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# General and Illustrated News

VOL. III.—No. 10.

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HON. W. A. DART,  
U. S. CONSUL-GENERAL FOR CANADA.

OUR readers will be glad to have the portrait and a brief biographical sketch of the present U. S. Consul-General for the British American Provinces. The intimate relationships, both social and commercial, existing between the Provinces and the United States, relationships extending from Newfoundland to New Westminster, render his office one of great delicacy and importance. Throughout British North America there are twenty Consuls and sixty Vice-Consuls and Consular agents, whose official communications have to be made to the Consul-General. It is therefore of the utmost consequence that this office should only be conferred upon men of high social position, unblemished character and acknowledged ability, and in the person of Mr. Dart these attributes are happily blended.

Notwithstanding his New England ancestry, running back for some nine or ten generations, Mr. Dart has the full portly figure and genial bearing of an English country gentleman. In official and social intercourse he is affable and courteous, and we believe studies earnestly to maintain friendly feelings between the two countries. His promotion to the responsible position he now holds has been well earned by long and faithful services, official and political, to his party, and President Grant in selecting him for the high office paid a fitting compliment to this country, in that he selected a gentleman of such standing, and one so well able to sustain the dignity of the nation he represents and to respect the feelings of those to whose midst he is accredited. Mr. Dart's appointment was welcomed in Canada, and we are sure his retirement would be viewed with regret.

He can lay claim to an ancient and honourable pedigree, one of his ancestors having sailed from England in or about the year 1552, bringing with him to America the original patent from the Crown for the Township of New London, Connecticut; and Mrs. Dart counts on her ancestral roll the names of Ethan Allen of Revolutionary fame, and Gov. Winslow of the "May Flower," which brought over to Newfoundland the "Pilgrims" immor-

talised by the poet Longfellow. Mr. Dart was born at Potsdam, St. Laurence Co., in the State of New York, in the year 1814. He was educated at St. Laurence Academy in that State, studied his profession in the office of his future father-in-law, Hon. Hiram Allen, at Potsdam, and in 1840 was admitted to practice at the bar, and opened an office at Potsdam. His devotion to his profession, added to a cautious, industrious and correct character, soon attracted the attention of the future Governor of

the opportunity of meeting many of the great men of the period, some of whom have written their names on the scroll of their country's greatness, and whom he also met in political debate and in warm and earnest discussion on various questions of State policy. His speeches upon these questions while in the Senate, and particularly those bearing upon the internal development of the State by grants for her canals and railways, were able and influential, and were marked by a wise, liberal, and far-

seeing policy; while he was earnest and uncompromising in his opposition and denunciation of every species of partial, unjust and corrupt legislation, and to the rings, ring-masters and lobbyists by and through whose influence such legislation is effected. He held the position of State Senator till 1852, when he again returned to Potsdam and resumed the practice of law, and for several years devoted himself almost exclusively to the practice of his profession.

In 1861 Mr. Dart, by unremitting study and an extensive practice, had achieved for himself the deserved reputation of being an able and successful lawyer; more even than this, he had so conducted himself professionally and otherwise, as to be recognised by political opponents as well as friends as a man fit to be trusted and honoured; and in the year last named, by the solicitations of his political party and his personal friends, and the recommendation of the members of Congress from his State, in the House of Representatives, and in the Senate of the United States at Washington, he was appointed by President Lincoln United States Attorney for the Northern District of New York, which comprised all of the State, except the counties bordering upon the Hudson River south of Albany, the city of New York and Long

Island; and this appointment was unanimously confirmed by the Senate without reference to Committee. Through the trying times of the Rebellion he laboured steadfastly and earnestly at his post, and although his duties were most exhaustive he was ever watchful and ready. In 1865 he was re-appointed upon President Lincoln's re-election, but was dismissed by President Johnson, with hundreds of others, for refusing to support unreservedly the policy of his administration. The zeal and ability



HON. W. A. DART, U. S. CONSUL-GENERAL FOR CANADA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.

the State, the Hon. Silas Wright, who patronised the young lawyer, and gave many proofs of his interest by recommending him to clients. In 1845 his talents and arguments as a lawyer procured him the appointment of District Attorney for the County of St. Laurence, which position he held until 1848.

In 1849 his political friends testified their confidence in him by electing him to the honourable position of State Senator. At the Capital of his State, at Albany, he had

which characterized Mr. Dart's discharge of the various, important, and delicate duties devolving upon him as United States District Attorney for the Northern District of New York, was most noticeable, and was the subject of much remark and commendation, not only by suitors in the United States courts, but by officers and judges in those courts. Our readers may remember that during the Fenian troubles in 1866, Mr. Dart won the general approval of the Canadian press for the impartial manner in which he discharged his duty as U. S. Attorney at a time when, as now, both the political parties were bidding scandalously high for Fenian support. After his dismissal by President Johnson he took an active part in politics, warmly supporting the Republican cause; and upon the nomination of General Grant as Republican candidate for the Presidency, he entered earnestly into the cause, giving by his influence very important aid to the General's success. In April, 1869, President Grant appointed him to the office he now holds, that of U. S. Consul-General to the Dominion of Canada, since which time he has resided in this city—the head-quarters of the American Consulate in British North America.

#### THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

(From our Special London Artist and Correspondent.)

LONDON, February 16, 1871.

Notwithstanding the momentous questions now being deliberated by the National Assembly of France, convoked in Bordeaux, great interest and attention have been created among all classes throughout Great Britain and Ireland in reference to the approaching marriage of H. R. H. the Princess Louise. The same interest can scarcely fail to be felt by Her Majesty's loyal and dutiful subjects in the Dominion of Canada. Probably the paragraph alluding to the Queen's consent to an alliance between a British nobleman and a daughter of the throne was the one most earnestly listened to of all the lengthy sentences which inaugurated the present session of Parliament. A murmur of gratification rose from the peevish crowded seats as the words in the speech announcing the royal sanction fell from the Lord Chancellor's lips. Immediately to the left of Her Majesty modestly stood the fair and gentle Princess, who is to take our southern sunshine into a Scottish home, and the faint flush that suffused her cheek as her betrothal was heralded publicly was one of maidenly content at the undivided demonstration of affectionate interest vouchsafed towards her by all beneath the roof of the House of Lords.

Some blatant demagogues of the labouring class have endeavoured, with the worst possible taste, to turn the approaching nuptials of a favourite and amiable Princess into capital for themselves. These unreasoning idiots, only too content to hear the incendiary sound of their own voices, could not allow so favourable an opportunity for Democratic teaching to pass, and so our would-be revolutionists have been vomiting their paltry sedition to the more ignorant of their fellow-workmen. What grander chance than to hurl their denunciations against the reckless folly of conferring a dowry on one of the most popular of the daughters of our Queen? Ignorant of the history and constitution of our country they declaimed against such extravagance, and called attention to what they termed the lavish allowance already granted to the Sovereign and members of the Royal family. Now this kind of argument goes very well with the thickheaded Democrats whose theory it is that everyone holding a moderately decent position should be ejected to make room for them. These demagogues, who very seldom speak from facts, are in most instances absolutely ignorant of the bearings of the question on which they pretend to instruct their hearers. How many, I should wish to know, are aware of the circumstances under which Her Majesty draws £385,000 from the nation yearly? Very few, I take it, or we should hear less of these ill-timed and ill-natured attacks upon the Sovereign, her family and the Government. Is it known to them that the Queen has an absolute right to this income, just the same as any private gentleman has the right to the revenues arising from his property, landed or otherwise? Are these disturbers of our legislation acquainted with the fact that the monarchy of Great Britain have an unmistakable and undisputed title to certain Crown Lands? These Crown Lands on the Sovereign's accession to the throne are surrendered to the nation, and the nation in return votes the Crown an equivalent income. So far, then, Her Majesty, despite the bickerings and assertions of a carping few, has nothing more granted to her than is her due—yet for all that the Sovereign does not exercise unreserved control over the entire sum. Under these circumstances the yearly income voted could never have been intended not only to cover the expenses of the Queen's household—which has many public claims to meet—but also to provide marriage portions for her children. The Crown Lands, which, if not surrendered to the nation, would be the property of the Sovereign, might be worked to give a much larger yearly income than the sum voted for Her Majesty's use, and so it seems to me quite legitimate and proper that the Queen on such occasions as the marriage of her daughters should ask her Commons to vote anything reasonable and just. And so feels the nation evidently, for Mr. Taylor and Mr. Fawcett, the members for Leicester and Brighton, who were charged with opposing the vote, found themselves nowhere when Mr. Gladstone had put it to the House. Their small voices were not even heard, and the cheers were unanimous from all sides when the Prime Minister sat down. Again the demand on this occasion is by no means excessive compared with precedent, which I will quote. Each daughter of George III. obtained from Parliament £13,000 or £14,000 a year; the Princess Louise is to obtain an income of only

£6,000, with a dowry of £30,000. To a great and rich nation the amount is not worth the trouble of debate for a single hour.

That all subjects of the British Crown look with satisfaction on the approaching nuptials cannot be doubted,—that is all those who are worthy of having a thought for the interests of the kingdom. For my part I look upon the Princess Louise's choice and the Queen's consent, as a great national victory, and one that every Briton should be proud of. The alliance will prove an additional binding link between the subject and the Crown, a link which rivets the Sovereign and her people closer together. Undoubtedly, other daughters of Her Majesty who have been given in marriage, have found happiness with their chosen lords, but this betrothal of a British gentleman to a winsome child of the Queen's is a thoroughly domestic question which all alike are interested in. On every lip are good wishes for the young couple, every heart beats with a generous desire for their happiness, and the twenty-first day of March next will hear a merry carillon from every belfry in the United Kingdom.

As to photographs of the youthful pair, the sun cannot shine bright enough or long enough to enable us to get a supply at all commensurate with the demand. The London Stereoscopic Company are at their wits' end to make provision for the clamouring crowds who besiege their doors. In Regent Street and in Cheapside—at the two main establishments—the pavement is completely blocked by eager gazers who wait their turn to flatten their noses against the plate-glass fronts; every new carte of the Princess or Marquis is eagerly scanned and as eagerly bought. Lorne scarfs for gentlemen and Louise ties for ladies are displayed in bright colours in hosiery windows; and I am not quite certain that haggis, cock-a-leeky, and sheep's-head broth have not found their way to the tables of the gentry and nobility of the land. We all say heartily, "God bless the future Duke of Argyll," and now without reference to the friendly post against which we sometimes gently rub our backs. As to the bridegroom elect, he speaks openly and honestly of the good fortune which awaits him, and tells us from the banquet table that neither he nor the Princess care to see the period lengthened which is to unite them. For instance, but the other day, as President of the Inverary Curling Club, the Marquis presided at the anniversary dinner held at the Argyll Arms, Inverary. In the course of the evening, Sir George Home, the Crozier, proposed the health of the Princess Louise. In responding Lord Lorne said: "I assure you the Princess looks forward with much delight to the time when she hopes to visit this part of the kingdom. In one of your recent matches between married men and bachelors, my sympathies were entirely with the latter, and I was very glad they were able to hold their own; but next year I hope to be on the other side, and that I shall not find myself the only one drafted into the opposite ranks." The Chaplain of the Club, in proposing their patron's health, said: "Though perhaps Lord Lorne won't thank me for saying so, there can be no doubt that the Princess Louise has been very fortunate indeed, and I only hope she will prove as excellent a wife as her own mother, or Lord Lorne's has proved. It is saying a great deal, but it is not saying too much, when we express the conviction that the Marquis of Lorne is in every respect worthy of the Princess Louise."

By the way, I may just as well mention, for the sake of your lady readers, a slight incident which came under my own observation the other day. As your special correspondent and artist, retained to provide the *Canadian Illustrated News* with sketches and descriptive matter in connection with the forthcoming ceremony, I find it necessary to make frequent pilgrimages to Windsor. Well, my last visit to the Royal borough was on the 13th instant, the day preceding that devoted to St. Valentine and his votaries. My expedition was more especially a sketching one, but at the last moment I found myself pencilless. But at Mr. Prevost's, the swell stationer and librarian of the place, the deficiency could soon be made good, so to Mr. Prevost's I went. While selecting what I required, the door opened, there was a rustle of silk at the entrance and a clanging of bits outside. The *frou-frou* sound of woman's garments attracted my attention, I looked round and there within a foot of me stood the Princess Louise herself, solely accompanied by a lady in waiting. Of course, *mesdames et messieurs*, it was *chapeau bas* with your humble servant, and a bright smile and graceful inclination of the head rewarded him for his courtliness. Ah, bah, what treachery was that in which H. R. H. was engaged,—what could a maiden Princess, within a few short weeks of her marriage with her chosen chevalier, want with valentines? For valentines she asked and valentines by scores were submitted for inspection, and I may say that valentines by scores were purchased by the charming Princess, under the frowning shadow of her mother's regal home. But what think you, *Mesdames*, were the valentines selected by the royal customer of an all prevalent custom? Those of the most humorous and grotesque description, effigies cut out in cloth and gummed on suitable mounts. I warrant me that every Prince and Princess of the blood received a merry missive from the merry-hearted girl, and that stern warriors and courtly chamberlains and equerries found some quizzical enclosure awaiting them the next morning on their breakfast table. I do not mean to divulge whether a "Sandy" gael in highland costume was included in the two or three dozen ludicrous creations which H. R. H. carried off with her from Mr. Prevost's shop, but I am inclined to think, from the laughing twinkle of the eye, that few of the Princess's relatives or friends were spared the postal ordeal of seeing their peculiarities pleasantly caricatured.

The preparations for the wedding are being actively pressed forward, both within and without St. George's chapel, and much remains to be done with regard to exterior arrangements within a comparatively short time. For instance, the ancient Fetterlock Cloisters, by which Her Majesty and the Princess, with the bride's procession, will approach the western entrance of the cathedral or chapel, are in a condition between partial destruction and restoration, and many days of active labour must be expended upon them by Mr. Gilbert Scott, before the Queen sets foot within their precincts. St. George's chapel, or, as one may very properly style it, cathedral, is undergoing a course of gorgeous fitting, but no amount of splendour that may be now lavished can add to the richness of this most exquisite monument of the 15th century architecture. As the shafts of multi-coloured light from richly emblazoned windows pierce the mellow tone of the interior, the eye, following the rays, lingers here and there in their glory patches, on the inlaid pavement. There, in the luminous circle, one reads either the names of Edward IV., Henry VI., Henry VIII., or the unfortunate Charles I., who lie

buried beneath the purple, crimson, and golden stained slabs. At my first visit, I stole back again when the western sun shed his evening glory through the prismatic glass, and when the hammer of the workman was hushed. Above hung the banners of the noble living, the garter knights of England, beneath me moulded the dust of monarchs who had proudly worn the badge, and royally bestowed it on men they accepted as their peers. If nobility of mind and honourable conduct may obtain the highest chivalrous order the sovereign of Britain can bestow, let us hope that the young knight who next month leads a royal Princess to the altar, may live to see his banner wave beneath the richly fretted roof of St. George's chapel.

One more item of intelligence in reference to the approaching ceremony and I will leave for a future letter any further details which may prove of interest. On the very best authority, I think I may state most positively that it is Her Majesty's intention to give her daughter away. This will, of course, lend great additional *clat* to a pageant which cannot fail to be magnificent. On recent occasions, at the marriages of her children, the Queen has occupied a close closet immediately above the altar. Now she will stand forth, before all, and give herself the prize it is the Marquis of Lorne's proud fortune to receive.

#### CANADIAN PARLIAMENT.

##### SENATE.

Monday, Feb. 27.—Hon. Mr. LEBELLIER DE ST. JUST moved for the correspondence relating to the Fisheries. Hon. Mr. MITCHELL recapitulated the history of the question and concluded by assuring the House that in the hands of our commissioner our rights were safe and not one iota or tittle thereof would be sacrificed. Hon. Mr. DICKY asked why the Government of Canada proposed that the question should be settled by commission. Hon. Mr. MITCHELL stated that the only thing to be settled was the geographical limit of three miles, whether from the headlands or following the indentations of the coast. After some further debate the motion was carried, and the House adjourned.

Tuesday, Feb. 28.—Hon. Mr. RYAN moved for the production of the correspondence and papers relative to the law of the copyright in England and Canada. The progress of the Dominion, both material and intellectual, having enabled Canadian publishers to compete with those of the United States, he thought they should be put on an equal footing. Carried. Hon. Mr. MITCHELL introduced a Bill to amend the Fishery Act. The House then adjourned at 3.40 p. m.

Wednesday, March 1.—Nothing of importance took place in the Senate, the House having sat only 40 minutes.

Thursday, March 2.—The House sat only 15 minutes. Hon. Mr. CAMPBELL introduced a bill to make further provision for the Government of the North-West.

Friday, March 3.—Hon. Mr. MITCHELL moved the second reading of the Fishing by Foreign Vessels Amendment Bill, the object of which he explained to be to allow officers-sizing vessels to carry them into other than the nearest port, and to provide for the division of the prize money among the crew of the seizing vessel. He concluded by moving that the House go into Committee of the Whole on Tuesday next to consider the bill.

##### HOUSE OF COMMONS

Monday, Feb. 27.—After some preliminary business Mr. BLAKE brought forward his motion respecting the Independence of Parliament. He alluded in strong terms to the case of the member for St. John, (Hon. Mr. Gray) who, while a member of the House, had for two years been in the employ of the Government at a monthly salary and during that time had received no less than \$14,000, or \$3,600 more than the Prime Minister of the Crown. Sir GEORGE E. CARTIER defended the present Act. When it was brought down it was found that some of its provisions were too stringent, and accordingly an amendment had been made allowing the temporary employment of members of the House. He also cited as instances of the legality of the practice, the case of Earl de Grey and Ripon, who, though a member of the Opposition in the British Parliament, had recently been appointed to the Joint High Commission—and also that of Mr. Gladstone, who, while a member of Parliament, was appointed to enquire into the affairs of the Ionian Islands. He afterwards moved an amendment annulling the effect of the motion, which, after a sharp contest, was carried by a majority of 25. Mr. MACKENZIE moved for the remainder of the correspondence relating to the Fenian raids. Lord Kimberly's correspondence was already in the hands of members, but that of the Canadian Government had not been brought down. Sir GEORGE E. CARTIER said the production of the correspondence would not be conducive to the public interests. After some discussion the motion was withdrawn. Mr. MAGILL moved for the correspondence relative to the appointment of a chaplain for the Manitoba expedition. Sir GEORGE E. CARTIER expressed great concern about the reports that had been circulated with reference to this matter. It had always been his desire to do justice impartially to all, and he could not but be surprised at the slanders which had been uttered against him, especially by the *Globe*, and at the Methodist Conference in Toronto. He pointed out that the Government had already appointed all the chaplains which the Imperial military authorities would allow. Mr. MACKENZIE said that the indignation was caused by the refusal of Sir GEORGE to allow a Methodist chaplain to accompany the expedition at the expense of the Conference. Sir GEORGE said the Government had nothing to do with it, as the command of the expedition had been handed over to Lieut.-General Lindsay and Colonel Walseley. Hon. Mr. McDUGALL considered the statements made at the Conference that 1,400,000 acres of land had been set apart for the priests had been borne out, and alluded to the predominating influence of the Bishop of St. Boniface. Mr. HOWE defended the course of the Government, and expressed regret that Dr. RYERSON had used the language he had. After some further remarks the subject dropped.

Tuesday, Feb. 28.—Sir G. E. CARTIER introduced the Election Bill. He said that the law of the several Provinces would remain as at present in force for two years, but the law in Nova Scotia would be the same as that in force on the 1st of July, 1867. The Ontario elections would be under the same law as that which provided for the local elections. The elections would be held on one day only, but not on the same day. The election law in British Columbia would remain in its present condition. The election law in Manitoba would be the



same as the law in Ontario. Mr. MACKENZIE censured the bill as being a mongrel bill, and accused the Government of inconsistency in not harmonising the election law throughout the Dominion. A discussion arose on Mr. BLAKE's motion for the correspondence relating to the Arbitration, and Mr. GODIN's amendment to the amendment, but the mover finally consented to withdraw the motion until the proposal of the Government touching the matter should be made known. On Mr. CARTWRIGHT's bill for the prevention of sawdust and rubbish accumulating in navigable streams, Mr. CUNNING asked for delay until proper evidence could be produced for examination by the House. A long discussion followed, and finally the bill was referred to the Committee on Banking and Commerce. Mr. MILLS moved the second reading of the Dual Representation Bill. Mr. HARRISON said it was a question to be left entirely to the people, and if the people saw fit to elect a man to both Houses of Parliament, he could see no abstract reason why he should not hold both seats. He accordingly moved the six months' hoist, which was carried by a majority of 20. The House rose at 10:30.

Wednesday, March 1.—Sir G. E. CARTIER brought down the correspondence relating to the Arbitration. At the suggestion of Hon. Mr. HOLTON the order in council was read giving the decision of the Government, to the effect that the Government has no power to intervene; that Ontario must enforce its claims, and Quebec must take legal steps to overturn the award. Meantime the Dominion, by advice of the Minister of Justice, will give its opinion as to the legality of the award made by the two arbitrators. After some discussion respecting Harbours of Refuge on the St. Lawrence, between Quebec and Gaspe, Mr. MACILL moved for a return showing the instructions issued to the Canal Commissioners, with their reports, &c. On behalf of Government it was explained that no report had yet been received, but that when it did come in and was considered by the Privy Council, the policy recommended would either be adopted or rejected, and if adopted would be submitted to Parliament on the responsibility of the Government. The motion was allowed to stand, and the House rose at 8 p.m.

Thursday, March 2.—Hon. J. H. CAMERON introduced a bill providing that when any railway train is half an hour behind time, a notice must be posted up announcing the probable time of arrival, under penalty for non-compliance. Sir G. E. CARTIER presented a message from His Excellency in relation to public lands in Manitoba. The principal objects of the message were to set aside a reserve of 1,400,000 acres for the children of half-breeds; and a reserve of the vested rights of the Hudson Bay Co. in every township amounting to one-twentieth of the lots. Every bona-fide settler would get a free grant of a quarter section of 160 acres on condition of settlement; but any desirous of obtaining the grant could do so at the rate of a dollar an acre. Each volunteer would get a lot as a settler, besides another lot as absolute property, on condition of settlement. Hon. Mr. McDONALD attacked the policy of the Government as being a departure from the system originally approved of. By the new system no restriction was to be placed on the half-breeds as to the settlement or disposal of their lands other than those prescribed by the legislature of Manitoba. The half-breeds themselves were entirely in the hands of the members which had been imported from Lower Canada and forced upon them against their wish. Hon. Mr. MORRIS defended the Government policy, which, he said, was to have Manitoba filled up with a large emigration. After some further debate the matter dropped. A motion for the papers on the Welland Canal works was carried after several hours' debate, and the House adjourned.

Friday, March 3.—Sir FRANCIS HINCKS' Bill to extend existing Bank Charters for two years received its first reading. Hon. Mr. MORRIS' Bill for the Prevention of Corrupt Practices in the Collection of the Revenue was also read a first time, after which an address was presented from the Governor-General for \$200,000 indemnity to the Government for expenses incurred in repelling the Fenian Raid. The House then went into Committee on the Census Act and reported the bill with unimportant amendments. Sir FRANCIS HINCKS moved the House into Committee on the Bill for the Assimilation of the Currency, stating that the measure provided also for the issue, if necessary, of a gold coin of the value of the American half-eagle, and fixed the value of the English sovereign at \$4.86 $\frac{2}{3}$ . British silver coins would no longer be legal tender, and the only copper coins that would be legal tender would be our own Canadian cents. Hon. Mr. HOLTON approved of the measure, but thought the issue of gold coins unnecessary, as they would be both costly and inconvenient. Mr. CHIPMAN moved in amendment that the currency of Nova Scotia be not assimilated to that of the Dominion. After discussion, Mr. CHIPMAN withdrew his amendment and the House adjourned till Monday.

MONTREAL TROTTING CLUB RACES.

The annual races of the Montreal Trotting Club came off on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th of February. The scene of the races was at Côte St. Paul, where each day at the appointed hour a large crowd assembled to witness the trials of speed. One noticeable feature was the large number of Americans present, who made themselves remarked by the energetic manner in which they backed the horses from their own side. The following gentlemen acted as judges: Messrs. L. W. Decker, Theophile Hurtubise, and D. L. Locherby; Messrs. Quintal and Bourrett acted as starters and timekeepers.

The first race, open to all horses that had never trotted better than three minutes, was for a purse of \$200—\$125 to first horse, \$50 to second, and \$25 to third. Heats, best 3 in 5 to harness, catch weight. Fifteen horses entered. In the first heat "Princess" came in first, "Governess" second, and "Black Squaw" third; the second was taken by "Princess" in 2:41, "Lucy" second, "Burdett" (an American horse) third. The third heat and the race was won by "Princess." For the second race, for horses that had never trotted better than 2:30, for a purse of \$250, best 3 in 5, seven entered. "Denis" took the first two and "Dutchman" the third. At this point, the hour being late, the judges postponed the races until next day at 10 a.m.

The fourth heat of the second race was taken by "Denis," who thus took the whole race. The races proper of the day were begun in the afternoon with the contest for a purse of \$175—\$100 to first horse, \$50 to second, and \$55 to third—open to all horses that have never trotted better than 2:45. Nine horses started. The first heat—the scene at the close of

which has furnished our artist with a subject for an illustration—was won by "Fly" in 2:37 $\frac{1}{2}$ , "Governess" second, "Burdett," the Troy horse, third, and "Lubre," a magnificent white mare, fourth. The second heat was also won by "Fly" in the same time, "Lubre" second, and "Governess" third. In the third heat the order was changed, "Lubre" winning in 2:30, "Burdett" being second, "Governess" third, and "Fly" fourth. The remaining races were postponed until the next day. It must be said that the races throughout were a grand success, and this success is entirely owing to the ceaseless energy displayed by the committee of management for weeks past. The immense multitude who were present will vouch for the interesting nature of the races and the impartial and courteous conduct of the judges to all. It is estimated that no fewer than 10,000 witnessed the first day's races, while fully 6,000 were present on the second day. On the evening of the last day the large sum of \$12,000 was paid in pools at the Albion Hotel between the hours of five and nine.

It will interest our sporting readers to learn that a grand meeting will take place in July next on the new course laid out by Mr. Decker, when \$4,150 worth of prizes will be offered. The races are to last four days.

THE ZOUAVE'S STORY.

The illustration given this week, over the above title is reproduced from an engraving which appeared some months ago in the *Art Journal*—the original painting, from the pencil of Mr. F. W. Topham, being in the possession of the publisher of that periodical. The scene is one which explains itself at the first glance, and though in the engraved impression we lose all the bright colours of the original, the imagination can easily supply the defect. We can picture to ourselves the many-coloured costumes of the listening maidens, the scarlet jacket and fez of the Zouave, and the snow-white turban of the Turco standing out in bright relief against the brown, time-worn houses of the little Breton village. In the rear the grey tower of the old church rears its head against the blue sky, standing like a giant among dwarfs. The attitudes, too, are admirable. The Zouave is telling his story earnestly and unreservedly, carrying out the narration with a few emphatic gestures. The two young girls, in their snow-white coifs and crimson bodices, lean affectionately upon one another, intently absorbed in the wonderful tale. There is something in the look and attitude of the younger that irresistibly reminds us of Desdemona listening to Othello's recital

"Of most disastrous chances,  
Of moving accidents by flood and field,  
Of hair-breadth scapes if the imminent deadly breach."

The soldier's glance appears to be fixed upon the elder sister, though the younger can hardly remove her eyes from the bearded face, so rapt is she in attention. The picture is completed by the group of wondering children, and the intelligent face of the old peasant, who leaves his soup to cool unheeded before him.

FASHIONS.—As to colours, nothing very new has made its appearance, the violet *d'été* is not quite so much in favour as it was last month. The different shades of rich browns and greys, and the "bottle-green," are more sought for now. Dresses intended for in-door morning wear are cut in one to fit the figure, with the exception of the two back breadths, or one if the material is very wide. This is put on at the waist with handsome box-plaits; to hide the join, a small basque or large bow is worn. The front breadths are cut short enough to show the feet, the back being much trained. Out-of-door costumes are just *à la terre*, or one or two inches from the ground; they are very much trimmed with ribbon or pieces of velvet and crossway bands. Bins folds of the same material as the dress, piped with velvet of a darker shade, are much worn; they are sometimes cut in scallops. The bodices are always made with basque; the tunics are plain in front, with little real or simulated tabliers, and festooned or left to hang straight at the back. Quilted satin skirts, under tunics of velvet or silk are very fashionable for in-door or visiting toilettes. Train skirts are very long indeed at the back, and just clear the ground in front. High bodies are invariably made with basques. Points are very fashionable for low bodies. Bonnets and hats vary but slightly from those of last month. For the latter, feathers are as much worn as ever, either in little tufts or long drooping plumes. The present favourite shape of bonnet is too conveniently arranged for the hair to dread any formidable rivalry. Velvet or satin bonnets trimmed with feathers and lace are the most full dress. Our leading *élégantes* are slightly discountenancing the fashion of wearing the back hair very low on the neck.

Temperature in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Saturday, March 4, 1871, observed by John Underhill, Optician to the Medical Faculty of McGill University, 299 Notre Dame Street.

		9 A. M.	1 P. M.	6 P. M.
Sunday,	Feb. 26	30°	32°	30°
Monday,	" 27	32°	34°	29°
Tuesday,	" 28	16°	22°	26°
Wednesday,	March 1	30°	39°	38°
Thursday,	" 2	25°	28°	28°
Friday,	" 3	34°	38°	34°
Saturday,	" 4	24°	30°	28°
		Max.	Min.	Mean.
Sunday,	Feb. 26	34°	25°	29° 5
Monday,	" 27	35°	28°	31° 5
Tuesday,	" 28	28°	10°	19°
Wednesday,	March 1	40°	20°	30°
Thursday,	" 2	30°	20°	25°
Friday,	" 3	40°	18°	29°
Saturday,	" 4	34°	16°	25°

Aneroid Barometer compensated and corrected.

		9 A. M.	1 P. M.	6 P. M.
Sunday,	Feb. 26	29.78	29.75	29.60
Monday,	" 27	29.36	29.46	29.66
Tuesday,	" 28	30.28	30.34	30.21
Wednesday,	March 1	29.66	29.68	29.98
Thursday,	" 2	30.42	30.36	30.20
Friday,	" 3	29.65	29.62	29.80
Saturday,	" 4	30.34	30.32	30.23

VARIETIES.

The following is almost good enough for a burlesque. When will Bismarck become a great landscape painter? When he's *Claude Lorraine*.

Michael Fanning, a prosecutor at the late Tipperary assizes, said, "I was attacked before and murdered: but I recovered. I was in bed six weeks after that."

At a fancy ball which took place in Brecon a short time since, one lady went as "the eclipse of the sun," in a very remarkable yellow dress, with a huge black patch in the centre of it.

The oldest railway in England, the Stockton and Darlington—now part of the North-Eastern system—has never killed a passenger, except one, and he had jumped, while drunk, from a train.

A transparent Hibernian wanted a friend to discount a note. "If I advance this," said the lender, "will you pay your note punctually?" "I will on my honour," replied the other, "the expense of the protest and all."

A gentleman, whose custom it was to entertain very often a circle of friends, observed that one of them was in the habit of eating something before grace was asked, and determined to cure him. Upon a repetition of the offence, he said:—"For what we are about to receive, and for what James T. has already received, the Lord make us truly thankful."

A CLERICAL DAMPER.—At a children's soiree held in a village in the county of Kincardine the other night, a clergyman, addressing nearly 300 young people, checked the exuberance of their youthful spirits by forbidding them to applaud, telling them "there would be nothing of that kind and no laughter in heaven," and that these manifestations of feeling were "inconsistent with religion."—*Dundee Advertiser*.

A NOVEL WAY TO ALLAY HUNGER.—It is said that the hunters of Siberia, when hard pressed by hunger, take two thin pieces of board, and placing one on the pit of the stomach and the other on the back, gradually draw together the extremities, and thus allay, in some degree, the cravings of appetite. A similar practice is known among the South Sea Islanders. This is supposed to be a very economical kind of board.

Last summer a Boston establishment tanned fifty anaconda skins for boot leather. The boots are valued at \$50 a pair. The largest of these skins was forty feet in length. The tanning processes were similar to those observed in the manufacture of alligator leather, the product being a very beautiful and highly finished quality of leather, glossy, mottled, pliable, and from the appearance of the grain exceedingly durable.

M. Chevandier de Valdrome is known to be one of the most absent-minded men in Paris. Once, while dining in company at the house of a friend, he astonished the guests, and his host as well, by making excuses for the *entrées* and the dessert. "You will pardon me I hope!" "For what, indeed?" "That my cook has given such a bad dinner?" Every one was careful not to apprise him of his mistake, but the truth had been spoken, nevertheless.

HATBAND MOURNERS.—A fire burned down some business premises in Sydney, and amongst others the shop of a man who was so well covered by insurance that the company disputed his claim. Amongst the stock alleged to be lost were 10,000 mourning hatbands. The counsel for the company cross-examined the suitor, and asked these hatbands—wasn't it an extraordinary large number? What probability was there of deaths creating a demand in a single shop for 10,000 hatbands? Replied the witness, "I did not keep the hatbands for those who grieve for the death of their friends; but for those who go into mourning for the grease of their hats." He got his insurance money.

Lord Seaforth, who was born deaf and dumb, was to dine one day with Lord Melville. Just before the time of the company's arrival, Lady Melville sent into the drawing-room a lady of her acquaintance who could talk with her fingers to dumb people, that she might receive Lord Seaforth. Presently Lord Guildford entered the room, and the lady, taking him for Lord Seaforth, began to ply her fingers very nimbly; Lord Guildford did the same, and they had been carrying on a conversation in this manner for about ten minutes when Lady Melville joined them. Her female friend immediately said, "Well, I have been talking away to this dumb man." "Dumb!" cried Lord Guildford, "bless me, I thought you were dumb!"

General Jackson had in his household at Washington, in an important position, a man who imbibed freely, or, in plain language, often got drunk. One day the President called the man into his room, and said to him:—"They tell me that you often drink too much, and are in a condition not proper to be in. Now, though I have not noticed this myself, yet I am told this often; and you know I cannot permit you to hold so important a position as you now occupy in my household if this is true of you. It will never do, man." "Ah," replied the imbibor, "I understand you to say, you hear this story about me." "Yes," responded the President, "I hear it often." "Well, General," rejoined the man, "if all the reports and stories which I hear about you are true, it does appear to me that you are not fit to hold the place here that you do." The old General saw and felt the point of the joker's reply.

We recommend the following to the attention of Canadian opera-goers.—At Pesth, on the evening of the 14th of January, an incident occurred which created an unusual commotion. The "academic youth," i.e., the students, got up, in the rooms of the Musical Union, a concert, to be followed by a dance. The first piece in the programme was a song by the Abbate Franz Liszt, the vocalist being Mlle. Nessveda, of the National Theatre. During the song some ladies who arrived rather late, made a slight rustling on taking their places. At the conclusion the Abbate, who was sitting in the front row, arose, and, turning to the audience, said: "Do you imagine you are in a pother?" Then, addressing the singer, he continued: "Mademoiselle, you were disturbed by the unbecoming behaviour of the audience; I beg you, therefore, to sing again." This outburst on the part of Liszt was greeted by the "academic youth" with boisterous cheers. The general public, however, attributed it to a cause wholly independent of musical enthusiasm, and they expressed their feelings accordingly.

No. 61.—THE LATE ADOLPH  
VOGT, OF MONTREAL.  
ARTIST.

Montreal has lost one of its most promising young artists, by the death of Mr. Vogt, at New York, on the 22nd of last month. The announcement coming suddenly upon his friends so soon after his departure from the city, created a feeling of much sorrow for his early doom, for he had but recently completed his 28th year. He had a large number of warmly attached friends, outside his family and the artistic circle, in both of which he was a favourite, and his being cut off even before his prime, and before the full development of the artistic capabilities of which he gave sure promise, by that fell disease, small-pox, is not only a source of regret to them, but of serious reflection, as to how much individuals and society lose, by the neglect of the proper precautions to prevent the spread of disease.

Adolph Vogt was born on the 29th of November, 1842, at Liebenstein Saxe Meiningen (Germany). His parents emigrated to America in 1846, and settled in Philadelphia, where Vogt received his first lessons in drawing and painting from Schmitz, Peter Kramer, and others. At the early age of fourteen he produced portraits from life, of which two are yet in possession of the family. Encouraged by these successes, he decided to follow the path of an artist so early begun, and returned to Germany in 1861, studied at first in Munich, then proceeded to Zurich in Switzerland, and studied under the celebrated Cattle painter M. Koller, until 1865. He returned to America the same year and took up his residence in Montreal, to which place his parents had removed in the meantime. During his short stay in Montreal he produced several cattle pictures of considerable merit. In April 1866, he went to Paris, where he studied the works of the best masters of the French school. His great talent

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.



THE LATE ADOLPH VOGT, ARTIST. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.

was acknowledged at once by the principal artists in Paris, such as Professor Taine, G. Doré, A. Bonheur, Brandel, Weber and others. In September, 1867, he returned once more to Montreal, painted several cattle pieces of very high artistic merit, in a bold dashing manner, which is the favourite style of the present French school. Among his other productions may be mentioned "Grey Battery," "Harvest Scene in a Storm," "Niagara in Summer," "Niagara in Winter," and "The Forge." Some of these paintings were shown at the Canadian Artists' last Annual Exhibition, and noticed at length in our columns. During the Fenian raid of last summer, Mr. Vogt went to the front, as special artist for this journal, and furnished some spirited sketches of the scenes and doings in and around Eccles Hill, which our readers, doubtless, remember. He was almost as great an enthusiast in music as in painting, and the works of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Liszt, &c., were his favourite studies, or recreations we should rather say. He went to New York in December last, and was doing very well when struck down with small-pox, of which disease he died on the 22nd February. The visitors to the Canadian Artists' Exhibition this week must have a melancholy interest in viewing his latest works which were there exposed and are noticed elsewhere in this issue.

LENNOXVILLE

This little village is beautifully situated in what may be termed the garden of the Eastern Townships, which in turn are called the gardens of Lower Canada. It is the seat of Bishop's College, under the joint control of the Diocesan Synods (Ch. of Eng.) of Quebec and Montreal. It has also the benefit of two railways,—the Portland branch of the Grand Trunk and the Massawippi Valley; and will soon have another—the St. Francis and Megantic.



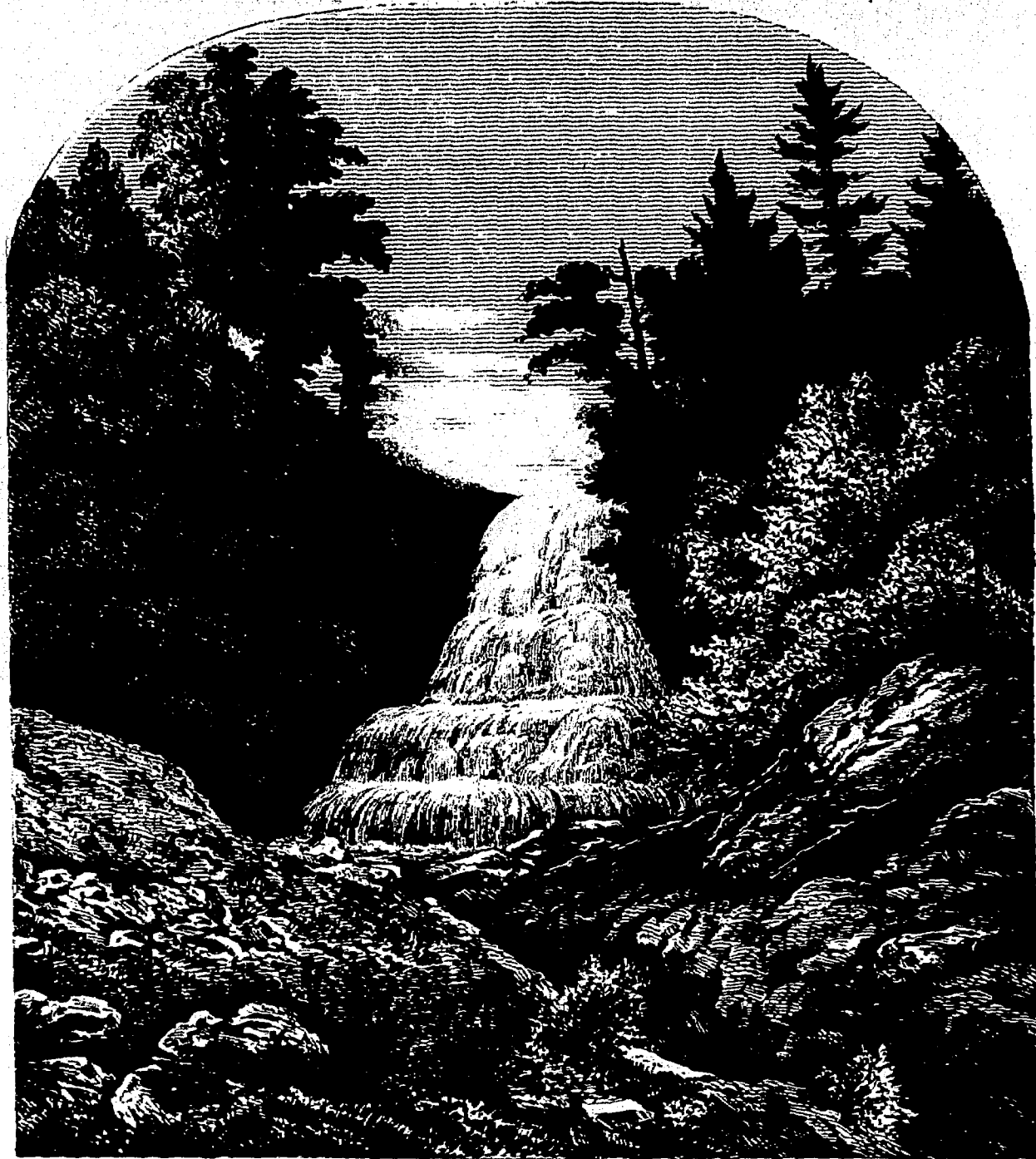
LENNOXVILLE AND ST. FRANCIS RIVER, FROM THE NORTHWARD. FROM A SKETCH BY DR. G. J. BOMPAN.



promised to be placed under construction this summer. Lennoxville is situated on the banks of the river St. Francis, in the Township of Ascot, Compton Co., about three miles from the town of Sherbrooke. The estimated population, as set down in Lovell's Directory, is about 900.

THE FALLS NEAR ANCASTER

The ancient Village of Ancaster in the Township of the same name, in the South Riding of the County of Wentworth, is most pleasantly situated on the plateau stretching south and westward from what at Hamilton is called the "Mountain," though it is only a precipitous elevation of the land marking the ancient basin of Lake Ontario, at a time when its waters occupied a much larger area during a former geological era. It is but about half a mile from the brow of this "mountain," near a point where there is an immense gorge running into the higher elevation, and along the east side of which is the gravel road connecting the City of Hamilton with Brantford and other western towns. Ancaster is about seven miles west (slightly southward) of Hamilton, and three miles south (a little to the east of) Dundas. Though an old Village and surrounded by a splendid agricultural country, and one of the best cultivated in Canada, it has not made much progress during the past twenty years, as the business which otherwise would have enriched it has been drawn to Hamilton and Dundas. It has, however, some water-power which has been utilised for running a knitting factory, flouring mill, &c., and possesses, besides, a foundry and agricultural implement manufactory. The whole population of the Village is probably not more than three or four hundred. The "Creek" which supplies the water-power referred to, runs through the Village, at the east end of which it passes under the Brantford road



FALLS NEAR ANCASTER, ONT. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY STARKE, WOODSTOCK.

and runs or "falls" over into the gorge, thence connecting with the stream that runs through Dundas.

TRAVELLING WITH WOLF-DOGS IN LABRADOR.

The wolf-dogs whom we have already exhibited in their capacity of beasts of burthen, dragging firewood on a sledge, are here depicted in a more lively employment, whisking their solitary traveller over the icy snow at a dashing rate. It may be remarked that the wolf-dogs differ from the Esquimaux dogs, being much larger and heavier, and they are the easier brought into service, that a single leader guides the whole pack hitched to the sledge. It is only the leader who is supposed to obey the command of the driver, and the others are compelled to follow. The reader may judge of the singular intelligence of the animal by its ability to interpret "Aonk," as being "to the right;" "Uruba" meaning "to the left;" "Ra, Ra, Ra," as "backwards;" and "Suyt," which can only be reduced to the comprehension of our readers by the Canadian "*Marche donc!*" or the vernacular "*g' lang!*" It will be seen at a glance that this Labrador dog language is of a far higher type than the "gee-whoa" which is all that the patient ox of more Southern climes is asked to comprehend. It is not improbable that the dog's intelligence is occasionally quickened by the application of the fifty feet lash; though as the leader is not reined he must have received a tolerable training for his duties, otherwise there is danger that he might lead the pack into trouble in a country where frequently the path is over the trackless snow, and beset with many inequalities of surface. The wolf-dog of Labrador, being a cross between the wolf and Newfoundland dog, is a beast of great strength, and possesses, to a considerable degree, the ferocity of the one and the sagacity of the other.



LABRADOR VIEWS.—No. 4. TRAVELLING WITH DOGS. FROM A SKETCH BY N. TROD

## THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

OUR READERS will be pleased to know that we have succeeded in making the most satisfactory arrangements in order that we may present them with the earliest, most reliable, and most artistic ILLUSTRATIONS and descriptions of the auspicious event above named. We have engaged the exclusive services of the talented Mr. FRANK VIZETELLI, to illustrate the incidents of the Wedding of the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne.

Mr. Frank Vizetelli is the celebrated artist of the *Illustrated London News*, who was with Garibaldi throughout his first Italian campaign, when the latter captured Naples. He sketched the splendid picture of the "Coronation of the Emperor of Russia," and all the incidental scenes. He also assisted in illustrating the Royal Marriage between Albert Prince of Wales and the Princess Alexandra of Denmark. He acted as Illustrative Correspondent of the *News* in the American War, first visiting the North and then running the blockade to the South. The magnificent series of Illustrations which appeared in the *Illustrated News* of London, of that terrible conflict, were all from his pencil. In fact there is no artist whose name is so widely known as that of Frank Vizetelli, in connection with Illustrated Papers. He has now returned from the late war to London, and entered into arrangements with us to illustrate and describe the Royal Marriage.

Through the kindness of gentlemen on the staff of Prince Arthur, and the exertions of our friends across the Atlantic, most exceptional facilities have been granted to Mr. Vizetelli at Windsor, to enable him to make his drawings exact in every minutia.

### THE CEREMONY IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL,

A Double-page Engraving.

### THE WEDDING BREAKFAST

in the White Drawing-Room, Windsor Castle; a full page Engraving.

### CARDINAL WOLSEY'S CHAPEL,

now being turned into a Memorial Chapel to the late Prince Consort, and to be used as a withdrawing-room for Peeresses and other ladies invited to the ceremony.

### THE ADVANCE OF THE BRIDAL PROCESSION

by way of the Fetterlock Cloisters, led by the Queen and Princess.

### THE WITHDRAWING-ROOM OF THE BRIDESMAIDS.

### THE BRIDEGROOM'S PROCESSION BY THE SOUTH ENTRANCE.

### LARGE PORTRAIT OF THE PRINCESS IN HER WEDDING DRESS.

### LARGE PORTRAIT OF THE MARQUIS OF LORNE IN HIS HIGHLAND COSTUME.

### A VIEW OF WINDSOR CASTLE.

### EXTERIOR OF ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

The above will be the prominent illustrations given in connection with the Royal Marriage.

### THE PORTRAITS OF THE BRIDESMAIDS AND GROOMSMEN,

INVERARY CASTLE,

the family seat of the Dukes of Argyll

OSBORNE, ISLE OF WIGHT,

and some other interesting Engravings will probably be added.

Though very considerable expenses are incurred in the perfecting of these arrangements, we confidently rely upon the liberality and appreciative taste of the Canadian public to reward our enterprise by still further increasing the already large circulation of the *Canadian Illustrated News*.

### CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1871.

Sunday, March 12.	—Third Sunday in Lent. St. Gregory, Bp. Desjardins Canal Accident, 1857. Prince Henry of Bourbon killed by the Duke de Montpensier in a duel near Madrid, 1870.
MONDAY, " 13.	—Earl Grey born, 1764. The Planet Uranus discovered by Herschel, 1781.
TUESDAY, " 14.	—Admiral Byng shot, 1757. York (Toronto) constituted a market town, 1814. Victor Emmanuel born, 1820.
WEDNESDAY, " 15.	—Julius Caesar assassinated, B.C. 44. Royal Charter granted to the University of Toronto, 1827.
THURSDAY, " 16.	—Ratification of the Reciprocity Treaty between England and the U. S., 1855. Prince Louis Napoleon born, 1856. Duchess of Kent died, 1861.
FRIDAY, " 17.	—St. Patrick, Bp. Battle of Linden, 1793.
SATURDAY, " 18.	—King Edward the Martyr. Sir R. Walpole died, 1768. Princess Louise born, 1848.

## THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1871.

THERE never was a time, since the agitation in the country for the construction of the Grand Trunk Railway, when the public mind was so keenly alive to the necessity of public improvements as the present. The new railway projects mooted, and on foot, are almost beyond computation; the improvement of canal and river navigation is about to be entered upon on a scale of unusual liberality; several new custom houses, post offices, &c., are provided for in the estimates, and the several provinces and municipalities vie with each other in their efforts to improve their respective localities. Canada never before presented a more prosperous aspect. Even taxation itself, usually looked upon as burthensome to bear and inadequate to the demands upon it, has ceased to give concern, except as to the disposition of the funds it produces. The Dominion Government is reported to have a large surplus from the last financial year, and a still larger one accruing during the present. Ontario is so far embarrassed with its plethora of funds that the chief political issue appears to be, which political party is honest enough to be permitted to manage them; and the other Provinces have all more or less of a balance in their strong boxes.

The prospect is a cheering one, and all the more so as the most cautious and far-sighted cannot show any reasonable ground for imputing these exterior signs of progress to a temporary inflation. There is nothing in the condition of the world outside of us to give an accidental stimulus to our trade, save a probable slight advance in the breadstuffs and provisions markets that may be credited to the war just terminated. The funds upon which depend most of the great undertakings under contemplation, or in progress, are substantially realised, for the balance in the Treasury will meet the undertakings of the Government, and probably also permit of a slight reduction on the tariff; the Ontario Government has as much again on hand as it has appropriated towards all kinds of improvements; and the railways are sustained by Government grants and Municipal bonds—the redemption of which will be no hardship—to an extent which places them beyond any reasonable risk of financial disaster.

Another reminder of the progress of Canada, though in a different direction, is to be found in the appropriations called for, for the militia and customs services, &c., in Manitoba, the North-West, and British Columbia. The representative of the Pacific colony, Hon. Mr. Trutch, is now at Ottawa, with full powers to complete the arrangements for its admission into the Union, and in all probability that event will appropriately signalise the fourth anniversary celebration of the formation of the Dominion. This last movement gives much significance to the railway enterprises now on foot, as it will impose upon the Government extraordinary diligence in the prosecution of the construction of a route for travel within Canadian territory from one ocean to the other. Until that shall have been accomplished, the union with British Columbia, though doubtless cordial enough in a political sense, will be troublesome and unprofitable in its practical working. An assimilation of the tariff, and uniformity in all other modes of taxation for Dominion purposes, are eminently desirable, yet these will probably not be effected until the opening up of internal communication makes the Union a practical, as it soon will be, a legal, fact. It is, however, a hopeful sign that British Columbia comes in not unwillingly, but with great anxiety to be received, and this will make the administration of affairs, hereafter, all the more easy.

From Montreal westward the cities and towns along the great rivers and the lakes are looking forward to a share in the wealth of commerce that the opening up of the North-West and the extension of our bounds to the

Pacific will, at no distant day, create; and this, we believe, forms one of the leading stimuli to the existing desire for railway extension. Toronto sends out three or four lines, each of which leads North or West towards the lakes, in the confident assurance that one, or perhaps all, will tap the great North-West traffic to be created, and from almost every town eastward of that point there are railways projected in the same direction. Montreal and Toronto are, however, the two main points competing for the future trade of the North-West and the Pacific. Toronto has already established her pretensions by the Toronto and Nipissing and the Muskoka Junction enterprises. Montreal is in serious contemplation of following suit by resolving to grant a million dollars towards the construction of the North Shore road to Aylmer, nine miles above Ottawa City, on the opposite side of the Ottawa river. From Ottawa City north-westwards the obligation seems to have been relegated to the Canada Central, and accordingly we find that, with the grants from the Capital and the Municipalities along the route, the road is about to be carried through to Pembroke. None of these roads, however, can profitably stop at their presently designated termini. They must all, to win the prize for which they are contending, reach the St. Mary's at the foot of Lake Superior. To this end we believe they are working, and, as commented on in a former issue, there is a project on foot to cross that stream and connect with the Northern Pacific line of the United States.

To this, as a mere commercial speculation, there can be no possible objection. But that scheme, let us repeat, is not the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the Government at Ottawa, if true to its trust, will see that no such connection is tolerated to the injury of future projects in the interest of the autonomy and future development of Canada. The diversion of trade into a particular channel is frequently very hard to overcome; and it would be far better that the national energies were strained a little for a few years than that the commendable efforts of the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec should be made to minister to the establishment of through travel, from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and *vice versa*, on an American line.

Among the new railway projects which have come into notice since the adoption of the North Shore line from Montreal westward, the Ottawa and Coteau railway deserves special mention. Its objects are two-fold; to furnish a direct line between Montreal and the Capital, and give railway facilities to the counties of Glengarry, Stormont, Prescott and Russell. The line, if built from the Coteau, would be about seventy miles to Ottawa City, and in addition to the counties named would intersect a portion of the counties of Soulanges in Quebec and Carleton in Ontario (the metropolitan county.) Were it, as some propose, extended to Vaudreuil, it would accommodate a greater part of the interior country without altering materially the distance from the commercial to the political capital. By either way, from Vaudreuil, or the Coteau, utilising the Grand Trunk to one or either of these points, the distance to Ottawa is only about 105 miles, or fifteen to twenty miles shorter than by the North Shore line. There are strong reasons of a commercial character why this line should be built, as well as the line on the North Shore of the Ottawa. It would be another feeder to the trade of the St. Lawrence, which is threatened with serious interruption, at Ogdensburg, by an air line road from that city to Portland. It would open up a large acreage of valuable lands, now unproductive, to profitable cultivation, and afford an additional channel for the outflow of the North-West trade, the bulk of which will inevitably seek its market through the valley of the Ottawa; and ought, if Canadians are wise, to pursue the rest of its journey, to and from the Atlantic, by the St. Lawrence.

These great undertakings for the further development of the country's resources ought to be pushed forward with zeal. They are the legitimate consequences of Confederation, and show how much the several Provinces have gained by "clubbing" their means; and though as yet the advantages of Confederation are in great part still in the future, enough has already been achieved to confirm the ancient maxim that "by Union small things grow."

### THE EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF CANADIAN ARTISTS.

The third annual exhibition of the Society of Canadian Artists was held this week at the rooms of the Art Association, in the Mercantile Library building. The rooms were thrown open on Saturday to a limited number of visitors, consisting mainly of artists, art critics, and members of the press. On Monday the exhibition formally commenced, and was visited during the afternoon and evening by large numbers of people, in which, as is usual in exhibitions of this description, the fair sex greatly preponderated. The greater number of the visitors were evidently attracted by curiosity and by



the desire of seeing and being seen, but here and there a group of *connoisseurs*, some of them ladies too, were noticeable making a careful and critical examination of the paintings exposed.

The great object of interest to all the visitors was Miss Braubach's portrait of the late Mr. Vogt, which hung draped with *crêpe*, over his latest productions. Mr. Vogt, it will be remembered, exhibited last year two large pictures which attracted great attention, the one entitled "Niagara in Summer," and the other "A Coming Storm During Harvest." To our taste his great picture this year, "The Forge," is by far preferable to last year's productions, both in colouring and truthfulness. He also has a "Sunset, with Cattle," a "Landscape, with Cattle," and a study of Horses, all of them executed in his peculiarly truthful style.

Mr. C. J. Way exhibits eight oil paintings, all characterized by their warmth of colouring. His two best are Italian scenes, one a riverscene "Between Torcello and Venice," the other "On the Sands of the Lido, Venice." He also exhibits several Canadian views, of which two represent scenery at Murray Bay.

Mr. Jacobs, to our taste, bears off the palm of excellence in his "Falls of Rivière aux Rapids, North Shore," a wonderful piece of colouring. His "Gipsy," though not to be compared to the last, attracted general admiration. He also shows two landscapes in the Eastern Townships, and a "Solitude."

Mr. Edson, whose performances have been so favourably noticed by the English press, comes before us with his usual class of paintings. He delights to depict a woodland scene—thick foliage above, moss under foot, and a fallen tree overgrown with moss on which the rays of the sun strike in broad patches through the openings in the foliage. Some of his productions of this kind are really wonderful, and arrest the attention of all observers, but there is a sameness to be found in all his paintings—in fact, one seen all are seen. Mr. Edson is a painter entirely *sui generis*, possessing great force and exactness, with a peculiar adaptability for depicting nature, and we predict for him a prosperous career in the line of art which he has chosen. His "Woodland Scene" is particularly fine.

Miss Ida Braubach has several pictures in her usual style of high colouring. Her portrait of Mr. Vogt is far and away the best of any of her paintings that we have yet seen. In fact her forte seems to be in portrait-painting. Last year her "Portrait of a Young Lady" was far preferable to any other she exhibited. Her subject, "He Loves Me, He Loves Me Not," is admirably chosen, but lacks softness of colouring. Her "Girl Picking Flowers," we must say we do not admire. A remark overheard in the room on Monday evening expresses exactly the fault to be found in her pictures. Speaking of the flowers a visitor said they appeared to have "grown up to order," and certainly there was some ground for the reflection.

Mr. Sawyer exhibits the portrait of M. Flanigan, City Clerk, Kingston.

Mr. Martin's studies of Still Life are always good, and this year brings no exception to the rule. His "Dead Hare," and "Dead Wood-Duck" were objects of much admiration.

The number of Water Colours exhibited this year was greater than last. In this branch Mr. Sandham carried off the prize by his "Toronto Markets," and his "Frozen In." Mr. Duncan's "Montreal from the Mountain," is also very good.

Only five pieces of statuary were exhibited. St. Mary and St. Ann, two alto-relievs, by M. Freret, excited general admiration. The same artist showed Bishop Mountain, and the Canadian Trapper, a picture of which appeared in our last number.

A large number of Sketch Prizes were on view, amongst which Mr. Jacobi easily carries off the palm. His "Study of Trees" was beautifully conceived and executed. A picture that attracted but little of the attention it deserved was Mr. Millard's "Old Yew Tree," a perfect gem in its way, and as nearly faultless as possible.

OUR ENGLISH LETTER.

(From an Occasional Correspondent.)

LONDON, Feb. 17, 1871.

Since my last from the Isle of Wight I crossed over to Portsmouth to visit Her Majesty's dockyard, and through the kindness of a naval officer there,—who lately commanded one of the gunboats in Canada,—I had a good opportunity of viewing all the works going on—the new iron turret ship "Devastation" now building—and several men-of-war repairing and refitting; but found a good many of the shops closed, as, iron having superseded wood, it has been found more economical to make contracts for the building of iron ships elsewhere. I went over Her Majesty's yacht, the "Victoria and Albert," and was much interested in the internal arrangements, the cabins and saloons being fitted up with every regard to comfort and elegance without being showy or gaudy, the furniture and panels of the doors being of birds-eye maple, and the sides of the rooms draped with a neat chintz.

After visiting the yacht, which is, I believe, some 300 tons, we then went aboard the iron-clad "Bellerophon," and Nelson's old man-of-war the "Victory," which lies out in the harbour, merely as a show for visitors.

A small brass plate on deck marks the spot where the gallant Admiral fell, and in a small room in one of the lower holds is shown the place where he breathed his last.

The Queen, as announced, opened Parliament in person on Thursday, 9th, and was warmly welcomed by the people on her route from Buckingham Palace to the Houses of Parliament. The Royal procession left the Palace at a quarter to two and took its way through the Mall along which Horse Guards were posted in couples at short distances.

Six dress coaches, each drawn by six horses, preceded the state carriage,—the last of the six containing the Prince and Princess of Wales.

Instead of the old lumbering carriage, Her Majesty sat in an elegantly ornamented one of modern shape, drawn by a splendid team of eight cream colour d horses, having red leather harness, with gilding and purple ribbons. It was a most magnificent sight as the royal cortège approached the granite archway leading from the parade ground to Whitehall, the band of the Horse Guards playing the "National Anthem," and the fair ladies from the balconies waving their handkerchiefs as she proceeded by way of Parliament Street to Whitehall. Her Majesty looked in excellent health, and was dressed in deep mourning—a black terry velvet dress with miniver and *crêpe* and a long white tulle veil, surmounted by a diamond crown. She also wore a diamond necklace, cross and brooch, the ribbon and star of the Order of the Garter and other orders. The Princess of Wales wore a dress of violet velvet trimmed with a light shade of satin, and flounce of exquisite Brussels lace,—headress of diamonds and feathers. This description of the dresses I had from a lady friend of mine, and can, therefore, vouch for the correctness thereof.

As the Queen ascended the dais, a ray of sun came through one of the windows and lit up a large diamond on her neck, and its transcendent beauty was much admired. On the right of Her Majesty stood the Marquis of Westminster, with the crown on a cushion, and on the other side Earl Granville with the trusty sword. Below were the Princess Louise and Beatrice, and Prince Arthur in his uniform of the Rifle Brigade. After Her Majesty was seated on the throne, Princesses Louise having gracefully arranged the ermine-lined robe which lay on the back, the House of Commons were summoned, and such a scamper and rush did they make as they came in, that it reminded one of a lot of school-boys let loose into a playground. After some order was restored, the Lord-Chancellor then read by command of the Queen, in a most audible manner, the speech. The speech which, on being read, was immediately flashed across the wires, you, no doubt, received the particulars of—not that there was anything in it of any great moment, and was very much like the usual speeches set forth on such occasions—I might mention, however, that when the announcement of the royal consent to the marriage of her daughter was made, there was a gentle murmur of approval throughout the House, at which the Queen seemed pleased.

The Queen then embraced the Princess of Wales, shook hands with Princess Teck, and held out her hand to Princess Christian, which she kissed. This ended the ceremony.

The Queen will hold a Court at Buckingham Palace on Tuesday, the 21st inst., to receive the Corps Diplomatique, the ministers, and other official personages, with the ladies of their families; and the Prince of Wales will, by command of Her Majesty, hold levées at St. James's Palace on the 25th inst., and 22d March in the afternoon at two o'clock. The presentations then to be considered as equivalent to presentations to Her Majesty herself.

The bill for the dowry to the Princess Louise passed its first reading in the House of Commons without division, and on the second reading last night was carried by a large majority, 350 to 1—the blind member for Brighton, Mr. Fawcett, being the only opponent.—Mr. R. A. Taylor, the member for Leicester, the opposing speaker, having, as is customary, paired off.

The Princess will thus have £30,000 as a dowry, besides an annuity of £5,000, and an allowance from her royal mother of £4,000 or £5,000. So she and Lord Lorne can probably commence housekeeping.

It is stated that the bridal dress of the Princess will be entirely of British manufacture, *viz.*, white Irish poplin, with veil and trimmings of Honiton lace. The Marquis of Lorne will be attired in full Highland costume, with gold ornaments, bearing the arms of the House of Argyll.

Mr. Cardwell, in a speech of more than two hours last night, expounded the new army scheme, and said there would be no increase of the standing army beyond that which was made last session, but the Government intend to raise the army reserve, and to fuse together as well as can be done the Regular and Reserve forces. The regular troops will be thus 135,000, Militia-Yeomanry and Reserves 192,000, and Volunteers 170,000. Say 497,000 in all. The Artillery is 336 guns.

The *Times* of the 13th February, in an able and lengthy editorial, reviews "Les Œuvres de Champlain" published by your worthy and enterprising proprietor of the *Canadian Illustrated News*, and it must be as gratifying to himself as well as to all Canadians, to hear so commendatory a laudation emanate from that journal.

The work is a most valuable one and well deserves the merits attributed to it, and I trust both in Canada and abroad he will be amply remunerated, for, as the *Times* says: "His willing labour has cost him £2,400—a free gift to the cause of historical learning, as laudable as the Abbé Laverdière's year of unrequited toil."

In an action for libel brought by George Augustus Sala against Stodder & Houghton, the publishers of a work entitled "Modern men of letters honestly criticised," in which Mr. Sala was rather roughly handled, damages were given by the jury to the plaintiff for £500, the jury appending to the finding that neither as regarded his literary career nor private life was the article complained of a legitimate criticism.

W. M. F.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE WAR.

At last the war is ended. On Wednesday, the 1st inst, the Prussian army, in accordance with the terms of peace, entered Paris. The German Emperor had set his heart on this crowning triumph, and, after much debate and much negotiation, carried his point. At twelve o'clock on Wednesday, the first column of the Prussian army of occupation entered the capital. An eye-witness thus describes the scene:—"The Germans are now entering Paris. Last night the rumour prevailed that the enemy had given up the intended occupation, and it found credit in many quarters. The completion of preparations and the activity of the authorities, however, forbade the hope of

the truth of the rumour. The scenes in portions of the city beggared description. Crowds had gathered at Montmartre and Belleville nearly all night, listening to incendiary speeches and shouting defiance at the Prussians. Since Gen. Vinoy's proclamation, the National Guards have been active in perfecting barricades as safeguards against the approach of armed crowds on the line marked out by the Germans. At an early hour in the morning the preparations were complete, the streets presented a singular appearance, from the absence of the people, and almost entire desertion of the line of march, except by strong bodies of regular French troops, who occupied a triangle during the night, with the intention of falling back before the Prussians, and taking positions commanding the approaches to the line. At the appointed hour, ten o'clock, the first representative corps of the victorious army entered within the encinte, under the eye of His Imperial Majesty, favoured by splendid weather. The Eleventh Corps, numbering thirty thousand, with 86 pieces of field artillery, and the usual proportion of cavalry under command of General Von Roon advanced in two columns, one at Porte Neuilly and the other at Point du Jour.

The former column advanced at a pretty rapid pace up the avenue of the Grand Armée direct for the Arc de Triomphe, the French troops vacating the streets as the Germans approached. The other column entered at the Porte du Jour below Auteuil, commenced to march along the quay on the north side of the Seine direct for the Place de la Concorde, where the rendezvous of the two columns is fixed. The zone surrendered to the Germans was admirably chosen for strategic purposes, with its right protected by the Seine and its left by the *enceinte*. Thirty thousand men would be able to hold the north side against one hundred and fifty thousand. As the troops proceeded along the line, the artillery took their positions from the Porte de Neuilly to the Place de la Concorde, and from Point du Jour to the same point as a precautionary measure. Nothing could exceed the splendid appearance of the troops, notwithstanding the hard service they have seen. The rest afforded them during the armistice seems to have obliterated most of the traces of the campaign. They turned out in as perfect order as if on a parade ground at home." On the Friday following the Prussians evacuated the city and retired across the Seine. According to the terms of agreement they will occupy the Province of Champagne until the whole of the indemnity of five milliards of francs shall have been paid, with interest, of which four milliards are payable in the two next years.

The last provision of the treaty, the settlement of the boundary, has also been fixed. The line of demarcation commences on the north-western frontier at the Canton of Cattenom, in the Department of Moselle; runs thence to Thionville, Briey, and Gorze; skirts the south-western and southern boundaries of the arrondissement of Metz; thence proceeds in direct line to Chateau Salins, and at Petticourt, in that arrondissement, turns and follows the crest of mountains between the valleys of the rivers Seille and Vezouse, in the Department of Meurthe, to the Canton of Schermeck, in the north-western corner of the Department of the Vosges; thence it runs to Saacs, dividing that commune, and after that coincident with the western frontiers of the Upper and Lower Rhine departments, until it reaches the Canton of Belfort; then it passes diagonally to the Canton of Delta, and there terminates by reaching the Swiss frontier. An alteration made at the last moment in these boundaries gives Belfort to France, and cedes additional territory around Metz to Germany. Germany is to possess her acquisitions from France in perpetuity.

THE GERMANS ENTERING FORT VALERIEN.

The fortress of Mont Valerien, on the western side of Paris, is the largest and most formidable in the ring of forts which encompass the city. It was accordingly one of the first of which the Germans took possession on the 29th of January, in virtue of the terms of capitulation. On entering they found a large amount of dismounted guns and stores, but the whole place was in a dirty condition, and contained no furniture or provisions of any kind, so that the first detachment of troops occupying it were for some time badly off. Our illustration shows these troops—composed mainly of artillery and Hessian infantry, distinguished from the other corps of the German army by the knobs on their helmets in place of the usual spike—in the act of passing through the principal entrance.

Recently a singular discovery has been made at Greenlaw, near Edinburgh. While the workmen engaged in the construction of the Penicuik railway were making an excavation at the back of the Greenlaw Barracks, they came upon the remains of from 200 to 400 bodies, chiefly of very young men. The tradition is that they died of hospital fever while detained as prisoners at the barracks, having been in the early part of the century taken prisoners in Spain by Sir John Moore. No record of the burial of these unfortunate Frenchmen appears to have been kept.

CHARADES, &c.

NUMBERED CHARADE,

(No. 5.)

I contain twenty-three letters.

My 13, 2, 15, 3, 9, 4, is a western Canadian town.

My 5, 16, 20 is a scripture name.

My 10, 12, 23, 17, 15, 21 is a dress material.

My 11, 21, 8, 14 occurs once a year.

My 15, 7, 17, 13 is a Parisian article of diet.

My 6, 1, 18 is the scene of many Canadian sports.

My 19, 18, 22 is a familiar phenomenon in nature.

And my whole should be found in every Canadian home.

R. T. A. L.

GUYSBORO, N. S.

ANSWER TO CHARADE No. 4.

Canadian Illustrated News Editor

Thus—

Donate.

Disraeli.

Natural.

Canard.

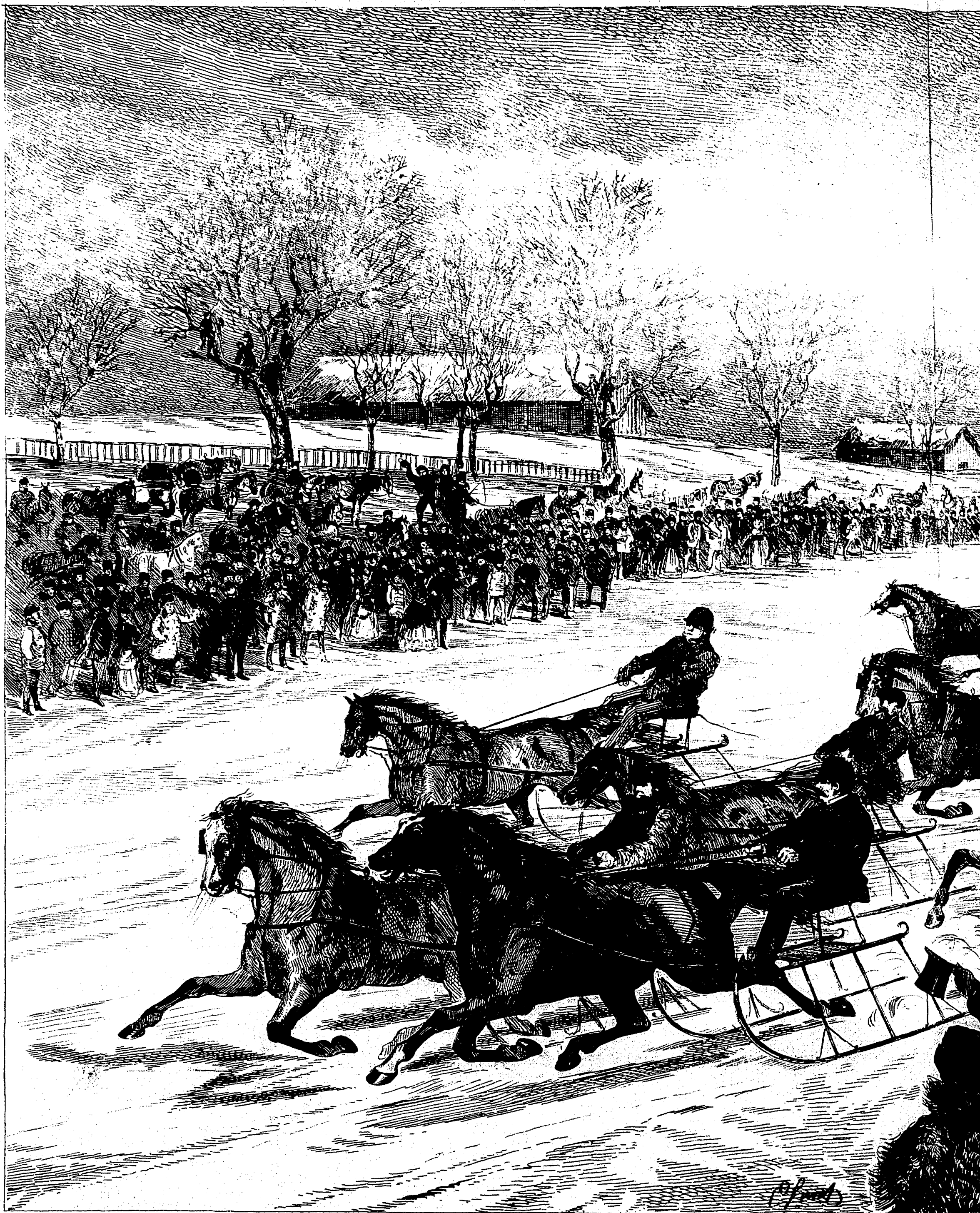
Ottawa.

Sedan.

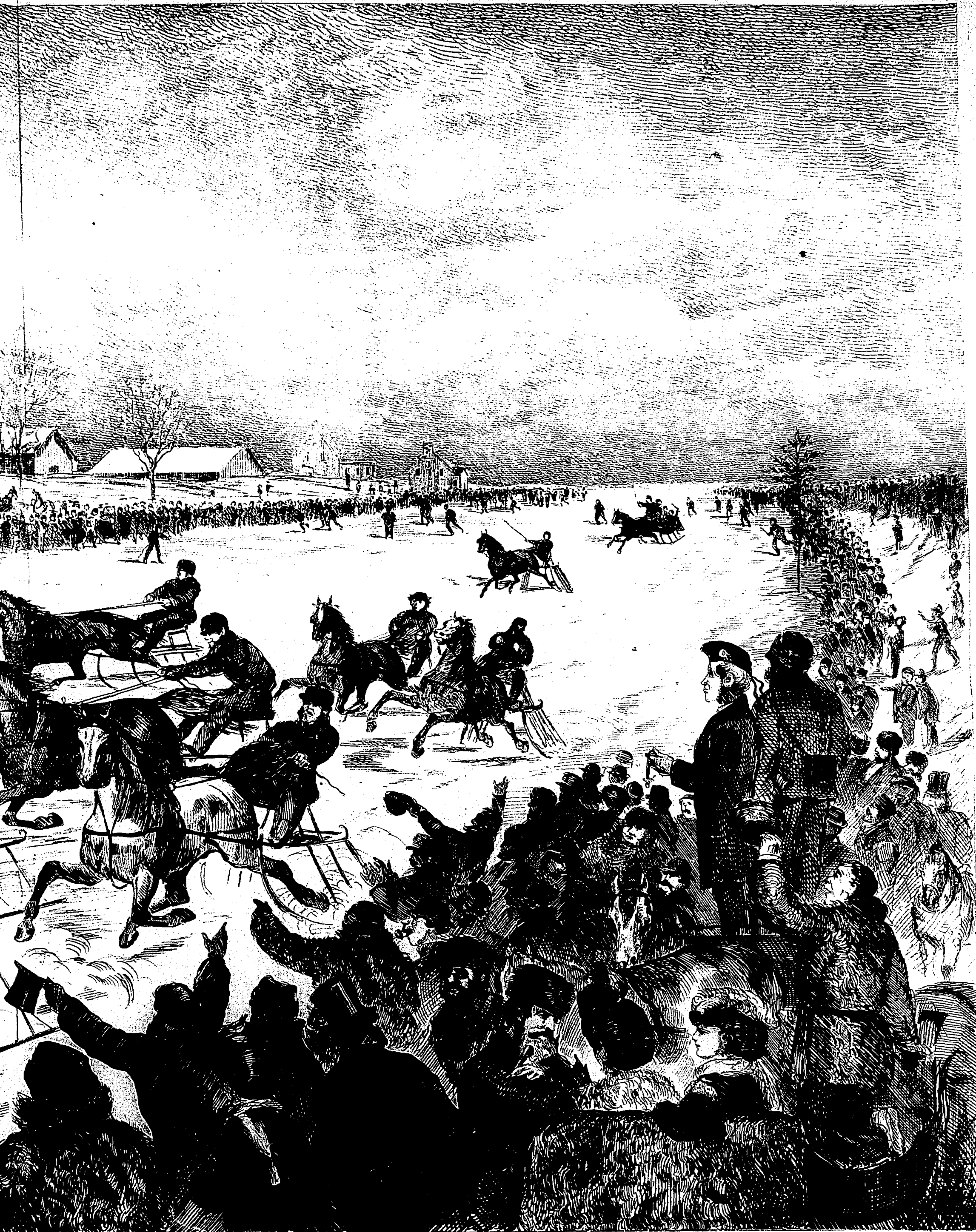
Dinner.

Aunt.





TROTTING RACES ON THE ICE, NEAR MONT



R MONTREAL, ON 23RD FEB. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST.



[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

THE HIGH JOINT COMMISSION.

A Ballad of ye olden tyme.

Sir Anglo Saxon was a knight  
Of prowess and renown,  
And ere from earth he did him hight,  
His sonnes to menne had growne.

His oldest sonne, velypt John Bulle,  
Is now ane aged manne,  
His sonnes and daughters scattered fulle  
Through earthe its widest spanne.

Ye other Brother Jonathanne,  
Eke Uncle Samme velypt,  
Waxed fatte, and in his wrath did planne,  
"Creation" should be whipt!

Ye family of Samme did growe  
In wealthe and pryde and power,  
Ye while ye angry passions' flowe,  
Brought fratricidal warre.

John Bulle did have one favourite sonne,  
Jean Canuck he was highte  
And Jean stood calmly looking on  
At Samme his bloodie fighte.

In shippes to sail ye stormie maine,  
Though rich as menne could wishe,  
And eke of wayes to worke for gaine  
In catching of ye fyshe.

Ye three felle out and quarrelled sore,  
And as ye stryfe grew harder,  
Putrescence entered—by ye doore—  
Ye Anglo-Saxon larder!

John Bulle did question—"What be this—  
Ye Alabama claime?"  
Sam his answer—"Wa'al, I guess  
You'd better take that same."

This, John Bulle would not willinglie,  
He spake him smoothe of worde,  
For he a manne of peace would be,  
And sparing of ye sworde.

But as ye warre of words waxed hotte,  
Ye putrefaction rose,  
And eke ye filthie odour gotte  
Into John Bulle his nose.

What tyme ye quarrel grew apace,  
Ye putrefaction sprede,  
And catching on ye fish-er-ies  
Did puzzle Samme his heade.

Jean claimed ye fish'ries for his owne,  
Samme did ye claime repelle;  
But eke ye odour—upward gone—  
Did stryke on Samme his smelle.

In such sore plights ye three resolved,  
While wrangling for possession,  
Ye knottie points might all be solved  
Through ye HIGH JOINT COMMISSION.

(Which we may remark, parenthetically, is still in session—on the last page of this number of the C. I. News.)

ALPHA.

Moscow, 1871.

SWEET SIXTEEN.

Sixteen to-day:—

The world hath called it "Sweet Sixteen,"  
And oh! how sweet to me;  
'Tis not that bright world's dreaming  
Which fills my heart with glee;  
But Thine own love, my Saviour,  
That makes my soul rejoice,  
The sunshine of thy favour  
And the music of thy voice.

While all the gay and thoughtless throng  
Bow low at pleasure's shrine,  
A higher, holier, better aim,  
In life be ever mine;  
To glorify my master,  
And lead some soul afar,  
From wandering in the darkness,  
To look to "Bethlehem's Star."

While others in life's morning  
May to their bosom clasp  
The gilded glittering toys of earth  
With an unyielding grasp;  
May I but cling to Jesus,  
In him my treasure lies,  
I want a name, a lasting name,  
Where glory never dies.

Ottawa, 13th Feb., 1871.

LIT.

[The foregoing lines, clipped from the Ottawa Times, display such power of versification and purity of sentiment as give promise of a bright and useful future for the fair authoress, who has, we believe, written not from affected, but from real feeling, and at the "sweet" period of life indicated.—Ed. C. I. N.]

THE SECRET OF THE CAFÉ.

EVERYBODY—that is, everybody that is anybody—knows the Café Talleyrand in Regent Street, how good it is to dine there, and how much better to dine there, if it be possible, at somebody else's expense. Most of us—for we all belong to the Upper Ten Thousand, I hope—have dreamy pleasant recollections of that Temple of the Palate, very much as Mr. Alfred Tennyson entertained of the Arabian Nights,

When the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free  
In the sails of our minority,

and drove us into heavenly harbours for eating and drinking; before the cares of Paterfamilias overshadowed us, and what we had for dinner was decided with no reference to what would hash up for the children next day. It is not given, indeed, to every one to be a poet, and far less a poet-laureate, but we have most of us some poetry in our souls; we may not all be men of Genius, but we are all, more or less, people of Taste. We know the trail of a woodcock served on toast from marrow, I suppose.

O pleasant ante-chamber through which we used to tread to the Salle d'Heliogabalus, with thy thousand tapering bottles and double-headed pâtés for those who were content to stand and eat, how unlike any pastry-cook's shop wert thou! What Houris were those who stood behind thy counters, and discoursed in broken English, better by far than the integral tongue as minced veal surpasses the fillet! How cool in July days were thy golden-footed marble tables—to a gross fancy, not dissimilar to petrified Oxford brawn—with their heaped-

up ices, and "wafers" more delicate than the thistle-down! How warm in winter were thy brazen stoves! thy soups from the beginning to the end—of the Giraffe's brain and Bison's tail—how comforting and benevolence-inspiring! Shall we ever again escape from mutton-broth and what they call brown gravy, we wonder, and once more experience those — But this is weakness, and unworthy of ourselves.

We remember, then, those little rooms upon the left, the purgatories where those who were too proud to eat at the counter but yet only came for luncheon—bah! how many an excellent dinner has that foolish intermediate institution thrown away!—were wont to look forth with pride upon the rest; and then the passage with the aloe-trees in tubs on either side, and at the end, the Statue and the Fountain; the former was so out of all proportion to the latter that we used to liken it to some old gentleman who had been dining in the Salle rather too freely, and had come out thither, in undress, with his finger-glass in his hand, with the intention of bathing in it. But the Salle itself—the sanctum of the Café Talleyrand—O "give me a golden pen and heaped-up flowers upon which to lean," or else I dare not paint it! It is no task for even a *Magnum Bonum* to describe that glittering hall (of eighty feet by forty), those blissful bowers (adapted for any number of guests), the ring of peaceful steel, the silvery clash of transverse fork and spoon, the clink of crystal, and that velvet tread of the innumerable Ganymedes pervading all as sleep pervades a dream. What human voices one did hear there for the most part swelled the harmony—their "More Moselle," or, "Yes, some Curacoa," had a certain music in them—but, now and then, a gentleman who loved good eating and (particularly) good drinking "not wisely but too well," would have to be "removed"—that is to say, requested to leave the apartment.

"The next time you want a dinner, sir," our head-waiter would on such occasions remark to the offending person, "you will find it at the *Cat and Pumpkin* round the corner, sir; but not here, sir—not here." If that gentleman could possibly have been anything else than what he was, he would, I am confident, have been a bishop. There is a beautiful legend extant respecting this dignitary, who has been at the Café Talleyrand for three generations or so, which I will take the liberty to repeat, although it has been current for years, and applied falsely to chiefs of other establishments. A gentleman, still young, and only melancholy in expression so far as it is fashionable to be so, once stepped into the Salle d'Heliogabalus, and ordered a Dinner; not a mere collection of good dishes, be it understood, but that judicious assortment of them which alone is worthy of that title. He was dressed to admiration; his hair and moustache were miracles of the art of the *coiffeur*; and his hands were whiter even than the waiters', though he was attended upon by two of the most gentlemanly of them, as a man of his distinguished taste deserved to be.

He began with *absinthe*, and concluded with a glass of *cau-de-vie*; and throughout the meal, took the right wine in the right place, and plenty of it. The head-waiter was so impressed with his judgment that he actually came out of his bower, and took the last dish away with his own superlative fingers, and the dined person acknowledged the attention with a graceful bow. It was evident, however, that this excellent judge of what was good for him had but an indifferent digestion—with such apparent inconsistency are the gifts of fortune distributed!—for he sighed heavily when he had concluded his repast, and while he was imbibing the bottle of claret. Presently he touched the little silver bell—or the bell that looks like silver—which pertains to every table in the Salle d'Heliogabalus, and the waiter was at his elbow before it had ceased to tinkle. There was now a mournful indecision in the dined person's countenance, which, in a meaner man, would have signified something like intoxication, but it presently disappeared. "Bring another bottle of claret," said he, "and be sure that it comes from the same bin;" and the waiter brought it.

The gentleman had been four hours dining and drinking, when he was heard once more to sigh deeply and to tinkle the silver bell again.

"Waiter," said he, languidly, but with that politeness to his social inferiors that never deserts a real *bon-vivant*, though gluttons possess it not—"waiter, be so good as to fetch a policeman."

"A policeman, sir!" replied Ganymede. "Most certainly, sir." And off he hurried to the head-waiter to know what the strange wine was, of which he would not have had the guest suppose him ignorant for worlds. The head-waiter understood the difficulty at once. He procured the gentleman's bill—it was £3 17s. 6d., as far as I remember, exclusive of attendance—paid it himself, and got it receipted.

"If I understand your last order aright," observed he, in his musical whisper, "you have no money about you?"

The gentleman nodded blandly.

"You have probably left your purse at home?"

"Alas! no; I have no home; I am a ruined man, in fact; but I have been accustomed to dine well, and was determined to do so once again before I was locked up for good; that is all."

"Sir," replied our head-waiter with emotion, "I sympathise with you—you are a man who deserves a good dinner; and you must permit me to be your creditor upon this occasion."

Whether this best of Samaritans ever got reimbursed for that act of charity I cannot tell; but if the esteem of all who know him can repay a man for a pecuniary sacrifice, I am sure that our head-waiter has been paid in full.

If the gentleman had taken the *cau-de-vie* first, and the *absinthe* last, it would, of course, have been a different matter.

But the circumstances which used to awaken our young astonishment most respecting the Café Talleyrand was this. Once, twice, thrice, ay, half-a-dozen times at least, we observed an elderly female dining by herself in the Salle d'Heliogabalus, whose appearance would have certainly led people to imagine that she would have found herself infinitely more at home at the *Cat and Pumpkin*. She certainly did not belong to the Upper Ten Thousand, nor the Upper Hundred Thousand either. It was no use calling her plump, for she was downright fat; nor short, for she was unmistakably "stumpy;" while if you had said her hair was auburn, you would have told a fib. She wore under her bonnet, but yet plainly visible, a broad fillet of velvet, with a brooch in it almost as big as the cups which jugglers wear on their foreheads to catch balls in. She had a loud voice too—for the Salle d'Heliogabalus—and asked for the dishes she wanted in the most execrable

French we ever listened to. She also called the waiters "lads," and made them "look alive" whenever she considered them to be dilatory. She was the only person that our head-waiter—to whom she always courted when she left the room—could never make out, and, indeed, he went in much mysterious fear of her. The remarkable thing about her was, that she knew how to dine as well as anybody, and absolutely sent away some potato-fritters upon one occasion as being insufficiently crisp. She preferred, too, somewhat outlandish and unusual dishes—*Soupe à l'Aigle* and *Côtelettes de la Licorne*—over which she would smack her lips with a rather obtrusive appreciation. She never ate of the same delicacy twice; and having discovered that her quotations from the *carle* excited the public merriment, she confined herself to laying a dumpy finger upon the required dish, and saying: "Now, I want some of that, lad, and mind it's done juicy, and to a turn."

On the first occasion of her visiting the Café Talleyrand, she excited an immense sensation by taking warm ale with her dinner; and would afterwards have had a glass of gin and water, if such a sacrilege could have been permitted to her in such a place. "You're dear, sir," observed she to the head-waiter as she left the Salle—having paid, by the by, no less than a shilling's worth of her bill in the copper coinage of the realm—"you're uncommon dear, that's certain; but there's no denying you are good." There was a great crowd of diners there the next day, to see this wonderful woman, but she did not appear again for a week or so; and, indeed, a considerable interval always elapsed between her visits. This secret of the Café gave the Salle d'Heliogabalus an additional charm to us for years, and was only disclosed to us the other day in the most accidental manner.

We have a godfather—an eminently spirited person, we have no doubt, but not demonstratively so; he was chosen by our parents, we fancy, as much because he was confirmed in bachelor habits, and had a nice little property of his own, as for any other reasons. This gentleman dowered us with a silver mug at our baptism, and a silver fork, and spoon, and knife, as soon as we got old enough to use such things; and his benevolence towards us even now evinces itself in a similar fashion. He does not present us with such valuable utensils, indeed, any longer, but he gives us the eating and drinking for which they were but the conveniences; he supplies us with the end instead of the mean (and I hope he will supply us with the "means" some day); he asks us now and then, in short, to partake of a thoroughly good dinner. He doesn't invite our wife, because he says that females don't understand such things; and, indeed, we believe she is quite as happy (dear love!) with her four darling children at home and the cold mutton, as she would be with his five courses, and rather unreliable temper. There is no show, no parade about our godfather's dinners whatever. He has no man-cook, nor even a man-servant; indeed, his income is not large, only, since it is spent *entirely* upon good living, it of course does considerable things in that direction. All those stories of his having parted with the sum-total of his property to secure a magnificent table as long as he lived, are nonsense, and never so much as spoiled our appetite at any time. He seldom sends us a written invitation—observing that such a course is not fair to those who cannot give him dinners in return—but when he meets us accidentally, in the street or elsewhere, he is almost certain unctuously to whisper something like the following: "Charley, my boy, I have got some Aylesbury ducks to-day at 6:30, and a bit of Severn salmon, Charley; will you come?" At which, of course, we reply: "Thank you, my good sir," and privately lament that we have taken breakfast. The last time this occurred, he was looking very miserable. It was a wet day, late in the autumn, and he was muffled up to the chin in capes and shawls; had goshes on, and carried an umbrella of immense extent, under which he staggered like a ship with too much canvas; and yet it seemed he was in want of a cab. "A cab, Charley," groaned he as we met him, in our dreadnought overcoat; "get me a cab, my boy; you don't know what depends on it." Nevertheless, we did know what depended upon our pleasing our godfather very well, however; so, leaving him under shelter of a doorway, we ran off, and brought him back a Hansom, into which he bade us step, and carried us to his house.

"O Charley," moaned he, and we fancied we saw tears steal down his aged cheek as he did so, "there's a brace of grouse dropping to pieces in my larder that *must* be eaten to-day; and dash my buttons, sir" (he used a much stronger expression than that, however), "if I have not got such a cold that I can't taste!"

It was really quite affecting to see the despair and agony of our respected godfather at this misfortune. "It is my opinion," continued he, "that all doctors are most unmitigated humbugs; my medical attendant, to whom I have just been for his advice, has informed me that nothing can be done, sir, absolutely nothing in a case like mine; I must have patience and a mustard plaster, he says, and in a day or two, forsooth, I shall get the use of my palate as before. Heavens! as if those grouse would keep a day or two! I tell you, they fell from their legs, Sarah informs me, this very morning—always keep grouse hanging by their legs, young man, and when they drop, it is high time to eat 'em; and the same with peaches—it's a terrible blow, of course; but I am no dog in the manger. You shall taste them, my boy, and I will try not to hate you for it."

We sent home to tell our wife we were engaged out, and were shewn into a bedroom to wash our hands. Presently, in came our godfather in his shirt-sleeves, and with a radiant countenance. "Upon my honour, Charley, there is hope still. I tasted the soap—not completely, indeed, but enough to know what it was. Where's your soap? No. Gone again, or perhaps my soap has a stronger flavour. Why don't I smell instead? Why, because my olfactory nerves are in such a state that I couldn't tell a polecat from attar of roses."

So, hovering upon the border-land of hope, our venerable friend came down to the dining-room. "Can't taste the soup," cried he angrily—and he had got such a cold that he called it *soub*, poor fellow!—"can't taste the soup one bit; take my plate away, Eliza, instantly. What *soub* is it, Charley? *White soub*! Of course, it's white *soub*; I have got my eyes left, though everything else is gone; what *sort* of white *soub*, man? *Paletine*! The deuce!" I thought my godfather would have wept, for *Paletine* was his favourite *potage*. The fish was dismissed in a like unsatisfactory manner. "By Job!" (he meant Jove) cried the old gentleman in an ecstasy, "I can smell those grouse!" (And, truth to say, he must have had a very bad cold, indeed, if he couldn't.) "What fluctuating things these delicate organs of ours are! Now—Eliza, shut that door

instantly, or I give you warning upon the spot—now, be very careful, Charley; don't touch me, don't excite me, don't do anything to make me sneeze and I shall do yet."

Our godfather ate three helps of grouse in total silence, and with the air of the intensest gratitude and appreciation. "You're a good fellow, Charley," cried he, when he had done; "I have enjoyed myself fifty per cent. better than I had expected to do. Do you ever lose your taste when you have a cold?"

"No, sir," replied we, modestly; "but it is very often thrown away upon boiled mutton."

"Good," said my godfather—"very good, as an application; but you are aware that the idea is not original."

And so, as usual at that table, our conversation turned upon anecdotes of eating and drinking.

Then we told him of the secret of the Café Talleyrand, and of the vulgar woman who used to dine by herself in the Salle d'Hellogabalus. The old gentleman laughed till he cried, and then he sneezed for about twenty minutes, after which I thought he would never have done blowing his nose.

"Dope" (he meant "Don't," but his cold was dreadfully increased by the above exertions), "Dope you know who thap was? Thap was Thara, down stairb. That was my coop Thara, Charley. She never could make Soupe à l'Aigle nor Côtelettes de la Licorne to my talite: and how was she to, poor thib, since she had never talted them good herself? Tho I thent her to the Café Talleyrand, and bid her order for her dinner whatever things she did not know how to coop. She is as good as any man-coop in England now. That's your secret of the Café. No more clabet, dank you. My talite is quite gone again; and I am dankful to have it when I did."

SCIENCE AND ART.

**THE CHANGE OF COLOUR IN LEAVES.**—The *Athenæum* says: "Experiment has confirmed the conclusion that leaves turn red, at the end of the season, through the action of an acid, since one of the elements producing the green colour must be a vegetable blue. Autumnal leaves, placed under a receiver, with the vapour of ammonia, in nearly every instance lost the red colour, and renewed their green. In some, such as blackberry and maple, the change was rapid, and could be watched by the eye; while others, particularly certain oaks, turned gradually brown, without showing any appearance of green."

**NATURAL HISTORY OF THE NOSE.**—The nose, says an observant writer, acts like a custom-house officer to the system. It is highly sensitive as to the odour of the most poisonous substances. It readily detects hemlock, henbane, monkshood, and the plants containing prussic acid; it recognizes the smell of drains, and warns us not to smell of polluted air. The nose is so sensitive that air containing a 500,000th part of bromine vapour will instantly be detected by it; it will recognize the 27,000,000th part of a grain of musk. It tells us in the morning that our bedrooms are impure, and catches the first fragrance of the morning air, and conveys to us the invitation of the flowers to go forth into the fields and inhale their sweet breath.

**PAPER WHEELS.**—The Pullman Car Company is running a car on the Chicago and North-Western road, with what are called "paper wheels." The wheels have steel tires and cast-iron hubs, and the paper is introduced in the way of filling under the tires, for the purpose of deadening sound and diminishing the force or concussion. According to the *National Car Builder*, the wheels have been running since July last under this particular car, and had been in use some four months previously.

The paper device is said to be superior to wood for the purpose designed, being stronger and lighter, and free from knots, grain, or sap. It does not expand or contract, but remains in the condition in which it is put in the wheels without liability of change. It is cheaper than wood, and can be moulded into any form by pressure, and is made fire and water-proof by asbestos. It is, as a substitute for wood, adapted to a variety of uses, especially in the way of ornamentation.

**THE USES OF SALT.**—The extent and importance of the uses of salt can scarcely be better described than in the words of Dr. Bolley, which we translate from his work, entitled "Das Kochsalz." "We awake in the morning; the linen which we put on betrays by its whiteness that it has been bleached by the chlorine derived from salt; the shoes with which we cover our feet required salt in the hands of the tanner; in the soap that we use for the toilet we seize a transformed piece of salt; the glass, which we bring to the mouth, hides the chief ingredient of salt; from the crude ore by means of salt, was produced the bright, white metal of the teaspoon, which is so highly esteemed by the world; the teakettle is soldered with borax which holds soda produced from salt; the milk before us contains salt; the butter has been preserved by salt perhaps for months; the bread betrays to the palate that the dough has been mixed with salt. We grasp the paper; it required the application of chlorine from salt in order to please us by its whiteness. The clean spectacles through which we see are partly composed of what once was salt. A visit is announced; a patient wishes to consult us; he enters, and, seeking scientific aid, we reflect upon the remedies at our command, and commence to write. Out of ten medicines we find that five of them owe their origin, either by their composition or the mode of their preparation, to salt. Who is able to forget for one moment this ever-present Proteus that appears in a thousand forms?"

**THE LARGEST GUN IN THE WORLD.**—The latest born offspring of the art of destruction is a thirty-five ton gun, just completed at the Royal Arsenal, in England. This monstrous creation was made upon the coil principle, with two strips of wrought iron, which, before they were wrapped round the core, were about 150 feet in length. On its way to the practice ground, it crushed its own carriage and the trainway upon which it was travelling, but it was coaxed into moving again, and the sponsors of the interesting infant fired it with half a proof charge, and its own shot weighing 700 lbs., and measuring a foot in diameter and two and a half feet in length. With this load, the monster recoiled nearly nine feet up an inclined trail of seven degrees, but was otherwise unaffected. When it has cut its teeth with larger charges, it is to burn, as a regular dose, 120 lbs. of pebble powder, the shot being the 700-pounder mentioned, with brass studs to fit the rifling of the bore. In firing it, a wire was attached to the vent, the bell was rung, and all present hastened under cover. In one of

the proof houses a gunner in a canvas suit stood before a magnetic battery, and at the word "fire," touched a stud, when there was a loud report, and the gun was seen smoking prodigiously. It will be tested with a charge of 150 lbs. powder, the regular service charge being 120 lbs.

It is the largest piece of ordnance in the world, not excepting those ancient Titans—the Beejapore gun, called the "King of the Plain," the huge stone-ball cannon of the Dardanelles, and "Mons Meg." If an invading enemy will only be kind enough to come near enough to this triumph of belligerent art, we think there might be a chance of slaughter on both sides. But what a telescope might have been made for the money, and what different sort of "victories" might have been obtained with that sort of weapon! The reflection is, we know, ridiculous: "guns, drums, and wounds" absorb the world.

**TECHNICAL SCHOOLS.**—The *Boston Commercial Bulletin* says:—"There is certainly a great want in this country of men thoroughly educated in those branches of practical science with which all manufacturers, but more especially those engaged in the production of textile fabrics, should be familiar. Such men can only be found abroad or among the better classes of immigrants, but they are few in proportion to the requirements of our manufacturing industries; and to the fact that we have less highly skilled talent devoted to the improvement of manufacturing processes may be attributed the disproportion between the capital employed and the results produced in American mills and factories, as compared with those of Europe. In the manufacture of the higher grades of textile fabrics a knowledge of practical chemistry is indispensable to economy, if not to success. Costly and often disastrous experiments have to be made with chemicals and dyestuffs, our waste of material is unnecessarily great, and in proportion to the cost of production, the average quality of our domestic fabrics is far below what it should be. It is believed by many, and with this opinion we heartily concur, that the establishment of technical schools for the scientific education of manufacturers would, in great part, obviate the difficulties now experienced by manufacturers in securing the assistance of experts to conduct these experiments and devote their attention to the improvement and simplification of manufacturing processes. Such a school, or schools, should be modelled on the plan of the great industrial schools of France and Germany, in which the course of instruction embraces weaving, spinning, dyeing, designing, drawing, mathematics, applied chemistry, &c. In such schools tuition should be free, or so nearly free as to be within the reach of all who might choose to avail themselves of the facilities they would offer for practical education. There is reason to hope that the interest now felt in this important movement, by the growers and manufacturers of textile fibres, will lead to the establishment of such a school in one of the great manufacturing centres; and should the experiment prove successful, it is probable that others of similar character will be established in other localities. But in the efforts to secure the dissemination of scientific knowledge, the necessity for the more general practical education of young men should not be overlooked. The revival of the apprenticeship system should everywhere be encouraged, for it is the highly skilled mechanics and artisans who contribute most to the industrial progress of the world, by compassing results which science alone would never reach. In order to make a man thoroughly the master of his trade, he should be taught its theory as well as its practice, and the two might well be combined by offering to apprentices the facilities for obtaining scientific instruction. The movement is certainly a good one, and if undertaken by earnest practical men it deserves and will receive the approval and co-operation of an intelligent community."

**THE PENNY—ITS ANTIQUITY.**—The penny is a coin of vast antiquity. Its familiar copper shape, as may be generally known, is a comparatively modern alteration of the silver form in which it was known to our forefathers. In the curious, though whimsical little work called "An Essay on the Roman Denarius and English Silver Penny," it is shown to be derived from the Greek *drachma*, *Aegina*, which has been to a date of six hundred years, antecedent to the Christian era. The *drachma* was afterwards coined, not only in Greece, but in Sicily, Syria, and Persia. The same coin under the name of *denarius*, was struck by the high consular families during the Roman Republic, and by the emperors. The author of the work just quoted states that it must have been a denarius of Tiberius to which Christ drew the attention of the Jews when answering their questions as to the lawfulness of paying tribute. He also mentions a very interesting circumstance respecting the Aureus, or larger gold coin of the Roman emperors—namely, that in 685, under Justinian II., one was struck with a head of Christ, giving him the usual placid countenance, with a full round forehead, and ringlets hanging down each side of the face, and beard parted below in the middle. From Rome the denarius was transferred to Saxon England in 650, being there coined by the Kings of Kent, Mercia, and the other departments of the Heptarchy. Under the name of penny, and comparatively rudely executed, it was kept up by the Saxon, Danish and Norman dynasties, in succession, and was the chief coin in circulation down to the reign of John. David I. is the first King of Scotland that is known to have issued the penny. In that kingdom it continued to be coined till the reign of James IV. In the course of its existence from Roman times to the present, the penny has been gradually reduced much in bulk. In the day of the republic, it weighed two pennyweights thirteen grains. In the reign of the Emperor Trajan, it weighed barely two pennyweights two grains. The late emperors reduced it nearly one-half; and the earliest Saxon specimens weigh less than a pennyweight. The penny of Edward IV. was fifteen grains; that of Henry VIII., ten grains; that of William IV., seven grains.

**WOMEN FARMERS.**—A correspondent of the Iowa Register, writing from Kossuth county in that state, says: "There are quite a number of women holding homesteads in this county, and although they are not actual farmers, one at least is. My sister, Josephine Winter, took a homestead adjoining mine, three years ago, and has met the requirements of the law by living on it and tilling it. She has 26 acres in cultivation, a neat little house built of pine lumber, two cows and several young cattle. She has taught school three or four months every summer and winter to procure means with which to improve her acres, as she commenced with nothing. But next

summer she says she will devote her entire energies to her farm and dairy. She will plant a grove, a fruit garden, a large garden of vegetables and a good patch of potatoes, doing most of the work with her own hands. The remainder of the field she will rent."

WAR INCIDENTS.

A Frenchman has written a *brochure* dedicated to "William the First, King of Prussia by the 'grace of God,' and Emperor of Germany by the effusion of blood."

Gen. Ducrot, who is accused by Prussia of having broken his parole, and by the capitulation of Paris becomes a second time a prisoner of war, is to have his peculiar position left to the decision of an international court martial.

Several of the Russian physicians have warned their patients not to travel abroad, as already some Russians, including the Ambassador at the Hague, and another diplomatist, have died in consequence of infectious diseases contracted by travelling in railway carriages which had been used for the conveyance of the sick and wounded in the war.

**THE IRONY OF HISTORY.**—A private letter from Paris brings to our notice a curious case of what is called the "Irony of History." The Great Exhibition of 1851 was supposed to be the inauguration of a period of perpetual peace. A large collection of French wheats was sent to it by order of the National Assembly. After the Exhibition these samples were stored for the benefit of the curious in the galleries of the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers. The directors of the museum and their families, and the sick and wounded (for whom beds had been prepared in the building) have lived through the latter portion of the siege upon good white bread made out of the samples above mentioned.

Is it not a little singular that M. Gustave Doré's two pictures—that is to say, prints of them—"The Marseillaise" and "The Rhine," especially the latter, should still be conspicuously displayed in the shop windows of Paris. "At the very commencement of the war," said M. Forgues, "I met M. Gustave Doré, and we discussed our chances of success. He was positive we should take the Rhine provinces; and I was equally sure we should not. I will bet," I said, "a complete edition of my works against a complete edition of yours that we do not acquire them." Alas! he lost, and the bet has just been paid. I now possess all M. Doré's works, and I never received anything so valuable with so much regret."

**THE GERMAN LOSSES.**—According to the *Verlust Listen*, published up to January 1st, 1871, the losses of the North German and Baden armies were:—

	Dead.	Wounded.	Missing.	Total.
Officers....	977	3,050	65	4,092
Soldiers...12,865	61,436	9,768	84,069	
Total...13,842	64,486	9,832	88,161	

The Bavarian losses announced up to the same date were 1,644 dead, 10,218 wounded, 169 missing, making together 12,031. The Wurtemberg losses were about 1,350 men, so that we receive a grand total of 103,532, inclusive of about 4,500 officers. We need not say that the lists issued up to the date mentioned do not include all the casualties that have happened till then. Few of the December casualties are recorded in them. The ravages caused by sickness, always more numerous than the victims by the sword and the bullet, are not put down at all.

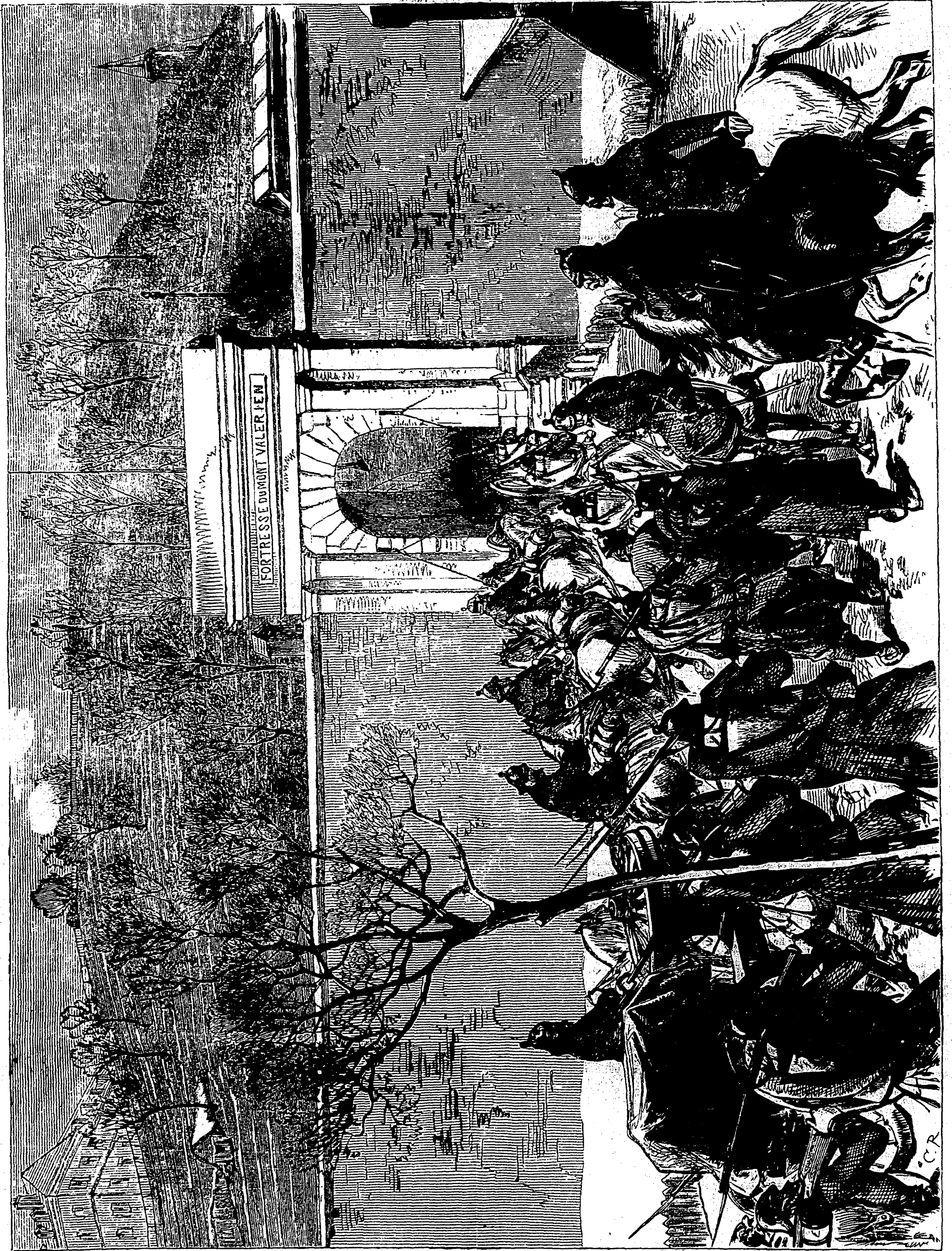
A special correspondent tells the following story of the "ruthlessness" of the Prussian troopers: Whilst the Prussian troops were gradually investing us, these ruthless rough-riders rode into every village when least expected. In one of these a poor old woman was washing what little store of linen was left her. She was very old, and her grey hair sprouted in silver tufts from her golden skin. The young women all had fled, and I fear, as young women will, had taken most of the linen with them. (Why should he be afraid of this deed in the linen and young woman way?) At any rate, she alone was left, and was thus engaged, when up rode some half-a-score of huge dragoons. They halt in front of her; they speak their barbarous tongue. The foremost man dismounts and draws his sword. Poor old woman, she falls upon her knees and raises up her wrinkled hands and shrill treble voice for mercy. It is in vain. Not all those cries, not those silver hairs, not even yet that golden skin, can keep that ruthless man away. Neither age nor ugliness protects her. Raising his sword with one hand he stretches out the other towards her, and grasps—her soap; this he cuts in two, pockets the one half, places the other on the well-wall, and growling out something like "Prdn m'd'm" from his hairy lips, retires. Poor woman! the shock was too much for her; she lost her temper, and swore at those retreating Teutons for being—thieves.

"ALL FOR MONEY."—A Lyons paper gives an apocryphal correspondence, together with England's little account for the sinking of ships and dishonour of her flag. The following is the bill:—

"The Toothless Leopard, Great Establishment of the British Isles. Dealers in Neutralities, Cottons, Conferences, Draperies, Diplomacy, &c., Wholesale and Retail. Due by the King of Prussia. The articles Undermentioned to be paid in cash, without discount.		
1. Seven English merchant ships in the port of Duclair, £20,000 each,.....	£140,000	0 0
2. The cargoes of the same,.....	35,000	0 0
3. Eleven English sailors wounded, at £8...	88	0 0
4. An English flag torn and trodden under foot, six yards of calico at 1s. 2d per yard,.....		0 7 0
	Total,	£175,088 7 0

"NOTE.—The great establishment of the British Isles offers to treat upon the same terms with all powers of Europe or elsewhere who may desire to undertake identical operations. The great establishment of the British Isles recommends itself for the facilities which it accords to all who may have any idea of insulting the British flag. To prevent forgeries, demand the special mark of the establishment, "ALL FOR MONEY."







*By the Associated Cheva*





The place is a ferry in the day, often perilous, and not much used now, except by prowlers in the night. Used by smugglers then as now from one side or the other, as tariffs of duties vary in Canada and in the States.

Lundy knew a boat lay moored to a rock awaiting his arrival. In the day he had caused it to be hauled to a hidden nook of water.

There he laid the loaf and drinking cup, telling the woman she was to live in that boat on Lake Ontario while the loaf lasted, and if the boat lived through the mad torrent of nine miles, down under Suspension Bridge, and through the whirlpool, through the whirlpool where living thing never went, to pass out alive.

She was gagged and could not speak, but ears and eyes could hear and see. This he knew, and so addressed them.

He lifted this loading into the skiff; and, seeing attempts of unwilling feet to kick, bound the ankles again in the shackle.

They were feet and ankles once admired on London streets for the grace of the stepping; and in dances had revived, in all who saw them, the old delightful thought, "poetry of motion." Rosa was not now a girl, but her form was still comely and graceful, and but for rearing the child Lucy, not her own child, might have lived otherwise than at a paper mill.

And those feet were shackled that she might not run; arms pinioned that she might not fight; mouth bridled that she might not cry for help.

And the oars were cast aside on shore that she might be utterly helpless, even if loose in the boat.

"At last," said the man, "finally, and to be spoken—this word of mercy, never more; if the bridle be removed from your tongue will you now tell where Lucy went with the money? Make a sign by nod of the head if you mean yes. If no, shake the head, or give no sign. Then the skiff is pushed to the current, and down you go to the torrent; a run of nine miles to the whirlpool; to be seen again never more—never more. Do you nod?"

She made a nod. Two, three nods.

"Very well, that assurance of a changed mind is accepted. The impediment in your speech will be removed presently. I don't use more acid, seeing you repentant, but present the phial to your eye; and that loaf your sole and last food now in this life—if not faithful in this final trial. Nod again."

The woman nodded. The bridle bit being removed, she drew long breathings of relief from a recumbent to a sitting posture. Then sprang to her feet, yelling aloud in wild despair:

"Help! Murder! Help! Murder!"

The rocks, two hundred feet high overhead, reverberated to the American shore. In the still, moist, dark night—Niagara's moans a mile away, the opposite cliffs returned the echoes of despair.

Hearts of stone to answer a woman's agony and none else! Ears of the rocks to hear and reply, but no other!

Is there no ear to listen but that of the fiend now trying to smother her? Or the hollows of the echoing cliffs?

Again and again the voice of agony ascends in air, mingling with the moans of Niagara.

"Silence, mad woman! Else I drown you. Where did Lucy go with the money?"

Still the wild cry arose:

"Help me, Heaven! Murder! Murder!"

He reached to get one of the oars flung on shore. It floated from his touch and was lost. The other he clutched. It was poised in air to fell her dead with a blow, but his feet slid on the slippery stones, and on the froth seeming to him as a stone. He fell.

And still the voice, in this moment of respite, reverberated from cliffs of Canada, re-echoing faintly from the high American shore. Faintly in the air the echoes came. A whisper in the cloud of night as if Heaven heard.

And Heaven did hear. Philosophy may doubt. Treating of this topic in subsequent debate philosophers demanded to know if antecedents and logical sequences were to be admitted or discarded. "For," said they, "what brought two American prowlers upon the river at 2:20 a.m.?"

Earlier in the evening the prowlers had seen the Lundy skiff in its hiding-place, and, suspecting some operation of interest, lay on their oars within another hiding-place on the Canada shore, about fifty yards from the ferry landing.

Quickly, at sound of the woman's cries, the watchers pushed off, pulled up stream, rounded the outer rocks, and dashed in shore.

Seeing or hearing their paddles, Lundy, now on his feet, swung the oar to push the skiff into a swirling eddy, which might swiftly carry it and the woman away, and so down the river; but the prowlers caught hold, held on, one held on, the other paddling in; and so made safe.

Lundy fled and scrambled to a high ledge. There rocks lay in fragments, which, thrown down, might destroy a ship of strongest form ever built. One, two, three came tumbling over the precipice. But the smugglers, comprehending the danger from what the woman

hurriedly told, made quick despatch away to their own side. Rosa Myther with them.

The fugitive did not hazard time to throw many stones, not seeing the aim; not feeling safe from pursuit.

To his waggon in haste. Drove home fast. Put the horse in stable. Awaited attack in the mill. No attack that night. But a week later, fire and ruin. You may look in vain for the mill now.

Two or more years elapsed before the old trunk, checked from Clifton to Hamilton, went into the lots of the "unclaimed" for sale. The two ladies heard from Rosa Myther all about it, and knew its marks. They knew also De Peri's ways, and amused themselves about dream books, taking care to have in their suite a New York detective who understood the man.

And now De Peri awaits on Windsor shore the return of the smart, small, curly haired boy Dod. That captain from New York said "quits," but De Peri is not sure it is "quits," so remains on the Canada side.

When the Donna Euryria and Lucy opened the trunk at Hamilton, finding the Lillymere marriage certificate and Lundy's clothes, they laughed and wept by turns. At Rosa's sufferings they wept; at the Lundy Sunday suit they laughed.

When they had crossed to Detroit city and met Rosa Myther, who, for some good reason, keeps out of Canada—burning of the Rapids Mill, perhaps—they were uneasy about De Peri.

"What would he say, if knowing how precious that paper is; the Lillymere marriage certificate? And to have missed it and the great reward so narrowly."

"One good thing, he dare not cross the river. Let him stay in Canada, the States are well quit of him. He is too smart by half."

Still De Peri—George Peery of Aberdeen, once upon a time. And at home Dod Peery. Then D. Peery in writing. Now, for the mysteries of detectivism, De Peri—Still De Peri waits and waits at Windsor ferry for little Dod's return. The boy sees wonders and has difficulties. But on the fifth day comes back.

"What kept you so long, Doddy? Done any good?"

"You bet. There, that is the paper. Certificate of the marriage of Eustace De Lacy Lillymere, Major in the army, with Edith Ogleburn. They don't know I got it. Was all through and through the Casa Euryria, a palace of crystal, and marble, and rubies, and diamonds, and gold. Oh, how grand! Would not have come away so soon, only you wanted this paper."

"Well, Dod, this is a caution."

"Guess it is a caution, father. Not many boys in America would have gone and took that paper."

(To be continued.)

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., 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

83 WATCH! 83 WATCH THE GREAT EUROPEAN Eureka Aluminum Gold Watch Co. HAVE APPOINTED J. F. WILLIAMS & CO., JEWELLERS, 561 Broadway, New York, SOLE AGENT FOR THE U.S., And have authorized them to sell their great EUREKA ALUMINUM GOLD WATCHES for Three Dollars, and to warrant each and every one to keep correct time for one year. This Watch we guarantee to be the best and cheapest time-keeper that is now in use in any part of the globe. The works are in double cases. Ladies' and Gents' size, and are beautifully chased. The cases are made of the metal now so widely known in Europe as Aluminum Gold. It has the exact colour of Gold, which it always retains; it will stand the test of the strongest acids; no one can tell it from Gold only by weight, the Aluminum Gold being one-fourth lighter. The works are all made by machinery, the same as the well-known American Watch. We pack the Watch safely in a small box, and send it by mail to any part of the United States on receipt of \$3.50; fifty cents for packing and postage. A key is sent free with each Watch. Money should be sent by Post-Office Money Order, or in a Registered Letter. Address all orders and communications to J. F. WILLIAMS & CO., JEWELLERS, 561 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. 2-26-1f

T.F. STONEHAM MANUFACTURER OF WINDOW SHADES MONTREAL. 253 Notre Dame street. 1f

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

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

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MONTREAL. ST. LAWRENCE HALL.....H. HOGAN. ST. JAMES HOTEL.....

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

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

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

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

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

Arrangements are being made, and have already been in part effected, to have the Canadian Illustrated News on F.R.L.E., 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 CUT-STONE building in St. Thérèse 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



SALE BY AUCTION, On the First of March next, at noon, will be sold by Auction at Messrs. F. W. Coote & Co's Auction Mart, Toronto, about 140 boats, 17 scows, and 11 canoes with their equipment, and 21 wooden buildings, provided and used for the Red River expedition.

These boats, scows and equipments are at various points along the route to Red River. The wooden buildings have been erected at Prince Arthur's Landing, Kaminstiquia Bridge, Matawin Bridge, Yong's Landing, Oskondage Creek, Ward's Landing, and Shebandowan Lake, for store houses and stables, and must be removed as soon as possible after their sale.

Full particulars may be obtained at the Control Office, Quebec, office of Director of Stores, Militia Department, and the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Parties purchasing must take all risks as to condition and delivery. The Vendors will have the right to bid. By direction, F. BRAUN, Secy.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 10th February, 1871. 5-8c



CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT, Ottawa, 24th Feb., 1871.

Authorized discount on American Invoices until further notice: 10 per cent.

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

A. M. BUTLER, DEALER IN BALTIMORE OYSTERS, Wholesale and Retail. FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FRUITS. 45 ST. JOHN STREET, Opposite Longmoore & Wilson's Printing Office, Montreal, P. Q. (SUCCESSOR TO W. J. CRAVEN.) 3-5d

ATKINSON'S PARISIAN TOOTH-PASTE CLEANS THE TEETH AND SWEETENS THE BREATH. All respectable Chemists keep it. 25 Cents a box. 1-22 1f

MONTREAL BUSINESS HOUSES.

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

HOUSE FURNISHING HARDWARE.

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

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

DYERS AND SOOURERS.

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

SHOW CARDS.

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

HAVANA OIGAR DEPOT.

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

MEROHANT TAILOR.

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

HOUSE AND LAND AGENTS.

JAMES MUIR, 198 St. James Street,—Ad-joining Molson's Bank. 2-26-zz

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G. A. GAGNON, 310 Notre Dame Street. 2-26-zz

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"The Canadian Illustrated News,"

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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.

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THE HIGH JOINT COMMISSION.—SEE PAGE 154.

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

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\$25 a week Salary. Samples Free. No humbug.  
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FOR INDIGESTION & WASTING DISEASES.  
"The most curious of all the digestive fluids is, however, the Pancreatic secretion, for it unites in itself the properties of all the others. As a remedy for indigestion, Pancreatine would be vastly superior to Pepsine, which can only digest one kind of food. With pure Pancreatine we should be able to digest any kind of food, and therefore, the obtaining it in a state of purity was a point of great importance, to the Medical Practitioner."  
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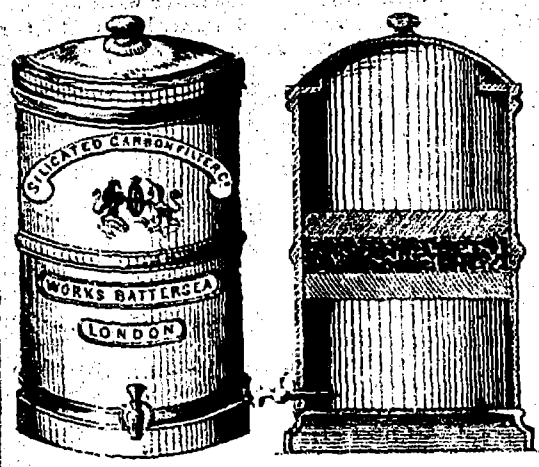
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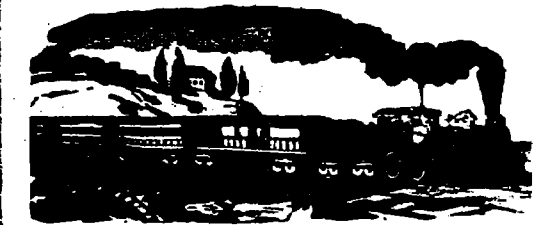
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Besides animalcula of all kinds, these Filters extract Vegetable and Mineral impurities, making the Water wholesome and refreshing. They are acknowledged to be the most perfect WATER PURIFIER known.  
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OPTICIAN TO THE MEDICAL FACULTY  
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Improved Service of Trains for the Winter of 1870.  
**Acceleration of Speed.**  
NEW CARS ON ALL EXPRESS TRAINS.

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GOING WEST.  
Mail Train for Toronto and intermediate stations 8.00 a. m.  
Night Express for Ogdensburgh, 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 p. 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, Coaticook, and Norton Mills, only, at 10.10 p. m.

Sleeping Cars on all night trains. Baggage checked through.  
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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. 89 Great St. James Street.  
C. J. BRYDGES,  
Managing Director.  
Montreal, Nov. 7, 1870. 2-21-15

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Only 50cts. PER BOTTLE. 81f

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Under contract with the Government of Canada for the Conveyance of  
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SCANDINAVIAN	3,000	Capt. Ballantyne
PRUSSIAN	3,000	Lieut. Dutton, R.N.R.
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NESTORIAN	2,700	Capt. A. Aird
MORAVIAN	2,650	Capt. Brown
PERUVIAN	2,500	L. Smith, R.N.R.
GERMANY	3,250	Capt. J. Graham
EUROPEAN	2,840	Capt. Bouchette
HIBERNIAN	2,434	Capt. R. S. Watts
NOVA SCOTIAN	2,300	Capt. Richardson
NORTH AMERICAN	1,700	Capt. Trucks
CORINTHIAN	2,400	Lieut. W. Grange
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SWEDEN	1,150	Capt. Mackenzie

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(Sailing from Liverpool every THURSDAY, and from Portland every SATURDAY, calling at Lough Foyle to receive on board and land Mails and Passengers to and from Ireland and Scotland) are intended to be despatched from Portland:—  
NORTH AMERICAN Jan. 24  
PRUSSIAN " 21  
NESTORIAN " 23  
SCANDINAVIAN Feb. 4  
PERUVIAN " 11  
MORAVIAN " 18  
Rates of Passage from Portland:—  
Cabin \$70 to \$80  
Steerage \$25

**THE STEAMERS OF THE GLASGOW LINE**  
Are intended to sail between the Clyde and Portland at intervals during the Season of Winter Navigation.  
An experienced Surgeon carried on each vessel. Berths not secured until paid for. For Freight, or other particulars, apply in Portland to J. L. FARMER, or HUGH and ANDREW ALLAN; in Quebec to ALLAN, BAX & Co.; in Havre to JOHN M. CURRIE, 21 Quai Voltaire; in Paris to GUYSTAVE BORSANGE, 25 Quai Voltaire; in Antwerp to ADOLPH SCHMITZ & Co.; in Rotterdam to G. P. IRVING & Sons; in Hamburg to W. GIBSON & HUGO; in Belfast to GIBSON & MALCOLM; in London to MONTGOMERIE & GREENHORN, 17 Gracechurch Street; in Glasgow to JAMES & ALLAN, 10 Great Clyde Street; in Liverpool to ALLAN BROS., James Street; or to H. & A. ALLAN, corner of Youville and Common Streets, Montreal. 3-3-1f

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N. B.—A large assortment of Silk-Lined Spring Overcoats in all Shades always on hand. 26

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ROYAL LAUNDRY OF ENGLAND,  
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