

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

L'Institut a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

Canadian Illustrated News

Vol. III.—No. 14.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1871.

SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
\$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 66.—THE LATE HON. T. D. MCGEE.

It is not our purpose to give a long account of the life of the Hon. T. D. McGee, who, three years ago, met such a tragic end on the streets of Ottawa; for many sketches of his career have been written, and some of them are to be found in almost every library in Canada. It is fitting, however, that his portrait should occupy a place in our Gallery, and we have chosen the present occasion for its insertion.

Thomas D'Arcy McGee was born at Carlingford, Ireland, on the 13th April, 1825, and was, consequently, forty-three years of age at the time of his death. At the age of seventeen he went to the United States, and soon afterwards began his career as a journalist and lecturer. In 1845 he returned to Ireland and obtained a position on the staff of the *Freeman's Journal*. He soon after got deeply involved in the "Young Ireland" movement, on the collapse of which he was fain to make a hurried return to the United States. The hot blood of youth still coursing in his veins, he continued to do and say some things which his maturer judgment condemned. In less than ten years he became cured of his Republican notions and on the invitation of a large number of prominent Irishmen throughout Canada, he took up his residence in this city. At the general election in 1857 he was elected as one of the representatives of Montreal and continued to sit for the Western division until his death. He was a member of the Macdonald-Sicotte Government for about a year, and returned to office again in 1864, when the late Sir E. P. Taché formed his Ministry. Mr. McGee continued in the Government until 1st July, 1867, when for state reasons he, along with Dr. Tupper, declined the proffered portfolios in the Dominion Cabinet. He had endured a long sickness, terminating in renewed health and vigour, and was just beginning to resume an active part in public affairs when he was suddenly cut down on the 7th April, 1868. So far removed from the scene the following account reads as if altogether surcharged with feeling; but at the time of the melancholy occurrence, it was read in Ottawa with sad interest and held to be but a moderate expression of the public excitement and sorrow; the extract below is from the editorial which appeared in the *Ottawa Times* on the morning of Tuesday, April 7th, 1868, and must have been written within about two hours after Mr. McGee was shot:

"With feelings which we cannot describe we record the instantaneous death of the Honourable THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE, by the bullet of the assassin, treacherously fired from behind, at the very moment that the honourable gentleman was in the act of inserting his latch-key in the street door of his lodging-house, about half-past two o'clock this morning. Poor McGee! But a short time before he had been speaking as only he could speak, and in one of the very highest strains of his eloquence, on the subject of Union and good will among all the people of these provinces. He had threatened Nova Scotia that she would be conquered with kindness, and in a few hours afterwards he was a corpse by the hand of the murderous assassin! Our heart is too full for utterance on such a horrible event, with the sound of the fatal shot almost ringing in our ears; it will send a thrill of horror through the heart of every Christian man, not only in the wide Dominion of Canada, but wherever the English language is spoken, and in every country of the civilized world. The martyr McGee will take his place in history among the brightest and most noble victims ever cruelly sacrificed by ruffian hands, because of devotion to their country. Perhaps it was fitting that on the eve of his sacrifice he should have devoted his peerless eloquence to teaching the sublime lesson of patriotism to less devoted men.

"Mr. McGee had left the House of Commons a little after two o'clock, in the company of Mr. McFarlane, M. P., and Mr. Buckley. At the south-east corner of Metcalf and Sparks Streets, Mr. McFarlane left him; at the corner Mr. Buckley turned in the direction of his own home, and Mr. McGee had only to walk with clear moonlight, almost as bright as day, to his lodgings at the Toronto House on Sparks street. Arrived there (not more than two minutes' walk from Metcalf street), and just while inserting the latch-key into the door, the sound of which attracted Mrs. Trotter, who immediately came to open it, and as she did so she heard the sound of a pistol-shot simultaneously with the sight of the flash, and shutting the door again in an instant raised the alarm in the house.

"Dr. Robitaille and other boarders immediately rushed down stairs, and the door being opened all that was mortal of the gifted orator, the distinguished statesman, the patriotic Irish Canadian, THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE, was found lying across the sidewalk!

"Mrs. Trotter's son, a page in the House, had just turned the corner of Wellington on to O'Connor street when the shot was fired, and coming down, as he could in a few seconds to Sparks street, he saw a man lying in front of his mother's door, and ran in consternation to the *Times* office to inform the printers of what he had seen. The alarm was immediately spread, and members of Parliament, including Sir John A. Macdonald, the Speaker, Hon. J. S. Macdonald, Hon. Mr. Chapais, with a great many others, besides the Sheriff, the Police Magistrate, medical men, &c., &c., were speedily on the spot.

"The body, which had fallen directly back from the door, had been in the mean time raised, leaving a large pool of blood which not only clotted on the planks, but ran into the street gutter beyond; and it was found that the ball had entered the back of his head, passed through his mouth, removing two of his front teeth, and lodged in the door, where it was subsequently found, as was also his latch-key, which he had just inserted for the purpose of opening the door!

"His half-smoked cigar which he had lighted at the House (of Commons) was also found near the door-step. The bare recital of these facts, which chills our very heart's blood, reveals a base, preconcerted, and, perhaps, long calculated murder, of which the annals of the most atrocious villainy may be searched in vain for a parallel! Sacrificed he was, and not for any personal crime, not for any deed done to any single

individual, but because he had the courage, the patriotism, the manhood to stand up boldly and speak out frankly for the principles and the institutions in which he trusted. Never was mortal man more truly or more cruelly murdered.

"On Monday next, the 13th inst., poor McGee would, had life been spared to him, have completed his forty-third year. He was just about fairly recuperated from his long and tedious illness, and all his personal and political friends were delighted to think that he was again restored to public usefulness. What are the reflections of his enemies to-day?

"Alas! Poor McGee! The great heart of the Dominion will ache to its very core, the warm flush of sympathy in the breast of every honest man who claims the name of Irishman will bedew his cheeks with tears; the patriot sons of the British Isles will mourn, and from the very antipodes will come back the cry of wailing to answer the lamentations; that in the pride of thy manhood and the prime of thy usefulness, the monument of thy fame has been broken at mid-height! We can but say as thou hast but recently and so well said of a dear departed friend—and when we say it we try to blind our eyes from the vision of thy vile assassin—'Miserere Domine!'

Mr. McGee was a prolific writer, a clever poet, and a most persuasive orator. Scarcely a year passed from 1844 to the time of his death, without some work being published by him. Morgan's *Bibliotheca Canadensis* enumerates seventeen, exclusive of his lectures on literary subjects. Perhaps the highest compliment paid to his statesmanship was that of Mr. Gladstone, who declared that the time had come for the Imperial Government to adopt the course towards Ireland recommended by Mr. McGee of trying "the policy of even-handed justice." The late Earl Derby also expressed his unqualified approval of Mr. McGee's later utterances on Imperial and Colonial questions.

No. 67.—JAMES O'REILLY, Esq., Q. C.

The portly figure of this prominent member of the bar of Upper Canada, in the eastern district of that Province, is well known throughout the country, and fittingly takes its place in our Gallery this week *vis-a-vis* with that of the late Mr. McGee. Mr. O'Reilly has won his high position solely through his personal abilities. The wisdom of Sir John A. Macdonald in appointing Mr. O'Reilly to investigate the case of poor McGee's death was fully proved by the wondrously judicious manner in which Mr. O'Reilly conducted the preliminary investigation, and connected the various scraps of evidence by which he made out such a strong and convincing chain of evidence against the murderer. Probably the annals of no country contain a record more remarkable. Certainly Canada never before witnessed a trial so unequal, coming to a conclusion that so well fulfilled the public expectation. Against Mr. O'Reilly were pitted the Hon. John Hillyard Cameron, the very Nestor of the Upper Canada Bar, and a man of extraordinary powers of intellect, and wonderful smoothness of speech; Hon. M. C. Cameron, considered by many only second to his illustrious namesake; and Kenneth McKenzie, who, if not remarkable for forensic eloquence, stands second to none for legal lore. And this splendid trio of Upper Canada legal talent was backed by the cleverest criminal lawyer which the Quebec bar afforded, yet Mr. O'Reilly faced the formidable phalanx, won his case before the jury; stood an appeal to the Supreme Court, and finally secured from the United Bench of Upper Canada a confirmation of the verdict rendered by the honest and independent jurymen of Carleton. This was undoubtedly one of the greatest triumphs ever achieved at the Ontario bar.

The following biographical sketch of Mr. O'Reilly is copied from the advanced sheets of a new work—"Men of the Dominion"—by Henry J. Morgan, Esq.:

"James O'Reilly, Q. C., was born in the County of Mayo, Ireland, on the 16th of September, 1823. His father, Peter O'Reilly, Esq., descendant of the O'Reillys of Cavan, now in his eightieth year, immigrated from Ireland to Canada in 1832, the year of the first cholera, and settled at Belleville, in the County of Hastings, where he was engaged in mercantile business for a number of years—until the breaking out of the Canadian Rebellion of 1837-38, when he turned out with his regiment, the 2nd Hastings Militia, in which corps he held a commission as captain. He continued with his company in active service for two years, and secured the thanks of the Lieut.-Governor of Upper Canada for his services and loyalty to the Crown.

"In 1842 young O'Reilly commenced the study of the law, being that year admitted a member of the Law Society of Upper Canada, and the first student examined by the present Secretary of that Society, Hugh N. Gwynne, Esq. He first entered the law office of Charles Otis Benson, then a prominent barrister in Belleville, where a short time before he had completed his education under the direction of the late William Hutton, Esq., the head of the Grammar School for the County of Hastings. Mr. Hutton, a relative of Sir Francis Hincks, was a gentleman of learning and ability, who subsequently held an important position in the Bureau of Statistics in the old Province of Canada.

"Mr. O'Reilly remained only a short time with Mr. Benson, when he entered the office of the Hon. John Ross, Q. C., subsequently Attorney-General for Upper Canada, then engaged in the practice of his profession, and supposed to have secured the largest practice of any law office in the Province. He remained in Mr. Ross's office until a few months before he was called to the bar, when he went to Toronto and completed his law studies in the office of Messrs. Crawford & Hagarty—John Crawford Esq., M. P., and the present Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas.

"He was called to the bar on the 9th of August, 1847, and immediately commenced the practice of his profession in the city of Kingston—the leading members of the bar at Kingston being the present Premier of Canada, Sir John A. Macdonald, K. G. B., the Honourable Alexander

Campbell, Postmaster-General; the late Thomas Kirkpatrick, Q. C., and M. P.; and the late Sir Henry Smith, Q. C.—a good school to try the mettle of a young advocate. Mr. O'Reilly, in a wonderfully short time, secured a large and lucrative practice, and at one assize held no less than eighty-seven Briefs on the civil side of the court, besides a number of criminal causes, in which he was engaged as leading Counsel. The first important capital case was that of the Queen v. Brunhour for murder. It created much public notice at the time from the extraordinary circumstances connected with the alleged commission of the crime. After two days' investigation of the evidence, the jury acquitted the prisoner, and Sir James McAulay, the presiding judge, paid a high compliment to the young advocate for the skill and ability shown by him in the defence of his client. Shortly after this he was associated with Mr. Kenneth McKenzie, Q. C., for the defence in the case of the Queen v. Mrs. Asanath Smith, for poisoning by strychnine. The prisoner, after an extraordinary effort on the part of her counsel, was acquitted; but so great was the public indignation at the escape of the prisoner, that a guard had to accompany her to the American steamer to save her from the threatened violence of the people. Mr. O'Reilly, however, shared largely in the *clat* obtained by the counsel of Mrs. Smith. The case attracted considerable notoriety in England, being reported in the *Medical Journal* as the first trial in the colonies for murder by strychnine, where the colour-test—well known to chemists—was employed. Mr. O'Reilly's forensic powers were of no mean order, and an opportunity for their display was shortly given in a libel suit brought by Mr. Kenneth McKenzie, Q. C., v. the Publisher of the *Daily News*, Kingston, for an alleged libel on the professional character and standing of that learned gentleman. He was opposed by the eminent counsel, the Hon. J. Hillyard Cameron, Q. C., who held the leading brief for the defence—Mr. O'Reilly was the plaintiff counsel; the result being a verdict for the plaintiff and \$250 damages—at that time considered to be a large verdict against a public journalist. Next to the celebrated McGee case, that of the Queen v. Mrs. Bridget Farady, for the murder of her brother-in-law by poisoning, is the most remarkable. The case was tried at the spring assizes of 1867, county of Victoria. The plea was that of insanity and which, strange to say, was the first case known either in the annals of the British or Canadian Courts, where a plea of insanity proved successful on a charge of homicide by poisoning. The fact of the administration of poison to procure death, requiring care, thought and design, is incompatible with the presence of insanity at the time of the commission of the offence.

"He served in the City Council of Kingston for a few years as Alderman, being elected almost unanimously after a residence of some eighteen months in Kingston. Several times asked by his political chief, Sir John A. Macdonald, to enter political life, he steadily declined, preferring to continue in the practice of his profession. He was also solicited to stand for the Local House at the last general election.

"He was appointed Queen's Counsel in 1864, and succeeded the late A. J. Macdonell, Esq., as Recorder of Kingston, which he filled until abolished in 1869, by the Local Government of Ontario.

"Mr. O'Reilly is a Bencher of the Law Society of Upper Canada, and in 1869 was called to the Quebec Bar."

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

(From our Special London Artist and Correspondent.)

Windsor, England, }
March 14, 1871. }

The Royal Borough is now approaching a culminating pitch of excitement, in anticipation of the great event of the 21st inst., the marriage of H. R. H. the Princess Louise. Crowds of visitors from London are pouring into the residential town and making determined raids after lodgings, and for these, when they are to be found, fabulous sums are extorted by those of Her Majesty's neighbours who have rooms to spare. Small parlours in antiquated houses, and garret-like sleeping chambers, let for an amount almost sufficient to cover an entire year's rent, and 'tis my belief, if the demand increases steadily during the next few days, that many will have to content themselves with shut up bedsteads in obscure cupboards—cupboards that have not been opened since the time of Elizabeth, William III, or Queen Anne. The only persons who seem to view the present feverish state of affairs with philosophy, are the soldiers of the garrison, who are certain, whatever may betide, of their bed and board, and an unobstructed sight of the pageant. Brown, Jones and Robinson, for a consideration, may succeed in obtaining a billet in the town, but it is quite another question as to whether Robinson, Jones and Brown will have interest enough to secure a position within the precincts of the Castle; however, they are courageously determined to do their best—in fact, I may suggest that their's is, in every sense, a *for Lorne hope*. By the way, that reminds me that the Bishops will most undoubtedly wear the Lorne Sleeves at the marriage ceremony.

Let me tell you that making the preparatory sketches of architecture, &c., in St. George's Chapel, for the coming event, is by no means a pleasant task. The building, despite a brave defence on the part of the ecclesiastical authorities, has been wrested from the Dean, and handed over entirely to an army of noisy workmen. Where, heretofore, the swelling anthem has been chaunted, twice, daily—and remember we are in the midst of Lent—a clang of hammers resounds among the vaulted traceries of the roof, and profane whistling echoes through the choir instead of the deep or flute-like tones of the organ. Tavern boys troop over tombs of buried kings with clanking pots of beer, and thirsty carpenters and upholsterers' men give their bellowing orders for "another half-pint." Now and again a huge plank falls with a crash on the tessellated pavement and coarse adjectives are heard, where but yesterday prayers were intoned commending the Sovereign and her Garter Knights to the guidance and care of their Maker. Aproned labourers are perched on ladders with long brooms, bringing clouds of dust from the pendant banners, that wave in all their pomp, surrounded by crests of kings, emperors, and nobles of every degree. And there is one om-

blazoned rag that sways with every current of air that steals through architrave and screen—a mockery to the fallen greatness of him whose arms it bears. It is that of Napoleon III, sometime of France and now a prisoner to his conqueror, or, at the moment I write, perhaps a wanderer and exile. Facing the escutcheon of dethroned Cæsar, are the armorial bearings of the new Cæsar who hurled him from his high estate, and I turn now and again to gaze with sorrow and sympathy at the flag which tells a terrible chapter of history. But to revert to the difficulties which beset me, and they are many. Ah, every moment I am roughly shouldered from the position I have chosen for my sketch, a frightful *vacarme* surrounds me, and the delicate sculptures of the great altar piece have to be traced amidst a riot and confusion, utterly foreign to the solemn silence of a Cathedral Church. Possibly, a carpenter, just when I am struggling with a more than usually ornate piece of drawing, throws his shadow across my strained paper and hollows in my ear: "I say, mister, are them swords above them flags real uns," and, alluding to the crests: "Are them gold crowns, wot the parties as they belong to wears in state," then, not content with this interruption, my wood-sawing friend takes to criticising my art, which altogether, he is pleased to say, "blowed if it don't beat him." Altogether, I lose my temper a dozen times during the day, and every pulse throbs with indignation at the sacrilege and profanity of the invading horde who have turned a stately religious edifice into a huge resounding workshop. But there! Princesses are not married every day, and I suppose it is necessary to make more than customary noise on these unfrequent occasions. One would think from the "tap, tap, tapping" that coffins were being prepared for a general funeral, rather than preparations being made for a wedding.

This morning, just at the moment I was congratulating myself on having an hour's quiet, the workmen having retreated to their dinner, an incident occurred to divert my attention. A side door opened and an individual in full Highland costume stepped in, looked around and retired. No, it was not the Marquis of Lorne, ladies, for the person in question was brawny and thick-set, and numbering forty summers at least. For your especial benefit I don't mind telling you it was the much-abused and much scandal-besprinkled John Brown—Her Majesty's gillie and henchman. In a few minutes the apparition re-appeared, and this time followed by—whom do you think? *Foi d'honneur*, by no less a personage than the Queen herself, attended by the Duchess of Roxburgh, on whose arm the Sovereign leaned. But a sturdier limb was required to help Her Majesty over the joists of timber lying in every direction, and John Brown's assistance was offered and accepted. Gracious me, there I was, all but alone with royalty. Should I, like a modern Raleigh, take off my coat and spread it on the sawdust-covered altar steps? Should I fall on my knees and wait till I was bidden to rise—receiving the accolade from a handy saw—chevalier of the order of the pen and pencil, and correspondent in ordinary, on all state occasions, to the court. No! the Queen but glanced smilingly in my direction, slightly acknowledged my profound salutation, looked about at the preparations, and leaning on the Duchess, passed out. As for John Brown, he didn't even notice me, and the best chance I ever had in my life of making my way and fortune, faded as abruptly from my imaginative mind as it had dawned upon it. But no matter; I have just heard Her Majesty is expected to pay another visit to-morrow, and who knows what the future may have in store!

What crowds of tradespeople are besieging the castle, summoned to attend the councils of Mr. Seabrook, the Inspector of Palaces, a gentleman to whom I am greatly indebted for much courtesy and many facilities. Indeed he does everything he can to prevent me being disturbed, and is continually apologizing for the annoyance his workmen cause me, and does all he can to remedy the evil. Well, these tradesmen are all more or less loaded with cunning conceits to make fairly hounds of the different antiquated chapels fitted up as retiring rooms for the bridesmaids. Such a wealth of dainty ingenuity, and exquisite belongings to a damsel's toilette, are spread out before the genius, who only commands to be obeyed. Silver-mounted mirrors with richly lacéd furniture, ivory brushes and combs, soaps and cosmetics of every perfume that far-famed Araby has wasted to this misty Isle, richly piled carpets and the most luxuriously padded settees, tent-like canopies of multicoloured muslins, to veil the beauties in their sanctuaries. Ah! they look after ladies at Windsor in a very different style to what they used in the time of good Queen Bess. There is, in the report of the year 1580, a statement "that the maids of honour desired to have their chambers ceiled, and the partition, that is of boards, to be made higher, for that the servants looked over." And about the same time, it is said that certain young gentlemen and noblemen were guilty of similar indecorous behaviour, being fond of peeping over these boards, to the great annoyance of ladies when at their toilette, whereat Her Majesty was highly displeased, and severely reprovéd them. Well, this peep-show system is by no means likely to obtain under Mr. Seabrook's sway, and I am quite convinced that the Princess Louise's bridesmaids will be as safe from the curious eye as inmates of the Sultan's harem. My next letter will bring you an account of the marriage, and with it will come the sketches I am now busily preparing. I await but the ceremony to add the personages to the elaborate architectural drawings which I have been compelled to commence in anticipation of the event.

THE QUEEN,

THE PRINCESS LOUISE AND THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

As fitting precursors of the illustrations of the Royal Marriage that will shortly appear in these pages we publish this week exact reproductions of the latest English photographs of the personages principally concerned in the union just consummated. These portraits will be found far more correct than any that have yet appeared, and for this reason we have determined upon giving the young couple a second appearance in our pages. Their biographies will be found in Vol. II, No. 22, p. 342.

Of Her Majesty the Queen it is unnecessary to say much. The deep interest she takes in the welfare of all her subjects, her many good qualities both as a queen and as a mother, have endeared her to all her people alike, and to all who bear the British name it can but be a source of pride that not only in her own dominions, but throughout the whole of the civilized world, her name is never mentioned save in terms of admiration, affection and respect. Her Majesty, Victoria Alexandrina, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, &c., is the

only child of the late Duke of Kent and of the Princess Victoria of Saxe-Coburg. She was born May 24, 1819; her parents, who had for some time been residing abroad, having hastened to England, in order that their child might be "born a Briton." The Duke of Kent died the year after her birth, and her education was accordingly confided to the Duchess of Northumberland, under whose care she passed her life in comparative retirement until her elevation to the throne in June, 1837. Her Majesty was crowned as Victoria I in Westminster Abbey, on the 28th June of the same year—eight days after her ascension. On the 10th February, 1840, Her Majesty was married to his late Royal Highness Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, on which occasion, our readers will remember, a debate on the settlement arose in the House of Commons, bearing a resemblance in more points than one to the debate concluded the other day, on the question of the dowry of the Princess Louise. By this marriage Her Majesty had issue, as follows:—H. R. H. Victoria Adelaide Louisa, married to the Crown Prince of Prussia; 2. H. R. H. Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, married to the Princess Alexandra of Denmark; 3. H. R. H. Princess Alice Maud Mary, married to Prince Louis of Hesse-Darmstadt; 4. H. R. H. Prince Alfred Ernest Albert, Duke of Edinburgh; 5. H. R. H. Princess Helena Augusta Victoria, married to Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein; 6. H. R. H. Princess Louisa Carolina Alberta, married to the Marquis of Lorne; 7. H. R. H. Prince Arthur William Patrick Albert; 8. H. R. H. Prince Leopold George Duncan Albert; 9. H. R. H. Princess Beatrice Mary Victoria Feodora. Her Majesty is the pattern of a woman in all the relations of life, as a queen, as a daughter, as a wife, and as a mother, and by these qualities, perhaps more than any others, she has established a title to the esteem and affection of her subjects. The first domestic grief which she suffered was the loss of her mother, the Duchess of Kent, in March, 1861, closely followed by the death of the Prince Consort, in December of the same year. By the irreparable loss of her husband Her Majesty has, in a great degree, been disqualified from appearing in public and at court ceremonials, and, until lately, has imposed upon herself the habits of a life of almost total seclusion.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

For the past few months Windsor Castle has been the centre of attraction throughout all the English-speaking world, and though the excitement attendant upon a Royal Wedding has pretty well subsided on the other side of the Atlantic, on this side the general curiosity has been rather sharpened than otherwise by the scanty details furnished by the telegraph; and few will be thoroughly satisfied until they have perused a full account, and examined exact and authentic illustrations of the event they have so long and so eagerly anticipated. These we trust to be enabled to furnish in our next number, and at present, in advance of the sketches taken by our artist and of illustrations of the interior of St. George's Chapel—the scene of the ceremony—we present our readers with a view of Windsor Castle, reproduced from the latest photograph taken.

The history of the old castle is one that is full of interest, but which, in order to have full justice done to it, would occupy many large volumes. Already before the Norman conquest Windsor was a royal seat of the Saxon kings. Shortly after the conquest William I. built a palace there, which was, however, almost entirely rebuilt by Edward III., who, with the aid of the celebrated William of Wykeham—the founder of Winchester School—left us the noble pile with which—or at least with the appearance of which, all English readers are familiar. Under George III. the castle underwent several alterations. The palace and grounds, the latter of which are laid out in the most superb manner, occupy about thirty-two acres. The castle itself is divided into what are known as the Upper and Lower Courts, the latter to the east and the former to the west, with the Keep and Round Tower. In the Lower Court is St. George's Chapel, a magnificent specimen of Florid Gothic architecture, containing the stalls of the Knights of the Most Noble Order of the Garter. The Upper Court has on the west the Round Tower, the most prominent feature in the buildings; on the north the State Apartments, and on the east and south the private apartments of the Queen and of the Royal Household. Among the State Apartments the most remarkable are the Vandycke Room—so called because it contains a number of the works of that great painter; the Waterloo Room, containing portraits of great men at the time of Waterloo; the Throne Room, the Presence Chamber, and St. George's Hall. The latter chamber is adorned with the arms of all the Knights of the Garter since the foundation of the Order. It also contains portraits of the British sovereigns since James I.

Along the sides of the quadrangle occupied by Her Majesty's private apartments runs a corridor 450 feet long, richly adorned with pictures and statues. Along the north side of the castle is the Terrace, a magnificent promenade of three-quarters of a mile, commanding a beautiful view of the neighbouring country. On the north-east lies the Little Park, four miles in circuit, in which stands a tree supposed to be the identical Herne's Oak of which Shakespeare speaks in his "Merry Wives of Windsor." To the south stretches the Great Park, which is reached by the Long Walk, a charming avenue three miles long, terminating at an eminence known as Snow Hill, on which stands a statue of George III. In the Great Park is the well-known Virginia Water, the largest artificial lake in the United Kingdom.

"THE PAGE."

This very pleasing little study is a reproduction of a painting exhibited last summer at the Royal Academy in London. The painter is a young artist, but little known to fame, though, judging from the promising specimen of his handiwork before us, we may venture to predict for him great success in the profession he has chosen. In his picture Mr. Fyfe has formed a correct idea of the by no means menial, but rather honourable, office of page in the olden times—say of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The requirements for taking the position of page and the consideration in which the office was held were doubtless relics of feudalism, traceable to the mediæval relations of knights and squires. Our little page is assuredly of gentle extraction. He is, according to his capacity, performing fair suit and service in the castle or manorial hall of some noble or chief, to whom, probably, his sire owes allegiance as tenant, or is possibly under other obligations. And if he is not exactly a young noble himself, he is certainly dressed as one by his worshipful patron and protector. What a little "swell of the period" he is, in his point-laced collar

and wristbands, in his black velvet jerkin and modified trunk-hose, tied with scarlet ribbons, resembling the knickerbockers of the present day; and with his hair cut straight across the forehead—another fashion which we have lived to see revived! His duties are not usually of a very laborious or onerous description. To fetch and carry trifles is his ordinary occupation when he is not at play. When the mid-day dinner-hour arrives he has, moreover, to stand behind my lady's chair; and at a later stage of the repast we see he is called upon to assist in bringing down to the dining-hall the gilt salver laden with a newly-filled jug of cool canary, or Xeres, and fruits for desert. A pleasant memory of olden manners and customs does the meeting this handsome, happy-looking little page on the back stairs recall! We have only to add that the picture is painted with a soundness, vigour, and effectiveness which give to the figure an air of almost startling reality.

RIDEAU FALLS.

Elsewhere we copy a very pretty photograph by Notman, showing the Rideau Falls as they tumble over the precipice into the river Ottawa. The portion of the city opposite the Village of Edinburgh is also shewn. The view is picturesque.

"CLEARING THE RAMPARTS."

The little garrison still remaining at Quebec, having no more desperate enemy to deal with, frequently engage with the snow that accumulates on the ramparts, and our special artist "W. O. C.," has sent us a vigorous sketch of the manner in which this bloodless warfare is carried on.

VARIETIES.

The receipts at a sacred concert given at Madrid on behalf of the French wounded were supplemented with a gift by King Amadeus of the munificent sum of two hundred francs (£8).

A French chemist asserts that if tea be ground like coffee before hot water is poured upon it, it will yield nearly double the amount of its exhilarating qualities. Another writer says: "If you put a piece of lump sugar, the size of a walnut, into a teapot, you will make the tea infuse in half the time."

The landlady of Bismarck at Versailles wanted compensation for the injury done to her house and furniture. Bismarck proved himself, in his reply, a second Barnum. "Why, madame," he said, "your house is a fortune. Don't alter a single thing; leave it all just as it is, and the Americans will flock to see where the treaty was signed, and you will make ever so much by showing your rooms."

A certain lecturer quoted the Miltonic couplet—

"But come thou goddess, fair and free,
In Heaven yelep'd Euphrosyne;"

and had the pleasure of reading, the next morning, the following stenographic transformation—

"But came that goddess, fair and free,
In Heaven she crept, and froze her knee."

An eccentric man in Massachusetts has made and published his will. He gives his body after his death to Prof. Agassiz and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, to be placed in the museum at Cambridge, but directs that two drum-heads shall be made of his skin, on which "Yankee Doodle" shall be beaten at the base of Bunker Hill Monument, annually, at sunrise on the 17th of June.

Bismarck is said to be partial to brandy, and before leaving Berlin for the seat of war, a little son of his asked him how long he was to be away. Thereupon a servant came in to inquire how many bottles of cognac were to be packed up in the count's luggage. "Twenty-four," was the answer. "Ah, papa," cried out the "terrible infant," "now I know how long you are to be from home—twenty-four days."

THE OLD MASTERS.—If the marvellous Exhibition, just closed, had produced no better result than the following (which was found on a lost catalogue) the Academicians would still have deserved plaudit:—"Suppose Her Majesty had patted a cat, which purred, but then scratched the Sovereign, what two Old Masters would have been named? Puss sang, and Clawed *la Reine*."

A strange incident was witnessed in Hyde Park lately. In the afternoon, when the Park was crowded, a Mahometan excited great astonishment by unrolling his praying mat on the greensward, kneeling down, and, with his face turned towards Mecca, gravely performing a long act of devotion. A considerable crowd assembled to contemplate the Mussulman, whose nationality was unmistakably that of an Indian subject of the Queen, and who appeared to be wholly unconscious of the curiosity he excited.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH FARE.—I ate ten dishes at French dinners, and went afterwards as easily as possible to work, to the theatre, or sometimes even to some light dancing institutions (not to dance, of course—I am too *propre* for this—but to look on); while on the first day I was in England I partook of what you call "a dinner off the joint," which is only one dish, with an addition of some vegetable in a shocking state of nudity, just as Allah has made them, and of some pudding in a stone-like state, just as Allah would never have made it; and after this comparatively short dinner I not only could not move, but dreamed the whole night about oxen, cabbages, stones, and kindred substantial things.—*Asamat Batuk in the "Pall Mall Gazette."*

A Paris correspondent of the *Times* says:—"I was at a restaurant yesterday and saw what could have happened in no other army in the world. There were three officers—two field officers and one a captain—seated at a table. In rolled six or seven loutish-looking fellows—common soldiers—and sat down close to the officers without saluting or taking the smallest notice of them. One then began to talk over his beer of his battles (they belonged to Chanzy's army), in order, apparently, to annoy the officers at by speaking in the most offensive way of 'his Colonel,' and 'cet imbecile d'un général,' and this 'sacré,' &c., of some one else. The officers rose and went away, saluting the 'dame de comptoir' by raising their képis, and passed close by the soldiers, who never rose, or saluted, or took the least notice of them. To lead an army of such men to victory would be impossible for Napoleon and all his marshals."



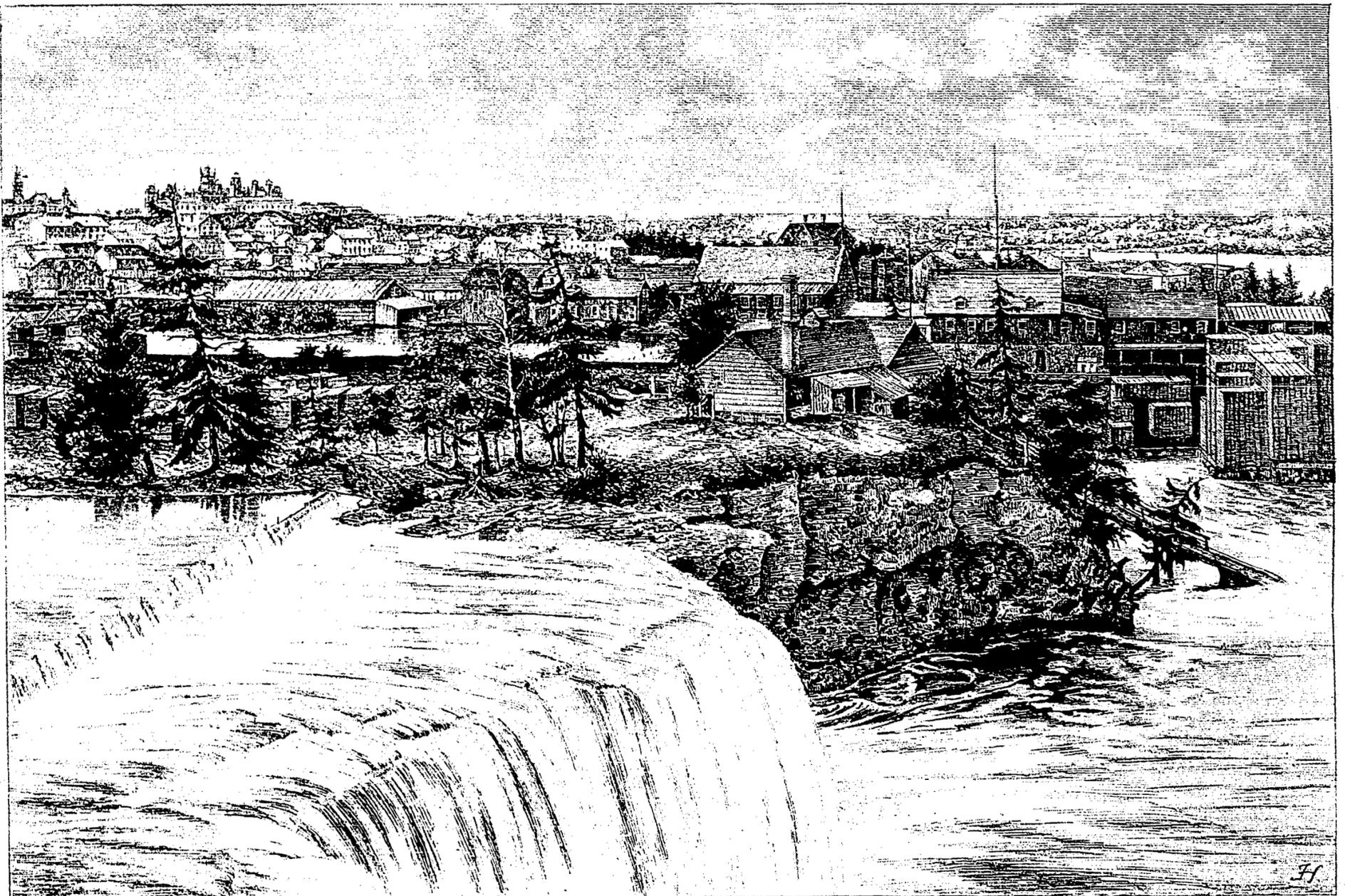
THE LATE HON. THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HENDERSON. SEE PAGE 211.



CLEARING THE SNOW FROM THE RAMPARTS, QUEBEC. FROM A SKETCH BY W. O. C.—SEE PAGE 211.



JAMES O'REILLY, Esq., Q. C.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN. SEE PAGE 210.



THE RIDEAU FALLS, AND OTTAWA CITY. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.—SEE PAGE 211.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1871.

SUNDAY, April 9.—Easter Sunday. Surrender of Gen. Lee, 1865.
 MONDAY, " 10.—Clergy Reserve Bill passed, 1855.
 TUESDAY, " 11.—Canning born, 1770. Napoleon signed his first abdication, 1814. Capture of an English party by Greek brigands, 1870. Arrival of the Red River Delegates, Ritchot and Scott, at Ottawa, 1870.
 WEDNESDAY, " 12.—Henry Clay born, 1777.
 THURSDAY, " 13.—Edict of Nantes signed, 1598. Handel died, 1759. Magdala captured, 1868.
 FRIDAY, " 14.—Princess Beatrice born, 1857. President Lincoln assassinated, 1865.
 SATURDAY, " 15.—Mutiny at Spithead, 1797. The Red River Delegates arrested at Ottawa, 1870.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1871.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

The following extract from a private letter of our occasional, "W. M. F.," a gentleman of high social position in this City, who has kindly interested himself in the

"NEWS"

During his temporary absence in England, will show our readers that unusual courtesies are extended to

OUR STAFF IN LONDON

Improvised for the special object of illustrating by PEN AND PENCIL

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

Much of this may doubtless be credited to

H. R. H. PRINCE ARTHUR'S

Recollections of Canada; but much of it, we believe, should also be put down to the kindly interest with which the ROYAL HOUSEHOLD regards the Colonies and Colonial enterprise. "W. M. F." says:—

"I went down yesterday to Windsor and saw the drawing so far completed by Vizetelly. It will be very good, and Vizetelly told me that last Wednesday when at work

HER MAJESTY AND THE PRINCESS LOUISE

Came in—the latter looked over the drawing and pronounced it excellent. He had then completed the

ALTAR PIECE.

There appears to be NO ONE that has had permission to make any Sketches

EXCEPT OUR ARTIST,

And his Sketch will, therefore, be the only

ORIGINAL ONE OF THE MARRIAGE.

I am in hopes, through the Hon. Mr. Poxsonby, to get Vizetelly a place in the Organ Loft at the time of the ceremony.

THE DEAN OF WINDSOR

Has kindly acceded to a wish to have the Plate laid out beforehand on the Altar, so that Vizetelly can prepare his Sketch. In fact I have succeeded far beyond my anticipations in the privileges given to myself and the

C. I. NEWS STAFF."

Our readers may thus depend upon having exact and effective

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE WEDDING

And of the principal incidents connected with it. These will be brought out as speedily as a due regard to faithful reproduction will permit.

The portraits of the

EIGHT BRIDESMAIDS

Will appear in our next week's issue, and we hope to have the drawing of

THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY

Ready at the same time.

News AGENTS should send in their orders early to secure prompt fulfilment.

We publish two London letters this week. A third has been received, which is deferred till next issue.

NEW MUSIC.—"The Sun shone through the Lattice, love," is the title of a pretty little song, the music and words of which are by Mr. Jacob G. Ascher, and the arrangement by Mr. G. A. Pearce. It is for sale at the stores of Messrs. Prince and De Zouche.

The adoption of the resolutions upon which to found an address to the Queen in Council for the admission of British Columbia into the Union, virtually completes the work of Confederation towards the West. There remain now, outside, only Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland, neither of which are of any material consequence to the rest of the Dominion, except for the single idea of British American Union. That idea has never been esteemed as of light consequence by us, or by those who have wished above all things to secure Canadian supremacy over the British Colonies, or, to put the idea in better terms, the permanence of the Imperial connection through the agency of a single General Government administering the affairs common to all the British American Provinces. Fortunately, the recalcitrant Provinces are now confined to the St. Lawrence Gulf and Atlantic Islands. Should they continue to stand out in the cold they will not mar the symmetry of our continental country, nor can they, of their own mere motion, place themselves in a position to menace the progress or cripple the independence of the Dominion. Their union with Canada is desired by Canadians almost solely for sentimental reasons. Except in the matter of additional maritime prestige, they can bring nothing to the mainland Provinces which the latter covet, and even respecting that one element of national strength, Canada, already ranking as the fourth power in the world, will, doubtless, with a Pacific Coast line, soon advance her rank on the ocean, for the opening up of communication between the Atlantic and Pacific, through Canadian territory, cannot fail to exercise an immense influence on the increase of Canadian tonnage at sea.

Several questions are involved in the terms of Union with British Columbia affecting considerations of party or internal, rather than of national, policy. The concession of six representatives in the House of Commons to a population, which by the Union Act could only claim one, is not unreasonably objected to. But a temporary provision of that kind is no more a violation of the general principles upon which the Canadian Confederation is founded than was the fixed proportion of the senatorial representation between the three divisions as first united. To this day Nova Scotia and New Brunswick enjoy the full benefit of the representation of Prince Edward Island in the Senate; and the Province of Manitoba, with a population, all told, that falls considerably short of that of an average constituency either in Ontario or Quebec, is already endowed with a representation of four in the House of Commons. These temporary concessions to the Provincial *entirely* are rendered necessary, and will, doubtless, form precedents in the creation of new Provinces, because our system discards the territorial condition of probation which is in vogue in the United States. In the Republic a newly-settled portion of wild lands has a certain status to gain in point of population, &c., before it can rank as a State, and during that probationary period, while it enjoys the benefit of representation in the House of Representatives, according to its population, has no representative in the Senate. But with us matters have been differently arranged: the Provinces do not possess the Legislative independence of the separate American States; our Union, in fact, is not strictly federal, but partakes largely of the legislative character. Even though the Provinces be accounted consenting parties, they have all surrendered too many of the functions pertaining to an independent Legislature to preserve intact the federal character of the Union; and beyond this, we have to remember that our constitution exists only as made by the Imperial Parliament.

These reflections suggest that it would be unfair to the young communities which join the older and more populous Provinces to confine them absolutely to the limits placed upon the latter. What, for instance, have Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia to fear from Manitoba or British Columbia, because the one joins the Union with four and the other with six representatives in the House of Commons? The two together add but ten to a House of one hundred and eighty-one members, which will, doubtless, be increased after the next census, though the two new Provinces will receive no addition until they are entitled to it on the score of population. And were these two Provinces asked to come in with a single member a-piece, is it not quite probable they would both be disposed to refuse? Their proportionately greater representation, while too small to jeopardise the interests of the older Provinces, gives increased confidence to their present population, and adds to their importance in the eyes of the outside world; whereas, had they really consented to come in with one member each, their territorial greatness would have been virtually ignored, and their importance belittled, without conferring any advantages on the other Provinces. There exist several reasons why Canada cannot follow the system of first establishing Territories, to be afterwards

developed into Provinces; one very obvious one—strong enough, in fact, to dispense with the others—that she has no sovereignty. We do not buy, nor acquire by conquest, as did, and do, the United States; we acquire by compact or treaty, subject to the ratification of the Queen in council, and hence the urgent reason why the terms cannot be absolutely of our own making.

One other grave question involved in the terms of Union with British Columbia is the compact entered into to build the Canadian Pacific Railway in ten years, and, subsidiary to that, the payment to British Columbia of \$100,000 per annum in perpetuity for the cession of lands with which to subsidise any company that will undertake the building of the railway. We may remark that we have utterly failed to discover any reason why British Columbia, which will gain so much by the railway, ought to be paid for lands that without the railway are worthless. The principle is not a sound one, and may prove embarrassing at a future stage. It would have been far better, if, on account of territorial extent or geographical position, British Columbia required an excessive subsidy to defray local expenses, that the grant had been plainly made upon these grounds. With respect to the building of the railway upon the system proposed there can be but little doubt that it will prove successful, and act as a powerful agency in colonizing British Columbia and the North-West. The scheme is a vast one, and upon its success much of the future prosperity of Canada will depend. From what has already been done in the old Provinces, however, within the past twenty years, we cannot permit ourselves to doubt of the ultimate success of the Canadian Pacific Railway, nor of its completion within the time specified, unless some unforeseen calamity should occur to retard it.

THE REVOLUTION IN PARIS.

Paris is still in an extremely critical state, but we may fairly indulge in a hope that order will soon be restored. The insurgents, elated by several small successes, have made a bolder attempt to subvert the authority of the Versailles Government, in which they failed miserably. On Sunday an engagement took place between the revolutionists and the Government troops, in the neighbourhood of Courbevoie, in which the former were utterly defeated and driven back with considerable loss into the city. In order to effect the sooner the suppression of the revolution, Bismarck has consented to allow the augmentation of the Paris army to 80,000 men, and has furthermore supplemented the concession with the announcement that unless the indemnity agreed upon is paid by the 15th inst., 80,000 Germans will enter Paris, suppress the revolution, and occupy the city until the money is all paid. The latest despatches received announce that the Commune have issued a decree arraigning Thiers, Favre, Ernest Picard, Dufaure, Jules Simon, and Pothuan, before the Tribunal of the People, and ordering the confiscation of their property. The whole proceeding is a sad commentary on the teachings of Garibaldi-Mazzini *doctrinaires*, and in the end will probably, like extreme proceedings generally, go far to strengthen the other extreme; in other words, the brief rule of Republican license will but prepare the people for quiet submission to Imperial absolutism.

LITERARY NOTICE.

"DOR IT DOWN:" A Story of Life in the North-West, by Alexander Begg. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.

Winnipeg literature is something almost new; and "life in the North-West," as sketched in this volume, somewhat stormy. The "Story" is, indeed, to all intents and purposes a political one, bringing up the narrative to the preparations made for resisting the entrance of the Hon. Mr. McDougall. It has, however, much interest for the Canadian reader from the graphic descriptions given of plain hunting, fur trading, and of life in the Red River Settlement generally. The champions of the so-called "Canadian" party are not painted in very flattering colours; on the contrary, the author, who is a Red River Settler of the old stock, shows up their weaknesses in a somewhat merciless manner. It is not improbable that several of them will be able to recognise their own portraits, nevertheless, even if they are not discerned by their friends. The ground-work of the story is a well concocted love affair, the interest of which is preserved throughout the volume. The story is followed by a copious "Emigrant's Guide to Manitoba," which, in connection with the insight given to life in the North-West, will, no doubt, help to make the book as popular as it is entertaining.

CAMEO VIGNETTE PORTRAITS.—We strongly advise those of our readers who can make it convenient to visit Notman's studio and examine these wonderful little art-treasures. Photography is advancing with such rapid strides upon the ground hitherto held to be sacred to paint-brush and easel, that we can hardly venture to predict where its triumphs will end. We hope, after a time, with Mr. Notman's aid, to be able to illustrate how far we, too, can encroach upon the domain of the accomplished artist, and to prove by united exertion that Canada is rather ahead of the rest of the world than behind it, in the application of recent invention to the realization of artistic effect.

OUR ENGLISH LETTER.

(From an Occasional Correspondent.)

LONDON, March 18, 1871.

Yesterday being the anniversary of the birth of St. Patrick (whom I mentioned in my last as recorded to have sailed from the banks of the Mersey this time 1,439 years ago) was duly celebrated here.

London is very crowded, and the great number of French people one sees is very noticeable. The other day, on the occasion of the Drawing-Room at Buckingham Palace, all the park avenues around the Palace were crowded with people, a large number of whom were foreigners.

In the Court-yard of St. James and Buckingham Palace, two bands were playing, on horseback, with rich uniforms and velvet hunting caps. My astonishment was great, and so must that of the French have been, when I heard them playing French Can-can music.

I visited Windsor Castle yesterday, and found your artist busy preparing his sketches of the coming event, and learned that the Princess Louise, who was passing through the Chapel on Wednesday with Her Majesty, paid him a high compliment. While I was there the Mayor of the Borough of New Windsor, in the name of the people, had the honour of presenting to Princess Louise a very handsome diamond bracelet.

The bridecake will be manufactured at the Castle by Laytons, the Royal Confectioners, and it is said there will be upwards of 300 lbs. to supply for presents.

Windsor is fast filling in the expectation of seeing the Princess and the Marquis pass through High street and Park street to the Long Walk on their departure for Claremont.

The Marquis of Lorne, when at Eton College, was a great favourite with his fellow students, who, it is said, will present his lordship with a wedding present.

Everything, now-a-days, is Lorne. Lorne Ties, Lorne Waltzes, Lorne Laurels. There are also two works published—one called "The Land of Lorne;" the other "The Clan Campbell"—the latter being a historical account of the Argyll family for the last 600 years.

The Pull Mall Gazette says it is with feelings of intense gratitude and relief that those gentlemen who have been honoured with invitations to be present at the Royal Wedding, observe on the corner of the tickets issued, the words "Gentlemen, full-dress—trousers." The P. M. adds: "There can be little doubt that the day is not far distant when no gentleman will be called on to appear on state occasions without his trousers."

The most loyal heart must shrink with horror at the prospect of being exposed for some hours to a cold March wind, blowing with its accustomed freedom around calves, or apologies for such, encased in silk stockings.

The Enniskillen Journals publish a rumour that a marriage is arranged between the Princess Beatrice and the Marquis of Ely. The Marquis is just twenty-one, and the young Princess Beatrice, Mary Victoria Feodore, was born April 14th, 1857,—so that she is only 14; and you can, therefore, give whatever credence you like to the rumour.

The trial for a remarkable action of breach of promise is also recorded in one of the Irish Journals, the plaintiff being a Miss Joyce, a young lady of great beauty, who has not yet attained her 19th year; and the defendant, a widower of 45 years, named Theobald Blake. The Jury gave the plaintiff £5,000 stg. damages.

I notice that a lecture on "The Red River Expedition" was delivered in the Prince Consort's Library, Aldershot, last week, by Col. Sir G. J. Wolsley, K. C. M. G., late Deputy Quarter-Master General in Canada, and who commanded the Red River expedition. The lecturer was listened to with the greatest attention, and at the conclusion was greeted with loud and prolonged applause. Lt.-Gen. Sir Hope Grant, Major-Gen. Lysons, and other notables, were present.

I note that Sir G. J. Wolsley has been gazetted a Companion of the Bath.

London has still plenty of gaiety and pleasure on hand. Friday, the 10th, being the eighth anniversary of the Prince and Princess of Wales' wedding, they were to be seen driving through Rotten-Row, and in the evening gave a large ball at Marlborough House. A small room on the first floor had been fitted up as a Turkish reception room and filled with reminiscences of the Prince's Eastern Travels. The Drawing-rooms are very pretty—indeed, in every detail the house is fitted up with perfect taste, the Princess's boudoir being a gem in its way.

No one can find fault with the royal family for any want of hospitality, though her Majesty, since her widowhood, has in a great measure foregone social pleasures. The younger branches of the royal house are always moving in society, entertaining or being entertained. Last week Prince Arthur gave a party at the Ranger's House, Greenwich Park, to Sir

David Wood, Commandant of the Woolwich garrison, and some 50 officers and ladies from Woolwich,—which seems to have been a very enjoyable and brilliant affair.

In the House of Parliament the great topic of conversation is the "Army Bill," and there was a pretty lively night on Thursday, ending in an indescribable scene of noise and uproar. The debate on the bill was resumed that evening by Lord Bury, whose speech was much applauded. It was of great length, and is worth perusal.

Dealing with the question of purchase, he asked what had the Government offered in exchange for it? A system that would lower the class of officers entering the army, countenance favouritism under the selection and effectually stop promotion. Above all it will involve the country in an enormous expense, when the amount of money proposed to be appropriated, to carry out this hobby of the Government, might be much better expended on the National Defence. There is a very strong opposition to the proposed bill, and I expect Mr. Cardwell will be defeated.

Lord Elcho, who is a great authority on military matters, and the great champion of the Volunteers, remarked, in an able speech against the bill, that "the Government were proposing to waste money which ought to be spent in getting men, in completing the artillery to 900 guns, in giving protection to our commercial harbours, in building a second arsenal, and in arming the fleet." "Yes," he says, "a couple of millions out of twelve, with which the country is to be saddled, for the purpose of destroying and demoralizing what little army we have got, would be well spent in gunboats and monitors." "As it is, the bill before Parliament," he adds, "is an invitation to Parliament to sow salt upon the seashore and to cast millions fruitlessly away."

It is said that the ex-Emperor of the French is shortly expected in England, and that the Empress, accompanied by the Prince Imperial, left Chislehurst for Dover, yesterday, to meet the ex-Emperor, who was expected to arrive by steambath via Ostend.

There is nothing new from Versailles. Complaints are made of the ill-treatment and annoyance to which Germans are at present exposed in France, and particularly in Paris, which one can fully understand. Bankers are discharging their German clerks, and manufacturers declare no German workmen will be received in their establishments. In fact there is a great war of expulsion going on.

The guns at Montmartre and in the Place Royale are still held by the rebellious National Guard. It is said that the Ministers in Council were yesterday to decide on what course they would take in order to enforce obedience to the laws. A convention has been entered into between the French and German authorities in reference to the working of railways, the postal and telegraph services, and the alimentation of the German army of occupation. The National Guards have been invited to present themselves at the American Legation and sign their names there, in order to receive five francs and one pound of tobacco each, resulting from a public subscription in the United States.

One of the most useful things that have been done in Paris by the Committee of the English Charitable Fund has been the appropriation of a part of the money towards redeeming the goods pledged at the Mont de Pitié during the siege.

In France the State is the universal pawnbroker, and rules for the regulation of the Mont de Pitié are made by Government.

In the great galleries there have been stored during the siege numerous things which nothing but the pressure of dire want could have caused to have been pawned there.

To redeem the tools of the workmen was an idea which struck Mr. Marshall, one of the English Committee.

Families are returning to Paris in great numbers, and gas once more dazzles the eye.

There is a good photograph of the Emperor of Prussia, which I do not know if I mentioned to you before, representing the Emperor on his knees sending the following despatch to the Empress:

"By divine will, my dear Augusta, We've had another awful buster— 10,000 Frenchmen sent below— Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

W. M. F.

CANADIAN PARLIAMENT.

SENATE.

Monday March 27.—The Senate did not meet.

Tuesday, March 28.—The Fenian Raid Indemnity and Currency Assimilation Bills were received from the Commons and read a first time. Some conversation took place respecting British Columbia, after which the Revenue Collection Corrupt Practices Bill was read a third time and referred to the Commons for concurrence in the amendments.

Wednesday, March 29.—Several private bills were advanced a stage, and the House adjourned at 4:50 p.m.

Thursday, March 30.—The Fenian Raid Indemnity Bill was read a second time and referred, Hon. Mr. CAMPBELL stating, in answer to a question, that the claims of Canada for indemnity had been submitted to the High Commission, and if they were not entertained, Government would urge them upon the attention of the Imperial Government.

The Senate did not sit on Friday and Saturday.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Monday, March 27.—Mr. BOWELL'S Bill to legalise marriages for which no license had been issued was read a first time, though Sir G. CARTIER expressed an opinion that the jurisdiction in the matter lay with the Local Legislature. After some unimportant business, the discussion on Mr. Blake's resolution on the British Columbia resolutions was taken up at the point where it was broken off on Thursday, and the SPEAKER having declared the amendment of the member for Hochelaga in order, it was put to the vote and lost: yeas, 77; nays, 85. Sir G. E. CARTIER'S amendment was carried by 78 to 57. Hon. Mr. HOLTON then moved an amendment that no changes be made in the B. N. A. Act, or sought by the Executive Government without the consent of the Dominion Parliament, which was carried nem. con., and the motion as amended being put to the vote was carried by 99 to 38. Mr. BLAKE moved the second reading of his Independence of the Senate Bill, and the Bill, after a brief debate, being put to the vote was lost by a majority of one. Some conversation then took place on the Manitoba

Elections, in the middle of which Hon. Mr. MACDOUGALL called attention to there being strangers in the House, and the galleries were accordingly cleared.

Tuesday, March 28.—The whole of the day's session was taken up with the debate on the British Columbia Resolutions. In moving the House into Committee, Sir GEORGE E. CARTIER, after briefly reviewing the history of the Dominion and that of British Columbia, proceeded to explain the terms, premising that no alteration could be made in the resolutions, as they partook of the nature of a treaty, and an amendment to any one paragraph would defeat the whole. The Opposition made a vigorous attack upon the resolutions, principally upon that referring to the Pacific Railway, led by Sir A. T. GALT, and Messrs. HOLTON, BLAKE, and MACKENZIE, the latter offering an amendment to the effect that no further steps should be taken in the matter than to have a survey made, and that further consideration should be delayed to give time to modify the terms. The House adjourned at midnight.

Wednesday, March 29.—Mr. D. A. SMITH, one of the Manitoba members, took his seat on the Government side. The House concurred in several items reported from Committee of Supply. On the item of \$200,000 for Public Buildings in Halifax, Hon. Mr. DORIOS moved an amendment of non-concurrence, which was quashed by an amendment made by Sir G. E. CARTIER and carried, providing, as an alternative, for "the payment of \$66,365, or so much as may be awarded by arbitration as justly due to the Halifax Government." After Recess the debate on the British Columbia resolutions was resumed, and continued until after midnight without any result being arrived at.

Thursday, March 30.—After preliminary business the debate on the British Columbia Resolutions was resumed by Mr. JONES (Halifax), who moved an amendment to the amendment, setting forth that the expenditure proposed was beyond the resources of the Dominion. After a long debate—it being one o'clock in the morning—the amendment was put and lost by 63 to 93. Mr. ROSS (Dundas) moved an amendment postponing further consideration of the subject, which was also lost; 75 to 85. Mr. MACKENZIE'S amendment, moved on Tuesday, was then put and lost. Yeas, 67; nays, 91. Hon. Mr. DORIOS moved a last amendment—that "the House would not be justified in imposing on the people the enormous burdens required to build a railway in ten years, as proposed by the Resolution." The amendment was lost by 70 to 91, and the main motion passed on a like division. Committee then rose and reported progress, and the House adjourned at 2:15 a.m.

Friday, March 31.—The following bills were read a second time:—Weights and Measures Assimilation, Metric Weights and Measures, Savings Bank Deposits, Inspection, and Excise Laws Extension. The English Loan Resolutions passed through committee, and also the resolution to amend the Fishing by Foreign Vessels Act. After Recess, Sir G. E. CARTIER moved the reception of the report of Committee on the British Columbia Resolutions. Mr. MACKENZIE offered an amendment providing for delay, which, after a lengthy debate, was lost by 63 to 85. Mr. CARTWRIGHT moved an amendment to the eleventh paragraph proposing that the Government should use its utmost exertions to complete the railway in ten years. This was also lost, 7 to 135. Several other amendments were offered and lost by large majorities, and the main motion was then carried on a division. The House rose at 1:45.

Saturday, April 1.—Sir G. E. CARTIER moved the second reading of the British Columbia Address. Mr. MACKENZIE moved an amendment condemning the terms as unjust and undesirable, which was lost by 66 to 86. Sir A. T. GALT made a last effort to quash the bill, which was defeated by a majority of 119. The main motion was then put and carried, as also the motion for the presentation of the Address. After Recess the matter of the Montreal Warehousing Company was brought up, Hon. Mr. HOLTON moving an amendment setting forth that the Government should take possession of the lot on the Lachine Canal leased to the Company. The motion was lost by 38 to 58.

VERMONT CENTRAL RAILWAY.—We are glad to learn that henceforward the sleeping car accommodation of the Vermont Central Railway will be under the control of the Pullman Palace Car Company.

It is pointed out that if the French war indemnity is to be divided on the same principle as that which has been applied to the other exactions, North Germany, not including Hesse, will receive 3,815 millions of francs; Bavaria, 650 millions; Wurtemberg, 240 millions; Baden, 190 millions; and Hesse, 105 millions. This will be equivalent to 34 G. 10 thalers, or about £5 for each individual in the population, and to 173 thalers, or about £25 for every family in Germany.

The Français has just published a complete list of the balloons which carried the letters from out Paris. Fifty-four were sent up for that purpose; of these we know that one, the Archimède, went down in Holland; another, the Ville d'Orléans, was carried out to Norway; a third, the Ville de Paris, (a predestined name) was dashed by the wind into Prussia; two, the Galilée and the Daguerré, were captured in the Prussian lines; one more, the Vauban, fell amongst the enemy, but its aeronauts escaped; while the poor Jules Favre seems to have been lost at sea.

TEMPERATURE in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Saturday, April 1, 1871, observed by JOHN UNDERHILL, Optician to the Medical Faculty of McGill University, 230 Notre Dame Street.

Table with columns for time (9 A.M., 1 P.M., 6 P.M., MAX., MIN., MEAN) and barometer readings (9 A.M., 1 P.M., 6 P.M.). Rows include dates from March 26 to April 1.

BIRTH.

At St. Louis de Kamouraska, on the 27th of March last, the wife of Jos. G. Pelletier, Esq., P. S. C., of a son.



H. R. H. PRINCESS LOUISE.

SEE PAGE 211.



THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

SEE PAGE 211.

DESMOND,

AN IRISH LEGEND.

BY CHARLES LODGE.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

BRITAIN claims her Merlin, Caledonia her Michael Scott. Not less in fame is Erin's Desmond, nor better in fortune. We know how Vivien trapped the great seer of Arthur's court; there is no record of the superior witchcraft that brought him who "cleft Eildon hills in three, and bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone" to entomb himself in Melrose's monastery, but we may fairly guess that a woman had something to do with his retirement. Desmond also attributes his ruin to the charm of bright eyes being too much for all his knowledge. But let the verses tell their story themselves.

Low buried Loch Guir lies 'midst Limerick's hills
Huge and rugged; and o'er its dark waters there thrills
The deep echo that sounds like the quivering cry
Of the Banshee that warns death to all that can die.

Few, few, fly the birds o'er that lake's gloomy deeps,
Unillumined by the sun, where no fish ever leaps,
Where the shadows fall black, and the sunset, instead
Of heaven's own light, casts a murderous red.

And grim, grim is the form of the dark ancient towers
Whose sombre reflection like Erebus lowers
O'er the black waters' surface, still blacker than they,
And whose outline looms large 'gainst the sky's clear pale gray.

Earl Desmond stands tall on the battlements high,
And he looks o'er his own to the verge of the sky;
Yet care broods on his brow, stern and thoughtful his mien,
And his proud head sunk low on his doublet of green.

Throughout Erin's broad lands not a cheek but grows pale
When the dread name of Desmond's the theme of the tale,
And the voice of the harper is hushed as he sings
Of the Earl's wizard skill to his lightly touched strings.

Oh! who is the lady steals close to his side,
Lays her hand on his arm as he stands in his pride,
Lifts her lovely head up to his terrible face,
And playfully strikes it with petulant grace?

Oh! who is that lady so fair and so bright,
With her gleaming blue robe and her curls flying light
In the breeze of the evening, the sun's latest gleams?
Flooding rich round her figure with glorious beams?

The fair cheeks of Wexford Earl Desmond hath sought,
And their purer and brighter and dearest has brought
To the dark shores of Guir, his beautiful bride,
'Tis sweet Florence of Killaheen stands by his side.

"Oh! Desmond, dread Desmond, come rede unto me
"Some spell of the art of thy weird gramarye;
"Let the hills fly apart at the wave of thy hand,
"And the lake rise and fall at thy mighty command."

Grave and sad is his smile as he bends his head low
O'er her bright hair.—"Dear lady, too frail thou to know
"The mysteries deep of the Wizard's dark lore,
"Or to stand unappalled all his terrors before."

"Oh! Desmond, great husband, full little you deem
"How bold the faint heart of a woman may seem,
"Unblinded should my cheek be, and steadfast mine eye,
"Though thy harvest of demons swept angrily by."

Full long doth the lady entreaty sustain;
Full long is the boon supplicated in vain;
But what power of witchcraft can equally vie
With the nameless enchantment of woman's dark eye?

He yields: "Take thy will then, adventurous girl,
"But one warning attend ere you choose," quoth the Earl,
"Let what will come nigh thee, what horrors appal,
"Till the third spell be silent: one cry ruins all."

"Should the charm which I use by a word be once broke
"The doom comes upon me the prophetess spoke;
"All mine island and castle shall vanish from sight,
"And beneath these dark waters sink deep from the light."

There's a door in the tower is never unbarred;
None may know, save the Earl, what the portal may guard;
But deep in the dead of the night, 'tis averred,
Through its crevices noises of awe may be heard.

Shrill shrieks and unearthly, the dying man's groan,
And demonic laughter's unnatural tone,
Within its low archway now silent they stand,
And the bars and bolts yield at the touch of his hand.

Slightly pale her fair cheek, but undaunted her air,
And she trends with firm foot up the perilous stair,
Till the solid wall yawns at the sound of the spell,
And they pass to the place of the powers of Hell.

"Remember the warning!"—he raises his hand:
Then the red circle's limit his footsteps have spanned,
The wind rises fast, and the bright flame burns low,
And his form seems to change in its deep lurid glow.

He mutters the spell, and he chants the shrill charm,
And the wind falls at once to a terrible calm;
And the light burns more dimly, and faint grow the fires,
Till from out the red ring a vast phantom aspires:

Huge and monstrous in form, and with eyeballs of flame,
And with wings that swept dark as in circles it came,
Whirling wild round the walls of the widening room,
Wailing weird with the voice of the damned in their doom.

The winds rise to a tempest, the roofcrashes down,
Through the chasm the glare of the lightning is thrown,
But no splash of the storm wets fair Florence's face,
Not a breath of air ruffles her light hanging lace.

Pale, pale are her features, close clenched her hands,
But silent and steadfast and gallant she stands,
The storm passes over, the orzo is done,
And her husband before her stands safe and alone.

She would fly to embrace him—she steps back a stride,
And waves her away from the place at his side,
"The trial's not over, a new spell's begun;
"Till the third I must mortal companionship shun."

He speaks, and he sinks on his knee on the ground;
Straight a swift sublimation strikes sharp on the sound;
Convolute grows his body, humanity's last,
High in air a forked tongue and green sealed head are tost.

Weren't thou round the charmed circle's sheltering bound
Leviathan's folds are intricately wound;
The serpent's jaws menace from over her head,
And the forked tongue darts down like a fiery thread.

She shrinks down appalled to the earth; and well nigh
She had shrieked, for the glance of that devilish eye,
Is too awful; down, down, comes the vision more near,
Till the blood to her heart courses back in her fear.

A calm comes; she cannot for agony brook
To raise to those eyeballs her terrified look,
And the Wizard speaks anxiously—"Short courage more,
"And the awe of initiation for ever are o'er."

She rises, all white, but obediently true,
And for courage a prayer from her heart there half flew;
Wild and sudden his gesture, his broad brows frown black,
To her soul the entreaty throbs shuddering back.

He lays himself down on the stones of the hall
At the length of his person, so gallant and tall,
High his stature, but lo! as she gazes in dread,
Slow he stretches in size from the heel to the head.

His features distorted, all ghastly his face,
His likeness made awful, perceptible trace
Of his spirit departed, a horrible grin
On his lips. Her last scream shrills midst chaos's din.

There's a clap as the heavens were riven in twain,
Round the towers there rushes a mad whirl of rain,
The thunder of judgment roll deep round the walls,
And o'er Desmond eternity's canopy falls.

Loch Guir still lies black amidst Limerick's heights,
On its waters still rarely a seabird alights,
But unbroken they stretch from the shore to the shore,
And the island and castle are seen there no more.

Earl Desmond did not pass entirely from human ken when he sank, with his wife and property, beneath the waves of Loch Guir. Even to this day the country people who inhabit the barren land about the mountains of Limerick, tell wondrous stories of his manifestations. It appears that, by way of penance for his illicit devotion to the black art, he is condemned to ride out at certain intervals few and far between, of course at nightfall, on a horse with silver shoes. When the shoes are worn down to the hoof his soul is saved. He has another chance, however; if any mortal will remove one of the valuable articles, that will stand the Earl in equal stead with many a night's hard riding. A blacksmith, on one occasion, working late at his forge, was visited by a noble looking gentleman (Desmond was emphatically "a fine man") on the best black horse he had ever seen, all blood and bone. The stranger said not a word, but rode up the smith and directed him by gesture to take off one of the animal's shoes. The working mechanic raised the foot, but when he caught sight of the silver shoe he knew his man, and let it drop as if it had been a hot coal from his own furnace. Desmond's frown was an ogglesome thing to see. He struck Pat O'Shaughnessy with his riding whip violently over the head, and as he galloped out of the smithy the hind hoof of the black steed caught the artificer a rap on the forehead which left him lying on the broad of his back with brain fever for many a long day afterwards.

Another adventure is told by a young girl. She was beetling some clothes in the brook, ankles and feet bare, when she became aware of a gallant and imposing looking personage, all in black velvet, slashed with crimson. (Satan's own colours; one looks for a smell as of newly-lighted lucifers at the first glimpse of such a garb.) The magnificent stranger beckoned Norah towards him, but she was too ashamed and too shy to obey, and at last the cavalier rode off at top speed, shewing the flashing horse-shoes as he galloped off into the night. Norah crossed herself, and thanked Providence, being a good girl, for her escape.

From the hints dropped in the various traditions of this kind, I should be inclined to fear that Desmond's temper has been somewhat roused by his misfortunes, and that he is rather of a malevolent disposition. It is much to be regretted that nobody has ever seen the lady, the beautiful Florence. I have tried many a time and oft to do so myself, but the fates have never been propitious.

A LADY'S EXPERIENCE OF THE PRUSSIANS.

The details in the following letter from a lady resident at St. Valery portray some of the miseries incident to war:—
"March 9.—I think it will interest you to hear how we have fared under Prussian dominion. They arrived from 1,500 to 2,000, and as this is so small a place it soon became evident that every tolerably-sized house must have a good number. . . . We had eight, then six for a fortnight, and since we have two, and God knows for how long. Madame — and my brother-in-law had eighteen between them. . . . The regulation tax for their meals was as follows:—*Café au lait*, bread and butter at eight; bread, meat, and beer at 10; *soupe grasse*, meat, vegetables, and beer at one; *café noir* and a wineglass of brandy at four; *soupe grasse*, meat, vegetables, and beer at seven; five cigars *per diem*, and besides five candles. . . . Imagine the burden, and the same to all the small tradesmen. . . . The soldiers in many cases turned the people where they were lodged out of their beds. Some of our friends were obliged to sleep on the floor, and one lady, who remonstrated, was told by the soldiers she might sleep in the street. The commandant, who lodged with a widow lady, who has a beautiful house here, turned her out of her own bedroom, took her drawing-room for his eating and smoking-room, and required all sorts of things for his table most difficult to procure here. . . . A gentleman incensed by the insolence of the soldiers called them *canaille*. He was seized, brought to the commandant, who ordered him the *schlag*, and the poor widow lady was only saved from the outrage of seeing this gentleman flogged in her own courtyard by imploring the commandant on her knees to spare her such an insult. Another lady received the soldiers very crossly; in revenge they took her drawing-room to sleep, eat, and smoke in, and in her dining-room they performed every disgusting office of nature on the floor. Besides this they drank fifteen bottles of wine every day, and kept up a noise and singing all night. But the cruellest thing of all was on the 1st of March, when a solemn *Requiem* service was ordered for our poor dead soldiers. Would you believe it, the Prussian authorities insisted on celebrating a Protestant service of thanksgiving for their victories in our church on the same day, and at an hour which so interfered with the service as to compel the clergy to hurry it over, and hardly had the last note of the *Requiem* died away, before they marched into the church with their drums and music and sang the 'Te Deum of Victory'. . . . They demanded 20,000f. from this little town, and 5,000f. from a miserably poor commune. . . . In vain the Maire expostulated, saying how many widows and children had been lately thrown upon the town by the epidemic that had prevailed. . . . The commandant exhibited his orders, signed by Bismarck, to take even the ladies' jewels to make up the sum. . . . The Maire and my brother-in-law represented the impossibility for — to pay 5,000f. . . . They offered themselves as hostages, and accordingly the next day O — was arrested by an officer and four men armed to the teeth. His poor mother, at 73, and an invalid, sat pale as death and trembling like a leaf, while her favourite son was carried off, none of us knowing where, as

they said he would be sent to Germany. . . . On arriving at the village in question he was, however, released and the extortionate demand given up, showing how they had trusted to intimidation for getting the money. The commandant had a very fine map. On a gentleman remarking it he said, 'Yes, it is a very fine map, and it is the map of your town; see, here is your house, here the church, &c.' He added, 'I have it since two years.' The officers here talk openly of their designs on England and of an invasion. . . . They know everything about the inhabitants here, who are Republicans and who are not. . . . Such was our fate during the armistice. What would it have been during the war?"

TESTING AND PURIFYING GOLD DESCRIBED IN THE LANGUAGE OF THE ALCHEMISTS.

It is curious to see how the old alchemists hid their descriptions of operations in mysterious language, in order that the uninitiated should not understand them.

We will give an illustration of this taken from the work of the celebrated alchemist bard Valentine, entitled, "A Practical Treatise, together with the Twelve Keys, and Appendix of the Great Stone of the Ancient Philosophers."

In order to test rock containing gold in so fine a state of division that the malleability of the separate particles cannot be tried with the hammer on an anvil, he says, "Hide and couple in a transparent denne the eagle and the lion, shut the doors close, so that their breathe go not out, and strange ayr enter not in. The eagle, at their meeting, will tear to pieces and devour the lion, and be taken with a longe sleepe." Translating this from the symbolic style, in which the lion was used for gold ore, and the eagle for mercury, it means: Introduce and combine in a glass vessel mercury and gold ore, close it hermetically, so that the vapour cannot go out, nor air enter; the mercury, upon contact, will disintegrate and dissolve the gold, and will lose its fluidity, becoming a pasty amalgam.

In regard to the purification of gold with antimony the book says, "The king's diadem is made of pure gold, and a chaste bride must be married unto him; wherefore, if ye will work on our bodies, take the most ravenous gray wolf, which, by reason of his name, is subject to valorous Mars, but, by genesis of his nativity, he is the son of old Saturn, found in mountains and valleys of the world. He is very hungry; cast unto him the king's body, that he may be nourished by it; and when he hath devoured the king, make a great fire, into which cast the wolf, that he be quite burned; then will the king be at liberty again; when ye have done this thrice, then has the lion overcome the wolf, neither can he find any more on him to feed upon." The ravenous gray wolf is the sulphuret of antimony; Mars is iron, which decomposes in the state of filings the former, which thus is "subject to valorous Mars," reducing it to metallic antimony. The impure gold is called the king's body, which, being "cast unto the wolf," the antimony "nourishes it" or "is devoured by it." Then "the wolf is cast into a great fire," namely, by fusion with the metallic antimony the impurities are removed from the gold. It is placed with lead in the cupel, which, in the language of the alchemists, is expressed by *old Saturn*, and the wolf (the alloy with antimony) cast into the great fire, "that he be quite burned, (separated as oxide,) the king will be at liberty again," (the gold reduced to the metallic state.) It is required to "have done this thrice," as the gold will have taken up antimony and must be freed from it by repeated fusion under access of air, in order to remove the baser metals by oxidation.

The comparison of this old, obscure language of alchemists with the clear explanations of the same subjects in the modern text-books of chemistry used in our schools, gives, perhaps, the best idea of the difference between the tendency of the human mind at that period and in our own time.—*Manufacturer and Builder*.

THACKERAY AS AN ORATOR.—The most finished and elegant of all lecturers, Thackeray, often made a poor appearance when he attempted to make a set speech to a public assembly. He almost always broke down after the first two or three sentences. He prepared what he intended to say with great exactness, and his favourite delusion was that he was about to astonish everybody with a remarkable effort. It never disturbed him that he commonly made a woeful failure when he attempted speech-making, but he sat down with such cool serenity if he found he could not recall what he wished to say, that his audience could not help joining in and smiling with him when he came to a stand-still. Once he asked me to travel with him from London to Manchester to hear a great speech he was going to make at the founding of the Free Library institution in that city. All the way down he was discoursing of certain effects he intended to produce on the Manchester Dons by his eloquent appeals to their pockets. This passage was to have great influence with the rich merchants, this one with the clergy, and so on. He said that although Dickens and Bulwer and Sir James Stephens, all eloquent speakers, were to precede him, he intended to beat each of them on this special occasion. He insisted that I should have the full force of his magic eloquence. The occasion was a most brilliant one; tickets had been in demand at unheard-of prices several weeks before the day appointed; the great hall, then opened for the first time to the public, was filled by an audience such as is seldom convened in England. The three speeches which came before Thackeray were called upon, admirably suited the occasion, and were most eloquently spoken. Sir John Potter, who presided, then rose, and after some complimentary allusions to the author of "Vanity Fair," introduced him to the crowd, who welcomed him with ringing plaudits. As he rose he gave me a half wink from under his spectacles, as if to say: "Now for it; the others have done well, but I will show 'em a grace beyond the reach of their art." He began in a clear and charming manner, and was absolutely perfect for three minutes. In the middle of a most earnest and elaborate sentence he suddenly stopped, gave a comic look at the ceiling, crammed both hands into his trousers' pockets, and deliberately sat down. Everybody seemed to understand that it was one of Thackeray's unfinished speeches, and there was no sign of surprise or discontent among the audience. He continued to sit on the platform in a perfectly composed manner, and when the meeting was over he said to me, without a sign of discomfiture: "My boy, you have my profoundest sympathy; this day you have accidentally missed hearing one of the finest speeches ever composed for delivery by a great British orator." And I never heard him mention the subject again.

CARLISLE'S RESTAURANT, NOTRE DAME STREET.

Montreal, in common with all principal commercial centres on our western continent, has long been distinguished for the variety, not to mention excellence, of her houses of entertainment.

The present Terrapin has just been refitted and opened by the late proprietor, Mr. Joseph Carlisle, after the fire which, in August last, destroyed the old building and materially damaged the Messrs. McIver's fur and Sharpley's glass stores on either side adjoining.

We need not enlarge further than to say that the building is spacious, the rooms light, cheerful and airy, while the fittings are in correct keeping with the design.

The Messrs. Carlisle,—for there are several brothers in the business,—have, or had till lately, establishments all bearing the one name, in Toronto, St. Catharines, and several other principal towns of Canada; and had always by their urbanity and other qualities attracted the patronage for which the "Terrapin" has become distinguished.

FIVE O'CLOCK TEAS.

(From the Queen.)

This is essentially the month of afternoon tea-parties, and too much cannot be said in praise of these sociable and enjoyable meetings when the witching hour of five becomes the pleasantest in the whole twenty-four.

There are several varieties of afternoon teas—the stately and formal "at home," generally given by elderly ladies; "cherry tea," given by young and pretty women, whose husbands are addicted to whist-playing at their clubs before dinner, and which is the most popular thing of the day.

The tea equipages were arranged and brought in by the servants on two very low Sutherland tables; the services of very pretty harlequin china were placed on silver waiters, and with pretty pink and white china kettles, now so much used, containing hot water.

Amongst the costumes worn by the ladies, one of the handsomest was of black velvet, with narrow black satin flounces placed on the skirt at intervals; the body and basque of black velvet, as also the panier, which was worn very full and long; the whole was elaborately trimmed with beaver fur.

floenced and edged with grey velvet, and trimmed with chinchilla fur; a muff of the same, and bonnet of ponceau velvet, which colour is now so fashionable.

Another costume was of bright marone velvet, the skirt trimmed with bands of satin of the same colour. The tunic was worn rather long, vandyked at the edge, and trimmed with band and folds of satin.

Another very effective costume was of violet velvet, the panier trimmed with dog-skin fur. A short jacket was worn with this, similarly trimmed.

MISCELLANEA.

PUMPING OFF HIDES.—A new machine for taking off the hides of dead cattle will shortly be tried at Buenos Ayres. The operation is short, sharp, and decisive, requiring only a minute for each hide.

ANOTHER CHALLENGE FROM RENFORTH.—James Renforth, the champion of England, has issued a challenge proposing to match his four-oared crew to row any four in the world the following races, viz.: a four-oared race, a pair-oared race, and a sculler's race, for from £200 to £500 a side, the race or races to take place eight weeks after the first deposit is made.

It is curious that the nearest cognate substance to the pearl is bezoar, a concretion of a deep olive green colour found in the stomachs of goats, dogs, cows, and especially of camels; the bezoar used to be a valued talisman.

In a recent article upon the trade in human hair, it is stated that a patent has recently been taken out for converting goat's hair into hair for ladies' use; and the experiment is so successful as to render it almost impossible to distinguish the real article from the imitation.

MR. WHALLEY AND THE "CAPTAIN."—It is not generally known, but such is the fact, that Mr. Whalley has lately escaped a terrible misfortune. When Her Majesty's ship "Captain" was being commissioned, Mr. Whalley expressed a desire that a son of his should join her as a midshipman, and as the hon. member gives the Government a consistent support (except, of course, upon the "No Popery" question), the First Lord of the Admiralty was happy to oblige him, and his son was in due time directed to join the ship.

STEREOSCOPE.—The Abbé Morgue took the instrument to Arago, and tried to interest him in it; but Arago unluckily had a defect of vision that made him see double, so that in looking into the stereoscope he saw only a medley of four pictures. The Abbé then went to Savart, but he was quite as incapable of appreciating the thing, for he had but one eye.

Who first said that we were "a nation of shopkeepers?" Not Napoleon, to whom—as to Talleyrand and, among ourselves, to Sydney Smith—a multitude of effective phrases are attributed, which he perhaps may have uttered, but certainly did not invent. Lord Granville said the other night in the House of Lords that the author of the phrase in question was "a great military genius, whose fall was accelerated by his extravagant profusion of blood and treasure;" but if his lordship will go back some eighty years, and turn to the report of the celebrated debate on the "armament against Russia," he will find Sir Philip Francis taunting England with her addiction to commerce, and describing the English nation as "a nation of stock-jobbers, a nation of three per cents."

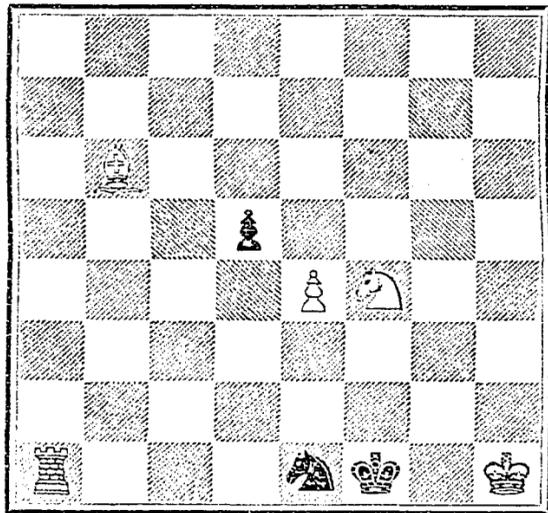
CHESS.

Another game in the late Telegraphic Match. QUEEN'S IRREGULAR OPENING.

Table showing chess moves for White (Prof. W. Hlicks, Montreal) and Black (Mr. J. White, Quebec) in a Queen's Irregular Opening. Moves include P. to Q. 4th, P. to K. B. 4th, K. to K. 3rd, etc.

(a.) An error which costs a game which has been well opened and contested up to this point; and is a notable example of the truth of the maxim in chess, that it is highly dangerous to attempt the winning of games, which, from their nature, should be drawn.

PROBLEM No. 28. BLACK.



WHITE. White to play, and mate in five moves.

CHARADES, &c.

ANSWER TO CHARADE NO. 6.

Ottawa.

Thus—O. in Bold. T. in Touque. T. in Peat. A. in Tart. W. in Borrow. A. in Water.

SOLUTION TO CHARADE NO. 7.

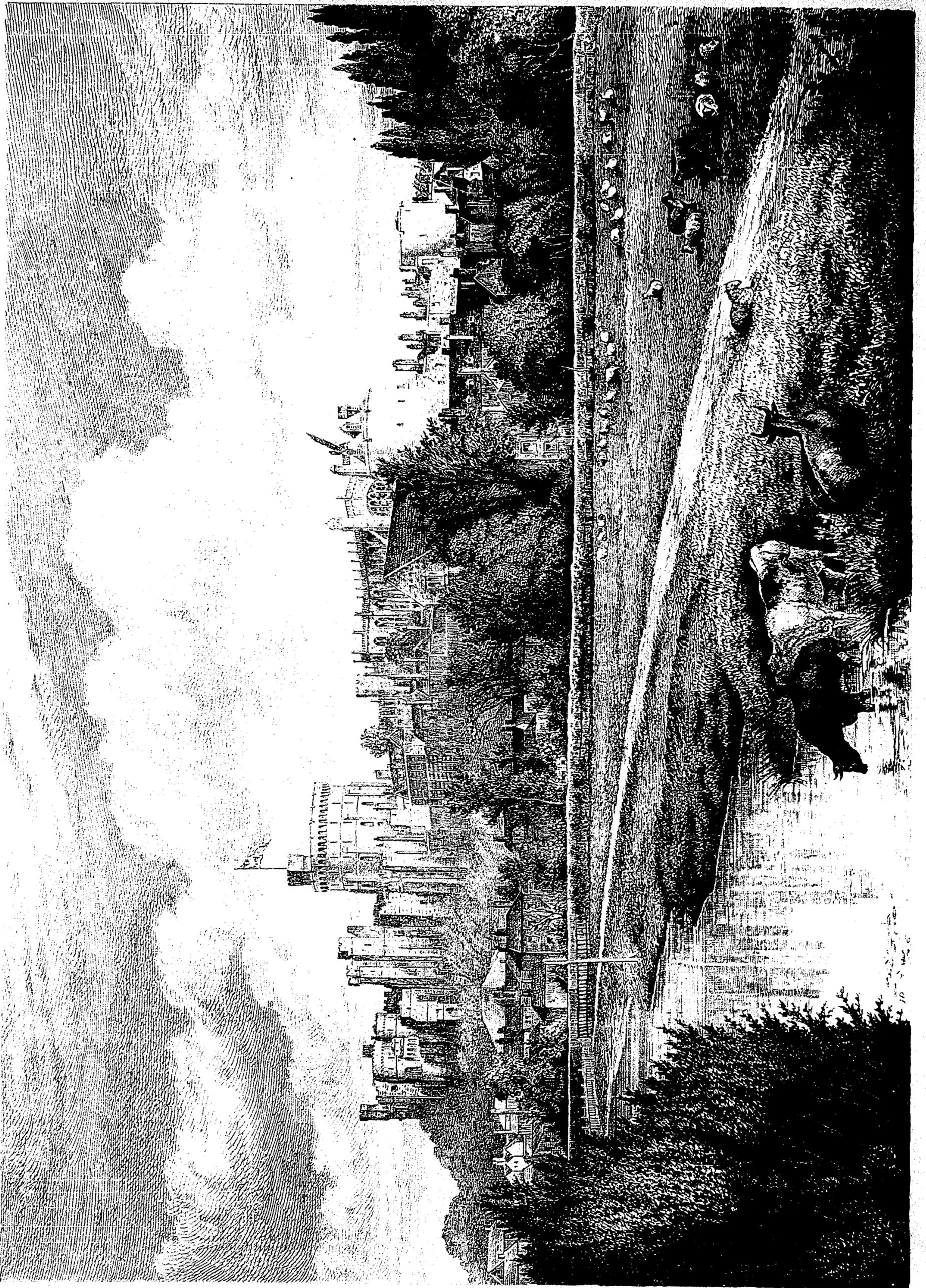
Little Red Riding Hood.

Thus:—Gold Ore. Tile. Rhine. Hide. Dirt. Drone. Loire.

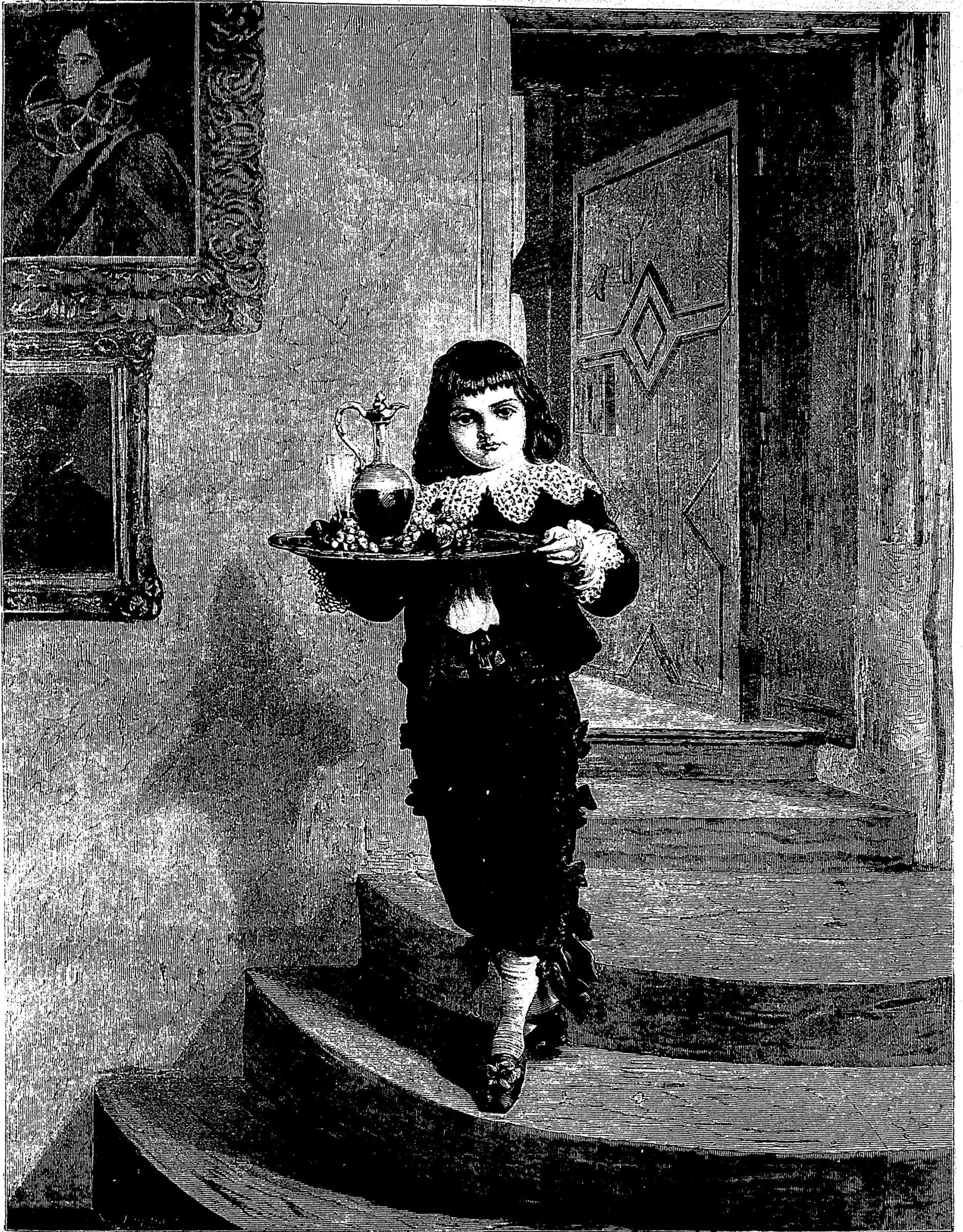
SOLUTION TO CHARADE NO. 8.

Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Manitoba. Thus:—Iron Ink. Hand. Snow. Queen. Truro. Bismark Rhine. Howe. Cravat. Cato. Cab. Bear.

AN UNLUCKY COINCIDENCE.—Dean Ramsay "remembers in the parish church of Fettercairn, though it must be sixty years ago, a custom, still lingering in some parts of the country, of the precantor reading out each single line before it was sung by the congregation. This practice gave rise to a somewhat unlucky introduction of a line from the first Psalm.



WINDSOR CASTLE.



"THE PAGE." By W. FIFE.

[REGISTERED in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1868.]

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

TALES OF THE LINKS OF LOVE.

BY ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE.

LILLYMERE.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued

"Who comes? Who comes?"
"The bride, no doubt; who else can it be?"

"No, no, Luggy. It is but nine o'clock. The bride and her friends do not come here at present. They meet me, the best man, and my people at the Manse at twelve. Then, after the nuptial knot is made—that is the grand name for it—and we twain are one, we make a procession of decorated waggons, the music in front, fiddles and bagpipes, flutes and drums, and arrive here about two to dine. Then after dinner begins the daft half of the day."

"Master, why does a decent man like you make a daft half of the day? Is it becoming in a good man?"

"That may depend on how daft we make things. Drinking is not becoming, I concede that to you; but we shall have several pots and kettles of boiling water, and concoct as we go on, every form of the cup which cheers but not inebriates. And the music will abound and resound, and we shall sing songs and dance."

"Ah, Mr. Ramasine; but is not singing worldly songs and dancing sinful?"

"My mother does not think dancing or singing and liting sinful. And my mother is, and has ever been, both a good and a useful woman."

"Laird, I differ with you about dancing; and think it likely to lead young people to evil ways. And for so much feasting, is it not wasteful?"

"Luggy, you know the folk around call me a 'near' man, a 'hard' man, and I know not what else. The women call me a 'wizend old stick,' all because I work early and late; spending little money, wasting no time. I would not be the Laird of Ramasine's Corners this day were I a wasteful or an idling man. So, d'ye see? As many as may come, just to quiet them, and to have a really cheerful, downright happy time, are to feast this day—the happiest day of my life—to the top of their bent. Laird Ramasine's wedding will be spoken of, I'll warrant. Yet, Luggy, you are a good lad. And oh, but you are fortunate in having no beard to shave; and no face for one to grow on like my face. What with wrinkles in the skin, and getting over the bones, round about my long chin with this plague of a razor—I think the devil has had my best razors, both of them—I'll never get through. I'm in real pain with last night's fooling, and this wizend hard face and nervous hand."

Cried Luggy, interrupting:
"Here comes Larrik, running. He has news."

"Haste ye, Laird, haste ye," that youth called, "they want you out along Concession Road. They have a waggon and span of horses. Miss Hayvern's chest of drawers is in the waggon, and all her providing. Clapper Hayvern—in his best sailor dress, ready for the wedding—sits on top of the chest of drawers playing the violin. And Taura Durra, the raging red short-horn, is led by a rope to the ring in his nose behind the waggon; Joseph, sitting on Tibby's muckle kist, offering the beast handfuls of hay; and the beast refusing to move a step forward if Clapper Hayvern stops playing the fiddle. And a little while since Taura Durra lay down and roared; and now the brute is up again rampaging; and Clapper playing and playing. They do not know what to do. You must come and help, they say; else they will not get to the Minister's Manse with the bride to meet you in time."

"Larrik, that's an awful speech ye've made. Don't you see I'm not half shaved? Never will be shaved; and no cutting-stone in trim to cuttle the blades. See? Don't either of you help them with Taura Durra. Let the red savage tire them out, and go back. For, see, if that brute comes here as part of Tibby's dowry, you two—Luggy and Larrik—will have the trouble and danger of feeding and guiding him. I do not want any dowry with my bride. Take a knife, go quietly to the waggon and cut the rope. Let the dogs loose; take them with you. When you cut the rope, Bawty and Nigger will soon chase Taura Durra home to Lot Four. There let the creature stay. Four thousand dollars for the plague! My certy, the fool, Clapper Hayvern, and his money were soon parted."

Soon after, in about half-an-hour, Larrik returned, saying:

"The rope was neatly snigged by somebody, and red Taura Durra is already in his pasture, Nigger and Bawty at his heels and flanks."

"I fear Miss Hayvern, my bride, may think this an ill omen; but so it must be. Oh, this weary shaving; the razors, both of them, are like saws; let me hone and strap and hone them as I may, they are no better. What is the matter now? Who wants me, Nelly?"

"It is the waggon with the bride's providing, Laird. A chest of drawers; beds and bedding; one great chest, and two smaller; an eight-day clock for the hall, and furniture for the bride's chamber."

"Ah! I must see to the proper reception of those goods, Nelly, half shaved though I be. Mother, the Taura Durra is not coming, the dogs have chased him home; be thankful. Now, let Miss Hayvern's things, the bride's outfit and furniture, be honourably placed in the best chamber. And I must finish my face and get dressed. Hope the new patent leather shoes, the pumps of fashion, aren't too small. Again, again, the pest of a thing! I have to hone, and hone, and hone the razor. And it's getting near time to dress and be away. Yes? I'm here; who is it? Who wants me?"

"One of the maple sugar boilers on the outside fires; the Evil One himself is in it. A pudding has leapt out of the pot. It is rolling, and rolling in the ashes. Come, Laird, come see what is the matter?"

"Wal-a-day! on the happiest of my life. Wal-a-day! Only shaved on one side, and interrupted again. But the plum puddings of all things must not be spoiled. Now, what is the matter?"

"You see how the pudding in its bag rolls about; it is bewitched!"

"Sure enough, it rolls, and rolls. The d, and the d, and the d's in the thing!"

"Laird," said Luggy, demurely, "do not swear on your wedding day."

"Luggy, cut it open. Let's see the inside." The bag being slit open, a stream of heated quick-silver ran from the pudding.

"Oh, Luggy, Luggy! And oh, Larrik, Larrik! If I knew which of you put quick-silver in the pudding, I'd gowf your haffits; my wedding day though it be. Now, be good lads, and don't play pranks."

Having again returned to the shaving, the Laird resumed; "I must, and will have this beard off. Yes, at last, after honing and honing the razors some progress is made. I'm here, mother; what has happened?"

"Bawty, the dog, has come home with young Rob Swan, gored and torn by Taura Durra's horns; and Nigger, he says, is killed outright. You should insist on the red savage being killed too, right away."

"Oh, no; a four thousand dollar creature; I could not ask them to kill it. This is all bad for my bride, and me. Now, I go on to finish my toilet. Don't interrupt again."

"Master, master! be quick. Here comes the Hayvern waggons, with their fine party, the bride and best maiden, and Joseph. Horses and waggons grandly decked, and Clapper in one waggon, dancing a hornpipe to 'Jack Robinson,' played on his own fiddle. They have gone right away to the Minister's Manse."

"Well, good luck and joy go with them. I'll soon follow, when I have done scraping and rasping at this beard. Now, it may do. And then to get on this really handsome, genteel suit of wedding clothes. I feel so fine; so fine. No wonder, when a man is born a gentleman, he wants to continue in fine clothes always. Ah, but I've worked and worked for my fine linen and sumptuous apparel. Yes? What is it? Who is it, Nelly?"

"All your friends from Conway. Ocean Horn, the groomsmen, Jenkin Ramasine, and his sisters. Oh, the satins and lace! so finely dressed! Make haste, Laird."

"I'm making haste, Nelly. But the silk stockings take time to be flayed, and tenderly drawn on, but look well and feel nice when they are on. And now the garters of blue, knitted by Tibby's own hands. Really pleasant to wear—silk stockings and blue garters. And pretty, too! I have a shapely foot and leg. Now, the ——. Well? What is it, Luggy?"

"The white mother pig, and the black mother pig, and the young ones, have eaten the plum pudding, mercury, and the brandy sauce, and are all mad."

"Luggy, you have given them the brandy sauce. I would not have thought this of you. Larrik may do tricks, but you ——. Now, Luggy, let me alone with all other news; I'm dressing. The wedding shoes, they are on, and look nice; very neat, indeed. And this figured white silk vest, and gold studs in the shirt; the turnover collar and white tie; and hair nicely frizzed up; I shall look a real bridegroom, presently. Now, the black dress-coat, ——. What is it, Luggy? What is the matter now?"

"The kitchen lum is all in a low."

"The d— and d— low ye, Luggy! Let it burn out; I'll sweat you at ringing waggon wheels the morn, be sure of that. Now, the black dress-coat is on, and, my back seen in the large glass! Really, it becomes the occasion greatly. The hat, best London made. And white kid gloves. Lace-edged handkerchief, a present from Tibby, scented in essence of roses. Now, money in the pocket for fees; and for any rowdy callants from Conway that may come, threatening to cut the bride's gown if they do not get money. And money for,

— What is the matter, mother? What has happened?"

"Luggy has blown himself up the lum! He was luying powther to make another explosion; and it went off and set him on fire. If it were not that he is half dead, I'd say, serve him right, and ask you to lick him into the bargain."

"We'll no lick him to-day—this day of happiness; but he'll get a sweating at ringing waggon wheels the morn's morning. Now, one last look at myself in the glass, as a single man, and bridegroom. Who would have thought it possible that Tom Ramasine could have been made to look so fine? Come here, mother! What think you of the head of the family, now?"

"Tommy, you are a well-dressed gentleman; but a better man than dress can ever make you. A dutiful son to me, you have always been; as to her, you will be—a good husband. May she be worthy of you! My blessing be on you, Tommy, my son. And may His blessing be ever on you and yours! Go now, and complete the great work of the day. The waggons and horses are at the door, decorated; and the people all so comely to look upon, and so happy, await you in the waggons."

"Lastly, mother; be ready with short-bread and buns when we come home, to throw over the bride's head as she enters this door, and do it with your own hands. Will you?"

"I'll do it with my own hands. Would not forget that, of all things."

"Now, mother, one thing more; I do not think you have kissed me since I was a bairn; will you now?"

"That I will, Tommy. There—and with your old mother's blessing."

CHAPTER XIV.

DONAL CLANDONAL, THE FLYING PIPER.

Four players on violin and violincello; four flute soloists; two drummers; and three pipers, belonged to the two circles of the bride and bridegroom's friends, and came to the wedding with instruments to be led by Clapper Hayvern. In compliment to that intense British man-of-war's man, all but the Highland pipers wore the summer dress of sailors; straw hat with ribbons, blouse of blue, white collar turned over, and dancing shoes.

Two veteran pipers, one with flowing locks of grey hair, the other with it cut in army fashion. Rotherick McTotherick, and Sandy Gordon, were arrayed in the garb of the Gael, according to their two clans.

The third piper, Donal Clandonal, a young gentleman of fortune, came to the wedding as pupil of McTotherick. About two weeks previously he appeared in Conway for the first time, with his beautiful sister Flora and her maid, none knowing from whence they came, except that they were last from the States. They boarded at the Castle, the high class hotel, dressing well and paying money in the town with hands accustomed to draw cheques freely, and these the Bank of Inkle duly paid.

All Conway town, the young ladies of the upper circles, talked and fluttered fans, muslins, silks, laces, giddy heads, and sensitive pulses about that young gentleman. For some quality, which none knew exactly the meaning or limits of, he was termed the Flying Piper. It might be a name derived from his wondrous dancing—gracefully neat, or wildly bounding. It might follow from unexpected appearances, or sudden departures. It may have been the appellation given by the Ossianic Highlander, Rotherick McTotherick, in first glow of pride at enrolling such a distinguished pupil.

Clandonal was not, as yet, an eminent piper, though excelling in most other accomplishments. He wore frequent changes of richest or rarest fancy tartans, displaying jewels, not many in number, but the limited few of great price, as alleged by the Conway goldsmiths. He sang the music of any nation he might be asked to sing, and the songs of his native land in a voice of glorious compass and richness, with melting pathos, or in emphasis heroic, yet, withal, rather a feminine voice. He played most fashionable instruments, including the harp, and now aspired to excel in the ancient Highland slogan, music of the Land of Men.

Clandonal's age? Some named twenty, others eighteen; others twenty-five; and some declared his years to be hidden under the witchery of a mystic beauty seldom seen in men, and not frequently beheld even in women. They said he might be thirty or over, yet possibly not twenty. All agreed that Donal's feet and limbs were exquisitely perfect. That the blue eyes were of sweetest softness, or if resenting impertinence, of fiery defiance, so instantaneous as to be dangerous. The mild, very mild moustache, was his only sign of a beard, and that became a question. Was it real, or unreal? The profusion of curling dark brown hair was also questioned. It descended on the shoulders from under the velvet bonnet blue and eagle feather, so glossy, curly, richly luxuriant that one or two of the upper, and several of the lower stratum of the middle circles, doubted if the curl was natural, or did the sister and maid aid it by art? The hair was natural, none doubted

that. For Donal had the grace when in the bank opening his account with the Inkle to uncover. Other gentlemen kept their hats on in the bank.

About the hair, the Apothecary Snell remarked:

"To evolve this luxuriance of tresses nature may have exhausted the fountains of vitality, which in other persons enrich the growth of beard."

Doctor Inglis, who had small respect for Snell, or the opinion of any mere Apothecary, and none whatever for the music of Bannockburn, retorted:

"The fountains of vitality superabound in this youth, as seen in the flexibility of muscle, and his endurance—his almost superhuman endurance; blowing, blowing into that bag-pipe and dancing; dancing and blowing, rending all nature in tortures, yet not himself tortured. Dancing as angels may if such blessed beings ever dance; blowing as the infernal may if there be any Scotch down that way, which I am happy to think there are not; that prudent people have foresight to avoid residence with the Dark Prince, by scaring him beforehand."

Instead of resuming their coaches and waggons after the marriage, the wedding party at suggestion of the bridegroom preferred to walk. They formed in procession, the Minister in hat of broad brim, turned up much behind, and a little less at the sides, pulpit gown and bands, paced in front of the happy pair, or by their side making pleasant remarks, "chatting like a secular man almost," Tibby whispered.

In front of the Minister, the four flutes, four violins, two drums; two pipers, and heading them—heading all—the gay, the gallant Donal Clandonal, arrayed in Royal Stuart tartan. Slender in form for a man, but handsome; charming in the velvet bonnet blue and feathers; flowing curling hair; and in plaid of splendour with its gems so rich and rare. And wearing all the other attachments of a Gael possessing the world's open sesame—a treasury unknown to emptiness. And, in addition to that talisman, being endued with artistic sensibility; having perceptions of the beautiful, exact information about clans and tartans. And, grand above all, boundless Highland pride, inflamed by the Ossianic Rotherick McTotherick.

The bridegroom, as already said, suggested a walking procession, instead of carriages and horseback, as the distance to Ramasine Corners was not far, the path smooth and clean, skirted by a soft carpet of short grass, cropt close by sheep and lambs. To which the bride readily assented. She was expensively and tastefully dressed, seen to advantage only in walking; and the soft short grass quite dry at mid-day, felt pleasant to graceful feet shod in prettiest satin. He, in perturbation of a morning's troubles as we saw, overcame all, and issued from his dear, dotting mother's door, as a dutiful son and bridegroom should.

If they did not now walk on the smooth clean path, or short soft grass, how could he, Laird Ramasine, enjoy glimpses of the bride's fairy slippers with diamonds on the tiny buckles? She wore a pearl necklace, and diamond bracelets also, gifts of her brother, the far travelled sailor. Or, how enjoy a few brief delectable moments in glimpses of his own glistening dancing pumps and silken hose, if not walking? So, the procession was on foot; and after them came many people in couples, or threes, or fours, or in single files, or in groups. Talking, laughing, merrily jesting people old and young. And after them the Conway coaches, and light spring waggons of farmers. Boys and dogs, bounding and bounding over the fences to get ahead with the music, and be dumb in admiration of the Flying Piper, Donal Clandonal.

On arriving at the Corners the procession might have been received with noise of guns, but Luggy had burned himself too severely to explode any more gunpowder for a long while to come, if ever again. Doctor Inglis, who had been sent for, apprehended as possible the total loss of Luggy's eyesight, and directed him to be removed to Conway Hospital.

Laird Ramasine's mother stood in the porch in her gray silk, lace cap, and crape shawl, with several maiden helps beside her nicely dressed and blooming, white and red roses in their hair, all ready with trays of shortbread and buns, which they bountifully threw in the air over the bride's head. At these many of the company scrambled, some catching pieces flying. The Minister in fine humour using his clerical hat to catch the pieces, and succeeding. All the music striking up—flutes, fiddles, pipes, drums. At which Clandonal sprang—the Flying Piper truly—upon one of the open air tables set for dinner, and nimbly among plates, dishes, glasses, cutlery, water jugs, flower vases, danced the Highland Fling. Which, not to be outdone, Clapper Hayvern danced on another table among similar impediments.

Then the whole calmed down, and quietly dined, or in some manner refreshed; the bridegroom in his natural kindness preferring to lose much of the ceremonial due to himself, to condole with and soothe the suffering Luggy.

To be continued.

THE DOLLAR STEAM ENGINE.



EXPLOSION is impossible. Every machine warranted. Any child can run it. By mail, post-paid, for \$1.20. Scientific attachments showing continuation of sight, 35 cents. Send for circular.

HUNTER & CO., P. O. Box, 656, Montreal. For Sale at BOYCE'S, 3-14 d 313, Notre Dame Street.

SPECIAL AGENT WANTED.

An honourable and lucrative position on the staff of the Canadian Illustrated News is now vacant. A Special Agent is wanted to take charge of the ADVERTISING, to travel occasionally, and write descriptive notices, &c. &c. A Salary and a Commission will be given. Energy and business capacity; a liberal education, elegant style of writing, and good address; habits of regularity and sobriety are essential qualifications. Newspaper experience highly desirable. Apply by letter only, giving full particulars, to GEO. E. DESBARATS, 3-13f

APPRENTICES WANTED.

BOYS having some knowledge of, and taste for Drawing, and desirous of improving the same, can be taken as apprentices in the several branches of Engraving, at the Canadian Illustrated News Printing Office, 319, St. Antoine Street, where they will please apply. Montreal, 1st April, 1871. 3-13f

WANTED, by a French Canadian and lady, good boarding in a private English family, where the comforts of a home can be found. Apply by letter to the office of the Canadian Illustrated News. 3-13f

JOHN UNDERHILL OPTICIAN TO THE MEDICAL FACULTY OF McGILL UNIVERSITY. 299, NOTRE DAME STREET. (5 doors East of the Place d'Armes.) 28f

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

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.

ALBION HOTEL, McGill and St. Paul Streets, Montreal, Canada.

HAS, for twenty years past, been the favourite resort of the general travelling public in the United States, as well as of Canada, when visiting Montreal on business or pleasure. It is centrally located on McGill Street, the great thoroughfare and commercial centre of the city, commanding a magnificent view of the River St. Lawrence, the Victoria Bridge on the left, and a full view of Victoria Square and Mount Royal on the right. The Hotel is furnished in a superior manner, and everything arranged with a view to the comfort of guests. As one of the largest Hotels in the Dominion, having ample accommodation for five hundred guests, while kept in first-class style, the moderate sum of \$1.50 per day will be charged, as heretofore. The travelling community will consult their own interests by remembering the Albion Hotel, when visiting Montreal. 27

GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM. OF RED SPRUCE GUM. This Syrup is highly recommended for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchial and Throat Affections. FULL DIRECTIONS IN ENGLISH AND FRENCH WITH EACH BOTTLE. PREPARED BY HENRY R. GRAY, DISPENSING CHEMIST, 144 St. Lawrence Main Street, MONTREAL. [Established 1859.] 17z



LACHINE CANAL. NOTICE is hereby given that the water will be drawn out of the Lachine Canal on the 25th inst., or as soon after as the repairs can be proceeded with, and will remain out until the necessary repairs have been effected. By order, (Signed) J. G. SIPPELL, Supt'g Engineer. LACHINE CANAL OFFICE, Montreal, 20th March, 1871. 3-12-d

LEGGO & Co., Loggotypers, Electrotypers, Stereotypers, Engravers. Chromo and Photo-Lithographers, Photographers, and General Printers by Steam Power. Office: No. 1, Place d'Armes Hill. Works: No. 319, St. Antoine Street. MONTREAL.

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



PUBLIC NOTICE

IS hereby given, that up to and upon the 20th day of APRIL next, Tenders will be received at this Department for the lease of the Ordnance property at the Coteau du Lac, known as the "Old Fort," consisting of so much of the land acquired by the Ordnance authorities in 1834, from the Hon. William Campbell, as lies south of the Highway, and of the land beyond reaching to the shores of the Rivara St. Lawrence and Delisle, with the old Military Works and the Buildings; and the use of the Canal constructed thereon, and of the water-power crated thereby.

The term of the said Lease to be for five years, to date from the 1st MAY next, 1871.

Tenders to state rental offered per annum, to be paid semi-annually, and the names of two sufficient securities to be given for the payment of the same, and the fulfilment of the conditions.

The Department to have the power of resuming possession of the property on giving three months' notice for military or other purposes.

The Lessee to keep the Canal in repair, so that in the event of war or other emergency it may be used for Canal purposes.

The said Lessee to have no power to sub-let without special authority in writing from the Department.

The Buildings on the land may be used, but not destroyed or removed without the sanction of the Department.

A plan of the property may be seen at the office of the Ordnance Lands Branch of this Department.

E. PARENT, Under Secretary of State of Canada.

W. F. COFFIN, Ordnance Lands Agent. Ottawa, March 20, 1871. 8-13d

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



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.

Mail Train for Toronto and intermediate stations at 8.00 a. m. Night Express for Ogdensburg, Ottawa, Brockville, Kingston, Belleville, Toronto, Guelph, London, Brantford, Goderich, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, and all points West at 8.00 p. m.

Accommodation Train for Kingston, Toronto and intermediate stations at 6.00 a. m. Accommodation Train for Brockville and intermediate stations at 4.00 p. m. Trains for Lachine at 6.00 a. m., 7.00 a. m., 9.15 a. m., 12 noon, 1.30 p. m., 4.00 p. m., and 5.30 p. m. The 1.30 p. m. Train runs through to Province line.

GOING SOUTH AND EAST.

Accommodation for Island Pond and intermediate stations at 7.10 a. m. Express for Boston via Vermont Central at 9.00 a. m. Express for New York and Boston, via Vermont Central at 3.45 p. m. Express for New York and Boston, via Plattsburgh, Lake Champlain, Burlington and Rutland at 6.00 a. m. Do. do. do. 4.00 p. m. Express for Island Pond at 2.00 p. m. Night Express for Quebec, Island Pond, Gorham, and Portland, and the Lower Provinces, stopping between Montreal and Island Pond at St. Hilaire, St. Hyacinthe, Upton, Acton, Richmond, Brompton Falls, Sherbrooke, Lennoxville, Compton, Contrecoque, and Norton Mills, only, at 10.10 p. m.

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.

C. J. BRYDGES, Managing Director. Montreal, Nov. 7, 1870. 2-21-zz

THE LARGE SIZE of Atkinson's London Perfumes may be had at One Dollar per bottle, at the MEDICAL HALL, St. James street and Phillips' Square. A Large Assortment just received. 38f

TRAVELLERS' DIRECTORY.

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

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

INCERSOLL. ROYAL HOTEL.....DRAKE & McQUEEN.

LONDON. REVERE HOUSE.....B. BARNARD.

MONTREAL. ST. LAWRENCE HALL.....} LI. HOGAN. ST. JAMES HOTEL.....}

OTTAWA. THE RUSSELL HOUSE.....JAMES GOVIN.

QUEBEC. ST. LOUIS HOTEL.....} WILLIS RUSSELL & SON. THE CLARENDON.....}

STRATHROY. EXCHANGE HOTEL.....W. LONG.

TORONTO. THE ROSSIN HOUSE.....G. P. SHEARS, Lessee and Manager.

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 or FYLE 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.



FOR SALE OR TO LET. THAT LARGE FOUR-STORY CUP-STONE building in St. Therese 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, 48, Great St. James Street 14

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT OTTAWA, 24th Feb. 1871. Authorized discount on American Invoices until further notice: 10 per cent. R. S. M. BOUCHETTE, Commissioner of Customs.

ATKINSON'S PARISIAN TOOTH-PASTE CLEANS THE TEETH AND SWEETENS THE BREATH. All respectable Chemists keep it. 25 Cents a box. 2-22ff

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

JAMES GOULDEN, Chemist and Druggist, begs most respectfully to inform his numerous friends and patrons that he has removed next door to the old stand, 175, ST. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET, where he is prepared to supply the public with every description of DRUGS, CHEMICALS, PATENT MEDICINES, THE CHOICEST PERFUMES, Combs, Brushes, &c., &c. By the best manufacturers.

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS carefully made up. HOURS OF ATTENDANCE ON SUNDAY: From 9 till 10 A. M., and 5 to 6 P. M. 3-10-z

USE ONLY! THE GLENFIELD STARCH, EXTENSIVELY USED IN THE ROYAL LAUNDRY OF ENGLAND, and in that of His Excellency THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA. 187f

MONTREAL BUSINESS HOUSES.

WATCHMAKERS & JEWELLERS.

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

SAVAGE, LYMAN & CO., 271 Notre Dame Street. 2-23z

HOUSE FURNISHING HARDWARE.

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

INSURANCES.

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

DYERS AND SCOURERS.

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

SHOW CARDS.

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

HAVANA CIGAR DEPOT.

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

MERCHANT TAILOR.

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

HOUSE AND LAND AGENTS.

JAMES MUIR, 198 St. James Street,—Adjoining Nelson's Bank. 2-25-zz

HABERDASHERS.

G. A. GAGNON, 30 Notre Dame Str. t. 2-26-zz

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. 352, 354 and 356 St. PAUL STREET. MONTREAL. -21-z

HATTERS AND FURRIERS.

JOHN HENDERSON & CO., 283 Notre Dame Street. 2-23z

MANUFACTURING STATIONERS.

JAMES SUTHERLAND, PAPER MAKER, WHOLESALE STATIONER, AND ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURER. 100 and 102 St. James Street. MONTREAL. 11ff

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. 18ff

1870.

The first lot of Tasteless Pale Newfoundland COD LIVER OIL, of the make of 1870, can now be had at the MEDICAL HALL, opposite the Post Office, and Branch, Phillips' Square. ONLY 50cts. PER BOTTLE. 5ff

\$25 a week Salary. Samples Free. No humbug Address (with stamp.) GEO. MANSON. 3-3m 37 PARK ROW, N.-Y.

"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.



ANCIENT BARRIERS OVERCOME.

**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 7:16 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 transhipment.

Certain connections made with Grand Trunk Trains.

H. ABBOTT,
Manager.
3-11 tf

Brockville, March, 1871.

**FIRE-PROOF
SAFES,
FITTED WITH
STEEL DRILL-PROOF DOORS,
AND
MAPPINS' UNPICKABLE
POWDER-PROOF LOCKS.**

**WILLIAM HOBBS,
4 PLACE D'ARMES.
AGENT FOR
WHITFIELD & SONS, BIRMINGHAM.**
201f

MACHINERY FOR THE PAPER TRADES.

VICTOR E. MAUGER

OFFERS to Printers, Lithographers, Paper Makers, Bookbinders, Manufacturing Stationers, and others, some of the most perfect Improved Machinery known to the trade, and which, both for quality and moderate price, cannot fail to give satisfaction.

His list comprises:

The celebrated **WHARFEDALE PRINTING PRESS**, for fine Book and Job Work.

The **TUMBLING WHARFEDALE**, for Printing Newspapers of limited circulation, up to 2,500 impressions an hour.

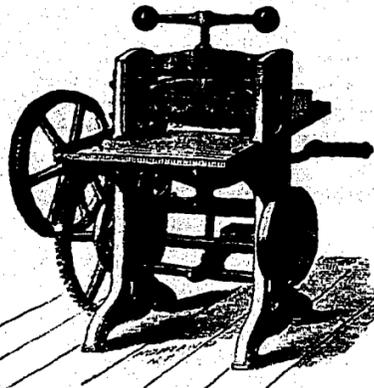
The **SPECIAL COLOUR WHARFEDALE**, for the finest description of Cut and Colour Work.

The **TWO-COLOUR WHARFEDALE**, for Printing two Colours simultaneously.

The **WHARFEDALE TWO-FEEDER**, single Cylinder, fast News Press, for fine and illustrated news work, such as the *Graphic* and *Scientific American*, which are both printed on this machine; speed 4,000 an hour.

The **WHARFEDALE FOUR-FEEDER**, or Two Cylinder Double-Feeder, capable of a speed from a flat bed of about 7,000 per hour.

**GUILLOTINE
PAPER CUTTING MACHINE,**



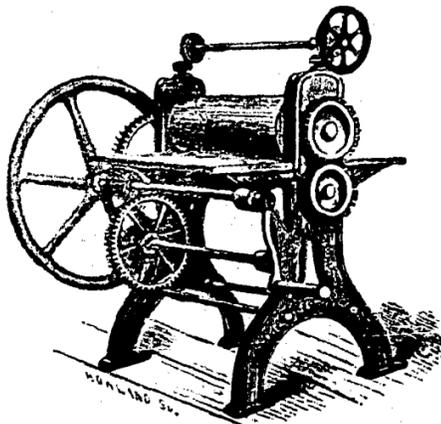
The most durable, accurate, and highly finished cutter made. All sizes, cutting from 12 to 42 inches.

VICTOR E. MAUGER, 82 St. Peter Street, Montreal.
110 Rensselaer Street, New York; and West Harding Street, Fetter Lane, London.

HUGHES & KIMBER'S

Lithographic Printing Machine,
The Pioneer and best and fastest Cylinder Lithographic Press.

Rolling and Paper Glazing Machine,



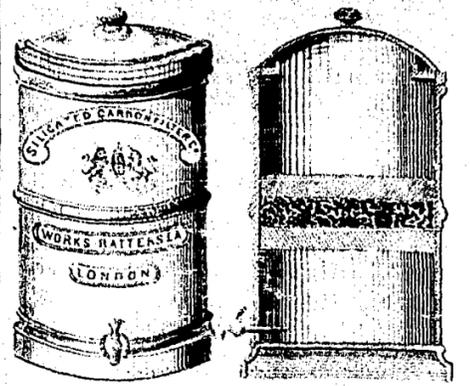
For Bookbinders, Lithographers, Cardboard Manufacturers, &c.

**Paper Makers' Calenders,
Millboard Cutting Machines,
Copper-Plate Presses,**

**TANGYE'S
PATENT HYDRAULIC PRESSES,**

Powerful, simple, and economical, furnished with fast and slow pump, and made in every variety of size.

**Round-Hole Perforating Machines,
Paging Machines,
Numbering Machines,
Stone-Grinding Machines,
Lithographers and Engravers' Sundries.**



**PURE AND WHOLESOME WATER.
JUST RECEIVED
A LARGE STOCK OF THE CELEBRATED
SILICATED CARBON FILTERS,
(Various Sizes.)**

Besides animals of all kinds, these Filters extract Vegetable and Mineral impurities, making the Water wholesome and refreshing. They are acknowledged to be the most perfect WATER PURIFIER known.

J. V. MOTTGAN,
304, Notre Dame Street.

2-21 tf

To Printers, Binders and Publishers.

The subscribers manufacture **ROTARY PRINTING PRESSES**, with from two to ten impression cylinders. Also, **PERFECTING PRESSES** of various descriptions, with two or more impression cylinders, to be used with type or stereotype, and with one to six feeders, or with rolls of paper. **SINGLE AND DOUBLE CYLINDER PRESSES, BED AND PLATEN POWER PRESS**, for book work. **NEW STOP CYLINDER PRESS**, with table distribution, and from four to ten-form rollers, for the finest illustrated newspapers, and the best book and wood-cut work. **SMALL JOB, CARD, RAILROAD TICKET AND COUPON PRESSES. SINGLE LARGE HAND CYLINDER PRESS AND SINGLE HAND CYLINDER RAILWAY PRESS, FOR NEWSPAPERS** of moderate circulations, printing by hand power eight hundred impressions per hour. Also, furnish every article required in printing offices (including type). **PATENT LITHOGRAPHIC POWER PRESSES, HYDRAULIC AND SCREW PRESSES. BOOK-BINDER'S MACHINERY; also, MACHINERY for ELECTROTYPERS and STEREOTYPERS. CAST STEEL SAWS WITH IMPROVED INSERTED TEETH.** The above are all manufactured on our own premises, under our personal supervision, of the best material and workmanship.

Illustrated catalogues sent on application.

R. HOE & Co.

Office and Warerooms 29 and 31 Gold Street, N.Y. Manufactories on Grand, Broome, Sheriff, and Columbia Streets, N.Y. 3-8 tm-tf

708 CRAIG ST. ROYAL CRAIG ST. STEAM DYE WORKS.

The Subscribers beg to inform the public that they have commenced business in MONTREAL, and are prepared to do all kinds of DYEING, PRINTING, and SCOURING in FIRST-CLASS STYLE, and on most reasonable terms. Call and examine samples, and get a list of prices. All work GUARANTEED. MERSEBACH & CO.

N.B.—DRESSES, &c. Dyed in all Colours, without being taken apart. The samples of our Mr MERSEBACH were awarded the First Prize at the Exhibition last year.

OFFICE: 706 CRAIG STREET, near St. Patrick's Hall. FACTORY: 203 PORTIFICATION LANE. 3-12-1

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. SACREMENT STREET,
MONTREAL. 2-26-1

COALS! COALS!! COALS!!!



WE have constantly in yard for Sale,
**GRATE COAL,
SCOTCH STEAM COAL,
AMERICAN ANTHRACITE COAL,
WELSH ANTHRACITE COAL,
BLACKSMITH COAL,
NEWCASTLE COKE.**

ALL OF THE BEST DESCRIPTION.

J. & E. SHAW.

Yard: 57 Wellington Street

Office: 82 McGill Street.

2-21-tf
Printed and published by GEORGE E. DESBARATS,
1, Place d'Armes Hill, and 319, St. Antoine street,
Montreal.