is a great age, bursting with intellectual vigour, brilliant with moral excellencies and strivings. Our American age yields to no other in any department of progress. As we stand to-day, we have within us the elements of all greatness, and our young bards, who feel inspired to sing of the grand, the beautiful and the good, need not leave our shores for models of their lays:

"Nay! if there's room for poets in the world  
A little overgrown, (I think there is),  
Their sole work is to represent the age,  
Their age, not Charlemagne's—this living, throbbing age,  
That brawls, cheats, maddens, calculates, aspires,  
And spends more passion, more heroic heat,  
Betwixt the mirrors of its drawing-rooms,  
Than Roland with his knights at Roncevalles."

We need not hide the vices of our age, nor the peculiar shortcomings of our modern life. They are patent to every one. They cannot be palliated; they can only be lamented. But beside these vices, there are gigantic virtues; beside these falterings, there are heroic end-avours; beside these multitudinous omissions, there are infinite works of charity which beautify even our hideousness.

Old fogies are invariably pessimists. It is always far better to err on the side of optimism. With a cheerful view of the world's ways, with an humble reliance on God's mercies, we can get on much brisklier than by moping over the present, and dwelling with morbid tenacity on the intangible, irrecoverable past. Our literature, also, will be more healthy, more encouraging, less inclined to that dreaminess which breeds melancholy and that sentimentalism which fosters the soft vices.

We all need energy, vivacity, fortitude, and these we can best acquire by facing the world as it is and living up to our age. If we look back to the past at all, let it be only to learn the ways of surpassing it in all excellence.

In society, the old fogy is a traditional type. The knee-breech, the stiff coat collar, the metal buttons and the pig-tail are now nearly gone, but they have been replaced by the Quaker hat, the long square frock, the shirt frill and the yellow bandanna which still linger as memorials of our great grandfathers. I dearly love to consort with these old relics of the past. There is no species of humour more amiable than theirs, and the instruction which the very looks of them impart is filled with an indecipherable charm.

It is a current notion that reverence is tantamount with awe. It may be so in our dealings with the Deity, but I discard the dual feeling when applied to any thing human. I think I could have sitted on the edge of a broken tombstone and cracked jokes with Old Mortality. While I respect age, I consider that I am justified in being amused at its oddity, because thus I learn a new chapter of human nature. When Uncle Pascal, standing on the sunny side of the street and watching the wicked young world go by, hailed me from afar in his shrill voice, and, when I came up, saluted me with a thwack of his cane over the shoulders, I used to bow to the castigation with the merriest of laughs. And the old man was never offended. On the contrary, I generally saw a merry twinkle in his white eyes, for he knew I was prepared to go in with him and hear a long dissertation on Rabelais or Montaigne.

My professor of Belles Lettres was a dry, matter-of-fact sexagenarian, with not a particle of imagination and a large reserve fund of grim stoicism. He had the *Ars Poetica* cut and dried into sections like Euclidian problems or Aristotelian syllogisms. Of modern English literature, he professed a sovereign contempt. Indeed, he would never condescend to speak of it. He recognized no poetry more recent than Pope's. And yet few professors ever warmed their pupils into more genuine and enthusiastic appreciation of letters. Strange to say, too, his favourite scholars were those whose tendency lay towards the romantic, passionate school of Shelley and Byron.

Let no man run away with the mistaken idea that the old fogy is an object of pity. He is better able to take care of himself than most of us. He is living on the wealth of his memories. His enjoyment is purely intellectual, while ours is marred with the material wants of a struggling life. When we get old—should we ever deserve that blessing—it will be well with us, if, instead of aping the young and sighing for the illusion of perpetual youth, we fall back on our ancient habits and live over again in that ideal world where nascent intellect and budding sentiment made this earth a paradise.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

SOCIAL GOSSIPS.—No. 1.

"Go ask his name."—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act 1, Scene 5.  
"What are you? your name? your quality?"—*King Lear*, Act 5, So. 3.

The object of this gossip is to call to mind the significations of the Christian names most commonly in use with us; to recommend the revival of others; to show who has given to any of them grace or lustre; and to suggest the advantage of paying attention to this apparently trivial matter.

Names are usually given after some family relation, or some godfather or godmother who has provided the pap-spoon or

coral and bells, or some pet parson who has served as a pilot to poor souls on their voyage to heaven.

It may be a good and social thing to give a name to a child after some family relation, but as it is done in general to please the elder people, not the younger people—who are never consulted about it—who may grow up without any fond recollections of them, or, perhaps, scarcely remember them at all, the least that can be done for the possessors is to give them an additional name by which they may be called, if they prefer it, when they arrive to maturity or to "years of discretion."

There is another principle upon which children are named, and that is the sound and beauty of the name, and this we think too much undervalued.

People in humble life, especially those of African origin, it is true, are justly laughed at for giving their children fine names; but it is only when they do so out of an obvious and unmeaning variety. It is well not to call a parcel of idle and ragged young waifs by the titles of Orlando, Theodore, Constantine, and Ferdinand; nor does it sound very fitting to hear a father cry out pompously to his little boy—his first born, son and heir—as we did once, "You, sir, there—Maximilian—come out of the gutter!" But if elegant names, not pompous names—such as Pompey Jones, Julius Cæsar Smith, Andrea Palladio Browne, Chrysostom Robinson—are given in humble life by sensible parents, they may influence the holders afterwards to a very good purpose. They may assist in producing an unvulgar spirit, properly so called; one that sees how vulgarity and the reverse of it may be produced by circumstances, and are not confined to this or that rank of life; one that is just conscious enough of something graceful and peculiar to feel that it has a kind of title upon it without any actual privileges, and that it must resort to a sentiment to maintain and warrant it.

To give a child the name of a favourite hero or heroine is also a good thing. A boy christened after Alfred the Great, by a father who really feels the merits of that wonderful man, is likely, if he inherits anything of his father's sense, to turn the same into a perpetual memorandum of worthiness. Care must be taken not to give great professional names, as that of Michael Angelo or Leonardo da Vinci, to a boy intended for an artist; or Shakspeare or Ariosto to one that is meant to be literary; or Copernicus or Galileo to one who is to be an astronomer and mathematician; or Beethoven or Mozart to one who is to be a musician or music master. If the youth does not turn out a genius, or, at least, above mediocrity, his name becomes a burlesque; and even if he should turn out to be a poet or an artist, or an astronomer and mathematician, or a musician, the comparison will still be awkward. The notion that a name is not to be changed without legal sanction, and the habit of acquiescing in a name disagreeable to the possessor, appear to be equally erroneous. Had a name been given to us of this sort—Roger Ascham, Richard Hooker, Jeremy Bentham, Walter Raleigh—we should have made no scruple to take another, just as an actor changes his surname. We sometimes think it would be an excellent custom if people, without forsaking the names that might have pleasant family associations with them, were to give themselves new ones when they arrived at years of discretion, when their characters were formed and their judgments matured, or at whatever time they may think it proper to wait for. They might make it one of the best holidays of their life, and assume the name in the same spirit they would assume a motto or device, for their conduct in future to abide by.

If they take for their mottoes "A Cuspide Corona," "Servare Mentem Constantiâ et Virtutè," "Mauns Inimica Tyrannus," let them imitate the men who bore such great and bright names in our English history as the following: Howard, and Percy, and Nevile, and Stanley, and Wentworth, and Russell, and mark out a determinate course for themselves, and let their assumed names admonish them what they owe to their country.

A name, to be complete and serve its just purposes, should either have a good and understood meaning, or an equally good or understood association. It also should be good to the ear if possible; but, at all events, good to the understanding and feelings.

The names of our Saxon ancestors were compounded, like those of the ancients, of words in ordinary use, so that they were not mere sounds, as they now are. Thus Edmund or Eadmund signified Happy Peace; Edward was Happy Warden or Keeper; Leofwin (Love-win) answered to the Greek name Erasmus (Loveable, Amiable); Henry, Rich Lord, same as the Greek Plutarch; Albert, All Bright; Alfred, All Peace; Cuthbert, Bright Knowledge; Eleanor, Eleanora, All Fruitful; Osmund, House Peace; Richard, Rich Heart.

But the remainder of what we intended to say on those matters will be gathered from the following nomenclature:

Adam—Hebrew.—Red Earth. The Scripture names of men are more prevalent among the Scotch than the English, and have given rise to some curious inapplicabilities, as Alan Smith and David Hume, called by some "heathen or infidel philosophers."

Alan—Slavonian.—A Hound; or as Camden thinks, a British or Welsh corruption of Ælianus, Sun-bright. Alain René le Sage, the French novelist. Alan Cartier, whose mouth was kissed for his poetry, as he lay asleep, by Queen Margaret of Navarre.

Alfred—Saxon.—All Peace. Alfred the Great. Alfred Tennyson.

Andrew—Greek.—Manly. Most fortunately given to our patriot Andrew Marvell. Andrew Dacier, the commentator. Andrea Palladio, the architect.

Anthony—Greek.—Flourishing. Mark Antony the Triumvir. Antonio Allegri, called Correggio; Anthony Vandeyck, both eminent painters. Anthony Ashley Cooper. Lord Shaftesbury, the great philosopher. Anthony Trollope, the novelist.

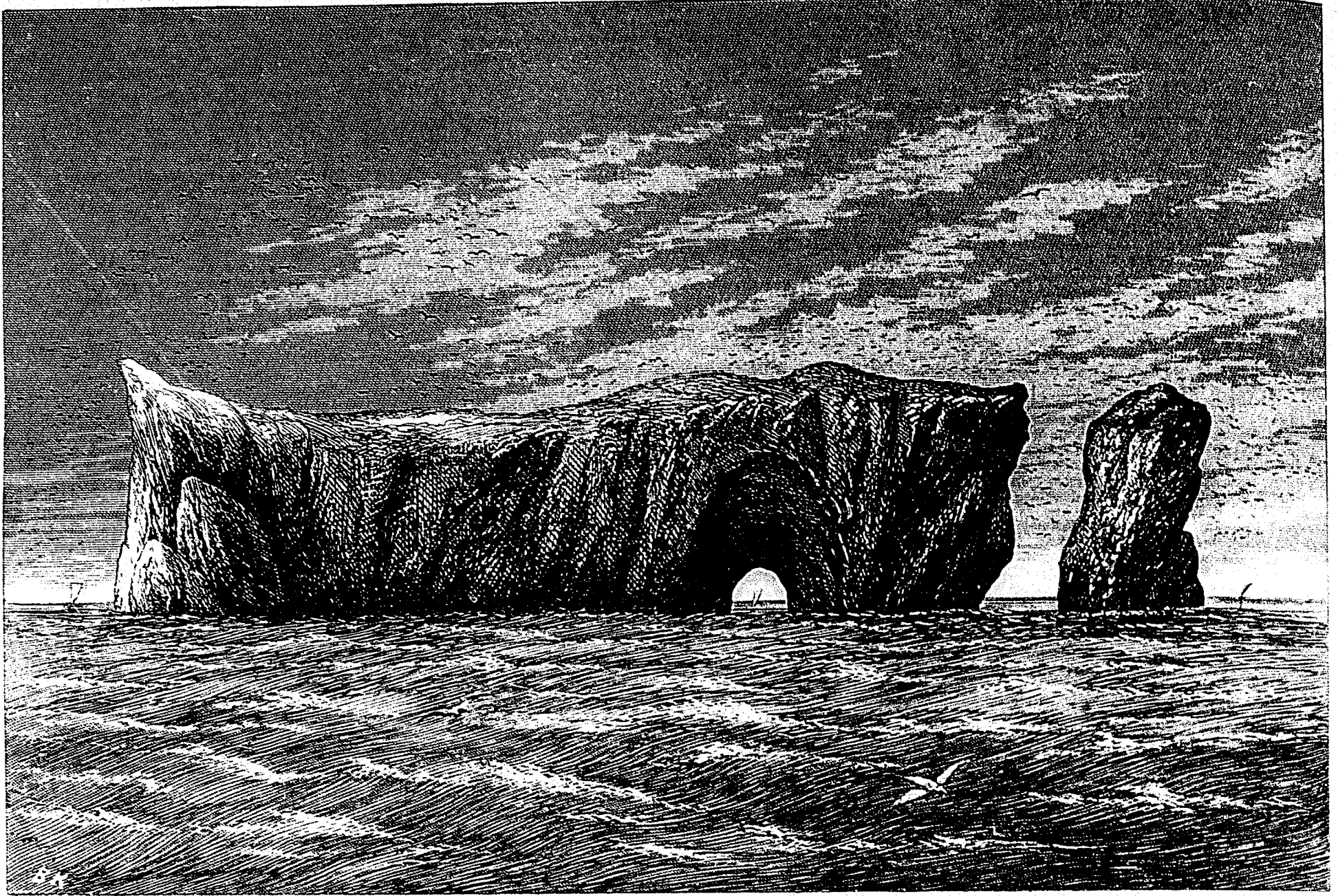
Arthur—Greek.—From the constellation arcturus. According to some, from a British word signifying Mighty. It was rendered famous by the old hero of British romance. Arthur, Duke of Wellington. Arthur Helps.

Benjamin—Hebrew.—The Son of the Right Hand, or the Son of Days. Ben Jonson. Benjamin Franklin. Benjamin Disraeli.

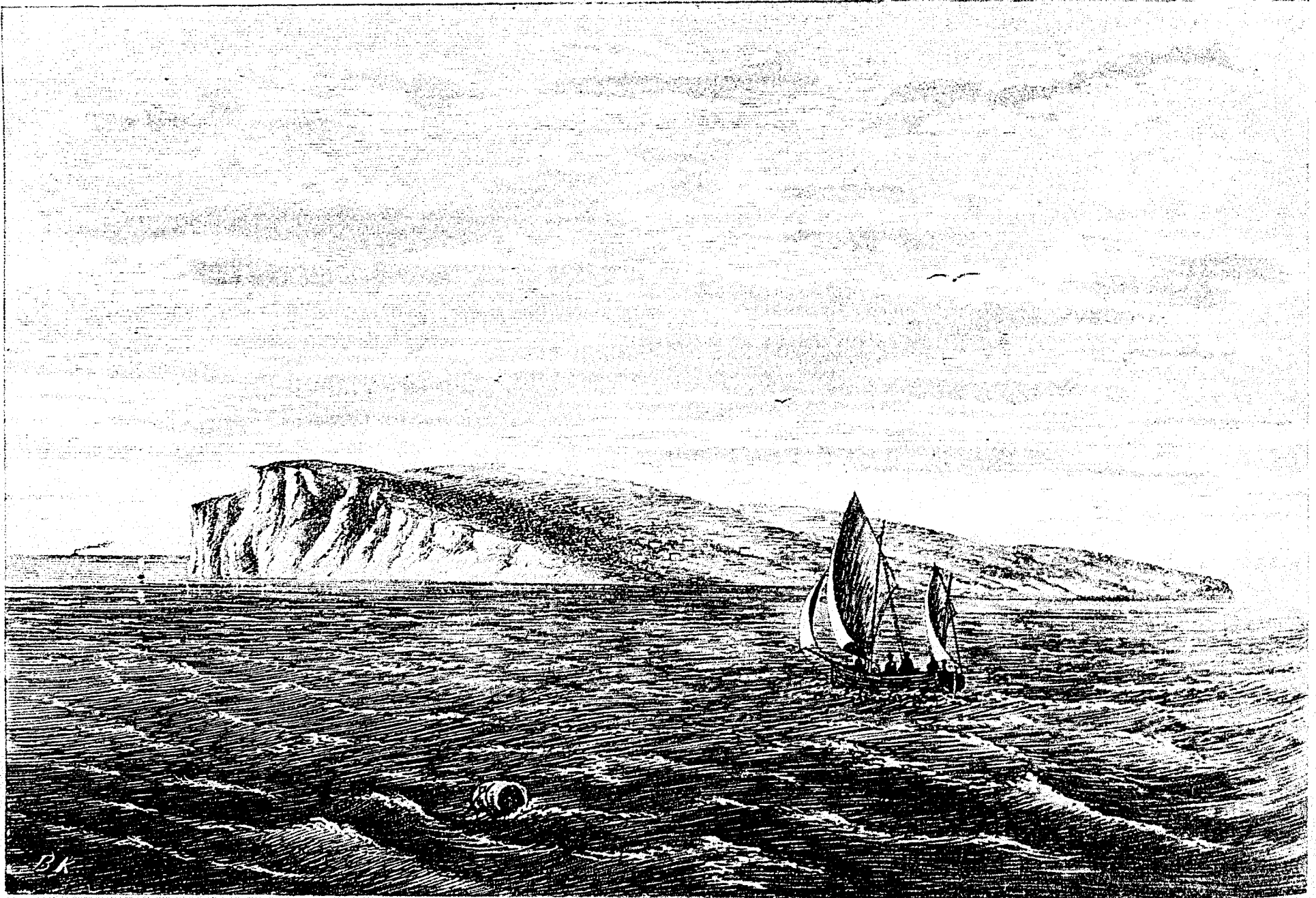
Charles—German.—Valiant, Prevailing, the same word as the Valens of the Romans, or the more modern Valentine. Charlemagne or Charles the Great. Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy. Charles Gustavus, King of Sweden. Charles Martel, of France, vanquisher of the Saracens. Charles Lamb. Charles Dickens. Charles Kemble. Sir Charles Napier.

Christopher—Greek.—Christ's-Bearer. An allusion to the



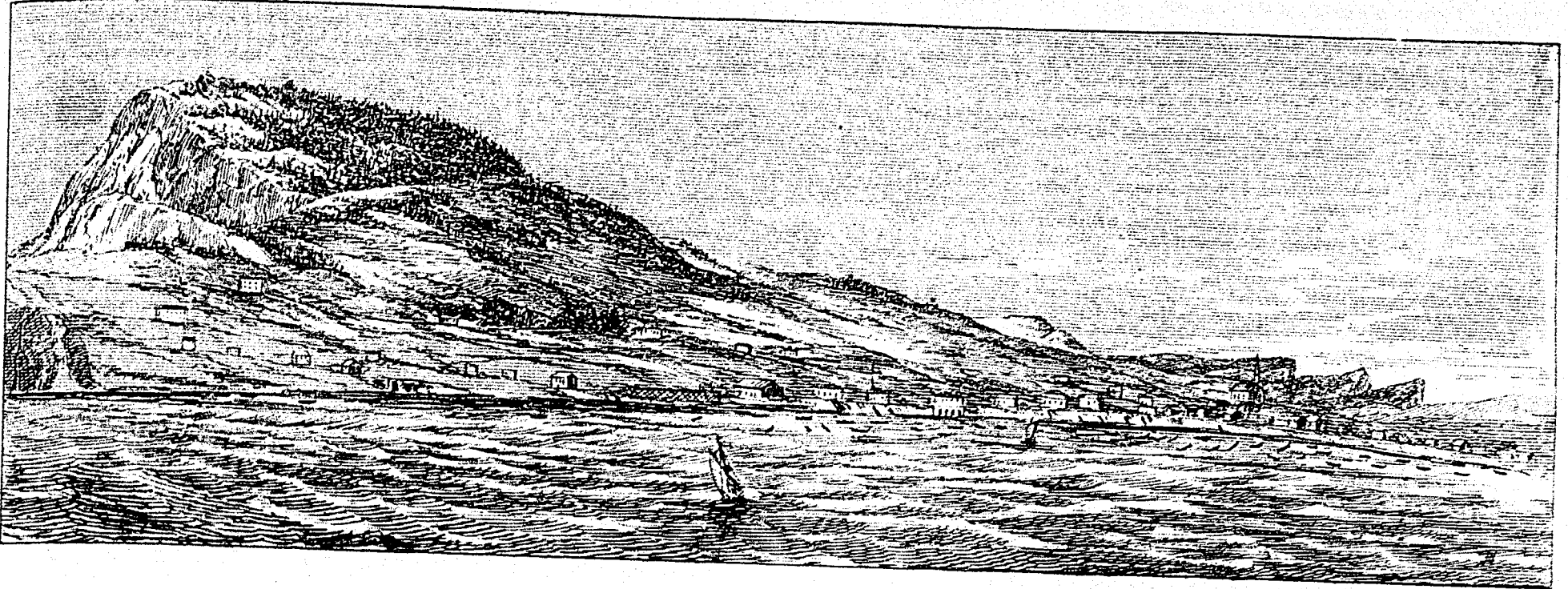


PERCÉ ROCK.

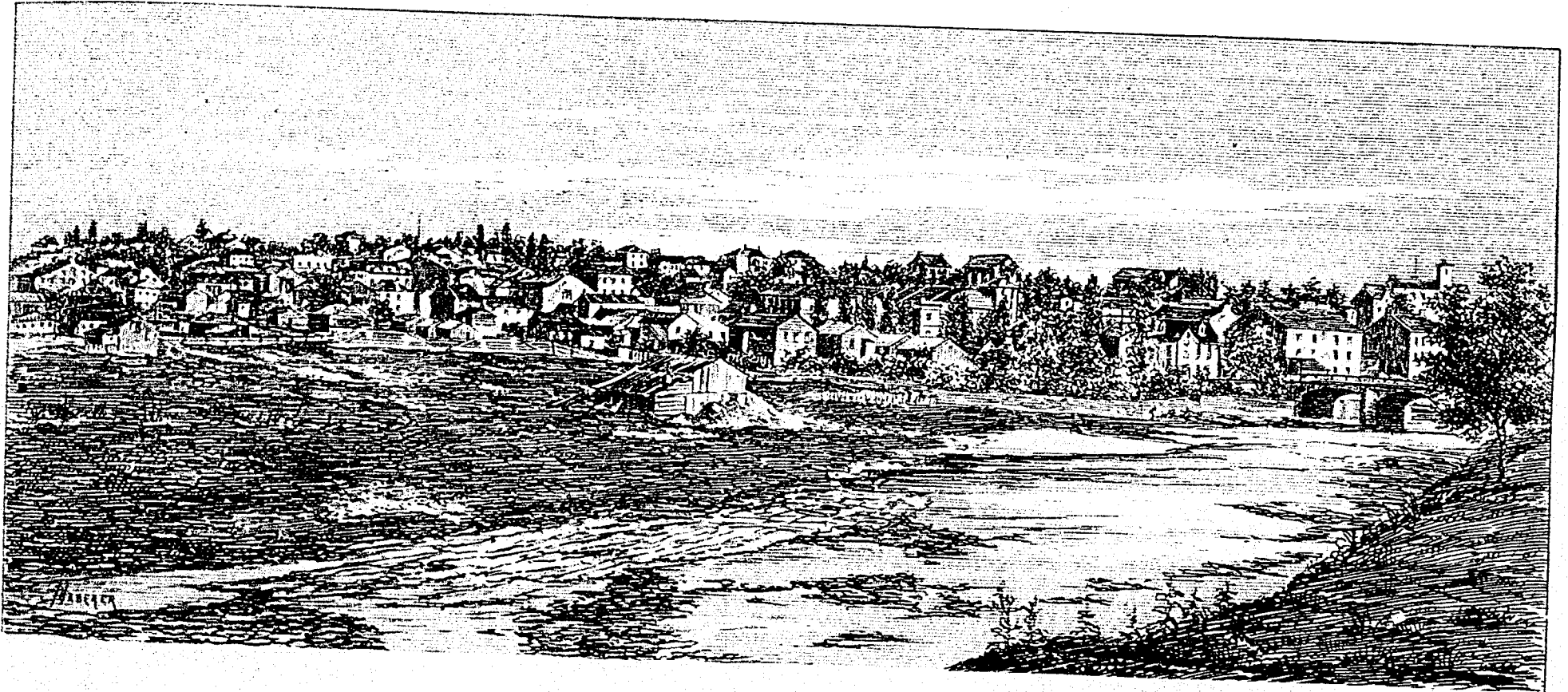


BONAVENTURE ISLAND.

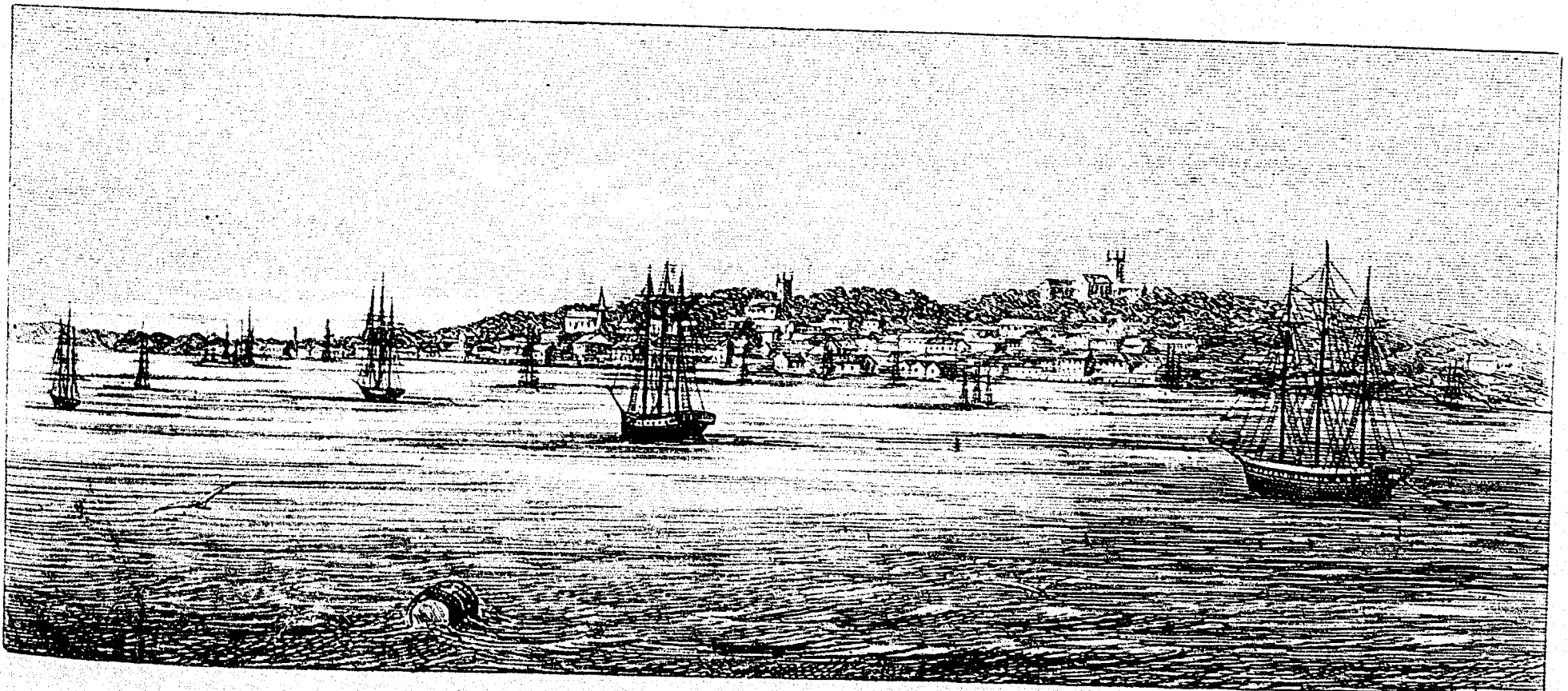




THE VILLAGE OF PERCÉ.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. O. C.



VIEW OF St. MARY'S, ONT.



VIEW OF CHATHAM, N. B.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. O. C.

patient duty of Christians; but by some brought from a legend of the saint who is said to have carried Christ over a piece of water. Christopher Columbus. Christopher Marlowe. Christopher Wren.

Constantine, Constanstia, Constance—Latin.—Firm, constant; literally withstanding; or, as we now say, standing by us. A name of noble meaning. Constantine the Great. Constance, mother to Arthur, Duke of Bretagne,—see Shakespeare's King John.

Daniel—Hebrew.—Judgment of God. Daniel de Foe. Daniel Webster. Daniel Auber, musician.

David—Hebrew.—Beloved. St. David, patron of Wales. David Rizzio. David Teniers. David Garrick. David Hume. Sir David Brewster.

Denys, Dennis, from Dionysius or Dionysus, the Greek name of Bacchus. According to some it comes from a Syrian word alluding to lameness or pain in the thigh, in reference to Bacchus. Others make it a Greek compound, signifying the Divine Mind, or the Spirit of the Universe. The modern use of it came from St. Denis, of France.

Edward and Edmund—Saxon.—Happy Guarder or Keeper. Happy Peace. Edward the Great. Edward the Confessor. Edward Fairfax. Edward Lord Herbert, of Cheshire, philosophical writer. Edward Lytton Bulwer. Edmund Burke. Edmund Spenser. Edmund Halley. Edmund Kean.

Ernest—German.—Sincere and Ardent. Earnest. According to Camden, it is Caesar's word *Ariovistus*; which, says the Italian genealogist, is the origin of the name of Ariosto. Ernest, Elector of Hanover, father of George I., of England.

Eustace—Greek.—Well Standing; not easily turned aside. The fit name of the famous French patriot Eustace St. Pierre, who delivered himself up to Edward the Third as a sacrifice for his fellow-citizens.

Francis, Frank, from the German word *Franc*, which signifies Free, as opposed to servile; whence our metaphorical word Frank and Free. St. Francis of Assisi. Francesco Petrarca. Sir Francis Drake. Francis Rabelais. Francis Bacon. Francis de la Rochefoucault. Francis de Salisnac de la Motte Fenelon. Francis Burdett. Francis Fulford, D.D.

George—Greek.—Husbandman, Tiller of the Earth; the same as the Latin *Agricola*. In spite of the word *Georgics* one is surprised to find this name of Greek origin, it has retained so little of its character, and been so much identified with modern England. St. George, the patron saint of England. George Buchanan. George Herbert. George Frederic Handel. George Berkeley. George Grote. George Louis le Clerc, Count Buffon. George Canning. George Washington. George Lord Byron.

Godfrey—German.—God's Peace. Godfrey of Bouillon, who went to make war in the Holy Land.

Isaac—Hebrew.—Laughter. The *Gelasius* of the Greeks. Isaac Newton. Isaac Walton. Isaac Barrow. Isaac Disraeli.

Jacob, James, Jacques—Hebrew.—A Supplanter. James Crichton, the Admirable. James Thomson, the poet. James Wolf, the hero of Quebec. Jean Jacques Rousseau. James Cook, the navigator. James Watt, the engineer.

John—Hebrew.—Gracious. Giovanni in Italian; Jean in French. The commonest Christian name in use, given originally from the most amiable of the apostles. Jean Wyckliffe. John Hampden. John Milton. John Bunyan. John Dryden. John Locke. John Herschel. John Selden. John Howard. John Hunter. John Wesley. Sir John Moore. Jean Racine. Jean Baptiste Molière. Jean de la Fontaine. Giovanni Boccaccio. Giovanni Ludovico Ariosto. John Sobieski. John Keble, author of "The Christian Year." John Payne Collier, critic.

Jonathan—Hebrew.—God's Gift. The same as the Greek Theodore and Theodosius, and the Latin Deodatus. Jonathan Swift.

Joseph—Hebrew.—Addition. Joseph Addison. Joseph Hadyn. Joseph Butler, author of the Analogy.

Lawrence, Lorenzo—Latin.—Laurel-like, Flourishing like the Bay. The *Daphnis* of the Greeks. A happy name for Lorenzo de Medici, under whose shadow lived so many poets, artists, and learned men. Lorenzo Lippi. Lawrence Sterne.

Michael—Hebrew.—Who is like God? Michael Angelo. Michael de Montaigne. Michael Drayton. Michael Faraday.

Oliver—Latin.—From the Olive-tree, an emblem of Peace.

Oliver Cromwell. Oliver Goldsmith.

Peter—Greek.—A Stone. The Czar Peter. Peter Paul Rubens. Peter the Hermit and the Crusader. Pierre Berryer, the defender of Châteaubriand. Pierre du Terrail, called the Chevalier Bayard.

Phillip—Greek.—A Lover of Horses. Sir Phillip Sidney. Phillip Melancthon.

Richard—Saxon.—Richard I., King of England. Richard Baxter. Richard Hocker. Richard Steele. Richard Cobden.

Robert, Robin—German.—Bright Counsel. Robert Herrick. Robert Blake. Robert Burns. Robert Stevenson. Robin Hood. Robert Peel. Robert Hall.

Samuel—Hebrew.—Placed of God. Samuel Butler. Sir Samuel Romilly. Samuel Johnson. Samuel Richardson. Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Samuel Whitbread. Samuel Rogers.

Stephen—Greek.—A Crown. Stephen the proto-martyr. Stephen, King of England. Stephen Lushington, the renowned jurist.

Thomas—Hebrew.—A Twin. Sir Thomas Moore. Thomas Hobbes. Thomas A. Beckett. Thomas a Kempis. Thomas Decker. Thomas Gray. Thomas Chatterton. Thomas Carlyle. Thomas Brown. Thomas Chalmers. Thomas Guthrie.

Walter—German.—According to some, a Pilgrim; to others, a Woodman or Lover of Woods, like Sylvanus; and to others, a General of an Army. In all senses it will be suitable to Sir Walter Raleigh. Walter Furst, one of the founders of Swiss Liberty. Sir Walter Scott. Walter Savage Landor.

William—German.—The Defender of Many. A good name; and, together with Alfred, the most honoured in our language, for it belonged to Shakespeare. It belongs to Scotland in the person of William Wallace. What the Scottish hero was to Scotland, William Tell was to Switzerland. Americans will ever cherish the name of William Penn. The scholar and philanthropist will ever venerate the name of William of Wykeham. The very iconoclasts have respected his tomb. His revered effigy, in pontifical robes, at Winchester Cathedral, seems as if scarcely a few days had elapsed since it left the hands of the sculptor. Again, there is William Wilberforce, the good Wilberforce, the man who gave freedom to the slave, whose monument is in Westminster Abbey, near that of his friend the great William Pitt, whose last words in public were—the news of the victorious battle of Trafalgar having

just arrived—"Let us hope that England, having saved herself by her energy, may save Europe by her example."

William Tyndal, the translator of the old New Testament into the English language, who, in consequence, set the minds of the English people free, "for he alone is free whom the truth makes free, and all are slaves besides." To use the language of that vigorous thinker and eloquent critic William Hazlitt, "We consider the Bible to have been the chief development of all that genius which shone out so full and bright in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. There cannot be a doubt that the Orphic hymns of David, the prophetic denunciations of Isaiah, the gorgeous visions of Ezekiel, with their originality, vastness of conception, depth and tenderness of feeling, must have impressed such a temperament as William Shakespeare's."

We seem to revel amongst the Williams, there are so many sweet ones amongst them. William Cowper, the author of "John Gilpin," the delight of our boyish days; and William Wordsworth, the writer of some of the sweetest poems in our language, his memory conjures up the past. There is William (Wilhelm) Grimm, who has acquired such an immense popularity with juvenile readers for his fairy tales and legends, the "Hans Marchen," he must not be forgotten. With William Hogarth, the great pictorial moralist, the truthfulness and fidelity of whose pictures commend him to all hearts, and whose works have rendered him immortal, we shall end our list of the Williams. They are a goodly lot, and well worthy the emulation of the whole family of the Williams of the present day. The same may be said of the Thomases and the Johns; amongst them may be found some one of whom it may be said:

"He was not for an age, but for all time."

"What's in a name?" What, indeed. Thomas Handel, William Milton, and John Shakespeare; they want no such Christian names.

"That which we call a rose"

By any other name will smell as sweet."

Shakespeare, whether John or William, would have bequeathed "that wonderful alembic of light, till, in the hand of new discoverers, it has become the key of nature's laboratory, in which she has become surprised melting and compounding, in crucibles huge as ocean, the rich hues with which she overlays the surfaces of suns and stars, yet, at the same time, breathes its delicate blush upon the tenderest petals of the opening rose."

Milton, the Latin Secretary to Cromwell, whether Thomas or William, would, in such an adulterate and profligate age as that of Charles I. and Charles II., have been like

— The seraph Abdiel, faithful found

Among the faithless, faithful only he.

Among innumerable false, unmoved,

Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified.

He would have had, as a poet, "light within his own clean breast," and, like Shakespeare, would have warbled "his native wood notes wild." He would have been "married to immortal verse." He would have taken "the prisoned soul and lapped it in Elysium," and given to the ears of his countrymen "strains that might create a soul under the ribs of Death."

Handel, whether Thomas or William, would have filled the Island of Britain with "noises, sounds, and sweet airs that give delight." We should have lost nothing of that true sublimity with which he has invested his religious compositions. We should not cease to feel in that awful chorus, "And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed," that those three magical notes which announce its claps of thunder "That all flesh shall see — it, toge — ther," might better belong to "an order of ethereal beings, with wings that they might rise spontaneous with the sounds, than to a miserable race who are merged in clay and chained to earth, though they feel they hardly stand on upon it when they hear them."

Therefore, ye Williams, ye Johns, ye Thomases, fret not that you have not been christened Horatius, Constantines, and Sebastian! Consider that honour and shame neither rise from condition nor name:

"Act well your part—there all the honour lies."

Remember that

"Man is our star, and the soul that can  
Render an honest and a perfect man  
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;  
Nothing to him falls early or too late,  
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,  
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still."

As George Herbert says: The consciousness of duty performed "gives us music at midnight."

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

## THE FOUNDING OF VILLE-MARIE.

BY W. H. W.

### I.—THE LANDING.

"*Vclut arbor crescit pvo.*"

"As from an acorn small the sturdy tree  
Peered first a feeble germ, above the ground  
While chill rains fell and skies incline not frowned,  
Yet flourished still upon the emerald lea;

"So from a weak and small beginning grew  
This tall and stately tree, that shaketh now  
Like Lebanon, and weareth on its brow  
Its leafy honours fed by sun and dew.

On the morning on the eighteenth of May 1612, a small *Hottilla* mi ht have been seen slowly gliding up the rapid current which flows between St. Helen's Island and the island of Montreal. The sun shone brightly on the snowy sails, flashed from the surface of the rippling river, and lit up the tender green of the early spring foliage on the shores. The dipping of the oars kept time to the chanting of a hymn of praise, which, softened by the distance, floated musically over the waves.

As the foremost and largest vessel approached, there could be distinguished on its deck a small but illustrious group of pioneers of civilization, whose names are forever associated with the planting of the religion of the cross on the virgin soil of Canada, and with the founding of the great city, which now occupies those green and solitary shores, then clothed with the rank luxuriance of the primeval forest. Conspicuous among these

by his tall figure, close black cassock, wide brimmed hat, and cross hanging from his girdle, and by the glowing enthusiasm that kindled in his dark eyes, was Vimont, the Superior of the Jesuit Mission of Canada. By his side stood a youthful acolyte bearing a silken banner, floating gently in the morning breeze, on which gleamed in white and gold upon a purple ground, the image of the Blessed Virgin, by whose name the new town was to be consecrated.

On the right of the Jesuit Father stood a gallant soldier in the uniform of the Knights of Malta, wearing a scarlet tunic on which was embroidered a purple cross. A velvet cap with a waving plume shaded his broad and handsome brow, and a light rapier completed his equipment. This was Montmagny, the military commandant of Quebec. To the left of the priest stood a taller and more martial looking figure, wearing a close-fitting buff jerkin, on his head a steel morion, and girt to his waist a broad sword that had seen hard service in the terrible wars of Flanders. This was the valiant *Maisonneuve*—a name prophetic of his work—the first Governor of Montreal. Between those two distinguished laymen a studied and dignified courtesy was maintained, yet marked by a certain stately coldness and hauteur. In fact a feeling of jealousy toward the new commandant had been already manifested by Montmagny, who foresaw in the planting of a new colony the erection of a formidable rival of Quebec, and a diminution of his own hitherto supreme authority. He therefore sought to dissuade *Maisonneuve* from the enterprise with which he was commissioned, urging the difficulties and dangers in the way, especially from the opposition of the terrible Iroquois.

"I have not come to deliberate, but to act," replied the gallant soldier. "It is my duty and my honour to found a colony at Montreal; and though every tree were an Iroquois, should make the attempt." (\*)

"Be it according to your pleasure, *Sieur de Maisonneuve*," Montmagny haughtily replied, "you may find, however, the savages of whom you speak so slightly more formidable enemies than you anticipate. But if you are attacked I cannot assist you. My little garrison must not be weakened by division. Had you remained at Ile d'Orleans I would willingly give you any help in my power."

"We will trust, Sir Knight," he proudly answered, "to our good swords and the protection of the Blessed Virgin; and the greater the danger may be the greater will be the glory, and the more acceptable the service."

Montmagny now accompanied the expedition as the representative of the Company of the Hundred Associates to formally transfer the island to *Maisonneuve*, the representative of the Associates of Montreal.

Nor was woman's gentle presence wanting to this romantic group. A somewhat *petite* figure in dark conventional dress and snowy wimple, which only made more striking the deathly pallor of her countenance, was she to whom the greatest respect seemed to be paid. Her large dark eyes lit up her countenance with a strange light, and revealed the enthusiasm burning in her breast, which longed to carry the Gospel even to the remote and inaccessible wilds of the Hurons. This was the devout widow, *Madame de la Peltrie*, a daughter of the *haute noblesse* of Normandy, who, having abandoned wealth and courtly friends for the love of souls, had come the previous year to Quebec, and gladly joined the new colony to be established for the honour of the Virgin. A lay-sister, *Mademoiselle Mance* by name, a soldier's wife, and a servant of *Madame de la Peltrie*, completed the little female group.

A miscellaneous company of soldiers, sailors, artisans, and labourers, about forty in all, filled the three little vessels which, freighted with the fortunes of the new colony, now approached the strand. As the keel of the pinnace, which was foremost, grated on the pebbly beach, *Maisonneuve*, seizing the consecrated banner, lightly leaped ashore and firmly planted it in the earth, fell upon his knees in glad thanksgiving. Montmagny, Vimont and the ladies followed, and the whole company engaging in a devoted act of worship chanted with glad some voice the sublime mediæval hymn:

Vexilla Regis prouident:  
Fulget er eis innotorium  
The banners of heavens' King advance:  
The mystery of the cross shines forth.

The shore is soon strewn with stores, bales, boxes, arms and baggage of every sort. An altar is speedily erected and decorated with fresh and fragrant flowers that studded the grassy margin of a neighbouring stream. The sacred vessels are exposed. Vimont, arrayed in the rich vestments of his office stands before the altar, and, while the congregation in silence fall upon their knees, celebrates for the first time amid that magnificent amphitheatre of nature the sacrifice of the mass. Moved to tears the little group sing the hymn:

Veni, Creator Spiritus,  
Mentes tuorum visita,  
Imple superna gratia,  
Quæ tu creâsti pectora.

But their voices take a tremulous tone, and a deeper emotion thrills their souls as they chant the closing words, so appropriate to their defenceless condition:

Hostem repellas longius,  
Pacemque domus protinus;  
Ductores sic te preuo,  
Vitemus omne noxium.

At the closing of the service the priest piously invoked the blessing of heaven on the new colony, planted not for greed of gold, nor lust of power, nor for extended rule; but for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. With a voice tremulous with emotion, turning to his audience he exclaimed with the prophetic prescience of faith:

"You are a grain of mustard-seed that shall rise and grow till its branches overshadow the earth. You are few, but your work is the work of God. His smile is upon you and your children shall fill the land."

The mountain which gives to the city its name, shagged with ancient woods to the very top, looked down on the unwonted scene. The river front which now bristles with a forest of masts was a solitude.

No mention is made in the contemporary records of the Jesuits of the Indian village of Hochelaga described by Jacques Cartier as occupying the site of Montreal a hundred years before. It had, doubtless, been destroyed by Iroquois invasion. The noble stream which bears to-day on its broad bosom the shipping of the world was undisturbed but by the splash of the wild fowl, or the dash of the Indian's light canoe. Where is daily heard the shriek of the iron horse, peacefully grazed the timid red

(\*) La Tour, *Memoire de Laval*, Livre viii.  
Vimont, *Relation des Jesuites*, 1612, p. 37, Dollier de Casson, A. D. 1641-42.



deer of the woods ; where now spread the broad squares, the busy streets, the stately churches, coll. ges, stores and dwellings of a crowded population rose the forest primeval where

Bearded with moss and with garments green, indistinct in the twilight Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic. Stand like harpers hoar, with hair that rest on their bosoms,"

the lengthening shadows cropt across the little meadow of the encampment. The fireflies gleamed in the gathering gloom of the adjacent forest. It is narrated that the ladies caught them, and tying them in glittering festoons decorated therewith the altar on which the Host remained exposed. The tents were pitched. The evening meal was cooked at the bivouac fires. The guards were stationed, and, clad in silver mail, the sentinel stars came out to watch over the cradle slumbers of the infant colony of Ville-Marie de Montreal.

CHAPTER II.

EARLY PROGRESS.

"Lo, mark the mounded mound and feeble walls, Where the great city stands to-day in pride: Its lofty churches and its stately halls Extending fair and far on every side."

With the early dawn the little colony was alert. There was hard work to be done before the settlement could be regarded as all safe. The ubiquitous and blood-thirsty Iroquois infested the forests and watched the portages, sometimes even swooping down on the Algonquin or Huron allies of the French under the very guns of Quebec. The first thing that was to be done, therefore, was to erect fortifications. But every undertaking must be hallowed by the rites of religion, and so morning mass was celebrated, while the mayflowers swung their odorous censers, and the dewdrops flushed for altar lights. Prayers and breakfast over the men all fell to work with zeal. Seizing an ax and wielding it as dexterously as he had often wielded his good sword on many a hard-fought field, Maisonneuve felled the first tree. As it came crashing down, shaking a shower of dewdrops from its leaves, and waking unthought echoes in the immemorial forest, the ladies gaily clapped their hands, and the bronzed Norman and Breton soldiers and workmen raised a ringing cheer.

Fast and hard came the blows. One after another the mighty monarchs of the forest bowed and fell. Some trimmed the fallen trunks; others cut them into uniform lengths. Maisonneuve, assisted by Montmagny and Vimont, traced the outline of a little fort, and, with spade and mattock, with his own hands took part in the excavation of a trench without the lines. It revived in the classic mind of Vimont the traditions of the founding of the storied City of the Seven Hills. But here, under nobler, Christian auspices, his prescient vision beheld the founding of a New Rome, a mother city of the faith, which should nourish and bring up children in the wilderness, extending its power over savage races, and its protection to far-off missions.

In a short time a strong palisade was erected surrounding a spot of ground situated in a meadow between the river and the present Place d'Armes, where the vast Parish Church lifts its twin lofty towers, like arms raised in benediction or in prayer for the city nestling at its feet. The little fort was daily strengthened, a few canon mounded, and loop-holes made for musketry.

The deadly Iroquois, through the grace of the Virgin and St. Joseph, as the colonists piously believed, had been prevented from discovering the new settlement in its first weakness, and now it was strong enough to resist any sudden attack. A tabernacle or chapel of bark, after the manner of the Huron lodges, already sheltered the altar. It was decorated with a few pious pictures and images of Christ, the Virgin Mother and the Saints, brought across the sea. On the rustic altar gleamed a silver crucifix and candelabra, the gift to the Wilderness Mission of loving hearts beyond the sea. Substantial log-cabins were also erected for the Governor and the nuns, and barracks for the soldiers and labourers.

About six weeks after its planting the first fruit of the mission was reaped, and the first Christian baptism celebrated. It happened in this wise. A band of Algonquin Indians, passing upward from Quebec, remained for several days at Ville Marie, and their chief, in gratitude for the kind entertainment they received, presented his little son of four years old for baptism. Maisonneuve and Mademoiselle Mance became godfather and godmother of the savage neophyte who, in honour of the patron saint of the mission, received the name of Joseph.

"Behold," exclaims the pious chronicler, "the first fruit which this island has borne for Paradise. But it will not be the last. It shall increase to a thousand thousand."

The 15th of August was a high day at the Ville Marie. It was the anniversary of the Assumption of the Virgin. High mass was celebrated with unusual splendour in the bark chapel, to the astonished delight of some Indian visitors who chanced to be present, and who were publicly instructed in the elements of Christianity. The Te Deum was chanted and the canon of the fort were fired in honour of the celestial patroness of the mission.

"Their thunder," writes the Father Superior, "made all the island echo; and the demons, although used to thunderbolts, were affrighted at a noise which told them of the love we bear our great mistress; and I little doubt that the tutelary angels of the savages of these lands have marked this day in the calendar of Paradise."

A religious procession also took place, to the infinite delight of the Indians, who were permitted to take part in the pious ceremony. In the afternoon the colonists kept holiday, amid the forest glades, where the songs of the many plumaged birds, and the strangely familiar wild flowers, recalled tender associations of their native land across the sea. "In the evening," writes the ancient chronicler, "they climbed the mountain and beheld the sun set in golden glory over the silver-shining Ottawa and the tender purple outline of the far slopes of Mount Belœil, till the shadows lengthening across the plain and covering the little stockaded fort warned them to return to its sheltering fold.

CHAPTER III.

PERILS AND DELIVERANCE.

"Behold the arm of Heaven made bare, No signs and wonders in the air: The roaring waves His power restrain; The whelming flood from harm refrains."

The short and busy summer passed happily. Such was the harmony of the members of the little colony that it seemed, says the contemporary chronicler, as if the days of the primitive Church had returned, when the believers were all of one heart and of one mind, so that their Indian allies were greatly edified and confirmed in the faith thereby.

The harvest of their meagre acres was gathered in. The little patch of late-sown wheat and barley had greened and goldened in the sunshine and been carefully reaped. The Indian corn had proudly waved its plumes, put forth its silken tassels, and now shivered like a guilty thing at the faintest break of wind. The mountain slopes had changed from green to russet, from russet to crimson, purple, orange and yellow, and had flamed like the funeral pyre of summer in the golden haze of autumn. The long continued rains had swollen the rushing river, which, overflowing its banks, threatened to wash away the stockade and destroy the ramparts of the little fort. It was Christmas Eve. The peril of the colonists seemed imminent. They must suffer greatly, and perhaps be exterminated if left houseless and undefended at the very beginning of winter. They had recourse to prayer, but it seemed all in vain. At length Maisonneuve, moved as it was believed by a Divine inspiration, planted a cross in front of the fort, and made a vow that should the rising flood be stayed he would himself bear on his shoulders a similar cross up the steep and rugged mountain and plant it on the top. But still the waves increase. They fill the fosse. They rise to the very threshold of the fort. They strike blow on blow at its foundations. But the pious heart of Maisonneuve bates not a jot of faith and hope, and lo! the waves no longer advance, they lap more feebly at the foot of the fort, they slowly retire, baffled and defeated, as the colonists believe, by the power of prayer. Maisonneuve hastes to fulfil his vow. He immediately sets men to work, some to prepare a road through the forest and up the most accessible slope of the mountain; others to construct a cross. It is solemnly blessed with the rites of the Church, and Maisonneuve is declared first soldier of the cross in as chivalric a consecration as ever that of belted knight for the bloody fields of Palestine. It is the sixth of January, with "an eager and a nipping air," but with a bright sun shining on the unsullied snow. The little garrison is parad. Père du Perron leads the way, Madame de la Peltrie follows, and is succeeded by the entire population of the little bourg. Maisonneuve brings up the rear, bending beneath his heavy cross. The strange procession moves through the wintry forest, and up the mountain slope, now embellished with noble villas, some distance west of the reservoir. Refusing all help, the pious commandant walks the entire distance, a full league, bearing his burden and climbing with difficulty the steep ascent, plants the cross upon the highest summit of the mountain. The Jesuit priest celebrates mass on that majestic altar reared by the Architect of the Universe, and Madame de la Peltrie devoutly receives the sacrament in thanksgiving for what her simple and credulous heart believes to be their miraculous deliverance.

The cross, enriched with many sacred relics, long stood upon the mountain's brow, clearly outlined against the sky, a memorial of the signal favour and interposition of heaven. It became an object of pious pilgrimage, and frequently a group of nearly a score knelt at its foot in prayer for the conversion of the savages. The gentle but enthusiastic Madame de la Peltrie was unwearied in her devotion, making the pilgrimage for nine days in succession, even when the country was so infested with ferocious Iroquois that an escort of armed men was necessary to protect her life.

CHAPTER IV.

WAR CLOUDS.

"Now lower the dreadful clouds of war, Its threatening thunder rolls afar: Near and more near the rude alarms Of conflict and the clash of arms Advance and grow, till all the air Rings with the brazen trumpet blare."

In August, 1643, the little colony was reinforced by a company of recruits from France, under the command of Louis d'Ailleboust de Coulonges, afterwards Governor of Montreal, accompanied by his maiden wife and her beautiful sister, Philippine de Boulouge. Under d'Ailleboust's experienced direction the fortifications were greatly strengthened, the wooden palisades being replaced by solid bastions and ramparts of stone and earth. A commodious hospital was erected for the reception and care of any casually sick Indians, of whom a numerous community, Hurons and Algonquins, soon gathered round the fort for protection against the ferocious Iroquois. These Indian allies exhibited a remarkable religious docility, eagerly seeking instruction and baptism, to the great encouragement of the pious devotees of the Mission.

But continued immunity from Iroquois attacks was not to be expected. The mission fortalice amid the forest was at length discovered, and thenceforth became the object of implacable hostility. The colonists could no longer hunt or fish at a distance from its walls, nor even work in the fields under cover of its guns unless strongly armed and in a compact and numerous body. Sometimes a single Iroquois warrior would lurk, half-starved, for weeks in the neighbouring thicket for the opportunity to win a French or Huron scalp. And sometimes a large party would form an ambuscade, or throw up a hasty entrenchment, from which they would harass the colonists, who walked in the shadow of a perpetual dread. Thus in June, 1643, a band of Iroquois attacked six Frenchmen who were hewing timber not far from the fort, killing three and carrying off the rest.

Maisonneuve, though brave as a lion, was no less prudent than brave. Instead, therefore, of exposing his little garrison,

son, unaccustomed to the wiles and artifices of wood-warfare, to a defeat which would prove ruinous, he stood strictly on the defensive. The hot Norman and Breton blood of the soldier-colonists chafed under this, as they thought it, cowardly policy. Mutinous murmurs, and insinuations that sting to the quick the soldier's pride, became rife, and at length reached the ears of Maisonneuve.

"The gallant chevalier, is he afraid of the red-skins?" sneeringly asks an impetuous Frenchman.

"If he were not would he let the dogs act as scouts and sentinels and keep behind the ramparts himself?" replies his comrade, referring to the practice of employing sagacious watch-dogs, who had a great antipathy towards the Indians, to give the alarm in case of an incursion of the Iroquois.

The name and virtues of one of these faithful animals is commemorated in the pages of the Jesuit chronicler. Although, as he naively remarks, her natural inclination was for hunting squirrels, yet she daily scoured the woods around the fort, and if her keen scent discovered any trace of her hated enemy, hastened, furiously barking, to the fort.

One day, toward the end of the winter of 1643-44, the baying of the hounds gave warning of the presence of the enemy.

"Sir, the Iroquois are in the woods; are we never to see them?" demanded the impatient garrison, surrounding the commandant.

"Yes, you shall see them," he promptly replied, "and that, perhaps, sooner than you wish. See that you make good your vaults. Follow where I lead."

At the head of a little band of thirty men, some on snowshoes and others floundering through the deep snow, Maisonneuve sallied forth against the Iroquois. The enemy were nowhere to be seen. The rash sortie pushed on. Suddenly the air rang with the shrill war-whoop, and thrice their number of painted savages sprang up around them, and poured into their unprotected ranks a storm of arrows and bullets. The Indians, sheltered behind the trunks of the trees, kept up a rapid and galling fire. The French made a gallant stand, but with those of their number slain, others wounded, and two captured, they were compelled to retreat. Maisonneuve was the last to retire. He bravely stood covering the retreat of his shattered forces, exposing his person as a target for the Indian arrows and bullets. In single-handed conflict he slew the chief of the Iroquois. The savages, like a tiger disappointed in his spring upon his prey, sullenly drew off into the forest and wreaked their rage upon their two hapless prisoners, whom they tortured with unspeakable cruelty and then burned alive. This sharp action took place a little east of the present Place d'Armes, whose name is an appropriate commemoration of the gallantry of the first garrison of Montreal. No further taunts, as we can well believe, were uttered against the tried valour of the Sieur de Maisonneuve.

It is not within the scope of the present sketch to describe the progress of Ville Marie, nor to trace its fortunes during the eventful years of its early history. Not a year and scarce a month passed in which the ferocious hunters of men did not swoop down upon the little bourg. The place would be a paradise, writes Ragameau, the Superior of the Mission, in 1651, but for the terror of the Iroquois. Like those who rebuilt the temple of Jerusalem of old, working with the trowel in one hand and the sword in the other, so, exclaims the Jesuit Mercier, laboured more than a hundred brave artisans at Montreal, complete masters of the various callings, and all men of courage for war. And there was need of strong arms and brave hearts. In the disastrous year 1651 the colony lost in less than a month over a hundred men, two-thirds of whom were Frenchmen and the rest Algonquins, by the attacks of the Iroquois. The whole country was completely devoured by them. Like fowl harpies or beasts of prey, they pounced upon their victims and carried off both men and women to unspeakable tortures. One of these fierce chiefs, a savage Nero, so named for his cruelty and crimes, had caused the immolation of eighty men to the manes of his brother slain in war, and had killed sixty others with his own hand.

Nor was martyr blood wanting for the consecration of the Christian mission. In September of the bloody year 1651 Père le Maître, a priest equally zealous and courageous for the salvation of souls, as we read, accompanied eight men who went out to reap the grain near the fort. Retiring a little in order more peaceably to recite his office, he was suddenly shot down by concealed Iroquois. A swift rush and a struggle and his companions were fugitives or slain. His enemies cut off his head, and one of them, being robbed in his cassock, flaunted his precious spoil in the very face of the garrison.

Nevertheless, notwithstanding all their trials, the pious hearts of the colonists were sustained by a lofty enthusiasm. They felt themselves to be under the protection of celestial powers. Amid the awful portents of an earthquake that made the nations tremble, and of a comet that filled the earth with fear, their souls were sustained by divine succours.

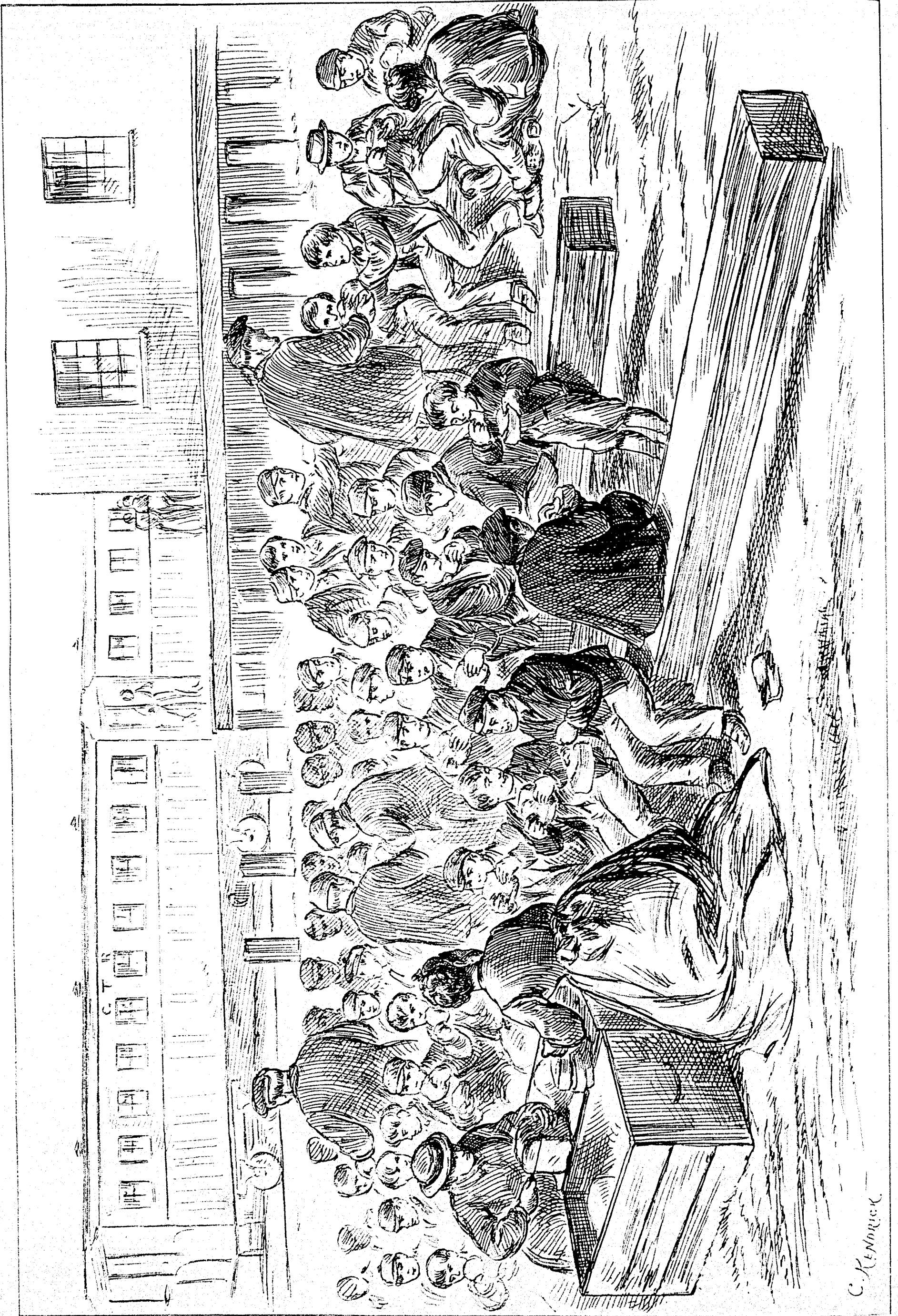
Nor were they without signal deliverances from their foes when they believed angelic bucklers turned aside the weapons of their foes and blunted the death-dealing arrow. Thus on one occasion, it was in the year 1653, twenty-six Frenchmen were attacked by two hundred Iroquois. But amid a perfect shower of bullets not one of the French was harmed, while they were enabled utterly to rout their foe, God wishing to show, the chronicler devoutly adds, that whom He guards is guarded well. Verily, exclaims the pious Jesuit, to God alone be all the glory.

The latter history of Montreal is better known. Strong walls and entrenchments were constructed which not only bade defiance to savage but to civilized foes. The remains of

"Son attrait naturel estoit la chasse aux courtois; mais sa constance à faire la ronde tous les iours aussi fidelement que des hommes," etc. Lacombe, Relation, 1647, 75.
" Monsieur, les ennemis sont dans le bois; ne les irons-nous jamais voir?" etc. DeCasson, 1642-43.
" Deux ennemis pris-niers furent bruslez tous vifs; pendant quatre iours avec des cruautés espouvantables." Vimont, Relations, 1644, 42.
" Il ne s'est passé aucun mois de l'année que ces chasseurs ne nous ayent surpris à la surdine tachans de nous surprendre." Mercier, Relation, 1653-4.
" Ce lieu seroit un Paradis terrestre, n'estoit la terreur des Iroquois."
" Tous gens de cœur pour la guerre." Relation, 1653, 3.
" Nous avois perdus en peu de mois... cent quatorze personnes." Relation, 166, 6.
" Cette Isle s'est tousiours vue gourmandée de ces lutins... comme des harpies importunes ou proye de proye" etc. Le Jeune, Relation, 1661, 3.
" L'aimant, Relation, 1663, 28. Le Jeune, Relation, 1661, 5.
" Egalement zélé et courageux pour le salut des ames."
" Luy coupèrent la teste, et oterent la soutaine, marchant pompeusement couvert de cette précieuse déponille." Ib. 6.
" Ce que Dieu garde est bien gardé." Mercier, Relation, 1653, 2.
" Soli Deo honor et gloria." Ib. 5.

"Voilà le premier fruit que cette Isle a porté pour le Paradis. Ce ne sera pas le dernier. Croissant in mille millia." Vimont, "Relation des Jésuites," 1642, p. 38.
" Le tonnerre des canons fit retentir toute l'Isle, et les Démons qui qu'accoutumés aux tondures furent épouvantés d'un bruit qui parlait de l'a. our que nous portons à grand Maître; si ne doute quasi pas que les anges tutelaires des Sauvages et de ces contrées n'ayant marqué ce jour dans les fastes de Paradis." Vimont, Relation, 1642, p. 33.





MONTREAL.—A SCENE AT THE IMMIGRANT SHEDS—A NEWLY ARRIVED BATCH OF MISS MACPHERSON'S BOYS AT DINNER.—By C. KENRICK.

C. Kenrick



"HOME COMFORTS."



these may still be seen in the walls of the old artillery barracks on the river front, and their northern limit gave its name to the present Fortification lane. The *arx* or citadel of this semi-feudal fortress of New France was on the elevated ground where Notre Dame becomes St. Mary street, and in the low-roofed, stone-walled old Government House near by we have a relic of the *ancien régime*, the scene of many a splendid display of princely hospitality.

The old Bonsecours Church, with its steep roof, its graceful spire, and the hucksters' stalls clustering around it like mendicants about the feet of a priest, carries us back to one of the most picturesque periods of the city's history. The dingy old building, when seen by bright winter's moon-light, is transfigured and glorified, and shines like a saint in robes of snowy sheen, tiaraed by a crown of flashing light. Within, its cool and calm repose upon a hot and garish summer day, so near the din and bustle of the neighbouring wharves and market, comes like a soothing charm upon the mind; and there the sacred litanies and hymns are still chanted which have voiced the aspirations and thanksgivings of successive generations. In the destruction of the Recollet Church another ancient landmark has disappeared, and ere long only in the pages of history will live the records of the romantic founding and early growth of Ville Marie, consecrated by the pious labours and hallowed enthusiasm and martyr blood of the noble men and women whose names are interwoven forever like threads of gold in the fabric of its story.

#### PIE.

A medical man, with an evident fondness for statistics administered in heroic doses, has recently been examining into the composition of the daily food of the average modern dietist. He finds that heresy in diet is, if anything, more prevalent than heresy in religion. None of these offences, however, are to be compared, in his opinion, with the frightful frequency of pie in the household. He estimates that every person who is above the age of five years, is in the habit of consuming pie at least twice each day. A more appalling picture of reckless and wide-spread intemperance has never before been presented.

It is unnecessary to inform intelligent men of the deadly nature of pie. Its vital principle—that without which pie would lose its identity—is crust. In every pie there is a greater or less proportion of this essentially poisonous article. Of course there are some forms of pie which contain a comparatively small percentage of crust, just as there are intoxicating beverages which contain but little alcohol. There is, for example, the open-work pumpkin pie, which, being devoid of an upper crust, contains only half the poison that is found in the double-crust mince pie. The confirmed pie-eater, however, is not content to commit slow suicide upon the feebler pumpkin pie, but his vitiated system demands frequent sections, of ninety degrees each, of the coarser and more dangerous mince pie. Like the drunkard, who begins with beer, but ends with brandy, the person who acquires a taste for pumpkin pie, sinks surely and rapidly into the grave of the confirmed mince-pie debauchee. If the sight of the wasted features and sunken eyes of the latter are saddening to the philanthropist, with what horror must he shrink from the spectacle of mothers pressing to the lips of infancy the pie that tempts them to physical and moral dyspepsia, and brings down their youthful stomachs with colic to the grave.

It is true that there are those who actually defend the practice of pie-eating, and assert that a little crust, taken in moderation, exalts the spirits and strengthens the whole physical man. Let no one be deceived by the vain pretences of those who seek to defend their vicious courses, or by the interested clamour of the keepers of corner pie-shops. All physicians agree that pie-crust is an enemy to digestion; that it is not assimilated, and contributes in no way to the formation of tissue, but that, on the contrary, its habitual use is certain to undermine the health, and hence to deteriorate the morals of the user. The taste for this deadly article is wholly an artificial one. No baby ever yet cried for pie, and even the wretched statistics which the medical man above-mentioned has collected show that while the infant is under the age of five years, and is then in its primal state of innocence, it has no appetite for pie. That fatal appetite is acquired later in its childhood, and in most cases is fostered by its fearfully misguided parents. Of the evils which follow intemperance in pies, the recent census affords abundant evidence. Not to speak of the diseases which thin the population, the census shows that the number of males is less by many thousands than the number of females. Who can doubt that intemperance in pie, which, among women, is in some degree restrained by circumstances, but which is wholly unrestrained among men, is to a great degree responsible for the blight which has fallen upon men.

Is it not time that this subject attracted attention of legislative and ecclesiastical bodies? Even the members of the Senate are currently reported to pass directly from the Senate Chamber to the gilded dens where pie is openly sold; while certain members of the Lower House habitually carry pie upon their persons, and partake of it with shameless effrontery in their very seats. It is time that something should be done to check this enormous evil. The Legislature should prohibit the infamous traffic in pie; the Congregational Association, that a day or two since denounced tobacco and secret societies, should set the seal of its condemnation upon pie, and societies of "Good Synagogues," pledged to total abstinence from pie in every form, should add their example and influence to the sacred cause of the overthrow of the pie demon before it is forever too late.

#### Miscellaneous.

The Dominion Telegraph Company have opened an office at Allanburg, Ont.

Count Munster succeeds Count Bernstorff as German Ambassador at the Court of St. James. The Countess Munster is English—the sister of the present Earl of Rosslyn.

Following in the steps of the Paris *Figaro*, the *Press*, of Thursday, makes the following announcement, which we commend to the earnest consideration of the historians of great families:—"Lord Selkirk arrived this morning in Paris. He is a descendant of the famous Selkirk, whose adventures suggested to De Foe his 'Robinson Crusoe.'"

Two women were executed in Naples by the axe a few days ago. The deed was done by a masked executioner, who covered

each head at a single blow. The crime of these women was "baby farming," and it was proved that they had starved and deliberately murdered by other methods a large number of infants entrusted to their care. The awful mode of punishment was chosen as a mark of the abhorrence which their crimes had excited.

A curious incident is reported concerning the lost "Atlantic," though the truth of its occurrence is not confirmed. When the steamer was in mid-ocean two or three of the steerage passengers declared that the ship and all on board would be lost. They packed their carpet-bags, went on deck, and watched for passing vessels, saying they were going to leave her. They were regarded as insane, and placed in confinement.

One of the ablest military writers in France, M. Wachter, has resumed his pen in the *Gaulois* to tell some wholesome truths. He says:—"The French spend their time exchanging congratulations on their heroisms, and decorating each other." He says:—"You did your duty neither before, during, nor after the war. Distrust the flatterers who give you compliments in exchange for your votes, and bear in mind that to pull yourselves up again, you need a great deal of hard work, perseverance, and, above all, a great deal of modesty."

TO NEWSPAPER REPORTERS.—Calcraft has announced his intention to shortly retire from an official life, and seek the repose of cultivating roses, dahlias, and tulips, for which he has a great taste. The last "touch of his art" was on the prisoner Cotton, at Durham, and before he left that city he acquainted the prison warders that she would be the last person he should "put a nightcap on," although he regretted retiring from his profession without "performing" on the newspaper reporters. What his objection is was not stated; perhaps he considers them rival "fluers."

A very good story is being told in Cambridge professional circles respecting a local examination held by that University. Among other things candidates were asked to give an account of the career of Oliver Cromwell. One of them wrote in vague, but unflattering, terms of Mr. Carlyle's model ruler, and then, apparently thinking that he had not been sufficiently precise, this youthful student of history went on to say that Cromwell had died very unhappily, and on his death-bed exclaimed, "Had I but served my God as well as I have served my King He would not have forsaken me now that I am grey-headed."

The subject of female emigration to New Caledonia has attracted the attention of the French authorities, and we understand that the Minister of the Interior has sent a circular to the prefects, sub-prefects, mayors, &c., to say that in order to encourage the emigration of young females to the colony, the government has decided upon granting them an outfit at the start, free passage to Noumea, board and lodging there till they find employment at the Sisters of St. Cluny's House, and finally a settlement of six acres of good land on those girls who find a husband. The candidates, the Minister adds, must be looked out for chiefly in the orphan or other asylums.

CRAZY GERMANS.—The following curious petitions have been sent to the German Parliament during its present session:—Two addressed to the Emperor, the one praying him to fold German unity by buying up the German Austrian provinces, and another requesting him to establish a republic! 3. A Jewish Rabbi petitions the Reichstag to declare Bismarck to be the Messiah. 4. That the Kings of Bavaria and Saxony should be desired to pronounce themselves either "Old" or "New" Catholics. 5. A plan is offered for sale, by which 160 millions may be gained by a wholly new tax. And 6. A memorialist puts forth a means by which the light of truth may be brought to bear on all men. The crazed petitioners were gratified by having their memorials read, and ordered to be referred *ad acta*; to lie under the table, in fact.

The Russian correspondent of the *Daily News* sends the following account of the rumours of a projected matrimonial alliance in which we feel interested:—"It is said that the only daughter of the Emperor is to marry the Duke of Edinburgh, and that they are to live, half the year at least, in Russia, and have one of the new houses on the quay, in front of the Admiralty, at St. Petersburg. My informant was very precise about this part of the plan. The bride's fortune is to be a million of roubles. One of the chief causes of delay in the arrangement of the match has been the wish on each side to stipulate for living the greater part of the year in England or Russia respectively. Hence the compromise of dividing the time equally between the two. A question of precedence in England is said to have contributed to this delay. I mention, without of course vouching for, these reports."

Sinners, even in this earthly life, do not always escape the vengeance of retributive justice, as the following example, which we read with a glow of satisfaction in the current number of the journal of the Financial Reform Association, may serve to show:—"William May, a substantial Devonshire farmer, was summoned for refusing to support his aged mother, who had brought him up, and is now in the parish workhouse. He pleaded, and proved, partly by her own evidence! that he was born before her marriage with his father, and being illegitimate was not bound to maintain her. Mr. May thus escaped the liability, but the Inland Revenue Commissioners have been down upon him for the difference between three per cent, which he paid on succeeding to her brother's property some seventeen years ago, and the ten per cent, which he ought to have paid as a 'stranger,' with interest on the same."

#### Music and the Drama.

Mr. Toole, the comedian, is arranging for a visit to New York in 1874.

M. Offenbach proposes to mount for this winter at the Théâtre de la Gaîté Verdi's new opera.

Miss Charlotte Leclercq plays her farewell engagement in America at the Boston Globe Theatre.

The number of theatres in Russia is 142, mostly wood. This gives only one for every twenty towns. Some of the seats of Government are without theatres.

Mr. H. L. Bateman will soon arrive in New York to arrange for the bringing out of "Charles I.," the new historical play, which has had a very successful run in London.

A new and original comedy-drama, in three acts and a prologue, written by Mr. Henry J. Byron, and entitled "Fine Feathers," is to be produced at the Globe Theatre, London, this month.

Signor Verdi has entered the lists as a composer of classical chamber composition, by writing a string quartet, which has been executed in private, at Naples. The quartet, it is to be hoped, will be heard here.

Mr. Max Strakosch sailed for Europe aboard the "Cuba" lately. He will return at an earlier date than usual, the preparations for the Fall season of Italian opera requiring his presence in New York. Mr. Strakosch may be awaited about August 15th, and a week or two later Mme. Nilsson will be at hand.

Sims Reeves, the celebrated English tenor, has become notorious for disappointing his audiences by his non-appearance. An announcement that he would sing on a recent occasion, called forth the following letter to the London *Times*:—"In the *Times* of to-day Mr. Sims Reeves is advertised to sing a new song, entitled 'Nothing.' There surely must be some mistake in calling it new, as within the last nine months I have gone three times to hear this celebrated singer, and on each occasion he sang—nothing."

Bach's celebrated "St. Matthew Passion" was performed, for the first time by the English Sacred Harmonic Society, under the direction of Sir Michael Costa, on the 25th ult. Madame Lammens-Sherrington, Madame Patey, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Patey, Mr. C. Henry, and Mr. Bantley were entrusted with the principal vocal parts, and an interesting feature in the performance was the obligato accompaniment to the song, "Come, blessed Cross," being played on the viol da gamba, the instrument for which Bach designed it, instead of, as ordinarily, on the violoncello. The viol da gamba has probably not been played in public in England since the death of C. F. Abel, nearly ninety years ago.

The members of the Sheffield Sacred Dramatic Society gave a performance lately at Grantham of what in the bill was called their unequalled representation in character of the sublime and thrilling Scriptural narrative of "Joseph," with appropriate music. In the scene where the brethren return from Egypt with corn, says a local authority, "asses are introduced, which perform their duties well. Altogether the performance was a great success." We confess we do not, however, envy those who can derive either instruction or "amusement" from such a profane exhibition as this. The Ober Ammergau affair was a little too much, even for the Continentals, and will not be given again. We hardly expected to see it transplanted to our unenlightened shores. At Madrid the experiment has been a great success, and it was selecting the right place.

The correspondent of the *Court Journal* at Cairo gives a glowing account of the benefit given to Madame Parepa-Rosa at the Viceregal theatre on the 25th of February. There is a large colony of Greeks in that city, and Madame Parepa's father being a Greek, they united with the Americans and English in doing honour to the *cantatrice*. A subscription was got up to decorate and illuminate the theatre for the occasion, and it presented, it is said, quite a fairy-like aspect. The subscribers presented Madame Parepa-Rosa with a magnificent Egyptian necklace and a pair of ear-rings. The house was crowded to its utmost capacity of accommodation, every seat having been disposed of several days previous at an exorbitant price. The performance was a continuous ovation for the fair *bénéficiaire*, the stage being literally covered with bouquets every time she appeared. Besides the gifts already mentioned, she received presents to the amount of between eighty and ninety thousand francs from the Viceroy, the Crown Prince, the Princess Said, the wife of the late Viceroy, the Princess Tussam Pachá, and other ladies of the court. The articles given consisted of a large diamond bracelet, a black enamelled locket with an immense diamond in the centre, a turquoise and diamond ring, a turquoise and diamond locket, a gold Arabic bracelet, a watch chain of scarabees, very old and valuable, a watch with monogram set in diamonds, &c.

#### Art and Literature.

Gustave Doré is about to illustrate "Shakespeare."

Oliver Wendell Holmes has declined to lecture next season.

The Russian Government will shortly publish a grand work on Peter the Great.

John Stuart Mill has left behind him a work on Avignon and the surrounding district.

Mr. Murray promises a new work, from the pen of Mr. Charles Darwin, "The Evil Effects of Inter-breeding in the Vegetable Kingdom."

It is reported that Lord Lytton has left behind not only a novel, but a play. The drama is in five acts, and is entitled "The Captive."

Winkle Collins' last novel, "The New Magdalen," is being dramatized by several writers, among whom not the least is the author himself.

A marble statue of a boy, by Raphael, has just been discovered in Italy. The authenticity of the work is undoubted, and it is said to be a triumph of art.

The Marquis of Salisbury has contributed to the April number of the *Philosophical Magazine* an original paper "On Spectral Lines of Low Temperature."

The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge will purchase the copyright of the revised version of the Scriptures, and will conjointly bear the expenses of printing and publishing.

A son of G. P. R. James, the English novelist, is local editor of the *Eau Claire Free Press*. In his items he seldom mentions the legendary and lonesome steed so much affected by his parent.

The last rumour from abroad in reference to Mr. James Gordon Bennett appears in the *London Telegraph*, and is to the effect that he has purchased all existing rights of excavation in the plain of Troy.

In the picture-gallery of Baron Stackleberg at the Château of Tacha in Bohemia, a painting of Holbein's has been found, with an inscription on the back, positively fixing the date of the painter's birth as 1497.

The last English cartoon represents Mr. Pimmsoll, M.P., as a Crusader; armed with a Royal Commission, he is attacking a "Board," the name of which is concealed behind the Bumble, who stand up in its defence.

Although the Russian authorities have declined to permit English newspaper correspondents to accompany the army into Khiva, we understand that *The Graphic* has made arrangements to obtain sketches of the events likely to occur there.

A fine painting by Albert Durer is now on view at Antwerp. It comes from the monastery of Tanagerlo, is painted on wood, and represents the Virgin suckling the infant Christ, surrounded by the members of her family. The monogram of Durer has been discovered on the drapery upon which the child Jesus reposes.

Longfellow and Bryant were recently admitted to honorary membership in the Academy at St. Petersburg. The occasion was one of much pomp and ceremony, nearly all of the eighty regular members of the Academy being present, and the royal family being represented by a Prince of the house of Romanoff, the Grand Duke of Constantine.

Amadeus, the ex-King of Spain, is preparing a work, to be entitled "The History of King Amadeus," written by himself, and to be published at Rome within a short period. Many eminent personages connected with the various political parties in Spain have assisted the Royal author. The work in question will be divided into four parts—"Isabella," "Prin," "Hohen-zollern," and "Amadeus." It will contain many priceless precepts to princes already dethroned.

Courier des Dames.

Our lady readers are invited to contribute to this department.

THE FASHIONS.

(See the lower half of the plate in last week's issue.)

FIG. 8. TRAVELLING DRESS WITH TUNIC AND BASQUE WAIST—the two latter of some corded material, and the former of plain cloth to match. The tunic is draped behind with steel buttons and narrow ribbon, and the waist is similarly trimmed, with cuffs and side-flaps. A small Swiss muslin Stuart ruff is worn with this, and a round hat covered with ruffled muslin or crape and simply trimmed with a sprig of rose-buds and a silk or velvet ribbon.

FIG. 9. COLOURED FLANNEL MORNING COSTUME WITH FALSE JACKET.—The sleeves are made tight at the wrist, with large open false sleeves below the elbow. The trimming consists of huppets of coloured flannel, fastened around the jacket and sleeves with two rows of narrow piping, forming a kind of fringe, and large metal buttons down the front. Swiss muslin cuffs, cravat, and cap, which may be set off with coloured ribbons.

FIG. 10. PIQUE OR BATISTE DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—Plain skirt and low-necked basque of white or unbleached piqué, trimmed round the neck and the lower part of the overskirt with a ruching of batiste. Coloured girde and ribbon sash of two shades, with fringe at one only of the hanging ends.

FIG. 11. COSTUME WITH BASQUE AND SASH.—This costume consists of a high dress with close sleeves and a tablier overskirt of light coloured silk, looped up with a broad sash under an artless basque waist of white cachemire. The cuffs are also of this last material. The basque-waist, cuffs, overskirt and sash are embroidered in colours, and the latter is fringed at one end only.

FIG. 12. TRAVELLING DRESS WITH DUST COAT.—The dust coat is made of camelot, perfectly plain, with the exception of a 1/2 in. back-stitch hem all round, and a broader double-sewn hem down the front. Side and breast pockets will be found useful. Brown straw gipsy-hat trimmed with a plain ribbon and a long veil.

FIG. 13. COSTUME WITH DOLMAN FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—Coloured woollen dress trimmed with light coloured cloth flounces. Jacket fastening behind, with dolman sleeves and pointed capuchon, of dark green cloth, embroidered with green and white silk cord. Sailor's hat trimmed with black or green ribbon.

FIG. 14. COSTUME WITH BASQUE WAIST AND FICHU.—Light-coloured woollen dress with high waist and tight sleeves. Swiss muslin fichu and cuffs.

A VISIT TO A KINDERGARTEN.

In the Faubourg St. Antoine there is an establishment called "L'Ecole Professionnelle," of which Madame Delon is the "Directrice." It is situated in the Rue de Neuilly, No. 25. Having had a letter of introduction, I presented myself as an Englishman wishing to learn something of the Kindergarten, and the "Système Probel," as carried out in that establishment. I need hardly say that I was received with that courtesy and readiness to oblige which stands in such remarkable contrast with a similar application in my own country, except the applicant may happen to lean on the arm of a trustee or a director. This school is not supported by the Government; and therefore is, to all intents and purposes, a private one. The Kindergarten or Probel system has for its purpose the conveyance of knowledge to little children, from the age of four to seven, by means of objects and elementary instruction without books; so that the mind of the young is not taxed or fatigued by learning, but, as it were, pleasantly instructed by amusement. In this school there are about sixty young pupils in two divisions. The first consists of little ones, who appear happy and full of play, and yet learn by playing. I saw a child of four years old to-day, who knew well the elements of geometry, and yet could not read. She recognized at once the obtuse and acute angle, the sphere, the cube, and the circle, and knew how to apply them by dictation to the formation of a figure. It seems almost paradoxical to say this of a child who cannot write a word; and yet it appears very simple and instructive if we only trace step by step the way it is arrived at. The most primitive lesson which the child receives is a ball to play with—simple enough, and which no child objects to; there is half a yard of string attached to it, and the balls are covered with worsted netting in various colours. The child by this is told that the ball is a circle, a round, a sphere; and by the various coverings learns to distinguish the various colours. He holds the string in one hand, and is told to throw up the ball, and of course it comes down again. He learns the words "up" and "down," and is then told that that is vertical or perpendicular. Then he throws it to the right and the left, and learns both those terms; and, in fact, knows his right hand from his left. It is a rule not to confine a child's attention to one thing more than a quarter of an hour; and then he has a box of cubes put before him, coloured red, of one centimetre each. With these he first is taught to put them in a row, and then he recognises a straight line; when this is accomplished, he is taught how, by placing them together, certain elementary forms are made; and so on this proceeds till the infant can construct—and can construct out of his own intelligence—many things in ordinary

use, such as windows, stools, doorways, &c. By degree, the little one, after having mastered the cubes, is supplied with wooden bricks of the same kind, always in mathematical proportion, so that he may not be misled; and thus, after a few initiatory lessons, he is encouraged to exercise his own will, or, in other words, play with them as he thinks best. But the infant is very apt at imitation, and what one does the other will try to do. Before playing with the cubes or the bricks, they learn what is the surface and what the angle; and so, in fact, they learn what geometry is unconsciously, and yet they know it. Then the little ones are taught, for ten or fifteen minutes, in a song or chant, some of the elements of social knowledge as, "how flour is made," or simple figures of addition; and so three-quarters of an hour are spent. Then they are all turned out, if fine, into the yard, to do their gymnastics; or if wet, into the large empty room on the ground floor. —Et Cetera.

When the Germans dictated to France their hard and exacting conditions of peace, the French—and especially the Parisians—vowed in whispers that they should never rest till they had their revenge. "Republican simplicity" was to be the order of the day, and one would have thought—from their words—that frivolity was to be entirely abjured. The constancy of the Parisians may be estimated by the fact that the prevailing fashion in the salons of the French capital is for ladies to array themselves in 80 guinea dresses, which are worn for one evening and put away the next day. The more costly the dress the more it is noticed, and the less possible is it to wear the dress a second time. It is said that some young and pretty women have determined to make a stand against this luxury, and will not wear dresses costing more than £16 or £18, which may be worn on several occasions, but the present idea is that the young army of economy will be beaten by the *vieille garde* of coquettes who seek to replace the lost attractions of beauty by the richness of dress.

The young Archduchess Gisèle, daughter of the Emperor of Austria, is in the seventeenth year of her age. Prince Leopold of Bavaria, to whom she is to be married, is ten years older. The princess is described as tall and slight, with blue eyes and a somewhat haughty expression of countenance. She has fine musical abilities, and is a graceful equestrienne. The trousseau and wedding presents are laid out solemly for exhibition in Vienna, and naturally draw immense crowds. Besides the numberless costly laces and magnificent shawls and dresses, a complete toilette-table, in silver, is admired for its exquisite design. There is also a prayer-book painted in vellum in the style of the fifteenth century, and a fan, set with precious stones, which has been painted by Lebrun. The Grand Duchess Alice of Tuscany has given the bride a set of antique cameos of great value, and the Countess of Chambord, who is related to the bride and bridegroom, has added to the collection a costly knot of pearls and diamonds. The event will be one of much *éclat*, and the Viennese very naturally are on the tiptoe of expectation.

Public opinion in China on the subject of the possession by women of personal property goes even further than English law. It seems evident that in England the continued use of her accustomed articles of jewellery by a woman who has left her husband may entail serious consequences on the abettors of her flight, but in China the same view of the matter is extended to those unions in which it cannot be said that the right of owning property has been relinquished for the security of marriage. A curious case in illustration of this fact occurred lately at Hong Kong: A rich Chinese merchant had, although married, established a second household, in accordance with the immemorial custom of the country. The lady who adorned this dwelling, one of the best in a fashionable quarter of the town, was loaded with presents, her boxes filled with brocade dresses, and her fingers covered with rings. She, nevertheless, thought herself at liberty to sell all the valuables she had received, to pocket the proceeds, and, in spite of her small feet and tottering gait, to run off with the man of her heart. Justice was appealed to by the merchant and his friends. They claimed the restitution of the value of the gifts, and the return of the fugitive to the harem. But the judge, an Englishman, could not, under the circumstances, regard the gifts as anything else, or the woman as anything but a free agent, and dismissed the case. The lady, however, narrowly escaped being stoned by the crowd, and the judge's decision was much blamed by the Chinese.

Among the practices not yet registered by authors of treatises on moral philosophy we must reckon that of over-dressing, of which the *Leisure Hour* says, in the genuine temper of a moralist, "It is to be feared at the present day that women of the upper circles are spending fortunes on the toilette, which good mothers in former times would have saved to endow their children; that less wealthy women are bringing certain misery to many a home by emulating the classes above them; whilst those of humbler rank, rushing eagerly in the same mad race of vanity, exhaust the surplus means that used to be laid by for a marriage portion or a rainy day; and so the mischievous folly descends. The servant wishes to go attired on Sunday, as she believes, like her mistress; the workwoman dons, out of her scanty earnings, the closest imitation she can of the garments she has been fashioning for her wealthy employer. The temptation is greatest of all in large towns, especially in London, where girls are not known to every one they meet, and fondly imagine they are 'taken for ladies,' whilst their toilette is but a caricature of the fashion. If the humble and ignorant servant-

girl deserves such severe censure for abandoning herself to a culpable vanity, how much more guilty are those women of the middle classes who bring ruin on their homes, and women in 'good society' who cheat their tradespeople by procuring goods they cannot pay for? How can they flaunt their brief time in finery that is not their own, but their milliner's or their mercer's? It is not the dress, it is the character, that makes a woman admirable. Mere 'clothes-screens,' as Carlyle calls them, women are admired flatteringly for dress only by those who are strangers to their character and circumstances, and by persons of shallow sense. Of all the snares that beset young girls, none are more dangerous than the love of dress. Mothers should be on the alert to guard their daughters against it. Elder sisters should not forget that young eyes are looking at them as examples, and are much more impressed by the living models before them than by any amount of 'good advice.' Nothing is of greater importance than the companionship permitted to young girls. Not only do overdressed companions induce the wish in themselves to overdress, but if the gratification is denied, 'covetousness, envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness' are very likely to find birth in hearts that might be otherwise full of better feelings."

MR. JAMES I. FELLOWS,  
Manufacturing Chemist:

SIR,—For several months past I have used your Compound Syrup in the treatment of Incipient Phthisis, Chronic Bronchitis, and other affections of the Chest, and I have no hesitation in stating that it ranks foremost amongst the remedies used in those diseases. Being an excellent nervous tonic, it exerts a direct influence on the nervous system, and through it invigorates the body.

It affords me pleasure to recommend a remedy which is really good in cases for which it is intended, when so many advertised are worse than useless.

I am, Sir,  
Yours truly,  
Z. S. EARLE, Jr., M. D.

St. John, N. B., January, 1868.

Dr. Colby's Anti-Costive and Tonic Pills are the best.

Varities.

A man living in a lone spot in Ireland was taken suddenly ill. His family, in great alarm, not knowing what else to do, sent for a neighbour, who had a reputation for doctoring. "Can't you give father something to help him?" asked one of the sons. "Well," he replied, "I don't know nothin' about doctorin' people." "You know more than we do, for you can doctor cows. Now, what do you give them when they're sick?" "Wa'al, I give cows—Epsom salts. You might try that on him." "How much shall we give him?" inquired the son. "I give cows just a pound. I suppose a man is a quarter as big as a cow. Give him a quarter of a pound!"

The death of Baron Channell has revived an anecdote of his practice at the bar. His lordship was always regarded as a man of sound legal learning, and very considerable general erudition, but he was, at the same time, remarkable for his utter disregard of the unfortunate letter H. Being engaged in a commercial suit, in which the ship "Harrow" was the bone of contention, the judge expressed a wish to know what was really the name of the vessel. "Was she," he asked, "the 'Harrow' or the 'Arrow'?" "My lord," replied Mr. Channell's witty, but disrespectful junior, "when the ship is at sea she is known as the 'Harrow,' but when she gets into the chops of the *Chananel* she becomes the 'Arrow.'"

A country clergyman of middle age, unquestionable antecedents, and professional appearance, found himself in a railway carriage with two maiden ladies, long past the bloom of youth. There were no lamps in the carriage, and the ladies appeared very apprehensive in the matter of tunnels. At length the train plunged into darkness, when the clerical passenger was horrified to find that one of his fellow-travellers suddenly turned a bull's-eye lantern upon him. "You will excuse us," said the female with the bull's-eye, "but, although you appear to be very respectable, still there are so many wolves in sheep's clothing going about that, whenever we get into tunnels, we prepare for the worst." The terrified parson left the carriage at the first opportunity.

Appropos of the American story we recently gave of a book agent whom the Omaha people tried to kill, but who returned with Cassell's Illustrated Bible, trying to get a subscription from the head of the attacking party, an equally good story is told of the canvaser of a London publisher. He found his way into the parlour of a branch bank, and saw the manager, who, as soon as he learned his business, ordered him out. Very quietly he said, "I meet with so many gentlemen in the course of the week that I can afford to meet a snob occasionally," and walked off. Next day he called at the bank again, and wished to open an account. He was again shown in to the manager, and gave very satisfactory reasons for opening the account, and deposited £270. The manager could not do less than apologise for his rudeness on the day preceding, and ordered a copy of the work—an expensive Bible—and allowed access to the clerks, several of whom did the same. Two days afterwards every *particular* was drawn out.

News of the Week.

The Czar will visit the Vienna Exhibition. The Italian Ministry have resumed their portfolios.

Several reverses to the Carlist arms are reported.

A telegram from Rome states that Garibaldi is dangerously ill.

Bidwell, the forger, has left Cuba for England in charge of detectives.

The London *Observer* states that general elections will be held next spring.

The Turkish Government have ordered 400,000 rifles in the United States.

The Military Governor of Paris has forbidden the sale of the *Journal des Débats*.

The Spanish Government is preparing to issue a large amount of paper currency.

The festivities in honour of the Emperor William's visit continue at St. Petersburg.

Dissensions among the different Christian churches at Jerusalem have led to rioting.

The Quebecers will celebrate the 200th anniversary of the discovery of the Mississippi.

John Stuart Mill died at Avignon, on the 9th inst. The news reached London at 2 p.m.

The number of visitors to the Vienna Exhibition daily was between 12,000 and 16,000.

The Modocs have again attacked the United States troops, and killed or wounded a dozen men.

Private advices from Hudson's Bay Company reiterate the denial of Indian troubles in the North-West.

France will continue to support England in her efforts to suppress the slave trade on the east coast of Africa.

The Dutch expedition recently defeated by the Atchinese, have embarked on board their vessels unmolested.

Twelve thousand persons went to hear Pere Hyacinthe saying Mass. The penalty is excommunication.

The additional land required for the Montreal City Hall has been obtained from the Dominion Government.

The news comes from India that Admiral Cummings has been ordered to Zanzibar, there to await further instructions.

The Postmaster-General of New South Wales comes to Washington to organize a mail service between California and Austria.

The Canary Islands have sent an address to Spain denying the existence of any feeling in favour of separation from the mother country.

France is occupied in solving the question of a fixed form of Government, and it was thought that the Republic would be permanently declared.

A writ of error has been granted in the Stokes' case, on the understanding that the case will go at once before the Court of Appeals, now in Session.

Bradlaugh, the English Republican, goes to Madrid with an address, and Gambetta will meet him at Limoges, and they will journey together.

The Pope is reported to be very feeble and to have had a fainting fit, which lasted an hour. Later reports represent his condition as still worse.

The Roman police have arrested several persons for participating in the riotous demonstrations in favour of the abolition of religious corporations.

A fearful explosion occurred in the Drummond Colliery, Pictou County, Nova Scotia, by which the manager, Mr. Dann, his assistant, and sixty miners, have lost their lives.

The official enquiry into the loss of the "Atlantic" was opened on Saturday at Liverpool. The enquiry was chiefly as to her vitalising and the alleged insufficiency of coal.

The representative of Spain has, it is reported, asked Lord Granville to take proceedings against the Carlist Committee in London, who are collecting money to assist in prosecuting the war.

The Esquimaux children rescued with the party from the "Polaris" created an immense sensation when they landed in Boston, and were carried through the streets by some of the leading citizens.

Financial circles continue very much disturbed on the Continent of Europe, owing to the crisis in Vienna. Prussia proposes to invest part of the war indemnity in stock, to relieve the market, and Austria suspends the Bank Act.

The Khivese are entrencing themselves and have sent a force to meet the advancing Russians. A skirmish between the latter and a band of Turcomans resulted in an easy victory for the Muscovites, who captured a great number of camels.

The statement made a few days ago that Bokhara would assist Khiva in her struggle with Russia seems to receive confirmation in the announcement that a party of Bokharese horsemen surprised a picket in the Russian advance, putting every man that fell into their hands to death by impalement.

Do not be put off with any imitation of Jacobs' Liquid.



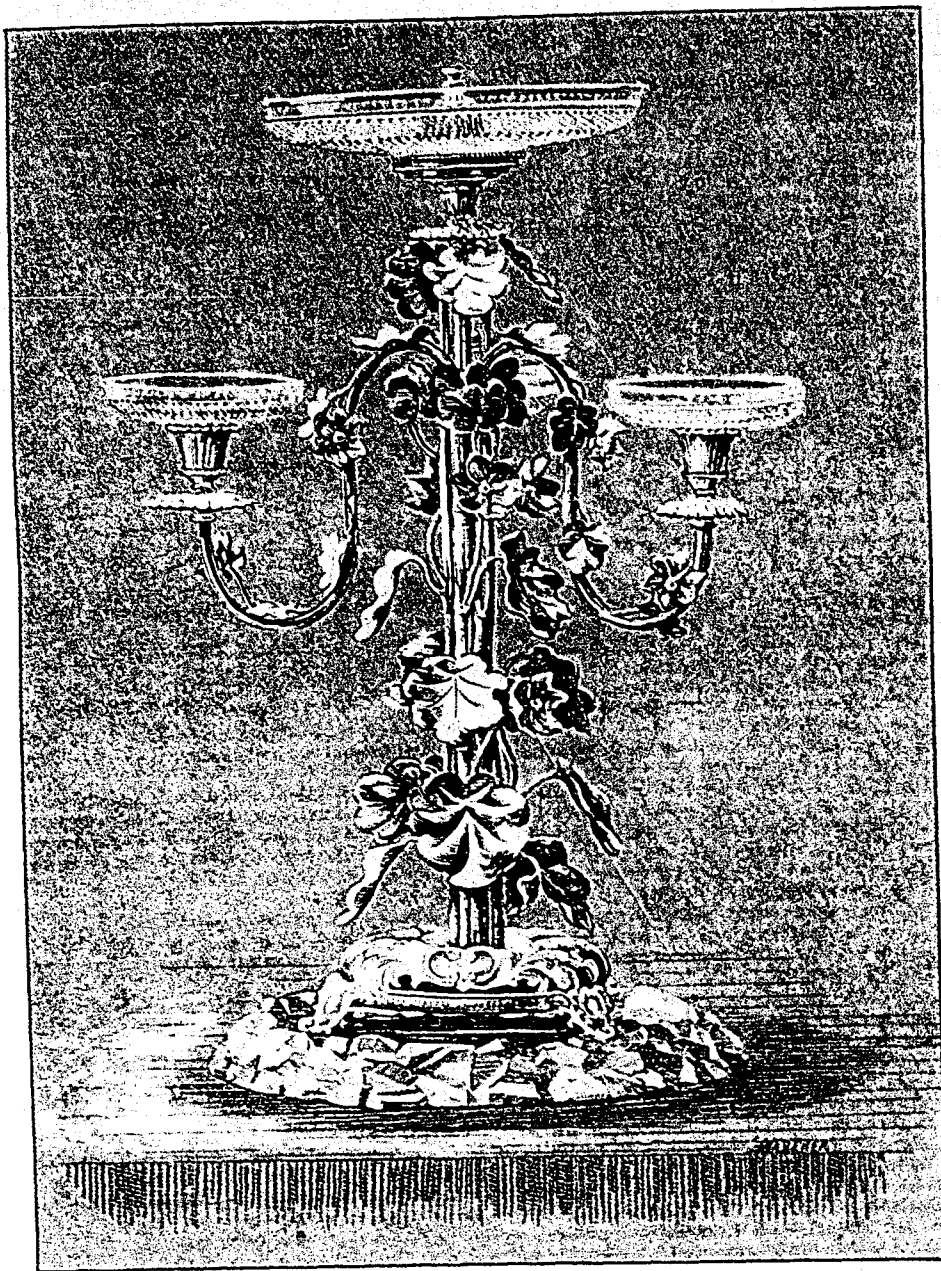
**THE PRIZE MEDALS FOR THE VIENNA EXHIBITION.**

These medals are five in number, and will be disposed as follows: for Skill, Progress, Merit, Good Taste (Fine Arts), and for Workmen. The designs were selected by a competent jury from over sixty sent in from various parts of the world. The medal for Progress will be for exhibitors who may have already taken honours at previous exhibitions; while that for Merit will be for exhibitors who have hitherto won no special distinction in this manner. The medal for Workmen—a novelty we believe—is intended for those who have contributed to the success of any exhibitor in the production of the article taking honours. The object of the other two is already sufficiently explained by their designations. The obverse of all five medals is the same, viz: the head of the Emperor, with the inscription in German, "Francis Joseph I., Emperor of Austria, King of Bohemia, etc., King Apostolic of Hungary." At the base the name of the Viennese maker. The medal for Skill bears a group representing Austria in the act of crowning the Arts; that for Progress bears a somewhat similar group depicting the union of Art and Science. The Merit medal bears an allegorical representation of the reward of manly labour and housewifely work; the Fine Arts the Three Graces holding wreaths over various articles belonging to this department. The medal for Workmen shows a genius in the middle pointing with one hand to a master smith, while with the other he crowns the workman. Each medal bears on the reverse the German inscription, "World's Exhibition, 1873, Vienna," with the designation of the department to which it belongs. The Merit and Co-labourers' Medals are the work of a German artist in London; the other three were made by the Viennese artist whose name appears on the obverse.

**PRESENTATION TO LIEUT.-COLONEL MARTIN BY THE OFFICERS OF THE 6TH BATTALION, A. M.**

On the evening of St. George's Day, April 23rd, the officers of the 6th Battalion waited upon Colonel Martin at his residence and presented him with the beautiful epergne which we illustrate on this page. The following is the address read on the occasion by Captain Millen, Senior Regimental Officer:—

*To Lieut.-Col. John Martin:*  
We, the officers of the 6th Battalion, Active Militia of Canada, avail ourselves of the occasion of your return from Europe, to convey to you our appreciation of the way in which you have acted as Commanding Officer during the years the regiment has been under your command; of the deep interest you have always



EPERGNE PRESENTED TO LIEUT.-COL. MARTIN BY THE OFFICERS OF THE 6TH BATT. ACTIVE MILITIA FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.

taken in the welfare of the regiment, of the firm yet affable manner in which you have guided it, and of the interest you have ever exhibited, not only for ourselves but for every man belonging to the corps.

We trust the expression we now give of our feelings may be as agreeable for you to receive as it is agreeable to us to record.

We beg of you to accept the accompanying testimonial as a slight memento of our regard for you as a man and our Commanding Officer, and we pray our Heavenly Father may grant you health and strength long to remain at our head, and may He continue to shower His choicest blessings on the dear partner of your life, on your children, and on yourself.

Montreal, April 23rd, 1873.

(Signed,)

Henry Millen, Capt.; Robert Gardner, Capt. and Major; James C. Sinton, Capt. and Major; G. H. Henshaw, jr., Capt. D. Seath, Lieut. W. D. Dupont, Lieut.; Wm. Smith Gardner, Ensign; Wm. John Kenney, Ensign; W. A. Bates, Capt. and Paymaster; Sullivan David, Captain and Adjt.; John G. Seebold, Quartermaster; A. H. David, M. D., Surgeon.

The epergne, which was made by Messrs. Savage & Lyman, has three shields, upon one of which is the following inscription:

Presented  
by the officers of  
the 6th Battalion, A. M.,  
to Lieutenant-Colonel John Martin,  
as a token of esteem and appreciation of  
his services as their Commanding  
Officer.

Montreal, 23rd April, 1873.

The second shield bears Lieut.-Col. Martin's crest, and the third the regimental coat of arms.

**THE NEW STADT THEATRE, VIENNA.**

This theatre is not, as its name would seem to imply, the property of the city of Vienna. It was erected by a company in which most of the members of the Austrian aristocracy hold shares, and is intended to be in a way supplementary to the Hoftheater, or Court Theatre. The representations are strictly classical. The building stands in close proximity to the City Park, and although it does not pretend to be any high architectural art, it still adds to the adornment of the city. The illustration shows the corner loggia, which faces the Inner Town, and which has been recently ornamented with the statues of Shakespeare, Schiller, and Grillparzer. Of the style of the architecture perhaps the less said the better. The interior is handsomely decorated in white, red, and gold, and on the drop is painted a scene from the "Midsummer Night's Dream."



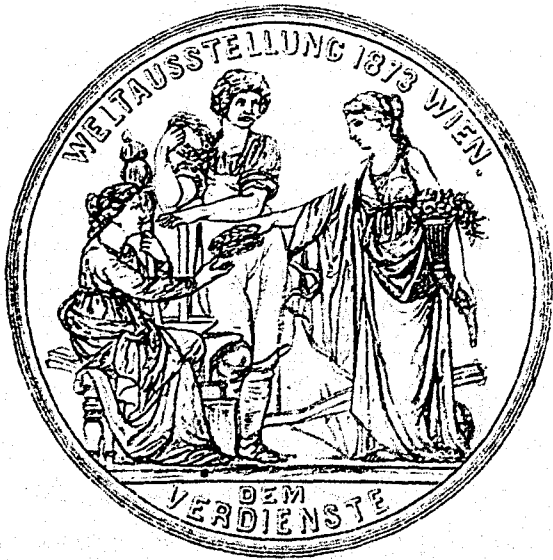
FOR PROGRESS.



OBVERSE



FOR SKILL.



FOR MERIT.



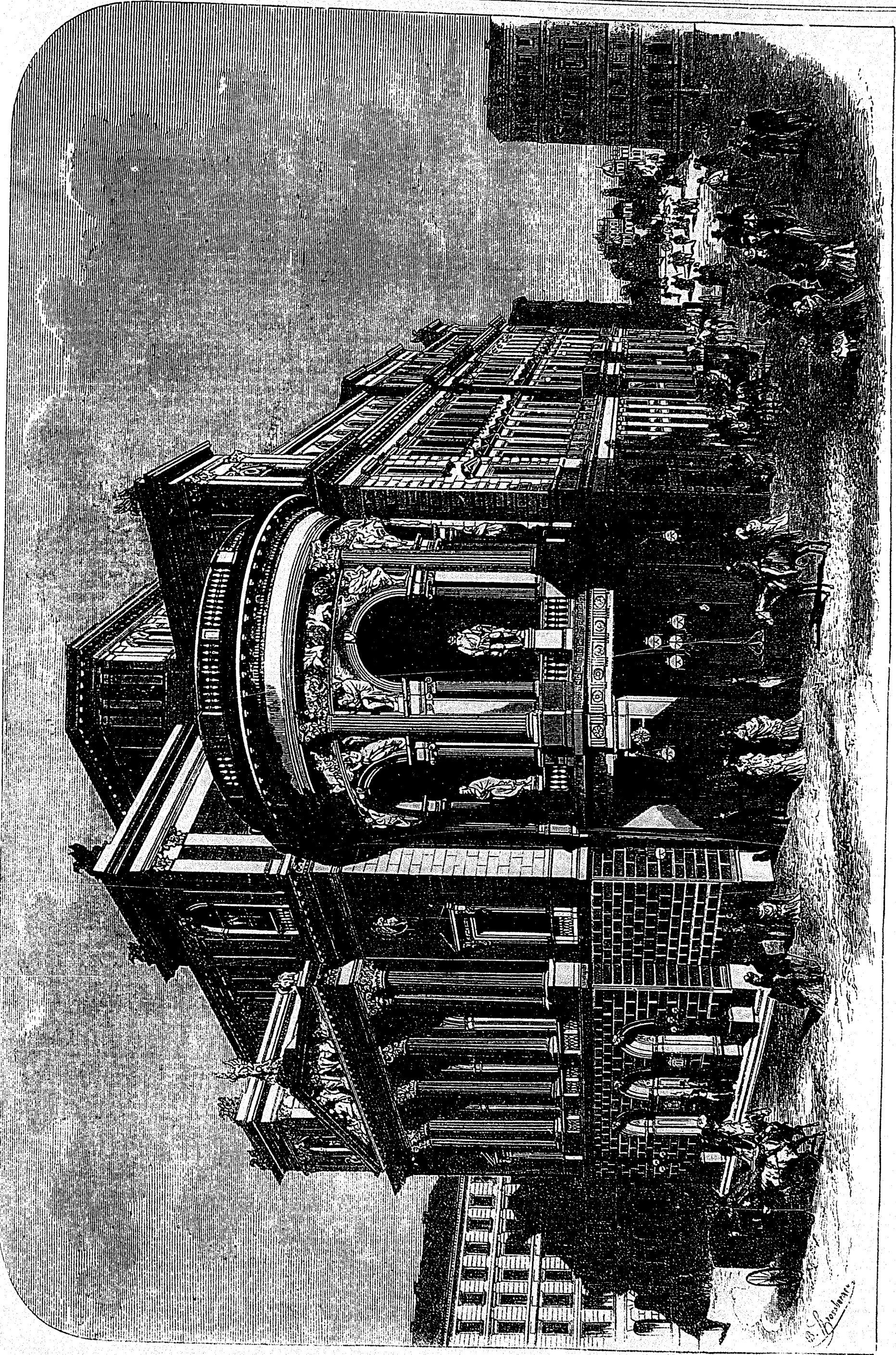
FINE ARTS.



FOR WORKMEN.

THE VIENNA EXHIBITION PRIZE MEDALS.





THE NEW STADT THEATRE, VIENNA.



REGISTERED in accordance with the Copy-right Act of 1868.

## THE NEW MAGDALEN.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

SECOND SCENE—*Mablethorpe House.*

CHAPTER XXVIII.—Continued.

Lady Janet, more quickly yet, looked away at the programme of the opera-house. Still the same melancholy false pretences! still the same useless and cruel delay! Incapable of enduring the position now forced upon her, Mercy put her hand into the pocket of her apron, and drew from it Lady Janet's letter.

"Will your ladyship forgive me," she began, in faint faltering tones, "if I venture on a painful subject? I hardly dare acknowledge—" In spite of her resolution to speak out plainly, the memory of past love and past kindness prevailed with her; the next words died away on her lips. She could only hold up the letter.

Lady Janet declined to see the letter. Lady Janet suddenly became absorbed in the arrangement of her bracelets.

"I know what you daren't acknowledge, you foolish child!" she exclaimed. "You daren't acknowledge that you are tired of this dull house. My dear! I am entirely of your opinion—I am weary of my own magnificence; I long to be living in one snug little room, with one servant to wait on me. I'll tell you what we will do. We will go to Paris in the first place. My excellent Migliore, prince of couriers, shall be the only persons in attendance. He shall take a lodging for us in one of the unfashionable quarters of Paris. We will rough it, Grace (to use the slang phrase), merely for a change. We will lead what they call a 'Bohemian life.' I know plenty of writers and painters and actors in Paris—the liveliest society in the world, my dear, until one gets tired of them. We will dine at the restaurant, and go to the play, and drive about in shabby little hired carriages. And when it begins to get monotonous (which it is only too sure to do) we will spread our wings and fly to Italy, and cheat the winter in that way. There is a plan for you! Migliore is in town. I will send to him this evening, and we will start to-morrow."

Mercy made another effort.

"I entreat your ladyship to pardon me," she resumed. "I have something serious to say. I am afraid—"

"I understand! You are afraid of crossing the Channel, and you don't like to acknowledge it. Pooh! The passage barely lasts two hours; we shall snout ourselves up in a private cabin. I will send at once—the courier may be engaged. Ring the bell."

"Lady Janet, I must submit to my hard lot. I cannot hope to associate myself again with any future plans of yours—"

"What! you are afraid of our 'Bohemian life' in Paris? Observe this, Grace! If there is one thing I hate more than another, it is 'an old head on young shoulders.' I say no more. Ring the bell."

"This cannot go on, Lady Janet! No words can say how unworthy I feel of your kindness, how ashamed I am—"

"Upon my honour, my dear, I agree with you. You ought to be ashamed, at your age, of making me get up to ring the bell."

Her obstinacy was immovable; she attempted to rise from the couch. But one choice was left to Mercy. She anticipated Lady Janet, and rang the bell.

The man-servant came in. He had his little letter tray in his hand, with a card on it, and a sheet of paper beside the card, which looked like an open letter.

"You know where my courier lives when he is in London?" asked Lady Janet.

"Yes, my lady."

"Send one of the grooms to him on horse-back; I am in a hurry. The courier is to come here without fail to-morrow morning—in time for the tidal train to Paris. You understand?"

"Yes, my lady."

"What have you got there? Anything for me?"

"For Miss Roseberry, my lady."

As he answered, the man handed the card and the open letter to Mercy.

"The lady is waiting in the morning-room, miss. She wished me to say she has time to spare, and she will wait for you if you are not ready yet."

Having delivered his message in those terms, he withdrew.

Mercy read the name on the card. The matron had arrived! She looked at the letter next. It appeared to be a printed circular, with some lines in pencil added on the empty page. Printed lines and written lines swam before her eyes. She felt, rather than saw, Lady Janet's attention steadily and suspiciously fixed on her. With the matron's arrival the foredoomed end of the flimsy false pretences and the cruel delays had come.

"A friend of yours, my dear?"

"Yes, Lady Janet."

"Am I acquainted with her?"

"I think not, Lady Janet."

"You appear to be agitated. Does your visitor bring bad news? Is there anything that I can do for you?"

"You can add—immeasurably add, madam—to all your past kindnesses if you will only bear with me and forgive me."

"Bear with you, and forgive you? I don't understand."

"I will try to explain. Whatever else you may think of me, Lady Janet, for God's sake don't think me ungrateful!"

Lady Janet held up her hand for silence.

"I dislike explanations," she said, sharply. "Nobody ought to know that better than you. Perhaps the lady's letter will explain for you. Why have you not looked at it yet?"

"I am in great trouble, madam, as you noticed just now—"

"Have you any objection to my knowing who your visitor is?"

"No, Lady Janet."

"Let me look at her card, then."

Mercy gave the matron's card to Lady Janet, as she had given the matron's telegram to Horace.

Lady Janet read the name on the card—considered—decided that it was a name quite unknown to her—and looked next at the address: "Western District Refuge, Milburn Road."

"A lady connected with a Refuge?" she said, speaking to herself; "and calling here by appointment—if I remember the servant's message? A strange time to choose, if she has come for a subscription!"

She paused. Her brow contracted; her face hardened. A word from her would now have brought the interview to its inevitable end, and she refused to speak the word. To the last moment she persisted in ignoring the truth! Placing the card on the couch at her side, she pointed with her long yellow-white forefinger to the printed letter lying side by side with her own letter on Mercy's lap.

"Do you mean to read it, or not?" she asked.

Mercy lifted her eyes, fast filling with tears, to Lady Janet's face.

"May I beg that your ladyship will read it for me?" she said—and placed the matron's letter in Lady Janet's hand.

It was a printed circular announcing a new development in the charitable work of the Refuge. Subscribers were informed that it had been decided to extend the shelter and the training of the institution (thus far devoted to fallen women alone) so as to include destitute and helpless children found wandering in the streets. The question of the number of children to be thus rescued and protected was left dependent, as a matter of course, on the bounty of the friends of the Refuge; the cost of the maintenance of each one child being stated at the lowest possible rate. A list of influential persons who had increased their subscriptions so as to cover the cost, and a brief statement of the progress already made with the new work completed the appeal, and brought the circular to its end.

The lines traced in pencil (in the matron's handwriting) followed on the blank page.

"Your letter tells me, my dear, that you would like—remembering your own childhood—to be employed when you return among us in saving other poor children left helpless on the world. Our circular will inform you that I am able to meet your wishes. My first errand this evening in your neighbourhood was to take charge of a poor child—a little girl—who stands sadly in need of our care. I have ventured to bring her with me, thinking she might help to reconcile you to the coming change in your life. You will find us both waiting to go back with you to the old home. I write this instead of saying it, hearing from the servant that you are not alone, and being unwilling to intrude myself, as a stranger, on the lady of the house."

Lady Janet read the pencilled lines, as she had read the printed sentences, aloud. Without a word of comment, she laid the letter where she had laid the card; and, rising from her seat, stood for a moment in stern silence, looking at Mercy. The sudden change in her which the letter had produced—quietly as it had taken place—was terrible to see. On the frowning brow, in the flashing eyes, on the hardened lips, outraged love and outraged pride looked down on the lost woman, and said, as if in words, You have roused us at last.

"If that letter means anything," she said, "it means you are about to leave my house. There can be but one reason for your taking such a step as that."

"It is the only atonement I can make, madam—"

"I see another letter on your lap. Is it my letter?"

"Yes."

"Have you read it?"

"I have read it."

"Have you seen Horace Holmercroft?"

"Yes."

"Have you told Horace Holmercroft—"

"Oh, Lady Janet—"

"Don't interrupt me. Have you told Horace what my letter positively forbade you to communicate, either to him or to any living

creature? I want no protestations and excuses. Answer me instantly; and answer in one word—yes, or no."

Not even that haughty language, not even those pitiless tones, could extinguish in Mercy's heart the sacred memories of past kindness and past love. She fell on her knees—her outstretched hands touched Lady Janet's dress. Lady Janet sharply drew her dress away, and sternly repeated her last words.

"Yes? or No?"

"Yes."

She had owned it at last! To this end, Lady Janet had submitted to Grace Roseberry; had offended Horace Holmercroft; had stooped for the first time in her life to concealments and compromises that degraded her. After all that she had sacrificed and suffered—there Mercy knelt at her feet, self-convicted of violating her commands, trampling on her feelings, deserting her house! And who was the woman who had done this? The same woman who had perpetrated the fraud, and who had persisted in the fraud, until her benefactress had descended to become her accomplice. Then, and then only, she had suddenly discovered that it was her sacred duty to tell the truth!

In proud silence the great lady met the blow that had fallen on her. In proud silence, she turned her back on her adopted daughter, and walked to the door.

Mercy made her last appeal to the kind friend whom she had offended—to the second mother whom she had loved.

"Lady Janet! Lady Janet! Don't leave me without a word. Oh, madam, try to feel for me a little! I am returning to a life of humiliation—the shadow of my old disgrace is falling on me once more. We shall never meet again. Even though I have not deserved it, let my repentance plead with you! Say you forgive me!"

Lady Janet turned round on the threshold of the door.

"I never forgive ingratitude," she said. "Go back to the Refuge."

The door opened, and closed on her. Mercy was alone again in the room.

Unforgiven by Horace, unforgiven by Lady Janet! She put her hands to her burning head—and tried to think. Oh, for the cool air of the night! Oh, for the friendly shelter of the Refuge! She could feel those sad longings in her: it was impossible to think.

She rang the bell—and shrank back the instant she had done it. Had she any right to take that liberty? She ought to have thought of it before she rang. Habit—all habit. How many hundreds of times she had rung the bell at Mablethorpe House!

The servant came in. She amazed the man—she spoke to him so timidly; she even apologized for troubling him!

"I am sorry to disturb you. Will you be so kind as to say to the lady that I am ready for her?"

"Wait to give that message," said a voice behind them, "until you hear the bell rung again."

Mercy looked round in amazement. Julian had returned to the library by the dining-room door.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

## THE LAST TRIAL.

The servant left them together. Mercy spoke first.

"Mr. Gray!" she exclaimed, "why have you delayed my message? If you knew all, you would know that it is far from being a kindness to me to keep me in this house."

He advanced closer to her—surprised by her words, alarmed by her looks.

"Has any one been here in my absence?" he asked.

"Lady Janet has been here in my absence. I can't speak of it—my heart feels crushed—I can bear no more. Let me go!"

Briefly as she had replied, she had said enough. Julian's knowledge of Lady Janet's character told him what had happened. His face showed plainly that he was disappointed as well as distressed.

"I had hoped to have been with you when you and my aunt met, and to have prevented this," he said. "Believe me, she will atone for all that she may have harshly and hastily done, when she has had time to think. Try not to regret it, if she has made your hard sacrifice harder still. She has only raised you and endeared you in my estimation. Forgive me, if I own this in plain words. I cannot control myself—I feel too strongly."

At other times Mercy might have heard the coming avowal in his tones, might have discovered it in his eyes. As it was, her delicate insight was dulled, her fine perception was blunted. She held out her hand to him, feeling a vague conviction that he was kinder to her than ever—and feeling no more.

"I must thank you for the last time," she said. "As long as life is left, my gratitude will be a part of my life. Let me go. While I can still control myself, let me go!"

She tried to leave him, and ring the bell. He held her hand firmly and drew her closer to him.

"To the Refuge?" he asked.

"Yes!" she said. "Home again!"

"Don't say that!" he exclaimed. "I can't bear to hear it. Don't call the Refuge your home!"

"What else is it? Where else can I go?"

"I have come here to tell you. I said, if you remember, I had something to propose."

She felt the fervent pressure of his hand; she saw the mounting enthusiasm flashing in his eyes. Her weary mind roused itself a little. She began to tremble under the electric influence of his touch.

"Something to propose?" she repeated. "What is there to propose?"

"Let me ask you a question on my side. What have you done to-day?"

"You know what I have done—it is your work," she answered humbly. "Why return to it now?"

"I return to it for the last time; I return to it with a purpose which you will soon understand. You have abandoned your marriage engagement; you have forfeited Lady Janet's love; you have ruined all your worldly prospects—you are now returning, self-devoted, to a life which you have yourself described as a life without hope. And all this you have done of your own free will—at a time when you are absolutely secure of your position in the house—for the sake of speaking the truth. Now tell me. Is a woman who can make that sacrifice a woman who will prove unworthy of the trust, if a man places in her keeping his honour and his name?"

She understood him at last. She broke away from him with a cry. She stood with her hands clasped, trembling and looking at him.

He gave her no time to think. The words poured from his lips without conscious will or conscious effort of his own.

"Mercy, from the first moment when I saw you I loved you! You are free; I may own it; I may ask you to be my wife!"

She drew back from him farther and farther, with a wild imploring gesture of her hand.

"No! no!" she cried. "Think of what you are saying! think of what you would sacrifice! It cannot, must not, be."

His face darkened with a sudden dread. His head fell on his breast. His voice sank so low that she could barely hear it.

"I had forgotten something," he said. "You have reminded me of it."

She ventured back a little nearer to him. "Have I offended you?"

He smiled sadly. "You have enlightened me. I had forgotten that it doesn't follow, because I love you, that you should love me in return. Say that it is so, Mercy—and I leave you."

A faint tinge of colour rose on her face—then left it again paler than ever. Her eyes looked downward timidly under the eager gaze that he fastened on her.

"How can I say so?" she answered simply. "Where is the woman in my place whose heart could resist you?"

He eagerly advanced; he held out his arms to her in breathless, speechless joy. She drew back from him once more with a look that horrified him—a look of blank despair.

"Am I fit to be your wife?" she asked.

"Must I remind you of what you owe to your high position, your spotless integrity, your famous name? Think of all that you have done for me, and then think of the black ingratitude of it if I ruin you for life by consenting to our marriage—if I selfishly, cruelly, wickedly drag you down to the level of a woman like me?"

(To be continued.)

As a material for fancy dresses, tapestry for covering furniture, for incos, embroidery, hostery, &c., the *Journal of Applied Science* says the glass tissue will probably, at some future time, occupy a prominent place. Owing to its brilliancy and the splendour of its colours, it is the most beautiful material for dressing the hair, neck, and head. In softness, the glass yarn almost approaches silk; and to the touch, it is like the finest wool or cotton. It possesses remarkable strength, and it remains unchanged in light and warmth, and is not altered by moisture or acids. Spots may readily be removed by washing. Being non-inflammable and incombustible, it is especially valuable for making dress materials for ladies. Clothes of glass fabrics are much warmer than those of cotton or wool, at the same time they are of low specific gravity. They are also adapted for veils, as they repel the dust remarkably well. The composition of the material is still a secret, and the spinning requires extraordinary dexterity and constant attention. This part of the business is said to be very trying to the sight. The cloth (which is equal to about eleven drachms avoirdupois) is sold for 2 florins 93 cts. gold. Some manufactures of glass yarn are sold at the following prices: Bedouin tassels, from 2s. to 3s.; eagle feathers, from 1s. 6d. to 3s. 6d.; ostrich feathers, from 2s. to 3s.; bouquets, 3s.; cuffs, 5s. 6d.; ladies' neckties, 2s. to 18s.; gentlemen's neckties, from 2s. to 8s. 9d.; watch chains, from 1s. to 4s.; chignons, from 2s. to 18s.; trimmings, 1s. 6d. and upwards per yard; ladies' cloths, from 6d. to 9d. per yard; ladies' hats, from 18s. 6d. to £3. The Austrian Minister of Commerce has already organized schools for glass spinning in the principal seats of glass manufacture in Bohemia.

Chess.

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

INTRIGUE.

At a meeting of the Kingston Chess Club, held on the 14th ult., the following officers were elected: President, R. T. Walker; Vice-President, W. R. Minkay; Secretary-Treasurer, J. H. Baker; Committee, R. T. Burns, J. Wilson, O. McEvoy, and Wm. Neish. The rules of the club were drawn up, and the annual subscription fixed at \$1. The club meets at the Institute on Friday and Monday evenings, and now consists of twenty-five members.

The game subjected is one of a series played by correspondence between Messrs. J. A. Russell of Toronto and J. White of Montreal. It is a little poney at the beginning, but results in a pawn ending which required great accuracy on both sides, and deserves examination.

French defense.

- White-Mr. R. 1. P. to K. 4th. 2. P. to Q. 4th. 3. P. takes P. 4. B. to Q. 3rd. 5. K. Kt. to B. 3rd. 6. Castles. 7. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd. 8. P. to K. R. 3rd. 9. Q. takes B. 10. B. to K. 3rd. 11. P. to Q. R. 3rd (b). 12. Q. Kt. to K. 2nd. 13. Kt. to K. Kt. 3rd. (c) 14. P. takes B. 15. Q. R. to K. sq. 16. Q. to K. B. 4th. 17. B. takes Kt. (e) 18. Q. to Q. 5th. 19. K. takes K. 20. Q. to K. B. 4th. 21. Q. to Q. 7th. 22. N. takes R. 23. K. to K. 2nd. 24. Q. to K. B. 4th. 25. P. takes Q. 26. P. to K. Kt. 4th. 27. P. to Q. Kt. 3rd. 28. P. to K. B. 5th. 29. K. to Q. 2nd. 30. B. to K. B. 4th. 31. K. to K. 3rd. 32. P. takes P. 33. P. takes P. 34. K. to K. B. 2nd. 35. P. to Q. Kt. 4th. 36. B. to Q. B. sq. 37. P. to Q. B. 3rd. 38. K. to K. 2nd. 39. K. to K. B. 2nd.

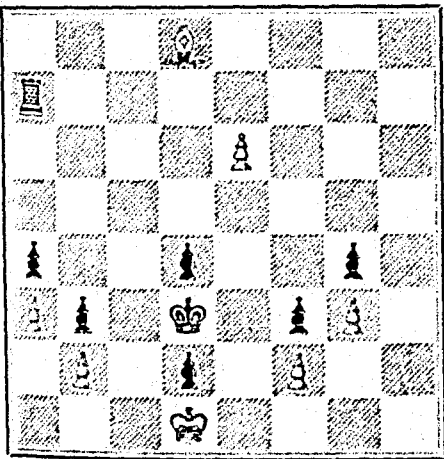
Drawn game.

- (a) If P. to Q. B. 4th. White could have replied advantageously with S. Q. B. to K. Kt. 5th. (b) Intending, apparently, to follow with P. to Q. Kt. 4th. (c) Kt. to K. B. 4th seems a good move here also. (d) It is obvious that taking the doubled Pawn would have cost a piece. (e) To prevent, evidently, the attack possible by P. to K. Kt. 4th, but, as it leaves Black a strong passed Pawn, we have some doubts as to its being the best move. (f) Black plans, from this point, to force exchanges, and win with the Pawn at K. 5th. (g) The only move to prevent loss. (h) Hardly advisable, perhaps, as it sets the white Pawns in good array, and they are admirably managed in the sequel; but Black has not much choice of moves at this stage and a confined position, without much prospect of bringing his Kt. into action.

PROBLEM No. 52.

(An interesting study never before published. By Mr. Geo. Wilson of London, England. Communicated by C. S. B., Montr. 21)

BLACK.



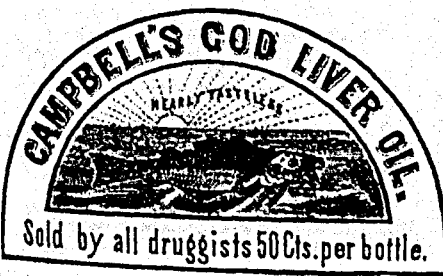
WHITE.

White to play and win.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 8.

- White. 1. B. to K. B. 3rd. 2. K. to K. B. 4th. 3. K. takes P. 4. B. to K. B. 2nd, mate.

- Black. K. takes Kt. K. to K. Kt. 5th. K. to K. R. 5th.



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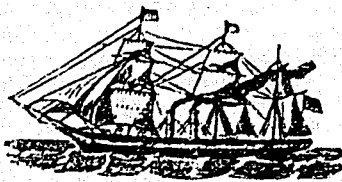
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