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THOMAS HAYES. GEORGE BROWN. CHAS. NICKERSON. J. HOLLAND. WARREN GRAY. JOSEPH M'GRATH.

THE PRYOR CREW OF HALIFAX — FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN. — SEE PAGE 184.

NEWFOUNDLAND CORRESPONDENCE.

ST. JOHN'S, Nfld., August 31, 1871.

HOW THE COD IS UTILISED.

Of all the fishes that swim in the great deep, the cod is the most valuable as a food-producer. Whether we consider the excellence of its flesh, or the immense quantities in which it is procured, the cod is pre-eminent in its usefulness to man. But for its abundance in its encompassing seas, Newfoundland would be almost an uninhabited waste. What the reindeer is to the Laplander, the codfish is to the Newfoundlander—the main source of subsistence—or as the Irishman said of his whiskey—"mate, drink, washin' and lodgin'." As the Laplander turns to account every particle of the reindeer, so does the Newfoundlander utilise every "jot and tittle" of the cod. Its fine, flakey flesh, so nutritive and digestible, he salts, bleaches on the "flakes" till the "bloom" or whitish appearance comes out on the dried fish, when it is ready for market. Then he ships it for Britain, Spain, Italy, the West Indies or Brazil; his best customers being Roman Catholic countries, where, on the fast-days appointed by the church, it is largely consumed. In most warm countries, the dried cod enters largely into the food of the people and forms an agreeable and wholesome portion of their diet, where it can be procured. The flesh being thus disposed of, nearly half the fish still remains to be turned to account. The tongues of codfish, when fresh, are fried and esteemed a delicacy at the breakfast-table. They are also salted, and in that state are scarcely inferior when properly cooked. The swimming-bladder or "sounds" are also salted, usually along with the tongues, and are considered a rare treat by a true Newfoundlander. When a native of Codland removes to Canada or the States, and feels home-longings coming over him at times, he despatches an order for a keg of salted "sounds and tongues" to some friend in Fatherland; and when the precious package arrives, the news is transmitted quickly to all Newfoundlanders within reach: a supper is announced at which the luxury referred to forms the chief dish, and a "feast fit for the gods" is the result. If, along with said keg, a quintal of the best codfish should be sent for winter use, and half a dozen bottles of Newfoundland port-wine, the happiness of the recipient is complete. Visions of the dear old isle fill his soul as the grateful odour of "sounds and tongues" float around his supper-table; and tender memories of home soften his heart after a fish-dinner, washed down with a few glasses of port, such as can be had only in Newfoundland. I may explain that though we do not grow the grape here, we import return-cargoes of genuine port from Lisbon and Oporto; the sea-voyage improves the wine immensely, and when bottled and kept a few winters here the quality is pronounced unequalled. Large quantities of it go to the States and Canada, where it is eagerly sought for by those who are in the secret. From the "sounds" an isinglass may be extracted, not inferior to that yielded by the sturgeon. The gills of the cod are carefully preserved to be employed as bait in fishing. The liver is treated in the manner I described in my last letter, and furnishes an enormous quantity of common oil, which is an excellent substitute for that of the whale, and applicable to all the same purposes. When refined, the cod-liver oil is well known in *materia medica* under the name of *oleum jecoris selii*. It was first used medicinally by Dr. Percival in 1782, for the cure of chronic rheumatism; afterwards by Dr. Bardsly in 1807. It has now become a popular remedy in all the slow-wasting diseases, particularly in scrofulous affections of the joints and bones, and in consumption of the lungs. The roe of the cod is salted and exported to France, where it is used as a ground-bait in the sardine fishery. It is also an article of luxury at the table. The head of the cod, when properly cooked, is an excellent article of food. Our fishermen, however, scorn it as food, but sell it to the farmer, along with the entrails of the fish and the vertebrae, which are taken out before salting. The farmer mixes it with earth and bog, and the result is a most powerful fertilising compost—almost equal to guano, which is spread as top-dressing on the hay-fields, and manures potato and turnip lands. Thus in etherealised and transmuted form, the Newfoundlander casts cod's heads in his beef, turnips and potatoes, to say nothing of his eggs and pork, which have at times the unmistakable flavour of the cod, as the poultry and swine eagerly devour the offal when they get the opportunity. The essence of cod in this latter shape is the reverse of agreeable, though it is said, in the more distant settlements, the fishermen esteem most highly the pork that has a fishy flavour, an acquired taste, no doubt, like that for olives. Thus no part of the cod goes to waste. At times, we get more of it in these various forms than we care for. It is related of a shrewd Scotchman, in one of the mercantile establishments here, who thought he was fed too exclusively on a fish diet, that he one day gravely propounded to the head of the house the question—"Are we no telt in Scripture that we'll rise a' flesh at the general resurrection?" The reply indicated that the doctrine was unimpeachable, and undoubtedly Scriptural. "Weel, Sir," said Jock, "when it's fish ance, and twice and three times a day, I dinna see how that can be in our case. I fear we'll rise a codfish at the general risin'!" The master grinned, took the hint, and less fish and more flesh came to table in consequence. The Norwegians surpass us in one respect, in utilizing the cod—they give the heads, with marine plants, to their cows, for the purpose of producing a greater proportion of milk. The vertebrae, the ribs and the bones in general are given to their cattle by the Icelanders, and by the Kamtschadales to their dogs. These same parts, properly dried, are also employed as fuel in the desolate steppes of the shores of the Icy Sea.

FISH-GUANO.

There is yet another economic purpose for which the cod-fish are available, but which is yet unthought of here. I refer to the manufacture of fish-guano from fish-offal. The French have invented a process by which the offal of all fish, as well as the coarse fish which are useless for food, can be converted into a fish-powder, nearly as rich as Peruvian guano. There

are several large factories for the manufacture of this fish-guano in France, the most extensive being at Concarneau, between Lorient and Brest, in the Department of Finistère, a fishing village, where the catching and preparation of sardines are carried on. The success of this branch of industry has been great and decisive, and is now placed beyond the possibility of doubt. In the locality in which it is manufactured in France, this fish-guano fetches eight shillings per cwt., and is eagerly sought by the farmers; while the oil, which constitutes about 2½ per cent. of the raw fish, is worth three shillings and fourpence per gallon. These figures show that the manufacture must be highly profitable. The establishment at Concarneau, where only six men and ten boys are employed, produces 2,000 tons of manure annually; which, at the rate of three cwt. per statute acre, would suffice to manure 13,000 acres of land, and would represent, at 2½ per cent. of dried manure, a fishing of 9,000 or 10,000 tons. The quantity of coal used in the manufacture is about two cwt. to one ton of manure. The French had, for a time, one of these factories in operation at Quirpon, near the Strait of Belle Isle, on the north-east coast of Newfoundland.

A NEW FIELD OF ENTERPRISE.

Were there persons possessed of skill and capital to embark in this manufacture, a new and vast field of enterprise might be opened up in this land of fish. In the smaller and more distant "outports," where there is little or no agriculture, and no one to make use of the fish-offal, hundreds of thousands of tons of it are thrown into the sea, or lost without any utility. All this might be turned to account, to say nothing of the immense quantities of common fish, unfit for food, which are taken and thrown back into the sea. The sources whence the supply of guano is obtained are becoming exhausted; so that, in the future, the manufacture of an artificial guano is likely to be highly remunerative. The worn-out soils of the densely-peopled countries of Europe may come to be renovated by such applications, from the inexhaustible wealth of the ocean. The caplin, which, at a certain season, cover the surface of the ocean around these shores for miles, and crowd the bays in such masses that two men with a small landing-net will fill a boat in a couple of hours, are turned to no account except for bait, and manuring fields and gardens. Enormous quantities of herrings are at times lost for want of proper appliances for curing. These two sources of supply for the material of fish guano might be added to those already named, so that the stock could never fall short.

The codfish is universally known in cold and temperate climates, but its head-quarters appear to be the Banks of Newfoundland. These are 600 miles in length and 200 in breadth, and swarm with Cod as well as multitudes of other fish. The range of the Cod is from Iceland nearly as far South as Gibraltar, but it does not enter the Mediterranean. It is a deep water fish, and rarely enters the shallows, feeding at or near the ground. Marine worms, crustacea, and shelled mollusca form its most usual supply; but it also preys upon the smaller kinds of fish and their fry. It is most voracious, and has been, not undeservedly, called the sea ostrich. Its voracious appetite is a favourable circumstance for the fisherman, who finds little difficulty in taking the fish with almost any bait.

SYNOPSIS OF NEWS—LOSS OF THE CHURCH SHIP "STAR."

For many years the Bishop of the Church of England in Newfoundland has been in the habit of visiting the churches of his widely scattered communion periodically in a yacht, which generous friends, in England, purchased and kept in repair. Many a stormy voyage this little craft has made, and many a hair-breadth escape she has had in beating in and out of the small harbours round over two thousand miles of coast, portions of which are so often enveloped in dense fog, or rendered dangerous by treacherous currents. No man could be more indefatigable in the discharge of the duties of his sacred office than Bishop Field, or more ready to brave all dangers when duty called. The Church Ship that had weathered so many storms has at length been wrecked. On the 18th inst., at Little River, near Burgeo, on the western shore, as the "Star" was beating out of the harbour, she was swept by the wind and current upon some dangerous rocks and sunk in a short time. All on board, including the Conductor Bishop Kelly, were saved, and are now on their way to St. John's. The vessel was insured.

A WRECK.

The Brig "Charles," the property of a Canadian firm, timber-laden, and bound from Quebec to Sligo, was lost at St. Shott's on the 14th inst. Crew saved.

NEW STEAMER.

The S.S. "Tiger" arrived on the 27th inst. from Greenock. She is a new boat built for W. Grieve & Co., and intended to supply the place of the "Wolf," lost last Spring at the Seal fishery.

THE FISHERIES.

The hook-and-line men are now doing well in the shore fishery. The latest news from Labrador continues favourable. Herring had struck in several places, and mackerel had appeared in considerable abundance. There can be little doubt that this will be a prosperous year in Newfoundland. The crops of all kinds are excellent. The value of the exports for 1870 is announced as £6,984,543. The quantity of Codfish exported was 1,164,535 quintals; value, £1,106,308. It is wonderful to think that a country numbering only 146,000 inhabitants can show such a table of exports.

THE "OTTAWA."

The S.S. "Ottawa," of the Allan line, arrived on the 24th inst., in 8 days from Greenock; landed 50 passengers and 250 tons goods, and sailed for Montreal after a stay of 12 hours.

THE WATERING-PLACES OF THE LOWER ST. LAWRENCE.

(Continued.)

It was midnight when the steamer left Tadoussac on her trip up the Saguenay. The boat was filled with passengers, and every available space, box or sofa, which might serve as a resting-place for the night, had been already secured. Some were sitting on chairs with their heads resting against the woodwork of the cabins, while others were in clover, stretched at full length upon a sofa or boxes placed end to end, and

others again were scattered over the floor rolled up like caterpillars. I was about giving up the idea of sleeping that night when an American gentleman kindly offered me the top berth in his stateroom, which was vacant, his wife having got off at Tadoussac. It is almost needless to state that this gentleman had my deepest regards, &c., &c., during the remainder of my trip.

The shrill whistle of the steamer, followed by the clanging of the engine bell and the rustling of the rudder chains, roused me next morning, bright and early. "Well, stranger," said my American friend as I got my two feet on the floor of the cabin, "how did you roost last night?" "Just as at home," I replied. "Well," said he, "I am thankful you were up there and not my wife. She used to insist on sleeping in the top berth. How she climbed up I don't know, but when she was up I could never sleep at night for fear of her coming through; I don't mean on this boat, but on the others, on the way from Toronto."

HA! HA! BAY.

We were at the wharf of Ha! Ha! Bay when I got on deck, which was already filled with passengers and importunate children, who were trying to sell stale strawberries to the tourists. They managed to take in a few passengers, but the others took warning and kept well shy of strawberries. After strolling about on the wharf for a time we were called to breakfast, after which a good number took *calèches* and drove down to the village. The little place appeared to be well built, and the houses neat and comfortable. There were the usual number of gaping rustics at the doors as we drove along—some in a state of semi-nudity, and others who had just risen from their breakfast-table to take a look at us as we swept by.

Ha! Ha! Bay is semicircular in form and the land rises from its margin at first in a gradual manner and then in one sudden elevation. All along the small tablelands, the ground appears to be well cultivated, indeed the land about here is exceedingly rich. The lumbering business is carried on here by Mr. Price and others.

On our return from the village we stopped at the Parish Church in which service was being celebrated and the Holy Communion administered. All these churches which the traveller meets with in Lower Canada, are usually very well finished as to their exterior, but a great number of them are sadly deficient in either beauty or finish in the interior. It cannot be expected, of course, that they should be so well finished as those of the city, but it appears to me that the first object is to raise the building, and this they do with a view to the future—one generation putting up the walls and roof, while the next finishes it by ornamenting and decorating the inside.

We had scarcely got on board again when the gangways were moved and the steamer placed once more under steam on her return trip.

THE SCENERY.

The River Saguenay has been celebrated from the earliest times of discovery for its romantic, wild and monotonous scenery. The truth is the depths of the Saguenay are too striking and grand to be described, and we get very indefinite ideas of its awful gloominess from mere naked details. Moreover, this is especially true of those objects that excite emotion. I may say in brief, however, that when the tourist has seen the first five miles of the Saguenay, he may be said to have seen the whole of it, Capes Eternity and Trinity excepted. I have never felt the need of stronger Saxon than when gazing on these lovely hills, rising one after the other as far as the eye can reach. My ideas of solitude are well realized on beholding the Saguenay,—yet Byron has written:

"To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath never or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steep and foaming falls to lean:
This is no solitude: 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unroll'd."

BLIGHTED HOPES.

As we passed down the river the scene on either side was at first interesting, but as we still kept on the same dull and unchanging shore line presented itself one succession of hills, one ending only to be replaced by another. Tired of this sort of thing, I looked about me to find some one to speak to. I struck up an acquaintance with an elderly gentleman who informed me, after a little preliminary conversation, that he was a retired army officer, and lived some twenty miles out of Toronto. Upon asking him how he liked the Queen City, he replied with much quickness, "Don't speak to me of the place, it has been to me my rock of ruin." "In 18—," continued he, "I belonged to the — Regiment, which was at that time quartered there. There were a great number of young officers like myself in the regiment, unmarried. I, at that time, thought that Toronto was the most hospitable city I had ever been stationed in, and why? We were asked out to dine at this place and that place; we were waylaid on band days, and despite protestation as to dining at mess, we were dragged off to tea with this lady and that lady. Picnics and dinners there were no end of invitations to, till it finally became almost a nuisance. Dining at mess was the exception, not the rule. I was perfectly enchanted with the kindness of the inhabitants. When our regiment was ordered away I determined to sell out and settle in Toronto. It was a fatal mistake. From that moment I was no longer the welcome guest at dinners and balls and picnics, and from that day I never placed my legs under the table of my former hosts. In disgust I left the city, and now live a few miles out, glad to escape from sad remembrances of former pleasures. It makes me feel tired of life, for

"Non è ver che sia la morte
Il peggior di tutti i mali;
È un sollievo per mortali,
Che non stanchi di soffrir."

CAPE TRINITY.

We arrived at about half-past one at Cape Trinity, "whose shaggy brows frown across the zenith, and whose base the deep waves wash with a hoarse and hollow cadence; the sepulchral Bay of the Trinity, dark as the tide of Acheron, a sanctuary of solitude and silence, where the soul of the wilderness dwells embodied in voiceless rock; depths which, as the fable runs, no sounding line can fathom, and heights at whose dizzy verge the wheeling eagle seems a speck." Mr. Bouchette estimates the height of these cliffs at 1800 feet. At the base of Cape Trinity the rock has been the scene of some artist's (I hope) first attempts in painting. The figure of General O'Neill, which is more than the blackguard deserves, is here painted on the rock, but one great omission which the artist was guilty of was the leaving out of a rope round his neck. The Steamer "Magnet," Captain Simpson, and date 1871 are also daubed on the rock. As we passed beneath the cliff, a bucket of pebbles collected at Hat Hat Bay was placed upon the deck, and those passengers whose early training in the ignoble art had not been neglected, amused themselves by attempting to cast the stones on shore; but they were much chagrined to find that they generally fell short some twenty yards or more. Sweeping round into the Bay we had a good view of the whole rock, cleft as it were in three places, giving rise to the name Trinity. The Captain sounded the whistle and the passengers were much struck at the duration of the echo. Cape Eternity, which forms the other extremity of the Bay, is not so abrupt in its outline, yet it appears at its highest point to be higher than Cape Trinity. Years and years have rolled past yet these cliffs have not been as yet tamed by civilization, and still in grim repose they keep their watch over the rolling river that "glistens in their shadow and doubles in its sullen mirror, crag, precipice, and forest."

It must not be supposed that all on board saw these cliffs. No, they did not. Signs of dinner had caused a general rush for seats, and my late acquaintance and I had, like the others, though with a deep sense of shame, secured our seats in the most convenient part of the table. The boat being very crowded there were, as at breakfast, three tables, and the first had already been bespoken. But not all the grandeur of Trinity and Eternity could tempt those around the table to leave their chairs, but we adopted a little plan by which we not only secured our dinners at the first table, but also enjoyed the spectacle of the cliffs. My friend first went out on deck, while I remained within securing his chair by putting both my legs on it. While in this rather undignified position an American came along, and stepping in front of the chair looked at my feet for a moment, and then said "Guess you wear number eight boots?" "Yes," I said, "but fives are more comfortable." Seeing that I had no inclination to take my legs off he asked me if the chair was engaged, and after replying in the affirmative, he said he guessed he would drive on. My friend returned in a few moments, and after telling him how to keep the chair I went out on deck, but the beauties and grandeur of the cliff were much marred by my continual dread at my friend proving too soft if a demand should be made upon my chair, so that after seeing all that was to be seen I made my way into the saloon again, and not a moment too soon, as I found my friend in hot dispute with one of the waiters who was trying to get the chair for a facing passenger, but the little affair was settled by my taking possession and casting defiance at both waiter and passenger.

We arrived at Tadoussac about a quarter to three, took on a few passengers, and then crossed over to Rivière-du-Loup. Those who have travelled the Saguenay can scarcely have failed to have noticed the difference in the colour of the waters of the St. Lawrence and Saguenay. The former is blue while the latter is of a dark salmon colour. The change of colour is almost instantaneous the moment the mouth of the Saguenay is passed.

When we arrived at Rivière-du-Loup I got off the steamer in order to await the "Clyde," which was to take me once more up the Saguenay as far as Chicoutimi. After waiting an hour she arrived and I got on board, crossed on to Tadoussac and thence up the River to Chicoutimi where we arrived early next morning.

CHICOUTIMI—RETURN HOME.

I will not trouble the reader with any details of my trip on this steamer as it would only be a repetition of the other.

Chicoutimi is situated on the South bank of the Saguenay, about 75 miles from Tadoussac, and is at the head of the navigation of the river. The meaning of Chicoutimi is "deep water." It has 1,000 inhabitants, and is chiefly a lumbering place.

The Hudson Bay Company had a post here at one time, and would allow no one to settle in the neighbourhood in case they should traffic with the Indians. But Mr. Peter McLeod took a small piece of ground and opened the lumbering business with Mr. Price, building a mill, &c. To work the mill workmen were required and they arrived and settled. The Company had some small skirmishes with the new comers, seeking to drive them off; but after a time matters were amicably arranged, it being agreed that the workmen should not carry on any trade with the Indians. Gradually since the first settlement in 1843 the place has increased in size and in importance. The land about Chicoutimi is not very good, but further up about Lake St. John, where the temperature is somewhat the same as that of Montreal, the land and crops are very fair.

It was Sunday morning when we arrived in Chicoutimi, and those natives who came to see the arrivals were dressed in their "Sunday go to meetings." They were a curious mixture. What arrested my attention, however, was the great number of those who were troubled with that unsightly disease known to the Swiss as *Gottre*; but popularly in England as *Derbyshire neck*, and technically *brachiocele*. Scattered among the crowd was the ubiquitous Indian, a tribe of whom live a mile or so down the river. I had intended staying over at Chicoutimi a few days, but as I understood that there was no hotel accommodation I determined to return.

We left Chicoutimi at seven o'clock, and arrived at Tadoussac at three, and Rivière-du-Loup at seven. Here I changed my quarters for the "Magnet," in which I found my old military friend. I was heartily glad to see him, as we had had no cabin passengers on the return trip of the "Clyde." He introduced me to a pretty English friend of his who made all sorts of enquiries about the country, the Indians, what they dressed like, and what the war-whoop sounded like, and

finally finished by asking me if I could not show her how it sounded. I had almost determined upon giving her a sample of it, but as I looked down I changed my mind, for I feared the effect it might have upon her excitable nerves. I had learnt the art when but a boy from a stolid Indian, to whom I used to give three halfpence a whoop—just to make my blood run cold and my frame shiver, as with parted fingers he sent his wild wavering cry through the dark forest. But if I had any intention of trying its effect, our arrival at Murray Bay dispensed with its necessity; and as the boat remained for some hours at the wharf, I took advantage of it and rushed on shore to try and find a few of my old friends. I was to a great degree disappointed. They had, with the exception of one or two, departed. I returned almost in disgust. The full moon was riding over the bay, throwing its sickly beams on its waters and the ridge of the mountains opposite.

We reached Quebec next morning about nine o'clock, passing the "Clyde" on the way, and here I bid adieu to those readers who may have followed me in my short and imperfect description of the lower route—

"To all and each a fair good-night,
And rosy dreams and slumbers light."

TOURIST.

THE READING ROOM OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

(Condensed from *All the Year Round*.)

Over the entrance of the great reading room of the British Museum is appropriately placed the bust of the late Mr. Panizzi—the founder, as he may be called. The huge domed hall behind him, his work and monument, is one of the wonders of Europe, now reaching to a considerable number.

The entrance to this hall is beset with difficulties. At the gate of the museum, on a day when the reading room only is open, the policeman and warders challenge the visitor with a "Reader, sir?" Allowed to pass, he crosses the open space, ascends the steps, enters under the portico, and finds himself at the great hall, with more police and warders. Any signs of indecision, and he is sure to be challenged, "Reader?" If he crosses boldly, and makes for the glass door, where there is another janitor with a list, he is stopped once more, and made to show his passport, unless he have what is called at the theatres "a free admission." Down the long passage he goes, gives up great coat, stick, umbrella, parcels; passes through glass swinging doors, past other detectives, and finds himself in the monstrous cathedral dedicated to learning, and, as some say, also to idleness.

It would be hard to give an idea of the first *coup d'œil*; for there is literally nothing like it. It has the look nearly of a cathedral, with all the comfortable, furnished air of a "snug" library. Coloring for the sides is furnished by rows of the books themselves which run round the walls to a height of some forty or fifty feet, and are reached by two light galleries. In the centre of the room is a round counter, within which sit the officials, and which communicates with the library outside by a long avenue shut in by glass screens. Outside this counter is another, which holds the enormous catalogue, reaching to some hundred volumes; and from this second counter radiate the desks for the readers. Nothing more comfortable or convenient can be conceived. You have a choice in seats even: hard smooth mahogany or softly cushioned; both gliding smoothly on castors. In the upright back of the desk is a little recess for ink and pens, steel and quill; and on each side a leathern handle. One of these pulls out a reading desk, which comes well forward, and swings in any direction, or at any height; the other forms a ledge on which books can be piled up and be out of the way. A blotting pad, paper knife, and convenient pegs under the table for putting away hats, etc., complete the conveniences. There are over five hundred of these, each having a number and letter. There are, besides, a number of what might be called "research" tables—small, low, flat, and broad, which an antiquarian may have all to himself; and the lid of which lifting up, he finds a convenient repository, where he can store away all his papers, notes, and books until he returns the next day. Some of the more retired of the long benches are reserved "for ladies only," but they do not seem very much to care for such seclusion.

Round the room, and with easy reach, is a sort of free library, where every one can help himself. This, as will be imagined, consists of books of general reference, and is very judiciously chosen. It comprises dictionaries of all languages, the best, newest; encyclopedias of every conceivable sort; long lists of the old magazines, like the "Gentleman's," "Annual Register," etc.; ambitious collections of universal science and knowledge, such as the "Pantheon Littéraire," and "Didot's Encyclopædia"; histories of towns and countries in profusion, and the best and most favorite text books in the respective classes of law, theology, etc. The only weak place is the class of English *belles lettres* and biography, which is ordered after a very random and arbitrary fashion, comprising such poor books as "Beattie's Life of Campbell," but not "Moore's Life of Sheridan," having "Twiss's Life of Eldon," and no life of Sterne, and being without Mrs. Oliphant's remarkable "Life of Irving." In fact, it would be hard to say on what principle the choice is made.

Having chosen a seat—and if you come late in the day you have to take a long, long walk seeking one—go to the catalogue for your book. And here we may pause to survey this wonderful catalogue, a library of folios in itself. Every volume is stoutly bound in solid blue calf, with his lower edges faced with zinc, to save wear and tear from the violent shoving in of the volumes to their places. On every page are pasted about a dozen neatly lithographed entries, and between the pages are guards, so as to allow fresh leaves to be put in, as the catalogue increases. As the guards are filled up, the volume is taken and rebound with fresh guards, so it becomes an illustration of the famous Outler stocking, with this difference, that the stocking is gradually increasing in size. Nothing can be fuller than the arrangements for this catalogue, as it even refers you for a biographical notice of a well known man to some of those little meagre accounts prefixed to collections of their poems, and to biographical notices and reviews. It also, to a great extent, helps the student to the real names of those who have written under assumed ones. This is the new catalogue, but there is an old one partly in print and partly in manuscript, and both must be consulted if you wish to make your search exhaustive. Periodical publications make a department in themselves under the letter P, filling some twenty folio volumes, to which there is an index, also in many folio volumes. London has nearly one folio to itself, Great Britain and France each several.

Every entry is complete, title in full, date, place and publication, and a press mark, such as ———— which is to be copied on a little form containing the rules to be observed, with blanks for name of book, date, etc.

Having given in the ticket, the reader may return to his place, certain of having to wait at least half an hour, and he may amuse himself by watching the smooth running carts laden with volumes, which arrive every moment, and the attendants who are seen hurrying along through the glass screen, each with his pile of books, with their labels fluttering. Considering that some of these have to walk three quarters of a mile along passages and up steep stairs to fetch some remote book, and that often the forms are imperfectly filled, the delay is not surprising. A more intelligent, willing, and obliging class of men cannot be conceived, always ready to volunteer assistance, even outside their special duty. It is pleasant to see how they exert themselves for novices, or for certain old veterans, filling up their forms for them.

The readers are a very singular and motley class. And here it is that some reform is wanting. A great deal of the time and trouble of the staff is taken up with supplying the wants of young boys and girls, and general idlers, who come to read novels and poetry, and take up the places of others who have real business. It cannot be supposed that the nation meant to pay for books and attendants, merely to wait on this useless class. A reform in the way of classification would be useful, the putting these drones in a department of their own, and with one attendant only to wait on them all. Every book ought to be procured within ten minutes, and by a system of speaking rubes and small lifts, the matter could be much simplified. The Museum would run fewer risks from the abstraction of books, by limiting the number of readers. There are many traditions in the Museum of these robbers, some of whom were always suspected, but to whom the matter never could be brought home; while there was a "gentleman" who was not suspected, but was at last discovered. A Museum book is fortunately very unmarketable, it is so stamped all over; and if a volume had two hundred illustrations, every one would bear this mark. To all libraries come people with a mania for cutting out prints, and at this one, on a stand made purposely, are exhibited two maimed and defaced books, thirty or forty leaves torn out, with an inscription explaining how they were placed there as a warning, etc. This exhibition is a little undignified, and it seems quite purposeless. The evil doesers would only chuckle at it, while the well-conducted have no need of such reminders.

We learn that the proprietors of the Silver Islet mine in Lake Superior have been successful in finding upon the mainland opposite the island the same vein of ore which has proved so astonishingly rich in their present mine. It was discovered, as we are told, at a depth of sixty feet below the surface. From Silver Islet, ore to the value of \$800,000 has been taken in about ten months, and the vein seems to grow richer the deeper it is worked. There is no telling what stores of mineral wealth are laid up in the rocks and mountains around Lake Superior.

The population of seventeen of the largest towns in England, according to the census of 1871, is as follows:—London, 3,351,894; Liverpool, 493,346; Manchester, 353,663; Birmingham, 343,696; Leeds, 259,201; Sheffield, 239,947; Bristol, 182,524; Bradford, 145,827; Newcastle, 128,170; Salford, 124,805; Hull, 121,598; Portsmouth, 112,954; Sunderland, 95,335; Leicester, 95,084; Nottingham, 86,608; Norwich, 80,390; and Wolverhampton, 68,279—making a total of 6,188,223 against 5,298,421 in 1861 and 4,454,149 in 1851. The population in London in 1871 as given above, is 3,351,894 against 2,808,989 in 1861, and 2,362,236 in 1851. The aggregate population of the sixteen largest towns next to London is 2,936,429 in 1871, against 2,495,435 in 1861, and 2,091,904 in 1851.

One of the progressive industries of the time is the manufacture of articles of clothing and household use from paper. In China and Japan paper clothing has long been worn by the inhabitants, and so cheaply can it be produced that a serviceable paper coat costs only ten cents, while a whole suit of the same material is limited to twenty-five cents. Heretofore, paper has been worked up among civilized nations into collars, cuffs, frills and similar minor articles; but by a recent English invention, a really serviceable paper fabric has been prepared, from which table-cloths, napkins, handkerchiefs, pantaloons, curtains, shirts, petticoats, and other articles of dress, together with imitation blankets and bed furniture, lace and fringe, imitation leather, etc., can be made very cheaply. The substances used in preparing this fabric are both vegetable and animal, and comprise a mixture of wool, silk, flax, jute, hemp and cotton. Reduced to a fine pulp and bleached, and then felted by means of machinery, the material thus obtained produces a fabric of wonderful flexibility and strength, which can be sewed together, and with as strong a seam and as well as any cloth. The articles made from this mixture are said not only to be very serviceable, but to so resemble cloth, linen, or cotton as to defy the closest scrutiny.

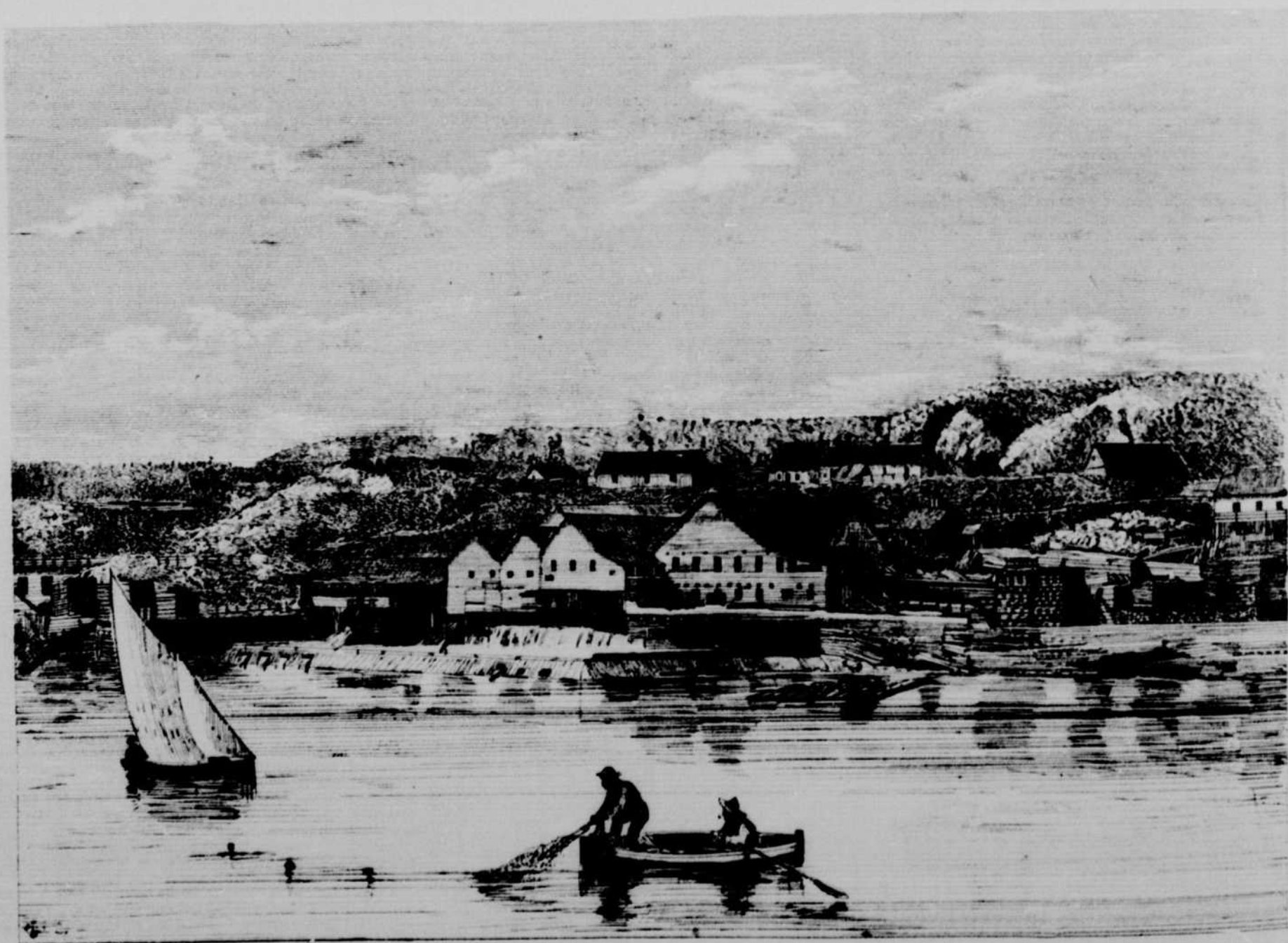
A German in Iowa, last week, went for the first time into a saw-mill. Among other things that he saw was a small, circular saw, sawing faster than anything he ever saw. Its rapid motion fascinated him; he reached out his right index finger toward its ill-defined periphery (for the circumference of a saw in swift motion looks to be at the base of the teeth, and not at their points), when, to his surprise, the end of his finger disappeared in an instant, and rolled away to the other side of the saw. The man tied up his stump in his handkerchief; whereupon Mr. Andrews, noticing him, came up and inquired what was the matter. The victim of misplaced confidence replied: "Misther Andrews, I never comes to see your mills before. I seed dis ting going round so fast, I takes mein vinger to him, like dis, and—!" In explaining his first mishap, the German touched the saw with his left forefinger, and that flew off. Turning to Andrews, in almost breathless astonishment, the man exclaimed: "Misther Andrews, I never comes to see your mills before; I seed him; I never comes again!" And wrapping that finger into his handkerchief, he started for a doctor's office.

A Georgia game of base-ball broke up in the eighth innings with one arm broken, one eye put out, one jaw dislocated, and eighteen fingers "shifted." The game will be finished as soon as the physicians think best.

A man in Portsmouth, N. H., named his two children Ebenezer and Flora, and always spoke of them as "Eb" and "Flo."



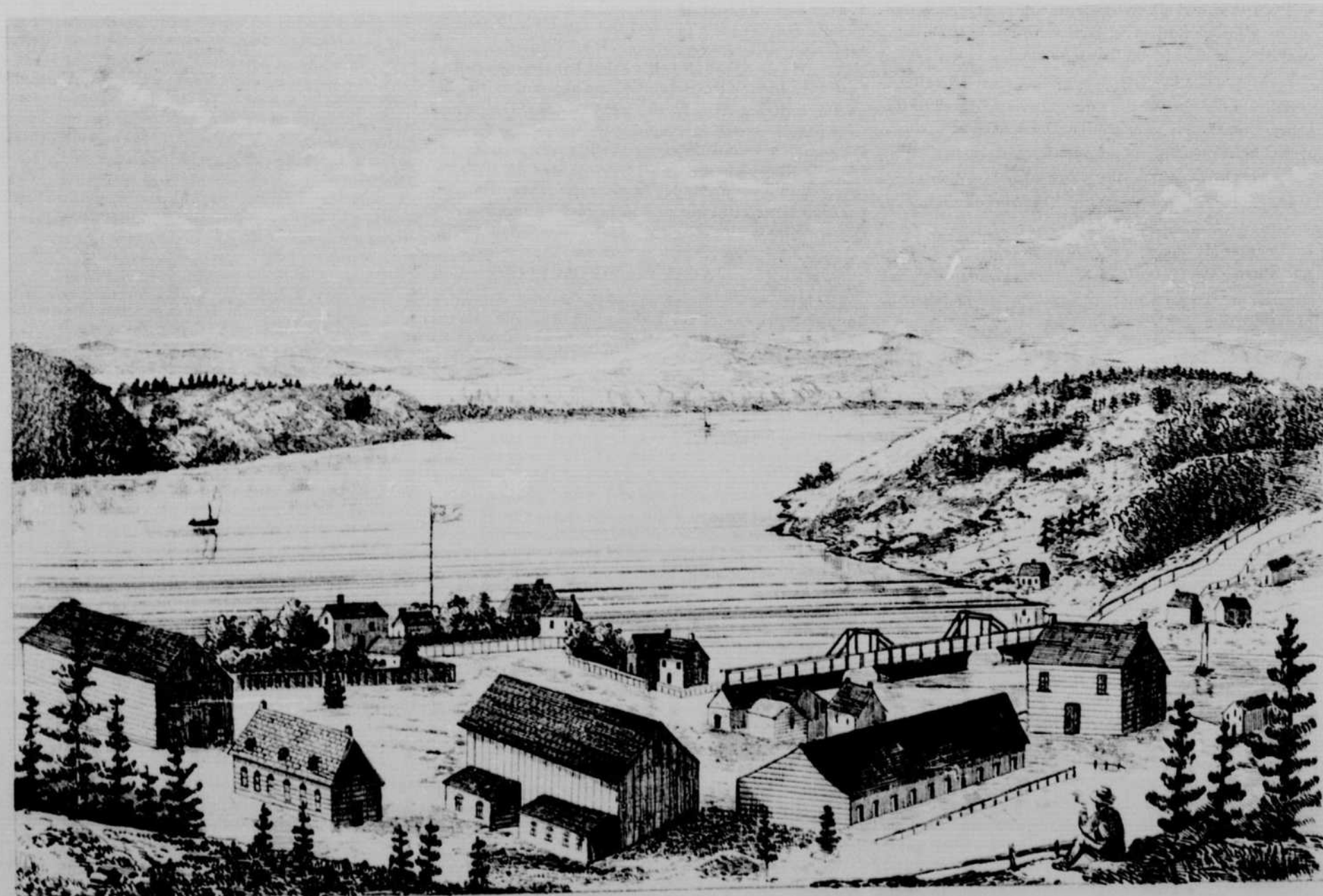
BRIDGE OVER THE YAMASKA, ON THE DRUMMONDVILLE AND ARTHABASKA R. R.—SEE PAGE 183.



PRICE'S MILLS, CHICOUTIMI, SAGUENAY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



SITE OF THE FIRST CHAPEL ERECTED IN CANADA, CHICOUTIMI, SAGUENAY.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. O. C.—SEE PAGE 183.



JUNCTION OF THE RIVER DU MOULIN WITH THE SAGUENAY, AT CHICOUTIMI.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. O. C.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY.
SEPT. 23, 1871.

SUNDAY,	Sept. 17.—Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity. St. Lambert, Bp. First U. C. Parliament met at Niagara. 1792.
MONDAY,	" 18.—Prior died. 1721. Lord Palmerston died. 1865. M. Favre proceeds to Ferrières to treat for an armistice. 1870.
TUESDAY,	" 19.—Arminius died. 1609. Lord Sydney died. 1841. Paris completely invested by the German armies: Conference at Ferrières. 1870.
WEDNESDAY,	" 20.—Ember Day. Battle of the Alma. 1854. Rome occupied by the Italian troops. 1870.
THURSDAY,	" 21.—St. Matthew, Ev. Waller died. 1687. Sir Walter Scott died. 1832. Venetia annexed to Italy by plebiscite. 1866.
FRIDAY,	" 22.—Ember Day. George III. crowned. 1761.
SATURDAY,	" 23.—Ember Day. Sieur de Courcelles, Governor of Canada. 1665. Battle of Assaye. 1803. Capitulation of Toul. 1870.

THE HALIFAX AQUATIC CARNIVAL.

The Sketch of the Four-oared Race at Halifax, by our Special Artist, did not reach us in time for exact reproduction in this issue, but it will appear

NEXT WEEK.

Our Artists were present at the Longueuil Regatta on the 13th and 14th instant, and such incidents as may seem worthy of illustration will be duly reproduced.

"C. I. NEWS OFFICE,"
Montreal, September 16, 1871.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1871.

Certain paragraphs have appeared in the St. John, N. B., and other papers, implying that the photographs of the St. John and Tyne crews, taken and copyrighted by Mr. Roberts of St. John, were used by us to the injury of the proprietor of the said copyright, and with full knowledge of his right; moreover, that we committed a breach of confidence in using these photographs, inasmuch as they had been sent to us by the proprietors of the St. John *Telegraph* to be Leggotyped for use in that paper.

Now, the facts of the case are simply these: The proprietors of the *Telegraph* communicated with this establishment, desiring to be furnished with Leggotypes of the crews; and afterwards had their photographs sent on to us from Boston, without a word as to their being copyrighted, and without limiting their use to the special order sent. The Leggotypes were furnished with all due speed, and the photographs were also reproduced in this paper. Had a hint been given of the case, as it is represented in the newspaper announcements referred to, we could have with equal facility procured and used Notman's photographs for our columns. This simple statement will be readily understood by the public, for no one will believe that Mr. Roberts, of St. John, could debar us from reproducing the portraits of the oarsmen, even if he had copyrighted the particular likenesses of them taken by himself.

Charles Dickens has told us of a discussion once held among a number of literary gentlemen as to what was the most enduring of human wishes. In this discussion one gentleman, an editor of long experience, stoutly maintained that it was "to get a ticket for the play." That, he held, survived every other aspiration, and he told the story of a shipwrecked mariner who had just escaped the most dreadful perils, and who, having recited the incidents of his doleful experience, and being asked what could be done for him, brightened up and briskly replied, "Sir, I wish you could give me a ticket for the play!" The proof thus brought forward was certainly very strong, but it was merely a special manifestation of a very general fact that people usually like to get their desires gratified for nothing. Railway and steamboat companies show their appreciation of this leaning of weak human nature by occasionally giving trips both ways for one fare; in other words, giving half the ride for nothing. Shop-keepers know it well, when they sell off their goods at "a tremendous sacrifice," and the bargain hunters of every class and degree are the most fully pronounced victims of the failing.

But we fancy that if the editor quoted by Charles Dickens be still in the flesh, he has by this time corrected his judgment. Now-a-days, to be the "champion" of no matter what is apparently the most enduring of human aspirations. To reach the superlative, or at least to assume it, in some direction, is common to nearly everybody. Does an invalid recover? Then with what pride will he recite the terrible nature of

the malady from which he escaped! We have seldom known anybody that has not been sicker than everybody else, or has not gone through, with success, such narrow escapes as would have surely left any other person a corpse. How often have we all "never been so tired before"—"never been so sick"—or "so well," &c.? Now this general tendency towards the superlative degree, carried out in small things as well as in great, might lead us into high and solemn flights concerning man's destiny and his possible achievements here, and enjoyments hereafter. But present purpose now is simply to affirm, upon the strength of the evidence already adduced, that the most lasting and most generally diffused of human ambitions is to be a "champion."

The ambition is a laudable one, under proper direction, for without its inspiration human progress would cease. But apart altogether from the abuse of terms in the ridiculous multiplication of championships and other superlative titles now in vogue, there are many directions in which this ambition may lead its votaries too far. Our fashionable field sports, if rationally indulged in for the two-fold purpose of ministering to health and amusement, exercise a most beneficial influence as well upon those who participate in them as upon those who look on "to see the game." It is necessary, too, to maintain the interest in these sports, that matches or contests between different parties should be occasionally held. But there are certain drawbacks to their influence for good. Young men are too frequently tempted to over-train before a match, and to over-strain when they are playing it. It is questionable, indeed, whether nearly all distinguished "champions" in athletic sports do not sooner or later very seriously damage their constitutions by over-indulgence in exercise which is defensible only for the reason that it furnishes healthful amusement. We daresay that some of the best of our own Lacrosse players will confess that it takes some time to recover from the fatigue of a closely contested match; that, in fact, their honours are won at the cost of an exertion far too severe to be healthful; and the same might probably be admitted by not a few of the famous oarsmen who have taken part in the recent races. But the "professionals" of the sporting world may very properly plead that, in this age of keen competition, they are compelled, in self-defence, to exert themselves even to the risk of their lives, in the prosecution of what is to them a business. And they might say that merchants, literary and professional men, and even clergymen, frequently damage their physical and mental constitutions most severely by over-exertion in their respective avocations. We do not at all believe that the preservation of health ought to be treated as the chief object of existence; on the contrary, it is in the very nature of things that most people should, in some degree, realise the force of the Scotch saying—"Wearing the life out to keep the life in." But when a special necessity does not exist for over-exertion in any kind of employment, then such over-exertion is unjustifiable, and is, in fact, an unwarranted effort to attain a "championship" in some form.

THE C. I. NEWS TELEGRAPH LINE.

This is one of the newest, one of the shortest, and during business hours, one of the busiest lines in Canada. On the 29th of last month, it was formally opened, and messages congratulatory between the City office, No. 1, Place d'Armes Hill, and the Works, No. 319, St. Antoine street, were duly exchanged. Since that time much additional facility for the rapid transaction of business has been afforded through its agency, as questions are asked and answered between the two establishments as rapidly, almost, as if both were under the same roof. We believe the Proprietor of the *News* entered into arrangements with the Montreal *Telegraph* Company for the use of their poles on which to mount his wire, and thus at a comparatively trifling cost was enabled to utilize one of the most wonderful applications of science in the ordinary transaction of his daily business. Our down-town friends having business with the establishment will find the *News* line useful in expediting its execution, and visitors to Montreal desiring to communicate with those whose time is spent at the Works will find it a great convenience to be able to report themselves on a minute's notice without undertaking the long journey to the west end of St. Antoine street. Telegraphy will, no doubt, soon come into pretty general use as a private adjunct to commercial establishments where circumstances necessitate a considerable distance between the factory or works and business offices. The Telegraphic Institute now established in this city therefore offers an education that has every prospect of being of much practical value to the learner.

We have received copies of the annual reports of the Directors of Penitentiaries and the Minister of Agriculture for the year 1870. The late appearance and sometimes worthless character of official documents remind us of a phrase familiar to North Britons—"Lang unkent; dear o' the hearing," but

the two books mentioned have appeared in reasonable time, and contain information which fully justifies their publication. The report of the Minister of Agriculture is mainly taken up with statistical and other information on the important subject of immigration. The Penitentiary Directors report generally that all the penitentiaries are in a satisfactory condition and efficiently officered. We are glad to notice that they have to lament a falling off in the receipts for labour contracts at Kingston, because we believe it is not right to compel the honest tradesman to compete in the labour market with the State-fed rogue. The pampering of our penitentiary birds has been carried far enough, and many very sensible people believe that the State might retire with honour from the shoe-making and tailoring trades, &c., and give its workmen some chain-and-ball practice at more severe employment.

THE SARATOGA RACES.—Owing to a high wind that prevailed on Saturday afternoon, the great four-oared boat-race was postponed until Monday. On the morning of that day the race came off, resulting, to the surprise of everybody, in the victory of the Ward brothers, who took the race in 24 minutes, 26 seconds, coming in two lengths ahead of the Kelly-Chambers crew. Then came the Taylor-Winship and Coulter-Biglin, half-a-dozen lengths behind, making a dead heat. The Poughkeepsie crew were fifth, and the McKee sixth. In the afternoon Sadler took the single scull, coming in six lengths ahead at the finish.

THEATRE ROYAL.—On Friday evening the talented actor, Mr. Dominick Murray, closed his very successful engagement here, and had a bumper house for his benefit in appreciation of the pleasure he had given the patrons of the theatre. To-night (Saturday) Mr. Davis takes his benefit, and certainly he deserves the warmest encouragement for the faithful and life-like manner in which he fills his characters. On Monday evening the Freeman Sisters commence an engagement, and with their well-known ability, are sure to "draw."

LITERARY NOTICES.

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION, by Charles Reade. Toronto, Hunter, Rose & Co.—Mr. Reade's last book has been a surprise for the reading public even greater than that caused on the appearance of "Griffith Gaunt." Like that work it entrenches somewhat on the style of the French novel—a style that, for their own sakes, we must hope will never become popular among English readers. There is no question but that the work has taken; Mr. Reade's novels always do take. It is, as usual with his works, full of incident, sentiment, and practical truth. The plot is wonderfully ingenious, and the story is related in that happy manner for which the author is famed. But notwithstanding these attractions, the possession of which Mr. Reade's worst enemy could not deny his book, it fails in one respect—that of morality. It is to be regretted that Mr. Reade, presuming on his undoubted genius and his immense popularity as a writer of fiction, should have ventured to place in the hands of the public a work calculated to disturb the finer feelings of the class for whom it was written. This is the more to be regretted, as the better class of readers will naturally be shy of extending to Mr. Reade's next novel as cordial a welcome as they have done to some of his former productions.

HISTORY OF FREDERICK THE SECOND, CALLED FREDERICK THE GREAT. By John S. C. Abbott. New York: Harper Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

Those who are familiar with Abbott's *Life of Napoleon*, and many other of his historical works, will be somewhat surprised at the generally fair and impartial manner in which he treats the *Life of Frederick the Great*. He cannot help the exhibition here and there of a somewhat anti-English feeling; but upon the whole, we believe the reading public will be disposed to regard this as one of the best of his productions. The book has been attractively got up by the publishers, and contains about 570 pages, so that even those who have waded through the whole of Carlyle's more brilliant and ponderous work will be glad to refresh themselves with Mr. Abbott's condensation, enriched as it is with some fresh material, and intended, as the author states, "to give a clear and correct idea of the man—of his public and private character, and of his career." Such was Mr. Abbott's aim, and he appears to have ably carried it out. The times of Frederick the Great were coincident with a most important era in the march of European events, and the record of his life acquires especial interest at the present time from the circumstances that have recently occurred, leading, as they have done, to the consolidation of the German powers under the Emperor-King whose reign has been signalised by two brief, but bloody, and to his arms, victorious wars, before unparalleled in history. The book, besides its excellently executed reading matter, contains about a hundred good illustrations, and is neatly bound.

A LATIN GRAMMAR FOR BEGINNERS. By Professor W. H. Wadell. New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

To smooth the way to that goal to which the ancient proverb teaches us "there is no royal road," is a service rendered to youth the value of which can scarcely be over-estimated.

Professor Waddell has already issued a Greek Grammar for Beginners that has been very favourably received by able teachers, and its success has induced him to issue the present little volume, which deserves, and will no doubt receive equal consideration.

THE SOREL AND DRUMMONDVILLE RAILWAY.

THE YAMASKA BRIDGE.

On the 30th ult., a trial trip was made over that portion of the above railway which is already finished, and one of our photographic artists accompanied the excursionists for the purpose of taking a view of the bridge across the Yamaska, an illustration of which will be found on another page. This railway will doubtless prove of vast importance to the section of the Province through which it passes, and we have, therefore, much pleasure in printing the following account of the formal opening of a portion of the line, for the substance of which we are indebted to the *Montreal Herald*, one of whose editors accompanied the excursionists:

On the invitation of Mr. L. A. Senecal, M. P., contractor for the Richelieu, Drummond and Arthabaska Railway, a party proceeded to inspect that portion of the work already finished, proceeding first to Sorel in the "Three Rivers," which comfortably landed us at Sorel after a pleasant run over a route so well known, that there is little need to say anything concerning it. The hospitable doors of the Royal Victoria Hotel received us at Sorel, and here we found Mr. Geoffrion, M. P., and Mr. Gill, who had been deputed by Mr. Senecal to do the honours, he himself being unfortunately somewhat indisposed and unable to leave home. Comfortably installed in the Royal Victoria, the rain could be heard pouring in a deluge outside, the more sanguine believing, however, that it was the prelude to a fine morning. Six o'clock next morning saw us at breakfast, and at an early hour the party started on board the "Castor" for Yamaska. The sail is delightful. The boat keeps threading in and out between low lying islands, many of which are covered with water plants. On several of the larger islands herds of cattle, and many horses, sheep and pigs, gave an appearance of life and relieved what might in some places be described as the desolate beauty of the passage, while every now and again signs of industrious husbandry were visible in the scattered settlements which came into view, some of the farmers having mowing machines and other improved agricultural implements in use. At length the village of Yamaska came in sight, the long railway bridge across the river being a very conspicuous object as the village was neared. Steam was puffing on the river bank; the whizzing of circular saws could be heard, and platform cars could be seen proceeding with heavy loads, or empty to get loaded up with sleepers and rails for the portions of the line in the vicinity not yet laid. Mr. Anderson, whom we had met the previous evening, was waiting to explain all the mysteries of the bridge building for which he has the contract. He is evidently a man of very considerable ingenuity, as the work on the bridge shows. It was he who built the trestle bridge over the Jacques Cartier river, but on a different plan from that over the Yamaska, Mr. Reckon, of Quebec, having designed the Jacques Cartier bridge for the Gosford Company. The experience acquired there has led to the adoption of some very decided improvements, according to the opinion of those who may be thought qualified to judge. Part of the bridge is double, the rails being laid above for 1,550 feet, which includes the approaches at each end. The river itself is 700 feet wide, crossed by six spans, the one on the North bank being a draw, to enable vessels to pass through. It is this length of 700 feet which is double, the road-way being thirteen feet in the clear, the entire width seventeen feet. The approaches supporting only the railway are built on the Howe truss principle, but crossing the river, where the bridge has to support both a railway and road for ordinary traffic, what Mr. Anderson calls an improved Howe truss has been designed by him, and even to the untrained non-professional eye, is evidently immensely strong. The braces radiate from a cast iron prism block, resting on very heavy beams and stringers, bolted together in the most secure manner. The piers are of heavy square timber filled with stone, which were framed on the ice, of sufficient height to reach a little above the level of the water when let down; they were then drawn to their places, a floor put in, and having been filled with stones, they were ready for sinking. It is needless to attempt to give a detailed account of the various peculiarities of the bridge. It is a good, sound piece of work, and has been tested, so we were informed, in the severest possible manner. Mr. E. C. Wurtele, of Sorel, who has the supervision of the whole work, next took the party in charge, and showed the ingenious appliances for preparing the ties, rails, wedges, &c., for being laid down. The ties, which are of hemlock and tamarac, are now brought down on trucks from the woods through which the railway runs; they are put on a rollway, run up to most ingenious circular saws, so gauged that at one operation they are morticed the proper depth and distance, not the difference of a hair breadth being found between one and another. As fast as cut, and the operation is very fast indeed, the prepared ties are rolled over to a different siding from that on which they were received, an ordinary circular saw sides them, and they are loaded up to be run out to the place where they are wanted. The wedges for keying up the rails are also prepared here. The rails are of maple, four by seven inches and fourteen feet long, the gauge of the line being four feet, eight and a half inches. The cost of the line, in which cost are included stations, (nine in number), a car and locomotive depot, engine and repairing shops; engine and tender, two passenger cars, eight grain cars, and twenty-five wood cars, is \$5,000 a mile in full for all but the Yamaska Bridge, which cost \$35,000. It should be mentioned that land damages, fences, &c., are included also in this amount. In payment it was agreed Municipal and Government debentures should be taken at par, and nothing was to be paid except as work to the extent of \$10,000 was finished. Under all these conditions Mr. Senecal has pushed on the road, and its present state may serve to show how much energy has been thrown into the work. Operations were begun near each end of the line, and although the contract was not signed till about the end of January last, the heavy bridge over the Yamaska has been completely finished, a large portion of the road is already in working order, with all the rails laid, which have proved of essential service to the contractor, as greatly facilitating the work. Upwards of two thousand men

are now busily employed, and although there is nearly a whole year yet remaining by the contract before the line need be completed, there seems little reason to doubt that long before that time it will be in complete running order."

Regarding the successful running of the portion of the road already completed, the writer in the *Herald* says:—"A plain but substantial-looking engine, with 'L. A. Senecal' conspicuously painted on it, comes screaming down the line, drawing after it an ordinary wood truck, on which have been rattled up for the occasion rough seats for the passengers who are expected to make the experimental trip. Orders are given in a confident tone to the telegraph that the train from the other end of the line is to come on cautiously to prevent accidents, but seeing that there is no telegraph yet, and only the one engine, now noisily hissing beside us, fears of a collision may be dismissed for the present. All getting on board, the wood truck is driven first, the engine not having a chance to turn and the speed is gradually increased, the smoothness of the line being the subject of general remark. Still increasing speed, the rate of twenty-five miles an hour is reached, without oscillation or thumping, and with the most perfect smoothness and as little noise as can by any possibility be expected on a railway. Reaching River David, the train is slowed to give an opportunity of seeing the long trestle bridge over a deep gully of considerable width, but we run over it at about fifteen miles an hour. The rest of the way has to be run much more cautiously, as the road is not quite finished, dozens of hands being busy under Messrs O'Donnell and Lachance, in completing the ballasting, digging ditches, filling and chopping trees into lengths for sleepers, and other work of a similar description. The line runs through a favourable route, and the excavations show the land to be good and possessed of all the elements of fertility. Two or three cuttings are met with in the distance of ten miles, which can be traversed at the Yamaska end, but these are of no great extent, and all the material taken out has been made use of for raising the few embankments necessary. And whilst waiting for a few minutes to look round at the end of this section of the railway, so rapidly stretching out to join that which is approaching from the other end, the woods, whose extent cannot be seen from the line, remind us that all the material necessary for the road just traversed is found in abundance on its track, no necessity existing for going elsewhere for supplies. There is not a scrap of iron, not even a nail used, sleepers, wooden rails and wedges being all."

THE FIRST CHAPEL ERECTED IN CANADA.

In this issue we give a sketch (from the pencil of W. O. C.) of the site of the first church built in Canada, which was erected by the Jesuits on the spot where Jacques Cartier landed, during his voyage up the Saguenay. It was blown down by a gale about twelve years ago, and a wooden cross put up on the spot where it had stood. The cross has three points painted white at the top, and at the end of each arm. Alongside the site of the church is the Jesuits' grave-yard, which, however, is a very unpretending enclosure, being surrounded only with a board fence, and destitute of tomb-stones. The old church was situated on the hill which overlooks Chicoutimi.

SAGUENAY SCENES.

As a fitting accompaniment to the paper on the Watering-places of the Lower St. Lawrence, we give a sketch of the junction of the Rivière du Moulin with the Saguenay, showing the St. Marguerite Mountains in the distance, as also a view of Price's Mills, which have already been referred to in the paper mentioned.

IMPROVEMENTS.—The extensive improvements effected by the enterprising proprietor of the large drug establishment, 175 St. Lawrence Main Street, are worthy remark. A handsome store has been built the 3rd door from the St. Lawrence Market, of height and dimensions superior to any other building on the street, and making one of the handsomest drug stores in the Province. The shelving, drawers, &c., were designed by Mr. Thompson, and executed by Messrs. Jacques & Hayes, of Toronto; the counters were designed and made by Messrs. Hilton, of this city. They are of solid black walnut and ash, in oil, finely carved. The ceiling was frescoed by J. Underwood. Mr. James Goulden has, from his many years' experience and close attention, built up a very extensive business, both wholesale and retail, in those commodities usually dealt in by druggists. He employs a large staff of assistants, who give every attention to the requirements of customers. Mr. Goulden also keeps a large stock of every variety of toilet articles, which he imports direct from the first markets, and is the proprietor of a great many useful preparations, one of which is the Natro Kali, or Extract of Soap, by the use of which that indispensable article may be economically made in the household.

A new French invention is said to have quite solved the problem of preserving meat and other provisions from decay in their transit from place to place, no matter what may be the state of the temperature. The object is effected by filling the vessel or chamber in which these articles are to be kept with a dry, cold air, which, by its freedom from moisture, as well as its low temperature, is found completely effective for the purpose. It is reported that the machines employed in the process are already used extensively by brewers, who have hitherto had to employ ice to keep down the temperature of their beer at certain stages of the manufacture. One of them has, it is said, been used by the Messrs. Bass for two years past; several are employed by great Bavarian brewers; and one is in operation at the largest brewery in the Southern States—that of Mr. George Mers, at New Orleans. The machine keeps the temperature at any required degree of coolness above the freezing point. It is expected that it will be largely employed in churches, hospitals, hotels, and other places where great heat is unhealthy or unpleasant. As an experiment, one of them was fitted up in the steamer "Rio Janeiro," which conveyed to the Brazilian port of that name, a quantity of meat, game, &c., which had been shipped in London. On the Equator the thermometer was 107° in the air, while in the chambers devoted to the preservation of these provisions, it was kept at 33°. Beef and uncleaned game and fish were preserved by it in Paris for eight days, and were perfectly sweet when served at the table of M. Lavalette, the celebrated diplomatist.

MISCELLANEOUS

Commissioner Gurney sailed from Liverpool on Saturday in the Cunard steamship "China," for New York.

Lady Young presented the prizes to the successful competitors in the Dominion Rifle Matches at Halifax on Friday evening.

Horace Greeley has been nominated for the Presidency by the Union Republicans in the Twentieth Assembly District of New York.

Intelligence from Manitoba states that a treaty has been negotiated with several Indian tribes outside the Province, upon the same terms by which those within the Province were pacified.

The funeral of Renforth took place on Sunday at Newcastle. The attendance was extraordinary. Some accounts represent the number of people who witnessed the burial at 100,000. The concourse was so great that the cemetery where the remains were deposited was much damaged.

In the inquest on Renforth's body the jury have returned a verdict that the deceased came to his death by congestion of the lungs, which may have been caused by over-exertion in the boat race.

The anniversary of the evacuation of Fort Garry by Riel and his murderous gang was celebrated in a right good loyal manner on the evening of August 23, by a dinner at the Queen's Hotel, Winnipeg. A large number of loyal gentlemen did themselves the honour of joining in the festivities of the occasion. Mr. Mulvey, editor of the *Liberal*, occupied the chair, and Dr. Lynch filled the vice-chair.

A match between the St. John and Taylor-Winship crews has been arranged to take place on the 4th of October next, at Springfield, Mass. The race cannot fail to be a close and exciting one, as without the great strength of Renforth to contend against, the St. John crew will be much more evenly matched against the Taylor-Winship men. The race is to be for \$5,000, each crew to pay their own expenses.

Arrangements, it is said, are in progress by an association of French gentlemen to purchase fifty thousand acres of land in one of the counties on the North Shore of the St. Lawrence, between Quebec and Three Rivers, for the purpose of establishing a colony of Alsations. It appears that the natives of Alsace cannot reconcile themselves to the idea of living under their new rulers; they are, in fact, intensely anti-German, and that feeling is cultivated by outsiders, some of whom have organized the present association. Correspondents of London journals, writing from Alsace, say that the commercial and manufacturing classes in that Province see in Free Trade with Germany advantages which compensate them for change of flag, but the masses entertain an inveterate objection to their new rulers.—*Quebec Gazette*.

The English papers say that the intense heat which has lately prevailed in London, has seriously interfered with croquet play, in which not a few, male and female, take great delight. To overcome this difficulty evening croquet parties have been inaugurated in some localities. One of these parties is thus described: "The company numbered some sixty persons. The guests arrived at 10 o'clock and played at croquet by the light of Chinese lanterns, with which the grounds were illuminated. Under such circumstances, that which had been a sort of penance in the mid-day heat became a novel enjoyment during the cooler hours. At midnight precisely the company separated." If, as Punch suggests, croquet is to be classed as a branch of "husbandry," we can readily see that it can be more satisfactorily played in the cool moonlight or by the aid of Chinese lanterns than in the heat and sunshine. Without doubt there is something very appropriate and convenient about midnight croquet parties, which after all seem but a modification of a little old-fashioned game called "sitting-up," often played on back piazzas, in summer-houses, and down by the seashore these bright nights.

At a recent meeting of the British Association at Edinburgh, a paper was read giving a history of the photographic post during the siege of Paris. It will be remembered that dispatches to persons within the walls were reduced to microscopic proportions by means of photography, so that a large number could be sent by a single bird. These photographic dispatches were rolled up in quills, and fastened to the tails of carrier pigeons. Every film reproduced sixteen folio pages of printed matter, and contained an average of three thousand dispatches. The lightness of the materials enabled the French Government to put upon one pigeon eighteen films, or fifty-four thousand dispatches, weighing altogether less than one gramme, or fifteen and a half grains. The whole of the official and private dispatches carried by pigeons during the investment of Paris, numbered about one hundred and fifteen thousand, weighing in all about two grammes, or thirty-one grains; only one pigeon, therefore, would have been needed to carry these dispatches. If the number of copies made were taken into account, it was stated that two million five hundred thousand dispatches were sent in all.

CHESS.

Solutions to problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

The London, Ont., Advertiser announces a problem tournament, in its Chess corner, open to Canada only. The competitors are permitted to send not more than five, which must all be original, and no competitor is to receive more than one prize.

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA No. 13.

White.	Black.
1. Q. takes Kt. P. ch.	K. takes Q.
2. R. to K. 4th. dle. ch.	K. to R. 4th.
3. B. to Kt. 6th. mate.	

DIED.

STODART.—At Dollar, Clackmannanshire, Scotland, on the 18th of August, Miss Augusta Stodart, in the 76th year of her age.

THE THREE FIRST CREWS IN THE HALIFAX FOUR-OARED RACE.

THE WISEMAN-TAYLOR CREW.

The winner of the great four-oared race that came off in Halifax harbour on the 31st ult., was, according to general expectation, the Taylor-Winship crew, from the Tyneside. Two of this crew, it will be remembered, rowed last year at Lachine with Renforth and Martin, and after the quarrel which broke up the original Tyne crew, formed, in conjunction with Sadler and Bagnall, a second four, with a view to contesting the palm of the championship with Renforth, Kelly, Percy and Chambers. The unfortunate death of Renforth, however, made a fair test of strength between the two crews impossible. The members of this crew comprise James Taylor, bow, 142 lbs.;

Newcastle. He has a sharp, wide-awake look about him, that gives him the appearance of a *beau-dial* active and alert oarsman.

The boat used by this crew, the "Coaly Tyne" is of the same kind as that used by the Renforth crew at St. John, and was built by Mr. Robert Jewett, of Dunstan-on-Tyne. Their colours are blue and white.

THE PRYOR CREW.

The second in the Halifax race was the Pryor crew, organised in July last, and composed of George Brown, bow, 154 lbs.; Thomas Hayes, No. 2, 168 lbs.; Warren Gray, No. 3, 163 lbs.; Joseph McGrath, stroke, 168 lbs.; Chas. Nickerson, (reserve) 170 lbs.—Average weight, 164½ lbs.

The men are all fishermen, though Brown has won local

Wickwire has been the medical adviser of the crew and James Pryor, Esq., whose name they bear, has given them a good deal of his time and attention. Their boat was built by Mr. Samuel Norris, of Halifax, from a model furnished by Mr. Pryor. She is named the "Nova Scotia," is 40 feet 6 inches long, 19½ inches wide amidships, with an average draft of 4½ inches, and weighs about 130 lbs. Her wash-boards are higher than those of the English and American boats, rendering her less liable to ship water in rough weather. The colours of the Pryor crew are blue.

THE COULTER-BIGLIN CREW.

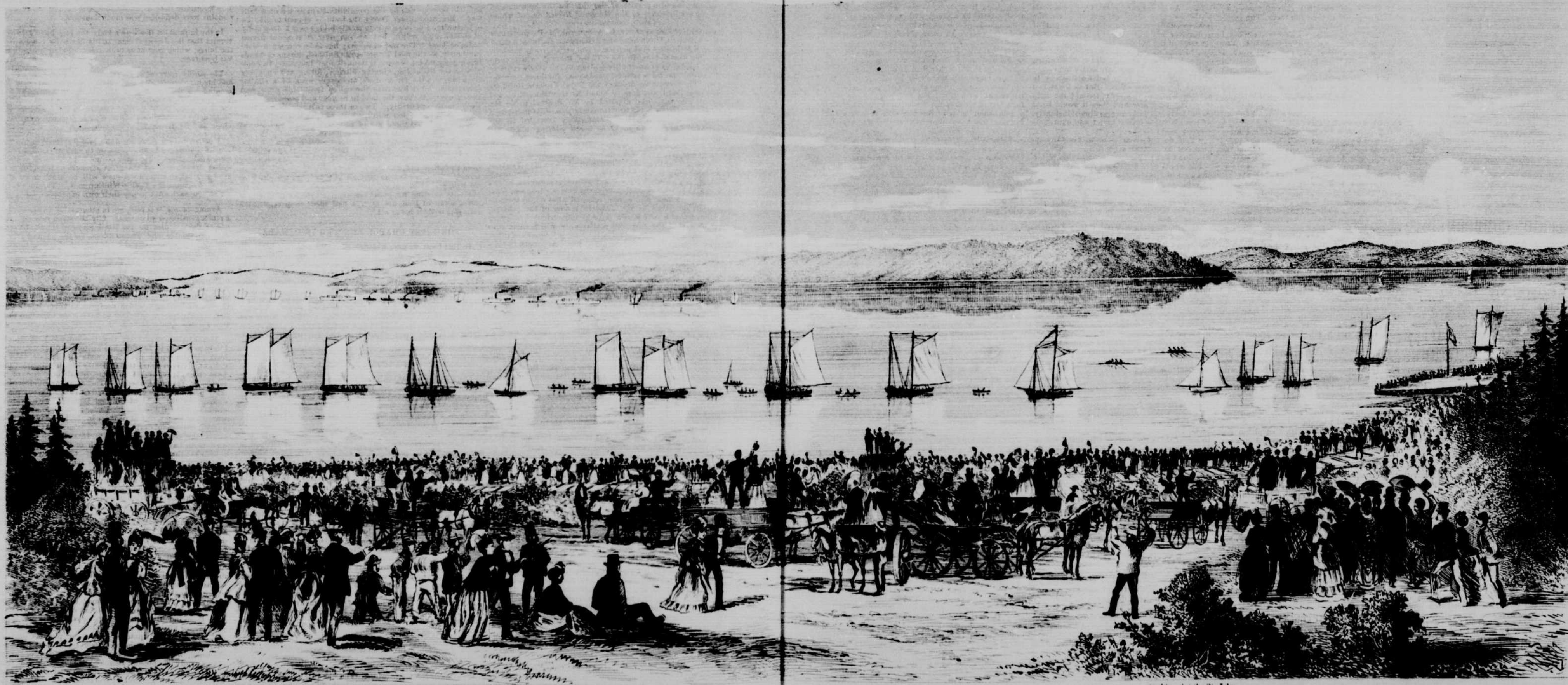
The Coulter-Biglin crew (of New York) is composed as follows: Bernard Biglin, bow, 152 lbs.; Joseph Kaye, Junr.,

of the crew. He hails from Pittsburg, Pa., is 28 years old, 5 ft. 8 in. in height, and tips 160 pounds. His racing career extends over the past seven years, during which he has defeated the best oarsmen in the United States, in single or double scull races. In 1864 he pulled in a two and a four-oared race for the championship of Pennsylvania, and won both, beat Jackson in 1867, and McKel in the same year; and rowed against Hamill in Philadelphia, and was fouled the first day, and broke an oar the second; was beaten by Walter Brown in 1868, and beat Hamill in 1869, by two minutes. J. S. Cosgrove accompanied the crew as spare man. They went into training rather later than our own crews, but worked hard to make up for lost time. They did their practice on the Harlem River, rowing a six miles course three times a day, besides walking and other exercises. Their boat is named

and to what circumstances he owed the kind interest bestowed upon him by Gay-Lussac.

The genial old man sat down upon a bench in a protected nook, and related to me the following incidents: He was the son of very poor parents, who could ill afford to keep him at school, and he had a narrow escape of being put at a trade; but, while yet a lad, having heard that the Minister of Instruction, in Darmstadt, had it in his power to aid meritorious children by a government stipend, he went to the palace, and after several failures, finally succeeded in obtaining an interview with this grand personage, and in securing sufficient assistance to enable him to go to the Gymnasium. The Director of the Gymnasium was in the habit of visiting the school on stated occasions, and of asking each boy what he purposed to make of himself, and of receiving the usual answers: "A

pointed. One day, however, the subject was duly presented, and attracted great attention; and after the adjournment several members remained to talk to the boy, for he was still a boy, and to inquire into his history; among them was a kind man in the prime of life, who asked him to dine with him on the following Thursday to meet some of the chemists of Paris. The man who thus proposed to befriend the unknown chemist must have given his name and address, but Liebig forgot it entirely, and although he asked the janitor and several persons who were left in the room, he could obtain no clue, and so Thursday went and came, leaving Liebig in a state of desperation. A few days afterwards, meeting casually the member of the Institute who had presented his paper, the latter exclaimed at once: "Why did you not come to the din-



THE REGATTA—THE FOUR-OARED BOAT RACE BETWEEN THE TYNE AND ST. JOHN CREWS, ON THE KENNEBECASSIS.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. J. RUSSELL.

J. H. Sadler, No. 2, 154 lbs.; Robert Bagnall, No. 3, 158 lbs.; and Thomas Winship, stroke, 156 lbs., making an average weight of 152½ lbs. Taylor is a small, intelligent-looking man, with an active, elastic frame, every muscle being developed to its utmost extent. He was born at Gateshead, and is now 34 years old. He pulled bow oar to Renforth's stroke last year.

Sadler, who is well known in English boating-circles, is the champion sculler of the Thames, a position he held for some years, until he lost it in 1867 to Kelly, who was in turn defeated the following year by Renforth.

Bagnall is quite a young man, being only 22; but he is speedily winning himself a position as an oarsman. He is of a giant build, and his limbs are magnificently proportioned. Winship is 28 years of age, and was born at Elswick, near

fame as an oarsman, by five times winning the annual scull race for the championship of Halifax harbour, thus enabling him to retain in his possession the massive and costly champion's belt of silver presented by Dr. Cogswell. He is a native of Herring Cove, and is 22 years of age. Hayes is the oldest member of the crew, being 38. He hails from Herring Cove, and pulled in the famous race against St. John in 1858. Gray, 29 years, is from Sambro, and McGrath, 22 years, from Prospect. Nickerson, the reserve man, is a fine looking young fellow, and an excellent oarsman. Jerry Holland, trainer, several times won the annual scull races for the championship of Halifax harbour, and would no doubt wear the title of champion to-day but for an accident which disabled him for seven long years. In his rowing days he measured 47 inches round the chest, while Renforth measured but 42 inches. Dr.

No. 2, 145 lbs.; John Biglin, No. 3, 153 lbs.; Henry Coulter, stroke, 163 lbs. Average weight, 153½.

These are all professional oarsmen with good records. The Biglin brothers were members of the old champion four-oared crew of the United States, which, in 1860, made what is said to be the fastest time on record in a five mile race, viz.—30 min. 44½ sec., with a turn. John Biglin has been one of the most successful single and double, as well as four-oared scullers, in America, having won thirteen out of fourteen first class matches, nearly all in New York. Kaye's first public race was in 1866, when he beat Wm. Jarden, a celebrated oarsman, in Pittsburg. He also met and defeated Jackson, another good one, won the first prize at the regatta of 1867, and defeated Luther in the same year. Henry Coulter, the stroke, is the largest man of the four, and is the master spirit

the "America," and was built by Elliott, of New York. She is 43 ft. long, 17½ inches wide, and weighs only 90 lbs.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF BARON LIEBIG.

BY PROFESSOR CHARLES A. JOY.

It was my good fortune, a few summers ago, to spend a week with Baron Liebig, at a quiet inn on the banks of Lake Geneva, in Switzerland, and to be his constant companion in his rambles through the vineyards and lovely walks of that enchanting spot; and one day, the conversation turning upon some of the incidents of his early life, I asked him to relate to me how he happened to devote his attention to chemistry,

musician, "a doctor," "a lawyer," etc.; and when he came to Liebig, the reply was always ready, "I mean to be a chemist, Sir," to which the Director uniformly answered, "you stupid boy, there is no such profession as chemist." But Liebig persevered, and while at the University was so fortunate as to make a very important discovery of some new cyanogen compounds, and with specimens of these preparations in his pockets, aided by some friends, he set out for Paris. He was then about twenty years of age. In Paris he sought out one of the members of the Institute, and showed him his specimens, and the Professor offered to exhibit them to the Institute, and to present the subject for discussion; but it was a long time before he fulfilled his promise, and poor Liebig went regularly to the Monday meetings of the Academy, hoping to hear his name mentioned, but always went away disap-

ner that Baron Von Humboldt gave for you on Thursday? He invited Arago, Gay-Lussac, Thénard, and several of the first chemists of the city, in order to interest them in you, and you did not come." Liebig did not wait to hear more, but rushed off to the residence of Von Humboldt, to apologise and to explain the occasion of his absence.

Von Humboldt took the matter good-naturedly, and at once accompanied his young protégé to Gay-Lussac, who, to oblige his friend, took him as a pupil into his laboratory, and from this moment Liebig's career was secured.

The kind interest of Von Humboldt started him on the path which he has since pursued to the highest distinction; and when a few years later, the famous book, "Agricultural Chemistry," was published, we find it dedicated to his great patron and friend, Alexander Von Humboldt. Liebig has

Here Renforth fell. At this point the St. John crew were a boat's length ahead.

not forgotten his obligations to the French, and we can understand with what eloquence of language and sincerity of emotion he uttered the following words at a recent meeting of the Royal Bavarian Academy of Sciences, in reference to the future relations of Germany and France:

"The Academy seizes this moment to declare openly that there exists no national hatred between the German and Latin races. The peculiar character of the Germans, their knowledge of languages, their acquaintance with foreign people, the past and present state of their civilization, all tend to make them just toward other peoples, even at the risk of often becoming unjust toward their own; and thus it is that we recognize how much we owe to the great philosophers, mathematicians, and naturalists of France, who have been in so many departments our masters and our models. I went forty-eight years ago to Paris to study chemistry; a fortuitous circumstance drew upon me the attention of Alexander Von Humboldt, and a single word of recommendation from him caused M. Gay-Lussac, one of the greatest chemists and physicists of his time, to make me, a young man of twenty, the proposal to continue and finish, with his co-operation, an analysis which I had commenced; he introduced me as a pupil into his laboratory; my career was fixed after this. Never shall I forget the kindness with which Arago and Thénard received the German student; and how many compatriots, physicians, and others, could I not name, who, like myself, gratefully remember the efficacious assistance afforded to them by French men of science, in finishing their studies! An ardent sympathy for all that is noble and grand, as well as a disinterested hospitality, forms some of the most noble traits of the French character."

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WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.

An Autobiographical Story.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,

Author of "Alec Forbes," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

She left her implements, led me down a stair close at hand, opened the door at its foot, and let me out into the high court. I gazed about me. I was as if I had escaped from a prison-cell into the chamber of torture: I stood the centre of a multitude of windows—the eyes of the house all fixed upon me. On one side was the great gate, through which, from the roof, I had seen the carriages drive the night before; but it was closed. I remembered, however, that Sir Giles had brought me in by a wicket in that gate. I hastened to it. There was but a bolt to withdraw, and I was free.

But all was gloomy within, and genial nature could no longer enter. Glittering jewels of sunlight and dew were nothing but drops of water upon blades of grass. Fresh-bursting trees were no more than the deadest of winter-bitten branches. The great eastern window of the universe, gorgeous with gold and roses, was but the weary sun making a fuss about nothing. My sole relief lay in motion. I roamed I knew not whither, nor how long.

At length I found myself on a height eastward of the Hall, overlooking its gardens, which lay in deep terraces beneath. Inside a low wall was the first of them, dark with an avenue of ancient trees, and below was the large oriel window in the end of the ball-room. I climbed over the wall, which was built of cunningly fitted stones, with mortar only in the top row; and drawn by the gloom, strolled up and down the avenue for a long time. At length I became aware of a voice I had heard before. I could see no one; but, hearkening about, I found it must come from the next terrace. Descending by a deep flight of old mossy steps, I came upon a strip of smooth sward, with yew-trees, dark and trim, on each side of it. At the end of the walk was an arbour, in which I could see the glimmer of something white. Too miserable to be shy, I advanced and peeped in. The girl who had shown me the way to the library was talking to her mother.

"Mamma!" she said, without showing any surprise, "here is the boy who came into our room last night."

"How do you do?" said the lady kindly, making room for me on the bench beside her. I answered as politely as I could, and felt a strange comfort glide from the sweetness of her countenance.

"What an adventure you had last night!" she said. "It was well you did not fall."

"That wouldn't have been much worse than having to stop where we were," I answered.

The conversation thus commenced went on until I had told them all my history, including my last adventure.

"You must have dreamed it," said the lady. "So I thought, ma'am," I answered, "until I found my sword was gone."

"Are you sure you looked everywhere?" she asked.

"Indeed, I did."

"It does not follow however that the ghost took it. It is more likely Mrs. Wilson came in to see you after you were asleep, and carried it off."

"Oh, yes!" I cried, rejoiced at the suggestion; "that must be it. I shall ask her."

"I am sure you will find it so. Are you going home soon?"

"Yes—as soon as I've had my breakfast. It's a good walk from here to Aldwick."

"So it is.—We are going that way too," she added thoughtfully.

"Mr. Elder is a great friend of papa's—isn't he, mamma?" said the girl.

"Yes, my dear. They were friends at college."

"I have heard Mr. Elder speak of Mr. Osborne," I said. "Do you live near us?"

"Not very far off—in the next parish, where my husband is rector," she answered.

"If you could wait till the afternoon, we should be happy to take you there. The pony-carriage is coming for us."

"Thank you, ma'am," I answered; "but I ought to go immediately after breakfast. You won't mention about the roof, will you? I oughtn't to get Clara into trouble."

"She is a wild girl," said Mrs. Osborne; "but I think you are quite right."

"How lucky it was I knew the library!" said Mary, who had become quite friendly, from under her mother's wing.

"That it was! But I daresay you know all about the place," I answered.

"No, indeed!" she returned. "I know nothing about it. As we went to our room, mamma opened the door and showed me the library, else I shouldn't have been able to help you at all."

"Then you haven't been here often?"

"No; and I never shall be again.—I'm going away to school," she added; and her voice trembled.

"So am I," I said. "I'm going to Switzerland in a month or two. But then I haven't a mamma to leave behind me."

She broke down at that, and hid her head on her mother's bosom. I had unawares added to her grief, for her brother Charley was going to Switzerland too.

I found afterwards that Mr. Elder, having been consulted by Mr. Osborne, had arranged with my uncle that Charley Osborne and I should go together.

Mary Osborne—I never called her Polly as Clara did—continued so overcome by her grief, that her mother turned to me and said,

"I think you had better go, Master Cumbermede."

I bade her good morning, and made my way to Mrs. Wilson's apartment. I found she had been to my room, and was expecting me with some anxiety, fearing I had set off without my breakfast. Alas! she knew nothing about the sword, looked annoyed, and, I thought, rather mysterious; said she would have a search, make inquiries, do what she could, and such like, but begged I would say nothing about it in the house. I left her with a suspicion that she believed the ghost had carried it away, and that it was of no use to go searching for it.

Two days after, a parcel arrived for me. I concluded it was my sword; but to my grievous disappointment, found it was only a large hamper of apples and cakes, very acceptable in themselves, but too plainly indicating Mrs. Wilson's desire to console me for what could not be helped. Mr. Elder never missed the sword. I rose high in the estimation of my schoolfellows because of the adventure, especially in that of Moberly, who did not believe in the ghost, but ineffectually tasked his poor brains to account for the disappearance of the weapon. The best light was thrown upon it by a merry boy of the name of Fisher, who declared his conviction that the steward had carried it off to add to his collection.

CHAPTER XV.

AWAY.

I will not linger longer over this part of my history—already, I fear, much too extended for the patience of my readers. My excuse is, that in looking back, the events I have recorded appear large and prominent, and that certainly they have a close relation with my after history.

The time arrived when I had to leave England for Switzerland. I will say nothing of my leave-taking. It was not a bitter one. Hope was strong, and rooted in present pleasure. I was capable of much happiness—keenly responsive to the smallest agreeable impulse from without or from within. I had good health, and life was happiness in itself. The blowing of the wind, the shining of the sun, or the glitter of water, was sufficient to make me glad; and I had self-consciousness enough to increase the delight by the knowledge that I was glad.

The fact is I was coming in for my share in the spiritual influences of Nature, so largely poured on the heart and mind of my generation. The prophets of the new blessing, Wordsworth and Coleridge, I knew nothing of. Keats was only beginning to write. I had read a little of Cowper, but did not care for him. Yet I was under the same spell as they all. Nature was a power upon me. I

was filled with the vague recognition of a present soul in Nature—with a sense of the humanity everywhere diffused through her and operating upon ours. I was but fourteen, and had only feelings, but something lay at the heart of the feelings, which would one day blossom into thoughts.

At the coach-office in the county-town, I first met my future companion, with his father, who was to see us to our destination. My uncle accompanied me no farther, and I soon found myself on the top of the coach, with only one thing to do—make the acquaintance of Charles Osborne. His father was on the box-seat, and we two sat behind; but we were both shy, and for some time neither spoke. Charles was about my own age, rather like his sister, only that his eyes were blue, and his hair a lightish brown. A tremulousness about the mouth betrayed a nervous temperament. His skin was very fair and thin, showing the blue veins. As he did not speak, I sat for a little while watching him, without however the least speculation concerning him, or any effort to discover his character. I have not even yet reached the point of trying to find people out. I take what time and acquaintance discloses, but never attempt to forestall, which may come partly from trust, partly from want of curiosity, partly from a disinclination to unnecessary mental effort. But as I watched his face, half-unconsciously, I could not help observing that now and then it would light up suddenly and darken again almost instantly. At last his father turned round, and with some severity said:

"You do not seem to be making any approaches to mutual acquaintance. Charles, why don't you address your companion?"

The words were uttered in the slow tone of one used to matters too serious for common speech.

The boy cast a hurried glance at me, smiled uncertainly, and moved uneasily on his seat. His father turned away and made a remark to the coachman.

Mr. Osborne was a very tall, thin, yet square-shouldered man, with a pale face, and large features of delicate form. He looked severe, pure, and irritable. The tone of his voice, although the words were measured and rather stilted, led me to this last conclusion quite as much as the expression of his face; for it was thin and a little acid. I soon observed that Charley started slightly, as often as his father addressed him; but this might be because his father always did so with more or less of abruptness. At times there was great kindness in his manner, seeming, however, less the outcome of natural tenderness than a sense of duty. His being was evidently a weight upon his son's, and kept down the natural movements of his spirit. A number of small circumstances only led me to these conclusions; for nothing remarkable occurred to set in any strong light their mutual relation. For his side Charles was always attentive and ready, although with a promptitude that had more in it of the mechanical impulse of habit than of pleased obedience. Mr. Osborne spoke kindly to me—I think the more kindly that I was not his son, and he was therefore not so responsible for me. But he looked as if the care of the whole world lay on his shoulders; as if an awful destruction were the most likely thing to every one, and to him were committed the toilsome chance of saving some. Doubtless he would not have trusted his boys so far from home, but that the clergyman to whom he was about to hand him over, was an old friend, of the same religious opinions as himself.

I could well, but must not, linger over the details of my journey, full to me of most varied pleasure. The constant change, not so rapid as to prevent the mind from reposing a little upon the scenes which presented themselves; the passing vision of countries and peoples, manners and modes of life, so different from our own, did much to arouse and develop my nature. Those flashes of pleasure came upon Charles's pale face more and more frequently; and ere the close of the first day we had begun to talk with some degree of friendliness. But it became clear to me that with his father ever blocking up our horizon, whether he sat with his broad back in front of us on the coach-box, or paced the deck of a vessel, or perched with us under the hood on the top of a diligence, we should never arrive at any freedom of speech. I sometimes wondered, long after, whether Mr. Osborne had begun to discover that he was overlaying and smothering the young life of his boy, and had therefore adopted the plan, so little to have been expected from him, of sending his son to foreign parts to continue his education.

I have no distinct recollection of dates, or even of the exact season of the year. I believe it was the early summer, but in my memory the whole journey is now a mass of confused loveliness and pleasure. Not that we had the best of weather all the way. I well recollect pouring rains, and from the fact that I distinctly remember my first view of an Alpine height, I am certain we must have had days of mist and rain immediately before. The sight, however, to me more like an individual revelation or vision than the impact of an object upon the brain, stands in my mind altogether isolated from preceding and following impressions—alone, a thing to praise God for, if there be a God to praise. If there be

not, then was the whole thing a grand and lovely illusion, worthy, for grandeur and loveliness, of a world with a God at the heart of it. But the grandeur and the loveliness spring from the operation of natural laws; the laws themselves are real and true—how could the false result from them? I hope yet and will hope that I am not a bubble filled with the mocking breath of a Mephistopheles, but a child whom his infinite Father will not hardly judge that he could not believe in him so much as he would. I will tell how the vision came.

Although comparatively few people visited Switzerland in those days, Mr. Osborne had been there before, and for some reason or other had determined on going round by Interlachen. At Thun we found a sail-boat, which we hired to take us and our luggage. At starting, an incident happened which would not be worth mentioning, but for the impression it made upon me: a French lady accompanied by a young girl approached Mr. Osborne—doubtless perceiving he was a clergyman, for, being an *Evangelical* of the most pure, honest and narrow type, he was in every point and line of his countenance marked a priest and apart from his fellowmen—and asked him to allow her and her daughter to go in the boat with us to Interlachen. A glow of pleasure awoke in me at sight of his courtly behaviour, with lifted hat and bowed head; for I had never been in the company of such a gentleman before. But the wish instantly followed that his son might have shared in his courtesy. We partook freely of his justice and benevolence, but he showed no such grace as he showed the lady. I have since observed that sons are endlessly grateful for courtesy from their fathers.

The lady and her daughter sat down in the stern of the boat; and therefore Charley and I, not certainly to our discomfort, had to go before the mast. The men rowed out into the lake, and then hoisted the sail. Away we went, careering before a pleasant breeze. As yet it blew fog and mist, but the hope was that it would soon blow it away.

An unspoken friendship by this time bound Charley and me together, silent in its beginnings and slow in its growth—not the worst pledges of endurance. And now for the first time in our journey, Charley was hidden from his father: the sail came between them. He glanced at me with a slight sigh, which even then I took for an involuntary sigh of relief. We lay leaning over the bows, now looking up at the mist blown in never-ending volumed sheets, now at the sail swelling in the wind before which it fled, and again down at the water through which our boat was plunging its evanescent furrow. We could see very little. Portions of the shore would now and then appear, dim like reflections from a tarnished mirror, and then fade back into the depths of cloudy dissolution. Still it was growing lighter, and the man who was on the outlook became less anxious in his forward gaze, and less frequent in his calls to the helmsman. I was lying half over the gunwale, looking into the strange-coloured water, blue dimmed with undissolved white, when a cry from Charley made me start and look up. It was indeed a God-like vision. The mist yet rolled thick below, but away up, far away and far up, yet as if close at hand, the clouds were broken into a mighty window, through which looked in upon us a huge mountain peak, swathed in snow. One great level band of darker cloud crossed its breast, above which rose the peak, triumphant in calmness, and stood unutterably solemn and grand, in clouds as white as its own whiteness. It had been there all the time! I sunk on my knees in the boat and gazed up. With a sudden sweep the clouds curtained the mighty window, and the Jungfrau withdrew into its Holy of Holies. I am painfully conscious of the helplessness of my speech. The vision vanishes from the words as it vanished from the bewildered eyes. But from the mind it glorified it has never vanished. I have been more ever since that sight. To have beheld a truth is an apotheosis. What the truth was I could not tell; but I had seen something which raised me above my former self and made me long to rise higher yet. It awoke worship, and a belief in the incomprehensible divine; but admitted of being analysed no more than, in that transient vision, my intellect could—ere dawning it vanished—analyse it into the deserts of rock, the gulfs of green ice and flowing water, the savage solitudes of snow, the mysterious miles of draped mist, that went to make up the vision, each and all essential thereto.

I had been too much given to the attempted production in myself of effects to justify the vague theories towards which my inborn prepossessions carried me. I had felt enough to believe there was more to be felt; and such stray scraps of verse of the new order as, floating about, had reached me, had set me questioning and testing my own life and perceptions and sympathies by what these awoke in me at second-hand. I had often doubted, oppressed by the power of these, whether I could myself see, or whether my sympathy with Nature was not merely inspired by the vision of others. Ever after this, if such a doubt returned, with it arose the Jungfrau, looking into my very soul.

"Oh, Charley!" was all I could say. On

hands met blindly, and clasped each other. I burst into silent tears.

When I looked up, Charley was staring into the mist again. His eyes too were full of tears, but some troubling contradiction prevented their flowing: I saw it by the expression of that mobile but now firmly-closed mouth.

Often ere we left Switzerland I saw similar glories: this vision remains alone, for it was the first.

I will not linger over the tempting delight of the village near which we landed, its houses covered with quaintly notched wooden scales like those of a fish, and its river full to the brim of white-blue water, rushing from the far-off bosom of the glaciers. I had never had such a sense of exuberance and plenty as this river gave me—especially where it filled the planks and piles of wood that hemmed it in like a trough. I might agonize in words for a day and I should not express the delight. And, lest my readers should apprehend a diary of a tour, I shall say nothing more of our journey, remarking only that if Switzerland were to become as common to the mere tourist mind as Cheapside is to a Londoner, the meanness of its glories would be no whit impaired thereby. Sometimes, I confess, in these days of overcrowded cities, when, in periodical floods, the lonely places of the earth are from them inundated, I do look up to the heavens and say to myself that there at least, between the stars, even in thickest of nebulous constellations, there is yet plenty of pure, unadulterated room—not even a vapour to hang a colour upon; but presently I return to my better mind and say, that any man who loves his fellow, will yet find he has room enough and to spare.

CHAPTER XVI. THE ICE-CAVE.

During our journey, Mr. Osborne had seldom talked to us, and far more seldom in speech sympathetic. If by chance I came out with anything I thought or felt, even if he did not disapprove altogether, he would yet first lay hold of something to which he could object, coming round only by degrees, and with differences, to express a little consent. Evidently his objection was the first step in instruction. It was better in his eyes to say you were wrong than to say you were right, even if you should be much more right than wrong. He had not the smallest idea of siding with the truth in you, of digging about it and watering it, until it grew a great tree in which all your thought-birds might nestle and sing their songs; but he must be ever against the error—forgetting that the only antagonist of the false is the true. "What," I used to think in after years, "is the use of battering the walls to get at the error, when the kindly truth is holding the postern open for you to enter, and pitch it out of window?"

The evening before we parted, he gave us a solemn admonition on the danger of being led astray by what men called the beauties of Nature—for the heart was so desperately wicked, that even of the things God had made to show his power, it would make snares for our destruction. I will not go on with his homily, out of respect for the man; for there was much earnestness in him, and it would utterly shame me if I were supposed to hold that up to the contempt which the forms it took must bring upon it. Besides, he made such a free use of the most sacred of names, that I shrink from representing his utterance. A good man I do not doubt he was; but he did the hard parts of his duty to the neglect of the genial parts, and therefore was not a man to help others to be good. His own son revived the moment he took his leave of us—began to open up as the little red flower called the Shepherd's Hour-Glass opens when the cloud withdraws. It is a terrible thing when the father is the cloud and not the sun of his child's life. If Charley had been like the greater number of boys I have known, all this would only have hardened his mental and moral skin by the natural process of accommodation. But his skin would not harden, and the evil wrought the deeper. From his father he had inherited a conscience of abnormal sensibility; but he could not inherit the religious dogmas by means of which his father had partly deadened, partly distorted his; and constant pressure and irritation had already generated a great soreness of surface.

When he began to open up, it was after a sad fashion at first. To resume my simile of the pimpernel—it was to disclose a heart in which the glowing purple was blanched to a sickly violet. What happiness he had, came in fits and bursts, and passed as quickly, leaving him depressed and miserable. He was always either wishing to be happy, or trying to be sure of the grounds of the brief happiness he had. He allowed the natural blessedness of his years hardly a chance: the moment its lobes appeared above ground, he was handling them, examining them, and trying to pull them open. No wonder they crept underground again! It may seem hardly credible that such should be the case with a boy of fifteen, but I am not mistaken in my diagnosis. I will go a little further. Gifted with the keenest perceptions, and a nature unusually responsive to the feelings of others, he was born to be an artist. But he was content

neither with his own suggestions, nor with understanding those of another: he must, by the force of his own will, generate his friend's feeling in himself, not perceiving the thing impossible. This was one point at which we touched, and which went far to enable me to understand him. The original in him was thus constantly repressed, and he suffered from the natural consequences of repression. He suffered also on the physical side from a tendency to disease of the lungs inherited from his mother.

Mr. Forest's house stood high on the Grindelwald side of the Wengern Alp, under a bare grassy height full of pasture both summer and winter. In front was a great space, half meadow, half common, rather poorly covered with hill-grasses. The rock was near the surface, and in places came through, when the grass was changed for lichens and mosses. Through this rocky meadow, now roamed, now rushed, now tumbled one of those Alpine streams, the very thought of whose ice-born plenitude makes me happy yet. Its banks were not abrupt but rounded gently in, and grassy down to the water's brink. The larger torrents of winter wore the channel wide, and the sinking of the water in summer let the grass grow within it. But peaceful as the place was, and merry with the constant rush of this busy stream, it had, even in the hottest summer day, a memory of the winter about it, a look of suppressed desolation; for the only trees upon it were a score of straggling pines—all dead, as if blasted by lightning or smothered by snow. Perhaps they were the last of the forest in that part, and their roots had reached a stratum where they could not live. All I know is, that there they stood, blasted and dead every one of them.

Charley could never bear them, and even disliked the place because of them. His father was one whom a mote in his brother's eye repelled; the son suffered for this in twenty ways—one of which was, that a single spot in the landscape was to him enough to destroy the loveliness of exquisite surroundings.

A good way below lay the valley of the Grindelwald. The Eiger and the Matterhorn were both within sight. If a man has any sense of the infinite, he cannot fail to be rendered capable of higher things by such embodiments of the high. Otherwise they are heaps of dirt, to be scrambled up and conquered, for scrambling and conquering's sake. They are but warts, Pelion and Ossa and all of them. They seemed to oppress Charley at first.

"Oh Willie," he said to me one day, "if I could but believe in those mountains, how happy I should be! But I doubt, I doubt they are but rocks and snow."

I only half understood him. I am afraid I never did understand him more than half. Later, I came to the conclusion that this was not the fit place for him; and that if his father had understood him, he would never have sent him there.

It was some time before Mr. Forest would take us any mountain ramble. He said we must first get accustomed to the air of the place, else the precipices would turn our brains. He allowed us however to range within certain bounds.

One day soon after our arrival, we accompanied one of our school-fellows down to the valley of the Grindelwald, specially to see the head of the snake-glacier, which having crept thither can creep no further. Somebody had even then hollowed out a cave in it. We crossed a little brook which issued from it constantly, and entered. Charley uttered a cry of dismay, but I was too much delighted at the moment to heed him. For the whole of the white cavern was filled with blue air, so blue that I saw the air which filled it. Perfectly transparent, it had no substance, only blueness, which deepened and deepened as I went further in. All down the smooth white walls evermore was stealing a thin veil of dissolution; while here and there little runnels of the purest water were tumbling in tiny cataracts from top to bottom. It was one of the thousand birthplaces of streams, ever creeping into the day of vision from the unlike and the unknown, unrolling themselves like the fronds of a fern out of the infinite of God. Ice was all around, hard and cold and dead and white; but out of it and away went the water babbling and singing in the sunlight.

"Oh Charley!" I exclaimed, looking round in my transport for sympathy. It was now my turn to cry out, for Charley's face was that of a corpse. The brilliant blue of the cave made us look to each other most ghastly and fearful.

"Do come out, Wilfrid," he said; "I cannot bear it."

I put my arm in his, and we walked into the sunlight. He drew a deep breath of relief, and turned to me with an attempt at a smile, but his lip quivered.

"It's an awful place, Wilfrid. I don't like it. Don't go in again. I should stand waiting to see you come out in a winding sheet. I think there's something wrong with my brain. That blue seems to have got into it. I see everything horribly dead."

On the way back he started several times, and looked round as if with involuntary ap-

prehension, but mastered himself with an effort, and joined again in the conversation. Before we reached home he was much fatigued, and complaining of headache, went to bed immediately on our arrival.

We slept in the same room. When I went up at the usual hour, he was awake.

"Can't you sleep, Charley?" I said.

"I've been asleep several times," he answered, "but I've had such a horrible dream every time! We were all corpses that couldn't get to sleep and went about pawing the slimy walls of our marble sepulchre—so cold and wet! It was that horrible ice-cave, I suppose. But then you know that's just what it is, Wilfrid."

"I don't know what you mean," I said, instinctively turning from the subject, for the glitter of his black eyes looked bodiful. I did not then know how like he and I were, or how like my fate might have been to his, if, instead of finding at once a fit food for my fancy, and a safety-valve for its excess, in those old romances, I had had my regards turned inwards upon myself, before I could understand the phenomena there exhibited. Certainly I too should have been thus rendered miserable, and body and soul would have mutually preyed on each other.

I sought to change the subject. I could never talk to him about his father, but he had always been ready to speak of his mother and sister. Now, however, I could not rouse him. "Poor mamma!" was all the response he made to some admiring remark; and when I mentioned his sister Mary, he only said, "She's a good girl, our Mary," and turned uneasily towards the wall. I went to bed. He lay quiet, and I fell asleep.

When I woke in the morning, I found him very unwell. I suppose the illness had been coming on for some time. He was in a low fever. As the doctor declared it not infectious, I was allowed to nurse him. He was often delirious and spoke the wildest things. Especially, he would converse with the Saviour after the strangest fashion.

He lay ill for some weeks. Mr. Forest would not allow me to sit up with him at night, but I was always by his bedside early in the morning, and did what I could to amuse and comfort him through the day. When at length he began to grow better, he was more cheerful than I had known him hitherto; but he remained very weak for some time. He had grown a good deal during his illness, and indeed never looked a boy again.

To be continued.

[REGISTERED IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE COPYRIGHT ACT OF 1868.]

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

TALES OF THE LINKS OF LOVE.

BY ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE.

LILLYMERE.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

BATTLE, AND BATTLE, AND BATTLE.

It is morning by the hours, and will soon be light enough to find the dead left from yesterday, and of the night combat, lying between the sleeping hosts, along lines of seven miles.

On the low banks of the smaller river. On the bluffs above the larger. In the woodlands and the clearings, green in bud and leaf this early spring. On slopes and plains unsown of grain, a mighty crop is planted—brigades, battalions, batteries; cannon, rockets, steel.

Along miles and miles from right to left of this line; from left to right of the other line, masses of men are standing awaiting stealth of strategy. In graves dug in the night some thousands of dead were gathered; with as many more to gather. In sleepy, dreamy weariness tens, and tens, and tens of thousands lie with heads on wallets.

Surging up through crowded valleys other columns of tens of thousands come hurrying on to the lines of combat, leaving in the impassable roadways the unadvantageable commissariat with provision trains; blocked in the intensity of the crying to hurry on to the lines of combat.

The columns tramp, tramp, climb on the acclivities, scramble in the bush, jostle and make jests. They halt, and spread down in the mud, heads on wallets; light pipes, smoke and chaff one another on the chances. Make ineffectual efforts to cook imperfect rations, without utensils, on impossible fires. Then sing in choruses of lusty life, "Hark! the boys are marching!" And tramp, tramp, tramping, surge forward to allotted places in the seven miles of positions.

Three hundred years, or any number of years you prefer to name, the harvest of to-day has been growing to this ripening and reaping. It is the harvest of man's inhumanity to man; sown in America by Spain, England, France, jointly or severally.

If you had inherited slaves, and grown to fullness of estate and years with them under you, around you, a part of your social life, a part of your religion, and comprising all your politics, you also might have hesitated to accept the intervention of the emancipators on their conditions.

The conditions? That they, by freeing your slaves, should secure political ascendancy in Congress; and get, reputedly, ahead of you on the way to Heaven.

Rather than yield emancipators those advantages, and lose the slaves too, you also might have fired on Sumter. Who knows?

Or would you have purchased the emancipation at honest price, as the Donna Euryntia essayed to do, often; and by persistency in essaying to do, when too late, incurred the suspicion of traitress?

Man's inhumanity to man. A few preliminary croppings before this morning; but now comes the reaping of the reddest harvest gathered this side of the day of Cain.

On bluff, on flat, on slope. On batteries thrown up in the night within the woodland coverts. On batteries masked in the valleys; on gunboats creeping up the creeks. Within scope of the eye at daybreak, and in deep recesses unseen, columns and lines are massed and assembled.

Brother boys in blue, along this line of positions.

Brother boys in grey, along that line of positions.

Seven miles or more the lines of battle. Arrayed the serried ranks front to front. Deceptive motions of strategy opposite to other motions of strategy, neither meaning what they seem. Arrayed in serried ranks, boys in blue against boys in grey. Blue and grey taking up the battle which, begun by sordid injustice twenty generations back, is now exalted to the supreme height of dissolution, or conservation of a nation's life.

And now it is day. Already the light shows half of the dead of yesterday still lying in bush, or swamp, where they crept to die. And all night, and still this morning the shattered of limb, the slashed, bruised, torn, and bleeding, are gathered into ambulance surgeries; man in blue, man in grey, considerably mixed; moaning, murmuring, praying, defying in one mother tongue. Surgeons and nurses treating all with the humanity of a science knowing no politics.

The great Captains in command, who are they? Where are they? Listen, my country.

From Westminster Abbey to St. Paul's tombs of the heroes, the streets have been traversed by the thinker who knows what heroes are made of, how they are made, and how born but not developed; traversed by the thinker many thousand times. And in the crowds of eager passengers pushing along, he met day by day hundreds of undeveloped Wellingtons and Nelsons. And so the American meets on Broadway, or anywhere from Eastern to Western horizon, undeveloped Washingtons.

This morning there is an American man in grey, and an American man in blue, neither much known as chieftains yet, but to be. Great occasions give great men.

Hark! the occasion!

The reveille sounds along the lines on slopes, flats, woodlands, bluffs. And voices of other bugles echo to the reveille. Or, where strategy is stealthiest, silence is broken but by whispers.

Men in grey at battery guns step back, bring up the heavy shell; step forward, and again retire. The scientific eye of one observes, as the muscular power of several depresses or elevates the gun.

Away in Massachusetts there is a homestead post, at which all the children were measured on birth days, and a notch made, preserving year by year the inches they had grown. They are men now and in the war. In this thin line of sharpshooters, ensconced to take aim as occasion offers, three of them in blue, Eli, Zeph, Richard, are levelling rifles at the men in grey at yonder gun—too far out for rifles. At the homestead post the Massachusetts mother kneels praying for her boys, reckoning the notches of their years, though her heart needs not that kind of reckoning. And mothers, somewhere, remember tenderly those stalwart, Southern gunners in grey.

Flash, flash, flash, from that battery. Boo—oo—boom! Boom, the great guns. Up in the sky the flying shells curve and descend in a swooping, swish—ush on head of columns, on head of lines, on head of ensconced sharpshooters.

Flash, flash, flash, the batteries of the men in blue, and swish—ush the shells curve in the air, falling, crashing and exploding on heads of the columns and lines of men in grey.

"Fall in!" "Stand to your arms!" Sound the bugles. "Steady men, steady; remain in your places."

The impulse of every soldier of infantry is to rush with point of bayonet on the batteries; but the higher law of strategy demands that they remain steady in their place yet a while.

Batteries by the score as yet silent await the time to open, of which the man in the ranks knows not, but the Chieftain of battle blue knows, and plans to circumvent the Chieftain of the battle grey.



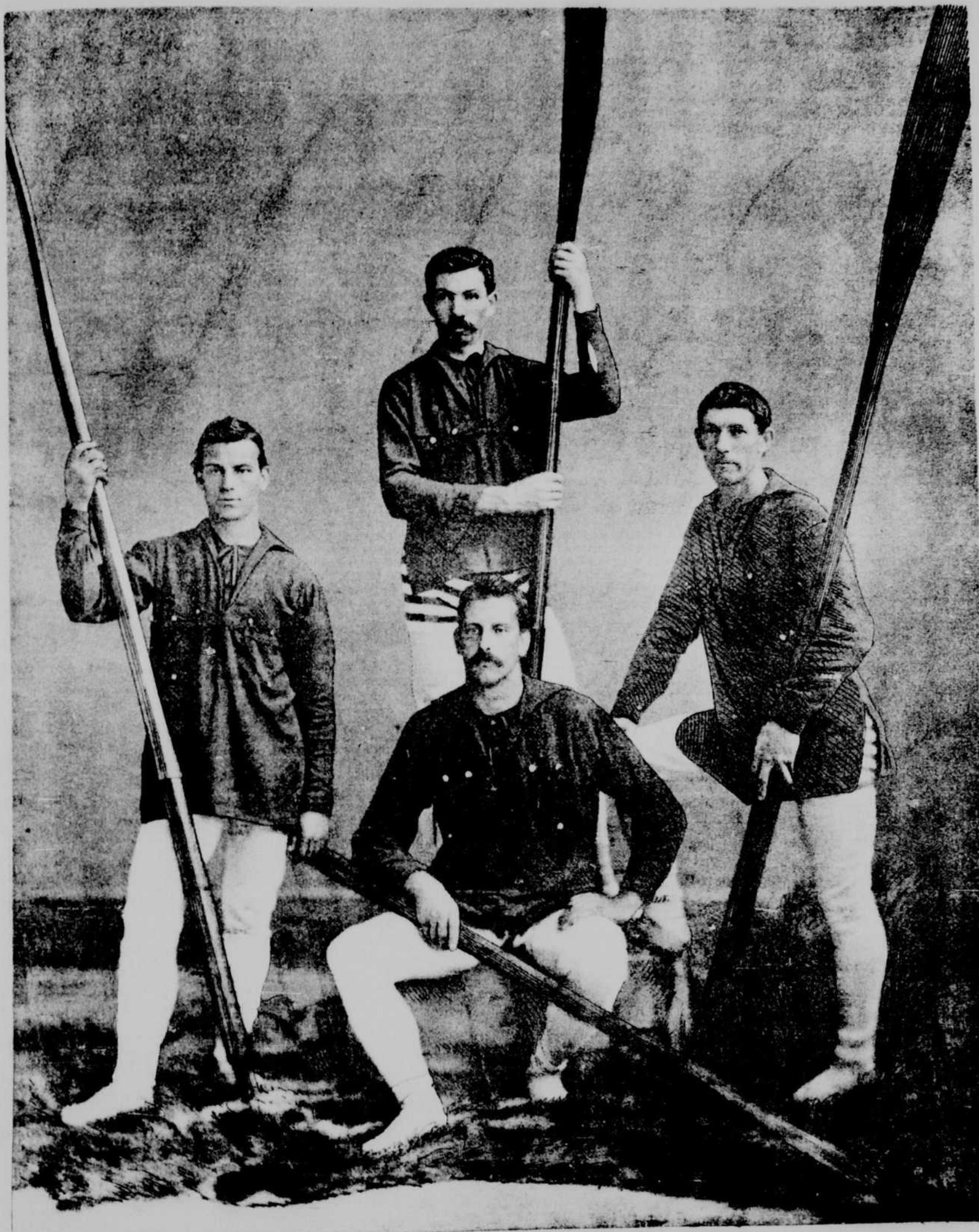
THOMAS WINSHIP.

ROBERT HAYNELL.

J. H. SADLER.

JAMES TAYLOR.

THE WINSHIP-TAYLOR (ENGLISH) CREW.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.—SEE PAGE 181.



JOSEPH KAYE, JR.

BERNARD BIGLIN.

JOHN BIGLIN.

HENRY COULTER.

THE COULTER-BIGLIN (AMERICAN) CREW.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.—SEE PAGE 184.

Flash, flash, flash, the great guns of twenty batteries, and of the insidious unsuspected gunboats. Long lines of infantry open fire, rat-at-at; ata-tat, ata-tat; rat-at-at! A few men taking aim at an object, but soon all aim ceasing by obscuration of smoke. Flashes of opposite fire, or sound of rifle shots direct the aim mostly. Some bullets of rifles blue hit a man of grey in the smoke, as the grey may hit the blue, but more miss.

The roaring, riving shells, not so often do they miss. They rise, they curve, they descend, exploding as they come, splinters tearing the limbs, or tearing the life out of the blue and the grey about equally. The men are equally valiant and obedient. The Chiefs in command equally present and resolute. The commissariat of both armies equally defective.

The mother down East may reckon the birth-days, but never more will her three sons stand by that old notched post. Though one may creep to it, or be wheeled on a chair, should he recover under the skillful surgery of Doctor Ocean Horn. Richard his name, Richard Brand, both feet shot away.

Of such a homestead, reckon many thousands this day. Of such a day expect more, and some yet deadlier, though none may be contested in higher gallantry.

Column in blue, column in grey have deployed into line, taking ground to the front, ground to the rear. Advancing in echelon, changing front to the left, front to the right. Manœuvring to get around flanks. Rushing to close quarters. Capturing field batteries. Storming redoubts. The battalions less actively engaged, harassed to the wearied soul in their impatience to charge up the acclivity and storm the insolent artillery near them.

But General in blue, and General in grey, know why the inactive columns must remain as they are, and where they are. The units of the impatient mass do not. It is the hardest trial of heroes to stand exposed to occasional shots, and not know why. Compared with their trial of courage, the bravery of charging at a rush, bayonet to bayonet, face to face in fight, is like the escape of the imprisoned.

At last, and long before the final at last, both armies are subdued by the enemy they both despised in the proud time of coming from home—the inexorable democrat, hunger. Exhausted and bleeding they mutually solicit truce to gather in the wounded, bury the dead.

Then the masses in the insurgent grey, who led the bold attack, retire. The columns under the nation's flag who accepted the attack, keep the ground they fought on.

And thus closed one of the earlier days in the four years of the reaping of the harvest of man's inhumanity to man; grown from seeds sown in ancient ages, and from modern commercial adventure.

Commercial adventure! Out of which has also arisen most of the moral refinement, wealth and glory, termed civilization.

Old Kensbrig, as you know, told young Lud (our Lillymere), it was worth the risk of going into battle for the pleasure of coming out. And the veteran told others after this combat, to which he had gone in search of Eurynia and Lillymere, but losing trace of both, that:

"The horror inspired, looking on the carnage of battle, was almost balanced by admiration of the skill, tenderness, professional devotion of America's noble outflow of surgeons and nurses."

Said he in continuation:

"I was one of many left bleeding on a field of battle, many years ago. Awakening from the stupor which enveils approaching death by loss of blood, I beheld one of several Spanish ladies looking in my eyes, putting cordial to my lips, whispering at my lips, a prayer or a kiss, or both, I know not; but I live, and should have died, only for those gracious ladies of Spain."

He continued:

"Then Florence Nightingale came on wing to battle-fields and hospitals, with the bright train of sisters following. Glorious Florence Nightingale!"

Interposed a prostrate wounded Canadian Irishman:

"Know you not, sir, of the Sisters of the Kingdom of Grace at Montreal, in season of the ship fever, following the flight from famine and fever in Ireland? Ah, sir, the unanimity of woman in that drear conflict with pestilence and death, where renown or high name with the world there was none; none to this day; the perishing crowds only poor Irish immigrants."

Rejoined Kensbrig, fervently:

"I know of that weird year of woe in Montreal, and never meet the Sisters of Grace but I could kneel in reverence at their feet. All the previous year, and the year before, I traversed the famine-stricken counties of the south and west of Ireland on foot, reporting the measure of the misery to bounteous hearts and hands in England, who contributed liberally to special funds at disposal of the people's trusted priests, whom I named in correspondence; in addition to six millions sterling given from the national exchequer."

"Yes," he continued, "I know the noble story of heroines of the Holy Sisterhood in Montreal, in season of the fell pestilence

which accompanied the exodus from Ireland. But I also know women in Montreal, not of that Sisterhood, who assume duties as nearly approaching the angelic-secular, as any successors of Martha and Mary may perform; some only approximately, by vicarious contributions, but one—I lived within sight of her a time. She would comprise in her own character in eye of the world, if the world knew her, more heroines than a volume would hold, and better heroines than commonly go to books, though less romantic. Though not a Catholic of the Church of the Holy Sisterhood—but old True Blue of the Scottish Covenanters, she has yet become Queen-Governess of the secular shrine of Saint Andrew; of Scotland's Saint Andrew. Listen while I depict her, briefly."

"Pardon interruption, Mr. Kensbrig, that subject belongs to my respected secretary, Mr. Reuben, whom I expected here by this. I left him at the capital, looking for Eurynia. You know me, I presume?"

"Lady Mary Mortimer! The world knows your honoured name. I, and those two hundred shattered remnants of battle left under my care until surgeons can attend and nurses arrive, were giving solace to wandering minds by recalling the names of a few of the many estimable women met in life, some known to fame, but by far the greater number living unknown, and making fragrant the wilderness of miseries, and rude conflicting industries, with their sweet and tender natures. Oh woman, diviner part of man, flower of human life, what a mysterious inspiration are you to me! Thought reveals a time in the riches of memory, recalling the absent and the gone—the loved and gone, and behold, one of Nature's truest gentlewomen appears unexpectedly as a vision."

"Of things present let us speak, Mr. Kensbrig. Until I saw American ladies in the field hospitals, the last two days and this morning, I was unaware of how much a woman may do. I'm also here to work, not to talk, nor stand directing. I'm one of the nurses sent to this tent of wounded soldiers."

Saying which, Lady Mortimer laid bonnet and shawl aside, and, with another woman assisting, got water; bathed wounds; washed bandages; prepared and administered delicate food to the wounded; both speaking cheerful words in voices soft and soothing.

Two days later came Eurynia. She had been arrested, but enlarged by Peter, with this speech:

"Madam, there is not within any State or Territory of the Union a lady more profoundly respected than the Donna Eurynia. A nation's life is in the issue of this war. I have no doubt of the issue, nor of the perpetuity of the nation's life. But to secure the issue, independent action of citizens must cease for a time. Madam, you are influential and good. Very rich in money, they say. The safety of the nation is with you a high faith. Still, you are not the Executive. It was necessary that the power of this central seat of action should, by flash of electricity, arrest you. And now, madam, having experienced now the eye of Government penetrates distances, and how the hand of the Executive takes firm grasp, you are at liberty. Go where you may have business. Sorry for the inconvenience, but it was well to establish the cardinal fact that in this convulsion of the Republic the hand of power is in this room. At this table, madam, and to abide here until events recall it. The nation is bound to protect itself. Every nation is bound to protect itself."

"Sir," returned the Donna, "it is well. There was a time when I aimed to accomplish the unity of all races, classes, and interests in the American nation; and to aid in giving missionaries of high moral thought and purpose to the world; but I find the germs of rebellion and despotism to be more prevalent in persons and communities than heretofore deemed possible. Farewell. I go west. Should you think to arrest me again, send a telegram inviting me here. I'll come at once and be arrested."

They parted on very good terms, except that, secretly, Peter thought the Donna Eurynia a mysterious woman. She had imputed despotism to him for acts which were necessary precautions. Such a woman might become dangerous.

The lady departed west. She had only alluded to the rebellion and despotism of passion convulsing her own being. Her mind, of a capacity and power to work for the well-being of nations, was now distracted with jealousy of a London girl of fashion, probably at that moment ministering tenderly to young Lillymere on the battle-field; or in camp hospital; or weeping over his grave; or searching in heaps of dead for his body; or smiling in prosperous love under sunshine of his lustrous summer. The Donna knew he had become a hero; knew that Lillymere and Simon Lud, the impetuous captain of the Redbolts, were one. But the last heard of him were the telegrams, night between the days of battle, informing that: "In hand to hand encounter on horseback, Captain Simon Lud had struck El Abra from his saddle and made him prisoner."

And this later flash of words: "El Abra has

escaped; Lud and the Redbolts in hot pursuit."

Reuben came from England with Lady Mortimer, and, unknown to Eurynia, was travelling west on the same train.

Said the lady as she sped along in the private drawing-room car with a suite of ladies, two medical secretaries and one chaplain:

"Seems I'm in person like to this nation, divided. Some long silent natural sin in me, perchance. If sin it be, it is budding at a season most undesirable. Sin! Is a pure womanly affection to be denied me, yet permitted others? The wrong, if any, is my departure from Reuben. Yet the promise to him was made in girlish frolic years ago when a child. Not binding now. Still I'm not to forget that in peril he did me service; has been faithful—I think faithful—possibly faithful, and I received him warmly and openly."

In silent tumult of heart she continued:

"It may have been his sudden reappearance, after years of separation, which inspired momentary weakness. I wept on him in joy. It was joy. But he is mature in age. Three years older than I. Lillymere, the young, the incomparable, was present, and yet I had joy at seeing Reuben."

"Lillymere! Illustrious, beauteous, bashful boy! Daring chivalrous young hero! Perhaps he may despise me. Yet I'm half his second cousin. Would that Reuben might come from England. Would that Lady Mortimer came, followed by Mr. Secretary Reuben. I might then, perchance, be withheld from the gulf into which I'm like to plunge pursuing Lillymere."

"Reuben, in another coach of the same train, unaware the Donna was so near, communed with himself thus:

"Were I not in literary service of Lady Mary, I'd seek a professional alliance in the suite of Eurynia."

"Second thoughts, better not. I might forget she is immeasurably beyond me in fortunes. I might, in presumption, incur the Donna's deep displeasure."

"Was it not so, that after the first glow of friendship, evinced at meeting one she had not seen a long while, her manner became cold to me, her conversation reserved?"

"Essel Bell Eurynia! Lady of matchless financial fortunes if not dissipated by this war. Of mental aspirations and pursuits lofty in their objects, above the common passions or feelings of human nature, I may only admire from a distance. But mayn't I build castles in the air?"

"Ecstasy of dreaming! Let me in luxury of thought build in the air, and imagine that this Empress of all the philanthropies: Princess proprietress of boundless treasures of gold; peerless Eurynia should say: 'Roy Reuben, in consideration that your pen ever aims at the exaltation of the lowly and lowly, the vindication of right against wrong, I elect you to share with me the duties and delectable satisfaction of renovating the ethics of nations.'

"Too much dreaming. To work. What is the business Lady Mary brought me to do? Between us to find the heir of Lillymere and take him to England. I to induce Mrs. Renshaw of Conway, in Canada, formerly the widow Lud, to go to England. And to search in the States for her son, Abram Lud, to conduct him to England. A free pardon given him for olden conspiracies and treason, that he may appear with his mother before the Committee of the Lords with such collaterals as they possess, to prove that this youth was

the child confided to them at Iridale in Lancashire. And that the child confided to them had been the babe stolen from temporary custody of the girl stranger from America, the infant's half cousin, Essel Bell."

(To be continued.)



NOTICE.

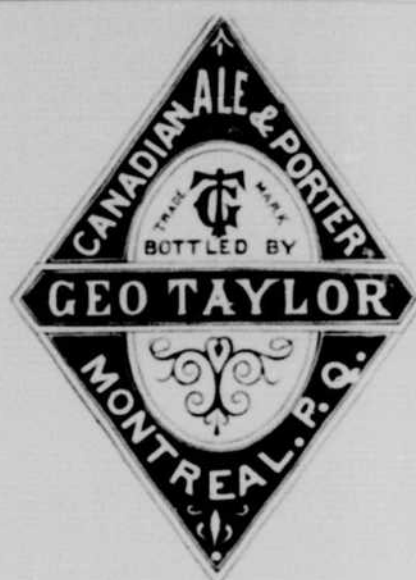
SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the under- signed, endorsed "Tender for Lock Gates," will be received at this Office until FRIDAY, 22nd SEPTEMBER instant, for the construction and insertion of SIX PAIRS OF LOCK GATES for the proposed enlarged Locks Nos. 9, 10, and 11, on the GRENVILLE CANAL.

Plans and Specifications can be seen on application at this Office, or at the Locking Canal Office, Montreal, and at the Engineer's Office, on the Works at Grenville, where printed Forms of Tender may also be obtained.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any Tender.

By Order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS,
Ottawa, 8th Sept., 1871. 4-125



WHOLESALE BOTTLES OF
W. DOW & CO.'S ALES AND PORTERS.
Also, by special appointment for the Dominion of
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N. B.—JOHN JEFFREY & CO.'S Trade Mark has been registered in this country, and all Labels used by me are procured from them direct. 4-126



SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the under- signed, endorsed "Tender for a Bridge," will be received at this Office until FRIDAY, the 22nd day of SEPTEMBER instant, at noon, for the construction of two Swing Bridges for the enlarged portion of the Grenville Canal.

Plans and Specifications can be seen on application at this Office, or at the Locking Canal Office, Montreal, and at the Engineer's Office, on the work at Grenville, where printed Forms of Tender may also be obtained.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any Tender.

By Order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS,
Ottawa, 8th Sept., 1871. 4-125

TO THE PAPER TRADES.

R. HORSFALL,

5, St. Sacrament Street, Montreal,

WOULD call the attention of

PAPER MAKERS,

PRINTERS,

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AND

BOOK-BINDERS,

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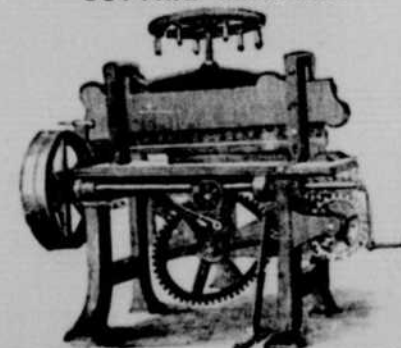
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MR. DOMINICK MURRAY,
who will appear on THURSDAY EVENING, SEPT.
14, 1871, in the beautiful play of the
COLLEEN BAWN.

FRIDAY EVENING, SEPT. 15, 1871.
Benefit and Last appearance of

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when he will appear in the thrilling drama of the
RAPPAREE.

MRS. BOCKLAND has kindly tendered her services,
and will appear in a favourite piece.

SATURDAY EVENING, SEPT. 16, 1871.
BENEFIT OF

MR. JOHN DAVIS,
when the beautiful English drama will be pre-
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THE WILLOW COPSE.

Luke Fielding..... MR. JOHN DAVIS.
The performance will conclude with the nautical
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THE FLOATING BEACON.

MONDAY EVENING, SEPT. 18, 1871.
Engagement of the charming and versatile Artists,

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for them, entitled

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During the week they will appear in a series of
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4-12a

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MATELOT STREET. OFFICE: CORNER OF
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OTTAWA, 8th Sept., 1871.

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R. S. M. BOUCHETTE,
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YOUNG MEN and Three **YOUNG LADIES**,
to qualify as Telegraph Operators. For particulars
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Terms: \$30.00 for the full course, including use of
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Also, at the offices of the *C. I. News, Hearststone*
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4-11tf

ORIGINAL.

Said Annie to Jean, "I must have a gold ring!"
Said Jean, "I would prefer some other thing."
Oh, dear! everything's so pretty; such goods I adore.
We will each have a work-box in Harper's new Dollar
Store."

How time passes by! Still new goods come on.
Oh, ye Allan Steamers, how fast you do run!
As strangers and citizens view the block o'er,
I solicit your call at my new Dollar Store.

Come; rush on, you Public, we won't keep you long,
To the Cathedral Block the central throng;
If you purchased ten times you will still wish for
more.
For every one's rushing for Harper's new Dollar
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Opposite Original Blue Store.
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building throughout the Dominion and the
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This Institution having been established three
years, may now be considered a permanent College.
Its rapid growth and prosperity are due to the de-
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been conveyed to the Pupils by the Professors at-
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The rapid development and usefulness of the
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opening of Colleges for instruction a positive necessity.
Telegraphic Superintendents view this movement
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Colleges have, to some extent, assumed the respon-
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gained in this manner has always been looked upon
as being second rate. So much so that the Colleges
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discontinued the practice of Teaching, and recom-
mend the Telegraph Institute as the proper place to
acquire this highly interesting, scientific and profit-
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The prospects for Young Men and Ladies to study
the system of Telegraphy could not be better than at
present, and we call upon all who wish to engage in a
pleasant and lucrative employment to qualify them-
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Graduates on leaving the Institute are presented
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to act immediately as vacancies occur throughout the
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years' experience on the lines, from \$50 to \$80 a
month can be commanded; while in the United States
from \$100 to \$120 per month are paid.

The possession of a knowledge of Telegraphy is espe-
cially open to Ladies; in fact, they are the favorites as
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higher wages, as compared with other employments,
than men, while they have the natu- facility of ac-
quiring the system sooner. A fair knowledge of read-
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Hours of attendance, from 9 a.m. to noon, and from
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Dollars. There are no extra expenses, as all neces-
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A line has been constructed on which students of
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Goderich, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago,
and all points West at..... 9.00 a. m.

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termediate stations..... 6.00 a. m.

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Montreal, June 5, 1871. 3-24-4f

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869,
AND AMENDMENTS.

IN the matter of **JOHN CHARLES, alias**
JOHN P. CHARLES, of the City and District
of Montreal, MANUFACTURING JEWELLER and Trader,
as well individually, as having heretofore carried on
business in partnership with James Harper, of
Montreal aforesaid, under the name and firm of
HARPER & CHARLES, Manufacturing Jewellers.
An Insolvent.

I, the undersigned, **ANDREW B. STEWART,**
have been appointed Assignee in this matter. Cre-
ditors are requested to file their claims before me,
within one month, and are hereby notified to meet at
the office of the Assignee, in the City of Montreal, on
TUESDAY, the tenth day of OCTOBER next, at
the hour of THREE o'clock in the afternoon, for the
public examination of the Insolvent, and for the
ordering of the Affairs of the Estate generally. The
Insolvent is hereby notified to attend.

A. B. STEWART,
Assignee.
Montreal, 5th September, 1871. 4-11b

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N. B.—A large assortment of Silk Lined Spring
Overcoats in all Shades always on hand. 26

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well to take advantage of the present opportunity
and get their Coal out of the vessels now discharging
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NEWCASTLE GRATE.
NEWCASTLE SMITH'S.
SCOTCH STEAM.
NOVA SCOTIA.

&c., &c.
S. W. BEARD & CO.
Foot of McGill Street.

4-8m

GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM.

A BONA-FIDE PREPARATION OF THE RED SPRUCE GUM.
For Coughs, Colds, and for giving tone to the vocal organs when relaxed as well as a palliative of remarkable power in pulmonary disease.
The Red Spruce Gum has always been held in the highest esteem in this country for the relief and cure of Chest complaints. It is now offered to the public in the form of a delicious and scientifically PREPARED SYRUP.

PREPARED BY

HENRY R. GRAY.

Dispensing Chemist,
MONTREAL.

For sale at all Drug Stores in the Dominion.

Price, 25 cents.

Druggists can be supplied from any of the Wholesale Houses. 3-25

MRS. CUISKELLY, Head Midwife of the City of Montreal, licensed by the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Lower Canada. Has been in practice over fifteen years; can be consulted at all hours.

References are kindly permitted to George W. Campbell, Esq., Professor and Dean of McGill College University; Wm. Sutherland, Esq., M.D., Professor, &c., McGill College University.

Mrs. C. is always prepared to receive ladies where their wants will be tenderly cared for, and the best of Medical aid given.

All transactions strictly private.

RESIDENCE—No. 315 St. Lawrence Main Street. 4-62

HELLEBORE! HELLEBORE!

For the destruction of Caterpillars on Cabbage Plants, Gooseberry and Currant Bushes, &c., &c.

CARBOLIC ACID, SOAP, & POWDER.
For Toilet, Disinfecting, and other purposes.

SODA WATER—Cold as Ice, combined with pure Syrup, drawn from the Arctic Fountain.

BRUSHES—Hair, Tooth, Nail, Cloth, Shaving, and Flesh Brushes, Dressing and Fine Tooth Combs, Sponges, Cologne, &c.

JAMES GOULDEN.

175 St. Lawrence St.; Branch, 363 St. Catherine St., MONTREAL. 3-24-4f

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

MY FRIENDS and the **PUBLIC** are hereby requested to take notice that although Mr. W. ROBERTS carries on his business under the name of ROBERTS, REINHOLD & CO., I have no connection with his firm, and have had none what-ever for more than two years. I take this occasion to state that I am in the Establishment of Messrs. LEGGO & CO., and I hereby solicit for their firm the patronage of those who, being acquainted with me, have confidence in my ability.
(Signed.)

4-32f

R. REINHOLD.



USE ONLY
THE GLENFIELD STARCH,
EXCLUSIVELY USED IN THE

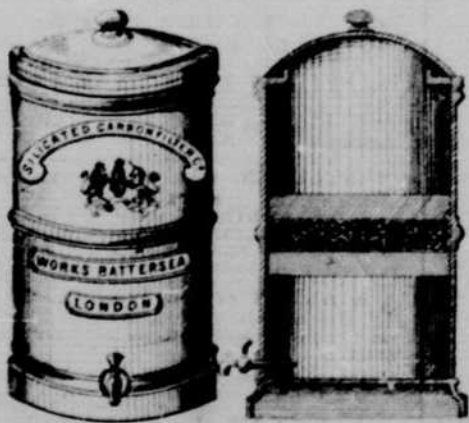
ROYAL LAUNDRY OF ENGLAND,
and in that of His Excellency
THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA. 181

NEW ARRIVALS AT
THE MEDICAL HALL.

FRESH CONGRESS WATER—Pints and Quarts.
GENUINE COLOGNE—Ten styles.
SAARZ'S GLYCERINE PREPARATIONS.
EVENDEN'S DIGESTIVE CANDY.
BRAGG'S CHARCOAL BISCUITS.
BRAGG'S PURE CHARCOAL.
MONA BOUQUET—Genuine.
SPONGE BAGS—All sizes.
RAMORNE EX. MEAT.

AND A SPLENDID STOCK OF
BRUSHES, COMBS, PERFUMERY, SOAPS,
and General Toilet Requisites.

THE MEDICAL HALL,
OPPOSITE POST OFFICE AND PHILLIP'S
SQUARE. 4-4m

**PURE AND WHOLESOME WATER.**

JUST RECEIVED
A LARGE STOCK OF THE CELEBRATED
SILICATED CARBON FILTERS.

Besides animalcules of all kinds, these Filters extract Vegetable and Mineral impurities, making the Water wholesome and refreshing. They are acknowledged to be the most perfect WATER PURIFIER known.

TO BE HAD OF MOST DRUGGISTS,
J. V. MORGAN,

80 ST. JAMES STREET,
Montreal, P. Q. 4-4m



INTERIOR VIEW OF GOULDEN'S DRUG STORE—SEE PAGE 183.

J. BAYLIS.—CARPETS, FLOOR CLOTHS, CURTAINS, &c. NOTRE DAME ST., EAST OF MCGILL.

TRUSSES! TRUSSES!

One of the best Assortment of TRUSSES in the Dominion, all kinds and sizes suitable for the largest adult or smallest child, of the best English and American manufacture.

Also, Abdominal Supporters, Umbilical Bands, Suspensory Bandages, Chest Expanders, Eye Shades, Silk Stockings.

A Selection of Surgical Instruments.

JAMES GOULDEN, Druggist.

175, St. Lawrence Main Street.

Branch: 363, St. Catherine Street, Montreal.

BED BUGS! BED BUGS!!

Use Harry Lewis' Bug Exterminating Soap. Certain death to all insects, &c. Only 25c. a box. For

sale at all Drug Stores, and wholesale and retail at the

SOLE AGENT,

JAMES GOULDEN.

175, St. Lawrence and 363, St. Catherine Streets, Montreal.

CARBOLIC ACID SOAP AND POWDER, for Toilet, Disinfecting, and other purposes.

SODA WATER, cold as ice, combined with pure Syrup, drawn from the Arctic Fountain.

BRUSHES—Hair, Tooth, Nail, Cloth, Shaving, and Flesh Brushes, Dressing and Fine Tooth Combs, Sponges, Cologne, &c.

J. GOULDEN.

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST.

175, ST. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET.

Branch: 363, ST. CATHERINE STREET. 4-121f



JAS. GOULDEN'S DRUG STORE, ST. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET, MONTREAL.

CANADA CENTRAL
—AND—
Brockville & Ottawa Railways.

**GREAT BROAD GAUGE ROUTE
TO OTTAWA.**

**ON AND AFTER MONDAY,
MARCH 6, 1871.**

TRAINS WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:—

LEAVE BROCKVILLE.

MAIL TRAIN at 6:00 A.M., arriving at Ottawa at 11:20 A.M.

LOCAL TRAIN at 3:00 P.M., arriving at Ottawa at 8:35 P.M.

THROUGH OTTAWA EXPRESS at 3:30 P.M., connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express from the West, and arriving at Ottawa at 7:10 P.M.

LEAVE OTTAWA.

THROUGH WESTERN EXPRESS at 9:40 A.M., arriving at Brockville at 1:40 P.M., and connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express going West.

LOCAL TRAIN at 7:45 A.M.

MAIL TRAIN at 4:45 P.M., arriving at Brockville at 10:10 P.M.

ARRIVE AT SAND POINT

at 12:00 and 9:00 P.M.

Trains on Canada Central and Perth Branch make certain connections with all Trains on B. and O. Railway.

Freight forwarded with despatch. As the B. & O. & C. C. Railways are the same gauge as the Grand Trunk, car-loads will go through in Grand Trunk cars to all points without transhipment.

3-27 Certain connections made with Grand Trunk Trains.

H. ABBOTT,

Manager.

Brockville, March, 1871.

"BEST IN USE."**THE COOK'S FRIEND****BAKING POWDER**

IS THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE.

IT NEVER DISAPPOINTS.

FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS. 3-124

**ALLAN LINE.**

Under contract with the Government of Canada for the Conveyance of

Canadian & United States Mails.

1871.—Summer Arrangements.—1871.

This Company's Lines are composed of the under-noted First-class, Full-powered, Clyde-built, Double-Engine, Iron Steamships:

Vessels	Tonnage	Commanders
POLYNESIAN	4,100 (Building)	
SARMATIAN	3,000 (Building)	
CIRASSIAN	3,400 (Building)	
CASPIAN	3,200 Capt. Scott	
SCANDINAVIAN	3,000 Capt. Ballantyne	
PRUSSIAN	3,000 Lieut. Dutton, R.N.R.	
AUSTRIAN	2,700 Capt. J. Wylie	
NESTORIAN	2,700 Capt. A. Aird	
MORAVIAN	2,650 Capt. Brown	
PERUVIAN	2,600 L. Smith, R.N.R.	
GERMAN	3,250 Capt. J. Graham	
EUROPEAN	2,646 Capt. Bouchette	
HIBERNIAN	2,434 Capt. R. S. Watts	
NOVA SCOTIAN	2,300 Capt. Richardson	
NORTH AMERICAN	1,784 Capt. Trocks	
CORINTHIAN	2,400 Capt. W. Grange	
OTTAWA	1,831 Lieut. Archer, R.N.R.	
ST. DAVID	1,650 Capt. E. Scott	
ST. ANDREW	1,432 Capt. Ritchie	
ST. PATRICK	1,375 Capt. H. Wylie	
NORWAY	1,100 Capt. C. N. Mylne	
SWEDEN	1,150 Capt. Mackenzie	

**THE STEAMERS OF THE
LIVERPOOL MAIL LINE.**

(Sailing from Liverpool every THURSDAY, and from Quebec every SATURDAY, calling at Lough Foyle to receive on board and land Mails and Passengers to and from Ireland and Scotland.)

Rates of Passage from Quebec:—
Cabin \$70 to \$80
Steerage \$25

**THE STEAMERS OF THE
GLASGOW LINE**

(Sailing from Glasgow every TUESDAY, and from Quebec for Glasgow on or about every THURSDAY.)

Fares from Quebec:—
Cabin \$60
Intermediate 40
Steerage 24

An experienced Surgeon carried on each vessel. Berths not secured until paid for. For Freight, or other particulars, apply in Portland to J. L. FARMER, or HUGH AND ANDREW ALLAN; in Quebec to ALLAN, RAY & CO.; in Havre to JOHN M. CURRIE, 21 Quai d'Orleans; in Paris to GUSTAVE BOHRANGE, 25 Quai Voltaire; in Antwerp to AUG. SCHMITZ & CO.; in Rotterdam to G. P. ITTMANN & ZOON; in Hamburg to W. GIBSON & HUGO; in Belfast to CHARLEY & MACCOLM; in London to MONTGOMERIE & GREENHORN, 17 Gracechurch Street; in Glasgow to JAMES & ALAN ALLAN, 70 Great Clyde Street; in Liverpool to ALLAN, BRUCE, & CO.; or to H. & A. ALLAN, corner of Youville and Common Streets, Montreal. 3-204f

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