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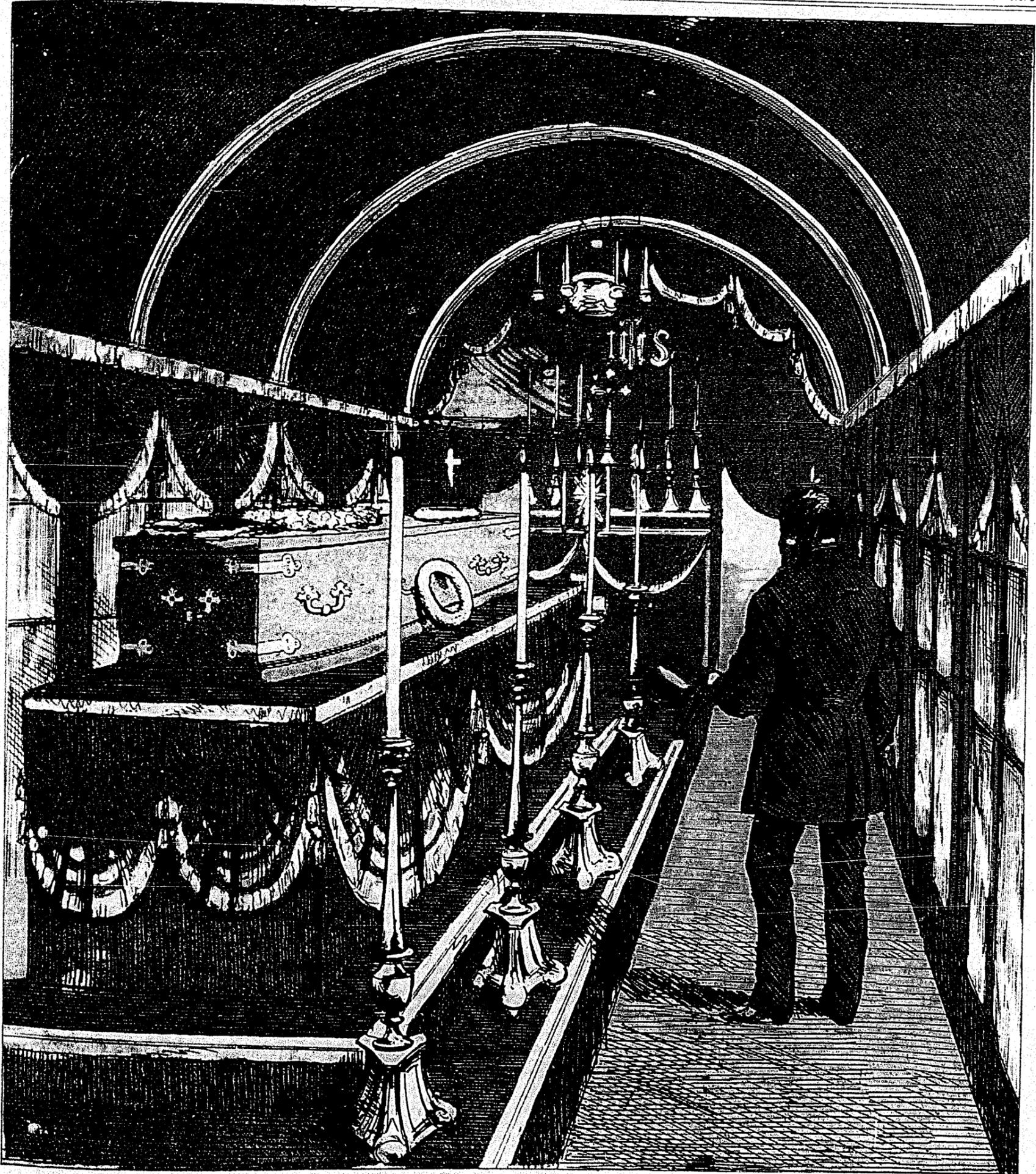
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Illustrated News

Vol. VII.—No 24.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1873.

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



OBSEQUES OF SIR GEO. E. CARTIAR.—THE BODY LYING IN STATE ON BOARD THE "DRUID."

OCEAN STEAMERS DUE AT CANADIAN PORTS.

"Circassian," (Allan), Quebec, from Liverpool, about June 16th.
 "Thames," (Temperley), " " London, " " 20th.

OUR NEXT NUMBER

will be in great measure devoted to the illustration of

THE FUNERAL OF SIR GEO. E. CARTIER

in Montreal.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Every subscriber served by mail will remark on the wrapper after his name figures indicating the month and year to which he is marked paid on our books. Thus, 7-73 means paid to 1st July, '73. 9-72 means that the subscriber has paid to 1st Sept., '72, and consequently owes us the current year's subscription, to Sept., '73. Subscribers owing current year, or arrears, will please remit at once. Subscriptions being henceforth strictly in advance, parties marked paid to some future date will please remit the next year's subscription before the date indicated on their wrapper.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1873.

A CORRESPONDENT has forwarded us a paper on the prevention of railway accidents, accompanied by extracts on the same subject which have already appeared in other journals in Canada. Owing to the length of these extracts in comparison with the limited space at our disposal, we must content ourselves with giving a brief digest of the suggestions made, which are well worthy of consideration by all who are in any way interested in the building and working of railways. The first point is a good one. Speaking of the responsibility which attaches to a company in the case of an accident for the acts of its employees, he remarks that the question to be chiefly dwelt upon is not that of blame so much as of prevention.

"The question of prevention," he says, "is a distinct one from that of blame—and for this reason it seems to me that our whole railway system is conspicuously wrong and defective. If you come to the responsibility of a just distribution of blame—and the public service certainly demands that the fullest enquiry should always be made into the facts—you will probably find that, outside of such enquiry, a great part of the responsibility is morally, though not legally, shared by a great many harmless citizens, who are answerable for the use of the facilities that heaven has blessed them with. Not that I mean to say the company is not primarily responsible, but it is so because there is literally no one in Canada who will assume to look after them. The engineers, who are of course the most competent body, are in the pay of the companies, or hoping to be so." In this dilemma our correspondent proposes, as a last resource, what has been suggested many times already, that the railways should pass under Government control. Were this the case he thinks that we should then see that there was some responsibility somewhere, and that the safety of the lives and properties of passengers would be very much better looked after than at present. It is not our intention to discuss this question, as it has been thoroughly ventilated of late; and, moreover, we are of the opinion that the country is at present by no means prepared for such a change. Our correspondent next goes on to consider the most practical methods for the prevention of railway accidents, and more especially of so-called embankment horrors. "Safety from these," he insists, "will never be secured until you get parapets on all embankments. You start at the thought of the expense, but please remember in the first instance, that embankments form but a small percentage of the mileage upon any of our large lines; second, that timber is very cheap in this country; third, that these low wooden walls would require but very little repairs; and lastly, that the annual saving in a mere money estimate would be an excellent interest on the outlay. Our forefathers considered this security necessary for ordinary bridges, and for dangerous sections of the old highways; but then those worthy fellows took time to their thinking, and laid the public safety deeply to heart, whilst we have long ceased to do so."

Such a simple suggestion as is this is well deserving of consideration. It must, however, be borne in mind that an embankment, though it may be and frequently is the cause of intensifying an accident, is seldom or never the proximate cause of a railway catastrophe. As the writer remarks, "Parapets will create a comparative immunity from danger, but we want also solid and continuous bearings for the rails,

such as the street railways possess. The engine and cars will then be more likely to hold the track." Furthermore, we must have close and continuous examination of the track as well as of the rolling stock, only steady and reliable officials must be employed, and over-work—that fruitful source of accidents—must cease to be allowed on our roads.

ONLY a week or two ago we referred to the difficulty which existed at American military headquarters, as to the ultimate destination of the Modoc captives. The advice given at the time by the *New York Herald* was all that could be desired, and it is deeply to be regretted that the rash act of a few unlicensed executioners should have put it out of the power of the authorities to signalize their administration by an act, if not of signal clemency, at least of even-handed justice. The details of the massacre of the Modoc prisoners appear to be briefly thus. Some seventeen Modocs, including women and children, were travelling under an escort of only twelve men, from the scene of the warfare southwards, when they were attacked by a party of ruffians who massacred several of them without mercy, despite their entreaties and the protestations of the members of the escort. Had not the ruffians been alarmed by the approach of some troops nothing could have prevented them from completing their bloody work. It is supposed that the murderers were a party of Oregon volunteers, and it may well be imagined that for years to come Oregon will suffer for the atrocious deed. The result of the butchery may indeed be something frightful to contemplate. So long as such treachery goes unpunished, there can be no hope of quietness in the United States Indian Reserves, and proof enough has already been given of the terrible manner in which the tribes nurse their revenge, and how when the occasion offers, they indulge in retaliation. This very Modoc war which only a day or two since, was to all appearances at an end—but which now will doubtless be rekindled with fresh animosity—was an example of this. Captain Jack had himself suffered at the hands of the whites, and of the manner which he took to revenge himself we have heard enough during the last few months. The experience has been cruel enough to have taught the Oregonians a lesson, of which however they have taken no heed, and a day of reckoning may come when they will bitterly regret their carelessness. The strangest part of the story is that no steps have been taken for the apprehension of the murderers. To say the least the whole affair wears a very suspicious look. The captives were placed in the charge of a weak and poorly-armed escort incapable of protecting their charges or themselves in case of attack, for this the authorities are indubitably deserving of censure, while the fact of the escape of the perpetrators of the butchery and the apathy of those whose business it should have been to bring them to trial is totally inexplicable. Until the murderers are made to answer for their treachery and unwarrantable cruelty, the odium of the affair must rest with the United States authorities.

OBSEQUIES OF SIR GEORGE E. CARTIER.

THE FUNERAL SERVICE IN LONDON.

The London *Standard* gives the following account of the obsequies in London of the late Sir George E. Cartier—
 "The death of this distinguished Canadian statesman, which we announced a few days ago, has caused deep regret among the Canadian residents in London. The respect in which he was held was testified by the large number of Canadians and others who assembled yesterday in the little French chapel, King street, Portman Square, on the occasion of the services for the dead which were there performed. Since his death the body, which had been embalmed by Mr. Garstin, had been laid out in the chapel ardente, Baker street, where it had been visited by large numbers of the deceased's friends. On Monday the body was conveyed to the chapel, that the customary funeral services might be celebrated. The little place of worship was hung with black cloth, bespangled with stars, from ceiling to pews, except at those places where a number of venerable and much-faded oil paintings on sacred subjects looked forth from the walls, telling us how Roman Catholics still cling to artistic adornment. Above the altar, on the sable background, was an immense Latin cross of white satin, and in front of the altar, and also on the pulpit, were small Maltese crosses of the same fabric. The coffin, which was deposited in front of the altar rails, stood on a bier, and was covered with a rich mortcloth of black velvet, having a broad border of lavender coloured moire antique, with a mixed bullion fringe of alternate colours. On the border was the inscription taken from the Creed "*Exspeco resurrectionem moriuorum et vitam venturi seculi. Amen.*" On each side of the coffin stood four large lighted candles in silver candlesticks, and on the bier lay wreaths of *immortelles*, which kind hands had placed there as tributes of affection, grief, and hope beyond. They bore the touching inscriptions, worked in blossoms, "*A non mari*," and "*A non pere*"; and one was inscribed "*to my master and friend.*" The deceased's hat and sword were laid on the mortcloth; and on the lid of the coffin was the inscription, surmounted by a large brass Latin cross, "*Sir George Etienne Cartier, Bart., Minister of Militia and Defence of Canada, died 29th May, 1873, aged 59 years, R. I. P.*" When the little chapel had been well filled a side door opened and a procession, consisting of the officiating priest, Rev. Louis Tournel, and three or four boys, marched through the chapel, and the members of it took up their various positions within the altar rails. The ordinary service was then gone through, consisting of requiem mass, the music chosen being the Gregorian. After mass, M. Tournel, to the solemn sound of the "*Dead March*" in *Soud*, retired from the chapel, in which many of the visitors lingered, some of them in a kneeling posture and engaged in prayer. Miss Cartier and Miss Hortense Cartier, the daughters of the deceased

statesman, were present, but Lady Cartier was too ill to attend. Among the Canadian residents, and the friends of the deceased present, were General Macdougall and lady; Lord Lisgar, ex-Governor General of Canada; Sir Hugh Allan; Archdeacon McLean, of Manitoba; Sir John and Lady Rose; M. F. Gautier, ex-French consul at Quebec, and Madeline Gautier; Colonel Pope, ex-town major of Quebec; Mr. J. Ross Robertson, of the Toronto *Globe*; Mr. Macadam, of Quebec; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Nelson; Mrs. Cuivillier; Mr. H. Burkholder, Hamilton; Mr. T. C. Livingstone, Hamilton; Mr. H. S. Robertson, Toronto; Mr. John Priestman, Toronto; Sir Henry Havelock, &c. The remains are to be conveyed to Liverpool to-night, and are to leave for interment in Canada by the steamer of to-morrow.

The body lies in the coffin on a pedestal, covered with a heavy silver-fringed pall, and surrounded by lights, as is customary in the Roman Catholic Church. The body is contained in a heavy leaden coffin, which will be made perfectly air tight, and a second shell of polished elm with bronze mountings finely finished off. On the centre of the half-opened leaden coffin lies the court hat and sword of the deceased Canadian. At the head of the coffin is a massive ivory crucifix with other silver ornamentations. The process of embalming has admirably preserved the features of the dead baronet, although the insertion of a tooth in the upper jaw since death has not tended to give the face as life-like a look as before.

THE ARRANGEMENTS IN QUEBEC.

The body of the deceased statesman arrived in Quebec, by the Allan steamship "*Prussian*," on Saturday last, and was conveyed to the cathedral where a solemn service was held, after which the body was conveyed by the Government steamer "*Druid*" to Three Rivers and Montreal.

During the whole of Saturday preparations for the reception of the body, were going on on the "*Druid*." On the after-deck a chapel was erected containing the catafalque and altar, draped in black and silver, length twenty-two feet, breadth twelve feet. By 9 p. m., Sunday, everything was ready. At 11:30 p. m., the "*Druid*" dropped down the river. On board were Hon. Mr. Robitaille, Mr. Gregory, of the Marine and Fisheries Department, and the Executors. Off the lower end of the Island of Orleans, the "*Prussian*" was sighted and the "*Druid*" turned up stream and arrived opposite the city about 1:45 a. m. She ran up alongside the "*Prussian*" in the middle of the river to take the remains on board. The body, which was enclosed in a polished elm coffin, with steel handles and packing case, was lowered from the main boom of the "*Prussian*" and at once placed on the catafalque. Two priests were in attendance, who remained all night with the remains. The chapel was brilliantly lit up, but no ceremony beyond a few short prayers took place. At seven next morning, mass was said in the chapel on board by Grand Vicar Langens. During the day, over five thousand persons visited the "*Druid*."

At 5:20 p. m. the procession left the steamer for the Cathedral. It was made up of all the civil and military authorities of the city, who formed in the prescribed order, on Champ de Market Square, near the wharf. The pall-bearers, ten in number, were His Worship the Mayor, P. Garneau, Esq., M.P.P., the Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, Speaker of the Senate, Hon. G. Oimet, Premier, the Hon. Sir N. F. B. Deane, the Hon. Justice Taschereau, and Hon. Justice Stuart, the Hon. T. McGeary, M.P., M.L.C., the Hon. Isidore Thibault, of the M.L.A., R. Dobell, Esq., President of the Board of Trade, and G. O. Stuart, Esq., Q.C.

The rest of the procession was in the following order, viz—
 The Provincial Police.
 The Professors and Pupils of the Christian Brothers' School.
 The Pupils of the Quebec Seminary.
 The Clergy.
 The Military Bands.
 The Coffin.
 (Escorted by a Guard of Honour.)
 The Members of the Family of the Deceased.
 The Governor-General or his Representative.
 The Lieut.-Governor, or his Representative.
 The Members of the Federal Cabinet.
 The Members of the Clergy of the different Denominations.
 The President of the Senate.
 The Chief Justices.
 The Members of the Council of State not forming part of the Cabinet.
 The Military Commandant of the Dominion.
 The Members of the Senate.
 The Puisne Judges of the Court of Queen's Bench and of the Superior Court.
 The Judge of the Admiralty Court.
 The Members of the House of Commons.
 The Members of the Executive Council of the Province of Quebec.
 The President of the Legislative Council.
 The Members of the Legislative Council.
 The President of the Legislative Assembly.
 The Members of the Legislative Assembly.
 The Foreign Consuls.
 The Judges of the Sessions.
 The Recorder accompanied by the Officers of the various Courts.
 The Rector and Professors of the Laval University.
 The Rector and Professors of the Morrin College and High School.
 The Principal and Professors of the Normal School.
 The Military Staff and Officers of Militia.
 His Honour the Mayor and the Members of the City Corporation.
 The President and Officers of the Board of Trade.
 The Magistrates.
 The Bar.
 The Members of the Medical Profession.
 The Members of the Notarial Profession.
 The Wardens of the Church of Notre Dame.
 The Literary and Historical Society of Quebec.
 The Canadian Institute.
 The St. Patrick's Institute.
 The St. Jean Baptiste Society.
 The other National Societies.
 The Musical Union Society.
 The Pupils of the Laval University.
 The Pupils of Morrin College and of the High School.
 The Pupils of the Normal School.
 Majors Turnbull, Amyot and Roy acted as marshals of the procession.

As the procession wound slowly up the steep ascent from the river side to the commanding ground on which the Cathedral stands, the appearance of the streets befitting the sad occasion. All shops were closed, all business was suspended, and the spectators stood in reverent attitude with bowed heads as the cortege passed between them. Meantime the melancholy clangor of the bells in the churches resounded through the air, and at due intervals the guns from the citadel, where the colours were at half mast, added their military tokens of sorrow to those which were everywhere manifested by the citizens. The colours of all the vessels in the harbour were also displayed at half mast. The catafalque placed upon wheels, was drawn through the streets by six black horses with handsome funeral housings. The deceased's coat hat and sword lay on the top of his coffin, together with four wreaths of immortelles, one with the inscription, "A non mari," two inscribed, "A non père," and one "A non matre," the latter given by Sir George's valet, Vincent. The Cathedral was draped with all the picturesque livery at once of woe and of religious hope, which the Church of Rome knows so well how to employ on the occasions of such ceremonial. All the resources at the disposal of the Fabrique were of course employed to heighten the effect of the solemnity, and the pealing organ and voices of the choristers taking up the strain of music, added much to the effect which it was intended to produce. The musical part of the service consisted of the Dead March in Saul, which was performed by the band of the B. Battery. Then followed the *Stabat Mater* by the Choir of the Union Musicale. There was also a solo by Prume; a part of the Requiem Mass of Mozart, music by the choir, orchestra and organ, and another solemn march. There was also a funeral oration by the Rev. Mr. Racine, who spoke at great length and with much eloquence of the deceased, his services to the country and to religion, all of which the reverend gentleman made the occasion of the warmest eulogium; the last words were said, the last sounds pealed through the aisles and under the vaulted roof, and the coffin was once more removed from the church and placed on the car. Thence it passed slowly through the streets once well known to the occupant of that lugubrious chariot—past the Parliament House where his voice had so often echoed, and slowly it was carried again to its place on the deck of the "Druid."

At 5.30 in the evening the "Druid" left Quebec for Three Rivers en route for Montreal. As she passed up the river she was saluted at the various villages on the banks of the river, which were here and there lined with people desirous of testifying their respect for the deceased. On arriving at Three Rivers a procession was formed and the body taken to the church, where a service was held similar to that which had been performed in Quebec. The "Druid" with the body on board, then left for Montreal, stopping at Sorel, and arrived at the city on Wednesday morning, when the corpse was conveyed to the *chapelle ardente* prepared in the Court House, to remain there in state until the time of the funeral on Friday.

Our Illustrations.

THE PRESENTATION TO E. H. KING, ESQ.

The Presentation to Mr. King, late President of the Bank of Montreal, took place on Monday week at the close of the annual meeting of the shareholders. When the regular proceedings were terminated Mr. William Murray read the following address:

Sir—As Chairman of the Committee named at the last annual meeting, it affords me much gratification to have been selected as the exponent of the sentiments of the shareholders of the Bank of Montreal on this occasion.

It is now ten years since you were called on to assume the chief management of the Bank after having rendered the Institution important services during the previous six years. You have had too much experience in life not to be aware that no one could hope to conduct the business of so important an Institution without being subject to adverse criticism, but you have the satisfaction of knowing that your administration of the affairs of the Bank of Montreal has met with such cordial approbation from your constituents that in pursuance of a unanimous vote proposed at the last annual meeting, it is now my agreeable duty to present to you on behalf of the stockholders of the Bank of Montreal a service of plate as a slight mark of their appreciation of the preeminent ability which has marked your administration, and in grateful recognition of the distinguished services you have rendered to the Bank and the prosperous condition in which you leave it.

I need scarcely add that the severance of a connection which has proved so highly advantageous to this Institution is the cause of deep and unfeigned regret to the shareholders.

I am sensible how inadequately I have given expression to the feelings which led the shareholders of the Bank to present to you the testimonial which I have now the honour to offer on their behalf, but I trust that you will be good enough to excuse any deficiency on my part, and that you will accept this service of plate with a renewed assurance of the esteem of the shareholders and of their best wishes for the welfare and happiness of yourself and Mrs. King.

WM. MURRAY,
Chairman.
HENRY STARNES,
Sec. and Treas.

Mr. King, replied as follows:—I thank the shareholders for the very handsome testimonial which you have presented in their name. It is true that during the long period in which I have been so prominently identified with the management of your affairs I have frequently been exposed to harsh and unfriendly criticism. As the world goes I have no reason to expect exemption from the common lot of those whose success or good fortune has been unusual. At all events I will not, on occasion like the present, make further reference to matters that will have lost their interest with my retirement. Far rather will I associate the closing moments of my connection with this Institution with the recollection of the unwavering confidence that I have ever met with from its shareholders, and which it is my happiness to know has resulted so satisfactorily. (Applause.) I hope to hear from year to year that you are still prospering—there is no reason why it should not be so; and it will give me the greatest possible pleasure to find that those whom I leave behind, and upon whom the chief burden in the future will fall, establish their claim to the same support and confidence that I have enjoyed at your hands. (Applause.)

I thank you sincerely for the good wishes you have expressed towards Mrs. King and myself, and nothing more remains for me than to bid you, respectfully, farewell.

The meeting then broke up. The service presented to Mr. King consists of a very full and magnificent set of solid silver imported from the well known establishment of Messrs. Garrard & Co., London, England. The cost of the plate is about \$10,000, that being the sum appropriated for the purpose at the annual meeting of the Bank held on the third of June, 1872. This magnificent gift is to be on view for a few days at the Bank office where it may be inspected by shareholders interested in seeing it.

THE BOSTON FIRE.

The following is the New York Tribune's account of the recent fire at Boston:

"Boston has once more fallen a prey to fire. The flames, which on Friday morning last swept through Washington street, from Boylston to Avery, carried before them the Globe Theatre, Chickering's fine salesroom, the International Hotel, and several other buildings, and recalled the scenes of the great fire of November last. It was only by calling out the whole Fire Department, and by the most strenuous exertions of its members, that the city was saved. The devastation is great and the losses heavy; but, with the memory of November still fresh in mind, the city can well afford to be thankful that the flames were stayed just where they were. At one time it seemed as if Washington street, from Boylston to Summer street, must all be swept away, and Tremont street was in imminent danger. The fire was first discovered about 8 1/2 o'clock in the rear of No. 411 Washington street, occupied by Haley, Morse & Co., as a furniture factory. The flames spread with great rapidity, and in a few minutes a whole acre of ground was burning with indescribable fierceness. The firemen were called and responded promptly, though many of them were taking part in the decoration ceremonies. A second alarm had to be sounded in 10 minutes, and then the flames had obtained such headway that a general alarm was rung, and firemen came from Charlestown and Somerville, and even from Lowell.

In spite of a good water-supply, the fire soon made its way to Boylston street, and leaped across Washington street for more valuable prey. Messrs. Chickering's fine piano warehouses and the Globe Theatre, one of the most enterprising theatres of Boston, elegantly furnished and equipped, and the scene of many histrionic triumphs, lay right in the path of the flames. Great exertions were made to save these buildings, but from 8 o'clock until 10 the flames seemed to have everything their own way and the huge granite piles crumbled like chalk before the intense heat. Both sides of Washington street, from Boylston to Avery, were wrapped in flames, which soon made their way through into the centre of the block on either side. The International Hotel and Smith's riding-school and Jourdain Gallery burned rapidly, and a host of offices and smaller stores on both sides of the street went with them. The Chauncey Hall School, one of the most noted schools in Boston, was burned; also the Freeman's Bank and the 9th Regiment headquarters.

The Old Boylston Market took fire on its dome, but the firemen promptly rallied to save the old landmark, and succeeded. At about 10 1/2 o'clock, the walls of Chickering's building fell with an immense crash. But the firemen were prepared, and withdrew in time. In the rear of Haley, Morse & Co.'s building, they had a narrow escape. The wall came down unexpectedly, crushing several small houses, and burying the apparatus of one of the fire extinguisher companies in the ruins. Two policemen barely escaped with their lives. The fall of Chickering's building saved Washington street beyond Avery. The flames on that side were soon brought within control, but, spreading to the southward and to the rear of the Globe Theatre, they worked into Essex street, and involved the whole north side of the street as far as Chauncey street in the general ruin. After a hard fight and immense effort, the course of the flames in this direction was stayed by noon, and fears for the safety of the city subsided.

The area burned is from two to three acres, right in the business centre. Scarcely any dwelling-houses, entirely used as such, were destroyed. Another consoling feature is the fact that, so far as known, no life was lost. Some of the lessons of the big fire were not forgotten. The procrastination which, favored by the horse distemper then abandoned thousands of dollars' worth of goods to the flames, was not suffered to aid the ruin. Goods from buildings near the fire were early and energetically removed. The fire occurring on Decoration Day, observed as a holiday, immense crowds filled the streets, and would have seriously impeded the firemen had not another lesson of the great fire been put to practical use. Several military companies were immediately sent for, and with their aid and a strong police force the great crowd was kept from doing or receiving harm.

The new Pilot office had a narrow escape. It has twice arisen from the flames, and it seemed as if it would have another opportunity. Its fine building on Franklin street was burned in the great fire. Two or three weeks after it was burned out again at Rand & Avery's. On Friday the tantalizing flames found the new unfinished building on Boylston street, attached themselves to the roof, but the firemen succeeded in saving the building from the fate of its predecessors. The Globe Theatre was built in 1867, and was opened in October, with John H. Selwyn as manager. Arthur Cheney, the present sole owner, had just leased it for 11 weeks to the proprietors of the Howard Athenæum. It was one of the best arranged theatres in the city. It is thought that nearly all the wardrobes were removed. The steeple of the Beach Street Presbyterian Church singularly took fire at its top. The firemen promptly carried their hose up into the steeple. They could not reach the fire with a stream of water, but prevented it from coming down any further. Great excitement was manifested throughout the city until the conflagration was brought within bounds. The fire was seen at a considerable distance, and hundreds of people flocked in from the neighboring towns to see what came too near being a repetition of the great fire.

The losses on the buildings destroyed, at the assessor's valuation, foot up \$500,500. Deducting 20 per cent as salvage on building material the actual loss on real estate is \$455,000.

The Ninth Regiment Headquarters, in Essex street, were slightly damaged. The loss on *The Pilot* book-store, in Washington street, occupying three chambers and containing valuable books and articles used in the Catholic Church, was about \$40,000. The loss of H. E. Hibbard, proprietor of the Bryant and Stratton College, is \$10,000.

THE MAGAZINES.

CHURCH'S MUSICAL VISITOR.—The June number of this valuable monthly comes to us more heavily freighted than usual with musical and other matter. The article on Chinese Music, by Dr. Wentworth, is extremely instructive and interesting; while that on the "Mystery of Singing," by F. W. Root, is full of common sense. The editorial on the "May Festival" tells some plain truths not previously known, and is evidently an inside view of the matter. The *Visitor* brings its usual complement of fine music: "Beautiful days long ago," song and chorus, by Persley; "Arm in Arm Polka Mazurka," by Strauss; and "Lulu," song and chorus, by James R. Murray. All good, and alone worth the price of a year's subscription.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

TOUCHSTONE PAPERS.

NO. X.—CRESCENDO.

The intellectual faculties, like the other things in nature, are progressive. In the infant, scarcely any traces of mind manifest themselves before it has attained its first year. It is then that the peculiar human instinct is developed into primary or elementary judgment. The abstract ideas of the beautiful and the good are apprehended, distinguished and appreciated under the simple, tangible forms of the sweet and savory addressing themselves to the palate; the bright and gaudy appearing to the eye; the melodious striking the ear.

Memory, which, within a limited sphere, is keenest and most retentive in infancy, retains in all their freshness, the impressions of these first sensible objects and, by its agency, these sensations are repeated, the impression is confirmed and a series of rudimentary judgments established. These judgments are short, rapid and seemingly capricious, but none the less decisive within their range. They are very emphatically expressed—even more than they could be by any conventional language—by the violent agitations of the little arms and feet when the paste-board booby or doll is produced; by the short, inarticulate scream of delight when the cornet of candies is emptied; by the open, unwinking eyes and solemn face of the baby on the carpet, as it listens in wonder to the soft music of the rosy sea-shell, on the window slab.

It is not beneath the dignity of the profoundest psychologist to study this development of the infant mind; to trace the insensible degrees by which the child's emotions change into memories, its memories ripen into judgment. The feeling of the poet on this subject is natural to most men.

"To aid thy mind's development—to watch
Thy dawn of little joys—to sit and see
Almost thy very growth—to view thee catch
Knowledge of objects—wonders yet to thee!

.....
This was in my nature."

It cannot be without interest for us to investigate the origin and nature of those fragmentary feelings, evanescent sensations, transient recollections which sometimes steal over us in maturer years, like angel visits from the beautiful past of our infancy, making us feel like children once more and filling our hearts with a momentary bliss comparable to nothing else on earth. Every one of us has had these sudden emotions of rapture now and then.

It were interesting, too, to penetrate deeper, even to the causes of these phenomena and show that if infancy is the period of sensibility, these sensations find their fitness in the instinctive prodigality with which mothers pour their affections on their offspring, and the instinctive devotion with which the child reciprocates these tokens of nature.

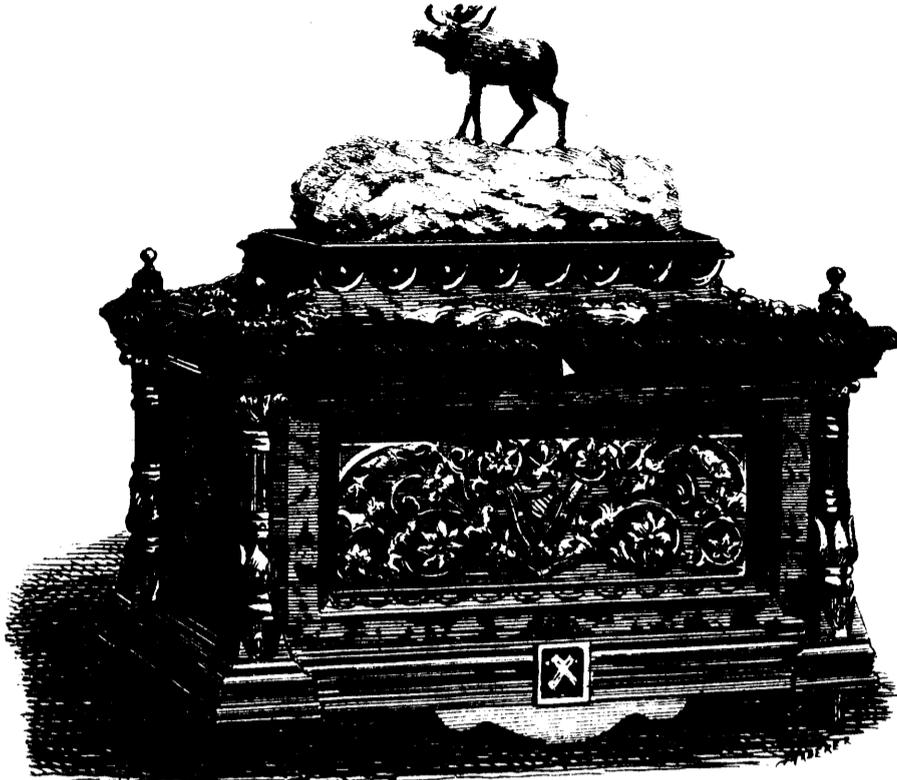
"Heaven lies about us in our infancy."

With the growth of the body, the intellect progresses. As the one emerges with stouter limbs and healthier sinews from childhood to adolescence, so the other becomes more expansive, vigorous and consistent. As infancy is the period of sensibility, so youth is the period of imagination. The myriad varying objects of nature—at home—abroad—above—below—around us: sky—water—forest—field and fell, present, through the many years of our growth, as many images to the mind, which arrange themselves in the imagination of the young man like the cartoons of a panorama or revolve capriciously in the fancy of the more gifted youth like the many-coloured glass pieces of the kaleidoscope. They make new designs and combinations, magnificent groupings,—an ever shifting scene of gorgeous colours and graceful figures. The youthful intellect, for the time being, lives in a strange world, revels amid new ideas and is kept perpetually in tension by romance, poetry and art. One moment it is gloating over the marvels of Oriental magnificence, following the ghouls in their mountain caverns or the houris in their bowers of bliss; treading the mazes of Aladdin's palace by the light of the magical lamp; crossing the desert lands in the trains of Lalla Kookh, or balancing on the waves of the Tigris in the softness of an Arabian night. Sometimes it betrays a preference for domestic scenes—the cheerful hearth, the bright smiles of children, the low tones of wives and mothers plying the household toil; at other times it finds its delight in pastoral or rural sights and sounds and the beauties of nature—the solitude of the wood, the growth of flowers, the song of birds, the change of the seasons, the vicissitudes of the elements. Or, finally, in exceptional cases, it soars into the mystical and spiritual—wrapt in holy ecstasies and blessed with heavenly visions like the muse of Dante, or darkened and agitated like the spirit of Manfred and Mephistopheles. It takes years sometimes before the spell is broken and the youthful mind is delivered from the fascination of these unreal things.

Then comes the third era when the mind attains its full growth, its final development. Sensibility is restrained and controlled within the limits of reason. Imagination and its higher manifestation, fancy, are made subservient to judgment. Then, and then only, can man be said to have attained the full use of his faculties. There is then no discrepancy between them, no exaggeration of the one or the other. They are equally balanced, and, in their combined capacity, can be exerted to the utmost in achieving whatever Providence has destined each individual intellect to achieve. As a flower springs from a little seed, breaks through the reluctant soil, waxes taller and stronger, putting forth first a green leaf, then a teeming bud, and finally bursting out in fragrance and beauty; so the intellect of man, feeble at first, expands day by day, from infancy to childhood—from childhood to youth—from youth to maturity—from passing emotions to fancy—from imagination to pure reason, where it reaches at length its grand climacteric, and pours itself out in boundless effusions. "Cometh up like a flower."

TESTIMONIAL PRESENTED BY
THE CITIZENS OF HALIFAX
TO GENERAL SIR
HASTINGS DOYLE

This testimonial was presented to the late Lieut.-Governor of Nova Scotia on his departure for England by the citizens of Halifax in pursuance of certain resolutions passed at a meeting held by the Mayor of that city for the purpose of considering the best means of testifying the respect and esteem in which Sir Hastings Doyle is held by the people of the Province. The testimonial is a Despatch Box, manufactured of native woods, and surmounted with a rich piece of gold-bearing quartz, from the Montagu mines, on which is placed the figure of a moose, made of native gold from Tangier. The framework of the box is bird-eye maple; and the panels are of the same material handsomely carved and fretted, and showing off to good advantage on a black walnut ground. The topsides of the box are covered with mayflowers, pigeon-berries, and maple leaves, exquisitely carved in bird-eye maple. The four columns and capitals which support the top are master-pieces of carving. The box is a perfect gem, both in design and execution. The draft of the casket was drawn by Mr. Steinhouse, of Halifax. The cabinet work was done by Mr. McEwan, and the gold work by Mr. Herbin, both of Halifax. The presentation was made on Monday, the 5th ult. The following is the text of the address:



TESTIMONIAL PRESENTED TO SIR HASTINGS DOYLE BY THE CITIZENS OF HALIFAX.

To His Honour Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Hastings Doyle, Knight Commander of the Most Distinguished Order of St. George, Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, and Commander-in-Chief of Her Majesty's Forces in British North America.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HONOUR:

When it was officially announced that Your Excellency would shortly retire from the position of Lieut.-Governor of this Province, and from the command of the Forces in British North America, the citizens of Halifax, with whom Your Honour has been so long and honourably identified, assembled at a public meeting, convened by His Worship the Mayor, at which there were professional men, merchants, and representatives of the manufacturing, industrial, and mechanical classes. Resolutions were unanimously adopted expressive of regret at your intended departure, and deciding upon the

preparation of a Citizen's Testimonial, to be presented for Your Honour's acceptance, as an earnest of their sincere attachment and respect for Your Honour, and to mark their appreciation of the able and impartial manner in which you have presided over the public affairs of this Province.

During your administration of the government of Nova Scotia, you have won the confidence and affectionate regard of all classes of our fellow-citizens.

We beg respectfully to tender for your acceptance the accompanying testimonial, composed of the products of Nova Scotia, designed and manufactured by resident artisans of this city.

In bidding you adieu, we earnestly hope that you will have a safe, speedy, and pleasant voyage across the Atlantic, and

and valuable memorial. I shall treasure it as a memento of some who, whether known intimately or unknown altogether, are yet, I may assure myself, my good friends and my kind well-wishers.

To you, gentlemen, who are present, I return my warmest thanks. To the others who united with you in designing and procuring this charming souvenir which you now offer to me, I beg that you will convey the expressions of my gratitude. To one and all of you, citizens of Halifax, I bid farewell with regret, and with the strongest wishes for your future happiness.

HASTINGS DOYLE,
Lieut.-Governor.

Government House, May 5, 1873.

that you may long be spared to the nation, and reap the highest honour in the gift of our beloved Sovereign.

We are,

Your Honour's most Obedient servants,
James Duggan, Mayor; W. Ackhurst, Jos. Crosskill, W. Nisbett, Edgar Dodson, John S. Johnston, Jas. B. Smith, Donald Ross, Thos. Leahy, Henry Found, Henry Tully, William H. Tully, Robert Motton,

A. Stephen, Jr.,
Secretary,

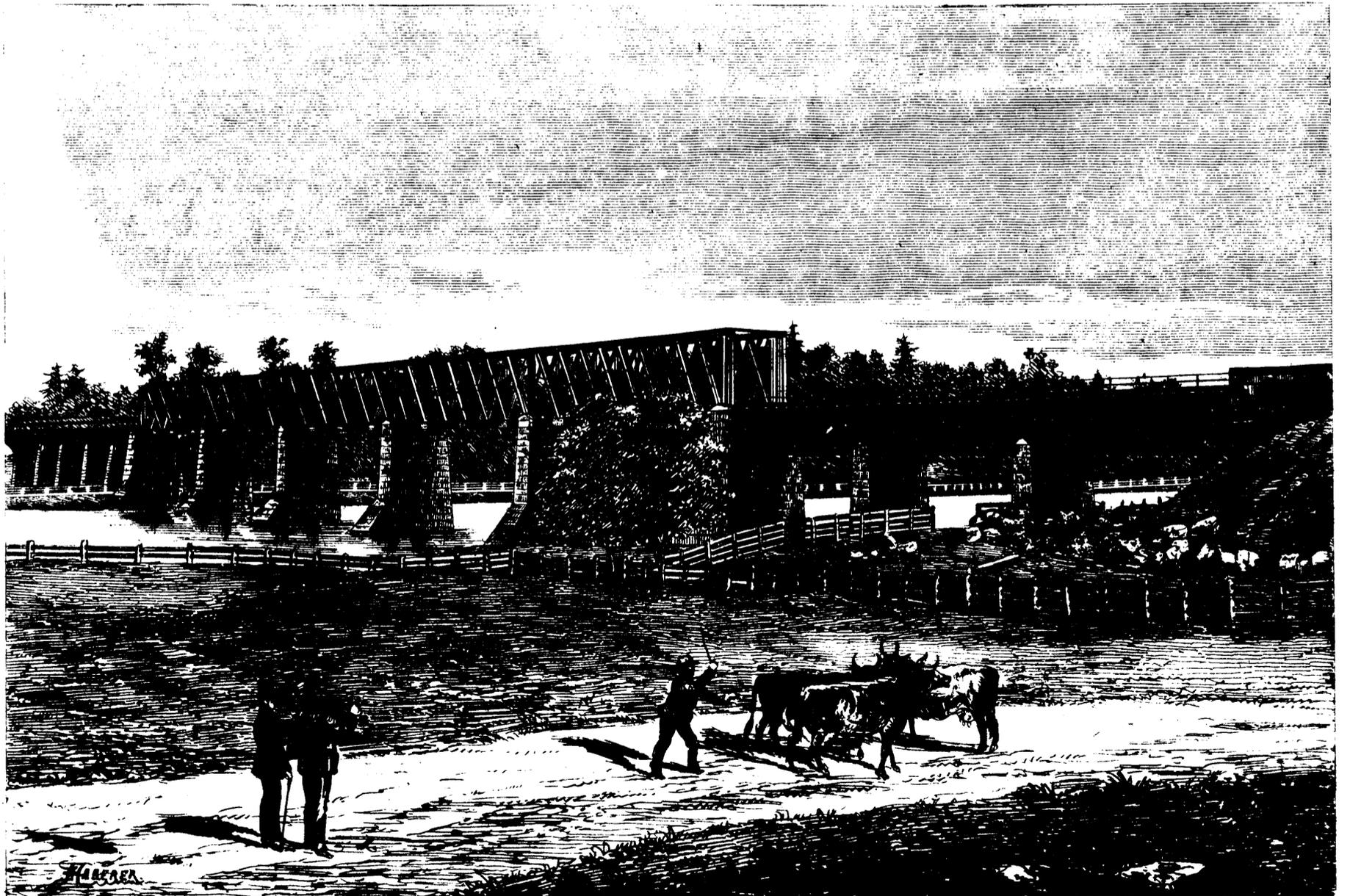
and others.

His Honour replied as follows:

Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen.

I have lately had very gratifying assurances that, in my endeavours to deal impartially with persons of all creeds, and to show no favour or predilection towards any one party, I have not been altogether unsuccessful. Your address, gentlemen, backed and enforced as its expressions are with a most valuable and interesting present, assures me more particularly that I have been so fortunate as to obtain, and that I now carry away with me, the confidence and regard of all classes.

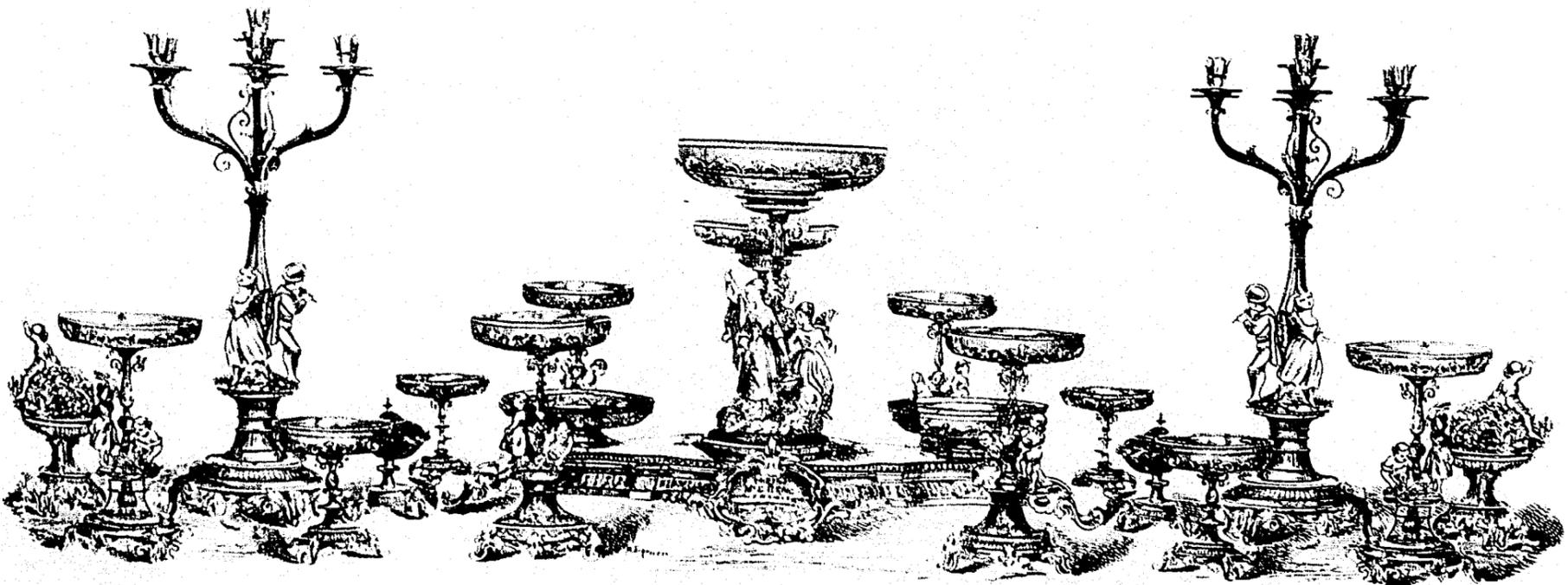
Nova Scotia has been to me for many years a happy and agreeable residence. To many of you it is your native land; to nearly all I may assume that it is your permanent home. You may thank God that such a home it is your lot to inherit and possess; for it is a land to which, if her sons are but true to themselves, if they are earnest in their labours, and honest in the application of their skill, a high destiny is assured. Of this land, of these labours, and of this skill I am indeed proud that I carry away with me such a suggestive



BRIDGE OVER THE GRAND RIVER AT CAYUGA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY L. & E. KERSON.



E. H. KING, Esq.
LATE PRESIDENT OF THE BANK OF MONTREAL.



SERVICE OF PLATE PRESENTED TO Mr. KING BY THE SHAREHOLDERS OF THE BANK OF MONTREAL ON HIS RETIREMENT FROM OFFICE.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

MAIDS	AND	MATRONS.
I.		II.
Lovely little beings, Blythe and pure, and gay; Happy in their innocence All the livelong day.		Weary, suffering creatures, Labour never done; From their careworn features Banished mirth and fun.
III.		IV.
Little fairy feet Twinkling o'er the sod; Dainty little feet Beautifully shod.		Languid feet and weary Slipshod feet—who cares? Tired of journeys dreary Up and down the stairs.
V.		VI.
Tiny dimpled hands Glimmering o'er the keys; Working little mischief Naughty men to tease.		Hands coarse and red with working, Flour white, or black with dust; When lady maids are shirking, Work the house-wife must.
VII.		VIII.
Brilliant liquid eyes That each thought reveal; That upon the soul Like a sunbeam steal.		Eyes red and dull with weeping May a bitter tear That nasty, old, house-keeping, Red acct. books bear.
IX.		X.
Curling silken lashes, Mermaid are you, Veiling dazzling orbs Too gloriously blue.		Heavy lid's long lashes, A tattered fringe appears; Nor hide the angry flashes Glimmering through tears.
XI.		XII.
Finely pencilled brows Like bows in rainy skies; Accents circumflectant O'er the speaking eyes.		Brows as black as thunder With a threatening frown; Or raised in cynic wonder That Betty isn't down.
XIII.		XIV.
Charming little noses, Or ark or aquiline; Tiny curving nostrils Roseate and fine.		Perky noses, sniffing Onions for the pie; Curled in scornful "tiffing," Ending in "a cry."
XV.		XVI.
Gem bedecked, transparent, Watchful little ears, Which the postman's ring Fills with hopes and fears.		Ears by knobs appalling, (Of formal duns made wild; Deafened by the squalling Of a fretful child.
XVII.		XVIII.
Tempting ruby lips Like a budding rose, Parted by a fragrance Such as flowers disclose.		Pale word portals, folding Underneath the nose, Only cease their scolding When in deep repose.
XIX.		XX.
Little dears, who think Marriage must be bliss; Little fools, who hover On a precipice.		Poor martyrs, whose alluring Young charms no more are found, Still patiently enduring Life's weary, dreary round.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

SOCIAL GOSSIPS.—No. IV.

ANGLING.

Anglers are a race of men who puzzle us—by anglers we do not mean Brothers of the Angle, who rough it at the Saguenay, the Escoumain, the Godbout, or the Bersimis—but such as are to be seen on the Queen's birthday on the wharves at Longueuil or St. Lambert's. They do not puzzle us on account of their patience, which is laudable; nor for the infinite non-success of some of them, which is desirable. Neither do we agree with the good joke attributed to Swift that angling is always to be considered as "a stick and a string, with a fly at one end and a fool at the other."

The anglers who use worms for bait boast of the innocence of their pastime; yet it puts creatures to the torture, if Shakespeare is correct when he says:

"The poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies."

They pique themselves on their meditative faculties, and of being as contemplative as the fool that Jacques met in the forest of Arden; and yet their only excuse for their cruelty to animals is a want of thought. It is this that puzzles us. Old Isaac Walton, their patriarch, speaking of his inquisitorial abstractions on the banks of a river, says:

"Here we may
Think and pray,
'Ere cold death
Stops our breath.
Other joys
Are but toys,
And to be lamented."

So saying, he "stops the breath" of a trout, by plucking him up into an element too thin to respire, with a hook and a tortured worm in his jaws.

"Other joys
Are but toys."

If you hunt or skate, or play at cricket, or at lacrosse, or enjoy a dance or a concert, or a social glass and conversation with a friend, it is "to be lamented." To put pleasure into the faces of a party of agreeable young women, or to cheer the heart of a school-boy "creeping like snail" unwillingly to school, is a toy unworthy of the manliness of a worm sticker. But to put a hook into the gills of a black bass or a golden perch—there you attain the end of a reasonable being; there you truly show yourself a lord of the creation. To sit on a wharf or in a punt for hours, or perhaps all day, waiting for "a glorious nibble" is the height of enjoyment.

"Other joys
Are but toys."

The book "The Complete Angler," or Contemplative Man's Recreation, in two parts, by the ingenious and celebrated Mr. Isaac Walton and Charles Cotton, Esquire, is undoubtedly a delightful performance in some respects. It smells of the country air and of the flowers in cottage gardens. Its pictures of rural scenery, of green and woody landscapes refreshing to the eye, its simplicity, its snatches of old songs are all good and thoroughly enjoyable; and Walton's prodigious relish of a dressed fish would not be begrudged him if he had killed it a little more decently, without impaling "black snails with their bellies slit to shew their white," young beetles, grasshoppers, &c.

Old Isaac seems to have a respect for a piece of salmon; to approach it, like the grace, with his hat off. But what are we to think of a man who, in the midst of the tortures of other animals, is always priding himself on his wonderful harmlessness; and who actually follows up one of his most complacent passages of this kind with an injunction to impale a certain worm twice on the hook, because it is lively and might get off? All that can be said of such an extraordinary inconsistency is, that having been bred up in an opinion of the innocency of his amusement, and possessing a healthy power of exercising voluntary thoughts (as far as he had any), he must have dosed over the opposite side of the question, so as to become almost, perhaps quite, insensible to it. And angling such as we have described does seem the next thing to dreaming. It dispenses with locomotion, reconciles contradictions, and renders the very countenance blank and void. A friend of ours who is an admirer of Walton, was struck, just as we were, with the likeness of the old angler's face to a fish. It is hard, angular, and of no expression. It seems to have been "subdued to what it worked in," to have become native to the watery element. One might have said to Master Isaac, "Oh flesh, how art thou fishified!" You may almost imagine him a pickerel dressed in broadcloth instead of butter.

The face of his pupil or follower, or as he fondly called himself, son, Charles Cotton, a poet and a man of wit, is more good-natured, the features are not so rigid. Cotton's pleasures and amusements had not been confined to fishing. His sympathies had been rather more superabundant, and left him not so great a power of thinking as he pleased. Accordingly we find more scrupulousness upon the subject of angling in his writings than in those of his adopted father.

Walton says that an angler does no hurt to fish; and this he counts as nothing. Cotton argues that the slaughter of them is not to be repented, and he says to Walton:

"There whilst behind some bush we wait
The scaly people to betray,
We'll prove it just with treacherous bait
To make the preying trout our prey."

This argument, and another about fish being made for "man's pleasure and diet," are all that anglers have to say for the innocency of their sport. But they are both as rank sophistications as can be; mere beggings of the question. To kill fish outright is a different matter. Death is common to all; and a trout speedily killed by a man, may suffer no worse fate than from the jaws of a pike. It is the mode, the lingering cat-like cruelty of the angler's sport that render it unworthy. If fish were made to be so treated, then men were also made to be racked and throttled and tongue-slit by Inquisitors. Among other advantages of angling, Cotton reckons up a tame fish-like acquiescence to whatever the powerful choose to inflict:—

"We scratch not our pates,
Nor repine at the rates
Imposed on our living;
But do frankly submit,
Knowing they have more wit
In demanding than we have in giving."

Whilst quiet we sit,
We conclude all things fit,
Acquiescing with hearty submission, &c."

And this was no pastoral fiction. The anglers of the seventeenth century, whose pastimes became famous from the celebrity of their names, chiefly in divinity, were great fallers in with passive obedience. They seemed to think that the great had as much right to prey upon men, as the small had upon the fishes; only the men luckily had not hooks put in their jaws, and the sides of their cheeks torn to pieces; though they had to submit to having their heads put in the pillory and their feet into the stocks.

The most famous anglers in history are Antony and Cleopatra—see Shakespeare's play of that name, Act II., scene 5.—These extremes of the angling character are very amusing.

We should like to know what these grave divines would have said to the heavenly maxim of "Do as you would be done by." Let us imagine ourselves, for instance, a sort of human fish. Air is but a rarer fluid, and at present when the mornings have been so cold, a supernatural being who should look down upon us from a higher and a purer atmosphere, would have some reason to regard us as a kind of pedestrian *Salmo Salar*. Now fancy a genius fishing for us. Fancy him baiting a great hook with pickled salmon, and twitching up old Isaac Walton from the banks of the river Dee, with the hook through his ear. How he would go up roaring and screaming and thinking the devil had got him.

"Other joys
Are but toys
And to be lamented."

We repeat, that if fish were made to be so treated, then we were just as much made to be racked and gibbeted; and a foot-pad might have argued that old Isaac was made to have his pocket picked, and then tumbled into the river.

We do not say that all anglers are of a cruel nature because they impale worms and slugs and grasshoppers. Many of them are amiable men in other matters—wouldn't hurt a fly. They have only never thought perhaps on that side of the question, or been accustomed from childhood to blink it. But once thinking, their amiableness and their practice become incompatible; and if they should wish, on that account, never to have thought of the subject, they would only show that they cared for their own exemption from suffering, and not for its diminution in general.

OFFICE OF EVANS, MERCER & CO.,
Wholesale Druggists,
Montreal, November, 1871.

MR. JAMES I. FELLOWS.

DEAR SIR:—We have a large and increasing demand for your Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, and there is no doubt that as its valuable properties become more generally known, its sale will still further increase.

The best proof of the efficiency and high character of the preparation is that medical men are largely prescribing it; and we hear from Dispensing Chemists that prescriptions for Syr. Hypo. C. Fellows are daily on the increase.

We are, yours respectfully,

EVANS, MERCER & CO.

Jacobs' Rheumatic Liquid is a trade mark. Jacobs' Liquid is the best Liniment.

NEWFOUNDLAND CORRESPONDENCE.

St. JOHN'S, MAY 27, 1873.

We have now here the *Polaris* party, whose marvellous escape on the ice has been described in a disjointed and imperfect way in the newspapers. Certainly there is no parallel to it, in all the narratives of Arctic adventure. That a party of nineteen individuals, two of them being Esquimaux women, and five of them Esquimaux children, one of the latter, too, being but six weeks old when they started, should float on an ice-raft from latitude 77° to 53°, or 1440 miles in a direct line, but, allowing for the windings of their track, more than 2,000 miles, and be at length rescued by a sealing steamer, 40 miles from land, on the coast of Labrador, in a fair condition of health, exceeds all the inventions of the most sensational novelists, and illustrates once more the old saying that "facts are more wonderful than fictions." The party spent six months and a-half, on the ice, and passed 85 days without seeing the sun, sheltered during a good portion of the time in snow-huts built in Esquimaux fashion, on the ice, and subsisting largely on seals and a Polar bear which they shot. A small lamp, fed by seal oil, supplied the only means of cooking or rather warming their food. At starting, they had only a few bags of bread and cases of pemmican on the ice with them, but they had ammunition and guns. Borne South on the Arctic current, they were repeatedly driven from the floes on which they found refuge by their sudden breaking up, and had several narrow escapes in this way from destruction. Fortunately they had with them a boat in which they were able to escape when the floe was broken up under them. At one time they were reduced to the last extremity by hunger, having only ten biscuits remaining; when a Polar bear came within range and the Esquimaux shot him. His flesh sustained them many days. One of our sealing steamers called the *Tigress*, out on her second trip in pursuit of seals, fell in with them as already described, and brought them into St. John's.

The account they give is that they are part of the crew of the *Polaris*, of the United States Polar Expedition, under command of Captain Hall. They left New York in the end of June 1871. Congress appropriated \$50,000 for the expenses, but no naval officer accompanied the expedition. Dr. Bessels a naturalist and doctor of medicine, who was in the German expedition, in 1869, was placed in charge of the scientific department; and Captain Buddington, a New London whaling Captain, was ice-master. Mr. Morton, of Dr. Kane's expedition, was one of the crew. The *Polaris* touched at St. John's, N. F., for a few days; then reached Disco in Greenland, and took her departure for the Polar regions from Tossuc, the most Northern port of Southern Greenland, on the 24th August 1871. She had the most extraordinary run of luck of any Arctic exploring ship. She ran through the dreaded Melville Bay without difficulty, up Smith's Sound and Kennedy Channel without meeting any serious obstructions from the ice; passed Cape Constitution, where Morton stood when he supposed he saw the open Polar Sea; and found herself crossing the mouth of a large bay, 85 miles wide. This Captain Hall afterwards named *Polaris* Bay, and in it he determined to winter. This bay narrowed at length to a channel 25 miles in width, up which the *Polaris* steamed, and at its termination Capt. Hall found the land on the Greenland side, trending eastward, and a bay or sound opening in that direction, and Grinnel Land, on the American side could be seen to latitude 83° or within 420 miles of the Pole. No ship ever before reached such a high latitude. But at this point Capt. Hall stopped, being in latitude 82° 16', although the ice did not compel him to turn back; and thus he lost the rare chance of reaching the Pole, which no one may have again for a generation to come. He returned through Robeson's Channel, and found a harbor in *Polaris* Bay, which he named "Thank-God Harbour," and in which he wintered. After a fatiguing sledge journey in October, Capt. Hall was taken ill and died on November 8, 1871.

The *Polaris* remained frozen in during the winter of 1871-72, in latitude 81° 35', the highest latitude in which any white men had ever wintered, being nearly three degrees further North than Kane's party in 1854. They were 135 days without seeing the sun. The lowest degree of cold experienced was 58° below zero, and this but for a short time. Musk oxen were found here in abundance, and before the Arctic night set in, twenty-five of them were shot. These creatures are about the size of a small cow, and are covered with long shaggy hair. They emit a musky odour—hence their name. They subsist during winter on a kind of ground-willow which is very nutritious. Some birds were seen, and a kind of rabbit was plentiful.

In the month of June, an attempt was made to penetrate to the northward by boats, but was unsuccessful. Capt. Buddington, who was now in command of the expedition, determined on returning home, the ship being in a leaky condition. When in latitude 80° she was caught in the ice and drifted South till October 15. On that day during a violent gale and snow-storm, the vessel was in great danger of being crushed in the ice. Capt. Buddington then ordered the stores to be removed to the ice, fearing the worst might happen. The Esquimaux women and children were also placed on the ice for safety. A portion of the stores had been removed, and while some of the crew were engaged on the ice in hauling them back, the portion of the floe to which the vessel was moored suddenly broke off and the *Polaris* was driven away before the wind, just as night was closing in. Next day those left on the ice saw the *Polaris* under steam and were in hopes of being rescued, when, owing probably to the movement of the ice, she suddenly passed in between Northumberland Island and the main land, and the unfortunates on the ice saw her no more. The floe on which they were, moved off rapidly to the South; all their efforts to escape to land in the boat, which fortunately they had on the ice, proved unavailing, and their terrible ice-voyage of 2,000 miles had begun.

It is probable the *Polaris* wintered, in 1872-73, somewhere in Whale Sound, at the entrance of which is Northumberland Island, where she was last seen. There were ample stores on board and the probability is that she will be re-leased from the ice before July, and will be able to make her way homeward.

The results of her voyage are important. Capt. Hall's discoveries have exploded Kane's and Hayes' theory of an open Polar Sea at Cape Constitution, and have proved that even at

83° 16', the coast of Greenland does not terminate in an open Polar Basin. It may be that the theory of Peterman, the eminent German geographer, will turn out to be correct. He believes that Greenland extends to and is prolonged over the Pole, and probably meets the land seen by American whalers, who, in 1867, ran up Behring's Strait, and which land they supposed to be inhabited. The possibility of reaching the Pole, by way of Smith's Sound, seems now to be established, and all future explorers will follow this route.

It adds no little to the romance of the ice-voyage to find that one of the party rescued is Hans Christian, the Esquimaux who figures so largely in the charming narratives of Drs. Kane and Hayes. He had been taken on board the *Polaris* at Upernivick, with his wife and family. (We are enabled to present our readers, in this number, with portraits of Hans and his wife, taken from photographs procured in St. John's, N. F. The other Esquimaux are Joe and Hannah his wife, with their adopted child, who were so long companions of Dr. Hall.)

Hans is quite a historical character, and rendered good service to this and former Arctic expeditions. As we look upon his honest face, we cannot but think of the time of which Dr. Kane tells, when he was a youth of nineteen or twenty, and when smitten by the charms of a plump Esquimaux damsel, who is now the mother his children, he temporarily deserted his commander, and with the fair maiden on one side and a handsome supply of walrus and seal flesh on the other, he mounted his sledge, and set off on his Arctic honeymoon. He was an active hunter then, though now stiff and worn—so expert that he could spear a bird on the wing. Let us not forget to his invaluable services to Dr. Kane and his party—how he supplied their table by the produce of his hunting excursions,—how he was with Kane on that fearful journey in which he rescued eight of his men who were perishing by cold and exhaustion, and how it was Hans who found the track of the sledge in the snow which led to their discovery; and above all how he, with Merton made the celebrated sledge-journey on the ice, when they reached Cape Constitution, and saw as they believed an open Polar Sea; and how at the last he saved the lives of all by bringing a supply of fresh meat, at the risk of his own life, from Etah Bay. Honour to thee, honest, brave Hans Christian. Thy heart is true and warm though thy skin be dusky; and President Grant may feel honoured when, by and by, he will shake thy hard hand!

PRICES IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

We are all so proud of the age we live in, that a man who is bold enough to come forward as *laudator temporis acti* stands a very fair chance of being laughed at for his pains. But with the almost universal wail about the terribly high prices we have to pay for the bare necessities of life, we may be excused for thinking that a return to the good old times would be by no means unwelcome, provided always the good old cost of living returned likewise. Let us suppose, for instance, that the latter part of the fifteenth century came back to us, what a luxury it would be to be able to buy necessaries at the prices then paid. What these were, and a pretty general insight into the then style and cost of living, may be gathered from a household book of an Earl of Northumberland, who lived in the reign of Henry VII. The family consisted of 156 persons, including servants; and as 57 strangers were reckoned on every day, provision was made for 223 persons. The whole annual expense allowed by the earl amounted to £1,118 17s. 8d., of which £796 11s. 2d. was for meat, drink, and firing—the cost of these items for each person being reckoned at twopence halfpenny per day. If a servant were absent one day, his mess was struck off. If he went on the earl's business, he was allowed as board wages eightpence a day in winter and fivepence in summer, while if he stayed in any place he was allowed twopence a day besides the keep of his horse. The allowance of wheat was one quarter per month, of malt, 250 quarters for the year, yielding 500 hhd., or about a bottle and a third of beer for each person per day. One hundred and nine fat bees were bought at Allhallowtide, and twenty-four lean bees, the latter being put into the pastures to feed, so as to serve from Midsummer to Michaelmas, when the family ate fresh beef, salt beef being the order of the day during the other nine months. As a seasoning to this beef 150 gallons of mustard appear to have been required. Six hundred and forty-seven sheep were allowed, and these were all eaten salted, except between Lammas and Michaelmas. Then there were twenty-five hogs, twenty-eight veals, and forty lambs; but these appear to have been reserved for the earl's own table, or that of the upper servants, called the knights' table. Of wine ten tuns and two hhd. of Gascony were consumed. Of linen slas! the allowance for the whole household amounted only to seventy ell, and this was made into eight table-cloths for the earl's table and one for the knights', and there were no sheets. Need we wonder at Falstaff's ragged rascals, at the beginning of the same century, having only a shirt and a-half amongst them, the half being "two napkins tacked together," and the shirt stolen! Washing cost only forty shillings for the whole year, and most of this was expended on the linen of the chapel. As to light only ninety-one dozen candles were required for the year's service, while the use of fuel appears to have been equally sparing, there being only twenty-four fires, besides those in the kitchen and hall, the daily allowance of coal for each being one peck. Indeed, eighty chalders, or chaldron, of coal, with a supplement of sixty-four loads of great wood, sufficed for the whole year, there being after Lady Day no fires allowed in any of the rooms except those of the earl and his lady, Lord Percy's, and the nursery. At his own charge the earl kept in his stable only twenty-seven horses, the upper servants receiving an allowance for the maintenance of their own horses. Of the earl's, six were gentle horses at hay and hard meat all the year round, four palfreys, three hobbies and nags, five sumpter horses, six for servants to whom horses were furnished, and three mill horses, two for carrying the corn, and one for grinding it; and besides these were seven great trotting horses for the chariot or waggon. The allowance for the principal horses was a peck of oats a day, besides loaves made of beans. When on a journey the earl was attended by thirty-six horsemen. He passed the year at his three country seats in Yorkshire, but as he had only furniture for one, he carried his goods and chattels from one to the other, and for their transport seventeen carts and a waggon sufficed, one cart being enough for his cooking utensils, cooks' beds, &c. The servants appear to have bought their own clothes out of their wages, and there is nowhere any mention of plate, but only of the hiring of pewter vessels. Though

there were eleven priests in the house, besides seventeen persons, chanters, musicians, &c., attached to the chapel, there were only two—or if the groom of the larder and the child of the scullery are included, four—cooks for this family of 223. They rose early, mass being said at six a.m., dinner at ten a.m., and supper at four p.m. At nine p.m. the gates were closed, and after that hour neither ingress nor egress was permitted. The earl and countess had on their table for breakfast, which took place at seven o'clock, a quart of beer, as much wine, two pieces of salt fish, six red herrings, four white ones, or a dish of sprats, and on flesh days half a chine of mutton, or a chine of beef boiled. And now for the cost of various commodities. The price of wheat was five shillings and eightpence per quarter; of malt, four shillings; oats, twentypence, and beans two shillings. A load of hay cost two shillings and eightpence. Fat bees were thirteen and fourpence each, lean ones eight shillings. Sheep cost twenty pence; a hog, two shillings; a veal, twenty pence; a lamb, tenpence or a shilling; pigs were directed to be bought at threepence or a groat; geese at the same price; chickens at a halfpenny; hens at twopence; capons (lean) at twopence; plovers and woodcocks, a penny or threehalfpence each; partridges, twopence; pheasants and peacocks, a shilling each. The price of the linen was eightpence the ell, and of the Gascony wine, £4 13s. 4d. the tun. Coals cost four shillings and twopence the chaldron, and wood, twelvence the load.

From an old household account for the year 1594 and 1595 we learn the prices paid for sundry provisions in London in the reign of Elizabeth, that is, about a century later than the time referred to above. On the 26th of March, 1594, 104 lbs. of butter received out of Gloucestershire (16 lbs. at 3d. and the rest at 3d.) cost £1 6s. 8d.; salt for the same, 6d.; and carriage from Bristol to London, 4s. 6d. On the 29th there was paid for a fore quarter of lamb with the head, 2s. 2d.; for a capon, 1s. 2d.; for nine stone of beef at eighteen pence the stone, 13s. 6d.; 8d. for a quart of Malmsey; and for 4 lbs. of soap, 10d. On April 3rd a lamb cost 5s.; a dozen of pigeons, 2s. 4d.; and twenty-eight eggs, 8d. April 5th there were paid for three pecks of fine flour, 2s. 6d.; for a side of veal, 8s.; for a calf's head, 10d.; and 3l. for a pint of claret. A peck of oysters on July 31st cost 4d.; a half-peck of filberts, August 19th, 6d.; and half a hundred oranges on Feb. 5th, 1595, 9d.—*Land and Water.*

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

O little feet, just climbing up the rocks
And steady pathways of this stormy world,
The shepherd good has called thee from the shocks
Of frost and tempest, and of lightning hurled.
His voice has spoken: Hither, little lamb,
To better pastures and the sunshine calm.

What do ye, sorrowing ones, with downcast eyes?
Is it not better as the Lord hath done?
Mistrust not him, nor stand in stark surprise:
Of all his gifts can ye not spare him one?
His voice has spoken: Hither, little lamb,
Choice things I have: I the Good Shepherd am.

O blest escape this little one hath made
From dangerous pitfalls and from hidden snares,
Thick springing arrows, startling cries, conveyed
Through tangled brushwood, ringing unawares.
Christ's voice has spoken: Hither, little lamb,
Live near my side: I the Good Shepherd am.

GEORGE ARTHUR HAMMOND.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

ON A SMALL WHITE HAND.

BY

Passing down the street the other day my attention was directed to the second story of a house, by the opening of a window and the drawing down of a blind. All I saw was a small white hand—a dainty little hand, plump and white. Why should not I penetrate that cool retreat where the lovely owner of that hand was ensconced? She must be lovely; could the owner of such a hand be anything else? It was more agreeable than building up Hercules *expede*, was this task of comparative anatomy with the text of that small white hand. She was a Saxon featured girl, small and graceful and high-bred, with clear blue eyes and hair *chevelé*, as the pretty charms affect now-a-days. While I yet lingered the door opened, and, *parbleu*, out came a red-haired, broad-shouldered, flat-waisted wench; but there was the small hand, where ever she got it. That pretty little pentadactyleous member was grafted on, as we see a rose growing out of a gnarled old apple tree or as we notice now and then a clumsy dray horse with some points which would do credit to a racer. It was a deception. My blue-eyed, delicate convolvulus turned out a very sorry weed!

Is a small white hand the only thing that deceives? Do the honied words of the Rev. Mr. Softhead, that favourite divine, prove that he is not harsh to his wife and tyrannical to his children in the bosom of his home, when the doors are shut and the gown and bands laid aside? My lady, is that sweet smile that you know so well how to wear a true index to your inner spirit? You smile and smile while that *babillard* Justice Secum flounders through his silly old tale, that you have smiled at just as sweetly—how many times before? But I feel your little foot playing a rat, tat, tat, of impatience on the carpet, and I know, madam, that your heart is going thump, thump, to the same tune; yet you smile. *Bon, voilà qui va bien!* Come here Miss Rosey; shall you escape when I have a rod in pickle, and a little castigation will do you good? When your Ma praised your house-keeping last night and said you made those delicious *caramels*, and the Captain nodded his approval and thought of the pies and the pastry he would have in the future, you know you nodded back assent, and yet those *caramels*, and you knew it, you little rogue, came from Jelliby, the confectioner.

What a show of white hands there is during courting time, what a thrusting out of the little fingers for engagement rings and encreeses and what not, and what thrusting there is also of our best foot forward and hiding that ugly hoof of ours that will show by and by and that we exhibit often enough now when we are at home! What protestations and deceptions and *eau belle de cour* and posturing and love-making *à genoux*, and after a little while the hoof is stamping about the house, and the little hand is not so white after all!

The conceit of newly married women is intolerable. They look unutterable scorn out of their lovely eyes and hold their unmarried sisters as unfortunate creatures, who don't possess that grand blessing—a husband. Go charily, my little dears. I hope your joy will never be turned to sorrow, nor those fine wedding robes be like the poisoned garments of Dejanira; but others before you have held as high a head and how they trail in the dust now and find their idol with the beautiful white hands is only clay!

Too frequently, said a dear lady friend the other day, marriage means a husband without a companion, and the privilege of the state is being debarred from seeking the congenial company that you cannot get at home.

Oh, my pretty bird, you are caged and already you are beating your delicate wings against the cruel bars. Caged, *mon amie*, and the pride has gone out of your eyes and the honour of marriage and the brief triumph over the roses left to die upon their virgin thorns, are poor compensations for the sneer and taunt, and (must it be added?) the divers oaths of the man who promised to cherish and protect you? No companionship, indeed! What a curse your intellect and refinement, when he cannot sway level to them, and yet he showed a white hand a little while ago and kept that hoof of his hidden in one of Robinson's best boots.

I have my eye on you too, Mr. Muffton; you great, big, lumbering unfortunate. Brow-beaten and afraid to call your soul your own; not master of your own house, not master of your own purse, you are henpecked and bullied by little Emmie. You poor wretch; do you remember, one, two, was it three years ago?—telling me in confidence, inspired by the second tumbler of a certain strong brew you made in your bachelor days, that Em, your Em, was the sweetest, dearest angel of a girl? *Eheu!* What a little white hand, and does it slap your ears and tear your hair now?

I say with that unfortunate young man Hamlet, who was placed in a most embarrassing position by his lady mother and that meddling old fool Polonius—I say we will have no more marriages. Why should we have bickerings and strife, and God knows what heart-burnings—to breed children? There are fools enou' in the world, let them marry, but we will go to the convent.

Come here, Rosabel; have you taken my remarks *au grand sérieux*, and do you think me a hard-hearted Malthusian? *Mignonne*, I would not keep you from your gallant Captain. I declaim against marriage? God knows I honour the state. Where love sanctifies the union it is heaven; but, oh, those bickerings! Those silly, silly romantic love matches, where a pair of young fools marry in haste and repent in leisure! Let us have no more of them, but those grand unions of soul to soul, heart to heart, mind to mind, which are marriages and not the jingling of so many dollar pieces in a joint purse! Beware the white hand; beware the dainty little foot, and look out for the pure heart and the large brains.

It is written: *sed manum de tibia.*

News of the Week.

Cholera has appeared in two villages in West Prussia. Don Carlos is said to have ordered the release of prisoners on their parole.

Mr. Hannatyne's horse "Duffy" won the Grand Steeple Chase at Baltimore.

It is reported the ex-Empress Eugenie is in Paris, and has been there two days.

Lieut.-Colonel Peters will command the next Wimbledon Team from Canada.

Hon. Joseph Howe, Lt.-Governor of Nova Scotia, died at Halifax on the 15th inst.

Edinburgh and Glasgow have resolved to invite the Shah of Persia to visit these cities.

The magistrates of Belfast have determined to prohibit all processions on the 12th of July.

A despatch from Rome says the Pope approves of the candidature of Cardinal Bonaparte as his successor.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* publishes an appeal of the ex-Empress Eugenie to the people of France in favor of her son.

The French Assembly having made an appropriation to rebuild the Vendôme monument, adjourned until the 5th June.

Twenty thousand persons attended the trades meeting held in Hyde Park, London, to promote the interests of labour.

The Carlists under Don Alphonso have suffered a defeat in the Province of Barcelona and were compelled to seek safety in flight.

Several parties for the Pacific Railway Survey are now being organized, and will take their departure during the ensuing week.

The London *Times* urges the immigration of Chinese to East Africa as the means of bringing about the abolishing of the slave trade.

The writ of *certiorari* applied for in the case of McDonald, the Bank of England forger, having been refused it is thought his extradition will follow.

The Russian expedition against Khiva has been heard from, the several columns having sufficiently approached each other to establish communications.

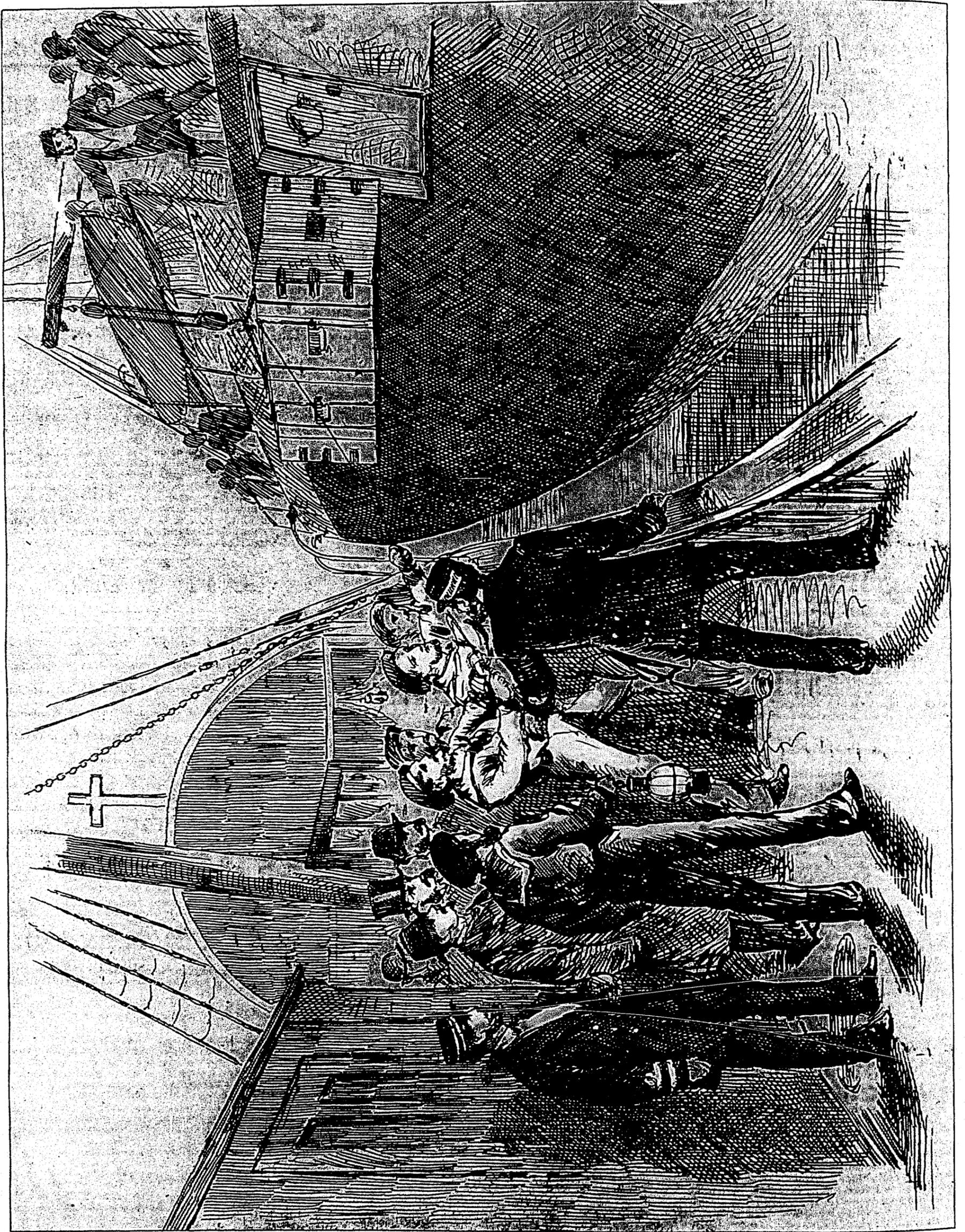
The Prince and Princess of Wales opened the new Town Hall at Bolton, and their Royal Highnesses were received by the inhabitants with the greatest enthusiasm.

By a circular to the Prefects, the Minister of the Interior urges the maintenance of Conservative principles, and the rallying of the people in support of order as the only means of restoring France.

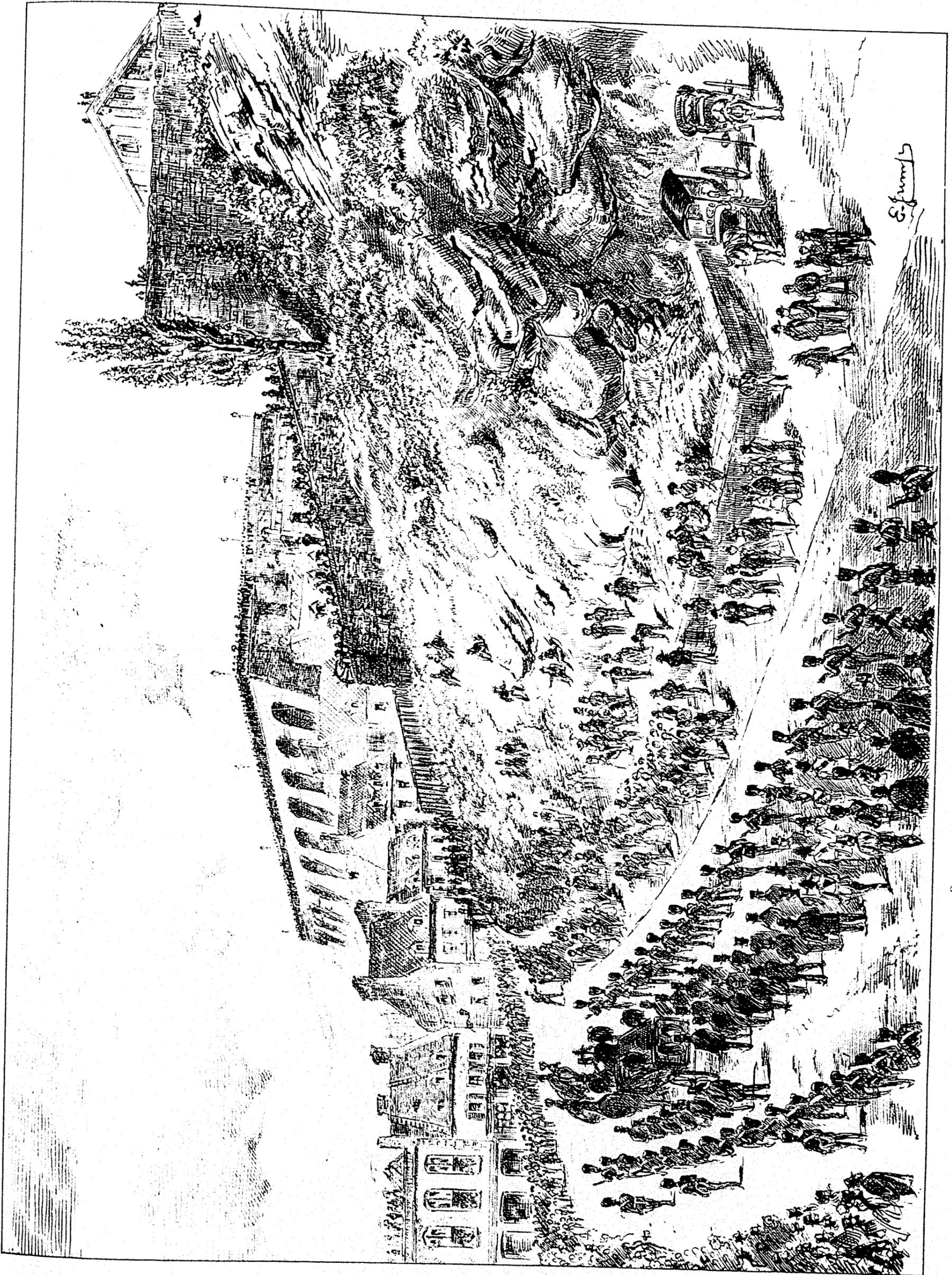
Germany is said to take exception to MacMahon's address to the Assembly, and diplomatic relations will, in consequence, be of an informal character until France shows that the Frankfort Treaty will be carried out.

The Constituent Cortes assembled at Madrid on Saturday. A policy of order was promised. Spain was not concerned with any revolution in other European States and did not seek territorial aggrandizement. The abolition of slavery in Cuba was also promised, and the separation of Church and State advocated.

Mr. Grau, the operatic manager, states that he intends organizing an English Opera Troupe, with Miss Kellog, first soprano; Miss Hersee, second; Mr. Parkinson—an English artist of commensurate repute—and Mr. Castle, tenors; Mr. Santley, baritone; and Mr. Aynsley Cook, basso. Miss Carey and Mrs. Seguin are mentioned as contraltos.



UNSCOURING OF SAN CISO. E. CARTER. — TEAN SPEERING THE BODY FROM THE S. PRUSSIAN TO THE GOVERNMENT STEAMER "DRUID"



OBROQUES OF SIR GEO. E. CARTIER.—THE PROCESSION ON MOUNTAIN HILL, QUEBEC

Miscellaneous.

The latest subject for betting in India is whether the numbers of the hymns given out in church are odd or even.

Mr. Stansfeld, in his speech on the union of parishes in England, said there was one parish in Yorkshire that contained only one old woman, a pig, and a donkey.

The little black boy, Kalulu, brought home from Dr. Livingstone by Mr. Stanley, has been apprenticed to a barber at Milwaukee, and is making fair progress at his work.

An exhibition of shirt collars dating from the last century is announced in Paris, as also a collection of boots, shoes, and slippers, belonging to celebrated individuals since the reign of Louis XIV.

The droll announcement is made in the Bristol papers that the Committee of the Bristol Athenaeum, a few days ago, resolved to pay posthumous honours to the late Mr. Macready, and re-elected him as one of their vice-presidents three days after the announcement of his death.

Within the last few days, says the *Court Journal*, Lord Dunmore has concluded the purchase of ten short horns from Mr. Cochrane, of Canada, for which he is to pay the modest price of £10,000. The costly animals are to be brought across the Atlantic to Liverpool in June and July next.

An estimate has been made of the profits of the various persons interested in making a book, with the following result. Approximately, out of one dollar, which is paid, for example, for one copy of an ordinary book, the money goes thus: To the author, 10c.; to the publisher, 10c.; to the paper-maker, 15c.; to the book-binder, 15c.; to the printer and stereotyper, 10c.; to the retail bookseller, or to him and his customer, 40c.; total, \$1.00.

A curious piece of statistics has just been published. It is that of the number of letters which arrive daily at the Elysee addressed to the President of the Republic; the total is about 700, and may be thus divided: Applications for assistance, 250; petitions having a political object, 150; others against some prejudice suffered, 100; complaints against functionaries, 100; abuse, 80; menaces of death, 20. The insults are of the most vulgar kind. Many are signed "A Radical Republican," or "An ex-Federate."

A ludicrous incident occurred as the Prince of Wales, Prince Arthur, and the Crown Prince of Denmark left the restaurant at Vienna, where a banquet had been given to the British workmen. Inspector Hagen, of Scotland-yard, who is for the present employed in attendance upon the suite of the Prince of Wales, was arrested and conveyed to prison by the Austrian police, for pressing too closely upon their Royal Highnesses' footsteps. A few minutes, however, served to have matters explained, and to bring about the zealous officer's release.

A most singular banquet has just taken place in Paris where M. Decroix invited several friends and scientific men to dine off the flesh of horses dead from glanders, of cows from the pest, and of an ass a victim to hydrophobia. So long as meat is not decomposed, disease does not matter; the cooking, the fire purifies all. The director of the Zoological Gardens corroborates this theory from personal experiments on the condemned meat sent to feed the animals. The meat question is thus on the road to an unexpected solution. Like venison, a chop and a steak will be primest when "high."

The rage for international exhibitions has reached even to Chili, and that progressive State has devoted \$225,000 for the building of an edifice in Valparaiso for the first industrial fair, probably, which has ever been proposed in South America. The time is set for 1875, giving ample opportunity for the collection of the treasures, which, in the shape of raw material of every description, exist in profusion in that country. If there ever was a land that deserved development as well as needed it, it is South America, and it is to be hoped that the proposed exhibition will have the effect of infusing a new spirit into her lazy, lethargic inhabitants.

A peculiarly Siberian story is reported from the southern shores of Lake Baikal. In that pleasing neighbourhood a spacious monastery was erected not long ago, the monks being destined to devote their leisure hours to the conversion of the Mongols thereabout. This being accounted a comparatively easy task by the convicts and exiles in the province, a good many offered to take the vow, on condition of having their term of punishment remitted. In consideration of the religious object, their prayer, it appears, was granted. To cut a long story short, the new monks were no sooner installed than they began forging paper money, an enormous quantity of which they are said to have manufactured under cover of the cowl. At last the matter oozed out. Prompt action being necessary, and the venerable inmates being all men of tried nerve, they immediately burnt the convent and took to their heels.

The limit of absurdity has been reached in the public appearance in a Manchester pulpit of not the wisest, the holiest, or the most eloquent, but the *smallest* of divines. "The Rev. T. Noble," said the advertisements of Saturday, "the supposed smallest preacher in the world, will to-morrow preach at the Mission Hall, Grosvenor street." The managers of the Mission Hall made thoughtful preparations for him. A temporary platform, raised some 18 inches above the pulpit door, afforded a full view of the chair and table from which he was to conduct his ministrations. The *Manchester Guardian* says:—"One can have no delicacy in dwelling on the personal appearance of the Rev. T. Noble, as he had himself made it the subject of remark. His head was that of four average humanity, but as for his body—well, his sacerdotal frockcoat and 'continuations,' taken together, might have sufficed to make a sleeve waistcoat for an ostler. His preaching seems to have corresponded."

Hints curious and comic, and designed for the special benefit of ocean travellers, appear in the columns of an exchange. The writer has evidently watched the ways of voyagers, and taken notes thereof. Perhaps he has himself been seriously puzzled by unexpected questions propounded by information-seekers. Be that as it may, he assures us that however skillful the captain and officers of a ship may be, they really do not know *every thing*, nor should they be cross-questioned upon every topic in the world. He gives a long list of questions which he suggests be omitted during the present travelling season if ship officers must be the victims of the inquiries. A sample of these queries, as frequently propounded to captain, officers, quartermaster, ship doctor, and steward, may be amusing to our readers: "How far is Queenstown from Sandy Hook? How long is this ship?—this is the most frequent inquiry. Who built her?—very common question. What did she cost?—merchant's inquiry. Shall we see any icebergs?—young bride's question. Is the ocean always blue here?—young lady's question. If two bells mean one o'clock, why not have twenty-four bells for twelve o'clock?—boy's question. Is this ship Clyde built?—banker's question. Do you like baked apples?—French bonne's question. How much is a dollar in sterling?—very general question. Do dogfish bark?—little boy's inquiry. Would this ship run over a whale?—little boy's inquiry. Are you a church member?—missionary question. Is the captain

married?—lady's-maid's question. When do the Mother Carey's chickens sleep?—old lady's question. How deep is the water here?—dyspeptic's question." The ocean traveller is also assured that although the captain may be very powerful, he cannot prevent the ship from rolling and pitching, and it is unjust to blame him when the dishes slide into one's lap.

Music and the Drama.

Madame Anna Bishop is on a concert tour through British Columbia.

Parlour operas are now in fashion in New York, and a very pleasant fashion it is, too.

Verdi is going to bring out "Aida" at Vienna in August. It will be mounted regardless of expense.

Mendelssohn Quintette Club of Boston, Ottawa, Canada, June 2 and 3; Montreal, 4 and 5; and Boston, 8.

The statement that Edwin Booth has sold his theatre is an error. He has leased it for five years to his brother, J. B. Booth.

M. Gounod, whose whole object in life, hitherto, has been to translate love into music, has now devoted himself as closely to sacred composition.

During the second representation of "Aida," Verdi's last opera, the distinguished composer was presented with a massive gold and silver crown.

Wagner is writing a new opera in the same style as "Tannhauser" and "Lohengrin." It is founded on Micklewitz's poem of "Honrad Wallenrod."

Italian journals state that Parepa Rosa has declined to appear at the San Carlo, Naples. She objected to the acoustic qualities of the house, and to the company.

The *XIXme Siècle* has been given to understand that the administration of the Paris theatres is to be transferred from the Fine Arts Department to the Ministry of the Interior.

M. Maurice Strakosch has purchased the exclusive right to perform Verdi's "Aida" in the United States. He has engaged M. Maurel, the baritone, who will receive 12,000fr. per month.

An opera on the "Maid of Orleans" story will be brought out at the Grand Opera in the autumn, by M. Mermet, whose "Roland à Roncevaux" came out in 1864, and was revived in July, 1866.

Musical folk think that M. Gounod is creating quite a desirable revolution in church music by his late compositions. He has gradually fallen into the style of the good old *alla capella* school, and may be considered as the modern Palestrina.

The common council of Milan have fixed the annual donation to La Scala at 175,000 lire, which, together with perquisites of the adjoining Casiro, gave the new *impressario* 275,000 lire, or \$55,000, to begin business with for the coming season.

The Italian actor, Tommaso Salvini, has finally closed a positive engagement with Maurice Grau, for the presentation of one hundred performances throughout the United States. The engagement includes a full dramatic company selected by Salvini himself. The first performance of the series will be given in New York about the middle of September.

Parepa set the Egyptians all agog at Cairo recently by singing a Greek song. There was to be a concert in half a dozen languages, and the Greek basso took sick; and Parepa, though knowing nothing of the language, mastered it sufficiently in twelve hours to give the song so well that the public "nearly went mad over her,"—and there is a good deal of Parepa to get mad over.

Madame Ristori is expected in England at an early period of the present season. Madame Ristori brings with her a new drama, written for her by the author of "Elisabetta Regina d'Inghilterra," a play in which she produced a profound impression. The name of the new drama is "Marie Antoinette," and it is said that her impersonation of the unfortunate queen is surpassingly beyond even her former efforts.

In a recent sale by Messrs. Puttick & Simpson, of Leicester Square, London, the copyright of Hutton's well-known song, "Simon the Cellarer," produced the large sum of £409, the purchaser being Mr. J. Williams, of Cheapside. Also in the same sale there occurred the following popular part songs by R. L. Pearsall, for which high prices were obtained:—"Who shall Win my Lady Fair?" £85 10s.; "O who will o'er the Downs so free?" £398; and "The Hardy Norseman," £344, all of which were bought by Messrs. Novello, Ewer, & Co., of Berners Street.

The opera has had a great success in Paris lately with Guiraud's new ballet, with the title of "Gretna Green." There is especially a waltz, a fantastic fairy representation of the game, which is charming. The dresses of one group of Lancers in the ballet have a Scotch character, and the tartans are very prettily brought in. A week or two ago, "Mignon" was sung for the three hundredth time by Mile. Galli-Marie, a circumstance worthy of note in lyrical records; and in honour of the occasion M. Ambroise Thomas presented her with a necklace in pearls and garnets, of very exquisite workmanship of a century ago.

A curious exhibition has been opened in Paris, the exhibition of works refused at the Salon. Artists have been crying out, and hence this *exposition des refusés*. It is held in the Rue Lafitte, the entrance being a franc, and half that sum on Sundays and Thursdays. As the jury of the Salon have been more severe this year than usual, the *refusés* may be worth examining. At the Salon proper there are two free days a week, Thursday and Sunday. It is, by the way, just two hundred years since the first Salon opened, under Louis XIV., in the Galerie d'Apollon of the Louvre. There were two in his time, and four-and-twenty during Louis XV.'s reign, many of which were held in other localities; indeed, the exhibition was not held again in the Louvre until a century later. The Salon was finally settled in the Palais des Champs Elysées, and has been annual since 1863.

A great Molière festival has been prepared for this month by the manager of the Paris Galté. It is to be held at the Théâtre Italien, and is to last a week. On the first day, the 12th, a lecture by Francisque Sarcey, and inauguration in the *foyer* of the theatre of a collection of objects belonging to the great playwright—more than forty of his portraits, many of his letters and manuscripts, his famous arm-chair, &c.; the first reading of a prize poem in honour of Molière, and the representation of the "Fourberies de Scapin." On the second day, Tuesday, the "Etourdi" and a lecture on Molière's family and childhood. On Wednesday, the "Dépit Amoureux," and a lecture on the journeys the dramatist undertook. On Thursday, the "Misanthrope" and a lecture on the love passages in Molière's life. On Friday, "Tartuffe," and a lecture on the Tartuffe controversy. On Saturday, the "Femmes Savantes" and a lecture on Molière's portraits. Finally, a grand musical and dramatic festival on Sunday and Monday. All this takes place in the daytime; every evening a new piece, entitled, "La Mort de Molière," will be performed.

Art and Literature.

The Castellani Collection has been purchased for the British Museum at the cost of £28,000.

A new monthly is projected in England, to be called the *Impertial*, with Mr. Edward Jenkins for editor.

Mr. Thomas Landseer has just completed the engraving of Sir Edwin Landseer's picture, "The Deer Family."

Mr. Charles D. Warner, author of *My Summer in a Garden*, is compared by the *London Spectator* to Charles Lamb and Arthur Helps.

Anthony Trollope is writing another novel, dealing chiefly with clerical characters such as we had in the well-known "Barset series" of his works.

The Father of his Country is again the subject of honor, the University of Oxford having selected *The Prince of Wales at the grave of Washington* as the Newdegate poem.

Mr. Martin F. Tupper, author of "Proverbial Philosophy," is announced to give a series of readings from his own works, at Clifton and other towns. Pity the poor Cliftonians!

The Rev. J. O'Hanlan is preparing for publication a book called the "Lives of the Irish Saints," with many hundred wood engravings of old Irish churches, which is expected to throw much light on Irish Christian antiquities.

The rebuilding of Warwick Castle is going on most satisfactorily. Many of the ancient suits of armour injured by the fire have been wonderfully restored, among them being one which belonged to the Duke of Montrose, and the suit in which Lord Brooke received his death-blow at the siege of Lichfield.

The copyright of Keble's "Christian Year," which, published originally in 1826, for years brought the author a royalty of more than £800 per annum, has just expired, and it is therefore to be expected that scores of new and, perhaps, cheap editions will deluge the market, as the work has not yet lost its popularity.

The only portrait, we believe, for which Mr. Mill ever sat, was one upon which Mr. Watts has lately been engaged. The work was so nearly finished when Mr. Mill left England that Mr. Watts considered but one more sitting would be requisite. He has now undertaken to complete the picture, which will be engraved.

Messrs. Longmans have in preparation a number of volumes called "Epochs in History," under which title a number of writers will contribute chapters on the history of England and of Europe at various times since the Christian era; these will be edited by Mr. Edward E. Morris, the head master of the Bedfordshire Middle Class Public School.

Mr. Holman Hunt, has the *Architect* says, received 10,000 guineas for his painting, "The Shadow of Death." This sum of course includes the copyright for the engraving and the privilege of exhibiting the painting. For a small replica the artist is to receive 1000 guineas. Her Majesty has commissioned Mr. Hunt to paint for her a copy of the head of our Lord.

"George Eliot," as a novelist, is placed by the *British Quarterly* above Sir Walter Scott. "She paints with Miss Austen's unerring humor and accuracy, and with Sir Walter's masculine breadth." If the popular judgment is to be gathered from the number of intelligent readers of a novel, *Middlemarch* must be reckoned one of the most remarkable fictions of the present century.

The early and unedited correspondence of the great poet Lamartine will shortly be published. From a letter written by Lamartine to M. Aymon de Virien, dated September 1st, 1800, we may expect that the collection will give us a most interesting insight into the juvenile mind of the poet, his aspirations, ailments, wants, joys, and *les petites misères* in which he began, and alas! also ended his life.

Mr. Browning has dedicated his new poem *Red Cotton Night Cap Country; or, Turf and Tower*, to Miss Thackeray, who is given in most of her works to describe Normandy. This region Mr. Browning speaks of as being called

"By one slow, hither stretching, fast
Subsiding into slumber sort of name
Symbolic of the place and people too,
White Cotton Nightcap Country."

We are enabled to intimate, says the *Court Journal*, that Mr. Mill has left a full autobiography, with directions that it shall be published without delay. He has also left treatises on "Nature," "Theism," and the "Utility of Religion," the first of which was to have been published in the present year. Arrangements will now be made for their speedy appearance. The last production of his pen was a tract for the Land Teuure Reform Association, which will be placed in the hands of the committee for immediate publication.

Gustave Doré, the author of more book illustrations than any man living, except George Cruikshank, wants to take a voyage round the world, in a sailing vessel, sketching as he goes. But he is so horribly the victim of sea sickness that he cannot go. He wants to see all that is grand in North America, and would, it is said, sail for New York to-morrow but for the horror of the passage. He has grown old in the past three years, and suffers from depression of spirits, which his income of 100,000 francs a year from his sketches does not subdue.

A very curious and interesting paper will appear in the June number of the *Fortnightly*, showing that the art of photography was discovered and practised with success in London 100 years ago, but was suppressed at the instance of the Government, who feared that if it became known it would be employed by forgers and counterfeiters of bank-notes. The writer of the article tells his story well, and backs up his statements by proof that seem conclusive; among them the existence of photographs taken 100 years ago, and now in the South Kensington Museum.

Considerable interest has been excited in Northern Europe by the announcement that the collection of antiquities, paintings, &c., at Ulryksdal, near Stockholm, the summer residence of the late King Charles XV, of Sweden, is to be sold by public auction. Charles XV, was not only a poet and a musician, but also a painter and an art connoisseur, and he collected during his lifetime a great number of art treasures, most of which he presented to the national museum which he founded at Stockholm. The remainder he left to his heirs, the principal of whom is his only daughter, the wife of the Crown Prince of Denmark, and she has now directed the collection to be sold in order to distribute the proceeds in accordance with his will. The first day of the sale was the 16th instant, immediately after the coronation of King Oscar, which was expected to attract a great number of visitors to the capital. The collection was sold in 700 lots.

Dr. Colby's Pills are patronized by the Medical Profession.

Sir Henry Bishop's opera "Guy Mannering" has been revived at the Gaiety Theatre, with Miss Sinclair as "Julia Mannering," Miss Cook as "Lucy Bertram," Mr. Wood as "Henry Bertram," Mr. Lionel Brough as "Dominic Sampson," and Mr. Sullivan as "Gilbert Glossin."

Courier des Dames.

Our lady readers are invited to contribute to this department.

ON HOME SERVICE.

II. THE "DOMINA," OR HOUSE LADY (Continued.)

Servants are generally hired by the year, but no agreement is made as to what particular time the service is to last, that being dependent upon a multitude of things; but, in case of disagreement or inability to get on together, fair notice must be given on either side, unless an immediate dismissal is agreed to by mutual consent. The ordinary time of notice given is a month, and if a domestic chooses to leave before the expiration of that time, without the consent of her employers, the month's wages are forfeited; and if, on the other hand, they wish to get rid of an utterly incompetent servant at once, a month's wages must be given, unless the dismissal arises from any very flagrant misdemeanour.

The providing for the physical comfort of servants in every reasonable and necessary way should never become a subordinate consideration. In former days (and I believe in a few high families the custom still holds good) the superior domestics—that is to say, the steward, house-keeper, valet, butler, and lady's maid—had what is called a second table, at which they dine alone; but it will be generally found at the present day that all the servants dine at one table in the servants' hall, the upper servants taking the other meals of the day in the housekeeper's room. Loud complaints are constantly heard upon the unreasonableness of servants in the matter of their daily food. It is very requisite, however, that their meals should be good, plain, and substantial, and served to them at regular hours. Of course all culinary arrangements must be made according to the nature of the establishment and the means supplied; but in all households of people with moderate fortunes butcher's meat for dinner, with a sufficiency of plain wholesome food of a different kind, at all other meals, should, we think, be an ample allowance in the way of food. A cook, however, who is a good manager, will contrive sometimes to supply supper from some portions of meat that cannot again be sent up to the dining-room. It is quite necessary that there should be some restriction in the amount of beer allowed, but a pint of beer each for the men-servants at dinner and supper, and half a pint for the women, should be considered quite enough. It is quite impossible, where there is much work to be done, that servants should get on without being well fed, and we cannot avoid thinking that for this very reason board wages are a mistake. Under this system domestics do not provide themselves with a sufficient amount of wholesome food, and the plan works ill too in another way, as it offers great temptations to servants to appropriate articles of food not intended for them.

One great point resting with the "Domina" is to see that her servants are provided with some useful and pleasant means of passing their leisure hours. Books should be provided for the kitchen in houses of all dimensions. Of course in large establishments the "servants' library" is an acknowledged thing; but we fear that in smaller households it is not so usual.

Instead of wondering at the ignorance of our domestics, and the great difficulty which some of our friends assure us there is in finding good servants, we might rather be surprised that so many turn out well, when it is considered that domestic service is often adopted as the last resource of poverty, and that situations are taken at hap-hazard by those who trust merely to their own wits and power of observation to teach them day by day what they have undertaken to do. Few have ever had any teaching or training that can in the least degree help them in service; and although this is an evil which we believe in the present day is being gradually acknowledged and felt, the remedy must rest a great deal with servants themselves, who ought and must, if they wish to get on, lose no opportunity of cultivating the habit of reading during leisure hours, and of learning for themselves something about their respective duties.

All books that can be of real practical use to them should be put in their way, and every assistance offered by the "House Lady" to those amongst her domestics who wish to inform themselves and to gain knowledge. Education must always be a benefit; we cannot educate too well in any class of life. All the best and most practical works upon domestic economy, upon cooking, upon the best means of keeping furniture and house linen in order and securing constant and perfect cleanliness, as well as books of general interest, should be found upon the shelves of the "servants' library."

By treating servants as intelligent and faithful beings, we may in very many instances succeed in making them so, when at the beginning of our acquaintance with them we might have imagined it to be all but impos-

sible. However, we can here again only repeat what we have endeavoured to give as the keynote throughout—the necessity for the constant supervision of the "House Lady," and, in many instances, of the master also.

The butler, who shows his worth by the careful superintendence he exercises over his wine, and the intelligence he displays in its management, will be apt to relax in his efforts if they remain apparently unnoticed, and are never approved; and the house-keeper who finds in spite of all the pride and pleasure she has had in keeping furniture, books, pictures, &c., in exquisite order, that her mistress never offers a single suggestion, and only coldly recognises and acquiesces in what has been achieved, will certainly in time grow careless, and do no more than is absolutely necessary. The cook also will be very apt to become terribly disheartened, and fail to send up elegant and charming dinners, if she is not encouraged by constant expressions of approval and sympathy, or if she be not upheld by her mistress in the maintenance of her authority in the kitchen.

Those who reside much in the country, and are interested in schemes of benevolence, will find their servants very effectual aids in all their charitable wishes and deeds as regards their poorer neighbours. They have better opportunities of knowing where help is most urgently wanted, and of what kind it must be to do the most good; and many instances have come under our own knowledge in which servants have spared themselves no trouble in order to become the almoners of their mistresses' bounty. The eye, therefore, of the "House Lady" must be over all; and if it may seem that, whilst insisting upon the earnest fulfilment of her duties towards her domestics, we have laid comparatively little stress upon their obligations to her, it must be remembered that it is solely from the heads of households that improvement amongst the serving classes can possibly emanate. It may be wrought by arousing the spirit of self-respect, by affording a little time and means for self-culture amongst those in service, and especially by setting on foot more institutions for the preparatory initiation and training of domestic servants.—*Queen.*

ON ARRANGING PHOTOGRAPHS.

(Continued from page 373.)

When on the subject of labels for photographs in my last paper I omitted to mention fan labels, which are very pretty and uncommon. They are made in much the same way as those I described, with a straight piece of paper doubled back to go inside the carte frame, only the little fan is attached by the small end, which is necessarily very slender. The fan is appended downwards by its handle, and it should be etched or coloured with a small pattern, to give it a finished appearance and that of a miniature fan. These made in coloured paper are very pretty, or in black, with the edging and the name worked in gold. Gold and coloured inks may be used with advantage, and water-colours, such as cobalt, sepia, green, mixed to the substance of ink, and used in a pen, are very effective. You mix the colours with a brush, and fill the pen with it. Colours that are not to be had in ink I have often used in this way and found very useful, especially sepia for etching frames of crossed or twisted twigs. Gold ink is sold in small bottles. Frames first drawn in pencil (not in Indian ink, as it is apt to run and mix with any colour afterwards laid on), and then filled in with gold, look extremely well. Another very pretty way of surrounding a photograph is to outline the frame in pencil, then draw a wreath of flowers, and fill in the ground with gold, shading and finishing the outline with sepia. Anyone fond of and accustomed to illuminating may arrange the most effective pages in this way, varying the shape of the frames and the size of the flowers. An open album, with a carte on each page, is a good design. Take a small photograph-album—one of those which hold one on a page—and copy from it, gilding and colouring your copy to make it look as like a real book as possible; gum in your carte, and etch a little frame or border round it. A little label with the name written on will look well at the bottom of the carte. This can be done by drawing the outline of the label and carrying the pattern of the frame to the outline, so that the shape of the label will be left blank, as if a piece of plain white paper was gummed on; on this the name is written. This may be done to any photograph frame, and always looks well. It is a freak of fashion just now to put the carte de visite of the lady of the house on the dance programme of the ball she is giving; it is very uncommon, but still it is occasionally done—not the whole carte, but the head and shoulders. It is cut to a small oval, and inserted in a little ornamental sort of frame left on the outside of the card on purpose. Now I think several dance cards, each having a photograph on them, thrown down carelessly, some half open, some shut, and one perhaps quite open, would make an original and also a pretty page. The cards should be gilded a little, the dances neatly written, and a small pencil attached, or a narrow cord of ribbon, to make them look as real as possible. I will mention another effective design, and at the same time an easy one. A ribbon, arranged in a circle (with a bow at the top), from which hang a cluster of beads, in the centre of each a photograph. They should be close together, each one a little over the other, so that only the outline of the whole heart is visible in the last one. They can be large or small, at will, but they

should be all of the same size, and the carte in the centre, cut into a round, or oval shape. They can be coloured, or simply etched in black ink. A dead etching round each looks well, either outlined merely, or filled in with colour. It has a good effect to colour the whole heart, and each one differently. Of course, in this case the photograph would be gummed on when the ground is quite dry. Colour is a great improvement to photographs, as may be seen by the beautifully finished tinted cartes now so fashionable. Some are so delicately done that they look like ivory miniatures. Only an artist can bring them to such a state of perfection, but anyone can colour them a little, enough to improve and make them more complimentary to the original. The simplest way is to mix a little liquid gum with your flesh tint, and pass it over the face, adding more colour for the cheeks and lips, and letting it remain there. One wash is sufficient, and you can alter and touch up as much as you like while the gum is still wet—I mean adding or reducing the colour in the cheeks—but not afterwards, as directly the gum dries, every touch with the brush shows. It is advisable to "stipple" a little towards the eyes and chin with plain liquid gum, as it tones down the colouring, and takes away any hardness there may be. Colour in the lips can be added afterwards if there is not enough already, and the eyes can also be touched up if necessary, or the eyebrows. A wash of colour, still mixed with gum, is almost always sufficient for the hair. This is an easy way of colouring cartes, and really answers the purpose very well. Liquid gum arabic is generally used in professional tinting for washing over the parts that are to be worked upon, and the artist sometimes keeps two qualities by him or her, one stronger than the other; the weaker for the first wash. The photograph is then put aside till dry. For more artistic and finished things, cake colours are better than moist ones; and if white is used, and it generally is, constant white is, I think, nicer than Chinese. Brushes of different sizes are useful to have by you, as fine ones are required for the face or for delicate work, and larger ones for dress, back ground, &c., and red sable are the best to work with, though the camel's-hair brushes are very good. Ox gall (sold in small china pots) is often used, but in very small quantities—a drop or two mixed with the colours is enough. For flesh-colour, Venetian red, pink madder, and a very small item of Indian yellow can be used; for flesh-shadow, mix Venetian or light red, pink madder, and cobalt. Burnt sienna and yellow ochre mixed makes golden hair, and for a darkish brown Vandyke brown is good, as it is a good rich colour. For black hair, mix a little sepia, lake, and indigo; these colours together make a good transparent black. Of course the colouring of the face and the richness of the cheeks is done by "stippling," as it is called, which is dotting your brush about and it must be a very delicate one till you have got the colour even, and not in patches. A little red added above the eye and beneath the brow is an improvement—it is what is done in miniature ivory painting—and a dot of white on the eye after it is coloured gives life and expression. A touch of white here and there, where the light falls on the hair may be given with advantage. Moist colours are very well for drapery and background, but the small cakes of colour are the best for the more particular colouring, and they should be rubbed on, as you require them, to a palette, with a good deal of water and a drop or two of ox-gall; but the latter is not imperative. Coloured backgrounds look very well, especially for lockets or small frames—black, dark blue, and gold. The latter is most becoming, and throws up a face wonderfully. The Princess of Wales has had her own photograph and those of her husband and children coloured with gold backgrounds, and the effect was so good that they all looked like beautiful ivory miniatures. I saw them nearly two years ago, and I do not know if the idea was her own or not. Since then I have seen a great many like them, and sometimes in albums. An oval is drawn round the head and shoulders, and that filled in with gold. The oval is then generally cut out and gummed on to a plain white card, but sometimes when it is a vignette that is so coloured it is not necessary to cut it out, as the oval takes in the photograph completely, even the whole of the graduated shading. A very pretty frame was shown me a short time ago, where six ovals were cut on the same piece of cardboard, each one having a coloured photograph with a gold background. One was in the centre—the largest of the number—and the five others were grouped round with about an inch and a half between each. Round every oval was a delicate design in pen and ink. The whole was set in a red velvet frame, and the effect was extremely pretty and rich looking. In concluding my paper on the arrangement of cartes and photographs, I will give a design, specially adapted for these gold-backed photographs—that of a bracelet, at length, holding three cartes, a large one in the centre and a smaller one on each side; the bracelet to be done in gold as like a real bracelet as possible. The photographs can be coloured after they are gummed in, as the colour and gold are apt to rub off if done first. It is a very effective design, and requires no great amount of skill. Other ornaments may be designed and executed in the same way, and I am sure the result will be appreciated.

CROWQUILL.

A farmer, not accustomed to literary composition or letter-writing, having lost a new hat at a county meeting, addressed the following note to its supposed possessor:—"Mr. A. presents his compliments to Mr. B. I have got a hat which is not his; if he have got a hat which is not yours, no doubt they are the missing one."

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

THE PORTRAIT AT CLERMONT

The Story of a French Canadian Manor.

BY

J. G. BOURINOT,

Author of "What happened at Beauvoir one Christmas Eve," etc.

I. CLERMONT.

Yesterday, whilst engaged in clearing the drawers of my secretary of a quantity of papers which had been accumulating there for years, I came across a small package which immediately brought to my mind some reminiscences of a visit which I made, a long while ago, to an old friend who had at that time a charming residence within a few miles of "the ancient capital" of Canada. This package contained the notes of the history of the Manor of Clermont—the name of my host's Seigneurie—and when I had read them over I decided to give them to the public in a brief, narrative form.

The reader will see that my visit to the fine domain of Clermont must have occurred many years ago, when I state that it was previous to the legislation which ended in the repeal of the Seigneurial tenure, which was so long preserved intact and served to remind the people of the days when they were the subjects of Old France. I have, however, still perfectly in my mind's eye the beauty of the country through which I passed on that pleasant summer day which I had chosen for my long-promised visit to M. de Villeraï, the Seigneur of Clermont. The neat villas embowered in foliage, the spires rising in the midst of their clustering cottages, the chime of the bells ever mingling with the song of the habitans in the fields, the sparkling waters of the St. Lawrence, the walls of the old capital towering in the distance like some old keep on the Rhine or Danube, the placid but tortuous St. Charles, the "Cabir Coubat" of ancient times—these are among the reminiscences of the charming scenery which attracts the tourist as he travels through the country surrounding Quebec. It was nearly sunset before I came to the long avenue of maples and beech and other native trees, which led to the manor-house of Clermont, which was built on a beautifully wooded knoll, sloping gradually in a well-kept lawn to the brink of a little river which finds its way at last, after many an erratic curve, into the majestic St. Lawrence. The house itself was somewhat unique in appearance on account of the large additions which had been very recently made to the somewhat irregular, but massive, building which had been the only residence of the family in the course of the previous century. A veranda ran across the front, and was at this time covered with a luxuriant growth of grape-vines, while a large conservatory containing a rich collection of tropical flowers and shrubs joined the south-west side of the manor. A fine knot of young elms embowered the other end of the house, but the front which was opposite to the river was nearly all green turf, only relieved in places by beds of mignonette, roses, and other familiar flowers.

The Seigneur got up from the veranda, where he was sitting with a newspaper in his hand, as soon as he heard the wheels of my waggon grate over the gravelled walk which led up to a side entrance, and thence to the house.

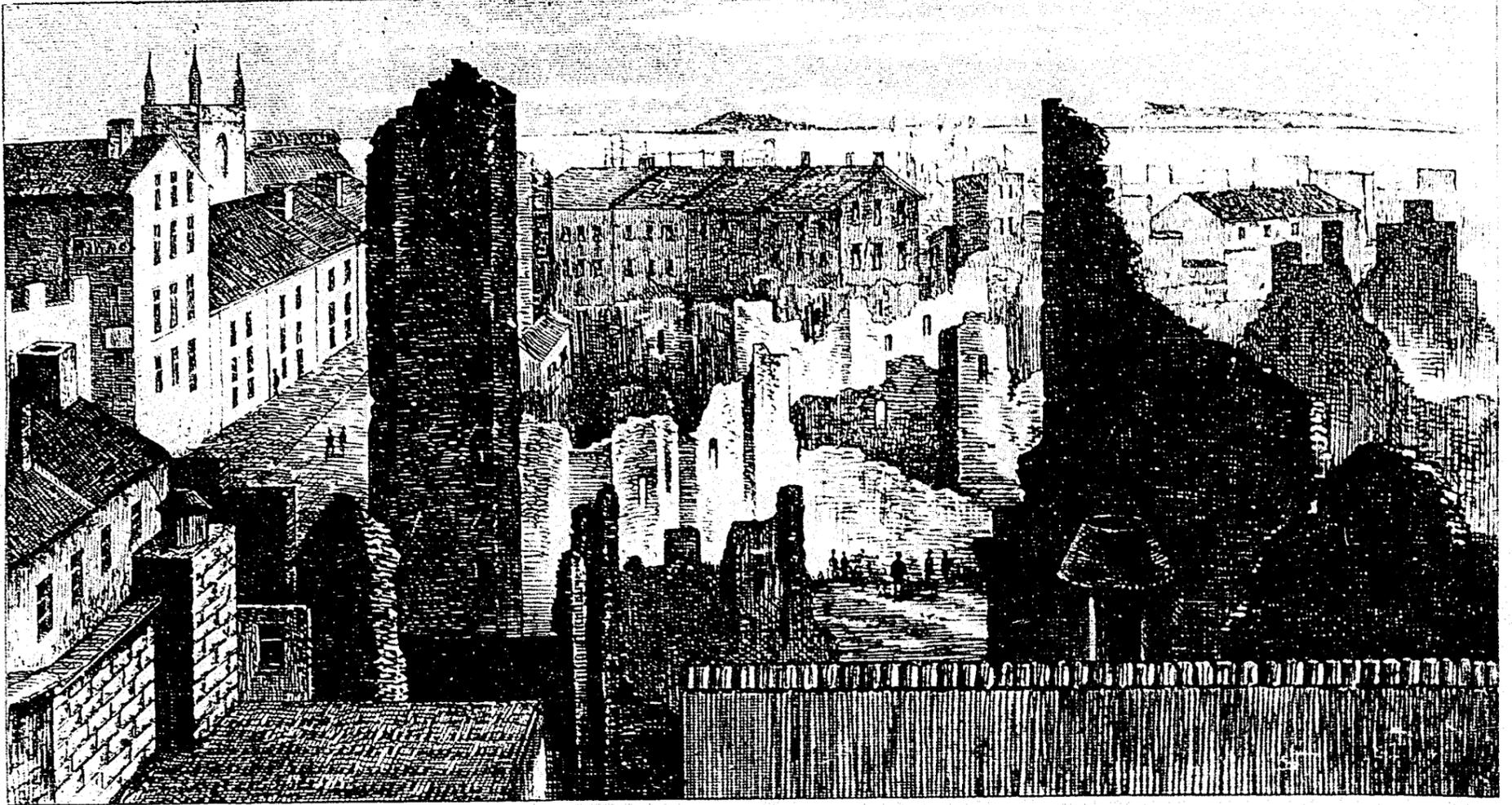
"I was beginning," he said as he shook me warmly by the hand, "to despair of your coming to-day, for your last letter intimated you might be obliged to give up your trip to Clermont."

When I had explained the cause of my detention he ordered a man to take charge of the waggon, and then accompanied me into the house, where he introduced me to his wife and daughter; the former still youthful looking, and full of that vivacity which the French Canadian can fairly claim as her natural heritage; the latter, a pretty girl of some nineteen years, with a well-rounded figure and sparkling black eyes shaded by deep lashes, and full of youthful spirits. Both ladies greeted me very cordially, and in a few minutes I felt perfectly at home and well satisfied with myself for having accepted the invitation of the Seigneur.

"Come," said M. de Villeraï, as he opened the door and stood in the hall, "now you are formally introduced into our little family, I will show you the den where we propose to imprison you whilst we keep you at Clermont."

"I hope you are not a believer in ghosts," said Mademoiselle, giving me a saucy look as I rose to follow my kind host who was speaking to a servant in the hall who had brought up my portmanteau, "for of course you know we have a haunted chamber, like that you hear of in the manors of old England."

Answering the badinage of Miss de Villeraï in a similar strain, I followed my host through a long, low hall, hung with deer antlers and weapons of various kinds, into another room which was evidently the library



VIEW FROM THE ROOF OF THE EVANS HOUSE THE MORNING AFTER THE FIRE. A, SITE OF THE GLOBE THEATRE.



WASHINGTON STREET AN HOUR AFTER THE ALARM; THE BUILDING WHERE THE FIRE ORIGINATED.

THE GUIDES OF THE POLARIS EXPEDITION,
RESCUED FROM THE ICE BY THE SS. TIGRESS.



Joe.



RESCUED DAUGHTER OF JOE.



Mrs. Joe, or Hans' wife.



HANS' BROTHER.



Mrs. Hans Christian.

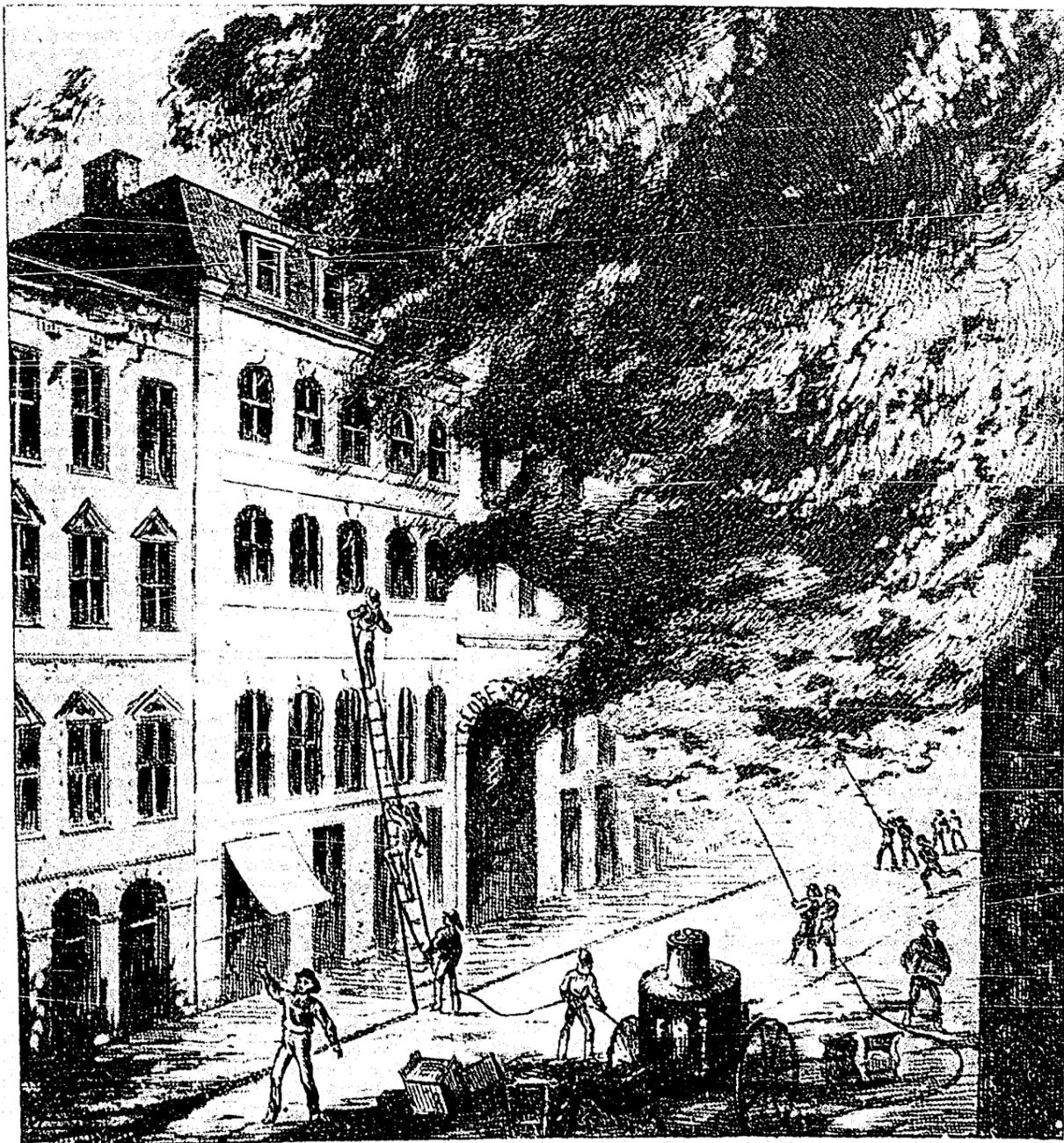
THE LORE OF THE
CALENDAR

NO. IX.—CORPUS CHRISTI DAY.

This festival of the Roman Catholic Church, supposed to be held on the Thursday after Whit Sunday, is in honour of the doctrine of the Transubstantiation—one that never found favour in the Anglican Church since the Reformation. Prior to the Reformation it was a day of great show in England, as it now is in all Roman Catholic countries, and even in some parts of the Dominion of Canada, more particularly in the Province of Quebec.

The ceremony is so well known to all, or at least the majority of our readers, that we need only give the main features of carrying the pyx, containing the consecrated bread in the procession. It is generally, in large cities, borne by the Archbishop or Bishop under a canopy, who is accompanied by all the resident priests and members of the different local corporations, religious and civil—professing the Roman Catholic faith. The streets are decorated with green boughs, and flags of all nationalities are suspended across them—bands of music strike up at intervals, occasionally interrupted by holy songs or chants, in which the priests, nuns, and the children join—the people lining the route of the procession reverently looking on, and, in some instances, devoutly kneeling or prostrating themselves before the Host.

In the procession are borne costly wrought flags and banners—with devices illustrative of some events in the lives of the saints.—Ursula with her many maidens—Christopher wading the river bearing the infant body of our Saviour—Sebastian stuck full of arrows



THE FIRE AT BOSTON.—THE GLOBE THEATRE IN FLAMES.

—Catherine with her wheel, &c., &c.

In olden times, after the procession, there used to be Miracle Plays, to which we adverted in our notice of Waitsuntide.

A short time since a gentleman with long fair whiskers, and dressed in the height of fashion, entered a hosier's in Vienna, and requested the shopwoman, who happened to be alone, to show him some coloured shirts. Every variety was brought out, when he made his choice, and requested that a parcel might be made up for him. This being done, "What an idiot I am!" he said. "I have not seen how the shirts look when on—Would you oblige me, made moielle, by putting on one over your dress?" The shopwoman having complied with his request, "Be so good," he continued, "as to button the collar and the wristbands, that I may get a thoroughly good idea of the effect. And now," he added, taking up his parcel, "allow me to wish you a very good morning!" and in an instant he was outside the door, and had disappeared, the unhappy girl perfectly stupefied, not daring to follow him into the street on account of her singular costume. Her employer, on returning from his *café*, half-an-hour later, found her, with the fatal garment on, crying on the counter.

The towers of the Cathedral of Cologne has now reached the height of 230 feet. The construction of the spires, which are to bring the total up to 600 feet, will be commenced. Six years more are required for terminating the work.

The New England States are to be destroyed by an earthquake on the 20th of August next; so says an Eastern seer.

for it contained a large book-case, and a number of portraits, exhibiting costumes of different centuries—members of the De Villera family for many generations, as I afterwards learned. A narrow door, alongside the book-case, led down by a step into a small room, low-ceiled, and lighted by two narrow windows, one of which looked out on the river, and the other into the conservatory.

After making my toilet, I rejoined the ladies, and when supper was over, we took seats on the veranda, where we remained nearly the whole evening, chatting or listening to the sweet voice of Margaret de Villera who gave us several French airs to the music of a guitar which seemed to harmonize exquisitely with the tranquillity of the scene on that delightful summer evening.

II. THE PORTRAIT.

It was late before I retired to my room, but even when I had said good-night to my host at the door I felt little disposed to rest, but sat for some time by the open window, watching the fantastic gleams of light which the bright summer moon was throwing athwart the foliage, or across the bosom of the little river which swept, calm and noiseless, below the château. Feeling at last a little tired, I prepared myself for bed, and in doing so, for the first time I paid some attention to the appearance of my room. It was comfortably furnished, but what struck me peculiarly was a picture, the only one in the chamber, hanging in a recess on the side of an old-fashioned fire-place, filled at that time of the year with cedar and other aromatic branches. It was the picture of a young girl, dressed in the costume of another century, and displaying a face of remarkable beauty. Perhaps a very critical eye would find many faults with the picture, but still the artist, whoever he was, had succeeded in giving a very wonderful expression to the face. As you looked into her eyes, which were large and oval, like those of the Spanish women, you could not but be struck with the world of anguish which seemed depicted in their depths of liquid softness. As I caught the expression, I forgot all the features of the face except those wonderful eyes, and it was with difficulty I could remove myself from the spell which seemed to claim me from the moment I came within sight of this remarkable portrait. So much was I under its influence, that I could not divest myself of the impression that there was some sad incident connected with the life of the girl whose portrait the artist had so skillfully portrayed. So strong at last was the impression that it made upon me that I found myself more than once, whilst I lay awake in my bed, turning to look at the picture, and speculating on the meaning of the sad eyes, to which the fitful rays of the moon, now and then, as they struggled through the blinds, gave a very weird-like expression. Unable to sleep whilst it was before me, I rose for the purpose of turning it, but I was surprised to find that, by some strange freak of the artist, the canvass was firmly fixed to the wall, and what I imagined was the frame, was only a device of the painter to deceive the eye. So I covered the portrait carefully with my handkerchief, and then succeeded in dropping off to sleep.

How long I had been asleep, I can never recollect, but I can assuredly say that I awoke to a certain degree of consciousness some time in the course of the night. I know I had been dreaming; visions of the old days of the manor, of the days of the French regime, seemed to float across my mind with such rapidity that now I can hardly recall them. I can, however, remember one scene in what was apparently the salon which was then furnished in a very different style from the present. Officers in uniform were dancing a stately minuet with lovely women, and conspicuous among them all was the beautiful but most mournful face of the lady I had seen in the portrait. I was on the point of approaching her, and speaking, when she suddenly raised her eyes as if in warning, and I stopped in wonder at the intensity of her sorrowful expression. Then it was I appeared to awake, though it has never been easy for me to say when the vision ended, and my eyes really opened. At all events, I saw every object in my own room with perfect distinctness—the salon and its gay guests had all vanished with the dream—but what caused my pulse to stand still and my limbs to become rigid as if in death was the figure of some one—a misty, almost impalpable figure—passing across the room towards me. My eyes followed it, and as it drew close, I saw, as plainly as I see the sun on a bright summer morn, the face of the portrait, with the same expression of grief intensified, and her hands tightly clenched on her fair bosom as if she were in expressible pain.

More I cannot remember, for the face slowly faded into the air in the distance, and as I rose half-upright by a powerful exertion of my will I saw nothing except a faint gleam of moonlight struggling through the green venetians. Then, exhausted by the mental struggle through which I had passed in the course of a very few seconds, I fell back on my pil-

low and was immediately buried in a heavy sleep.

Next morning when I rose, the sun was streaming into my room, and the air was alive with the hum of insects and the twittering of the robins, as they flitted joyfully among the maples, and seemed tame enough to invade my chamber. When I was dressed I removed the covering from the portrait, and though the impression it made was not as vivid now in the brightness of morning as it had been in the silence and gloom of the previous night, yet the expression of the eyes struck me as forcibly as ever.

It is probable my attention sometimes wandered during the breakfast, for there were moments when the portrait came vividly before me. At all events Miss de Villera said:

"Confess now, you saw something last night that disturbed you—you remember that I warned you we had our haunted room, just as well as the old mansions of your English people."

"Our friend, Margaret," said M. de Villera, "will think little of our courtesy if you talk that way; but the fact is, my dear friend, my daughter, like some other persons, will have it that there is something strange about a picture which you probably noticed in your room."

"Now you know, papa," said Margaret, "that there are few strangers who are not impressed with the portrait—I am sure from the manner of our guest, that he has noticed it."

"It is certainly a curious portrait, and any one knowing its history would not wonder that the artist should have tinged it with a spirit of melancholy. As for myself familiarity with it has long divested it of any strangeness; otherwise, I would hardly have laid myself open to the suspicion of playing an experiment upon a guest."

"I am right, then, in supposing that there is really a history connected with the portrait?" I inquired when I had related my experience of the past night.

"I am sorry," replied M. de Villera, "that I have not taken the precaution of showing you the portrait, and warning you against the impression which, my daughter has told you, it makes upon strangers. Margaret, you should have told our guest."

"I was on the point of doing so," replied Mademoiselle with a smile in my direction. "but he only laughed, and then I determined he should find out the mystery for himself."

"Well, then, the only way we can make up for our neglect," said my host, "is to tell him the history of the portrait. Come now to my study, and when we have lit our cigars," he added addressing me, "I will tell you an incident connected with the past career of the old manor."

III. THE ARTIST.

"In the early days of the Manoir of Clermont," said M. de Villera when we were seated in the library, "there occurred a horrible tragedy, around which so much mystery has in the course of years been thrown that it has now almost become a legend, very mythical in the opinion of persons who have not access to the records of the family."

"This tragedy is not one on which the De Villeras—I mean the elder branch—care to dwell, for it long enveloped Clermont in wretchedness and gloom. Go back in memory nearly two centuries ago, when Clermont had just been completed by the first De Villera who held the Seigneurie of Clermont—according to tradition, a cold, haughty man, who had served with much distinction under Turenne, and came to Canada to pass his declining years on a large estate deeded to him by the king as a reward for his military services. Among the frequent visitors to the château was a very handsome girl, a sort of companion to the Seigneur's daughters, who had been left an orphan at an early age, and was now living with some friends of her father at Charlesbourg.

"Marie Cavellier was tall and lithe in figure, with dazzling black eyes and a dark complexion which showed her Indian origin; for she was the child of a French Canadian, who had been famous among the Western rangers, and had married the daughter of one of the chiefs of the Ottawas, whose camps could then be seen on the banks of the upper lakes. Marie, in the course of her visits to the château, met with René de Villera, a gay young officer, and soon learned to love him with all the passionate ardour of her nature; and René, a careless, thoughtless soldier, only intent on his pleasure, taught her to believe that he returned her love.

"But she soon learned that she had been deceived, and that the young soldier's faith was pledged to one his equal in rank, to Estelle de Montmagny, the daughter of a neighbouring Seigneur. The story goes on to say that Marie warned René that she would take a terrible revenge, should he break his word to her, and marry Estelle; but he only laughed at her threats, and hurried the preparations for the wedding. Better far for him had he fallen on some battle-field, like many a De Villera had done before him, before he had awoke the resentment of the passionate Indian nature of Marie Cavellier.

"The story goes that Marie also had a terrible interview with Estelle, but the latter, a proud, haughty girl, laughed her to scorn and paid no attention to her words. From that moment there is no doubt, both René and Estelle were hated by Marie—the sequel proved it too well.

"Estelle de Montmagny prepared for her wedding which was to come off in the early summer; but only two nights before she was to stand before the altar, she was found on her bed—she was on a visit to the château—in the embrace of death. Buried in her heart was an ornamental dagger, which was immediately recognized as having been a gift from René to Marie when she was a constant visitor to the manor.

"When René was summoned into the presence of the murdered girl, the shock was more than he could bear, for he fell on the floor in a deep swoon; and from that hour he lost his reason for many years. In the course of time, however, the whole story of his treachery came to light, and there was no difficulty in tracing the crime to Marie who had thus cruelly revenged herself on René; but the unhappy girl was never more seen at Charlesbourg, and the habitants always believed that she had fled to her mother's tribe, far in the forests of the West.

"René continued insane for years and gradually his existence was almost forgotten, except by the inmates of the château, over whose lives this tragedy threw a gloom which forbade all gaiety and social intercourse, except with the Curé and a few very intimate friends. René was quiet and easily managed, and spent all his more rational hours painting portraits of the unhappy girl, to whom he was betrothed; for from his boyhood he had been a clever artist. These portraits he would destroy almost as soon as finished, as failing to realize the conception of his diseased brain. With only one of them was he ever satisfied, and it was that which he fixed, with his own hand, to a panel of his room, and to which he succeeded in giving an expression of unutterable woe, which well illustrated the depth of his own misery.

"I have passed hurriedly over the story of this tragedy in the history of the De Villeras. So deeply did these incidents affect the health and spirits of the first Seigneur, that after the death of his unfortunate son, who paid so terrible a penalty for his indiscretions, he shut up the manor, and went to reside in France for a number of years. For some nine or ten years Clermont had no tenants, except the crows which built their nests in the roof, and the whole place got so bad a reputation among the superstitious habitants that none of them would approach it after nightfall. The story of the murdered girl was never forgotten, and there were those ready to aver that they had seen her more than once, wandering in the woods around the château, dressed as for her bridal, but with her eyes full of unutterable grief: for the story of the portrait, and its wonderful expression, had now entered into the details of the tragedy as it was told by the habitants.

"From the day Estelle de Montmagny died, nothing seemed to go well with the De Villeras. For several generations that succeeded the first Seigneur of the name, more than one died a violent death; but what is stranger than all, insanity or a melancholy akin to madness hung over the family, and claimed one of the sons for its victim, until at last the elder branch of the De Villeras disappeared altogether, and the manor was allowed to fall into decay. My family who inherited it never occupied it, as my father had a comfortable seigneurie of his own, in which my elder brother is now living.

"The most curious part of the legend is that which connects the appearance of the lady of the portrait at distant intervals with the occurrence of some misfortune to the inmates of the château. Similar stories are told among the superstitious inhabitants of Ireland and Bretagne,—relies in doubt of the days of the Celts—but to me they have only afforded amusement until now.

"Since I came into possession of the manor—not more than a year ago—as my share of my father's inheritance, I have made very many alterations in the old building. The wing in which you slept last night is almost entirely new, with the exception of the room where the unfortunate maniac passed his life and where you still see the portrait which he painted with his own hand. Although there were never any very warm relations between the old De Villera and my own family, I have always known the story connected with the manor; but living as I have among practical, business men, I have thought little about it, and certainly have never paid much heed to the tales of the superstitious habitants who would invest the portrait with such tragic interest. You are the first guest who has slept in the room for many years, and now I regret, I repeat, that I had not told you of the ghost-like attributes which cling to the portrait."

"I wonder," added the Seigneur with some gravity after a pause, "if the legend of the past is again to prove true and some misfortune is to follow the appearance of the lady of the portrait."

I occupied another room during the remain-

der of my visit to the château, and left with much regret and many promises to return at the earliest opportunity.

"I shall let you know," said my host as I was bidding him good-bye at the outlet of the avenue, "if the heroine of the picture again disturbs the rest of any of the inmates of the château."

Months passed away before I received any news of M. de Villera, and then it came in the following letter which startled me not a little:

"My dear friend,—Ill-luck seems still to hover around Clermont. Last night the château was burned down, and we only escaped with a few articles of wearing apparel. Curious to say, however, the portrait passed almost scatheless through the flames which were arrested just on the threshold of that particular wing. I have ordered it to be cut out—for I cannot yet make up my mind to destroy it—and placed in a chest with other heirlooms. Perhaps the ghost of the murdered girl is at last appeased, with the destruction of the manor where she met her untimely death. As for me, I shall never allow the portrait to be seen again by relatives of mine whilst I am in life. So superstition, you see, has asserted its dominion even over a matter-of-fact man of the world as I have always claimed to be. *Au revoir.*"

The prosaic reader may smile at my story and say I dreamed it all that night of which I have been writing; but I must reply that even now, after the lapse of years, I can see as plainly the pale, mournful face of the portrait as when I saw it through the curtains of my bed in the old manor. No explanation that the matter-of-fact world may give will ever obliterate from my mind the impression made upon it by the brush of the maniac artist of the Château of Clermont.

Varieties.

John Knox travelled all the way from Dubuque to jump over Niagara Falls, but got into a fight with a hackman and forgot all about subiding.

When a wife in Turkey forgets to keep her suspender buttons sewed on her husband's trousers, she is patted on the back for half an hour with a pine board an inch thick.

The death of John Stuart Mill brings up the attention of the Philadelphia publisher, who advertised certain new books as follows:—"Mill on Political Economy,"—"Ethics of the Floss."

Modern Industry.—A Vienna journal contains the following announcement:—"Anna Agriked, sick nurse, washes dead bodies, repairs straw chairs, applies leeches, and makes pastry, desserts, and delicacies."—*London Medical Review.*

We know of nothing so susceptible of perversion as the efforts of a young man to kill a mosquito on a young lady's cheek. A conscientious world would never forgive him for trying to seize it with his teeth when any less extraordinary method would do just as well.

Soborn, the actor, doesn't like to have his dog form new acquaintances, so he fastens two very sharp needles to his nose, leaving the ends projecting about an inch. When a strange dog rushes up to shake noses with him, he gets a thrust that sends him off howling, and the effect is such that Soborn's dog can't get within gunshot of any other that knows how the thing works.

We never have a deeper conviction of the fact that the newspapers are the greatest conservators of the beauty of the English language than when we read such tender and pure and melodious sentences as this. It is from the persuasive pen of a western reporter who is describing wedding. He says:—"The mayor gawgoted up the church aisle, swashing and gyrating like a Chinese Joss with the junks."

An enamoured young gentleman recently bought a gold-mounted cut-glass bottle, filled it with rose-water, and tied a love-sick pink ribbon round it, to present to a young lady; but on reaching the house he felt a little embarrassed, for fear there were members of the family present, and so left the beautiful gift on the marble slab outside the drawing-room door. The movement was perceived by a graceless brother of the young lady, who appropriated the rose-water for his own use, and refilled the bottle with strong mustard. In a little while the young man slipped out, and, securing the splendid gift, slipped back again, when, with a few appropriate words, he pressed it upon the blushing girl. Like the good and faithful daughter that she was, she at once hurried into the presence of her mother, and the old lady was charmed. She drew out the stopper, laid the beautiful petals of her nostrils over the aperture, and fetched a pull at the contents that fairly made them bubble. Then she hid the bottle down, and the only thing she could say with tears rolling down her eyes was, "Where is that miserable brat?" He, all unconscious of what had happened, was in front of a mirror adjusting his necktie and smiling at himself. Here she found him, and said to him, "Oh, you are laughing at the trick on an old woman, are you?" "Ma'am, I hardly thought," exclaimed the terrified youth, "when I mustered up—mustard up! this is indeed insolence." Fortunately, the tragic scene ended by an explanation on the part of the young brother, who was told he was a naughty spoiled boy, and patted on the head.

Chess.

OTTAWA V. COBURG.

The Clubs of these cities have recently concluded a match by telegraph, (consisting of five individual games) which was closely contested, Cobourg being victorious by the odd game.

The players were arranged as follows:
Cobourg. Ottawa.

Board A. Mr. H. J. Kuttan v. Mr. G. P. Baker.
" B. " R. H. Ramsey v. " Bonott.
" C. " J. Salisbury v. Rev. J. D. Phillips.
" D. " S. J. Ramsey v. Mr. T. C. Larose.
" E. " H. Boggs v. " F. X. Lambert.

Cobourg won at the 1st, 2nd, and 4th, as above; Ottawa at 3rd and 5th.

We have been favoured with copies of two games, which we append; and I will present the others also, if they are sent us soon.

(Board B.) French Game.

Cobourg—Mr. R. H. Ramsey | Ottawa—Mr. Bonott.

- White. Black.
1. P. to K. 4th. P. to K. 3rd.
2. P. to Q. 4th. P. to Q. B. 4th (a).
3. P. to Q. 5th. P. takes P.
4. P. takes P. P. to Q. 3rd.
5. K. Kt. to B. 3rd. B. to K. 2nd.
6. B. to K. 2nd. K. Kt. to B. 3rd.
7. Castles. Q. Kt. to Q. 2nd.
8. P. to Q. Kt. 3rd. P. to Q. R. 3rd.
9. B. to Kt. 2nd. P. to Q. Kt. 4th.
10. P. to Q. B. 4th. B. to Q. Kt. 2nd.
11. Q. to Q. 3rd. P. to Q. Kt. 5th.
12. Q. to K. B. 5th (a). P. to K. R. 3rd.
13. B. to Q. 3rd. Q. B. to B. sq.
14. B. to Q. B. 2nd. Kt. to K. 4th.
15. Q. to B. 4th. Kt. to K. 4th.
16. Q. to K. 4th. P. to K. B. 4th (c).
17. Q. to K. 2nd. Kt. takes Kt. ch.
18. Q. takes Kt. Kt. to K. B. 3rd.
19. B. takes P. Castles.
20. Q. takes B. R. to K. B. 2nd.
21. Q. to Kt. 4th. Kt. to Q. 2nd.
22. Kt. to Q. 2nd. P. to Q. B. 4th (d).
23. Kt. to K. 4th. B. takes Kt.
24. Kt. takes Q. P. Q. to Q. B. sq.
25. Q. takes B. R. to K. 2nd.
26. P. to Q. 4th. Q. to Q. B. 3rd.
27. P. to Q. 5th. Kt. to K. B. sq.
28. Q. to K. R. 3rd. Kt. to Q. 2nd.
29. Q. to K. Kt. 4th. P. to K. 5th.
30. K. R. to K. sq. Resigns.
31. K. to K. 4th.

- (a) Premature and subjects Black to embarrassment. P. to Q. 4th is the usual move.
(b) White plays correctly and steadily, maintaining through of his advantage acquired in the opening.
(c) Hazardous.
(d) An oversight apparently.

(Board C.) Philidor's Defence.

Cobourg—Mr. S. J. Ramsey | Ottawa—Mr. Larose.

- White. Black.
1. P. to K. 4th. P. to K. 4th.
2. K. Kt. to B. 3rd. P. to Q. 3rd.
3. P. to Q. 4th. P. takes P.
4. Kt. takes P. Kt. to K. B. 3rd.
5. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd. B. to K. 2nd.
6. B. to Q. B. 4th. Castles.
7. Castles. P. to Q. B. 4th.
8. Kt. to K. 3rd. B. takes Kt.
9. P. takes B. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd.
10. P. to Q. 3rd. Kt. to Q. 5th.
11. Kt. to Q. 2nd. P. to Q. Kt. 4th (a).
12. Kt. takes Kt. ch. (c). B. takes Kt.
13. B. takes Kt. P. Kt. takes B.
14. Q. takes Kt. R. to K. sq.
15. Q. to Q. B. 4th. B. takes Kt. P.
16. B. takes B. K. takes B.
17. Q. R. to B. sq. Q. to Kt. 3rd.
18. R. to K. sq. (c). P. to Q. R. 4th.
19. P. to K. B. 5th. Q. to Q. Kt. 4th (d).
20. Q. to K. Kt. 4th. P. to K. R. 3rd.
21. Q. to K. Kt. 4th. K. to B. sq.
22. Q. to R. 5th. B. to Kt. sq.
23. R. to K. 5th. B. to Q. Kt. 5th.
24. P. to K. 3rd. Resigns.

- (a) Although this loses a Pawn, it strikes us as being a good move for Black, since it liberates his King.
(b) Taking the Bishop seems better.
(c) This and White's next move are well played.
(d) Q. to Q. Kt. 4th seems much better, securing a draw at least; for if White had then played—Q. Q. to Q. 5th Black might have retorted with Q. R. takes Q. B. P.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 83.

- White. Black.
1. Kt. to Kt. 7th. K moves.
2. Kt. to Kt. 4th. R. takes Kt. (a).
3. P. takes B. ch. and mate.
(a) Black has a variety of defenses, but Kt. to Q. 3rd mates in reply to all the rest except the following:
White. Black.
2. Kt. to Kt. 6th mate. B. to B. 4th.
3. P. takes P. mate. P moves.

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THIS favorite Sea-side Resort will be open for the reception of a limited number of guests on and after 25th instant.

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THE COOK'S FRIEND

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NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, will be received at this Office, until Monday, the 10th day of June instant, at noon, for the necessary Iron Fence Railing required for Fence Wall of the Public Buildings, Ottawa.

Plans and Specifications can be seen at the Lachine Canal Office, Montreal, on and after Wednesday, the 4th instant.

The signatures of two solvent responsible persons, willing to become sureties for the due fulfillment of the contract, must be attached to each Tender.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 2nd June, 1873. 7-2b

Grand Trunk Railway

ON AND AFTER MONDAY NEXT, 19th instant, an Accommodation Train for MONTREAL and Intermediate Stations will leave RICHMOND at 5 30 A.M., arriving at MONTREAL at 9 10 A.M.

Returning, will leave MONTREAL at 5 15 P.M., arriving at Richmond at 9 P.M.

C. J. Brydges, MANAGING DIRECTOR. 7-21f

Grand Trunk R. R. of Canada.

TENDERS FOR STORES.

The Grand Trunk Railway Company is prepared to receive TENDERS for STORES to be used during the year, commencing the 1st JULY, 1873.

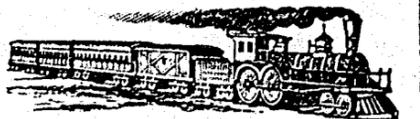
Forms of Tender, with lists of material and all other information, can be had on application at the General Storekeeper's Office, Point St. Charles.

Tenders, endorsed "Tenders for Stores," and addressed to the Secretary and Treasurer, will be received up to SATURDAY, June 14th inclusive. C. J. BRYDGES, Managing Director. 7-21 d

Reduction in Freight Rates.

THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY WILL continue to send out, daily, THROUGH CARS for CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE, ST. PAUL, and other Western points, at reduced rates from the winter tariff.

Shippers can get full information by applying to Mr. BURNS, Agent G. T. R., Chateaufort Square, or at the Office of the General Freight Agent. C. J. BRYDGES, MANAGING DIRECTOR. P. S. STEVENSON, General Freight Agent 7-21 f



Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada.

1873 Summer Arrangements. 1873.

Pullman Palace, Parlor and Handsome New Ordinary Cars on all Through Day Trains, and Palace Sleeping Cars on all Through Night Trains over the whole Line.

TRANS now leave Montreal as follows:— GOING WEST.

Day Mail for Prescott, Ogdensburg, Ottawa, Brockville, Kingston, Belleville, Toronto, Guelph, London, Brantford, Gularich, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago and all points West, at 8.00 a.m.

Night Express Mixed Train for Toronto, stopping at all Stations, at 9.00 p.m.

Passenger Train for Brockville and all intermediate Stations, at 6.00 a.m.

Local train for Vaudreuil, at 6.09 p.m. Trains leave Montreal for Lachine at 7 a.m., 9 a.m., 12 noon, 3 p.m., 5 p.m., and 6.30 p.m.

Trains leave Lachine for Montreal at 8 a.m., 10.00 a.m., 1 p.m., 3.30 p.m., 5.30 p.m., and 7 p.m.

The 3.00 p.m. Train runs through to Province line.

GOING SOUTH AND EAST. Express for Boston via Vermont Central Railroad, at 8.45 a.m.

Express for New York and Boston, via Vermont Central, at 3.45 p.m.

Train for Rouses' Point connecting with steamers on Lake Champlain, at 6.00 a.m.

Mail Train for St. John's and Rouse's Point, connecting with trains on the Stanstead, Shefford and Chambly, and South Eastern Counties Junction Railway, and Lake Champlain steamers at 3.15 p.m.

Mixed Train for Island Pond and Way Stations, at 6.00 a.m.

Mail Train for St. Hyacinthe, Richmond, Sherbrooke, Island Pond, at 1.45 p.m.

Accommodation train for Richmond and intermediate stations at 5.15 p.m.

Night Express for Island Pond, Gorham, Portland, Boston, and the Lower Provinces, at 10.30 p.m.

Night Express for Quebec, stopping at St. Hilaire and St. Hyacinthe, at Midnight.

As the punctuality of the trains depends on connections with other lines, the Company will not be responsible for trains not arriving at or leaving any station at the hour named.

The steamer "PALMOUTH" leaves Portland every Tuesday, at 5.30 p.m., for Halifax, N.S.

The splendid steamer "CARLOTTA," running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway, leaves Portland for Halifax, N.S., every Saturday at 4.00 p.m. She has excellent accommodation for Passengers and Freight.

The Steamer "CHASE" also runs between Portland and Halifax.

The International Company's Steamers, also running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway, leave Portland every Monday and Thursday at 6.00 p.m. for St. John, N.B., Ac.

BAGGAGE CHECKED THROUGH.

Through Tickets issued at the Company's principal stations.

For further information, and time of Arrival and Departure of all Trains at the terminal and way stations, apply at the Ticket Office, Bonaventure Depot, or at No. 143 St. James Street.

C. J. BRYDGES, Managing Director. 7-15 z

Condemned Stores.

SEALED TENDERS WILL BE Received up to the 15th instant for the purchase of certain condemned and unserviceable stores, now at THE MILITIA STORES, MONTREAL.

The articles to be disposed of can be seen, and a list of them will be furnished, on application to the storekeeper at Montreal.

Tenders endorsed "Tenders for Condemned Stores," to be addressed to the undersigned at Ottawa.

The lowest or any tender will not necessarily be accepted. (Signed.) THOS. WILY, Lt.-Colonel, Director of Stores. Department of Militia and Defence, Store Branch, Ottawa, 2nd June, 1873. 7-24 a

MAYNARD'S HOTEL.

THE TRAVELLING PUBLIC HAVING felt the want of a first-class Hotel in the Village of Arrivat, the undersigned begs to inform the public that he has now completed a large and commodious brick building in the most central part of the Village, and furnished it with all the comforts necessary for a first-class house. Guests from all parts of the Dominion may rely upon prompt attention to all their wants. Four good Sample Rooms. Omnibuses meet all trains free of charge.

Terms: \$1.50 Per Day. J. E. MAYNARD, Proprietor. 7-15 l

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT.

OTTAWA, 19th March, 1873. Authorized discount on American Invoices until further notice: 12 per cent. R. S. M. BOUCHETTE, Commissioner of Customs. u

TRAVELLERS' DIRECTORY.

We can confidently recommend all the Houses mentioned in the following List:

NEW YORK. THE GILSEY HOUSE, on the European plan, corner Broadway and 29th Streets. BRADLIN, GARDNER & Co., Proprietors. 5-25 z

CALT, ONT. COMMERCIAL HOTEL, HENDERSON DIXON, Proprietor.

OTTAWA. THE RUSSELL HOUSE, JAMES GOVIN.

PORT ELGIN. NORTH AMERICAN HOTEL, Wm. ALLEN, Proprietor.

QUEBEC. THE CLARENDON, WILLIS RUSSELL & SON.

ST. JOHN, N. B., VICTORIA HOTEL, B. T. CROGREN.

TEESWATER, ONT. KENT HOUSE, J. E. KENEDY, Proprietor.

TORONTO. THE ROSSIN HOUSE, G. P. SHEARS, Lessee and Manager. THE QUEEN'S HOTEL, CAPT. THOS. DICK.

WALKERTON, ONT. HARTLEY'S HOTEL, Mrs. E. HARTLEY, Proprietor.

"HEALTH THE CROWNING BLESSING OF LIFE."



WINGATE'S Standard English Remedies.

These valuable Remedies which have stood the test of trial, and become a household necessity, are the best that experience and careful research can produce for the cure of the various diseases for which they are especially designed. They are pure in quality, prompt in action, effectual in use, and employed with great success by the most eminent Physicians and Surgeons in Hospital and private practice in all parts of the world.

THE FOLLOWING COMPRISE THE LIST: Wingate's Cathartic Pills—For all derangements of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

Wingate's Nervo-Tonic Pills—Used with remarkable success in all Nervous Affections.

Wingate's Chalybeate Pills—Designed especially for Female use in complaints peculiar to their sex.

Wingate's Dyspepsia Tablets—A powerful aid to digestion, and cure for Dyspepsia.

Wingate's Pulmonic Troches—An excellent Remedy for all Irritation of the Throat and Lungs.

Wingate's Worm Lozenges—A safe, pleasant and effectual Remedy for Worms.

The above Remedies are sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines. Descriptive Circulars furnished on application, and single packages sent, post paid, on receipt of price.

Dr. N. A. SMITH & Co., SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES. No. 245 ST. JAMES ST., MONTREAL.

NEW ROYAL LYCEUM, TORONTO, ONTARIO.

SAPHIRE & WAUGH, Lessees. STERLING ATTRACTIONS EVERY EVENING. 7-7 z

LEGGO & CO.,

Leggotypers. Electrotypers. Stereotypers. Engraver. Chromo and Photo-Lithographers. Photographers, and General Printers by Steam Power. Office: No. 1, Place d'Armes Hill, Montreal. Works: No. 319, St. Antoine Street, Montreal.

Maps, Plans, Book Illustrations, Show-Cards, Labels, Commercial work of every description, executed in a superior style, at unprecedentedly low prices.



LACHINE CANAL ENLARGEMENT.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS. SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed, "Tender for Lachine Canal," will be received at this office until noon of Tuesday, the 8th day of July next, for the construction of two Locks, a Regulating Weir, and a Basin, near the lower end of the Lachine Canal, at Montreal, the excavation, &c., &c., connected with them, the enlargement of what is known as Basin No. 2, and deepening of a channel through it, and the formation of a new Basin east of Wellington Street Bridge.

Plans and Specifications of the respective works can be seen at this Office, and at the Lachine Canal Office, Montreal, on and after Tuesday the 17th day of June inst., where printed forms of Tender and other information can be obtained.

The signatures of two solvent and responsible persons, residents of the Dominion, willing to become sureties for the due fulfillment of the contract, must be attached to each Tender.

The Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any Tender.

By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary. Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 7th June, 1873. 7-24 c

Advertisement for Liebig's Liquid Extract of Beef, featuring an illustration of a cow and text describing its health benefits for the sick and debilitated.

METEORIC STONES ARE NOW known to descend periodically on certain zones of the earth. Almost all of these meteoroids contain iron, and most of them contain a proportion of the metal known to commerce as "Nickel." This metal, separated from its ores, and alloyed with more ductile metals, produces the celebrated article known as

NICKELITE SILVER.

Spoons and forks made of this metal have almost all the properties of silver, being hard, white, and taskless, yet they can be sold for less than one-tenth of the price. All articles made of this metal are stamped "R. W. & Co., Nickelite," and are highly warranted. No others are genuine. For Hotels, Restaurants, and private families they are unequalled. To be had of all dealers.
ROBERT WILKES,
 Sole Wholesale Agent.
 Montreal and Toronto.

WILSON'S



ADJUSTABLE CHAIR.

THE NOVELTY OF THE AGE!

An ingenious piece of mechanism, which can be arranged in

THIRTY POSITIONS.

For use in Parlours, Libraries, Reading Rooms, Writing, Bed-rooms, Smoking, Studying, Physicians', and Dentists' Chairs, or a Lounger, Bed and Child's Cradle and Spring.

Circulars with explanatory diagrams sent free on application. Orders by mail or otherwise, receive prompt attention, and Chairs carefully and securely packed, shipped to any address on receipt of price, or forwarded by express, payable on delivery.

THE WILSON MANUFACTURING CO.,
 Sole Manufacturers,
 P. O. Drawer 272, 245 St. James St., Montreal.

CHILDREN TAKE IT GREEDILY

WILSON'S CASTOR OIL EMULSION

Is Sweet, Pleasant, and Efficacious, possessing all the medicinal properties of the Finest Castor Oil.

Recommended by the Medical Profession.

Sold by Druggists at 25 cents.
ARCHDALE WILSON & Co.,
 Manufacturing Chemists, Hamilton, Ont.

R R R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Cures the worst Pains

In from 1 to 20 Minutes.

NOT ONE HOUR

After reading this advertisement need any one suffer with pain.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A CURE FOR EVERY PAIN.

IT WAS THE FIRST AND IS

THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY

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

IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES.

no matter how violent or excruciating the pain the Rheumatic, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

WILL AFFORD INSTANT EASE.

INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS, CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS, SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, Hysterics, Croup, Diphtheria, Catarrh, Influenza, Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Cold Chills, Acute Chills.

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

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

JNO. RADWAY & CO.,

107 ST. PAUL STREET,

6-17-73

MONTREAL.



A NARROW ESCAPE.

SPORT PARTS.— Well, Jack, what makes you look so happy to-day?
JACK.— Well, fact of it is, I've been spooning it so long with Sallie B— that I thought it was time to pop.
S. P.— And was accepted, of course.
JACK.— No, by George, better than that, refused.

REAL POINTLACES

WILLIAM SHAW'S

BROWN & CLAGGETT.

SUITS, DRESSES & MANTLES.

VELVETS

436-438 NOTRE DAME STREET.

A BRAVE BOOK!

"What Woman Should Know."

A Woman's Book About Women.

By Mrs. E. B. DUFFEY.

The only work of the kind ever written by a woman, is a necessity in every household, its entire purity and eminent practicalness will create an immense demand. Notwithstanding the delicate subjects necessarily treated, it is written in such a brave, pure style as will not offend the most fastidious. Lady agents never have had such an opportunity to make money and do good. Terms and sample sheets mailed free on immediate application.

LANCEFIELD BROTHERS,

Hamilton, Ont.

7-18-73

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

MONTREAL, March 7th, 1872.

DEAR SIR,—I was afflicted during the beginning of this winter with a most severe COLD, attended with incessant COUGHING and DIFFICULTY OF BREATHING, which reduced me to low that many persons supposed I could never recover. I tried a great many things, which were given me both by my doctors and friends; but did not receive any benefit from anything until I commenced using your "HOARHOEN AND HERRY BALSAM," which seemed to give me relief immediately. I continued using it until I was completely cured, and now I believe I am as well as I ever was in my life. I would gladly recommend it to any person suffering from a similar complaint. Almost anybody who knows me can testify to the above. **ALFRED KNUCKLE,** Mr. RICHMOND SPRINGER, Chemist, corner of McGill and Notre Dame Streets.

GENERAL AGENTS WANTED.

We want energetic Business Agents, will pay \$1,000 to \$1,500 salary per annum, besides allowance for expenses, to any man who will remain permanently with us, as soon as we become convinced he has the requisite experience and capability for the position.

To *unemployed* men, gifted with right address and stamina, we will furnish an opportunity to earn full wages while qualifying for business. This only, however, to *first-class men*.

Our business embraces Engraving, Lithography, Publishing, Printing, and general Job Work of all descriptions. Our agents will make it their business to secure work for the Establishment, and also to attend to the canvass of our subscription works, (Maps, Books, &c.) secure subscribers for our Magazines, Illustrated Papers, &c., attend to collections and such other business as may present. London, Quebec, Kingston, Sherbrooke, Quebec, Halifax, Sydney, or Charlottetown, P. E. Island, may be Head-Quarters for as many districts, and the entire territory worked embraced within circuit of one hundred miles.

Address—

Geo. E. Desbarats, Care of BUSINESS MANAGER, 31 St. Antoine Street, Montreal.

DR. BESSEY, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, BEAVER HALL SQUARE, MONTREAL.

MACORQUODALE BROTHERS,
 PHOTOGRAPHERS,
 (RIDDELL'S BUILDING);
 31 & 33 KING STREET WEST,
 TORONTO.

"The handsomest Studio and finest light in Ontario,"
 7-23m.

AMERICAN WATCHES

Illustrated catalogues containing price list, giving full information
How to Choose a Good Watch.
 Sent free. Address S. P. KLEISER,
 7-20 m P.O. Box 1022, Toronto.

GRAY'S

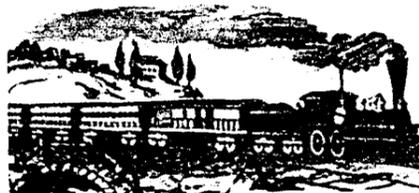
Syrup of Red Spruce Gum.

Prepared from Canadian Red Spruce Gum.

BALSAMIC, SOOTHING, EXPECTORANT, ANTISPASMODIC AND TONIC.

(Delicious flavour.)

A sovereign remedy for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, and Throat affections generally.
 For sale at all Druggists. 25 Cents per bottle.
 Sole manufacturer, **HENRY R. GRAY,** Chemist, 7-12 m MONTREAL.



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1872-3. Winter Arrangement. 1872-3.

On and after SATURDAY, 21st inst., a Passenger and Mail Train will leave Halifax daily, at 7:30 a.m., and be due in St. John at 8:35 p.m. A Passenger and Mail Train will also leave St. John daily, at 6:00 a.m., and be due in Halifax at 9:00 p.m.

Trains will connect
 At Painesville with trains to and from Sheshaie and intermediate stations.
 At Truro with trains to and from Pictou and intermediate stations.
 At Windsor Junction with the trains of the Windsor and Annapolis Railway.
 At St. John with the Consolidated European and North American Railway for Bangor, Danville Junction, Montreal, Quebec, Portland, Boston, also with the International Steamers to and from Eastport, Portland, and Boston.

LEWIS CARVELL,

General Superintendent

Railway Office, Montreal, N.B., Dec. 1872 7-24f

IMPORTANT TO PARTIES OWNING OR USING MACHINERY.

STOCK'S CELEBRATED EXTRA MACHINE OIL.

THIS OIL has been in very general use in Ontario for the past two years, and with the greatest satisfaction, as may be seen by testimonials from many of the leading Houses in Ontario. It will not thin in cold weather.

From the **JOSEPH HALL WORKS,** Oshawa, I consider Mr. Stock's Oil cheaper at \$1.00 per gallon than Olive Oil at 90 cents. Yours respectfully,
F. W. GILES, President.

Sold in quantities to suit purchasers at **MESSERS. LYMAN, CLARE & CO.,** 282, 284, & 286 St. Paul Street, Montreal, where the testimonials of the principal consumers of Oil in Ontario can be seen.

TO LITHOGRAPHERS.

ONE OR TWO FIRST-CLASS ENGRAVERS, and One expert **CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHIC ARTIST** can find permanent employment at the office of the **CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.** Applicants must exhibit specimens and references. Address—

GEORGE E. DESBARATS,

PUBLISHER.

7-5-73

MONTREAL.

FOR SALE.

A STONE HOUSE, pleasantly situated in the best part of the Village of Varennes, and commanding a fine view of the River St. Lawrence.

The House is 48 feet front by 30 feet deep, and there is a good garden with fruit trees and about 11 acres of ground. Apply to

D. K. STODART,

Broker.

4-12f

116, ST. JAMES STREET.

NOVEL WATCH-KEY CHARM, PAPER Cutter, Envelope Opener, and Nail Cleaner—four in one. Sells at sight by Agents—boys and girls—everywhere. Charm sent to fit any watch on receipt of watch-key and 25 cents. Special terms to Agents. **CITY NOVELTY COM'Y.,** Drawer 217, Buffalo, N. Y.

\$5 to \$20 per day. Agents wanted! All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments, or all the time, than at anything else. Particulars free. Address **G. STINSON & CO.,** Portland, Maine. 7-20-73

Printed and published by **GEORGE E. DESBARATS** 1, Place d'Armes Hill, and 319, St. Antoine street, Montreal.