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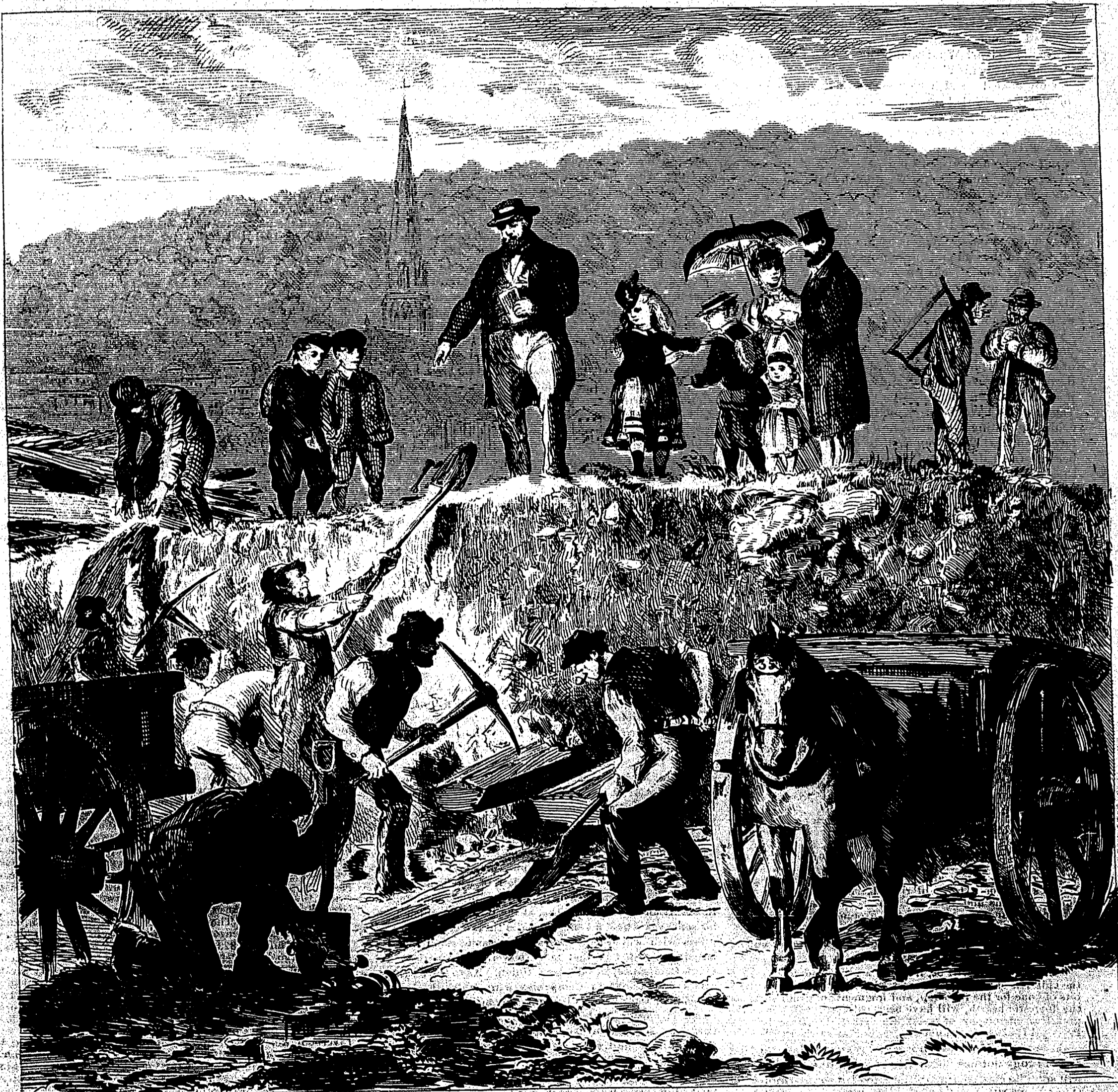
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# General Illustrated News

Vol. III.—No. 21.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1871.

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UNEARTHING THE DEAD TO MAKE A WAY FOR THE LIVING. A SKETCH ON CEMETERY STREET, MONTREAL, BY OUR ARTIST.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

## THE DORCHESTER STREET CEMETERY, MONTREAL.

Our artist has, on former occasions, appealed to the eye and the intelligence of our readers on the subject of the scenes that have been of recent date enacted on the plot of ground which was *once*—and that not very long ago—a burial place for the dead, but which has now become a "bone of contention" among rival investors in real estate, cultivators of garden plots, and graders of public thoroughfares. The subject is not a pleasant one for discussion; indeed, it would seem that discussion had closed upon it, for at present there is little sign that the Corporation will take it for a public park—thereby sanctioning *desecration* over, instead of, of the remains of the dead; or that the *Fabrique* claiming, and doubtless owning, a title to the property, will desist from speculating with it to the best pecuniary advantage. The city itself seems to have become silent on the subject, accepting the matter as quite in course; and to show the peculiar influence that such scenes as are daily going on there exert on the minds of the people, we have but to quote the conversation of a couple of labourers while viewing the work. Says No. 1:

"Well! this is terrible to see the bodies of the dead treated in such a fashion!"

No. 2.—"Bah! What of it! There are no bodies there. Nothing but bones!"

Only bones! And have they not had seventeen years of rest or upwards? And if the last trump had sounded before the year of Grace 1871, would they not have had all to rise at its call? And were they not, all who had fine headstones or rich relations, removed to a more commodious resting-place? And are not the "fragments which are left" skilfully distinguished by labourers well up in the science of anatomy, and carefully, if not very reverently, tossed into a broken old chip basket, and carried hence for reinterment? And the juicy and odorous fragments of the coffins, will they not be dried in the sun and turned over—perhaps to the relations of their tenants—for firewood? This is a practical, a utilitarian age, which does not nauseate at the idea of the so-called *desecration* of what old fogies would, in the spirit of *effete* reverence, piously call "God's acre." As the city grows, the bones of the dead must make way for the tread of the living; and if some of them be carted to private gardens, and others dumped down to improve the soil and raise the grade of the northern half of Victoria Square, who should complain? The doctors have been "smelling" the soil, and they could not distinguish between the cholera and the ship fever trenches! Who then shall be afraid of a pestilence, because the half decayed bones of those whose friends thought them placed in their last resting place have had to give way to modern progress and intensely *modern* notions of "respect for the dead!" But see how we of the commercial metropolis of Canada are following strictly in the footsteps of the metropolis of the Empire! Says a letter writer in the London *Times* of a recent date:

"At the latter end of February attention was directed in the public press to the use of churchyard mould, bones, and fragments of coffins, as a new road material at Kennington. The matter excited considerable indignation at the time, and, on instituting an inquiry, it appeared that these strange substitutes for Macadam were being brought from some excavations in Trafalgar Square, where a portion of the ancient burial-ground of St. Martin-in-the-Fields (formerly used as a plague-pit) was being disturbed to make way for the new National Gallery. If I remember rightly the Secretary of State had directed that the human remains should be collected and reinterred, but it was felt to be far less trouble to all concerned to employ them for road-making, and it was found in practice that the children in the vicinity of the new roads speedily removed the bones for sale at the rag and bone shops, and the coffins for firewood. The matter after this exposure soon dropped, and it was doubtless believed that in future the unfortunate victims of the plague would find decent burial elsewhere. This, I regret to inform you, has not been the case, the fragments of their remains being at present strewn far and wide over the Kensington Gardens. The reasons which have led to this wholesale desecration may be briefly stated as follows:—We live under a "very economical Government," and, as one of its members, Mr. Ayrton, has been permitted to spoil the gardens, it was necessary to provide manure to make the green grass grow over his misdeeds. What could be better and cheaper than the bones from St. Martin's? Thus a layer of rich, black soil, teeming with human remains and bits of coffins, is being spread over the bare places and the ruins of the avenues which have been destroyed."

Upon which the *Pall Mall Gazette* remarks (of course without meaning to be sarcastic)—

"And the result will be, not only a good crop of grass, but the children of the poorer classes who may continue to collect bits of bone for the rag shop, and fragments of coffin wood for the domestic hearth, will have been redeemed a step from the profitless effeminacy of what are called "feelings." The Practical is always so ennobling, as well as so cheap!"

Have we, in Montreal, not equal reason to believe that our old foggy notions about the respect due to the dead will soon be classed among the "foolish superstitions" of the past? What would the gifted Chateaubriand have said in his "Genius of Christianity," when dwelling upon this theme, had he known—up to this date—the history of the Dorchester Street cemetery?

## OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

## No. 71.—HUGH ALLAN, ESQ.

The progress of most of our commercial men is identified with the general progress of the country. They have grown with its growth, strengthened with its strength. As the petty village changes to the thriving town, the small shopkeeper becomes an extensive general dealer. As the town blossoms out to the dimensions of a city, the dealer expands to the extended breadth, height and depth (of pocket) of a wholesale merchant. This is no strange sight in Canada. Both East and West are innumerable examples to be found. It is, however, but seldom that men who themselves contribute to the progress of the country shoot so far ahead of the ratio of that progress in their individual success as to completely distance it, as has been done by Mr. Hugh Allan. The men who have grown with the country and the town too, are to be counted by the thousand in almost every walk of life; but the few who have utterly left it behind them despite its rapid advancement can barely be numbered by tens. The compensation to the country consists in this, that the success of such men contributes not only to its substantial progress, but to its character for energy, wealth and enterprise among other nations. Already it is beginning to be spoken of abroad that a Canadian shipping firm is among the largest in the world, and from this point the inquiry is naturally carried to a general survey of the extent of Canada's mercantile marine, and the astounding discovery is made that she ranks fourth among the nations, the empire of which she is a dependency being the first! How much of this extraordinarily sudden progress is due to the energy of Mr. Allan and those associated with him will be better seen when we come to speak of the Montreal Ocean Steamship Company.

Hugh Allan was born at Salcoats, Ayrshire, Scotland, on the 29th Sept., 1810. His father was a shipmaster, who had traded for thirty years between the Clyde and Montreal. The associations surrounding Hugh's early life were, therefore, such as would naturally attract him to the sea, and to Canada as a field with or from which to trade. His father's views concurring with his own as to his career in life, he was entered as a clerk in a shipping office in Greenock, in order that he might become familiar with the mercantile management of the shipping business. Becoming familiar with this in the course of a year, he left the shipping office, and went to sea with his father for the purpose of acquiring a practical knowledge of navigation. He also applied himself to the study of naval architecture, and familiarised himself as much as possible with ship building. With a view to master thoroughly the character and requirements of the Canadian trade in which his father had been so long engaged, and to gain a general knowledge of commerce, Hugh Allan came to Montreal and filled an engagement in the dry goods establishment of Messrs. William Kerr & Co. After this he travelled for a time in the United States, and when in his twentieth year returned to his native land. During this varied, and at that period necessarily not unadventurous career, Mr. Allan doubtless laid the foundation of that extraordinary superstructure of practical business knowledge which in later years he displayed in the development of the great undertakings at the head of which he now stands.

After spending a year in Scotland he returned to Montreal, which he had decided to make his home, and entered as a clerk in the service of the firm of Messrs. James Millar & Co., ship-builders, shippers and commission merchants. He had under this firm ample scope for the display of his previously acquired knowledge, and so well did he make use of it that after four years the firm admitted him as a partner. In the year 1838, Mr. Millar having died, the business was continued under the style of Edmonstone & Allan, which firm, through various mutations of title and vastly increased business relations, is still continued, mainly in the hands of the Allan brothers, of whom it may be here mentioned that Hugh is the senior. During the rebellion of 1837-38 Mr. Allan turned out as a volunteer, in which service he held the rank of captain.

To follow Mr. Allan's history further in those particulars which distinguish it from those of other commercial men of high standing, would only be to write the history of the "Allan line" of steamships, which we briefly notice elsewhere. It may be mentioned, however, that he was one of the first promoters of the Montreal Telegraph Company, a most useful and also a most successful institution, of which he has been for many years President. He is also an original shareholder in the Atlantic Telegraph Co., at the Board of which he has for some years held a seat. Besides these Telegraphic enterprises with which he is connected, we understand that he is largely interested in that most powerful of American Telegraph Companies, the Western Union. As to the local enterprises and Canadian Companies with which he has been associated, their name is legion. Among those of which he either is now or has been President may be mentioned, the Canadian Navigation Co., whose splendid steamships run through from the East to Hamilton during the season of navigation; the Merchants' Bank of Canada; the Lake Memphremagog Navigation Co.; the Mulgrave Gold Mining Co.; Montreal Warehousing Co.; Vermont and Canada Marble Co., &c., &c. These associations, though imperfectly enumerated, stamp the estimation in which the business capacities of Mr. Allan are held by the people of

Montreal. In social life it is scarcely necessary to remark that he holds an equally high place. In Prince Arthur's recollections of his visit to Canada, Mr. Allan's magnificent summer villa on the shores of Lake Memphremagog will be perhaps the spot whose remembrance will revive the sweetest memories of this country. Scenery unsurpassed; society most agreeable: everything in fact that even Prince could desire who wished to enjoy the beauties of nature blended with social comforts was there. Mr. Hugh Allan is described by an American writer as "unostentatious in manner, a worthy citizen, a public benefactor, and a staunch friend." These are high compliments, but, so far as we know, they are well deserved. We may add that, notwithstanding his age, now verging on 62, Mr. Allan is still hale and hearty, and as his countrymen would say, "livin' an' life-thinkin'."

## No. 72.—ANDREW ALLAN, ESQ.

Andrew Allan, brother to Hugh, and the third of the four sons of the late Capt. Alexander Allan of Salcoats, Ayrshire, was born on the 1st December, 1822, and is consequently now in his forty-ninth year. On the completion of his education he came to Montreal and entered into business in the firm with which his elder brother was connected, and has continued throughout to be an energetic and industrious supporter of all the commercial enterprises in which Mr. Hugh Allan has been engaged, as well as a partner in their fortunes. At present, because of delicate health, he has taken a few months of holiday to revisit his native land, as well as other places of interest in the old world. He is expected to return and resume his duties in connection with the business of the firm—to which we may remark that both his and his brother's attention are very constantly devoted. His many friends earnestly hope that his present trip may fully restore his health.

## MONTREAL OCEAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

Within the past forty years immense progress has been made in the improvement of the navigation of the St. Lawrence. In 1831 Lake St. Peter was but eleven feet deep at low water. After ten years' discussion—that is in 1841—the Board of Works commenced operations to improve the channel, and carried them on with occasional interruptions for some twelve or fifteen years, until a depth of eighteen feet at low water was reached, which, we believe, is about the present capacity of the channel, though subsequent dredgings may have slightly improved it. This increase in the navigable capacity of the river up to Montreal created a demand for a superior class of vessels, and the Canadian Government entered into contract in 1852 with a firm mainly composed of Liverpool and Glasgow shippers, by which a subsidy was to have been paid to them for a fortnightly mail by steamship from Liverpool. The service was but imperfectly rendered, and the contract was terminated some eighteen months after its commencement, the ships of the company finding more profitable employment in the transport service of the British Government, then entering upon the Crimean war. Before this date Messrs. Allan, of this city, in conjunction with their brothers in Glasgow, and Mr. Bryce Allan of Liverpool, had contracted for the construction of two steamships on the Clyde for employment in the Canadian trade. The first of these vessels, the "Canadian," made her first trip to Canada in the fall of 1854, and during the following winter traded between New York and British ports. The following spring, the "Canadian" and the other vessel, then just finished—the "Indian"—were chartered by the British Government for the same urgent Crimean transport service, in which they continued until the close of the Russian war, doubtless to the no small profit of their owners. Meantime two other steamships were constructed by the Messrs. Allan, and they entered into contract with the Canadian Government for a fortnightly mail service during summer between Montreal and Liverpool, and once a month during winter from Portland. This was the fair and full beginning of the now well-known "Allan line," commencing in the spring of 1855. Three years later, a new contract was made whereby the service was changed into a weekly one, both summer and winter. That contract expired by efflux of time, but was renewed not long ago for another term of years. During these years the Messrs. Allan kept adding steamer after steamer to their splendid fleet. Though they met with many melancholy and—as they were and are their own insurers—most costly disasters, they persevered unremittingly until at length the early difficulties have not only disappeared, but are almost forgotten.

In 1860 the firm started a line of trading steamers between Montreal and the Clyde, and this has prospered like the other. It has now become a regular weekly line, doing a heavy and no doubt a profitable business.

Space will not permit us to enumerate the "Allan fleet" in detail, but we may state that it consists of twenty-two steamers having a total tonnage of 53,000, and thirty-five sailing vessels estimated at about 26,000 tons; or a grand total of 79,000 tons afloat. Other vessels of improved build and greater capacity are also about being constructed. During the past season the Allan steamers made seventy-two voyages between Great Britain and Canada, and their sailing craft thirty-three, on the same route. These vessels brought 2,234 cabin, and 24,285 steerage passengers, and 122,861 tons of freight. They took from Canada 1,823 cabin, and 2,164 steerage passengers, besides cargo equivalent to 1,650,975 barrels flour. The management of such an immense business requires not only great care at the head office, but the most exact discipline and the most complete appointments throughout all departments. To meet these requirements the Messrs. Allan have the most ample arrangements. A fleet of tug-steamers and lighters for river service; outfitting and repairing establishments at Liverpool, &c. Their employees number about five thousand men, so that on the ordinary computation their business may be said to give direct support to 25,000 human beings. This is exclusive of the large bodies of workmen almost constantly employed in the construction of their new vessels, the parties engaged in furnishing supplies, &c. These facts speak more eloquently than words of the vast importance to Canada of the enterprise, energy and business talent of the proprietors of the "Allan line."

## THE "SARMATIAN."

This vessel, now building for the Montreal Ocean S. S. Co., a double page illustration of which we give in this issue, will be of great tonnage and power, and one of the finest of the many fine vessels now in the Allan line. She is 382 feet in length; 42 feet in width and 35 feet 9 inches depth of hold. She has a straight stern with no bowsprit, is barque-rigged and has four decks. The upper or awning deck is flush with the bulwarks, thus rendering the ship dry and comfortable in the most severe weather. The gross tonnage of this magnificent vessel is 4,000 tons. She is to be propelled by compound engines of 500 horse-power nominal, but indicating a working power of 2,600 horses. These engines will be supplied by steam from 10 boilers having 20 furnaces fixed athwart ships. She is divided by eight water-tight bulkheads, four of which are carried up to the awning deck, thus adding materially to the strength of the hull. Her state-rooms for the accommodation of the passengers are on the main deck, and are sufficient to accommodate 100 passengers; they are fitted in the most luxurious manner, being large, cheerful and well ventilated. Her general arrangements are after the style of the "Scandinavian," with which the public are already familiar.

## "BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL."

The picture we reproduce on another page is one of the happiest of Doré's pencil—that pencil that has achieved so many glorious successes and won for its owner such an illustrious place in the ranks of art. Like most of this artist's best paintings, the subject is drawn from Scripture, though treated in a semi-secular manner and brought down to the present day, as if to remind the beholder that the maxim it is intended to illustrate was uttered—not only for the acceptance of those who immediately heard it—but that it was intended for all ages and all nations, to be a standing precept among all who called themselves by the name of Christian.

The group is admirably arranged, though at first glance the meaning may appear somewhat obscure. At the church-door, surrounded by a group of Moorish beggars—women and children, and an old blind man who might sit for Tobias, is a bright-eyed Andalusian girl—evidently of the higher class—distributing her dole to her expectant pensioners, before entering the sacred edifice to pray for that mercy which it has been said all those who are merciful shall obtain. The idea of thus inculcating the moral is most excellent, but it is only one among the numerous happy points of the same kind for which Doré's works are celebrated. The colouring is of the usual stamp and gives the same grand effects of light and shadow that this artist loves to illustrate.

## HALIFAX, N. S.

It is but small wonder that Halifax has taken the place it now occupies among the chief cities of Canada. Situated within a comparatively short distance of England, and overlooking a natural, but large and perfect harbour, of sufficient capacity to afford good anchorage for half-a-dozen large navies, it has rapidly increased since the day of the noble lord from whom it takes its name, until it now stands in the proud position of chief city and capital of a Province and central military depot of the Imperial power on this continent.

The city, which offers one of the most beautiful panoramas to be seen in the Dominion, is situated near the head of Chebucto Bay, in the county of Halifax. Previous to 1749 it was called after the bay, but, like many others of the principal cities of Canada, its name was changed, and when it became the seat of government under Lord Cornwallis, it was called after the Earl of Halifax, who had taken a deep interest in the welfare of the young city, and had done much to promote its interests. Halifax has long been the chief military as well as naval station in British North America, and is very extensively fortified. At the back of the city stands the citadel, situate on a hill which overlooks the surrounding country, while the system of fortification is completed by works on McNab's Island, at the mouth of the harbour, St. George's Island, in the centre of the harbour, together with the York Redoubt, Fort Clarence, Fort Ogilvie, Prince of Wales' Tower, and several masked batteries and Martello Towers—the whole forming a formidable line of defences. As for the harbour, it is hardly necessary to speak of it, as it is celebrated far and near as one of the best in the world—not only as being both capacious and safe, but as possessing the further advantages of being accessible at all times of the year and easy of approach for vessels of the largest tonnage. The entrance is some three miles from the city, and is divided by McNab's Island into two channels, known as the Eastern and Western—the latter being the ordinary passage for sea-craft. The North-West Arm is an inlet branching off from the main entrance and penetrating about four miles inland. Here it winds round the rear of the town, narrowing considerably after passing the city, and then suddenly expanding into a beautiful, broad sheet of water, covering an area of nine square miles, and known as Bedford Basin. A peninsula is thus formed, on which is built the city, which extends over two miles north and south, but contracts to three-quarters of a mile from east to west. The buildings are as a rule exceedingly handsome, of granite or freestone—the principal being the Provincial Building, into possession of which the Dominion Government are on the point of coming, the Post Office, the Admiralty, Dalhousie College, Asylum, Barracks, Hospital, Penitentiary, etc.—many or all of which will in time be illustrated in these pages. Besides the public edifices and churches (the latter twenty-three in number) there are numerous private buildings—offices, warehouses and stores—sure evidences of growing prosperity and wealth, to be increased four-fold on the termination of the great Intercolonial Railway, which will make the city the entrance on the Atlantic coast to the whole of the Dominion, and the grand western terminus of the great railway system of British North America. From 1749, when the city assumed its present name, to 1870—a period of 121 years—the population has increased from 1,400 to over 30,000, and within 43 years—from 1827 till 1870—it has more than doubled itself. Further evidences of prosperity than these can hardly be desired.

## THE HAMILTON (ONT.) CEMETERY.

In this issue we give a couple of views taken in the beautiful Cemetery at the city of Hamilton, situated on Burlington Heights towards the west end of York street, and not very far from Dundurn Castle, formerly the residence of the late Sir

Allan N. Macnab. Many visitors have compared the "Burlington" Cemetery to the famous "Greenwood" of New York city, of which, from picturesque appearance and variety of rural scenery, it may fairly be considered a very respectable miniature. It is owned by the Corporation, and admirably cared for by a salaried inspector, who with the workmen (not all grave diggers or desecrators) employed under him, keeps the walks, the drives, the floral decorations, the trees and shrubberies in most exquisite order. The "acre" for the dead, a most extensive one, is open to all denominations, or rather to all human beings, though the Roman Catholics do not avail themselves of it, for the reason that they have a large and well tended cemetery of their own; and by special arrangement the Anglicans have a place set apart to themselves, to which doubtless belongs the beautiful mortuary chapel illustrated in our pages this week. Certainly the "ambitious city" cannot be reproached with want of respect for the remains of the dead; and this is something that we are sorry to remark we cannot say for Montreal, which latter city treats their bones very much as it did the stones from the famous quarry in which the pious Mederic Lanctot was once supposed to have had an interest—before he "took religion."

## ST. PETER'S R. C. PRO-CATHEDRAL, LONDON, ONT.

There is no record in the pages of Canadian history more remarkable than that which recites the progress of the Irish Roman Catholics in Upper Canada. They are living yet, probably, who remember when the whole vast region comprised under that designation was administered, as to Catholic affairs, by a single individual, the sturdy old Scottish loyalist, the Right Rev. Dr. Macdonnell. Some fifteen years ago the then large diocese of Toronto was divided into three—Toronto, Hamilton and London. For local reasons the seat of the London diocese was for a time transferred to Sandwich, but on the resignation of the first Bishop, or rather shortly after the appointment of his successor, the seat of the See was again transferred to its appropriate and central habitation in the flourishing Forest City of what, until we got Rupert's Land, was the Canadian West. The Right Rev. John Walsh, D. D., a man of great erudition and ability, familiarly known, not only in the Toronto Diocese, but throughout Ontario, was chosen to succeed the first Bishop of the new diocese, and is now the R. C. Bishop of London, Ont. The progress, so manifest before his accession, has been redoubled since, throughout the diocese, though as yet, in London, there is but a temporary Cathedral in St. Peter's Church, Richmond Square, which we illustrate in this number. It is now entirely too small for the requirements of the congregation, but it is intended soon to enlarge it, by an addition in the shape of a Latin Cross and to so improve its external and internal appearance as to make of it a Cathedral Church worthy of the diocese. Many other architectural improvements in the diocese are either in progress or under contemplation, which we shall take occasion to illustrate and describe as opportunity occurs.

## CHABOILLEZ SQUARE CHURCH, INSPECTOR STREET, REV. SAMUEL MASSEY'S.

This church, recently erected for what is now well known as the Chaboillez Square Mission, is situated in a thickly populated neighbourhood and near the Grand Trunk Railway Station in this city.

Divine Service is held on the Sabbath, morning and evening, and the pews are all free. There are also flourishing Sunday and week-day schools, and lectures and meetings held several evenings of the week in the spacious Lecture Hall. Special attention is given to the relief and instruction of the poor and the stranger, and although connected with the American Church it is practically undenominational. Mr. Massey and his friends labour to do good to all without reference to nationality or creed. The new church is 60 by 64 feet wide, the front being of rick face courses with cut-stone dressings round the windows, buttresses, &c. The architect was Mr. A. C. Hutchison, of this city.

Its internal arrangements are well adapted for the work for which they were designed. The church proper is comfortably seated, and with the gallery will seat about five hundred persons. The organ was the gift of Mr. Warren, of this city. The Lecture Hall, school and class-rooms are 16 feet high and spacious, and the ventilation of the church and all the other rooms is almost perfect. The floors of the Lecture Hall and school-rooms are several feet above the level of the street, and all are well lighted with gas. The building was commenced last summer and the church was formally opened on the first day of the present year. The Rev. Mr. Massey's devoted attention to the service and ministrations of the church is highly appreciated not only by the congregation, but by a large number of citizens who have taken an interest in the work in which he is engaged.

It may not be generally known that in his youth Gen. von Moltke served in Turkey under Sultan Mahmoud. An article in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* by Dr. Ludwig Herrmann, who was in Turkey at the time, gives some interesting particulars of this curious episode in the great Prussian strategist's career. In 1833, after the war with Mehmet Ali, in which Mahmoud had lost a considerable part of his dominions, the Sultan determined to reorganize his army after the French model. He endeavoured with this object to obtain some French officers as instructors, but the Russian Government objected to this, and he then applied to the Prussian Ambassador, Count Königsmark, for some instructors from the Prussian army. The Count, however, expressed his regret at being unable to comply with this request, and the plan was temporarily abandoned. Two years afterwards Staff Captain von Moltke arrived at Constantinople, having been sent by his Government on a scientific expedition to the East. He was introduced to Chosrov Pasha, the Minister for War, who, struck by his abilities, presented him to the Sultan. The latter was so favourably impressed by Moltke at his first audience that he wrote an autograph letter to the King of Prussia, requesting his permission to retain the young captain for some time at his Court, as he wished to have his advice on the changes he proposed to introduce in the Turkish army. The King at first gave Moltke three months' leave, and after the expiration of that time consented, at Sultan Mahmoud's urgent request, to his entering for a short time into the service of the Porte, on the understanding that his place in the Prussian army should be kept vacant for him. In 1836 the Sultan made Moltke a

colonel in his army, and entrusted him with various important duties. At his suggestion three other eminent officers of the Prussian staff and some officers of the artillery of the Prussian Guard were also attached to the army as military advisers and instructors. Moltke himself was attached to the army of Kurdistan under Hafiz Pasha, and greatly contributed to his victories over the rebellious Kurds in 1837, and to the success of his march across the Taurus against Ibrahim Pasha in 1839. On coming up with the enemy, however, Hafiz refused to adopt the plan of battle proposed by Moltke, and Ibrahim then gained a decisive victory over the Turks in the battle of Nisib, upon which Moltke and the other Prussian staff officers resigned their appointments and returned home. The organization of the Turkish army as it existed during the Crimean war was entirely the result of Moltke's reforms.

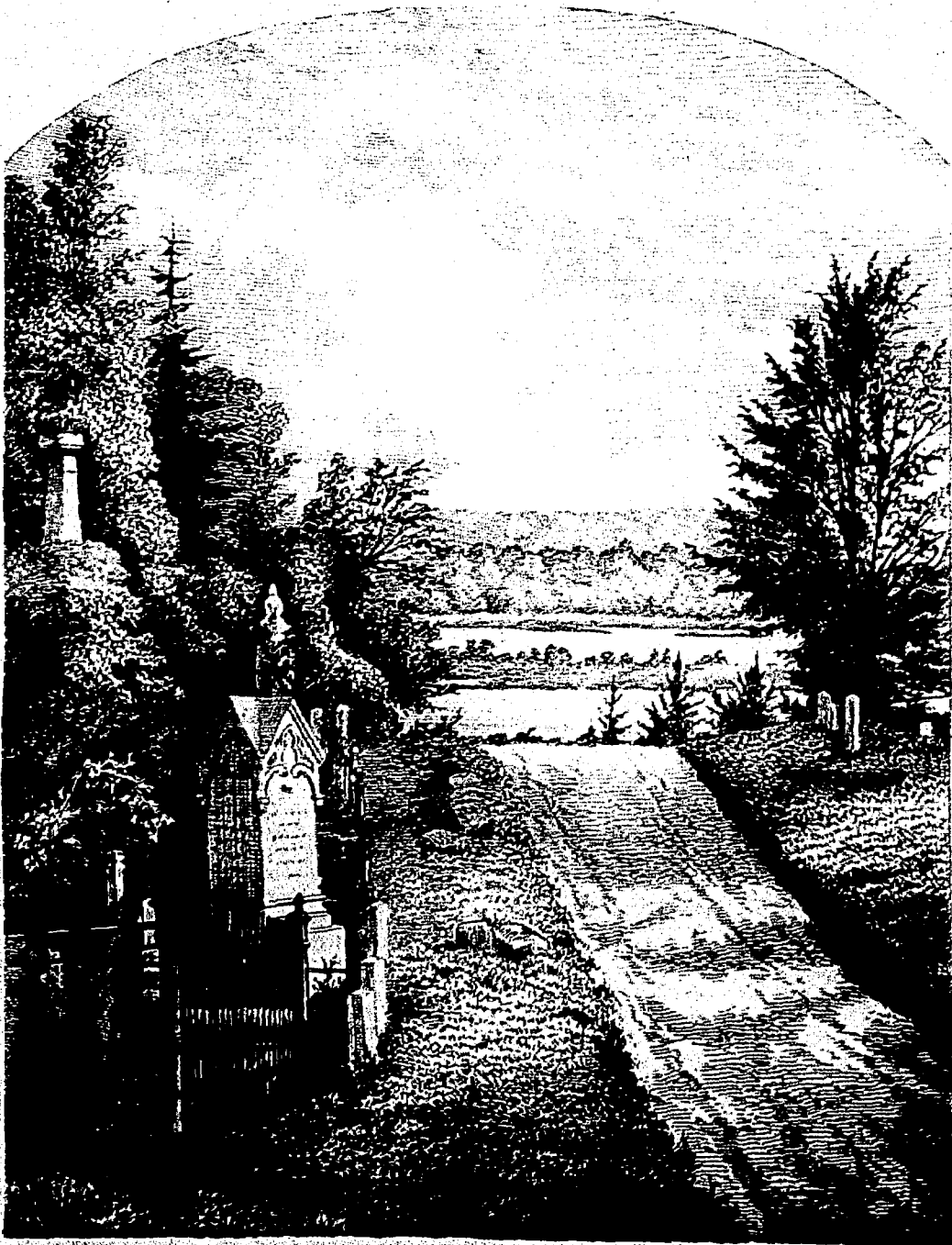
A GERMAN CRITICISM OF THE ENGLISH VOLUNTEERS.—The *Pall Mall Gazette* says:—A correspondent sends us the following summary of a conversation he had with a German staff-officer in regard to the Brighton review:—"To begin with, he said, you attempt too much. If it is absolutely necessary to hold the review at so great a distance from London, whence most of your corps come, you must either make it a review parade *pur et simple*, with marching past and a few simple evolutions, or discarding the glitter, make it a *bona fide* field-day. By combining the two, you have not the time to carry out either properly, and instead of doing good you are doing a positive harm to both officers and men. I will endeavour to show you why. Nothing is so subversive to good discipline and steadiness in the ranks as *hurry* and what always accompanies it, *delay*. Every soldier who saw the march past on the smooth turf of Brighton downs must admit that as a whole, making every allowance for volunteer troops, it was a failure. The crowding of companies and battalions, the loss of distance, and the ten minutes of expectancy for the last division, all point to but one conclusion—the men were hurried; they were started before they were ready. Remember, too, that trained soldiers are apt to get unsteady when sufficient time is not given them—then why expect more of volunteers? The march past failed as a spectacle, and certainly did not teach your volunteers that steadiness which should be the first principle of a soldier. The army, having then been divided into an attacking and defending force, was posted along the crests of two hills about three and a half miles apart, and separated by some very hilly ground. Time about 2.15 p. m. By 4.45 p. m. the attacking force had not only advanced to within 800 yards of where the enemy was posted, but had been actually driven back to its original position—that is to say, in about two hours and a half nearly six miles of difficult country had been manoeuvred over. Now mark what happened: when skirmishers were thrown out, those passing over down land, where the marching was easy, were never checked to keep their alignment with those passing over plough and heavy ground. Columns were deployed into line over the crests of the hills instead of behind them; firing was permitted at impossible ranges, and often when the crest of a hill obscured the enemy; columns were allowed to halt exposed to both direct and enfilading fire. In one instance skirmishers advanced directly through the enemy's charging line, while a battery of artillery quietly limbered up and walked off, the accommodating enemy halting within fifty yards of them and ceasing fire. In fact, the troops were allowed to commit glaring military faults without there being time to correct them; and remember this—a bad lesson once inculcated is very difficult to eradicate from young troops. And this is why I maintain that the Brighton review does your volunteers actual harm. Of course half the errors committed lay with the staff; out of a dozen advanced positions of importance there was not one seized by either army. And as for the brigadiers! But whose fault is that? Why choose them from the volunteers?" The German officer was much struck, however, by the physique and fine appearance of many of the corps on the march. A little incident which is related by another of our correspondents may be mentioned. He happened to hear the noble colonel of a well-known London Volunteer Corps exclaim in the hearing of his brigadier and many civilians, "that he hoped to God that no Prussian or Frenchman, not even a New Zealander, would witness the mistakes committed by the incapable generals of the British army." How, asks our correspondent, can discipline be maintained among the rank and file of the volunteer army when those in authority publicly use such language as this?

The correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* at St. Petersburg says, writing on the 12th instant:—"The news of the day is the impending retirement of Prince Gortchakoff, who has just received from the Emperor the highest honour awarded by a Russian Sovereign to a subject—the title of highness, granted at the climax of their fame to Mentchikoff, Souvaroff, and Paskievitch. The Prince's health will no longer permit him to discharge the duties of Minister of Foreign Affairs, which promise to be especially arduous now that Russia has entered on a new phase of her Eastern policy; but he will continue, as Chancellor of the Empire, to exercise a sort of general supervision over the Ministry. There is, of course, much speculation as to his successor; but the choice seems practically to lie between Baron Brunow, the Ambassador in London, and General Ignatieff, the Ambassador at Constantinople. The former is supposed to represent a policy of peace, and the latter of war. It is pretty certain, however, that the new Foreign Minister, whoever he may be, will not precipitate matters just yet, as neither the Emperor nor Prince Gortchakoff is disposed to inaugurate a warlike policy. The cue in official circles at present is to profess extreme friendliness for Prussia, and to discourage all Pan Slavist tendencies. The chief Russian papers, including even such ultra-national ones as the *Moscow Gazette*, now declare that Pan Slavism is a dream, and that if the Slavonic races of Austria and Turkey were to attempt to free themselves from the yoke of the foreigner it would not be the duty of Russia to help them. What the Government thinks of Pan Slavism was pretty plainly expressed by two high officials the other day in a conversation with the President of the Slavonic Committee. The latter having described some of the measures taken by the Committee for spreading Pan Slavist ideas among the Czechs and other Slavonic peoples, one of the officials said: 'Jeune homme, laissez cela: les Slaves ne sont ni de bon gout, ni en bonne odeur.' The other added that the Czechs are now all Germanized, and that it would be both useless and dangerous to bring them under Russian influence."

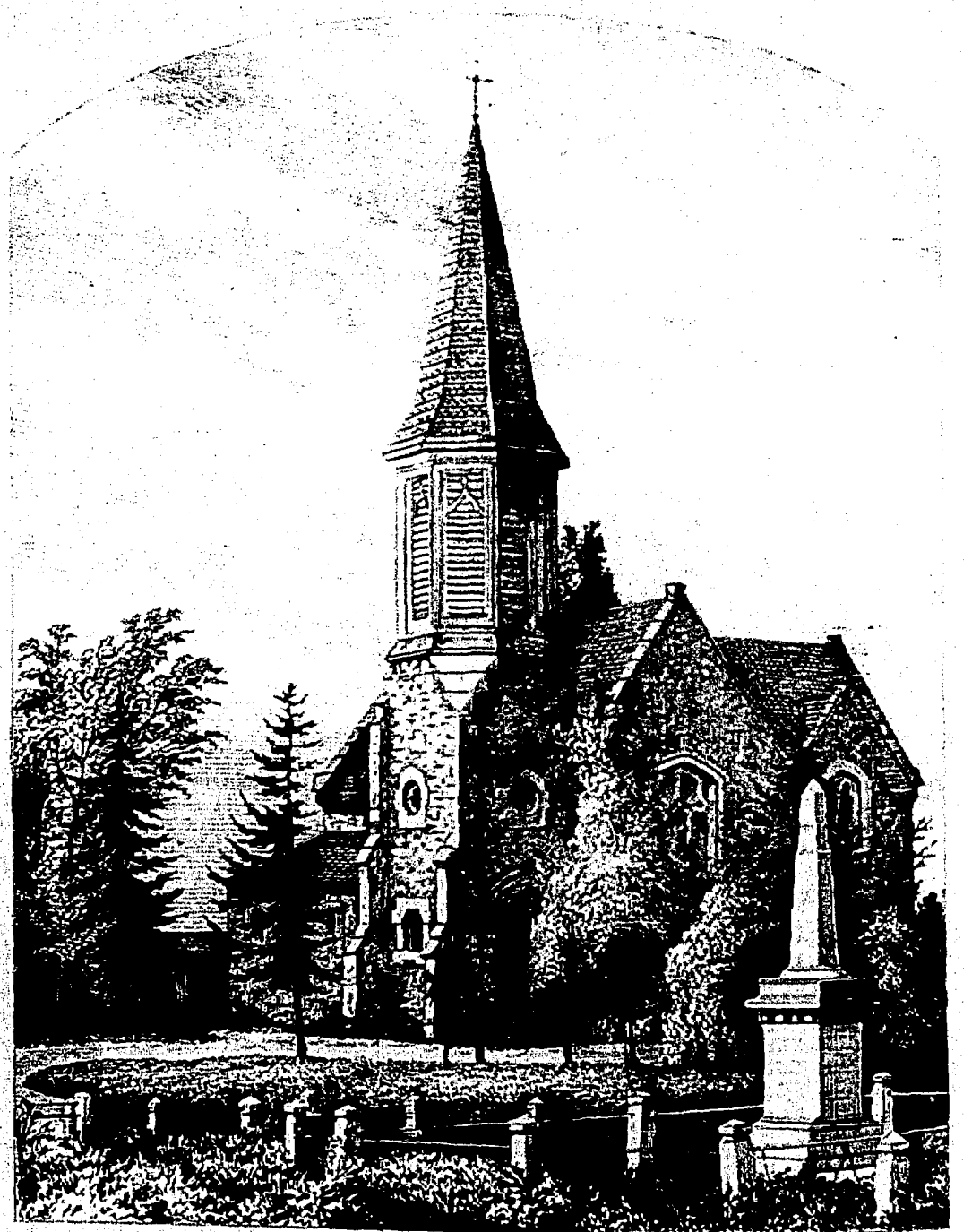


ANDREW ALLAN Esq

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY INGLIS. —SEE PAGE 322



VIEW IN THE CEMETERY, HAMILTON.



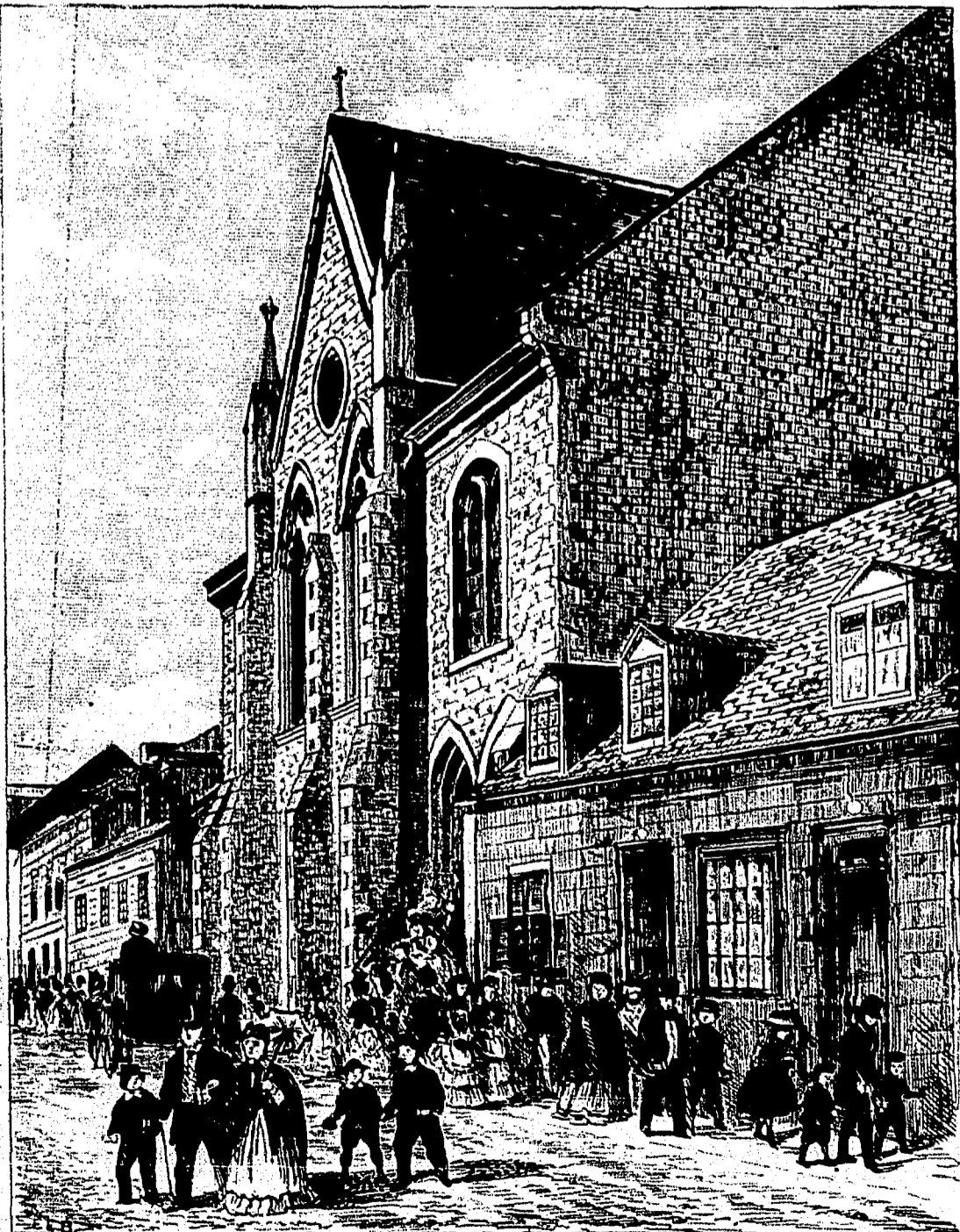
THE MORTUARY CHAPEL IN THE CEMETERY, HAMILTON

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY STARK.—SEE PAGE 323.

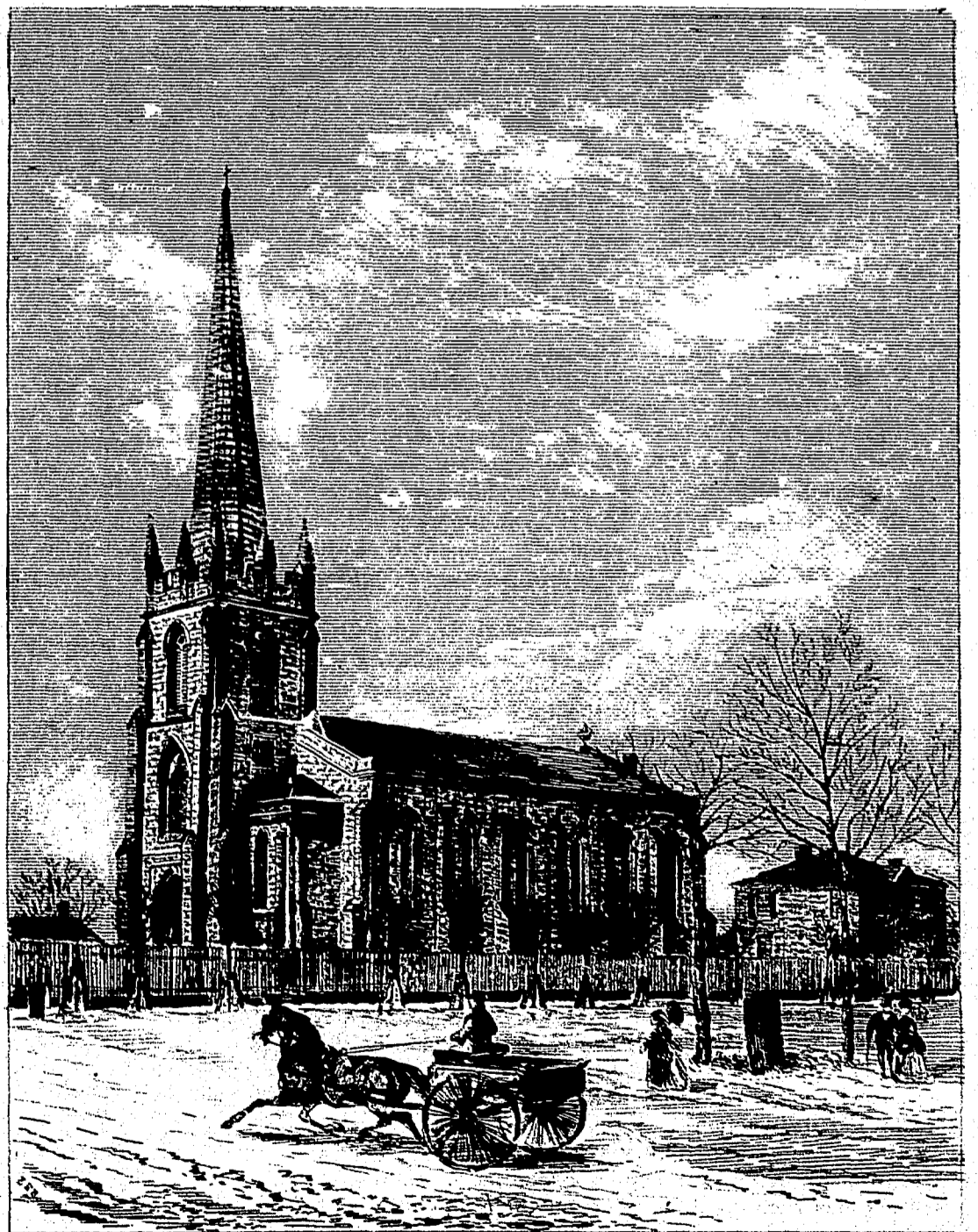


HUGH ALLAN, Esq.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.—SEE PAGE 322.



THE FREE CHURCH, INSPECTOR ST., MONTREAL.—SEE PAGE 323.



R. C. CHURCH, RICHMOND SQUARE, LONDON, ONT.—SEE PAGE 323

TEMPERATURE in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Saturday, May 20, 1871, observed by JOHN UNDERHILL, Optician to the Medical Faculty of McGill University, 227 Notre Dame Street.

		Aneroid Barometer compensated and corrected.					Aneroid Barometer compensated and corrected.			
		9 A.M.	1 P.M.	6 P.M.	MAX.	MIN.	MEAN.	9 A.M.	1 P.M.	6 P.M.
Sa.	May 14.	48°	56°	50°	58°	31°	46°	30.00	29.95	29.95
M.	" 15.	41°	56°	56°	58°	31°	44°	30.02	30.01	29.98
Tu.	" 16.	54°	65°	66°	68°	36°	52°	29.89	29.84	29.72
W.	" 17.	54°	58°	54°	58°	44°	51°	29.90	29.87	29.84
Th.	" 18.	51°	61°	67°	68°	36°	49°	30.34	30.30	30.25
Fr.	" 19.	56°	68°	67°	70°	47°	58°	30.28	30.20	30.15
Sat.	" 20.	72°	81°	82°	83°	55°	62°	30.15	30.14	30.12

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1871.

**SONDAY, May 28.**—*Whit Sunday (Pentecost).* Sir Humphrey Davy died, 1829. Great Fire at Quebec, 1,500 houses burnt, 1845. Judgment given by the Dominion Arbitrators, Judge Day *dissidit*, 1870.  
**MONDAY, " 29.**—Battle of Sackett's Harbour, 1814. Ex-Empress Josephine died, 1814. Restoration of Charles II., 1650. Arrest of Fenian Generals in the States, 1870.  
**TUESDAY, " 30.**—Constantinople taken by the Turks, 1453. Pope died, 1740. Sir P. Maitland died, 1824.  
**WEDNESDAY, " 31.**—*Ember Day.* Sir P. Maitland died, 1824.  
**THURSDAY, June 1.**—*St. Agnes' Eve.* M. Parliament first met in Toronto, 1797. Capture of the "Chesapeake" by the "Shannon," 1813.  
**FRIDAY, " 2.**—*Ember Day.* Fenian skirmish at Limeridge, 1860.  
**SATURDAY, " 3.**—Champlain arrived at Tadousac, 1608. Prince George of Wales born, 1865.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1871.

We have made but little reference to the progress of affairs in distracted France during these last few months. For, indeed, there has been little of a cheering character to comment upon. The peace, which followed the armistice of the 28th January, was in itself onerous and odious enough to all who regarded the integrity of French power as a material support to Britain in checking the schemes of aggrandisement believed to be cherished by one or two ambitious European powers; for the load of indemnity imposed—two hundred millions sterling—is in itself sufficient to tie the hands of the nation for a century. But the Communist rebellion, organized in Paris within a month after the preliminary terms of peace had been signed, made matters appear so much the worse for France that nothing short of unreasoning faith in the recuperative energies of the people of that country could have preserved the belief in its continued existence as an influential and important unit among the family of nations. The hesitating policy of Thiers, due, no doubt, to his humane feeling for his misguided countrymen, gave the Commune for the nonce an appearance of triumph. But, for once, France refused to rise at the bidding of Paris, and let us hope that for all time to come it may no longer be said with truth that "Paris is France." Great cities, though adding much to the glory, add but little to the stability of national power. Rather they are a menace to its perpetuation, as witness the occasional uprooting of the Hyde Park railings in London. The seething mass of turbulent people congregated in that modern Babylon is a positive source of weakness to the British Empire. But Paris has, heretofore, had the bad pre-eminence of leading France through every rebellion which the Parisian mob may be able to carry so far as to take possession of the *Hôtel de Ville*. This time, Paris has failed in carrying France with it, and we may hope that the circumstance will for ever put an end to that greatest and most disastrous of political heresies, that Metropolitan whims rule the national destinies. If France should be emancipated from this hitherto generally accepted practice in that country, the lesson of the Communist rising of 1871 will be worth twice its price to the future peace and progress of the country.

But, accepting the revolution as strangled; admitting that the red cap is once more in the dirt; what is the position of France? What a frightful waste of life and property has been caused by the late devastating war! To say nothing of French losses or of French debts incurred in the prosecution of the war, the Prussian indemnity alone is five pounds sterling per head of debt imposed upon every man, woman and child in France, or, to put it in other words, an average of \$125 to every head of family. But worse than this, two of the most productive Provinces in the old Empire—Alsace and Lorraine—are transferred to the German Empire, and they contain nearly a million and a half of inhabitants, so that the share of the burthen that would otherwise have fallen upon them must be distributed amongst the remainder. So too, the continuance of the Prussian occupation, necessitated by the Parisian revolution, entails a daily outlay of enormous expense; the second siege of Paris has caused immense waste and destruction of public and private property; and in every way the country is being impoverished at a rate which it is hardly possible to compute. Surely, in these items there is a mortgage on the best energies of the people, and the most enlightened administration, which a hundred years will not suffice to discharge.

Is France, then, still to be considered a first class power? No! Tamely its representative had to submit to the undoing of nearly all that was gained by the Crimean war, and accept the terms of the Treaty of London, as they were dictated by Russia for the purpose of tearing the Treaty of Paris of 1856 to tatters; and tamely, too, must France submit to any other national pretension, however unjustifiable. Whether it be the King of Italy setting at naught the famous "September Convention;" the Emperor of Russia unshackling himself from the well earned chains of his father; or the newly-made German Emperor grasping Luxemburg or gulping down a few Swiss cantons, France must look on in silence, because no longer able to unsheath the sword which was once the terror of Europe, and has many times been its best friend. No doubt the crushing out of the Paris rebellion, which seems to be almost already accomplished, will lead to some sort of stable government in France. No doubt its representatives will be accorded due honour and distinction in any European Congress that may hereafter be called together. But the honour will be paid to fallen, and not to substantial, greatness, for all the world knows that France is in bonds to Prussia, and her private creditors, for more than a century to come. We do not speculate on the return of Napoleon, or the restoration of his dynasty. Whatever of good or evil, and there was much of both, perpetrated by him, or in his name, no one can say he has been an economic financier; and France at the present moment requires, above all things, economic financial administration. Unless the current of the nation's industry be turned almost exclusively into those branches strictly recognised as productive, there is little hope for any government, under whatever form it may be administered, of dragging the country out of its present almost fathomless slough of indebtedness.

Possibly the disappearance of Britain's modern ally from the rank of a star of the first magnitude in the galaxy of nations may have had something to do with the anxiety so earnestly manifested to cultivate better relations with the United States. There would at least be a glimmering of the light of ancient British statesmanship in this; and, perhaps, some excuse for the enormously high price which Canada is to be compelled to pay to Britain's new-bought friend. Alliances there must be among the nations, so long as the law of Might is held, in practice, to be the ultimate law of Right; and an American alliance, if it could be counted upon, might in the progress of events recompense Britain for the loss sustained through the reduction of French power on questions of international concern. These are, however, speculations that can only derive practical value from the development of events yet to come. In the meantime all must see, and many will see with regret, that France is for the present reduced from the rank of a first class power; and the circumstance can scarcely be without important consequences.

**THEATRE ROYAL.**—We are glad to see that under the new management the Theatre is a decided success. It is something enjoyable for Montrealers to have a real live theatre in their midst where they can spend an evening without being bored by stupid acting or annoyed by vulgarity, and the success of the present manager is a proof that, were their taste and convenience better consulted, the Montreal public would not be behind-hand in encouraging deserving merit. Of the *troupe* at present occupying the boards it is impossible to speak too highly. The general "get-up" and the acting of the various burlesques is admirable. Wherever she goes Mrs. Oates, who is supported by an unusually clever *troupe*, deserves hearty support.

THE STATE OF PARIS.

The Paris insurrection bids fair to become a thing of the past. What with discord and discontent within the walls, and repeated defeat without, the Commune have had a hard time to maintain their position. The fall of Issy, followed immediately by the resignation of General Rossel, increased the difficulties that lay in their way, while the approaching collapse was yet further hastened by the dissensions of the inferior officers, and the impossibility of finding a military man capable of undertaking the supreme command. Vanvres followed Issy, and then, finally, Thiers made up his mind for a decisive attack. The Versailles troops were massed between Versailles and Neuilly, and on Saturday last an entrance was effected simultaneously at two points, at the St. Cloud gate and the Montrouge gate. The latest intelligence announces that the Government troops are driving the Communists before them through the streets, and that peace may shortly be expected.

In the Versailles Assembly recently a vote was passed for the rebuilding of the Column Vendome and Chapel of Expiation, which had been destroyed by the Reds. It is also stated that the respectable class in Paris are greatly incensed against the insurgents, by whom they had been forced to serve against the Government, and that on the entrance of the Versailles terrible vengeance will be wreaked on the leaders of the Commune.

A Berlin letter says that the Emperor, Bismarck, and Moltke now hold daily councils of war just as in 1870.

REFUSE AND WASTE.

(From the Scientific American.)

There are no such things as waste products in Nature's laboratory, but in many workshops there are plenty of them. In fact, we make little use of the gifts that are bestowed upon us, a vast majority of them being wasted on account of our ignorance of their value.

If there be anything that characterizes the present age, it is the revolution that has taken place in this respect. We live in the era of saving, and many are the objects now turned to good account which formerly were thrown away. But, notwithstanding the boasted progress of this century, we cast away far too many substances under the names of refuse and waste.

In the cutting, sawing, and paring of cork wood, there is an accumulation of light material, which is used for packing, filling life preservers, and manufacture of mattresses. This refuse, if burned, would produce a smoke that might prove of value in preserving meat and fish; if distilled, it would yield peculiar products; and, if chemically treated, would furnish corkic acid, the properties of which are not well understood. The charred cork has long been used for its fine black colour, and it is possible that, for disinfecting and filtering purposes, it is capable of application. Here is quite a field of research for anyone who has the knowledge and leisure.

What becomes of the buttermilk, after the fatty matter is separated from it? We know that it is extensively fed to the pigs, and not a few people eat and drink it. It has peculiar chemical properties, and is said to work up into cements. Could we not, also, by blowing air through the milk, as well as agitating it, add to the yield of butter, and otherwise modify the character of the sour curd? The fermentation of the buttermilk is not understood by our farmers, nor do they pay much attention to other possible uses of this refuse. As there are enormous quantities of milk used in butter making, it would be well to look into this matter.

So, too, in the cheese industry; in Europe they save the whey to convert it into milk sugar, and this article of sugar can be fermented, and used for many purposes. In homoeopathy it already plays an important part.

The root plants growing wild all over our country ought to be examined and experimented upon by agriculturists. We have abundant encouragement in favour of such a course in the history of the tobacco, potato, sugar beet, peppermint, spearmint, wintergreen, and a host of other natural products that, by judicious culture, have been raised from the rank of weeds to a first class position among profitable crops. The sugar beet especially is worthy of note; it was originally an unsightly plant growing wild in Southern Europe. By culture it has been improved and changed in character, and now yields nearly one-third of the total sugar crop of the world, and represents an industry worth some hundreds of millions of dollars. As the Government of the United States has set aside large tracts of land to endow agricultural colleges, it is not asking too much for some of these institutions to cause experiments to be made upon what are now called weeds. Many of these wild plants contain alkaloids, sugar, tannic acid, and fibre for paper, and could, by culture, be converted into valuable products. The example of the Massachusetts Agricultural College in this direction is well worthy of imitation.

Sawdust, which was formerly thrown away, is now converted to many useful purposes. The manufacture of oxalic and formic acids from it is extensively prosecuted in England, and is the source of wealth to all who are engaged in the business; but that is not the only invention that has been sought out with this unpromising material. The hard boxwood sawdust makes an excellent polish for jewellery, and mahogany sawdust is good for smoking fish. Westphalia hams owe their admirable flavour to the wood used in preparing them. Sawdust from the birch cleanses furs; that of sandal wood, cedar, butternut, and black walnut, affords volatile oils that find favour as perfumes or to destroy insects. They have a way in France of compressing sawdust into moulds suitable for use as artificial wood; and it could also be distilled for the production of creosote, acetic acid, and wood gas. Some of it could be used for paper, but in general the fibre is too short. A new industry has arisen in converting the sawdust into gun cotton for the use of photographers, and in the manufacture of a coarse blasting powder. It will thus be seen that sawdust is hardly any longer to be considered a waste product, but it is a great help in many industries.

Vulcanized rubber was long an object of study and experiment, to see what uses could be made of the waste; after the sulphur had been added, it was thought that it could not be worked over, and in this event the price was likely to remain at a high quotation for many years. Fortunately, the difficulty yielded to the stubborn will of our manufacturers, who do not like to throw anything away, and a process was discovered by which the old rubber could be mixed with the fresh in certain proportions, and thus changed to a useful article. Ivory dust and shavings have found favour in the manufacture of steel plates, and as an article of food. Iron filings, tin scraps, refuse from galvanized iron, furnace slags, photographer's slops, chimney soot, dead oil, rags, galls, bone, fat, brine, oil from wool, coal dust, cotton seed, sponge, sea weed, leather scraps, and a host of other things that were useless in former times, are now economized to a considerable extent.

There is a waste in large cities for which there is really no necessity, and that is of the sewage. A vast amount of valuable phosphate goes to feed the fish of the banks of Newfoundland; and if we had the monopoly of the fish, there would be some recompense; as the case now stands, we have the consolation of knowing that we feed the fish for other people to catch; and then as a sort of compensation, we send to the islands of the Pacific for guano with which to enrich our lands. There is enough compost annually thrown away to increase the value of our crops many millions of dollars. The vastness of this waste has probably deterred our engineers from attempting to grapple with it, but that is no reason why the loss should go on forever.

We have thus presented some considerations on the topic of refuse and waste, which may awaken inquiry in the minds of inventors, and lead to practical results.

The German army has been fixed at 400,000 as its "peace footing." The cost of this immense force will be 90,000,000 thalers, or somewhere about 13,500,000.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

DON'T FORGET ME.

"Don't forget me!" Sweet and sad  
Were those parting words of thine,  
Like the voice of flowers at eve,  
When they fold o'er little leaf,  
And to sleep their life resign  
Till the sun awakes them glad.  
Ah! but I am not to thee  
As the sun is to the flowers!  
They live only in his light,  
They live only in his might,  
Of the brightness that he showers  
From his golden majesty.

Bright and gentle, pure and good,  
Ever in my eyes thou art,  
Far too good and pure for me—  
I can only worship thee,  
Keeping thee within my heart,  
Goddess of its solitude.

"Don't forget me!"—I will not.  
While there lives one spark divine  
In this soul that God has given,  
While I have one thought of heaven,  
While the power to think is mine,  
Thou shalt never be forgot.

JOHN READ.

(Written for the "Canadian Illustrated News.")

THE TERRORS OF DEATH.

(Written on the walls of a Carthusian Monastery.)

Translated from Theophile Gautier.

Thou who dost pace this cloistered hall,  
Reflect on death! Thou shalt not know  
If e'er again thy form shall throw  
Its changeful shadow on the wall.

It may be that these very stones  
Which thou, regardless of the dead,  
To-day with sandal'd foot dost tread,  
Shall press to-morrow on thy bones.

Life, like a frail, thin plank, conceals  
Eternity's abyss profound:  
A gulf yawns suddenly around—  
The panic-stricken sinner reels:

The earth recedes on which he trod—  
What finds he now? Heav'n, blue and calm,  
Or Hell's red blaze? The victor's palm,  
Or torment? Lucifer, or God?

Oh! ponder well the thought of dread!  
And let thy prescient spirit view  
Thyself, as, with cadaverous hue,  
Thou liest stretched upon a bed.

Between two sheets, whereof the one  
Shall form the shroud to wrap thy clay—  
Sad raiment all must wear some day,  
Albeit coveted by none!

By fever parched, or numbed by cold,  
Writhing like green wood in the fire,  
While inarticulate words expire  
Upon thy lips—thyself behold!

Thou pantest, like a stag at bay—  
Death rattles hoarsely in thy throat,  
Foreboding with sepulchral note  
The soul's desertion of the clay.

Dark-vestured priests in silence steal  
Within thy room, with oil and pix:  
And, bearing each a crucifix,  
Around thy lowly pallet kneel.

Behold, too, praying for thy soul  
Thy wife and children, loved so well!  
The ringer of the passing-bell  
Hangs on the rope, thy knell to toll.

The sexton hollows with his spade  
A narrow bed, thy bones to hold,  
And soon the fresh, brown, crumbling mould  
Shall fill the pit where thou art laid.

Thy flesh, so delicate and fair,  
Shall serve the charnel-worms to feed,  
And brightly tint each flower and weed  
Upon thy grave with verdure rare.

Fit, then, thy soul that hour to meet  
When thou shalt draw thy latest breath!  
My brother! bitter is the death  
Of him whose life hath been too sweet!

Montreal, January 2nd 1871.

GEORGE MURRAY.

BASE BALL.

Some idea of the popularity of this excellent out-door amusement may be gathered from the following report of the manufacture of these balls and bats, which we find in the New York Times:

No less than sixteen kinds of balls are in use, from the regulation ball to the children's or fancy ball, and prices vary from \$18 to 35 cents a dozen. Some half-dozen regular manufacturing of base balls alone exist in this city, the largest producing just now seventy-five dozen balls per diem. The town of Natick, however, in Massachusetts, is the greatest ball manufacturing perhaps in the world, many hundreds of people being employed in producing these articles, and it is not uncommon for houses in this line of business to order thence 6,000 balls at a time. Their manufacture entails nothing of very special interest, the inside being of wound rubber, and the wrapping of woollen yarn, save that the winding of the yarn around the ball is principally done by men. One would suppose from the nicely shaped spheres women make when winding up worsted, they would be most adapted to the kind of work, but it seems to require a certain amount of physical strength which the weaker sex is not endowed with. The cover of horse hide is put on entirely by women, who use a saddler's needle and saddler's thread. Dark, the famous English ball maker, is an artist in his way, and, according to the best authorities, employs thirty-five workmen all the year round, and uses up one and a half tons of worsted, and covers them with the hides of five hundred cows and oxen. The method of securing the cover to the English ball with the triple seam, is superior to the American method. This plan is said to have made the fortune of its inventor, a certain John Small.

The total number of balls made and sold in New York is immense, one manufacturer alone having supplied 162,000 balls last year. Perhaps the United States will bat to pieces half a million of balls this season. Bats form an important business alone. They run through a dozen different varieties. It sounds somewhat preposterous to think of mills running all the year round, turning out bats. As more bats are

used than balls, one can form some idea of the enormous quantity of material consumed. Orders for all base ball implements are just now at their height, and the supply is barely up to the demand.

LEFT-HANDEDNESS.

Various attempts have been made to account satisfactorily for the use of the left in preference to the right hand in those in whom this peculiarity exists, but, according to the *Lancet*, without success. Dr. Pye Smith takes up the question, and, disposing of the theories that left-handedness is to be accounted for by transposition of the viscera, as asserted by Von Baer and others, or by an abnormal origin of the primary branches of the aorta, proceeds to argue that right-handedness arose from modes of fighting adopted, from being found to be followed by the least serious consequences. "If a hundred of our fighting ambidexterous ancestors made the step in civilization of inventing a shield, we may suppose that half would carry it on the right arm, and fight with the left; the other half on the left, and fight with the right. The latter would certainly, in the long run, escape mortal wounds better than the former, and thus a race of men who fought with the right hand, would gradually be developed by a process of natural selection." Of course the habit once acquired, of using the right hand more than the left, would be hereditarily transmitted from parent to child.

MISCELLANEA.

Mr. Henry Kingsley, after an experience of a year and a half, has retired from the editorship of the *Edinburgh Daily Review*.

The Marquis of Lorne has taken a house in Moray-place, Edinburgh, which his lordship and the Princess will occupy next autumn, when the season begins in the Scottish capital.

The new German imperial eagle will be represented with only one head and spread wings, wearing on the place of the heart the Prussian eagle, which again will wear on the same spot the Hohenzollern eagle.

The Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne are expected at Inverary in August, where their visit, it is said in Scotland, will be regarded as quite domestic, and free from state ceremony of any kind. The Princess will not, on that occasion, be attended by any lady-in-waiting.

We are pleased to hear that the ex-Empress of the French has, with a kindness of heart that does her great credit, decided on adopting the little son of Madame Bonne, the well-known French milliner, who was so brutally murdered last month in Paris by the National Guards. He is now at Chislehurst.

Here is a statement of the military supplies which have been forwarded from New York to France between September 3rd and March 1st:—91 batteries, 609,531 muskets, 94,400 rifles, 35,800 pistols, 11,000 sabres, 37,750 carbines, 117,032, 379 cartridges, 80,040 knapsacks, 21,760 revolvers, and 13,315 boxes of ammunition, "besides other goods."

Many of the Frenchmen who have been driven over to England for the second time in six months, declare that they will not return to Paris, but will settle in that country and become naturalized. Among them is a very distinguished oculist, a German by birth, who had been residing in Paris for many years before the war. He will now practise in London.

ARCTIC EXPLORATION.—A further investigation of the geography and phenomena of the ice regions of the Northern frigid zone will be made in the summer of the present year. A government vessel, the "Polaris," schooner rigged steam tug, is to leave the port of New York about the middle of May, under the command of Capt. S. O. Burdington, of Groton, Conn. A three years' voyage is contemplated, a crew of twelve picked sailors being engaged. The "Polaris" has boiler furnaces specially constructed for burning oil, so that, in the regions of the seal and whale fisheries, she will always have fuel at hand. A body of well-known scientific men will sail in her.

A Paris journal which has been publishing as a *feuilleton* a popular novel, began to fear that in consequence of the prevalent excitement the public would lose all interest in it. The author was sent for and the editor said to him, "Your novel is well written, and our subscribers are interested; but—" "But what?" asked the author.—"But," continued the editor, "Your novel, which treats of the First Revolution, has a defect."—"Well, what does it want?"—"A Prussian, sir."—"A Prussian?"—"Yes, a Prussian. You must, at all hazards, contrive to smuggle into it a Prussian monster—a fellow who is ready to swallow all France like a raw over. This will take, my dear sir, and I depend on you to accomplish it." The author assented.

There is nothing more puzzling to ordinary minds than "bookkeeping by double entry," and it is advisable that no one should ever attempt to keep his accounts on this system unless he fully understands it. A well-meaning public accountant in India has, it appears, lately come to trouble owing to misunderstanding the nature of this simple process. A certain gentleman, says a Lahore paper, was recently appointed to a station not a thousand miles from the capital of the Punjab. After a short time he submitted his accounts according to rule to the head office. The various bills of receipts and expenditure were being rapidly passed, when a clerk of unnatural brilliance pounced on a bill in which 20,000 bricks were charged for twice over. The question was at once sent to the gentleman, whether he had got altogether forty thousand bricks on such a date, and, if so, why he had divided the item into two? "Oh, dear no," he said, "I only got twenty thousand bricks, but you told me to put everything down by double entry, so I put the bricks down twice. All the other charges are the same." To the horror of the whole department it was found only too true. The receipt side was then examined, but it was consoling to find that with an instinctive acumen worthy of a higher appointment, the gentleman had here limited himself to single entry.

The Bishop of Manchester concluded his sermon at the consecration of a church on the 28th ult. with the following anecdote:—A few weeks ago they had in Manchester a week of special services, held in six churches in the most densely

populated parts of the city, and at these services all seats were free to those who chose to occupy them. One evening a gentleman at one of these meetings saw two working men, and told them to go to any pew in which they could get seats. They took their places in a pew, and soon afterward a lady came and asked them, "What do you want there? that's my seat." One of the men said to the other, "Come along, Bill; let's be off. I told you this was too swell a place." He (the Bishop) left his audience to draw their own inference.

ORIGIN OF DIAMONDS.—The following is from *The Academy*: "Professor Morris has started a new theory as to the source whence diamonds are derived. Hitherto they have been looked upon as coming from igneous and metamorphic rocks, like garnets, rubies, and many other precious stones; a better knowledge of the geology of the diamond district of South Africa, leads us to conclude that these stones come from certain stratified beds containing, besides reptilian remains, numerous plants and much fossil wood. These beds are known as the "Karoo" or *Dicynodon* beds. Professor Morris calls to mind the remarkable fact (well known to botanists and mineralogists) that in the stems of the bamboo small crystals of quartz are found, known by the name of *tabasheer*; he suggests, whether it may not be possible that the diamonds yielded by these old plant beds similarly owe their origin to vegetable growth."

A GOOD STORY APROPOS OF THE FLY'S EYE.—A Cambridge undergraduate, cramming for his natural history examination, and desiring to ventilate his newly-acquired knowledge, assailed a college don with some remarks on the enormous size of the eye of the fly in proportion to the dimensions of its body. "Sir," said the doctor, "I cannot assent to your proposition." "But, surely, sir," answered Mr. Freshman, "you will not dispute a fact well known and generally accepted by naturalists?" With stern emphasis and dictatorial gruffness, the dignitary replied, "I regret to see, sir, that you have, apparently, forgotten one of the lessons which you must have learned in your earliest youth. I refer, sir, to the authentic and pathetic narrative of the unfortunate decease of 'Cock Robin.' You will remember, sir, that when the sparrow (*Passer domesticus*) acknowledged that the death of the unhappy bird had been occasioned by his own sagittarian missile, and evidence was called for to corroborate the truth of his statement, the following testimony was adduced:—

'I,' said the fly,  
'With my little eye,  
I saw him die!'

You will perceive, sir, that the fly itself speaks of his little eye; how, then, can it be so extraordinarily large?" N.B.—Undergraduate "shut up!"—*Land and Water*.

CHARADES, &c.

NUMBERED CHARADE, No. 19.

Consisting of 21 letters.

- My 12, 2, 14, 17, 15, 3 is a bird of prey.
- My 21, 5, 11, 8 is used by bricklayers and plasterers.
- My 4, 13, 1, 6 is an animal, very common in the South.
- My 20, 7, 9, 16 is a natural phenomenon.
- My 17, 18, 10 is grateful to the weary.

And my whole is a source of pride and honour to the Dominion.  
F. G. S., Ascot Corner.

NUMBERED CHARADE, No. 20.

Composed of 25 letters.

- My 3, 23, 7, is a tropical fruit.
- My 19, 9, 13, 4, 11 is a country of Southern India.
- My 10, 1, 6, 22 is a place where birds are kept.
- My 21, 5, 16, 7, 14, 20 is a term in geometry.
- My 24, 8, 15, 2 is decomposed quartz.
- My 17, 18, 25, 4, 12, 22 is a kind of wood mentioned in the New Testament.

And my whole will give the dying words of a celebrated man whose name is given in the Rebus below.

REBUS.

- An article of food.
- A political division of South America.
- A mineral oil.
- An island east of Asia.
- A celebrated place of safety.
- An American Senator and Protectionist.
- A Scripture proper name.
- A celebrated English Admiral.

The initial letters of these words give the Christian, and the final the surname.

S. W., Kingston, Ont.

SOLUTION TO CHARADE No. 13.

William Ewart Gladstone.

Thus:—Land. Winsome. Garnet. Walter. Tiger. Elegant.

SOLUTION TO CHARADE No. 14.

Her Royal Highness Princess Louise.

Thus:—Lyon. Glass. Hen. Sun. Hero. Rice. Psyche. Isle.

SOLUTION TO CHARADE No. 15.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21

Transposition thus:

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

9 5 3 14 2 10 7 21 1 6 11 15 13 4 15 16 17 13 19 20 5

SOLUTION TO CHARADE No. 16.

Chislehurst and Wilhelmshohe.

Thus:—Esther. Claret. Seine. Hide. William. Shoe. Soul. Cheltenham.

SOLUTION TO CHARADE No. 17.

The battle of Salamanca.

Thus:—Toll. Hat. Bet. Sala. Fan. Mac. O.

ANSWER TO ARITHOREM, No. 18.

CoMet.

Crone.

Mania.

Satin.

Moro.

NEXT.

Shall.

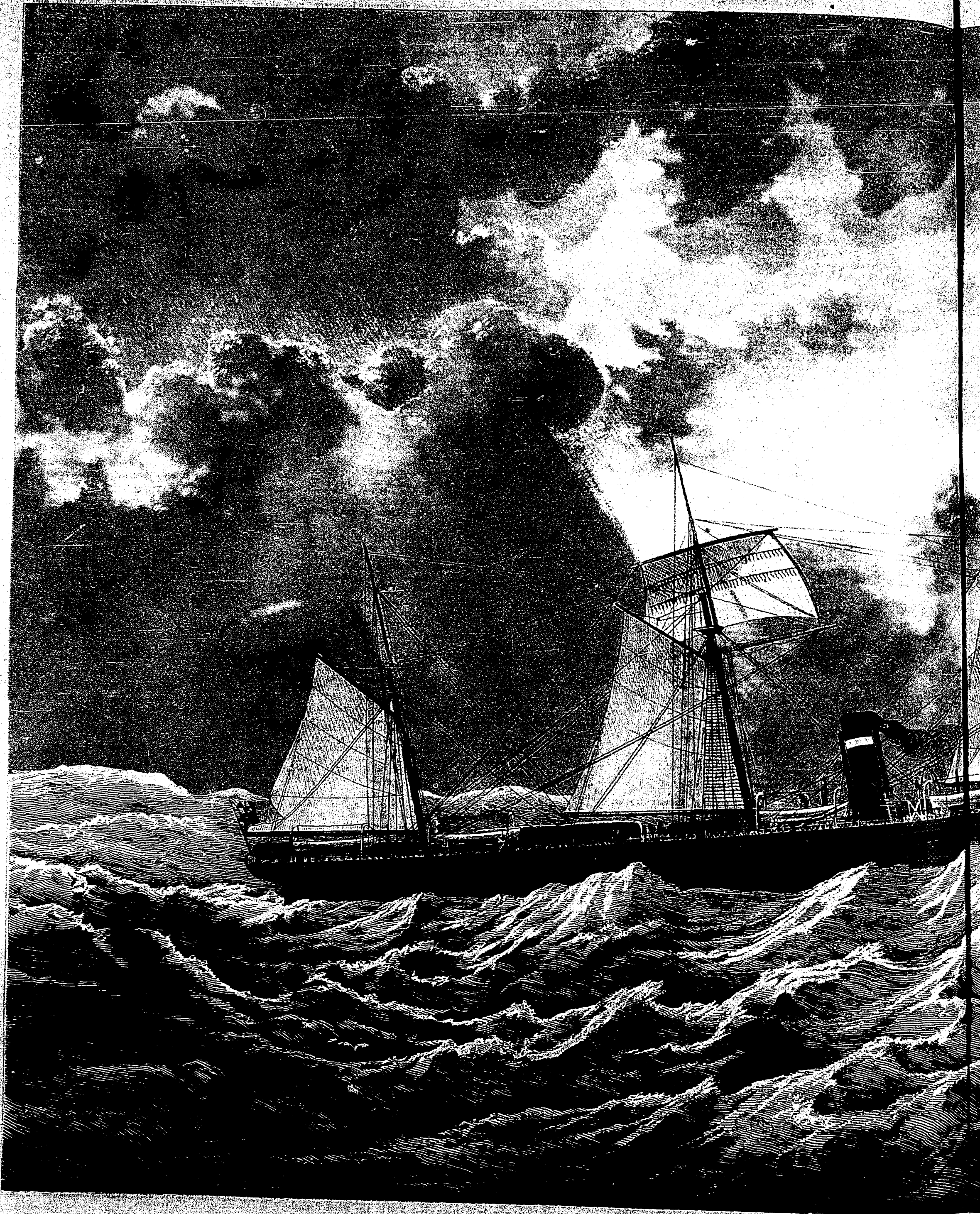
Molke.

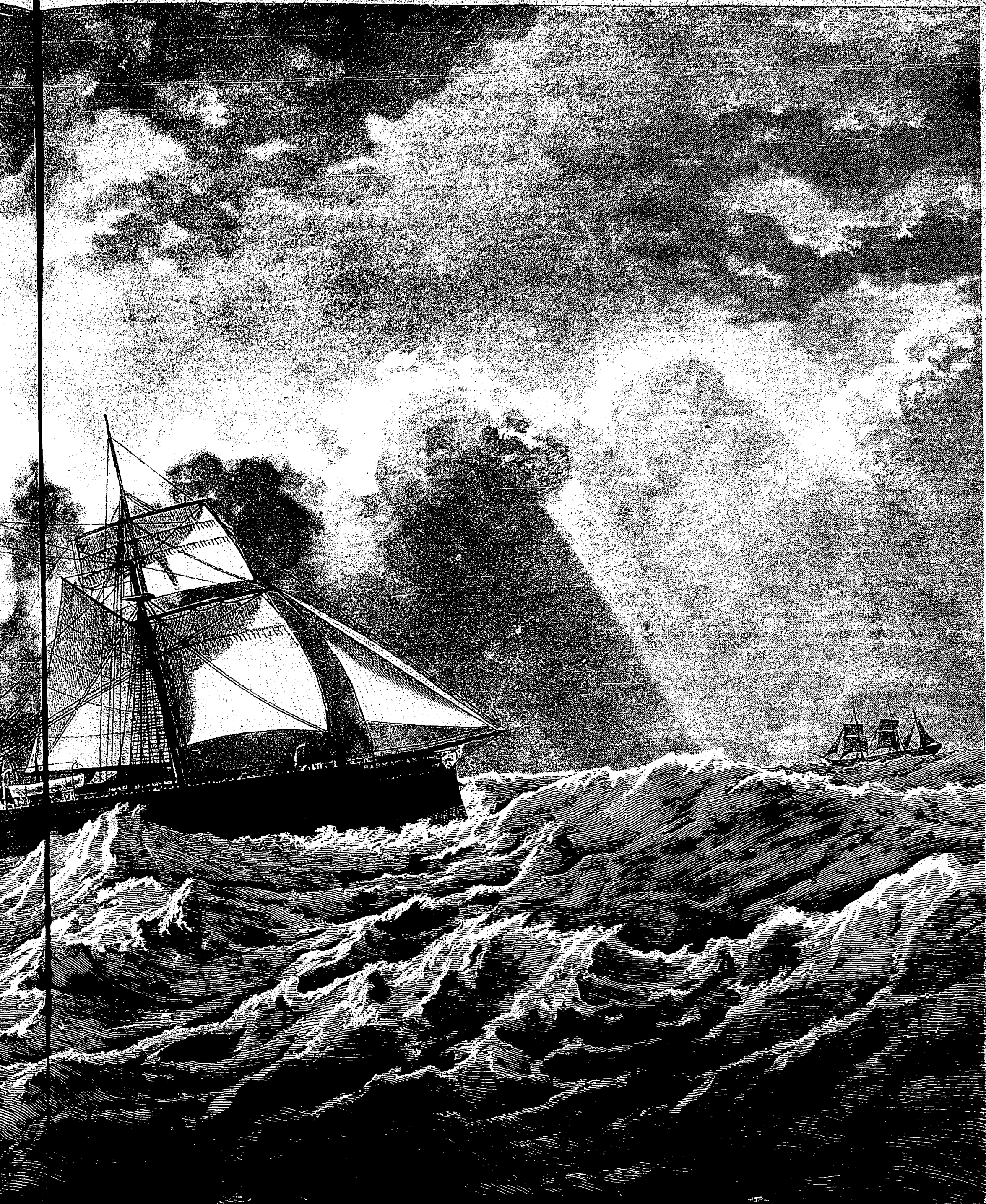
Ans. Montreal.

SOLUTIONS RECEIVED.

- No. 12.—Wm. Ronald, Toronto.
- No. 13.—J. W. Liddell, Cornwall; Jns. K. Annett, Montreal; Augustin, Collingwood; F. G. Stacey, Ascot Corner, Q.; J. M., Toronto; Wm. Ronald, Toronto.
- No. 14.—J. W. Liddell, Cornwall; Augusta, Collingwood; F. G. Stacey, Ascot Corner, Q.; J. M., Toronto.







COMPANY'S STEAMER SARMATIAN.—SEE PAGE 323.

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[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

## TALES OF THE LINKS OF LOVE.

BY ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE.

### LILLYMERE.

#### CHAPTER XX.

LILLYMERE, WHEN FOUND, IS TOO MUCH LOVED—  
DUSKY INDIAN, INAWENA—QUADROON NEGRESS,  
BERTHA MERLY—CONWAY BEAUTY, EMILY  
INKLE—LONDON LADY, AGNES SCHOOLAR—  
AND ANOTHER.

THE Island of El Abra, the magician, may not be quite forgotten; nor the summer encampment of the Donna Euryntia in the sylvan glade, beside one of the inner lakes of Michigan.

Into the silken tents of the Donna Toby Oman, a stranger, was carried, wounded and bleeding.

Earlier on that day, as on previous days, the youth had been pertinaciously followed by the tall, sallow-skinned, white and yellow-eyed gipsy; a man, hideous in aspect, yet so handsome in form and well-dressed as to attract the notice of passing citizens in Detroit. The two came together by train from Hamilton city in Canada; a casual conversation at the depot of the railway skillfully conducted by the gipsy drawing the unsuspecting Toby into a travelling companionship. First the world was pronounced by the man of bad designs as all bad and false; no truth in it, no worth, no honour; lies and deceit the only policy of conduct by which persons of small fortune, or of no fortune, might acquire competence, wealth, power.

To which Toby responded in earnest denial, pained to listen to indiscriminate defamation of mankind. In his moral impulses arising, not from education, for that was imperfect, but attaching to him through inheritance like features of face, form of body, colour of eyes, hue of hair, he felt that all human kind were not false. Toby recoiled from a lie as from a snake. A proposal that he should join an enterprise of deceit, though promising a fortune of splendour, was rejected by natural instinct with a revulsive shudder.

Yet Toby had weaknesses, which cultivated in bad society might have bloomed like the night shade, though not to the infraction of integrity, veracity, generous regard for another's rights.

Nor was he exceptional in this instinctive abhorrence of deceit. True, he was of patrician lineage, though not then knowing it, descended from two families where moral rectitude was a common heritage, and in recent generations cultured as essential to social respectability; cultured also, it may be hoped, as indispensable in pretensions to religion.

But in many a lowly cottage with clay floor and straw-thatched roof, with hardly window glass enough to admit the light of the sun, yet where the light of Heaven comes, children are born inheriting from parents and a far reaching plebeian ancestry, a sense of honour which revolts at falsehood, fraud, avarice, cruelty, deception. From such clay-floored cottages in old Europe much of America has been peopled; including the French and English speaking Canadas.

But for this heritage of plebeian chivalry, in a lowly domestic sanctuary with floor of clay and roof of straw, the boy Roy Reuben might not have shuddered with Tobias Oman at the flippancy and falsehood of that unreal gipsy. Gateways to wealth and distinction, other than succession to an English Earldom, have stood open to youths bred in the moral chivalry of veracity and personal honour, at which they did not enter; but despised and turned from away.

The initiatory defamation of all men and women as alike wicked, was followed by the gipsy with proposals that Toby should consent to personate the lost heir of Lillymere. Go to England with the deceiver; impose on the aged Earl Royalfort, and on the Committee of Privileges—to whom the House of Lords would refer the questions of identity and legitimacy.

They were singular coincidences, that this proposal should have been made to the youth who, unknown to himself, was really the heir. Should have been made to the agent whom Solicitor Scholar of London, unwitting of who the youth was, had despatched to America in search of the heir. Should have been made to this true heir of Lillymere by an evil agent of wickedness who believed that more than twenty years previously he had occasioned the death of the babe, now the man standing before him.

Toby sought to escape the evil being following him around and through the city of Detroit; on the river in ferry steamers; down by Fort Wayne; up by Red Run—the streamlet once reddened with white men's blood; at which the gipsy muttered as a maniac; drank of, and washed hands in; following and glar-

ing on Toby with eyes magnetic; eyes of rattle-snake or demon.

To escape him the harassed youth journeyed westerly into the interior of Michigan, but was still followed; and told that now he must comply, go to England and pretend on forged documentary evidence—all in the tempter's power to obtain—that he was true heir of Lillymere. Must comply now, else—else—take heed—else—

"What else?" demanded the bold boy.  
"This. I have committed secrets to your confidence. You must now comply, go to England guided by me, else—else—take heed—take warning."

"Against what am I warned? What is that 'else' you insinuate?" cried Toby, facing the gipsy with the defiance of a bold nature insulted; the indignant eye glowing, nostril distended, bosom of conscious probity advanced, but in his innocence unguarded; "what am I warned against, man of lying words, wicked designs?"

"Against that, you beggar's brat, as Adam Schoolar called you; and that!" stabbing Toby in the breast, and under the shoulder with a poignard—both stabs going to a bone, fortunately. Then at the sudden scream of a woman who had witnessed the murderous assault, turned glaring, cursing, and fled; fled to Detroit; across to Canada; out of Canada at Niagara Bridge; into the State of New York; down to an inferior Atlantic port, and off to sea. All trace of him lost at that port, a fishing harbour lying east of Boston.

Toby staggered to a tree, pressing hands against the wounds to repress blood flow; then sank to the ground in faintness; giddy head, quivering eyesight, tingling ears, parched tongue.

Yet he remained long enough conscious to know that something more than his own ears was ringing. He heard a bell. It might be the bell of some remote chapel in the forest; the chapel of a new settlement. Would the woman who screamed desert him? Would he bleed to death, or fainting, starve, perish? That bell; it had a familiar sound; strange hallucination he felt it to be, that fainting in this solitude of a Michigan forest, a wild and wayward fancy should carry him to the depths of a thicket of small streets and lanes in the great city of London. And that he should hear the workshop bell of Yerker, the trunk maker of Grey-stoke Passage. The bell which he had himself rung on occasions when a boarder with Mrs. Yerker. That kindly London land-lady who, when he was leaving the clerkship at Schoolar & Schoolar's of Chancery Lane, said:

"Well now, after all said and done, you be the first to go to America. I often says to the master—I mean Yerker, as is not a man of much speech himself, that we be so cramped up with houses here the business has no room to grow. A climbing up and a tumbling down, living like cats on the roof, as I may say, so crowded in with the houses, we must emigrate to a new country, I says to the master—a new country with plenty of wood and plenty of room for the business to grow, as it has not, and never will have room to grow in Grey-stoke Passage."

Strange flight of fancy; poor, desolate, wounded Toby felt this to be. To imagine he heard Yerker, "the master," ringing himself to begin work—his sole self, for he had no co-worker but his wife—ringing his one man power to meals; ringing to resume tools; and ringing to quit at night. Ringing at all the stated times to advertise the neighbourhood, as if he employed a hundred hands.

Strange indeed the fancy, yet not less singular the fact. It was the Yerker bell; not ringing now to advertise the neighbourhood of one trunk-maker at work, but to summon more than a hundred men, raftsmen, bargemen, teamsmen, saw-mill hands, to gather quickly, quick, danger, danger at the mills and shanties, a man murdered!

The Yerkers emigrated. Joining with an English capitalist, and that financier uniting with a lumberer already settled in Michigan State, but previously with insufficiency of money power, Yerker was already a saw-mill master and lumberer. The bell used in London had been carried to Michigan, and erected in a frame tower for uses of the establishment.

Mrs. Yerker seeing two men loitering in the forest near her residence, had a suspicion they were not the most amiable of visitors. Taking her spy-glass, a necessary thing of daily use in the wilds, she brought them under scrutiny distinctly enough to remark the ill-favoured countenance of one, and the youthful, comely, beautiful features of the other; which, with graceful form, reminded her much—very much indeed—of Toby, her lodger in London. "A young gentleman," she now said, in recalling his excellencies, "who was the very model of boarding lodgers; so regular in hours, so good pay, so well mannered, and always cheerful."

With such impressions of the two strangers hovering on fringe of the walnut grove, Mrs. Yerker kept them in view as they slowly moved, loitered, and again moved away. At a distance she followed, seeming to look for wild strawberries, that they might the less suspect her. She took the impression strongly that the younger of the two stept as if de-

siring escape from the other. At last she saw the murderous assault, and screamed. Screamed and fled to her house. The murderer cursing, and pursuing with the frightful poignard.

He hesitated to advance quite up to the house; for soon the woman set loose her dogs. The assassin then fled, and she running to the bell tower rang, and rang, and rang; first a common peal, then a wild alarm of danger, danger, danger! as the affright took deeper hold on her; intensified by the loudness and wildness of the alarm she sounded.

Saw-mill hands, teamsmen, axemen came. Yerker came and one of the financial partners. The dogs barking, the bell ringing, the dread of the murderer pursuing, horror at the foul assault she had witnessed; all distracted Sabina Yerker's brain and brought on her "palpitation." A brain not the clearest at any time; a palpitation got when "climbing up, and a tumbling down" in the old home. Sabina led into the wood, but mistaking the way, took the party of rescue farther and farther wrong. Ultimately they came on wounded Toby; but by that time the Donna Euryntia's people had arrived with a surgeon to dress the wounds, and litter to carry the patient to the encampment.

"Think it be; think it may; think it may be Toby, your London boarder," said the "master," slowly.

Mrs. Yerker insisted it was, and no other. The patient lay unconscious, and pale as death; yet, to the womanly, motherly eyes of Mrs. Yerker: "Beautiful, most lovely; the same lovely lad he were in London; all but speech and life and laughter; the happy, happy young gentleman! Oh, that he should come out here to his death! That he should come to such a death! Come to it by hand of a murderer, and before my own eyes, as it were. Oh, me! oh, me! Sabina Yerker, what have you lived for your eyes to behold?"

The "master, most of his time a silent man," to use Sabina's words, remarked now:

"No proper kind of murderer did that on Toby—an' it be Toby. A lunatic; a Wiltshire moonraker, escaped from a madhouse, the gilded cage at Eccley Manor. Lunatic! Lunatic! Eccley the moonraker. An' that be Toby, 'tother were Eccley the moonraker."

Yerker was right; it was Eccley the lunatic, otherwise named Irlam; but under both names designated a Wiltshire moonraker. A maniac for whose safe detention Dame Eccley of the Manor of Eccley undertook to provide, once upon a time. To humour whom in his mania, as possibly to indulge a slight craze of moonraking in herself, she constructed the sumptuously furnished cage within the great conservatory and gardens at the Manor House. Yerker, as it now appeared, knew much about the Eccley and Lillymere affairs, but had been so much and long a silent man that none knew he had been, in early life, termed a Wiltshire moonraker. A mild designation for lunatic; one touched by influences of the moon inherited from birth.

It were not easy to otherwise account for his ringing the workshop bell so many years in London, to regulate his own one man power at trunkmaking. With new aspects of industry opened under another sky, in another country, by the capitalist who had him in hand—also from Wiltshire once—the old moonraker emerged upon new enterprises a vigorous man.

You remember the occasion of El Abra's visit of ceremony to the Euryntia encampment in the Sylvan glade; the superb chariots of state and splendour of the magician's suite?

You remember the Donna's retinue of pony and palfrey cavalry; the mounted guardsmen; the duennas of observation; the hundred musicians; the men of science, the chamberlain, the pulpit readers, orators, and chancellor of the conscience. The assemblage of young gentlewomen, exquisitely arrayed, charming in their purity of character, graces of person?

You remember that retinue so numerous, so dazzling in splendour, and why the Donna Euryntia's mistress remained in the encampment when El Abra departed, not escorting him a part of the way as expected?

Yes; one told her that a young gentleman was out in the forest, whom she had spoken with at the City of Hamilton, in Canada. Whereupon a messenger of state was despatched to invite the stranger to the tents; his remarkable similarity in form and features to persons once her friends, impelling to persistence in discovery of his family and name. The messenger returned at a gallop announcing that the young gentleman lay weltering in blood—murdered.

Then a surgeon of the encampment, and bearers with a litter went and brought the youth in, who proved to be yet alive though dangerously wounded.

During days and nights of watching by the sufferer's couch, the Donna read, or pleased the fancy believing she read in Toby's eyes, the soft blue orbs of Edith Ogleburn.

In the curling brown hair, the repetition of the auburn curls of Sir De Lacy Lillymere, Colonel in the army killed in battle.

In the clear skin of delicate rosy tinting, the complexion of Lady Lillymere—Edith Ogleburn.

In the brow of mental power, and contour of manly beauty, the face of Colonel DeLacy Lillymere.

A nurse discovered the mark behind the shoulder—shape of a sword, which to the Donna was a seal of identity. Left alone with the foundling, Euryntia gave joy a gush.

"The lost jewel of jewels. Of all on earth none so precious. One perhaps, but he—ah, he? Where is he? Roy? Where is Boy Roy? But Lillymere found is joy of joys today; never to be lost again, never, never!"

In fancy, touching the lips of Edith Ogleburn with her own—the lips sleeping—the Donna gushed again:

"Would that Edith were alive to know I've found her babe, her boy, her son, her joy! the long lost babe of Edith. Woo is me, that she is not alive! Joy, joy, joy that he is found; young Lillymere found."

Left alone with her foundling his lineaments were again perused, as a romance of richest poetry might be read. Ideality, soul—twin doves, escaping the cage on wing and away! Soaring, circling, flying; loving and flying! Enjoying enchantments which none but winged doves may know.

Left alone with her foundling the lineaments were again, and many times read; now, with the addition of the imprint of nature; the stamp of identity printed before the babe was born.

Gazing into the imperfectly opened eyes of tender blue-gray, where she had joy in discerning Edith; contemplating the slumbering lips of eloquent beauty, where spirit beheld spirit—the undeparted beauty of Edith;—she softly whispered a name:

"DeLacy Lillymere!"

No sign, nor seeming consciousness of the name. Then she whispered others:

"Edith! Edith Ogleburn! Lady Lillymere!"

No recognition of sounds, nor sign of emotion at their import. The Donna tried other words:

"Your mother—dear mother, Edith. Edith, your mother! Know the name of the mother who loved you?"

A spasm, a start; eyes opening as they might at a sudden vision in dreaming

"DeLacy Lillymere? know that name?"

A relapse to seeming sleep, and no sign.

"Earl Royalfort, who is to be! Eustace DeLacy Lillymere, the future Earl Royalfort, lord of Lillymere Hall in England, and its princely revenues. Does Tobias Oman know the meaning of what I say? That he is now known to be young Lillymere, and may be at another day, one of England's lords, the Earl Royalfort?"

At sound of the words "Earl" and "Royalfort," the patient rose on the couch, gazing in the lady's face, vacantly a moment, inquiringly an instant. Then, wildly—wildly, and affrighted, he demanded in terror:

"Where, where is the fiend?"

And the lady, in gentle accents, responded:

"You are lost Lillymere; the future Earl; lord of Lillymere Hall, and its great revenues."

The words stung Toby; striking his heart and quivering there as might the stings of snakes; presenting in the dread association of terrors the hideous form of the assassin.

In a paroxysm the patient sprang from the couch, wounds bleeding afresh, exclaiming:

"Villain! Murderer! Murder!" Then fell on the floor.

The Donna summoned aid, which coming on the instant, the patient was replaced in bed and soothed, care being taken by the alarmed lady that her precious charge should not be again disturbed with words carrying fear to a disordered brain.

The faithful negress, who by signs to retire, was out of sight, yet not out of listening and observing distance, only behind a mosquito muslin, gathered up the words: "Future lord of Lillymere;" "princely revenues;" "great English lord;" "Earl Royalfort;" and at a time deemed convenient, whispered them in her patient's ear. In the intention this confidential woman of colour was true to her beloved mistress, but had not comprehended the full limit of the injunction to silence.

So in gulety of negro nature, without a sorrow in Euryntia's service, the nurse in the dead of night whispered the words in Toby's ear.

In terror, the fevered youth discerned in the dim light of a taper and of the flitting fireflies, the black figure of the woman bending over him. The fiend returned! He felt the dread presence to be that of the assassin! Watching its motions, noting its disappearance, Toby rose from bed, the coverlet around him, slippers on feet, no other clothing, and creeping out of the tent, passing the drowsy camp guards, stole away into the woods, and wandered he knew not where.

Wandered not knowing whither, but feeling as if driven; driven by terror to escape from the hated fiend.

When day-light came, Toby lay shivering at root of a tree, on brink of a rapidly running stream. Within sight were piles of sawn lumber, and close beside the tree a tower of frame-work. After a time, as the sun rose glittering on tree tops and on the water, a bell rang in the frame of timber overhead. It rang, and rang: "Ding, dong, tinkle, ding, dong! Ding, dong, tinkle, ding, dong!" Very much like a bell he knew in London; once, and had dreamt of not long ago; dreamt of not long ago.

since, though unable to recall clearly when the dream occurred.

The person ringing stood on side of the timber frame opposite from Toby, and went away when he had rung enough. Cramped with cold and shivering, the lonely boy listened for footsteps, hoping that his moaning might be heard; listened to distant voices, but no one approached.

A thought, more like an impulse of life and reason than any thought inspiring him of late, suggested he should move to the other side of the structure, and ring the bell. And he moved; finding the bell-cord within reach; coiled up and hung on hook, precisely as in the trunkmaker's workshop, Grey-stoke Passage, London. This he now remembered distinctly. And also recalled the peculiar art there acquired, for giving the sounds the true cadences.

Uncoiling the line, and getting himself in position, Toby swung the crank, and wheel and bell, evolving the music of the Yerkers: "Ding, dong, tinkle, ding, dong! Ding, dong, tinkle, ding, dong!"

And soon the sounds brought out Mrs. Yerker and the "master." Both stood amazed a moment. But, "silent man" though the "master" was at most times, he spoke first now, exclaiming:

"Toby riz from the dead! Toby resur-rected! Toby riz from the dead!"

Sabina Yerker was first to embrace; but soon all three enfolded one another, weeping and laughing. With the laughter and sobbing mingling together, the three—master, mistress, Toby, might have been accounted as moonrakers by the red Indian maiden "help" who looked on; had she, the wondering Inawena, known what in the land far away, the Wiltshire people did when moonraking.

The embracing, laughing, sobbing, having come to a pause, Toby was conducted to the dwelling house. Then he had listeners to a delirious recital of how the assassin had again assaulted him; in form of a black fiend haunting by his bedside; breathing poison in his ears; stinging him with snakes.

Toby implored to be placed in a private room, the highest upstairs, no stranger to approach it; no human creature to be informed of his hiding place.

Mrs. Yerker soothed the poor invalid, but with more kind speeches and nice things to eat than were good for his recovery. Yet he did recover. She permitted none to approach who might disturb by talking, except herself. The "master" being mostly a silent man looked, but said little on visiting the invalid. Inawena, the Indian "help," had not many words of any language known to master or mistress. Supposed to be the safest, most innocent creature of womankind; to her was allotted the duty of "doing the rooms," making "tidy for Toby."

The years of this maiden's age had been cut on the bark of a tree not far away; but lumberers levelled it, converting the Inawena almanac to saw logs and curly walnut veneers. She might have been estimated at any year from sixteen to nineteen. The "help" wore anklets of shells, and on her small feet beaded moccasins; was lithe, slender, graceful, eyes dark, hair black. Shrinking under a glance of another's eye, this lawn of the forest was timid in very excess of purest modesty. And pure she was to the end. Yet her eyes had the language of woman, though the lips had only childish English. Not wonderful this. But there was another eloquence in Inawena. Through the red skin a radiant vehement spirit of life came glowing, vanishing, returning to glow, and again to vanish; speaking by shades of intensity—brilliances—obscurances as Toby had never seen in white woman's face.

Only, she having no English; no more than a few words childishly spoken, Sabina Yerker and the "master" deemed this "help" the most reliable and proper person to attend and tidy the room for Toby, in his absolute seclusion from the world, who could have been found or thought of.

"Not likely to disturb Toby with talking," they agreed; "or to speak outside of his being secreted here."

But the few words of English—the childish prattle of Inawena—were the early drops of a trickling springlet; which filled to a stream; the stream to a river; the river swelling to a rapid; almost a cataract. An impassioned flood of love which Toby dreaded. Dreaded as a cataract of impetuous destruction, certain to destroy him if he did not flee. He prepared to flee.

The true man arose in Toby, asserting the inborn moral chivalry of truth and honour. Qualities inborn, but capable of unlimited culture, in glass of conscience; in eye of God.

You do Inawena wrong. It was not voluptuous nature burning within a being untutored. It was a nature untutored aspiring to the idolatry of something—it knew not what, immeasurably, unapproachably exalted from itself. The night nurse at the encampment had traced Toby; but Euryntia ordered that he was to remain undisturbed by her people, as by herself, until convalescent. The negress sought Inawena to learn his state; and did not forget the enjoined reserve in her speech. Yet whispered words to the Indian maiden, in the irrepressible urgency of entreaty that Toby

might be tenderly nursed and guarded—words indicating in the maiden's mind, that the beautiful youth was of superlative personal distinction. Son of a wigwam great among the grandest. Rich among the richest. A prince, as his matchless beauty proved. A superior being whom even Euryntia knelt to at the bedside; kissing the sleeping lips! adoring in bursts of joy! praying to, and adoring!

Yes; Inawena had heard of the after life in the happy hunting grounds, but feared the Squaws were not to go there. Of the Great Spirit she had also heard, who cared much for chiefs, for braves, for white men, white women; for negroes and negresses; but—well, she had infidel doubts about the destiny of Squaws. This, however, Inawena knew, that could she see the Great Spirit face to face; or could she meet face to face any being of a resemblance to the imaginary holiness in her heart, she would fall at the feet; cling to the knees; cling and refuse to be parted from that being; until she—poor Indian Squaw—had permission to follow, and follow, ever follow, that one.

It was in this temper of impassioned fervour that the "help" at Yerkers entered the apartment inhabited by Toby. A being of superlative goodness and loveliness to her. Of whom she had been mysteriously, confidentially informed, that he commanded and received the worship of the peerless Euryntia. That this beautiful youth was so good, so exalted, so far exceeding all the white race in beauty, that the fiend himself had come upon earth to slay him; and was now raging all through Michigan with a naked dagger, looking for the precious one; that adorable youth now committed to her to attend, and to guard from hurt; committed to her—the Indian maiden, Inawena.

She knelt, as Euryntia was said to have done; her eyes gleaming; the red dusky skin lighted and shadowed in turns by the fervour of spirit working within her. She knelt, hands clasped, imploring permission to follow; to follow him always; to follow and wipe the dust from his feet; to guard him always; to guard and serve the white princess, his wife, in the far, far land.

Toby now convalescent, and prepared for immediate secret flight, raised Inawena by the hand; and though strong as a moral fortress in presence of vice, was not prudent, nor strong in his generous sympathies. In this manner he spoke:

"No; sweet Inawena. You are too good, too noble in nature; too refined, pure, holy in sentiment, to be made servant of any one. Never shall white wife of mine call Inawena servant. Rest here with these good people. I may yet see you often; and will send you presents."

In the night, unknown to this maiden, as she lay in dreams of delicious glory; unknown to any human creature other than Sabina, the mistress, who wept many tears, Yerker drove Toby to a station on the Michigan Central. They parted, after the "master" had repeated a desire, frequently urged, that Toby should go a while to a walnut veneer manufactory in Canada West, which, being related to that in Michigan through the financial partners, would offer a quiet retreat. A place of seclusion in the Canada walnut forests, where the assassin would not come; where the Euryntia people—reputed magicians—would not come; where the Indian "help," Inawena, would not likely find him; and where he might acquire practical knowledge of a great and profitable branch of Canadian industry.

Thither Toby repaired. But he had not been long there when, early one morning, he followed a stream of people, most of them "roughs," who jeered at what they were going to see. Arrived at the lake shore Toby beheld a sight, ridiculed by the white "roughs," to him sublime.

A black man with head uncovered, wearing a long dark garment girdled at the waist, entered the water and stood where it reached nearly to his girdle. A small group of negro people were assembled on shore, the scoffing mob behind them on a rising slope. Several coloured men, seven or eight, stood in the water at intervals of a few feet, a row of them extending from the shore to him who first entered.

That man, believed by all the negro people there to be a commissioned minister of holy ordinances, lifted his hands, stretching towards heaven, raised his face and voice, a melodious voice, and, in fervent oratory, exhorted and prayed, sang a hymn, reading line by line, then, in accents impassioned, again prayed. Toby felt the words thrilling to his heart, and in his heart. Not being a theologian, he unhesitatingly accepted this nigger's ministry.

A young woman, of darkest African skin, was led into the water, then handed from one to another along the row of men. Arrived at the officiator, she yielded to his arms, was laid on her back; he fervently, solemnly addressing heaven; then she was dipt overhead. As the woman rose to view, the men of the row handed her back to the shore, dripping wet; the scoffers shouting. Yet some white witnesses, one of them Toby, were deeply impressed with the solemnity.

Another woman, and several men went in, and returned in like manner.

Then a buzz of voices, one intimating:

"Bertha Merly; the rich nigger's daughter!"

Toby looked upon Bertha, and beheld a marvellous countenance. She was three parts white to one of the African. It was a countenance that glowed in spiritual beauty. Not as the Indian maiden's face, in wonder, expectancy, timid entreaty. Bertha's was radiant in ecstatic triumph. It glowed into the soul of Toby as the spiritual loveliness of a being other than earthly. He was seen by some there to watch her as one entranced. Bertha Merly rose to surface of the water, not shrieking, sighing, or shivering as the rest, but gloriously beautiful; the impersonation of triumphant consciousness that her immersion—jeered at, laughed at by a profane crowd—was an act of transcendent excellency.

As she came ashore in rapture of soul, Toby's eyes met hers. And Bertha's eyes went through Toby as lightning might.

They met again, and several times during the day. Again on other days, then people talked of Toby. He fled. Fled to Conway, for Bertha's mulatto parent had asked him to marry her.

To Conway also Bertha followed. And two weeks later, Inawena the Indian maiden.

"Wilt thee please step in here a minute? Want some private talk an you've no objection?"

Thus, to Toby, spoke Renshaw of the gaol. Then conducted the stranger to Rhoda Renshaw.

"Look at him, Rhoda. Look well at him. Think this be the lad?"

"Think it might, Abel. What's t' name, lad? How owd art thou?"

Both Renshaw and wife could speak literary English well enough; but, when assuming airs of mystery, they preferred a flavouring of old Lancashire.

"Yes; that be the name, and about the probable age;" rejoined Rhoda, when Toby had given name and age. "But thou knowest Abel what to look for. Get to that."

"See here, lad," said Abel, "I wunnot harm thee; but I'd like to see inside thy clothes, on the shoulder."

Toby knew this man to be connected with the prison, and doubted not they took him for a criminal. With glances of indignation, but haughty silence, conscious of his integrity, Toby did as desired.

Rhoda and Abel standing behind, examined the mark, the well-known sword shadow, then said: "put on thy clothes; when dressed thou's know what we take thee for."

When dressed, the young man in tones of defiance at their unworthy suspicions, demanded:

"Now sir? Now ma'm? whom do you take me to be? What do you think I am?"

Said Rhoda Renshaw:

"You are Toby Oman, brought to me when a child two years old, by Moll Fleck, who died in my house in Irdale, England. Do you remember Moll Fleck? Your tears wetted her coffin; do you remember seeing the woman who nursed you dead in the coffin?"

"Woman, woman!" cried Toby, clasping his hands; "You are telling one of my dreams; a dream I've had a thousand times. What else? What more can you tell?"

"This," interposed Abel Renshaw: "You are more than Toby Oman, child of the wandering gipsy woman who died. You are Eustace De Lacey Lillymere; rightful heir of the Earl Royalfort; of the Lillymere Hall estates; and of all else attaching thereto."

Toby's eyes glared; he stamped his feet; he quivered in passion; he demanded:

"Am I to be the sport of fools, maniacs, murderers at every turn? Assassins in Michigan; black witches by night; Indian girl witches by day; liars everywhere; negress saints at their baptism; and now in Conway this diabolical conspiracy! I despise your detestable impostures. I'm a gentleman of honour, even if a gipsy woman's child."

And in that mood of indignant vexation Toby walked away.

(To be Continued.)

Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.

IN HOSPITAL.

(For private, but I hope extensive, circulation.)

II.

How I envied all that morning the death-bed of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. And yet I was not "in the worst inn's worst room" by any means, but rather in the very best ward in the hotel, the most select and the most commodious. This accounted for the visitors who came perpetually to revel in the luxuries of our apartment. They had, it seemed, stuck a label over my head kindly publishing my name, age, and place of nativity, as well as ascribing to me a religion to which I don't subscribe. Literature being scarce in the establishment this new addition to the common stock was perused with avidity on the part of all comers. My disease was not, however, entered as yet. So at each involuntarily lovee I had to explain that I don't know what I said. Cholera, typhus, yellow jack, glanders, rinderpest, anything. By and bye a young woman came and "made my

bed," if I may be allowed the extravagant mockery of expression. She, too, was kind in a noisy way, and called me "her child." But as I found that this was a pretty way she had with everybody, I wasn't flattered. Indeed I was not much flattered all the days of my sojourn.

Becoming conscious of severe headache I, per force, gave up the hat. But, ah, how the diabolical clamour from all the adjacent wards as well as from our own went through my wretched brain. There is no use dwelling upon this agony. No pen could do it justice.

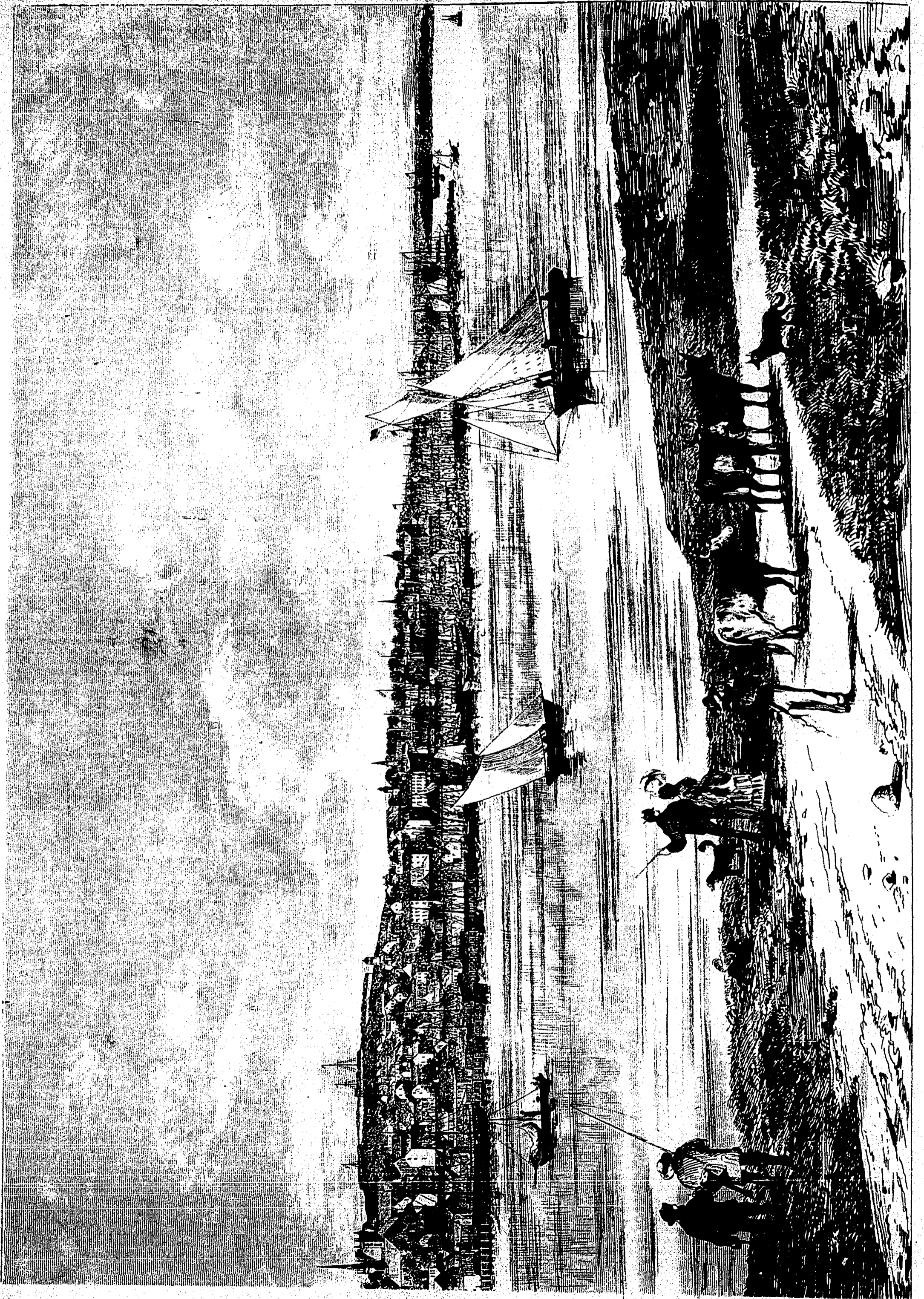
Only one other inmate of the room kept his bed. One got up very early and busied himself rendering every little service in his power to his weaker brethren. Indeed, many so honourably distinguished themselves. The other, whom common report stated to have been in rude health for the past six weeks, and as merely lingering there because, like Maggy aforesaid, he entertained a perverse liking for hospitals, having, perhaps, in his convalescence attained the Chicking stage, occupied himself till noon in dressing with elaboration, and in quarrelling loudly with everything and everybody. My oed-ridden neighbour, who was a gardener—Adam, perhaps, for he perused the book of Genesis continually—kindly undertook to read aloud, in the stumbling but very distinct manner of a man not accustomed to such exercise, the story of Joseph and his brethren. The part about Joseph's coat especially delighted him, for he thought it must be like a bed of pansies. For my part I am not commonly profane even in thought, but I did regret most bitterly that anybody had ever pulled the young dreamer out of the pit into which I could most gleefully have pitched his admirer.

This thing is getting too long, and yet I have scarcely begun. Towards ten a. m., a little old man came and gathered up my clothes, which I much regretted because the room was cold and they covered me pleasantly, carefully inventoried them and carried them away. I was then, if ever, a prisoner, unless, indeed, like Joseph, I could make up my mind to fly in dishabille.

I had previously lethargically marvelled at the astonishing garb in which each of our visitor patients had appeared. I never saw anything like it before or since, and I hope, devoutly, I never shall again. A coarse pair of light blue trousers, a light blue coat reaching to the ankles (but by no means Ulster for all that) and a strange red and white woollen cap such as Dieppe fishermen sometimes wear. There were also enormous slippers, as large as snow-shoes, for trailing behind as ghosts trail chains. This was the uniform of all, so that, whereas at first I had imagined it to be the same eccentric who was perpetually returning, I now discovered him to be manifold, and abhorred him with a manifold hatred. In the course of the evening, one of these singular uniforms lying beside my bed, a weird fascination coerced me to putting it on. Not the night-cap: it understood—all else, but not the night-cap. Induing myself in its grotesque terrors there came with them ghastly ghostly thoughts of the poisoned shirt of Nessus; (how could I tell in what dead man's slippers I stood or whose robe of fever I wore?) of the strange azure mail encasing The O'Donoghue on his May morning's ride from Muckross to Innisfallen; of the grim San Benito tabard marking the victim of the *auto da fe*. But all these vanished in the comic recollection of Mr. Dorritt's old pensioner, Mrs. Plornish's father, and the costume in which he used to pay his periodical visit to Bleeding Heart Yard on those rare occasions when the doors of the "House" were opened for him.

At mid-day I got dinner, that is to say the younger woman raised her child's weary head upon her arm and poured a large glass of rice-milk down his throat. If you can fancy an Irish Eleanor offering the fatal bowl to a terrified fascinated stout elderly male Rosamond, you may easily create, as did I, a poetic affinity between my bower and Woodstock's. After that I waited for the doctor under whose special charge my label—it was exactly like a coffin-label, name and age, and a blank left to fill in the date after the printed word "Died"—informed me I had been placed, to visit, cure, and discharge me. He never came. All the time I was in hospital I saw no visiting physician, received no medicine save the first futile narcotic.

By-and-bye one of the traitors of the night before lounged airily in. He was, I should say, the least guilty; but again, is Belial more amiable than Moloch? To do him justice he shrank and shuddered as he put his intamous head within the door. Desirous of observing how his effrontery would carry off his baseness, I suffered him to approach amicably; besides, I had but one weapon, and that was "engaged." He sat down after some slight hesitation; the atmosphere was not very pleasant to breathe, and of chairs even there might be suspicion. Then he began with a villainous attempt at ease and managed to stammer: "Well, you are jolly and comfortable here, ain't you,—much the pleasantest place possible;"—and then seeing that I knew that he knew that I knew his duplicity, hastened to add self-apologetically, "yet I have certainly seen better wards in other hospitals." I only trust that, if such a thing be possible, he saw





BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL.  
FROM A PAINTING BY GUSTAVE DORÉ

worse before he died, and inhabited one of them for a hundred years.

After his departure to me entered a male official, the only creature upon whose face I once through my sojourn saw a touch of commiseration, and brought me pleasant books to read with pleasant words to recommend them. If all this had not happened in that far-off place and that forgotten age I would beg that man to accept my earnest assurance that when I shook his hand on leaving I did so with sincere gratitude and unfeigned regard.

Of that first day there is nothing more to tell. It passed, thank God, as did the following night somehow, and I still survive. But, thenceforward I have never been able to understand how it was that the 130 Englishmen or so, whom about the year 1758, Surajah Dowlah shut into the Calcutta prison, could not have survived too. They must, prior to their entrance, have been far more invalidated than even I.

"Best medical attendance, kindest of care, everything that skill and gentle nursing can do to hasten convalescence, pure atmosphere, judicious diet, perfect rest and quiet, total absence of anxiety, all that sort of thing, you know!" Oh, yes! all that sort of thing I do know, my beloved friends, and know too to whose account to write down their benefits. "All arranged exactly as you desired!" It is exceedingly lucky for some people that I cannot have all arranged exactly as I desire in a certain warmer subterranean ward.

Stay! I am hasty in closing that night's record with so much abruptness. I forgot—one will forget in one hundred and fifty years—to make mention of a new arrival, whose avatar occurred during its hours. Not that I shall ever forget him—no, not for one hundred and fifty centuries. He arrived late, and—the six weeks convalescent having been at last persuaded to take departure and become a cabman—was inducted naturally into a bed yet warm, the fourth of our cedar chamber. He was, I can safely say, the dirtiest person—and I have seen, ah! so many dirty persons—upon whom my eyes had ever rested. He was so dirty that they officially offered him a bath, a suggestion which he took in extreme ill part, even to resenting it *ore rotando*. I remember distinctly how Mr. James Greenwood winced at a similar proposal, at what time he was the curious amateur inmate of Lambeth workhouse. Mr. Greenwood being clean, objected to becoming soiled; my friend being squalid, shrank from the loss of even the outer covering of filth wherewithal he was clothed. However, authority carried the day, and he bathed—thank heaven! I was never called upon to see that bath—with coy reluctance, much as might Diana in sound of Acteon's horn. Most of us will recollect our first plunge for the season, whether at Brighton or at Tadoussac, in the waters of the St. Lawrence, or in the wash of the Atlantic. It strikes cold and terrible, does that contact, and we scramble back into the boat or bathing-box quick as we may. But, nor river, nor channel, nor ocean ever repelled visitor so expeditiously as did the warm bath of the hospital this extraordinarily Dirty Man. I don't know what they called his complaint, but my diagnosis was prompt, and I wrote it down Hydrophobia. After the momentary ordeal by water he was conducted to his lair, and kindly proffered by the motherly person aforesaid a shirt, said to be clean. It was perhaps clean by comparison with his own, which was more unclean than my sheets—I can find no more forcible illustration. If he feared the bath, he cowered in perfect abjectness of terror from the shirt. That man hugged his filth as misers hug their gold, or old men hug their darlings—there is positively so much that is superlative in the subject of my narrative that any simile proves weak force. Finally, after protest protracted, and howls horrible, discipline prevailed, and the garment covered him. What, oh! what did they do with its predecessor? and who, oh! who bequeathed him itself?

The Dirty Man contributed not a little to the night's misery. For, besides being encumbered with a cough that was loud, and an expectation that was (wilfully, I think,) incessant, he would querulously persist in complaining that his bath had been too much for him; and would demand perpetually that some one should arise and arrange his bedding. If he were a contemporary, and if all these things had not belonged to that far-off place and that forgotten age, I would scarcely speak of him so flippantly, even though his obscene noises barred for me the arrow of that night's torment. For I am certain that the bath must have killed him; the shock of even comparative cleanliness could not have been lightly borne. I wonder to whom was the reversion of his bed, and I gratefully thank Hygeia that I came in before he died.

The second morning was much like my first, clamour, clatter, clang, from the earliest whispers of the dawn. My dear, kind friends, who sent me here for rest, for nervous relaxation, for deep untroubled repose,—how I do love your memory! From that Valley of Avillion, where I was to heal me of my grievous wounds, how many aspirations for your temporal and eternal welfare did I not send up unceasingly! The same blue spectres of the day before wandered in incessantly

with the same dreary pointless clatter, and the same impertinent inquisitiveness. Thank the gods they had then the Dirty Man for a *novus homo* upon whom to expend their research, and comparatively spared me. The same Genesis was drearily droned by the gardener, and the same Joseph let down, and alas! extricated from the same pit. The same young woman administered refreshment to her same children in the same brogue and with the same boisterous good nature. There did come a diversion, however, before noon, when there returned a prodigal or two from the great world, discharged the day before, but still faithful to his hospital loves, and insensible to her gentle repulsion. They clung to the establishment, lots of these folks, with a tenacity compared with which Ivy is expansive and the Barnacle fickle. Put out of the door they entered by the window; in their devotion they wouldn't stay abroad.

Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurrit. And surely Dame Nature was never more persistent than they. I am speaking of men who, after lingering through a long and robust convalescence within the unpleasant sanctuary, had been at last notified that they might leave; who so left but not for aye. Their hospital visits, like Shakspeare, were not for an age, but for all time. Everybody was always glad to see them, though perhaps vaguely sorry that their return seemed to promise little hope of improvement in the labour market. For this beneficent hospital of the far-off country and the forgotten age so far differed from ours that it was a (unofficial, and unacknowledged, and to-be-with-indignation-repudiated) House of Refuge as well. And, to hear the boarders as yet unflinching enquire of their adventurous brethren as to how it looked outside, was actually touching. "Well, and so ye've been to town, and what are they doing there?" just as in the refreshment room of the House of Commons we ask a man fresh descended "who's up?"—made a form of accost stereotyped. In some such phrase of interrogation one may fancy the Noah family appealing from their Ark state-rooms to the secret Raven or the open-minded Dove. The answer is the same in both cases: No rest for the soles of our feet outside, and so here we are again!

I find it inconvenient to maintain the form of a diary as to events of such a by-gone age, and will therefore to the end adopt a simpler form of narration. Hitherto I have told principally of myself and my own woes, and of my resentment, eternal and implacable, towards their authors. Of each of these malignants surely what Horace wrote of the constructor of that A1 copper-bottomed trireme which fetched away his friend Virgil, I forget whither, is perennially true:

Illi robar et us triplex  
Circa pectus erat:

Which, for my lady readers, I explain by stating that it means that both were hard-hearted Fenians of the deepest dye, deserving of the public execration. But I am glad to say I took vengeance before I had done, and I hope their manes are appeased. I was going, in case anybody doubted the fact, to say that I could cheerfully point out their sepulchres, but I forgot for the moment that it was in the Dorchester Street Cemetery that I buried them, and therefore at the present am at a loss to know among which young lady's flower-pots or in the pavement of what streets to seek their unhalloved remains. (By the way, does not Shakspeare's suggestion that "Imperial Caesar dead and turned to clay may stop a hole to keep the wind away" seem to hint that the illustrious Roman warrior may have ended his days in Montreal?) Passing them, therefore, for the nonce into the limbo of oblivion, I proceed to notify my purpose of striking a different chord.

It was a shocking accident. The man, an old man, had been knocked down and run over by a locomotive, and both thighs were crushed horribly. As he was brought in, I from my squalid lair could hear his piteous inarticulate moaning, the plaint of a strong man in his agony. Presently, and after much trepidation generally, there became sensible a strong sickly flavour of ether penetrating the not over-savoury atmosphere of our ward. The moans died away and there was silence, silence perhaps more terrible. Till, in half an hour or so, it was told us that one leg had indeed been taken off, but that the sufferer's life had gone with it. The news had scarcely spread when the widow with three orphaned children, all alike unconscious of what awaited them, arrived in reply to the first hasty summons. I hope, while I live, never again to listen to such a burst of uncontrollable anguish. The cry of the eldest girl, they said she was about twelve, rings in my ears even yet. "Oh, my father, my poor father, they have killed him, they have killed him!" For hours, as at least it seemed, those wild despairing accents rang intermittently through the corridor; for there was apparently none to comfort. As for the mother, she might, with King Arthur, well say "Comfort thyself, what comfort is in me?" and I am quite sure that no *ex-officio habitus* that ever I saw (save one, honourably mentioned already), could go very far towards consolation for the loss of a lap-dog. At last, I suppose, tears failed and there came a lull. Till presently one could hear,

hear ah! so painfully, "Oh! take me away, take me home, oh! what shall I do!" Take her home, poor child, her home how long? That morning it had been home, what or where is it now? Where it was and what it was she knew well enough, and proudly and affectionately enough, as they all sat together that day at the mid-day meal. Where it is and what it is the father who left them for the last time then has since learned from the Father who abides with His children forever.

Now, nothing of this scene I saw, being during its brief period still swathed in my foul wrappings. But few episodes of suffering which I have ever ocularly witnessed touched me more. The miserable sense of impotence was never stronger within me than in the forced confession that I could do nothing to dry that child's fierce tears, or even render her the poor service of removing her, as she piteously pleaded to be removed from the precincts of what she wildly thought her father's murder. Dan Horace, whom I seem by the way to quote as if I were a whole House of Commons in myself, was a very keen critic, but in one canon at least of the Art of Poetry I must disagree with him. It is not true invariably that

Sognius irritant animos dimissa per aures,  
Quam que sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.

I wish it were; there would be, as I write, a wail less piercing in my ears.

Away with the sad theme. As the convict Magwitch so frequently assures Pip, when he visits the latter in his Temple chambers, "I aint a-going to be low, dear boy, I aint a-going to be low." The day after all this happened, and on the morning, the motherly woman came in to announce that I must arise, assume the San Benito robe, and accompany her to another ward. The reason given was that I had been assigned to the care of the wrong doctor. To me they were all wrong doctors, for the right one never could, would, should, or might find me, and the whole of the previous day had I waited patiently in vain. I went obedient, but at the same time reluctant too. The devilish ward you know is better than the devilish ward you don't know. It is, as I proved most conclusively. Bah! If I shrank from the first, what, even to my comparatively accustomed, to some extent callous, senses was this second. There were ten beds here in place of four, two-and-a-half times the publicity I had so abhorred in the beginning. On the threshold I began to calculate—I should have liked to have my portrait taken in that garb in the act of calculating just to present to Mr. Babbage—some tremendous rule of three problems. Thus, if in a ward of four one man reads aloud Genesis all day, and another expectorates all night, how many in a ward of ten are my chances of going to sleep at all? It was worse than the sums about the nails in the horse-shoe or the squares on the chess-board, and I gave it up. To be installed immediately into a vacant bed, not much, for that were impossible, but actually more loathsome than the one I had just abandoned. It possessed, however, this advantage that I had no trouble in divining who, What, had last there rested. Contemporaneous history was unanimous upon that point. I had been promoted to my present couch *vice* the corpse whereof I have made mention just removed!

To be continued.

#### ANCIENT AND MODERN JOURNALS.

(From *Tinsley's Magazine*.)

Considerable speculation has been indulged in with relation to the origin of newspapers, now exercising in all parts of the civilized world so mighty a moral influence over the minds of men. The general conclusion arrived at is, that it may be traced to the time, some five or six centuries before the Christian era, when the Roman empire was in all its glory. It was then the custom to send from Rome accounts of the progress of the Imperial arms to the Generals in command in all parts of the provinces. The information contained in these journals, which was called the *Acta Diurna*, was communicated by the Generals to the officers under their command. These latter, in turn, imparted to others the information so received; and in this way the whole of the army became acquainted with any brilliant victory which had been achieved, or any other important occurrence which had taken place. It is right, however, to mention that these journals or communications from Rome to the provinces were transmitted only when important events took place, with which it was desirable that the army should be made acquainted. These publications were licensed by the Government, but ceased in the year 41 before Christ.

From before the Christian era till the time when the Venetian republic was in its greatest glory, we hear of no medium of intelligence at all resembling our present newspapers existing in any part of Europe until 1566, when publications somewhat resembling our earlier newspapers made their appearance. The *Notizie Scrittelle*, published monthly in Venice, is said to have been the first of the Italian newspapers, and was published, not in print, but in manuscript. *Gazzetas*, or newspapers, soon after became more common; and any person was at liberty to read them who chose to pay a small coin, called a *gazetta*, for that permission. Italy, therefore, and Venice, the capital

of Lombardy in Italy, have the right to claim the honour of having been the first to introduce to the European public the newspaper press, each journal being called *Gazetta*, after the name of the coin. The government, becoming afraid that if these *gazettas* were printed the copies might be multiplied to an extent which would be inconvenient, prohibited the printing of them for many years, and rendered it obligatory on the publishers to issue their journals in manuscript.

Much curiosity has been felt to learn the date of the first English newspaper, and the circumstances under which it made its appearance. This is natural, when we contemplate the mighty—we had almost said omnipotent—moral influence which the journals of the present day exercise on the minds of mankind. But the origin of what may be called the English newspaper, as the phrase is understood, is shrouded in a mystery, which none of the many efforts made with that view have yet been able to explain. There can be no doubt that the first printed intelligence of importance transmitted by government to various parts of the country, in form somewhat resembling the newspapers of half a century afterward, was sent by Lord Burleigh, then Prime Minister of Queen Elizabeth, in the year 1588. The intelligence related to the fact of the Spanish armada having made a descent on the English coast. The only copies now known to exist of these journals, conveying intelligence from time to time without any fixed days for publication, are to be found in the collection of Dr. Birch in the British Museum.

We have been unable to find any traces of what may be called a regular newspaper prior to 1622—the year in which the thirty years' war broke out. Prior to this time newspapers were published irregularly—some of them at intervals of several months. The earliest of the journals of that time was the *Certaine News of the Present Week*. It was, as we have said, the first weekly journal. The proprietor was a well-known man in the newspaper world. Afterward there came a crowd of journals, all of them of small dimensions, and most of them published weekly.

Various experiments were resorted to at this period by the proprietors of newspapers to bring their journals into notice. Not the least curious was that adopted by the proprietor of the *Evening Post*. This gentleman announced: "That if any gentleman has a wish to oblige his country friend or correspondent with an account of public affairs, he may have it for two pence, of J. Southbury, at the Rising Sun in Cornhill, on a sheet of fine paper, half of which being blank he may there write his own private business, or the material news of the day."

But odd as this appears to us of the present day, it must seem stranger still that there should have been proprietors of newspapers who, whenever there was a dearth of intelligence, transferred one or more chapters of the Bible to "fill up" the vacant space. Only fancy the *Times* giving from time to time one or more chapters of the Bible to "fill up" its columns, consequent on the want of intelligence of interest!

For at least half a century after the establishment of newspapers, none of them, so far as we have been able to ascertain, introduced advertisements. The earliest instance in which general advertisements were inserted, which we have met with, was in the year 1658, under the date of Nov. 25. The paper in which these advertisements—fifteen in number—appeared, bore the title of the *Commonwealth Mercury*. It consisted of eight pages, and with the exception of the space allowed to the advertisements, was exclusively devoted to an account of the preparations then making for the funeral of Oliver Cromwell. It is worthy of observation, that among the first of the advertisements in the newspapers of more than two hundred years ago, we have found one or two written in essentially the same characteristics as the empirical advertisement of the present day.

The *New York News* says:—It would be a work of great labour to enumerate all the houses which are at present to let in this city. In some streets every house has a bill on it. Whither are the occupants of those dwellings about to remove, and who are to fill their places? If any of the bills disappeared it might be presumed there was only a change of tenants from one to the other of the houses to be vacated. But the bills remain; and it is a fair inference that the tenants will not. Yet all the time new houses are being built; and this year there is double the number of permits to build obtained over those granted last season. There can be very little question that a great many who are now housekeepers are preparing to become boarders, because rents are too high, and good servants too scarce. There is as little question that very many families who have been residents here during and since the war, are about to leave for the west and south; and it is an undeniable fact that the suburban towns are taking off a large number who have been the occupants of the houses which are now to let. When landlords come to realize these facts more fully than they do now, they will find, somewhat too late, however, that lower rents would have enabled them to keep their tenants.

NOTICE.

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT, OTTAWA, 19th May, 1871.

REFERRING to the notice of 5th Inst. of articles transferred by Order in Council...

R. S. M. BOUCHETTE, Commissioner of Customs.



THEATRE ROYAL

Proprietor, BEN DE BAR. Manager, J. W. ALBAUGH.

LAST THREE PERFORMANCES OF MRS. JAMES A. OATES AND HER GREAT COMIC OPERA.

FRIDAY—Benefit of MRS. OATES. KING'S SECRET, AND LITTLE REBEL.

SATURDAY—Last appearance of MRS. OATES and Troupe—FAIR ONE WITH A BLONDE WIG.

Monday, May 29th, first appearance of the great American actress MRS. D. P. BOWERS.

ADMISSION: Private Boxes, \$5.00; Dress Circle, 75 cents; Family Circle, 50 cents; Pit, 25 cents.

SUMMER HATS!

PANAMAS, STRAW, ALPACAS, LINENS, CORK.

A Large Assortment of the above in every variety NOW OPENED.

AND OFFERED AT LOW PRICES.

A Splendid assortment of Lincoln & Bennett's, Christy's, and other celebrated Velvet Nap. Hats.

W. SAMUEL, 367 NOTRE DAME STREET. 3-21-d

DAVID CRAWFORD,

GROCEER.

Wine and Spirit Merchant.

179, St. JAMES STREET, 179,

MONTREAL. 3-21-11

Wm. B. BOWIE.

Importer of

HOSIERY, GLOVES, & HABERDASHERY.

ALSO.

MANUFACTURER OF

SHIRTS, COLLARS, TIES, &c.

No. 159, St. JAMES STREET,

(Next to Wesleyan Church)

MONTREAL. 3-21-11

SUMMER WINES!

BARTON & GUESTIER'S.

AND

NAT. JOHNSTON & SON'S CLARETS, SAUTERNES, BARSAC.

&c., &c., OF ALL GRADES.

REAL GERMAN SELTZER WATER

AT

C. J. BAIRD'S,

221 St. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL. 3-21-11

FRANK B. STREET, GENTS' HOSIER AND HABERDASHER.

Manufacturer and Importer of all kinds of SHIRTS, COLLARS, CUFFS, SOAPS, TIES, UMBRELLAS, BRAOS, GLOVES, HANDKERCHIEFS, &c.

GUINNESS'S DUBLIN STOUT, BOTTLED BY BURKE.

BASS & Co's. EAST INDIA ALE. BOTTLED BY HIBBERT.

TENNANT'S EAST INDIA ALE, TENNANT'S EAST INDIA DOUBLE STRONG ALE,

In Bottles and Stone Jars. 750 CASKS AND CASES FOR SALE. ALEX. MCGIBBON.

In store, and to arrive by vessels direct from Bordeaux. (Specially selected for the Subscriber's Family Trade.)

3,000 CASES NAT. JOHNSTON'S, BARTON & GUESTIER'S WINES, Among which will be found the following:

MEDOC. ST. JULIEN, BATAILLEY, CHAT. LANGOA, CHAT. MOUTON, CHAT. LEVILLE, CHAT. LAFFITE, CHAT. MARGAUX, CHAT. LAFOUR, WHITE GRAVES, LATOUR BLANCHE, CHAT. YQUEM.

All of the Finest Vintages, and in Prime Condition. ALEX. MCGIBBON.

HOCK AND MOSELLE,

SPARKLING AND STILL.

1,000 CASES from the Celebrated House of FEIST, BROS. & SON, of Frankfort-on-the-Main. ALEX. MCGIBBON.

CHAMPAGNE,

JULES MUMM & Co's.

CARTE BLANCHE, IMPERIAL, VERZENAY.

In Pints and Quarts.

The Subscriber has arranged for constant supplies of these favourite wines. ALEX. MCGIBBON.

CIGARS.

To connoisseurs Subscriber can confidently recommend his stock of

GENUINE HAVANAHS.

imported expressly for his customers, and which may be thoroughly depended upon.

ALEXANDER MCGIBBON, ITALIAN WAREHOUSE.

A NEW ERA IN WASHING!

LABOUR. FUEL TIME. SAVED CLOTHES. By the use of



WARFIELD'S COLD WATER SELF-WASHING SOAP!

This Soap washes the finest as well as coarsest fabrics, in cold, warm, hard, soft, or salt water, without boiling or machinery, and is guaranteed not to injure the clothes in the least when used according to the directions.

SOLE AGENT FOR THE DOMINION,

J. B. BUSS, 254 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL. 3-21-d

O'FLAHERTY & BODEN, PRACTICAL HATTERS AND FURRIERS, 221 MCGILL STREET, (NEAR NOTRE DAME STREET).

WOULD RESPECTFULLY invite the attention of their friends and the public to their Stock, which has been selected with the GREATEST care from the BEST Houses in the Trade, and will be found COMPLETE in all its details. 3-20d

INTERCOLONIAL COAL MINING COY.

G. A. DRUMMOND, President. H. A. BUDDEN, Vice President.

Have on hand and for Sale—GRATE, STEAM, AND SLACK COAL. For full information as to Prices, &c., apply at the Company's Office, 59, FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET. H. MCKAY, Secretary.

3-11-1-1m

LEGGO & Co., Loggotypers, Electrotypers, Stereotypers, Engravers.

Chromo and Photo-Lithographers, Photographers, and General Printers by Steam Power.

Office: No. 1, Place d'Armes Hill, MONTREAL. Works: No. 319, St. Antoine Street.

Maps, Plans, Book Illustrations, Show-Cards, Labels, Commercial work of every description, executed in a superior style, at unprecedentedly low prices.

TRAVELLERS' DIRECTORY.

We can confidently recommend all the Houses mentioned in the following List.

HAMILTON.

ROYAL HOTEL.....H. E. IRVING.

INGERSOLL.

ROYAL HOTEL.....DRAKE & McQUEEN.

LONDON.

REVERE HOUSE.....B. BARNARD.

MONTREAL.

ST. LAWRENCE HALL.....H. HOGAN.

ST. JAMES HOTEL.....

OTTAWA.

THE RUSSELL HOUSE.....JAMES GOUIN.

QUEBEC.

ST. LOUIS HOTEL.....WILLIS RUSSELL & SON.

THE CLARENDON.....

STRATHROY.

EXCHANGE HOTEL.....W. LONG.

TORONTO.

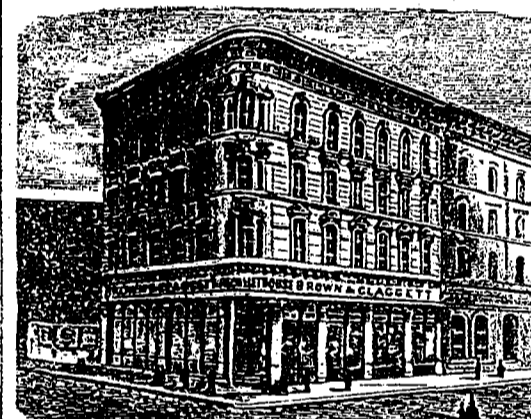
THE ROSSIN HOUSE.....G. P. SHEARS.

THE QUEEN'S HOTEL.....CAPT. THOS. DICK.

To indicate how advantageous a medium the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS must be to Advertisers, we may state that its distribution list comprises at present over 600 Post Offices scattered over the whole Dominion, and that it is sold on all trains and steamers.

Its circulation in Canada as well as in the United States and in England, is constantly and rapidly increasing.

Arrangements are being made, and have already been in part effected, to have the Canadian Illustrated News on FILE combined with an illustrated Dominion Guide, and enclosed in a splendid Morocco cover, in the Drawing-room of the principal Hotels of Canada, and of London, Liverpool, Birmingham, Brighton, Manchester, Edinburgh, Glasgow and Dublin; in the Pullman Palace Cars, and on the Dining Table of every vessel of the splendid and popular Allan line of Steamships, where every advertisement will be perused over and over again by thousands and thousands of travellers, during the tedious hours of an Ocean voyage.



THE RECOLLET HOUSE CONTAINS the best selected Stock of DRY GOODS in the Dominion.

Just received—SPRING MANTLES, SPRING & SUMMER SHAWLS, NEW SILKS, NEW POPLINS, NEW DRESS GOODS, A new and complete assortment of MOURNING GOODS. BROWN & CLAGGETT, CORNER NOTRE DAME AND ST. HELEN STREETS. 3-20d

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT, OTTAWA, 12th May, 1871. Authorized discount on American Invoices until further notice: 11 per cent. R. S. M. BOUCHETTE, Commissioner of Customs.

The above is the only notice to appear in newspapers authorized to copy. 3-16 11.



USE ONLY THE GLENFIELD STARCH, EXTENSIVELY USED IN THE ROYAL LAUNDRY OF ENGLAND, and in that of His Excellency THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA. 1st

SEEDS! SEEDS!! SEEDS!!! JUST RECEIVED, A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF FRESH SEEDS. FLOWER SEEDS, in every variety, GARDEN & FIELD SEEDS, as

BEANS, BEETS, CARROTS, CABBAGES, CAULIFLOWERS, CELERY, CUCUMBERS, OLEIFER, LETTUCES, ONIONS, PARSLEY, PARSNIPS, PEAS, RADISH, TURNIPS, TIMOTHY, &c.

A liberal discount allowed to Storekeepers and Agricultural Societies. J. GOULDEN, CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST, 175 St. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET, 175. Branch: 383 St. Catherine Street. 3-15d

MONTREAL BUSINESS HOUSES.

WATCHMAKERS & JEWELLERS.

LULHAM BROS., DIAMOND and ETRUSCAN Jewellers, 5, PLACE D'ARMES, next the Canadian Illustrated News. 3-10-22

SAVAGE, LYMAN & CO., 271 Notre Dame Street. 2-2322

HOUSE FURNISHING HARDWARE.

SIGN OF THE GOLDEN PADLOCK. STOVES, CUTLERY, REFRIGERATORS, CORNICES, TINSMITHS, L. J. A. SURVEYER. 524, Craig Street. 3-10-22

INSURANCES.

THE Imperial, of London, (established 1803), Rintoul Bros., General Agents, 24, St. Sacrament Street, Montreal. 3-6-22

DYERS AND SOUBERS.

FIRST PRIZE Diplomas awarded to T. PARKER, 44, St. Joseph Street, near McGill. Montreal. 3-6-22

SHOW CARDS.

SEND for Catalogue of HICK'S New SHOW CARDS, 154, St. James Street, Montreal. 3-6-22

HAVANA CIGAR DEPOT.

COHEN & LOPEZ, Corner of St. James Street and Place d'Armes Square. 3-3-22

MERCHANT TAILOR.

SAMUEL GOLTMAN, 226 St. James Street. 3-3-22

HOUSE AND LAND AGENTS.

JAMES MUIR, 198 St. James Street,—Adjoining Molson's Bank. 2-26-22

HABERDASHERS.

W GRANT & CO., 249 St. James Street, First-class Gents' Furnishing. Shirts, Ties, Gloves, Hosiery, &c. 3-21m

G. A. GAGNON, 300 Notre Dame Street. 2-26-22

MANUFACTURING AND WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS.

LYMANS, CLARE & CO., [ESTABLISHED 1803.] WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS. MANUFACTURERS OF LINSEED OIL. IMPORTERS OF FOREIGN DRUGS, PAINTERS' COLOURS, OILS AND DYE STUFFS. 382, 384 and 386 St. PAUL STREET, MONTREAL. 2-24-7

HATTERS AND FURRIERS.

JOHN HENDERSON & CO., 283 Notre Dame Street. 2-2322

MANUFACTURING STATIONERS.

JAMES SUTHERLAND, PAPER MAKER, WHOLESALE STATIONER, AND ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURER. 160 and 162 St. James Street, MONTREAL. 111f

GLASS, OILS, VARNISHES, &c.

A RAMSAY & SON, Glass, Oil, Colour, and Varnish Importers from first-class Manufacturers in Germany, France and Great Britain. 37, 39, and 41 Recollet Street. 161f

MEDICAL, PERFUME, AND LIQUOR LABELS,

ALL KINDS IN GENERAL USE, PRINTED AND SUPPLIED BY MESSRS. LEGGO & CO., GENERAL PRINTERS BY STEAM POWER, AT THEIR CITY OFFICE, No. 1, PLACE D'ARMES HILL.

"The Canadian Illustrated News," A WEEKLY JOURNAL of current events, Literature, Science and Art, Agriculture and Mechanics, Fashion and Amusement. Published every Saturday, at Montreal, Canada, by Geo. E. Desbarats.

Subscription, in advance.....\$4.00 per an., Single Numbers..... 10 cents. Postage: 5 cents per quarter, payable in advance by subscribers at their respective Post Offices.

CLUBS: Every Club of five subscribers sending a remittance of \$20, will be entitled to Six Copies for one year, mailed to one address. Montreal subscribers will be served by Carriers. Remittances by Post Office Order or Registered Letter at the risk of the Publisher. Advertisements received, to a limited number, at 15 cents per line, payable in advance.



COURTESIES IN THE CITY CARS.



URBANE GENTLEMAN.—"Excuse me, Madam, what did you say?" LADY, (who has just taken the seat the gentleman had vacated for her.)—"Nothing, sir." GENTLEMAN.—"Oh! I beg your pardon; I thought you said THANK YOU!"

FOR SALE OR TO LET. THAT LARGE FOUR STORY CUT-STONE building in St. Therèse Street, Montreal, now occupied by the Military Control Department as Stores. Very suitable for a Wholesale Boot and Shoe factory, or other similar purposes; also for Stores. Possession 1st of May. Apply to

D. R. STODART, Broker, 43, Great St. James Street



JAMES FYFE, FIRST PRIZE SCALE MANUFACTURER. No. 24 COLLEGE STREET, MONTREAL. A GENERAL ASSORTMENT ALWAYS ON HAND. 2-23t

GENTLEMEN WILL FIND A FIRST-CLASS STOCK AT S. GOLTMAN AND CO'S, 132, St. JAMES STREET. N. B.—A large assortment of Silk-lined Spring Overcoats in all Shades always on hand. 26

R. HORSFALL, IMPORTER OF PRINTING PRESSES, LITHOGRAPHIC MACHINES, CUTTING MACHINES, LITHOGRAPHIC INK, AND EVERY DESCRIPTION OF MACHINERY FOR

PRINTERS, LITHOGRAPHERS, BOOK-BINDERS, AND MANUFACTURING STATIONERS. SOLE AGENT FOR FURNIVAL'S "EXPRESS" MACHINES. 5 ST. SACRAMENT STREET, MONTREAL. 2-26-z

L. N. ALLAIRE, MANUFACTURERS' AGENT & COMMISSION MERCHANT. STORE: 7 PETER ST. WINE VAULTS: SAULT AU MATELOT STREET. OFFICE: Corner of PETER & JAMES ST., QUEBEC. 3-15-12

SPECIAL ATTENTION IS INVITED TO Our choicely assorted stock of NEW DRESS GOODS, KID GLOVES, AND FANVOY GOODS. JUST RECEIVED. An Inspection is Invited. ALEXANDER WATSON & Co. 425 & 423 NOTRE DAME STREET. 2-15-17

CANADA CENTRAL AND Brockville & Ottawa Railways.

GREAT BROAD GAUGE ROUTE TO OTTAWA.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, MARCH 6, 1871,

TRAINS WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:— LEAVE BROCKVILLE.

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

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

THROUGH OTTAWA EXPRESS at 3:30 P.M., connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express from the West, and arriving at Ottawa at 7:15 P.M.

LEAVE OTTAWA.

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

LOCAL TRAIN at 7:45 A.M.

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

ARRIVE AT SAND POINT

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

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

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

Certain connections made with Grand Trunk Trains.

H. ABBOTT, Manager. Brockville, March, 1871. 3-11 tf

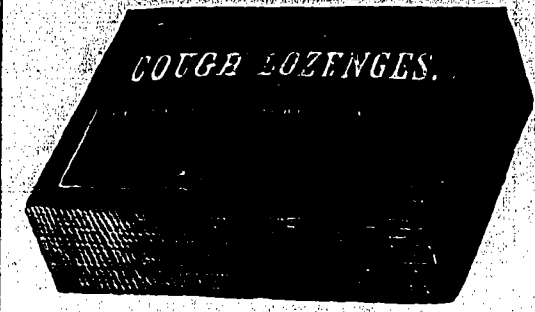
"BEST IN USE."



BAKING POWDER IS THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. IT NEVER DISAPPOINTS.

FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS. 3-15-14

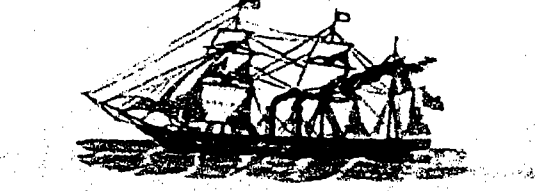
J. BAYLIS.—CARPETS, FLOOR CLOTHS, CURTAINS, &c. NOTRE DAME ST., EAST OF McGILL. GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM, AT ALL DRUGGISTS.



Lachine, Longueuil, &c. WE would respectfully inform our Customers and the public that during the SUMMER MONTHS all goods purchased from us (or submitted to our care by Customers) will be despatched BI-WEEKLY from our Stores, 3 & 5 St. ANTOINE STREET, TO LACHINE, LONGUEUIL, And other places of Summer Resort, where they will be carefully delivered. FREE OF CHARGE. 3-18-d O. H. & G. LEFAIVRE.

To the Public. THE ROYAL STEAM DYE WORKS.

IS THE PLACE where Ladies' Silk Dresses, VELVET and CLOTH JACKETS, CLOAKS, and GENTS' SUITS can be DYED or Cleaned without being taken apart. PRINTING on SILKS, &c. FEATHERS cleaned or dyed. KID GLOVES cleaned for 10c. per pair. WHOLE PIECES of CLOTHS, Woollen or Cotton, RIBBONS and DAMASKS, DYED on reasonable terms. Orders from the country promptly attended to. All work GUARANTEED. OFFICE: 706 CRAIG STREET, near St. Patrick's Hall. FACTORY: 203, FORTIFICATION LANE. MERSEBACH & CO. SEND FOR PRICE LIST. N.B.—The samples of our Mr. MERSEBACH were awarded the FIRST PRIZE at the EXHIBITION last year. (No connection with the Dominion.) 3-15-1



ALLAN LINE.

Under contract with the Government of Canada for the Conveyance of Canadian & United States Mails, 1871.—Summer Arrangements.—1871.

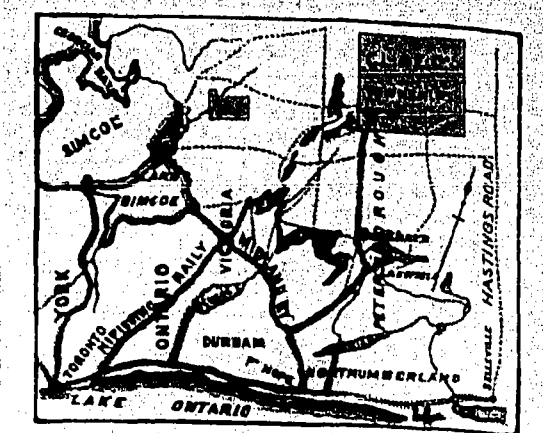
Table listing ship names, tonnage, and commanders for the Allan Line, including vessels like POLYNESIAN, SARLATIAN, CIRCASSIAN, CASPIAN, SCANDINAVIAN, PRUSSIAN, AUSTRIAN, NESTORIAN, MORAVIAN, PERUVIAN, GERMANIAN, EUROPEAN, HIBERNIAN, NOVA SCOTIAN, NORTH AMERICAN, CORINTHIAN, ST. DAVID, ST. ANDREW, ST. PATRICK, and NORWAY.

THE STEAMERS OF THE LIVERPOOL MAIL LINE. (Sailing from Liverpool every THURSDAY, and from Quebec every SATURDAY, calling at Lough Foyle to receive on board and land Mails and Passengers to and from Ireland and Scotland.) Rates of Passage from Quebec:— Cabin \$70 to \$80, Steerage \$25.

THE STEAMERS OF THE GLASGOW LINE. (Sailing from Glasgow every TUESDAY, and from Quebec for Glasgow on or about every THURSDAY.) Fares from Quebec:— Cabin \$60, Intermediate 40, Steerage 24.

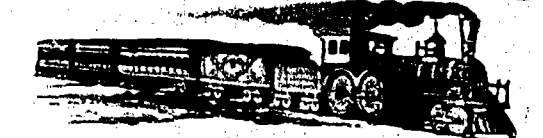
An experienced Surgeon carried on each vessel. Berths not secured until paid for. For Freight, or other particulars, apply in Portland to J. L. FARBER, or HUGO and ANDREW ALLAN; in Quebec to ALLAN, RAE & Co.; in Havre to JOHN M. CURRIE, 21 Quai D'Orleans; in Paris to GUSTAVE BOSSANGE, 25 Quai Voltaire; in Antwerp to AGG. SCHMITZ & Co.; in Rotterdam to G. P. ITTMANN & ZOON; in Hamburg to W. GIBSON & HUGO; in Belfast to CHARLEY & MALCOLM; in London to MONTGOMERY & GREENHORNE, 17 Gracechurch Street; in Glasgow to JAMES & ALEX. ALLAN, 70 Great Clyde Street; in Liverpool to ALLAN BROS., James Street; or to H. & A. ALLAN, corner of Youville and Common Streets, Montreal. 3-20 tf

\$25 a week Salary. Samples Free. No humbug Address (with stamp.) GEO. MANSON, 37 PARK ROW, N.-Y.



THE CANADIAN LAND AND EMIGRATION COMPANY. Sell on favourable terms good FARM LANDS IN THE COUNTY OF PETERBOROUGH, ONTARIO. Apply to C. J. BLOMFIELD, Manager, Peterborough; or to T. W. COLLINS, Secretary, 23 Great St. Helen's, Bishopsgate Street, E.C., London, Eng. 3-15-17

JOHN UNDERHILL OPTICIAN TO THE MEDICAL FACULTY OF MCGILL UNIVERSITY. 299, NOTRE DAME STREET, (5 doors East of the Place d'Armes.) 24t



GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY OF CANADA.

Improved Service of Trains for the Winter of 1870. Acceleration of Speed. NEW CARS ON ALL EXPRESS TRAINS.

TRAINS now leave Montreal as follows:— GOING WEST.

Table of train schedules for the Grand Trunk Railway, including Mail Train for Toronto, Night Express for Ogdensburg, Accommodation Train for Kingston, and Accommodation Train for Brockville.

GOING SOUTH AND EAST.

Table of train schedules for the Grand Trunk Railway, including Accommodation for Island Pond, Express for Boston via Vermont Central, Express for New York and Boston, and Express for Island Pond.

Sleeping Cars on all night trains. Baggage checked through.

The Steamers "Carlotta" or "Chase" will leave Portland for Halifax, N.S., every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon at 4:00 p.m. They have excellent accommodations for Passengers and Freight.

The International Company's Steamers, running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway, leave Portland every Monday and Thursday at 6:00 p.m. for St. John, N. B., &c.

Tickets issued through at the Company's principal stations.

For further information, and time of Arrival and Departure of all Trains at the terminal and way stations, apply at the Ticket office, Bonaventure Station, or at No. 39 Great St. James Street.

O. J. BRIDGES, Managing Director. Montreal, Nov. 7, 1870. 2-21-12

THE LATEST THING OUT!

ITALIAN SHIRTINGS. Gentlemen wishing the above style of Shirts WILL PLEASE CALL AT

P. T. PATTON, & Co's, 415 NOTRE DAME, (Corner of St. Peter Street.) 3-15-17

Printed and published by GEORGE B. DESBARATS, 1, Place d'Armes Hill, and 819, St. Antoine street, Montreal.