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# EMERALD ISLAND

# Whistling News

VOL. IV.—No. 9.

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## WATERING PLACES OF THE LOWER ST. LAWRENCE. (Continued.)

The day on which I left Murray Bay was beautiful in the extreme. From the end of the substantial wharf provided by Government I obtained a view of the valley of the Murray River and the bold outlines of Cap à L'Aigle in the distance, and of the straggling cottages and frowning cliff of Point au Pic in the foreground. The incessant rain which had created so much discomfort to humanity had clothed Nature in a coat of verdure whose beauty and freshness are not exceeded by the famous Emerald of the Green Isle.

"The sky was blue without one cloud of gloom—"

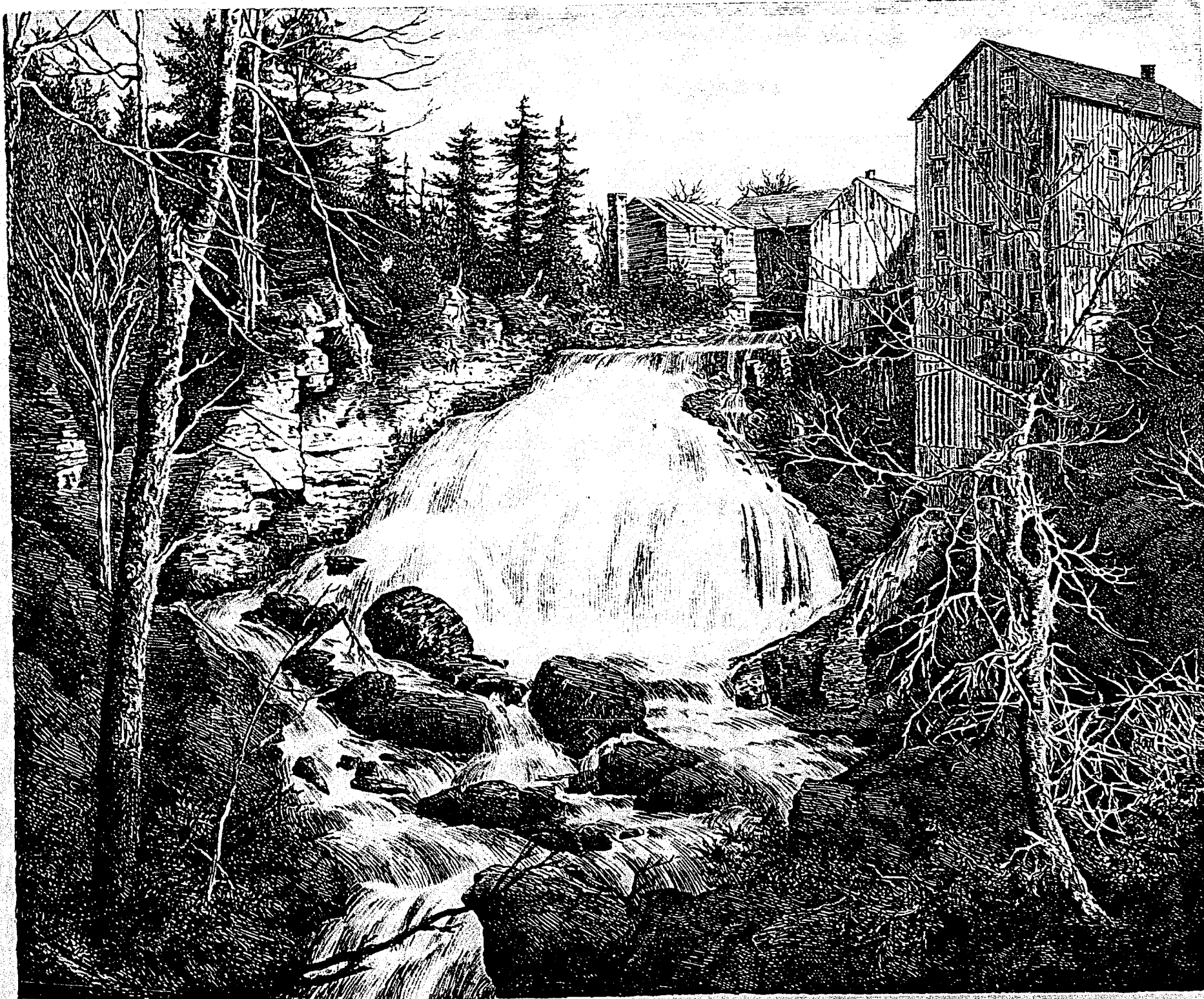
"And to the air the freshening wind gave lightly  
Its breathings of perfume."

Indeed Longfellow's description might be properly adopted in its entirety.

Before leaving this charming bathing place I "did" the Indian encampment. If a man wants to acquire good healthy ideas of the Red Man of this country let him do likewise, and, of a truth, Cooper's Mohicans will seem to him like the wildest creations of fancy. What a contrast does the dirt, squalor, and meanness of the modern savage present to the noble grandeur of "Uncas" and the romantic daring of "Le Renard Subtil!" With what a sublime curl would the nose of Chingadegook's ghost seek the sky if he could appear on this terrestrial sphere and behold his degenerate descendants carving mimic canoes or weaving gaudy baskets for the "treacherous pale face."

Across the wharf at Murray Bay has lately been erected a turnpike gate, and a novelty in the shape of a toll has been imposed by a thrifty Government. Considering the small amount of revenue which this toll produces it might have been very gracefully let alone.

"Once more on the deck I stand!" The shrill whistle of the "Magnet" awakes the slumbering echoes of the cliffs—the mystical pull is given by the honest captain which puts in operation the fiery bowels of our craft, the wheels revolve, and now I am in the world alone and upon the wide, wide sea. Alone as regards the crowd that throngs the wharf, and alone also as regards the crowd that throngs the dinner-table. *O tempora! O mores!* Where are the animated groups that a moment ago filled the deck? Where are the young ladies



INGLIS FALLS, NEAR OWEN SOUND, ONT.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. C. ADAMS, OWEN SOUND.—SEE PAGE 133.



and those too of the sterner sex who lately exchanged greetings,—whose partings were such as press the life from out young hearts? Where, indeed! Put your head in the saloon door and read a chapter of human nature. Everybody is tired and is sitting down. This sea air is so exhausting, and when combined with the fragrant smell of roast beef in an advanced state of preparation, is so overpowering that scarcely a man, woman or child is able to stand. It is quite an accident, of course, that the chairs are all ranged round the dinner-table, quite accidentally also, I assure you, that a chair has tumbled upside down and will thus remain until I have taken my seat and have slipped a coin of this realm into the ready hand of the attendant waiter. Heading an interesting procession, in honour of the god "Venter," the steward appears with a huge dish of roast beef, his satellites follow with other dishes, the captain takes his seat, the lethargy of the passengers' legs is relieved by the activity of their jaws, and dinner begins.

No one who has travelled on a steamer can fail to have noticed the influence which a captain has upon his guests. The face of Captain Simpson is a fair index to his character. Kind, jovial, and always courteous, he has earned a wide reputation on the lower route. Whatever clouds may overcast the sky, whatever fogs may fill the air, there is always sunshine on the captain's face. Like a miniature sun he runs his diurnal course throughout the boat, and like Paddy's model sun, he doesn't go to bed when the moon rises, and the need for his services is most felt. May it be long before he is translated to another sphere!

After dinner we adjourned to the deck to create a little tobacco fog, merely to accustom the passengers to the presence of this visitor. I had fallen in with a lawyer from Boston and a Major from everywhere. The latter could not be located, being evidently a cosmopolitan. The lawyer at once attacked my pipe and advised me to throw it overboard, on the ground that the tobacco was hurtful to the brain. I declined to follow his advice and was engaged in hot argument with him when his friend the major came up with an enormous cigar in his mouth. Recognising a reinforcement I remarked to the lawyer that he hadn't succeeded in converting his friend the major. "No," said the lawyer; "but the major can afford to smoke. He has too much brain. He is Shakespeare and Bacon combined." "If I am bacon," said the major, "smoking won't hurt me." This sally excited a round of merriment and attracted several others to our circle. The lawyer remarked that the major was at his best at midnight, that he was then as fresh as a lark, and could amuse us all night. I here ventured to suggest that "fresh" had a double meaning. "Ah," said the major, "but my friend means by 'fresh' not corned." For some time the major kept our party in roars by his wit. He was one of the best informed men whom I have had the good fortune to meet. His face was one of those which are wont "to set the table in a roar," and it was with a feeling of sterling regret that I parted company with him at Rivière du Loup.

#### SCENERY.

The chief scenic features of the run across from Murray Bay are the Pilgrims, a cluster of small islands in the river. Scidm do these curious islands present the same features on two occasions. Ever changing in shape—now turned upside down, now cut in two, these are probably the most remarkable illustration in the world of *mirage*. It was our fortune to see them resting upon their pointed peaks with their broad bases upturned to the sky. The task of explaining the reasons of these phenomena is not mine. I have simply to record them as a subject of wonder and interest.

#### ARRIVAL AT RIVIERE DU LOUP.

The wharf at Rivière du Loup is a strong wooden structure of great length, built by the Government. It is in shape like the letter L, and runs out to a considerable distance in order to secure deep water at the lowest tides. On arriving I bade good-bye to my friends, and presently found myself in the throng of carters whom civilization has transformed from honest *bourgeoisie* into loading cabbies. The menacing aspect of the heavens induced me to select a covered vehicle, and I set out at once for Cacouna, which is seven miles further down the river. The old road which I had travelled years before and which presented an exciting variety of hill up and hill down, rock, wood, and seashore, had been abandoned for a more convenient but less picturesque route further inland. The big hill, the scene of many catastrophes in old times, at the foot of which flour, eggs, butter, vegetables, and passengers were wont to be mixed up after an unlooked-for spill, had been abandoned. The crossing of the beach with the tide rising to the axle-trees and sometimes a little higher had been discontinued, and instead of these excitements we travelled a road certainly more convenient, but less creative of the catastrophes of bygone days. Ere we had proceeded half a mile my prognostication of coming events were amply fulfilled.

"The sky was changed, and such a change!"

The vivid lightning illumined even the dark shade of the pine forest through which the road lay, and the live thunder leaping from peak to peak of the bold North Shore was flung back in a thousand muttering, growling echoes. The fishermen, in anticipation of the coming storm, hauled up the boats high upon the beach, and those vessels that through the blackness of the storm could be dimly discerned in the broad river were observed to fold their white wings in view of coming trouble. It may be fancy, but it seems to me that the storms in this wild, grand region are on a scale proportioned to the vastness of its natural features. It may be that the thunder is multiplied and re-echoed by the hills of the North Shore, and so borrows much of its majesty from the bold mountains; but, whatever may be the cause, a storm in this region seems to a storm at home as a wild lion to a worn-out show beast.

#### CACOUNA.

But little cared our sturdy Canadian pony for the wind or the rain which now came down in torrents, seeming to threaten a second deluge. Merrily he trotted forward, and soon the comfortable hotel at Cacouna burst upon the sight like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Umbrellas held by the attentive servants covered our entry, and with the transfer of a dollar to the cabbie and of the baggage to the hotel our journey ended. My name being duly registered in the hotel book was conducted to my room, which was in a cross passage at the end of the building—not, I must confess, in a very desirable locality, as it was situated almost immediately over

the bowling alley, the noise of which was anything but pleasant during the early part of the night. Tea was shortly afterwards announced—not to the tune of "hot potatoes" which I had heard so often sounded on the bugle at "Eccles Hill" by the bugle of the "old sports," but to the row of a large Chinese gong, whose vibration could be distinctly heard throughout the whole building.

At meal-time prehension, mastication, and deglutition are usually performed to fast music. A German string band is situated near the front door, where they discourse music for the benefit of the guests in the dining-room. This band's "Musical Bouquet" consists of about five tunes, among which "Partant pour la Syrie" occupies a very prominent place. Those of the guests who may be musically inclined derive a great advantage from this band, as one gentleman informed me that he found his inferior maxillary working involuntarily to the music, and that, too, at a time when he had little or no appetite.

#### FACILITIES FOR BATHING.

Having refreshed the inner man I will proceed to give a general description of the place—and first of its situation. In this respect, as a bathing place, I think it is inferior to all the others of the St. Lawrence. From what I know of the place, and I know it well, I would say that it is a flat, sandy place situated on the banks of the St. Lawrence about 127 miles below Quebec. The village is long and straggling, occupying the whole of the rising ground which overlooks the bay. I don't think that it was built altogether in the most convenient spot, as I believe there is much better bathing nearer the wharf.

Cacouna has become truly the Saratoga of Canada, and I would now seize this opportunity of making a few observations with regard to the remarks which some writers have made in the public press as to Saratoga being the resort of the "shoddy." The writer who ventures to sneer at the visitors of Saratoga can either have never visited that fashionable resort, or else he must be profoundly ignorant of the significance of the term shoddy. Apart from this, it is extremely bad policy to attempt to crack up our Canadian Saratoga by applying such epithets to the frequenters of our neighbours' most fashionable summer resort. Saratoga is frequented by every person, all classes go there, no matter who they may be, and who is it that will dare deny that money does not open the gates to society, whether in this country or in the States? Moreover, a great number of our cousins cross the line every summer and spend their money in Canada. Surely it is not Canadians alone that keep our hotels open and our steamboats running during the summer months!

Cacouna, like Saratoga, may be said to be frequented by visitors simply because it is fashionable to do so. It is "the thing." Those who live there during the summer are mostly from Montreal and further west, Quebecers generally going to Murray Bay.

Within the last five or six years Cacouna has undergone a wonderful change. In place of the little ugly, scraggy cottages beautiful buildings have sprung up, as it were in a fairy land. Among these I would mention Mr. Molson's, Mr. Andrew Allan's, Mr. Hamilton's, and Mr. Ross'. That belonging to the last-named gentleman, who is a resident of the ancient capital, is truly magnificent, and the grounds which surround it are very neatly laid out. I had almost forgotten to mention Dr. Campbell's residence. It is situated just at the entrance to the village at the summit of the rising ground, on the road from the wharf. In my humble opinion it is the best situation for a residence that could be possibly chosen in the whole place.

#### AMUSEMENTS.

Amusements in Cacouna—I really never heard of any, unless accompanied by a considerable outlay of money. Those who have the good fortune to possess a boat may visit Cacouna island on the other side of the bay. This island is really a peninsula except at spring tides, when the water covers the little neck of land which unites it to the main shore. It is covered with pine and scrub and is very rocky, so that locomotion is exceedingly difficult.

Excursions are sometimes got up to the Brandy Pots, so called from the little holes which everywhere cover the rocks of the island and are filled with water, which from long standing becomes of a brandy colour. The crossing to these islands, which are well-known to every sailor on our river, is effected in pilot boats at the turn upward of the tide, and the return just before it is half ebb. Picnic parties are also got up to the falls at Rivière du Loup, the party proceeding there in haycocks, the bottom of which is covered with straw and over this a robe.

In one other point, besides its being a fashionable resort, does Cacouna resemble Saratoga, and that is in its horse races. These were at first got up for the horses of the native cabbies, but lately I hear other horses and of higher breeding have been entered for these races, so that in course of time I fancy it will become one of the meeting-places of the Turf Clubs of Canada. I have often wondered if the gentlemen who got up these races for the *habitants'* horses ever thought one single moment of the great cruelty of which they were the direct instruments. Rushing horses round a square at a break-neck pace, and horses which are not trained, is surely no sport. It may appear great fun to those looking on, but if the poor dumb animals who are trotted out to furnish the "sport" could only speak I fear it would furnish but a repetition of the fable of the boys and the frogs.

Opera troupes often visit Cacouna, and when they do they usually go away again with well filled coffers. Their entertainments are extremely agreeable and a pleasant change to the usual monotonous every day course.

There are also a number of balls given during the season, principally at the hotel, which possesses a fine room for dancing.

#### CHURCHES.

Cacouna has two Protestant churches, one belonging to the Church of England and the other to the Presbyterian Church. As at Murray Bay, service is conducted by those clergymen of the respective churches who may be in the village on the Sunday. There is an allowance made out of the collection for paying the clergyman, whoever he may be, for his services; but it is generally handed back in the form of a donation to the building fund.

#### COMMUNICATION WITH THE WEST.

Cacouna has one great advantage, and that is in its communication with the West. Trains run regularly every day

between Montreal, Quebec, and Rivière du Loup; and the Grand Trunk Railway has lately placed on its line Pullman Palace Cars, which have proved a great convenience to the public, as is shown by the wonderful increase which they have had in their travel of late. To the business man who intends visiting Cacouna I would strongly recommend this route. You do not run the chances of being delayed by fogs and tides and other little causes of delay which are inseparable from steamboat travel. When speaking with some American gentlemen, they expressed their surprise that the Grand Trunk did not put a sort of ferry-boat between Rivière du Loup and the Saguenay, as they felt confident that it would prove remunerative, especially as tourists on the Lower St. Lawrence did not visit it so much on account of the beauties of the North Shore, as the wildness of the river Saguenay. Daily communication with the South Shore would also prove a great boon to Tadoussac, and tend a good deal towards making it more of a resort.

The Montreal Telegraph Company have a branch office in the hotel at Cacouna, in the office of which they have placed a very obliging operator, who does his best for the interests of the company.

#### POST OFFICE.

I had almost omitted to say a few words about the Post-office. A great improvement has taken place here within the last few years. A sort of box arrangement like that in our cities and large towns has been adopted, which saves a great deal of time and unnecessary trouble. Instead of the old system of cramming all the letters and papers under the initial letter of the person addressed, and which required calling for before delivery, and in cases when a crowd were in the office, led to a great deal of confusion, the majority may now see at a glance, by looking into their private boxes, whether there are any letters or no, and thereby dispense with a great deal of unnecessary delay.

At the foot of a road leading to the beach in a field hard by, "Lo, the poor Indian" has, as at other places, erected his hut for the purpose of manufacturing and disposing of his many articles of curious ingenuity.

These Indians remove in the winter-time to Green Island, where the most of them have farms. In days gone-by they were in the habit of giving entertainments called "War Dances." These were usually given in the evening; but the most prominent feature to the visitor of the whole entertainment was the amount of candle grease which he would discover on his clothes on the following morning.

#### VISIT TO RIVIERE DU LOUP.—THE FALLS.

While in Cacouna I took a drive over to Rivière-du-Loup. This village is prettily situated upon a rising ground at the mouth of the river of that name. (Wolf river.)

The houses are generally neat and well built, and two or three country hotels afford fair accommodation to the traveller. The approach to the village is by a steep hill, from which a fine view is obtained of the St. Lawrence, and of the mouth of the Rivière-du-Loup. It is the terminus of the Grand Trunk Railway, but the Intercolonial has taken up the iron threads and has carried them eastward across the river.

The principal attraction to the tourist is the Falls, which are beautifully situated a few miles from the river's mouth. Plunging into a deep abyss roaring, foaming, and sparkling like the water that comes down from Ladore, the cataract leaps from a height of about 80 ft.

Rising and leaping,  
Sinking and creeping,  
Swelling and flinging,  
Showering and springing,  
Eddying and whisking,  
Spouting and frisking,  
Turning and twisting  
Around and around,  
Collecting, dissecting,  
With endless rebound;  
Smiting and fighting,  
A sight to delight in,  
Confounding, astounding,  
Dizzing and deafening the ear with its sound.

The banks of the river are richly fringed with the dark green foliage peculiar to Canada. A fine path, winding hither and thither amongst the rocks and trees, conducts the tourist to the foot of the Falls, where a fine view is obtained. Picnic parties can nearly always be seen in the quiet glades upon the banks of the stream, enjoying the good things of this life.

Here, too, is fatal evidence of the march of civilization in the offensive saw-dust which is created by a mill close to the Falls. It would be well if places sanctified by the hand of Nature, and exceptionally rich in scenery, could be preserved from the pollution of saw-dust and scantling. Tableaux such as Montmorenci, the Trou, and the Falls of Rivière du Loup, are surely given for the enjoyment of man, and they should, I think, be preserved intact. A flouring mill is not so offensive if it is neat and picturesque, as it usually appears in pictures; but, as a lover of Nature, I must protest against the vandalism which seeks to convert those beautiful spots into depositories of decaying saw-dust, and to drown the roar of the cataract by the shrill screaming of the saw. As a bathing-place, Rivière-du-Loup is not so much frequented by sea-bathers as Cacouna or Murray Bay, as it affords few facilities for bathing. Cacouna itself cannot be said to be possessed of a very fine beach. It is a little too shallow. In shape it is like a semi-circle, dotted round its edges with bathing-houses, made some of wood, others of branches.

But enough of Cacouna, and in bidding adieu with no sad feelings, I go—"quo Fata vocant."

#### EN ROUTE FOR TADOUSSAC.

Again upon the steamer "Magnet" I passed over from Rivière du Loup to the third and last of the watering-places of which I purpose speaking—Tadoussac. The run across did not occupy more than two hours. As we approached the mouth of the Saguenay, the deck of the steamer became gradually crowded by the tourists (the greater number of whom had previously been sitting within the saloon) who were anxious to catch the first glimpse of the opening up in the North Shore through which flowed the renowned river.

#### THE SAGUENAY.

At last a hazy opening, as it were, appeared between the hills which gradually widened on our approach, and we could

discern the mighty current sweeping past the bows of the boat. The entrance, I understand, to the Saguenay is somewhat difficult from the number of shoals, and still more so when the tide is flowing down on account of the number of changes in the direction of the current. Contrary to the usual custom the steamer passed up to the left bank of the river, but just previously to hiding herself from the view of the hotel, a small cannon was discharged from the terrace in front of the hotel, which was answered by a whistle from the boat. After making a sweep over to the right bank of the river, the steamer was brought up at the side of a small wharf in a little bay known as L'Anse à l'Eau or "Water Bay." Getting into the "buss" of the Tadoussac Hotel I was speedily carried over the road to the "haven of rest," for so I must call it, as I was most thoroughly tired after my monotonous visit to Cacouna. Here also I must beg my readers to excuse my detailing any account of self's doings, and save my time and their patience by a description and short history of this place.

ACCOUNT OF TADOUSSAC.

Tadoussac or Tadousac, as it is sometimes spelt, was one of the earliest points of settlement in Canada for the purpose of trading with the Indians. It was also a favourite stopping-place for the early navigators on their passage up the St. Lawrence. At that time they were in search of a North-west passage to China, and it was at first thought by them that the River Saguenay would prove to be that passage. However, enterprise and discovery soon set that point at rest. Champlain gives a short description of this place, and says that it had a commodious harbour, but that the land was not fit for cultivation, and that it was surrounded by high mountains which were covered with short pine trees and stunted bush.

Later on it became a trading post of the Hudson Bay Company, but gradually became of less importance as the wild animals were killed off and fur became much scarcer. Not many years back, however, it was thought that it would prove a favourable site for a watering-place, and for a few years became quite fashionable. It may be said to be situated in the angle formed by the confluence of the St. Lawrence and the Saguenay rivers, and on the left banks of both. Its front faces the St. Lawrence, while its wharf or port is in the Saguenay. Tadoussac Bay is one of the prettiest bays I have ever seen. From the edge of the river, whose margins are formed of the finest white sand, the land rises in a steep slope for about one hundred feet, where there is a plateau. On this stands the Hotel, a building, I believe, erected by a joint-stock company some five or six years ago. The building commands a most beautiful view. From it the shipping which passes up and down can be distinctly seen, and the long low line of the South Shore far away in the distance. In front of the hotel is a large flagstaff from which floats the British ensign, and in front of this again is a small cannon, the same which was fired on our entry into the Saguenay. The discharging of the cannon is a duty or rather a privilege accorded to an old sea captain by the name of Joseph Hovington, who takes great pride in sponging out the piece, loading and discharging it on the arrival of the Canadian Navigation Company's steamers.

"THE OLDEST INHABITANT."

This old man is Tadoussac's oldest inhabitant—the clerk of the weather—and in fact a species of soothsayer, for he is consulted by every person and on all subjects. His history I will relate in as few words as possible, and as he told it to me.

"I was born in the city of Durham, where I was also partly educated. At the age of nine years I was apprenticed on board a collier trading from Sunderland, and went to sea in the year 1804, and I was therefore born in 1795. After serving my time and also sailing in different ships I came to Quebec, where I was engaged by the Hudson Bay Company to proceed to Tadoussac to superintend the building of a trading schooner. This vessel was the first ever built in the Saguenay, and it was called after the river. After she was built I was appointed to command her, which I did for the space of twelve years, and used her in trading for furs from the Saguenay as far as Labrador and Esquimaux Bay.

"When I arrived at Tadoussac it was a perfect wilderness. There was only one house and a church. The house belonged to the Hudson Bay Company. A Mr. Connolly was at that time chief factor. The church was built very many years ago by the old Nor-West Company (?). A Catholic missionary used to descend from Quebec once a year to marry the Indians and also to confess them and baptize the children. This was also continued as far down as Labrador, and the missionary used to go down in the schooner with me.

"Tadoussac was at that time a great trading post. The Indians were in the habit of coming down once a year from the Upper Saguenay in bark canoes, which were laden with furs of all kinds—bear, beaver, fox, marten and lynx. A beaver skin was worth two castors or one dollar. They seldom got money for their furs, but generally a trade was effected, and instead of money they got cloth and hatchets and powder and shot. A black fox skin usually brought twelve castors in trade (\$6) and a sily r fox skin about four. Some of the Indians who came to the post were pretty well off, and had from £200 to £500 in the hands of the company. The wealthy chiefs when they arrived at the post generally changed their costume and put on dress clothes, in which they swelled about during the time of their stay; but as soon as they were about to depart they took their good clothes and left them with the company till their return the following year. There were also some Indians skulking about the post, but they were too lazy to go away hunting, and contented themselves with hanging about, doing barely sufficient to keep themselves from starving.

"The wharf at l'Anse à l'Eau was built about twenty-eight years ago by Mr. Price for the lumbering business, and the mill about twenty years ago. The depth of water at the wharf was at that time twenty feet, but now from the quantity of sand and stones brought down by the ice in the spring and deposited here, it is not over twelve feet at high tide. After I had been in the company's service for some time they broke up the post and I was discharged. I then became pilot to Mr. Price on the Saguenay, and was with him ten or eleven years."

The old man appeared to me to be very well informed, and was very happy and contented in living in Tadoussac. The change of air he said would prove fatal to him if he removed to any other place. And now I will take leave of the great Tadoussac favourite and pass on to other subjects.

BOATING AND FISHING.

Boating and fishing are two favourite pastimes at Tadoussac. With regard to the first I think I am right in saying that I saw more small boats at anchor in the bay at this place than in those of Cacouna, Rivière du Loup and Murray Bay put together. Here there are both the boats and the water. In the other places there was lots of water, but no boats. Some of the habitants are possessed of sail-boats which may be hired, and scarcely any enjoyment is more agreeable than that of sailing round the bay in them when a stiff little breeze is blowing. You may also sail up the Saguenay when the "up" tide has nearly spent itself and return with the ebb. Tadoussac may be looked upon as the head-quarters of the fishermen who visit the branches of the Saguenay in search of salmon fishing. It is as it were the base of operations. In the vicinity of Tadoussac some trout fishing may be had, but it does not amount to much. As for salmon fishing, that luxury is reserved for the wealthy, who can afford either to purchase a right from Government or pay those who have that right a certain sum, usually an exorbitant one, for the privilege of casting a fly upon their rivers. The hotel, it is true, has the privilege of a river in the vicinity, to which all its guests may repair to try their luck, and from accounts which I have received, often with very great success.

Tadoussac has no drives. The most that can be done in that way being about five miles in length and nothing at the end of it worth seeing, except a few mills, which to some may perhaps prove interesting, as there is no accounting for taste. This watering-place is more the resort of Americans than of Canadians, a great many of whom have built very fine summer residences on the side of the hill beyond the hotel.

During my stay at Tadoussac, which was about five days, I really found it most difficult to kill time. You do not know what to do with yourself, and there are no objects of interest which I could visit and "strike an attitude" in admiration of.

However the monotony was changed one evening for a concert, which was got up in the hotel in aid of the building fund of the Protestant Church. The room used for the occasion was the drawing-room of the hotel, which was nicely decorated by Mr. Fennel with flags and evergreens. The programme was somewhat lengthy, and consisted for the most part of songs. Captain Hovington was among those who favoured the company, which, by the way, was large, and your correspondent tried to please by giving a recitation from Sir Walter Scott. The sum collected, I believe, amounted to nearly \$50, very good for Tadoussac.

The little church for which the money was raised is built upon the rising of the hill on the way from the wharf to the hotel, and, like those of the other watering-places, is built of wood. A peculiarity in the building, however, is that the sides of the church or walls consist of planks placed one upon the other from the ground upwards and firmly riveted together, and on the top the roof is raised.

INDIANS.

And now I come to the last item which I will mention in connection with Tadoussac—"the Indians." Dirt, filth, and squalor are words which could hardly express the manner in which some of these unfortunates live. They are encamped on a little point opposite to Point aux Diables upon a bare rock. One hut which I visited contained a man and his wife, both of them filthy dirty, and the children who played upon the floor, whose feet and legs were the colour of tan, were dressed in little ragged shirts; while a dog (who ever saw an Indian without one) was rolled up in one corner and apparently the most cleanly and contented of the lot. However, there was one exception to this rule, if I may call it so. A squaw of English extraction was amongst those who camped here. Her story was that when three years old she was kidnapped in the city of Quebec by some Indians who carried her off to Boston in the United States, and with them she lived till she was thirteen years of age, when she was married to the son of the chief. Her tribe subsequently removed to the St. Lawrence, where her husband died, and she retired with her children, four or five in number, to the River Saguenay. She was in the habit of descending the river from Chicoutimi, where she lived, every year, for the purpose of making a little money by selling her handiwork, baskets, &c. She was very tidy in her appearance, as also were her children, one of whom, her eldest daughter, was very pretty. She informed me that she spoke five languages, three native and two foreign.

The bare thought of passing a month in Tadoussac would to me prove, I think, far worse than penitentiary. There is something so depressing in the general appearance of the place. Not a bird can be seen except a crow now and then, whose dismal shrieking caw only adds fresh fuel to the general spirit of loneliness. It almost prompts one to exclaim:

"I am out of humanity's reach,  
Must finish my journey alone;  
Never hear the sweet music of speech;  
I start at the sound of my own."

To Tadoussac I bid a long farewell, knowing as I do that I will never tread its shores again, and to those who intend selecting a summer resort I say if you are a party try Tadoussac, and if you are alone leave it alone.—Adieu! Adieu!

TOURIST.

THE PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION.

Mr. de Bellefeuille, the Secretary of the Board of Arts and Manufactures, has issued the following circular letter in reference to the Arts and Manufactures Department of the Exhibition:—

I am directed by the Board of Arts and Manufactures to inform you that an Industrial Exhibition will be held jointly with the Agricultural Exhibition, in the City of Quebec, on the 12th, 13th, 14th, and 15th of September next.

The manufacturers of the Dominion and of other countries are invited to send the produce of their industry for exhibition.

Prizes to the amount of about \$5,000 are offered for the best productions.

The prize list is divided into thirteen classes as follows:—  
Class 1.—Cabinet and other work, Surgical appliances, Musical Instruments, &c.

Class 2.—Carriages, Steighs, and parts thereof, &c.

Class 3.—Machinery Castings, Manufactures of Metal Tools and Fittings, &c.

Class 4.—Building Materials, Pottery, Tiles, Slates and Slate Manufacture, Buttons, Glassware, &c.

Class 5.—Architectural, Mechanical and other Drawings, Portraits and other Paintings, Decorative Paintings, Japanese, Sculpture, Statuary, Engraving, Lithography, Pencils, Materials used in the Fine Arts, &c.

Class 6.—Paper, Printing, Book Binding, Manufactures of Paper, &c.

Class 7.—Leather, Manufactures of Leather, Rubber Goods, &c.

Class 8.—Oils, Varnish, Chemical Manufactures and preparations, &c.

Class 9.—Geology and Natural History.

Class 10.—Soap, Groceries, Provisions, Tobacco, Crackers, &c.

Class 11.—Woollen, Flax and Cotton goods, Fishing Tackle, Furs, Wearing apparel, &c.

Class 12.—Ladies' Department.

Class 13.—Domestic Manufactures.

Competent Judges will be appointed for the different classes, and the prizes awarded with the greatest impartiality.

Arrangements have been made with the different Railroad and Navigation Companies to reduce their rates of freight on articles intended for Exhibition, and all other measures having been taken to promote the interest of the Exhibition, it remains for the manufacturers to make it a success by giving it their support.

I therefore hope that you will send to this Exhibition a collection of the best articles manufactured by you, as it is important that strangers visiting the Exhibition should be favourably impressed by the quality of our different manufactures, and to show that we compare favourably with other countries.

If you wish to have a prize list, please let me know, and I will mail it to you without delay.

WELCOME OF FRENCH SOLDIERS RETURNING FROM CAPTIVITY.

That the Alsations did not relish the change of allegiance from the French Republic to the German Emperor, has been sufficiently proved at various times since the close of the war by the hearty welcome accorded by the Strasburgers to the French soldiers on their return from their captivity in Germany. So frequent and so enthusiastic were these receptions by the citizens of their former defenders, that the German Governor became alarmed, and telegraphed to head quarters for instructions as to how he should act. The result was an order suppressing all public demonstrations of sympathy for the French. The scenes at the railway-station on the occasion of the arrival of one of these convoys of returning exiles were interesting in the extreme, and we have endeavoured to reproduce them for our readers with the greatest possible fidelity. The appearance of the men was, as might have been expected, very different from that which they presented a year before. Captivity had evidently pulled them down both physically and morally, for they looked wan and haggard, and though they brightened up at seeing old acquaintances and friends, it was but too apparent, with the majority of them, that their spirits were broken.

By the exertions of a committee of charitable ladies, arrangements were made for supplying the poor fellows on their arrival with refreshments, and, in some cases, with clothing, of which the majority were sadly in need. The men, such as were not disabled, then pursued their way westward to rejoin their several regiments.

THE MEGANTIC INFANTRY BAND.

The 55th, Megantic Highland Light Infantry Battalion, was formed in 1856 under the auspices of its present commander, Lieut.-Col Barwis, of Halifax, in the district of Arthabaska. Since that time the regiment has been called out eleven times on active service, and on the last occasion, that of the annual drill at Levis two months ago, it was specially complimented by the Minister of Militia on its steadiness and fine soldier-like appearance.

The members of the band, whose portraits appear on another page, are: L. Gaudet, O. Beauchene, M. Kelly, E. Cloutier, C. Reilly, E. Dionne, A. Trotter, Jos. Beaupré, L. Stein, U.J.A. Poisson, A. Poisson, P. J. Blanchard, D. Leblanc, A. A. Ouellette, and W. Barwis.

THE UN-SCIENTIFIC WINDOW.

The casement may be defined "the unscientific window." Here in this single structure you may see most of the intellectual vices that mark the unscientific mind. The scientific way is always the simple way; so here you have complication on complication; one half of the window is to go up, the other half is to come down. The maker of it goes out of his way to struggle with Nature's laws; he grapples insanely with gravitation, and therefore he must use cords, and weights and pulleys, and build boxes to hide them in—he is a great hider. His wooden frames move up and down wooden grooves open to atmospheric influence. What is the consequence? The atmosphere becomes humid; the wooden frame sticks in the wooden box, and the unscientific window is jammed. What ho! Send for the curse of families, the British Workman! Or one of the cords breaks (they are always breaking)—send for the curse of families to patch the blunder of the unscientific builder.

Now turn to the scientific window; it is simply a glass door with a wooden frame; it is not at the mercy of the atmosphere, it enters into no contest with gravitation; it is the one rational window upon earth. If a small window, it is a single glass door, if a large window, it is two glass doors, each calmly turning on three hinges, and not fighting against God Almighty and His laws when there is no need.

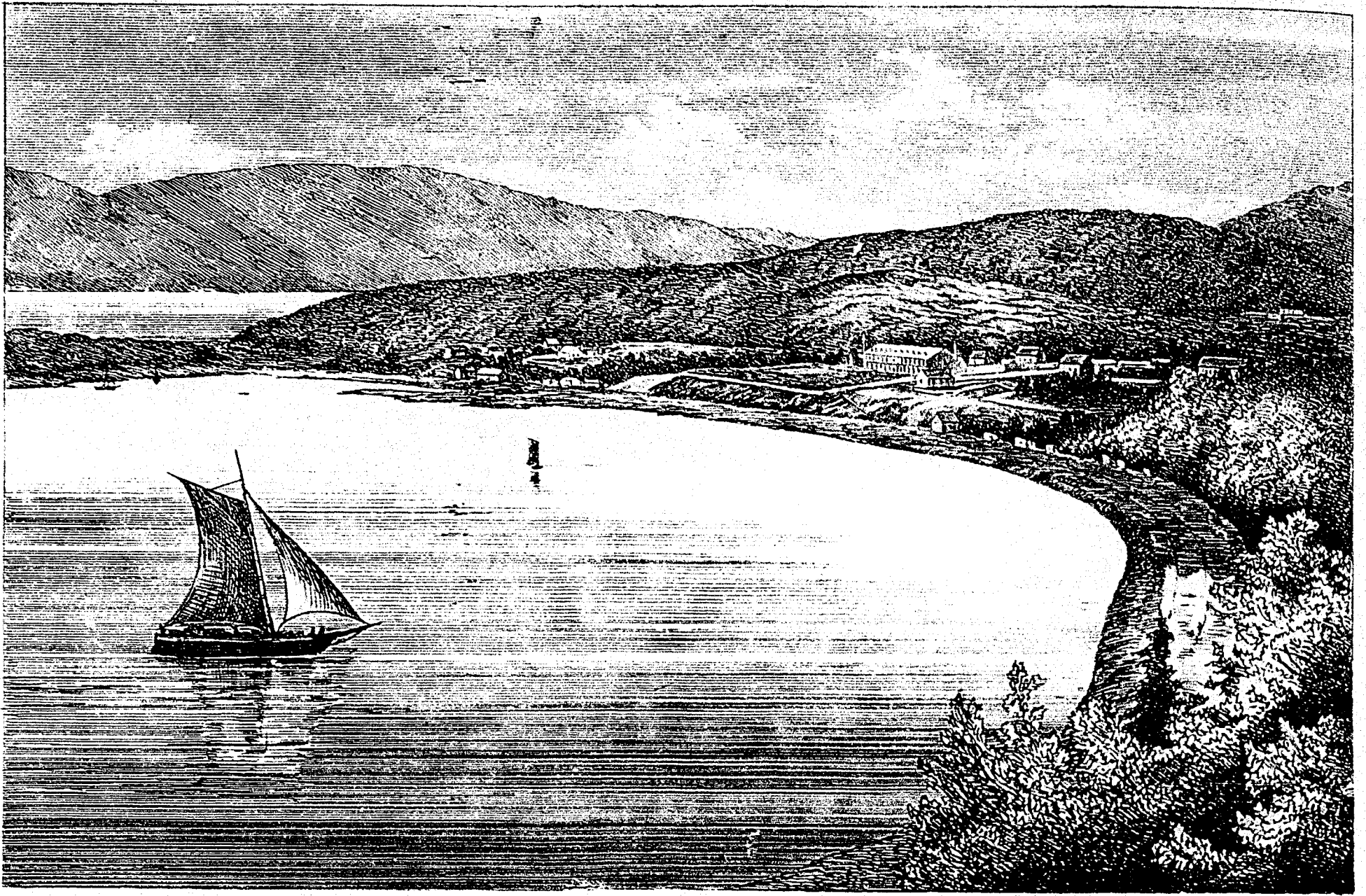
The scientific window can be cleaned by the householder's servants without difficulty or danger; not so the unscientific window.

How many a poor girl has owed broken bones to the case-ment mania! Now-a-days humane masters afflicted with unscientific windows send for the curse of families whenever their casements are dirty; but this costs seven or eight pounds a year, and the householder is crushed under taxes enough without having to pay this odd seven pounds per annum for the unscience of the builder.—Charles Reade.

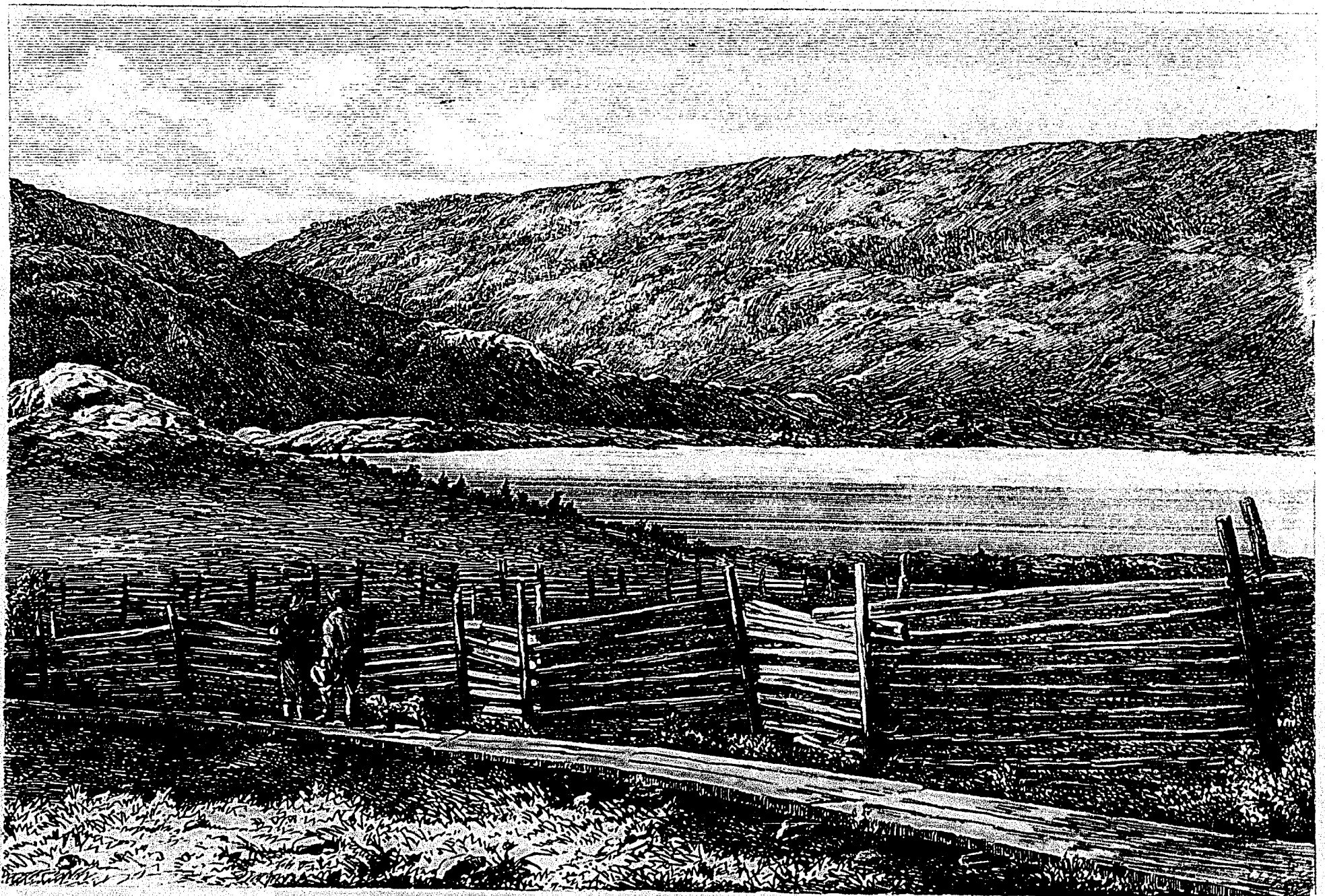
In a London shop-window the public are recalled to the witness-box of the Common Pleas by the remark—"Would you be surprised to learn that these pencils are sold at a penny apiece?"



TADOUSAC VIEWS.



TADOUSAC BAY



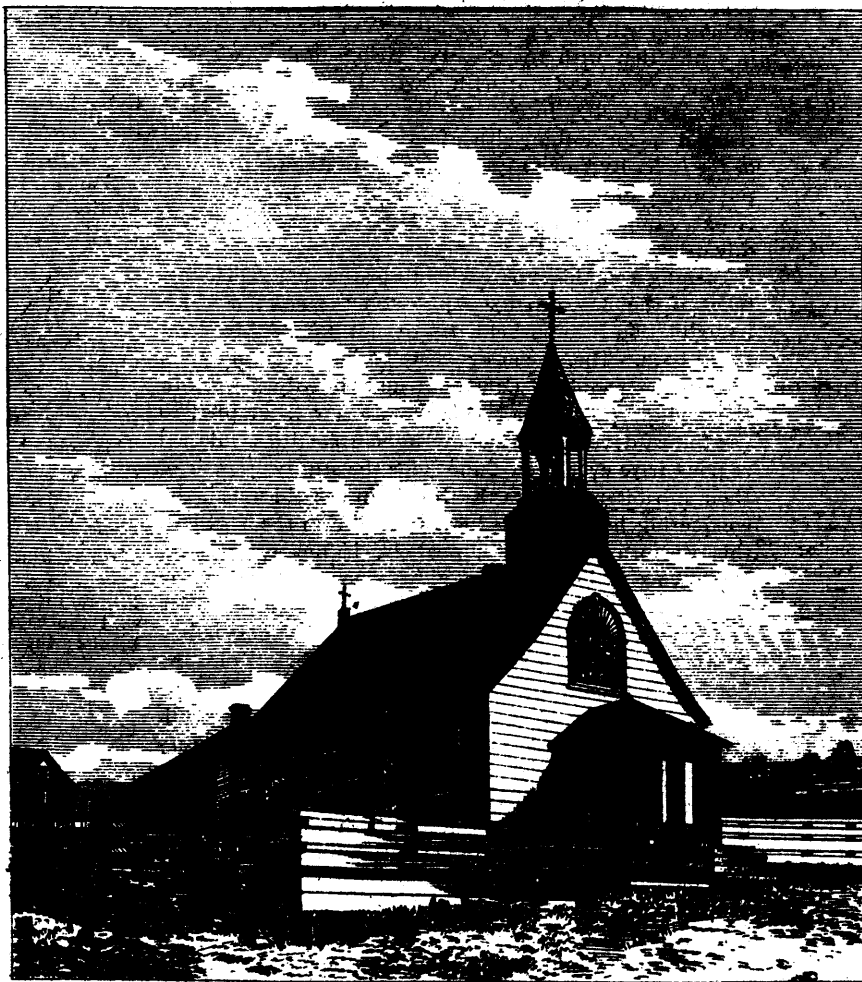
TADOUSAC LAKE.



TADOUSAC.

Among the many watering-places of fashionable resort in Lower Canada, Tadousac, at the mouth of the Saguenay, is deserving of honourable mention. The village contains not a few memorials of historical interest, chief of which is the old church, the first house of worship constructed in Canada. The Saguenay district is one of the most extensive, wild, and romantic in the Province of Quebec. It is the north-eastern section of the Province, and borders on the Hudson's Bay and Labrador regions of the extreme north; it has numerous lakes, rivers, and mountains; it is supposed now to possess vast mineral wealth, especially in iron; but heretofore, from its boreal climate and comparatively poor soil, it has not been much of an attraction for agricultural settlers. Mr. Bouchette says, after making some remarks on the soil and climate, "The earliest settlement of this section of the Province will be effected, even without the aid of Government or Companies, although its progress must be very gradual and slow;" and his words, after the lapse of forty years, have the ring of a yesterday's truth about them. Undoubtedly settlement will be made in the Saguenay Country as population on the continent is driven northward, and the watering-places attracting so many visitors in summer will have much to do with the planting of permanent colonies. But for many generations yet to come the interior of the Saguenay Country is destined to remain a barren waste. With the exception of a few settlements on the banks of the rivers by which the district is intersected the Saguenay district may be said to be almost uninhabited. The harbour of Tadousac ought to be of some importance to the trade of the country, and, doubtless it would, were inland communication properly established, for it is open a few weeks earlier in Spring, and remains open some time later in the Fall, than the harbour of Quebec. It is, however, chiefly as the resort of summer tourists who desire to explore the Saguenay river, or the country on its borders, that Tadousac has become a place of importance, though in the early history of Canada it occupies a position of no little consequence. Over three hundred years ago (1543) an expedition left Quebec for the purpose of exploring the river, but the record only shows that one bark

and eight men were lost. Of late years that part of Lower Canada has become much better known. No neighbourhood offers more attractions to the angler than that of Tadousac; the bay is commodious, and affords fair facilities for traffic; hotels, villa residences, &c., are plentiful for the accommoda-



THE OLD CHURCH, TADOUSAC.

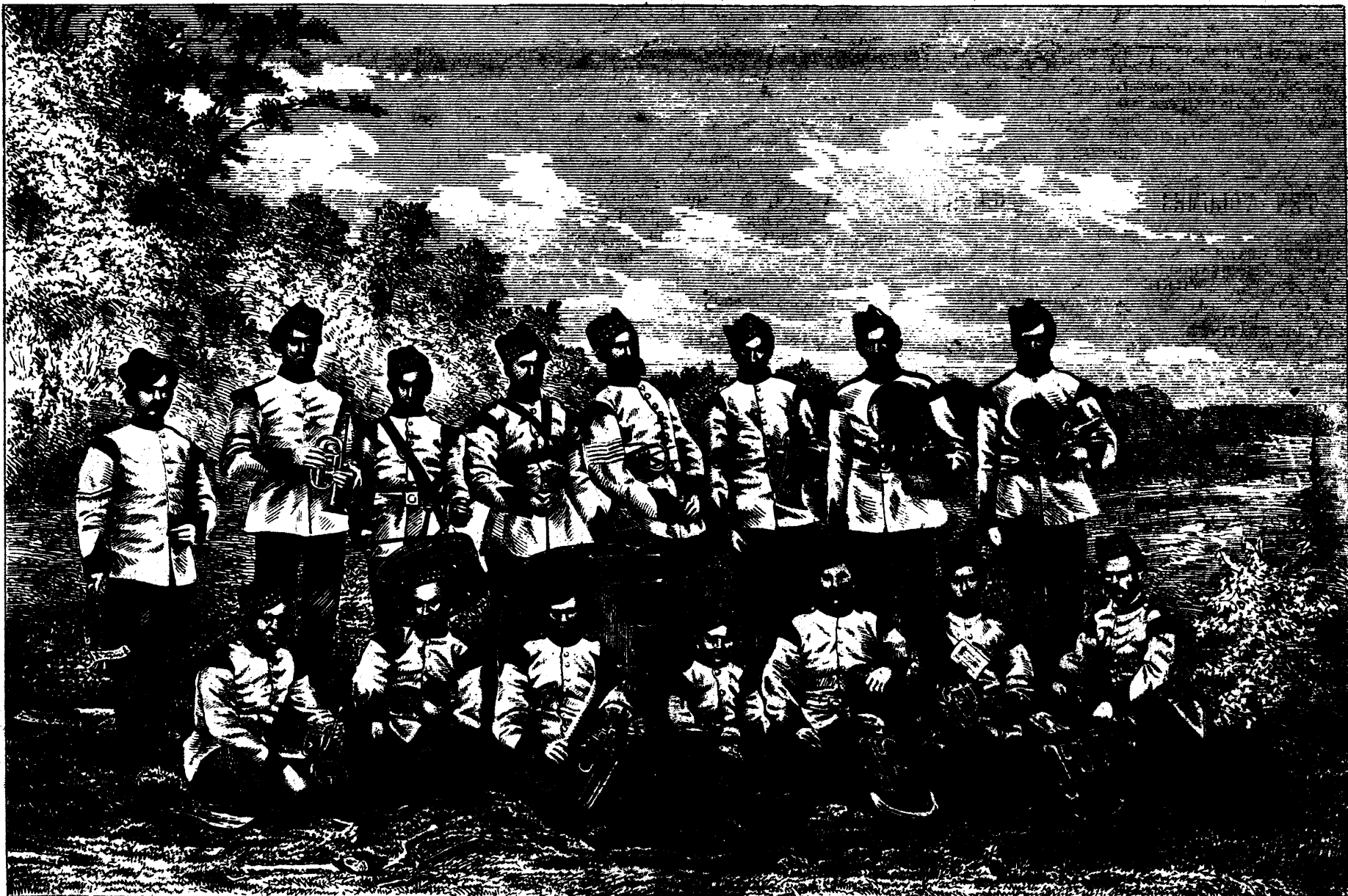
tion of visitors, and the fixed population of the village is estimated at some five or six hundred. The village can also boast of being one of the numerous posts of the Hudson's Bay Company, at which a considerable portion of what may be called the North-Eastern trade is transacted. The lumbering business is also carried on to a great extent down the river Saguenay, and the village of Tadousac has its full complement of grist and saw mills, &c. Its distance from the Riviere du Loup station of the Grand Trunk railway, is about twenty-five miles.

INGLIS FALLS, NEAR OWEN SOUND, ONT.

There is something peculiarly picturesque in these falls as viewed from below. They are situated three miles from the flourishing town of Owen Sound, on the Sydenham river, Co. Grey, Ont. Here the river plunges over rocks from a height of seventy ft. above the level of the stream below. The fall is broken and irregular, it is a rude tumbling cascade, descending in a sheet of foam to the bottom. They were visited by Lord Elgin when Governor-General of Canada in the autumn of 1851. The people of Owen Sound and neighbourhood are justly proud of this exceptionally grand manifestation of natural scenery, which forms an object of interest to all who visit the locality.

The atmosphere is said to be so dry at Cordova, in the Argentine Republic, that a bowl of milk left uncovered in the morning, is dry at night, while ink vanishes from the inkstand and becomes thick almost by magic.

A clever invention is the Horticultural Vaporiser; it is, in fact, a modification of the vaporiser used at the toilet for the dispersion of scented liquids, but adapted by these modifications for horticultural use. By means of this apparatus, any kind of liquid may be diffused over plants in a state of minute division, or fine spray, in sufficient quantity to thoroughly moisten them, without ruffling or disturbing the most delicate flower or foliage; and at the same time with a great saving of liquid as compared with the ordinary process of syringing. It is said that a tablespoonful applied by the vaporiser is equal to a pint applied by means of a sponge.



BAND OF THE 55TH BATTALION, MEGANTIC.—SEE PAGE 131.



CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, SEPT. 2 1871.

SUNDAY, Aug. 27.—*Tenth Sunday after Trinity.* Battle of Nordlingen, 1634. Thomson died, 1748.  
 MONDAY, " 28.—*St. Augustine of Hippo, Bp.* Goethe born, 1749. Leigh Hunt died, 1853. Foundation-stone of the new R. C. Cathedral at Montreal laid, 1870.  
 TUESDAY, " 29.—*Beheading of St. John Baptist.* Locke born, 1632.  
 WEDNESDAY, " 30.—*Dr. Paley* born, 1743. Sir John Russ died, 1856. French defeated at Carignan and Beaumont, 1870. Strasburg library destroyed, 1870. Abrogation of the Concordat in Austria, 1870.  
 THURSDAY, " 31.—Bunyan died, 1688. Oberlin born, 1740. French defeated between Douz and Bazelles, and fell back on Sedan, 1870.  
 FRIDAY, Sept. 1.—*St. Giles.* Cartier discovered the Saguenay, 1535. Steele died, 1723. Defeat of the French at Sedan and surrender of the Emperor Napoleon, 1870.  
 SATURDAY, " 2.—Great Fire of London 1666. LeSieur, Marquis de Beauharnois, Governor of Canada, 1736. Cancellation of Sedan signed by Gen. Wimpffen, 1870. Arrival of Lieut.-Governor Archibald at Fort Garry, 1871.

THE TYNE CREW.

ST. JOHN, N. B., AND HALIFAX REGATTAS.

Our readers are advised that the great yachting contests, coming off at St. John, N. B., and Halifax, N. S., will be attended on behalf of the

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,

by Mr. E. J. Russell, artist of St. John, who is without a rival as a

MARINE DRAUGHTSMAN,

either in Canada or the United States. The patrons of the

"NEWS"

may therefore depend upon accurate and life-like sketches of these interesting aquatic contests. Our illustrations will be produced with the

UTMOST PROMPTITUDE

consistent with exact execution and fidelity to the actual scenes. News agents are advised to send in their orders early, to ensure a full supply for their customers, where extra copies may be wanted.

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

will appear Vignette portraits of the Tyne and St. John (Paris) Crews, the personnel of the former having been almost entirely changed since last year.

IN THE

Following Number

we hope to be able to insert Mr. Russell's Sketch of the Race at St. John on the 23rd instant.

C. J. News Office,  
 Montreal, Aug. 25, 1871.

POOR MISS FINCH!

THE NEW STORY BY  
 WILKIE COLLINS,

Will appear in the *HEARTHSTONE*, beginning with the No. for 2nd September, simultaneously with its publication in London.

The Proprietor of the *Hearthstone* having secured the exclusive right of its publication in serial form in this country, all parties entreaching on his rights by publishing or vending other periodicals containing the same, expose themselves to severe penalties.

GEORGE E. DESBARATS.

TEN VOLUMES FOR ONE DOLLAR!

FROM THE FOLLOWING PENS:

- CHARLES READE.
  - MRS. BRADDON.
  - WILKIE COLLINS.
  - ALEXANDER DUMAS.
  - EDMUND YATES.
  - REV. DR. KEATINGE.
  - PERCY B. ST. JOHN.
  - LEOPOLD WRAY.
  - LOUISA ALCOTT.
  - JUSTIN MCCARTHY.
- Address—*HEARTHSTONE OFFICE*  
 1 PLACE D'A MES HILL.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1871.

In another part of our paper we print this week the principal portion of the circular issued by the Secretary of the Board of Arts and Manufactures for the Province of Quebec, announcing the holding of an exhibition, jointly with the Agricultural Exhibition, in the City of Quebec, on the 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th of next month. The circular was endorsed "Please insert *gratuitously* this circular in your paper."

According to our limited means we are in the habit of dispensing alms; but though in this case the *date obolum!* has been complied with, we confess it was hardly with our usual cheerfulness. Why should the Board of Arts and Manufactures beg? Is it not supported by the country and endowed with ample means to sustain its operations without leaning on the benevolence of newspaper publishers? The case in point is only one of a hundred in Canada, and of course it is all done on pretence of the public good. But the public good would be better served by all institutions not avowedly eleemosynary, paying for what they get, and only getting what they can afford to pay for. Is it likely that the carpenters and others who

supply material and work to prepare the grounds for the exhibition will do so gratuitously? We notice this matter in connection with the Board of Arts, simply as a specimen of a class, and not with particular reference to the institution itself. In fact, the "game" of getting advertising done for nothing either for the "good of the public" or for "charity," or to "encourage" something that will put money into other pockets than those of the publisher, is exceedingly common in Canada, and ought to be steadily discountenanced by newspaper proprietors.

Turning from this supereconomic feature in the management of the Board to its object, and the end for which its exhibition is to be held, we cannot too highly commend both. The encouragement of industrial pursuits among the people of Canada is undoubtedly a work of the highest patriotism. Our climate is well adapted to the fullest development of the human faculties. Boreal regions have ever been famous for the sturdy growth of their inhabitants; from the North, in the old world, the conquering hordes poured forth; and from the North, in this western hemisphere, analogy, if not experience, teaches us to look for the most vigorous race of the human family to spring. Canada contains all the varieties of climate suited to the development of nearly every industry that flourishes in Europe. In the Western Peninsula, bordered by the three great Lakes, we can almost rival Italy for geniality of seasons and productiveness of soil. Eastwards, northwards, and westwards we can match every gradation of temperature of which the old world can boast. In Nova Scotia, our Atlantic border, we have exhaustless deposits of coal. British Columbia offers like wealth on the west; and at both points, and at many intermediate places, there are mineral riches in store, in the working of which generations will not sensibly diminish their abundance. To the south of us is a large population which, depending mainly upon wealth of soil, will, year by year, rely more upon us for such raw supplies as we have in abundance; and Europe, growing more dense in population as its lands are worn out, must look to America alike for the means to sustain those at home, and for a field of future settlement for those having the desire and the opportunity for emigrating. In the contemplation of the possible future of this country, and in the desire for assisting to make it all that it can be made, we feel our excuse for treating the Board of Arts and Manufactures with the same consideration that we do the forlorn wanderer who pulls our street door bell and draws out the doleful cry of "charity, please!"

But business should be conducted upon a business footing. The Board of Arts and Manufactures, believing, as the secretary says, that "it is important that strangers visiting the Exhibition should be favourably impressed by the quality of our different manufactures," should conduct its affairs upon the same principles which ordinarily regulate commercial transactions. It should pay its own way, and, so far, set an example to others. It should also watch the new branches of trade now so rapidly developing in Canada, and offer for these the like inducements as those held out to well established industries. We could name branches of industry, combining, in their execution, high art with no little mechanical skill, and which have been established in Montreal more successfully than in any other city in the world, yet whose titles are not even mentioned in the Board's catalogue. Others might be mentioned, as, for instance, stereotyping, electrotyping, &c., which are extensively carried on by large publishers throughout the Dominion, despite the unfair discrimination of the Canadian tariff. When the proper time arrives it will be fitting to repeat our remonstrances against this fiscal injustice, and it is to be hoped that the Finance Minister will see his way to making the tariff no more oppressive on printers than on other classes. That the particular branches of business spoken of are utterly ignored by the Board of Arts and Manufactures seems but a fitting consequence of the policy of the Dominion Government, i.e., to keep down the higher branches of the typographic and kindred trades. However, the press is to be blamed for not having sufficiently enlightened the public in respect of the peculiar operation of the tariff as affecting the printing and publishing business: and one can hardly hope that the Quebec Board of Arts, which expects to get its advertising done for nothing, would ever dream of offering prizes or any other inducement, either pecuniary or honorary, for the encouragement of stereotyping, photo- and chromolithography, or any of the higher branches of the art of reproducing forms or figures, in colour, either from stone or metal. Yet in the circular under consideration there are a great many *etceteras*, and these may perhaps be stretched out far enough to cover all the deficiencies to which we have directed attention. Let us hope so.

THEATRE ROYAL.—The appearance of Miss Lisa Weber and her Burlesque Troupe at the Theatre has attracted a crowded house every evening this week. "Ernani," "Black-eyed

Susan" and "Somnambula" were among the principal pieces, and so effectively rendered as to command the attention and warmest applause of the audience. Miss Weber's reputation was well established among the patrons of the Theatre here before her present visit, and this occasion has but confirmed the former favourable impression of her talents. On Saturday evening next Miss Amelia Waugh will take her benefit, and will appear in one of her great characters—and from her versatility of talent in the conception of her impersonations, her benefit promises to be a great treat to her friends and visitors.

PURE WATER.—Recent discoveries in sanitary science have demonstrated that an abundant supply of pure and wholesome water is one of the greatest safeguards against the spread of all kinds of diseases. The only practical method to obtain this pure supply is by *filtration*, which removes the impurities in the water, and at the same time makes it more palatable. This object is effectually accomplished by the *SILICATED CARBON FILTER*, which has been recommended by all the medical journals. The following extract is from the *British Medical Journal*:

"The best means of purifying water is at this moment a matter of great importance, and one which is not likely to lose its interest. The last epidemic of cholera in London has told the same story, when fully analysed, as previous outbreaks: the majority of deaths occurred where impure water was drunk. Very little of the drinking water used in our great cities is free from contamination; the streams from which they are supplied are all—without one exception—filthily defiled. The filtration process employed by the various companies are necessarily coarse and imperfect; they scarcely suffice to keep back even visible impurities. The water supplied from pumps and wells is commonly even more dangerously and insidiously poisoned by organic matter filtering through the soil. Hence the use of domestic filters is daily becoming more general, and ought by all means to be encouraged. At the same time, it must be remembered, that more than one of the filters most widely advertised are very ineffective; to one which is perhaps the best and longest known to Londoners, this applies pretty accurately. Among many recently introduced filters which we have examined carefully as to their performance, is that of THE *SILICATED CARBON FILTER COMPANY*, Battersea. We must speak of it in the highest terms. Its power of removing organic matter is remarkable. The combination of carbon with silica in minute division, is singularly effective. The statement of the patentees, that it not only abstracts mechanical impurities, but oxidises organic matter, and besides purifying water rapidly and effectively, imparts a pleasant freshness, is entirely borne out by our experiments. The mechanical arrangements of the filter are singularly perfect; but its merits go beyond mere mechanical filtration, and its remarkable chemical properties render it an admirable and most efficient instrument in the purification of unwholesome water, to which it gives clearness, freedom from odour, taste, or chemical defect, and renders it fresh, sparkling, and wholesome."

Mr. J. V. Morgan is the agent in this city for the sale of these filters.

"LET US HAVE PEACE."

The *Buffalo Express* thus amusingly hits off an absurd *canard* going the rounds of the American press:—"The truth is that the idea of uniting his family with the Royal Family of Great Britain by marriage originated with General Grant very soon after his accession to the Presidency. He formed the determination that his son should marry Queen Victoria and assume the British Crown. Admiral Farragut was immediately despatched with a powerful fleet, ostensibly upon a cruise of observation and display in European waters, but really for the purpose of presenting and enforcing this demand. When the object of his mission was communicated in peremptory terms to the British Government there was great dismay in London. The Queen fled with her children to Balmoral; Gladstone concealed himself in the London Dock vaults for a week; Disraeli went mad and wrote 'Lothair'; the Great Eastern was sent out to fish up the Atlantic cable and break it off, and that was what prevented our knowing anything of the row in this country at the time. The project failed somewhat curiously. Princess Beatrice fell in love with a portrait of young Grant which had been sent to her mother, and insisted upon marrying him herself. Farragut lost his head in the bewildering discussion that ensued, and the upshot of it all was a compromise, according to which Prince Arthur came over here to marry the President's daughter, with the understanding that he should be made Emperor of the Dominion of Canada, which was confederated for the purpose, and that the United States should thereafter be annexed to it. The young rascal, after he landed in this country, fell in love with four hundred and nineteen American girls in rapid succession, and obstinately demanded the establishment of Mormonism as the state religion of his proposed realm before he took it in hand. His perversity frustrated the whole scheme, and nothing came of it except the appointment of the High Commission to make a treaty between the United States and Great Britain, which was the result of the scare on one side and the disappointment on the other that attended these extraordinary events. Prussia and France became competitors for the matrimonial alliance which England had lost—and that was the secret reason of their war. Russia took advantage of this event to make an effort for the prize herself, and we can easily guess why the Grand Duke Alexis is coming to visit the United States next September.

"Such are the simple facts of the matter concerning which the *World* has got hold of an absurdly inaccurate story."

CURIOUS SLEEPERS.

Sleep is nearly as great a puzzle as ever it was. Much has been discovered concerning the bodily peculiarities manifested during this portion of our existence; but all whose opinions are best worth listening to, admit that they are only on the threshold of the subject yet. Why, for instance, can some men maintain their bodily and mental vigour with so small an amount of sleep as falls to their share? Lord Brougham, and many other great statesmen and lawyers, are known to

have been content with a marvellously small quantity of sleep. Frederick the Great is said to have allowed himself only five hours; John Hunter, five hours; General Elliot, the hero of Gibraltar, four hours; while Wellington, during the Peninsular War, had still less.

How, on the other hand, to account for the cormorant sleepers? De Moivre, the mathematician, could (though it is to be hoped he did not) sleep twenty hours out of the twenty-four. Quin, the actor, sometimes slept for twenty-four hours at a stretch. Doctor Reid, the metaphysician, could so manage, that one potent meal, followed by one long and sound sleep, would last him for two days. Old Parr slept away his later days almost entirely. In the middle of the last century a young Frenchwoman, at Toulouse, had, for half a year, fits of lengthened sleep, varying from three to thirteen days each. About the same time, a girl, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, slept fourteen weeks without waking; and the waking process occupied three days to complete. Doctor Blanchet, of Paris, mentions the case of a lady who slept for twenty days together when she was about eighteen years of age, fifty when she was about twenty, and had nearly a whole year's sleep from Easter Sunday, 1862, till March, 1863; during this long sleep (which physicians call hysteric coma) she was fed with milk and soup, one of her front teeth being extracted to obtain an opening into her mouth. Stow, in his "Chronicle," tells us that "The 27th of April, 1546, being Tuesday in Easter week, W. Foxley, potmaker for the Mint in the Tower of London, fell asleep, and so continued sleeping, and could not be waked with pricking, cramping, or otherwise, till the first day of the next term, which was full fourteen days and fifteen nights. The causes of his thus sleeping could not be known, tho' the same were diligentlly searched for by the king's physicians and other learned men; yea, the king himself examined ye said W. Foxley, who was in all points found at his waking to be as if he had slept but one night."

Another very notable instance was that of Samuel Chilton, of Tisbury, recorded in one of the volumes of the "Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society." In the year 1694 he slept for a month, and no one could wake him. Later in the same year he had a four months' sleep, from April the 9th to August the 7th; he woke, dressed, went out into the fields (where he worked as a laborer), and found his companions reaping the corn which he had helped to sow the day before his long nap; it was not till that moment that he knew of his having exceeded the usual duration of a few hours. He went to sleep again on the 17th of August, and did not wake till the 19th of November, notwithstanding the pungent applications of hellebore and sal ammoniac to his nostrils, and bleeding to the extent of fourteen ounces. He woke, asked for bread and cheese, but went off to sleep again before it could be brought to him, taking another spell of sleep, which lasted till the end of January. After this it is not recorded that he had any more of these strange relapses.

There are instances of sleep so intensely deep as to deprive the sleeper of all sense of pain. The records of the Bristol Infirmary present an extraordinary illustration of this. One cold night a tramp lay down near the warmth of a limekiln, and went to sleep. One foot must have been close to the fire hole of the kiln; for during the night the foot and ankle were so completely burned away, as to leave nothing but black cinder and calcined ash. He did not wake till the kilnman roused him next morning, nor did he know what had occurred until he looked down at his charred stump. He died in the infirmary a fortnight afterwards.

#### THE CURIOSITIES OF WALKING-STICKS.

A surprising fact connected with the manufacture of walking-sticks in London is the immense foreign trade which it creates. Tons of material for this purpose are constantly arriving, and are sold privately or by public auction to the stick-makers. An unpractised person would at once pronounce them valueless. Fashion in this branch of trade, as well as in any other, regulates the demand for certain kinds. At the present, and for some time past, says a magazine writer, pimenta sticks have been in great demand both for walking and for umbrella sticks. For the former purpose they are manufactured into almost every variety of fanciful patterns by staining, carving and other processes, and the wood being very strong and close grained, admits of its general adaptation to almost any purpose. For umbrellas, pimenta sticks are very useful, for their rigid nature prevents their breaking or becoming crooked. As imported in their rough state, they are about two or three inches in diameter, and from three to four feet long; they are the produce of a tree known to botanists as *Pimenta vulgaris*, which yields the allspice or pimenta of commerce. It is a native of the West Indies, where it is also extensively cultivated for the sake of the well-known berries.

Lately there has arisen a great fancy among connoisseurs for myrtle sticks; these are principally used for umbrellas, and may be known by their rustic and knotty appearance. Such specimens have a singularly fantastic look, and would, we should think, be well suited for umbrellas intended for lending, as the owner could not fail to recognize his property. Myrtle sticks are imported from Algeria, whence also are obtained various other kinds, some of which cannot fail, by reason of their names, if not from their appearance, to command some amount of interest. Such, for instance, would be the pomegranate and the olive.

Perhaps the most prized of all sticks are those of the orange and lemon. These are imported chiefly from the West Indies, and although they can be procured without difficulty in almost any retail shop in London, yet really perfect specimens are scarce, and fetch enormous prices. An orange stick is easily known by its beautiful green bark, with fine white longitudinal markings, and the lemon can be detected by the symmetry of its proportions, and the regularity and prominence of its knots. These sticks are considered in the trade as taking pre-eminently the first place among walking-sticks.

A very favourite stick, both for the sake of its appearance and its great rigidity, is the rajah cane, and it is largely used for walking-sticks, umbrella-sticks, and handles for parasols. The celebrated Whangee canes of China, known and admired for the regularity of their joints, which are the points from whence the leaves are given off, are the stems of a species of *Phillostachys*, a gigantic grass closely allied to the bamboo.

Not long since a new kind of stick appeared which was sold under the name of palm-canes. These, instead of being round, are angular and more or less flat. They are of a brownish colour, spotted, and quite straight, without either knob or curled handle. They are the petioles or leaf stalks

of the date-palm. Another new kind of stick lately introduced from Algeria, and known in the trade as Eucalyptus, is, in reality, the produce of a tree known to botanists by the same name of *Eucalyptus*. The true home of these trees is Australia, where numerous species exist, forming large forest trees, some growing to between four and five hundred feet high. Several species have been introduced into the south of Europe, and found to thrive.

These are but a few examples of the foreign trade in this branch of manufacture. Large quantities of various kinds of sticks are received from the East and West Indies, China, Java, Singapore, &c. The well-known Malacca canes, the stems of *Calamus Scipionum*, a slender, climbing palm, are not found about Malacca, as the name would seem to imply, but are imported from Siak, on the opposite coast of Sumatra.

Besides real sticks, or those of vegetable growth, such substances as rhinoceros horn, whalebone, tortoise shell, and others of animal origin, are largely used, and many of them fetch very high prices. The trade in walking-sticks is in a very great degree a home industry. Though they are made in large quantities on the continent, yet comparatively few finished sticks are imported. Among those imported, perhaps the largest quantity comes from Hamburg; and consist of low-priced painted canes, such as soldiers usually carry, and fancy toy canes for children. German manufacturers also supply our markets to a great extent with loaded life-preservers and corded canes, of which a great many are sold in provincial towns. Paris also, in more prosperous times, has contributed very much to augment the variety of tastefully-mounted canes.

#### DREAM WORKERS.

Those cases in which the brain is hard at work during sleep, instead of being totally oblivious of everything, may be called either dreaming or somnambulism, according to the mode in which the activity displays itself. Many of them are full of interest. Some men have done really hard mental work while asleep. Condorcet finished a train of calculations in his sleep which had much puzzled him during the day. In 1856, a collegian noticed the peculiarities of a fellow student who was rather stupid than otherwise during his waking hours, but who got through some excellent work in geometry and algebra during sleep. Condillac and Franklin both worked correctly during some of their sleeping hours.

The work done partakes in many cases more of the nature of imaginative composition than of scientific calculation. Thus, a stanza of excellent verse is in print, which Sir John Herschel is said to have composed while asleep, and to have recollected when he awoke. Goethe often set down on paper during the day, thoughts and ideas which had presented themselves to him during sleep on the preceding night. A gentleman one night dreamed that he was playing an entirely new game of cards with three friends; when he awoke, the structure and rules of the new game, as created in the dream, came one by one into his memory; and he found them so ingenious that he afterwards frequently played the game. Coleridge is said to have composed his fragment of Kubla Khan during sleep. He had one evening been reading Purchas's Pilgrim; some of the romantic incidents struck his fancy; he went to sleep, and his busy brain composed Kubla Khan. When he awoke in the morning he wrote out what his mind had invented in sleep, until interrupted by a visitor, with whom he conversed for an hour on business matters; but alas! he could never again recall the thread of the story, and Kubla Khan remains a fragment. Doctor Good mentions the case of a gentleman who in his sleep composed an ode in six stanzas, and set it to music. Tartini, the celebrated Italian violinist, one night dreamed that the devil appeared to him, challenged him to a trial of skill on the fiddle and played a piece wonderful for its beauty and difficulty; when Tartini woke, he could not remember the exact notes, but he could produce the general character of the music, which he did, in a composition ever since known as the Devil's Sonata. Lord Thurlow, when a youth at college, found himself one evening unable to finish a piece of Latin composition which he had undertaken; he went to bed full of the subject, fell asleep, finished his Latin in his sleep, remembered it next morning, and was complimented on the felicitous form which it presented.

Still more curious, however, are those instances in which the sleeper, after composing or speculating, gets up in a state of somnambulism, writes the words on paper, goes to bed and to sleep again, and knows nothing about it when he wakes. Such cases, the authenticity of which is beyond dispute, point to an activity of muscles as well as of brain, and to a correctness of movement which is marvellous when we consider that the eyes are generally closed under these circumstances.

Dr. W. B. Carpenter mentions the case of a somnambulist who sat down and wrote with the utmost regularity and uniformity. "Not only were the lines well written, and at the popular distances, but the i's were dotted, and the v's crossed; and in one instance the writer went back half a line to make a correction, crossing off a word, and writing another above it, with as much caution as if he had been guided by vision." The young collegian adverted to in a former paragraph, got out of bed in his sleep, lit a candle, sat down to a table, wrote his geometry and algebra, extinguished the light, and went to bed again; the lighting of the candle was a mere effect of habit, for his eyes were shut and he was really not awake. About the beginning of the present century a banker at Amsterdam requested Professor van Swinden to solve for him a calculation of a peculiar and difficult kind. The professor tried it, failed, and submitted it to ten of his pupils as a good mathematical exercise. One of them, after two or three days work at it, went to bed one night with his mind full of the subject, and fell asleep. On waking in the morning he was astonished to find on his table sheets of paper containing the full working out of the problem in his own handwriting; he had got up in the night and done it, in his sleep and in the dark. The first French Encyclopædia narrated the case of a young ecclesiastic at Bordeaux who was in the habit of getting out of bed in his sleep, going to a table, taking writing materials, and writing a sermon. He was often watched while doing this, and an opaque screen was cautiously placed between his eyes and the paper; but he wrote on just the same. One example of mental discrimination displayed by him was very remarkable, showing how strangely awake even the reasoning faculties may be during somnambulist sleep. He wrote the three French words, "ce divin enfant," then changed the "divin" into "adorable;" then recognised that "ce" would not suit before an adjective commencing

with a vowel; and finally changed it into "cet." On another occasion the paper on which was writing was taken away and another sheet substituted; but he immediately perceived the change. On a third occasion he was writing music, with words underneath. The words were in rather too large a character, inasmuch that the respective syllables did not stand under their proper notes. He perceived the error, blotted out the part, and wrote it carefully again; and all his without real vision, such as we ordinarily understand by he term.

#### CONQUEST OF THE UNITED STATES.

The following is supposed to have been written in 1892, by Max Adeler, who was a witness of the terrible scenes which occurred at the time of which the story tells. The English satire, "The Battle of Dorking," supplied the suggestion for this prophetic tale:—

"You ask me to tell you, my children, of the events which immediately preceded the destruction of the once great American Union, and the capture of the country by its present European rulers, and to say something, also, of the cause which led to these deplorable results. I undertake the task with a heavy heart, for whenever I refer to that terrible time I cannot help contrasting our proud condition up to that fatal year with the humiliating position occupied now by the American people. The story is a short one. In the fall of 1872, Horace Greeley, the editor of a newspaper in New York, was elected President of the United States. The people voted for him because they believed him to be an honest man. And so he was. But he was also vain and weak, and he entertained certain fanatical and preposterous notions—about agricultural matters, for instance—which he was determined to force upon the people at all hazards and despite all opposition. He believed, among other things, that every man ought to go to the West to earn his bread, and long before he was chosen President he used to advise every body to move to that region as a cure for all the disasters which could befall the human family.

"As soon as he reached the executive mansion, which we used to call the White House, President Greeley organised an army of two hundred thousand men, and proceeded to force the entire population of the seaboard States westward at the point of the bayonet. The utmost violence was used. Those who resisted were shot down, and their dead bodies were carted off to a national factory which the President had established for making some kind of fantastical fertilizer. All the large cities of the East were depopulated, and the towns were entirely empty. The army swept before it millions of men, women and children, until the vast plains west of Kansas were reached, when the pursuit ceased and the army was drawn up in a continuous line, with orders to shoot any person who attempted to visit the East. Of course hundreds of thousands of these poor creatures perished from starvation. This seemed to frighten President Greeley, and he sent a message to Congress recommending that seven hundred thousand volumes of a book of his, entitled 'What I Know about Farming,' should be voted for the relief of the starving sufferers. This was done; and farming implements and seeds were supplied; and then the millions of wretched outcasts made an effort to till the ground. Of the result of this I will speak further.

"In the meantime, the President was doing infinite harm to the country in another way. His handwriting was so fearfully and wonderfully bad that no living man could read it. And so, when he sent his first annual message to Congress—the document was devoted wholly to the Tariff and to Agriculture—a sentence appeared which subsequently was ascertained to be 'large cultivation of rutabagas and beans is the only hope of the American nation, I am sure.' The printers, not being able to interpret this, put in the following words: 'The Czar of Russia couldn't keep clean if he washed himself with the whole Atlantic Ocean once a day!' This perversion of the message was immediately telegraphed to Russia by the Russian minister, and the Czar was so indignant that he instantly declared war. Just at this time President Greeley undertook to write some letters to Prince Bismarck on the subject of potato rot, and, after giving his singular views at length, he concluded with the statement, that if the Emperor William said that subsoil plowing was not good in light soils, or that guano was better than bone-dust, he was a 'liar, a villain, and a slave!' Of course, the Emperor also immediately declared war, and became an ally of Russia and of England, against which latter country Mr. Greeley had actually begun hostilities already, because the Queen, in her speech from the throne, had declared the *Tribune's* advocacy of a tariff on pig iron incendiary, and calculated to disturb the peace of nations. Unhappily, this was not the full measure of our disasters. The President had sent to the Emperor of Austria a copy of his book 'What I Know, &c.' with his autograph upon a fly leaf. The Emperor mistook the signature for a caricature of the Austrian eagle, and he readily joined in the war against the United States; while France was provoked to the same act by the fact that, when the French Minister came to call upon Mr. Greeley to present his credentials, the President, who was writing an editorial at the time, not comprehending the French language, mistook the ambassador for a beggar, and, without looking up, handed him a quarter and an order for a clean shirt, and said to him, 'Go West, young man—go West!' So all these nations joined in making war upon the United States. They swooped down upon our coasts and landed without opposition, for those portions of our unhappy country were absolutely deserted. The President was afraid to call away the army from Kansas, at first, for fear the outraged people upon the plains would come East in spite of him. But, at last, he did summon the army to his aid, and it moved to meet the enemy. It was too late! Before the troops reached Cincinnati the foreigners had seized Washington and all the country east of the Ohio, and hung the President, the Cabinet, and every Member of Congress. The army disbanded in alarm, and the invaders moved to the Far West, where they found the population dying of starvation because they followed the advice of Horace Greeley's book to 'Try, for your first crop to raise limes, and don't plant more than a bushel of quicklime in a hill.' Of course, these wretched people were at the mercy of the enemy, who, to his credit be it said, treated them kindly, fed them, and brought them back to their old homes. You know what followed—how Prince Frederick William of Prussia ascended the American throne, and the other humiliations that ensued. It was a fearful blow to Republicanism—a blow from which it will never recover. It made us, who were freemen, a nation of slaves."



Reminiscences of the Red River Expedition, by a Volunteer of the Ontario Battalion.



THE ARRIVAL AT MATAWIN. THERMOMETER 92°

ney in a steamer where the space was somewhat limited, and the cabin thickly carpeted with dirty bilge water,—where we slept as best we might find room, upon a cargo of grain sacks, our heads pillowed on a comrade's legs and our own legs couched upon the body of another,—on hay, where the horses were ocat-d, the warm breath of whose nostrils or the stamping of whose heavy hoofs were our reveille in the morning,—in all crooks and corners of the lower deck in which it was possible to stow ourselves.

Thus, we came to Thunder Bay, where we should learn, some of us for the first time, to sleep in tents, to get up early, to raise vast earthworks with pick and spade, as well as that drill of which some of us, armed civilians, still had only thought as the legitimate duty of a soldier.

And when some weeks had passed we pursued our journey on foot: with heavy kits, sometimes with our blankets wrapped around them, on our backs. Well for those to whom Nature and good living had not been too lavish in the bestowal of opesity, for the portly men were sufficient sufferers in that warm time!

Have you ever seen a horse shake himself when just loosened from a heavy cart?

Then, perhaps, you may form a faint notion of the ecstasy of the moment when, on reaching the end of the day's march the knapsack was taken from our backs. Once we had to fell and remove a quantity of trees before we could pitch our tents after a long, hot march, but that seemed only child's play when once the abhorred packs were off our backs.

On the first portage some carts were used, soldiers replacing the horses, for the conveyance of stores. After this, portage straps, and biers of stakes and ropes, were the mode of transit.

When rapids had to be shot, the strongest men and best pullers were selected to form the limited crews for the descent, the rest walking over the rocks and rejoining the boats at the bottom of the fall, while the steering was entrusted to Indians or experienced voyageurs, to whom the credit of passing many dangerous "chutes" without accident is mainly due.

The journey was a panorama of most exquisite scenery, but the work which was constant, allowed but little time for the study of its beauties. Island-studded lakes, swift seething rapids, rugged precipices, and magnificent falls, succeeded each other in one unbroken chain of grandeur and sublimity.

The expedition has been variously characterised by the press—sometimes as an undertaking involving unparalleled hardships and labour, sometimes as an idea, wild, and almost impossible of practical execution, sometimes as a mere picnic-



WRITING HOME.



THE RESULT OF SINGING AND PRYING.

We present our readers with a series of sketches made during the progress of the Red River expedition and illustrative of the scenes and incidents of the journey. The trials and fatigues of the trip have already been recorded in print and have passed into the domain of history, though not out of the mind of those who took part in it. Yet, taken altogether, it was not so unpleasant an excursion after all,—for the men had courage and endurance and good will, and strength, and a brotherly feeling to one another: and the strongest helped the weak,—and when the day's work was over and all partook of that rest they had earned so well, and which was so welcome after the long hours of toil, many slept more peacefully and better upon the hard rock or the white sand which fringed the edge of some beautiful lake, or failing these, upon the softer mud of some arduous "portage," than they had been wont to do in the downy luxury of their distant homes.

But let us start upon our trip. First, then, there was a jour-



IN CAMP

rude pipes of stone, and interchanging muttered remarks in their guttural language.

It was difficult to conceive that these idle loungers were ready, when occasion called, to work as we had been witnesses that they could work; for on the portages their activity and energy were unsurpassed, and their strength prodigious. To them, arm chests were as an ordinary burden, and a barrel of pork a mere plaything.

Teams of trained dogs were frequent visitors to the Fort during the winter months, and formed a very attractive sight. The patient animals are generally richly adorned with bells and beadwork by their Indian drivers, and are very useful in the conveyance of light stores over the snow-covered prairies and frozen lakes. Almost incredible tales are told of their wonderful sagacity and endurance.

The squaws, some of whom were not altogether repulsive in appearance, attempted some flirtation with our soldiers, casting coquettish glances, accompanied with insinuating demands for "bread," through

like pleasure trip. Of course the last view of the case was a false one: but the reports which viewed the toil as cruelly severe were overdrawn, since men, who after a long day's work were still sufficiently fresh to consume hours in preparing comfortable quarters for the night and such suppers as the frugal viands would allow, and meet in social gatherings, enlivened by jokes and merry songs around the evening bivouac, could not be vastly over-fatigued.

By the time they had arrived at the journey's end, the constant exercise, the wholesome food, and the healthy life in the open air, had done much for the appearance of the soldiers. The pale and weak had become sunburnt and muscular, and when they donned their regimentals and again appeared upon parade the improvement in their appearance was very evident. Fort Garry was the headquarters of the 1st or Ontario, Lower Fort Garry of the 2nd or Quebec Battalion. And never, perhaps, had volunteers so nearly approached the "regular" soldier in steadiness and discipline; but if the 1st were ambitious to be A 1 in these things, the 2nd was equally determined to be second to none.

Indians were frequently to be seen around the Fort, but the specimens met with here were not always calculated to inspire an elevated idea of the noble savage. Semi-civilization had taught them the worship of a Great Spirit, of which, in their savage state, their untutored minds never dreamt. They had become devotees of "fire water." Yet, even under this degrading influence, there was always a certain picturesque dignity in their pose, and in the draping of the inevitable blanket. The Indian appears to have a deep appreciation of the "dolce far niente." They will pass hours seated on their haunches or lying in the shade upon the grass, smoking their



PORTAGE-ING.—BACK FOR A LOAD.



PORTAGE-ING.—AN EVASIVE PORK BARREL.

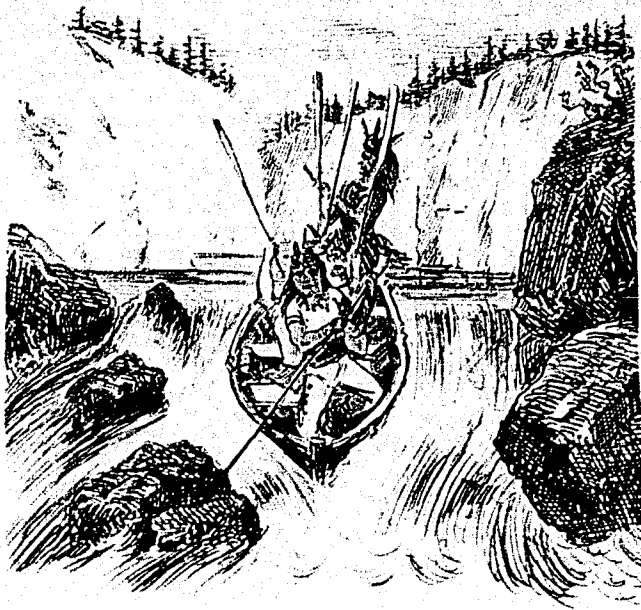
the port-holes. And sometimes, it is whispered, they would solace by their presence, and offers of "fire-water," in the wintry evenings the dark watches of the sentinel on the back gate, and bountiful were the presents of bread and broken "rations" they reaped in return.

And now, with the exception of two senior companies, one from each Battalion—which remain at Fort Garry—all the volunteers have either returned to tell their adventures to re-joining friends, or remain as settlers in the new Province. But did he stay or return home, we do not think that one, whether it be his privilege to say thereof "pars minima," or "pars magna fui," will ever have a moment's cause to repent having taken part in the Red River Expedition.

NED P. MAH.

THE SCOTT MONUMENT, EDINBURGH.

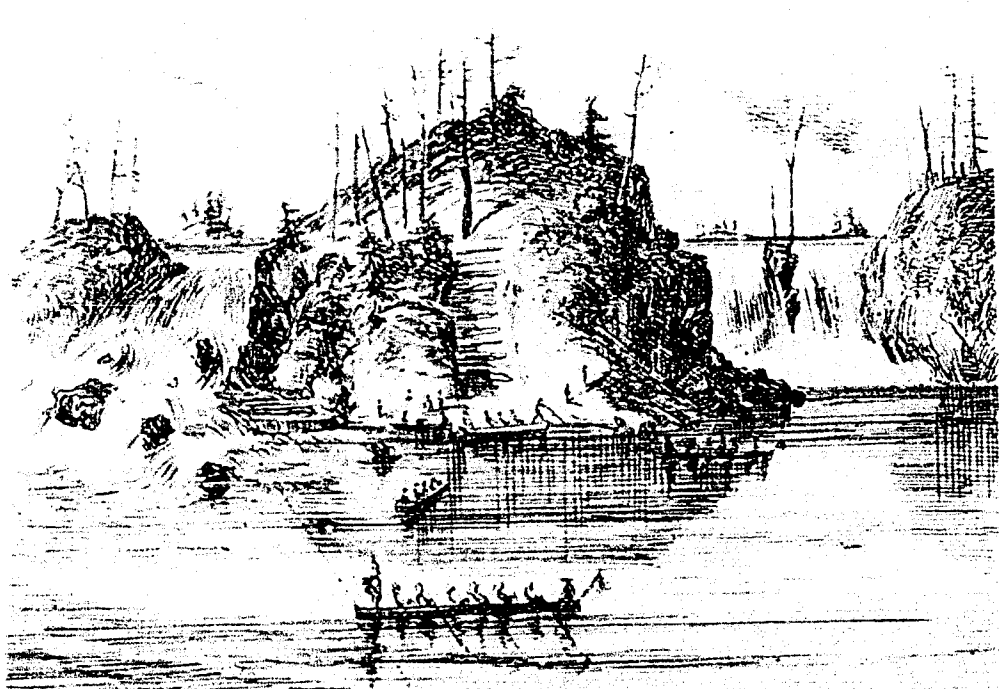
Speaking of this monument, the *Illustrated London News* says that it was proposed to apply some portion of the fund raised by admissions to the Scott Centenary festivities to its further adornment. The monument was begun in August 15, 1840, and was completed in 1844. It stands on the south side of Prince's Street, within the inclosure of East Prince's Street Gardens, opposite St. David Street, New Town, and near the Waverley terminus of the railways. The architect was George Meikle Kemp, a self-taught genius, who had been apprenticed to the trade of a joiner. This young man used to make drawings and small wooden models of the finest ancient Gothic buildings in Scotland, England and France, while supporting himself, as he travelled, by the humble industry he had learned. He was an enthusiastic reader of poetry, history, and romance; Shakespeare, Spenser, and Chaucer, Sir David



RUNNING THE RAPIDS.

short before the beautiful structure was finished. It is an open Gothic shrine to canopy a statue. Four grand arches of the Early English form, springing from the top of clustered pillars, support a groined and vaulted roof, which is adorned with carved bosses, and with a richly-ornamented pendant or drop in the centre. Outside, at each of the four angles, is a buttress connected by an arch with the main structure, all decorated in the same manner, and rising to pinnacles at the height of 98 ft.; but the superstructure of the middle reaches 200 ft. It presents, as shown in our illustration, several stories, with arched windows of varied successive designs, flanked by many close buttresses terminating in pinnacles, crockets, and finials, of gradually diminished size; the whole majestic edifice being surmounted by a noble spire. The flying buttresses that descend from the first upper story to the four outworks at the angles have a peculiarly graceful effect. The interior chamber of this story is fitted up as a Waverley Museum. There are galleries at three successive heights, to be reached by a staircase, which affords most interesting views of Edinburgh on each side.

The marble statue, by Mr. John Steell, F. R. S. A., placed in this shrine, represents Sir Walter Scott attired in an ample plaid, seated at his work, with pen and book in hand, accompanied by one of his favourite hounds. It was placed there in 1846. Over the four lowest arches in the principal niches, are sculptured figures of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, Meg Merrilies, George Heriot, and other characters in the Waverley novels or Scott's poems. Thirty niches remain to be filled with other figures of this class, and some of them at least will be supplied by Mr. Brodie and Mr. Hutchinson, two distinguished members of the Royal Scottish Academy; but the entire plan is not yet settled.

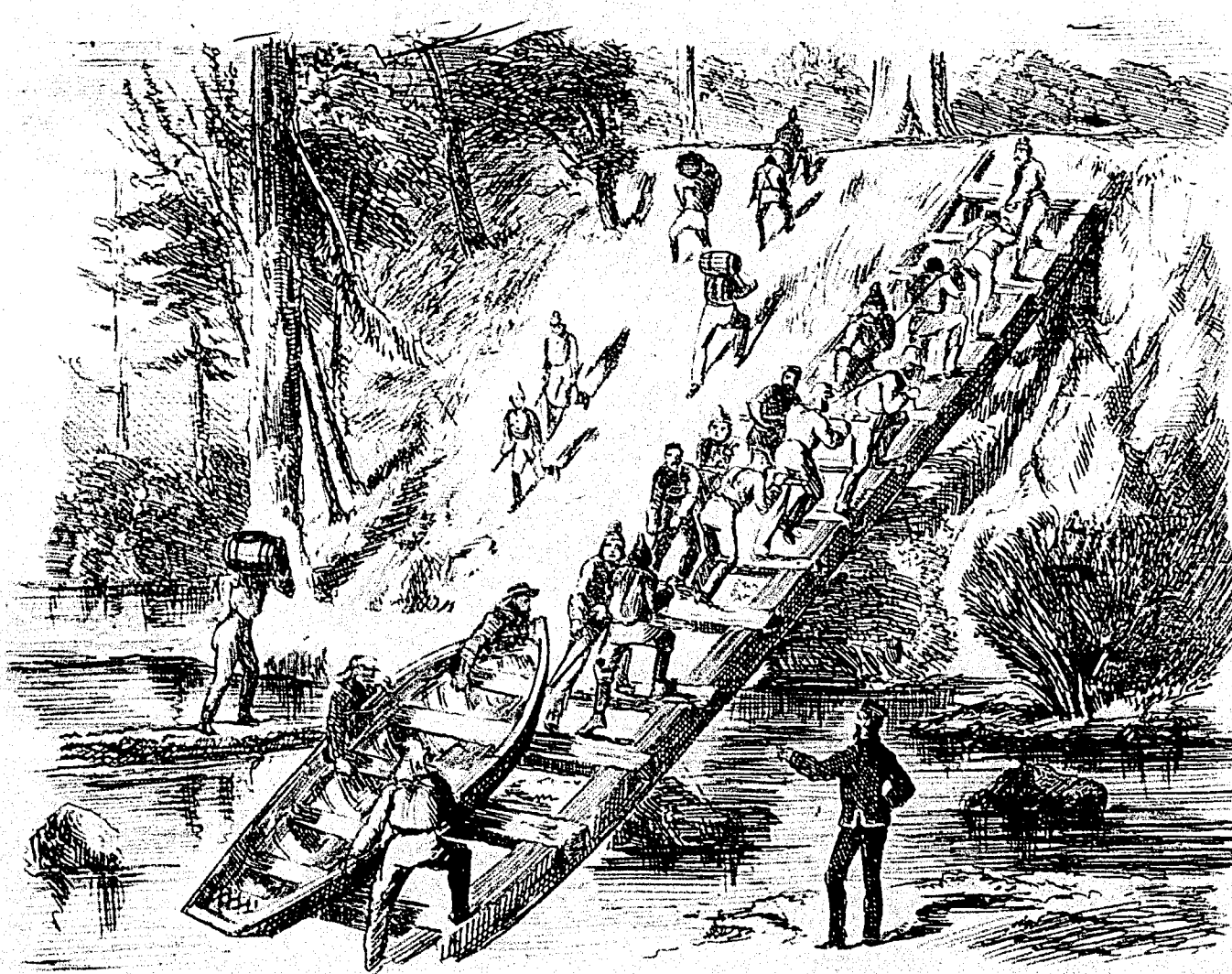


ISLAND PORTAGE.



PORTAGE-ING.

Lindsay, Drummond of Hawthornden, Burns, and Scott were his favourite companions. One day he was trudging along the high road near Peebles, with his tool-basket on his back, when he was passed by Sir Walter Scott, driving his carriage. An inquiry about the road or the time of day led to some talk between them, and the illustrious baronet kindly gave this journeyman artisan "a lift," and listened with pleasure to his frank conversation. Hence it came to pass, a feeling of personal regard, almost of personal affection, being mingled in Kemp's mind with his admiration of Scott's writings, and with his patriotic pride in the great Scotsman's fame, that, in 1836, 4 years after Sir Walter's death, when the Edinburgh committee invited designs for a monument, this solitary student, unknown and humble as he was, sent in a design of his own. It was one of three which gained £50 prizes out of fifty or sixty competing designs; but as none exactly suited the committee, they appointed a fresh competition in 1838. Among those who then competed were Sir W. Allan, Mr. David Roberts, R. A., Mr. W. H. Playfair, and other artists of high reputation. Mr. Kemp had improved or modified his design, and it was adopted by the votes of two-thirds of the committee. Unhappily, his life was prematurely cut



PORTAGE-ING.—FOURTEEN MAN-POWER.

[The Illustrations will be continued in our next number.]

Professor Tyndal's researches in regard to dust and smoke are being turned to practical advantage. A new respirator has been constructed, by which a person may remain for an indefinite period of time, without inconvenience, in a room filled with the most dense and irritating smoke that can be devised—viz., that from resinous pine wood. The superintendent of the London Fire Brigade, Captain Shaw, together with several of the firemen, have tried the new respirator, and express their high approval of it.

A novel sperm candle has recently been introduced in London. According to the description, four lateral apertures near the lower end of the candle communicate from the outside with internal longitudinal passages, so as to admit air. By this arrangement it is claimed upward currents of air will be formed in the passages, which, issuing in close proximity to the flame, will produce more perfect combustion and increase the quantity of light given out by the candle. The longitudinal passages may extend nearly up to the top of the candle or may pass directly through it.

ABSURDITIES.—Many absurdities of conduct arise from the imitation of those whom we cannot resemble.

A NOOSE-PAPER.—A marriage certificate.



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## WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.

An Autobiographical Story.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,  
Author of "Alec Forbes," etc.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

I replaced a Highland broadsword, and turned to follow her. She was evidently pleased with the alacrity of my obedience, and for the first time bestowed on me a smile as she led the way from the armoury by another door. To my enhanced delight this door led into the library. Gladly would I have lingered, but Mrs. Wilson walked on, and I followed, through rooms and rooms, low-pitched, and hung with tapestry, some carpeted, some floored with black polished oak, others with some kind of cement or concrete, all filled with ancient furniture whose very aspect was a speechless marvel. Out of one into another, along endless passages, up and down winding stairs, now looking from the summit of a lofty tower upon terraces and gardens below—now lost in gloomy arches, again out upon acres of leads, and now bathed in the sweet gloom of the ancient chapel with its stained windows of that old glass which seems nothing at first, it is so modest and harmonious, but which for that very reason grows into a poem in the brain: you see it last and love it best—I followed with unabating delight.

When at length Mrs. Wilson said I had seen the whole, I begged her to let me go again into the library, for she had not given me a moment to look at it. She consented.

It was a part of the house not best suited for the purpose, connected with the armoury by a descent of a few steps. It lay over some of the housekeeping department, was too near the great hall, and looked into the flagged court. A library should be on the ground floor in a quiet wing, with an outlook on grass, and the possibility of gaining it at once without going through long passages. Nor was the library itself, architecturally considered, at all superior to its position. The books had greatly outgrown the space allotted to them, and several of the neighbouring rooms had been annexed as occasion required; hence it consisted of half a dozen rooms, some of them merely closets intended for dressing-rooms, and all very ill lighted. I entered it however in no critical spirit, but with a feeling of reverential delight. My uncle's books had taught me to love books. I had been accustomed to consider his five hundred volumes a wonderful library; but here were thousands—as old, as musty, as neglected, as dilapidated, therefore as certainly full of wonder and discovery, as man or boy could wish. Oh the treasures of a house that has been growing for ages! I leave a whole roomful of lethal weapons, to descend three steps into six roomfuls of books—each "the precious life-blood of a master spirit"—for as yet in my eyes all books were worthy! Which did I love best? Old swords or old books? I could not tell. I had only the grace to know which I ought to love best.

As we passed from the first room into the second, up rose a white thing from a corner of the window-seat, and came towards us. I started. Mrs. Wilson exclaimed:

"Lal Miss Clara! how ever—?"

The rest was lost in the abyss of possibility.

"They told me you were somewhere about, Mrs. Wilson, and I thought I had better wait here. How do you do?"

"Lal, child, you've given me such a turn!" said Mrs. Wilson. "You might have been a ghost if it had been in the middle of the night."

"I'm very sorry, Mrs. Wilson," said the girl merrily. "Only you see if it had been a ghost it couldn't have been me."

"How's your papa, Miss Clara?"

"Oh! he's always quite well."

"When did you see him?"

"To-day. He's at home with grandpapa now."

"And you ran away and left him?"

"Not quite that. He and grandpapa went out about some business—to the copse at Deadman's Hollow, I think. They didn't want my advice—they never do; so I came to see you, Mrs. Wilson."

By this time I had been able to look at the girl. She was a year or two older than myself, I thought, and the loveliest creature I had ever seen. She had large blue eyes of the rare shade called violet, a little round perhaps, but the long lashes did something to rectify that fault; and a delicate nose—turned up a little of course, else at her age she could not have been so pretty. Her mouth was well curved, expressing a full share of Paley's happiness; her chin was something large and projecting, but the lines were fine. Her hair was a light brown, but dark for her eyes, and her complexion would have been enchanting to any one fond of the "sweet mixture, red and white." Her figure was that of a girl of thirteen, undetermined—but therein I was not critical. "An exceeding fair forehead," to quote Sir Phillip Sidney, and plump, white,

dimple-knuckled hands complete the picture sufficiently for the present. Indeed it would have been better to say only that I was taken with her, and then the reader might fancy her such as he would have been taken with himself. But I was not fascinated. It was only that I was a boy and she was a girl, and there being no element of decided repulsion, I felt kindly disposed towards her.

Mrs. Wilson turned to me.

"Well, Master Cumberme-de, you see I am able to give you more than I promised."

"Yes," I returned; "you promised to show me the old house—"

"And here," she interposed, "I show you a young lady as well."

"Yes, thank you," I said simply. But I had a feeling that Mrs. Wilson was not absolutely well pleased.

I was rather shy of Miss Clara—not that I was afraid of her, but that I did not exactly know what was expected of me, and Mrs. Wilson gave us no further introduction to each other. I was not so shy, however, as not to wish Mrs. Wilson would leave us together, for then, I thought, we should get on well enough; but such was not her intent. De-

We turned away and followed Mrs. Wilson again.

I had expected to spend the rest of the day with her, but the moment we reached her apartment, she got out a bottle of her home-made wine and some cake, saying it was time for me to go home. I was much disappointed—the more that the pretty Clara remained behind; but what could I do? I strolled back to Aldwick with my head fuller than ever of fancies new and odd. But Mrs. Wilson had said nothing of going to see her again, and without an invitation I could not venture to revisit the Hall.

In pondering over the events of the day, I gave the man I had met in the wood a full share in my meditations.

### CHAPTER XI.

#### A TALK WITH MY UNCLE.

When I returned home for the Christmas holidays, I told my uncle, amongst other things, all that I have just recorded; for although the affair seemed far away from me now, I felt that he ought to know it. He was



WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.

sirous of being agreeable, however—as far as I knew how, and remembering that Mrs. Wilson had given me the choice before, I said to her—

"Mightn't we go and look at the deer, Mrs. Wilson?"

"You had better not," she answered. "They are rather ill-tempered just now. They might run at you. I heard them fighting last night, and knocking their horns together dreadfully."

"Then we'd better not," said Clara. "They frightened me very much yesterday."

We were following Mrs. Wilson from the room. As we passed the hall-door, we peeped in.

"Do you like such great high places?" asked Clara.

"Yes, I do," I answered. "I like great high places. It makes you gasp somehow."

"Are you fond of gasping? Does it do you good?" she asked, with a mock-simplicity which might be humour or something not so pleasant.

"Yes, I think it does," I answered. "It pleases me."

"I don't like it. I like a quiet snug place like the library—not a great wide place like this, that looks as if it had swallowed you and didn't know it."

"What a clever creature she is!" I thought.

greatly pleased with my behaviour in regard to the apple. He did not identify the place, however, until he heard the name of the housekeeper; then I saw a cloud pass over his face. It grew deeper when I told him of my second visit, especially while I described the man I had met in the wood.

"I have a strange fancy about him, uncle," I said. "I think he must be the same man that came here one very stormy night—long ago—and wanted to take me away."

"Who told you of that?" asked my uncle, startled.

I explained that I had been a listener.

"You ought not to have listened."

"I know that now; but I did not know then. I woke frightened, and heard the voices."

"What makes you think it was the same man?"

"I can't be sure, you know. But as often as I think of the man I met in the wood, the recollection of that night comes back to me."

"I daresay. What was he like?"

I described him as well as I could.

"Yes," said my uncle, "I daresay. He is a dangerous man."

"What did he want with me?"

"He wanted to have something to do with your education. He is an old friend—acquaintance I ought to say—of your father's. I

should be sorry you had any intercourse with him. He is a very worldly kind of man. He believes in money and rank and getting on. He believes in nothing else that I know."

"Then I am sure I shouldn't like him," I said.

"I am pretty sure you wouldn't," returned my uncle.

I had never before heard him speak so severely of any one. But from this time he began to talk to me more as if I had been a grown man. There was a simplicity in his way of looking at things, however, which made him quite intelligible to a boy as yet uncorrupted by false aims or judgments. He took me about with him constantly, and I began to see him as he was, and to honour and love him more than ever.

Christmas-day this year fell on a Sunday. It was a model Christmas day. My uncle and I walked to church in the morning. When we started, the grass was shining with frost, and the air was cold; a fog hung about the horizon, and the sun shone through it with red rayless countenance. But before we reached the church, which was some three miles from home, the fog was gone, and the frost had taken shelter with the shadows; the sun was dazzling without being clear, and the golden cock on the spire was glittering keen in the moveless air.

"What do they put a cock on the spire for, uncle?" I asked.

"To end off with an ornament, perhaps," he answered.

"I thought it had been to show how the wind blew."

"Well, it wouldn't be the first time great things—I mean the spire, not the cock—had been put to little uses."

"But why should it be a cock," I asked, "more than any other bird?"

"Some people—those to whom the church is chiefly historical, would tell you it is the cock that rebuked St. Peter. Whether it be so or not, I think a better reason for putting it there would be that the cock is the first creature to welcome the light, and tell people that it is coming. Hence it is a symbol of the clergyman."

"But our clergyman doesn't wake the people, uncle. I've seen him send you to sleep sometimes."

My uncle laughed.

"I daresay there are some dull cocks too," he answered.

"There's one at the farm," I said, "which goes on crowing every now and then all night—in his sleep—Janet says. But it never wakes till all the rest are out in the yard."

My uncle laughed again. We had reached the churchyard, and by the time we had visited grandma's grave—that was the only one I thought of in the group of family mounds—the bells had ceased, and we entered.

I at least did not sleep this morning; not, however, because of the anti-somnolence of the clergyman—but that, in a pew not far off from me, sat Clara. I could see her as often as I pleased to turn my head half-way round. Church is a very favourable place for falling in love. It is all very well for the older people to shake their heads and say you ought to be minding the service—that does not affect the fact stated—especially when the clergyman is of the half-awake order who take to the church as a gentleman-like profession. Having to sit so still, with the pretty face so near, with no obligation to pay it attention, but with perfect liberty to look at it, a boy in the habit of inventing stories could hardly help fancying himself in love with it. Whether she saw me or not, I cannot tell. Although she passed me close as we came out, she did not look my way, and I had not the hardihood to address her.

As we were walking home my uncle broke the silence.

"You would like to be an honourable man, wouldn't you, Willie?" he said.

"Yes, that I should, uncle."

"Could you keep a secret now?"

"Yes, uncle."

"But there are two ways of keeping a secret."

"I don't know more than one."

"What's that?"

"Not to tell it."

"Never to show that you knew it, would be better still."

"Yes, it would—"

But, suppose a thing—suppose you knew that there was a secret; suppose you wanted very much to find it out, and yet would not try to find it out; wouldn't that be another way of keeping it?"

"Yes, it would. If I knew there was a secret, I should like to find it out."

"Well, I am going to try you. There is a secret. I know it; you do not. You have a right to know it some day, but not yet. I mean to tell it to you, but I want you to learn a great deal first. I want to keep the secret from hurting you. Just as you would keep things from a baby which would hurt him, I have kept some things from you."

"Is the sword one of them, uncle?" I asked.

"You could not do anything with the secret if you did know it," my uncle went on, without heeding my question; but there may be designing people who would make a tool of

you for their own ends. It is far better you should be ignorant. Now will you keep my secret?—or, in other words, will you trust me?"

"I felt a little frightened. My imagination was at work on the formless thing. But I was chiefly afraid of the promise—lest I should anyway break it."

"I will try to keep the secret—keep it from myself, that is—ain't it, uncle?"

"Yes. That is just what I mean."

"But how long will it be for, uncle?"

"I am not quite sure. It will depend on how wise and sensible you grow. Some boys are men at eighteen—some not at forty. The more reasonable and well-behaved you are, the sooner shall I feel at liberty to tell it you."

He ceased, and I remained silent. I was not astonished. The vague news fell in with all my fancies. The possibility of something pleasant, nay, even wonderful and romantic, of course suggested itself, and the hope which thence gilded the delay tended to reconcile me to my ignorance.

"I think it better you should not go back to Mr. Elder's, Willie," said my uncle.

I was stunned at the words. Where could a place be found to compare for blessedness with Mr. Elder's school? Not even the great Hall with its acres of rooms and its age-long history, could rival it.

Some moments passed before I could utter a faltering "Why?"

"That is part of my secret, Willie," answered my uncle. "I know it will be a disappointment to you, for you have been very happy with Mr. Elder."

"Yes, indeed," I answered. "It was all I could say, for the tears were rolling down my cheeks, and there was a great lump in my throat."

"I am very sorry indeed to give you pain, Willie," he said, kindly.

"It's not my blame, is it, uncle?" I sobbed.

"Not in the least, my boy."

"Oh! then, I don't mind it so much."

"There's a brave boy! Now the question is, what to do with you."

"Can't I stop at home, then?"

"No, that won't do either, Willie. I must have you taught, and I haven't time to teach you myself. Neither am I a scholar enough for it now; my learning has got rusty. I know your father would have wished to send you to college, and although I do not very well see how I can manage it, I must do the best I can. I'm not a rich man, you see, Willie, though I have a little laid by. I never could do much at making money, and I must not leave your aunt unprovided for."

"No, uncle. Besides, I shall soon be able to work for myself and you too."

"Not for a long time if you go to college, Willie. But we need not talk about that yet."

In the evening I went to my uncle's room. He was sitting by his fire reading the New Testament.

"Please, uncle," I said, "will you tell me something about my father and mother?"

"With pleasure, my boy," he answered, and after a moment's thought began to give me a sketch of my father's life, with as many touches of the man himself as he could at the moment recall. I will not detain my reader with the narrative. It is sufficient to say that my father was a simple honourable man, without much education, but a great lover of plain books. His health had always been delicate; and before he died he had been so long an invalid that my mother's health had given way in nursing him, so that she very soon followed him. As his narrative closed my uncle said: "Now, Willie, you see, with a good man like that for your father, you are bound to be good and honourable. Never mind whether people praise you or not; you do what you ought to do. And don't be always thinking of your rights. There are people who consider themselves very grand because they can't bear to be interfered with. They think themselves lovers of justice, when it is only justice to themselves they care about. The true lover of justice is one who would rather die a slave than interfere with the rights of others. To wrong any one is the most terrible thing in the world. Injustice to you is not an awful thing like injustice to you. I should like to see you a great man, Willie. Do you know what I mean by a great man?"

"Something else than I know, I'm afraid, uncle," I answered.

"A great man is one who will try to do right against the devil himself; one who will not do wrong to please anybody or to save his life."

I listened, but I thought with myself a man might do all that, and be no great man. I would do something better—some fine deed or other—I did not know what now, but I should find out by and by. My uncle was too easily pleased; I should demand more of a great man. Not so did the knights of old gain their renown. I was silent.

"I don't want you to take my opinions as yours, you know, Willie," my uncle resumed. "But I want you to remember what my opinion is."

As he spoke, he went to a drawer in the room, and brought out something which he put in my hands. I could hardly believe my

eyes. It was the watch grannie had given me.

"There," he said, "is your father's watch. Let it keep you in mind that to be good is to be great."

"O thank you, uncle!" I said, heeding only my recovered treasure.

"But didn't it belong to somebody before my father? Grannie gave it me as if it had been hers."

"Your grandfather gave it to your father; but when he died, your great-grandmother took it. Did she tell you anything about it?"

"Nothing particular. She said it was her husband's."

"So it was, I believe."

"She used to call him my father."

"Ah, you remember that!"

"I've had so much time to think about things, uncle!"

"Yes. Well—I hope you will think more about things yet."

"Yes, uncle. But there's something else I should like to ask you about."

"What's that?"

"The old sword?"

My uncle smiled, and rose again, saying—

"Ah! I thought as much.—Is that anything like it?" he added, bringing it from the bottom of a cupboard.

I took it from his hands with awe. It was the same. If I could have mistaken the hilt, I could not mistake the split sheath.

"Oh, uncle!" I exclaimed, breathless with delight.

"That's it—isn't it?" he said, enjoying my enjoyment.

"Yes, that it is! Now tell me all about it, please."

"Indeed I can tell you very little. Some ancestor of ours fought with it somewhere. There was a story about it, but I have forgot it. You may have it if you like."

"No, uncle! May I? To take away with me?"

"Yes. I think you are old enough now not to do any mischief with it."

I do not believe there was a happier boy in England that night. I did not mind where I went now. I thought I could even bear to bid Mrs. Elder farewell. Whether therefore possession had done me good, I leave my reader to judge. But happily for our blessedness, the joy of possession soon palls, and not many days had gone by before I found I had a heart yet. Strange to say, it was my aunt who touched it.

I do not yet know all the reasons which brought my uncle to the resolution of sending me abroad: it was certainly an unusual mode of preparing one for the university; but the next day he disclosed the plan to me. I was pleased with the notion. But my aunt's apron went up to her eyes. It was a very hard apron, and I pitied those eyes although they were fierce.

"Oh, auntie!" I said, "what are you crying for? Don't you like me to go?"

"It's too far off, child. How am I to get to you if you should be taken ill?"

Moved both by my own pleasure and her grief, I got up and threw my arms round her neck. I had never done so before. She returned my embrace and wept freely.

As it was not a fit season for travelling, and as my uncle had not yet learned whither it would be well to send me, it was after all resolved that I should return to Mr. Elder's for another half-year. This gave me unspeakable pleasure; and I set out for school again in such a blissful mood as must be rare in the experience of any life.

To be continued.

(REGISTERED in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1855.)

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

## TALES OF THE LINKS OF LOVE.

BY ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE.

### LILLYMERE.

CHAPTER XXX.—Continued.

"I was not privileged to confide to a stranger my Secretary's name; nor gossip about his personal history."

"But the lady's name you know?"

"The lady's name I know, and am arranging that my Secretary shall see and learn who she is. Only for which I'd have asked him to England."

"Ah me! Did generous Lady Mortimer know the immeasurable depth into which her plummet line is thrown—her words sinking the plummet to bottom of a soul—compassion would constrain one so good and gentle to name the stranger who told so much!"

"The Donna Euryinia of Florida."

"And your ladyship thinks the Donna Euryinia may be—one person with Essel Bell?"

"The Donna is Essel Bell."

"And my lady confidentially informed the Donna, Essel Bell, that Roy Reuben lives?"

"No, Mr. Secretary. I made no allusion, not the slightest, to any knowledge of your existence. Yours will be the pure delight and the gain to see Donna Euryinia, and go from my portfolio. Mine the regret and loss that you go."

"I shall remain Secretary to Lady Mortimer as long as permitted."

After this conversation her ladyship embarked with Agnes on the ocean passage, as already told.

The sad foreshadowings of Agnes were deepened in the ship by contrast with visions of brightness. Visions flashing on her fancy of the lives and loves of so many favoured daughters of fortune about to assemble at the Thousand Islands.

Whispers had reached Agnes that the daughter of the Hon. Senator Pensylidine, E. S., and the Duke of Sheerness were engaged. That the daughter of the Hon. M. DeTrosier, M. L. C. of Canada, and the Earl of Underlyne were engaged. That the daughter of—and son of—were engaged, with several more. All which rumours Lady Mortimer admitted to be possibly true.

But never a word spoke her ladyship of De Lacy Lillymere. Nor could the pride of Agnes descend to hint at his existence. So the young heart closed upon its young sorrow, holding it in red-hot pincers.

The voyage among the Thousand Islands in Clapper Hayvern's steam yacht was prolonged several days, anchoring at night. They looked for, but did not arrive soon at the Euryinia Encampment.

Mr. Thripletonhill came on board at Gananoque, and knowing the group of Essel Bell Islands offered to conduct Captain Hayvern thither. This gentleman proceeded to talk as if his mind were a book.

"Down by the Isles of Cataract; down by the rocks of gray Gananoque; under the shadows of the Greenwood Highlands, to the golden gates of the Thousand Islands; where the Queen of Beauty sits enthroned, awaiting the arrival of her lord, St. Lawrence."

The Hon. Mrs. Pensylidine remarked on her delight at listening to good-natured literary men from England who conversed pleasantly of Queen Victoria, their country and institutions.

"Your titled aristocracy though respectful of their own country prefer talking of ours; and seem more democratic than we, in most things. And your professedly democratic politicians say nothing of their own country and institutions but bark—how wow wow! American newspapers may encourage the detraction of England by Englishmen. But the journalist, after making a sheet of news to sell, is a gentleman who thinks much as we ladies do, that institutions are the best in any country which give freedom to the people's industry, and elevate the standard of moral thought."

"Incidentally, Madam, I named a Queen of Beauty, enthroned at the golden gates of the Thousand Islands. That is but a fantasy. Permit me rather to dilate a minute on a vision memory recalls of a real Queen."

"The recollection has its significance. Time, 25th June, 1838. Place, Piccadilly, London, at a spot near Hyde Park. Occasion, the Coronation of the Queen."

"Victoria, in the bloom of young life, aged nineteen years thirty-three days, came forth of the palace gates, and in the royal chariot of state, finely open to view of the people, sat central figure in a gorgeous pageant. Foreign ambassadors, ministers of Government, heralds, gentlemen-at-arms, music of lofty strain accompanied this gentle maiden in her royal progress to Westminster Abbey; there to be crowned and anointed on the throne of a thousand years."

"The Duchess of Sutherland was a lady of stately beauty. As Mistress of the Robes she sat conspicuous, and near the Queen. To the eye which discerned only picturesque splendour, the Duchess may have looked the more majestic. But the true Queen paled not in poetry of grace and greatness beside even that lady, the most splendid Howard of all the Howards."

"The half million of men and women in sight saw in the pageant centuries of history concentrated. History of intelligent liberty, allied to social safety. They felt the ceremony included them. It was sacrament of the nation occurring once in a lifetime. They said:

"Her feminine weakness of arm is her strength. Breathe but a word on her right to the throne, and every one of us, the tens of millions of us, hearts and hands as with one man's motion, rise to assert that by title of our ancient institutions and laws, by title of our matured judgment, this royal lady is Queen Supreme."

"They felt, if they did not cry the words aloud:

"We are the nation. We are the Monarchy. Its stability is in us; we in the stability. We make or unmake Cabinet Ministers as Republics do, and more frequently. It is good in the conflicts of party, and for political moral health that changes of Ministers, nominally with the Sovereign, should lie within the range of popular will."

"But the sovereign majesty of the Monarch we exempt from vicissitudes of popular commotion."

"Chariots of emblazoned rank came and had been passing to Westminster Abbey for hours. Peers and Peeresses, illustrious and lovely strangers from America and all Europe, resplendent in state apparel and flashing brilliants, thronged to the Abbey to be early."

"Marshal Soult, special impersonation of France, came aged and grey. The English people had not previously seen Soult; but all who read or listened to military story knew his renown. This honoured Marshal of France passed down Piccadilly in a chariot of delicate artistic elegance. Seldom has the shouting of five hundred thousand voices risen in waves of sound, as they ascended in happy tumult that day applauding the heroes of other years and by-gone wars—Soult and Wellington. Applauding Marshal Soult, honouring his nation, giving acclaim to the friendships of peace."

"Minor kingdoms of Europe, impersonated in their Envoys, vied with the greatest."

"Notably conspicuous were chariots containing some of the laughtiest people on earth. A people owning vast territory, with just right to be singular, our kinsfolk of the United States of America. That imperious Republic, madam, was represented in splendid humility. And the five hundred thousand witnesses comprehending the sentiments implied, shouted louder for the American chariots than for any going before."

"No, madam, not for American institutions, but for the nation which vindicated its own speciality of pride in eye of every other pride."

"At last, at last, she for whom all eyes waited. She came in the royal state chariot, drawn by eight Arabian steeds, preceded by heralds and trumpeters mounted, music of lofty strain, yeomen of the guard on foot, and gentlemen-at-arms, picturesque imageries of historic time."

"She sat finely open to view, fair young being, flushed slightly by the occasion of public state, but ethereal in smile, a circlet of jewels on her beautiful childlike head."

"She sat holding the sceptre, emblem of power, in view of all the people—sources of her power. The venerable Duke of Sussex, her uncle, sustaining the gentle hand."

"Charming, beautiful Queen. The people as they gazed gave voice to their rapture, not in vociferous shouting, but in prayer impassioned. The cheers were prayers. God save the Queen. Bless you, Victoria. God bless and keep you, darling. Beautiful Victoria, Queen of the people. Queen of hearts. Was ever creature such a Queen before? Heaven keep her, Heaven bless her. Send her victorious, long to reign over us, God save the Queen."

"And when she had passed the spot where I stood on Piccadilly footway, people said:

"God be praised, we have this day a Princess for Queen supreme, upon whom all hearts unite; around whom all concentrate; a national fortress, morally, physically invincible."

"Such were the acclaiming prayers of the people."

"Victoria arrived at the Abbey and was, with royal ceremonies, anointed and crowned, seated in the chair of Edward the Confessor, crowned there nine hundred years before."

After remarks by ladies on the Queen as wife and mother, Reuben, who had been dreamily silent, mooted his philosophy:

"Preachers, teachers, moralists may decry fashion, madam; but fashion is dominant instinct of the human race. It can be ethically trained. To give bias to fashion is a privilege alike despotic in Empires and Republics. The eminently intellectual man gives tone and turn to thought. But domestic life and manners take change of character, when they do change, only from one admired in eminent social position."

"In their Queen, the English are fortunate," remarked the Hon. Mrs. Pensylidine.

"In the English, Americans are fortunate," Senator Blanchery added, intending a compliment to the Duke of Sheerness.

"In Americans, the English are fortunate," Mrs. Senator Blanchery said, prettily, to Mrs. and Sylva Pensylidine, in allusion to the alliance with His Grace.

It may be added in confirmation of Reuben's philosophy of fashion, writing after eleven intervening years, that the Queen's domestic life came into Canada, and left a moral perfume without designed purpose or effort. Arthur came a year and went away. A citizen of Montreal who gives earnest thought and effort to the moral training of youth, and who like thousands more, saw the Queen's son, but had no speech nor association with him, remarked several months after his departure:

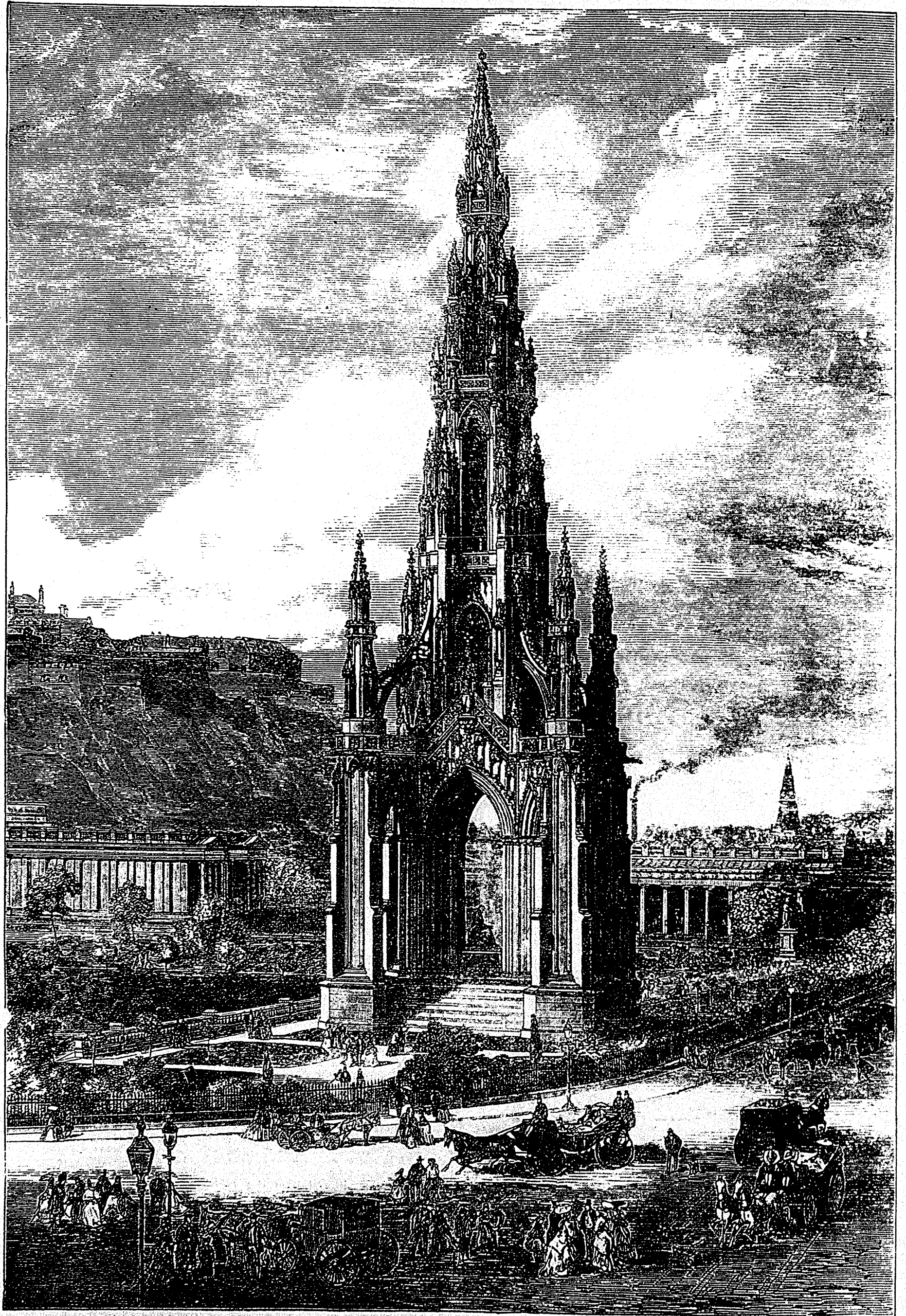
"What a purifying influence on the social manners and morals of young men of the upper fast orders, Prince Arthur's residence in Montreal has been. His high social position, exact obedience to rules professional, and his sobriety of demeanour have given a tone to them, as they to others of lesser fortunes. The young men of to-day are the fathers of next generation."

Reverting to the company on board the steam yacht, threading the Thousand Islands in search of the Euryinia Encampment. Reuben, addressing one of the Senators, remarked:

"It is a good public service to make decorum fashionable."

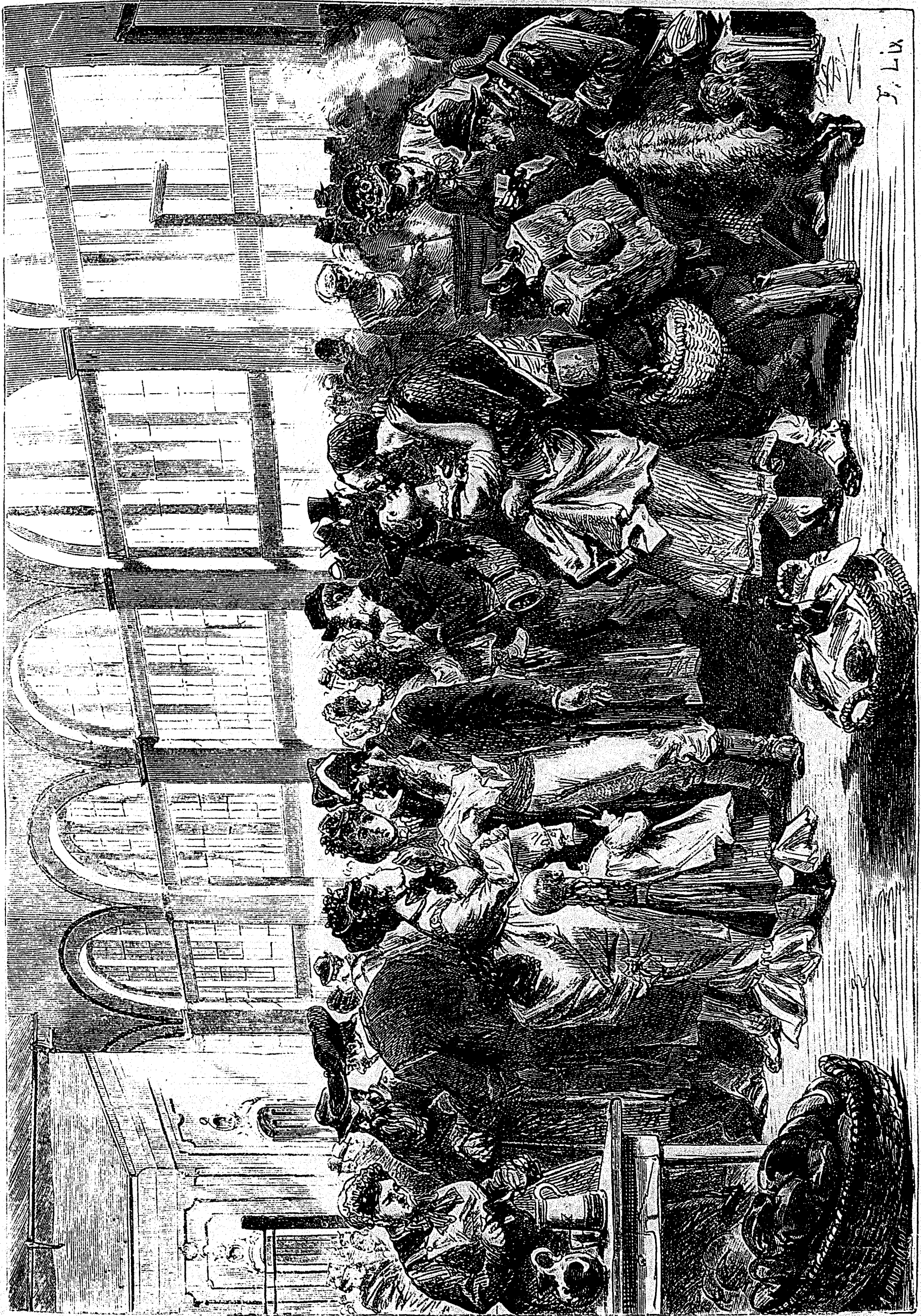
To which Mrs. Pensylidine:





THE SCOTT MONUMENT, EDINBURGH.—SEE PAGE 131





THE WELCOME HOME.—SEE PAGE 131



"As the contrary would be a great calamity."

"Yes," Reuben assented; "a great public calamity." Then he continued:

"Fashion is chief of the secular forces. It is to be trained and utilized to elevate the people. The Queen of this philosophy is the Donna Euryntia—spirit of my life when younger, Essel Bell. Where, oh where, be the Essel Bell Islands? Where, the Donna Euryntia Encampment? Where the assembled wisdom that is now to redress this hap-hazard world?"

"Have patience, Reuben; we are near," said the boy.

A fog came on. In the fog the ship insensibly drifted.

After drifting slowly some hours they came alongside a raft, on which were tents and many people who sought to be taken on board the "Black Eyed Susan; the raft having glided from its moorings at one of the Essel Bell Islands.

Lines were thrown and ship's ladders let down.

A cry of joy from Roy Reuben. In the Donna Euryntia, who stood among her ladies, he recognized Essel Bell; the long lost, long sought Essel.

To her he attracted the eye of DeLacy Lillymere, who saluted uncovered as the Donna recognized him.

Then Reuben, impatient, descended to the raft, raising his hands to Heaven, in emotions of wonder and ecstasy. Bending the knee, he saluted the Donna's hand with his lips.

"Frenzy of a devotee, I pardon," said the lady, in surprise; "who are you, sir?"

"Roy Reuben! Your own shepherd boy from the Ogleburn woods at Braxton; finding Essel Bell after all those years! joy, joy, joy!"

They embraced. They wept. They clasped in passionate arms.

And they were blind in tears of tender happiness when the raft grounded; the ship in deeper water lurched, parted the lines, and drifted away in the fog. Ship and raft never meeting again.

#### CHAPTER XXXI.

##### CONFLICTS OF HEARTS—AND CONFLICTS YET MORE TERRIBLE.

The Donna's raft was a platform used occasionally in passing between two neighbouring islands. It comprised some of the qualities of a bridge, a ship, a summer garden, and a floating palace. The lady's own steam yacht came. By hawsers and abundant power the structure, which the Donna's suite named Bridge of the Isles of Joy, was restored to its place.

One of the islands to which Oroogogo admitted none, not the Donna Euryntia herself, was called Rattlesnake Rock. It swarmed with odious reptiles. It was whispered among Indians that this chief—who had a charm for the snakes—knew of a cave on the island walled in by richest ores of gold.

Had his ancestors disclosed its locality and character they would have been—the shrugging of Oroogogo's massive shoulders told the Donna—murdered or made slaves.

Captain Thomas Bell; of the American Navy, the lady's father, approached nearer the character of perfect man, in the Indian estimate, than any other son of pale-skin race, and he married a maiden of his race—an orphan of war, whom the Indian chief cared for as daughter. She was Essel Bell's mother.

By inspiration of legendary prophecy that, at some time, one true white man would be found, in whom the red-skinned race might trust, they of the secret gold approached—with profound caution—various white persons in different generations. Of whom were Thomas Bell; more recently El Abra, still later young Lillymere.

In the profound caution, if aught were discovered to suggest untruthfulness in the white son, or white daughter of the Indian's faith, the favoured beings elected to possession of the unbounded treasury of gold were seen by Indian eyes, but never again by eye of any of their own people. Of those suspected were Captain Thomas Bell and the maiden he married.

Or if Indian confidence had been limited, as in the trust reposed in El Abra, the person suspected of wavering fidelity might be allowed to go at large and live, but under constant surveillance.

It was to keep an eye on El Abra, when at his island home in Michigan, that the beautiful idolatrous Indian maiden, Inawena, lived near him at the Walnut lumber mills.

There she saw Lillymere, and tended him when wounded. The maiden in impassioned fidelity to the legend of her people discovered the stranger to be the truthful, faultless white-skinned man so long expected. And even now she had not changed in that thought. Oroogogo growing old trusted her wondrous possession. He inclined to adopt Lillymere as owner of Rattlesnake Rock, in succession to the Donna Euryntia, if an approved white woman were made his wife, and princess of the rock; the Indian maiden to be Queen of the Secrets.

The Donna Euryntia had been, for Indian purposes, a faithful minister.

The purposes were: to infuse into the whites, who were so much superior to the reds in physical sciences, the higher moral qualities, originally and eminently Indian before the races met—veracity, honesty, mercy.

The new adherent, Roy Reuben, would be permitted to the Donna unquestioned by Indian supervision, if a philosopher in science, or musician, or *attaché* of pageantry. But to a closer alliance he could not be allowed without Indian approval, and even then at many hazards. The lives and fortunes of Roy Reuben and the Donna Euryntia were at the giving and taking of Oroogogo.

Said the grim chief, on learning their previous friendship:

"The daughter of fire and water, Essel Ogleburn, came to hands of Oroogogo as a young bird unfledged, from the nest robbed by eagles. It nestled in this wigwam. In the city that orphan of war became as star of the morning in beauty. All the learning which cities could give, and all the gold of Rattlesnake Rock, permitted by snakes uncharmed to be taken and exchanged in cities, covered Essel Ogleburn with light in eye of Thomas Bell, great captain, Florida, Americana. The captain was best, truest man of white skin ever seen by Indian eye. They married. Essel Bell—you—was born. They I not know where they are now; but you was sent to school over the ocean, to come back and get gold of Rattlesnake Rock. You, now Donna Euryntia Essel Bell of Florida. You get the gold. Have you seen mother, father? Essel Ogleburn? Thomas Bell? No; but Oroogogo could show them."

"What!" exclaimed the Donna, "are my parents alive?"

The chief shrugged the blanketed shoulders and proudly stretched the eagle-feathered head, but did not reply. After a pause he spoke:

"Marry with Roy Reuben, the Donna Euryntia goes to her mother, Essel Ogleburn; to her father, Thomas Bell, seen no more. Reuben Roy go too. Agh! Ugh! Ogh!"

"Marry with DeLacy Lillymere, true, good, best, most beautiful, most noble of men, the Donna Euryntia live long, happy, and be mother of chiefs. Choose."

"What of Roy Reuben? Oh, my dear, good Oroogogo, what of Roy's life?"

"He live and be happy too. Be the Donna's philosopher, and write. Be husband to Lady Mary Mortimer! Agh! Ugh! Ogh!"

"But, dear Oroogogo: DeLacy Lillymere is young. I am not now young. He will refuse me for wife. Besides, it were impossible I, a lady, should ask him."

"You would love him? Say, lady, you would love him?"

"He is indeed very handsome. But too youthful and beautiful for one of my ripe womanhood to look upon in expectancy."

"You love the boy now? Say you love him!"

"Good Oroogogo, try me not thus. I might, I could, I would, but, dear Oroogogo, how could this be?"

"I know an herb, my lady; it grows on Rattlesnake Rock—the same I gave El Abra once upon a time; a draught of its nectar will incline DeLacy Lillymere to my will."

"Ah, me! Your power is very terrible, Oroogogo. Comes it all of gold?"

"But the vision is very precious to you, Donna Essel Bell Euryntia, is it not?"

"I would it had not arisen. It disturbs the great aims of my life."

When the chief had left her, the lady, in a tumult of emotions, communed with herself in this wise:

"Oh, delicious illusion! Oh, deceitful sin! I vowed obedience to Oroogogo to possess unlimited treasures. I desired treasures unlimited to confer on me the power of using all the sciences, all the learning, the fashion and social potencies of the world's present civilization to advance society to a higher moral life. And here is a condition imposed, the most alluring to the heart of unreformed woman. To be wife of one wondrously beautiful and good. To go share with him exalted social station in England, or wherever else my unlimited wealth might lead us. Handsome, gallant, noble boy! But to obtain his love by potions of Golden Rock herbs! The step of highest personal consequence to be taken in the great purposes of the moral amelioration of society is itself immoral."

Then a voice spoke within her:

"Do you hesitate at that, Euryntia? What step in the world's present condition of prosperity has not been made in blood, or in tears, or over the widow's land, or in fraud, or in dogmatic sophistry?"

A second voice spoke within her:

"The teaching of the Master I would follow was not to make steps in blood, or bring tears to widows. It was to nourish, exalt, and purify the moral life."

"Euryntia," said one of the voices, "your mission is secular, why encroach on the province of theology?"

"Because soul is irrepressible. Its inspirations must have utterance, else I'm for ever dumb. How may a mind abase itself gathering nettles when the garden in bud offers flowers? Of the nettles of passion, the woman that is in me is like to have enough presently."

"Euryntia," resumed the voice, "your

mission to the sons and daughters of labour is secular. You are to be not theocratic, but socio-economic. Proceed with the renovation of society. Utilize the matchless fortune destiny has laid to your hands. Be a woman! Speed you!"

"Such should be the mistress of the Rock of Gold," rejoined the lady. "But to which of the voices admonishing may poor Euryntia confide she has a heart bewildered with two objects of womanly preference? Both worthy. One older, one younger. Fidelity due to the older. A newer, wilder impulse constraining to the other in violation of fidelity. In which of the voices may distract Euryntia confide?"

In reply, came the monition:

"You art now a girl, fair Donna; but in years almost a matron; and learned and wise beyond the knowledge common to woman. Can love in you be still a passion? Be discreet; be vigilant, be true to yourself, oh Donna!"

In gayer mood another sketched her picture:

"If mature in years, Euryntia, you are comely in person. Of finest feminine proportions. Graceful in step. Spiritually beautiful in expression of features. Flashing in eye as the eagle, or soft as the gazelle. Genial and of generous wit. Wondrously swift of foot and agile, as witness your leap for life in costume of the Highland chieftain, Donal O'Clondal. Why should philosophy plant widowhood in one never married, and in a nature so richly gifted?"

"Well and truly do you depict me, oh voice of love!" cried Euryntia. "Roy Reuben is three years older than I. In fidelity of sentiment he worships Lady Mary Mortimer. He might, in like manner, follow me, for the service to be rendered in the higher philosophy of the reformatory purposes. As steward of my fortune he would be vigilant, noble, wise. But as husband—mystery of woman's life! Why was Roy Reuben's joyous re-appearance in person, after the years I searched for him, deferred until now? Now that the young, the incomparable Lillymere comes? A comet out of night blazing on horizon of my sky; anon to shoot into the zenith?"

"Already in my soul's zenith. Oh, Lillymere! where may we meet for speech?"

"He knows not I love. He might come did he know."

"He might scorn me if he came and knew."

"Life! What! I be scorned? I—the Donna Euryntia?"

"He cannot; would not; shall not; dare not!"

"Oh Destiny, add Lillymere, the young and beautiful, to my fortunes; then together we accomplish for the world all that rocks of gold and genius directed by genius ever may."

"Give me love, else gold is not precious. Give me Lillymere's love, else there is no gold."

"How may I see him? How win him? Where is he?"

"Gone to the States with the Duke of Sheerness and the Pensyldines—fortunate Pensyldines—to me, dangerous Pensyldines! Gone to balls, fetes, weddings, at Philadelphia, New York, Boston."

"Fortunate Philadelphians! Your assemblies of genius and beauty dazzle in the light of my Lillymere."

"Brilliant beauties of Boston! Your eyes are stealing my Lillymere."

"Empire city of America! The light now illuming your palaces, covers with eclipse the Thousand Islands and me."

"I concealed my secret. From the days on which, one by one, through newer and truer and surer signs I discovered him, this heart has wrapt secret upon secret around Lillymere, to hold and conceal my love."

"Emily Inkle? I beheld—stings of a thousand snakes that I saw! I beheld her embracing with Lillymere in shadow of trees on Barton Heights at Hamilton,—she is married. So out of the path of the hope which may be happiness."

"Agnes Schoolar? That lady came from England, seeking Lillymere. All summer I prevented their meeting. She loves him; knows he that?"

"Heaven! Am I, the Donna Euryntia, cruel? Is one so magnificent peevish? One so rich in gold, poor and jealous? They said Agnes was dead. Would it be well she never came again to America?"

"I will gather into my hand out of the Boston gardens, the flower now perfuming America. Come hither faithful keeper of the secret portfolio. Listen:

"Eyden Kensbrig: go to Boston. Watch the eyes of beauty now bewitching young Lillymere. Wile him away. Devise reasons. Bring him to the Thousand Islands."

When Kensbrig and Lillymere came, winter had set in, and the Donna was away.

They supposed the reptiles of Rattlesnake Rock might be torpid, and the cave of gold approachable. After unspeakable toil and hazard in making passage with a canoe through fields of floating ice and in landing, they found the golden cave. And, in astonishment saw in its depths Oroogogo and the snakes; the venomous reptiles almost as lively as in summer. The chief could not, or would not tell of Euryntia's retreat, but gave them food

on the snow; bade Lillymere go then, and return in spring.

"It is death," said Oroogogo, "to remain a minute longer now. Go. Agh! Ugh! Ogh!"

Nine months later, the day was first of August; anniversary of Negro emancipation in the British West Indies.

A man elderly in years, but animated with the vivacity of a boy in head, in heart, in limb, walked with a companion much younger.

Their steps were on three miles of road lying between the towns of Windsor and Sandwich on the western frontier of Canada. The thoroughfare, broad and level, had a margin of bush and rock sloping down to the river.

The river of majestic volume, stream of the life of the lakes, issuing from Superior as River St. Mary. From Michigan and Huron lakes, as St. Clair. And now named Detroit, running south to Lake Erie. To be Niagara when leaping the fracture of the continent, rushing wildly north to Ontario. Reposing with blue-eyed Ontario; then gathering strength—rolling away—the lordly St. Lawrence. Into the Rapids, out of the Rapids, down to Montreal, down to Quebec, gliding from Quebec to the ocean.

Carrying the commerce of Canada out; proud flood of the hearts of the valorous. Bringing goodly gifts of fortune home; gifts to the peacefully industrious. Enriching lands, hardening hands, sweetening British Empire. Making links of love for liberty, between nations who enjoy, and enjoying can allow the fullness of another's freedom.

Eyden Kensbrig, the elderly gentleman, remarked:

"This is first of August, one of the brightest days in history; anniversary of the Emancipation of British West India slaves by Act of 1833, at a purchase of twenty millions sterling."

They came to an assembly of coloured people celebrating the day in processions, divine worship, speeches, dances, songs. They were mostly fugitives from slave States in the Union, who, finding resting-places in Canada in virtue of Imperial British policy, were taking root in the land, in a sunny latitude parallel with the south of France and parts of Italy.

On opposite side of the river from Sandwich, a mile away on ground gently rising, the glacis of Fort Wayne, and embrasures in the low bastions were discernible, though not conspicuous. The American flag fluttered high in the breeze. Two thousand men, some days more, some days fewer, occupied huts and tents within the walls.

They were recruits hastily assembled from all parts of the State of Michigan, to be organized in companies and battalions; clothed in uniform and armed; exercised in evolutions and arms as fast as exigency of service permitted; then to be despatched to the army operating in presence of an insurgent enemy.

Mr. Kensbrig was in the fort on the previous day, obtaining leave of absence for a recruit, his young companion, to come into Canada a few hours on business. In the house of an American citizen on the Michigan side where the night was passed, they joined in worship; and witnessed when prayers concluded the family of father, mother, children, aunts, spring to their feet from posture of kneeling, and sing in fervour of heart and voice, "Hail Columbia!"

Pointing from the Canada shore to the American flag fluttering over the empty gun platforms, Kensbrig broke forth in the intensity of his loyalty to British Imperial integrity:

"In the history of treason the outrage stands unique, that one or two members of Government, under solemn obligations of fidelity to their nation, forseeing displacement from office, and contemplating armed rebellion, rather than lawfully submit to successors constitutionally elected—they, in their treason, strip this and other forts of cannon, transporting them to strongholds within the territories preparing for revolt. But—do you remember last night's prayers, Simon?"

"The prayers and 'Hail Columbia?' think I do; not likely to forget."

"The conservation of a nation's integrity, committed to such men as you see crowding to Fort Wayne, coming out of families—a nation of families—like that we incidentally lodged with last night, is a high trust in good keeping. Not a shadow of doubt where ultimate success is to be."

After a pause Kensbrig continued:

"Free speech, a free press, and all the influences legitimately attaching to widest popular liberty, were enjoyed by the conspirators. But they wanted, in addition, that the nation should be silenced or dismembered."

"For which," interposed the recruit, "they took the guns from Fort Wayne and fired on Sumter."

"Yes, Simon; and fired on Sumter. It is the very intensity of my British conservatism that humiliates me this day. To think the British Empire, home or Colonial, holds within it any subject of the Queen sympathizing with rebellion in a friendly nation; and such a rebellion! In face of the glory in British history which this anniversary commemorates—extinction of British Negro slavery."

The recruit from Fort Wayne still wore his

civilian dress, but was to be in uniform on the morrow; a private in the Michigan sharpshooters. His regimental name? Simon Lud. Formerly known to us as Tobias Oman, latterly as De Lacy Lillymere.

Be at ease. You are not to be tasked with a story of strategy and battle, though tempting to the pen of a soldier who has seen and been in battles. The events are too recent, too horribly real, too sacred to grief; both sides in the appalling war too heroic, albeit one was iniquitously wrong at inception of the revolt, for me to hazard profanation. You will remain on the Canada boundary mostly. It was necessary to Lillymere's fortunes and education in the practical humanities that he should go. He was born to this destiny.

(To be continued.)

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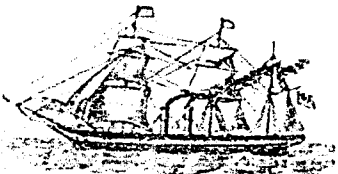
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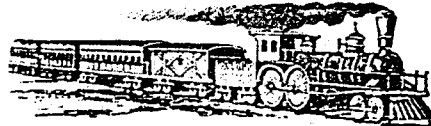
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OTTAWA, 14th Aug., 1871. Authorized discount on American Invoices until further notice: 11 per cent. R. S. M. BOUCHETTE, Commissioner of Customs.

GENTLEMEN WILL FIND A FIRST-CLASS STOCK AT

S. GOLTMAN AND CO.'S, 132, ST. JAMES STREET. N. B.—A large assortment of Silk-Lined Spring Overcoats in all Shades always on hand. 2f

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OFFICE OF THE "CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS," MONTREAL, 10th July, 1871.

MY FRIENDS and the PUBLIC are hereby requested to take notice that although Mr. W. ROBERTS carries on his business under the name of ROBERTS, REINHOLD & CO., I have no connection with his firm.

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CANADA CENTRAL Brockville & Ottawa Railways.



GREAT BROAD GAUGE ROUTE TO OTTAWA.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, MARCH 6, 1871.

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LEAVE OTTAWA. THROUGH WINTER EXPRESS at 9:40 A.M., arriving at Brockville at 1:40 P.M.

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NEW ARRIVALS AT THE MEDICAL HALL. FRESH CONGRESS WATER—Pints and Quarts. GENUINE COLOGNE—Ten Styles.

THE MEDICAL HALL, OPPOSITE POST OFFICE AND PHILLIPS SQUARE.

AGENTS WANTED, Male and Female, for new and useful inventions.

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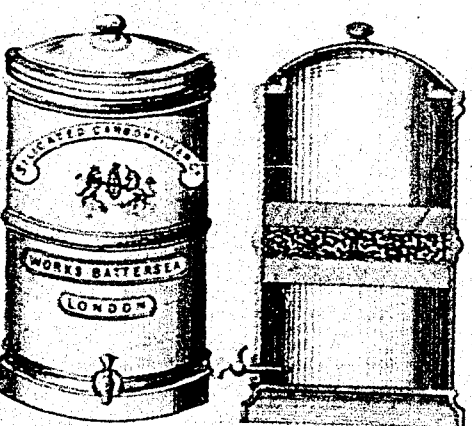
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THE "TERRAPIN."

No. 287 NOTRE DAME STREET. Now the only RESTAURANT where the Public can visit and, without vexatious restraint, EAT, DRINK, and SUP at pleasure.

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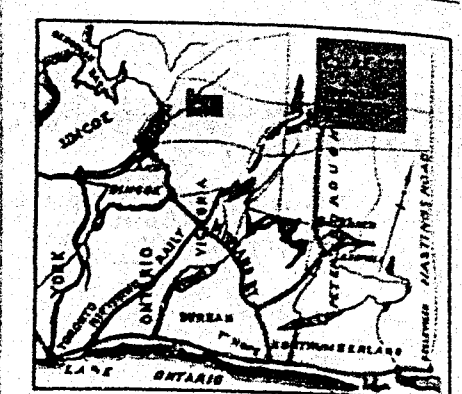
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HELLEBORE! HELLEBORE! For the destruction of Caterpillars on Cabbage Plants, Gooseberry and Currant Bushes, &c., &c. CARBOLIC ACID, SOAP, & POWDER. For Toilet, Disinfecting, and other purposes.



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THERAPEUTICS have just been enriched by the important discovery of SOTHERION—a Pulmonary Anti-Asthmatic Paper. This new remedy, long sought after, never found, for a disease considered even to this day incurable.

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ON and after MONDAY, the 5th JUNE, 1871, four Passenger Trains will run daily on this Line, making CERTAIN CONNECTIONS with those on the GRAND TRUNK, the VERMONT CENTRAL, and the ROME and WATERTOWN RAILWAYS.

COMFORTABLE SOFA CARS On the Train connecting with the Grand Trunk Night Expresses by which Passengers leaving Montreal and Toronto in the Evening will reach Ottawa at 6:30 the following morning.

FREIGHT NOTICE. A FLOATING ELEVATOR always in readiness at Prescott Wharf, where Storage for Grain, Flour, Pork, &c., can be had.

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