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IRON FOUNDRY,
STOVES, MACHINERIES, &c.
SALES ROOMS,
309 St. PAUL STREET, Montreal.
FOUNDRY AT
LONGUEUIL, Prov. Quebec.

FIRST PRIZE DIPLOMA.
QUEBEC PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION, SEP-
TEMBER 1875.
THE
IMPERIAL FRENCH COOKING RANGE,
FOR HOTEL AND FAMILY USE.
OVER 200 IN USE IN THIS CITY.
FOR SALE AT
JOHN BURN'S 675 Craig St.
—
IMPERIAL FRENCH COOKING RANGE.

HENCHY'S HOTEL,
QUEBEC, 18th October, 1877.
MR. JOHN BURN:
DEAR SIR,—The Cooking Range which I
have purchased from you has given me the
most entire satisfaction. I can highly recom-
mend it to persons who may be in want of such,
also, the BROSSE, which I am much pleased
with. You can use this certificate with my en-
tire approbation.
Respectfully yours,
P. HENCHY.

COAL! COAL!! COAL!!!
—
OUR FIRST BOATS
WILL ARRIVE
About the Fifteenth of May.
STOVE,
EGG,
CHESTNUT.
FRESH MINED AND SCREENED.
BY THE TON OR CARGO.
FRANK BRENNAN & CO.,
135 & 137 Boulevard Street.

REPAIRS OF REFRIGERATORS.
Now is the time to leave your orders, which will
be properly attended by
MEILLEUR & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS,
632 CRAIG STREET,
Near Brewery. 017-10

CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES.
A large stock just received. To be sold cheap.
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MEILLEUR & CO'S,
632 CRAIG STREET,
NEAR BLEURY. 017-10

CUNNINGHAM BROS.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
Cemetery Work a Specialty.
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MANTLES
AND
PLUMBER'S SLABS, &c.,
MADE TO ORDER.
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OWEN MCGARVEY,
MANUFACTURER
OF EVERY STYLE OF
PLAIN AND FANCY
FURNITURE,
Nos. 7, 9, and 11, ST. JOSEPH STREET,
(2nd Door from MCGILL),
Montreal.

Orders from all parts of the Province carefully
executed, and delivered according to instructions
free of charge.
**LAWLOR'S CELEBRATED
SEWING MACHINES.**
Price \$35 with attachments.
THE NEW LAWLOR FAMILY MACHINE

Is unequal-
led in light
running, be-
auty & strength
of stitch,
range of
work, still-
ness of mo-
tion and a re-
putation at-
tained by its
own merits.
It is the cheap-
est, best,
most techni-
cally con-
structed Ma-
chine in the
market, and
the least
liable to get
out of order
of any Ma-
chine now
being manu-
factured. A
complete set
of attachments with each Machine.
Examine them before you purchase elsewhere.
J. D. LAWLOR, Manufacturer,
AGENT FOR
New York and Paris Fashion Co's
"Recherche" Paper Patterns.
365 NOTRE DAME STREET, Montreal.

J. P. NUGENT,
Merchant Tailor
AND
Clothier,
157 ST. JOSEPH STREET
(Sign of the Red Bull)
2nd First-Class Fit and WORKMANSHIP
guaranteed.
A large assortment of Gents' Haberdashery
constantly on hand.

BUCKEY BELL FOUNDRY.
Established in 1837.
Superior Bell Foundry and Tin
Smithy, with the latest machinery,
Lugs, for Churches, Schools, Farms,
Factories, Court Houses, Fire Alarms,
Pipes, Clocks, Chimes, etc. Fully
warranted.
Illustrated Catalogue sent Free.
VANDUEN & TIFT,
101 and 103 East Second St., Cincinnati.

BLUMYER MFG CO
Church, School, Fire-Alarm, Fire-Engine, Water-
works, Academies, &c. Price List and
Circulars sent free.
HENRY MCGHANE & CO.,
Aug 27, 1875. Baltimore, Md.

LORETTO ABBEY,
WELLINGTON PLACE, TORONTO, CANADA.
A Branch of the Ladies of Loretto, Dublin, Ire-
land. Board and Tuition—\$150 per annum. Send
for circular and address to
LADY SUPERIOR,
July 25-ly.

LORETTO CONVENT,
NIAGARA FALLS, CANADA.
Two Medals for General proficiency in the
different courses will be presented by the Es-
cellency, Lord Dufferin, Governor-General of
Canada. Board and Tuition per year, \$150. For
further information and prospectus, address
LADY SUPERIOR,
July 18-ly.

CONVENT
—OF OUR—
LADY OF ANGELS, BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO.
(Conducted by the Ladies of Loretto)
Studies will be resumed at this Institution, for
Boarders and Day-Scholars, on the 1st of SEP-
TEMBER.
The Convent is situated in the most elevated
part of the City, and offers every advantage
for the education of young ladies. The school
is well equipped for procuring for their children
a solid, useful and refined education.
For particulars, please address
THE LADY SUPERIOR,
Loretto Convent, Belleville,
July 25, 77-ly.

**STAINED GLASS FOR
CHURCHES, ETC.**
A. FITZPATRICK, Artist, Diploma of England,
Supplies European Art Glass at the prices charged
for inferior articles. He is also the maker of
Stained Glass. The best Memorial Windows.
Send for prices, &c.
PRIZES RECEIVED:
LONDON 1871. PHILADELPHIA 1876—
FIRST PRIZE.
(LATE OF LONDON, ENGLAND).
Studio and Works, Stapleton, Staten Island,
N. Y.
June 20-ly.

DR. A. C. MACDONELL,
90 CATHEDRAL STREET,
June 27] MONTREAL. [06-52.
GRAY'S CASTOR-FLUID,
A most pleasant and agreeable Hair-Dressing—
cooling, stimulating and cleansing.
Promotes the growth of the Hair, keeps the roots
in a healthy condition, prevents dandruff,
and leaves the Hair soft and glossy.
Price, 25c. per bottle. For sale at all Druggists.
HENRY R. GRAY, CHEMIST,
114 St. Lawrence Main Street.
(Established 1859).

The MIC-MAC REMEDY
A SPECIFIC FOR
SMALL-POX.
ANOTHER VICTORY FOR MAJOR LANE.
A HOPELESS CASE OF SMALL-POX CURED BY THE
MIC-MAC REMEDY.
To Major Jno. Lane, GREENFIELD, MASS.
DEAR SIR,—I telegraphed for a package of
your Small-Pox Remedy on last Monday, which I
received this morning. I would have in-
stantly responded and forwarded the money, but
I thought I would wait the result of its trial. I
prepared the medicine myself so as to be able to
testify to its efficacy. I used it on a child who
had been attacked by the disease. It produced an
instantaneous relief. It was a magnificent case of Small-Pox—in-
fact, there was no hope of recovery expressed
by any doctor but by the application of your famous
Remedy it easily yielded. Enclosed I send you a
five dollar bill. Please acknowledge.
Your truly, Rev. W. A. HENNEBERRY.

Price, 25c. per package.
Sent to any part of the Dominion, post paid,
on receipt of price. It is sold to Clergymen,
Physicians and Charitable Institutions.
B. E. MCGALE,
Dispensing Chemist, 301 St. Joseph St.
(From the Commercial Review).
**THE REMEDIES OF J. EMERY-
CODERRE, M.D.**

The business that in connection with prepared
remedies approaches more closely to a man-
ufacturing pursuit, and, therefore, though de-
nounced by the schools as irregular, is for our
purposes the most regular in the manufacture
of useful preparations. The individuals and
firms engaged in this business are both enter-
prising themselves and the promoters of enter-
prising in others. When we consider that the
preparations in many instances are beneficial,
and, as respects almost all, entirely harmless,
the manufacture would seem to be entitled to a
larger share of respect than is usually accorded
to it. The remedies of J. Emery-Coderre, M.D.,
the established firms have much weighty testimony
in favor of their excellence, and the popularity
and consequent saleability of their remedies are
markedly in special reference to the following
Remedies:—

Dr. Coderre's Expecto-rating Syrup.
For the last thirty years the Expecto-rating Syrup
has been known and used with never-failing re-
sults, for Coughs, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Affections
of the Lungs, &c.
Dr. Coderre's Infants' Syrup
Can be given with impunity to Infants in cases
of Coughs, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Painful Den-
tition, Inability to Sleep, Croup, &c., and is
now regarded as the standard remedy for the
above.
Dr. Coderre's Tonic Elixir
Is specially adapted for women requiring the
use of tonics and alterative agents. Its use can
be continued without any inconvenience. In
complaints such as Chlorosis, or General Weakness,
Leucorrhoea, or Whites, Dysmenorrhoea, or difficult
course; Anaemia, or thinness of the blood;
General debility, Involuntary Seminal Losses,
Scrophulous, Ringworm and other Diseases of the
skin, &c., &c. The medicinal preparations are as
necessary as skilled physicians—they are the
armies provided by nature and science to over-
come the insidious legions of death, and if these
armies are demoralized by unskillful arrange-
ment, lack of prudence or vigilance they become
a dangerous host, agents of destruction of which
the less we have the better. These remedies are
often impressed upon the public mind.
Certificate recommending Dr. J. Emery-Coderre's
Proprietary Remedies, viz:

**Dr. Coderre's Infants' Syrup, Tonic
Elixir, Expecto-rating Syrup.**
We, the undersigned Physicians, after care-
ful study of the above Proprietary Remedies as
manufactured by J. E. Coderre, M.D., do
certify that they are carefully prepared with
medicinal substances suitable for the treatment
of the diseases for which they are recommended.
E. H. TRUDEAU, M.D., Professor of Midwifery.
HECTOR PELTIER, M.D., Professor of Institutes of Med.
P. A. C. MUNRO, M.D., Professor of Surgery.
THOS. D'ODOT DUBONNEN, M.D., Professor of Chemistry & Pharmacy.
J. P. BEAULIEU, D.D., Professor of Theriacle and Practical Med.
J. P. ROTTOT, M.D., Professor of Legal Medicine.
J. G. BIBAUD, M.D., Professor of Anatomy.
A. T. BROUSSEAU, M.D., Professor of Botany.

For sale by all the principal Druggists in the
Dominion at the following prices:
DR. CODERRE'S INFANTS' SYRUP, 50c. p. bot.
"TONIC ELIXIR, 50c. p. bot.
"EXPECTORATING, 25c. & 50c.
Prepared by J. EMERY-CODERRE, M.D.,
Prof. of Materia Medica and Therapeutics, Vie-
donville, Paris, France.
321 DORCHESTER COIL, ST. DENIS STREETS.
WHOLESALE AGENT FOR THE DOMINION.
B. E. MCGALE, Chemist,
301 ST. JOSEPH STREET, Montreal.
Dec 5, 77.

JAMES FOLEY,
DEALER IN
DRY GOODS & MILLINERY,
213 ST. JOSEPH STREET,
(Opposite DOW'S BREWERY).
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S JACKETS
In great variety.
Also, a large assortment of
GENTS' FURNISHINGS.
June 27, 78.

STILL GOING ON!
THE GREAT CHEAP SALE OF DRY GOODS IS
STILL GOING ON!
We are determined to CLEAR OUT our entire stock
OF
SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS
AT
GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.
LADIES, DO NOT FORGET THE CHEAP SALE
AT
THOMAS BRADY'S,
June 20-ly] 400 ST. JOSEPH STREET.

HATS! HATS!! HATS!!!
FOR THE MILLION, AT
EDWARD STUART'S,
Corner Notre Dame and McGill Streets.
The best and most reliable place to get cheap,
stylish and serviceable Hats.
Come and see my DOLLAR HAT. Furs at
wholesale prices.
Alterations and repairing in Furs thoroughly
and promptly executed.

THE MAMMOTH.
JOHN. A. RAFTER & CO.,
450 Notre Dame Street.
The Stock of DRY-GOODS held at the above
address comprises a full assortment of useful
and cheap articles, and for quality and
value we defy competition to the
trade of Canada. Ten-cent
for our motto.
"Value for Value Received."
CATALOGUE OF PRICES:
Linen Department.
Canton Flannels, 10c., 12c., 14c., 15c., 16c., 17c.,
White Saxony Flannels, 12c., 14c., 15c., 16c., 17c.,
White Welsh Flannels, 25c., 30c., 35c., 40c., 45c.,
40c., 45c.,
Scotch Saxony Flannels, 17c., 20c., 25c., 30c.,
25c., 30c., 35c.,
Scotch Lambswool Flannels, 30c., 35c., 40c., 45c.,
Grey Flannels, 25c., 30c., 35c., 40c., 45c.,
Plain Colors, in Blue, Pink, Magenta, Amber,
all selling at 25c. and 30c.,
Fancy Shirting Flannels, selling at 20c., 25c., 30c.,
35c., 40c., 45c., 50c., The 50c. line measures
1 of a yard wide.

Blankets for Men and Boys.
Stocks of White Blankets, selling from \$1.75 to
\$6.50.
Piles of Grey Blankets, selling from \$1.25 to \$1.
Large lot of Horse Blankets, from \$1.25.
Table Linen Department.
Grey Table Linen—price from 11c. to 30c.,
Table Linen—price from 12c. to 60c.,
Half-Sheeted Table Linen—price from 27c. to 50c.,
White Table Linen—price from 35c. to 75c.,
Napkins in endless variety—price from 75c. per
dozen.

Roller Towelling.
Heavy Stock of Towelling—price 5c., 7c., 9c.,
10c., 12c.,
Huckaback Towelling—price 12c., 14c., 18c.,
Grass Cloth, checked and plain—price, 8c., 12c.,
14c., 16c.,
Huck Towels by the dozen, selling at 5c., 6c., 8c.,
10c., 12c., 14c., 16c., 18c.,
Bath Towels, selling at 25c., 30c., 35c.,
White and Grey Cottons.
Huckaback White Cottons—full stock.
Water Twist White Cottons—price from 5c.,
Grey Cottons, Hockingham, Dundas, Cornwall,
England, &c., from 30c. to 50c.

Tweeds, Coatings, &c.
Large lot of Tweeds for Boys, only 30c.,
Large lot of All Wool Tweeds, only 30c.,
Good line of Tweeds, only 40c.,
Extra large lot of English Tweeds, only 70c.,
Splendid assortment of Scotch Tweeds, only 50c.,
Extra quality English Tweeds, only 50c.,
Real English Buckskin, only 50c.,
Special lot of Silk Mixed, only \$1.
Stocks of Sueded Tweeds, only \$1.25,
Best West of England Tweeds, only \$1.25,
Blue and Black Worsteds Coatings, only \$1.25,
Basket Coatings, only \$2.25,
Extra large lot of Tweeds, selling at \$2.40,
Best make Diagonal Coatings, \$2.75,
Extra Heavy Worsteds Coatings, only \$3.15,
Large lot of double width Tweed Coatings—
prices, 75c., \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50,
Overcoatings in Beaver, Whiskey, Blankets,
Cloth, Pilot, Naps, in endless variety—price,
10c. to 25c.

Underclothing Department.
Men's Canada Shirts and Drawers—prices, 35c.,
50c., 65c., 75c., \$1.
Men's Best Scotch Shirts and Drawers—prices
from \$1 to \$2 each.
Oxford Regatta Shirts—price from 35c.,
Men's Tweed Shirts—price, 75c.,
Men's Flannel Shirts—price, 75c.,
Endless Variety of Ladies' and Gents' Kid
Mitts, Gloves, &c. Prices low.

Call early and Secure the Bargains.
Oct 31st-12-ly
Our Retail Establishments.
**THE EXTENSIVE CLOTHING HOUSE OF
J. G. KENNEDY.**

It has been the aim of the Commercial Review,
in the exhibits we have made of the various
branches of industry with which our city
abounds, to mention only those establishments
that can be fairly called representatives of the
trade. And while, as a general rule, we have
taken only those which do a wholesale business,
we have not overlooked those in the retail trade
which, from the magnitude of their operations,
deserve special mention. Within the last few
years a great change has taken place in the
clothing trade. Ready-made goods are now
produced in as the fabrics and the styles and
make as the most of custom-made suits. In
fact, there are many of our best citizens who
buy ready-made clothing entirely, and none of
their acquaintances are aware that their stylish
suits do not come from a fashionable tailor.
Especially has this feature of the trade been ap-
parent during the hard times and when economy
was a necessity. The most extensive retail
clothing house in this city is that of Messrs. J.
G. Kennedy & Co., No. 31 St. Lawrence street. We
had the pleasure of visiting this establishment a
few days since, and we can safely assert that a
larger, finer or more stylish stock of clothing
would be hard to find. The building occupied by
them is four stories in height, and is fitted to re-
ception with every class of clothing. The stock
comprising men's, boys' and youths' ready-
made clothing in every variety—Canadian and
Scotch tweeds, cassimeres, dozeskins, &c. On the
first floor is the stock of overcoats, suits, &c., in
the latest styles and makes, and sold at prices to
suit the most exacting. Indeed, it would be
difficult to find a customer who could not be
satisfied in his department. The measuring and
cutting department is also on this floor. Here
the finest custom-made clothing can be obtained
at minimum prices. The third and fourth floors
are devoted to the stock of every description.
They carry at all times a fine stock of tweeds,
broadcloths, &c., &c., in bales. Their clothing,
for excellence of quality and first-class work-
manship and measure, cannot be surpassed. We
would commend any of our readers who really want
superior, well-fitting, stylish and durable custom
or ready-made garments at bottom prices to pay
this house a visit. They are sure to be satisfied by
going to this fine establishment.—Adv.

P. O'NEIL,
—DEALERS IN—
Hay, Oats, and General Feed Store.
The best quality of PRESSED HAY always on
hand at Reasonable Prices
A CALL SOLICITED AT
273 WILLIAM STREET.
March 18 78 6 mos*

LA COMPAGNIE IRLANDAISE.
—
BY M. W. KIRWAN.
(Published by Dawson Bros.)
CHATEAU XIII.
AROUND THE CAMP FIRE—ANOTHER MEXICAN
STORY—THE FIGHT AT CAMERON—LA MUSI-
QUE DE LA GUERRE—UP TO THE FRONT
AGAIN—THE DEAD AT SAINT-
MARIE—THE STORY OF THE
"FRANCO-TIREUR."

"For I am a real
Plung from the rock on Ocean's foam to sail,
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's
breath prevail."
SHAKESPEARE.
"Well, Captain," said Dr. Macken, as we sat
around the brazier, the light from the fire
throwing a lurid gleam upon the features of
M'Alvey and Cotter, who were engaged con-
suming some tough beefsteak. "Well, Captain,
we shall soon be off to again; I hear we are
to march for Montellano at 12 o'clock, to-
night, and that we are sure to relieve Belfort,
and then carry the war into Germany. But
Mac, what's the matter with you, old boy?"
continued the Doctor, seeing M'Alvey some-
what dull.

"Well, Doctor, I was just thinking of a
circumstance that happened in 1863, when I
was in Mexico, and when I lost the dearest of
my comrades; and who knows," he continued,
"whether we four shall ever see another night
together in this world?"
"Oh, never mind the future, but tell us about
the past; this comrade of yours, who was he,
and where and how did it all occur?"
"Oh, I'll tell you some other time," said
M'Alvey, sipping his coffee, and carefully
wiping all traces of it from his ever-beat
moustache.

"Tell us, Mac; perhaps your prediction may
be fulfilled, and you may not have an opportu-
nity again to see us with it," replied the
Doctor, who had his tin cup upon a log of
wood, lit a cigar, and composed himself in
anticipation of M'Alvey's story.
"Well, I'll tell you," said M'Alvey, "a just
hand me a cigar, Doctor, thanks; a match—
thanks, now listen, and I pledge you my
word every syllable of what I am going to
tell you is true, and if you take the trouble
of consulting the regimental book for the first
quarter of 1863, you will find it recorded
therein."
On the 9th of February, 1863, the 2nd
Regiment Etienne, embarked on board the
Wygram, a man-of-war at Mers-el-Kebir for Mex-
ico. The inhabitants of Oran turned out en
masse to see the troops embark—not that the
sight was in any way novel to the good peo-
ple of Oran, for it was the third time in less
than ten years they had seen the same regiment
embarking at the same place for the
Crimean and Italian campaigns. There were
no loud hurrahs or ovas, either by the troops
or people, but there was a good deal of fervent
hand-shaking, and kissing and sobbing be-
tween the young fellows of the regiment and
the mothers and sisters, just by way of
showing that no ill feeling existed. At 6
o'clock p.m. the St. Louis and Wygram got
under weigh, and next day we passed close
under the frowning gins of Gibraltar.

"Of the voyage out I need say nothing,
except that we touched at Madeira and Mar-
tinique. Never can I forget the beauty of the
scene which met my view when I went on
deck one morning, and found the ship at
anchor in the beautiful harbour of Punalu.
The sun had just risen, and shed a flood of
golden light on the gentle hills and gardens
with which the town is surrounded. Not a
breath disturbed the deep calm of the broad
Atlantic, which lay like a huge mirror beneath
our ship. Not a cloud obscured the beauty of
the sky. Earth, ocean, sky—all three seemed
wedded in one eternal bond of love, peace,
and beauty. On a black, rocky precipice, sur-
rounded by the ocean, stood Chateau Loo,
with its grim old cannon sewing envy, as it
were at the natural beauties of the place. It
looked that morning, I thought, like some
monster that had suddenly risen from his
ocean cave, and forgot to return; or like some
hideous goblin that had unexpectedly burst in
on a scene of fairy enchantment. At noon I
was granted permission to go on shore. The
town, when you enter it, is not very handsome;
indeed the only thing in it worth seeing is the
Franciscan Convent, which contains a cham-
ber, the walls of which are covered with
human skulls and thigh bones, the relics of
holy men who have died on the island. To
Madeira the climate is everything; the icy
cold of winter and the scorching heat of sum-
mer are here unknown, for spring and autumn
reign continually, and produce fruits and flow-
ers throughout the year. The hedges are formed
of myrtle, rose, jasmine, and honeysuckle,
while the most delicate flowers which are
nursed in our green houses at home grow here
in wild abundance.

"About the 10th of April, we dropped
anchor under the guns of St. Juan d'Ulloa, and
for the first time cast eyes on Vera Cruz,
Mexico, and in my opinion a more God-for-
saken looking place there is not in the world.
The town is built on an arid plain, and the
whole coast as far as the eye can see, presents
nothing but barren sand hills to the view.
With here and there a patch of grovelling
brushwood, that but helps to make sterility
conspicuous. For in the distance behind the
town rises the mighty Mount Orizaba, with
its crown of eternal snow. At a short distance
from our ship lay a small island of white
sand, utterly devoid of vegetation. It seemed
a complete forest of wooden crosses; when I
enquired as to the meaning of these crosses, I
was told that the place was used as a cemetery
for sailors who died of yellow fever;
while to crown the misery and desolation that
seemed everywhere to reign, the bay and beach
was strewn with the hulls and masts of seven-
teen large ships, that had been wrecked a year
or two previous, during a gale from the north.
On the morning of the 11th the regiment dis-
embarked, and at evening paraded the colonel
informed us in a brilliant speech, that the
regiment would have the honour of protecting
the communications and escorting convoys
between Puebla and Vera Cruz. Now of all
the fatiguing and disagreeable duties which a
soldier has to perform in campaign, that of
escorting convoys of war material and pro-
visions, is by far the most disagreeable and
fatiguing. If the roads are good and dry, you
are smothered with dust, and the pace is kill-
ing; if they are bad and wet, you are bespat-
tered with mud and filth, and owing to the
slow pace, will perhaps be marching half the
night. To this hour I shudder, when I think
of the misery and hardships I suffered in La
Terre Chaude. Every day there was a down
pour of rain, you would think the very sluices
of the heavens had been opened. Suddenly
the rain would cease, and the sun would shine
out with such rays of boiling heat, that I have
more than once seen soldiers drop dead by
the side of the waggon. In Africa we were
burnt brown roasted if you will, but it was a
dry, healthy heat. In La Terre Chaude, we
were boiled, steamed, as it were, in a pesti-
lential vapour. The earth is literally teeming
with insect life, and night and day there is a
continual buzz, and whistling that almost
drives you mad; lift the first stone you see
on the wayside and you will find be-

neath it either scorpions, or enormous cen-
tipedes, or conal snakes. At night the air
swarms with fire-flies and mosquitoes; sleep
you cannot, you doze away the night in a
broken nightmare, and when the first streak of
dawn appears, you are awakened with scream-
ing and yelling, as if ten thousand devils had
broken into the camp; snatching your gun
you hurry out of your tent, and find the camp
surrounded by a cloud of green parrots, that
shout and scream the louder when they see
your red cap and breeches. But to my story.
The First Battalion, to which I belonged,
was echeloned in detachments of two and
three companies, on the road between Vera
Cruz and Chichiluite. Now, you must not
imagine that Chichiluite is either a town or a
village; there is not a human habitation
within many miles of it. It is a huge moun-
tain, at the base of which runs a rapid river,
and over which the road to Mexico passes.
In a military point of view the position is a
very important one, and was strongly guard-
ed. I was lying in my tent one evening in
May, with my hands rolled in a handkerchief,
and smoking like a steam engine to keep the
mosquitoes from my face, when my friend
Sergeant Morzikie entered. He was about
twenty years of age, tall, well-built, and con-
sidered the handsomest man in the regiment.

"Where the deuce are you going so late?"
said I to him, for he was in marching costume.
"Just come to say good-bye, Mac; the mail
has arrived at Vera Cruz with important dis-
patches for headquarters, and my company is
going to meet it, as large bands of guerrillas
have been seen lately near Cameron. So
good-bye, old fellow," said he, shaking me
warmly by the hand, and turning he hurried
rapidly down the mountain.
"That was the last time I ever saw my
friend alive—for two years we had lived in the
closest friendship, and during all that time
he had been my camarade de camarades. By
birth he was a Pole, and had been educated
for the Church, but preferring the more
active life of a soldier, had joined the Legion
to try and win his baton. Next evening,
about the same hour that I had bid my
friend farewell, I was half way up the moun-
tain, parrot shooting, and had just sat down
to rest myself and enjoy the fine view of the
country which the place commanded, when
suddenly I heard the clear, sharp note of the
trumpet sounding the *General*. Starting to
my feet, I listened with breathless attention,
and in a moment after the chorus was taken
up by a dozen others, so that the entire moun-
tain echoed with the alarming cry. Seizing
my gun I ran furiously down the mountain,
and found the troops already under arms. I
had barely joined my company when the
trumpets sounded the *march*, and off we went,
as we were fairly started, I turned to the
person next me and asked the cause of alarm.
By him I was informed that the company
that had set out the night before to meet the
mail, had been surrounded at Cameron by
guerrillas, and had been engaged all day.

"God grant," said I, "that we may not be
too late to assist the poor fellows; and a shud-
der passed through my body when I thought
of my friend Morzikie. The distance from
Chichiluite to Cameron is thirty-five English
miles. We marched all night, and at four
o'clock in the morning halted and made cof-
fee, and when the sun had well risen, started
once more on our weary march. Within a
mile of Cameron we came on the first token
of the tragedy that had recently taken place.
Seated under a tree, stark naked, and almost
dead with loss of blood and thirst, we found
the drummer of the unfortunate company;
a bullet had gone through his chest and out
at his back, and three of his fingers had been
chopped off by a sabre cut. A little brandy
was given to him, the doctor hastily dressed
his wounds, and one or two soldiers unper-
ceivedly took up the drum, and the drummer
so much required. When he had recovered
sufficient strength, he told us his company
had been attacked about four in the morning
in the plain of Palo Verde by about one
thousand guerrillas the greater part of whom
were mounted. 'The company,' said he,
immediately formed square, and then we
fired volley after volley into their ranks, al-
most at close quarters; seeing they could not
force our ranks, they retired, and called on us
to surrender, but Captain D'Amor sternly re-
fused. We then retreated on Cameron, fight-
ing our way foot by foot. During the retreat
we lost about twenty men, and the lieutenant
and sub-lieutenant were both killed. We
reached Cameron about eight o'clock, and
landed the drums and windows of the house
we occupied; we fought till dark, fought
till there was not a single cartridge left
even in the pouches of the dead men. The
Mexicans then burst into the house, and I re-
member nothing more till I awoke this morn-
ing, and found myself almost lying among
the other dead men."

"Such was the story told us by the poor
drummer, and alas! it was too true. Leaving
him with the doctor and a guard, the rest of
the troops pushed on to Cameron. There I
saw such a sight as I pray God I may never
witness again. Sixty-two of our dead *cam-
pagnons d'armes* had been collected by the
guerrillas and placed in a deep straight fosse
by the side of the road. Shoulder to shoulder
in the ranks of death, and divested of every
article of clothing, lay the brave fellows—
every man of whom I knew personally. A
bright warm sun was shining on their ghastly
features and cold stiff forms; most of them
were an expression of pain, and some of them
had their arms extended and their hands
tightly clenched in a fighting posture.

"The company, when it left Chichiluite,
consisted of eighty-eight men all told; of the
entire number only five were left living at
Cameron, of whom the drummer was one—
the other four were taken prisoners and con-
ducted to Jalapa, where they were well treat-
ed, and were afterwards exchanged for Mexi-
can prisoners. More than 300 guerrillas bit
the dust at Cameron. When we left Chiche-
luite we brought but one day's rations with
us, and were compelled to return at night
without exchanging a shot with the assassins
who had slaughtered our comrades. We
could not even perform the sad office of inter-
ment, as we had neither pick nor spade.
When we returned to Cameron two days after-
wards to bury the dead, the sight which met
my view filled me with horror. Owing to
the great heat, decomposition had set in, and
their bodies were swollen to an enormous
size. Already had those horrid birds, the zo-
pilotes, commenced to prey on their naked
bodies. But I must draw a veil over the dis-
gusting scene. Since then I have stepped
over the dead and dying on many a battle-
field, and have seen men shoot one another
down amid the horrid din of artillery, but the
sight was not half so horrible or terrifying as
the silent dead of Cameron. I must not con-
clude without informing you that the drum-
mer lived, notwithstanding the serious nature
of his wounds, and that he received the
Cross of the Legion of Honour. The regi-
ment was also publicly thanked in the Gen-
eral Orders for the bravery displayed by this
company, and a short time afterwards we left
the 'hot earth' for the siege of Puebla."

"But did you distinguish your friend, the
sergeant, amongst the number of the dead at
Cameron?" asked the Doctor, when M'Alvey
had finished his story.

"Oh, yes; but cease—ask me no more.
The recollection of his blotted, distorted fea-
tures, clenched hands, vividly distended eyes,
with the flesh torn from the bones by the zo-
pilotes, has left upon my mind a picture I
cannot contemplate without a shudder. But,"
he added, starting to his feet and buckling on
his sword-belt, which he had loosened, "there
goes the 'march' of the regiment; we are
off again."

It was just midnight when we commenced
to move away, and for seven hours we floun-
dered on in the dark, through mud and snow;
on through the cold, damp, dark night, we
kept at it until seven the following morning.
It was just daybreak. We had halted be-
side a mound that skirted the beautiful valley
of the Doubs. Away on the eastern horizon
a band of light shrouded upwards and tinged
with grey the nimbus clouds of night. Those
particles of dust-clouds, heated by contact
with our atmosphere, and known as "St.
Lawrence's tears," occasionally darted across
the heavens, like rockets through a storm-
cloud. The wind ate through the miserable
clothing of the men, who had thrown them-
selves, shivering, under the snow-beaten
rocks, and tried to catch a few moments of
 repose. "The Doubs came bubbling down as
if the spirits of the stream were murmuring
their thanksgiving at having escaped the frozen
grasp of King Frost. The tall ranges of the
Vosges re