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THE MONTREAL WHOLESALE NEWS

VOL. XIV.—No. 8.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1876.

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THE MONTREAL CITY TAXES. THE TWO SIDES OF THE QUESTION.

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NOTICE.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, 2nd Sept., 1876.

THE STATE AND THE FAMILY.

Let us suppose that two large families, the Northendians and the Southendians, live side by side. Both originally were farmers. But in course of time some of the sons had to act as doctors, watchmakers shoemakers, clothiers &c., for it was found that by division of labour they could work more profitably for all.

Now they both very soon found that the easier the work, they more the pay. The farmer sons had to sweat all day to earn a dollar while the doctor would charge a dollar for twenty minute's thought, and the lawyers sometimes got \$5 or even \$20 for a half hour's pleasant chat with their clients. The shoemaker earned his \$2, the clothier \$3 and the watchmaker \$5 for a day's work so light, that when the "ox-loosing" came, and the farmers went to do their chores, their mechanic brothers could sit down and enjoy books or music. But when chores were over the poor farmer was too tired and swinked to read a newspaper, and was only too glad to tumble into bed.

Now the Southendians were the largest family and the richest. And, since the desire for pelf grows bigger and bigger as the store of pelf gets more or more, they determined to take away all the more profitable trades from their poorer and honest-er and stupider neighbours the Northendians. And so they put one of the cunningest fellows they had where the road ran through the two farms and said:—"When any Northendian comes to peddle any of his boots and shoes or tweeds or flannels among us, make him pay you fifty cents for each dollar's worth of goods he has, and say that it goes to keep up the general expenses of our family."

Also they said to their jewelers; "Instead of making five watches make nine. The cost of making nine is not more than five, by very much. Sell five to us at the usual price. Then sell four to the Northendians very cheap. This will soon kill out their watch-making trade."

So in a very short time all the men of Northend who made watches, boots, jewelry, shirts, goloshes, mirrors, glue, mowing machines, and paper had to turn farmers again, or go and live among the Southendians. And then presently a dreadful thing took place. The farmers at Northend had found that the most profitable point of their crops consisted of things that cost but little labour and fetched a high price. Ten bunches of radishes fetched as much as a whole bushel of corn. Four good tomato plants brought in the price of a whole ton of hay. But all these things got wilted and spoiled before they could get them to the Southendian home-stead. And then came something worse still. It was worth \$5 to team a loaded wagon from Northend to Southend and bring it back. Now hay was selling at \$11 a ton at Southend. So when the wagoner had sold a ton of Northend hay he kept \$5 for himself and the poor

Northend farmer only \$6 while the Southend farmer got \$10 or \$10.50 for his hay. But when the wagoner had put \$1,000 worth of jewelry and clothes on his wagon, and sold it at Northend, he kept \$5 for himself and gave the Southend jeweler and clothier \$995, so that he never felt the "Cost of Transportation." And then the rich treasury of Southend paid their sugar boilers money, to help them to undersell the sugar makers of Northend and so kill out all their sugaries. And this destroyed a very profitable trade which the Northendians had had with the sugar cane growers of the Islands of the South. And so the whole of Northend bought a poor harmonium at twice what it cost to make from Yeasty & Co., down South, and sat down together and sang the song of "Hard times come again no more." And at last some of their meanest Sachems rose and said let us ask the Southendians to make one family with us.

Then the great Sachem awoke in terrible wrath and said. "Not so! Never! lest we learn their tricky ways. No, my children. Death before dishonour. Northendia expects every man to do his duty. *Ne plus ultra! E pluribus unum!!* Let us try "tit for tat." And so they tried tit for tat and lived happy ever after.

A FIASCO.

The latest news from the Yellowstone expedition steamer "Josephine" near the mouth of the Yellowstone, August 20, says since the junction of Generals Crooks and Terry, it is hoped that they will overtake and force a fight with the Sioux. The command moved west to Big Horn Mountains, where, on the 18th inst., a trail four or five days' old and two miles wide being the heaviest ever seen on the prairies, was discovered. This trail finally separated, and the Indians were found to be in full retreat, one band heading north towards British possessions with the probable intention of crossing the line, and the other going south along the Little Missouri, for the purpose of crossing Missouri River about Fort Berthold; there is every indication of the hostiles being heavily reinforced by agency Indians; they have their families, and evidently intend remaining north this winter. The army has a difficult programme, and it will be almost miraculous if our troops overtake the savages, who are well mounted. General Miles, commanding the 5th infantry, returned to the camp on the Rosebud on the 12th ultimo. The steamers "Far West," "Josephine," "Carroll," and the "Yellowstone," have been placed at his disposal, and supplies for the command are being rapidly shipped up the river. The "Far West" and "Carroll" are to be employed in patrolling the river. The steamers are well guarded and supplied. The camp is strongly defended; the garrison has three Gatling guns and several Rodman guns, and the steamer "Josephine" has on board three Gatling guns for the garrison. Sharp work may be expected on the south bank of the Yellowstone before the war ends. A later despatch, dated August 22nd, near the mouth of Powder River says:—"The practical failure of the campaign thus far, has caused a change in the plan of operations, and the Government will now continue the war until the Indians are subdued and return to their reservations. It is almost assured that the scout now being made by the combined forces of Crook and Terry will be unsuccessful, and the troops will probably return to the mouth of the Tongue River on the 25th instant; the command will then refit for another dash, which it is hoped will be more successful. A despatch dated August 23rd via Bismarck, says the campaign is practically closed, unless further instructions come from the Lieut.-General.

CANADIAN METEOROLOGY.

The meteorological system in Canada is now in the fifth year of its existence and has produced results which render it a matter of national interest and importance. The central office is at Toronto, under the

superintendence of Professor G. T. KINGSTON, M. A., a gentleman of recognized scientific repute and a most zealous official. The internal work of this office consists in the construction of the necessary apparatus; testing instruments before issue; compiling monthly, weekly and occasional reports from all points in the Dominion, and corresponding both with the Canadian stations and the Weather Bureau at Washington. Another chief function is the issue of storm warnings. A storm warning is a publication of an opinion to the effect that shortly after a time specified, or implied, a storm will probably occur in some portion of a certain region within a radius of 100 miles of the port warned. The port which receives the warning must be regarded as merely a convenient point for advertising a fact which is applicable, not to it alone, but to the whole region. Indeed, if it were certain that the port in question would be exempt, the publication of the warning would be proper either to deter ships from running into the storm, or to prepare them to encounter it. A warning, or more strictly a prediction, is said to be verified when a gale of strength sufficient to be dangerous occurs within the prescribed limits, either at the place indicated or within the prescribed limits, either at the place indicated or within the distance above named. Warnings were issued on 55 days in the course of the year 1875. In the vast majority of cases the warnings were verified, a satisfactory evidence of the advance of meteorological science and the competency of the men at the central office.

CANADIAN ANTIQUITIES.

QUEBEC—RUINS OF INTENDANT'S PALACE.

"It is the voice of years that are gone! they roll before me with all their deeds."—OSIAN.

One of the most prominent features and incidents connected with the celebration of the Centenary *fête* at Quebec, under the auspices of the Literary and Historical Society, the 29th December, 1875, was the taking possession of the Intendant's Palace in St. Roch's Suburbs by the American Insurgents, under the notorious Col. Benedict Arnold, in 1775, and its subsequent destruction by the guns from the ramparts, by order of Sir Guy Carleton.

The descriptions, or perspective sketches, according to the fancy or whim of the artist, or the photograph, of what is left of the ruins, convey no adequate idea of its real capacity and magnitude in length, breadth, or height. My present object, therefore, with your permission, is to supply this deficiency through the medium of your excellent journal from plans and elevations drawn to a scale of feet about the year 1770,—when some repairs were to be effected by the Military Engineers,—five years before its destruction in 1775. And more especially do I feel it a duty to submit this plan, &c., for publication since it has become a part of the military history not of Quebec only, but of Canada.

The following is an extract from the Centenary report:—"This once magnificent pile was constructed under the French King's directions in 1684, under Intendant De Meulles. It was burnt in 1712, when occupied by Intendant Bégon, and restored by the French Government. It became, from 1748 to 1759, the luxurious resort of Intendant Bigot and his wassailers. Under English rule it was neglected and, Arnold's riflemen having, from the cupola, annoyed Guy Carleton's soldiers, orders were given to destroy it with the city guns." "Skulking riflemen in St. Roch's, watching behind walls to kill our sentries, some of them fired from the cupola of the Intendant's Palace." "We brought a nine-pounder to answer them."

(Extract from a journal of an officer of the Quebec Garrison.)

For those who may not be familiar with the meaning of the term "Intendant," and the official duties of his office, the following remarks are submitted from the most authentic sources. It was one of civil administration, direction, management, superintendence, &c., and next to that of Governor-General, the office of Intendant was one of the greatest importance and celebrity in Quebec. It was established by the proclamation of the King of France in 1663,—creating a Sovereign Council for the affairs of the Colony—viz: the Governor-General, the Bishop, the Intendant and four Councillors, with an Attorney-General and Chief Clerk. The number of Councillors was afterwards increased to twelve.

The authority of the Intendant, except in his executive capacity, was indeed little inferior to that of the Governor himself. He had the superintendence of four departments, viz: Justice, Police, Finance, and Marine.

The first Intendant named under the Proclamation of 1663, was M. Robert; but he never came to Canada to fill his office, and it was not till the summer of 1665, that Jean de Talon arrived at Quebec, as the first real Intendant with the Viceroy De Tracy, and the Carignan

Regiment. The building in which the Sovereign Council first held their meetings would appear to have stood on the South side of Fabrique street westward of the Jesuit College, known at that time as the "Treasury."

During the intendency of M. de Meulles, in 1684, that gentleman, at his own expense, endowed the eastern portion of the St. Roch's Suburbs with an edifice henceforth known as the "Intendant's Palace," ("Le Palais"), remarkable for its dimensions, magnificence, and general appearance; it included also (according to old plans) about ten acres of land contained laterally between St. Roch's and St. Nicholas streets, having the River St. Charles in front, and afterwards laid out in ornamental gardens. The Palace was described by La Potherie, in 1698, as consisting of eighty toises, or 480 feet of buildings, so that it appeared a little town in itself. The King's stores were also kept there.

In 1712, Intendant Bégon, with a splendid equipage and retinue, arrived in Quebec from France, and kept up his residence at the Palace. On the 5th of January 1713, the entire building and premises unfortunately were destroyed by fire and such was the rapidity of the flames that the Intendant and his wife escaped with great difficulty. Madame Bégon was obliged to break the panes of glass in her apartment before she had power to breathe. Two young lady attendants were burnt to death. The Intendant's *valet de chambre* anxious to save some of his master's wardrobe also perished in the flames. His Secretary passing barefooted from the Palace to the river in front, was so much frozen that he died in the Hospital of the Hotel-Dieu, a few days afterwards. †

The Palace was afterward rebuilt under the direction of M. Bégon at the expense of His Majesty and of which the plans and elevation now presented are presumed to be a correct and faithful illustration. The principal entrance appears to have been from that side next the cliff opposite the "Arsenal"—or from the present line of St. Valier Street—with large store buildings, magazines, &c., on either side of the entrance and in the rear of that stood, the building known as the "Prison." It would appear that La Potherie's remark, in 1698, of the first construction resembling a little town in itself would also apply to the group of the second construction—us no less than twenty in number are shewn on some of the old plans of this period. From sketches taken on the spot by an officer of the Fleet in Wolfe's expedition of 1759 and published in London two years afterwards—there can be little doubt for want of room elsewhere, that the Palace was converted into Barracks and occupied immediately after the surrender of Quebec by the troops under General Murray, and continued to be used as such till it fell into the hands of the American insurgents under Arnold, in 1775, and destroyed by the cannon from the ramparts. This assumption is strengthened if not confirmed by the occupation of the Jesuit College as Barracks the following year, 1776—the amount of accommodation in both cases—a full Regiment would be the same, hence the comfortable quarters in the "Palais" by the rebel force under Arnold, which would accommodate the whole of his men.

The appearance of this once celebrated structure in its general aspect was more imposing from its extent than from any architectural ornate embellishments. The style was the French domestic of that period, of two clear stories in height, the extreme frontage was 260 feet with projecting wings at either end of 20 feet (vide plan) the depth from the front of the wings to the rear line 75 feet and the central part 58 feet; the height from the site level to the apex of roof about 55 feet and to the eaves line about 33 feet, in the basement there were no less than 9 vaults—10 feet high to the crown of the Arch running along the whole front as shewn in the elevation. The apartments in the two stories are divided longitudinally by a wall from one end to the other and comprise altogether about 40 in number, allotted into barrack-rooms as per original Military Plans.

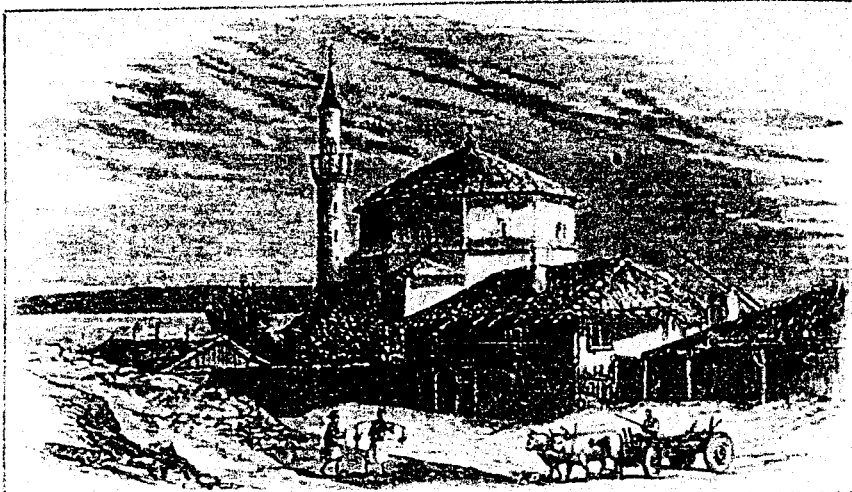
The roof is plain and steep, and only broken by the pedimented wings at each end of the building, with chimney stacks and stone coping over the transverse fire walls, and otherwise relieved by a small octagonal cupola of two sections placed in the centre of the roof. The approach to the building in front is by two flights of steps, an enclosed porch forming a central feature to the main entrance; the basement windows are shewn in the elevation above the ground line. The walls were substantially built of black slate rock peculiar to Quebec and must have taken much time in the erection judging from its tenacity, and the hardness of the material still remaining. No doubt the walls, as was the practice in those days, were built of dry masonry, a few feet at a time, and then *grouded* with mortar in a thin semi-fluid state, composed of quicklime and fine sand poured into the interspaces of the stone work, filling every cavity, excluding the air, and left to dry before commencing the next course. The wrought stone at the quoins and angles appear to have been quarried at *Pointe-aux-Trembles*, or more likely at Beauport; while the sides of the doors and windows were faced with hard Flemish brick, still intact, and beyond doubt imported directly from France.* The main store

† For the names of the victims and further particulars vide 2nd. Volume du Dictionnaire Généalogique, par l'Abbé Tanguay.

* These bricks were found to be only 1½ inches thick, of a dark flinty appearance and as hard as iron, and seemed to be composed of silica and oxide of iron.



Une rue du vieux quartier turc. — (Dessin de M. D. Vierge.)



La mosquée de Boriah-Djanir. — (Dessin de M. D. Vierge.)



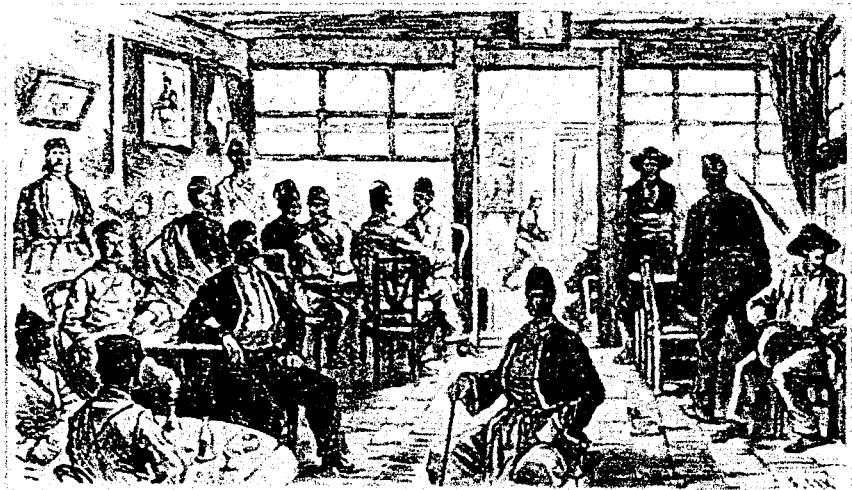
Intérieur d'une maison de la classe ouvrière. — (Dessin de M. E. Méné.)



Intérieur de la mosquée Boriah-Djanir. — (Dessin de M. E. Méné.)



Boutique d'un tailleur albanais. — (Dessin de M. Fortin.)



Un café de tziganes. — (Dessin de M. Fortin.)



Cuisine d'un café populaire. — (Dessin de M. Fortin.)



Intérieur d'un forgeron tzigane. — (Dessin de M. D. Vierge.)



Inscription de volontaires à la préfecture de police. — (Dessin de M. G. Joubert.)



Orchestre de tziganes. — (Dessin de M. Bahin.)

THE EASTERN WAR.—SKETCHES IN BELORADE, BY M. DICK,
Special artist of *Le Monde Illustré*; each drawn by a different artist from the staff of that Paper.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY No. 284.

A. R. C. SELWYN, F.G.S.

Alfred Richard Cecil Selwyn, F.G.S. and Director of the Canadian Geological Survey, is one of the best known and most eminent of our scientific men. He is the youngest son of the Reverend Townshend Selwyn, Canon of Gloucester Cathedral, by Charlotte Sophia, daughter of Lord George Murray, Bishop of St. Davids, and grand-daughter of John, fourth Duke of Athol. Mr. Selwyn was born in 1824 and educated in Switzerland. In 1845, he was appointed Assistant Geologist on the Geological Survey of Great Britain, and in 1852, on the recommendation of Sir T. De laBeche, undertook the Geological Survey of the Colony of Victoria, Australia. In 1854 and 1859, respectively, by special request of the Governments of Tasmania and Australia, Mr. Selwyn examined and reported upon the coal-field and gold-fields of those colonies. He was appointed one of the Victorian Commissioners of Mines in 1856; member of the Board of Science and of the Prospecting Board in 1858; and Commissioner for the Victorian International Exhibition in 1861. He was also a member of the Government Tender Board, and member of the Council of the Board of Agriculture, of the Royal Society, and of the Acclimatization Society. In 1869, he left Australia for Canada to succeed the late Sir Wm. E. Logan in the Superintendence of the Geological Survey of the Dominion. In that post his industry has been unremitting, and the labors undertaken by the Survey under his direction have been both continuous and of the highest scientific value to the country. His late journey of exploration over the line of the Pacific Railway and in British Columbia have led him to report most forcibly in favor of that great national work. It is mainly owing to his exertions that Canada has made so brilliant a show of mineral resources at Philadelphia, as the sketch which we publish today, in connection with Mr. Selwyn's portrait, will prove at a glance. We cannot go into the particulars of this exhibition, but all agree in testifying that, by means of it, Canada holds her own in that branch, as in all other lines of natural resource and industrial production.

CANADIAN BILLIARDS.

One of our illustrations this week is the billiard exhibit of Riley and May in the Canadian Court of the Philadelphia Exhibition, the taste and good workmanship of which have been much admired, and judging by the favourable notices from several of the press correspondents, the Canadian billiard table compares favourably with



A. R. C. SELWYN, F. G. S., DIRECTOR OF THE CANADIAN GEOLOGICAL SURVEY.
From a Photograph by Notman.

the tables of numerous other makers there exhibited from different parts of the world. Riley and May have been a long time established at Toronto as manufacturers of Billiard tables, also importers and dealers in everything appertaining to the noble game of billiards, and are celebrated for the first class quality of everything they send out, also for introducing novelties and improvements in the billiard line, the latest of which is their patent leveling attachment for billiard tables, and a new style of dining and billiard table which is giving great satisfaction, being arranged to present the correct height either for dining or playing on. When placed in position it can be altered to either purpose in one minute. To those who would have billiard rooms in their dwellings, could they spare the space which the ordinary billiard table requires, the combined dining and billiard table is recommended. Many who heretofore have been denied the pleasure, can now play billiards. Without taking more space than the ordinary dining table, it may be used as a dining table, a library table, or a billiard table.

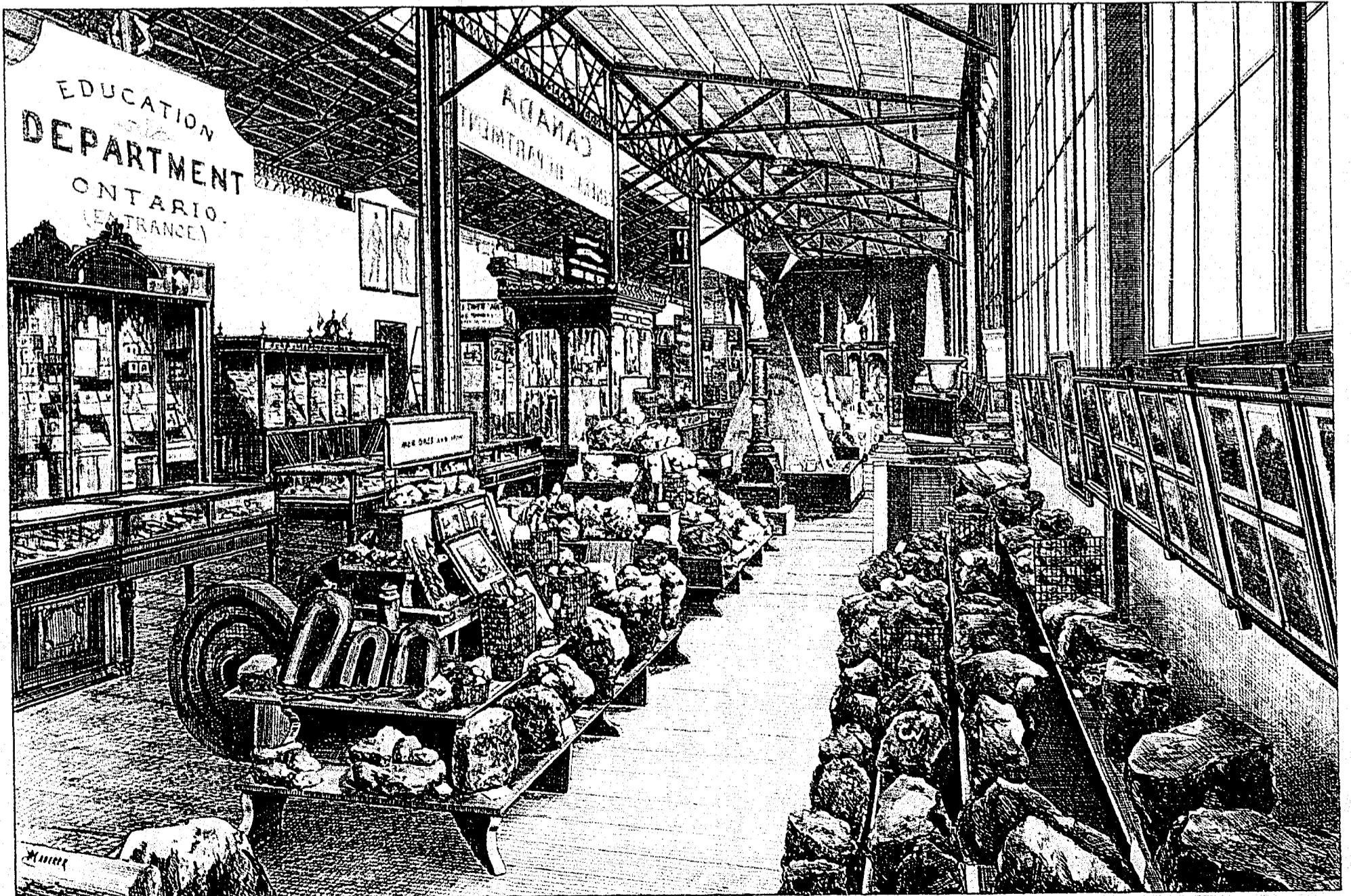
NAMES OF SCOTTISH GAMES.

The names of some of the Scottish games puzzle me not a little. I dare say these names are full of meaning to those who know their origin and have studied the peculiar phraseology in which they are couched. To me they are riddles. For example, the game upon the ice with curling stones or irons is called a *bonspiel*. This word I venture to interpret to mean *smooth* play, or possibly *bean* play. Then in the late list of the Caledonian games I notice another foreign-looking word, *dam-brod*. I know the game as that of draughts, or chequers. But I am curious to know the occult meaning of this compound title. With the few books I have at hand, and with such research as I have had time to bestow upon it, I would diffidently suggest that *dam-brod* is a corruption of *dom-bret*. I fail to see any meaning attachable to *dam* in this connection. *Brod* I consider to be simply a Scottish substitute for board. *Dom* means a church or a monastery, and *bret* is teutonic for board. I have often heard uneducated Scotch boys call the boards of a book, the *breds*. Can it be that *dam-brod*, or *dom-bret*, is a game originating with and played at leisure hours by the clergy of the middle ages? It looks like chess made easy.

Not to weary you I pause, and beg some one of your many scholarly contributors to give me the precise meaning and etymon of *bonspiel* and *dam-brod*.

Montreal.

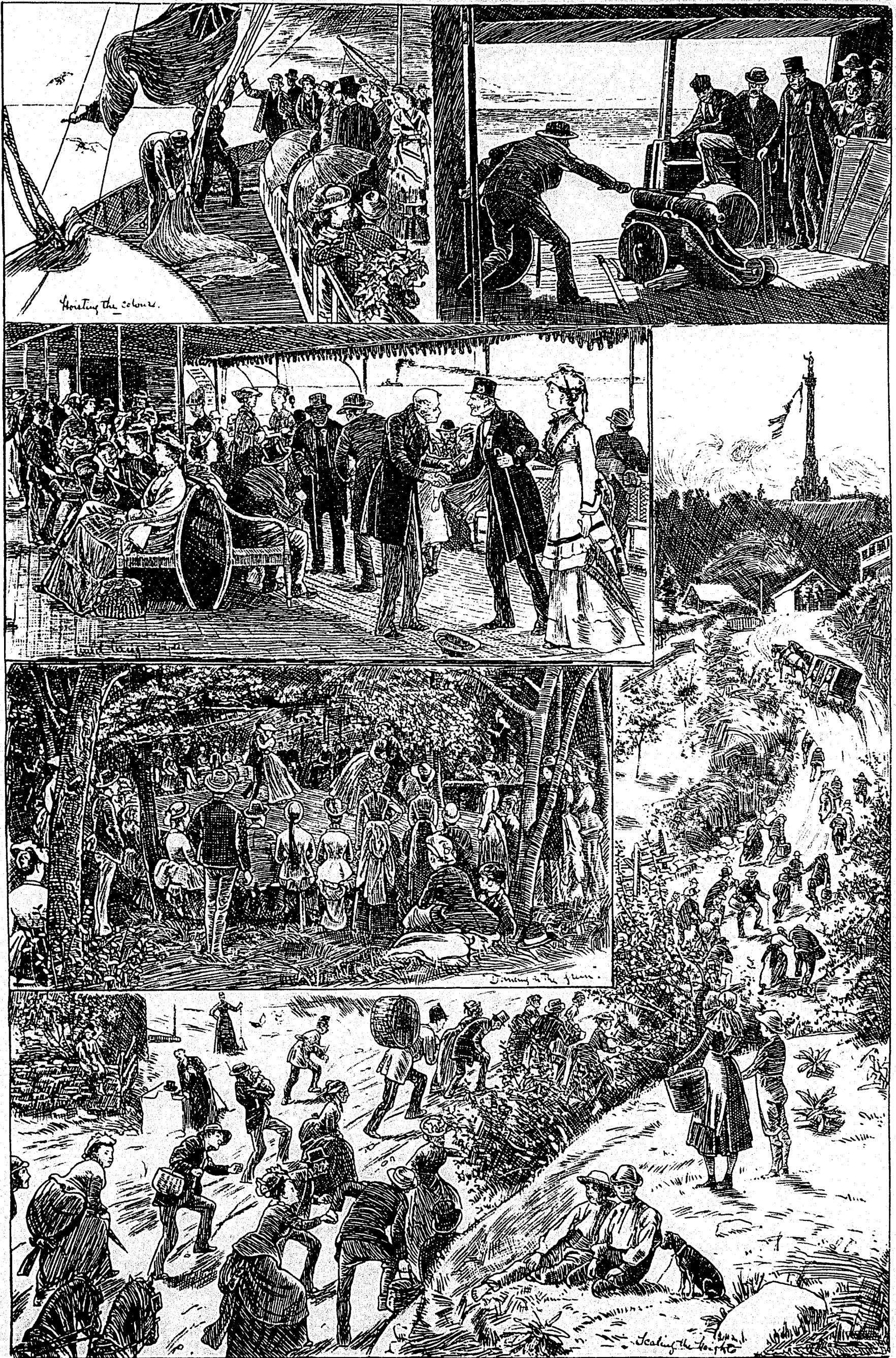
A. B.



THE CANADIAN GEOLOGICAL EXHIBIT AT THE CENTENNIAL.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE CENTENNIAL PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY.



HARVEST TIME.
AFTER BOUCHEBEAT.



TORONTO:—EXCURSION OF THE YORK PIONEERS TO QUEENSTON HEIGHTS ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF LUNDY'S LANE. FROM A SKETCH BY W. CRUIKSHANK.

IX.

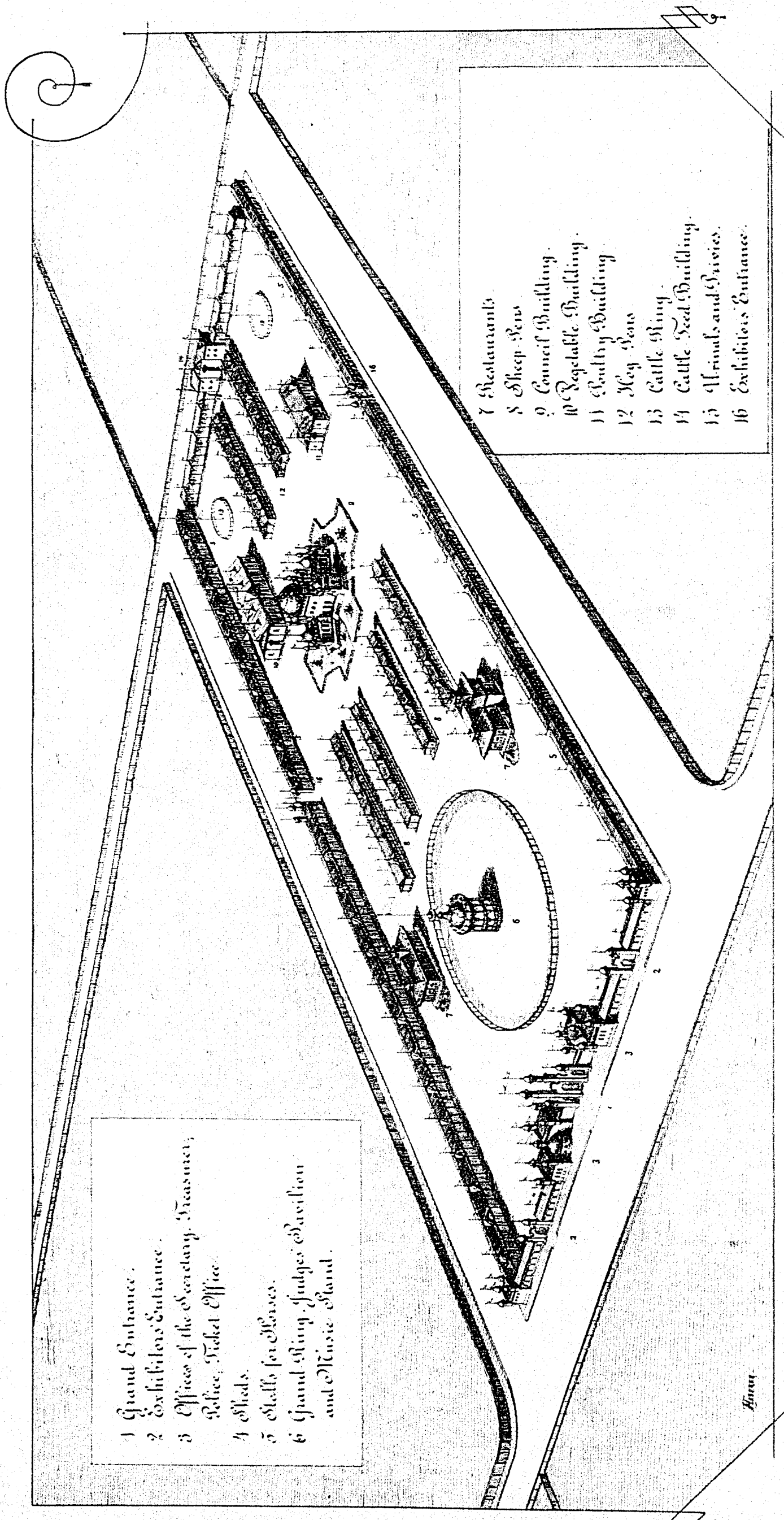
EEB AND FLOW.

Zulma's anxieties were no less than Pauline's. They increased from day to day, and she fretted herself almost into illness by her impatience. She knew that Cary's malady was of its nature a protracted one, and that the convalescence must necessarily extend over many weeks. She could hear from him only occasionally, and never with that fullness of detail which her affection required. She had recourse to many expedients to ease her mind, but failure in every instance only sharpened the edge of her disappointment. Her chief attempt was to obtain admission into the town for the purpose of aiding Pauline in nursing the invalid. She quite appreciated all the delicacy of the step; but, having obtained her father's cordial consent, she pursued it with all the energy of her nature. She applied for the necessary leave to her brother Eugene who, having done soldier's duty, was supposed to be entitled to some little consideration at the hands of the authorities. Eugene was flatly refused. Zulma then enlisted the services of Robert Hardinge, who somehow entered into her views with the greatest alacrity. "She would make a charming prisoner," he said gaily. But Hardinge failed. So did Bonchette who had been approached in the matter by his friend Belmont. The affair created quite a stir in this small circle of friends, relieving the monotony of the siege for the time being. Cary Singleton was very much amused as well as touched by it. But when it was at length ascertained that the Governor, usually so good-natured, was strangely inexorable in the present instance, Pauline and her conductors gave up all hope of seeing Zulma among them. But the latter was not so easily discouraged. These rebuffs only added fuel to her desire, and though the time passed rapidly, she did not resign her project. Very seriously, she inquired of Patoche whether he could not smuggle her within the walls. The proposition at first struck the fancy of the old man, making his eyes glitter; but, upon second thoughts, he laughed it away. "The trouble would not be so much to smuggle you in, as to know what to do with you when once you get you in," he said slyly. "Women are awkward things to handle in a camp of soldiers. No disguise can hide them from prying eyes." As a last resort, Zulma resolved on appealing directly to Monsigneur Biand, whom surely Carleton would not deny. There were numerous and very glaring objections to this bold measure, but the impetuous girl overruled them all, and, after writing a splendid diplomatic letter, she had concluded arrangements to have it safely delivered to the prelate, when an unforeseen event saved her from the consequences of her amiable rashness. As we have said, time had passed briskly on since the terrible events of the New Year's Eve. January had glided into February, and March had come with the promise of an unusually early spring. No military events of any importance had occurred, at least, none that had any connection with our story, and beyond the circumstances attached to Cary's long illness, there happened nothing which need make us linger over those bleakest months of the winter. Singleton had so far recovered as to be able to walk about, but he remained very feeble, without the opportunity of taking that free exercise necessary to his complete restoration. It was awkward for him to tarry much longer in the house of M. Belmont. The seclusion of prison life was interdicted by the humane physician, while there were clear military objections to his being allowed to circulate in the streets of Quebec. Fortunately the doubt was solved by a partial exchange of prisoners which took place about the middle of March, and in which, by a special privilege, Cary was included. The parting from Pauline was very trying. The young man could not explain to himself the regret which it caused him. It grew out of something distinct from and far above his gratitude for her nursing, and the sense of obligation for the saving of his life which he was conscious he could never discharge. In those long afternoons, within the curtain gloom of the sick chamber; during those longer sleepless nights, with their companionship of silence and the sole intercourse of the eyes; in those frequent conversations made up for the most part of commonplaces, but relieved at times by unbidden revelations of the heart; in those brief but not infrequent visions of Pauline's beauty brought about by sudden graceful movements of her body, or when she appeared under certain favorable effects of the window light; in those intuitive glimpses of her real character made doubly attractive by its constant element of sadness, and the suspicion of self-sacrifice, Cary had woven about his heart an unconscious chain, the power of which he could not understand until called upon to burst it. Not did he gather any comfort from Pauline's attitude. When he announced his final departure to her, she heard him calmly, but her quiet was that of mental and physical weakness. There was no energetic self-control in her words or manner; merely a passive resignation. As she extended her hand, and felt the warm kiss imprinted upon it, she was an object of extreme pity, which added to the bitterness of Cary's sorrow. The last farewell had been spoken and the two stood on the steps, at the foot of which a curiole was waiting to convey the released prisoner to his destination among his friends.

Cary turned once more to meet the eye of Pauline. As he did so, he paused, struck by a sudden thought, and, going back a step or two, said: "Pauline—allow me to call you by this name for perhaps the last time—Pauline, promise me one thing. Take care of your health. I fear that, after I am gone, you will replace me on that sick-bed, worn out by wearing weeks of watching." Two livid spots burned on Pauline's cheek, and there was a glassiness in her eye. She leaned on the frame of the door for support, but mustered strength enough to answer that she felt no illness and hoped that all would turn out for the best. It was poor comfort; Cary had, however, to be satisfied with it, and drove away with a very heavy heart. He had not been two hours in the American camp, when he met Patoche. It goes without saying that the meeting was of the heartiest, and between them, a visit to Pointe-aux-Trembles was planned for that same evening. Zulma having heard of the negotiations for the exchange of prisoners, the coming of Cary was not unexpected, and there was great rejoicing that evening at the Sarpy Mansion, as over one who had been lost and was found, who had died and had risen from the dead. (To be continued.) HEARTH AND HOME. CHILDREN AS TEACHERS.—Children may teach us one blessing, one enviable art—the art of being easily happy. Kind nature has given to them that useful power of accommodation to circumstances which compensates for many external disadvantages, and it is only by injudicious management that it is lost. Give him but a moderate portion of food and kindness, and the peasant's child is happier than the duke's; tree from artificial wants, unsatiated by indulgence, all nature ministers to his pleasure; he can carve out felicity from a hazel twig, or fish for it successfully in a puddle. TRUE CONCEIT.—What the world very often mistakes for conceit is a self-consciousness, a recognition of the inward power, which is, in truth, very different from it. In our common acceptance of the word, a conceited man is an empty fellow who bases his opinion of himself upon no true grounds. Very often, great but untried men will take upon themselves the achievement of that which the world deems an impossibility. But if the man has that within him which will carry him through, he is not to be blamed. It is the ignorant fellow and puffed-up fool who exhibits the richest crop of conceit. SELFISHNESS.—There are some characters that possess an inexpressible charm in their manner, a something which attracts our love instantaneously; without wealth, rank, or talents, still a dignity lingers round them and enchants every action. What is it? How shall we define it? Simply this: They have a freedom from selfishness, by some extraordinary charter of nature. Though selfishness is the most common of all vices, yet such is our sense of its repugnance to moral beauty, that we are as much disgusted by those who do not conceal it, as if they were exhibiting the secret scars and deformities of their person. TO BE LOVED.—There is nothing so sweet as to be loved, except loving. The true pure love which is not a thing of the senses, but of the soul—love that is the outgrowth of goodness—what will not one do to win or keep such tenderness? What will not one risk, or dare, or forsake for it? Is any journey long that has a love-kiss at the end of it—any duty hard that cements the bonds between two hearts? To be truly loved is the great reward life has to offer. And any one who has a heart and does not mind showing it, who can put aside selfishness and be true to others, can win love. To have people temporarily in love with you needs only beauty. To be beloved, one must have truth, tenderness, constancy, and responsiveness. Be good, and do good, and, despite all that is said about this world's ingratitude, some one will love you. POETRY.—Its great tendency and purpose is to carry the mind beyond and above the beaten, dusty, weary walks of ordinary life; to lift it into a purer element; and to breathe into it a more profound and generous emotion. It reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness of early feeling, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature by vivid delineations of tenderest and loftiest feelings, spreads our sympathies over all classes of society, knits us by new ties with universal being, and, through the brightness of its prophetic visions, helps faith to lay hold on the future life. CAREFULNESS AND MOROSENESS.—If we are cheerful and contented, all nature smiles with us; the air seems more balmy, the sky more clear, the ground has a brighter green, the trees have a richer foliage, the flowers a more fragrant smell, the birds sing more sweetly, and the sun, moon, and stars all appear most beautiful. We take our food with relish, and whatever it may be, it pleases us. We feel better for it—stronger and lovelier, and fit for exertion. Now what happens to us if we are ill-tempered and discontented? Why, there is not anything which can please us. We quarrel with our food, with our dress, with our amusements, with our companions, and with ourselves. Nothing comes

right for us; the weather is either too hot or too cold, too dry or too damp. Neither sun, nor moon, nor stars have any beauty; the fields are barren, the flowers are lustreless, and the birds silent. We move about like some evil spirit, neither loving nor beloved by anything. DJELMA. LEAVES FROM A TRAVELLER'S JOURNAL. It was on the "Trebisonda," and we were steaming through the sea of Marmora. Constantinople was still in view, and presented a gorgeous spectacle with the setting sun shining on the domes and minarets of the countless mosques. Around, the water was perfectly calm, upon which were numerous fairy-like islands, luxuriant in growth; while along the bold and rocky Asiatic shore, dotted here and there, picturesque towns and villages were to be seen. On looking eastward rose Mount Olympus, its distant summit covered with snow and reflected in hues of pink by a touch of the declining rays. Truly an object of majesty seemingly reaching the sky. As the twilight faded into darkness, the moon arose, spreading a soft lovely light over all. So bright was the reflection on the water, that our vessel appeared gliding through a silver sea. After contemplating this beautiful scene for a long time, I was about to retire, when my attention was arrested by hearing a sweet woman's voice singing some plaintive Oriental melody. I listened awhile to the dulcet notes wafted over the still, breathless air, then feeling desirous to see the gifted one who could so touch the sympathetic chords of our better nature, I walked forward from whence came the melodious sounds, and, seated on the deck among a group of Turkish women, I beheld the object of my search. A more beautiful face I had never looked upon. It was Djelma's. She had long ceased to sing, yet I lingered there looking at this picture of loveliness;—a fresh rose-bud nature just bursting into graceful womanhood—and was puzzling myself as to what her station might be, when there appeared on the scene one of those repulsive specimens of humanity, (black men for the most part), who are guardians and attendants of the Harem. Seeing this man, I then felt sure the poor girl was but some slave, and destined for an abode of the rich and licentious. This attendant she seemed to hold in much disgust, and instead of noticing his ceremonious approach, she turned away, and with an impatient gesture, ordered him off. The negro moved aside, but as he did so, I saw him glance at her and smile maliciously. Doubtless he took pleasure in knowing how soon her impetuousness would become submission, in the presence of a master, where she would be but one of many, an object of command at his beck and call. As much as I abhorred the life to which I was convinced this young and beautiful creature was doomed, I held her an innocent victim to a barbarous land; where the religion, the laws and the customs sanctioned a traffic in womankind for immoral and degrading purposes. And as I gazed at her fair upturned face, with the full moon shining thereon, I could almost fancy the pure radiant countenance saintly in appearance. I did believe that the Almighty and Merciful Father, when He so willed, would take her hence from a life of bondage, ignorant of the sin she was committing, purified, to dwell with Him above. Next morning I came early on deck, in the hopes of again seeing the beauty who had so charmed me the night before. But she had not yet made her appearance. To amuse myself then, awaiting her presence, I watched the many persons collected around the hatchways below. A curious sight indeed. Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Arabs and Egyptians, men and women, all were crowded together. Some were cooking, others conversed or were playing games, (most puzzling ones), while a few in a corner by themselves were occupied with their morning devotions. On seeing these first stand erect, then fall on their hands and knees, and finally bow down full length on the deck, I could but wonder if they were ever tired of this (during prayer time perpetual) movement. Yet they were doubtless sincere, these worshippers of Mohammed, and I firmly believe as strict in their faith and religion, if not more so, than many a brother of the more civilized parts. Soon I espied the attractive being I had come forth to see, looking as lovely as ever. Hers was that type of beauty, descriptions of which I had read as belonging to those women of the desert tribes inhabiting Arabia, parts of Syria, and the land east of the Dead Sea. A bright expressive face (unlike most women in Turkey she was unveiled), with a tall, graceful figure, she made a charming picture to look upon; and despite the unbecoming Oriental costume she wore, I thought how many a "belle dame" in Paris or London, courted and admired, would have been "put to the blush" by a physical comparison with this poor Eastern slave. Seeing her look around apparently for some one to fill the water jug she held in her hand, and as there appeared to be no person near, I stepped forward, and by a gesture intimated my desire to perform this small service for her. She looked up and seemed surprised, doubtless wondering that I should take this interest; but on a further demonstration of my willingness to

be of assistance, she then smiled pleasantly, but before accepting my offer spoke to the old woman by her side, as if asking her permission. This aged guardian scrutinized me carefully, after which she said something in a most guttural voice, meaning an assent, and the jug being handed to me, I soon returned it filled with cool water from the cabin. This little incident procured me a sort of privilege over the party, which I claimed now and then by sitting near and observing the one jewel in their midst. Later on I pointed out the group to my dragoman, and requested him to endeavour to ascertain the girl's name and history. He came back shortly afterwards with the desired information, gained, he said, from the black attendant, who had further stated that she was the property of the Governor of Smyrna, to whose abode she was being conveyed. The second day after leaving Constantinople we anchored off Smyrna. I shall never forget the impression this beautiful spot made upon me, with its domes and minarets, its pretty villas and gardens of cypress trees, and its surrounding hills, thickly planted, on one of which were the ruins of an extensive castle, a remnant of past grandeur and a model of former strength. A magnificent bay opened its blue waters around, washing shores of bright sand on the one side, of high rocks on the other; or dashing the surf on the pebbly beach of some fair isle, an emerald gem on the bosom of the sea. Ships too there were, laden with cargoes of wealth, some sailing away, some resting from journeys afar. And finally, the people themselves, representatives from all nations in strange and novel costumes, lent a finishing touch to this scene of beauty, nestling in the midst of Nature's bounties formed by the hand of God. It was early when we arrived, and I amused myself looking out of my stateroom window, until it suddenly occurred to me that perhaps Djelma might land, and I should thus miss a last opportunity of seeing her. I rose therefore, dressed hastily, and going on deck I looked in vain for a glimpse of her; she was nowhere to be seen. I then descended below and searched every group, but with no better success. Finally I came back on the quarter deck, and looking down at the many little boats which surrounded our vessel, waiting for a load of passengers, I caught a view of Djelma seated in one just moving off. I waved her a good-bye, she saw me and kissed her hand in acknowledgment; then, as the boat neared the steamer, she stood up and threw me a bunch of flowers—a *saucerie d'adieu*. Her strength proving unequal to the will, the little bouquet fell short of my reach and drifted away, but the kindly thought which instigated the action, was deeply engraved on memory's tablet. In my rambles around Smyrna a few days afterwards, I visited the palatial and beautiful residence of the Governor, and gazing thereon thought sadly of sweet Djelma a prisoner within. "This true this Governor is reported to be a gentle master, and his Harem is said to be rich and luxurious in appurtenances. But oh! that a human creature, lovely woman, can be thus deprived of liberty, enslaved to a degrading, sinful life, and committed in the end to an ignoble grave, is a stain on the civilized world. Montreal. R. C. B. MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC. THE Bayreuth festival is to cost about \$225,000. THEATRICAL business is bad in Paris. Some days ago one of the principal theatres took one night of frames and the next 65. The entire list of Schiller's plays are to be produced at the Court Theatre in Munich in the coming season, beginning with "The Robbers," and ending with "Demetrius." It is said that Offenbach has informed an American interviewer that he is about to write a Mass. If such is the case, the composition will be looked forward to with interest. Gaetano Brizzi, the great Italian trumpet-player, who recently died at Bologna, had a mouth hard as steel, and lungs capacious as the bellows of a smithy. Having played a very noisy passage in Donizetti's hearing once, the maestro went over to him, and smilingly tapping him on the cheek, said, "Corrado Brizzi, you're sure of an engagement on the last day, to lay the trumpet in the Valley of Jehoshaphat!" Mrs. Annie Kemp Bowler, the operatic singer, died in Philadelphia on Monday week. She went to that city several weeks ago, under an engagement to enact the part of *Stalacta* in "The Black Crook," at the National Theatre. On the first night of the play, August 16, the very large theatre was jammed, and the performances had almost terminated. In the final transformation scene, which was an uncommonly splendid spectacle, Mrs. Bowler as *Stalacta* was drawn up from the stage in a golden car. She became dizzy and fell over the unprotected edge of the car, striking hard upon the stage. Her shoulder-blade and collar-bone were broken, and that, it was supposed, was the extent of her injuries. She was thereafter confined to her bed and latterly she grew worse, internal hurts beginning to affect her dangerously, and resulting in her death. Mrs. Bowler was a daughter of R. C. Kemp, a New York merchant. She early developed a fine contralto voice, and commenced her musical education when young, studying under such well-known teachers as Mrs. Seguin, Sig. Badioli, of N. Y. city, and Sig. Schira, of London. She made her first appearance in public at a concert in New York, and was so successful that she was engaged to travel with the concert troupe which supported Thalberg and Viartemps. In 1859 she joined the Cooper English Opera troupe, and while with that company was married in Kingston, Ont., to Brookhouse Bowler, the tenor of the troupe. In 1861 she went to England, where she remained until 1866, when she returned to America to play *Stalacta* in "The Black Crook" at Niblo's Garden. During the season 1869-70 she was with the Ritchings English Opera troupe. Since that she has occasionally sung in concerts, acted in theatres, and for a brief time sang in some of the better class of variety troupes. Her husband is alive, and she also leaves several children.

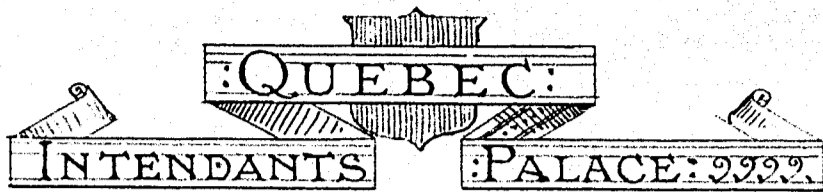


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- 4 Sheds.
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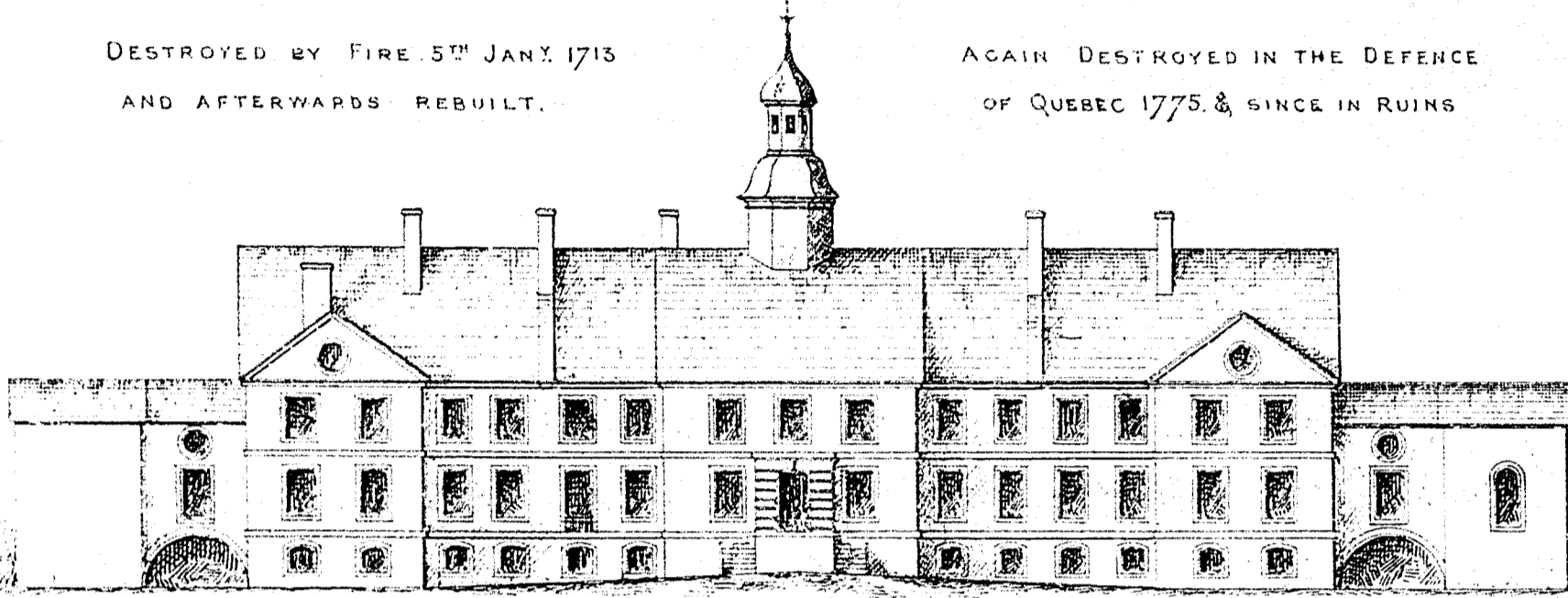


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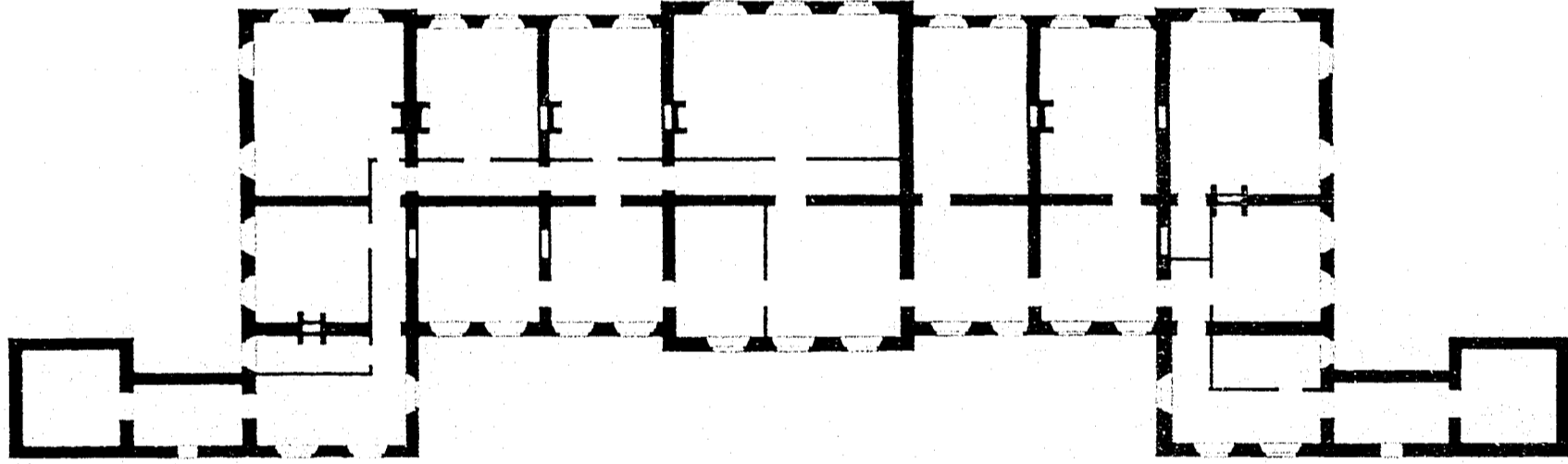
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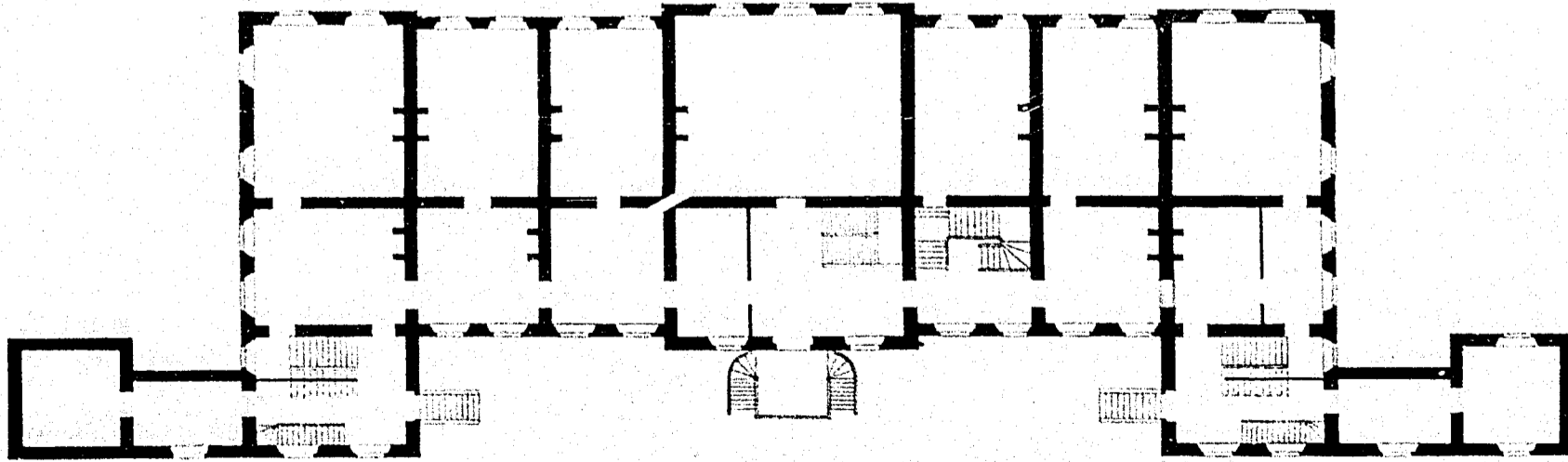
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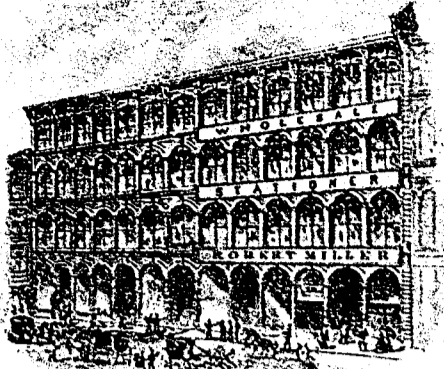
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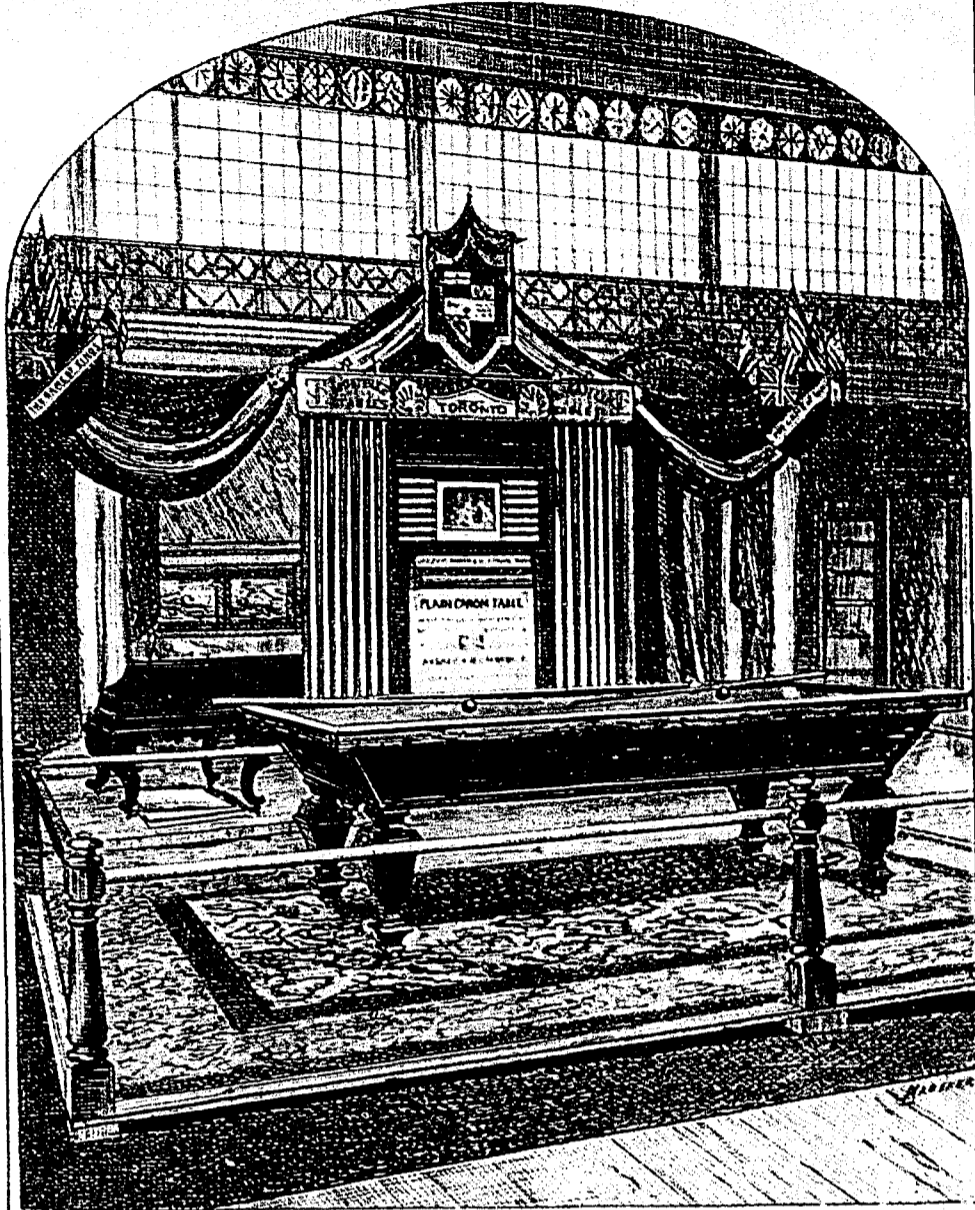
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