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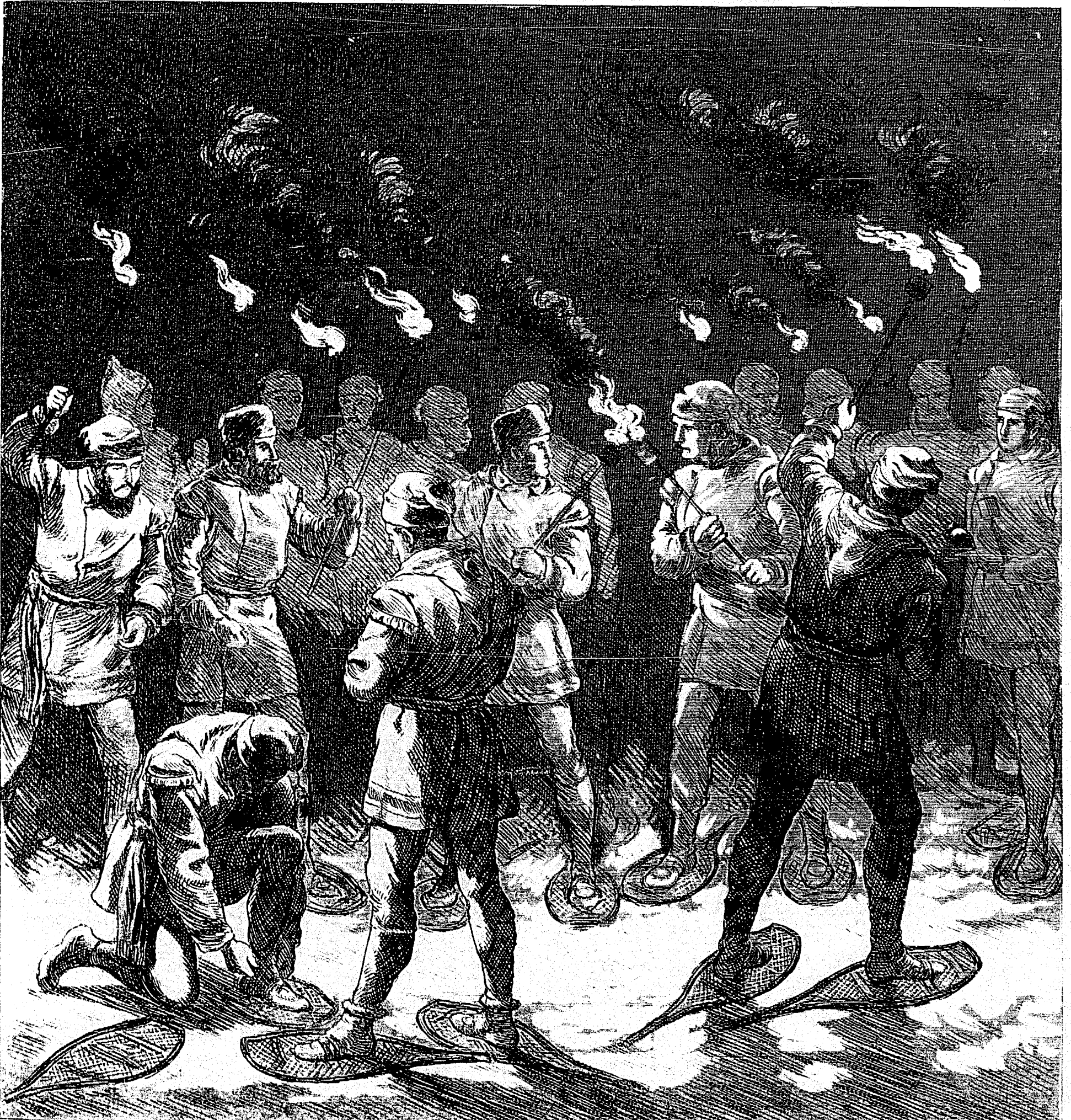
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MONTREAL.—THE SNOW-SHOE TRAMP BY TORCHLIGHT.—THE START.—By CHAS. KENDRICK.

Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.

THE SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLMASTERS OF
CHARLES DICKENS.

III.

INDIVIDUALITY, IDIOSYCRASY AND PRIVATE TUITION.

Whatever we may think of the personality of Mr Squeers, of Mr. Creakle, or of Doctor Blimber and Mr. McChoakemchild, we find that Dickens is only pointing his pencil for a still more graphic sketch of the Schoolmaster proper, a sort of Eugene Aram, (in his criminal aspect) but a more perfect picture, depicting the lesson that no amount of "square-headedness," no elaboration of system, no ambition, (purely selfish) can control human passion; but this, even when encased within scholastic armour, will, eventually, burst its bonds and end in disaster and destruction.

Individuality of character may be a great power, but is not necessarily a safe one. In illustration, let us take the character of Bradley Headstone in "Our Mutual Friend." His picture is intensely graphic. He is the master of a model school, with all the "modern appliances." He is "decent" in his respectability and respectable in his decency, but rather too "square" at the best. Here is his picture:—

"Bradley Headstone, in his decent black coat, and decent white shirt, and decent formal black tie, and decent pantaloons of pepper and salt, and decent silver watch, with decent hair guard, looked a thoroughly decent young man of six and twenty. He had acquired mechanically a great store of teachers' knowledge. He could do mental arithmetic mechanically, sing at sight mechanically, blow various wind instruments mechanically, even blow the church organ mechanically. From his early childhood up his mind had been a place of mechanical stowage. The arrangements of his wholesale warehouse, so that it might be always ready to meet the demands of retail dealers—history here, geography there, astronomy to the right, political economy to the left, natural history, the physical sciences, figures, music, the lower mathematics and what not, all in their several places—this process of assortment had imparted to his countenance a look of care; while the habit of questioning and being questioned had given him a suspicious manner, as of one lying in wait. He seemed always uneasy lest anything should be missing from his mental warehouse, and taking stock to reassure himself."

This great machine and warehouse of a schoolmaster takes an interest in and patronizes a pupil teacher in a back alley school of the "Jumble" class, where he has been monitor. Of this school Dickens remarks that "the teachers, animated solely by good intentions, had no idea of execution, and a lamentable jumble was the upshot of their kind endeavours, where in fact,

"Black spirits and white,
"Red spirits and grey,
"Jumbled, jumbled, jumbled,
"Jumbled every day."

"Even in this temple of good intentions, an exceptionally sharp boy, exceptionally determined to learn, might learn something," and in this way it came about that Charley Hexam had learned to be a pupil teacher, and had been received from the "jumble" into a better school. In some visits to the Jumble, Headstone had found him out, and "brought him on."

Now the story is, that the intimacy between the headmaster and his assistant teacher leads to the former's falling in love, after the old headlong fashion, with Lizzy Hexam, the boy's sister, and the passion (which is not reciprocated) leads to a murderous assault upon his more successful rival, and to a determined murder of the witness who detects the crime, with whom he wrestles, throws his victim and himself in the struggle, into a canal, thus adding suicide to his double crime.

A beautiful contrast to this hard, cold, singular man, is the character of Doctor Strong, in "David Copperfield."

"Dr. Strong looked almost as rusty as the tall iron rails and gates outside the house; and almost as stiff and heavy as the great stone urns on the top of the red brick wall. He was in his library with his clothes (not particularly well brushed,) and his hair (not particularly well combed); his knees small unbraced; his long black gaiters unbuttoned; and his shoes yawning."

"Dr. Strong's was an excellent school; as different from Mr. Creakle's as good is from evil. It was very gravely and decorously ordered, and on a sound system; with an appeal in everything to the honour and good faith of the boys, and an avowed intention to rely on their possession of those qualities unless they proved themselves unworthy of it, which worked wonders."

"The Doctor himself was the idol of the whole school," for he was the kindest of men, and had a simple faith which melted stony hearts, and though he was the subject of many impositions he was the object of universal love and reverence."

In his later works Dickens has given us two characters full of "idiosyncrasy" which illustrate some of the English modes of Private Tuition.

Mr. Mathew Pocket, of Hammersmith, "West of London," affords one example, and the Rev. Horatio Crisparkle, of the good old Cathedral town of Rochester, forms the happy contrast.

Mr. Pocket, whose portrait is to be found in "Great Expectations," was a dilapidated man of the slovenly order. But he was a young looking man in spite of his very grey hair, and perplexed and distraught manner.

"He had been educated at Harrow and Cambridge, where he had distinguished himself; but when he had the happiness of marrying Mrs. Pocket, he impaired his prospects and became a 'Grinder' at his University. After grinding a number of dull blades he left the 'grindstone' and went to London, and maintained his establishment by the help of very moderate resources, and fees from divers young men who 'read' with him, and who lacked opportunities or neglected them."

But Mrs. P. was by no means a "help meet" for such a man, and let the household run to waste and be managed by the servants, whilst she studied heraldry, and was interested only in the movements of the aristocracy, priding herself in a supposed "blue tinge" in her own blood, and breaking out occa-

sionally into violent remonstrance when she thought her dignity was imposed upon.

"Am I?" she would exclaim "grandpapa's granddaughter to be nothing in this house?" causing Mr. Pocket to seize his scalp through his hair by both hands with a jerk which appeared to lift him some inches out of his chair. On cooling down he would let himself down again and become silent. By his aid Mr. Pip was raised from the rough clay of a blacksmith's apprentice to the fine porcelain of a real gentleman.

In his last work, left unfinished on his library table at Gad's Hill on the morning of his death, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," Dickens gives another sketch of a private tutor of a more robust and healthy character.

"A fresh and healthy portrait the looking-glass presented of the Rev. Septimus Crisparkle boxing with great science and prowess, feinting and dodging with the utmost artfulness, and hitting out from the shoulder with the utmost straightness, while his radiant features teem with innocence, and soft-hearted benevolence beams from his boxing-gloves."

"What is prettier than an old lady, (except a young lady) when her eyes are bright, her figure trim and compact, face cheerful and calm, and her dress—like the dress of a China shepherdess—so dainty in its colours, so neatly moulded on her." And so the minor canon thought frequently, as he looked at his long-widowed and comely mother as they sat at breakfast.

Whenever the Reverend Septimus, (who had a difficult charge in his tutelage) fell a musing, the blooming old lady made all haste to the dining-room closet "to produce from it a glass of Constantia and a home-made biscuit," which he never dare refuse; so also the Rev. Septimus yielded himself a willing victim to a nauseous medicine-chest, also presided over by the China Shepherdess—"gentian, peppermint, gilliflower, sage, parsley, thyme, rue, rose-mary, and dandelion," were his portion on the first suspicions of toothache, face ache, or any other ache—and even his filial devotion would lead him, at her behest, to bathe both hands and face in basins of rose leaves and dried lavender, fully convinced of their prophylactic virtues."

The power of this gentle and strong character upon the wild undisciplined *Janiss*, on the careless hero, and upon the dark and devious character, John Jasper, are well handled; and in this literary fragment we have an assurance that our author left his work in his prime, and the cause of education is a loser by his premature death. The instance is, however, a striking one of *Idiosyncrasy* amongst the class of private tutors, who are of course, to a large extent, a self-selected class of men. To return once more to the "school-masters" proper, the tenderest sketch painted in the most loving characters is that of the Poor Schoolmaster in "The Old Curiosity Shop," which we look upon as the "Chef-d'Œuvre" of our author. "There was but one old man in a garden before his cottage, and little Nell," and her grandfather approached him timidly, for he was the Schoolmaster, and had "School" written up over his windows. "He was a pale, simple-looking man, of a spare and meagre habit, and sat among his flowers and bee-hives smoking his pipe in the little porch before his door."

"He had a kind face. In his plain old suit of black, he looked lonely and solitary, and was absorbed in a 'brown study;' but when the weary travellers did get his attention, he sets his simple hospitalities before them and bids them welcome. His eyes wander off upon the walls, whereon hang some beautiful specimens of penmanship. 'Is it yours, sir?' asked little Nell. 'Mine?' he returned. 'No, I couldn't write like that now a days. They are all done by one hand; a little hand; it is not so old as yours, but a very clever one.' Far beyond his companions in his learning and his sports too, how did he ever come to be so fond of me?"

"He stopped and took off his spectacles to wipe them, as if they had grown dim, and tells the child that his favourite scholar is away ill, but he hopes soon to see him back in his place again. "Having given the travellers the shelter of his roof, on retiring to bed he gently asks "little Nell" to say a prayer that night for a sick child, adding: "It is a little hand to have done all that, and waste away with sickness. It is a very, very little hand!"

"In the morning he learns that the little scholar is worse. At the top of the first form was the vacant place of the sick boy, and on the row of pegs for hats or caps, the first was left empty. No boy attempted to violate the sanctity of seat or peg, but many a one looked from the empty spaces to the schoolmaster and whispered behind his idle neighbour—behind his hand."

"Then began the hum of coming lessons, whispered just and stealthy game, and all the noise and drawl of school, and in the midst of the din sat the poor schoolmaster, the very image of meanness and simplicity, vainly attempting to fix his mind upon the duties of the day, and to forget his little friend. But his thoughts were rambling from his pupils it was plain, and none knew this better than the eldest boys, who took the grossest advantage of his abstraction to play their boldest tricks."

"Oh, how some of these idle fellows longed to be outside; what rebellious thoughts of the cool river, of the shady bathing places, and the dim woods, would rush upon their minds, tempting them to rush out and become savages from that time forth; or wishing to be a whale, or a titlbat, or a fly, or anything but a boy at school on that hot broiling day. When the clock had struck twelve, "I think, boys," said the schoolmaster, "I shall give an extra half-holiday this afternoon, but you must promise me first that you will not be noisy—at least on the green. I'm sure you wouldn't disturb your old playmate and companion." There was a general murmur of assent, and "Thankee, Sir," "Yes, Sir," "Good-bye, Sir." But the burst from school to joyous nature on such a day was more than boys could bear, and with wild whoop and halloo, they chased each other across the green, laughing and shouting as they went.

"It's natural, thank Heaven," said the schoolmaster. "I'm glad they didn't mind me."

They visit the sick child, women are watching round, and old Dame West crying very bitterly, wringing her hands and rocking to and fro.

"Oh, dame," said the schoolmaster, "is it so bad as this?"

"He's going fast," cried the old woman; "my grandson's dying—it's all along of you. You shouldn't see him now only for his being so earnest on it. This is what his learning has brought him to. O, dear, dear, dear, what can I do?"

"Don't say I am in any fault, Dame. You are in great

distress of mind, and do not mean what you say. I am not hurt."

"He takes his seat beside the child, and whispers his name. The boy throws his wasted arms round his neck, crying out that he was his dear kind friend. "I hope I always was—I meant to be, God knows," said the poor schoolmaster. In the silence that ensued, the hum and shout of the boys at play upon the green, came floating through the open window.

"He took a handkerchief from his pillow, and not having power to wave it, asked the schoolmaster to wave it at the window and tie it to the lattice. "Some of them may see it there and think of me and look this way." The two old friends and companions—for such they were—though they were man and child, held each other in a long embrace, the little scholar took a wistful glance at the fluttering signal, at his idle bat, and slate and book, turned his face towards the wall, and fell asleep.

"The poor schoolmaster sat in the same place, holding the same small cold hand in his, and chafing it.

"It was but the hand of a dead child—he felt that, but he chafed it still, and could not lay it down."

"E."

THE LATE BARON LYTTON.

On another page will be found a portrait of the late Baron Lytton, who died on the 18th ult., leaving behind him a name which will live to all time in the annals of literature and statesmanship. As poet, novelist, dramatist, essayist and statesman, Lord Lytton distinguished himself alike by his brilliant parts and his unwearied industry, the fruits of which he has left as a rich heritage to posterity.

Of Lord Lytton's career we gave a brief account in an obituary notice which appeared in our last issue. We shall therefore content ourselves with a glance at the distinguished roles he played in the worlds of literature and politics. Already in early life he gave indication of his literary tastes, and in 1820, when only fifteen years of age, appeared in print as the author of "Ismael" an Oriental tale. His next success was achieved at Cambridge, where five years later he carried off the Chancellor's medal with his English poem on "Sculpture." The following year he published in Paris, for private circulation, a collection of poems and aphorisms entitled "Weeds and Wild Flowers," and in 1827 a tale in verse, "O'Neil, or the Rebel," and "Falkland," a love story in one volume, both anonymously. His first great work of fiction was "Pelham, or the Adventures of a Gentleman," of which it is related that the M.S. which had been rejected by the publisher's reader, was read by the publisher himself, who at once issued the work in three volumes, and dispatched a check for £500 to the young novelist. This was in 1827. "Pelham" was followed by "The Disowned," in 1828; "Devereux," in 1829; and "Paul Clifford," in 1830. In 1831 appeared a satirical poem, "The Siamese Twins," and "Milton." In 1832 he published "Eugene Aram," and in 1833 "Godolphin," and "England and the English," a series of witty sketches of national manners. About this time Bulwer succeeded Campbell, as editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, to which he contributed a series of papers which were subsequently published under the title of "The Student." Soon after this came "The Pilgrims of the Rhine," followed, after a tour in Italy, by "The Last Days of Pompeii," and "Rienzi," the latter in 1835. In the same year appeared "Leila; or, the Siege of Granada," and "Calderon the Courtier." In the following year Bulwer made his first essay as a dramatist, with "The Duchess of La Valliere," a play in five acts, which met with little success. He next made his appearance as a historical writer, with "Athens, its Rise and Fall," of which two volumes were published in 1836. His next work was a novel, "Ernest Maltavers," which appeared in 1837, and a sequel to which, under the title of "Alice, or the Mysteries," was published in 1838. Towards the close of this year Mr. Bulwer and John Herschel were created baronets on the occasion of the coronation of Her Majesty. In this year also he made his second attempt as a dramatist, and produced the five-act comedy, "The Lady of Lyons," which not only achieved a brilliant success at the time, but has retained its hold of the stage ever since. "Richelieu" came out in 1839; "The Sea Captain," in five acts, in 1839; "Money," in five acts, in 1840; and, after a long interval, the comedy of "Not so bad as we seem," in five acts, written for an tour performance in 1851, as a benefit for the "Guild of Literature and Art,"—the idea of which is said to have originated during a visit paid to Sir Edward's mansion at Knebworth by several literary celebrities and artists. Having conceived the notion of a journal which should combine scientific information with politics and general literature, he, in conjunction with Sir D. Brewster and Dr. Lardner, commenced a periodical in the early part of 1841, founded upon this design, entitled *The Monthly Chronicle*; but it was too scientific to suit the public taste of the day, and, after a few months' existence, its projector retired from it, dissatisfied with the result. During his connection with this organ, he contributed to its political section a remarkable "Historical Review of the State of England and Europe at the Accession of Queen Victoria," on which M. Guizot bestowed the highest commendation. In the same year Sir Edward resumed his career as a novelist, by the production of "Night and Morning." This was succeeded, in 1842, by "Zanoni," "the well-weld work," to use the author's own words, "of his mature manhood." About the same time he published a volume of poetry, entitled "Eva, and the Ill-omened Marriage," since incorporated, with considerable additions, in the complete edition of his poetical works. Not long after the cessation of his first parliamentary labours, in 1841, Sir E. Bulwer travelled in Germany, and devoted himself to the study of its language and its rich stores of literature, when he collected materials for a life of Schiller, the especial object of his admiration, and availed himself of this information in the biography of that great writer which he appended to the first edition of his translation of the "Poems and Ballads of Schiller," in 1844. "The Last of the Barons," his next essay in romance, appeared early in 1843. At the close of this year Sir Edward lost his mother, and succeeding to her valuable estates of Knebworth, &c., he, in compliance with her will, changed his name, taking the historic surname of Lytton, by royal licence, in addition to his patronymic, Bulwer. The effects of unremitting toil having seriously affected his health, he was induced to try the hydropathic system, in the year 1845; and in a sparkling letter to W. Harrison Ainsworth, published as the "Confessions of a Water Patient," he made known his impressions and opinions of the

efficacy of that system. The same year witnessed the appearance, anonymously, of the first portion of his remarkable poem, "The New Timon," a satire of modern London. This work came out complete in one volume in 1847, the authorship remaining for some time unacknowledged. "Lucretia; or the Children of Night," a romance of a grim character, also appeared in 1847; and this was succeeded, in periodical instalments, by one of the author's greatest achievements in fiction—"The Caxtons," eventually published in a collective form in 1849. "King Arthur: an Epic, in Twelve Books"—not avowed at first—and issued in four parts, was published complete in the latter year. Meanwhile the indefatigable author had given to the world, in 1848, his historical romance of "Harold, the last of the Saxon Kings." Spending the whole of 1849 abroad, Sir Bulwer Lytton began, while residing for a time at Nice, his masterly delineation of the varieties of English life which he has emphatically designated as "My Novel." This, like "The Caxtons," originally appeared in the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and was not published complete until 1853. It was followed, in a similar mode of issue, by the most elaborate of the author's novels—"What will he do with it?" commencing at the end of 1857, and published as a whole in 1858. "A Strange Story," appeared originally in the pages of *All the Year Round*, and was issued as a complete book in 1862. He has since published "Caxtoniana; or, Essays on Life, Literature, and Manners, by Pisistratus Caxton," in two vols., in 1863; and "The Lost Tales of Miletus," a collection of ancient legends in original rhythmical strophes, founded upon, though not directly imitating, the Greek metres, in 1866. In 1869 appeared the rhymic Comedy of "Walpole." In addition to the long list of his works above enumerated, may be mentioned a biographical sketch of Laman Blanchard, prefixed to his Essays, in 1846; the author's "Inaugural Address to the associated Societies of the University of Edinburgh" delivered on the occasion of his being elected first honorary president, and printed in 1854; many valuable critical articles and essays in the *Quarterly*, *Edinburgh*, and *Westminster Reviews*; and his remarkable treatise in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, on "The Reign of Terror and the French Revolution." Among his valuable services to the cause of literature, his zealous and substantial support of "The Guild of Literature and Art," deserves especial notice. He not only made to it a gift of the proceeds of the play he wrote for its benefit, but presented to the institution a piece of land as a site for the erection of homes for decayed artists and men of letters. Since the publication of "A Strange Story," Lord Lytton has not appeared before the world as a novelist. His last work, however, recently written, and as yet unpublished, is looked forward to with much interest and expectation. It is entitled "Kenelm Chillingly, His Adventures and Opinions."

Lord Lytton's political career dates over forty years back. In 1831 he entered Parliament as member for St. Ives, in the Liberal interest; and in 1832 he was returned to the new Reformed Parliament as member for Lincoln, which he continued to represent till 1841, when he lost his seat. As an adherent of the Whig party, he had in those years taken a strong interest in, and had spoken often and with great effect on various liberal measures, especially on questions affecting the free diffusion of knowledge, and also on slavery. During this part of his Parliamentary career he published, in 1835, a political pamphlet, entitled "The Crisis," in reference to the brief interruption of the Whig government by the Conservative ministry of Sir Robert Peel. This pamphlet ran through many editions, and added considerably to the growing political reputation of the writer.

For several years Sir Edward Bulwer kept aloof from active political life. During this interval considerable changes having occurred in the circumstances of the country, his political views became considerably modified, and in 1852 he was returned in the Conservative interest for the county of Hertford. On the accession to power in 1858 of the Conservative party under Lord Derby, Sir Bulwer Lytton was appointed Secretary of State for the Colonies; and it was under his auspices that the two Colonies of British Columbia and Queensland were called into existence. In 1859 Lord Derby's second administration came to an end. In July, 1866, shortly after the advent to power of Lord Derby's third administration, Sir Bulwer Lytton was raised to the peerage as Baron Lytton.

MOVEMENTS OF H. E. THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

On Wednesday evening, the 22nd ult., Their Excellencies the Governor-General and the Countess of Dufferin gave a dinner-party at the St. Lawrence Hall, to which the following ladies and gentlemen received invitations:—Monsieur and Madame George Lamothe, Monsieur and Madame Laframboise, Judge and Madame Mondlet, Judge and Mrs. Day, Judge and Mrs. Ramsay, the Dean of Montreal and Mrs. Bond, Mr. and Mrs. Howe, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Mackenzie, Monsieur and Madame Pinsonneault, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Workman, Colonel and Mrs. Dyde, Hon. Mr. and Madame Bureau, Hon. Mr. Huntington, Mrs. Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. John Rankin, Mr. and Mrs. Tollemache, Mr. Venables, Mr. Holbeck, 10th Rifes.

On Thursday His Excellency, accompanied by Capt. Hamilton, A.D.C., visited the military school, where he was received by Col. Bacon and the officers of the Staff. In the afternoon the Earl and Countess were present at the Victoria Skating Rink. In the evening Their Excellencies held a dinner-party at which the following were the guests:—Mons. and Madame Theodore Doucet, Madame Doucet, Dr. and Mrs. McCallum, Mr. and Miss Urquhart, Mr. and Miss Angus, Mr. and Madame Jetté, Mr. and Mrs. James Ross, Principal and Mrs. Dawson, Judge and Mrs. Mackay, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Anderson, Mr. Thos. Ritchie, Judge and Mrs. Drummond, Mr. Cramp, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Ross, Mr. Domville, Mr. and Miss Joseph, Mrs. Holland, Mr. and Mrs. Esdaile, Mr. and Mrs. Brehaut, Mr. and Mrs. Hickson.

On Friday morning His Excellency received an address from the members of the Montreal Presbytery of the Canada Presbyterian Church. In the afternoon the Earl and Countess drove out to Villa Maria, the Convent of the nuns of the Congregation, and after visiting the building were presented with addresses by the pupils. They then visited the Montreal College, where addresses both in French and English were presented.

Her Excellency the Countess of Dufferin held an "at home" on Saturday afternoon, which was largely attended by the elite of the city.

On Sunday morning Their Excellencies attended Divine Service at the Cathedral.

On Monday afternoon His Excellency, accompanied by J. L. Pattison, Esq., his Private Secretary, visited the Water Works at Point St. Charles, where in the absence of His Worship the Mayor, he was received by Mr. Garth, Chairman of the Water Committee, and shown over the Wheel House and Engine Room. On the same day Her Excellency Lady Dufferin visited the Protestant Infants, Home on Notre Dame Street.

Our Illustrations.

THE SNOW-SHOE TRAMP OF THE MONTREAL CLUBS.

In this issue are three sketches of the grand snow-shoe tramp by torchlight, which took place in this city on the 15th ult., in honour of H. E. the Governor General. Four clubs took share in the proceedings, viz., the Alexandra, the Montreal, the Canada, and the Maple Leaf, numbering in all over two hundred representatives. The start was made at eight in the evening from Sherbrooke street, between McGill College and McGill College Avenue. The scene at the time—the glistening snow-covered ground, the picturesque dresses of the snow-shoers, and the flickering light of the torches, was one of the prettiest sights imaginable. The Governor-General, accompanied by Lady Dufferin, witnessed the whole scene from their sleigh, and then turned and drove around the mountain, to the residence of Alexander McGibbon, Esq., on the St. Catherine Road. Here they arrived about nine o'clock, and soon afterwards the snow-shoers made their appearance, and were invited by the host to enter the house where a numerous party had already assembled. Supper had been provided on a scale of magnificent hospitality, and after a very pleasant evening the guests separated—some hundred members of the Montreal Club escorting Their Excellencies home.

A biography of

PROFESSOR PEPPER,

is given on the same page as his portrait.

THE VISIT OF THEIR EXCELLENCIES TO MCGILL COLLEGE,

has already been described in these columns. It would therefore be useless to repeat at length the account of the ceremony. Our illustration shows the reception of Their Excellencies by the Arts Students, who as soon as the visitors' sleigh reached the college gates, took out the horses, attached ropes to the vehicle, and dragged it up the drive to the entrance. In his speech in answer to the address of the members of Convocation, His Excellency alluded to this incident. "Only upon one other occasion," he said, "and that the most important in the lives of each of us, have Lady Dufferin and myself been treated to a similar honour, and that was upon our marriage day. I can only say that if the 'coaches' of this college are as good as the 'horses' the students cannot fail to take very high and creditable degrees." On leaving the sleigh Their Excellencies were met by the Chancellor, Vice-Chancellor, and Registrar of the University, and His Lordship the Bishop of Montreal, and conducted to the Wm. Melson Hall, where the members of Convocation, in their robes, were assembled on the dais. The Governor, after taking his seat in the centre of the dais, was presented with the address by the Chancellor, the Hon. Chas. Denev Day. His Lordship replied at length, and the members of Convocation were then presented to Lord and Lady Dufferin. This concluded the proceedings, and the distinguished visitors, after visiting the library and museum, drove off amid loud cheers.

SHERBORN STATION—DAWSON ROUTE.

Mr. Wm. Armstrong, who furnishes us with the sketch from which the above illustration is taken, says: "A most comfortable rest-house is here kept by the Government for the convenience of emigrants. The Hudson Bay Company have a store at this station, and a fast little tug runs from this place to the head of the lake. The scenery along the shores is very picturesque."

BARON LYTTON.

A biography of this eminent writer, recently deceased, will be found elsewhere.

A SKATING SCENE AT LEIPSIK.

This illustration will be interesting to our readers, as showing the wide difference in the clothing worn in mid-winter in Canada and in Germany—in which latter country skating is as much a favourite pastime as it is here. The ladies in the Fatherland do not find it necessary to muffle up beyond recognition, while those in the picture have even dispensed with muffs, and are leaning on their cavalier's arms with hands wonderfully *bien gantées*. We wish we could say as much in praise of their feet, which are anything but *bien chaussées*.

THE VIENNA EXHIBITION.

We have already given some account of the Vienna Universal Exhibition of 1873, which we now supplement with two drawings, taken from *Engineering*, illustrating the construction and progress of the Exhibition Building. The first illustration gives a general idea of the scaffolding of the great central dome, and some of the more finished parts of the building. The picture is taken from the eastern wing of the machinery annexe, and in the foreground is seen one of the canteens of the workmen. The second engraving represents the interior of the main gallery, which runs the entire length of the Exhibition, and also shows the scaffolding for the dome, as well as the large ring upon which the structure of the dome rests.

OUR DIGESTIVE ORGANS.—The result of much scientific research and experiment has within the last few years enabled the medical profession to supply to the human system, where impaired or infective, the power which assimilates our food. This is now known as "Morson's Pepsine," and is prescribed as wine, globules, and lozenges, with full directions. The careful and regular use of this valuable medicine restores the natural functions of the stomach, giving once more strength to the body. There are many imitations, but Morson and Son, the original manufacturers, are practical chemists, and the "Pepsine" prepared by them is warranted, and bears their labels and trade-mark. It is sold by all chemists in bottles 3s., and boxes from 2s. 6d., but purchasers should see the name

6-1322

T. MORSON & SON.

Miscellaneous.

Garibaldi is to visit Scotland next year. The next idea on the *tapis* is international postal cards. The last of the French prisoners in Germany, 54 in number, arrived in Paris in Christmas week. The next session of the Imperial Parliament will, it is believed, be opened by the Queen in person. Postal cards have been issued in France. Prices, 10 centimes (2c.) for Paris, and 15 centimes for the country, including Corsica and Algeria.

The trial of Marshal Bazaine is nearly certain to come on at the beginning of this month. It will take place in the Ecole Militaire at Paris. Among the newspapers which the Pope has recently placed on the "Index Expurgatorius" are the *New York Evening Mail*, the *New York Times*, *Harper's Weekly*, and the *Independent*.

Madame Thiers has sent 1,000*l.*, and the Orleans Princes 25,000*l.* to the fund being raised by the *Figaro* for the relief of sufferers by the recent floods in the department of the Seine. About one hundred and thirty-five blue-jackets are about to leave England for Australia, in order to man the colonial-built schooners destined to put down slave-dealing and kidnapping in the South Seas.

The streets and roads in and about Ballarat are macadamized with quartz, in which gold is not unfrequently found. Not very long ago a nugget, weighing 27 oz., was found by a man on one of the highways. The *London Gazette* contains an official notice that Mr. Walter Knotts, of London, in consequence of the present obnoxious name of his ship, "The Devil," being strongly objected to by merchants, underwriters, and others, intends to apply to the Board of Trade for permission to change the name to that of "News Boy."

The American printers are about to erect in Greenwood Cemetery a monument in type-metal—a most unserviceable material by the way—to the memory of the late Horace Greeley. To defray the expenses of the statue they are to set up each 1,000 ems on Monday, the 3rd instant, being the sixty-second anniversary of Mr. Greeley's birth.

A most singular story is mentioned in an exchange concerning an old-fashioned clock in Portland, Maine. About fourteen years ago an old lady fell dead of heart-disease while winding up the clock. The time was ten minutes before ten in the morning, and ever since the clock has stopped at ten on the anniversary of her death. Such is the story.

The London International Exhibition will open on Easter Monday, the 11th of April, instead of the beginning of May, as in past years. The three staples of exhibition are carriages, silk, and food. In the latter section it is proposed that there shall be a culinary kitchen, or laboratory, open for the purpose of teaching the working classes how to prepare cheap varieties of food in an agreeable manner.

A serious question is now being debated at the Vatican. Several Theologians, councillors of the Congregation of *Pentecostaria*, have pronounced that no Catholic can take part in the religious service of the Protestant Church without incurring the major excommunication. Others declare that this will not do for the present age, and quote the authority of Pope Benedict XIV. and of *Sant' Alfonso de' Liguori*.

The Princess of Wales has almost completely recovered from the disability which a few years ago caused so much anxiety. Thanks to the skill of the medical advisers and a naturally vigorous constitution, we see she has at length resumed the place she was wont to fill with so much grace and spirit in the hunting field; for among the items of intelligence which reach us from Sandringham it is gratifying to learn that not only has Her Royal Highness had the enjoyment afforded by a good run with the hounds, but that she actually accomplished a ride of 36 miles, returning home in time to superintend the distribution of her New Year's gifts.

The King of Bavaria has just had a gorgeous sleigh constructed, the cost of which amounts to \$100,000. The vehicle has seats supported by carved nymphs, naiads, or walkyries; and the panels are most chastely painted, engraved, and inlaid by the Court artist, Herr von Pechmann. The seats and footboards are of heavily gold-embroidered blue velvet, as are the harness and horse blankets. Everything is shining with gold, even the poles being gilt—every metallic piece in the sleigh and harness being either of solid gold or strongly plated, so as to be rust-proof. The rugs are of the most costly ermine, with chancellières to match. The sleigh is to be driven four-in-hand.

A peaceful contest is on the eve of taking place between a section of English workmen and a section of French workmen, the result of which will be looked for by artisans with some degree of interest. The boot and shoe makers of London have challenged the boot and shoe makers of Paris as to which can turn out the best quality of work in the shortest possible time. The challenge is for £100; and the decision will rest with a committee composed of Englishmen and Frenchmen appointed for that purpose. The challenge was given by the leading workmen of the bootmakers of England through *St. Crispin*, their organ, and was accepted by the *Monteur de la Cordonnerie*, the mouthpiece of the French workmen.

The second volume of the collection of manuscripts relative to the "Siege of Sebastopol," edited by the Czarévitch, has just appeared at St. Petersburg. This volume is not so interesting as the first, but it contains some curious revelations of the incapacity of the Russian officers in the Crimean war. It appears from the manuscripts now published that the Commander-in-Chief in the Crimea, Prince Menschikoff, could not understand his own soldiers when they spoke to him, and was equally unintelligible to them, and that his successor, Prince Gortschakoff (brother to the present chancellor), was so forgetful and absent-minded that he was the laughing-stock of his subordinates. The artillery and the engineers were in a miserable state, badly officered and insufficiently equipped, and the line regiments were utterly ignorant of everything but parade duty.

John Smith—plain John Smith—is not very high sounding; it does not suggest aristocracy; it is not the name of any hero in die-away novels; and yet it is good, strong, and honest. Transferred to other languages, it seems to climb the ladder of respectability. Thus in Latin it is *Johannes Smithus*; the Italian smooths it off into *Giovanni Smithi*; the Spaniards render it *Juan Smithus*; the Dutchman adopts it as *Hans Schmidt*; the French flatten it out into *Jean Smeet*; and the Russian sneezes and barks *Jonzoff Smittowski*. When John Smith gets into the tea trade in Canton he becomes *Jovan Shimitit*; if he clambers about Iceland the Icelanders say he is *John Smithson*; if he trades among the Tuscaroras he becomes *Ton qua Smithia*; in Poland he is known as *Ivan Schmittweiski*; should he wander among the Welsh mountains, they talk of *Jihon Schmidd*; when he goes to Mexico he is booked as *Jantli F'Smitti*; if of classic turn he lingers among Greek ruins, he turns to *Ion Smikton*; and in Turkey he is utterly disguised as *yourself as Yoe Self*.

PROFESSOR PEPPER, F.C.S.

LATE OF THE ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION, LONDON, ENG.

John Henry Pepper, the popular chemical lecturer, was born in London, where his father was well known and respected as a contractor for public works, and was elected Chief Burgess of the City of Westminster. Several relations of Mr. Pepper's had already made their mark in the literary world, and especially his uncle, John Tarte, Esq., proprietor and editor of the *Morning Herald*, led the van in diffusing liberal information to the public on scientific matters, and encouraged the young aspirants for scientific honours. Young Pepper received an early and liberal education, and, like "little Dombey," had a "grinding up" at Brighton, with fortunately a more beneficial result; and after a course at a well-known "Academy," in the neighbourhood of Brixton, he entered King's College with an intention to study for the church. Here he acquired a preponderating taste for chemistry, and was placed under the care of Prof. John Thos. Cooper, one of the most accomplished practical chemists of his day, and for a period of five years the young man had excellent opportunities of gaining experience, and formed acquaintance with the leading chemists of the day. At the early age of nineteen he was suddenly called upon, in consequence of the serious illness of Prof. Cooper, to accept his duties as "locum tenens," which duties he performed with extraordinary ability. After his recovery Prof. Cooper gave the first course of lectures on chemistry at the Royal Polytechnic Institution, and was assisted by Mr. Pepper, who shortly afterwards was placed in charge of that institution, and ultimately had for many years entire control and management as Director of this most popular Institution.

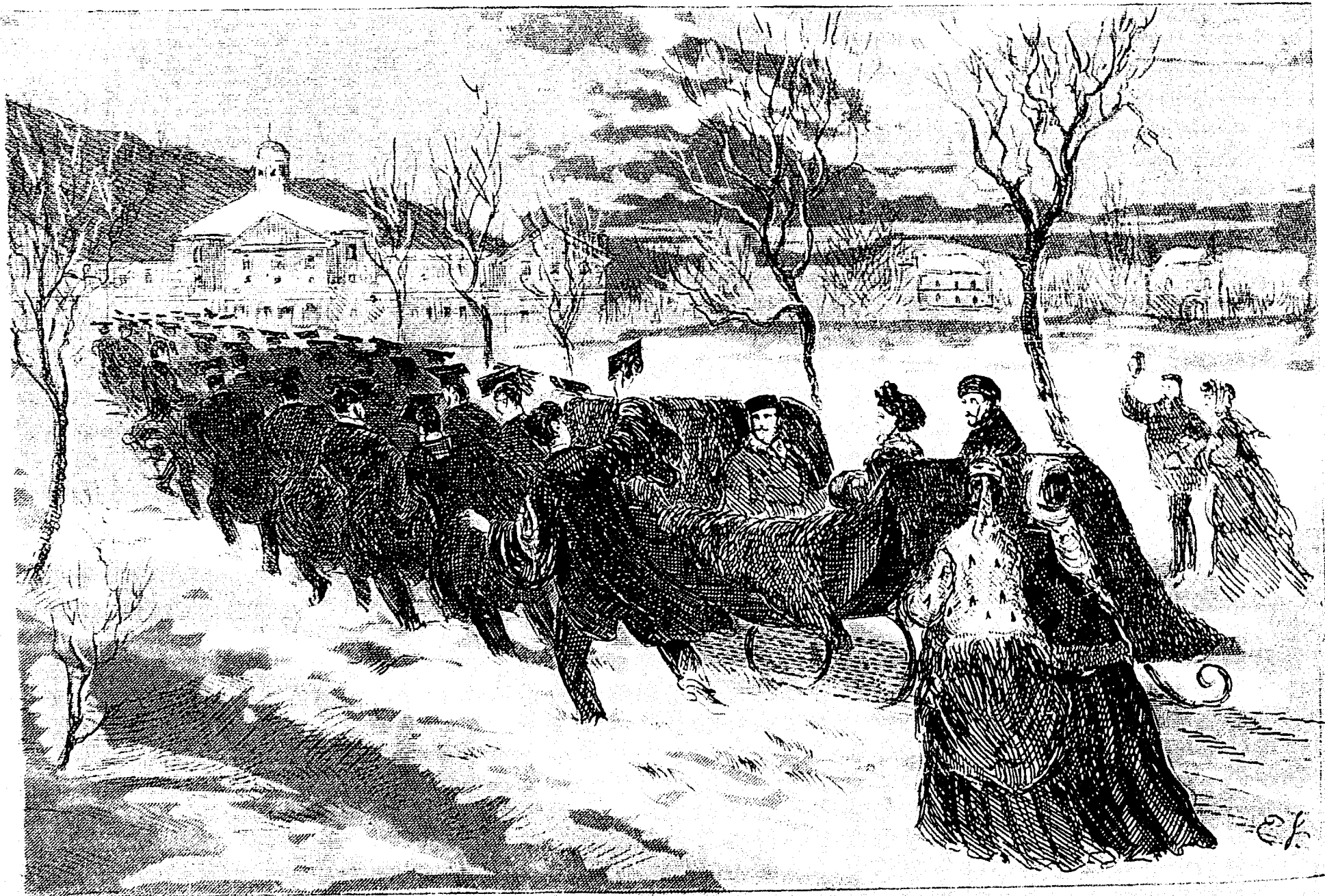
Here he established classes in practical chemistry and mineralogy,



PROFESSOR PEPPER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.

French, German, and mathematics, at very low fees, and gave Monday Evening Lectures to working-men at half-price. These movements to popularize Science were under the special patronage of H.R.H. the late Prince Consort, and he has had the honour repeatedly of lecturing before several members of the Royal family. He also established a popular School of Photography, and for the last twenty years has been known throughout England as an accomplished and acceptable lecturer and experimentalist—bridging the gulf which lies between the abstrusities of Science and the popular mind, and seasoning all his discourses and writings with a quiet humour, which is the special delight of boys. Not only has the Professor thus appeared to generation after generation of schoolboys—boys in town for the Christmas holidays, and boys brought in by special trips from the country, and boys specially favoured by a visit to their academy, but to crowded audiences at Mechanics' Institutes and Athenaeums all through the United Kingdom. Probably no living man has lectured to so large a number of persons, or with so much appreciation as Professor Pepper—and perhaps his readers have been almost as numerous as his hearers, for who has not read with delight "The Boy's Playbook of Science," and the "Boy's Playbook of Metals," both of them "Boys' Own" Books, whilst few lecturers and professors of science are not indebted to his larger work, the "Encyclopedia of Science," for suggestive and instructive experimental hints. Having resigned for the present his position at the Polytechnic Institution, Professor Pepper has set out upon a grand lecture tour, and proposes to visit all the large cities on this continent, and to gather information as to American and Canadian manufactures and industries, as well as the mining capabilities and natural resources of this country, on which he proposes to publish a work



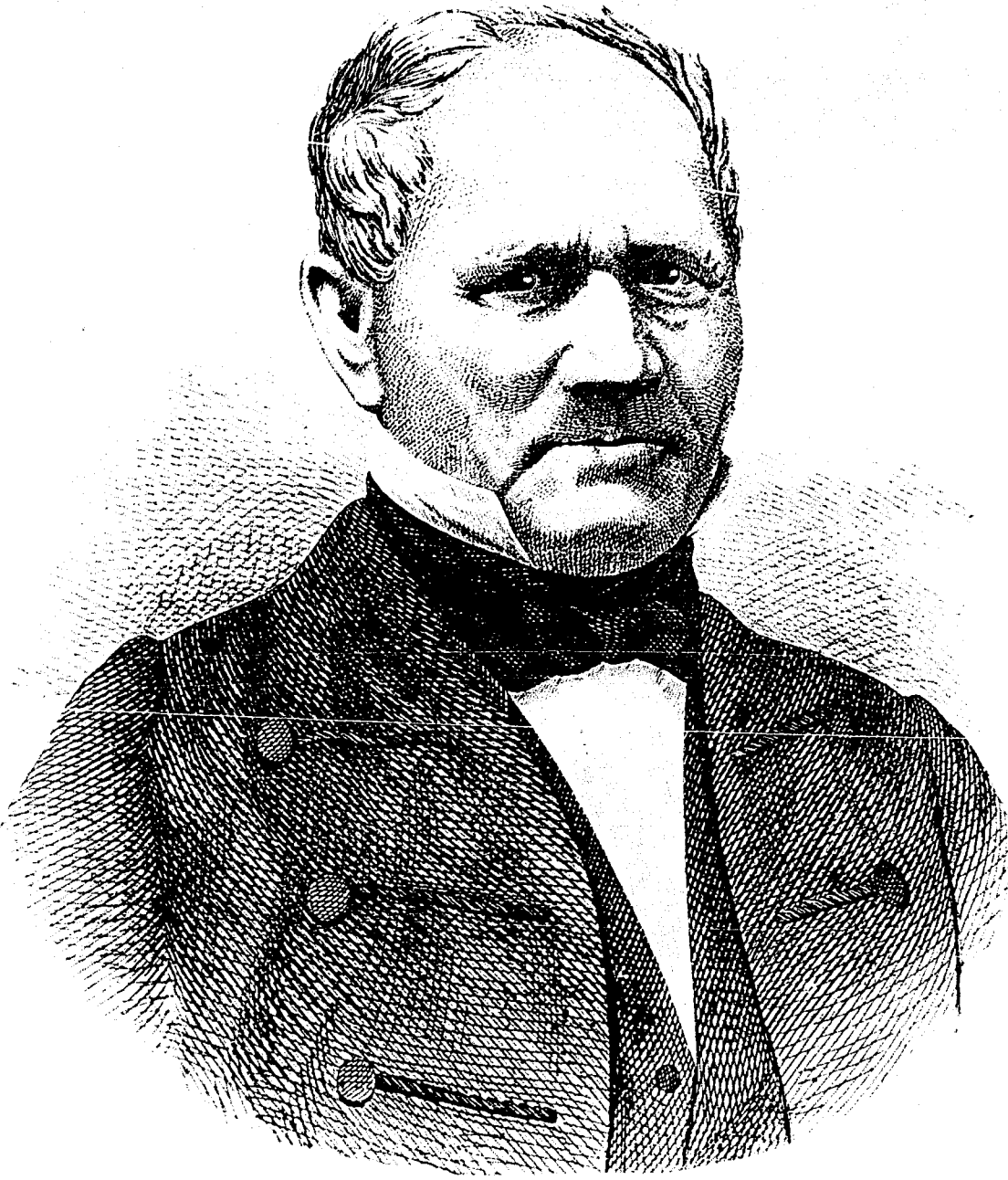
MONTREAL.—THEIR EXCELLENCIES' VISIT TO MCGILL COLLEGE.—THE RECEPTION BY THE ARTS STUDENTS.—By E. JUMP.

which will no doubt be an interesting and able one, and of very great benefit to this country.

Having this great object in view, Professor Pepper will be some time in and out amongst us, and our neighbours across the lines.

It has been suggested both here and in New York, that it would be desirable to secure Professor Pepper's services to establish Polytechnic Institutions in these cities after the model of that which has proved so successful in London. We cordially support this idea; a good Lecture Theatre is urgently wanted in Montreal, and if a long cherished idea of concentrating our Scientific Institutions on the land adjoining the Crystal Palace on St. Catherine Street, could be carried out and our Schools of Design, Geological Museum, Natural History Museum, Free Public Library, Gallery of Art and Exhibition building, could be associated with a good Lecture Theatre, Science Classes for the multitude, and a Polytechnic Institution which might be run for a short season during the winter, and at other times let for public purposes, we should do well to avail ourselves of Professor Pepper's visit to this country, and seize the opportunity of taking advantage of his long experience and great success as a manager and founder of such Institutions, to inaugurate such a plan. Probably Toronto might support a similar scheme, and we should be glad to find that during his protracted stay Professor Pepper has been enabled to leave behind him five or six such permanent memorials of his visit to this continent, in its large, enterprising and growing cities. "E."

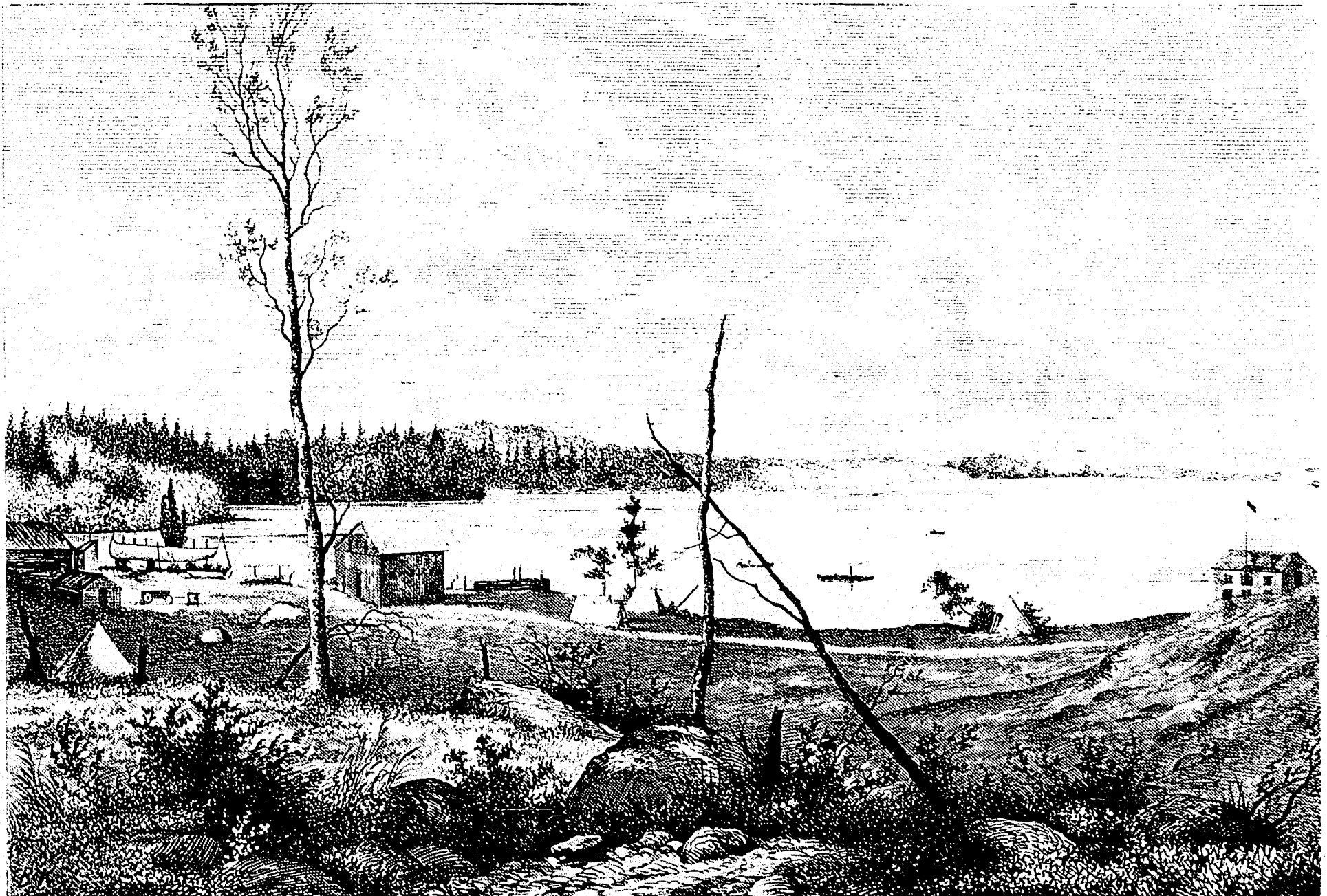
It is a singular fact that of the three engineers who had the contract for constructing the Mont Cenis tunnel, Soneiller is dead, Grandis and Grattoni insane. The cause of Grattoni's insanity is attributed by his physicians to an overdose of hair-dye, strongly impregnated with mercury.



THE LATE HON. RODERICK MATHESON, SENATOR.

LONGEVITY OF MEDICAL MEN.

The obituary of the London *Times* and the medical journals have recorded some remarkable illustrations of prolonged existence in members of the medical and surgical professions who have died in the year which has just closed. It will be seen, says the *Times*, in the subjoined list, that only those who had reached fourscore years and upward are published, as Hugh Andrew, M. D., and Peter Miller, M. D., each ninety-four years of age; Bowyer Vaux, F.R.C.S., ninety-one; Augustus Bozzi Granville, M. D., and Francis Kiernan, M. R. C. S., each eighty-nine; Robert Venables, M. D., eighty-eight; Robert Buchanan, M. D., eighty-six; Thomas Leigh Blundell, M. D., eighty-four; William Bodington, F. R. C. S., and John Gardner, F. R. C. S., each eighty-two; Thomas Coleman, F. R. C. S., eighty-one; Robert Wade, F. R. C. S., Thomas Barnes, M. D., and James Alexander Gordon, M. D., each eighty years of age. The united ages of these fourteen gentlemen amount to 1,200 years, giving an average of more than eighty-five years to each. Dr. Casper, of Berlin, in his work on the duration of human life, has placed medical men as representing a medium longevity of fifty-six. Artists are represented at fifty-seven; lawyers, fifty-eight; military men, fifty-nine; farmers and clerks, sixty-one; merchants, sixty-two; and clergymen, sixty-five. To prolong life, the same authority adds that good temper and hilarity are necessary; violent passions, the inward gnawings of offended vanity and pride, tending to corrode every viscus, and to lay the seeds of future mental and bodily sufferings. Apathy and insensibility being, unfortunately, the best sources of peace of mind, and, as Fontenelle observed, "a good stomach and a bad heart are essential to happiness," perhaps the best maxim to prolong our days and render them as tolerable as possible is the "Bene vivere et letari."



THE DAWSON ROAD.—STATION AT THE SOUTH END OF LAKE SHEBANDOWAN.—FROM A SKETCH BY WM. ARMSTRONG.

METROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS taken at 25 Beaver Hall, Montreal, by THOS. D. KING, for the week ending Jan. 25, 1873.

Table with columns: Mean Temp., Max. Temp., Min. Temp., Mean Rel. Hum., Mean Height of Bar., Gen. Direction of Wind, State of Weather. Rows for Jan. 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25.

Extreme Range of Temperature, 31.5; of Humidity, 25.0; of Barometer, 0.3 inches. Whole amount of snow during week estimated at 12 inches.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1873.

- SUNDAY, Feb. 2.—Fourth Sunday after Epiphany. Publication of the B. V. M. Palestrina died. 1891.
MONDAY, " 3.—St. Blasius, Bp. & M. Charles X died. 1700. Beau Nash died. 1761. Spanish Inquisition abolished. 1812.
TUESDAY, " 4.—Order of St. Patrick instituted. 1783. English Telegraphs transferred to Government. 1870.
WEDNESDAY, " 5.—St. Agatha, M. Lingard born. 1771. Sir Robert Peel born. 1788. Lindley born. 1799. Galvani died. 1796. Parli. died. 1807.
THURSDAY, " 6.—Halifax founded. 1759. Dr. Priestley died. 1804.
FRIDAY, " 7.—Charles Dickens born. 1812. Anne Radcliffe died. 1823.
SATURDAY, " 8.—Samuel Butler born. 1612. Lord Mayo assassinated. 1872.

OUR NEXT NUMBER

The next number of the "ILLUSTRATED NEWS" will contain, among other illustrations, a portrait of HER EXCELLENCY THE COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN; a double page illustration of the MONTREAL CITIZENS' BALL; a sketch of THEIR EXCELLENCIES' VISIT TO VILLA MARIA; views in the NORTH-WEST TERRITORY, and another of the Downlip series of humorous sketches, entitled DOWNLIP'S VISIT TO CANADA.—HIS STREET EXPERIENCE.

OUR CHROMO.

Owing to the large number of copies of the Chromo now being printed the delivery to subscribers has been unavoidably delayed. We are printing in three times more than we originally intended, and are thus necessarily somewhat behind. The work is being proceeded with the utmost diligence, and our subscribers may expect the delivery at an early date.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters on business matters should be addressed to the Business Manager. Communications intended for the Editor should be addressed to The Editor of the Canadian Illustrated News, and marked "Communication." Rejected contributions are not returned unless stamps for return postage have been forwarded.

THE CANADIAN PATENT OFFICE RECORD AND MECHANICS' MAGAZINE.

Under the above title will be published, early in February, the first issue of a monthly publication, which will be the official exponent of the Government Patent Office at Ottawa, containing the short claim and specification of every patent issued by the Department, and a diagram, when practicable, of every article patented. To the official portion will be added an illustrated compendium of contemporary progress in science and mechanics. While invaluable to the inventor, mechanic, manufacturer, builder, trader, &c., this magazine will therefore also be a source of instructive and profitable reading to the public in general. The shape will be a large 8vo., half the size of the Canadian Illustrated News, and the issues are expected to vary from 32 to 64 pages or more each month. The price will be low for an illustrated periodical of its character, and at one dollar and a half per annum will be accessible to every mechanic throughout the Dominion. Further particulars will be given in a future issue. We may state that the publisher of this magazine will be Mr. George E. Desbarats, with whom the Government have made suitable arrangements to that effect.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1873.

The subject of an increase of the salaries of the civil servants of the Dominion Government has for some months past excited very general attention. It was, we believe, first mooted by the Ottawa daily papers, and has since been discussed in a very fair and unprejudiced manner by almost the entire press of the country. In the consideration of this

matter, politics have for the nonce been laid aside, and the newspapers, with but very few exceptions, have united in advocating the cause of a body of men, who, to say the least, are not as well used as they should be. It cannot be denied that at the present cost of living the members of the Civil Service are very inadequately paid. During the last three or four years the prices of all the necessaries of life have risen very considerably, while no corresponding increase has been made in the salaries of the public servants. All other classes are earning more than they used to earn, but the Civil Servants remain, in this matter, just where they were. It is in the case of the subordinate officers that this grievance is more particularly felt. On these falls the largest amount of work, and that of the most wearisome kind, while their pay is of the smallest. And they, therefore, are the most entitled to a speedy relief. But, at the same time, it must be admitted that a general increase of the salaries of all Government officials, from the Ministers of the Crown downwards, is most desirable; and this advance, as the Spectator very justly points out, should not be based on the percentage system—that is, on a fixed and general increase of ten, twenty, or thirty per cent.—but should be equitably apportioned out. Each case should be considered by itself, and upon its own merits, and such an increase allowed as the circumstances of the case seem to warrant. Such an arrangement would, we are convinced, meet with general approval. We trust, therefore, that the matter will, next session, be made the subject of a thorough Parliamentary inquiry, and that, the public mind being satisfied of the justice of the claims of the Government officials, they will in future receive a proper rate of remuneration for their services.

While upon the question of salaries we cannot refrain from drawing attention to the very inadequate pay received by the vast majority of school-teachers. In this matter the teachers have quite as much ground for complaint as the Civil Servants. Anyone curious on the subject has only to turn over a file of the Globe, and search in the column of 'Situations Vacant,' to find some facts that are rather astonishing. He will there see that the large majority of country school-teachers are in the receipt of remuneration at which day labourers would refuse to work, and that moreover these underpaid situations are only open to those who have passed through a regular system of training and proved their capability by undergoing the test of an examination. That is to say that the man or woman who spends money in preparing for this profession, makes less out of the capital sunk than the man who purchases a spade and goes to work at excavating. This is a state of things which we have already more than once denounced, as reflecting little credit on those concerned, and contrasting strangely with the manner in which educational matters are conducted in our cities. We are glad to remark that a step has at last been made in the direction of remedying this evil, and that the inhabitants of some of our Western villages have at last opened their eyes to the fact that the instructors of their children are entitled to higher wages than their farm labourers.

The question of immigration has once more been brought into prominence by a motion recently made by Mr. Rykert in the Ontario Legislature for information respecting the emigration agents in the employ of the Provincial Government. That the agents sent by the various Governments to Europe for the purpose of promoting emigration to this country have not always been the right men for the work has already been abundantly proved. In fact the whole system of appointing these agents is, as was shown a short while ago in the Leader, utterly wrong, and cannot possibly be productive of any substantial results. In this matter our friends across the line are very much ahead of us—a boast they cannot justly make of the other branches of their public service. The American emigration agents in Europe are men cut out for their work, carefully selected, who owe their positions to their own qualifications, and not to personal influence or party interest. And how is it with us? "Agents in Canada," says the journal mentioned, "are selected without any regard to their qualifications for the duties which the people of Canada expect them to perform. For example, let us suppose a case: Mr. A. has been an unsuccessful candidate for Parliamentary honours in the interest of the Government of the Dominion or of Ontario. He has been put to a great deal of expense while prosecuting his canvass, and the only way the several Governments have at their disposal to recoup the wasted exchequer of their friend, or to quiet his qualms of conscience for sacrificing himself on the altar of party, is to appoint him as an Emigration Agent to Europe." Naturally such a system cannot be productive of any great results, and the sooner it is dropped the better. The United States, with their admirable immigration organization, are attracting thousands of new-comers to their shores, who in a few years will prove the strength of the country, while we, thanks to our own bad system, look on with envious eyes. Let us have a speedy and a radical change in this matter, and the result will soon be visible in our immigration statistics.

The Dominion Parliament has been summoned for the dispatch of business on the fifth of March.

AN EDITOR'S IMPRESSIONS.

AMERICA PICTURESQUE.

The following is the first of a series of articles written for the New York Evening Post, by Mr. Henry Blackburn, formerly editor of London Society, and who is now the agent in the United States of the English Water Colour Society. The ideas set forth in the italicized passages (the italics are our own) will be new to many of our readers, but of their correctness there can be no doubt. Acting upon this theory of "a simpler and better form of illustration for * * * newspapers and literature of the butterfly kind," the proprietor of the Canadian Illustrated News and the other members of the "Graphic Publishing Company," are about to issue in New York a daily illustrated paper, to be known as the Daily Graphic.

Coming on an art mission to America, says Mr. Blackburn—to see and describe the living art of its people—official duties connected with the approaching International Exhibition of pictures have kept me so closely to task that I have not until to-day found time to record even first impressions. But they began upon the steamship Cuba, between Liverpool and New York. In the stormy passage there is one day's interval of comparative calm, of sunshine and rest. The ship still rolls heavily, and so, to keep steady and secure, a group of little children are collected in the middle of a large coil of rope near the fore-castle. They are singing to one of your favourite airs a rather startling song, involving a most unnecessary warning to our captain, recording how

"Noah was chattering of this and that, When bump he went against Ararat!"

Seated a little apart are two figures, one a fair English child, seven years old, dressed in white, with a blue hood of the Red Ridinghood pattern, and by her side Kalulu—the negro boy who came to America with Stanley, the discoverer of Dr. Livingstone. The sun shines upon these two figures, upon the awe-struck face of the child and the delighted Kalulu, upon the weather-beaten mast against which they lean, and upon the sea which rises and falls behind them. The picture is complete for a painter and suggestive from other points of view. If, for instance, an intelligent monkey were on board and sat down on the other side of Kalulu, would there appear at first sight a greater natural affinity between Kalulu and the beautiful child, than with his intelligent neighbour on the other side of him—especially if the latter wore the costume of modern civilization in which Kalulu is now adorned? I said at "first sight," for surely here the matter ends in spite of Darwin's latest theories. "Costume has much to do with it," says Dr. Livingstone, who amuses himself in Central Africa by a picture in his mind of the figures of Darwin, Owen, and other great men, dressed like Indians with a belt of feathers; but neither costume nor civilization affect the unalterable law which gives Kalulu the light of reason and the Divine form of hands and feet. He was imitating the motions of a monkey a moment ago, to amuse the child, and the action of his limbs was curiously animal, but now he is describing his wanderings with his master and pointing out his own portrait in the Graphic newspaper. Shall we and on the American continent many unquestioning disciples of Charles Darwin?

In ten days we sight land, and at three o'clock in the morning the pilot knocks at our door and tells us that Boston is burned to ashes. Several half-ruined men in the state cabins get up on hearing the news, dress themselves deliberately, and, during breakfast, reconstruct their city. They lay down new streets, build larger warehouses and pave the way to make larger fortunes than before. All this sounds like a dream, but it is enacted before our eyes. The strangest sight, however, (to an Englishman and an editor,) is yet to come. As we enter your beautiful harbour there comes towards us a press-steam-yacht with a little red flag at the mast-head, bearing the words "Welcome Stanley," and a packet of newspapers is brought on board containing elaborate illustrations of the Boston fire, from every possible and impossible point of view. The first impression is one of astonishment at the unnecessary amount of labour and talent bestowed upon these drawings, to chronicle so many phases of the calamity; and this brings me to the point of my first letter. There is something, I venture to say it, radically wrong in this system of illustration. Let me explain how we view the matter in England, and quote from an article in the London Athlete of October 12th. Speaking of the prevailing system of book and newspaper illustration, we say this: "The great want at this time is a simpler and better form of illustration for novels, tales, magazines, newspapers, and literature of the butterfly kind. The present system is too cumbersome, too costly, and too absurd to last. It is an absurdity, for instance, committed every day, to engrave an elaborate drawing of furniture, made out to the exact square of a page, for the purpose of expressing a lover's devotion, or, worse still, to make a careful view of Hyde Park, in London, as the ground-work for a pun. But the remedy for this is in the artist's hands alone. What we ask for, and often ask in vain, is better work and less of it—cleverer drawings or sketches on paper, if need be, that can be reproduced fac-simile at the least cost. Half the common necessities to subject pictures are worthless, and the working-up of effects, as it is called, (consequent often upon imperfect outline), is mere waste of time, the cost of engraving which discourages enterprise in publishers, and sometimes puts them into the Gazette." These were my words, as nearly as I can recollect them, written in England, with the sorrows of editing an illustrated magazine still fresh upon the mind. They were meant to apply only to that country (for France, with Cham, Randon, &c., has long been ahead in this matter), but on arrival in America they appear more to the point than ever. I do not, it is true, find want of enterprise anywhere, nor much fear of what we in England call "fear of the Gazette," but I do find the same waste of power and misdirection of talent that is conspicuous in London.

To works of great and permanent value these remarks do not, of course, apply; but the mass of illustration which issues daily from your wonderful press, is neither intended to be permanent nor required to be valuable. The average life of an illustrated book is three years, and of a newspaper a week. Let us then look the matter in the face, and ask our draughtsmen if they cannot give us better work and less of it. There is more interest in a clever outline (or in a drawing in black which depends solely upon the truth of outline) by your

artist Thomas Nast, than in a multitude of laboured and in some respects more artistic engravings. The remark applies equally to comic and serious drawings.

I have spoken of an American artist. Let me point out what we are doing in England. Since the days of John Leech, who could throw a bloom over the face of an English girl with one stroke of the pencil—with one line only—we have had no such master of this art. John Tenniel is wonderfully humorous, but his genius lies chiefly in the direction of cartoon drawing, and he wants flexibility. Charles Keene, also a great humourist, is our best draughtsman for *chiaroscuro*. George Du Maurier is cultivated and refined, but his work appears laboured for caricatures in a weekly sheet. These are three of the principal members of the *Punch* staff in England, whose drawings I perceive you reproduce continually in your newspapers, and, therefore, it is fair to presume, admire them. But the younger school of draughtsmen, both in England and America, appear to be "all abroad," and to lack, not industry or talent, but method.

What does our principal art journal, the *London Athenaeum*, say on this point? "Why is not drawing in line with pen and ink taught in our own government schools of art? The present system in schools seems to render the art of drawing of as little use to the student as possible, for he has no sooner mastered the preliminary stage of drawing in outline from the flat with a lead pencil than he has chalk put into his hand, a material which he will seldom or never use in turning his knowledge of drawing to practical account. The reader method of pen and ink would be of great service as a preparatory stage to wood drawing, but unfortunately *drawing is taught in most cases as though the student intended to become a painter.*"

This is in England; how is it in America? What is the meaning of all those chalk studies by students in your National Academy of Design? "To teach them to become painters," is your reply. But where is your school for that active band of draughtsmen whose lives will be spent in supplying the feverish thirst of your people for drawings "taken on the spot," as it is called; sketches made on the ruins of smouldering cities and by the bed-side of dying men? If ever there was a place and a people that should cultivate the art of sketching in line, that place surely is New York.

One of my first impressions of this city was the sorrowful face of a young student coming down the steps of the Academy bearing in her hands a rejected work in chalk, a study, I presume, in the life school. Would not her chance of a living, one is inclined to ask, have been more hopeful if part of her year's labour had been devoted, like Albert Durer's, to rendering in a few noble lines the feathers of an eagle's wing; or, like Raffaele's, to the outline of the hand of a Madonna? I speak in ignorance of the fact of whether you have anywhere such schools; apparently you have not, but as a foreigner ascending the steps of the National Academy for the first time, I look naturally for them in a building costing, I am told, \$250,000, and described by one of your writers as "the conspicuous home of art, the central depot of the works of American artists, and the pride and dignity of the metropolis."

And this brings me to the point of my first letter. The principal object of the proposed International Exhibition of Sketches, which through the courtesy of your Council will be held in this building in February next, is "to encourage and develop, both in England and America, the art of sketching in line," and the triumph of that exhibition will be the sketch that tells its story in the fewest lines. It is proposed hereafter, if these exhibitions find favour in America, to give a prize annually for the best work of this kind.

Bearing in mind that the daily newspaper of the future will undoubtedly be illustrated, and that the best qualified reporter for the press will be the best draughtsman as well as short-hand writer, the importance of cultivating the short-hand of pictorial art is greater than may appear at first sight. At present there are very few artists, either in America or in England, whose works bear being reproduced in *fac-simile*, and without at least some aid from the wood engraver. In France they are more advanced, and from their schools, where etching has been brought to such perfection (of which the works of your countryman Whistler are such refined examples) we have at the present time the best artists in sketching in line. In England we are quickly training for this work in anticipation of the perfection of a process (like the "Actinic") which shall reproduce a sketch for the printing press without engraving.

OBITUARY.

THE RIGHT HON. STEPHEN R. LUSHINGTON.

The Right Hon. Stephen Lushington, well known a few years ago as a Judge of the High Court of Admiralty, died on Monday, the 20th ult. He was the second son of the late Sir Stephen Lushington, Bart., and was born in London, on the 14th of January, 1782. He was educated at Eton and Oxford, and graduated M. A., in 1806. In 1807 he took the degree of B.C.L., and the following year that of D.C.L. He was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1806, and in 1808 was admitted an advocate at Doctor's Commons. In 1820 he was returned to the House of Commons in the Liberal interest for Winchelsea, and continued to sit as a representative of various constituencies until 1841. In 1828 he was appointed Judge of the Consistory Court, and in 1838 was transferred to the Admiralty Court. In 1841 he retired from political life on the passing of the Act disqualifying the Admiralty Judge from holding a seat in the House of Commons. In 1867 he resigned his Judgeship in consequence of impaired health. Mr. Lushington, it will be remembered, was consulted by Lady Byron as to her separation from her husband, and gave his opinion that sufficient grounds existed to justify the step.

THEY EXCEL.—Doctor Josephus' Shoshonees Vegetable Pills now superiorly sugar-coated cannot be excelled as a Family Medicine for general purposes.

The Pill contains the active properties of Mandrake and Dandelion, as well as compound Extract of Colocynth and Extract of Hyocyamus. Test them for your own satisfaction. One box contains about 28 Pills, and each Pill is a sufficient dose for an adult in ordinary cases. Try them. 7-1 d

Notes and Queries.

All Communications intended for this Column must be addressed to the Editor, and endorsed "Notes and Queries."

"THE BEGINNING OF THE END."—To whom is this saying attributed? Q.

"HELL IS PAVED WITH GOOD INTENTIONS."—Can you tell me where this phrase originates? Q.

[With Dr. Johnson. See "Boswell's Life," April 14, 1775. Ed.]

ALGONQUIN.—Can you tell me for certain whether there are any simon pure Algonquins within the limits of the Dominion? I am assured on fair authority that the last of the race has died out. S.

SWEET HOME.—Could you, Mr. Editor, put me on the way to discover in which of Donizetti's obscure and forgotten operas the immortal air SWEET HOME lies hidden? I have no idea that the music of that song was original with Howard Payne. J. L.

DES ALLEMANS.—Could any old resident of Montreal give us a clue to the reason why German street, REDES ALLEMANS, received its present name? Considering the small number of Germans formerly living in the city, the reason might be curious. QUERRY.

Ottawa, Jan. 27. BRECKEN.—A gentleman who considers the martyr Brecken as one of the greatest figures in the history of this country, is prepared to erect a memorial over the spot where he was put to death, if the exact locality can be pointed to him. He says that all the histories which he has consulted give him only approximate results.

CHAMBLAY.—I congratulate you, Sir, on your opening a column of Notes and Queries in your valuable paper. I am sure it will prove an interesting and useful feature. I would ask you to tell me where I could find reliable information concerning the Monsieur Chamblay who gave his name to the fine little village on the Richelieu. L.

I have an old German print in my possession representing the Last Supper, with the Saviour handing a piece of the blessed bread to John the Beloved. Beneath is this legend: VIRGO VIRGINIS VIRGINI VIRGINEM. Now, if I supply the verb *dat*, for instance, to complete the sense, will any of your readers give us a reasonable interpretation of that ancient fancy. SCIOLEUS.

SPIC AND SPAN.—This phrase is of doubtful derivation. Some refer it to certain Dutch or Flemish words, meaning hooks and stretchers, in allusion to textile fabrics fresh from the "hooks and stretchers" upon which they had been hung. Others reject this derivation, and say that, like the equivalent French phrase, "tout battant neuf," it has no intelligible origin. Still again, it has been thought that "spic" represents an Italian word for beauty and lustre, *spico*. Nor is this unreasonable, because Italy supplied us once with beautiful productions like Venetian glass and lace, Genoa velvets, Tuscan and Leghorn straw, &c. Now, it cannot be doubted that a slight change of two Italian words would enable us to say of a piece of velvet, for example, that it was "spic and span," that is, beautiful and smooth, or without wrinkles and creases.

A SAFEGUARD.—A question is asked in Notes and Queries respecting the word "Safeguard," which occurs in an old letter, dated 1746. The querist asks, "What was a Safeguard in the days of George the Second?" Phillips, in his *New World of Words*, twentieth edition, MDC. XX., under the word "Safeguard," says, "There is also a kind of Dist-gown, or upper garment, worn by women, commonly called a Safeguard; also a coloured apron, and a sort of swathing-band for a young child." Bailey gives the same explanation; and Perry, in his Dictionary, 1855, gives "Safeguard—a kind of petticoat, worn by women on horseback, to preserve their other clothes." The meaning of "Safeguard" appears to have been pretty much the same from 1795, in Queen Anne's time, to 1855. "When George the Third was King," the term "Safeguard" does not appear in the above sense in the older dictionaries of Barrett and Minshaw. Halliwell quotes from "Nomenclator," 1855, "A kind of arny or arnice reaching down to the feet, like a woman's *safeguard* or a baker's." K.

TOOTHPICKERS MENTIONED BY A LATIN POET.—In my commonplace book I find the following extract from the memorabilia in the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS of, I think, 1834, which supplies the information desired by "Nesio Quis." K.

Toothpicks are very ancient. Fashioke says they occur of silver; but pieces of wood, of feather-wood, with a red end, the *rabulus* genus of Martial, were most usual. Nares tells us that the use of toothpicks was a fashion imported by travellers from Italy and France, and that using them in youth was deemed a mark of civility. Martial says that those made of a kind of rustic wood—*lentis*—were the best; but in the absence of that a quill will serve the purpose. See Lib. XIV., Ep. 22.

GENUS CALPIUM.

Lentiscum melius: se l'isti frondea cuspis
Defuerit, dentes penam levare potest.

And again Lib. IV., Ep. 71:—

AD ESCULANUM.

Medio recumbit imas ille q' illeto,
Calvum trilineo semitotus inuacento,
Folique tonsis ora laxa lentiscis;
Mentitur, Esculane non habet dentes.

A TRADE UNION ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO.—That Trade Unions are not of quite such recent origin as many people suppose may be gathered from the following note published in a recent number of the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—

"I am credibly informed," wrote Mandeville, the author of the *Fable of the Bees*, 150 years ago, in his "Essay on Charity and Charity Schools," "that a parcel of footmen are arrived to that height of insolence as to have entered into a society together and made laws by which they oblige themselves not to serve for less than a sum, nor carry burdens, or any bundle or parcel above a certain weight, not exceeding two or three pounds, with other regulations directly opposite to the interest of those they serve, and altogether destructive to the use they were designed for. If any of them be turned away for strictly adhering to the orders of this honourable corporation, he is taken care of till another service is provided for him; but there is no money wanting at any time to commence and maintain a lawsuit against any master that shall pretend to strike or offer any other injury to his gentleman footman, contrary to the statutes of their society. If this be true, as I believe it is, and they are suffered to go on in consulting and providing for their own ease and convenience any further, we may expect quickly to see the French comedy 'Le Maître la Valet' acted in good earnest in most families; while, if not redressed in a little time, and these footmen increase their company to the number it is possible they may, as well as assemble when they please with impunity, it will be in their power to make a tragedy of it whenever they have a mind to it."

Notes and Comments.

The Total Abstiners in England are about to employ a new weapon in their warfare against the vice of intoxication. They propose issuing a weekly comic paper, advocating the cause of temperance, and ridiculing drunkards and the vendors of intoxicating drinks. The good taste of the scheme is, to say the least, questionable, while its success is a matter that is very much open to doubt.

The foreign Consuls at Cairo must find themselves very much in the position of the man who won the elephant. The telegraph informs us that the son of the Khedive of Egypt was publicly betrothed the other day, and the event was celebrated by a grand entertainment, to which the foreign Consuls were invited. Subsequently each Consul was presented with a cashmere shawl and a dromedary. The shawl is right enough, but the dromedary? The question of the day in the Consular service at the Egyptian capital must be "What Will He Do With It?"

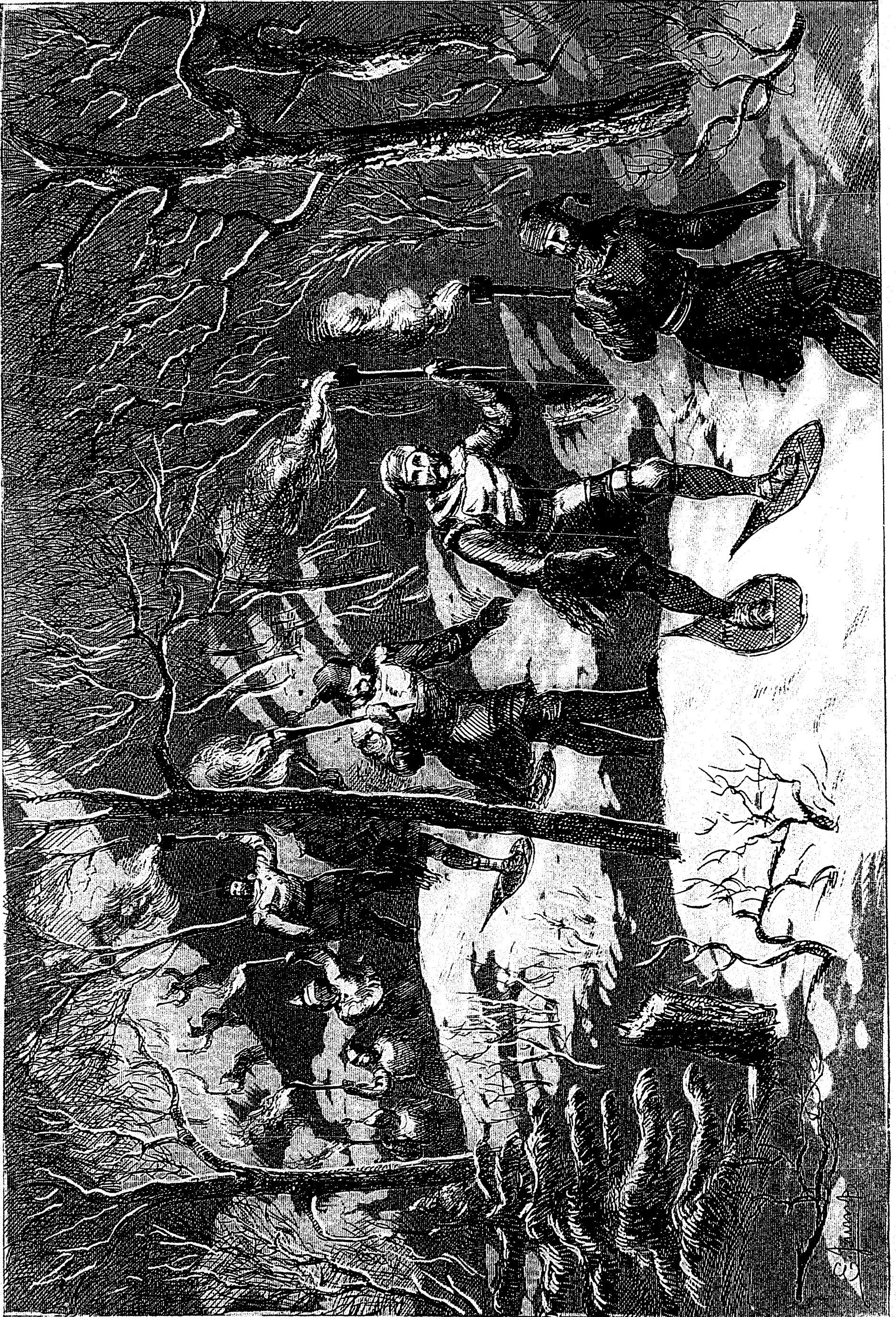
And so the Mormons have a settlement in Canada, and to all accounts would appear to be having a pretty hard time of it. From recent revelations, it appears that Mormonism is rife in the townships of Osborne and Plympton, and their numbers are to be counted by hundreds. In the latter place a vigilance committee waited on the Latter Day Saints on the 9th ultimo and, under the threat of giving some of the leaders a coat of tar and feathers, compelled them to promise to skedaddle to some distant shore, and not annoy the inhabitants of Ustorne with Joe Smith's teaching.

Emigration from England to Brazil seems to be growing in extent, although the reports received from European farmers and mechanics already on the ground are very conflicting. One man, for instance, will write to his friends complaining bitterly of the hardships and suffering with which he has had to contend, and begs for means to return to his home, while another will be loud in his praises of the healthfulness of the climate and the facilities for profitable business offered to all who possess ordinary intelligence and are disposed to be industrious. A London paper of recent date, in publishing several of the contradictory communications from Brazil, advises everybody who is not prepared to be "knocked black and blue at the outset" to stay at home and starve on a shilling a day.

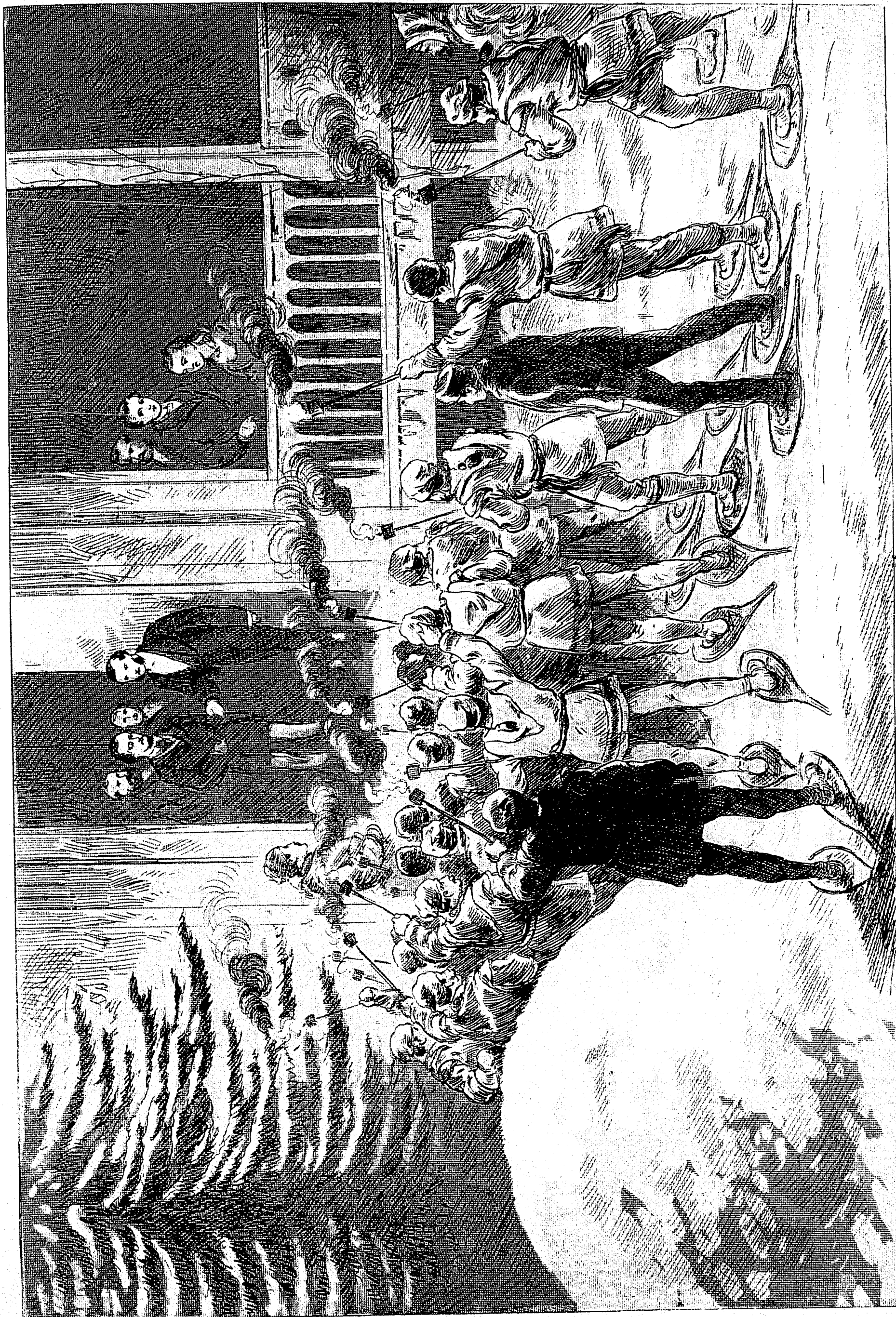
A Western genius has invented a lively cure for ague, which will doubtless be duly essayed by the seekers after something new. It is simply to crawl down stairs head-foremost. "Laugh at the idea if you please," remarks the inventor of this novel remedy, "but do your crawling first; you can then afford to laugh. Just as the chill is coming on start at the top of a long flight of stairs, and crawl down on your hands and feet, head-foremost. You never did harder work in your life; and when you arrive at the bottom, instead of shaking, you will find yourself puffing, red in the face, and perspiring freely from the strong exertions made in the effort to support yourself. Try it. It won't cost you near as much as quinine or patent medicines, and if it fails it will only do what they do every day."

While the Prince of Serbia is abolishing capital punishment, the rulers of the little republic of San Marino are enforcing it in its most horrible form. In that State criminals convicted of capital offences are made to satisfy the law by being hurled down a precipice. It is almost needless to say that capital crimes are of but rare occurrence in San Marino. For nearly fifty years no murder had been committed until a couple of months since, Felicità Pallavicini, a beautiful young woman of 22, was convicted of murdering her illegitimate child. She was early left an orphan, and more situated against than sinning, was led astray by a Roman thief and gambler, who, after first implicating her in a robbery, for which she was sent to prison, deserted her. The police sent her back to San Marino, and soon the child was born to die by its mother's hand. When tried for the offence, she seemed wholly indifferent to what was going on, and even while the Judge was pronouncing sentence until he spoke the words, "Prepare for your doom; your last hour has come." Then she broke into wild screams and begged for mercy, but the judges shook their heads and said to the officers, "Take her to the gorge of Ferri." She fought desperately and abused the priest who sought to administer spiritual consolation, until she was bound hand and foot and carried horror-stricken to the precipice. Then as the priest said the last prayer for mercy two officers lifted her and dropped her into the abyss. A second after her body struck hard against the gorge, and all was over.

Emigration statistics to conclude with. From the annual return of the exodus from the Mersey, issued by the government officers of Liverpool on Friday, it seems that the total number of ships which sailed "under the Act" was 447, with 185,743 passengers; the number of short ships was 340, with 10,647 passengers, making a total of 787 ships and 193,776 passengers. This shows an increase, as compared with 1871, of 43 ships and 20,861 passengers under the Act, and of ships not under the Act an increase of 74 ships and a decrease of 301 passengers. The total emigration for the year was as follows:—To the United States, 395 ships, with 15,771 cabin passengers and 145,444 steerage. The nationalities were as follows:—English, 75,545; Scotch, 2,537; Irish, 24,629; other countries, 69,876. To Canada there were 42 ships, with 1,773 cabin and 16,263 steerage; the nationalities of the passengers being—English, 11,212; Scotch, 36; Irish, 22; and other countries, 6,768. To Nova Scotia the number of passengers that sailed direct from Liverpool were 828 cabin and 993 steerage; of these 1,740 were English, 5 Scotch, 7 Irish, and 69 other countries. To Newfoundland there sailed 35 cabin passengers and 12 steerage, all of whom were English. One ship left the Mersey for Vancouver's Island with 53 cabin and 275 steerage passengers. Of these 192 were English, 40 Scotch, 70 Irish, and 226 foreigners; total, 328. To South America there sailed eight ships, with 428 cabin and 1,505 steerage passengers; of these 1,517 were English, 108 Scotch, 119 Irish, and 189 foreigners, making a total of 1,933. The total number of passengers, as stated above, was 185,743; and the nationalities, 90,253 English, 2,726 Scotch, 24,838 Irish, and 67,926 foreigners.



MONTREAL.—THE SNOW-SHOE TRAMP BY TORCHLIGHT.—ON THE MOUNTAIN.—By E. JOUR.



MONTREAL.—THE SNOW-SHOE TRAMP BY TORCHLIGHT—THE FIRST ARRIVALS AT MR. MCGIBBON'S RESIDENCE.—BY C. KERDRICK.

Science & Mechanics.

(Written for the "Canadian Illustrated News.")

A GOSSIP ABOUT CLOUDS.

"Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish;
A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world
And mock our eyes with air; thou hast seen
these signs?
They are black vesper's pageants."

—ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

In "The Castle of Indolence," Thomson's man of special grave remark—one of the idle, useless, gentle tenants of the place—a dreamer on the clouds:

"Oft as he travers'd the cerulean field,
And marked the clouds that drove before the wind;
Ten thousand glorious systems would he build,
Ten thousand glorious ideas fill'd his mind;
But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace behind."

The sky belongs to the landscape, with its continents and lands of cloud, in which the bolt of heaven is forged, and the fructifying rain is condensed,—where the cold hail concretes in the summer cloud; these clouds, the balancings of which are mentioned in Holy Scripture as a part of the wondrous works of Him who is perfect in knowledge, ought not to be to our readers a subject of tame and unfeeling contemplation.

The clouds are full of poetry, life and beauty; they have never failed to arrest the poet's eye or gild the painter's canvass. The chariots of flame and the horses of fire that bore Elijah from the earth rested on the clouds. David, in the eighteenth psalm, speaks of Jehovah riding on the cherubims and flying upon the wings of the wind, making darkness His secret place and causing thick clouds to cover Him. "The lazy-pacing clouds, sailing on the bosom of the air," upon which is a winged messenger of heaven, which the wondering eyes of mortals fall back to gaze on, are converted into exquisite poetry by Romo. Again, how beautiful is Friar Laurence's description of the sun advancing his burning eye the day to cheer:

"The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Check'ring the Eastern clouds with streaks of light;

And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path, and Titan's fiery wheels."

And what are these clouds detach'd in ranges through the air—some spotless as snow and light as feathers, others dark and threatening with broad summits and sides resembling lofty towers? There is abundance in them to raise and stimulate the curiosity, although they are popularly termed a visible aggregate of minute particles of water suspended in the atmosphere.

The clouds may be said to give the varying countenance of the sky, and in their connection with atmospheric changes consisted the popular meteorology of the ancients, the accuracy of whose observations with respect to the prognostics of the change of weather have been verified by those of more modern meteorologists.

Clouds, according to Howard, are distinguished by seven modifications, the peculiarities of which seem to be caused by electricity, for example, three primary modifications, the *Cirrus*, the *Cumulus*, and the *Stratus*; two, which may be considered as intermediate in their nature, the *Cirrocumulus* and *Cirrostratus*; one which appears to be a compound, the *Cumulostratus*; and lastly, the *Cumulocirrostratus* or *Nimbus*, a state which immediately precedes the resolution of clouds into rain.

Cirrus is composed of fibres, or wisps, or curling streaks, in appearance like a lock of hair or a feather, sometimes resembling a brush. It occupies the greatest elevation in the zenith—immediately overhead—and is vulgarly known as "mare's tails." Foster, a well-known writer on meteorology, is inclined to believe that under whatever form *Cirrus* may appear it must always be regarded as a conductor of the electric fluid.

Cumulus is a convex aggregate of watery particles increasing upwards from a horizontal base. *Cumulus* is the cloud of the day, and is most characteristic in fine summer weather; it varies in shape and dimensions. This cloud is a pretty well defined hemispherical mass. In changeable weather it evaporates almost as soon as formed, or quickly changes into other formations. It may have been the cloud to which Hamlet refers in his dialogue with Polonius:

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Sometimes the *Cumulus* assumes the form of a mountain ("a forked mountain") or denotes a white, rocky surface upon a horizontal base ("a tower'd citadel, a pendent rock"). It generally preserves its plane base because it floats on the vapour plane, or at that precise elevation at which the air has as much water in solution as from its quantum of heat and pressure from above it is able to contain. Whether the conical form of this cloud is to be attributed to the attraction of aggregation alone, or whether something particular in its electric state may also be concerned, is not absolutely determined.

Stratus is an extended, continuous level sheet or streak, the lowest of clouds, and may be

termed the cloud of night. It forms at sunset and disappears at sunrise, and forms, or rather helps to form, those streaks of light when "the golden sun salutes the morn." As the temperature decreases in autumn the *Stratus* becomes thicker, the rays of the sun seem hardly able to overcome it, and it sometimes lasts through whole days; thus it gave rise in the minds of the ancients, whose organization led them to express physical facts metaphorically, to the fable of Phœbus and Python. The *Stratus* may be "the lazy-pacing cloud that sails upon the bosom of the air."

The *Cirrocumulus* is intermediate between the *Cirrus* and *Cumulus*, and is composed of small, rounded masses, apple-shaped, and forming a net-like appearance. It is not always uniform in its appearance; it varies in the size and roundness of its constituent nebule, and in their closer or more distant arrangement. It is frequent in summer, and often forms very beautiful skies.

The *Cirrostratus* is composed of bands of filaments resulting from the subsidence of the fibres of the *Cirrus* to a horizontal position, as they approach each other laterally. These clouds form horizontal strata and exhibit the phenomena of the solar and lunar halos. The prevalence of the *Cirrostratus* is usually followed by bad weather.

The *Cumulostratus* is composed of cumulus clouds heaped together, frequently into a pyramidal shape, increasing in density. When this cloud assumes a bluish or black tint near the horizon it is ready to pass into *Nimbus*. Before thunderstorms it seems frequently reddish, which some people have imagined to arise from its being highly charged with the electric fluid.

Nimbus is the rain cloud. It is dense, and of a uniform black or grey tint, in a horizontal sheet with fringed edges. The application of the word *Nimbus* corresponds very well with the sense in which it was taken by the old Roman writers, who considered it as a storm cloud, and distinguished from *imber* or a shower of rain actually falling.

Those who wish to study the subject more fully cannot do better than read Howard's essay on "The Modifications of Clouds," or Foster's "Researches about Atmospheric Phenomena." These may possibly lead them to take delight in observing and comparing facts connected with meteorology, and to the investigation of the respective causes of different phenomena. If they do, they will obtain thereby an adequate reward for their labours.

An interesting paper read by Dr. Stevenson Macadam at the meeting of the Royal Scottish Society of Arts recently tends to show that flourmills are almost as dangerous neighbours as gunpowder mills, there being nothing under present arrangements, especially of large flourmills, to prevent explosions at any moment. The chemical components of grain are combustible when burned in the ordinary way, and are consumed with greater rapidity when diffused as a cloud through the air. When flour is showered from a sieve placed above a gas flame rapid combustion takes place. Indeed the flour burns with explosive rapidity, and the flame licks up the flour shower somewhat in the same way that it flashes through a mixture of gas and air, or that it treads along a train of gunpowder. When burned the flour resolves itself into gases. The carbon, by mixing with the oxygen of the air becomes carbonic oxide or carbonic acid, and the hydrogen and oxygen become water, vapour, or steam. The volume of these gases is much increased by the high temperature at the moment of combustion. The conditions required to bring about a flour explosion are somewhat similar to those which cause a gas explosion. Flour agrees with coal gas in being simply combustible when unmixed with air, and equally agrees with coal gas in being explosive when mingled with air, but the fine impalpable dust must be diffused through the air in definite proportions in order to constitute an explosion when a white heat, such as a flame or spark, is brought near. In order to bring about an explosion it is also necessary that the flour mixture be more or less confined within a given space. The more common way of the production of the spark or flame which fires the flour-air explosive mixture, is the feed going off the stones doing work when the stones set down on each other, and as they are of a flinty or other hard siliceous rock, and are revolving at from 100 to 160 revolutions in a minute, they quickly strike fire and become very hot. The feed may go off from want of grain in the hopper or any obstruction in the feed pipe. A spider's web actually stopped the feed in one case, and led to a violent explosion in an English flour-mill. Dr. Macadam suggests various expedients to be adopted for avoiding flour-mill explosions, such as the removal of exhaust boxes, stove rooms, smut rooms, and other receptacles of flour dust to the outside of the mill, and expresses a hope that all proprietors of flour-mills will awaken to the necessity of adopting precautionary measures in future, inasmuch as they cannot now plead ignorance of the explosive force of the flour-air mixture.

In Paris tin-foil is coming into use as a substitute for wall-paper. Its cleanliness, its extreme flexibility, the care with which it can be moulded, and the fact of its being entirely water-proof, commend it to public attention. In Paris the tin-foil is cut into widths of about thirty-five inches, and in lengths in somewhat more than five yards. This is painted over by a patented process. What we most need now, in our paper hangings, is to get rid of the paste that is at present used. This sticky, disagreeable substance is far from healthy in itself, especially when exposed to the effect of damp walls. It will also contain contagious diseases for years, wherever by any chance the germs can penetrate behind the paper. Can no substitute be found?

Courrier des Dames. News of the Week.

PARIS FASHIONS.

The Parisian correspondent of *Land and Water* gives some seasonable hints on the dress question which may interest our lady readers.

MOIRE ANTIQUE.

Moire antique, which has for so long been out of favour, has suddenly become once more in fashion—not that satin is thereby quite dethroned, on the contrary, it seems to gain additional lustre by comparison with the heavier effects of moire, which indeed is better suited to ladies of mature age than satin. The two combined, however, are very effective, and if any lady should happen to have an old moire dress with which she has not known what to do for many long years past, let her bring it forth from its hiding-place, and I will tell her how to convert it into a new and fashionable costume. Unpicked it must of course be to commence. This done, make up the skirt again, minus the front width, and edge it all round with a ruching of velvet or satin, according to the under-skirt with which it is to be worn. The front width will make or help to make a body with basques, but no sleeves, and the body will be trimmed to match the skirt. The under-skirt may be of black velvet, or black quilted satin, or even of coloured velvet or satin to match the moire, and the sleeves of the body will match the velvet or satin under-skirt. The moire skirt will be looped up at the sides, with bows to match the under-skirt, and a wide sash, to match the bows, will hang at back from under the basques of the body. An Elizabethan frill of white lace will be worn round the neck of the dress, whether it be made high or pointed, and the wrists of the sleeves will be likewise finished with lace ruffs. Add to this a black velvet dog-collar, with pendant round the neck, and a bow, to match sash, in the hair, in the centre of which you may place a pin to correspond with the neck-pendant, and you have a dinner toilette fit for any occasion, under the greatest gala; and this may be contrived with the help of two partly "used-up" dresses. Indeed, with a little trouble, a lady may be elegant at a very trifling cost; for it is not always the most expensive dresses which look the best, and often the most simple materials, prettily made, will outshine the richest costume.

BALL-DRESSES.

But we must now come to ball-dresses, which are already beginning to occupy the ladies' minds, though as yet no invitations for balls are issued; but that does not prevent other countries from dancing, consequently ball-dresses are just now very interesting topics of boudoir conversation. Firstly, as a ball-dress can rarely be worn more than once, all that is needed for it is freshness and taste. Tulle, crêpe, silk, over silk skirts; these are the universally adopted materials for those who dance, and the more cloudy and transparent a ball-dress is the better it looks. Heavy silks and velvets are reserved for the non-dancers. The way ball-dresses are made this season is to put three or four skirts one upon another, with crêpe scarfs to loop those skirts up. Four skirts and four scarfs are the average, which are so twisted and blended together that it would be impossible to describe the arrangement, though the effect is airy and charming beyond conception. Very few wreaths are worn now, owing to the present fashion of doing the hair, which does not admit of anything beyond a stray flower, bow, or pin placed here and there among the folds of the hair. Children have quite disappeared, and the hair is worn so as to expose the back of the neck. In front, however, the hair remains as high as ever, and in some cases looks like a pyramid of tufts and curls. Amongst this labyrinth of curls I have lately seen some ladies wear three velvet bands embroidered with steel, gold, or diamonds, and they gave a very Grecian look to the head. Little bouquets are placed on the body at the left side, near the shoulder, and in some instances on the shoulder itself, when they take the place of a sleeve. Scarfs of flowers are also among the novelties of the season, which, crossing the bodice from shoulder to waist, finally loop up the skirt on left side. This is very elegant and becoming to slight figures.

The Paris correspondent of the *British Medical Journal* writes that the medical courses there are now open, and that three or four ladies are attending *cliniques*. "They are modest, well-informed and intelligent ladies, and are much respected and kindly received by the professors; and our students, turbulent as they are, know how to respect those who come among them as strangers appealing to their gentlemanly souls, and show a better example than your riotous students of Edinburgh."

Miss Emily Faithful writes in the *Fireside Companion* in answer to the question, "What can be done for poor single women?" give them all a trade. She thinks telegraphy, photography, phonography, wood-engraving, watch-making, and type-setting among the more appropriate vocations for women. In England, owing to trades-unionism, women will not be admitted to learn or follow the trade of watch-making, though one extensive watch-maker said that woman's delicacy of touch was a necessity to him, and he therefore sent to Switzerland to have the part of his work done which required that delicacy. Miss Faithful found great difficulty in finding employment for female wood-engravers in England. She says that "we want schools of design and technical schools. At present women are nowhere in the race, not from inherent deficiency, but from the absence of special training."

THE DOMINION.—Complaints are being made of the state of the quarantine regulations at Halifax. An extra of the *Gazette* contains a notice enforcing the quarantine regulations at all the ports, and constitutes all the Collectors of Customs quarantine officers.—A letter from the light-house keeper on Red Island, Gulf of St. Lawrence, states that he never witnessed such a stormy season as the present one. The sea swept almost everything from the island, breaking the flagstaff and swallowing up every stick of his winter supply of wood, making it necessary to chop up a building for fire-wood.

UNITED STATES.—The sentence pronounced on Foster, the car-hook murderer, has been confirmed by the Court of Appeals.—A bill has been reported in the Senate giving bounties to steamers built in the United States, and providing for steamship lines to Europe, the West Indies, Mexico, and Australia.—Wall Street men are making efforts to secure the appointment of a New York man as Secretary of the Treasury in the place of Boutwell.—Reinforcements have been sent from San Francisco to assist in carrying on the Medoc war.—It is reported that the new ten million Erie loan has been taken up in Europe.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Prince Napoleon will for the present be known as Count Pierrepont. The ex-Empress Eugenie and Prince Jerome Napoleon are to be his political guardians.—Messrs. Onslow and Whaley, members of Parliament, have been fined £100 each for publicly accusing Sir John Duke Colbrige of conspiring to deprive the Tichborne claimant of his rights. An order of contempt of Court has further been issued against Mr. Onslow for repeating his offence.—Captain Trocks, of the SS. "Germany," recently lost off the mouth of the Gironde, has been exonerated from all blame in the matter.—The statement that Count Schouvaloff failed in his mission to secure the cooperation of the British Government in the measures contemplated by Russia and Central Asia, is denied in the London *Telegraph*.—The "Northfleet," an emigrant ship which sailed from Britain for Australia, was run into by an unknown steamer in the English Channel, and it is supposed that of four hundred and twelve persons on board over three hundred perished. The name of the vessel which ran down the "Northfleet," is variously stated as the "Pelaya" and the "Marillo."

FRANCE.—There are further rumours of a fusion between the Legitimists and Orleanists.—The Franco-German boundary commission have brought their labours to an end.—Three more Communists have been shot at Satory, and three have escaped from prison at Versailles.—The trial of Marshal Bazaine will begin in the latter part of April.—The Seine is again rising.—Bazaine has found a defender in General Manteuffel, who, in a recent speech delivered at Metz, dwelt in terms of generous praise on the bravery displayed by the Marshal, which he declared was quite equal to that of any general in the German army.—The committee of Thirty have agreed to an amendment proposed by M. Derodis to the first article of the constitutional project reported by its sub-committee whereby the President is allowed to address the Assembly only on the bills before it.

GERMANY.—The Court has gone into mourning for one week for Napoleon.

AUSTRIA.—The Vienna Exhibition will open in May.

SPAIN.—The Cortes have been debating on a bill providing for compulsory service in the army. The Court has gone into mourning for one week for Napoleon.—The special committee on the abolition of slavery in Porto Rico, propose that the emancipation of the slaves shall be complete by four months after the promulgation of the passage of the bill.

ITALY.—Prince Arthur is in Rome.—The American emigration fraud has been brought up in the Chamber of Deputies.—A plenipotentiary from Uruguay is expected at Rome to settle the long standing financial dispute between Italy and that country.

RUSSIA.—The Grand Duchess Helene Pavlovna is dead. She was born in 1807.—The *Official Gazette* states in confirmation of the various rumours circulating in the country, that there are no important differences in the views of Great Britain and Russia with regard to the present movement in Central Asia.

SWEDEN.—The annual session of the Swedish Diet was opened on the 20th ult., by the King in person.

SWITZERLAND.—The Rev. Dr. Pusey is dangerously ill at Geneva.

EGYPT.—A contract of marriage has been signed between the hereditary Prince of Egypt and the daughter of Elhavi Pacha.

SOUTH AMERICA.—An attempt has been discovered to blow up a train in which the President of Peru was travelling.

CUBA.—Havana Government advices deny that any filibustering expedition from San Domingo has landed. The political aspersions of the Island are assuming a more threatening attitude.

A grand meeting of savants, English, French, German, and Russian, was to have been held in Paris this month. The astronomers delegated by the various powers to observe from different parts of the world the transit of Venus over the sun's disc, which will take place in 1874, were to congregate here to determine the exact points of observation. A grand banquet, under the presidency of M. Faye, will be given, it is said, to the visitors.

Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.

THE HON. RODERICK MATHESON,
SENATOR, PERTH.

It is sixty-one years since the Honourable Roderick Matheson placed his humble services at the disposal of his sovereign and his country. Honours have followed service, and they were interlaced to the latest hour of his life. Indeed they ceased only when he laid down his wearied life and when the quiet earth claimed its kindred. His career as a soldier began in the year in which the first Napoleon entered on his fatal expedition against Russia, and it ended in the week in which the third Napoleon breathed his last, as an exile at Chiselhurst. Those three—score years represent a sketch of startling history whose every page is burdened with strange lessons; not the least remarkable of which are those which record the deaths on English soil of the First and Third Emperors of the French!

Mr. Matheson was a Highlander by birth, a native of Loch-Carron, Ross-shire. Though a man of much humility of character, he was naturally proud of his country, and he was especially so of his clan, and, as we believe, exceedingly well acquainted with the heroic passages of both. From Mr. Logan's history of the clans of the Scottish Highlands we learn that the clan Matheson maintained a rare reputation for barbaric courage and rough address. Indeed its faith in the strong arm and the long claymore, in the strong will and unswerving resolve, would compare favourably with any of the independent tribes of Caledonia. Nevertheless the belligerent tastes of members of that tribe seem to have been not only destructive but incapacitating ones. It fought itself out of condition, and from an excessive expenditure of blood and force became reduced in numbers, in influence and in possessions. At length its strength was finally broken by the turbulent inroads of its more populous neighbours, the long-legged sons of Glengarry, who, as we have heard, were adepts at "lifting" cattle, "tying roofs," and annexing freeholds. But though the clan was reduced in numbers and strength the comparatively few persons who remained religiously preserved the tenacious qualities that had distinguished the character of their fathers. They may have admitted the ruin which befell them, but they suggested no reproaches either for the policy or the pluck by which it had been brought about. Montaigne's estimate of true valour was fairly expressed by this remnant of clan Matheson:—"It was stability not of legs and arms, but of the courage and the soul" which they valued. If legs should fail a Matheson, let him fight on his knees. Such an one is overcome not by his foe, but by fortune." "He is killed, not conquered," for "the most valiant are sometimes the most unfortunate." "The part that true conquering has to play lies in the encounter, not in the coming off. The honour of valour consists in fighting, not in subduing." Thus the Mathesons seem to have thought, and having acted in accordance with such thought they gradually became the prey of their more powerful neighbours, and consequently they fell, not from honour, but from the condition of influence which they formerly enjoyed.

The name, according to Scottish rendering, originally was "MacMhathain," or "Mathaineach," a combination which, in the opinion of some writers, is probably derived from "Mathain," heroes, or rather "Maon," a hero, a term now obsolete. Mr. Logan, already quoted, observes that "the form of the English translation is somewhat unaccountable," but he cautions unlearned folk not to confound the Mathesons of the Highlands with those of other parts whose names are merely corruptions of Matthews-son. The subject of this notice was most anxious to avoid all such confusion, and was consequently tenacious as to the right spelling of his name. Indeed he would admonish the authors of such mistakes in nowise to repeat them. Of course there is much that is obscure, as well as much that is attractive in such subjects, and we may fairly excuse the ancient house of Lochalsh for thinking a good deal of its heroic history.

Mr. Matheson was the only surviving son of John Matheson, by Flora Macrae, his wife. His great-grandfather was Dugald Matheson, of Balmaera, Lochalsh, Ross-shire, who married the daughter of Mackenzie of Dachmalnack, and was killed in the action of Glen Shield, Glenelg, on the 10th June, 1719. Their eldest son, Roderick, married the daughter of Kenneth Mackenzie, by his wife Mary, daughter of Mackenzie of Applecross. John, the eldest son of Roderick last mentioned, married Flora, daughter of Donald Macrae of Strath Conan. The subject of this notice was their only surviving son. He was twice married. Firstly to Mary, daughter of Captain Robert-

son of Inverness, Scotland, who died in 1825, and secondly in 1830 to Anna, daughter of the Rev. James Russell, Minister of Gairloch, Ross-shire, Scotland.

The clan, as we have said, fought itself out of condition, and those who were left made matters worse by generally placing themselves beyond the protection of the law, as they heartily espoused the lost cause of the Stuarts. It was not difficult in those days to impoverish a Jacobite, and we have little doubt that the house of Lochalsh was made to suffer for its opinions as well as for its conduct. Roderick Matheson at the outset of his career had no wealth besides that which is the common heritage of his countrymen. He had the good luck to be born a Scot, and he must be an indifferent specimen of the race who, with the advantage of having the Tweed to the south of him, cannot make his own fortune.

Young Roderick Matheson proved no exception to this common rule. The work was hard at first, for the stream and the tide were against him. Happily he did not give up. He put his back to the past and its black histories, while he turned his face to the future and its bright hopes. Moreover he did not paddle his canoe alone; his mother was there to aid, to bless, and to comfort him. In speaking of the portion of his life that was passed in the Town of Inverness the *Perth Courier* says:

"His character was formed in childhood by a mother whose means were of the smallest, but whose heart and spirit were of the highest—an ideal woman whose deep and fervent faith in God, and high sense of duty, gave balance and steadfastness to a character which might otherwise have been warped by a too vivid imagination and fervent poetic faculty; a woman, too, of so loving a spirit that she, poor herself, was always ready to deny herself for the sake of those whose need was greater; a woman whose influence was as great over the hearts of her children, after she had lain for three-score years in her grave, as though she had been with them but yesterday. Mr. Matheson often spoke of his delight as a child in listening to his mother's singing of Gaelic ballads for hours together—ballads of the nature of Danish Sagas; recounting the brave deeds of bold warriors in the by-gone times. The mother stirred her boy's imagination and fired his heart by telling him tales of the brave deeds of his forefathers, who fought and suffered gallantly in the Jacobite cause. To the last days of his life he cherished the deepest affection and admiration for his devoted mother.

"He was but a boy when his brother—an only brother, several years older than himself—brought him out to Canada; but his abilities were so promising that the schoolmaster in Inverness grieved greatly over losing him from among his pupils, and remonstrated warmly with his brother for removing him to Canada at so early an age; but Farquhar Matheson, the elder brother, who was then serving in the army in Canada, wished to have his brother near him. Roderick attended school in Lower Canada for some time after coming to the country."

We do not know in what year young Roderick Matheson left the Lower Canada school, but having done so he probably went to the old Johnstown District, and possibly visited the Village of Perth, the place which eventually became his home. What his plan of life then was we are not informed, possibly he had made none, for it was difficult in those angry and evil days to adopt either a peaceful or a profitable calling. Human passions held high carnival. All Europe was aglow with war. France hated England, and found in the United States a government prepared to sympathize with such hatred. Napoleon planned for the conquest of England, while the United States merely desired the annexation of Canada. The time had come when both objects appeared to be within reach. England was isolated and without allies in Europe, while her army was occupied in Portugal and Spain. Austria and Prussia had become the confederates of France in her war against Russia. At such a moment, when thus engaged in a death struggle for the liberation of Europe, the United States shewed their respect for liberty by declaring war against Great Britain, the only asylum of freedom then remaining in Europe.

The England of that day did not blench at the new menace or shrink appalled from the new danger. She neither quibbled about her duties nor shirked her responsibilities. She accepted the cartel of her treacherous foe, and made preparations to deal with it manfully. Sir Isaac Brock was President and Commander of the Forces in Upper Canada. That eminent soldier did not win his promotion by competitive examinations, and hence he did not wholly occupy himself with analyzing the strength of competing States or gauging the forces of opposing armies. He was a patriot as well as a soldier, an enthusiast as well as a commander. Moreover, he had a talismanic way of communicating to other souls the spirit which animated his. His speech to the Legislature of Upper Canada, delivered in February, 1812, pulses with hope while it is nerved with confidence. Such a speech from such a man silenced doubt and inspired courage. To use the words of Earl Bathurst, Brock displayed qualities admirably adapted

to dismay the disloyal, to reconcile the wavering, and to animate the great mass of the inhabitants against successive attempts of the enemy to invade the Province." General Brock called the militia of Upper Canada to the front, and to the front that gallant militia came, willing to do and to dare all things for so good a cause, and for so gallant a commander. The words spoken at York were borne to all parts of the Province, and especially reverberated through the townships of the old Johnstown District. Stormont, Dundas, and Glengarry sent their men to the front—old and young volunteered. Grey beards and striplings, animated by the like spirit, presented themselves for the like purpose. Each and all were anxious to save their hearths from an enemy whose designs were as wicked as they were unprovoked.

In the company of those Volunteers was young Roderick Matheson, not then twenty years of age. He was quiet and unassuming in manner, lithe and active in person. His courage was of the silent order, but none the less real because it was noiseless. He enlisted we know not in what regiment, and wore we know not what uniform. It must suffice that it was the regiment and uniform of his "Sovereign Lord the King." The young Volunteer must soon have shewn himself a soldier of promise, for a short time only elapsed when, on the 6th February, 1812, he received a commission of Ensign in the Glengarry Fencibles, a corps organized for especial service in Canada. The regiment was officered by men who are still remembered with pride by many, and in whose families their names are cherished as "household words." Colonel McDonnell, Aide-de-Camp to General Brock, and who fell beside his chief at Queenston Heights, was of that regiment. Aeneas McDonnell, late Warden of the Penitentiary, and his kinsman, Bishop McDonnell, if we mistake not, were of that regiment. Chief Justice Sir J. B. Macaulay, the dear friend of Mr. Matheson, as well as Colonel FitzGibbon, in like manner were of that regiment. These, and others, whom we might name, were such men as Tecumseh liked, for they were men "of big hearts." They, and their rifle green uniforms wrung many a complimentary warwhoop from Brant and other chieftains, who from their ubiquity, and their colour, used to call them the "Black Stump" Brigade. "Ah, Brant, is this you?" said Roderick Matheson to the chieftain one day, "you seem glad to see me." "What Indian," was the answer, "would not be glad to see a 'Black Stump'?" The enemy had frequent reason to beware of the "black stumps," for on more than one occasion they discovered to their cost that "the stumps" were instinct with life—especially when fire at short range issued from forms that were supposed by them to be wooden and inanimate.

War was declared by Congress on the 18th of June, 1812. Three days after that declaration, Wellington crossed the Aguada to commence his Salamanca campaign, and three days later Napoleon passed the Niemen on his Russian road to ruin. Events in Europe hurried on apace, nor did they move slowly in America. Commencing in the west the war soon ran along the line and thoroughly occupied the combatants on the two frontiers. In Central Canada skirmishes of more or less moment were of frequent occurrence, and the Glengarrys took their full share in all such enterprises. Roderick Matheson, for example, received his commission of Ensign on the 6th February, 1812; on the 5th August, 1813, he was gazetted as Lieutenant and Paymaster. On the 24th December in the following year peace was concluded at Ghent between Great Britain and the United States. The war lasted only two years and a half. During that period the subject of this notice was engaged thirty-three times with the enemy, twice he was wounded, once at Sacket's Harbour very severely. He was present with his regiment at the actions of York, Sacket's Harbour, Cross Roads, Fort George, Lundy's Lane, and Fort Erie. If in conversation the minor engagements on the Niagara frontier were referred to, Mr. Matheson could generally guide the narrative because, as he quietly used to observe, "I was there."

Not only was Roderick Matheson present when duty required him, but he had a plucky habit of volunteering for dangerous service. Despatches, for example, were to be carried from Kingston to Montreal at a time when long reaches of the river were controlled by the enemy. On such an occasion he was embarrassed and knew not how to proceed. Thinking, however, "that fortune favours the bold," he with his crew of eight Indians, in a bark canoe, determined to run the "North" or "Lost" Channel of the Long Sault rapids; an experiment which was creditable to his courage and to his high sense of duty, one which nearly resulted in the loss of his despatches and of those who bore them.

If young Matheson was skillful in a canoe, he was equally at home in the saddle. When serving on the Niagara frontier at a critical moment when reinforcements were needed a messenger was required to go to a distant post. "Send me," said the young subaltern. And he was sent. He rode sixty miles across the country in eight hours, killing one horse, and probably with difficulty getting another, but arriving in time to effect the service on which

he was sent. Beneath his quiet manner much character lay hid. His superior officers discovered that he was discreet and trustworthy as well as courageous and persevering, and hence his services were gladly taken advantage of when the work to be done required thought as well as energy for its successful performance.

Peace in America was succeeded by war in Europe. It was of short duration, for the victory of Waterloo restored the olive branch to the world. On the 18th June, 1812, the Congress of the United States declared war against Great Britain. On the 18th June, 1815, in the final route of the French army, the Congress of the United States might have read, had there existed an Ocean telegraph to inform them, how thoroughly the seal of failure had been set on all their schemes of conquest!

With the prospect of enduring peace in Europe and in America the military establishments of the mother country were reduced. Regiments were disbanded, officers retired and sought in civil pursuits for congenial and remunerative employment. In December, 1816, Lieut. Matheson went on half-pay, and in the following year settled at Perth. Whatever may have been the charm which the place presented, it at all events had the special attraction of being the chosen abode of many of his most cherished friends. He made his election, and having done so he clung to it with conservative fidelity; for in after-life he neither changed nor sought to change his place.

The influence which a wise and just man can exert in the backwoods of Canada, can scarcely be overrated. A well-chosen Magistracy is a real blessing to a country. Officially they are conservators of the peace, and incidentally they may become ministers of goodwill. Men of the contrary mould are the curse of a neighbourhood. They are the physicians of evil, creatures who suggest strife that they may inflict fines for healing it. Canada, unfortunately, has not been free from this type of offender, and localities have suffered accordingly. Previously to the appointment of County Judges, many of the duties that are now performed by them were discharged by the Chairman of the Court of Quarter Sessions. The person appointed to the last mentioned office was necessarily chosen for his fitness, to say nothing of his social qualifications, his high character, and what may be termed his judicial experience. It is complimentary to the subject of this notice that he held the appointment in question for a long time with credit to himself, and as we believe, with advantage to the community.

As was to be expected, a good many district duties devolved on him and naturally any work of a military character was most properly assigned to one who had shewn singular address and capacity when soldiering was the reverse of holiday work. For many years Col. Matheson commanded the old First Military District of Upper Canada. He knew something of the militia of Upper Canada, and even when the force was sneeringly described as a "power only on paper," he was confident that the slightest menace, the most trivial touch of trouble, would revive its slumbering energies and awaken it to life. The volunteer movement had his hearty co-operation. It was in his opinion an element of defence whose importance could scarcely be exaggerated. Hence it was that many of the volunteer companies enrolled in the neighbourhood of Perth and L'Orignal were, as we are informed, organized with his advice and under his supervision.

In 1844 Col. Matheson was recommended by His Excellency Lord Metcalf for appointment to the Legislative Council, but he did not receive his commission until the 27th day of May, 1847, when similar commissions, of the same date, under the sign manual of the Earl of Elgin and Kincardine, were issued to the Hon. Hammett Pinhey, an English gentleman well known and much respected by the people of the Ottawa Valley, and the Hon. James Ferrier, the popular and energetic Mayor of Montreal. The Legislative Council was then what the Senate is now, a nominated body, and Mr. Matheson at all events was exceedingly averse to its becoming an elective one. The threatened change grew more and more imminent, and hence Mr. Matheson was moved from his quiet Parliamentary life to meet it by asking the Legislative Council to commit itself to a series of resolutions of an anticipatory character which should have the effect of blocking the way to a change which he abhorred. Unfortunately for Mr. Matheson, but possibly not so for the Legislative Council, his very sensible resolutions were got rid of, as many a disagreeable subject is got rid of in Parliament, on a question of order. It was so adroitly raised that the resolutions did not get beyond the notice paper. They never found their way into the journals. In the following session the obnoxious bill again came up from the Commons, and finally passed the Legislative Council. The Hon. Mr. Matheson, with ten others, protested against the bill. The protest was, we incline to think, a weaker document than were his resolutions of the previous session. In passing it may not be out of place to note that the progress of change, from natural or other causes, in a nominated body, is more rapid than some persons are apt to suppose. In 1847, for example, when the Hon. Mr. Matheson took his seat in the Legis-

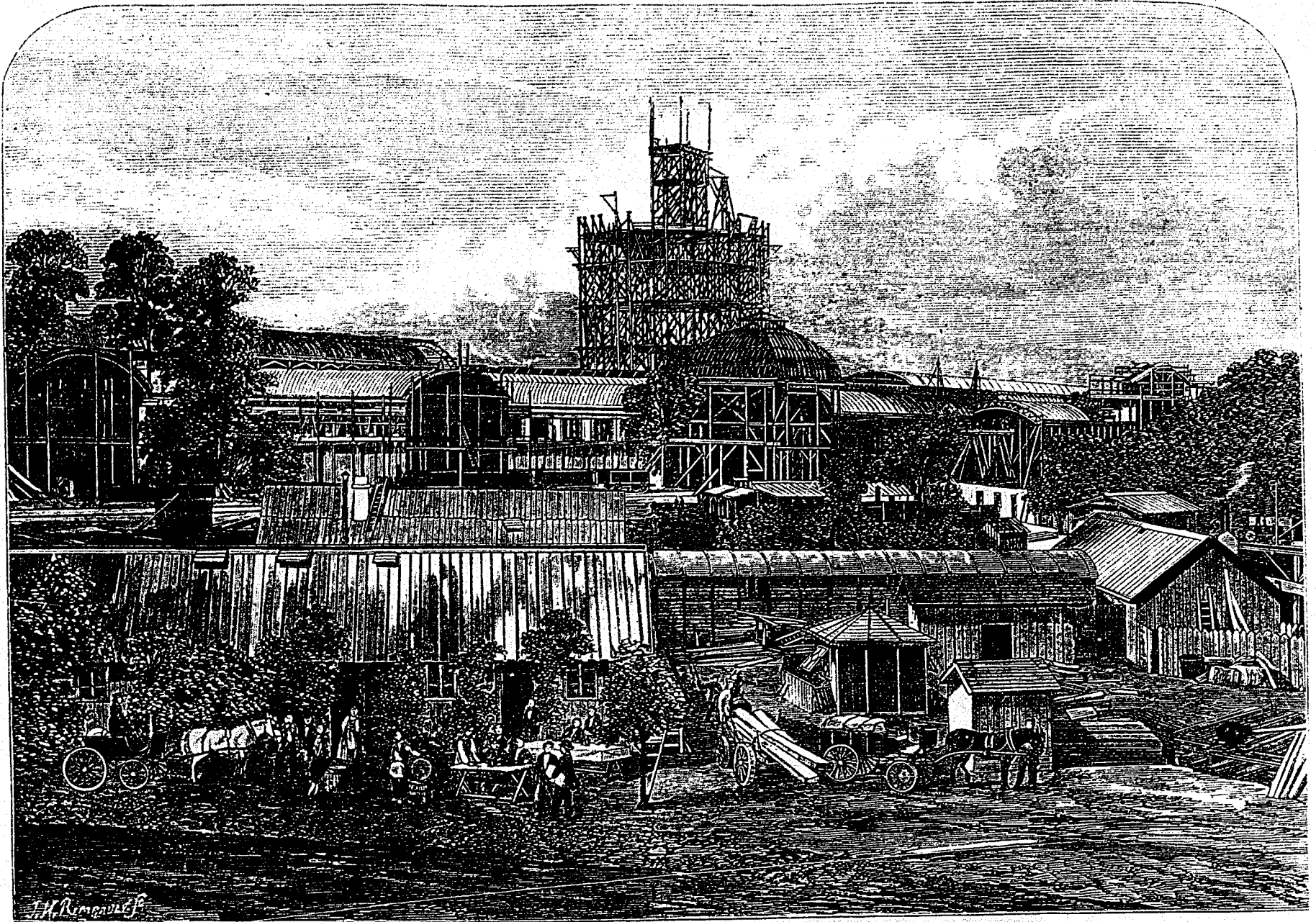


THE LATE BARON LYTTON.

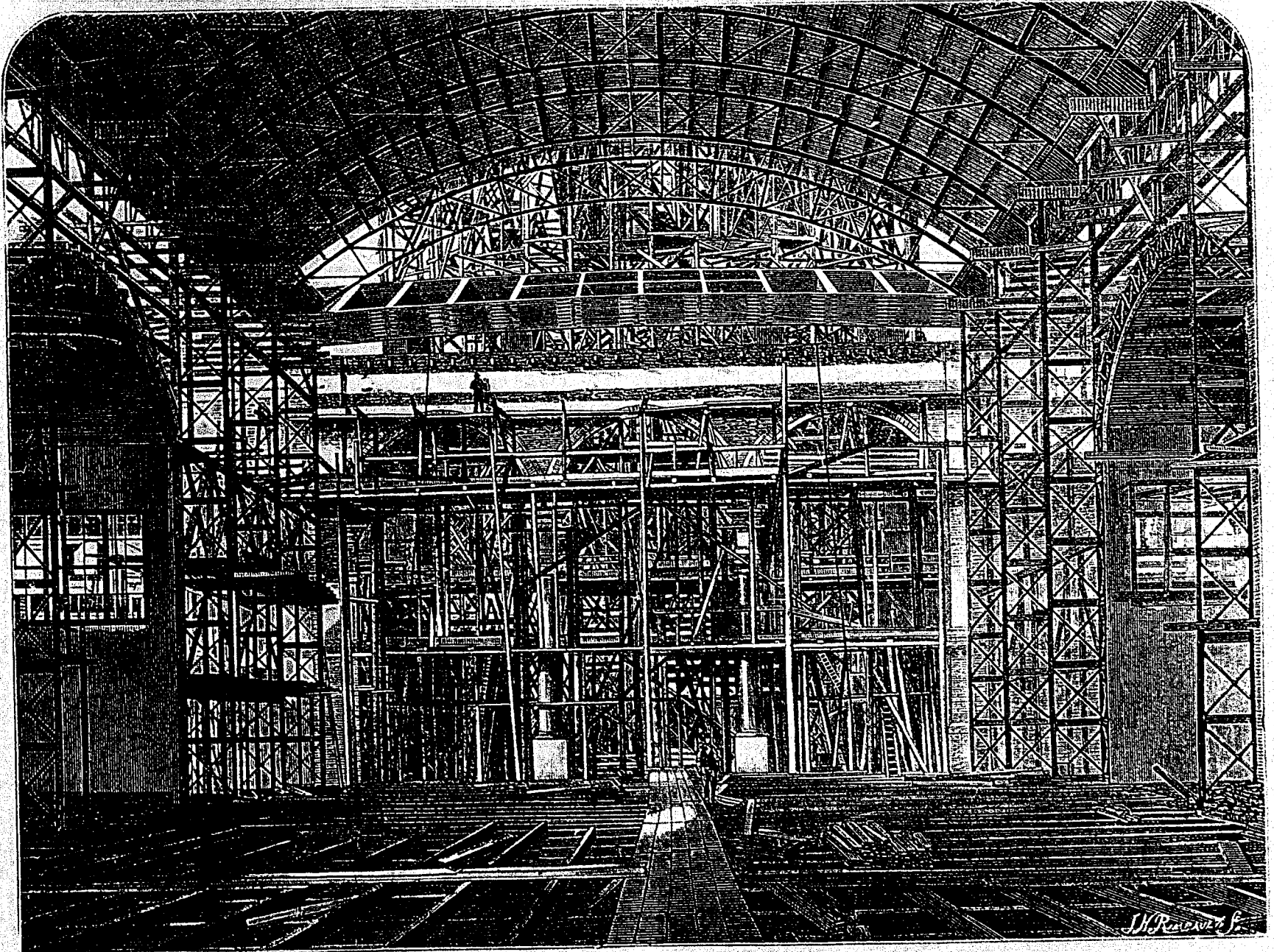


A SKATING SCENE AT LEIPSIK.

SCIENCE AND MECHANICS.



GENERAL VIEW FROM THE EAST WING OF THE MACHINERY ANNEXE.



THE DOME FROM THE INTERIOR OF THE MAIN GALLERY.
THE VIENNA EXHIBITION.

lative Council, that body was composed of thirty-six members. Of that number, four survive. Two only are members of the Senate, viz: the Hon. John Hamilton of Kingston, and the Hon. James Ferrier of Montreal. The third is the Hon. Mr. Justice Caron of Quebec, and the fourth is the Hon. Mr. Moore of Philipburgh. It may therefore be assumed that time can exercise a very swift control even over a nominated Senate.

But though Mr. Matheson opposed the principle of an Elective Legislative Council, he very cordially supported the resolutions of 1865 for the confederation of the Provinces, which were all the more acceptable to him because they restored the nominated principle to the Upper House. "There is little advantage," he used to say, "in worrying the country by multiplying elections. Though one elected House is quite enough for the purposes of legislation, it is scarcely sufficient for security. A Legislature with two elected Houses does not resemble the Imperial Parliament, and though we cannot hope to be like it in all respects, let us at least imitate it as closely as we can." Some people said his opinions were prejudices. Perhaps they were, but then the prejudices of some people are as valuable as the opinions of others. Be this as it may, we incline to think that had the Conservative veneer which inclosed his sentiments been scratched, a very fair specimen of an ancient Tory would have been found beneath the covering. Indeed it might have been said of Mr. Matheson as it was said of Lord Eldon, on the anniversary of whose death the former died, that "he never rattled."

In his sense of duty Mr. Matheson belonged to the class of men who gave tone to public thought in the dawn of the present century. The sense seems to grow duller, and the number is multiplying of those who fail to distinguish what ought from what ought not to be done. Mr. Matheson belonged to the ancient order of "duty men" who stay by their post to the last. He must have felt the pressure of years, and possibly the approach of death; and yet he was concerned, by no neglect of his, to forfeit the honour which his Sovereign had bestowed or muster himself one of a body of which he had been deemed worthy to belong. During two of the later sessions of Parliament it was touching to note with what earnest endeavour he exerted himself to arrive at his seat in the Senate Chamber and do his "duty" to the last.

We must bring our sketch to a close. It will be observed, however, that although Mr. Matheson loved a quiet life, it was by no means an uneventful one. Gentle lives are not necessarily colourless ones. "The common round and the daily task," though hid from observation, sometimes include experiences which might serve for examples. Men not unfrequently live two lives, one of which belongs to their family, while the other passes into the possession of their neighbours. Both become blended, however, when we stand beside the grave of a husband, father, friend.

We read that Mr. Matheson died on the 13th and was buried with military honours on the 16th of December, 1872, amidst the general regrets of a large number of friends and neighbours. Doubtless it must have been so, for it was characteristic of him not only to make, but to keep his friends. His was a soldier's funeral. Let us rest in hope that when he awakes to the bugle call that all must hear, he will take rank in the King's army of "the good and faithful servants."

The following is a good story of the average French sportsman.—M. X. set out one morning recently, first promising his wife that he would bring her that very evening a brace of partridges at the very least. Punctually at ten o'clock the same night he returned home greatly fatigued, and covered with dust to the ears. His game-bag, however, appeared to be very full; and Madame X. at once concluded that her husband had had good sport. "How many have you, my dear?" she asked, taking up the game-bag. "Two, as I promised," nonchalantly replied M. X., throwing himself into a chair. "I had no sooner reached my destination than—bang, fire!—I had killed the brace." Reddening with pride, Madame X. opened the game-bag; but—O horror!—in place of the partridges, she drew from it a superb lobster rolled up in paper. Tableau! It was all the fault of the fishmonger. When applied to by the stammering sportsman for a brace of partridges, the tradesman mistook him, and gave him instead a "cardinal of the seas."

Every one has heard of the reply of the butcher to the sentimental lady remonstrating against the killing of innocent lambs, "Lor', ma'am, you wouldn't eat 'em alive, would you?" Apropos of this, there is an anecdote of Goldsmith not commonly known. When he had written that beautiful stanza of the "Hermit"—

"No flocks that range the valley free,
To slaughter I condemn;
Taught by the Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them."

he submitted it to (the future) Mrs. Goldsmith, who is said to have suggested the following improvement:—

"No flocks that range the valley free,
To slaughter I condemn;
The butchers kill the sheep for me,
I buy the meat of them."

Jacob's Rheumatic Liquid Cures Lameless of all kinds.

IN MEMORIAM.

MARY ANN DISRAELI.

VISCOUNTESS BRACONSFIELD.

December 15th, 1872.

The light that helped to give him brilliance, gone—
The joy that made his well-earned fame so fair.
From his proud worship and affection, borne
To some diviner life and loftier care.

Her sweetness gave him strength, her fondness zeal
To scale and storm ambition's stony height
And reach by ceaseless effort that ideal
Which dreamy youth had mirrored to his sight.

She fed his hopes with fire of constancy!
She thrilled his thoughts with woman's endless love!
Until his words possessed the witchery
To make the highest in our land approve.

She made his life exalted with a light
Of noble purposes and lofty thought,
And when at last he reached fame's dazzling height,
'Twas clad in grandeur with the truth she wrought.

He toiled to win a nation's busy ear.
The nation watched him—heard him—felt his sway—
But all its wild applause was not so dear
As one responsive voice so still to-day.

The lofty place he won was not so high
As her affection stood within his soul,
And 'mid his works and fame which cannot die,
Her name is traced with his on history's scroll.

His kindly grace perchance was touched with hers!
His courtesy perhaps tempered with her own!
He counted millions as his worshippers,
While his true fealty was her throne!

And when he reaped the glory of success,
The tribute that was his, he nobly set
On her, whose perfect faith and tenderness
To him was brighter than a coronet!

The flowers his lonely hand placed on her tomb
Were not so fair as those which memory weaves—
Her dear remembrance shining thro' the gloom,
In the sad silence where his brave heart grieves.

And through this happy land he loves so well,
A sympathy and sorrow reach his own,
From clamorous cities to the cottaged dell,
From lowly places to the queenly throne.

The strength and majesty of towering mind—
The beauty of ennobled thought and speech—
With fiery purpose striving for his kind,
In aims which only gifted souls can reach—

All sadly glimmer o'er our hearths to-day,
Since one, the nearest to his thought has gone,
Yet we may grieve the parting of that ray,
Which crowned those aims and beautified their dawn.

ISIDORE G. ASCHER
In the *Sunday Times*.

LILTRANK, DACRES ROAD, FOREST HILL.

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of 1868.

THE NEW MAGDALEN.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

SECOND SCENE.—*Mablethorpe House.*

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

His eyes, his voice, his manner, all told her that those words came from the heart. She contrasted his generous confidence in her (the confidence of which she was unworthy) with her ungracious distrust of him. Not only had she wronged Grace Roseberry—she had wronged Julian Gray. Could she deceive him as she had deceived the others? Could she meanly accept that implicit trust, that devoted belief? Never had she felt the base submissions which her own imposture condemned her to undergo with a loathing of them so overwhelming as the loathing that she felt now. In horror of herself, she turned her head aside in silence, and shrank from meeting his eye. He noticed the movement, placing his own interpretation on it. Advancing closer, he asked anxiously if he had offended her?

"You don't know how your confidence touches me," she said, without looking up. "You little think how keenly I feel your kindness."

She checked herself abruptly. Her fine tact warned her that she was speaking too warmly—that the expression of her gratitude might strike him as being strangely exaggerated. She handed him her work-basket, before he could speak again.

"Will you put it away for me?" she asked in her quieter tones. "I don't feel able to work just now."

His back turned on her for a moment, while he placed the basket on a side table. In that moment, her mind advanced at a bound from present to future. Accident might one day put the true Grace in possession of the proofs that she needed, and might reveal the false Grace to him in the identity that was her own. What would he think of her then? Could she make him tell her, without betraying herself? She determined to try.

"Children are notoriously insatiable if you once answer their questions, and women are nearly as bad," she said, when Julian returned to her. "Will your patience hold out if I go back for the third time to the person whom we have been speaking of?"

"Try me," he answered, with a smile. "Suppose you had not taken your merciful view of her?"

"Yes?"

"Suppose you believed that she was wickedly bent on deceiving others for a purpose of her own—would you not shrink from such a woman in horror and disgust?"

"God forbid that I should shrink from any human creature!" he answered earnestly. "Who among us has a right to do that?"

She hardly dared trust herself to believe him. "You would still pity her?" she persisted, "and still feel for her?"

"With all my heart."

"Oh, how good you are!"

He held up his hand in warning. The tones of his voice deepened; the lustre of his eyes brightened. She had stirred in the depths of that great heart the faith in which the man lived—the steady principle which guided his modest and noble life.

"No!" he cried. "Don't say that! Say that I try to love my neighbour as myself. Who but a Pharisee can believe he is better than another? The best among us to-day may, but for the mercy of God, be the worst among us to-morrow. The true Christian virtue is the virtue which never despairs of a fellow-creature. The true Christian faith believes in Man as well as in God. Frail and fallen as we are, we can rise on the wings of repentance from earth to heaven. Humanity is sacred. Humanity has its immortal destiny. Who shall dare say to man or woman, 'There is no hope in you?' Who shall dare say the work is all vile, when that work bears on it the stamp of the Creator's hand?"

He turned away for a moment, struggling with the emotion which she had roused in him.

Her eyes, as they followed him, lighted with a momentary enthusiasm—then sank wearily in the rain regret which comes too late. Ah! if he could have been her friend and her adviser on the fatal day when she first turned her steps towards Mablethorpe House! She sighed bitterly as the hopeless aspiration wrung her heart. He heard the sigh; and, turning again, looked at her with a new interest in his face.

"Miss Roseberry," he said.

She was still absorbed in the bitter memories of the past; she failed to hear him.

"Miss Roseberry," he repeated, approaching her.

She looked up at him with a start.

"May I venture to ask you something?" he said gently.

She shrank at the question.

"Don't suppose I am speaking out of mere curiosity," he went on. "And pray don't answer me, unless you can answer without betraying any confidence which may have been placed in you."

"Confidence?" she repeated. "What confidence do you mean?"

"It has just struck me that you might have felt more than a common interest in the questions which you put to me a moment since," he answered. "Were you by any chance speaking of some unhappy woman—not the person who frightened you, of course—but of some other woman whom you know?"

Her head sank slowly on her bosom. He had plainly no suspicion that she had been speaking of herself: his tone and manner both answered for it that his belief in her was as strong as ever. Still those last words made her tremble; she could not trust herself to reply to them.

He accepted the bending of her head as a reply.

"Are you interested in her?" he asked next. She faintly answered this time. "Yes."

"Have you encouraged her?"

"I have not dared to encourage her."

His face lit up suddenly with enthusiasm. "Go to her," he said, "and let me go with you and help you."

The answer came faintly and mournfully. "She has sunk too low for that!"

He interrupted her with a gesture of impatience.

"What has she done?" he asked.

"She has deceived—basely deceived—innocent people who trusted her. She has wronged—cruelly wronged—another woman."

For the first time, Julian seated himself at her side. The interest that was now roused in him was an interest above reproach; he could speak to Mercy without restraint; he could look at Mercy with a pure heart.

"You judge her very harshly," he said. "Do you know how she may have been tried and tempted?"

There was no answer.

"Tell me," he went on, "is the person whom she has injured still living?"

"Yes."

"If the person is still living, she may atone for the wrong. The time may come when this sinner, too, may win our pardon and deserve our respect."

"Could you respect her?" Mercy asked sadly. "Can such a mind as yours understand what she has gone through?"

A smile, kind and momentary, brightened his attentive face.

"You forget my melancholy experience," he answered. "Young as I am, I have seen more than most men of women who have sinned and suffered. Even after the little that you have told me, I think I can put myself in her place. I can well understand, for instance, that she may have been tempted beyond human resistance. Am I right?"

"You are right."

"She may have had nobody near at the time to advise her, to warn her, to save her. Is that true?"

"It is true."

"Tempted and friendless, self-abandoned to the evil impulse of the moment, this woman may have committed herself headlong to the act which she now vainly repents. She may long to make atonement, and may not know how to begin. All her energies may be crushed under the despair and horror of herself, out of which the truest repentance grows. Is such a woman as this all wicked, all vile? I deny it! She may have a noble nature; and she may show it nobly yet. Give her the opportunity she needs—and our poor fallen fellow-creature may take her place again among the best of us; honoured, blameless, happy once more!"

Mercy's eyes, resting eagerly on him while he was speaking, dropped again despondingly when he had done.

"There is no such future as that," she answered, "for the woman whom I am thinking of. She has lost her opportunity. She has done with hope."

Julian gravely considered with himself for a moment.

"Let us understand each other," he said. "She has committed an act of deception to the injury of another woman. Was that what you told me?"

"Yes."

"And she has gained something to her own advantage by the act?"

"Yes."

"Is she threatened with discovery?"

"She is safe from discovery—for the present, at least."

"Safe as long as she closes her lips?"

"As long as she closes her lips."

"There is her opportunity!" cried Julian. "Her future is before her. She has not done with hope!"

With clasped hands, in breathless suspense, Mercy looked at that inspiring face, and listened to those golden words.

"Explain yourself," she said. "Tell her, through me, what she must do."

"Let her own the truth," answered Julian, "without the base fear of discovery to drive her to it. Let her do justice to the woman whom she has wronged, while that woman is still powerless to expose her. Let her sacrifice everything that she has gained by the fraud to the sacred duty of atonement. If she can do that—for conscience sake and for pity's sake—to her own prejudice, to her own shame, to her own loss—then her repentance has nobly revealed the noble nature that is in her; then she is a woman to be trusted, respected, beloved! If I saw the Pharisees and Fanatics of this lower earth passing her by in contempt, I would hold out my hand to her before them all. I would say to her in her solitude and affliction, 'Rise, poor wounded heart! Beautiful, purified soul, God's angels rejoice over you! Take your place among the noblest of God's creatures!'"

In those last sentences, he unconsciously repeated the language in which he had spoken, years since, to his congregation in the Chapel of the Refuge. With tenfold power and tenfold persuasion, they now found their way again to Mercy's heart. Softly, suddenly, mysteriously, a change passed over her. Her troubled face grew beautifully still. The shifting light of terror and suspense vanished from her grand grey eyes, and left in them the steady inner glow of a high and pure resolve.

There was a moment of silence between them. They both had need of silence. Julian was the first to speak again.

"Have I satisfied you that her opportunity is still before her?" he asked. "Do you feel as I feel, that she has not done with hope?"

"You have satisfied me that the world holds no truer friend to her than you," Mercy answered gently and gratefully. "She shall prove herself worthy of your generous confidence in her. She shall show you yet, that you have not spoken in vain."

Still inevitably failing to understand her, he led the way to the door.

"Don't waste the precious time," he said. "Don't leave her cruelly to herself. If you can't go to her, let me go as your messenger, in your place."

She stopped him by a gesture. He took a step back into the room, and paused; observing with surprise that she made no attempt to move from the chair that she occupied.

"Stay here," she said to him in suddenly-altered tones.

"Pardon me," he rejoined, "I don't understand you."

"You will understand me directly. Give me a little time."

He still lingered near the door, with his eyes fixed inquiringly on her. A man of a lower nature than his, or a man believing in Mercy less devotedly than he believed, would now have felt his first suspicion of her. Julian was as far as ever from suspecting her, even yet.

"Do you wish to be alone?" he asked considerately. "Shall I leave you for a while and return again?"

She looked up with a start of terror. "Leave me?" she repeated, and suddenly checked her

self on the point of saying more. Nearly half the length of the room divided them from each other. The words which she was longing to say were words that would never pass her lips, unless she could see some encouragement in his face. "No!" she cried out to him on a sudden, in her sore need, "don't leave me! Come back to me!"

He obeyed her in silence. In silence, on her side, she pointed to the chair near her. He took it. She looked at him, and checked herself again; resolute to make her terrible confession, yet still hesitating how to begin. Her woman's instinct whispered to her, "Find courage in his touch!" She said to him, simply and artlessly said to him, "Give me encouragement. Give me strength. Let me take your hand." He neither answered nor moved. His mind seemed to have become suddenly preoccupied; his eyes rested on her vacantly. He was on the brink of discovering her secret; in another instant he would have found his way to the truth. In that instant, innocently as his sister might have taken it, she took his hand. The soft clasp of her fingers, clinging round his, roused his senses, fired his passion for her, swept out of his mind the pure aspirations which had filled it but the moment before, paralysed his perception when it was just penetrating the mystery of her disturbed manner and her strange words. All the man in him trembled under the rapture of her touch. But the thought of Horace was still present to him; his hand lay passive in hers; his eyes looked uneasily away from her.

She innocently strengthened her clasp of his hand. She innocently said to him, "Don't look away from me. Your eyes give me courage."

His hand returned the pressure of hers. He tasted to the full the delicious joy of looking at her. She had broken down his last reserves of self-control. The thought of Horace, the sense of honour, became obscured in him. In a moment more he might have said the words which he would have deplored for the rest of his life, if she had not stopped him by speaking first. "I have more to say to you," she resumed abruptly; feeling the animating resolution to lay her heart bare before him at last; "more, far more, than I have said yet. Generous, merciful friend, let me say it here!"

She attempted to throw herself on her knees at his feet. He sprang from his seat and checked her, holding her with both his hands, raising her as he rose himself. In the words which had just escaped her, in the startling action which had accompanied them, the truth burst upon him. The guilty woman she had spoken of was herself!

While she was almost in his arms, while her bosom was just touching his, before a word more had passed his lips or hers, the library door opened.

Lady Janet Roy entered the room.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SEARCH IN THE GROUNDS.

Grace Roseberry, still listening in the conservatory, saw the door open, and recognised the mistress of the house. She softly drew back and placed herself in safer hiding, beyond the range of view from the dining-room.

Lady Janet advanced no further than the threshold. She stood there and looked at her nephew and her adopted daughter in stern silence.

Mercy dropped into the chair at her side. Julian kept his place by her. His mind was still stunned by the discovery that had burst on it; his eyes still rested on her in a mute terror of inquiry. He was as completely absorbed in the one act of looking at her as if they had been still alone together in the room.

Lady Janet was the first of the three who spoke. She addressed herself to her nephew. "You are right, Mr. Julian Gray," she said, with her bitterest emphasis of tone and manner. "You ought to have found nobody in this room on your return but me. I detain you no longer. You are free to leave my house."

Julian looked round at his aunt. She was pointing to the door. In the excited state of his sensibilities at that moment, the action stung him to the quick. He answered without his customary consideration for his aunt's age and his aunt's position towards him:

"You apparently forgot, Lady Janet, that you are not speaking to one of your footmen," he said. "There are serious reasons (of which you know nothing) for my remaining in your house a little longer. You may rely upon my trespassing on your hospitality as short a time as possible."

He turned again to Mercy as he said those words, and surprised her timidly looking up at him. In the instant when their eyes met, the tumult of emotions struggling in him became suddenly stilled. Sorrow for her—compassionating sorrow—rose in the new calm and filled his heart. Now, and now only, he could read in the wasted and noble face how she had suffered. The pity which he had felt for the unnamed woman grew to a tenfold pity for her. The faith which he had professed—honestly professed—in the better nature of the unnamed woman strengthened into a tenfold faith in her. He addressed himself again to his aunt in a gentler tone. "This lady," he resumed, "has something to say to me in

private which she has not said yet. That is my reason and my apology for not immediately leaving the house."

Still under the impression of what she had seen on entering the room, Lady Janet looked at him in angry amazement. Was Julian actually ignoring Horace Holmcroft's claims, in the presence of Horace Holmcroft's betrothed wife? She appealed to her adopted daughter. "Grace!" she exclaimed, "have you heard him? Have you nothing to say? Must I remind you?"

She stopped. For the first time in Lady Janet's experience of her young companion, she found herself speaking to ears that were deaf to her. Mercy was incapable of listening. Julian's eyes had told her that Julian understood her at last!

Lady Janet turned to her nephew once more, and addressed him in the hardest words that she had ever spoken to her sister's son:

"If you have any sense of decency," she said—"I say nothing of a sense of honour—you will leave this house, and your acquaintance with that lady will end here. Spare me your protests and excuses; I can place but one interpretation on what I saw when I opened that door."

"You entirely misunderstood what you saw when you opened that door," Julian answered quietly.

"Perhaps I misunderstand the confession which you made to me not an hour ago?" retorted Lady Janet.

Julian cast a look of alarm at Mercy. "Don't speak of it!" he said in a whisper. "She might hear you."

"Do you mean to say she doesn't know you are in love with her?"

"Thank God, she has not the faintest suspicion of it!"

There was no mistaking the earnestness with which he made that reply. It proved his innocence as nothing else could have proved it. Lady Janet drew back a step—utterly bewildered; completely at a loss what to say or what to do next.

The silence that followed was broken by a knock at the library door. The man-servant—with news, and bad news, legally written in his disturbed face and manner—entered the room.

In the nervous irritability of the moment, Lady Janet resented the servant's appearance as a positive offence on the part of the harmless man. "Who sent for you?" she asked sharply. "What do you mean by interrupting us?"

The servant made his excuse in an oddly bewildered manner.

"I beg your ladyship's pardon. I wished to take the liberty—I wanted to speak to Mr. Julian Gray."

"What is it?" asked Julian.

The man looked uneasily at Lady Janet, hesitated, and glanced at the door, as if he wished himself well out of the room again.

"I hardly know if I can tell you, sir, before her ladyship," he answered.

Lady Janet instantly penetrated the secret of her servant's hesitation.

"I know what has happened," she said; "that abominable woman has found her way here again. Am I right?"

The man's eyes helplessly consulted Julian.

"Yes? or no?" cried Lady Janet, imperatively.

"Yes, my lady."

Julian at once assumed the duty of asking the necessary questions.

"Where is she?" he began.

"Somewhere in the grounds, as we suppose, sir."

"Did you see her?"

"No, sir."

"Who saw her?"

"The lodge-keeper's wife."

This looked serious. The lodge-keeper's wife had been present while Julian had given his instructions to her husband. She was not likely to have mistaken the identity of the person whom she had discovered.

"How long since?" Julian asked next.

"Not very long, sir."

"Be more particular. How long?"

"I didn't hear, sir."

"Did the lodge-keeper's wife speak to the person when she saw her?"

"No, sir; she didn't get the chance, as I understand it. She is a stout woman, if you remember. The other was too quick for her—discovered her, sir; and (as the saying is) gave her the slip."

"In what part of the grounds did this happen?"

The servant pointed in the direction of the side-hall. "In that part, sir. Either in the Dutch garden or the shrubbery. I am not sure which."

It was plain, by this time, that the man's information was too imperfect to be practically of any use. Julian asked if the lodge-keeper's wife was in the house.

"No, sir. Her husband has gone out to search the grounds in her place, and she is minding the gate. They sent their boy with the message. From what I can make out from the lad, they would be thankful if they could get a word more of advice from you, sir."

Julian reflected for a moment.

(To be continued.)

Varieties.

A Wheeling man is doing business at the sign of "Homeny, beens, canned corn, canned tomatoes, buckwheat flour, rasons,

For gushing young maidens of twenty-five or forty, a cunning fringe of hair on the forehead, in poodle-dog style, is the proper thing.

An East Indian journalist says it must be a happy thought that his blood and that of his sweetheart mingle in the same—mosquito.

A reporter describing the dresses at a fashionable assembly in Boston, remarks: "The largest part of the dresses were literally on the floor."

Upon the marriage of Miss Wheat, of Virginia, an editor hoped that her path might be flowery, and that she might never be thrashed by her husband.

The goat teams of Chicago are a success, and as they eat newspapers it doesn't cost much to feed them. A single copy of the Chicago Times satisfies an average William goat for twenty-four hours.—*Utica Observer.*

The Titusville Press says: "An intoxicated printer in East St. Louis wandered into a shoe shop in a fit of mental aberration and set up several stacks of shoepegs, and took a proof of his matter in the boot press before he realized his awful condition."

The man in Danbury who enjoys the most sympathy is he who chased a runaway team for half a mile, and finally succeeded in heading it off, only to discover the driver in the carriage looking very much astonished at the hallooing and panting rescuer.—*Danbury News.*

A man advertised for a wife, and requested each candidate to inclose her *carte de visite*. A spirited young lady wrote to the advertiser in the following terms:—"Sir, I do not inclose my *carte*, for though there is some authority for putting a cart before a horse, I know of none for putting one before an ass."

Josh Billings says: "Mackrel inhabit the sea, generally; but those which inhabit the grocery always taste to me as though they had been fattened on salt. They want a deal of freshening before they're eaten, and also afterward. If I kin have plenty of mackrel for breakfast, I can generally make the other two meals out of water."

A San Francisco reporter recently interviewed Matilda Heron, and he says that there was a bottle on the table labelled "citrate of magnesia," and when she saw him eyeing it, she took the bottle in her left hand, put her right arm around his neck, and in spite of his struggles compelled him to taste the stuff, lest he should go off and write that she kept whiskey in her room.

The death of Lady Beaconsfield, says the *Court Journal*, revives many reminiscences, which one hears on every side. One happened only some four years ago, and the two actors in it are now both dead. One evening during the political crisis which preceded the resignation of Mr. Disraeli's administration, Lord Mayo called at Grosvenor-gate to see the Premier. Mr. Disraeli was not in, and so the Viceroy-designate went in and waited for him. While waiting he fell asleep, and he was awakened by some one coming behind his chair and kissing his forehead. It was Lady Beaconsfield, who had thought that the sleeper was her husband.

A FUNNY MISTAKE.—Old negro slumbering with his feet pointing to a glimmering fire. Opens one eye and gets a glimpse of them, as they stand up in the obscurity. Mistakes them for two little negroes, and cries: "Gif fum 'fore me," and relapses into sleep. After awhile opens the other eye, and still seeing the intruders, says: "Gif fum 'fore me, I say; I kiek you in de fire if you don't; I will shu!" and again he snores. His dreams not being pleasant he soon opens both eyes, and still seeing the little pests, he draws up his foot for the threatened kiek, but is alarmed to see the enemy advance upon him, and exclaims: "Wha, where you comin' to, now? Humph! my own foot, by golly!"

This is the present style of American puffs, as seen in the *San Francisco News Letter*:—"A curious bet was made in this city on the late election. It was that if Grant was elected the man won the lady, and if Greeley was elected the lady had to accept the man. It can be well understood how the awful interests at stake occasioned the most frenzied excitement throughout the neighbourhood in which they resided. They might have been seen a few days since perambulating N. P. Cole & Co's spacious warehouses in affectionate proximity. They selected some handsome furniture and a duck of a side-board. When they came to the bedsteads the lady blushed, and requested Alfred to choose one. They then disappeared behind a pile of chairs and uncorked a champagne bottle several times.

OTTAWA, ONT., Nov. 25, 1871.

My Dear Sir: We have much pleasure in informing you of a large demand for your Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, and we hear excellent accounts from those who use it. Some of our physicians who are acquainted with its valuable properties consider it a most reliable medicine; so it is fast becoming as popular in this part of the Dominion as with your own people.

Wishing you every success, we are yours, very respectfully,

A. CHRISTIE & Co., Chemists.

To MR. JAMES J. FELLOWS, St. John, N. B.

Dr. Colby's Pills remove Pimples by Purifying the Blood.

Chess.

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

A couple of off-hand games played by two members of the Montreal Chess Club.

TWO KNIGHTS' DEFENCE.

- White. Mr. W. Atkinson. 1. P. to K. 4th. 2. K. Kt. to B. 3rd. 3. B. to B. 4th. 4. Kt. to Kt. 5th. 5. P. takes P. 6. P. to Q. 3rd. 7. K. Kt. to B. 3rd. 8. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd. 9. P. to Q. K. 3rd (a). 10. K. Kt. to Q. 4th. 11. B. takes P. 12. K. Kt. to K. 2nd. 13. P. to Q. Kt. 4th. 14. Q. Kt. to K. 4th. 15. B. to Q. Kt. 2nd. 16. K. to K. 2nd. 17. Q. takes K. 18. K. to Q. 19. K. to Q. B. 20. B. takes Q. 21. K. R. to K. Black. Mr. J. W. P. to K. 4th. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd. K. Kt. to B. 3rd. P. to Q. 4th. Q. Kt. to R. 4th. P. to K. R. 3rd. B. to Q. 3rd. Castles. P. to K. 5th. P. takes P. K. ch. K. Kt. to Kt. 5th. Q. to K. B. 3rd. R. takes Kt. Q. takes P. P. ch. R. takes Kt. ch. (b) B. to B. 5th, ch. Kt. to K. 6th, ch. Q. takes Q. Q. Kt. to Q. B. 5th. Kt. takes P. dis. ch. (c)

The game was continued for several moves, finally won by Black. (a) Castling here is the correct play. (b) Q. Kt. to B. 5th, ch., or Kt. to K. 6th might have been better. (c) Kt. takes B. seems preferable.

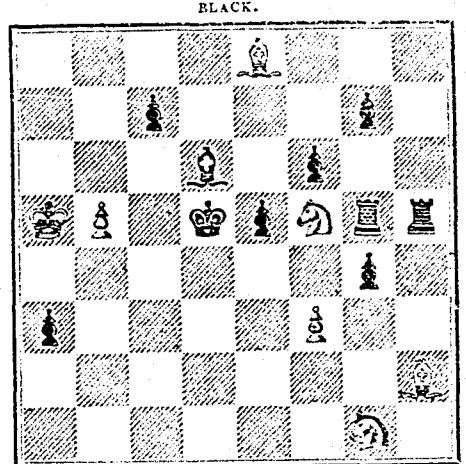
TWO KNIGHTS' DEFENCE.

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(a) The bishop should have retired. (b) Black might have won a piece by B. to K. Kt. 5th. (c) Lost time: Black fails throughout to make the most of his fine position. P. to K. R. 3rd, or Kt. to B. 5th should have been played here. (d) This slip loses the game off-hand: instead of it Black might have continued the attack by P. to K. 5th.

PROBLEM No. 79.

By J. W. BLACK.



White to play and mate in four moves.

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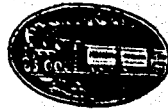
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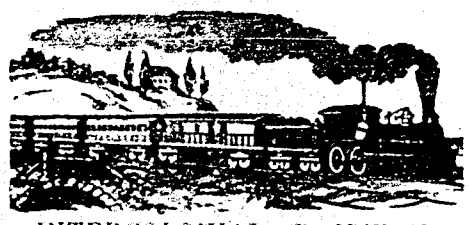
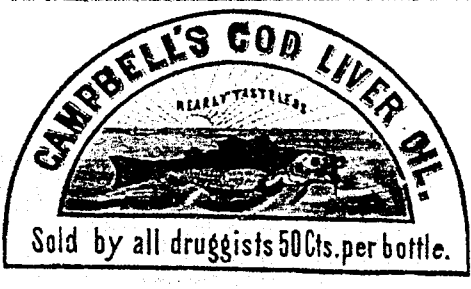
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