

when he drank freely, began to vociferate violently and to bet heavily on his protégé. M. Florian, who was present, immediately indicated that I was to win, and accepted all Mortier's proffered bets, in addition to those he had already made. It chanced that he had scarcely accepted these pledges, when one of those accidents, which are always contingent on the board of green cloth, and which the most experienced players cannot always guard against, gave Meagher such a decided advantage in the game as should, and would, under ordinary circumstances, have secured his winning it. Mortier now redoubled his clamour, and offered very heavy odds, challenging the whole room to accept them. Florian instantly did so, and they were accepted also by Crannel to a very unusually large amount. The game went on, and I recovered my lost ground so far that, as it drew towards the close, I had scored as many points as my opponent, and two points more scored by either of us would win the game. It was Meagher's turn to play, and his ball being under the cushion, he gave a miss, which, while it was the right play, was also good policy for us, since, had any accident sent one of the balls into the pocket, all would have been over. It was now my turn, and there was a winning hazard on the balls which at any other time I could have made with ease and certainty. Up to this moment of my life I had never known what it was to be nervous; but now, a panic fit seized me; the cue trembled in my hand: if I did not win, I knew that Florian would lose more than all three of us could pay. I essayed to make the stroke: but there were two hundred thousand francs depending upon it: I felt the eye of Crannel upon me, and every sinew in my frame vibrated. Calling for a glass of iced water, I drank it off, and then, endeavouring to think of something else, hastily struck the stroke. The red ball, instead of dropping into the pocket, struck the small angle of the cushion, rebounded, and kissed my own, the two then stopping, one on each side of the pocket, with a space between them barely wide enough for a ball to pass through. There were a hundred eyes looking on, but not a lip moved, only a suppressed groan arose for an instant among my partisans.

It was now Meagher's turn to play, and it was almost impossible for him to strike either ball without winning the game, in which case we were ruined. He did not seem at all disturbed, but lowered his cue to play. I thought he would take the only course open to him, and make a foul stroke; instead of that, he drove his ball sheer between the other two, without touching either of them, and ran a 'coo' in the pocket; thus losing the game.

Affecting the utmost horror at what he had done, he dashed down his cue, and began tearing his hair and blaspheming. I of course knew that he had done it on purpose; but the thing was so difficult, so apparently impossible, that the spectators did not suspect foul-play—none of them, with the exception of Mortier, who, having already his suspicions aroused, was now convinced of the justice of them, as well as enraged to madness at the heavy losses he had incurred. With a countenance livid with fury, he rushed towards Meagher, and yelling a desperate oath, dealt him a savage blow on the face.

A horrid scene ensued. The Irishman flew at the aggressor's throat, and would have strangled him on the spot but for the interference of a dozen strong arms, which tore him away. Frenzied beyond all control of himself, he burst out with a torrent of invective, abuse, and rabid curses, and leaping on the table, called heaven and earth to witness that he would not move thence alive without the heart's blood of the villain that had struck him. Mortier at first responded only by a sarcastic sneer, and turned his back upon him. But the Irish blood was not to be so appeased. Branding his patron as coward, and heaping on him the foulest charges, Meagher continued to denounce him as robber, assassin, traitor, and *forger*; and called on the company to listen while he gave them the veritable history of the monster.

Mortier, who had started at the word *forger*, again winced, and turning sharply round, 'Let us have weapons,' he said; 'the fool shall have his way!' Springing on the table, he folded his arms, and awaited the issue with a suppressed eagerness which showed how deep should be his revenge.

Rapiers were brought: It was notified to both the combatants that if either of them quitted the table, he would be instantly disarmed, held to be defeated, and incapable of resuming the strife. Then M. Florian drew a chalk-line across the centre of the cloth—the weapons were delivered to each, and the duel began.

Meagher, to whom the delay had afforded a moment for reflection, which he had wasted in fuming and stamping, advanced boldly to the encounter. Mortier, who was the shorter by nearly a head, instead of opposing him in the usual attitude, stood bent forward in a half-circle, with his rapier-point quivering above his head. Some rapid passes took place, and Mortier was seen to be bleeding from two slight wounds; but he was cool and wary in proportion to the peril—parried the deadly lunges of his tall foe with unvarying certainty, and at length, springing forward within his

guard, instantly shortened his weapon, and thrust it sheer through the breast of the poor Irishman, who leaped with a wild cry into the air, and fell on the table a corpse.

Paralysed at the sight, I was gazing horror-struck at the lifeless body, when I felt a hand grasping my shoulder: it was Crannel. 'We must to cover,' he said; 'the police will be here in a minute, and you will gain nothing by their courtesies, you may depend upon it.'

That was the last game of billiards I ever played to the profit of Louis Crannel, who, at my request, paid me off the same night, giving me to understand that he knew I had played him false, but that having taken his measures accordingly, I had not injured him, though I had intended to do so. I reproached him in my turn with his systematic and cold-blooded rascality and selfishness—and we parted.

Mortier got a sentence of a year's imprisonment for the duel, one month of which he actually suffered. Poor Meagher was buried as a Russian officer, and was registered at Père la Chaise under the name of Menowitz. M. Florian and I divided his effects between us, and I had seven thousand francs for my share of Mortier's losses, all of which were ultimately paid. How this sum and much more which I had gained over the devil's back was subsequently dissipated under another part of his person, it boots not the reader to know. Poverty, the ultimate lot of nearly all gamblers, has been mine for many a weary year. With mature age came dyspepsia and nervousness, and then all reliance on my skill as a billiard-player vanished. Of all accomplishments, this is the one that requires the most perfect condition of the physical faculties, and no man who is conscious that he possesses either nervous system or ventral organs need expect to excel in it.

My confessions may well end here.

THE END.

PEDESTRIAN FEATS.

The success of the great Weston in walking one hundred miles in less than twenty-two hours naturally calls attention to previous achievements of the same character. Of these we find a very interesting account of pedestrianism published in Aberdeen in 1813. It seems that Robert Bartley, of Norfolk, who was born in 1717, used frequently to walk from Thetford to London in one day, returning the next; the distance being 81 miles. Reed, of Hampshire, in 1791, made 50 miles in a little more than nine hours. In 1762 John Hogue made 100 miles in 23 hours and 15 minutes. In 1787 Foster Powell walked from Canterbury to London Bridge and back in twenty-three hours and fifty minutes; the distance being 109 miles. In 1806 Joseph Edge, of Macclesfield, walked 172 miles in forty-nine hours and twenty minutes. In 1788 John Bowler walked 700 miles in fourteen days, and Doty, of Towcester, walked 500 miles in seven successive days. In 1811 Oliver walked 100 miles in twenty-three hours and fifty minutes, and Edward Miller did the same distance in twenty-three hours and twenty-five minutes. In 1812 Jonathan Waring, of Lancashire, walked 136 miles in thirty-four hours; and Glanville, of Shropshire, walked 142 miles on the Bath road in twenty-nine hours and fifty-seven minutes. The greatest pedestrian of all, however, was Captain Robert Barclay, a descendant of the celebrated Quaker Barclay of Ury. In 1801, while in training to walk upon a wager, he made, in the park of Lord Faulkenberg, 110 miles in nineteen hours and twenty-seven minutes. In 1806 he walked 100 miles in nineteen hours, over the worst road in the kingdom and just at the breaking out of a severe storm. Exclusive of stoppages, the distance was performed in seventeen hours and thirty minutes. In this walk he was attended by William Cross his servant, who made the distance in the same time as his master; and subsequently, Cross walked 100 miles in nineteen hours seventeen minutes, on the Aberdeen road. In 1807, Barclay walked seventy-eight miles in fourteen hours, over the hilly roads of Aberdeenshire. In the course of this year he ran nineteen miles in two hours and eight minutes, making the first nine miles in fifty minutes, though the road was hilly and bad. In 1809, when he was twenty-eight years old, Barclay accomplished the great exploit of walking 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours. In the course of this feat his weight, which was 106 pounds at starting, fell off thirty-two pounds. Five days afterwards he joined the expedition to Walcheren, where he served as an aide-de-camp to the Marquis of Huntley. The expedition was unfortunate, but Barclay returned in safety. After this he lived the life of a country gentleman at Ury; and the only public exploit in which he was engaged in, was the training of Tom Crib for his great match against Molineaux.

A nine-year-old boy at the school in Lincoln, California, was asked what punishment was given to Adam and Eve for eating the forbidden fruit in the garden of Eden? He replied, "They were driven off the ranch." "As usual," writes a French critic of Lothair, "Mr. Disraeli allows no one to figure in his novels who has less than £50,000 a year."

The *Miners' Journal*, of Pottsville, Pa., having stated that there was a man in the place who had been drunk for thirty-five years, its editor says he has been called to account by at least twenty different persons, who insist that the term was a personal attack upon them. The man he really referred to, the editor remarks, "is sharp enough to keep his mouth shut about it, but keeps on drinking just as if not a word had been said."

The Huntingdon 'Journal' thus summarizes in sporting style the recent Fenian trouble:—"The celebrated Pigeon Hill sweepstake race was won by Brother Jonathan's General O'Neill in one straight heat. Driven by Canuck. Time—as fast as his legs could carry him."

A man in Michigan swapped his horse for a wife. An old bachelor acquaintance said he'd bet there was something wrong with the horse, or its owner would never have fooled it away in that manner.

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OTTAWA HOUSE. CUSHING'S ISLAND, PORTLAND, MAINE. The above favorite Summer Resort will be reopened June 28, 1870. Terms from \$14 to \$20. American currency. per week. A Quadrille Band always in attendance. For further particulars apply to THOMAS CUSHING, Manager, Portland, Maine.

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LOVELL'S Dominion and Provincial Directories.

NOTICE.—Learning that my name has been unwarrantably used in connection with Directories now being canvassed in the Provinces, and entirely distinct from my works, and that in other cases it has been stated that my Directories have been abandoned, I would request those desiring to give a preference to my works to see that persons representing themselves as acting for me are furnished with satisfactory credentials. JOHN LOVELL, Publisher. Montreal, March 16, 1870.

LOVELL'S DIRECTORIES.

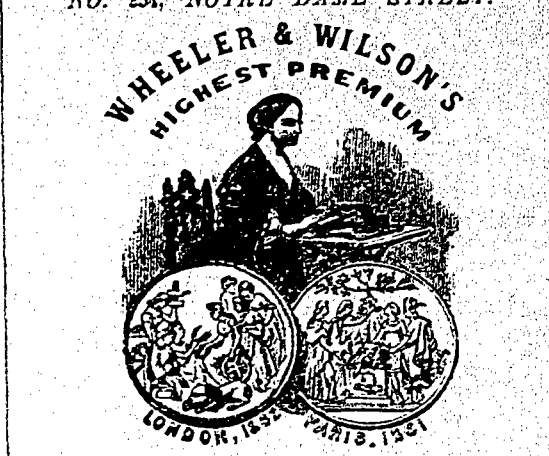
IT is intended to make these DIRECTORIES the most complete and correct ever issued on this continent. They are not being prepared by correspondence, but by PERSONAL CANVASSING, from door to door, of my own Agents, for the requisite information. I have now engaged on the work in the several Provinces Forty men and Twenty horses. These are engaged mainly on the towns and villages off the Railway and Steamboat Routes, important places on the lines being held till the completion of the former, to admit of correction to latest date. I anticipate issuing, in October next, the CANADIAN DOMINION DIRECTORY, and SIX PROVINCIAL DIRECTORIES, which will prove a correct and full index to the DOMINION OF CANADA, NEWFOUNDLAND, and PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, and a combined Gazetteer, Directory and Grand-Book of the six Provinces. SUBSCRIPTION TO DOMINION DIRECTORY: Dominion of Canada Subscribers.....\$12 Cy. United States do.....12 Gold. Great Britain and Ireland do.....£3 Stg. France, Germany, &c. do.....£3 Stg. SUBSCRIPTION TO PROVINCIAL DIRECTORIES: Province of Ontario Directory, 1870-71.....\$4 00 Province of Quebec Directory, 1870-71.....4 00 Province of Nova Scotia Directory, 1870-71.....3 00 Province of New Brunswick Directory, 1870-71.....3 00 Province of Newfoundland Directory, 1870-71.....2 00 Province of Prince Ed. Island Directory, 1870-71 2 00 No money to be paid until each book is delivered. Rates of ADVERTISING will be made known on application to JOHN LOVELL, Publisher. Montreal, March 16, 1870. 21

SKATING CARNIVAL, VICTORIA RINK,

PHOTOGRAPHED BY W. NOTMAN, And dedicated, by permission, to His Royal Highness PRINCE ARTHUR, BLEURY STREET, 21st March. 221

COALS! COALS!! COALS!! SCOTCH STEAM, PICTOU STEAM, NEWCASTLE GRATE, LEHIGH, WELSH ANTHRACITE, FOR SALE. J. & E. SHAW, 13, Common Street. 12

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TENDERS will be received at this Office until Monday, the 25th day of July next, at noon, for the supply of 200 tons of Grate Coal (2,000 lbs. per ton) to be delivered at Ottawa. For particulars apply to the undersigned. By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary. Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 20th June, 1870. 254

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