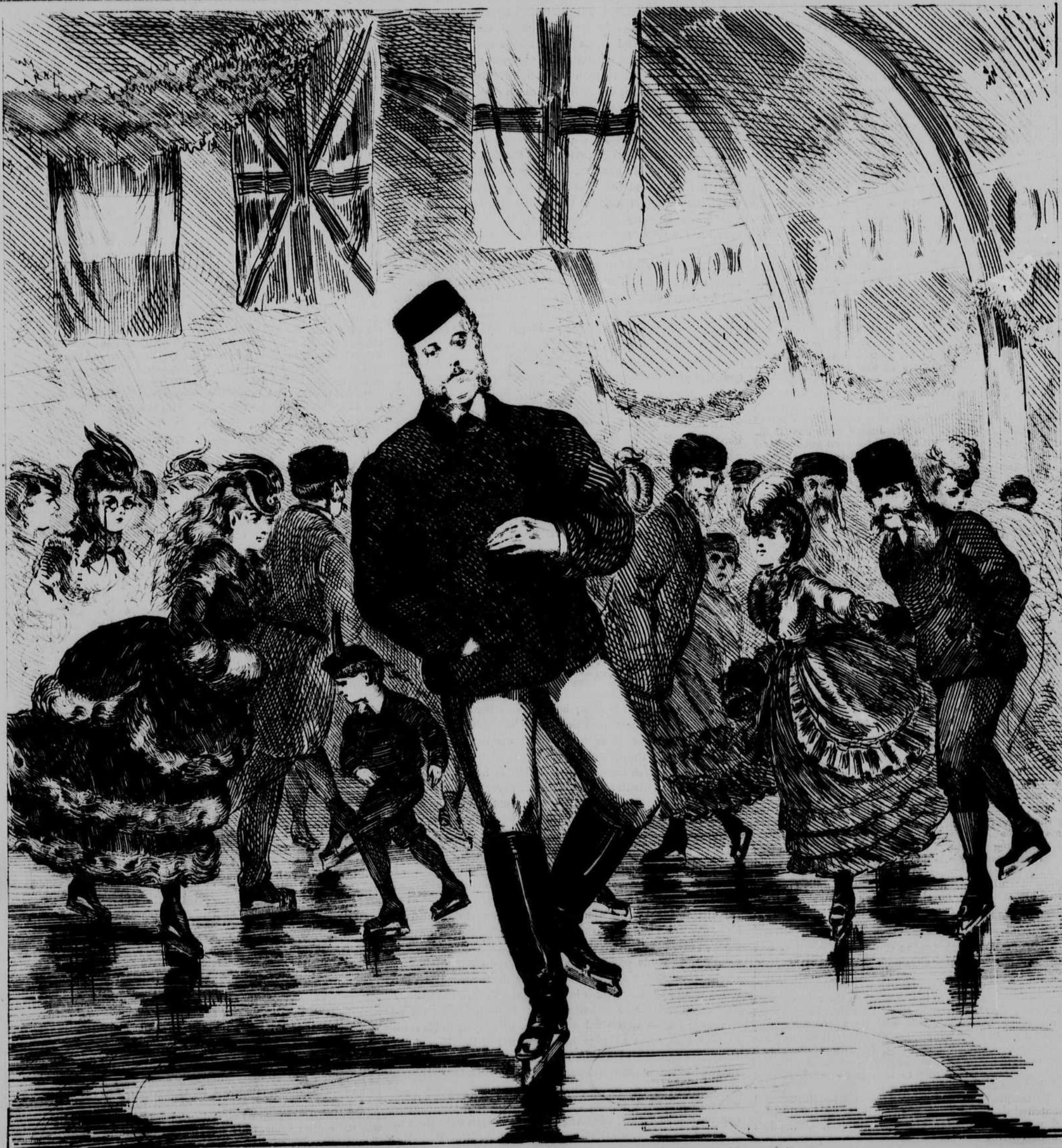


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THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS AT THE VICTORIA SKATING RINK, MONTREAL, 15TH DECEMBER, 1871.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 423.

OUR ENGLISH LETTER.

(From an Occasional Correspondent.)

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, December 4th, 1871.

The "Tyne Rowing Club," have been holding their Annual Dinner, with great success, and the Regatta to be held next year is talked of with enthusiasm. I send you portraits of the President, Hugh Taylor, Esq., of Chipchase Castle, and the Hon. Secretary, Thomas Allison, Esq. Both gentlemen take great interest in aquatics, and Mr. Taylor, who is a wealthy coal-owner, and an Ex-M. P., is very liberal. Mr. Allison is quite a young man, and has yet some good work in him.

The excitement consequent on the great boat-race has now subsided, although numbers will ever remember the day. Chambers' crew being the favorite, large sums of money at 7 to 4, were bet on them, and the working classes, in small sums, have lost heavily. A general holiday was held and thousands availed themselves of the privilege to witness the race.

It was an affair that might have been expected to create a great stir in the district, but, singular to say, there was no extraordinary excitement, especially considering the way in which the population of a thoroughly sporting district have turned out for events of much less importance when set for decision on the waters of "coaly Tyne." The sudden, and we still think mysterious death of Renforth, one might suppose, would have given an unusual interest to the race, especially as, one way or other, he was concerned so greatly in the circumstances by which, more or less directly, it was brought about. For some years the Tyne, after having achieved many great successes, was really without anything like a crew up to first-class form, mainly owing to dissensions, which prevented good men being brought together; and though in 1868 the late Robert Chambers took a crew to Paris, and won the first prize for fours there, and subsequently carried everything before him on the various rivers in the country, it was not until the following year and after his death that a four, which fairly earned for itself the title of Champion of England, by winning it in rowing both on Thames and Tyne, was formed on the last-named river. In that year the first of the revived Thames Regattas was held, and Renforth, Winship, Martin, and Taylor showed form which must have enabled them to win had they not, towards the close of a terrific race in their trial heat with a Thomas four stroked by Hammerton, fouled a barge when they had just begun to take what appeared a decided lead. The result of that meeting they very properly considered as most unsatisfactory, and afterwards in a couple of home-and-home matches, each for £200 a-side, they defeated with great ease a splendid Thames four, consisting of Kelley, Hammerton, J. H. Sadler, and W. Messenger, and who, previous to the first race at Putney, booked winning a certainty. The second meeting was regarded as little better than a row over for the winners of the first, though as a matter of fact, the South countrymen, with their positions in the boat altered, made a much better fight of it than was expected. Last year, it will be well remembered, Renforth and his crew, constituted as when they rowed the Thames four, triumphantly defeated the St. John's crew on the St. Lawrence, and it seemed that a four had been got together which might defy the world for a long time to come. Matters, however, had not gone very smoothly in the championship when in America, especially as regards Taylor and the stroke oar of the boat, and a split was the consequence, the paired race at the beginning of the present year, in which Renforth and his old opponent, Harry Kelley, beat Taylor and Winship, widening the breach. In response to the invitation of the St. John's men for a second match, Renforth again sought the aid of Kelley, and these two, with Chambers and Percy, and Bright as spare man, entered on that American engagement which was terminated by the death of Renforth, and so unsettled his crew that it seemed hopeless to expect they should hold their own against another English crew stroked by T. Winship, and consisting of him, J. H. Sadler (of Teddington), R. Bagnall, and James Taylor, not to speak of some good American crews, one of whom, the Wards, succeeded in bowling over both the English lots. With the result of this, to Renforth's crew, most unfortunate trip, the supporters of neither four were satisfied, as each was determined to have the relative claims of the crews decided beyond question. Chambers issued a challenge to the world as soon as he landed in England, and Winship and Taylor were as ready to accept as he was to offer it, the consequence being that with a little parleying on either side the articles were drawn up on October 9.

The following is the opinion of the special correspondent of the *Sporting Life* on the champion crew:—"Winship must be accounted one of the very best stroke-oarsmen that ever sat in a boat, and it is but justice to say that Sadler rowed admirably throughout, and furnished another proof of how good a man may become by persevering despite discouragements. Bagnall, the youngest man of the two crews, is considered as the rising champion of Tyneside; and whatever may become of him in the future, his career so far has been very successful. To Taylor's careful management of the steering apparatus the success of his crew is in no slight degree owing; and if, as we are led to believe, the race of Wednesday is to be his last, he will retire after a run of success such as falls to the lot of few oarsmen."

At the desire of the Tyne Rowing Club some mention was made of the Transatlantic crews, and Mr. J. J. Clarke, hon. secretary to the regatta, spoke as follows:—"Some one had mentioned the Transatlantic crews, and he (Mr. Clarke) hoped that means would be taken to invite them to the regatta next year. (Cheers.) He thought such an event would bring credit to the regatta and all connected with it; as the Canadians had invited them to be present at their regattas, it was as little as Englishmen could do to invite them. (Continued cheering.) He hoped that the committee would not rest content with one successful regatta, but continue to improve it until it beat even the Thames National." (Cheers.)

Several attempts have been made to get Sadler, Kelley, and others matched since the great race, but it is now confidently expected no races will take place this winter. Winship's crew intend visiting Canada and the States next year.

E. E.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 96.—HON. EDWARD BLAKE, Q. C.

PREMIER OF ONTARIO.

After a brief struggle on the address, in reply to the speech from the Throne, the Government of the Hon. J. S. Macdonald was defeated by a majority of one; but as there were eight constituencies unrepresented the Cabinet did not consider it advisable to then abandon the Ship of State. Another vote, however, left the Ministers in a minority of 17, giving a majority vote of a full house on the Opposition side. After this unmistakable declaration of the sentiment of the Assembly, the Hon. J. S. Macdonald at once tendered his resignation and that of his colleagues. On Wednesday, Dec. 20th, Mr. Blake undertook the formation of a Cabinet, and on the following day completed his arrangements. The customary adjournment of the Legislative Assembly on the occasion of a change in the Cabinet thus happily coincided with the holidays, and legislators had the privilege of favouring their conversation over the Christmas dinner with speculations concerning the political future predicated on the supposed temper of the country and the chances of the new Cabinet.

That usually exact authority, *Morgan's Parliamentary Companion*, is silent as to the date of Mr. Blake's birth; but we believe he is now only about thirty-eight years of age, though he appears a good deal older. His career, commenced under most favourable auspices, has been an exceedingly fortunate one, as indeed his high talents and evenness of temperament were well calculated to earn for him. He is of gentle and unobtrusive manner; ready in debate; a close but somewhat sophistical reasoner, and a most caustic antagonist in the oratorical tournaments of Parliament. If he shall also prove to be an able statesman we shall have pleasure in congratulating both him and his native Province on the fact. Undoubtedly he is an orator. He has great command of very choice English; his words and his ideas are harmoniously arranged, so that even his opponents listen with pleasure to his speeches, and are only sorry when a hair-splitting quibble, or an occasional ungenerous remark mars the otherwise faultless discourse. He first entered public life at the general election in 1867, the first held under the Confederation Act. He was then returned for West Durham to the House of Commons, and for South Bruce to the Legislative Assembly. No other man of the present generation of politicians has risen so quickly to eminence as a leader; and perhaps very few enjoy so large a share of respect from their opponents. It is but now, however, that the crucial test will be applied to his qualities of statesmanship; if he leads Ontario successfully for the next four years he may fairly hope for something higher in the future.

Mr. Edward Blake is the son of the late Chancellor of Upper Canada, the Hon. W. Hume Blake, a gentleman who took an active part in politics some twenty or twenty-five years ago. On both the paternal and maternal side he is descended from Irish families of high respectability. He was born near Toronto, at the University of which he finished his education, taking the degree of M. A. He was called to the Bar in 1856, and made Q. C. in 1863. He is generally reckoned the best Chancery lawyer in Ontario, and enjoys a very large and lucrative practice.

No. 97.—HON. M. C. CAMERON, Q. C.

The recent change in the Ontario Government has driven from the Treasury benches into the cold shades of Opposition the gentleman whose name is mentioned above. Mr. M. C. Cameron is a man of a peculiar stamp. It is a puzzle how he ever got into political life, and a greater puzzle why he should have so long remained in it. The *profanum vulgus* get no courtesies from him; he makes rather a boast of his contempt of the press. Yet the people have given him their confidence and the press its support under circumstances which precluded the notion in either case of the existence of motives other than those that were strictly honourable. He has a dash of chivalry about him, however, as we well remember its manifestation at Ottawa in 1866 when a member of the fourth estate got into a "difficulty" with a member of the House, and was brought to the bar by the Sergeant-at-arms on the Speaker's order. Mr. Cameron then, with singular eloquence and felicity of argument, made such a defence on behalf of the peccant journalist as no doubt did much to mollify the temper of the House towards him.

Matthew Crooks Cameron was born at Toronto about five-and-forty years ago, his father at that time holding a responsible position in the office of the Canada Company. On the completion of his education at Upper Canada College, he studied law, and was called to the Bar in 1849, gaining the silk gown in 1863. He has held several offices in the literary and commercial associations having their headquarters at Toronto; and as a criminal and *nisi prius* lawyer, holds rank so high that some adjudge him the equal of the Hon. John Hillyard Cameron. His first entry into political life was in 1861, when he successfully contested North Ontario, and in the subsequent sessions which that short-lived Parliament held was rather distinguished as a fire-eating Conservative, having earned the *soubriquet* of "Anglo-Saxon Cameron." He was defeated at the general election in 1863 by the Hon. Mr. Macdougall, then a member of the Sandfield-Macdonald-Dorion

Government. The following year, however, when the Coalition was formed between the Hon. George Brown and the Conservatives, and when Mr. Macdougall had to come to his constituents for re-election, Mr. Cameron showed his defiance of party allegiances by opposing the new Minister, and this time (1864) he was successful. He sat out the balance of that Parliament (the last of the Old Province of Canada) following an entirely independent course. In 1867 he was again defeated in the same constituency, but returned to the Local House for Toronto East, which he still represents. On the formation of the Ontario Cabinet in 1867 by the Hon. J. S. Macdonald Mr. Cameron became Provincial Secretary, which office he held up to a few months ago when he exchanged with Mr. Richards for that of the Crown Lands. Of course he went out of office last week with his colleagues, and we shall be much surprised if the new Government do not find him one of the most trenchant critics in the opposition. Though far from sturdy of frame his voice has a clear ringing sound, and few can beat him at sarcasm of the most incisive kind.

SCENES IN MANITOBA.

We give in the present issue three sketches of scenes in Manitoba. One shows the residence of Governor Archibald, which is dignified with the name of Silver Heights. It is pleasantly situated on the north bank of the river Assiniboine, about four miles from the Town of Winnipeg. It is said to be the best finished dwelling house in the Province of Manitoba.

The other two views relate to military movements, one of them shewing the arrival of the troops at Fort Garry at the time of their crossing the Assiniboine; the other the departure of a detachment of No. 2 Company to garrison Fort Pembina. Of the first we are informed that the Manitoba Expedition reached Fort Garry about 3 o'clock in the afternoon of the 18th November. The troops were in good health and spirits with the exception of two or three who were suffering from the effects of severe chills. Those who had been through the former expedition say that the labour was less severe on this one, but the hardships much greater on account of the weather.

Our Fort Garry correspondent sends us the following concerning the march out towards Pembina:

"About 8:30 a.m. on the 24th November, a bright clear morning that made the snow-covered plains almost too dazzling for the gaze of human eyes, and sent the breath from the nostrils of men and horses in silvery frozen spray towards the ground, whitening with a premature weariness the moustache of many a young soldier, a train of sleighs and armed men wound its serpentine way across the Assiniboine and took the road for Pembina. It was a detachment formed from No. 2 Company of the Provisional Battalion of Riflemen stationed at Fort Garry, formerly known as the Quebec Service Company, and comprising some of the hardest cases and stoutest hearts of the Quebec Battalion.

"This detachment is destined to garrison Pembina Fort during the winter months, and has before it a cold and arduous march of over three score miles."

CHICAGO IN 1830.

Among the wonders of Western progress Chicago stands pre-eminent. Within living memory its site was a swampy desolate waste. Forty years ago it contained but a few insignificant houses, as exhibited in our illustration. Some six or seven years later (in 1837) the population was ascertained to be about four thousand. In 1850 it had swelled to thirty thousand, and at the present day, but for the terrible ravages of the great fire, it would undoubtedly have reached about two hundred and fifty thousand. No other city in the world, either in ancient or modern times, ever made such rapid progress; and, happily, few cities have undergone such a terrible affliction as that of the great Chicago fire, which has been illustrated and described in previous numbers. The recuperative energy of the people is immense, and we soon expect to see Chicago resume its former status of Queen City of the West. What a contrast it furnished before the fire to its condition forty years ago!

A MAN THAT ÆSOP SHOULD HAVE KNOWN.—One day the village grocer nailed up a salt cod on one of the shutters of his shop, and underneath he wrote in chalk, "codfish for sale cheap for cash here." Presently, in came an acquaintance and said, "what do you have 'here' on that sign about codfish for? You don't sell codfish or any other goods in any other place but here. Any fool would know where you sold them without that word."

"That's so," said the grocer, "boy, wipe out the word 'here' from the codfish sign." The boy obeyed, and the next day another critic appeared. Said he, "For Cash! who ever knew you to trust for any goods? Why do you say that you sell all your goods for cash?" "You are right," said the grocer; "boy, wipe out the words 'for cash' from the codfish sign." This was done, and shortly after a third critic came to the shop, objecting to the word "cheap." "Who ever knew you to undersell other dealers?" said he, "you don't sell any cheaper than they. Your price is just the same as theirs, and more if you can get it. Cheap! cheap! what do you have that word for?" "Well, it is not of much use," said the grocer; "boy, wipe out the word 'cheap' from the codfish sign." Again the boy did as his master bade, and the same day critic number four found fault with the phrase "for sale." Said he, "For Sale! no one ever knew you to give away codfish. Of course, you keep them for sale; there is no occasion for telling people what everybody knows." "There is something in that," said the grocer, "boy, wipe out 'for sale' from the codfish sign." This left the salt fish and the single word 'codfish' beneath. It was but a few minutes after that a customer who came in to buy some goods, remarked to the grocer, "What a funny sign you've got out here; what darned fool wouldn't know that a codfish was nailed on your shutter." "So they would," was the reply; "boy, wipe out the word 'codfish' from that sign." The boy obeyed, and the fish remained with no inscription.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

TIME WITH EVEN SPEED.

I.
Time with even speed
Moves on its way,
This hour we live—the next—
We are but clay.
As a ship urged on
By wind and wave,
Each hour we are wafted
Nearer the grave.

II.
Willing or unwilling,
Death is the goal;
And we may not tarry
Upon the shoal.
One rapid moment
And all is o'er,
We pass from this earth
To live evermore.

Quebec, Dec., 1871.

TIMOR.

SCIENTIFIC.

SPECTRA IN HYDROGEN.—In the *Comptes Rendus*, and in the *Philosophical Magazine*, M. Angstrom gives an analysis of the spectra which are observed in connection with hydrogen, and criticises the conclusions of M. Wulner "that hydrogen has no less than four, and oxygen no less than three, distinct spectra." He explains that the spectrum lines of hydrogen (as observed by Plucker in rare hydrogen) spread out in disruptive discharges when the tension of the gas is increasing, and end by uniting so as to form a continuous spectrum. With regard to M. Wulner's second spectrum of hydrogen, he points out that it is no other than the spectrum observed by M. Berthelot, and ascribed by him to acetylene. Also, by a comparison of wave-lengths for sulphur, and for M. Wulner's third hydrogen-spectrum, he shows this to be, in all probability, the spectrum of sulphur. M. Angstrom also points out the close agreement between one of the oxygen spectra of M. Wulner, and the spectrum of oxide of carbon, and his tables show also a very close agreement between another of these oxygen spectra and the spectrum of chlorine, and concludes that neither oxygen nor hydrogen has more than one spectrum.

LONDON SMOKE.—The public are beginning to have a languid kind of idea not only that London smoke is a great nuisance, but that it does admit of some remedy. Two letters on the subject have appeared in the *Times* in the course of a week. We (*Medical Times and Gazette*) should be glad to see the matter taken up warmly in the public journals, as the first step towards doing something. The scientific elements are few and simple. The first point is, to diminish the formation of smoke. This is already done, by a careful method of stoking, in all furnaces for manufacturing purposes within the metropolitan area. Something may be done towards this end in private houses by more careful stoking—by never letting a fire get too low, and never putting on more coal at a time than will get into a blaze in a few minutes. It is the slow heating of too large a mass of coal that generates black smoke. Some kinds of grates are devised to answer this purpose. But, after all, even with the greatest care in stoking, much smoke must escape; and even if no black smoke, the quantity of fine dust and ash, and of the products of sulphur-combustion, that contaminates the air is very great. We want "smoke arcades," to collect the fumes of chimneys and conduct them into underground sewers, where the smoke may be purified and utilised. The plan was made public in the *Medical Times and Gazette* of August 20, 1853, by Mr. Spencer Wells.

GERMS IN WATER.—One teaspoonful of Condy's fluid dropped slowly into every gallon of drinking water is the best known oxidiser, says a correspondent, of organic matter. I make my own Condy, to save expense; it is merely five grains permanganate of potash to each fluid ounce of distilled water. I am never without it in my travels. I sojourned at Port Louis, Mauritius, for a month, when the deaths from typhus fever were two to three hundred daily. I never was once ill. Not a drop of liquid, even to the hotel claret, passed my lips, without the addition of "Condy." Strange to say, a leading French chemist of the island was ignorant of its qualities, and, when I purchased my permanganate, a great sealed jar was brought out of a store-room, and, as he told me, had never been inquired for! You may drink ditch-water in half an hour after this treatment, and it will be sweet and wholesome too; and, if you wish to know the constituent matter of the brown deposit which rapidly subsides, a little chemical knowledge will tell you its nature, and the percentage of grains to the gallon (four or five is considered a large return). The colour and flavour of the water so treated rapidly becomes natural after exposure to the air, and quite crystal and pure.

THE KING OF SIAM AND ENGLISH MINERS.—The King of Siam is resolved to avail himself of the knowledge and experience of the English miners and men of sciences. Several Cornish tin-miners have been engaged to proceed to Siam to work over the auriferous deposits of that country; and Mr. Charles Twite, a gentleman who has spent many years in Paraguay, as Mineral Surveyor, under the late President Lopez, is engaged to go at once to Siam, to direct, in the first place, the mining operations, and, during the hot season, when work in the field is not possible, to give instruction in geology to the youth of Siam.

A NEW BRONZE.—We learn from a recent copy of the *Polytechnisches Journal*, that some investigators have succeeded in producing a new alloy which possesses peculiar advantages over others, for a number of processes in the arts. The peculiarity of the new compound consists in the fact that it contains phosphorus as an ingredient. The authors have not divulged the details of the plan by which they succeeded in introducing this substance into combination. It is used with copper, or with copper and tin, either with or without the addition of zinc. The alloy produced is said to be peculiarly adapted for the construction of certain portions of machinery, as also for gun-barrels.

It seems, from an editorial note from Dr. Dingler, that the attempt to introduce phosphorus into the composition of several common alloys had been repeatedly made, but without success. The well-marked influence which its presence, in even trifling quantity, exerts upon the physical properties of iron, would seem to be the ground upon which the repeated efforts to utilize its presumable influence on other metals, is based; and there can be very little doubt but that the subject is worthy of the most careful attention of workers in metal.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

Bronze Turkeys.—A few years ago a cock turkey weighing forty pounds, or a hen weighing twenty-two pounds would have been regarded as a wonder if they could have been found, which they couldn't excepting in a wild state, and wild turkeys, you know, do not domesticate. The bronze turkey at maturity attains the weights given, and when it is remembered that the common turkeys of the country average less than twelve pounds apiece, the contrast is quite striking. We find in the *Poultry Bulletin* a record of turkey-raising which resulted in a flock of eight gobblers weighing from 23½ to 29½ lbs., and six hens weighing from 13½ to 16 lbs. A tolerably good average, to say the least. The writer says that hens are best for breeding in their second year. When the turkeys are about to lay, let them have access to a few old barrels laid on their sides and partly covered with brush to secure privacy. Nest eggs are placed on hay in the barrels, and the eggs which are laid are removed every evening until the hens want to set, when about seventeen eggs are given to each. The young require no food during the first day of existence, but after that they are fed with onion tops chopped fine and mixed with curd. Hard-boiled eggs are also good for them. They require feeding little and often, once in two hours if possible. After they are a week old they can feed upon cracked corn or wheaten grits. Give fresh cool water two or three times a day. Lice may be exterminated by rubbing on dry flowers of sulphur. Make a little yard around the coop by nailing four boards together in a square, or by making some kind of a moveable fence about fifteen inches high, so the young turkeys can have fresh grass. The old turkey will stay with the young, although she could of course easily pass the fence. At night, during storms and when the grass is wet, the old and young are shut in the coop, but have the range of the little yard at all other times. When the young ones are able to fly over the fence they may be allowed to range with the hen and begin their life-labour of catching grasshoppers.

To Prepare a Mushroom Bed.—A cellar or root-house is a proper place in which to grow mushrooms. To prepare the bed, take fresh horse-manure and place it in a heap to ferment. Allow it to heat cautiously, so that it may not fire-fang. Turn it and allow it to heat again. Then place it in the cellar where the bed is to be made. It should be mixed with an equal part of clean loam. The bed should be in the proportion of three feet wide by twelve long, which will be sufficient to furnish a good supply of mushrooms. Make the bed about a foot and a half high in the centre, gradually rounding off to the floor at the sides. Tread the manure down solidly and cover with an inch or so of fine, clean soil from a garden-bed or an old fence-row. Procure some spawn from the seed-stores, where it is kept in the shape of bricks. Break these bricks into small pieces the size of a pigeon's egg, and insert them into the bed about a foot apart. The bed may then be covered with an old horse-blanket and left for a few days, during which time the spawn will vegetate. Some water will have to be given, but only in moderate quantities, as the blanket will keep the surface somewhat moist. Now a covering of an inch or more of fine clean soil may be spread over the bed, and as soon as cracks appear in the surface, the "buttons" may be gathered if desired. The full-grown fungi will be ready in a few days, as they mature very well.—*Hearth and Home*.

AGRICULTURE.

Farmers as business men should employ the beginning of the year in making settlements of a business kind. Pay every debt that is on your books, collect every one that is due, or settle it in some way as soon after the first of January as possible. It is a great deal better to come to a direct understanding about these things, than for both debtor and creditor to grow cool and half unfriendly because one owes the other a few dollars, or a few hundred dollars, and can not pay. There is no friendship lost by coming to a direct understanding about debts, and it will oftener than not happen that things may be turned in some way to lessen the account, or some way to cancel it. A man who has a practical, common sense turn of mind, and has had a little mercantile training, having been a few years in a country store or in business in the city, or in some manufacturing establishment, will almost invariably prove a more successful farmer than one who has been trained solely upon the farm. We ought to regard farming more as a business than as a trade, more as work for the head than for the hands and teams only.

In January is the proper time for the farmers to make preparations for future operations, as in this month there are only five hours a day available for out-door work, unless the season be unusually mild. Mat over tulip beds, begin to force roses. Pot over scall and plant dried roots of border flowers in mild weather. Take strawberries in pots into the green-house. Prune and plant gooseberry, fruit and deciduous trees and shrubs. Cucumbers and melons to be sown in the hot bed. Apply manures. Continue in open weather to procure vacant ground for spring, and to protect plants from frost. Cover bulbous roots with matting. Roll grass plats if the season be mild and not too wet. Prepare poles, stakes, pea-sticks, &c., for spring.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.—This is one of the most important parts of the general domestic economy, whenever the situation of a home will permit a family to avail themselves of its assistance, in aid of butchers' bills. It is, indeed, much to be regretted that small plots of ground, in the immediate vicinity of the metropolis more especially, are too often frittered away into shrubberies and baby gardens, when they might more usefully be employed in raising vegetables for the family, during the week-day residence in town, than wasting their sweetness on the smoky air in all the pride of lilac, hollyhock and batchelors' buttons, to be merely smelled to, by the whole emigrating household, on the day of rest. With a little care and attention, a kitchen garden, though small, might be rendered not only useful, but in fact, as ornamental as a modern grass carpet; and the same expense incurred to make the ground a labyrinth of sweets, might suffice to render it agreeable to the palate, as well as to the olfactory nerves, and that even without offending the most delicate optics. It is only in accordance with our plan to give the hint, and to record

such novel points as may facilitate the proposed arrangement. It is one objection of a kitchen garden in front of the dwelling, or in sight of the family departments, that its very nature is rather an eye-sore than otherwise, at all seasons. This, however, is an objection that may be readily got over by a little attention to neatness and good order, whilst the plants themselves, if judiciously attended to, and the borders sown or planted with ranunculus, polyanthus, mignonette, &c., in succession, will really be ornamental; but then, in cutting the plants for use, the business must be done neatly, all useless leaves cleared from the ground, the roots no longer wanted taken up, and the ravages of insects to be guarded against by sedulous extirpation. It will also be found a great improvement, where space will admit of it, to surround the beds with neat espaliers, with fruit trees, or even gooseberry and currant bushes trained along them, instead of these being suffered to grow in a state of ragged wilderness.

FOUNDER IN HORSES.—Take a table-spoonful of pulverized alum, pull the horse's tongue out of his mouth as far as possible, and throw the alum down his throat; let go of his tongue and hold up his head until he swallows. In six hours' time (no matter how bad the founder) he will be fit for moderate service. I have seen this remedy tested so often with perfect success, that I would not make five dollars difference in a horse foundered (if done recently) and one that was not.

REMEDY FOR WORMS IN HORSES.—Put a handful of sifted wood-ashes in a quart bottle, and fill the bottle with cider vinegar. It will foam like a glass of soda; and it should be given to the horse that has worms the moment it foams. Two bottles will cure the worst attack of worms. For forty years I have never known an instance of failure where this remedy was applied at once.

TOP DRAINING THE WHEAT FIELDS where needed, is of the greatest importance, and it is better to do it as soon as the wheat is sown than to wait till the rains come. There are fields where it is necessary to plow out every dead furrow, but ordinarily all that needs to be done is to make furrows from the lower parts of the field where water accumulates. Secure a good outlet from these, and the upper portions, unless there are hollows, will not need furrowing.

THE MOTHER OF MOSES CONFIDING HIM TO THE NILE.

The artist who has depicted this favourite incident of Bible history as shown in our double-page engraving, is one to whom our readers have already been introduced. Herr Kochler, of Dusseldorf, whose Juliet was reproduced in the *Naws* a couple of months ago, has treated this subject in his own peculiar manner. His female figures are characteristic and bear to each other a resemblance that cannot fail to strike the most careless observer. In the present instance the likeness between Moses' mother and the stalwart Juliet is very great. While speaking of the latter painting we remarked that his ideal of Shakespeare's heroine was not one that accorded with our English notions of the fair Capulet. The Hebrew mother, in this case, is more what our fancy would paint her; but the artist has taken a painter's license in introducing Pharaoh's daughter on the scene, contrary to the statement made in Exodus.

A PAGAN LEGEND OF JESUS.

Publius Lentulus, assumed by some to have been proconsul of Judea prior to Herod, is reported to have seen the Saviour, and to have written the following letter to the Roman Senate:—"At this time appeared a man who is still living and endowed with a mighty power; his name is Jesus Christ. His disciples call him the Son of God; others regard him as a powerful prophet. He raises the dead to life, and heals the sick of every description of infirmity and disease. This man is of lofty stature and well proportioned; his countenance severe and virtuous, so that he inspires beholders with feelings both of fear and love. The hair of his head is of the colour of wine, and from the top of the head to the ears, straight, and without radiance, but it descends in shining curls. From the shoulders the hair flows down the back, divided into two portions, after the manner of the Nazarenes; his face free from blemish, and slightly tinged with red, and his physiognomy noble and gracious. His beard is abundant, the same colour as his hair, and forked. His eyes are blue and very brilliant. In reproving or censuring he is awe-inspiring; in exhorting and teaching, his speech is gentle and caressing. His countenance is marvellous in seriousness and grace. He has never been seen to laugh, but many have seen him weep. He is slender in person, his hands are straight and long, his arms beautiful. Grave and solemn in his discourse, his language simple, quiet. In his appearance he is the most beautiful of the children of men."

THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS.

H. I. H. the Grand Duke Alexis arrived at Ottawa at half-past six on the evening of the 18th inst. At the station he was received by Lieut.-Col. Pensonby, the Aide-de-Camp in waiting, and was immediately driven off with his suite to the residence of the Governor-General. On the following day he visited the Public Buildings, in company with the Governor-General. At five o'clock he received an address from the Mayor and Corporation, in the Senate Chamber, and in the evening attended Lady Lisgar's reception. On Wednesday morning, the 20th, the Grand Duke left Ottawa at nine o'clock, and arrived at Toronto at about a quarter-past eleven the same evening. Next morning the members of the Corporation waited on H. I. H. at the Queen's Hotel, and presented him with an address of welcome, to which a suitable answer was returned. In the afternoon the Imperial party, accompanied by Lieut.-Governor Howland, visited the principal places of interest in the city. On Friday the Grand Duke left for Niagara, whence, after visiting the Falls and the other attractions of the neighbourhood, he left on Saturday for Buffalo.

On our first page we reproduce our artist's sketch of the scene at the Skating Rink in this city on the night of the Grand Duke's visit.

A loving wife in Williamsport, on the decease of her husband, sent the following thrilling telegram to a friend: "Dear John is dead. Loss fully covered by insurance."



HON. M. C. CAMERON, Q. C., LATE PROVINCIAL SECRETARY, ONT.
 FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN & FRASER.—SEE PAGE 422.



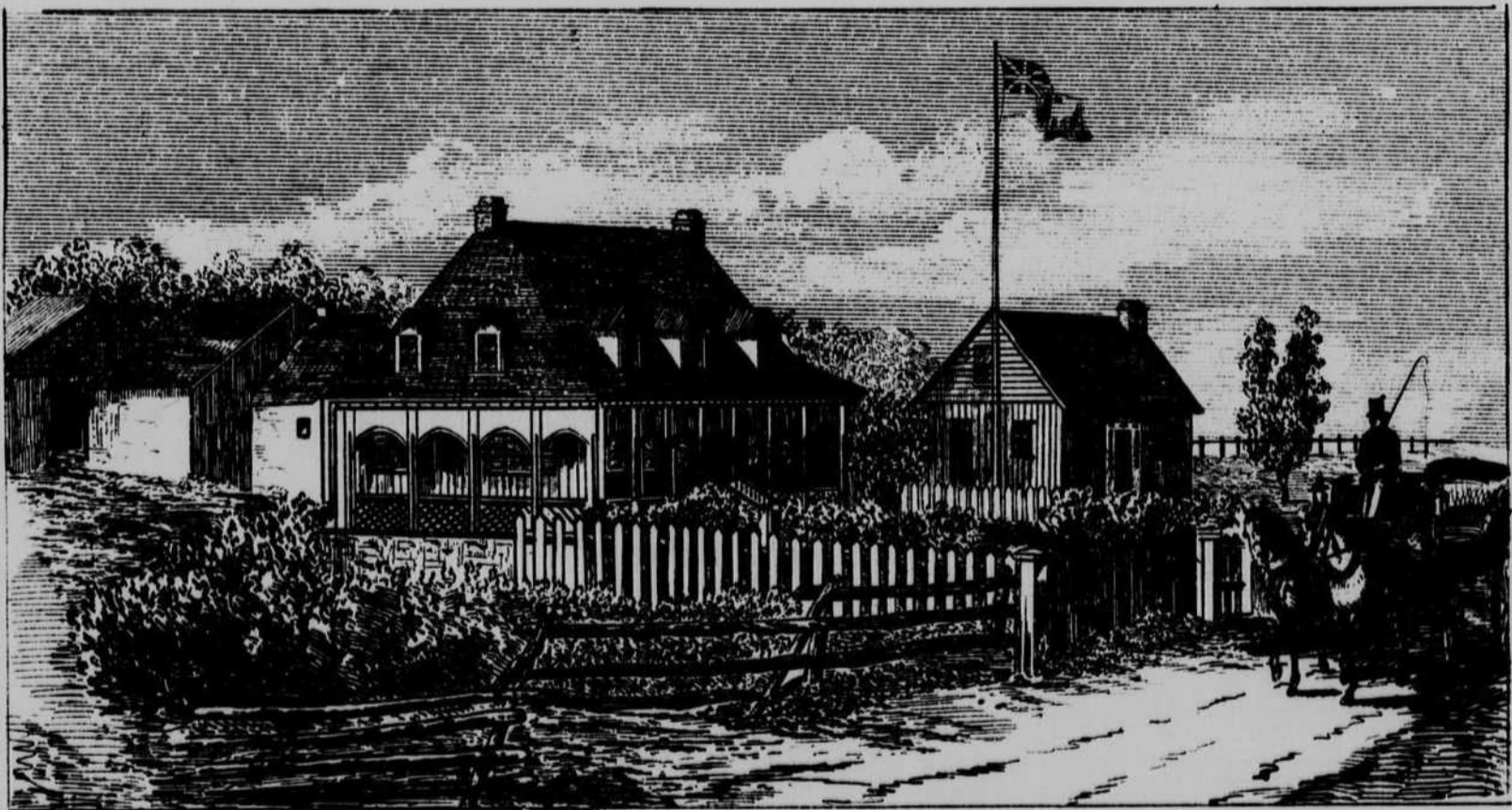
MANITOBA SCENES.—MILITARY EXPEDITION CROSSING THE ASSINIBOINE, Oct. 18, 1871.



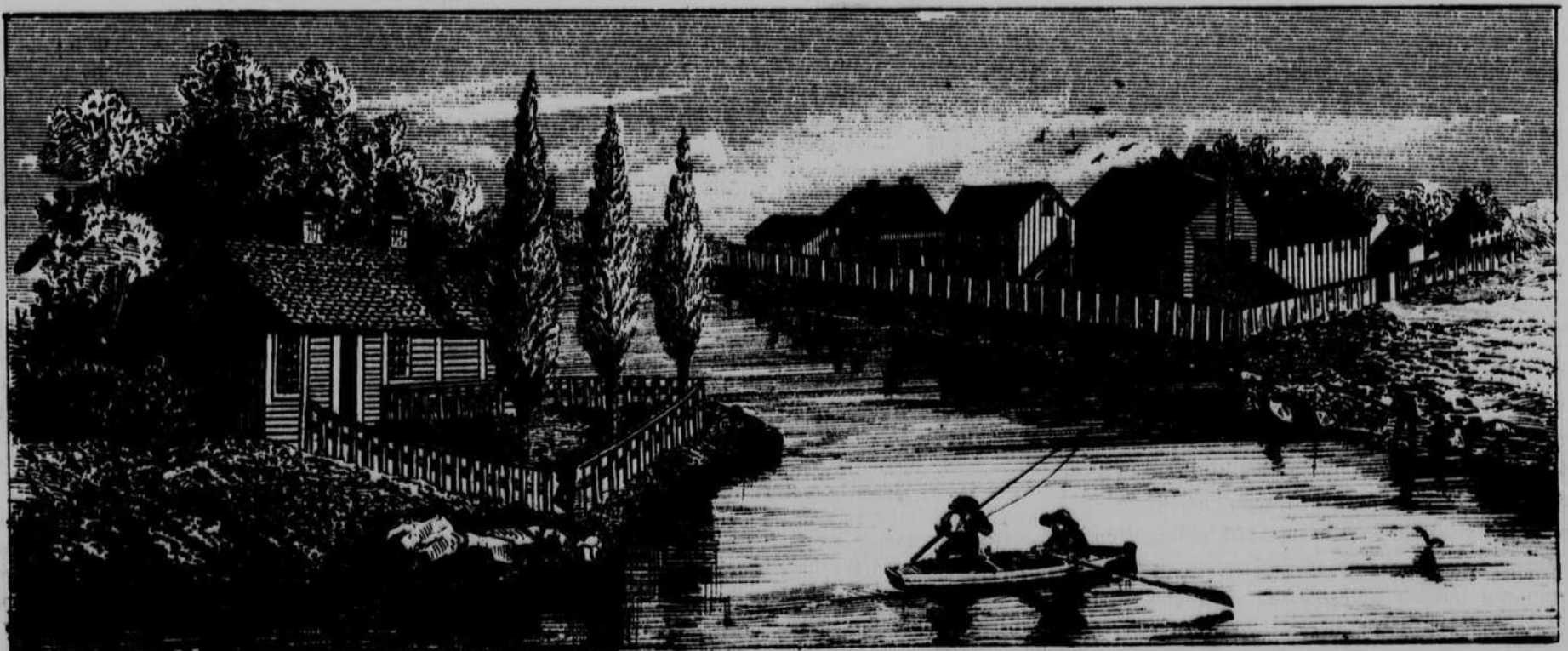
MANITOBA SCENES.—No. 2 COMPANY PROVISIONAL BATTALION LEAVING FORT GAREY TO GARRISON FORT PEMBINA.



HON EDWARD BLAKE, M. A., Q. C., PREMIER OF ONTARIO.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN & FRASER.—SEE PAGE 422.



MANITOBA SCENES.—SILVER HEIGHTS, THE RESIDENCE OF LT.-GOV. ARCHIBALD —SEE PAGE 422.



CHICAGO IN 1830.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JAN. 6, 1872.

SUNDAY,	Dec. 31.—	Sunday within the Octave of Christmas. Sylvester, Ep. Montgomery repulsed at Quebec, 1775. The King of Italy arrived at Rome, 1870.
MONDAY,	Jan. 1.—	Circumcision. Bytown changed to Ottawa, 1855.
TUESDAY,	" 2.—	Capture of Grenada, 1492.
WEDNESDAY,	" 3.—	General Monk died, 1670. Battle of Princeton, 1777.
THURSDAY,	" 4.—	Great Earthquake in Canada, 1663.
FRIDAY,	" 5.—	Treaty between Great Britain and the United States, 1784. Radelsky died, 1858.
SATURDAY,	" 6.—	Epiphany. Madame d'Arbly died, 1840.

TEMPERATURE in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Tuesday, 26th December, 1871, observed by H. F. HARRISON & Co., 242 Notre Dame Street.

	MAX.	MIN.	MEAN.	S. A. M.	I. P. M.	6 P. M.
W., Dec. 20.	16°	5°	9°	29.57	29.54	29.63
Th., " 21.	16°	-2°	-15°	30.25	30.35	30.40
Fri., " 22.	12°	-5°	8°	30.50	30.57	30.60
Sat., " 23.	35°	6°	20° 5'	30.19	29.72	29.72
Sun., " 24.	45°	30°	37° 5'	30.25	30.30	30.30
Mo., " 25.	30°	31° 5'	33° 2'	30.25	30.27	30.00
Tu., " 26.	38°	5°	21° 5'	30.32	30.32	30.27

A GREAT ATTRACTION!

In the first number of the fifth volume of the **CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS**, to be issued on SATURDAY, JAN. 6, 1872, will appear the beginning of a New Story, by

ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

which will be continued weekly until completed. The Story is under publication in *Good Words*, and is entitled

THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANDPERE.

No paper in Canada, save the *C. I. News*, has the right to publish this Tale in serial form.

PORTRAIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

With our issue of 6th JAN., 1872, we will publish as a Supplement, a very fine double-page portrait of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, whose restoration to health has so rejoiced the British nation. This Portrait, printed in black and tint, will add 5 cents to the selling price of the number.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS sending in their names and \$4.00 from this date until the end of the year, will be entitled to the *Illustrated News* for 1872, complete, and to the numbers of the present year still to be published after the date of their subscription, including the Premium Plate now being printed.

Arrangements have been made to have the *Canadian Illustrated News* and the *Hearthstone* delivered in folio form to subscribers in the following places, by the Agents whose names are annexed.

These Agents will also collect the subscription and the postage. In most cases, not to interfere with existing postage contracts, the arrangement will take effect only after the 1st January next.

After the 31st December next, the subscription to the *News* will be \$4.00 per annum, if paid in advance, or within the first three months, after which it will be Five Dollars.

- Almonte..... James Greig.
- Bothwell, Ont..... A. J. Wiley.
- Bowmanville, Ont..... Yellowlees & Quick.
- Brantford, Ont..... A. Hudson.
- Brookville, Ont..... F. L. Kincaid.
- Cobourg, Ont..... J. C. Reynolds.
- Collingwood, Ont..... A. Morton.
- Dundas, Ont..... J. B. Manchem.
- Elora, Ont..... Henry Kirkland.
- Fenelon Falls, Ont..... M. N. Minthorne.
- Fergus, Ont..... L. C. Munroe.
- Goble's Corners, Ont..... N. B. Goble.
- Goderich, Ont..... T. J. Moorehouse.
- Halifax, N. S..... M. A. Buckley.
- Hamilton, Ont..... R. M. Ballantine.
- Ingersoll, Ont..... R. A. Woodcock.
- Kincardine, Ont..... F. A. Barnes.
- Kingston, Ont..... Ed. Stacey.
- London, Ont..... Wm. Bryce.
- Menford..... Thos. Plunkett.
- Napanee, Ont..... Henry Bro.
- Orillia, Ont..... H. B. Slaven.
- Oshawa, Ont..... J. A. Gibson.
- Ottawa, Ont..... Durie & Son.
- Paisley, Ont..... Jno. Kelso.
- Pembroke, Ont..... S. E. Mitchell.
- Perrin, Ont..... John Hart.
- Petrolia, Ont..... N. Reynolds.
- Prescott, Ont..... P. Byrne.
- Quebec..... Etienne Legaré.
- Sherbrooke..... Y. Kello.
- St. Catharines, Ont..... W. L. Copeland.
- Tilsonburg, Ont..... W. S. Law.
- Wardsville, Ont..... W. F. Barclay.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1871.

As the dying year is to-day within a few hours of its allotted space, we may be permitted to take old Father Time by the forelock and to wish our readers, one and all, A HAPPY NEW YEAR! Surely for us in Canada the closing year has been a happy one when compared with what it has been to other countries. In one war; in another famine; in a third pestilence; in a fourth social unrest and political agitation. But why recapitulate the miseries of neighbouring or distant nations when our whole time should be given up to thankfulness to Providence for the blessings bestowed upon our own?

We hope the good old customs will not be forgotten by our readers. Let them give of their plenteousness to those who are not so well blessed with this world's goods. Let them aid in as much as they are able to make NEW YEAR'S, as we hope they helped to make CHRISTMAS, a happy day for the poor and the needy. The virtue that

carries with it the double blessing cannot be more opportunely exercised than in the holiday season when our boreal climate makes it hard for the poor to provide themselves with even the absolute necessities of life. Eighteen hundred and seventy-one is about to give place to another unit in the Century, and Time rolls on relentlessly, whether the varying freaks of fortune bring the individual joy or sorrow.

Let us hope that the coming year may strengthen the ties which unite the several fragments of our young Dominion, which now stretches its long but limp limbs from the Atlantic to the Pacific; that the commercial prosperity which has been enjoyed during the present year may be increased in the next; and that the same freedom from political excitement may henceforth mark the management of our political affairs.

We do not desire to intrude upon the privacy of the family or the social circle; nor seek for more than a passing thought to the memory of the loved ones that are gone. Who has not to drink a little admixture of gall, even in his cup of happiness? In glancing back upon the year now expiring, we naturally count the lost links, the "gems" that have dropped from the "shining circle;" but instead of falling into an unusually sentimental mood we should accept their taking off as a warning of our own doom, and brace our minds to "work while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work."

We extend our hand to all our good patrons, hoping that we have pleased them during the past year, and promising to make still greater efforts to please them during the year to come. For the *Canadian Illustrated News* we are most happy to be able to state that the year 1871 has been one of extraordinary and uninterrupted prosperity. Not a week has passed, from January to December, that has not brought us, from our agents and numerous friends throughout the Dominion, a handsome addition to our subscription list. There is, however, ample room for more, and as the public sustain us in our effort to make the *News* what many have already confessed it to be, a credit to the Dominion, so we shall redouble our exertions to improve it in every department, artistic and literary. Hoping to renew associations with all our old subscribers, and to secure many new ones for 1872, we close our New Year's greeting by again wishing all our patrons A HAPPY NEW YEAR and many pleasant returns of the season.

LITERARY NOTICES.

GENTLE MEASURES IN THE MANAGEMENT AND TRAINING OF THE YOUNG; or, the Principles on which a firm parental authority may be established and maintained, without violence or anger, &c., &c. By Jacob Abbott. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1872; Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

Mr. Abbott belongs to the "goody-goody" school, and traces moral influences to sources that have probably little or nothing to do with their creation. Nevertheless much that he says might be read and studied with profit by parents. His law is exclusively one of kindness, and he argues, by example, or rather by parable, that this is the most effective way of developing the best qualities of the human character, and giving the highest range to the human intellect. It is certain indeed that people study very little to qualify themselves for the proper discharge of the duties of father or mother as towards their children, and any book that will call more attention to this the most important of social problems—the righteous government of the household—is deserving of the most extensive circulation. We can commend Mr. Abbott's book as pleasant and instructive reading, without, however, endorsing all its doctrines, or having much faith in the general applicability of some of its illustrations.

DOGS AND THEIR DOINGS. By the Rev. F. O. Morris, B. A., Rector of Nunburnholme, and Chaplain to the Duke of Cleveland; author of a history of British birds, &c., &c. New York: Harper & Brothers; Montreal: Dawson Bros., 1872.

This is a handsomely printed and ornately bound volume, most suitable for a holiday gift. "Go to the ant thou slug-gard!" said Solomon of old, and the little ant has, since that saying, throughout the long centuries been esteemed a very pattern of industry. Now, the Rev. Mr. Morris tells us, in effect, to "go to the dogs" and there learn wisdom and refined humanity. The book is very interesting in its matter as well as attractive in its manner. It is dedicated to Miss Burdett (now Lady) Coutts, who is one of the vice-patronesses

of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and foremost among her sex in all philanthropic enterprises. We don't know a better present for a romping young lad than to go to Dawson's and get for him "Dogs and their Doings." Will uncles and especial admirers of "elder sisters" take a note of this, and make their investments accordingly, before the holidays have run out? Though recommending the book especially for boys we do not believe that anybody could be too old to enjoy it.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for January still maintains the high character of that favourite periodical. For reading at once spicy, vigorous, spirited and high-toned, there is no serial to excel its January number. The following are among its articles: E. B. Washburne, our Minister to France; What Can I Do Best? Cheerful Giving; Joseph P. Thompson, D.D., late of the Broadway Tabernacle Church; Expression, Its Anatomy and Philosophy; "Sol" Smith Russell, or some Studies in Facial Caricature; Passages from Dyak Life; Only a Head, or "Not a Cent in the World," a chapter of mishaps; "Taking Cold," or the Causes and Remedy of "Colds"; Our Objects; Political Economy not a Failure; William N. Byers, the Rocky Mountain Printer; Intercommunication; Great Fires of Ancient and Modern Times; Influence of Forests on Climate. Numerous illustrations are given. Price, \$3 a year. Now is the time to subscribe or to make up a club. Address S. R. Wells, New York.

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY WITNESS, (specimen number) Dec. 16, 1871. John Dougall, No. 162 Nassau Street, New York, \$1 per annum, or 2c. per copy.

This is a marvel of newspaper enterprise. It contains eight pages of printed matter, each page containing six columns of the ordinary newspaper width. Those who know the *Weekly Witness* of Montreal need hardly be told what its New York namesake and own brother is like. Mr. John Dougall has displayed capacity for successful newspaper management. A quarter of a century's uninterrupted progress in Montreal is now being endorsed in a very handsome manner by the success of the New York *Daily Witness*, which Mr. Dougall has published in the modern Gotham for the past few months. He now sends forth a specimen No. of a weekly edition of the same sheet as noted above, and while we have every confidence in his success, we commend his careful business management and journalistic tact to the imitation of those who, though they may entertain views at variance with Mr. Dougall's on politics and religion, are still no less sincere in their desire to benefit their fellows. Mr. John Dougall's success both in his Montreal and New York enterprises will, if we mistake not, furnish a unique chapter in the history of American journalism. The "get-up" of the New York *Weekly Witness* is similar to that of its Montreal namesake, it has a story, embellished with a fairly executed wood-cut, a large amount of religious items and a well condensed summary of general news.

THE MANUSCRIPT RECEIPT BOOK AND HOUSEHOLD TREASURY. Montreal: Dawson Brothers, 1872.

This work is a splendid hit. Every good housewife who minds her proper business and likes to preside with honour at her own table should have this book, which would soon become to her a very *vade mecum* in household administration, if she were even moderately industrious in collecting the little scraps of useful information so constantly on their rounds through the press. The book is in blank, neatly bound and ruled, of good paper, and contains printed headings with appropriate divisions for each class of receipts in the different departments of cookery, attendance on the sick-room, &c. If there are any sensible young men who have already fixed their minds on their future madames, we advise them to try first how their lady loves succeed in filling up the "Household Treasury" with receipts of economic and practical value. If the young lady succeeds in making a good selection and shows reasonable aptitude in applying the receipts to practical uses, then the swain may pass his head through the matrimonial noose without fear of financial strangulation—a fate which overcomes so many merely because ignorance and extravagance are combined too frequently in the same person. A good use of the "Treasury" would do much for domestic economy.

NEW MUSIC RECEIVED.—We have received from C. C. Desouche of this city, publisher, *L'Omnicore, Revue pour Le Pianoforte*, by F. Boscovita; also, *Echo Malin and Près d'un Berceau*, (Noel, 1871,) by Mr. Blain St. Aubin; Mr. G. E. Desbarats, publisher.

The following is the new Cabinet sworn in at Toronto on the 21st inst., to replace the cabinet of the Hon. J. S. Macdonald, resigned. Hon. Edward Blake, Premier and President of Council, without portfolio; Adam Crooks, Q. C., Attorney-General; R. W. Scott, Q. C., Commissioner of Crown Lands; Alex. McKenzie, M. P., Treasurer; Archibald McKellar, Commissioner of Public Works; and Peter Gow, Secretary. These gentlemen have not, at the time of writing, been re-elected.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News).

OUR FISHERIES.

As the time approaches when the assembled wisdom of our Dominion will be called upon to pass upon the section of the Treaty of Washington, relating to the above mentioned nationally important subject, the necessity appears to us urgent, that the light of public opinion should be fully concentrated upon, and declared in the premises. Hitherto, the weight of argument as developed through the medium of the press, seems to have been adverse to the ratification of the section to which reference is made; and yet, mildly deprecating such general conclusions, we now beg to suggest, in the interests of our young nationality, that perhaps the picture may have its obverse side. Of course, we have been unpleasantly disturbed by the proofs of the undisguised covetousness of our American Cousins, in trumping up claims to our inshore fisheries; and this, after solemnly renouncing the same fifty three years ago. Of course, our duty and moral courage require us to throw the Tenth Commandment in their teeth; but at the same time, it may be expedient to keep sufficiently cool, so as to enquire whether our substantial interests should not lead us to gratify, for this once, their special weakness for codfish, mackarel and herring. Wait, Dear Reader, and don't fly in a passion! Just listen! They, I mean our covetous cousins aforesaid, in their nervous haste, have only looked to present advantage, and thus have failed to observe the perspective, to its vanishing point. Look at this! Our fair sized fishing craft, for instance of 400 tons, presently cost us about \$4,000 each; and the outfit, including all the needful supplies for a "vige," probably about \$1,000 more, in our market; while at the same time, a similar vessel, built on the New England shores, would, owing to their high tariff, cost at least \$6,000 and the same supplies at least \$1,500 in addition. And it matters not, whether the crews are shipped at "seamen's wages," or "on shares"; this circumstance cannot in the least affect the proportion as to cost. And here is the result. Assuming, from information furnished by our friend Captain Salt, that every quintal of cod for instance, caught and cured ready for market, costs us \$4 on the average; then the same would cost American fishermen exactly \$6 per quintal, as in proportion to their extra outlay. And next, both of us are to sell in the same unlimited market, without restrictions; and the margin of difference in the cost of the "catch," represents profit for us Canadians. What follows? Why the moment the truth of the case penetrates the leathery, weather-beaten skin of a Gloucester man, thereafter, he is bound to either build or buy his schooner, as well as his entire outfit, in some of our Canadian ports, in order to secure the 50 per cent. profit. Ten to one if he does not, in a few years, forget Cape Cod and Ben Butler, and become naturalised in Quebec, or St. John; whither a legion of his fellow cormorants, I beg pardon! I meant comrades, will speedily follow him. Now, my patriotic but simple-minded friend! will it hurt us very much to have all of the capital, craft, and enterprise, at this present writing invested in the American fisheries transferred to our Dominion? Will not these items go far to balance the account, even supposing our "Fish Crop" is worth \$5,000,000 a year? And now, leaving out all considerations of national safety, let us consider one or two specifications, to wit:

1. One of our cleverest statesmen "assisted" at the Treaty, and most assuredly must have seen the point.
2. We have reason to believe that the policy of our Ottawa Cabinet will be to ratify.
3. Our Beloved Queen, in a truly maternal and considerate manner, has requested us to consent.

For such reasons, and such specifications, we cast our vote unreservedly, "hook and line, bob and sinker," for the immediate ratification of "The Treaty of Washington."

W. R. D.

[The fisheries, though nominally the property of the Dominion, really belong to the Provinces on which they border. We do not, therefore, advocate the sacrifice of Nova Scotia fisheries to advance the price of Ontario wheat. If the maritime Provinces are satisfied that the opening of the American market to them is a sufficient return for the freedom of the fisheries, then let the clause of the Treaty relating thereto be ratified by all means! but if not, then we say decidedly not, whatever may be the consequences. We are all at liberty to dispose of our rights for the sake of our interests, but the proceeding is seldom attended with honour. In this particular case, however, there would be doubtless great honour to the Dominion in making a surrender of exclusive right for the sake of peace between England and the United States, provided the "right" given up were compensated for by an equitable contribution to Dominion interests. Of this the people of the Maritime Provinces are the best judges. Without endorsing our correspondent's conclusion, we think his arguments worthy serious consideration; and we shall heartily adopt his conclusion too, if it meets the approval of the "dwellers by the sea," whose property is at stake.—Ed. C. I. N.]

"THE NEW ZEALANDER."—Mrs. Florence Marryat Church writes:—"The fame of Lord Macaulay's 'New Zealander' having almost passed with us into a 'household word,' I think I may be excused for calling the attention of your readers to

the following passage from Captain Marryat's novel, *Frank Mildmay, or, the Naval Officer*:—"There was a beauty, a loveliness, in these venerable ruins which delighted me. There was a solemn silence in the town; but there was a small still voice that said to me, 'London may, one day, be the same—and Paris; and you and your children's children will all have lived, and had their loves and adventures; but who will the wretched man be that shall sit on the summit of Primrose Hill, and look down upon the desolation of the mighty city, as you, from this little eminence, behold the once flourishing town of St. Jago.' Lord Macaulay's words were published in 1840; my father's in 1829."

TO SMOKE OR NOT TO SMOKE.

A correspondent of the *Scientific American* writes as follows: The problem: if one drop of nicotin kills a rabbit in three minutes and a half, how many cigars must a man smoke to reach a state of locomotor ataxy, reminds me of another arithmetical query no less profound, to wit: If eight shillings make one dollar, how much milk does it require to make a pair of stockings for an elephant?

The mere fact that nicotin is a poison for one species of animals is no proof of its similar effects on all others. I could quote an endless line of examples in favour of this assertion. Thus, *phellandrium aquaticum* is fatal to horses, but may be eaten with impunity by oxen; *doronium* kills dogs, but fattens antelopes, thrushes, and swallows; the *occulus indicus* is deleterious to fish and lice, but a salutary ingredient in the best London porter.

But, even granted that tobacco contains matter poisonous to the human system, let me ask what does not? Potatoes, cereals, and, in fact, nearly all vegetables, contain alcohol or other matter, which, if taken alone or in overdose, may kill a man in two minutes and a quarter. Even the very air we breathe is replete with nitrogen and other deadly gases, which the anti-smoker would do well to avoid. The mere proof, therefore, that the extract of tobacco is a poison should not suffice as a conclusive argument against its use. It is stated that tobacco reduces the vital energy of the system. It may as well be said that nothing draws so much on the vital powers as the hewing of trees or ploughing of fields. Such labour virtually tends to exhaust the system; but does not Nature, when properly sustained by food and rest, amply repay the outlay? Does not just this exhaustive practice tend to build up a stock of iron nerve and muscle? The same with mental labour. Nothing so draws on the brain as the continuous and active production of ideas; still nothing will make more a powerful mind than just such exhaustive production, if sustained by food and rest. Therefore tobacco can safely be considered a benefactor in the same line as muscular or mental activity. It partially reduces the system only to give Nature an opportunity to replenish with opulence. This argument is of course only applicable to healthy persons. Invalids should apply to their medical advisers, even such invalids whose disease consists in lack of courage to withdraw their minds from the moulds wherein they were originally cast.

Now let us observe the practical application of the weed: Germans are said to be the greatest smokers; cigars are drawn: among the regular rations by their soldiers. And where do you find more powerful men, both mentally and bodily, than in the land of Humboldt and Bismarck? While, on the other hand, the fact that the Chinese and Shakers do not smoke does not speak much in favour of total abstinence.

Nevertheless, I would advocate the discharge of that inverted distilling apparatus, the pipe, which, unless kept scrupulously clean; that is, used just for one smoke, appears the filthiest thing on record, the chewer's palate always excepted.

Your statement, Mr. Editor, that you are always willing to give room to both views of a question, makes me bold in submitting mine to your consideration. I would earnestly warn against a too narrow view of any subject. This is no longer the day for the supremacy of any one abstract science. All the exploits of thought should be used in determining our difficult problems. We only heard the doctors thus far. Let us know what the laymen have to say. At any rate, I must personally protest against your concluding sentence, for should I ever see fit to smoke, I will do so deliberately, neither thinking myself a hypocrite, a corrupt man, nor a fool.

A FIREPROOF MAN.

About the year 1869, one Lionetto, a Spaniard, (writes a French chemist,) astonished not only the ignorant, but chemists and other men of science, in France, Germany, Italy, and England, by the impunity with which he handled red hot iron and molten lead, drank boiling oil, and performed other feats equally miraculous. When he was at Naples, he attracted the notice of Professor Sementeni, who narrowly watched all his operations, and endeavoured to discover his secret. He observed, in the first place, that when Lionetto applied a piece of red hot iron to his hair, dense fumes immediately rose from it, and the same occurred when he touched his foot with the iron. He also saw him place a rod of iron, nearly red hot, between his teeth, without burning himself, drink the third of a teaspoonful of boiling oil, and, taking up molten lead with his fingers, place it on his tongue without apparent inconvenience. Sementeni's efforts, after performing several experiments upon himself, were finally crowned with success. He found that by friction with sulphuric acid diluted with water, the skin might be made insensible to the action of the heat of red hot iron; a solution of alum, evaporated until it became spongy, appeared to be more effectual in these frictions. After having rubbed the parts which were thus rendered, in some degree, insensible, with hard soap, he discovered, on the application of hot iron, that their insensibility was increased. He then determined on again rubbing the parts with soap, and after this found that the hot iron not only occasioned no pain, but that it actually did not burn the hair. Being thus far satisfied, the Professor applied hard soap to his tongue until it became insensible to the heat of the iron; and having placed an ointment, composed of soap mixed with a solution of alum, upon it, boiling oil did not burn it; while the oil remained on the tongue, a slight hissing was heard, similar to that of hot iron when thrust into water; the oil soon cooled, and might then be swallowed without danger. Several scientific men have since, it is said, successfully repeated the experiments of Professor Sementeni, but we would not recommend any but professionals to try the experiment.

EXCAVATIONS AT EPHEBUS.—Some interesting intelligence has reached us (*Athenaeum*) respecting the excavations at Ephesus, carried on under the direction of Mr. J. T. Wood, with the object of illustrating the site of the Temple of Diana. Two years ago, Mr. Wood came on the peribolus wall built by Augustus. This had four inscriptions built into it near an angle, showing that it enclosed the Temple of Diana and the Augusteum. This wall was traced for many hundred feet, and numerous trial holes were sunk in the area defined by it, as being within the sacred precinct. By these means the pavement of the Temple was discovered, together with *frusta* of columns of white marble, and two capitals, all of colossal dimensions. More recently, the remains of one of the external columns, measuring 6 ft. 1 in. in diameter, have been found *in situ*. These remains consist of the entire base, and a portion of the lowest drum. The base shows signs of having been coloured red. The works are suspended during the hot season, but will be continued in the ensuing autumn; and Mr. Wood has but little doubt that the result will set at rest the long-mooted questions as to whether the Temple was octastyle or decastyle, &c. We understand that Mr. Wood is preparing for the press an account of his discoveries at Ephesus, which will be published as soon as the excavations are completed.

CHESS.

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

The following sparkling little game was played about five winters ago at the Chess Divan, London, England; the combatants being Mr. Blackburne, the celebrated blindfold player, and Mr. J. G. Ascher, a member of the Montreal Chess Club.

Referring to the former gentleman's exploits, the *Illustrated London News* of November 4th mentions that during a tour in the north-west of England, he gave a public exhibition of his powers at Nottingham, playing eighteen games simultaneously, with the assistance of a chess-board; winning fourteen and losing two; and, on another occasion, conducting ten games without sight of a chess-board, losing only two.

PHILIDOR'S DEFENCE.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>White,
Mr. J. G. A.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. P. to K. 4th 2. K. Kt. to B. 3rd 3. P. to Q. 4th 4. Q. P. takes K. P. 5. Kt. to K. Kt. 5th 6. P. to K. 6th 7. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd 8. P. to K. B. 3rd (b) 9. K. Kt. to B. 7th 10. P. takes Kt. ch 11. P. takes P. 12. K. B. to Q. 3rd 13. Q. to R. 5th. ch 14. Q. B. to K. Kt. 5th 15. Castles. (Q. R.) (d) 16. P. takes P. 17. P. takes P. 18. K. B. to B. 4th. ch. (f) 19. R. to Q. 8th. ch. 20. Q. B. to R. 6th 21. Q. takes R. (g) 22. R. takes R. 23. K. R. to B. sq. 24. R. takes B. | <p>Black,
Mr. B.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> P. to K. 4th P. to Q. 3rd P. to K. B. 4th (a) B. P. takes P. P. to Q. 4th K. Kt. to R. 3rd P. to Q. B. 3rd K. B. to K. 2nd Kt. takes Kt. K. takes P. R. to K. sq. K. B. to Q. B. 4th (e) K. to Kt. sq. Q. to Q. 2nd R. to K. 4th P. to K. Kt. 3rd (c) Q. takes P. Q. B. to K. 3rd K. B. to B. sq. Q. Kt. to Q. 2nd Rt. takes Q. Q. Kt. to Q. 2nd Q. B. to K. B. 2nd Resigns. |
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(a) This is the move recommended by Philidor, the "Chess King" of his day, who maintained that it gave the defence a superior game; now-a-days, however, it is considered very unreliable and hazardous. It was probably tried in the present instance, for the sake of variety, or as an experiment.

(b) Thus far the game is, move for move, identical with the line of play given as best for the attack in Staunton's "Chess Process."

(c) B. to B. 3rd might have been preferable; but Black has already a very difficult position.

(d) White's forces are all in action, in marked contrast with those of his adversary.

(e) The attack now wins by force in a few moves.

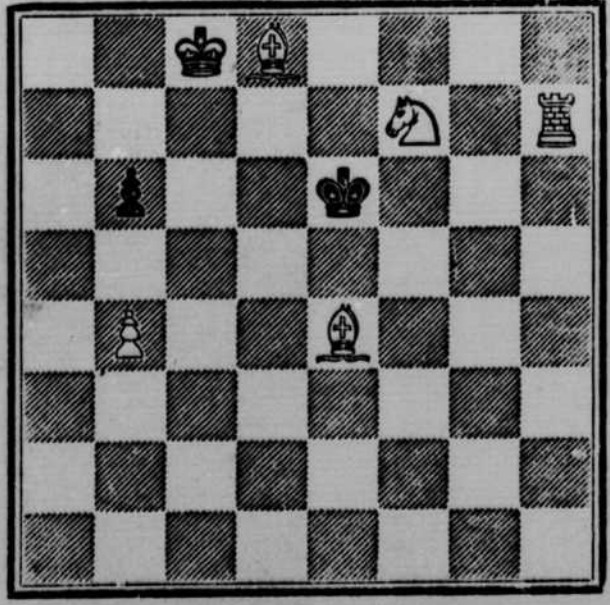
(f) If—P. to K. B. 3rd White wins easily by—17. Q. to K. Kt. 6th, as an examination of the subsequent position will prove.

(g) The first player's moves throughout this brilliant little game could not have been improved.

PROBLEM No. 37

By J. W.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA No. 16.

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| <p>White.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Kt. to Kt. 4th. dis. ch. 2. Q. to K. R. 2nd. ch. 3. Kt. mates. | <p>Black.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> K. to R. 8th. P. takes Q. |
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VARIATIONS.

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| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Kt. to K. R. 2nd 2. R. or Q. mates. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> K. to R. 6th. Any move. |
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. R. to Q. R. 8th 2. R. mates. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> K. to Kt. 8th or B. 8th. Any move. |
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Q. to Q. B. 2nd 2. Q. to Q. 3rd. mate. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> K. to B. 6th P. moves. |



THE INFANT MOSES BEING CONFIDED BY HIS MOTHER TO THE WATERS OF THE NILE.
FROM THE ENGRAVING BY FELSING.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

GONDOLIED.

"I sat upon the right side of the ship, and looked out
Across the blue, billowy sea; a lad sat not far from me, and
Sang a Venetian song about the bliss of love, and the shortness
Of life." Hans Andersen's *Improvisatore*, Chap. XXIV.

Kiss the red lips of thy mistress to-day,
To-morrow, who knows? thou may'st sleep with the dead;
Love, while thy heart in thy bosom is gay,
Love, while thy blood is a flame that is red,
Gray hairs, they say, are the pale flowers of death—
Blood turns to ice, or but slungably flows—
Time, the remorseless, will soon with his breath
Quench the wild fire that exultingly glows.
Into my gondola step from the shore,
Under its roof we are safe from alarms;
Veiled are the windows, and closed is the door—
Nobody sees thee, my love, in my arms.
Nobody watches our infinite bliss,
Gently we rock on the waters that heave;
Like the fond wavelets we toy and we kiss,
Mingling caresses this midsummer eve,
Love, then, while Youth thrilling passions inspires,
Age soon with snow will extinguish its fires!

Montreal: C. MURRAY.

THE EXPEDITION AGAINST QUEBEC, COMMANDED
BY MAJOR-GENERAL WOLFE IN THE
YEAR 1759.

(WRITTEN BY AN ENGINEER OF THE EXPEDITION.)*

[The following account of the celebrated expedition, published as it is, so many years after the events to be narrated, cannot but be of great interest to the general public. There are a great many garbled and exaggerated descriptions of this enterprise, written by persons who have drawn more upon their imagination than upon facts for their material.

The narrative we here publish is perfectly authentic and cleverly written—singularly beautiful in its minor details, whilst at the same time not losing sight of the main thread of the story. It was written as a journal, and consequently is of great authority as to daily operation, beginning with the preparations at Louisbourg and Halifax, and ending in the capture of the city, and the making of preparations for holding it during the winter of 1759 and '60.—Ed. C. I. N.]

April.—Louisbourg was appointed the place of rendezvous for assembling the forces destined for the service of this expedition; but as the harbour might not be open early enough, Halifax, which was within a short run of it, was likewise appointed for the same purpose, and there the first steps in America relating to that service were taken.

The first accounts of the intended expedition came to Halifax in the beginning of April, and a squadron of eight men-of-war of the line which had wintered there under the command of Admiral Durell, began to prepare for a cruise in the Gulf and River St. Lawrence.

April 8th.—The Honourable Brigadier-General Murray, who was appointed to the staff, being in Halifax in garrison, made an application to Brigadier-General Laurence, the Governor, for providing such necessaries for the service of the siege as might be procured here to advantage and conveniently transported.

The Governor readily complied with this demand, and without loss of time gave directions accordingly.

April 22nd.—The Honourable Brigadier-General Monckton, the second in command, arrived from the continent, and being made acquainted with the particulars to be provided, approved of their being forwarded.

April 30th.—Admiral Saunders arrived with a fleet from England. He had made attempts to put into Louisbourg; but was prevented by the ice, which still remained in great quantities along that coast.

Major-General Wolfe, Commander-in-Chief of the Expedition; the Hon. Brigadier-General Townshend and Colonel Carleton, Deputy-Quartermaster-General, with some other officers, arrived in the fleet.

This evening there was a detachment of 650 men from the garrison of Halifax, two Engineers, a proportion of intrenching tools, an officer and a small detachment of Artillery, with a couple of field pieces, under the command of Col. Carleton, ordered on board Admiral Durell's fleet, which still remained in the harbour, and now in readiness to sail.

This command was to take post in one of the islands of the River St. Lawrence, which should be most advantageous for preventing succours from going to the enemy.

May 2nd.—The preparations begun at Halifax were approved of by the General, and with some other additional articles ordered to be forwarded with all despatch; and the fleet from England began to refit and water with great diligence.

May 3rd.—Admiral Durell's fleet sailed this morning down the harbour; but the wind proving contrary, they were obliged to anchor at Mau'er's (Malgré's?) beach, where they remained till the 5th, and then got to sea.

May 13th.—This morning Admiral Saunders sailed for Louisbourg, with all the ships that were in readiness. We met Admiral Holmes off Cape Sambre with two ships, the "Somerset" and "Terrible." These ships having met with rough weather at sea, and sustained some damage, were ordered into Halifax to refit. Admiral Holmes hoisted his flag aboard another ship, and proceeded with us to Louisbourg. Brigadier-General Monckton remained at Halifax to see that garrison embark and to forward some particulars relating to the expedition. In the morning we made Cape Oase.

May 15th.—About noon we made the island of Cape Breton, the coast of which was still full of ice; in the evening we got into Louisbourg harbour, where we found the "Bedford" and "Prince Frederick," which had wintered there, and the "Northumberland," lately arrived from England.

May 17th.—The "Nightingale" and convoy with Fraser's battalion arrived from New York. The General ordered such further necessaries as were not already provided at this place, with all possible despatch. The troops were now coming in daily as the weather permitted, which was often so foggy that many vessels must have run ashore upon the coast, if the noise of the surf had not apprised them of their danger. The easterly winds which brought the fogs brought likewise great quantities of ice, and made the navigation still more troublesome. The harbour of Louisbourg was so full for several days

that there was no getting on board or ashore without a great deal of trouble and some danger.

May 31st.—Brigadier-General Monckton arrived with four battalions from Halifax and two battalions from the Bay of Fundy. Our whole force was now assembled, consisting of ten battalions, three companies of Grenadiers from the garrison at Louisbourg, a detachment of Artillery, and five companies of Rangers, the whole amounting to 8,535 men, fit for duty, officers included. They were proportioned on board the transports to the best advantage, and were landed for air and exercise when the weather permitted during our stay; and these opportunities were also taken advantage of to stow the water and provisions on board. The transports were divided into three divisions under the command of Brigadiers-General Monckton, Townshend, and Murray—each on board of a frigate with a distinguishing pendant to lead and repeat the signals of the division.

June 4th.—This morning Admiral Saunders sailed out of Louisbourg harbour with as many of the fleet as could follow; but the wind coming contrary soon afterwards a number were left behind, and remained till the morning of the 6th, during which time the Admiral kept in the offing, then the remaining vessels came out and the whole made sail in the evening.

July 9th.—Being off the Bird Island, we were joined by another company of Rangers, of about 100 men, from the Bay of Fundy.

June 18th.—In the evening we came to anchor for the first time since we left Louisbourg, at the Isle of Bic. From this island we were, for the most part, obliged to take advantage of the flood-tides, and daylight, as the currents began to be strong, and the channel narrow. About this time we had accounts by a small vessel taken by one of Admiral Durell's cruisers, that a French fleet got up the river before Admiral Durell's arrival, consisting of three frigates, and about 20 sail of transports, with recruits, clothing, arms, ammunition, provisions, and merchandises.

June 26th.—In the evening the last division of our transports passed through the traverse at the lower end of the Isle of Orleans, which though reckoned dangerous, our ships turned up with a contrary wind; this piece of seamanship surprised the enemy a good deal, for we were perhaps the first that ever attempted to get through in that manner; indeed there were boats with flags anchored upon the shoals, on each side of the channel, which was a necessary precaution, with such unfavourable winds. It must be observed that we found the navigation of the St. Lawrence much less difficult than we could have expected from the accounts given of it; out of our great fleet consisting of near 300 sail, there was not a single ship lost nor any damage sustained, except the loss of a few anchors and cables where there were strong currents and foul ground. The weather had been pretty moderate ever since our departure, which no doubt contributed to this part of our good fortune. In our way up we found one of Admiral Durell's squadrons at anchor near Green Island, the Admiral himself with some more in the North Channel of *Isle aux Coudres*, and two or three in the South Channel of the *Isle aux Coudres*, in case there might not be water enough for their getting through the traverse.

June 27th.—In the morning the signal was made in the South Channel of the Isle d'Orleans off the Church of St. Laurent for landing the troops. This was immediately set about and met with no opposition, the island having been abandoned some time before. While the troops were disembarking, the General went to the point of Orleans with an escort, called by the French *Bout de l'Isle*, and saw the enemy encamped along the North shore of the basin in eight different encampments, extending from the River St. Charles, to within a mile of the Falls of Montmorency, and the coast fortified all along as far as the encampments reached. There were some floating batteries launched, and batteaux with cannon in the creeks along the shore. These precautions in the enemy were plainly indications that the most advantageous landing-place and the most practicable must be upon that coast. There was no judging with certainty of the enemy's strength from the extent and number of their encampments; but we had good intelligence that they were about 15,000 or 16,000 men. After taking a full view of all that could be seen from this place, the General returned to St. Laurent, and ordered the troops there disembarked to encamp. The 3rd Battalion of Royal Americans remained on board till further orders. In the afternoon there came on a heavy gale of wind at N. E. which occasioned a good deal of damage along our transports, and as we afterwards learned, gave the enemy very favourable hopes of an easy riddance; if it had come on in the night-time, or continued some hours longer, it might in some measure have answered their expectations. We, however, escaped without losing any ships; some few vessels had run ashore, but were afterwards got off, and the only loss we felt sensibly was that of our boats, which affected our motions throughout the whole campaign.

June 28th.—About eleven at night the enemy sent seven fire ships from the town to go down the South Channel, and burn our fleet; but they managed so as to entertain us instead of annoying us. They set them on fire and left them to the direction of the current before they got within half a mile of our headmost ship, which gave our boats time to grapple and tow them ashore, though all in flames, and they there burnt down without touching a single ship.

June 29th.—In the morning Colonel Carleton was sent with the Grenadiers from St. Laurent to encamp on the point of Orleans. In the evening Brigadier-General Monckton crossed the south channel from St. Laurent to Beaumont with four battalions, three companies of light infantry, and some rangers, and marched from thence next morning, and in the evening took possession of Pointe Lévis. In that march his advanced and flanked parties exchanged some few shots with some of the enemy's scouting parties, and picked up a box of papers belonging to their commanding officer, which led to some discoveries. Pointe Lévis was immediately fortified, and was kept for an hospital and a place of arms during the campaign.

July 2nd.—There were three battalions sent from St. Laurent to encamp at the Point of Orleans, under the command of Brigadier-General Townshend. This place was likewise fortified for a place of arms and an hospital, and kept so during the campaign. Here the General for the present fixed his head-quarters.

July 3rd.—The remainder of the army at St. Laurent came to the Point of Orleans under the command of Brigadier-General Murray.

July 4th.—Brigadier-General Murray went up the south

side of the river towards the Etchemin to reconnoitre and take a view of the opposite side of the tower. Upon his return there was a place fixed for landing there, and some rafts for ferrying the troops across the river were ordered to be made at Pointe Lévis; but that plan was soon afterwards laid aside.

July 5th.—The 48th battalion, with three companies of light infantry and some rangers under the command of Col. Burton, were encamped and cantoned near Pointe-aux-Pères to cover some works and batteries ordered this day by the General to be erected there against the town.

July 8th.—The General with the grenadiers of the army, six companies of light infantry, and two of rangers, marched from the camp of the Point of Orleans at eight in the evening, and between eleven and twelve crossed the south channel above St. Peter's church, and about two next morning took possession of the ground upon the east side of the falls of Montmorency. He was followed the same night by the three battalions under the command of Brigadier-General Townshend. There was no opposition made to our taking possession of the ground, and it seems probable that the enemy did not discover us until daylight next morning, for by the stir then in their camp, they seemed to be somewhat alarmed. This camp was immediately fortified, and here the General fixed his head-quarters while he had possession of it.

July 11th.—In the morning we discovered that the enemy had in the night begun to advance their breastworks upon the edge of the bank towards the falls. This night Brigadier-General Murray brought the remainder of our army which still lay at the Point of Orleans, to the camp at Montmorency, having left that post to be guarded by a detachment of marines landed for that purpose.

July 12th.—There were two batteries opened against the town at Pointe-aux-Pères, one of six 32-pounders, the other of five 13-inch mortars.

July 16th.—A carcass from our battery set the town on fire on the north side of the Jesuit Square, in La Fabrique Street. It burnt for several hours.

This night the "Sutherland" and some transports passed the town with the 3rd battalion of Royal Americans and with some other troops on board, under the command of Colonel Carleton. This, we understood from deserters, had alarmed the enemy a good deal.

July 20th.—There was another battery opened against the town at Pointe-aux-Pères of four sea service mortars (three of 13-inch, and one of 10-inch), it having been found by a trial made, that a bomb-ketch could not lay her broadside to the town for the strength of the current, the sea mortars were therefore employed by land.

July 21st.—There was a descent made at Pointe-aux-Trembles, seven leagues above the town on the north side by Col. Carleton. His party was fired upon at first landing, by some Canadians and Indians, but they were soon dispersed. He took possession of some plans and papers; a good many women and a few men were made prisoners. Major Prevost with one or two more officers and a few privates were wounded, and a few other privates killed.

July 22nd.—At night there was a considerable fire in the town caused by a carcass, which burnt the Cathedral and ten or twelve good houses in its neighbourhood.

July 26th.—About three this morning the General and Brigadier-General Murray, with the 35th Regiment, five companies of Light Infantry, and one of the Rangers, and two field-pieces, set out from Montmorency camp to reconnoitre two fords about five miles above the falls; after we had proceeded about a mile and a half, the field-pieces were sent back to camp, the road being too bad to get them on. About half way between the camp and the ford the road passes through a remarkable ravine, which is about 300 yards long, very narrow, and the banks upon each side about twenty feet high, and so steep as to admit of no outlet but where the road crosses. While on the march we were frequently challenged by the enemy from the opposite side of the river, for they observed all our movements with great vigilance. Upon our coming to the nearest ford we found they had a breast-work of a considerable extent upon the opposite bank. On our side of the river there was an open space of ground with a house in the centre of it, and upon the left of this opening the road to the ford passes through the woods. Our troops were drawn up to be in readiness in case of being attacked; the 35th across the road, and the Light Infantry upon the right along the skirts of the opening, the whole so far in the woods as to be concealed. The ford and the enemy's works and position were then reconnoitred, and the company of Rangers with the French deserter were sent to reconnoitre the other ford, which is about a mile higher up. Between eight and nine o'clock there were about thirty Canadians and Indians seen going into the house, upon which there was a platoon of the 35th ordered through the woods between them and the river to attack them; just as the platoon marched off it was fired upon, and the officer wounded, by those very people who had by this time got round them into the woods, but the platoon being joined by a company of Light Infantry, they were soon beaten back across the river. There was an ambuscade laid in case of a second attack, which was done by posting a company of Light Infantry on an advanced eminence near the river, in the woods, and below the opening, with orders if attacked to retreat back along the road, which would lead the enemy, if they pursued, into the fire of the battalion, and give a fair chance of cutting off their retreat with the Light Infantry. There were two other advantageous eminences taken possession of at the same time; one with two companies on our left flank, near the river, and the other with one company in the rear of the same flank upon the right of the road. About one o'clock a detachment of 1,500 Canadians and Indians crossed the river a considerable way from the opening, and marching down unperceived under cover of its banks, got up a ravine upon the right of the advanced Light Infantry. The officer commanding that company kept them in play till he called in his sentries, and then retreated according to orders; but the enemy, instead of pursuing him, as was expected, along the road, endeavoured to gain the height where the three companies were posted. When they got near it the two companies wheeled and attacked their flank, which being quite unexpected, they instantly turned their backs, and the Light Infantry coming upon their rear at the same time, they were soon driven into the river. They suffered very considerably in crossing, being quite open to our fire; we did not learn the number of their killed and wounded, but the Indians were dispirited from that day's loss for the rest of the campaign. We had 55 men killed and wounded, officers included. We suffered chiefly in pursuing the enemy to the rear, from the

* Major Mesurier.

breastworks upon the opposite side where their numbers, exclusive of those that attacked, amounted, as we were afterwards informed, to 3,500 men. After burying the dead, our detachment was ordered to carry off the wounded and return to camp, which was effected without molestation. This ford is about 150 yards broad and about four feet deep. The water is smooth and the current slow; the opposite bank is very steep and the pathway narrow. The other ford reconnoitred by the Rangers is about 200 or 300 yards broad; in passing it there are some islands to cross in the middle of the river; the bottom is smooth and the water shallow, with a gentle current. The road to it on the coast side passes through a morass covered with thick wood and almost impracticable, which is probably the reason why the enemy gave so little attention to it, for they had neither men nor works there. From these fords there is another road which leads to L'Ange Gardien. This day two of the enemy's floating batteries were taken in the mouth of the Chaudière River by our boats above the town, the hands belonging to them got ashore and escaped after having wounded some few of our men in the attack. We had always found this kind of craft very troublesome, so that these two were no unwelcome prizes, though otherwise of little value.

July 28th.—About one in the morning there was a long chain of fire rafts launched from Beauport to go down the south channel and make a second trial of burning our fleet; but it ended as the former, all in show, without doing any damage. They were towed ashore on the Isle of Orleans. This day there was another battery of six-pounders opened against the town from Pointe-aux-Pères.

July 31st.—There was a descent made upon the coast of Beauport, about three-quarters of a mile above the mouth of the Montmorency; the particulars of which are as follows:—About ten in the morning, it being then high water, there were two vessels run aground where the descent was intended, mounting 14 guns each. They had on board three companies of Grenadiers, two Engineers, a detachment of Artillery, two field-pieces, 1,000 entrenching tools, with some fascines and pickets. They were to have been placed so as to have made their fire bear upon the easternmost of the two redoubts next the falls, which was to have been the first attacked. The "Centurion" of 60 guns went soon afterwards down the north channel, and was to have been placed so as to make her fire bear upon the easternmost of these two redoubts, to prevent its annoying two brigades that were to ford across the mouth of the Montmorency at low water to join the attack; but all three were placed to some disadvantage; the westernmost vessel was too far from her object, and the easternmost, though near enough, lay too obliquely; heeled from her fire when the tide fell, and was raked fore and aft by the easternmost redoubt, while the "Centurion" had dropped down at least 500 yards too far. They, however, fired as fast as their guns would allow, and were joined by our Artillery from Montmorency camp. The landing was to have been in the following order:—The Grenadiers on board the vessels commanded by Lieut.-Col. Murray, the rest of the Grenadiers of the army from the Point of Orleans, and four pickets of the 2nd battalion of Royal Americans from Montmorency, commanded by Colonel Burton, were to make the first attack, and were to be joined by Amherst's and Fraser's from Pointe Levis, commanded by Brigadier-General Monckton, and the two brigades from Montmorency, commanded by Brigadier-General Townshend and Murray, were to sustain the whole. The pickets from Montmorency and the troops from Orleans and Pointe Levis were in their boats about eleven o'clock, the tide then beginning to fall; when they had got about mid-channel there came orders to lie upon their oars, as it was too early in the tide for the brigades from Montmorency to cross the ford. The enemy's batteries playing now very warmly upon the armed vessels, it was considered that the Grenadiers on board suffered to no purpose, there were boats sent, therefore, to take them off, with orders to join the rest. Between three and four in the afternoon there came orders for going on, in the execution of which some of the boats with the Grenadiers ran aground; but the men could not land, there being too great a depth of water between them and the shore; and as they had got within reach of the enemy's cannon, the whole were called off but kept plying their oars as before. The enemy were now sufficiently apprised of our design, and had time enough to be prepared accordingly. Their entrenchments upon the edge of the bank were fully manned for a considerable way, and the greatest part of the remainder of their troops were under arms between the church of Beauport and the place of attack, ready to move as occasion should require. They had kept firing all day upon our boats, with both cannon and mortars, but with very little execution. About a quarter past five there came second orders for going on which were soon executed, though the boats were much dispersed, particularly as they expected no further service that day. The Grenadiers and pickets landed very quickly, formed as fast as they could, but pushed forward too eagerly to the attack of the westernmost redoubt and battery; they had proceeded but a very little way when the enemy began a close heavy fire with small arms from their entrenchments on the top of the bank, which had an entire command of the ground where the redoubts stood. They, however, got possession of it, but they were so much exposed to the enemy's fire, which continued very steady, that they were obliged to retreat. This they did without firing a shot, but their order was otherwise somewhat broken. They then began to form in the rear of the two battalions from Pointe Levis, which had landed immediately after them, and were then drawn up under cover of the two armed vessels. The two brigades from Montmorency had by this time got within half a mile of us, to a place appointed, where General Townshend halted and sent for orders. Everything was now ready for a second attack; but this was impossible. The tide was coming in and must in about an hour out off all possibility of a retreat by the ford; and advancing night would prevent our reaping any considerable advantage from a victory—if we obtained one. It was therefore ordered that the two brigades from Montmorency should recross the ford. Amherst re-embarked for Pointe Levis, the Grenadiers and picket for the Point of Orleans, and Fraser's Highlanders to bring up the rear to Montmorency camp, where the General himself went. These movements were made with great order, although within reach of the enemy's cannon, which must have done a good deal of execution had they been well served. There was a party of Fraser's left on board the easternmost vessel until the tide fell round both her and the other. The party, with the wounded and sailors on board, were then withdrawn, and both the vessels set on fire, that there might be as little as possible left to the enemy. Our

loss was between 40 and 50 killed, and between 300 and 400 wounded. Of the latter were Col. Burton and Lieut.-Colonel Murray. The enemy were said to have lost about 80 men by our cannon. We fired no small arms, which in our retreat had, as we afterwards learned, given the enemy no small opinion of our military discipline. About this time there was a manifesto published by the General, setting forth that such Canadians as should continue in arms after the 10th August should have their habitations burnt and all hostilities allowable by the rules of war put into execution against them.

August 5th.—Brigadier-General Murray went up the south side of the river with the 15th Regiment, four companies of Light Infantry and 200 marines. He embarked on board our fleet, commanded by Admiral Holmes; his whole command, including the 3rd battalion of Royal Americans, which had been on board before, consisted of about 1,300 men. He was to destroy a magazine at Deschambault, and assist our fleet to attack that of the enemy at Richelleu.

August 9th.—About one o'clock this morning our carcasses from Pointe Levis set the lower town on fire in two different places, and by eight o'clock it was burnt to ashes, all but four or five houses. We found afterwards by some accounts in intercepted letters, that this and the former fire mentioned destroyed one hundred and eighty of the best houses in the town.

August 13.—The General gave orders for augmenting the battery at Pointe-aux-Pères to forty pieces of cannon; this was thought favourable to a storming of the town by water. There was little or no chance of landing upon a coast naturally strong and fortified, and defended by superior numbers, so that the capture of the city had now become doubtful.

August 17th.—A volunteer posted with a sergeant, corporal and sixteen men in a house below the Montmorency camp, withstood an attack from 100 Canadians and Indians for nearly two hours. Assistance then arrived from the camp; but the assailants took to flight and narrowly escaped capture. Several were killed but none taken prisoners. The volunteer was by public orders appointed to the first vacant commission for his gallant behaviour.

August 23.—We began to burn the habitations between St. Joachim and the falls of Montmorency, agreeably to the manifesto lately published.

August 25th.—Brigadier General Murray returned to the camp at Pointe Levis with his command mentioned the 5th. He brought the first accounts of Niagara, (Ticonderoga), Carillon and Crown Point being taken. His transactions upon the river were as follows: 8th. He made two attempts to land at Point aux Trembles to favour the seamen in cutting off three floating ships which lay on the North Shore. The first was made at low water, which he was informed was the most favourable time, as he could have room to form on the beach, out of the reach of the enemy's fire; but a landing at low water proved impracticable; there were ledges of rocks along the shore which the boats could not pass, with gullies and ponds of water between them and the shore which the men could not cross without wetting their ammunition. When this attempt was made, the enemy numbered about 500 men. The second attempt was made at high water, the enemy kept pretty much concealed until we got almost ashore, and then opened such a heavy fire of small arms that the sailors could not sit to their oars. A diversion was made to the right to divide their fire, which in some measure answered, but it still continued too hot to face during a landing. The numbers of the enemy were greatly increased, the woods were everywhere lined, all the houses of the village occupied, a considerable body of regulars drawn up behind the church, and a body of cavalry dismounted near the shore; these circumstances made it more than probable that the attempt, if pursued further, would be attended with considerable loss without any prospect of success. It was, therefore, ordered to retreat. We had about 140 men killed and wounded, including 30 seamen. The troops were immediately re-embarked on board their respective ships.

The 9th, at night.—An officer with a small party surprised a body of twenty-five Canadians on the South shore. He took five prisoners, and killed or wounded seven more, without any loss on our side.

The 10th, in the morning.—The whole detachment landed on the South Shore, in the parish of St. Antoine; the landing was opposed by about 150 Canadians and 50 Indians, who were soon driven off with several killed and wounded. The whole detachment encamped here upon a spot of ground above the church.

The 12th.—There was a detachment of 400 men under the command of Major Dalling ordered to proceed at one o'clock next morning, and surprise the back concession of St. Antoine. They were fired upon before day-break, and had a Captain and four men wounded by some of the inhabitants, who went off immediately after, upon which there was a notice placed upon the church door to the effect, that since they had fired several times upon our troops, notwithstanding General Wolfe's manifesto, all the houses in the parish should be burnt; that the church only should be saved, but it should undergo the same fate if they continued to make signals from it. The houses were accordingly burnt on that and the following day.

The 17th.—About eight o'clock at night the land troops re-embarked, but the marines remained in camp in a strong redoubt, with orders to make the usual number of fires that night and all the show they could the next day. About eleven the troops proceeded in the flat-bottomed boats for Deschambault, which is eight leagues higher up on the North Shore. About an hour after day-break next morning they landed without opposition at Port Neuf, which is a league below; then marched on and took possession of the magazine, and having posted a party there with orders to touch nothing on pain of death, marched forward and took possession of the church. The magazine was now examined, and being found to contain nothing but military stores and baggage, was set on fire; whilst it continued burning, there were about forty different explosions of gunpowder by which two neighbouring houses were unintentionally destroyed. We then re-embarked (about six in the evening) without the loss of a man, although fired at all day, the superiority of our firearms keeping the enemy at too great a distance to do us any injury. After embarking there were two boats of Amherst's and the two floating batteries (taken from the enemy some time ago) sent to burn a brigantine, but the enemy ran her aground and abandoned her, and our boats set her on fire soon afterwards, and attended until the tide left her and she burnt down. The enemy's ships made no attempt to save her although it was thought they might have done so without running any risk,

for they lay only about three miles above her. The attack upon the enemy's shipping, which was one of the designs of the expedition, was laid aside—as our sea-officers found difficulties to exist that must have prevented our ships from getting so high up. General Murray, therefore, with his command returned as already mentioned, but left the 3rd Battalion of Royal Americans on board the fleet where he found them.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

One of our great dailies referred lately to the "heavy pall of gloom which covered the city as a pall." A "pall of gloom" nearly approaches Ward's "bucket of sorrow."

A victim of Greeley's handwriting says: "If Horace had written that inscription on the wall in Babylon, Belshazzar would have been a good deal more scared than he was."

A Connecticut paper says that a lawyer hung out his shingle in the town of Bethel, in that State, but left after a year, he having had only one case—that was of inflammatory rheumatism.

This is how a paragraph in a Western paper records a suicide: "He blew his head off. Billious, poor and disheartened. The gun-muzzle in his mouth, his toe on the trigger, and up goes the hair."

The Chicago Republican, unable to appreciate poetry of the highest order, cruelly says of a recent "fire poet" that, "if anybody knows this poet and will kill him, it will cheerfully publish the obituary notice free."

"Cast iron sinks, all sizes," is the legend a Hartford plumber inscribed "on his outer wall." "Well, who (hic) said it didn't?" was the inquiry of an inebriated man of sin to the plumber aforesaid, who read it over three or four times, and gave a yell of delight when he thought he saw the point.

AN OBJECT OF CHARITY.—The local editor of the Paducah Kentuckian lately attended a party, and, according to his own words, saw nothing towards the close of the evening but "a beautiful billowy ocean of foaming skirts, which in their virgin and uncontaminated purity, rolled and surged and puffed in the gas-lit air."

DETECTING OZONE.—A Russian chemist has devised a simple method for detecting ozone. He inverts a Hoffmann eudiometer, and, after connecting the platinum wires with an induction apparatus, passes oxygen gas slowly through the tube, and afterwards through Liebig's potassa bulbs, in which is a solution of iodide of potassium and starch. The presence of ozone will presently be shown by the liberation of the iodine and the consequent bluing of the starch.

A young man living near Green Bay, Wis., was courting a nice young girl. Her father kept a store, and sold such articles as hair oil. The young man being liberally inclined, purchased bottles of hair oil and presented them to the young lady, and she returned them to the store. Imagine how embarrassing it was to the young man to find this out, after he had bought seven bottles and repeatedly purchased the same bottle.

A gentleman travelling in Tennessee, just after the close of the war, overheard the following conversation between two women of that country, who had been to town and were returning home on the cars: No. 1—"What has you in that paper?" No. 2—"Soda." No. 1—"Soda! what's soda?" No. 2—"Why, don't you know what soda is? that ere stuff what you puts in biscuits that makes 'em git up and hump themselves."

A country pedagogue had two pupils, to one of whom he was partial, and the other severe. One morning it happened that both of these two boys were late, and were called to account for it. "You must have heard the bell, boys; why did you not come?" "Please, sir," said the favourite, "I was dreamin' that I was goin' to Californy, and I thought the school-bell was the steamboat-bell as I was goin' in." "Very well," said the master, glad of any pretext to excuse his favourite. "And now, sir," turning to the other, "what have you to say?" "Please, sir," said the puzzled boy, "I—I was waiting to see Tom off."

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PRUDENCE AND FORESIGHT.

" WHY DO YOU PUT YOUR DOLLS BY SO CAREFULLY, MAGGIE !"
" I AM KEEPING THEM FOR MY CHILDREN."
" BUT SUPPOSE YOU DON'T HAVE ANY CHILDREN !"
" THEN THEY WILL DO FOR MY GRANDCHILDREN !"



CONSCIENTIOUS DISCHARGE OF DUTY.

" BY THE BYE, HOW IS IT THE POST WAS SO LATE THIS MORNING, MRS. DIMITY !"
" BECAUSE THERE WERE SUCH A MANY POST CARDS, MY LADY !"
" WHY, WHAT HAS THE NUMBER OF POST CARDS TO DO WITH IT !"
" WELL, I HAD TO READ 'EM ALL MYSELF ; AND PRECIOUS HARD WORK IT IS FOR THE MOKEY, I CAN TELL YOU "



THE HONEST TRUTH.

Ann. " AND SO, TOM, YOU'RE LEARNING MUSIC AMONG OTHER THINGS, HOW DO YOU LIKE IT !"
Tom. " I HATE IT !"
Ann. " INDEED ! WHICH OF YOUR STUDIES DO YOU PREFER !"
Tom. " O—WELL—Music !"



" TOO BAD !"

Comic Man (in an audible whisper, while his friend is "obliging" with "Ade-lade"). " LOOK OUT ! HE'S COMING TO THE PASSIONATE PART NOW. YOU'LL SEE HIM WAG HIS SHOULDERS !"



A DISTINCTION AND A DIFFERENCE.

Ann. " CANDIDLY, DON'T YOU THINK YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH, ETHEL !"
Ethel. " I MAY THINK SO, AUNT, BUT I DON'T FEEL SO !"



RUDIMENTS OF SCEPTICISM AND ORTHODOXY.

The Free-Thinking Lucy. " DO YOU KNOW, MAY, SOMETIMES, WHEN I HURT MYSELF, THE PLACE GETS WELL WITHOUT ANYBODY NEVER KISSIN' IT."
The Faithful May. " I DON'T BEWARE YOU, YUET !"



NOT TO BE BEATEN.

" MY MAMMA'S GOT THE SHINIEST HAIR IN ALL BAYSWATER."
" MY MAMMA'S GOT THE CURLIEST HAIR IN ALL LONDON."
" MY MAMMA'S GOT THE LONGEST HAIR IN ALL ENGLAND."
" MY MAMMA'S GOT THE THICKEST HAIR IN ALL THE WHOLE WORLD."
" MY MAMMA CAN SIT ON HER HAIR."
" MY MAMMA CAN TAKE HERS OFF ! ! ! !"



PLAYING ON FEELINGS.

Enthusiastic Maiden. " OH, MR. LOVELL, I'D SOONER SEE A VIOLINIST THAN ANYTHING IN THE WORLD. WOULDN'T YOU !"
Modest Youth. " WELL, IF YOU WERE THE VIOLINIST, I THINK I'D—A—SOONER SEE THE VIOLIN."

[Selections from "Punch."]

THE FAMINE IN PERSIA.

The efforts lately made in the city by a committee of benevolent persons acquainted with the condition of Persia to raise funds in order to give some relief to the starving people of that country have had a certain degree of success. The sum collected to the end of last week was above £7,000, of which

£3,300 had been sent, through the Foreign Office, to Mr. Allison, the British Minister at Teheran, who divided it equally between Teheran, Ispahan, and Bushire. The remainder of the money already subscribed was ordered to be sent, and an appeal is now made to the public charity of England for additional supplies. The Consul-General for Persia, Mr. T. K. Lynch, acts with Mr. Edwin Dawes as honorary secretaries

of the committee, at 55 Parliament Street, in the place of Major Bateman Champain, R.E., who has to go abroad on military duty.

Letters have been received from the Rev. Robert Bruce, a missionary of the Church Missionary Society at Ispahan, and from Colonel Pelly, the British political resident at Bushire, who gave terrible accounts of the sufferings of the people.



THE FAMINE IN PERSIA: STARVING PEOPLE AT SHIRAZ.

At Ispahan, says Mr. Bruce, dead bodies lie unburied in the houses and on the roads for want of strength to inter them. Bread was at three times its usual price, and there was no prospect of much improvement before next June. At Bushire the house of Colonel Pelly was besieged by a mob of famished wretches, trampling each other to death in their fierce hunger. In some districts, it was reckoned, a third of the Mohammedan population had died, and two-thirds of the cattle and beasts of burden. Colonel Pelly further wrote from

Bushire that the Persian governor of that town had recently travelled from the entrance of the gulf to Shiraz, and thence to Bushire. At his custom-house he did not collect two rupees where he used to collect ten. He estimated that not more than one in twelve of the baggage animals had survived the drought along the Yezed line. Yezed itself was ruined for the present, and Kaseeron, which recently contained 11,000 or 12,000 inhabitants, had dwindled to a total of some 600 to 700 poor people.

The Hungarian traveller, Mr. Arminius Vamböry, explains the cause of this dreadful famine. "Agriculture in Persia," he says, "is in a very primitive state; the want of water is so great that the fields have to be irrigated by subterranean canals, which extend across the country for miles, and the peasant seldom cultivates more than what is required for his household, as the people live on nothing but vegetables for four months in the year. There is, consequently, never any considerable superfluity of corn, and the results of a bad har-

vest are terrible. . . . If we further consider the difficulty of communication—for the roads in Persia consist of narrow paths trodden down by horses, asses, and camels, carts being almost unknown—it will be understood that the descriptions of the famine published by the papers, if a little over-coloured, are substantially true. That parents have eaten their own children in Yezed, Kirman, and other towns of Southern Persia is a fable; but my private accounts from that country confirm the news that men have died of hunger in the public streets. . . . A dearth of provisions was already observed in Western Iran last year, when Naureddin Shah went on a pilgrimage to the grave of the national martyr, Hussein, at Kerbela, with a suite of several thousand soldiers, mollahs, and travellers. . . . We had our earliest news of the famine from the south, because that part of Persia is in more frequent communication with India, and there is an English Chargé-d'Affaires at Bender Bushire. But now we hear that the distress in Eastern Khorassan, which has always been behind the other parts of the country in culture and social prosperity, is far greater; . . . and even in Azerbaijan, the most fertile of the Persian provinces, things are not much better."—*Illustrated London News*.

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WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.

An Autobiographical Story.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,

Author of "Alec Forbes," etc.

CHAPTER XLVI.—(Continued.)

"Yes—I see it won't do. And yet if I were to represent the thing to Sir Giles?—He doesn't care for old books—"

"You forget, again, Charley, that the volume is of great money-value. Perhaps my late slip has made me fastidious—but though the book be mine—and if I had it, the proof of the contrary would lie with them—I could not take advantage of Sir Giles' ignorance to recover it."

"I might, however, get Clara—she is a favourite with him, you know—"

"I will not hear of it," I said, interrupting him, and he was forced to yield.

"No, Charley," I said again; "I must bear it. Harder things have been borne, and men have got through the world and out of it notwithstanding. If there isn't another world, why should we care much for the loss of what must go with the rest?—and if there is, why should we care at all?"

"Very fine, Wilfrid! but when you come to the practice—why, the less said the better."

"But that is the very point: we don't come to the practice. If we did, then the ground of it would be proved unobjectionable."

"True;—but if the practice be unattainable—"

"It would take much proving to prove that to my—dissatisfaction I should say; and more failure besides, I can tell you, than there will be time for in this world. If it were proved, however—don't you see it would prove both suppositions equally? If such a philosophical spirit be unattainable, it discredits both sides of the alternative on either of which it would have been reasonable."

"There is a sophism there of course, but I am not in the mood for pulling your logic to pieces," returned Charley, still pacing up and down the room.

In sum, nothing would come of all our talk but the assurance that the volume was equally irrecoverable with the sword, and indeed with my poor character—at least in the eyes of my immediate neighbours.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE LETTERS AND THEIR STORY.

As soon as Charley went to bed, I betook myself to my grandmother's room, in which, before discovering my loss, I had told Styles to kindle a fire. I had said nothing to Charley about my ride, and the old church, and the marriage-register. For the time, indeed, I had almost lost what small interest I had taken in the matter—my new bereavement was so absorbing and painful; but feeling certain when he left me, that I should not be able to sleep, but would be tormented all night by innumerable mental mosquitoes if I made the attempt, and bethinking me of my former resolution, I proceeded to carry it out.

The fire was burning brightly, and my reading lamp was on the table, ready to be lighted. But I sat down first in my grandmother's chair and mused for I know not how long. At length my wandering thoughts rehearsed again the excursion with Mr. Coningham. I pulled the copy of the marriage-entry from my pocket, and in reading it over again, my curiosity was sufficiently roused to send me to the bureau. I lighted my lamp at last, unlocked what had seemed to my childhood a treasury of unknown marvels, took from it the packet of yellow withered letters, and sat down again by the

fire to read, in my great-grandmother's chair, the letters of Wilfrid Cumbermede Daryll—for so he signed himself in all of them—my great-grandfather. There were amongst them a few of her own in reply to his—badly written and badly spelt, but perfectly intelligible. I will not transcribe any of them—I have them to show if needful—but not at my command at the present moment;—for I am writing neither where I commenced my story—on the outskirts of an ancient city, nor at the Moat, but in a dreary old square in London; and those letters lie locked again in the old bureau, and have lain unvisited through thousands of desolate days and slow-creeping nights, in that room which I cannot help feeling sometimes as if the ghost of that high-spirited, restless-hearted grandmother of mine must now and then revisit, sitting in the same old chair, and wondering to find how far it has all receded from her—wondering also to think what a work she made, through her long and weary life, about things that look to her now such trifles.

I do not then transcribe any of the letters, but give, in a connected form, what seem to me the facts I gathered from them; not hesitating to present, where they are required, self-evident conclusions as if they were facts mentioned in them. I repeat that none of my names are real, although they all point at the real names.

Wilfrid Cumbermede was the second son of Richard and Mary Daryll of Moldwarp Hall. He was baptized Cumbermede from the desire to keep in memory the name of a celebrated ancestor, the owner in fact of the disputed sword—itself alluded to in the letters,—who had been more mindful of the supposed rights of his king than the next king was of the privations undergone for his sake, for Moldwarp Hall at least was never recovered from the roundhead branch of the family into whose possession it had drifted. In the change, however, which creeps on with new generations, there had been in the family a reaction of sentiment in favour of the more distinguished of its progenitors; and Richard Daryll, a man of fierce temper and overbearing disposition, had named his son after the cavalier. A tyrant in his family, at least in the judgment of the writers of those letters, he apparently found no trouble either with his wife or his eldest or youngest son; while, whether his own fault or not, it was very evident that from Wilfrid his annoyances had been numerous.

A legal feud had for some time existed between the Ahab of Moldwarp Hall and the Naboth of the Moat, the descendant of an ancient yeoman family of good blood, and indeed related to the Darylls themselves, of the name of Woodruffe. Sir Richard had cast covetous eyes upon the field surrounding Stephen's comparatively humble abode, which had at one time formed a part of the Moldwarp property. In searching through some old parchments, he had found, or rather, I suppose, persuaded himself he had found sufficient evidence that this part of the property of the Moat, then of considerable size, had been willed away in contempt of the entail which covered it, and belonged by right to himself and his heirs. He had therefore instituted proceedings to recover possession, during the progress of which their usual bickerings and disputes augmented in fierceness. A decision having at length been given in favour of the weaker party, the mortification of Sir Richard was unendurable to himself, and his wrath and unreasonableness in consequence, equally unendurable to his family. One may then imagine the paroxysm of rage with which he was seized when he discovered that, during the whole of the legal process, his son Wilfrid had been making love to Elizabeth Woodruffe, the only child of his enemy. In Wilfrid's letters, the part of the story which follows is fully detailed for Elizabeth's information, of which the reason is also plain—that the writer had spent such a brief period afterwards in Elizabeth's society, that he had not been able for very shame to recount the particulars.

No sooner had Sir Richard come to a knowledge of the hateful fact, evidently through one of his servants, than, suppressing the outbreak of his rage for the moment, he sent for his son Wilfrid, and informed him, his lips quivering with suppressed passion, of the discovery he had made; accused him of having brought disgrace on the family, and of having been guilty of falsehood and treachery; and ordered him to go down on his knees and abjure the girl before heaven, or expect a father's vengeance.

But evidently Wilfrid was as little likely as any man to obey such a command. He boldly avowed his love for Elizabeth, and declared his intention of marrying her. His father, foaming with rage, ordered his servants to seize him. Overmastered in spite of his struggles, he bound him to a pillar, and taking a horse-whip, lashed him furiously; then, after his rage was thus in a measure appeased, ordered them to carry him to his bed. There he remained, hardly able to move, the whole of that night and the next day. On the following night, he made his escape from the Hall, and took refuge with a farmer-friend a few miles off—in the neighbourhood, probably, of Umberden Church.

Here I would suggest a conjecture of my own—namely, that my ancestor's room was the same I had occupied, so—fatally, shall I say?—to myself, on the only two occasions on which I had slept at the Hall; that he escaped by the stair to the roof, having first removed the tapestry from the door, as a memorial to himself and a sign to those he left; that he carried with him the sword and the volume—both probably lying in his room at the time, and the latter little valued by any other. But all this, I repeat, is pure conjecture.

As soon as he was sufficiently recovered, he communicated with Elizabeth, prevailed upon her to marry him at once at Umberden church, and within a few days, as near as I could judge, left her to join, as a volunteer, the army of the Duke of Cumberland, then fighting the French in the Netherlands. Probably from a morbid fear lest the disgrace his father's brutality had inflicted should become known in his regiment, he dropped the surname of Daryll when he joined it; and—for what precise reasons I cannot be certain—his wife evidently never called herself by any other name than Cumbermede. Very likely she kept her marriage a secret, save from her own family, until the birth of my grandfather, which certainly took place before her husband's return. Indeed I am almost sure that he never returned from that campaign, but died fighting, not unlikely at the battle of Laffeldt; and that my grannie's letters, which I found in the same packet, had been, by the kindness of some comrade, restored to the young widow.

When I had finished reading the letters, and had again thrown myself back in the old chair, I began to wonder why nothing of all this should ever have been told me. That the whole history should have dropped out of the knowledge of the family, would have been natural enough, had my great-grandmother, as well as my great-grandfather, died in youth; but that she should have outlived her son, dying only after I, the representative of the fourth generation, was a boy at school, and yet no whisper have reached me of these facts, appeared strange. A moment's reflection showed me that the causes and the reasons of the fact must have lain with my uncle. I could not but remember how both he and my aunt had sought to prevent me from seeing my grannie alone, and how the last had complained of this in terms far more comprehensible to me now than they were then. But what could have been the reasons for this their obstruction of the natural flow of tradition? They remained wrapt in a mystery which the outbreak from it of an occasional gleam of conjectured light only served to deepen.

The letters lying open on the table before me, my eyes rested upon one of the dates—the third day of March, 1747. It struck me that this date involved a discrepancy with that of the copy I had made from the register. I referred to it, and found my suspicion correct. According to the copy, my ancestors were not married until the 15th of January, 1748. I must have made a blunder—and yet I could hardly believe I had, for I had reason to consider myself accurate. If there was no mistake, I should have to reconstruct my facts, and draw fresh conclusions.

By this time, however, I was getting tired and sleepy and cold; my lamp was nearly out; my fire was quite gone; and the first of a frosty dawn was beginning to break in the east. I rose and replaced the papers, reserving all further thought on the matter for a condition of circumstances more favourable to a correct judgment. I blew out the lamp, groped my way to bed in the dark, and was soon fast asleep, in despite of insult, mortification, perplexity, and loss.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

ONLY A LINK.

It may be said of the body in regard of sleep as well as in regard of death, "It is sown in weakness, it is raised in power." For me, the next morning, I could almost have said, "I was sown in dishonour and raised in glory." No one can deny the power of the wearied body to paralyze the soul; but I have a correlate theory which I love, and which I expect to find true—that, while the body wearies the mind, it is the mind that restores vigour to the body, and then, like the man who has built him a stately palace, rejoices to dwell in it. I believe that, if there be a living, conscious love at the heart of the universe, the mind, in the quiescence of its consciousness in sleep, comes into a less disturbed contact with its origin, the heart of the creation; whence gifted with calmness and strength for itself, it grows able to impart comfort and restoration to the weary frame. The cessation of labour affords but the necessary occasion; makes it possible, as it were, for the occupant of an outlying station in the wilderness to return to his father's house for fresh supplies of all that is needful for life and energy. The child-soul goes home at night, and returns in the morning to the labours of the school. More physical rest could never of its own negative self build up the frame in such light and vigour as come through sleep.

It was from no blessed vision that I woke the next morning, but from a deep and dream-

less sleep. Yet the moment I became aware of myself and the world, I felt strong and courageous, and I began at once to look my affairs in the face. Concerning that which was first in consequence, I soon satisfied myself: I could not see that I had committed any serious fault in the whole affair. I was not at all sure that a lie in defence of the innocent, and to prevent the knowledge of what no one had any right to know, was wrong—seeing such involves no injustice on the one side, and does justice on the other. I have seen reason since to change my mind, and count my liberty restricted to silence—not extending, that is, to the denial or assertion of what the will of God, inasmuch as it exists or does not exist, may have declared to be or not to be fact. I now think that to lie is, as it were, to snatch the reins out of God's hand.

At all events, however, I had done the Brothertons no wrong. "What matter then," I said to myself, "of what they believe me guilty, so long as before God and my own conscience I am clear and clean?"

Next came the practical part:—What was I to do? To right myself either in respect of their opinion, or in respect of my lost property, was more hopeless than important, and I hardly wasted two thoughts upon that. But I could not remain where I was, and soon came to the resolution to go with Charley to London at once, and taking lodgings in some obscure recess near the inns of court, there to give myself to work and work alone, in the foolish hope that one day fame might buttress reputation. In this resolution I was more influenced by the desire to be near the brother of Mary Osborne, than the desire to be near my friend Charley, strong as that was: I expected thus to hear of her oftener, and even cherished the hope of coming to hear from her—of inducing her to honour me with a word or two of immediate communication. For I could see no reason why her opinions should prevent her from corresponding with one who, whatever might or might not seem to him true, yet cared for the truth, and must treat with respect every form in which he could deserv its predominating presence.

I would have asked Charley to set out with me that very day but for the desire to clear up the discrepancy between the date of my ancestor's letters, all written within the same year, and that of the copy I had made of the registration of their marriage—with which object I would compare the copy and the original. I wished also to have some talk with Mr. Coningham concerning the contents of the letters which at his urgency I had now read. I got up and wrote to him therefore, asking him to ride with me again to Umberden Church, as soon as he could make it convenient, and sent Styles off at once on the mare to carry the note to Minstercombe and bring me back an answer.

As we sat over our breakfast, Charley said suddenly,

"Clara was regretting yesterday that she had not seen the Moat. She said you had asked her once, but had never spoken of it again."

"And now I suppose she thinks, because I'm in disgrace with her friends at the Hall, that she mustn't come near me," I said with another bitterness than belonged to the words.

"Wilfrid!" he said reproachfully; "she didn't say anything of the sort. I will write and ask her if she couldn't contrive to come over. She might meet us at the park gates."

"No," I returned; "there isn't time. I mean to go back to London—perhaps to-morrow evening. It is like turning you out, Charley, but we shall be nearer each other in town than we were last time."

"I am delighted to hear it," he said. "I had been thinking myself that I had better go back this evening. My father is expected home in a day or two, and it would be just like him to steal a march on my chambers. Yes, I think I shall go to-night."

"Very well, old boy," I answered. "That will make it all right. It's a pity we couldn't take the journey together, but it doesn't matter much. I shall follow you as soon as I can."

"Why can't you go with me?" he asked. Thereupon I gave him a full report of my excursion with Mr. Coningham, and the after reading of the letters, with my reason for wishing to examine the register again; telling him that I had asked Mr. Coningham to ride with me once more to Umberden Church.

When Styles returned, he informed me that Mr. Coningham at first proposed to ride back with him, but probably bethinking himself that another sixteen miles would be too much for my mare, had changed his mind and sent me the message that he would be with me early the next day.

After Charley was gone, I spent the evening in a thorough search of the old bureau. I found in it several quaint ornaments besides those already mentioned, but only one thing which any relation to my story would justify specific mention of—namely, an ivory label, discoloured with age, on which was traceable the very number Sir Giles had read from the scabbard of Sir Wilfrid's sword. Clearly then my sword was the one mentioned in the book, and as clearly it had not been at Moldwarp Hall for a long time before I lost it there. If

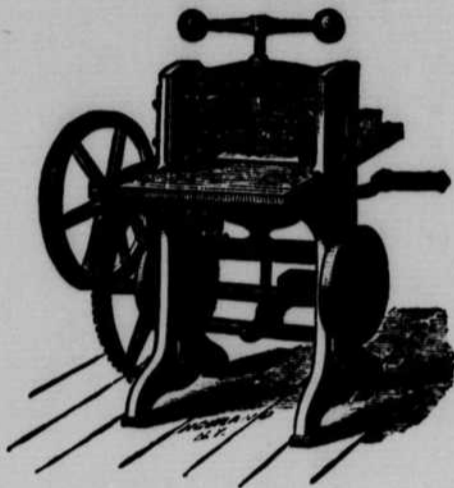
I were in any fear as to my reader's acceptance of my story, I should rejoice in the possession of that label more than in the restoration of sword or book; but amidst all my troubles, I have as yet been able to rely upon her justice and her knowledge of myself. Yes—I must mention one thing more I found—a long, sharp-pointed, straight-backed, snake-edged, Indian dagger, inlaid with silver—a fierce, dangerous, almost venomous looking weapon, in a curious case of old green morocco. It also may have once belonged to the armoury of Moldwarp Hall. I took it with me when I left my grannie's room, and laid it in the portmanteau I was going to take to London.

My only difficulty was what to do with Lillith; but I resolved for the meantime to leave her, as before, in the care of Styles, who seemed almost as fond of her as I was myself.

(To be continued.)

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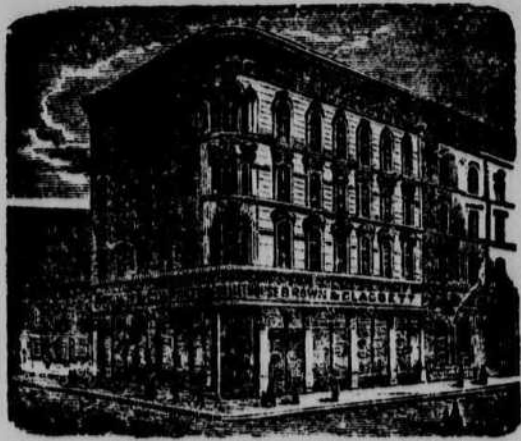
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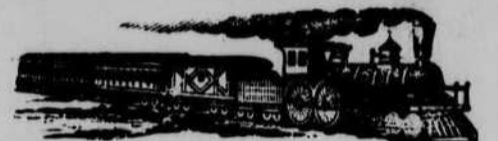
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LEAVE OTTAWA. THROUGH WESTERN EXPRESS at 10:00 A.M., arriving at Brockville at 1:50 P.M., and connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express going East and West. MAIL TRAIN at 4:35 P.M.

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LEAVE SAND POINT at 5:30 A.M., 9:10 A.M., and 3:45 P.M. Trains on Canada Central and Perth Branch make certain connections with all Trains on B. and O. Railway.

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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. 4-6az

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NOTICE. CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT. OTTAWA, 6th November, 1871.

NOTICE is hereby given that His Excellency the Governor-General, by an Order in Council, bearing date the 30th of October last, and under the authority vested in him by the 3rd Section of the 34th Victoria, Cap. 10, has been pleased to order and direct that the following article be transferred to the list of goods which may be imported into Canada free of duty, viz.: "Unmanufactured Ivory." By Command, R. S. M. BOUCHETTE, Commissioner of Customs. 4-25-c

AGENTS WANTED, Male and Female, for new and useful inventions. Enclose stamp to Montreal Manufacturing Company, Box 627, MONTREAL, P. Q. 4-8z

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA. MONDAY, 6th day of November, 1871. PRESENT: HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

On the recommendation of the Honourable the Minister of Customs and under the authority of the Act 31 Vic., Cap. 6, Sec. 4, entitled: "An Act respecting the Customs." His Excellency has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that from and after the date thereof, the following articles when imported into Canada, or taken out of Warehouses for consumption therein—that is to say: Spirits and Strong Waters mixed with any ingredient or ingredients, and although thereby coming under the denomination of Proprietary Medicines, Tinctures, Essences, Extracts, or any other denomination, shall be, and they are hereby declared to be chargeable with the duty imposed by the 3rd section of the Act 33 Vic., cap. 9, and with no other Customs duty. W. H. LEE, Clerk, Privy Council. 4-25-c

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