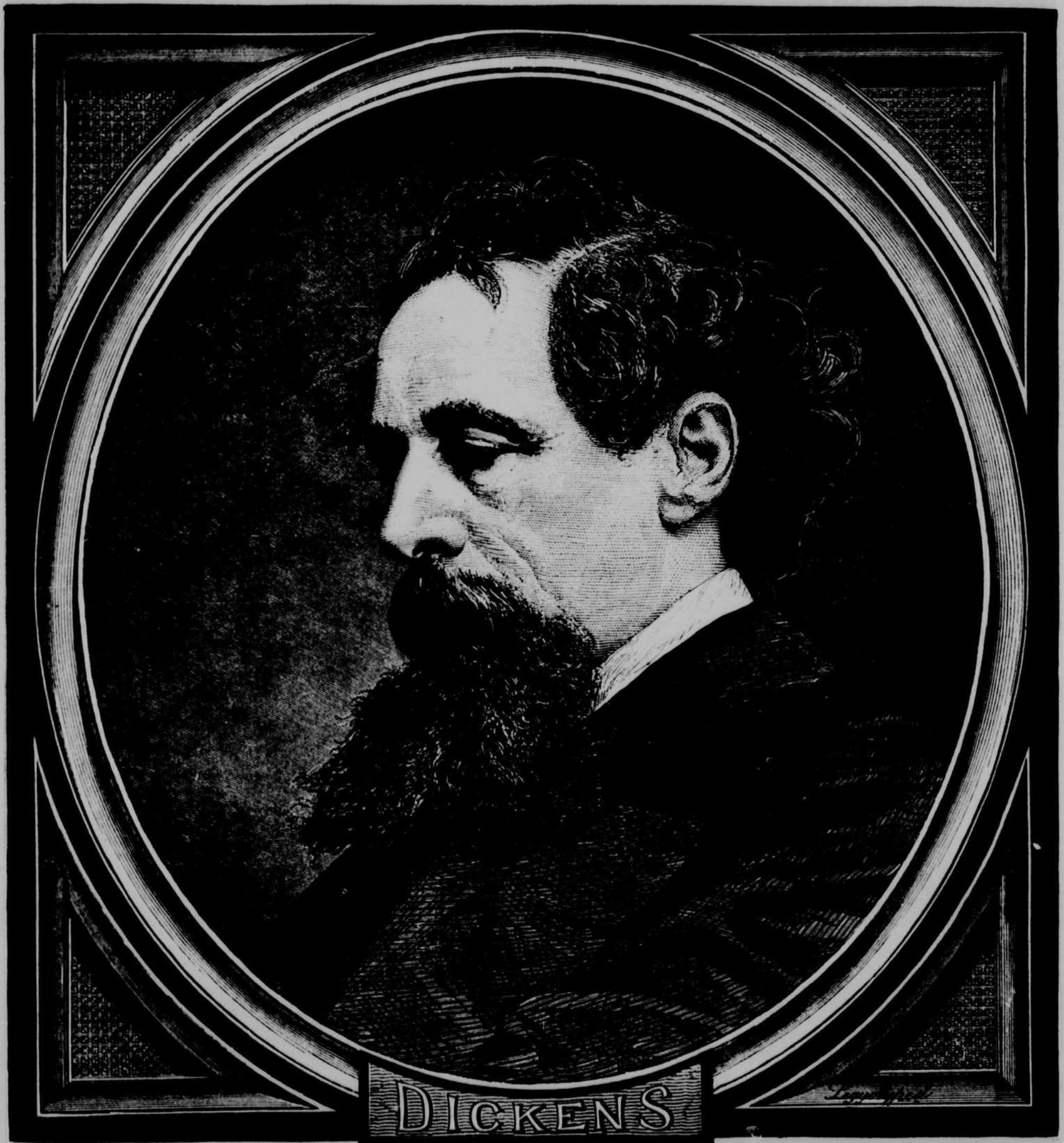


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FROM "EVERY SATURDAY."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORY.

No. 9.—BRITISH COLUMBIA.—THE MAINLAND.

By the Rev. F. N. McD. Dawson, Ottawa.

Much interest attaches and will long attach to BRITISH COLUMBIA. It is, without exception, the richest British possession on the Continent of America. It would not be too much even to say that there is no colony of the British Empire which abounds so much in all the elements of national wealth. Neither Australia nor California surpass, or even equal it in the production of gold. Its unrivalled timber, its safe harbours and inexhaustible fisheries give it an additional claim to our attention. The desire of the inhabitants of this great Pacific colony to be united with the Dominion of Canada, their admirable fitness for such union, and the prospect that it will be speedily effected, must also tend to awaken the most lively interest in the minds of all patriotic Canadians. A member of the British Columbian Legislative Council, the Hon. Mr. Holbrook, shortly before the recent prorogation of Parliament, communicated very valuable information concerning the resources and present state of the colony, in a lecture which he delivered before the House of Commons and the Senate at Ottawa. Since the close of the session, commissioners from British Columbia have arrived at the Canadian Capital, charged with negotiating a political union of their country with the Dominion. In this they will probably succeed, and without much loss of time. We may, therefore, find, and sooner than many suppose, that the rich Pacific colony has become a limb of the Confederated Provinces. This desirable consummation, indeed, may even come to pass before such important portions of the North-West Territory, as the Saskatchewan and McKenzie River countries have come practically within the British North American Confederation.

In a former paper (No. 8) the insular portion of the colony was more particularly treated of. A few words will now be devoted to the mainland of British Columbia. This, it is admitted on all hands, is a mountainous and rugged region. But it is not without its fairer aspects. The western slope of the Rocky Mountains is more precipitous than their eastern declivity. The descent, consequently, to the shores of the Pacific ocean is more steep and rapid than the approaches from the great mountain chain to the alluvial valleys of the Saskatchewan. It is not difficult, therefore, to suppose, and, indeed, all travellers bear witness to the fact, that the rivers rush, with all the fury of mountain torrents, from their Alpine glacier sources, to the sea, leaving but little room along their rocky beds, or within the deep ravines which they have excavated, for such rich alluvial deposits as distinguish the plains which extend eastward from the Rocky Mountain range. There are, however, many favoured localities—fertile spots where the industrious husbandman could very profitably divide his time between the labours of the plough and the care of his flocks. There must, indeed, be every advantage of soil and climate generally throughout the colony, since it produces, in the utmost profusion, and without any appliance from the hand of man, all conceivable varieties of trees, shrubs, wild plants, and flowers of every description. When Lord Milton and Dr. Cheadle were on their pilgrimage through the Rocky Mountains and had reached Jasper House, within a short distance of the highest land in the Arthabaska or Leather Head Pass, they speak of themselves as "standing in a perfect garden of wild flowers, which form a rich sheet of varied and brilliant colours, backed by dark green pines which clustered thickly round the bases of the hills. Above a zone of light green shrubs and herbage still retained their vernal freshness, and contrasted with the more sombre trees below, and the terraced rocks above, with their snow-clad summits. In the neighbourhood of Jasper House the flowers were very beautiful and various. Here grew cinerarias, in the greatest profusion, of every shade of blue, an immense variety of composites, and a flower like the Lychnis, with sepals of brilliant scarlet, roses, tiger lilies, orchids and vetches." (*The N. W. passage, &c., Viscount Milton and Dr. Cheadle, 7th edition, London. Page 228.*) Still nearer the height of land, and nearly on the same level, these gentlemen, following the Arthabaska, reached a beautiful little prairie, surrounded by fine hills, green almost to their summits, and over-topped by lofty snow-clad peaks. One of these, which has received the name of the Priest's Rock, was of curious shape, its apex resembling the top of a pyramid, and covered with snow. The prairie was richly carpeted with flowers, and a rugged excrescence upon it marked the site of the old Rocky Mountain Fort, Henry's House," (*id: ib: p. 241.*) Having passed the Myette, "we pursued our way," say Lord Milton and Dr. Cheadle, "along the base of the pine-clad hills, now beginning to diverge more widely, and through scenery which bore a strong likeness to the beautiful vale of Todmorden, in Yorkshire. One of the snowy peaks closely resembled the pyramidal Priest's Rock, and white topped mountains rose up more thickly around us." (*p. 244.*) At one of the sources of the Myette, a small stream called Pipe-stone River, "the place for camping was very pretty, a tiny plain, covered with flowers and surrounded by the Rocky Mountains in all their grandeur." (*p. 245.*) They may not yet have been, strictly speaking, in British Columbia. But it cannot be affirmed that they were not; for after a few hours' travel at anything but railway speed, My Lord and the Doctor "had unconsciously passed the height of land and gained the water-shed of the

Pacific. "The ascent had been so gradual and imperceptible, that, until we had the evidence of the water-flood, we had no suspicion that we were even near the dividing ridge." Proceeding downwards towards the Pacific Ocean, they came upon a Lake well stocked with trout," where some Indians of the Shuswap tribe subsist chiefly by fishing. The learned travellers proceed to say that on the northern side of this lake "commenced verdant and swelling hills, the bases of loftier heights, which rose up further back in many a naked, ragged rock or ice-crowned peak." Notwithstanding all these fine descriptions, the same travellers express the opinion that British Columbia is not adapted for being an agricultural country. Making due allowance for the circumstance that Milton and Cheadle traversed the colony from the beautiful, verdant, fertile and flowery places just alluded to, near and around the place,—the highest spot in the mountain pass, where they first noticed the flowing of the waters westwards,—by the rocky and rugged and comparatively barren valley of the Fraser, it may be admitted that they speak truly, when they say that, generally, the country is not suited for agricultural purposes. All that can be said is that there are many favoured and exceptional spots, which if contiguous would form an immense tract of fertile, cultivable land, rejoicing in a genial climate. Three great mountain ranges fill the land,—the Rocky Mountains, the Cascade and the Blue Mountains. Of these ranges some raise their icy peaks to the height of sixteen thousand feet, and are the abode of perpetual winter, whilst to use the language of Moore,

"Summer, in a vale of flowers,
Is sleeping rosy at their feet."

This great vale or plain, which might be cultivated throughout, extends no less than 1,300 miles from the ocean to the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, and varies from 250 to 400 miles in breadth. The Fraser itself is not all rock and barrenness. Whilst from Yale, where it becomes navigable to the ocean, it presents a very fertile valley some fifty miles in length; its upper regions produce grain crops yielding 26 to 36 bushels per acre. If the noble traveller and his learned companion had seen more of the Thompson, they would have been inclined to give a more favourable opinion of the agricultural capabilities of British Columbia; for it was given in evidence before the House of Commons (1857), that that fine river "flows through one of the most beautiful countries in the world." Further North, the undulating plateau which is situated between the Rocky and the Cascade Mountains descending to a much lower level than at its southern extremity, the climate is milder, less variable and more favourable to the raising of root and grain crops. If our travellers had made their way into Columbia by the northerly pass, so highly recommended as the best and safest and most practicable at all times, by Mr. Alfred Waddington, ascending the Peace River, &c., they would not have failed to express a more favourable view as the result of their observations. They appear also to consider those parts of the country which are covered with dense forests, as being irreclaimably wild. The presence of those fine forests, where all kinds of wood are to be found, and the best pine in the world, proves the opposite position. In Canada, where every kind of wood grows in its wildest luxuriance, are found the best and most productive farms as soon as the serious operation of hewing down the forest has been accomplished. Let us examine competent witnesses, and so learn whether the like results may not be looked for in the valleys and mountain slopes, undulating plains and more or less elevated plateau-lands of British Columbia. A careful examination of the evidence which was given before a select committee of the House of Commons in 1857, must satisfy every attentive reader that fertile and cultivable land abounds in the mainland portion of the colony, and not in detached patches here and there among the mountains, and by the banks of rivers, but in far extending tracts, which temptingly invite the art and labour of the husbandman. The more level country, which stretches no less than 13,000 miles in length, and from 250 to 400 in breadth, from the base of the Rocky Mountains to the ocean, might all be cultivated. This very fertile region enjoys an excellent climate, and according to the Hon. Mr. Holbrooke, potatoes of great size and excellent quality are easily raised.

Mr. Alfred Waddington gives a very favourable view of the great plain which lies between the Rocky Mountain and Cascade ranges. It is easy to conceive that the climate of this extensive region must be much milder and more promotive of vegetation towards its northern extremity, where the level is lower by several thousand feet, than that farther south at the boundary of the United States. Millions of cattle could be reared and fattened in this region, where grazing is so good that the Americans even admit that they have no grounds for live stock that can compare with it. It is no uncommon thing to find a two-year old ox weighing 500 lbs. The settlers are only beginning to avail themselves of the facilities offered by these prairie lands. As yet they feed only some twenty thousand horned cattle, and about the same number of sheep. The only thing now wanting, insists the Hon. Mr. Holbrooke, to develop the great agricultural resources of British Columbia, is the presence of the iron-horse. And why should not that colony have railways even now? Why should it be required to wait until a great railway system extend over the British American continent, until men of science have determined whether the lines are to be laid along the Nipigon

valley or the shores of Hudson's Bay, or until experienced engineers have decided by which of the famous passes the formidable barrier of the Rocky Mountains must be finally surmounted?

The important subject of Agriculture has left no room to point out other great resources of the colony.

THE LATE CHARLES DICKENS.

The loss sustained by the British nation in the death of so brilliant an author as Mr. Dickens can be looked upon as little less than a national calamity, and will be felt as keenly on this side the Atlantic as at home. In Canada and in the United States, as well as in England, Mr. Dickens had many personal friends and admirers, who will mourn the death of an open-hearted, kindly gentleman. But his loss will be equally deplored by thousands in every quarter of the world who have known and loved him for his writings only. He possessed the wonderful power of embodying himself in his writings, of making himself as it were personally known to his readers. To all of us who are acquainted with his works he appears in the light of a kindly generous friend—one who, like his own David Copperfield, strove and struggled against the difficulties of life, until by his own exertions he won for himself a reputation and a name; who ever bore up manfully in the midst of trouble, with the even-tempered fortitude of Mark Tapley; and when the reward of his patient labour came, when he was courted and feted, when his honours fell thick upon him, he conducted himself with that modesty and quiet humility which became him so well, and which have won for him the respect even of his detractors. Mr. Dickens' death took place on Friday evening of last week at his residence at Gadshill, near Rochester, in Kent. The account given by cable says that Mr. Dickens was entertaining a dinner party at his house at Gadshill. Miss Hogarth, who was seated near him, observed the evident signs of distress on his countenance. She then made the remark to him that he must be ill; to this Mr. Dickens replied:—"Oh, no; I have only got a headache; I shall be better presently." He then asked that an open window be shut. Almost immediately he became unconscious and fell back in his chair. He was conveyed to his room and medical aid summoned. Mr. Dickens still remained unconscious and never recovered animation. His son and daughters remained steadfastly at his bedside until his decease. It is stated that Mr. Dickens had several times of late complained that he experienced considerable difficulty in working, because his powers of application were becoming impaired. He also said that his thoughts no longer came to him spontaneously, as in former times. While at Preston he had need of medical aid and called upon a physician, who warned him not to continue reading, because he was doing so at the peril of his life. He neglected, however, his physician's warning. His last novel, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," and his duties as editor of *All the Year Round*, required his constant and close attention, and the result proved fatal to his already over-taxed energies. Paralysis supervened, and a few hours after the commencement of the attack Mr. Dickens breathed his last. He literally died in harness, and the unfinished novel will have additional interest as marking the exact spot where the brilliant intellect of its author ceased to work.

Charles Dickens was born in 1812, at Landport, near Portsmouth, in the county of Hampshire. His father, Mr. John Dickens, held a position in the Navy Pay Department, which he resigned at the close of the war with the United States, and came to London as a parliamentary reporter for one of the daily papers. Charles was placed in an attorney's office, but distaste for legal studies and a natural inclination to literature induced him to relinquish this position, and to attach himself to the *Morning Chronicle*, then at the height of its fame under the editorial management of Mr. John Black. While engaged in his ordinary reporter's work, young Dickens devoted himself to the study of shorthand writing, in order to qualify himself for parliamentary reporting. In "David Copperfield" he has left us an able and graphic description of the difficulties and trials that beset the path of the student of shorthand, an acquirement obtained only after the closest application and the most untiring patience. Mr. Black, observing the readiness and versatility of his protégé, gave him an opportunity of displaying his abilities by inserting in the *Chronicle* his "Sketches of English Life and Character," a series of racy articles on men, women, and things in general. These sketches were, in 1837, reprinted and published in a collected form, under the title of "Sketches By Boz." In these sketches Dickens gave the first evidence of the humour and graphic power, especially of delineating the ludicrous, which have since made his name so well-known. The freshness and originality of these sketches, as well as a certain dramatic power exhibited in "The Village Coquettes"—a comedy the young reporter produced about this time—attracted the attention of the eminent publishers, Messrs. Chapman and Hall, who requested "Boz" to furnish them with a story to appear in serial form. The result of this application was the publication of the "Posthumous Memoirs of the Pickwick Club." Never did any work of fiction have such a complete success. The easy, natural way in which the incidents were related, and the flow of humour throughout the whole story, took so thoroughly the fancy of the public that Dickens found himself suddenly raised to the highest pinnacle of fame. Pickwick became all the rage, and the "Papers," illustrated first by Seymour and afterwards by "Phiz," had an enormous sale. "In less than six months from the appearance of the first number of the 'Pickwick Papers,'" says the *Quarterly Review* of October, 1837, "the whole reading public were talking about them,—the names of Winkle, Wardle, Weller, Snodgrass, Dodson and Fogg, had become familiar to our mouths as household terms; and Mr. Dickens was the grand object of interest to the whole tribe of 'Leo-hunters,' male and female, of the metropolis. Nay, Pickwick chintzes figured in linen-draper's windows, and Weller corduroys in breeches-makers' advertisements; Boz cabs might be seen rattling through the streets, and the portrait of the author of 'Pelham' or 'Crichton' was scraped down or pasted over, to make room for that of the new popular favourite, in the omnibuses. This is only to be accounted for on the supposition that a fresh vein of humour had been opened; that a new and decidedly original genius had sprung up; and the most cursory reference to preceding English writers of the comic order will show that, in his own peculiar walk, Mr. Dickens is not simply the most distinguished, but the first." And the writer upon whom the heaviest of heavy Reviews

poured such lavish praise, the author whom the severest of severe critics deigned to qualify as "not simply the most distinguished but the first" of his order, was a young man of twenty-five, then occupying the humble position of reporter on a daily newspaper, but who was ere long to be known and esteemed wherever the English tongue is heard, and whose death has now, in 1870, left a void in every English-speaking family.

The success of the "Pickwick Papers" was immense and the young author was immediately deluged with offers from the London publishers. He accepted, however, the editorship of Bentley's *Miscellany*, in the second number of which—that for February, 1837—appeared the first instalment of "Oliver Twist." It may be remarked that in nearly all his works, Mr. Dickens had some higher object in view than the mere delineation of whimsical characters. It was his aim to lay bare to public view the blots on the escutcheon of British social institutions. In "Oliver Twist," he exposed the iniquity of the work-house system and let his readers into the secrets of life in the "Union" and in the dark haunts of villany where the London thief is trained for his nefarious career. In 1838 "Oliver Twist" was republished in three volumes, with illustrations from the pencil of George Cruikshank. The book took well, its success being only surpassed by that of its predecessor, "The Pickwick Papers." "Nicholas Nickleby" appeared about this time. It was written to expose the cruel treatment to which the pupils of cheap private schools, in the north of England especially, were too often subjected; and it had the effect of stimulating inquiry and bringing about a healthier state of things in the educational system. In the preface to this work, Mr. Dickens stated that these disclosures resulted from a visit of inspection paid by himself to a school of the Dotheboys class in the wolds of Yorkshire. In 1840 Mr. Dickens undertook the publication of a series of stories, under the title of "Master Humphrey's Clock," to appear in weekly numbers. Of the tales included in this series two have been republished in a separate form:—"The Old Curiosity Shop," containing the touching episode of "Little Nell," told with the utmost pathos and simplicity, and yet with all the dramatic power in which Dickens excelled; and "Barnaby Rudge," a tale illustrative of the senseless Gordon riots of 1780. About the same time appeared the "Memoirs of Joseph Grimaldi" the celebrated clown. Mr. Dickens now turned his attention to the new world, and shortly after the completion of "Master Humphrey's Clock" set out for the United States, with a view of collecting materials for a work on American life and habits. In 1842 he returned to England, and published "American Notes For General Circulation," a volume containing many biting sarcasms on the uncouth manners and customs then prevalent in the States. The sarcastic tone of the "American Notes" drew indignant protests from American readers and provoked a reply from the pen of an American author, under the title of "Change for American Notes." "Martin Chuzzlewit" another work reflecting on American habits, appeared in numbers in 1844, and these two volumes, both written with the same object and about the same time did much to bring Mr. Dickens into bad repute in the United States. All this, however, has long since passed away, and Mr. Dickens was as much esteemed and is now as much regretted in the States as in England. In the summer of 1844 Mr. Dickens made a tour to Italy and some time afterwards published the result of his observations. On his return from the continent he conceived the idea of establishing a cheap daily newspaper, to advocate Liberal politics and secular education at home. He accordingly surrounded himself with a staff of able writers, and on the 1st. January, 1846, commenced the publication of the *Daily News*, for which he acted as editor, and contributed to its columns his sketches from the south of Europe, under the title of "Pictures of Italy," which were afterwards published in a volume. After a brief connection with the *Daily News*, Mr. Dickens retired from his editorial duties, in order to devote himself once more to light literature. During his absence in America, Mr. Dickens had commenced a series of Christmas Tales, the first of which, "A Christmas Carol," appeared in 1843, and was followed by "The Chimes" in 1845, "The Cricket on the Hearth" in 1846, "The Battle of Life" in the same year, and "The Haunted Man and the Ghost's Bargain" in 1848. Since that time Mr. Dickens has annually issued Christmas tales, which have been eagerly looked forward to and perused with the greatest enjoyment by all classes. After the severance of his connection with the *News*, Mr. Dickens returned with renewed ardor to his old avocations. At the close of 1847 he published "Dombey and Son," illustrative of "the business of marriage" and the domestic inconveniences resulting from marriages *de convenance*. "Dombey and Son" was followed by "The History of David Copperfield," which appeared in 1849-50. Of all Dickens' novels, "David Copperfield" is the one which appeals most directly to the feelings of the reader. The character of the hero bears a marked resemblance to that of the talented author, and the story of Copperfield's struggles in life, with the pathetic episode of Little Em'ly, is told with a delicacy and feeling unsurpassed in any of Dickens' other works. Moreover, the characters in this work—the cringing Uriah Heep, the whimsical Mr. Dick, and his stern protectress, and, above all, the immortal Wilkins Micawber, were enough of themselves to establish the writer's fame. "Bleak House," an exposure of "the law's delay" and the cruel results brought about by the vexatious procedures of the Chancery Court, appeared in 1853; and was followed in 1856 by "Little Dorrit" unfolding the mysteries and miseries of the debtor's prison. In 1859 Mr. Dickens embarked in a new venture. He started *Household Words*, a weekly magazine of miscellaneous literature, which he conducted until 1859, when, by reason of a dispute with his publishers, he brought it to a close and commenced another weekly, which, under the title of *All the Year Round*, he continued to edit until his death. Several of the serials which appeared in *Household Words* were republished in collective form, among them "A Tale of Two Cities," "The Uncommercial Traveller," and "Great Expectations." In May, 1864, the first instalment of a new illustrated serial, "Our Mutual Friend," appeared in *All the Year Round*.

Mr. Dickens' unwearied energy was well known, and the public received without much surprise the announcement that yet another novel was to appear. Early in the present year the first instalment of the "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" was published. "Edwin Drood" was not a success. The newspapers criticised it most unmercifully, and whatever interest was manifested in it at its first appearance soon died away. It is now left in an unfinished state, for some other hand to conduct to its termination. It would be unfair to criticise this last effort of Dickens' genius in its present incom-

plete condition, but it may fairly be surmised that it could never compete with his early works. Too much study and hard work had told considerably upon his over-taxed constitution, and he complained himself that his memory was giving way and that his ideas did not come with the same easy flow as of old. In the face of these insurmountable difficulties Mr. Dickens unwisely commenced "Edwin Drood" and the result was eminently unsatisfactory.

It was not only as a writer that Mr. Dickens excelled. He possessed considerable dramatic talent, and bore a high reputation as an amateur actor. His public readings are too well known to require comment, and the enthusiastic receptions accorded him both in England and America speak sufficiently for his histrionic skill. The remarks of the Press, both English and American, show how widely spread is the deep feeling of regret occasioned by the death of England's great novelist. But although he is gone he will still live in his works.

It has been remarked that Dickens' works are wanting in religious feeling; that he has allowed himself too much latitude in caricaturing those whose office entitles them to respect. A hypocrite, be his office what it may, is entitled to no respect, and in caricaturing such snivelling Tartufes as Stiggins he in no way overstepped the bounds of decency or good feeling. On the other hand, in all his writings traces of deep religious feeling and true Christian charity are everywhere to be met with, and he has left behind him a reputation as a novelist on which the severest moralist can detect no stain.

THE FENIAN RAID.

THE HUNTINGDON BORDER—HOLBROOK'S STORE—THE CAMP OF THE 69TH AT HINCHINBROOKE—BATTLE OF TROUT RIVER—STAMPED UPON THE FENIANS THROUGH TROUT RIVER VILLAGE—FENIANS ON THE "HOME STRETCH" AT THE RAILWAY DEPOT, MALONE, AC., AC.

We continue our illustrations this week of the Fenian raid, showing the operations on the Huntingdon border. In former numbers we gave several Leggotypes illustrative of proceedings in Missisquoi, where the gallant Volunteers and border men covered themselves with glory. In the operations at Trout River the 69th (Regulars) also took a share in the fatigues of the campaign; but the Volunteers even there proved themselves quite competent to meet and disperse the foe.

When the news reached the city that a movement was being made against Huntingdon, as well as on the Missisquoi frontier, a special artist, Mr. Miller, of this city, was despatched to the Huntingdon border, who was present there during the 27th and 28th of May, and who, in his zeal to get the best possible position for supplying the readers of the *Canadian Illustrated News* with views of the proceedings, was mistaken by the Canadian forces for a Fenian spy and arrested accordingly. It was only by the prompt intervention of Col. Bagot, and after he had fully explained his real "mission," that our artist was permitted to pursue his investigations unmolested; but when he had fairly established his title to the friendly regards of the British forces, Col. Bagot shewed him every possible kindness, as did also the Volunteer officers. The sketches in this number in connection with the Fenian raid upon Huntingdon are: 1st, Holbrook's store, which was reported to have been destroyed by the Fenians, but at which it was subsequently found only the telegraph wires had been cut; 2nd, the Camp of the 69th Regiment (Regulars) at Hinchinbrook; 3rd, the engagement at Trout River; 4th, the Fenians skedaddling through Trout River village, and lastly the invaders on the "home stretch" loading round the railway depot at Malone, trying to beg, borrow or steal their way to their respective localities, and feeling, as may be imagined, anything but proud of their short experience in Canada.

It was two days after the engagement near Cook's Corners when the rout at Trout River took place. On Wednesday, 25th May, reports came in that the Fenians from Malone were preparing to invade Huntingdon by Trout River in great force. The British troops sent against them consisted of the 69th Regiment, and the 50th battalion of volunteers or Huntingdon Borderers, and the Montreal Garrison Artillery, the whole under the command of Col. Bagot. The Fenians had advanced on the line of Trout River about a mile and a half into Canada. Here they took up position, throwing up entrenchments, and preparing themselves apparently for a determined stand. They recrossed on Thursday night to their camp on the American side, but early on Friday morning, the 27th, they re-occupied their entrenchments. These were dug in front of some hop fields defended by stockades, and with a barricade across the road. The entrenchment rested on the river on one side, and on the wood on the other, and the retreat, in case of need, through the hop poles would be comparatively safe. The whole was chosen with considerable skill, and so strong that 500 men could easily have defied some thousands for a considerable length of time. At three o'clock in the morning, the 69th, the Montreal Garrison Artillery, and the Huntingdon Borderers were ordered on the march from Huntingdon village, where they had arrived the previous night. In less than two hours the whole force was on the move along the road leading to Holbrook's corners. At eight o'clock the entire force had reached Hendersonville, which is two miles from the Corners, and then a company of the Garrison Artillery under Capt. Rose was ordered to proceed along the concession road to the west in order to flank the enemy, whose glittering bayonets as they drilled about a mile and a half distant, were plainly visible in the sun. The advance guard of the Fenians were posted behind a very strong entrenchment, with their right flank resting on the river and the left covered by the woods. Their skirmishers were about 150 in number, and the supports and reserves, to the number of about 300 more, were stationed a short distance back. The Huntingdon Borderers who formed our advance guard, as soon as they came within about 300 yards of the entrenchment, were thrown out in skirmishing order and advanced with great gallantry. The centre was formed by one company of the 69th under Captain Mansfield and Lieut. Atcheson. The remainder of the regiment, under Major Smyth, were drawn up in quarter distance column as a reserve. One company of the Montreal Garrison Artillery, under Capt. Doucet, marched across the bridge and along the road on the left, which afterwards took part in the engagement with those who had been sent in the opposite direction a little distance back, to prevent a flanking movement from either side. The remainder of the Artillery and Engineers, under Capt. Hall, marched to the front as a reserve, but afterwards returned to Holbrook Bridge, which, it was feared, the Fenians might attack, and advance

along the south side of the river. The skirmishing line advanced in beautiful style and with great steadiness against the enemy behind the entrenchment. Had it been merely a parade there could not have been greater regularity. Nor did the three volleys which the Fenians fired upon them make any change in this. Our men immediately returned the fire, and kept it up all the time of their advance. When our men came within about 100 yards of the entrenchments, the Fenians fell back through a hop field, firing as they retreated, and when they got beyond its protection doubled the buildings still further back, where it was thought they would make a stand. Brigadier Bagot accordingly ordered Capt. Mansfield's company to charge with bayonets, which they did in grand style, driving the Fenians with cheers completely across the lines. The wood on the left was afterwards cleared in a very efficient manner by Capt. Hatt's Battery of Garrison Artillery, directed by Lieut. Fitz-george, A. D. C., who had been made conversant with Colonel Bagot's plans.

Only one Fenian was captured, and none of them were left dead on the field; but the marks of blood on the ground they had traversed with such extraordinary rapidity proved conclusively that several of them had been wounded. It is reported that two of the Fenians were either killed or have since died of the wounds received at Trout River. Gen. Starr led the retreat in gallant style, having been the first to run away when he saw the British forces advancing. He has since justified his conduct on the ground that he discovered from the strength of the British and the weakness of his own forces that to have made a stand would have only been a waste of life, and certain defeat. At the boundary line, Col. Bagot stopped the Canadians much against their will; the Volunteers desired to be permitted to cross the line and pursue the retreating foe at least as far as the Fenian camp, which they desired to despoil; but Col. Bagot, as a matter of course, refused their request. They drew up on the line and gave three ringing cheers. The Fenians rushed on till they were out of sight, passing their camp where many thousand stands of arms were lying. Our artist again saw some of these gentry "waiting for the cars" at Malone, which was the head-quarters for the operations against Huntingdon, as St. Albans had been for those against Missisquoi. Gen. Gleason visited Malone on the 6th; and was for a time in command of the Fenians on the border; but Col. Starr arriving with his commission as general and commander, Gleason prudently withdrew, first to Malone and then to St. Albans, where on the 28th he was arrested.

Much credit is due to all parties concerned on the Canada side in repelling the late invasion. The Fenians were utterly dispirited and completely demoralized. They have sacrificed something in the way of men, a great deal in ammunition, and still a great deal more in character. It is possible, therefore, that the lesson of 1870 will last them a little longer than that they received four years ago.

The following brigade order was issued by Col. Bagot the day after the rout:—

HENDERSONVILLE, May 28.

Lieut.-Col. Bagot congratulates the force on the result of yesterday's operations:

The rapidity of the march from Huntingdon; the extension into skirmishing order of the Borderers under Col. McEachern; the rush and seizing of the entrenched position by this regiment, and Captain Mansfield's company, 69th Regiment—all deserve his warmest commendation.

To what is this success attributable? Emphatically to the discipline of the force. In this lies the whole secret. Soldiers, retain this quality, and your commander guarantees success.

By Order,

T. H. CHARLETON, Captain,
Brigade-Major.

THE LACROSSE MATCH.

While our mother country has its University boat-races and public-school athletic sports in which to train her young men in muscular exercises, we in Canada are not far behind, if indeed it can be said that we are at all surpassed by our English cousins. Boating is well enough to develop a biceps, but beyond this it is of little use, save and except as productive of appetite and unlimited consumption of shandygaff. Cricket, the game of which England is justly proud, is more valuable as an athletic sport; but even cricket must yield the palm to our Canadian national game—Lacrosse. It is a game that not only requires strength of limb, but agility, litheness, and keenness of vision—qualities eminently possessed by the Indian, from whom we have borrowed the game, and from whom, as this their own pastime, we have now wrested the palm. The Lacrosse match that took place in Montreal on Saturday week would have been a queer sight for our ancestors. What would the first pioneers of civilization in Canada have thought at seeing their descendants—hardy Canadian youths—engaged in friendly contest with the hated Indians and beating the Redskins at their own naimic warfare? The result of the match was enough to make us proud of our young men. To contend at all against brawny, muscular Indians is no small feat, but to contend against them with success—to beat them with their own weapons redounds very much to the credit of the twelve young Canadians who played the Caughnawaga Indians a fortnight ago for the championship. Of the six games that were played the Indians took the first two; the third was disputed, and the last three fell to the Montrealers. We give an illustration of the scene on the grounds during the match, from a sketch by our own artist. It is perhaps not generally known here that Lacrosse was imported into England a few years back, but beyond a few games played by a couple of Indian teams it had no success.

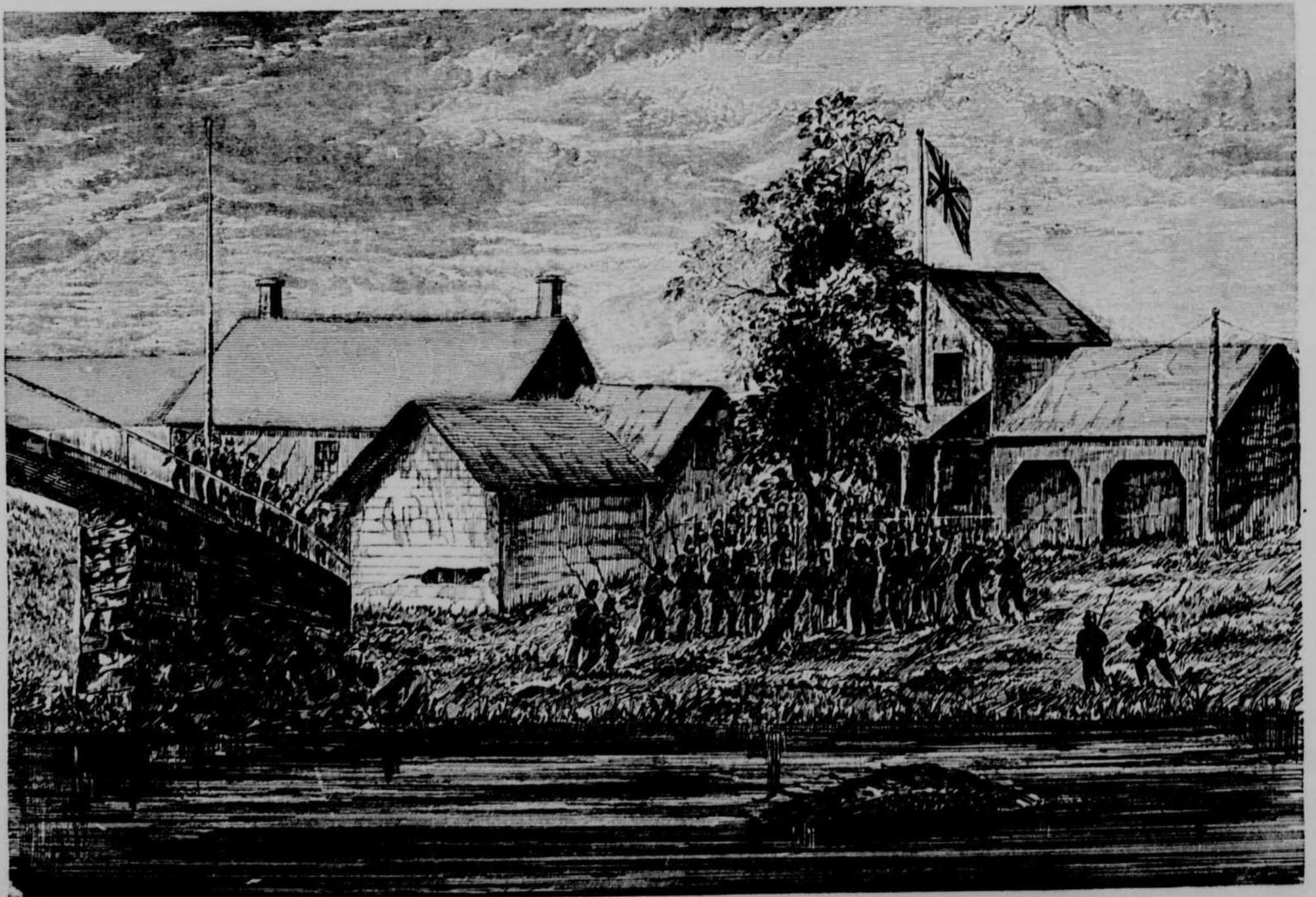
BURIAL IN THE WOODS.

The artist here depicts a pretty, fanciful scene in the woods. A little bird has fallen dead among the underwood—shot perhaps by some ruthless schoolboy trying his first gun. The beetles are flocking together round the body of the poor songster to perform the last friendly offices, and above them a gayly-painted butterfly is fluttering from flower to flower, unmindful of the tragedy going on below. The artist is Schmidt of Berlin.

A practical Yankee being told that in the days of the Millennium the lion and the lamb will lie down together, said "He expected the lamb would lie down inside the lion."



LACROSSE MATCH BETWEEN THE MONTREAL CLUB AND CAUGHNAWAGA INDIANS. From a sketch by our own Artist.—See page 515.

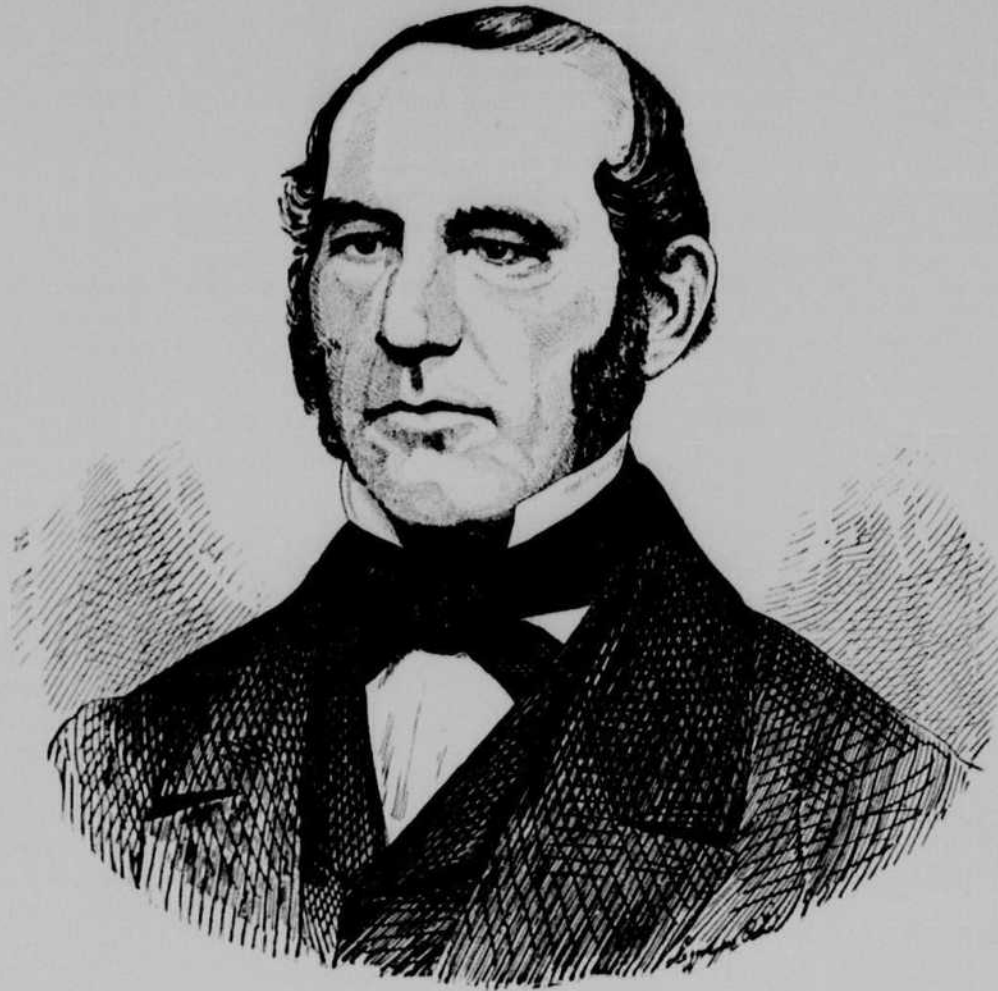


HOLBROOK'S STORE AT HUNTINGDON. From a sketch by our special Artist.—See page 515.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 38.—ASA WESTOVER, Esq.,
CAPT. OF THE MISSISQUOI "HOME
GUARDS."

In this number we print a portrait of Mr. Westover, whose name, in connection with the affair of the 25th May, has become famous throughout the country. Mr. Westover is a native of Missisquoi, a true British Canadian borderer, and one who has apparently been endowed with the spirit of chivalry and daring which has made the border name a favourite in the story of almost every land. He is a well-to-do, perhaps we might say wealthy, and respectable farmer, who has spent nearly his whole life, of half a century or thereabouts, in the County of Missisquoi. He is, therefore, well known throughout his neighbourhood, and such has been the tenor of his life that wherever known he is held in high esteem. He is a crack shot, a personal friend having assured us that he has seen him repeatedly bring down a squirrel at a hundred yards. It was therefore fortunate for the Fenians that Messrs. Westover and Ten Eyck were at dinner when the former crossed the line, or assuredly there would have been more dead Fenians on the battle-ground. To their great disappointment, not anticipating an immediate advance, these gentlemen had both retired about noon to a house not far distant to take some refreshment; and they only returned to the scene of action just as the Fenians were retreating in disorder. They, however, took an active part in the further proceedings of the day which have already been detailed in our columns. Capt. Westover, with his immediate companions in arms, deserves a share of that commendation which has been so well earned by, and so liberally bestowed upon, the Volunteers of the country. The following ex-



ASA WESTOVER, Esq., CAPTAIN OF THE "HOME GUARDS."

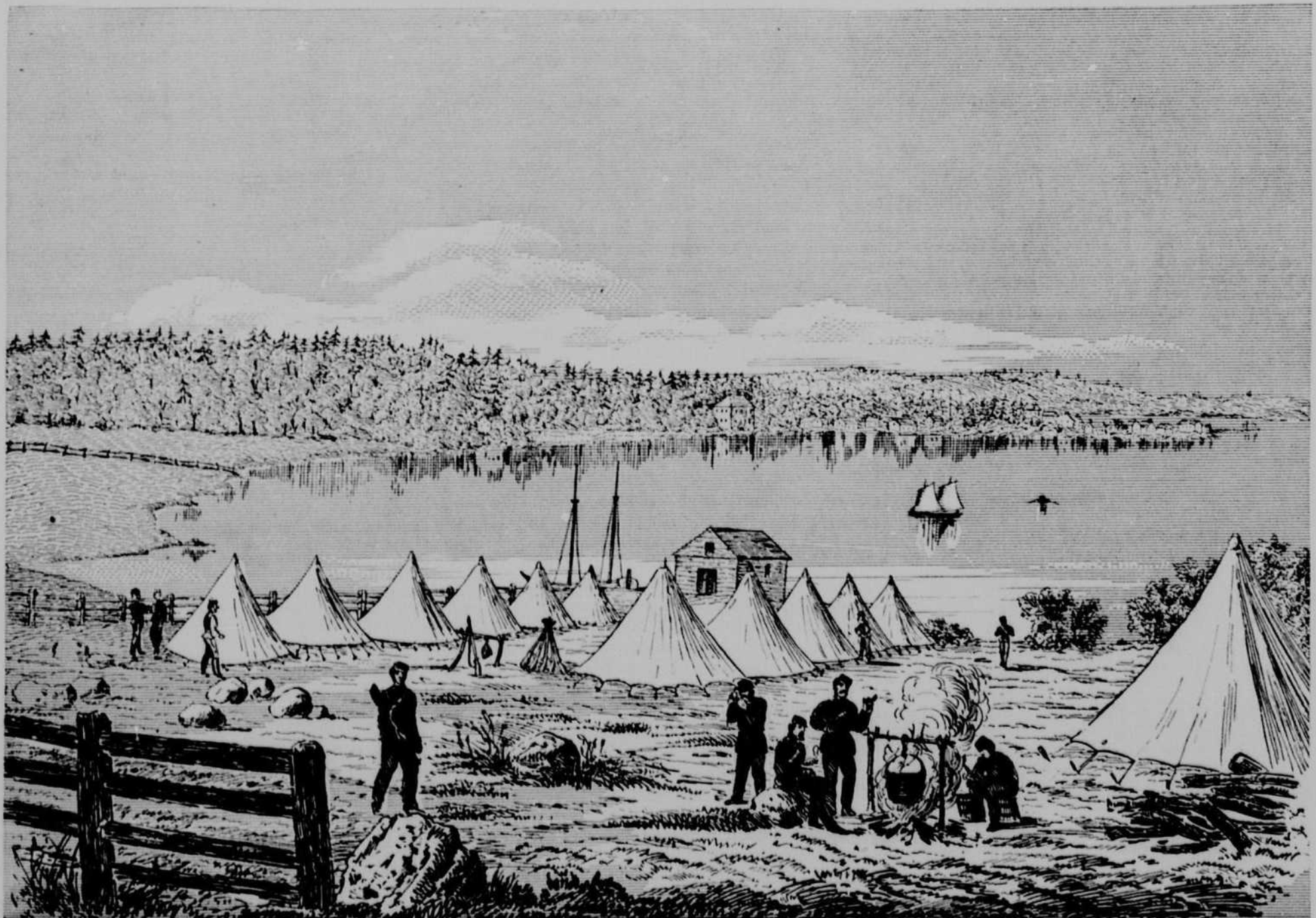
tract from a letter to the Editor of the Montreal *Daily Witness*, will explain the organization of the "Home Guards."

"I would mention that my friend, Mr. Andrew Ten Eyck, has been associated with me in the organization of the Home Guards, and deserves equally as much credit as myself for any service rendered by them; and I should wish his name to be mentioned in connection with it as well as my own.

"Subjoined, I give a slight sketch of our organization, as requested by your reporter; and in connection therewith, it may not be amiss to add an account also of our first encounter with the enemy.

"After the Fenian raid of 1866 we felt so much humiliated and disgraced at having been obliged to submit to their outrages without resistance, that we resolved at once to take some steps to prevent a recurrence of the disgraceful scenes then enacted in case of another invasion of our country. We therefore called a meeting of our immediate neighbours, sixteen in number, and entered into an agreement to provide ourselves with the best breech-loading rifles that could be procured, and I was deputed to make the selection.

"Not wishing to take the entire responsibility, I requested Mr. James G. Pell, one of our best riflemen, to accompany me, and we proceeded to visit the various rifle manufactories in Massachusetts, finally deciding on the Ballard sporting rifle, 30-inch heavy barrel. After my return I was requested to order the same kind for about forty more of the inhabitants of Dunham. While all remained quiet along the border we gave ourselves no farther trouble in the matter, knowing that we were provided with arms and ammunition in case of necessity.



RED RIVER EXPEDITION.—CAMP AT SAULT ST. MARIE. From a sketch by Rev. Mr. W.—SEE PAGE 518.

"But on the alarm in 1868, two meetings were held at Dunham village, where a similar agreement was drawn up and signed by some twenty-five more, and I was elected the head officer.

"When the alarm came this spring we met and organized regularly. I was chosen Captain; L. Galer, Lieutenant; and J. Galer, Ensign. We decided upon the badge to be worn—a red scarf—and reported ourselves ready for action whenever needed, under the name of the Home Guards. Our organization is such that we require no other officers, except sergeants to notify the men when necessary, and of these we have enough to make it an easy matter to get the company together in an hour's time.

"We have means by which reliable information can be obtained of the least movement going on among the Fenians on the other side against our country. They cannot advance to within twenty miles of the frontier but we are immediately put in possession of all that is there known of their plans.

"Last Monday afternoon, May 23rd, I received notice that the Fenians were collecting on the other side of the line, and that large quantities of arms and ammunition were being brought through Franklin directly to the front.

"Our scouts were out all night, and on Tuesday morning at 4 o'clock news came of such an alarming character that I warned my company of Home Guards out at once. By eight o'clock, a. m., they were gathering at Cook's Corners, and we remained there until the afternoon, receiving information every few minutes of the Fenian movements.

"About two o'clock we left this place and took up our position on a wooded rocky hill, overlooking the line, a spot long since looked out by Mr. Ten Eyck and myself as the point from which an invasion of this kind must be resisted—determined, if possible, to maintain it until the volunteer forces should be ordered to the frontier.

"This position we did hold in sight of Fenians, five to one of us, from the time we assumed it (keeping pickets out during the night, and taking two prisoners), until about four o'clock on Wednesday morning, when Lieut. Baker with twenty-two men, a part of Capt. Robinson's company of Dunham volunteers, arrived on the ground. A short time after this Capt. Bockus, from Stanbridge, with a part of his company, numbering about as many more, came up, all under command of Col. Chamberlin, making the full force on the ground at the time of the attack about 85 men.

"The position occupied by the Home Guards during the engagement was at the point of the hill nearest the line, and our rifles were ranged to open fire upon the enemy when a very few yards past the iron post, which we did with a good will.

"Since the skirmish of Wednesday last I have received a list of forty-four names from Sweetburg and Cowansville of persons wishing to be added to our company, and many others from different parts of Dunham and St. Armand East are still to be added to our numbers.

"Yours, &c.,

"ASA WESTOVER."

Dunham, May 31

A day or two before the raid, and when it was surmised that the Fenians were preparing to come over, Capt. Westover took the precaution to have the whole ground measured from Eccles Hill to the border line. His company therefore knew exactly at what distance the Fenian "targets," upon which they were to fire, were placed; they could determine at different points to what number of yards they should fix the "sight" of their rifles in order to do the best execution; and if we take the number of men engaged, some forty or fifty, the brief period of the engagement, twenty minutes or half an hour, the carnage has scarcely ever been equalled. The reports give nine Fenians killed and seventeen wounded, thus placing one enemy *hors du combat* for every two Canadians in the engagement, and that without a scratch upon our side! The steadiness of the fire and the accuracy of the aim decided the fortunes of the day; and it must be confessed that to the capital training of the border-men under Capt. Westover, the satisfactory result of the engagement is mainly due. The commanding officer, Col. Smith, and under him Col. Chamberlin, did all that was possible for them to secure success; but had they not been supported by the keen eye, the straight aim, and the steady hand of the well-trained Home Guards and volunteers, their victory would have been purchased upon other and far more costly terms. Capt. Westover's portrait is from a photograph recently taken.

SHARP PRACTICE.—An incorporated society hired a man to blast a rock, says Mark Twain, and he was punching powder into a hole with a crowbar, when a premature explosion followed, sending the man and crowbar out of sight. Both came down all right, and the man went to work again directly, but though he was gone only fifteen minutes, they docked him for lost time.

Temperature in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending June 14, 1870, observed by John Underhill, Optician to the Medical Faculty of McGill University, 299 Notre Dame Street.

		9 A. M.	1 P. M.	6 P. M.
Wednesday,	June 8.....	68°	75°	74°
Thursday,	" 9.....	66°	77°	76°
Friday,	" 10.....	68°	75°	72°
Saturday,	" 11.....	68°	70°	71°
Sunday,	" 12.....	68°	78°	72°
Monday,	" 13.....	68°	76°	73°
Tuesday,	" 14.....	71°	79°	76°

		MAX.	MIN.	MEAN.
Wednesday,	June 8.....	76°	63°	84° 5
Thursday,	" 9.....	78°	58°	68°
Friday,	" 10.....	77°	58°	67° 5
Saturday,	" 11.....	72°	55°	63° 5
Sunday,	" 12.....	80°	60°	70°
Monday,	" 13.....	80°	57°	68° 5
Tuesday,	" 14.....	81°	60°	70° 5

Aneroid Barometer compensated and corrected.

		9 A. M.	1 P. M.	6 P. M.
Wednesday,	June 8.....	30.20	30.20	30.17
Thursday,	" 9.....	30.17	30.12	30.12
Friday,	" 10.....	30.14	30.12	30.12
Saturday,	" 11.....	30.17	30.16	30.10
Sunday,	" 12.....	30.15	30.20	30.24
Monday,	" 13.....	30.26	30.20	30.12
Tuesday,	" 14.....	30.10	30.06	30.00

PRESENTATION PLATE.

In the Press and will shortly be distributed to all paid-up Subscribers for one year to the

"CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,"

A Leggotyped Copy of LEFVER's Splendid Engraving of CORREGGIO's celebrated Painting (the original of which is now in the Dresden Gallery) entitled,

"THE NATIVITY."

It will be printed on a large sheet of fine plate paper, the exact size of the Engraving being 14 by 19 inches, and care will be taken to make it in every respect as attractive and artistic as the original. All parties subscribing to the News, and paying for one year, any time before the first of July next, will be entitled to a copy of this magnificent Plate, the value of which may be inferred from the fact that the Engraving, of which it is a *facsimile*, sells in New York at ten dollars per copy.

Montreal, 26th March, 1870.

CALENDAR FOR WEEK ENDING JUNE 25, 1870.

SUNDAY,	June 19.—First Sunday after Trinity. William IV. died, 1837. 100th Regiment embarked for England, 1858.
MONDAY,	" 20.—Accession of Queen Victoria, 1837.
TUESDAY,	" 21.—Longest day. Quebec Gazette (first Canadian newspaper) issued, 1764.
WEDNESDAY,	" 22.—Turkish monarchy founded, 550. Battle of Vittoria, 1813. Battle of Solferino, 1859.
THURSDAY,	" 23.—Siege of Kars, 1855. Great fire in Quebec, 1865.
FRIDAY,	" 24.—St. John Baptist, M. Midsummer Day. Newfoundland discovered by Cabot, 1497.
SATURDAY,	" 25.—Battle of Bannockburn, 1314. Battle of Louisbourg, 1758.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY JUNE 18 1870.

The visit of the British Columbian delegates to this country for the purpose of arranging terms of union, calls attention to the necessity of pushing forward works for the improvement of interior communication through the North-West, whether by land or water, rail or waggon-road. If British Columbia is admitted into the Union, the difficulty of communicating with it through British territory will not be represented by a portage of a couple of miles, such as that at Sault Ste. Marie which delayed for two weeks the progress of the Red River expedition. Yet that delay was humiliating enough to Canada. At a comparatively trifling cost there might, according to the testimony of practical men, be built, on the Canadian side, a canal that would place one of the keys to Lake Superior in the hands of this country. It is inconvenient that just now the only key to that inland sea is in the hands of a neighbour, friendly, no doubt, but still of such a jesty humour as not always to be depended on. The construction of this little canal has frequently been urged, but it has been deferred in great part because of the existing one on the American side. If it is so hard to get to Fort William, even in summer, and thence to Red River, how much worse will it be to make the way across the Rocky Mountains and on to New Westminster, or Victoria?

There must be a railroad across the continent on British territory; and we are glad to notice that an enterprising citizen of Toronto, Mr. Laidlaw, of "narrow gauge" fame, is now advocating a scheme in England which, if not very feasible in itself, serves at least to exhibit the importance of the country as a field for immigration and investment. His proposal is to build a British Pacific Railway and other railways throughout the North-West with emigrant labour. The scheme, designed to be self-sustaining, is based upon a land grant of 20,000 acres per mile, and a government guarantee of the company's bonds to the extent of \$15,000 per mile, upon which (*i. e.*, the land and the guarantee) the whole sum—\$26,000 per mile—required to construct the railway would be borrowed in England. To supply the labour, emigrants would be assisted from Europe; and employed for at least two hundred days on the railway at 2s. per day and rations, at the end of which time each emigrant would be entitled to receive from the company 100 acres of land, and from the government 200 acres, the latter either free or at a small price per acre. The cost of passage money, &c., would be deducted from the wages of the labourer; and skilled workmen would, of course, receive a higher rate. Mr. Laidlaw also proposes ample security to the governments in the management of the funds, &c., so that every guarantee would be given that the scheme, if entered on, would be carried out in good faith. This scheme Mr. Laidlaw has submitted to the Colonial Emigration Committee; at the same time asking

the opinion of the Committee as to the merits of the project, the chances of the securities being accepted in England, and the light in which the emigrating classes would be likely to view it.

We notice the project of Mr. Laidlaw because it brings the subject of the Canadian Pacific Railway and of public works in British North America prominently before the English people at a time when the promotion of emigration is the pet hobby of the most active and energetic philanthropists among them. Assuredly if any scheme is adopted that will secure the construction of the railway, emigration will be promoted; and hence it appears that Mr. Laidlaw has been fortunate in the time chosen for bringing his plan into notice. Canada never before so strongly felt the necessity for the railway, and seldom has there been a time when emigration was more favourably regarded among the classes this country most needs to develop its resources. The conjunction of circumstances is such as ought to be taken advantage of in this country, by encouraging the Government to adopt a liberal policy as regards land grants to new railway enterprises; indeed, the Minister of Militia explained, when discussing the Manitoba Bill in Parliament, that the ungranted lands of the North-West had been reserved expressly with the view to promote the construction of railways. The first practical step towards the promotion of the great work might well be taken in Montreal by supporting the Canada Central. That road and the projected Northern road from this city having clubbed their resources and secured very fair prospects of such municipal aid as will secure its construction, Montreal is expected to invest one million of dollars in it; and if the city's resources are such as to enable it to assume the responsibility, there is no other public work having such strong claims upon it, or more certain to make a handsome return. On its own merits, and merely as opening direct communication from this city through the Ottawa valley, the Canada Central ought to be pushed forward without delay; but when it is remembered that it ought to form, and if built in time, will undoubtedly form, a link in the great chain of the Canadian Pacific railway, there can surely be no hesitation as to what ought to be the duty of Montreal in the premises.

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD'S HEALTH.

It is satisfactory to be able to speak of Sir John's health rather than of his illness. He is now able to sit up for an hour or two at a time, the favourable symptoms noticed by his physician, and mentioned by us last week, having continued uninterrupted. It is yet but a few days since Sir John was informed that there had been a Fenian raid and repulse; but his health is now such as to warrant his being made acquainted with current events.

On Tuesday last the marriage of Colonel Chamberlin to Mrs. Fitzgibbon came off in St. Ann's Church, Brockton, near Toronto. The affair passed off with great *celo*. In the afternoon the happy couple started on a wedding tour to Ottawa, and thence to Montreal.

Hon. Mr. Campbell, P. M. G., leaves to-day for England to represent to the Imperial authorities the views of the Canadian Government with respect to the Fenian movement.

THE RED RIVER EXPEDITION.

THE CAMP AT SAULT STE. MARIE.

After having crossed the main-land from Garden River, where they disembarked, to the Lake Superior end of the Sault, the Canadian troops pitched their camp at a short distance from the village of Ste. Marie. The camp, as shown in our illustration, lies in a meadow in front of a group of houses belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company. These houses are surrounded with a stockade, and lead down to a wharf also belonging to the Company. The whole is dignified with the name of the Fort. The distance from the camp to the village is a mile and a half, but the road being somewhat circuitous, it has been found convenient to send the stores for the camp by water from the village. The troops in camp are under the command of Col. Boulton, an officer who thoroughly understands his duty, and to whose able management is due the perfect order preserved. The life at the Sault was found somewhat monotonous, but it was an agreeable change from the routine at the Crystal Palace in Toronto, especially as the weather has been all that could be desired for camping out. At 4 a. m. reveille sounds, and at seven the men breakfast. After breakfast they are distributed as fatigue parties, engaged in the removal of stores to the waggons to be carried to the camp; and sentinels are posted to relieve the night guards. At noon dinner is served, the cooking being done by the men. Dinner over the men are occasionally drilled for a short time, after which they are left to their own resources for whiling away the time until tea at 4. Retreat follows at sunset, tattoo at half-past nine, and lights out at 10. During the whole time, both night and day, guards are posted around the camp, and a captain and subaltern are detailed daily to remain in camp, dressed in uniform, and ready to turn out at a moment's notice to give directions to guard and picket, and to turn out the whole force under arms, if required. The troops are kept close in camp, where, however, they are allowed considerable freedom. A great excitement was caused a fortnight ago by the news that the Fenians were preparing for a raid. On the night of the 3rd, about one hundred men came up on the Chicago steambot, all armed, and supposed to be Fenians. Information was immediately des-

patched from the American side that an attack might be expected. Col. Boulton and a large number of officers were gone to a ball at the residence of Mr. Simpson, M. P., but were at once recalled by Capt. Nagle, who was in command of the company. The alarm was sounded, and the troops called out. Three corps were sent to the head of the Portage; lines of sentries were placed along the road; and proper precautions taken against surprise on board the river boat. The United States troops in Fort Brady were also called out by the officer in command. The Fenians were seen from the gunboat distributing rations or ammunition; and a tug-boat lying in wait for them. But seeing the gun-boat "Prince Alfred," which had been lying at the Sault for the past few days, and hearing the alarm sounded, they became afraid and went again on board the propeller—which then went on to Duluth, and this was the last heard of them. Since then the quarters at the Sault have been comparatively quiet; the men are all well, and it is expected that a fortnight hence they will all have started for Fort William, when the little village of Ste. Marie will be left to its wonted quiet.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, TORONTO.

The Mechanics' Institute stands on the corner of Church and Adelaide Streets. The erection of the fine building was the result of a most praiseworthy liberality on the part of the public, and of the members of the Institute. It is of white brick, with stone dressings. The architects were Messrs. Cumberland and Storm. The design is Italian in its main features. The frontage on Church Street is 80 feet, and on Adelaide Street 104 feet. The cost was about 40,000 dollars. The building contains a large music hall, 76 feet long by 46 feet wide (with ante-rooms), the entrance to which is on Adelaide Street. It also contains a lecture-theatre capable of holding 500 persons, a large reading-room, library, committee and apparatus rooms, with other accommodation. The Mechanics' Institute was organized in 1830, and incorporated in 1847. The Hon. Dr. Baldwin was its first president. In 1844 its members numbered 100; they now number nearly 700. The library contains about 3500 volumes, and somewhat near 550 members avail themselves of its advantages. Lectures are delivered every winter on popular subjects, and classes for instruction have from time to time been formed. Annual industrial exhibitions have also been held. The annual income of the Institute is about 2000 dollars, including a parliamentary grant of 200 dollars. Our illustration is from a photograph by Notman and Fraser of Toronto.

SCIENCE AND ART.

The sale of the celebrated San Donato collection of paintings and statuary in Paris brought the enormous sum of 4,863,031 francs—nearly a million of dollars.

Beethoven's hundredth birthday is to be celebrated by a grand festival at Vienna on October 23. The festival will last four days.

The Swedenborgians, English and American, have raised upwards of £3,000 towards photo-lithographing Swedenborg's manuscripts, preserved in the library of the Academie des Sciences, Stockholm.

The Queen has expressed her intention to give a prize of 1,000*l.* (£40) for the best fan painted or sculptured by a female artist under twenty-five years of age, and exhibited next year. The competition will be international.

A new Autographic process has been invented by Messrs. Maclure and Macdonald, of Wallbrook, London, by which artists, engineers, and draughtsmen in general may have their drawings and sketches multiplied *ad libitum*, the materials employed being simply pencil and paper.

Samuel Champlain's countrymen, in pleasant Saintonge, are discussing the advisability of erecting a statue at his birth-place to his memory, and will probably call upon the people of the colony he founded for assistance in the good work. They propose to cast two fine works of art from the same mould, one of which would be placed at Brouage, and the other at Quebec.

THE CAUSE OF DEATH DURING INHALATIONS OF CHLOROFORM.—Dr. Jeannell considers that the fatal issue is principally owing to the terror felt by the patient before the operation, and advises the following precaution. When consent has been given to an operation, that the patient should not be made acquainted with the precise day. Whilst he is quietly in his bed the chloroformist should pay him a visit, and say that he wishes to learn whether it will be possible to make him sleep when the day of the operation shall have come round. The patient, without fear or apprehension, submits to the trials, and, when he is narcotised, is carried into the operating theatre, where the operation is at once performed. All this is done without exciting the least anxiety in the patient, and his placidity removes the danger which arises from nervousness and trepidation.

A Russian newspaper publishes a letter from a German savant, engaged in exploring the plain of Troy, which will cause great excitement in archaeological circles. While making some excavations near the village of Cyplax, this gentleman suddenly came on the ruins of a cyclopean wall about eight feet thick. The works were actively pushed on, and, from what has already been brought to light, the writer is convinced that he has at last discovered the remains of the famous palace of Priam. Indeed, he asserts that the part of the ruins already uncovered exactly tallies with the description of the palace given by Homer in the "Iliad." As soon as the works are sufficiently advanced, he promises to publish a detailed memoir concerning this marvellous discovery.

TOBACCO AND ITS ADULTERATIONS.—According to John C. Draper, who contributes an able article, against the use of tobacco, to the *Galaxy*, for June, the adulteration of tobacco varies greatly with the character of the preparation. In that intended for chewing, it consists chiefly of molasses or common salt, rarely of leaves of other plants. In cigars and cut tobacco for smoking, it is by no means common, and consists usually of hay, paper, or leaves of the dock, rhubarb, cabbage, elm, and oak, all of which are, comparatively speaking, harmless. In snuff, on the contrary, adulteration is very common, and the substances used are, in many cases, exceedingly injurious, including such articles as chromate of lead, bichromate of potash, powdered glass, and different kinds of ochres or oxides of iron. The latter are nearly always found in the Scotch snuffs, and rarely occur in the Welsh and Irish.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

It is intended by the loyal citizens of Ottawa to present Lieut.-Colonel Brown Chamberlin with a sword, and A.-G. Lieut.-Colonel Ross Robertson has been commissioned to purchase it while absent on leave in England. Would it not have been more appropriate, in view of Colonel Chamberlin's double distinction on the field and in the press, and especially since his appointment to the Queen's Printership, to have presented him with a handsomely got-up "shooting-stick?"

It has often been stated that Sir John A. Macdonald very much resembles the Right Hon. and illustrious author of "Lothair." Now, if Canada's John A. is the counterpart of John Bull's D'Israeli, is it not also true that Ontario's John S. is very much like England's Gladstone? The resemblance between the present Premiers of England and Ontario has frequently been remarked upon, but I have never seen it mentioned in print.

QUIZ.

H. R. H. PRINCE ARTHUR.—On Saturday afternoon H. R. H. Prince Arthur was formally invested with the most distinguished order of St. Michael and St. George by His Excellency the Governor-General. After the conclusion of the ceremony, which took place in St. Patrick's Hall, His Royal Highness proceeded to the Crystal Palace to view Marshal Wood's bronze statue of Her Majesty. On Monday the Prince took his final departure from Montreal. H. R. H. was accompanied by His Excellency and Lady Young, and will spend a few days at Mr. Hugh Allan's summer residence on Lake Memphremagog, before proceeding to Quebec, en route for England.

The Winnipeg *New Nation* of the 27th ult. has the following ominous paragraph:

"Colonel-Commandant Gay had a portion of his cavalry troop out yesterday, and put them through a series of brilliant exercises. Within a mile of Fort Garry a course was marked out half a mile in length, and at distances of thirty yards apart flagstaffs to the number of a dozen or so were erected. About three feet from the ground, underneath each flag, a target was raised, and at this the cavalry fired, discharging their pieces while their horses flew over the ground at their swiftest pace. The firing was on the whole remarkably good—most of the bullets finding their way into the centre of the target. What splendid troops for guerilla warfare men such as these would make! It was really a fine sight to watch them start off and, while going at the top of their speed, load and fire with a precision worthy of the best shots. The men carried the musket balls in their mouths and powder in their pockets, and seemed to load and fire with great ease. Colonel Gay expressed himself highly satisfied with the firing, and, we believe, contemplates taking the men out frequently for these and similar exercises."

A TWO-FOOT GAUGE RAILWAY.

The *American Artisan* publishes an account of the Festiniog way, built in the mountains of Wales, which is remarkable for the extreme narrowness of its gauge—only 24 inches. It was constructed to enable the coal to be carried economically from the mines to the place of general deposit, and an engine called the Little Wonder, weighing but five tons, and of peculiar construction, was built for use upon it. The road is very circuitous and full of wild curves, and so doubtful was the government inspector of the safety of a high rate of speed on such a railway that he insisted on limiting the company to a maximum speed of 12 miles an hour. It was soon found, however, that there was very little oscillation, even less than on broad gauge roads, and that it became less as the speed increased. All restriction was therefore removed, and the Little Wonder occasionally makes 35 miles an hour. Nor is the business of the line confined to freighting. Passenger cars also run, and on one occasion the Little Wonder has drawn a train weighing 110 tons and a quarter of a mile in length—so long, in fact, that on some parts of the road it had to run on no less than five reverse curves, and it so turned and doubled upon itself, as it would among the Welsh hills, that the passengers in the front carriages could, while sitting in their seats, made signals to persons on other parts of the train. The average speed was 12½ miles, and the maximum 16½. The Festiniog road answers all the requirements of the country through which it passes, and pays the best dividends on its capital stock of any railway in the world.

The Prince of Schleswig-Holstein, on his return from a scientific voyage which had lasted for several years, found his library in a state of great disorder. He asked his steward to recommend some one who would rearrange it, and the latter replied that the only person he was acquainted with was a young lady who acted as companion to his wife. This young person, Mdle. Carmeli'a Elisenblatt, is the daughter of a merchant at Calcutta, who was formerly in wealthy circumstances, but on his meeting with a reverse of fortune the children were obliged to earn their own living, and the young lady in question had even appeared on the stage. She accepted the proposals made to her, and on entering upon her duties the Prince found her so well educated and so intelligent that he was quite charmed, and at last made her an offer of marriage. The union is to take place in a few days, and the bridegroom has applied to the King of Prussia for permission to lay aside his princely rank and assume the title of Count de Boer, so that the marriage shall not be a morganatic one.

A most unusual occurrence took place in Paris a few days ago. Some indiscreet young mother, desiring to hide her shame, and yet keep her conscience clear of infanticide, bethought herself of a most poetical method of throwing her offspring on the mercy of the world. Baby was tucked up in a little car and sent up in a parachute for the winds to carry whither they listed. What goes up must come down, and the miniature balloon with its precious freight finally alighted in the streets of Paris, with its contents as fresh, if not as welcome, as the flowers in May. The winds had been merciful to the infant, and a label attached signified that it had been committed to the care of Providence. The idea is novel, and though such flights of fancy are not commendable, Providence, in the shape of the Empress, is said to have adopted the little waif, and placed it in one of the charitable institutions of Paris.

The literary arena, in England, is evidently overthronged. The other day a gentleman sent a manuscript to a certain monthly magazine, and received in reply the following note:—"The editor will not be able to glance at your MS. for several years. It is now at my office awaiting your wishes."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LOOK REVISÉ.—Short stories, if original and racy, will receive favourable consideration, and if used will, of course, be paid for. Your having been "in at the death" of one literary journal is not in itself a recommendation; but we never engage, under any circumstances, to accept an article until we have seen and read it.

CHESS.

Contributions of original games, problems, and enigmas are invited for this column. Correspondents will oblige by observing our notation: Problems, in order to prevent errors, should be sent on diagrams, with the names of the pieces legibly written, and solution on the back.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. L.—The design of your Problem, No. 10, is very elegant. We discovered, however, after its insertion, that it admits of a second solution—as follows:

- | | | | |
|-------------------------|--|-----------------------|--|
| <i>White.</i> | | <i>Black.</i> | |
| 1. Q. to Q. Kt. 3rd. | | K. to B. 4th. (best.) | |
| 2. Q. to K. B. 7th. ch. | | K. to Kt. 5th. " | |
| 3. B. to K. 3rd. | | Any move. | |
| 4. Q. mates. | | | |

If Black play either pawn for his first move, he is mated by—2. Q. to K. B. 3rd; if for his second—K. to Kt. 4th; then—3. B. checks, and 4. Q. mates at K. B. 3rd or K. B. 5th.

AN "EVANS" LATELY PLAYED IN THE MONTREAL CHESS CLUB.

- | | | | |
|---------------------------|--|-------------------------|--|
| <i>White, Mr. W. A.</i> | | <i>Black, Mr. W. H.</i> | |
| 1. P. to K. 4th. | | P. to K. 4th. | |
| 2. B. to B. 4th. | | B. to B. 4th. | |
| 3. P. to Q. Kt. 4th. | | B. takes P. | |
| 4. Kt. to K. B. 3rd. | | Kt. to Q. B. 3rd. | |
| 5. P. to Q. B. 3rd. | | B. to Q. 3rd. | |
| 6. Castles. | | Kt. to K. B. 3rd. | |
| 7. P. to Q. 4th. | | Castles. | |
| 8. P. takes K. P. | | B. takes P. | |
| 9. B. to K. Kt. 5th. | | Q. to K. sq. | |
| 10. Q. to Q. 3rd. | | Kt. takes K. P. | |
| 11. Kt. takes B. | | Kt. takes Q. B. | |
| 12. Kt. to K. Kt. 4th. | | Q. Kt. to K. 4th. a | |
| 13. Kt. takes Kt. | | Q. takes Kt. | |
| 14. P. to K. B. 4th. | | Q. to Q. B. 4th. ch. | |
| 15. K. to R. sq. | | Kt. to K. 3rd. | |
| 16. P. to K. B. 5th. | | Kt. to Q. sq. | |
| 17. P. to K. B. 6th. | | P. to K. Kt. 3rd. | |
| 18. Kt. to Q. 2nd. | | P. to Q. B. 3rd. b | |
| 19. Kt. to K. 4th. | | Q. to K. R. 4th. | |
| 20. Kt. to Q. 6th. | | P. to Q. Kt. 4th. | |
| 21. B. to Q. Kt. 3rd. | | P. to Q. R. 4th. | |
| 22. R. to K. B. 3rd. | | P. to Q. Kt. 5th. | |
| 23. Q. R. to K. B. sq. | | B. to Q. R. 3rd. | |
| 24. P. to Q. B. 4th. | | Kt. to K. 3rd. | |
| 25. B. to Q. B. 2nd. | | Q. to K. R. 5th. | |
| 26. R. to K. R. 3rd. | | Q. to Q. 5th. | |
| 27. Q. to K. Kt. 3rd. | | B. takes Q. B. P. | |
| 28. Kt. to K. B. 5th. | | Q. to Q. 7th. | |
| 29. R. takes K. R. P. c | | Kt. to K. B. 5th. | |
| 30. R. to K. Kt. 7th. ch. | | K. to R. sq. | |
| 31. Q. takes Kt. | | Q. takes Q. | |
| 32. R. takes Q. | | B. to K. 7th. | |

Mate in four moves.

a A very natural move to force exchanges and repel the attack; on a more attentive examination of the position, however, Black must have perceived that—12. Q. to K. 5th or P. to Q. 4th answered the purpose very much better: either of these moves will be found to result in his favour.

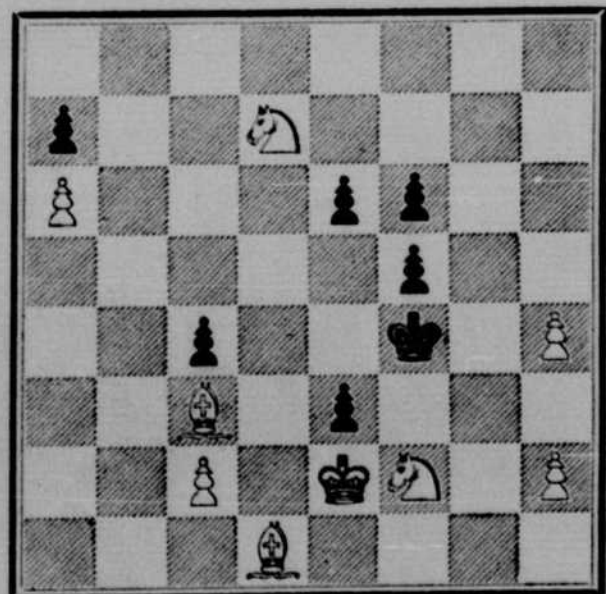
b Even yet: P. to Q. 4th, in order to force his game, seems preferable.

c The winning move; but White might have forced mate in six moves, commencing with Kt. to K. 7th. ch.

PROBLEM No. 11

By J. W.

BLACK.



White to play, and mate in four moves.

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA NO. 2.

- | | | | |
|---------------------|--|---------------------|--|
| <i>White.</i> | | <i>Black.</i> | |
| 1. B. to Q. 3rd. | | B. to Kt. 2nd. | |
| 2. Kt. to K. B. sq. | | R. takes R. (best.) | |
| 3. Kt. takes R. | | B. moves. | |
| 4. R. mates. | | | |

ALKABAZAR.

The long-suffering and much-injured public is earnestly requested to possess its soul in patience for a few days longer. The Fenian bubble has for the time at least, been bridged over, and confidence and the sense of security are returning. In a few days it is hoped and believed that *Alkabazar* will have safely arrived, and that we shall have the happiness of publicly announcing the gratifying fact.



CAMP OF THE 69TH REGIMENT AT HINCHINBROOKE. From a sketch by our special Artist.—SEE PAGE 515.



THE BATTLE OF TROUT RIVER. From a sketch by our special Artist.—SEE PAGE 515.



STAMPEDE OF THE FENIANS THROUGH TROUT RIVER VILLAGE. From a sketch by our special Artist.—SEE PAGE 515.

'YOU'RE WANTED, PLEASE.'

Not so many weeks ago, there was a great occasion at the house of my friend, the Rev. Norton Folgate, of which I am an inmate. The new piano had come home, and there was quite a little domestic triumph got up in its honour. But, first and foremost, there was the casting forth ignominiously of that most perverse, cross-grained piece of furniture which did compound duty as side-table and musical instrument, which was always out of tune, sticking fast in, or ruthlessly cutting short the finish of all sorts of brilliant passages which demanded what Mrs. Folgate generically termed 'additional keys.' This was the only concession I ever heard her make, for her faith in the piano had struck root years ago, and still flourished loyally; and sometimes, in the long evenings—after infinite persuasion, I allow—she would sit down and give us the *Bird Waltz* or the *Battle of Prague*, as much as to say, 'What more do you want?' Indeed, this latter piece was calculated to display some peculiarities of the instrument, for, although the 'running fire' and 'Go to bed, Tom,' were but shadowy, the 'cries of the wounded' assumed the most spectral character, coming from recesses of the instrument which were apparently in torture.

As long as ever I have known the Folanges, this piano has been a family topic. Whenever they had any one coming to the house, the tuner was put into requisition one hour before the guest's arrival, so as, at least, to start clear. Even on the occasion of confirmation, while we were in church, the renovating process was going forward; and did not my lord bishop, walking into luncheon, and talking 'parish' with Folgate, rub his apostolic skirts against little Schrueter, caught retreating, and flattened respectfully against the outermost passage-wall of the parsonage?

We had at one time great confidence in an operation termed 'buffing'; but as nothing worth speaking of came of it, there was no help but to obey inevitable destiny, and get a new piano.

No reform is sudden: every reform is the expression of a progress which has grown. We had thus tended to the new piano for years; had gone into committee about it; carried the Upright and Grand controversy to the bounds of decency; made abstruse calculations, after supper, involving all Folgate's quarterly liabilities: referred all the musical instruments that came beneath our notice to this ideal: visited the whereabouts of wonderful advertisements, and collected secret intelligence from private sources; in fact, maintained it amongst us as a stock subject and speculation always ready on the shortest notice, although sometimes not ascending to the surface for months together.

For myself, individually, I confess it was not altogether by this time a pleasant topic, for I had so repeatedly taken my own friends into my confidence—had so employed them to negotiate—had been by them so known to have written hurried notes, and so detected despatching hasty messengers on climax of proceedings, that I had misgivings if the Folanges' new piano had not occasionally formed the nucleus of some jokes. I had, therefore, latterly taken things so quietly, that I was utterly unprepared for the invitational summons, the mention of which heads this article.

A noble instrument!—better than new!—with a certain air of the concert-room about it, that transformed the performer at once into 'a professional,' and the listeners into an audience of critical requirements. The case alone was worth the money. Such a grain!—such carving!—such a sweep! 'But stay till you hear it!' cries Norton, with almost apostrophic enthusiasm, 'and only cost'— But let the confidences of friendship ever be sacredly inviolable. I am dumb with surprise, and forthwith hasten from the observatory of the hearth-rug to a nearer view, which must assuredly discover some rickety conditions of sale. No, it is truth itself—plain, simple, grand. Oh, happy fate! who had sat invisible, unmovable at the impatient rebellious family council-board. This was worth the years of waiting for. You would have said so, had you heard it; even so much as that flight of notes and crash of chords which Miss Julia favoured us with in her dashing off-hand manner, standing herself unmoved, for she is understood to be a consummate instrumentalist, and makes nothing of that sort of thing. Not so, however, my revered and reverend friend, whose bald head shines in the firelight one amalgamated organ of Benevolence, and whose eyes close over the musical transport, or the paternal emotion which has made them glisten strangely, and for which I honour him in my inmost heart. Never mind to-night, insurances or instalments; forget school-bills and shoemakers—away with butchers, bakers, and melancholy in general—above all, good friend, a truce to the siege daily laid to your kind heart by that grim poverty, which draws its cordon so inexorably around the narrow lanes and courts that hem in your modest parsonage! To-night will we be gay; will we draw down the blinds, and shut out the tall houses opposite, where the weaver's shuttle drones its dreary chant late into the night; will we temper the fire, and kindle the lamp, and summon the shades of great maestros to bear us company.

It was certain that this night was marked in the festive calendar with a white stone; for, to cap the whole affair, that very morning a brace of pheasants had been sent to Folgate by those magnates, Ratcliff and Co., so that our whole social proceedings, even to the item of supper, were to assume a higher tone than ordinary; indeed, I had not been two minutes in the house before this intelligence was conveyed to me with abrupt irrelevance by Tom Folgate, aged nine, and realised to my confused perceptions by being bodily introduced between him and his sister Meg, who raced with each other in friendly contention to display the prize. The attention was grateful to the last degree to poor Folgate, more particularly as it was lent zest to by Mrs. Folgate's suggestion of 'what Mr. Swithin would think if he knew;' for the Ratcliffs are in Mr. Swithin's parish, and naturally enough, he would like to keep them to himself, if he could.

Now, whether it was the onerous demands of these birds from their preparatory 'pecking' to their consummatory bread-sauce, or whether it was that some portion of herself seemed to have been heard away with the tuneless departed, I know not; but certainly our dear Mrs. Norton was the only one *distracted*, suspicious, unaffected by the popular exhilaration. She was coming and going purposelessly unsympathetic—the only criticism which passed her lips being in some sort an unfriendly one; a disparaging proposition to stand 'our new grand' on glasses to improve the tone! However, in having said this, I am disposed to think she considered she had sufficiently vindicated her allegiance to deposed excellence, and

permitted herself presently to be led back to kindred interests by Norton, who, artful dog, protested that nobody should begin our concert after tea but mamma, by giving us *Cease your Funning*, with variations—which is worth any reverie in B flat ever written,' cries he, with the joyous air of having made a happy comparison. We were not long to-night in discussing tea, although the conversation took a highly musical turn, and Norton gave us several opera reminiscences of his gay days; of his having heard Madame Malibran and 'the Signor Lablache, who afterwards made such a figure in the world;' and of his being in the house when our own Braham sung the death of Nelson, and when sorrowing England, from pit to gallery, sobbed sad chorus to the mournful strain. While much of this chat had been going on, young John Folgate—who indulges in musical dilettantism, going to vocal classes, oratorios, and shilling concerts after office-hours—was mysteriously absent with a couple of the girls; but coming in presently, an official-looking paper, much be-flourished and emphasised with red ink, made the joke patent:

THE CELEBRATED FOLGATE FAMILY.

CONCERT-ROOMS, ST. BONIFACE IN THE FIELDS.

Cease your Funning, with Variations on one of Broad-wood's grand pianos, with newest improvements, by desire,..... Mrs. Folgate.
Sonata, Pathétique (L. V. Beethoven),..... Miss Folgate.
Song—Let me wander not unseen (Handel),..... Miss M. Folgate.
Grand Valse (Thalberg),..... Miss Folgate.
Glee—Blow, Gentle Gales (Bishop),..... Miss, Miss M., and [Mr. J. Folgate.
 The *Bird Waltz*,..... Mrs. Folgate.
The Last Rose of Summer, in which the Rev. N. Folgate will display his celebrated accomplishment of whistling to accompaniment.
 Duet—*I know a Bank*, in which Miss M. Folgate will support Mr. Smith.
Trio of Angels,..... Miss, Miss M., and Miss F. Folgate.
God Save the Queen,..... By the strength of the Company.

This was the programme of our entertainment, the only thing that underwent alteration being the position of the sacred song; for, as Norton is a stickler in these matters, he did not approve its coming after the secular ones, so it was transferred to the head of the list, coming immediately after the bit of Beethoven. I blush, however, to add, that our proceedings were delayed for a good hour by Mrs. Folgate being obliged to absent herself on culinary business of the deepest importance, which accomplished, we proceeded in state to the drawing-room.

A night of it! I should think so. Our firelight so bright, our lamp so cheery, our Sleeping Beauty still calmly reposing, awaiting the magic touch; even the bluster of the storm arising without, and the dash of the rain upon the windows, adding to our sense of enjoyment. Our opening piece was a decided success, although not amounting to an encore; and Norton, with quite an orchestral air—humouring the little comedy—led Mrs. Folgate away; who now for the first time gave in her adherence to the treble, although maintaining a dignified reserve on the matter of the bass. As for the sonata, that was, of course, our crack performance, and an expression of profound intelligence dawned in every face as Julia rendered it; although I fear she could not have adopted John's reading, for, looking to the furthest corner of the room, where he sat with folded arms, I saw that he several times knit his brows ominously. Public opinion, however, was unequivocally favourable, and the girls fell into order for their trio, only interrupted by Norton detecting some stray speck of dust on one of Beauty's legs, and hastening to remove it with his silk pocket-handkerchief. Indeed, he seemed to express his approval by a sly polish, as you would pat a dog's head or a horse's neck after a success.

At this stage of the proceedings there came to the hall-door a knock, single it is true, but sharp, quick, and imperative; after a short parley, the servant entered, in a cloud of ambrosial fragrance, it seemed from the delicious gush of supper, rich, savoury, mellow, which attended her into the drawing-room. 'You're wanted, please, sir,' said she to Folgate, who thereupon replied more abruptly than is his wont: 'Who is it?' to which Ann: 'A woman, sir.' A woman, at such an hour, in driving wind and beating rain. She was synonymous of disturbance, of trouble—an irresolvable discord in our harmony. 'I can't see any one at this time of night,' says Folgate, turning his back on the question altogether, and with, I am bound to confess, the organ of Benevolence not altogether so prominent as usual: 'tell her to come in the morning,' with which exit Ann; but hastily, with troubled countenance, returns to say: 'It is a dying man, sir, and he have the rattles, and can't fetch his breath.'

Mr. Folgate incases himself in an impenetrable armour of obdurate determination, condescends to put it as an argument, 'Well, why didn't they send at a proper time?'—condescends to put it as an apology, 'They never do send till they're insensible; tell her to leave the address, and I'll come in the morning.' So once more, with unsatisfied air, exit Ann. But surely the organ of Benevolence is again becoming visible; just the edge, as the momentary eclipse is passing away, and Folgate, in a lower tone, says to his son: 'Go down, Tom, and see what it is.' Then we are silent, and Norton gazes moodily into the fire. From the passage ascends the woman's voice, her very tone an impassioned appeal. 'O papa,' cries Tom, bursting in, 'it's that young dryman, the big fellow with the red cheeks from the country that lives in the Buildings, and he's got the death-sweats, and he's fighting for breath like anything; and she's sure he'll go off to-night, and she's going for the doctor.'

The eclipse was over; my Folgate was himself again, not as he was, half an hour since, with that unusual felicity joyously crowning him as he sat amongst his children sharing their happiness; but, as he ordinarily is, anxious, somewhat apart with his cares, but full of human sympathies and answering compassions. He rose at once, and again the woman told her shrill story to a kind ear. 'Don't mind me, girls,' said he, returning with a faint attempt at cheerfulness; 'I don't know how long I may be. I want some wine, my dear, at once.'

'Port or sherry?' asks good Mrs. Folgate, diving for her keys.

'Tent,' he replies; and we all understand, without further comment, the significance of the word.

After the door closed behind my friend, shutting him out into the wild night, we all sat very moodily, and a little awkwardly, as if somehow we were ashamed of each other; but the silence being broken by a *sotto-voce* titter from Tom and

Meg, whose vitality, arising out of the coming supper, nothing could quench, John Folgate took advantage of the break to propose that we should go on with our concert, and resume our interrupted trio.

'Watchman, what of the night? Behold the morning cometh.' How beautifully the young fresh voices sang, as it were, one of their own songs in a strange land, with a sort of hush at first, and a little trembling compassion, such as shining messengers might feel, but presently rising into that long, high, glorious note, held on triumphantly—a heavenly music beyond words. At least this is as it should be performed, but, as I am obliged to add, as it was not; for, arrived at this very point, having carried it to a certain length, my darling Mary's voice began to betray tokens of uncertainty. The swell swayed a little, faltered, grew strangely husky, passed into something like a sob, and then—Shall I go on? No! Our concert was over. Linked by our absent friend to that dark chamber of sorrow, where greatest earthly mysteries were being enacted, our very breath in its gaily wanton expenditure seemed to tax us with a distant cruelty to the poor strugglers for the breath of life.

This little homely incident happened, as I think I mentioned, within the last few weeks, so that it still has for me a freshness of detail, which a thousand other circumstances, bearing on my remarks, have possessed in immensely greater proportion, only now all shrivelled and edge-chipped by hardening of time, and attrition of daily life. So this must plead my excuse for according to it somewhat undeserved prominence. But I remember: I haven't made my remark yet, although about to do it ever so far back—indeed, quite full of its truth all the way through—I may say finding it a notable truth all the thinking-days of my life.

Bless you! when that woman came in with her 'You're wanted, please,' I for one knew she might just as well have said: 'Shut up your music, and put out your lights; the evening is over.' Did I think it was a message from the bishop telling Folgate that the living of St. Fortunatus had fallen in, and begging his acceptance of it? Did it occur to me that Mrs. Folgate's rich aunt in the country had been called to her fathers, and that the executor waited with golden tidings in the hall? Did even a renewal of the pheasant courtesies cross my field of vision? No, my friends! I had too often noted how this phrase, like to a tragic title-page, foretold the nature of the volume from death to taxes; had noted it from my earliest years, from the time when I was but a small child in a distant school—gloomy, fireless, chilblainy—a sort of Giant Despair Castle, of which our master was despot, with all the ushers for inexorable turnkeys. But there were Delectable Mountains, with the sun upon their summits, still shining on the retina of memory, to which I should escape one of these days; with superfluity of upholstery, with fires everywhere, to scare away that ravening wild beast of cold, that specially gnawed my young bones; with things good to eat, with all the wonderful things—the parrot, and the cocoa-nuts, and the great jars of ginger and tamarinds—my father was to bring home from his travels. I used to take my fill out of the glorious vision in play-time; I used to go over it bit by bit at church, in sermon-time, and put together the home-picture like a puzzle every night and morning at prayers; I used to wander away into it as into a fairy rose-garden from the crushing realities of outer-life—Mavor and the multiplication-tables. Even under the periodical infliction of the Saturday-night tub, I was sustained by the beautiful hope. I was always ready, my private possessions neatly tied up in a brown paper parcel, so as to be off like a flash. I was always expecting my father's return, and to be sent for. Had I not the promise?

Looking out over my Delectable Mountains one black November afternoon, from under the leafless branches where the wind was moaning, and seeing them somewhat distant, and in a golden mist, by reason of my eyes, which were watery with such long and steadfast gaze, there came a summons—I hear it to-day, perhaps more plainly than in that biting twilight, shouted out by the boys: 'Smith junior, you're wanted!' Never mind the chilblains!—never mind the impediments of the big shawl which tied up my blue arms! I flew. Was it not my home standing beyond with outstretched hands? Alas, no! Only Giant Despair waiting to devour me, although he was kind enough to present me with an Abernethy before he fell to work, from which unusual passage I argued no good, for already by instinct I knew no one was ever wanted for that sort of thing. 'I am sorry to tell you bad news, Benjamin,' said he, calling me by my Christian name—after all, he was but a paste-board giant, speaking gruffly by reason of his mask—you must be a good boy, and not cry, my dear. I am sorry to tell you your poor papa is taken from you; he is dead, Benjamin.'

Since that day, lustres ago, I have never heard the words 'You're wanted,' without recognising in the speaker the accredited messenger of Nemesis; on one occasion, and one only, as well as I can tax my memory, my prophetic soul failing in its instinct; but as this is an incomplete instance, never explained, nor ever likely to be, perhaps the exception goes for nothing. All that I know of it is this: I was spending the evening at a friend's house some years back—a winter night, with the snow lying thick upon the ground, and drifting before the cutting wind, as I remember. I know it must have been late, for I was beginning to dread the turning out into the cold and darkness from the comfortable room with its genial light and warmth; had begun to talk shiveringly of it, too, standing up close to the fire, as is people's fashion before they go out to face the night. Thus in noisy conversation, we scarcely noticed the servant who came to tell her master he was wanted. 'What for?' said the lady of the house, for there had been no knock or ring to indicate that the requirement was from without. The girl said that 'a young gentleman who he was in the hall, wanting to see Mr. —; she did not know who he was, but he was dressed like a sailor.' My friend's youngest son was a midshipman, about this time, as they supposed, cruising in the Mediterranean; so some letter or tidings from him suggested itself at once. He rose hastily and went down stairs, some of the family following him to the door, to catch a sound of the news. But we waited in vain for some time, hearing nothing but the opening and shutting of doors, then the calling for the servant. At last my friend returned with a puzzled air. He had gone into the hall, into the dining-room, into the study, without seeing any one, had opened the door, and looked up and down the street, but no one was there. The maid was had up again and examined. She had not much to add. 'She was in the kitchen sewing, when she heard the knock. It was a gentleman, as she had said, with a gold band round his cap; not a boy—a young gentleman; and she noticed he had curly hair, something like Mis-

Eleanor's. Well, she couldn't be positive he had asked for her master, but she thought he had, and she was quite certain she had left him standing in the hall when she came up. The description, so far as it went, answered so exactly to my friend's son, that he now felt sure it must be himself, although unexpected; and that, with a youngster's love of frolic, he had hidden himself somewhere in the house. So again a search, even calling him by name; not a room, not a cupboard, not a curtain left unransacked. It was impossible he could be in the house; he must have slipped out. Going to the door to look, some one called attention to the snow lying heaped up there. It was one smooth undisturbed surface. Since that had fallen, to a moral certainty, no foot had stood upon it. Besides, no one had heard the knock. The girl's story in itself was improbable, and, taken in conjunction with circumstantial evidence, impossible; but what her motive could have been in telling it, no one could conjecture. She had not been sufficiently long in the family to have any confidence already established in her, and the whole statement was treated as pure fabrication, although she persisted in its truth, even with tears. So passed the circumstance, scarcely recalled till months after, when there came home news of the young man. It had been his watch one dark night, and he had been seen by several, only remaining unaccounted for about half an hour; at the end of that time, was missed—sought for—never found. The ship was running before the wind, which was stiff, and it was presumed he must have fallen overboard. One fore-castle hand had thought he heard a cry, but supposed it was only some of the young gentlemen larking. That was all ever learned of the poor fellow; and, allowing for difference of time, the accident must have happened at the very hour of the mysterious visit. Now, this may be only a strange coincidence—more extraordinary ones have been unravelled before now—but occasioning so distressful an impression on my friends as to produce the perfect silence on the subject, which is the culminating-point of pain, and, for myself, helping out, in its own uncomfortable manner, the remark I am dealing with.

But I have so many instances to help it out that the difficulty lies in the selection—of scenes in which I have been but an onlooker; as at a yacht-match—champagne and pigeon-pies at the meridian—when the message came down the cabin-stairs to a splendid fellow, who had been the envy and admiration of us all. He sent down word presently to beg one would take the vacant chair, as his mother was ill; but did we not catch a glimpse of him, through the port-hole, going ashore, sitting in the boat with a white face, beside Justice in plain clothes? Or, as in the case of a handsome clergyman, doing Folgate's occasional duty, who, so surely as he yielded to temptation, and stepped in after service, was always wanted by some one who wouldn't come in, but would wait outside. It was invariably a street-boy who delivered the message at the door, so that we had no clue to the mystery but through the pew-opener, who, coming in from the church with the robes and keys, used to encounter a little old woman, in a black bonnet, and with an umbrella, hovering about the parsonage, who used to bear him off triumphantly. Or, as in my own case, when hastening home to dress to accompany my adorable Georgiana to the pit of Her Majesty's, I found that I was waited for and wanted by an individual in the parlour, who handed me a slip of paper headed 'Victoria greeting,' and acquainting me that my appearance was particularly requested at Westminster, &c., &c. The half-crown which I presented him with on the occasion I have never ceased to remember. Or, as in the instance of a lawyer of my acquaintance— But halt! Every one has ample stock of such experiences—not, perhaps, of the precise character of the foregoing, but, at least, referring to practical repetitions of every-day life. For, who does not know at the dinner-party, when, before the serving up, the lady is summoned from her drawing-room circle, that it is to receive tidings of some frightful catastrophe to the fish or the kitchen-chimney? Who has not been sent for into the hall to find a seedy man, buttoned up to the chin, with determined purpose in his eye, and packets of polishing-paste, or bottles of marking-ink? Breaths there a man who has not been now and again wanted down stairs to face inflexible trades-people with accounts to make up by Saturday? Even on the wide lone sea, where only the winds come and go, do they not bear the mysterious message, and do we not know that all's not well when the captain is wanted above?

Going to the window of the room in which I write but a few moments since, and seeing the closed blinds in the house of my long-sick neighbour opposite, I could but think of the hour in which I too should be wanted, and for the last time. No, not the last! for, as I looked, I saw two dark visitors to him, bearing a solemn burden—could trace them being lighted slowly up through the darkened house—could trace their busy shadows on the blinds.

OUR CHALYBEATE WELL.

As there is a probability, or, as some say, even a certainty, that Buttercombe Parva will almost immediately take rank among the great watering-places of England, it is as well that some account should be given of that fount of its greatness, its Miraculous Well, before the thousand footsteps of Fashion shall have trodden out the traces of old romance about its brink; which happened, as we all know, to the baths of Prince Bladud, whose memory was quite forgotten, until rescued by Mr. Pickwick, in the more modern splendours of the court of King Nash. We hasten to write of Buttercombe Parva, then, as it still is—holding ourselves irresponsible for any change of cloud-topped pinnacle or gorgeous dome it may undergo while these few pages are passing through the press—with its Pump, but without its Pump-room; with its village Inn, but without its Royal Victoria Hotel for All Nations; with its shops for the sale of miscellaneous articles, but without its Emporia; with the donkeys luxuriating on its common land, but without those scarlet trappings and Liliputian panniers which proclaim their dedication to visitors; with the fine open space in its centre, adapted, indeed, for the erection of anything, but without that equestrian statue of Farmer Kennun (in brass) who discovered Buttercombe Well.

Early, however, as we had taken the field—we don't mean the field where the well is, for that is not to be had under a guinea the cubic foot—we found it a task by no means easy to find out for certain who *did* first discover it. Many benefactors of their species have had a delicacy about declaring themselves to a grateful public—we don't know who wrote the old Scotch ballads, and no man can lay his hand upon the original inventor of sherry-cobbler—and it may be that Farmer Kennun's modesty, which has blushed hitherto unseen through a pro-

tracted existence, may have waited for this opportunity to exhibit itself; but certain it is he never confessed to having found out the virtues of this wonderful well in the first instance. On the contrary, we have heard him, with much admiration, assign this honour, on several different occasions, to as many different individuals.

Dame Durden, for instance, had discovered it years ago, and had got entirely cured of her paralysis by its miraculous qualities; only, with the selfishness peculiar to extreme old age, she had kept the secret to herself, and only revealed it upon what she had every reason to believe was her death-bed.

Gaffer Grey, too, who had been lame for a score of years, had happened, on one occasion, to tumble into the well—a circumstance which, to those who were acquainted with that venerable rustic, did not enhance the immediate value of the water as an article of consumption—and had walked straight ever afterwards to the end of his life.

But, upon inquiry being strictly made, all that was corroborated concerning Dame Durden was, that she had used the well, because it happened to be handy, for culinary purposes; had drunk its water when she could get nothing better; and on some few occasions had washed herself in it—but this last allegation was doubted by those who knew her best. She had had a stiffness of the arm, which sometimes was better, and sometimes was worse; and it was certainly worse in winter, when she didn't much use the water, than in summer, when she did. With regard to the well being of a chalybeate character, Dame Durden observed, that 'she had never heard nothink of that; no, nothink *agen* the well at all, from nobody.'

The case of Mr. Grey would hold even still less water (and of water of a miraculous character, absolutely none at all). It was true that he had not been seen to walk straight for a period of twenty years; but that was not so much through constitutional lameness as through constitutional attachment to drink. It was true that he had strayed, upon one occasion, into the field which contained this treasure of a well, and had managed to tumble into it; but it was no less a fact that he had been taken out thoroughly sobered, to his bed, whereon he died, in a fortnight afterwards, of the rheumatics.

All those to whom Farmer Kennun had attributed the first discovery of the virtues of Our Chalybeate Well being eliminated by similar investigation, we could not but come to the conclusion that the honour was due, after all, to Farmer Kennun himself, to whom, by a singular coincidence, the field in question also happened to belong.

This fact becoming at last incontrovertibly established, that gentleman accepted his position, and is now the recognised founder of Buttercombe Spa. It was vouchsafed to him, and to him alone, to hear 'strange explosions,' when at a short distance from our (and his) miraculous well; the which, in his intelligent perception of chemical phenomena, he attributes to 'the escape of the gas.' Certain it is, indeed, that the gas, or whatever else is the peculiar property of Our Well, has a curious predilection for escaping from it and then returning to it again, quite unexpectedly, and sometimes in a wholly different form. Of three bottles full of it, selected at short intervals, and carried off with our own hands for analytical investigation, No. 1 was found to contain as good and tasteless water as a Christian needs to drink; No. 2 had iodine in it; and No. 3 was very strongly impregnated with Epsom salts. Now, these very striking natural characteristics—however singular and interesting they may be, and are, in a scientific point of way—appear to us to militate strongly against the value of Our Well as a medicinal agent. There is no knowing what changes may be in preparation in that wonderful spring, nor what are the laws which govern their periodical occurrences. Some noble lord who visits Buttercombe Parva Spa for gout, may, for all we can tell, get a draught of cod-liver oil some morning; or his lady, with a pulmonary complaint, may, on the other hand, toss off a glass of colchicum. We should scarcely be surprised if a quantity of some patent medicine even should be thrown up during one of these throes of nature, to which, like the Icelandic geysers, Our Well appears to be subject, and to find its Protean surface covered with floating boxes of Holloway's Pills.

Our Chalybeate Well has, we believe it is confessed on all hands, no iron in it whatever—but that, of course, only increases its singularity. What its advocates mainly rely upon (and we must allow that there is now no little truth in their assertion) is, that the water that comes out of it 'has a very nasty taste.' This, and the fact that the rector of the parish has been heard to say that it 'did him good,' are the foundations upon which the fame of Buttercombe Parva is about to be built. Small beginnings, indeed; but how interesting will it be in time to come to be able to trace the origin of our gigantic and palatial city down to them! We dare say Cheltenham herself had nothing better to boast of at one time; it is possible that the savage tribes who formerly inhabited Bath may have considered its bubbling springs very filthy drinking; the Abbot of Leamington may have once inadvertently remarked that its waters—mixed perhaps in a little sack—had 'done him good.' It is both strange and rare to read of the infancy of something that is fated to be great, before the greatness happens to it; biographies of that sort being almost without exception retrospective. Buttercombe Parva is, as we have already written, as yet a mere village. Farmer Kennun's field is still frequented by kine only, principally of a brown colour—doubtless in consequence of the ferruginous—but, no; we were forgetting the peculiar idiosyncrasy of Our Chalybeate Well. The whole space, consisting of several acres, is divided, however—upon a very accurate red and blue plan—at least—into spacious public edifices. The News-room, where the people of fashion will retire after bathing, and where coffee will be procurable, is to be on the left-hand side of the gate as you enter, where the dung-heap now stands. The Assembly Hall, comprehending a Pump-room, Hot and Cold Bath-rooms, and a Ball-room with a small adjoining Apartment expressly adapted for whist-players, is, of course, to surround the miraculous spring. An ecclesiastical establishment—it has been expressly stipulated by the rector—is to be erected opposite the News-room; and Farmer Kennun (quite unknown to the rector) is said to have already fixed his eye upon a fashionable preacher of Evangelical principles and tried watering-place attractions. The capabilities of Buttercombe Parva in the way of accommodation are at present rather confined—when we have mentioned the bay-window over the butcher's shop, and the second room in the turpentine toll-house, indeed, we come to the end of them—but, in design, they are absolutely without limit. Kennun Crescent, consisting of two

hundred and forty mansions (the three centre ones with pillars, and considerably larger than the rest), is to have a western aspect, towards Buttercombe Regis. Kennun Terrace, with its back to this palatial pile, and intended less for titled persons than for the richer sort of landed gentry, will command an uninterrupted view (save for a few isolated houses to be called Kennun Villas) of the parish workhouse. The principal street, with its magnificent commercial establishments, will, it is rumoured, in return for his valuable corroboration of the virtues of Our Chalybeate Well, be named after our rector. Durden Square will immortalise, as far as bricks and mortar and the best Portland stone can do it, the memory of her whose deep obligation to its waters has been already described; and similarly, Gaffer Grey Parade is the area fixed upon for the two brass bands—one native, and the other German—to play on alternative afternoons to the distinguished visitors. 'There,' says the prospectus, at present in Mr. Kennun's desk, receiving its finishing-touches from his imaginative pen, but shortly to be circulated in print through the length and breadth (as he has been heard to say himself) of the Old and the New Worlds—There will the soothing strains of the latest music charm away what lingering remnants of disease the healing waters of Our Chalybeate Well may have failed to eliminate. There will Rheumatism forget its pangs, and Consumption omit its but too customary cough. Age—titled Age—will there renew its youth in the contemplation of the young and the lovely; and the domestic affections be evoked by the spectacle of perambulators full of the most high-born children.

We decline, from motives of delicacy, as well as on account of the laws relating to copyright, to quote further; and merely remark, that the whole document is conceived in the same lofty style of glowing eloquence. We believe, although we have no authority to make the offer, that if any needy nobleman in want of a couple of thousand pounds, would come down at once to Our Chalybeate Well and be cured of any physical malady, that the money would not be wanting to remit him in other respects. The quarter of that sum might be paid perhaps even for a *bona-fide* admission—to be publicly made use of—that it did his Lordship good. But he had better make haste about it, for 'the Season' of Buttercombe Parva Spa is positively to commence next spring.

In the meantime, a beginning—humble enough, it is true, but still a beginning—has been made. A subscription list for building purposes is at this moment going the round of the parish, headed with quite a munificent sum by Farmer Kennun. There are certain miserable detractors who hint that such generosity is not altogether unreasonable, since the commencement will be made on his land. A diminutive pony is also already conveying over the district, in a peculiarly shaped cart, the water from Our Chalybeate Well for sale. The rector buys two gallons *per diem* of it; as Mr. Kennun asserts, for his private drinking, but as the aforesaid detractors contend, for manuring his asparagus bed.

Thus far, then, things have progressed at present towards making Buttercombe Parva famous, and in glorification of Our Chalybeate Well. But as impartial chroniclers, we feel it right, before concluding our narration, to give Mrs. Deborah Giles's account of the matter, who has lived in the parish rather over eighty years, and is therefore entitled to be heard upon all local topics.

She is a little hard of hearing—hard of conviction, and even 'obstinate as a mule,' says Farmer Kennun—and perhaps inclined to cling to ancient legend rather than to modern chemical discoveries; but she has her senses about her nevertheless, and when she entertains an opinion, has no sort of hesitation in delivering it. The following are Mrs. Deborah Giles's very own words.

'Killibit Well,' says she, 'd'wont tell I nothink about your Killibit Wells, for it's all a pack of nonsense. A nasty taste has it? Ah! it's loikely to be nasty; d'wont I know? Tinker's jackass was a-coming whom, years ago, with a load of salt, and dropped down dead there; that ch did; and they buried him, salt and all, in Kennun's Well. Nasty! Why, o'course it's nasty; well it may be. Jackass and salt be at the bottom o' it. That's why.'

And that, according to its oldest inhabitant, is how we make Chalybeate Wells at Buttercombe Parva.

An autograph letter of Goethe, written in 1793, has been lately found among the old correspondence of the well-known publishing house, Vieweg at Brunswick; it consists of but two sentences, and is as follows: "Accompanying this letter I send you a manuscript in a sealed envelope. If Herr Vieweg declines to purchase it for 200 Friedrichs d'or, he will please return me the packet without breaking the seal." The publisher, who was a prudent man, did not like the idea of buying a pig in a poke, and took a few days to reflect; after which he tore open the envelope and found the poem of "Herman and Dorothea." We need not say that his 200 Friedrichs d'or could not have been better invested.

"A CHEF-D'ŒUVRE."—From the *Court Journal* we have the following amusing paragraph. An unknown author, who had unsuccessfully attempted to get his works represented at the theatres, at last obtained an interview with M. Camille Doucet, of the Théâtre Français. He was armed with a formidable manuscript, which proved to be a tragedy in verse in eight acts! M. Doucet good-naturedly assented to hear some of it read, but after listening to three verses, he stopped the author—and stated that he really could not spare any more time. Seeing, however, that the writer was in a needy condition, he presented him with 100 francs. The next day M. Doucet found him at another theatre engaged in an animated conversation with the manager. "Yes, monsieur, my piece is a *chef-d'œuvre*. M. Camille Doucet gave me a hundred francs after hearing but three verses; judge, then, what is the value of the whole eight acts!"

Baboo Rajendralala Mitra, who was deputed by the Bengal government to make a tour of Orissa for the purpose of archaeological research, has discovered that the chignon is a very old ornament for the head. Among the ancient Uriaes, the style of hair-dressing was very striking. "The chignon," we read, "was common, and some specimens bore the closest resemblance to the Parisian coiffure of the present day, and were in some instances one-third larger than the head." It is thus established that the chignon is the original Uriaic heap.

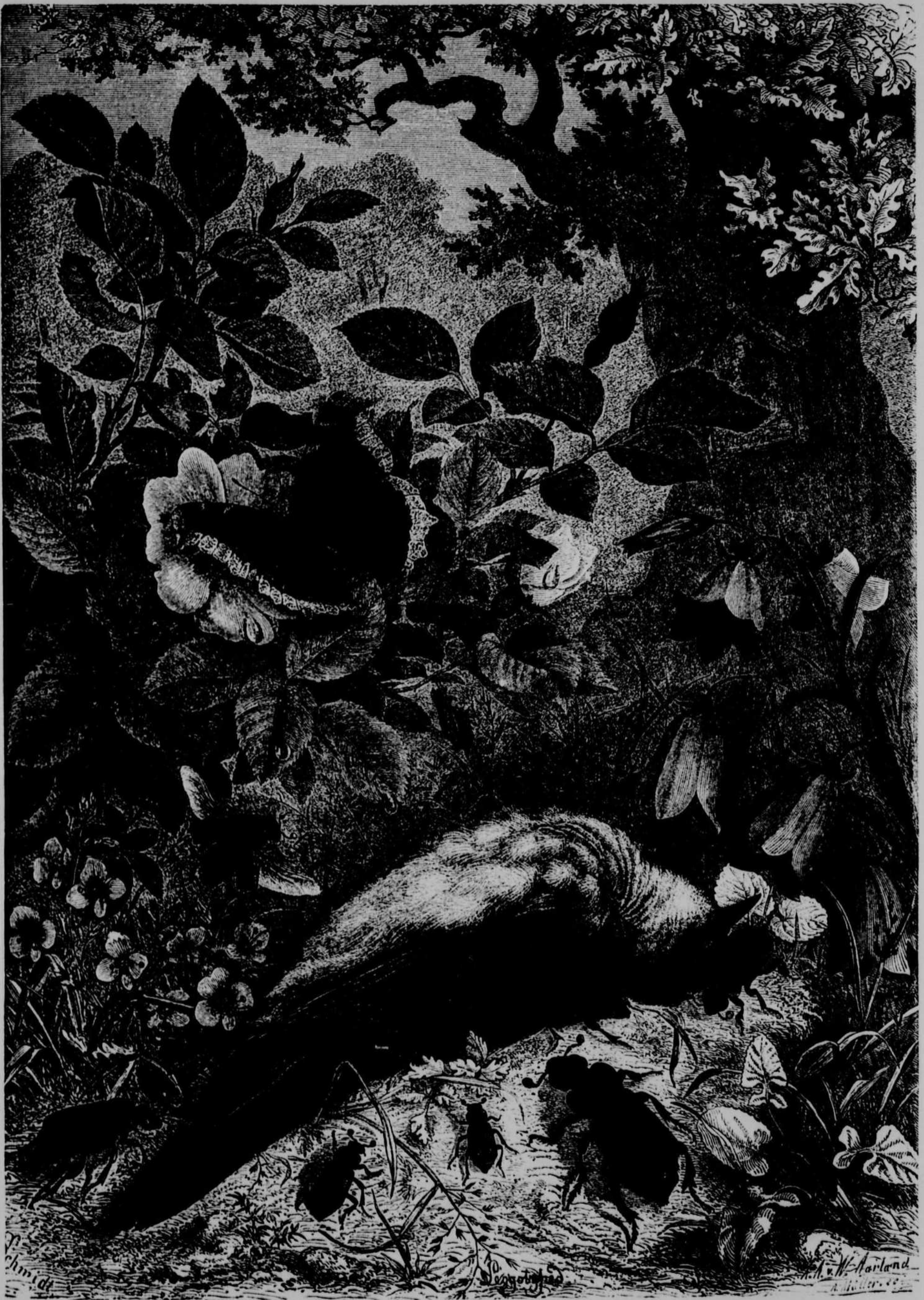
Demidoff was frequently splendid. He once gave a boy a napoleon for getting out of his way and touching his cap, but he got ten napoleons' worth of wit in return, for the joke lasted him for frequent repetition. The boy, delighted at the generosity, exclaimed, "You a Demi-doff?—no, you are an entire Doff!"



MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, TORONTO.—SEE PAGE 519.



FENIANS AT THE RAILWAY DEPOT, MALONE. From a sketch by our special Artist.—SEE PAGE 515



BURIAL IN THE WOODS.—SEE PAGE 515.

THE HEAD OF MY PROFESSION.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

I WAS born in the city of Bath, in the beginning of the present century. My earliest recollections of the hot-water capital are recollections of an era of prosperity, which, though then approaching its decline, was yet vigorous and boastful. At the period of my childhood, Bath was the winter focus of fashion, and to fashion and fashionable people it was devoted more thoroughly, perhaps, than any other city or town in the realm. Nothing that could by any possibility offend the visitors was allowed to exist; while every attraction, whatever its moral aspect, which had charms to lure them thither, was unreservedly displayed. I distinctly remember that while gaming-houses and worse places were encouraged, it was a high crime and misdemeanour for a little urchin to trundle a hoop on the pavement, lest he should damage the farthingale of some lady of quality; and school-boys were lugged off to prison in the town-hall for playing at 'cherry' in Orange Grove, to the supposed disturbance of the rheumatic tabbies. In those days there were no hireable cabs, carriages, or omnibuses; and the only available locomotives were the sedan-chairs, for which there were regular stands at various places throughout the city, the principal ones being those near the Pump-room, and in front of the Assembly-rooms. The chairmen were a peculiar race, long since passed away—stout, brawny, broad-shouldered fellows, clad in light-blue frock surtouts, plush breeches, white stockings, and shoes with broad shining buckles. Originally, they had worn cocked-hats; but these, in my boyhood, began to give place to the customary cylinder, and disappeared altogether in the first years of my apprenticeship. These chairmen were the tyrants of the foot-pavements, along which they ambled at a six-mile-an-hour pace, ruthlessly sweeping into the kennel all who were not sufficiently active in getting out of their way. The walls of the old Abbey at that day bristled with chimneys and chimney-pots; close files of shops, chiefly occupied by small traders, clung like barnacles all round the surface of the ancient structure, save at the grand western entrance flanking the Pump-room; and a thriving trade was done in them, because here was one nucleus of the fashionable throng. Orange Grove then was a grove, crowded with ancient elms fungous with age. The Parades, North and South, were the Corso of worn-out roués and courtly convalescents, who promenade in wheel-chairs within the shadow of the New Assembly-rooms, and at an easy distance from the restoring waters. Dull, dreamy, and voiceless in summer-time, no sooner were the chills of autumn felt, than Bath was rapidly converted into a huge caravansary. Strange faces and new equipages flocked in by hundreds daily. Everybody then began to let lodgings, from the hucksters in the by-streets, to the speculators in the Circus and the Royal Crescent, and the price of apartments rose suddenly from shillings to pounds. Ten guineas a week was nothing for a tradesman's upper floors, which became the habitat of the landed gentry, whose retinue of servants had to take post in the tradesman's kitchen, along with his family, and to stow themselves at night in cupboard, closet, or garret, wherever a shake-down could be extemporised.

All those vices which were fashionable, winked at by the sober citizens, who made a profit out of them, walked the streets at noon-day, if not without notice, without rebuke. Among the least obvious of the vices which fashion had made popular was that of gambling; the gentry gamined in their houses nightly, without premitting the Sunday; gaming establishments flourished in all parts of the town; some select, and only accessible to the subscribers; others common to all who could assume the appearance of gentlemen. Of all the modes of gambling, perhaps billiards was most esteemed. The game had been pronounced healthful by a distinguished member of the faculty, and a rage sprang up for it, which prevailed for years. What the nobility and gentry delighted in, the middle classes and the lower classes would of course feel a longing for; and, as a result, there were billiard establishments open to all ranks, from the subscription-tables at the Upper Rooms, where the members played for thousands, down to the rickety board of Old Spraggs in Union Passage, where the balls trundled over a field of green baize into pockets as wide as a church-door, and the apprentice-boys gambled for twopences.

At ten years of age my uncle sent me to school at Old Carpenter's, in George Street, one of the most vigorous floggers of the day, who, aware of his strength of arm, would considerably allow a culprit to induce an extra jacket, or even two, if he could borrow them, before submitting to punishment. Here I made the acquaintance of Ned B—, who soon became my bosom-friend, and through him it was that I became a billiard-player. Ned's father was the proprietor of a large billiard establishment in Milson Street, where, in several rooms built over the garden in the rear of the house, billiards were played during the season at all hours of the day and night. One or other of these tables were generally

unoccupied, and at Ned's command. Here he taught me the game, for which I immediately conceived a passion, and practised it without intermission at every possible opportunity. It is a fact that in my eleventh year I sometimes played for seven hours a day, without absenting myself from school, without fatigue, and without surfeit. Ned's father had no objection to our practice, as it was his object to make a finished player of his son. The boy, however, was near-sighted, and I soon outstripped him in knowledge of the game. Sometimes Mr. B. would watch our play, and give us instruction, which I was but too apt in receiving. This state of things continued until I was fourteen years of age, by which time I could beat, and had beaten, every amateur player that frequented the rooms—not unfrequently to the considerable profit of the proprietor, who was always ready to back my play.

At fourteen, my uncle bound me as outdoor apprentice to Mr. C—, in George Street. I had but a little time in the evenings for billiards. At first, I did not care for this, thinking I had had enough of it; but after an interval of a few months, the old passion for the game returned stronger than ever. I had recourse to my old school-fellow once more; but now there was an objection to my appearance at the subscription-rooms, his father not wishing his subscribers to identify me as Mr. C—'s apprentice. In consequence, it was only by stealth and on rare occasions that we could resume our play. In this dilemma, I was driven to the cheaper table free to the public. There was one in the Borough Walls, open to all the world, and which, being opposite to the Blue School, and near the theatre, was much frequented during theatrical hours by the servants of the gentry occupying the boxes. I soon discovered that this place was the very sink of vice and low blackguardism; that the most infamous transactions were carried on there by means of a gang of gambling Jews, who plundered the unwary at dice and hazard; that, in a word, besides being a billiard-room, it was a perfect gambling hell—and yet I could not keep away. The best players I had yet seen frequented this table, and among them were some of the most consummate blackguards in existence. It was but rarely, however, that I met my match amongst them, and as I improved constantly, in process of time I could beat them all.

I should have been speedily and irredeemably ruined by the infamous society of this place, had it not been that, at about the age of sixteen, I conceived a violent passion for music, and began learning the piano, and studying counterpoint under a little hump-backed professor of the name of Albin, who taught me at a shilling a lesson. But for the music, I should certainly have thrown up my trade and turned gambler long ere I was out of my time. As it was, the music and the billiards divided my leisure between them; now one, now the other being in the ascendant. Perhaps the music would ultimately have weaned me from the billiard-table—for I rapidly acquired considerable skill, and could rattle off sets of quadrilles tastily enough in my second year—but about this time the science of billiards began to be talked of, and the practice of the game to assume some new phases. Every month was full of the praises of Jack Carr, who had invented the side-twist, and made other discoveries tending to the demonstration of phenomena hitherto unrecognised in the motion of globular bodies. All the billiard-world went mad on the new discoveries, and it was not likely that I should be unaffected by the current mania. Ned B— first indoctrinated me in the new invention, and it was at his father's house I first saw Carr at play. I found him an adept at every artifice in the game, and astonishingly skilful in the use of his own invention, to which, nevertheless, I was not disposed to accord the value he claimed for it. I noticed that he was often beaten by players whom I had beaten frequently myself; and I noticed, too, that when thus beaten, it was invariably through reliance on his new-invented stroke. There was no difficulty in the use of this invention, even to a stranger, as the player who once understood the new principle could master it easily in a few hours' practice. In fact, what I then suspected, has since been abundantly proved; the side-twist is of little real use to a good player, as it adds but little to his real strength, and is not at all comparable to the capacity of making a good winning hazard—a faculty, by the way, which Carr did not possess in any extraordinary degree. About the same time, some one else, paraphrasing Carr's invention, discovered the top-twist, by which a still more eccentric motion is imparted to a ball. Both these discoveries, however, are rather curiosities of the player's art, than valuable additions to it, and as such they should be regarded; though there are, doubtless, certain situations in which they may be used with advantage. I was not long in mastering both these *tours de force*, and could call them into action when requisite.

One night, while I was playing a match with a footman in the Borough Wall's den, a young Irishman entered the room, and stood looking on. He was buttoned to the chin in a seedy coat, and trod in a pair of new hob-nailed highlows. The room was crowded; and some of the insolent wags of the place

began exercising their wit at the expense of the newcomer. He bore it good-humouredly enough, answering only with a ready joke and a rather smart retort, until one of the blackguards, presuming on his quietness, shouldered a cue, and, walking backwards, brought the butt-end in his face. The next moment, the aggressor was sprawling on the floor, and the Irish boy in a fighting attitude, ready for whoever should present himself. The fallen man rose and rushed to the encounter, but in two minutes, had had enough of it, leaving the Irishman triumphant.

The visitor shewed the best possible temper, apologised to the company for the interruption his presence had occasioned, and begged that the play might be resumed; and in a few minutes, such order as was usual was restored. It appeared afterwards that Pat Meagher—so was the stranger called—had been a marker in Dublin; that he had landed at Liverpool without a penny, a fortnight before, and had tramped down to Bath, supporting himself with his cue on the route. He soon proved himself an admirable player, beating me at our first encounters, though I was able to return the compliment, after becoming acquainted with his tactics. He had the peculiar faculty of bringing his ball to a dead stop, after striking another, at whatever distance—a feat often of much value, and which I never saw accomplished so surely by any other man. He played but a few nights at the den, for he had the sense to see that if he became notorious there, his chance among the upper circles was lost. A few months after his arrival, I saw him, habited like an officer in undress, playing with a Right Honourable at B—'s subscription tables. Here he gained a certain notoriety, and no inconsiderable cash. It being an understood thing that he would play any amateur for any amount, B—, without my knowledge, matched me against him for a contest of twenty-one games. I could not refuse to play the match; and it came off on Christmas-eve, in the presence of over a hundred spectators. At the end of the nineteenth game, I was the winner of eleven, and of a large amount of money which changed hands on the occasion, though I neither had nor coveted any of it.

I fell into disgrace at home by playing this match. The rumour of my exploit was bruited abroad, and reached the ears of my uncle, who was violently angry, as also was, or pretended to be, my master; and they talked of punishing me by imprisonment for playing at unlawful games, in violation of the terms of my indenture. I was compelled to give a solemn promise not to enter a billiard-room during the remainder of my apprenticeship, which had still a year to run. I kept my promise faithfully, consoling myself with my pianoforte, on which I strummed away till midnight. When my term drew to a close, my uncle, who feared I should turn gambler if I remained in Bath, wrote to his brother in Dover, who, carrying on the same business to which I had served my time, consented to receive me as an assistant. I was not unwilling to see the world; and accepted the situation offered.

I went down by the Dover coach in April, 1824, to my new appointment. I found my relative an agreeable old fellow, already prejudiced in my favour, from a liking he had conceived for me in my childhood, during a visit to Bath, and not at all disposed to restrict my pleasures. He hired a pianoforte from Bachelor's, borrowed piles of music, and was never weary of my performances, which he enjoyed to perfection under a cloud of tobacco-smoke. Dover was at that time all life and gaiety. The Duke of Clarence's sons by Mrs. Jordan ruled the roast at the garrison, and led the fashion in the town and neighbourhood. Routes, balls, fetes, and dancing-parties followed each other nightly. Quadrilles were the rage, and, as a consequence, I soon became sought after as a pianist, and had engagements four or five deep constantly on hand. I was paid handsomely for my services, and ate ices, quaffed champagne, and revelled in gastronomic luxuries. I relished my new position amazingly; I saw the best company; had the honour of playing to the blood-royal, and, what I relished more, to the beautiful daughters of Supervisor W—, the sight of whose bewitching faces sometimes set my fingers blundering, and my brain a wool-gathering.

As the summer drew on, this kind of occupation relaxed, and then ceased altogether, and my way of life settled down into a rather dull routine. The summer passed, and the autumn too, and November came in with its fogs and storms. I found a new pleasure in the roar of the huge breakers, and the dash of the sounding surge on the pebbly beach, under the castle cliff, which was then a dreary, weird-looking spot, very unlike what it is now. It was my habit to walk out of an evening through the darkness, and take post on the old stakes of the jetty, to enjoy in solitude the din, whirl, uproar, and fury of the tempest. One evening, about seven o'clock, as I was passing the end of Snargate Street towards the castle cliff, I heard a gentle clicking sound, which thrilled through me from head to foot like an electric shock—it was the soft, crepitating kiss of billiard balls. Here was a discovery! I had not known that there was a table in the town. I felt my right hand grasping the cue, and the fingers of my

left forming a bridge, as if by some magnetic influence. I looked round in all directions for the entrance. A dim lamp hung over a side-passage; and a few paces down, there was an open door and a staircase, lighted by the merest blink from above. I stole softly up the stairs, and came at the first landing on a door, with a glass panel, but partly curtained within. I peeped in, and saw two officers at play at a small table, and a company of gentlemen seated round. I had been at work all day, and had my apron rolled round my waist. I knew it would not do to enter in such a garb. I ran home and washed, induced my best suit, and in twenty minutes had returned and entered the room.

No one noticed my intrusion, so I took a seat and watched the game. One of the players I recognised as a garrison-officer who had often danced to my music, and it is probable that he recognised me. He won the game, and his adversary declined to play any more, on the plea that he had no chance with him. The victor then challenged the room; and as no one accepted the challenge, I rose and offered to play him myself. He eyed me from head to foot rather superciliously, and with a kind of haughty condescension, rolling the balls as he spoke, told me to lead off. Annoyed at his pomposity, I allowed him but a single stroke, and then carelessly made the game off the balls. He was pleased to attribute this first result to accident, but the accident recurred again and again, to the mirth of the company, and his intense mortification. To give him some chance of winning, I proposed that he should take five of the pockets to my one; he accepted the offer, but still did not win a game, and finally left off without even a momentary advantage. This affair created quite a sensation in the room; and I was asked to favour them with my company on the morrow evening, when perhaps I might meet with a worthier antagonist. I consented, and presented myself on the morrow accordingly. The room was full, and several of the new-comers were anxious to measure their strength against me. My pride was roused, and I shewed them all that they had no chance whatever in the contest. I had refused to play for money from the first, and it was that puzzled them, while it secured for me their respect. When they requested that I would come again, I declined, on the ground that the table was not worth playing at—which was true, the pockets being twice the proper size, and the area not quite half the usual dimensions. I derided the idea of practising the science of billiards on such a toy, and refused to have anything more to do with it. Having said thus much, and made my bow to the company, I took my leave with an air of wonderful independence.

It was about nine o'clock in late November as I left the house and proceeded in the teeth of the wind towards the old jetty, where the monster breakers were bursting in thunderous peals on the masses of huge pebbles, round and big as cannon-balls, whose tremendous rattling, as they were dashed to and fro, gave out a sound like the clapping of millions of giant palms, and which wrought most powerfully and agreeably on my imagination. I had seated myself on a fragment of a beam, and was peering through the darkness at the heavy circling masses of water, when I felt a hand on my shoulder. I started to my feet; there stood a dim figure before me, motioning in dumb show—for no voice could be heard—and beckoning me away. I rose, nodded acquiescence, and followed, as he led on towards a shed under the cliff, where a light was burning. When under the lee of the building, and sheltered from the loud roaring of the billows, he turned short round, and presented a figure which I have good reason to remember to my dying day. He was a man of about fifty-five years of age, not more than five feet in height, with a prodigious hunch on his shoulders, yet standing upright as a dart. A long pale visage; a nose like an eagle's beak; a pair of deep-sunk gray eyes; an ample brow, prominent chin, and thin, bloodless lips; such was the aspect which he turned suddenly towards me, with the not very courteous inquiry:

'I say, young fellow, who the devil are you?'

'Really,' said I, 'I may return the inquiry with interest, and with more show of reason. What is your business with me?'

'You need not take offence; there is none intended, I assure you—quite the contrary. Here is my card, and I am to be found at the "Ship."'

I took the card, held it to the light, and read the words, 'Louis Crannel.'

'Your name is strange to me,' I said; 'I have still to learn your business with me.'

'I wish to know who you are, and what is your profession,' he replied. 'My motive for that is not mere curiosity. If you desire concealment, of course I say no more; but it strikes me you do not.'

'You are right,' I said; 'I have no motive for concealment; and I told him my name, address, and daily employment.'

He affected the utmost astonishment. 'Do you mean to tell me,' he asked, as if utterly incredulous, 'that you are such an infatuated ass as to work at a trade for about thirty shil-

lings a week, and yet play such a game of billiards as I have seen you play?

'Pshaw!' said I; 'billiards are an amusement only; I could not make a living by billiards.'

'The deuce you couldn't! Hark ye, young man, you have the means of independence in your hand, and you don't know it. Now, listen to me. With such skill as you have, and such knowledge of the world as I could teach you, you might gain any amount of wealth you chose.'

'Or, which is just as probable, might lose what little I have.'

'Not at all. If you are afraid of that, I will make you an offer. You shall quit your trade, and place yourself under my charge. I will take you all over Europe; you shall make the grand tour at my expense; I will defray all charges of travelling, living, and clothing; you shall visit all the capitals, shall have your own valet, and live like a lord; and I will give you a clear three hundred a year for yourself.'

'In return for which,' said I, 'I am to play where you choose, to win when you choose, and to lose when you choose!'

'Just so,' said he.

'Thank you; I will have nothing to do with it.'

'You will be sorry for it, my lad; and if you are such an idiot as to go grinding at a beggarly trade for a few shillings a week, when you might realise an independence in a few years, you deserve to suffer.'

'Good-night!' I replied, and strode away home as fast as I could.

I had shaken off the tempter for a time, and felt in quite a virtuous glow as I walked homewards through the dull streets and the drizzling rain which began to fall. Next day, however, as I stood at my work in the dreary, cobwebby shop, the vision which Mr. Crannel's words had conjured up to my imagination returned with double force, and in brilliant contrast to the surrounding circumstances. My avocation for the first time grew distasteful, and I longed for the hour of release. When it came, I sallied out to the seashore, at the old spot, and dreamed away an hour there to the murmur of the subsiding gale. I caught myself once or twice looking round to see if Mr. Crannel would make his appearance again. He did not come, and I suspect that I walked home that night with a feeling of disappointment.

On the following day, Crannel came into the shop while I was left in charge during the temporary absence of my uncle, and bought a few trifling articles, the selection of which occupied him half an hour. He now renewed his offer, and begged me to think of it calmly at my leisure, informing me at the same time that he should remain at the 'Ship' for another week, and should be happy to see me at any moment.

I told him that there was no probability that I should change my determination; but he must have seen that my resolution was not so firm as it had been at our first encounter; and it is likely that he already felt certain that I should swallow the bait. After this, he waylaid me every night in my walks, and thus, in repeated interviews, from which I had not the resolution to refrain, at length won me over to his purpose. I accepted his proposition in terms with which the reader is already acquainted, and we drew up a duplicate agreement at his hotel, which was mutually signed, and of which each of us retained a copy. The agreement bound me to him for three years, though it only covenanted that I should render him my services whenever called upon, for the salary named—no reference being made to the nature of the services.

I had to make up a tale to satisfy my old uncle, who was most unwilling to let me go; but he was appeased at last, and gave me his blessing at parting. It was the second week in December when I stepped on board the steambot with Crannel, and sailed for Calais. I had never been to sea before; the passage proved most tempestuous, and the boat nearly foundered midway. I was miserably sick, and longed to go at once to the bottom. Crannel watched and waited on me with almost a woman's tenderness—got me to bed as soon as we touched the shore, and could not have manifested more care and kindness had I been, as people thought I was, his only son.

A night's repose restored me; and the next morning an 'artist' made his appearance, who took my measure, and in a few days sent in such a magnificent wardrobe, made in the recent Parisian fashion, as qualified me, in appearance at least, for any society in Europe. Meanwhile, Crannel made me aware of the particulars of his plan. I was to assume the character of an English country gentleman of fortune on his travels. I was to be passionately fond of billiards, and about as clever with the cue as country gentlemen usually are—playing a wild game, in a reckless, cautionless way, but, for obvious reasons, playing only for moderate stakes. It would be his part to drop in occasionally during my play, when he would make his own bets, either in my favour or against me, as he chose, and I was to win or lose according to signals agreed upon between us. In order to avoid suspicion, I was to conceal my real strength,

even when it was most required, and to win, when to win was imperative, as if by accident rather than design. With regard to the connection between us, it was agreed that we should not appear too intimate, or, on the other hand, too distant and reserved; we were to be casual acquaintances, on good terms with each other, and sometimes winning each other's money at a quiet morning game.

All these preliminaries being settled, I spent a couple of days in private practice at a French table—the continental tables being very different from those to which I had been accustomed—in order to familiarise myself with their peculiarities; and then we started by separate conveyances, I and my valet leading the way, for Brussels.

To be continued.

Old small potatoes are now regularly manufactured into fresh new potatoes in Paris.

A sea captain trading regularly to the coast of Africa, was invited to meet a committee of a society for the evangelisation of Africa. He was asked, among numerous questions touching the habits and religion of the African races, "Do the subjects of King Dahomey keep Sunday?" "Keep Sunday!" he replied, "yes, and everything else they can lay their hands on."

A countryman, who had never paid more than 25c. to see an exhibition, went to a New York theatre one night to see "The Forty Thieves." The ticket-seller charged him 75c. for a ticket. Passing the pasteboard back, he quietly remarked, "Keep it, mister; I don't want to see the other thirty-nine," and out he marched.

A correspondent gives the following account of an incident that happened to one who preached in the open air, and placed his hat at his feet to catch the lawbees, which those who stood to hear, or some passing, dropped into it. This man stood with his back to St. Mungo's Church, or, as many of the old people still call it, the Ram's Horn Kirk. It was a windy, gusty day, and while the man preached the hat and the lawbees were carried away by the wind. One of the parish ministers was passing the one way, and Dr. Wardlaw the other; both witnessed the preacher's misfortune, and saw the man stop his preaching and run after his hat. "Oh! Dr. Wardlaw," said Dr. B., "the parish minister, "there goes the voluntary principle." "Not at all, sir,—not at all; the man's pursuing for his stipend."

The brigand Spanos, chief of the gang by whom the English tourists were murdered, must be a cool scoundrel. We learn from a letter of a traveller in Greece that amongst the packages sent from Athens to the captives and their captors was a quantity of tobacco. Spanos sent it back again, it being "too poor in quality" for his smoking.

Cricket eccentricities have commenced in the English metropolis. Eleven pensioners, one-legged, and eleven one-armed, have had a match. The public go to grin at the mishaps. At the Dripping Pan, we are informed that the twenty-two clowns, who played on one side, afforded much amusement. The scene on the cricket-ground reminded one of the arena of a circus, the clown party amusing themselves and the spectators during the game with turning summer-saults, dancing, turning themselves into gigantic frogs, making grimaces, and other grotesque and laughable feats all over the field, while the more serious part of the game was being carried on. Harry Crouette made himself peculiarly conspicuous in the "motley" line, while acting as bowler, by occasionally turning a summersault immediately before delivering his ball.

A rather interesting and high-sounding matrimonial advertisement appears in a Vienna paper:—"I am young, handsome, well-made, fascinating in manners, sweet disposition, not unlearned, descending from a noble family; have a nice little country property near Vienna. I desire a wife. Send photographs, which must show beauty, and she must be rich and cultivated, but must not object to my being, as I am, a baker."

Some time ago the Governor of the Bank of Brussels received a packet with an inscription outside, to the effect that it was to be opened in three months, if not previously claimed, and its contents to be considered as a restitution. When that period had elapsed the directors assembled to the examination. They at first believed the whole affair to be a hoax, but were astonished to find, carefully enveloped, eighty-one thousand franc notes of the Bank of France.

A placard having been put up at the Edinburgh College gate by the official who writes out such notices, reminding students that if they appeared at the funeral of Professor Simpson they should do so "in mourning," they felt insulted by such an instruction being specially addressed to their class, as if they had not as much common sense as to know that without prompting, and, therefore, added to the placard "Professors may attend in REERING JACKETS."

The chairman of a vigilance committee, which had been appointed to duck an obnoxious citizen, in Iowa, thus reported to his fellow-citizens:—"We took the thief down the river, made a hole in the ice, and proceeded to duck him; but he slipped through our hands, and hid under the ice, and as he has been there over eight hours, it is supposed he is drowned."

A Parisian *gandin* recently gave a certain lady, Madame—, a very pretty little pet monkey, called *Jacque*, which she showed to her friends, extolling its beauty and docility. Happening to bite a male visitor, he has taken his revenge by sending a paragraph to a paper and hoaxing it in the form of an announcement of a birth. Thus, "Monsieur— and Madame—" (mentioning the names, and the residence of the latter), "of a son, which has been named *Jacque*."

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JOHN LOVELL, Publisher.
Montreal, March 16 1870

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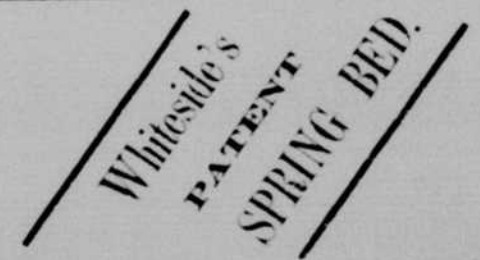
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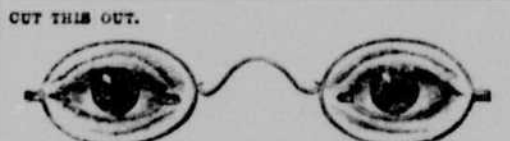
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