

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

A lover and his lass
Lay reading on the grass,
A book of olden story,
Of love and grief and glory;
The maiden's eyes were bright
With pity and delight,
And strayed not from the book
Even for a casual look
At him her life's dear lord,
Beside her on the sward,
The too entrancing tale that thrilled through
all her heart.

The lover's eyes, twin thieves,
Stole glances from the leaves,
Now to those milk-white shoulders,
The charm of all beholders;
Now to those sunny eyes,
Blue-light as Paradise;
Now to her streaming curls,
Or ruby covered lips,
When issued sweet breath
Than South wind softer;
Then to her dainty hand,
But read with lips apart
And little fairy feet, star-twinklers in the land!

"Ah, well-a-day!" quoth he—
"Thy heart's sick for me,
The page I read is rare;
And tender and fair;
For thine contains a treat—
Life's thine—loves' unrest—
But mine contains all truth,
All beauty, and all youth,
All feelings fond and coy,
And deep and passionate joy;
Be books upon the shelf,
My stories are thine eyes—my poem is thyself!"

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BOOK I.

RECALLED TO LIFE.

CHAPTER V.

THE WINE-SHOP.

Continued.

LARGE cask of wine had been dropped and broken in the street. The accident had happened in getting it out of a cart; the cask had tumbled out with a run, the hoops had burst, and it lay on the stones just outside the door of the wine-shop, shattered like a walnut-shell.

All the people within reach had suspended their business, or their idleness, to run to the spot and drink the wine. The rough, irregular stones of the street, pointing every way, and designed one might have thought, expressly to lame all living creatures that approached them, had dammed it into little pools, these were surrounded, each by its own jostling group or crowd, according to its size. Some men kneeled down, made scoops of their hands joined, and sipped, or tried to help women to sip, before the wine had all run out between their fingers. Others men and women, dipped in the puddles with little mugs of mutilated earthenware, or even with handkerchiefs from women's heads, which were squeezed dry into infants' mouths; others made small mud saucers, to stem the wine as it ran; others, directed by lookers-on up at high windows, darted here and there, to cut off little streams of wine that started away in new directions; others devoted themselves to the sudden and leafy pieces of the cask, licking, and even chewing the moist wine-rattled fragments with eager relish. There was no drainage to carry off the wine, and not only did it all get taken up, but so much mud got taken up along with it, that there might have been a scavenger in the street, if any body acquainted with it could have believed in such a miraculous presence.

A shrill sound of laughter and of amused voices—voices of men, women, and children—resounded in the street while this wine-game lasted. There was little roughness in the sport, and much playfulness. There was a special companionship in it, an observable inclination on the part of every one to join some other one, which led, especially among the luckier or lighter-hearted, to frolicsome embraces, drinking of healths, shaking of hands, and even joining of hands and dancing, a dozen together. When the wine was gone, and the places where it had been most abundant were raked in, a gridiron-pattern by fingers, these demonstrations ceased, as suddenly as they had broken out. The man who had left his sack sticking in the first wood he was cutting, set it in motion again; the woman who had left on a doorstep the little pot of hot ashes, at which she had been trying to soften the pain in her own starved fingers and toes, or in those of her child, returned to it; men with bare arms, matted locks, and cadaverous faces, who had emerged into the winter light from cellars, moved away to descend again; and a gloom gathered on the scene that seemed more natural to it than sunshine.

The wine was red wine, and had stained the ground of the narrow street in the suburb of Saint Antoine, in Paris, where it was spilled. It had stained many hands too, and many faces, and many naked feet, and many wooden shoes. The hands of the man who sawed the wood, left dark marks on the billets; and the forehead of the woman who nursed her baby, was stained with the stain of the old rag she wound about her head again. These who had been greedy with the stains of the cask, had acquired a tigerish smell about the mouth; and one tall joker so besmirched, his head more out of a long scabbard bag of a night-cap than in it, scrawled upon a wall with his finger dipped in muddy wine-lesse—BLOOM.

The time was to come, when that wine too, would be spilled on the street-stones, and when the stain of it would be red upon many there.

And now that the cloud settled on Saint Antoine, which a momentary gleam had driven from his sacred countenance, the darkness of it was heavy—cold, dark, sick, ignorance, and want were the lords in waiting on the saintly presence—nobles of great power all of them; but most especially, the last. Samples of a people that had undergone a terrible grinding and re-grinding in the mill, and certainly not in the fabulous mill which ground old people young, shivered at every corner, pushed in and out at every doorway, looked from every window, fluttered in every vestige of a garment that the wind shook.—The mill which had worked them down, was the mill that grinds young people old; the children had ancient faces and grave voices; and upon them, and upon the grown faces, and plowed into every furrow of age and coming up afresh, was the sign, Hunger. It was prevalent everywhere. Hunger was pushed out of the tall houses, in

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the wretched clothing that hung upon poles and lines; Hunger was patched into them with straw, and rag, and wood, and paper; Hunger was repeated in every fragment of the small modicum of firewood that the man sawed off; Hunger stared down from the smokeless chimneys, and started up from the filthy street that had no offal, among its refuse, of anything to eat. Hunger was the inscription on the baker's shelves, written in every small loaf of his scanty stock of bad bread; at the sausage-shop, in every dead-dog preparation that was offered for sale. Hunger rattled its dry bones among the roasting chestnuts in the turned cylinder; Hunger was shored into tumies in every farthing porringer of husky chips of potato, fried with some reluctant drops of oil.

Its abiding-place was in all things fitted to it. A narrow, winding street, full of offal and stench, with other narrow, winding streets diverging, all peopled by a brooding look upon them that looked ill. In the hunted air of the people there was yet some wild-beast thought of the possibility of turning at bay. Depressed and slinking though they were, eyes of fire were not wanting among them; nor compressed lips, white with what they suppressed; nor foreheads knitted into the likeness of the gallows-rope they mused about, enduring, enduring, or inflicting. The trade signs (and they were almost as many as the shops) were, all, grim illustrations of Want. The butcher and the porkman pointed up only the leanest scraps of meat; the baker, the coarsest of meagre loaves. The people rudely pictured as drinking in the wine-shops, croaked over their scanty measures of thin wine and beer, and were gloweringly confidential together. Nothing was represented in a flourishing condition, save tools and weapons; but the cutler's knives and axes were sharp and bright, the smith's hammers were heavy, and the gun-maker's stock was murderous. The crippling stones of the pavement, with their many little reservoirs of mud and water, had no footways, but broke off abruptly at the doors. The kennel, to make amends, ran down the middle of the street—when it ran at all; which was only after heavy rains, and then it ran, by many eccentric fits, into the houses. Across the streets, at wide intervals, one clumsy lamp was slung by a rope and pulley; at night, when the lamp-lighter had let these down, and lighted, and hoisted them again, a feeble grove of dim wicks swung in a sickly manner overhead, as if they were at sea. Indeed they were at sea, and the ship and crew were in peril of tempest.

For the time was to come, when the gaunt scarecrows of that region should have watched the lamp-lighter, in their idleness and hunger, so long as to conceive the idea of improving on his method, and leading up men by those ropes and pulleys, to bare upon the darkness of their condition. But the time was not come yet; and every wind that blew over France shook the rags of the scarecrows in vain, for the birds, fine of song and feather, took no warning.

The wine-shop was a corner shop, better than most others in its appearance and degree, and the master of the wine-shop had stood outside it, in a yellow waistcoat and green breeches, looking on at the struggle for the lost wine. 'It's not my affair,' said he, with a final shrug of his shoulders. 'The people from the market did it. Let them bring another.'

There, his eyes happening to catch the tall joker writing up his joke, he called to him across the way, 'Say then, my Gaspard, what do you do there?'

'The fellow pointed to his joke with immense significance, as is often the way with his tribe. It missed its mark, and completely failed, as is often the way with his tribe too.'

'What now? Are you a subject for the mad-hospital?' said the wine-shop keeper, crossing the road, and obliterating the jest with a handful of mud, picked up for the purpose, and smeared over it.—'Why do you write in the public streets? Is there—tell me thou—there is no other place to write such words in?'

In his expostulation he dropped his cleaner hand (perhaps accidentally, perhaps not) upon the joker's heart. The joker raved it with his own, took a nimble spring upward, and came down in a faint, staid dancing attitude, with one of his stained shoes jerked off his foot into his hand, and held out. A joker of an extremely, not to say wolfishly, practical character, he looked, under those circumstances.

'Put it on, put it on,' said the other. 'Call wine, wine; and finish there.' With that advice, he wiped his soiled hand upon the joker's dress, such as it was—quite deliberately, as having dirtied the hand on his account; and then re-crossed the road and entered the wine-shop.

This wine-shop keeper was a bull-necked, martial-looking man of thirty, and he should have been of a hot temperament, for, although it was a bitter day, he wore no coat, but carried one slung over his shoulder. His shirt-sleeves were rolled up, too, and his brown arms were bare to the elbows. Neither did he wear any thing more on his head than his own crisply-curled short dark hair. He was a dark man altogether, with good eyes and a good bold breadth between them. Good-humored-looking on the whole, but implacable-looking, too; evidently a man of a strong resolution and a set purpose; a man not desirous to be met, rushing down a narrow pass with a gulf on either side, for nothing would turn the man.

Madame Defarge, his wife, sat in the shop behind the counter as he came in. Madame Defarge was a stout woman of about his own age, with a watchful eye that seldom seemed to look at any thing, a large hand heavily ridged, a steady face, strong features, and great composure of manner. There was a character about Madame Defarge, from which one might have predicted that she did not often make mistakes against herself in any of the reckonings over which she presided. Madame Defarge being sensitive to cold, was wrapped in fur, and had a quantity of bright shawl twined about her head,

though not to the concealment of her large ear-rings. Her knitting was before her, but she had laid it down to pick her teeth with a toothpick. Thus engaged, with her right elbow supported by her left hand, Madame Defarge said nothing when her lord came in, but coughed just one grain of cough. This, in combination with the lifting of her darkly defined eyebrows over her toothpick by the breadth of a line, suggested to her husband that he would do well to look round the shop among the customers, for any new customer who had dropped in while he stepped over the way.

The wine-shop keeper accordingly rolled his eyes about until they rested upon an elderly gentleman and a young lady, who were seated in a corner. Other company were there: two playing cards, two playing dominoes, three standing by the counter lengthening out a short supply of wine. As he passed behind the counter, he took notice that the elderly gentleman said in a look to the young lady, 'This is our man.'

'What the devil do you do in that gallery there?' said Monsieur Defarge to himself; 'I don't know you.'

But he feigned not to notice the two strangers, and fell into discourse with the triumvirate of customers who were drinking at the counter.

'How goes it, Jacques?' said one of these three to Monsieur Defarge. 'Is all the spilled wine swallowed?'

'Every drop, Jacques,' answered Monsieur Defarge. When this interchange of Christian names was effected, Madame Defarge, picking her teeth with her toothpick, coughed another grain of cough, and raised her eyebrows by the breadth of another line. 'It is not often,' said the second of the three, addressing Monsieur Defarge, 'that many of these miserable beasts know the taste of wine, or of any thing but black bread and death. Is it not so, Jacques?'

'It is so, Jacques,' Monsieur Defarge returned. As this second interchange of the Christian name was effected, Madame Defarge, still using her toothpick with profound composure, coughed another grain of cough, and raised her eyebrows by the breadth of another line.

The last of the three now said his say, as he put down his empty drinking vessel, and smacked his lips.

'Ah! so much the worse! A bitter taste it is that such poor cattle always have in their mouths, and hard lives they live, Jacques. Am I right, Jacques?'

'You are right, Jacques,' was the response of Monsieur Defarge. This third interchange of the Christian name was completed at the moment when Madame Defarge put her toothpick by, kept her eyebrows up, and slightly rustled in her seat.

'Hold then! True!' muttered her husband. 'Gentlemen—my wife!'

The three customers puffed off their hats to Madame Defarge, with three flourish-like bows. She acknowledged their homage by bending her head, and giving them a quick look. Then she glanced in a casual manner, round the wine-shop, took up her knitting with great apparent calmness and repose of spirit, and became absorbed in it.

'Gentlemen,' said her husband, who kept his bright eye observantly upon her, 'good day! The chamber, furnished bachelor-fashion, that you wished to see, and were inquiring for when I stepped out, is on the fifth floor. The door-way of the staircase gives on the little court-yard close to the left here,' pointing with his hand, 'near to the window of my establishment. But, now that I remember, one of you has already been there, and can show the way. Gentlemen, adieu!'

They paid for their wine, and left the place. The eyes of Monsieur Defarge were studying his wife at her knitting, when the elderly gentleman advanced from his corner, and begged the favor of a word.

'Willingly, Sir,' said Monsieur Defarge, and quietly stepped with him to the door.

Their conference was very short, but very decided. Almost at the first word Monsieur Defarge started and became deeply attentive. It had not lasted a minute, when he nodded and went out. The gentleman then beckoned to the young lady, and they too, went out. Madame Defarge knitted with nimble fingers and steady eyebrows, and saw nothing.

Mr. Jarvis Lorry and Miss Manette, emerging from the wine-shop thus, joined Monsieur Defarge in the door-way to which he had directed his other company just before. It opened from a stinking little black court-yard, and was the general public entrance to a great pile of houses, inhabited by a great number of people. In the gloomy tile-paved entry to the gloomy tile-paved staircase, Monsieur Defarge bent down on one knee to the child of his old master, and put her hand to his lips. It was a gentle action, but not at all gently done; a very remarkable transformation had come over him in a few seconds. He had no good-humor in his face, nor any openness of aspect left, but had become a secret, angry, dangerous man.

'It is very high; it is a little difficult. Better to begin slowly.' Thus said, Monsieur Defarge, in a stern voice, to Mr. Lorry, as they began ascending the stairs.

'Is he alone?' the latter whispered.

'Alone! God help him who should be with him!' said the other, in the same low voice.

'Is he always alone, then?'

'Yes.'

'Of his own desire?'

'Of his own necessity. As he was, when I first saw him after they found me, and demanded to know if I would take him, and at my peril, be discreet—as he was then, so he is now.'

'He is greatly changed?'

'Changed!'

The keeper of the wine-shop stopped to strike the wall with his hand, and mutter a tremendous curse. No direct answer could have been half so forcible. Mr. Lorry's spirits grew heavier and heavier, as he and his two companions ascended higher and higher.

Such a staircase, with its accessories,

in the older and more crowded part of Paris, would be bad enough now; but, at that time, it was vile indeed to unaccustomed and unhardened senses. Every little habitation within the great foul nest of one high building—that is to say, the room or rooms within every door that opened on the general staircase—left its own heap of refuse on its own landing, besides flinging other refuse from its own windows. The uncontrollable and hopeless mass of decomposition so engendered would have polluted the air, even if poverty and deprivation had not loaded it with their intangible impurities; the two bad sources combined made it almost insupportable. Through such an atmosphere, by a steep dark shaft of dirt and poison, the way lay. Yielding to his own disturbance of mind, and to his young companion's agitation, which became greater every instant, Mr. Jarvis Lorry twice stopped to rest. Each of these stoppages was made at a doleful grating, by which any languishing good airs that were left uncorrupted seemed to escape, and all spoiled and sickly vapors seemed to crawl in. Through the rusted bars, tastes, rather than glimpses, were caught of the jangling neighborhood; and nothing within range, nearer or lower than the summits of the two great towers of Notre-Dame, had any promise on it of healthy life or wholesome aspirations.

At last the top of the staircase was gained, and they stepped for the third time. There was yet an upper staircase, of a steeper inclination and of contracted dimensions, to be ascended before the garret story was reached. The keeper of the wine-shop, always going a little in advance and always going on the side which Mr. Lorry took, as though he dreaded to be asked any question by the young lady, turned himself about here, and, carefully feeling in the pockets of the coat he carried over his shoulder, took out a key.

'The door is locked, then, my friend?' said Mr. Lorry, surprised.

'Ay, yes,' was the grim reply of Monsieur Defarge.

'You think it necessary to keep the unfortunate gentleman so retired?'

'I think it necessary to turn the key,' Monsieur Defarge whispered it closer in his ear, and frowned heavily.

'Why?'

'Why! Because he has lived so long, locked up, that he would be frightened—rave—tear himself to pieces—die—come to I know not what harm—if his door was left open.'

'Is it possible?' exclaimed Mr. Lorry.

'Is it possible?' repeated Defarge, bitterly. 'Yes. And a beautiful world we live in, when it is possible, and many other such things are possible, and not only possible, but done—done, see you!—under that sky there, every day. Long live the Devil! Let us go on.'

This dialogue had been held in so very low a whisper, that not a word of it had reached the young lady's ears. But by this time she trembled under such strong emotion, and her face expressed such deep anxiety, and above all, such dread and terror, that Mr. Lorry felt it incumbent on him to speak a word or two of reassurance.

'Courage, dear miss! Courage! Business! The worst will be over in a moment; it is but passing the room door, and the worst is over. Then, all the good you bring to him, begins. Let our good friend here assist you on that side. That's well, friend Defarge. Come now. Business!'

They went up slowly and softly. The stair-case was short, and they were soon at the top. There, as it had an abrupt turn in it, they came all at once in sight of three men, whose heads were bent down close together at the side of a door, and who were intently looking into the room to which the door belonged, through some cracks or holes in the wall. On hearing footsteps close at hand, these three turned, and rose, and showed themselves to be of three one name who had been drinking in the wine-shop.

'I forgot them in the surprise of your visit,' explained Monsieur Defarge. 'Leave us, good boys; we have business here.'

The three glided by, and went silently down.

The appearing to be no other door on that floor, and the keeper of the wine-shop going straight to this on when they were left alone, Mr. Lorry asked him in a whisper, with a little anger:

'Do you make a show of Monsieur Manette?'

'I show him, in the way you have seen, to a chosen few.'

'Is that well?'

'I think it is well.'

'Who are the few? How do you choose them?'

'I choose them as real men, of my name—Jacques is my name—to whom the sight is likely to do good. Enough; you are English; that is another thing. Stay there if you please, a little moment.'

With an admonitory gesture to keep them back, he stooped, and looked in through the crevice in the wall. Soon raising his head again, he struck twice or thrice upon the door—evidently with no other object than to make a noise there. With the same intention he drew the key at clumsily into the lock, and turned it as heavily as he could.

The door slowly opened inward under his hand, and he looked into the room and said something. A faint voice answered something. Little more than a single syllable could have been spoken on either side.

He looked back over his shoulder and beckoned them to enter. Mr. Lorry got his arm securely round the daughter's waist and held her, for he felt that she was sinking.

'A—a—business, business!' he urged, with a moisture that was not of business shining on his cheek. 'Come in, come in!'

'I am afraid of it,' she answered, shuddering.

'Of it? What?'

'I mean him. Of my father.'

Rendered in a manner desperate, by her state, and by the beckoning of their conductor, he drew over his neck the arm that shook upon his shoulder, lifted her a little, and hurried her into the room. He set her down just within the door, and held her, clinging to him.

Defarge drew out the key, closed the door, locked it on the inside, took out the key again, and held it in his hand. All this he did methodically, and with as loud and harsh an accompaniment of noise as he could make. Finally, he walked across the room with a measured tread to where the window was. He stopped there, and faced round.

The garret, built to be a dry depository for fire-wood and the like, was dim and dark, for the window, of dormer shape, was in truth, a door in the roof, with a little crane over it for the hoisting up of stores from the street; unglazed and closing up the middle in two pieces, like any other door of French construction. To exclude the cold, one half of this door was fast closed, and the other was opened but a very little way. Such a scanty portion of light was admitted through these means that it was difficult, on first coming in, to see anything; and long habit alone could have slowly formed in any one the ability to do any work requiring nicety in such obscurity. Yet work of that kind was being done in the garret; for, with his back to the door, and his face toward the window, where the keeper of the wine-shop stood looking at him, a white-haired man sat on a low bench, stooping forward and very busy, making shoes.

(To be Continued.)

A FRENCH AUTHOR'S DESCRIPTION OF THE POPE.

M. Edmund About, a clever French writer, is about to publish, in Brussels, the results of his observations in the eternal City, where he sometimes sojourned. He has already permitted several extracts to appear in *Le Nord* of Pio Nono, he says:

'Pius IX. looks older than he is; his stature is diminutive; he is obese, sallow, and his health is threatening. His paternal and sleepy features give an idea of kindness and lassitude; there is nothing imposing about them. Pius IX. performs his part in the grand public representations of the Catholic Church with only secondary ability. The believers, who have come a long way to contemplate seeing him at mass, are astounded to see him taking a pinch of snuff while surrounded by the blue wreaths of incense.'

In his leisure hours he plays billiards, gentle exercises having been recommended by his physicians. He believes in God. He is not only a true Christian, but a bigot. In his enthusiasm for the Virgin Mary he has invented a useless dogma, and raised a tasteless monument that disgraces the Piazza di Spagna. The character of this worthy old man is a compound of devotion, gentility, vanity, weakness, and obstinacy, with a dash of peevish rancor, which is perceptible now and then. He bestows his blessing with greatunction, but only grants a pardon with reluctance; he is a good priest, but an unsatisfactory monarch. I do not believe him to be infallible in temporal matters.'

He expresses himself tolerably in French. The failure of all his undertakings, and three or four accidents which have happened in his presence, have given rise to a strong prejudice against him among the lower classes at Rome. They imagine that the vicar of Christ is a *jettable*—that he has the evil eye. When he drives along the Corso, the women plump down on their knees, but with their thumbs and index make the sign supposed to destroy the charm, under cover of their mantilla. It is certain that the Italian question would be greatly simplified if there were no Pope at Rome, and that the hatred of the Mazzinians is reprehensible in so far as it is personal. I never asked an audience of the Pope; I have never kissed his hand or his slipper. The only mark of attention he condescended to bestow upon me was some abusive remarks in the *Journal de Rome*. Nevertheless, I feel it impossible not to defend him when he is attacked in my presence. After having been for two years the lion of Europe, he was compelled to evacuate at the shortest notice, his palace in the Quirinal. Now he sulks with his people, with the French, and with himself. The murmurs of his conscience are stifled by his remembrance of 1848, which is kept constantly before his eyes, and by the fear of revolution, which is constantly dinned into his ears. He stops his eyes and his ears and prepares to die in peace among his irate subjects and his dissatisfied protectors. He is not so much to blame as weakness and old age; but I confess I should not like to undertake the cause of Cardinal Antonelli.'

Although Napoleon 3rd is sometimes called by the Pope, the Son of the Church, we are much inclined to think that his opinions of His Holiness and his government very much coincide with the one expressed above, and that when his convenient season arrives, he will make short work of both. We think so because he encouraged many equally sarcastic sketches of the Pope and his government to appear in the *Moniteur* from the same pen, and only checked them when he found they were producing an excitement which might prematurely ripen his plot.

THE BATTLE OF MONTEBELLO.

ALEXANDRIA, May 23rd, Evening.—Gen. Forey's report, approximately estimates the number of French killed and wounded at 600 to 700, and the force of the enemy at 15,000 to 18,000 men; but if the account of some of the prisoners is to be believed, the Austrians greatly exceeded that number.'

At eleven o'clock yesterday, 15,000 Austrians, under the order of General Zobel, were seen to move towards the Piedmontese positions of Montebello, which were occupied by 800 Sardinian horsemen supported by two batteries. The Austrians

were marching in *echelons*, their right wing being bent in the direction of Brindizzo, their left flank, supported by a large artillery, on Casana, while their columns of attack of the centre, advanced by Piazzale, towards our lines of Montebello.

As soon as General Forey was roused by roll after roll of musketry on the left, and by sharp report of Austrian and Piedmontese guns, he marched with the second brigade of his division in the direction of Montebello to support the Piedmontese cavalry, which by this time had already marched to meet the enemy.

The battle of Montebello scarcely admits of description. It was a series of dreadful deeds of daring, hand to hand fights, of sanguinary encounters, of desperate charges and assaults. The shells and bullets of the Austrians burst so thickly among our troops that our centre, already engaged, was obliged to fall back on the right of our lines, retiring from Montebello protected by a ravine filled with brush-wood, which descended towards the main road of Voghera. As General Reuret led on his men to support our centre, it was observed that a body of the enemy had gained the top of a hill, ground behind the French division on our right. A deadly volley was poured into them, and, protected by the fire, both Piedmontese and French came out from the ravine and went boldly to meet the enemy. The effect of the new French guns, carrying their bullets at a distance of more than two English miles, was so great that the centre of the Austrians was soon obliged to fall back on its reserve, and Montebello was again occupied by our men. By this time the third and fourth brigades of General Forey's division had reached the scene of the action. This distinguished officer had left in support of a small band of the national guard—who, by the bye, fought bravely—his first brigade, sending an orderly officer of his staff to Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers, asking support if need be.

Having thus given his orders he came on with his *Zouaves* at the *pas de charge*. One battalion of Chasseurs d'Orléans rushed by the light of battle on their faces. It was accompanied by the two battalions of the line, commanded by Duchet and Laetzel. The shock was terrible; Laetzel fell dead from his horse, Major Ducet fell dead after him; our men still advanced *a la bayonette*. An Austrian Colonel and 200 Croats were made prisoners. Assailed in front by the French, broken by the impetuosity of the charge of Sardinian (Monteferrato's) light horsemen, led by the brave Colonel Morelli, attacked on the right by the second brigade, and by our artillery all along the line, the Austrians began to retire after a struggle of six hours. At five o'clock p.m. they were driven pell-mell down the hills towards Stradella, on one side, and towards Castiglione on the other, leaving mounds of dead behind them. We had won the day. The Austrians were, therefore, unable to force our positions, though there were 15,000 strong, with a powerful artillery, thus outnumbered by 6000 men. Forey's division numbered scarcely 8000 fighting men, and was supported by 900 Sardinian horses. You must not forget that this brave cavalry led by the young Colonel de Sonnaz, sustained for an hour the first shock of the enemy, thus giving time to the French to come over.

The last charge made by the Sardinians was fatal to Col. Morelli, who fell mortally wounded from his horse. Besides this loss we have to deplore 200 dead and 300 wounded. Amongst the last names of Colonels Griot, Les Barre, D. Delfonds, Dumesnil, and Major Ferras, all French superior officers, are to be noticed. Gen. Forey, and the Sardinian cavalry Colonel, De Sonnaz behaved nobly. It is impossible to ascertain the loss sustained by the enemy, because the official report has not yet arrived in Turin. According to the accounts of my informant, the Austrians have lost 1500 men, dead and wounded, to say the least. It has been noticed that their men could not stand the impetuosity of *Zouaves* and *Casseurs* *B-ronts* and of Sardinian swords. As soon as they were assaulted by the deadly weapons they were always driven pell-mell from their positions, and the village of Montebello was thus taken and re-taken thrice during the action.

I make no pretension whatever to send you a correct description of the battle. As I have already said, this brilliant exploit admits of no description; it is only a sketch that I present to your readers.—Express.

WRETCHED END OF A SEDUCER.

The recent wreck of the emigrant ship *Pomona*, has brought to light one of those dark domestic episodes which would rest far better in the depths of oblivion, were it not that, in this case, we have a striking instance of the ultimate fate which follows domestic perfidy and crime. For some few years, a person named Montgomery, carried on business as a passage broker, in Waterloo Road, Liverpool. He had a wife and several children—all comparatively young. From a low position in life he raised himself into comfortable circumstances, and those passions which necessarily once curbed and held in check, soon broke loose, and the whims and follies of the libertine soon subverted paternal love and affection. A lucrative business supplied him with money, for a time, and he never altered in his career until pressing engagements compelled his absence. Previous to his departure, he had, however, contracted an alliance with a young girl, a bar-maid at a respectable hotel, in Dale street, Liverpool. He told her he was single, offered his hand, and unfortunately, she accepted it. Matters were delayed, and under the guise of paying a visit to the *Pomona*, he took her on board in the Mersey; the vessel sailed, and in it the betrayer and the betrayed. He was not, however, destined to escape with impunity, for the storm which raged along the Irish coast, on the night of the 29th ult., drifted the ship ashore, near Wexford, and the fate of the crew and passengers is already too well known to be re-capitulated. Out of the crew and passengers, numbering 407 souls, only 20 escaped, and the day after the wreck, the torn and delapidated form of Montgomery was tossed on shore, as if the waters had rebelled against being tainted by so foul a carcass.

At eleven o'clock yesterday, 15,000 Austrians, under the order of General Zobel, were seen to move towards the Piedmontese positions of Montebello, which were occupied by 800 Sardinian horsemen supported by two batteries. The Austrians

were marching in *echelons*, their right wing being bent in the direction of Brindizzo, their left flank, supported by a large artillery, on Casana, while their columns of attack of the centre, advanced by Piazzale, towards our lines of Montebello.

As soon as General Forey was roused by roll after roll of musketry on the left, and by sharp report of Austrian and Piedmontese guns, he marched with the second brigade of his division in the direction of Montebello to support the Piedmontese cavalry, which by this time had already marched to meet the enemy.

The battle of Montebello scarcely admits of description. It was a series of dreadful deeds of daring, hand to hand fights, of sanguinary encounters, of desperate charges and assaults. The shells and bullets of the Austrians burst so thickly among

New Advertisements.

NEW GROCERY STORE.

T. GRIFFITH

Takes this opportunity of informing the public, that he has opened a

GROCERY AND PROVISION STORE

In the building lately occupied by J. La Pierre, as a Tin Shop, in the Square, where he intends keeping a general assortment of

GROCERIES & PROVISIONS OF THE BEST QUALITY.

AS HE DOES BUSINESS ON THE

Pay Down Principle

He will be able to sell

AS LOW AS CAN BE PURCHASED IN TOWN.

A CHOICE ASSORTMENT OF

LIQUORS

always on hand. Those wishing to purchase will please call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

Sherbrooke, June 13, 1859. cc33

Bishop's College Lennoxville

Junior Department and Grammar School

The Rev. J. W. Williams M. A. Rector, Pembroke Coll. Oxon, late Classical Master of Lennoxville Coll. England.

Asst. Masters: A. Capel Esq. Corpus Christi Coll. Cam. (Can.) J. P. Proctor Esq. St. John's Coll.

This Institution will re-open on the thirty first day of August.

For particulars apply to the Rector.

Sherbrooke 13th of June 1859. cc33

SHERBROOKE CRICKET CLUB.

THERE WILL BE A MEETING OF THE ABOVE CLUB, at the Mayor's House, on Monday the 20th inst. at 3 O'clock P. M. for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year.

By Order, E. FELLOW FELTON, Secretary.

Sherbrooke 13th of June 1859.

SCHOOL MEETING.

All Shareholders in the Academy, and others who feel interested in the erection of a building, suited to the present wants of the community, are requested to attend a meeting for that purpose, in the basement story of the Congregational Church on Friday Evening next, the 17th inst. at 7 O'clock P. M. By order of the board of Trustees.

June 15 1859 R. D. MORKILL Sec'y

HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION

TO BE HELD AT

SHERBROOKE,

Friday, July 1st, 1859.

BOUQUETS, WREATHS, &c.

1. Best 2 vase Bouquets, \$1.50

2nd do do 1.00

2. Best Pair Side Table Bouquets, 1.00

2nd do do 1.00

3. Best Floral Design, 1.00

2nd do do 1.00

4. Best wreath, 1.00

2nd do do 1.00

FLOWERS.

5. Best Collection House Plants, 2.00

2nd do do 1.00

6. Annuals, greatest and best variety, 2.00

New Advertisements.

NOTICE.

CASH PAID FOR

OATS, Barley, Peas, Beans, Wool, Beef Hides, Calf Skins, &c. at W. A. Dutton's Marble Shop, in Sherbrooke C. E.

J. C. BUTTERFIELD.

cc32 12m

COURT OF QUARTER SESSIONS.

DISTRICT OF SAINT FRANCIS.

A SESSION of the COURT OF QUARTER SESSIONS, for the District of Saint Francis, will be held at the COURT HOUSE, in the Town of SHERBROOKE, on FRIDAY, the 8th day of JULY, at the hour of TEN o'clock in the forenoon. I do therefore give Public Notice to all those who will prosecute against any prisoners in the Common Jail for the District aforesaid, that they be present to prosecute against them as shall be just; and I do also give notice to all Justices of the Peace, Coroners, Constables, and Peace Officers, in and for the District aforesaid, that they personally appear with their Rolls, Indictments, and other remembrances, to do those things which in their several offices in that behalf appertain to be done.

G. F. BOWEN, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, June 1, 1859. 4wcc32.

SHERBROOKE TIN SHOP Removal.

J. LA PIERRE & Co., have removed to the Store formerly occupied by A. G. WOODWARD, in the Square; where they have on hand a Large Assortment of TIN-WARE, STOVE, AND GALLOW'S PIPE.

Brass Kettles,

Hollow-ware, Cooking & Par-

four Stoves, Zinc, Sheet & Bar

Lead, Lead Pipe &c.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Most kinds of produce taken in exchange, or short approved credit. Cash not refused.

Plumber's work, such as laying pipe, putting down pumps &c., promptly attended to.

J. LAPIERRE & Co.

Sherbrooke, May 27th, 1859. cc31

DR. N. R. HURD,

Botanic Practitioner,

—is now at—

O. CAMERON'S ROAD-HOUSE HOTEL, where he will remain a Short Time Only. He administers to all diseases "OLD & NEW". Patients wishing to consult the Dr. are requested to give him an Early Call.

Sherbrooke, May 27th, 1859. cc31

NEW GOODS!

NEW STORE, WATERVILLE DEPOT

The Subscriber has just received his Stock of

Dry Goods,

Consisting of every kind and style of article that can be desired.

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

In the Newest Styles and Fashions.

Groceries;

The most select that can be procured.

Extra Flour!

HOUSE-FURNISHING ARTICLES,

CROCKERY &c. &c.

I will not follow the usual course of advertisers, by puffing my wares. I will only say **CALL AND SEE AND LET THE GOODS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES.**

PETER G. HENDERSON.

Waterville, June 1st, 1859. cc31

ALEX. MOLSON,

Stock, Produce, Exchange and

General Broker,

EXCHANGE COURT,

OFF HOSPITAL & ST. FRANCIS XAVIER

FRESH ARRIVALS.

MORE NEW GOODS, JUST RECEIVED

AT

J. FRASER'S WELLINGTON ST.

SHERBROOKE.

SEVERAL CASES OF THE

Most Fashionable Goods

SUITABLE FOR LADIES' WEAR.

AN IMMENSE STOCK MUSLIN DRESS S COMMENCING AT

3 SHILLINGS & 11 PENCE THE DRESS.

MILLINERY GOODS IN THE NEWEST STYLE.

RIBBONS VERY CHEAP,

FASHIONS RECEIVED MONTHLY.

New Spring Goods!!

MC'KECHNIE'S CHEAP STORE

SHERBROOKE.

JUST REC'D, BY STEAMER 'ANGLO-SAXON,'

FROM THE EUROPEAN MARKETS,

A Choice Selection of Fancy and Staple Goods; consisting of

French De Laines, French Mantillas, Bonnets, plain, Ribbons, English De Laines, Black Silks, Bonnets, trimmed, Flowers in endless Robe De Laines, Black Silks, Ghent, Hats, plain, variety, Dress De Laines, pattern, Hats, trimmed, Muslins, Barege Dresses, Embossed Cottons, Feathers, Military Robes, Coburg, all kinds, Parasols, &c., &c., &c.

Plain Parasols 70cts, Fancy Parasols 28cts to \$6.

With an endless Variety of Fancy and Staple Goods to suit the present Market and the Country Trade.

MEN'S CLOTHING OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

A FULL AND COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF

Ladies' Gaiters, Ladies' Shoes, Misses' Strong Boots, Misses' Gaiter Boots, Men's Strong Shoes, Men's Calf-skin Shoes.

Ladies' Fancy Calf-skin Shoes.

A General Assortment of **PROPERTIES** also on hand with

A FULL STOCK OF FANCY AND SUPERFINE FLOUR.

The Subscriber, carries on his Business entirely on the

CASH & EXCHANGE PRINCIPLE,

by which he is enabled to sell articles which will compare favorably with any in the Eastern Townships.

Merchant Tailoring.

The undersigned have now received their stock of

SPRING & SUMMER CLOTHS,

(OF NOVA SCOTIA)

Comprising West of England BROAD-CLOTHS, BLACK VENETIAN, CHECK & FANCY SILK COATINGS, FANCY DOES, BORDERED SILK TWISTS, SHEPHERD'S PLAIDS, SATINETTES &c. &c.

Also

SILK, SATIN AND VELVET

VESTINGS,

which, with that already in store, enable us to give our Customers

A Better Assortment to select from,

and at LOWER PRICES than any of our competitors, in this, or the surrounding District.

BARRIE & WARREN.

Lennoxville, Apr. 19 th. 1859.

J. D. COATES & Co.,

MANUFACTURERS, WHOLESALE & RETAIL,

OF EVERY VARIETY OF

CHOICE CONFECTIONERY, AND BISCUITS,

SHERBROOKE BAKERY & CONFECTIONERY

For Sale.

NOW FOR THE FASHIONS!!

FRESH ARRIVALS

at Fraser's

WELLINGTON STREET.

Several Cases of New Goods

Received direct from NEW YORK.

Some of the handsomest Bonnets ever exhibited in this place.

THE LADIES are most respectfully invited to call and examine

THE NEW GOODS.

The Stock of Dress Goods is very extensive and Select. Also Mantillas, Cloaks, Dusters, Shawls &c. in endless variety. PARASOLS, SILKS for Dresses, plain & FANCY MUSLINS, De Laines, CASHMERE, FEATHERS, Ribbons, newest styles.

FLOWERS.

An extensive stock of GENERAL DRY GOODS, selected with GREAT CARE.

The Stock of MILLINERY GOODS is Very Large and well assorted, and will be found CHEAPER than anything ever offered in this place.

Men's, Women's, Children's, Boys' & Girls' BONNETS AND HATS, at every price. Call and see.

SHOW ROOM ON SECOND FLOOR.

Ladies' own Materials made up. Strong Bonnets cleaned, dyed and altered to the NEWEST SHAPES.

ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

Ladies' Hats & Bonnets!!!!

Parasols,

Flowers,

Gents' Hats, Caps &c

A First Rate Assortment at

BARRIE & WARREN'S

Lennoxville, Apr. 19th, 1859.

SEEDS. SEEDS. SEEDS.

Herds Grass, Canada Clover, Long Red Clover, Swedish Turnip, Yellow Aberdeen Turnip, Early Peas, in variety, Garden Seeds, do. Broad Windsor Beans, &c. &c.

For sale by

WALKER & BROTHER.

Burning Fluid,

Albertine Oil,

Elephant do.

Paint, Oil, Neats Foot Oil,

Turpentine and Varnish,

at **BARRIE & WARREN'S.**

cc39

NOTICE

I hereby give notice that a quantity of Spruce and Pine Saw Logs, about 2000 feet Board measure, cut in the Townships of Herford and Aukland or the Gore of Aukland, and which were seized for unpaid Timber dues on the twenty ninth day of April 1859, and have since been held without receiving payment, will now, as provided for by the VI Sect. 12 Viet. chap 39, be offered for sale to the last and highest bidder, on Tuesday the 25 day of June next at noon. The logs are now lying along the middle branch of Hall's stream, Connecticut river, Township of Herford. Sale will take place after viewing the logs, at the residence of Mr. Fabal Wheeler, Township of Herford.

By Order of the Honorable Commissioner of Crown Land.

GERARD J. NAGLE,

Crown Timber Agent.

Crown Timber Office, St. Hyacinthe 23d May 1859.

New Goods

A Large and Well Assorted

Stock of

CLOTHS,

consisting of

Fancy Twists, Bordered Do, Shepherds' Plaids, (all wool) Cassimeres, Black and Steel mixed-Buck Skins, Doe Skins--assorted colours--Oxford Doe Skins & Mixtures, Satinets, Fanny Silk Coatings, Meltons, Venetians, Broad Cloths, Mantle Cloth, Vestings &c. &c.

For quality and finish our goods cannot be surpassed (if equalled), and they are

MERCHANT TAILORING

D. M. DILLON,

BEGS to inform his numerous friends,

and the public at large, that he has this day

Commenced Business on his own account,

In the Shop adjoining Messrs. Dickert & Hawley's, in the Square, where he intends keeping on hand

A WELL SELECTED STOCK OF READY-MADE CLOTHING,

Cloths, Cassimeres, Tweeds,

General Haberdashery, &c.

From his long experience in the trade, in all branches, both in MONTREAL, and in BRITAIN, he flatters himself that he will be able to please the most fastidious as to

Style and Workmanship

And it will be his constant endeavor to give

PERFECT SATISFACTION TO HIS PATRONS.

AS HIS GOODS HAVE ALL BEEN IMPORTED BY HIMSELF,

he will be able to

Sell Very Low For CASH, or Short Approved Credit.

Terms--3 months approved credit, after that date, interest will be charged.

Sherbrooke, March 1st, 1859. 4wcc18

HEARSE TO LET.

The Subscriber begs leave to return his sincere thanks to his friends, and the public generally, for the very liberal patronage he has received during the six years in which he has been in business, and to inform them that he has, at considerable expense, purchased a

HANDSOME HEARSE

adapted to the requirements of both English and French, and fitted for both Old and Young. He continues to make

COFFINS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

At the Shortest Notice.

FUNERALS

COMPLETELY FURNISHED,

in all styles, and at MODERATE RATES.

S. T. is also greatly enlarging his stock of every description of

FURNITURE,

which is all home manufacture, and warranted.

Housekeepers would do well to examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere.

He is confident he will be able to suit his customers as his prices are moderate for ready pay, or short approved credit.

S. T. WOSE.

Sherbrooke, Mar. 30th, 1859.

CASH PAID FOR EGGS

at the

SHERBROOKE BAKERY.

J. D. COATES & Co.

cc39

HATS & BONNETS

of the

NEWEST STYLES,

direct from New York, at

BECKETT & HARVEY'S.

cc35

HOPS

FOR SALE BY

BROOKS BROTHERS.

July, 1858. cc37

PRINTING.

LARGEST, BEST AND CHEAPEST

ESTABLISHMENT IN THE EASTERN

TOWNSHIPS!!

THE "TIMES"

JOB-PRINTING ROOMS.

THE proprietor begs to return thanks to his friends and the public for the very liberal patronage he has received, and to inform them that he has lately added several new FOUNTS OF LETTER and BORDERS to his already extensive assortment.

He has also received from Portland and Boston a large and splendid assortment of

NOTE, CARD AND FANCY PAPER,

and is now prepared to execute at very Low Prices, every description of

PLAIN AND FANCY PRINTING,

such as

Books, Pamphlets, Way-Bills, Bills of Lading, Bill Headings, Posters, Show Cards, Fancy Labels, &c. &c.

Being furnished with Orcutt's

PATENT CARD PRESS,

he is enabled to print

Quicker, Better and Cheaper

than any other Office in the Townships, every description of

Ball and Concert Ticket, Circular

Invites, Visiting and Address

Cd, Tagg, &c. &c.

He keeps constantly on hand for sale a large stock of **Law, Commercial and Miscellaneous Blanks.**

Orders by Mail promptly attended to.

Office Beckett's Building, Sherbrooke, C. E. Sherbrooke, Sept. 17th 1857.

RITCHIE & BORLASE

ADVOCATES.

OFFICE IN BECKETT'S BUILDING, SHERBROOKE.

December, 28th, 1858. cc39

SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE Subscribers hereby notify those concerned that they have appointed

MR. S. A. STEVENS

their General Agent at this place. Mr. S. is authorized to receive payment of all accounts, and to grant receipts for the same.

By arrangement with the call and notice of the Sherbrooke Times, all accounts for subscription previous to the 1st day of January

