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# Wholesale News

Vol. XIII.—No. 6.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1876.

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## HEALING THE SICK.

This is a sketch of the public and gratuitous healing of the sick by magnetic influence in Toronto. Consumptive people who are subject to epileptic fits, disease of the hip joint, St. Vitus dance, in curables of all kinds, who have been "given up by the doctors," come or are carried to this place every Saturday to be "rubbed down." The "Healer" in his introduction speaks complainingly of the Ontario Medical Act for the suppression of quacks, in not allowing him to use American M. D. degrees, but derives comfort in the assurance that this can't be put down. Socrates, Pythagoras and Our Saviour were all misunderstood in their day, but people do believe in the immortality of the soul, and Christianity, and notwithstanding the act aforesaid and the incredulity which prevails with regard to his treatment the street in front of his residence is blocked up with patients. He has performed some wonderful cures in the city by whatever means, although the process is silly enough to look at and may excite the humour of the sceptics in the back benches. A cure and his bill is all that a "legitimate" can claim, although it is questionable in the majority of cases if they have a right to either.

## RAPID TRANSIT IN PARIS.

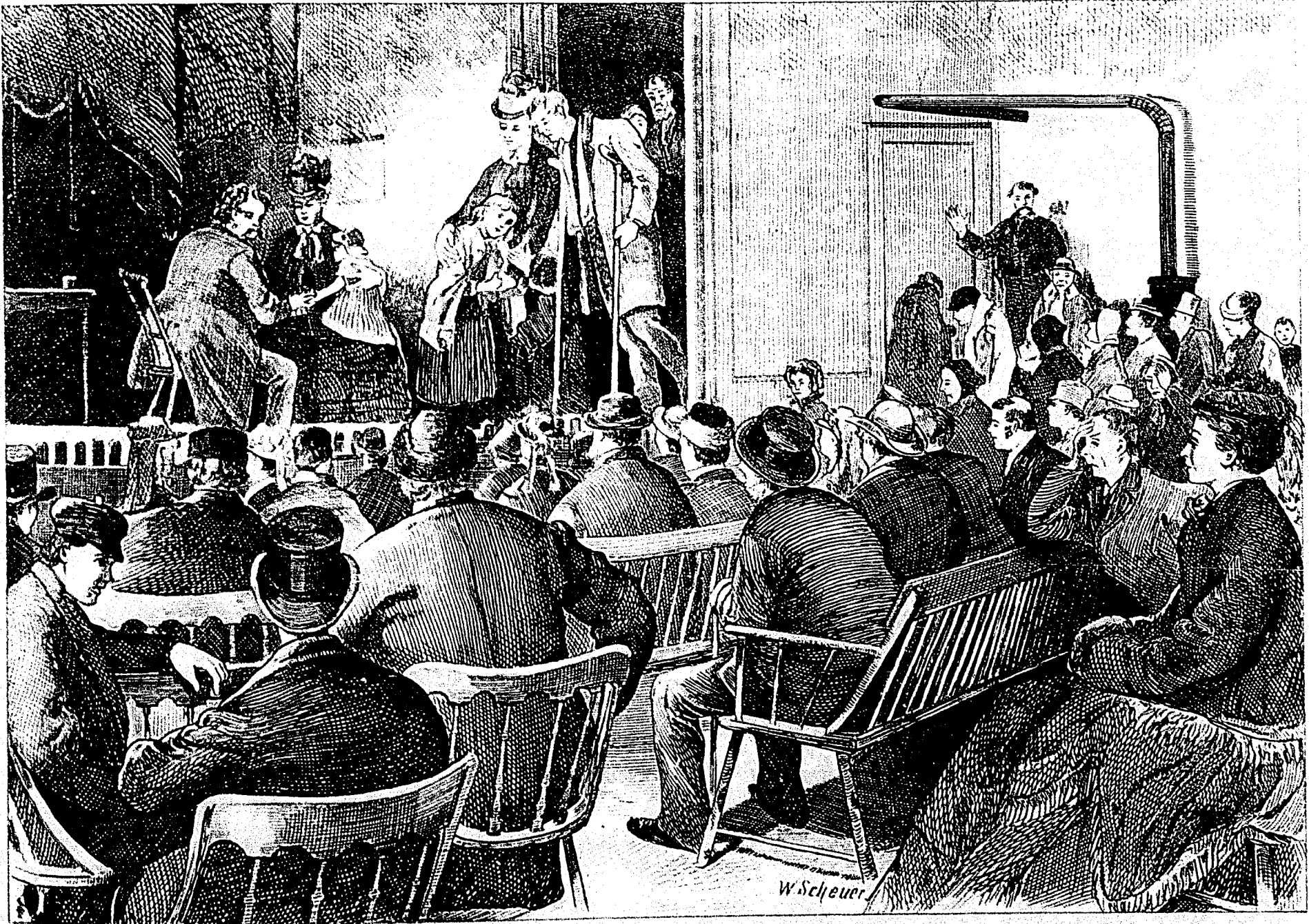
The municipality of Paris, though slow in adopting street railroads, is making rapid improvements in motors for propelling the cars since such railroads have been adopted. Successful experiments were first made on a line between Porte Maillot and the Bridge of Neuilly with a new machine driven by compressed air, which took the cars at a high rate speed with a small power, and with easy management in quickening, slowing, or stopping. More recently successful experiments have been made with still another dummy, driven by steam and with coke as a fuel, the inventor being Mr. Harding, an Englishman. Of one experiment with it the *Correspondence Havas* says: A car containing forty-four persons, all of them comfortably seated, was drawn by this dummy from the Place St. Germain-des-Près, over the line of the Southern Tramways of Paris through the Rue de Rennes, the Boulevard Montparnasse, the Avenue d'Orleans, and the Avenue de Chatillon to the fortifications. The trip occupied sixteen minutes going (up hill) and twelve returning, and was performed at the rate of twelve kilometres, or about seven and a half miles, an hour. The speed of the dummy was completely under control: the car was stopped

and set in motion more easily than with horses, and the horses in the street were not in the least disturbed by the engine. The authorities expressed their entire satisfaction with the experiment."

## PROOF READERS.

That much-abused individual, the proof-reader seldom has roses thrown in his way in the shape of pleasant words, and the following from the *Chicago Times*, will seem to most of the fraternity like an oasis in a wide desert:—There was a merry meeting at the old Portugal Hotel, in London, the other night. The proof-readers of the British metropolis had assembled to celebrate with a banquet the twenty-first anniversary of the London Association of the Correctors of the Press. Perspiring under blazing gas jets for three hundred and sixty-five nights of the year, cursed by writers on one hand and type-setters on the other, the proof-reader's lot is not an easy one, and it is not surprising that a short period of relaxation and enjoyment should be the occasion of much hilarity on the part of the sufferer, as the ban-

quet apparently was. The proof-reader is probably the most unanimously imprecated man in the world. It is impossible that he should satisfy anybody, and it were the sheerest folly for him to expect to please everybody. Through weary hours he must apply himself intently to matter which does not interest him; he must follow, not mechanically, but in his mind, disquisitions which are quite likely to be odious to him. He must correct the numerous blunders of writers, and rectify the manifold embellishments of the intelligent compositor. His information must be large and varied; he must possess an acquaintance with foreign terms in use in the language which he corrects, and must be able to rectify errors in orthography, grammar, geography and history. His task is the most thankless one under heaven, for no writer ever admits the possibility of an error on his part, preferring to make the proof-reader a scape-goat for every fault. It is pleasant, therefore, to see the press correctors of at least one city joined in social brotherhood, and celebrating the prosperity of their society in an elegant banquet. It looks as if the proof-reader is not disposed to give himself up entirely to hatred of everybody and all things, as he would be perfectly justified in doing.



TORONTO:—HEALING THE SICK BY MAGNETIC TREATMENT, IN THE AGRICULTURAL HALL.

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## OUR CHROMO.

As it is our desire to extend the benefit of our beautiful Chromo to as many of our friends as possible, and with the view of preventing all misunderstanding in regard to those who are entitled to it, we take the opportunity of stating once more the conditions under which it is issued.

1st. To all those who have paid up to the 31st December last, or as soon thereafter as their subscriptions could reach us.

2nd. To all new subscribers who pay their subscriptions in advance.

As many persons who receive the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS through News-dealers, apply to us for Chromos, although they are not on our books, and wishing to enable them to get the Chromo through the same channel as they receive the paper, we are prepared to furnish the Chromo to News-dealers on the same conditions as to our regular subscribers, allowing them, of course, a commission.

Our object being to gather in all our standing accounts, our friends need not wait till they are called upon by our collectors for payment, but will oblige by sending in the respective amounts directly, when they will be at once served with the Chromo, by return mail or otherwise.

## NOTICE.

We call the attention of our subscribers to the fact that we are now removing our offices and works from their present stand to our large and commodious premises on Bleury street, near Craig. Due provision has been made to prevent any interruption in the regular publication of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS during the interval of this change, but as some unforeseen accident to the machinery may possibly occur, we wish our friends would take notice of the circumstance and excuse any little delay that may happen. In any event, the delay will not extend beyond a day or two.

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,

Montreal Saturday, Feb. 5th, 1876.

### THE AGENT GENERALSHIP.

Canada has ceased to have an Agent-General. Mr. EDWARD JENKINS, M.P., has resigned; and Mr. F. J. DORE, an officer of the Department of Agriculture, has been sent to take charge of the Canadian Office, in London, not as Agent-General, but simply as a Canadian Immigration Agent. This change has come suddenly as a clap of thunder from a clear sky. But it will scarcely take those by surprise who have watched with closeness the course of public affairs. It has been clear to everybody that the London office has been a very expensive luxury. Mr. JENKINS was not an ambassador and he had no ministerial powers. He could not have, in fact, in the relations of the Dominion to the mother country. And for the simple purpose of superintending emigration, what was wanted was a simple business man, of the style of the late Mr. DIXON. The Government appears to have recognized this fact in abolishing the Agent-Generalship, and sending home Mr. DORE, in the capacity of a Canadian Immigration Agent. He appears to be a good selection. He served a number of years, under Mr. BUCHANAN, the late Chief Emigration Agent, at Quebec, and has been since in the Immigration Branch at the Department of Agriculture, at Ottawa. He has,

therefore, had great experience; and we understand he is a man of good ability and education. We believe this appointment will be generally accepted with approval by the country, and by the press of all shades of opinion. The abolition of the Agent-Generalship reflects credit on the energy of Mr. LETELLIER, the Minister of Agriculture, and removes a weakness on the eve of the meeting of Parliament. The rumour that has been circulated by the Dundee Advertiser, apparently on the authority of Mr. JENKINS himself, that Quebec or Ultramontane influences have had to do with the abolition of his office, is, we understand, without any foundation. It is, at the least, very unlikely; and certainly, nobody ever heard of such a thing in Canada. Mr. JENKINS' office was got rid of to save a lavish expenditure, and to secure a more direct control over the manner of spending money. We doubt also if Mr. JENKINS himself was found to be a fit man for the position he held; and this will come out, if we mistake not, when all the facts appear.

### MISTAKES IN TEACHING.

With regard to the subject of mistakes in teaching, Principal HICKS, of the McGill Normal School, has recently stated that, as great injury was frequently done through want of experience on the part of the teacher, the importance of careful preparation of the work was evident. One of the most serious mistakes for any person in life was to place oneself in a position for which one was not fitted by nature; this mistake was not rarely committed by people who adopted the teacher's profession. The teacher should possess—first, a love of children, and secondly, a decided liking for a teacher's occupation, and, thus fortified, he had some chance of battling successfully with the trials well known to all. No one should become a teacher until he had carefully counted the cost, and one of the most common mistakes made was to look for immediate results in the work of education. He himself had committed the error when he took charge of his first school, which was in a very disorganized condition. The teacher, further, should not be of the kind who considered teaching as an unpleasant task. Another, and a very serious mistake, consisted in the giving of special attention to a few scholars, because they exhibited that peculiar aptitude which a teacher was always pleased to find amongst the scholars placed under his care. Another, and a frequent mistake lay in the giving of too much attention to the teaching of a subject for which the teacher might have a liking, and to which he might have devoted a large amount of his own time, because he felt pleasure in so doing. Many young instructors undervalued the subjects of primary importance because they were elementary, and they imagined that they were promoting the benefit of their pupils when they taught something of which they had heard as an advanced branch of knowledge, without considering its fitness for the young. One would choose mathematics; another, a scientific enquiry of another nature, &c., while others hit upon grammatical construction, a hobby which they rode to death. Teachers often neglected the great truth, that all children were not alike in natural capacity, though every person, ordinarily speaking, must be aware of this fact. In this connection also came the habit, because a teacher was well acquainted with his subject, of going into the class room without preparation; this was a very fatal as well as a common error; preparation for every lesson was essentially necessary. Instruction was again, at times, given in such a way as to leave no chance for individual exertion, so far as pupils were concerned. He was well aware of the advantages of education as received from the present mode of teaching as compared with the dead system which prevailed in all schools years ago; the evils were sufficiently obvious and first, the

weakening of the system, removing from the young the opportunities of ascertaining to what extent they might be able to rely upon their own exertions in pursuing their education in future life; and another, the increase of a teacher's labour, as he would become so accustomed to constant repetition and explanation that he imagined nothing could be done without his assistance.

### SEWERS AND DRINKING WATER.

ALDERMAN McLAREN speaks of the necessity, if the Montreal sewers are to be flushed—and we really cannot see any "if" in the case, for it is simply absurd to grudge expenditure for that public health which is at the root of all economies and permanent advancement—the necessity, if the Montreal sewers are to be flushed, of raising the water for the purpose by steam power. Now we all know there is a water-head of 40 feet above the Lachine Rapids which would answer this purpose for the larger part of the city. Montreal might indeed use her proposed "lateral cut" for the purpose of flushing, arching it over of course—for, in a few years, it will cease to convey drinking water through increase of towns and traffic on the banks of the Ottawa River—the very cause for which the St. Lawrence stream had to be rejected. Quebec city takes its drinking water from the hills to the north at Lake St. Charles—the City of Glasgow from the beautiful and pellucid Loch Katrine—New York from the Croton Lakes. The London (Eng.) drinking water is certainly brought from low levels—chiefly from the quiet streams of the Upper Thames and Lea, but that is only because they have not yet discovered a better place, situated as London is at great distances from any Upland Lakes. None are altogether satisfied with the quality of the London drinking water, although as many of the impurities as possible are filtered out through gravel and other detergent substances in reservoirs formed for the sole purpose. Filtering will take away many of the mechanical impurities, but not the chemical ones, or those which are in solution—and they are often quite as serious as the others. As to flushing for Montreal, even the new Lachine Canal works might be partially utilized for this purpose, as they will be for the supply of power to the factories. It is only for the upper levels that steam power would ever be required. For making lime water a reservoir would have to be set apart. These questions will in time no doubt have the benefit of the experience of Engineers and the mature consideration of the public. Till they are settled the mortality will continue great.

### GAS IN HOUSES.

In recalling the circumstances of the recent escape of illuminating gas in Quebec which affected three adjacent dwellings and had such calamitous results, we would desire to express our deep sympathy with those who suffered so sad a bereavement by the terrible event.

The Coroner's jury gave minute attention to the separate liabilities of the Gas Company and the Corporation, but where the evidence broke down was in defining the means by which the fluid entered the houses. It is much to be regretted that this point was not made clear by examination of the foundations of the buildings. At first, almost all looked upon the drains as the medium for conveying the subtle and destructive fluid into the interior. But it appears the main gas pipe, which broke, was much nearer the houses than the sewers, while there was no evidence at any rate of the disrepair of the latter. But there is another theory which could be submitted for the consideration of our experts, and that is, whether, as Canadian houses are most frequently constructed, there would not be outside and around all main and service pipes used for conveying the gas we use for lighting, a clear channel from the operation of the weather, and from imperfections of construction quite sufficient to convey into a

dwelling almost any quantity of escaping gas. This question is very important; for as we all live in houses we are interested in the way they are constructed. The shrinkage of the soil from variations of temperature would quite possibly create such a channel around the main pipes, and when we come to the service pipes within the building and passing through the foundation wall, we know well, as things are, how little pains are taken to make the structure or partitions solid and impervious. In fact most houses are hollow and fluted shells! That such was the cause in the case under review is made additionally probable by the fact that, some time after the accident was discovered, a cupboard in one of the upper flats of the house was, on being opened, found to be full of the gas.

The houses were built with stone foundations on the solid rock, and security might at least have been obtained at the point of entrance. The world of material construction has in such details still to come under the control of the right moral and social influences, culminating as they should do in civic inspection.

A sad calamity has occurred in Quebec by which a highly respected aged lady has been suddenly taken away, while several other citizens have escaped as by a miracle. It arose from the bursting of a three-inch gas main—the atmosphere of three houses being thus permeated with carburetted hydrogen while the inmates were asleep upon their beds. A most intelligent jury has been empanelled at this present writing, but in anticipation of the verdict which we are sure will only be arrived at after the most faithful enquiry, we do not fear to say that the presumption is that the gas made its way into the houses through the drains, immediately upon the bursting of the pipe, and that the internal communications with those drains could not have been properly trapped. The civilization we are so much in the habit of boasting is injuring life in many departments and by multiplied arrangements. We have a habit of rejoicing in conveniences while we think little about life. Every now and then comes a shock of some such magnitude as the present appalling catastrophe—which we certainly know how deeply to deplore whether it sets us thinking or not. McLAREN'S new system of ventilation of drains, by the close proximity of its starting point to the sink traps of the basement of the dwelling, would in this very case, in all probability, have obviated the frightful calamity.

The telegraph informs us, whether rightly or not we cannot say, that the Government at Ottawa, being annoyed by the numerous applications from ladies for extra clerkships, have determined to rescind the new rule. We trust, for their knightly sakes, our rulers will persevere in their kind intentions, and will find a public notice of the state of their labour market a sufficient hint to the fair applicants.

### REVIEW.

BRET HARTE'S "Gabriel Conroy," in the February number of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, has an episode entitled "The Bulls of the Blessed Trinity," which is a remarkable and characteristic bit of description. Edward Everett Hale's story of "Philip Nolan's Friends" contains a curious account of a conversion by pantomime between white men and Indians. There are two articles in this number which may come under the head of discovery. One of them is concerning an important bust of Milton, very little known in England or America; and the other is an unpublished letter from Robert E. Lee to Jefferson Davis, written after the battle of Gettysburgh, and resigning the command of the Confederate forces. Charles Bernard has a paper fully describing the way of working of the Philadelphia "Building and Loan Associations," by means of which, it is stated, one hundred thousand homes have been built in that city. Clarence Cook continues his illustrated papers on house-furnishing and decoration; and Moses Coit Tyler writes about The University of Michigan, giving an account of the woman experiment there. The Revolutionary Letters this



month contain John Adams's views of "the currency question." There is an article on a singular convict island in the Atlantic Ocean, and a paper on "French Duels." Dr. Holland writes about "The School Question," acknowledging a change of opinion with regard to the reading of the Bible in public schools; and discusses "The Philosophy of Reform." The Old Cabinet is devoted to "Friendship," the Bric-a-Brac republishes a lately discovered poem by Wordsworth, to the Queen, as well as a letter by Browning to the editor of Wordsworth's prose, on the subject of "The Lost Leader." Home and Society tells about "Two Ways of Teaching at Home," and other matters. In the World's Work a number of new processes are described.

The second article on "The Century, its Fruits and its Festival," forms the opening paper of *Lippincott's Magazine* for February, and is a succinct but masterly sketch of "American Progress," with appropriate illustrations pointing the contrast between the condition of American industries, with their imperfect means and appliances, a century ago, and the development to which they have since attained. The information presented in this series will prepare the reader for an intelligent comprehension of the Centennial Exposition. The concluding paper of Mr. Bruce's "Up to the ThAMES," treats of Windsor, Eton, and the neighbouring localities, and is full of dainty descriptions, to which the charming woodcuts among the best that have ever appeared in an American magazine give additional effect. Another finely illustrated paper is the second of a series of "Sketches of India," dealing with some of the most notable characteristics of that country and its varied populations. In a very able and well-written article entitled "Professor and Teacher," James Morgan Hart, author of "German Universities," discusses the principles and methods of the "higher education," presenting views which must command the attention of all who are interested in this important subject. "A Few Hours in Bohemia," by Ita Auld Prokop, is a light and amusing sketch of artist life in Paris, with its eccentricities illuminated by genius; with an equally faithful transcript of life "At the Old Plantation" is given in Rev. Robert Wilson's second paper with this title. The wide circle of readers who enjoy Lady Barker's writings will welcome her "Letters from South Africa," which are begun in this number of *Lippincott's*. As an easy and vivid narrator of travelling experiences she has no superior, and her vivacity remains undiminished in the new field which she has chosen. "The Atone ment of Lemn Pundak" is continued, and the interest of this powerful and original novel is well sustained. A short story by Ethel C. Gale, "On Sankota Head," poems by Emma Lazarus, F. A. Hillard, and Charlotte F. Bates, and a discussion in the "Monthly Gossip," of the views presented in Dr. Wood's recent article on Medical Education in the United States, complete the list of the noticeable features of the number, which offers as much variety of entertainment and instruction as can well be compressed within the covers of a magazine.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for February presents an unbroken front of eminent writers. Ralph Waldo Emerson, who contributes here a stirring and beautiful poem called "Boston," which is very apt to the new year and its national associations. Charles Francis Adams, jr., considers the comparative safety of railroads, under the head of "The Railroad Death-Rate," and Mr. John Fiske, author of *Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy*, treats of "The Unseen World" in a paper of great clearness and deep interest. For lighter reading, there is a humorous account from Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps of her sojourn in the South, and a powerful and unique tale by C. A. DeKay, a new writer of much promise. Miss Harriet W. Preston discusses Jacques Jasmin's poem, *Franchette*, and gives some charming translations from it. The chief of burlesque writers, Mark Twain, adds to the fund of entertainment a laughable article entitled "A Literary Nightmare." Besides these diverse elements, the number contains two other striking poems, "Phidias to Pericles," by the sculptor W. W. Story, and "Under Moon and Stars," by J. T. Trowbridge. Mr. Story's poem is a vigorous reply to the recent accusations of fraud against American artists in Italy. Mrs. Fanny Kemble gives the seventh chapter of her autobiography, and there is a very attractive installment of Mr. Howell's "Private Theatricals." The editors, in recent literature, discuss the writings of H. James, jr., and Joaquin Miller, with "Morris's 'Æneids'" and other recent and notable books; while under the head of Art there is a careful article on Industrial Art Education. Education closes the number with some information about Science Lectures for Teachers.

The GALAXY for February is the most strikingly attractive number of this popular magazine we have seen for many months, or even years. In its list of contributors we find Henri Taine, the brilliant French essayist, and Albert Rhodes, his American rival, William Black, the English novelist, Henry James, Jr., Justin McCarthy, John Burroughs, Richard Grant White, and several other well-known authors, all of whom seem to have written in their best vein.

Mr. John Burroughs, who is beginning to rank with the first of American essayists, has an admirable paper on Emerson. A very clever writer who fails to give his name, though we believe it to be Prof. John A. Church, discusses soon the

proposed reduction of the Army; and, with the aid of statistics and estimates, presents an analysis of the question with shows not only careful study, but profound knowledge of the subject in all its details and all its bearings. His article will have great weight in influencing public opinion. In the department of romance there are in addition to the serials of William Black and Miss Howells two very clever short stories. The poetry of the number, which is also good, includes verses by Nora Perry and Mrs. Piatt. The departments of gossip, science, and literature are as full and attractive as usual.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

HON. CHARLES NOLAN.

Chairman of the Manitoba Advisory Board to the Canadian Commission of the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition, was born at Red River, his father having arrived there in 1817, and settled in St. Boniface as an Indian trader, and who afterwards married Annie Cameron, the daughter of a Scotch gentleman, then a Chief Factor in the Hudson's Bay Company's service, and who died at St. Boniface in 1845.

The subject of our illustration was educated under the auspices of the late Bishop Provencher, the first Roman Catholic Bishop of Red River. He afterwards became an Indian trader, and is now settled as a general merchant at St. Annes; he is a leading representative of the "Métis," and was one of the first to stand out for the rights of his people as British subjects, and when the Provisional Government was established in 1869, he was made Adjutant-General, which position he afterwards resigned.

At the last general election in 1874 he was elected M. P. P. for St. Anne by a large majority, and was afterwards appointed Minister of Agriculture.

Manitoba and the North-West Territories will be represented at the Centennial with specimens of minerals including iron, coal, gold, &c., agricultural produce, Indian work, and furs and robes. The latter will probably be the finest display of that class in the Exhibition, the selection being made from the stock of the Hudson's Bay Company under arrangements made by the President of the Canadian Commission, the Hon. Leclerc de St. Just. The gentlemen composing the Manitoba Board are the members of the Local Government, the Hon. Messrs. Girard, Bannatyne and D. A. Smith, and Messrs. McKeown, M. P. P., Cornish, M. P. P., and W. E. Layton, *For Press*. The Secretary is Mr. Thomas Spencer, many years connected with the press, and who went to Red River in 1867. He is the author of an able pamphlet on the resources of Manitoba and the North-West Territories, as compared with the Western States, which had a second edition of 30,000; he was appointed Clerk of the Legislative Council on the creation of that body in March 1871, which position he still holds.

THE LATE JUDGE BEAUDRY.

Hon. Joseph Uldé Beaudry was born at Montreal, on the 16th May, 1816, and performed his educational course at the College or Seminary of that city. In 1838 he was admitted to the Bar and practised for a time at Montreal and St. Hyacinthe. On his return to Montreal he served with distinction in the Municipal Council during the years 1847, 1848, 1849 and as Alderman in 1850. In this year he was appointed Clerk of the Court of Appeals, and in 1855 Clerk of the Seigneurial Court. In 1859 Sir George Cartier appointed him his Secretary along with the present Judge Ramsay, on the Commission for the Codification of the Laws. In 1865 Mr. Beaudry replaced Mr. Merin on the Commission. In 1868 he was appointed Assistant Judge of the Superior Court, and the following year one of the Puisne Judges of the same Court. Judge Beaudry is the author of several legal works much esteemed by the profession.

THE MOABITE STONE.

The famous stele or slab of the Moabite King Mesa, discovered some time ago, has been placed in the Jewish section of the Museum of the Louvre. The Government acquired all the fragments of this precious monument which were in the possession of M. Clermont-Ganneau. Several other fragments, belonging to the English "Palestine Fund Exploration," have been presented to the museum, and the engraved surface containing the text is now complete. The Moabite King thereupon relates, as is well known, his wars with the Israelitish princes. This text supplements and confirms the account given in the Old Testament in a most extraordinary and unexpected manner. But what gives this stele such great value, apart from its antiquity (the ninth century before our era), and its historic value, is the extreme rarity of Jewish epigraphic monuments in Palestine. The fragments of the stone having been joined together, several casts in plaster have been made of it, and the letters which were wanting have been restored by means of the "rubbing" which was taken of the complete inscription before the stone was broken by the Bedouins. This rubbing was preserved at great risks by the Arab who undertook to make it, and who only saved his life by flight. The directors of the museum have placed the rubbing between two sheets of glass fixed in a moveable frame, so that it can be studied conveniently.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE AGENT GENERALSHIP.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

SIR:—Your pictorial commentary on the abolition of the office of Agent General by the Ottawa government and its results to Mr. Jenkins personally will be greeted with some smiles. He may be the Jonah of a time of trial, but when Providence would save Jonah he can doubtless create the means. The comedy was, however, in my view considerably subordinated by the thought of the actual tragic destiny of so great a proportion of the infant population of this civilized and Christian empire; and limiting the view to the city of Montreal, another striking observation will come before the mind—and that is that the mortality of infants in the rural districts of this province of Quebec, is, so far as known, not abnormal, but that, in those districts, healthy childhood generally accompanies an increase of population that is perhaps surpassed in no other part of the world. This assertion is built, of course, upon the older statistics before emigration from our limits came to disturb the figures. Such a comparison cannot fail to set us thinking, but the general vital statistics that are to afford solid foundation for further judgment are not yet to hand, though earnestly anticipated by practical minds. With regard to Mr. Jenkins, in my belief, he has had but scant justice at the hands of our press. The opposition to his claims began before anything was known of him beyond the fact that he had written a trenchant and popular satire. It was plainly asserted, then, that Canada ought only to appoint Canadians. Office, we know, has always been the prevailing idea in our politics.—Our Agent General was a Canadian by education, and understood a good deal about Canada, as well as of the United States, where he had subsequently resided, and he had lived long enough in England to know pretty well where the shoe pinches in that country. He concentrated and elaborated his knowledge—spared few, and offended some. Afterwards, he became more deliberate and might be thought to have been ripening, of late, into a restrained, as well as active and informed politician. He belonged, however, to a party—that known as philosophic Radicals—who combine many crochets with much that is popular and useful, and this was undoubtedly a hindrance to him as our Dominion representative, for this country finds its wisdom in ignoring merely sectional politics in Great Britain. Certainly Mr. Jenkins has never failed in giving us the benefit of his intelligence and his eloquence when England needed explanations on Canadian affairs. She often needed such explanations, for though Canada and she know somewhat more of each other than they did a few years since, there is room for improvement, even in this department of our national relations. There was nothing lost to us in the prompt statements which Mr. Jenkins could make, and did not fail to make, in each contingency as it arose—both through parliament and the press, nor did we lose anything in his habitually bringing in the claims of Canada as a field for Immigration by actual word of mouth to the minds of the emigrating people. Mr. Jenkins was a great advocate for Imperial Confederation. In regard to this, as with some other questions, he went rather too fast for the majority. Such is genius! Our previous agent for immigration, Mr. Dixon, never claimed the possession of genius, but was certainly the prince of plodders, and him we rewarded by allowing him to work himself fairly off his legs, and into his grave. Such, in his case, was national appreciation of service! The exceedingly delicate and intimate relations between the Colonial office and the Governor General—and again between the Dominion Government and the London Financial Agents—may point to the needlessness of the office of Agent-General for Canada, but something analogous will have to take its place, and we shall certainly have lost a good friend in Mr. Jenkins, whether in the parliament, on the platform, or in the press, whenever feudal pretensions or joint stock conceits, or agricultural niggardliness had to be encountered in a manly and upright way, in the united interest of this Dominion and those more unsettled and uncomfortable classes of the British Empire, among which we suppose Mr. Jenkins will not forget that the tenant farmers themselves are largely included.

CANADENSIS.

P. S.—It has just occurred to me that some of us would be glad to know how Mr. Dixon's wife was provided for by the Government he served so faithfully.

CANADENSIS.

HEARTH AND HOME.

THE VALUE OF FAILURE.—It is far from being true, in the progress of knowledge, that after every failure we must recommence from the beginning. Every failure is a step to success; every detection of what is false directs us to what is true; every trial exhausts some tempting form of error. Not only so; but scarcely any attempt is entirely a failure; scarcely any theory, the result of steady thought, is altogether false; no tempting form of error is without some latent charm derived from truth.

COMFORT FOR HOMELY WOMEN.—"Beauty," says Lord Kames, "is a dangerous property, tending to corrupt the mind of the wife, though it soon loses its influence over the husband. A figure agreeable and engaging, which inspires affection without the ebriety of love, is a much safer choice. The graces lose not their influence

like beauty. At the end of thirty years, a virtuous woman, who makes an agreeable companion charms her husband more than at first. The comparison of love to fire holds good in one respect, that the fiercer it burns the sooner it is extinguished."

AN IMPRESSIVE THOUGHT.—We think of the earth as the only solid, substantial and abiding thing; all else is changing, when, in fact, it is only an eggshell with a yolk of liquid fire seething within. What if there were to be a great rift in the crust, and the ocean let in upon the fiery mass? The generation of steam and gases would blow this great terrestrial bombshell into millions of fragments in a twinkling, filling the surrounding space with new asteroids, just as we have reason to think we see now the seventy or eighty fragments of an exploded world moving in their orbits around the sun!

WILD OATS.—"A young fellow must sow his wild oats." In all the wide range of accepted maxims there is none, take it for all in all, more abominable than this one as to the sowing of wild oats. Look at it on what side you will, and we will defy you to make any but a devil's maxim of it. What a man—be he young, old, or middle-aged—sows, that, and nothing else, shall he reap. The only thing to do with wild oats is to put them carefully into the hottest part of the fire, and get them burnt to dust, every seed of them. If you sow them, no matter in what ground, up they will come.

MISPLACED FEAR.—All languages have a literature of terror about death. But living is far more terrible in reality than dying. It is life that foment pride, that inflames vanity, that excites the passions, that feeds the appetites, that founds and builds habits, that establishes character, and, binding up the separate straws of action into one sheaf, hands it into the future, saying, "As ye have sowed, so shall ye reap;" and again, "As ye reap, so shall ye sow!" Yet life, which is the mischiefmaker, is not at all feared. Death, that does no harm, and is only the revealer of life's work, is feared.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.—A man finds he cannot make his way in the world without honesty and industry, so that, although his father's example may do much, he has to depend upon his own exertions; he must be honest, or he cannot attain any enviable rank. But the tender soothing of a mother, her sympathy, her devotedness, her forgiving temper—all this sinks deep in a child's heart; and let him wander ever so wide, let him err, or let him lead a life of virtue, the remembrance of all this comes like a holy calm over his heart, and he weeps that he has offended her, or he rejoices that he has listened to her disinterested, gentle admonition.

RELIGION.—Whatever dissociates religion from the great cares of life, from the necessities of a man's condition, and from the opportunities afforded to him by the faculties he possesses, is a great and serious error. The human nature into which we are cast was not endowed or equipped with all those marvellous faculties for nothing. The glory of the Creator, in the external and manifold world, is to be seen, not in one object here and there, but in every object it contains; and the glory of the Creator in man, who is the crown of His creation, although it may be seen more in certain faculties and capabilities of his nature than in others, yet is to be seen in them all; and it is the due and equitable effective employment and development of that nature, with all its capabilities, which constitutes the full idea of the whole duty of man in the world in which he is to live.

THE GOOSE-BONE AS A WEATHER PROPHET.

The goose-bone predictions are perhaps more closely watched in Kentucky than anywhere else, and it may be called the Kentucky weather prophet. In many parts of the State the farmers consult it and prepare for handling their crops in accordance with its predictions. It is said that there is a family in Woodford County that have fifty of these little prophets carefully laid away, and declare that not one of them made a mistake in their predictions. Let us turn to this year's prophecy. We must take the breast-bone of a last spring's goose—none other will do, for the prophecy does not extend beyond the year in which the goose is hatched. Thanks to a friend, we have such a bone. It must be divided in three different parts, which represent the three divisions of winter. The breastbone of a goose is translucent, but at places has cloud-like blots upon it. These blots denote cold weather. Looking at the bone before us, we find a little cold weather about the 1st of December, which we have realized, and there is another blot beyond the centre of the bone denoting cold weather about the middle of January; this cloud we are passing now, and so far our little prognosticator has guided us right. We are to have warmer weather after a few days, but the worst is to come. The darkest blots are near the end of the bone, and if the prophecy fails not, winter will verify the saying of coming in like a lamb and going out like a roaring lion. Our coldest weather will come after the middle of February, and our warmest fires will be required for the parting days of winter and the first days of spring. This is the goose-bone prophecy, and as we have the word of a good old farmer that it has not failed for fifty years, we would advise the laying in of a good supply of coal, and general preparations to meet cold weather—for the goose-bone has said it, and old winter will be after young spring with a great big icicle.





PARIS:—DEMOLITION OF THE FAMOUS PRISON AND REVOLUTIONARY TRIBUNAL OF THE ABBAYE.

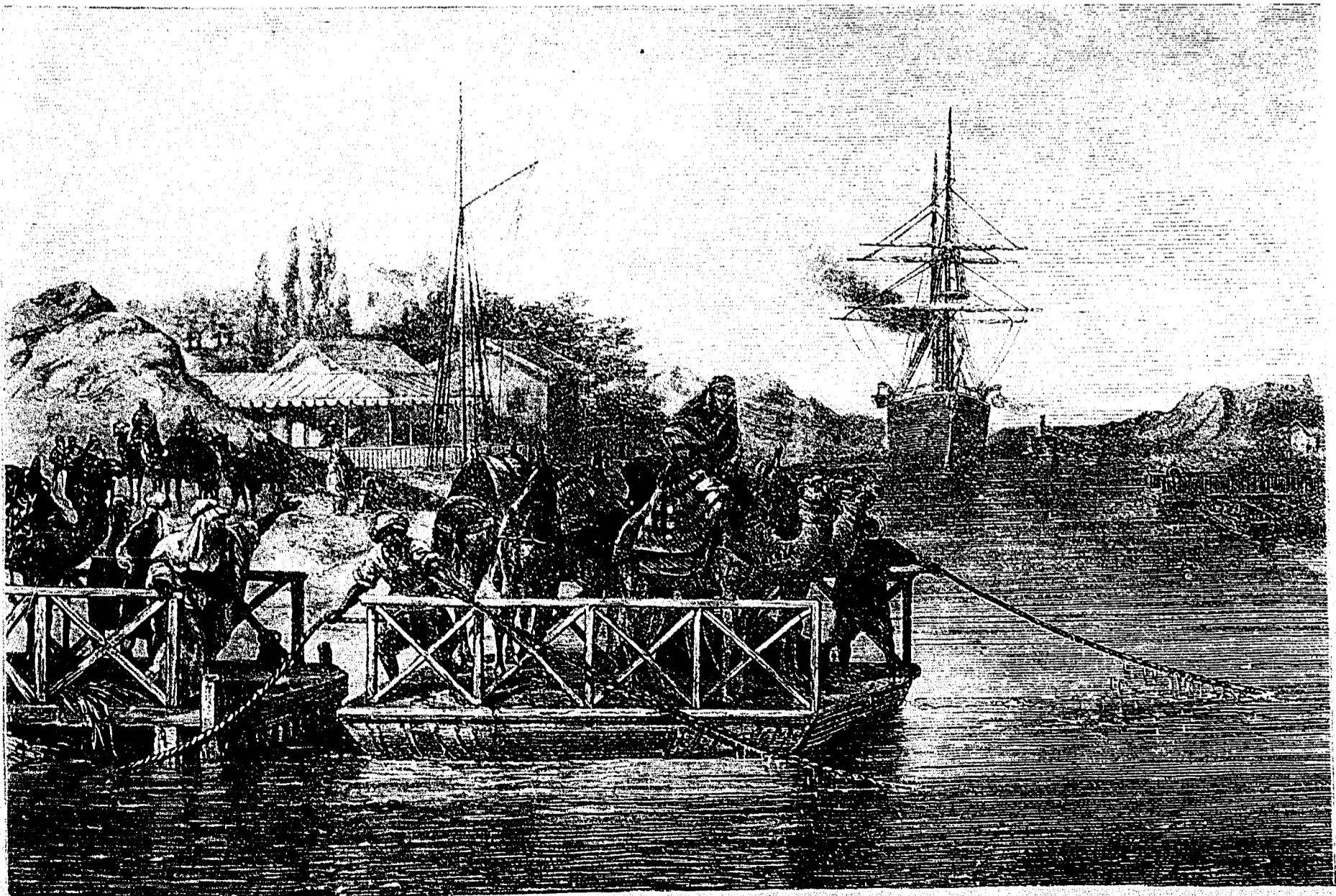
OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 267.—THE LATE HON. JOS. URALDE BAUDRY, J. S. C.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GRENIER.



No. 268.—THE HON. CHARLES NOLIN, OF MANITOBA.



THE EASTERN QUESTION :—EL KANTARA, ON THE SUEZ CANAL.



(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

## MORNING.

The sun draws nigh; to witness his bright birth,  
Bright with all brilliant hues that Eos showers  
On him her darling, as he gives the earth  
His gracious light, whereby the birds and flowers  
And all vast nature's living realm below,  
Shall rouse and wake and in true homage bring,  
A wealth of adoration, ay, and bow  
To Him who taught the timid birds to sing.  
The flowers to blow, and gives the sun each day  
Fresh splendour that he may his course renew;  
To see all this, come, love, why wilt thou stay?  
Time may soon hide it from our mutual view.

## NOON.

The sun is up; it is the broad full day  
Rays of fierce glowing heat he throws adown  
O'er fields and meadows of rich waving hay,  
Where busily the sturdy reapers, brown  
With brave exposure to the summer's heat,  
Handle the ripe grain, yellow as the hair  
Of Venus who thought Love was still Deceit,  
And as they rest from tossing the sweet hay,  
Sing lazily till work they may renew.  
To see all this, come, love, why wilt thou stay?  
Time will soon hide it from our mutual view.

## NIGHT.

The sun is gone; his bier, draped gold and red,  
Was gayer than his cradle, Eos' gift,  
Day's glory is no more, her son is dead,  
Night's splendour has not come; through one small rift  
A hint of silver flashes on the dark,  
Only to leave it darker than before.  
Others would call it beautiful; I but mark  
How like my thought, my heart, my life! No more!  
There is no comfort, none, that can allay  
The anguish of no more! I never knew  
What Love was or what she was till the day  
That Death, my rival, hid her from my view!

MEDUSA.

## UNDER THE DOME.

As in a dream when one awaketh.

The massive door closed behind me, shutting  
away the glare of the outer world and the noise  
of the great city, with its tumult and its cares.  
In another moment I stood beneath the dome of  
the Invalides, silent and alone—alone with my  
own thoughts, and with the memory of the  
mighty dead who lay buried before me.

It was a striking scene. The sun was already  
low in the western horizon, and had only power  
to light up a small portion of the church; the  
rest of the building was in comparative dark-  
ness. But I cared not for the darkness. I knew  
the place well. I was familiar with every spot,  
almost with every stone, of that consecrated  
edifice. For me the Invalides had always had  
a peculiar charm; there was an attraction to  
my mind about the quiet, quaint old church, so  
rich in interest and association, with its annals  
of the past, written and chronicled as it were in  
all those torn and mouldering banners which  
hung floating in the nave, which even the proud  
Madeleine, Grecian without and gorgeous within,  
had as yet failed to attain.

But all these things I had seen and noted  
many a time before. It was not of them I was  
thinking now. The whole interest for me on  
that evening was concentrated in the one spot  
where I stood, looking upwards to the glorious  
dome above, and downwards on the still more  
glorious monument beneath.

Who does not know it, this magnificent tomb?  
the last resting-place of him who once made the  
nations tremble, the tomb at the first sight of  
which Abdel Kader exclaimed, "Attendez que  
je respire!" Who has not stood here and beheld  
with admiration almost amounting to awe, that  
wonderful sarcophagus, so noble in its simplicity,  
grand as the man whose ashes it enshrines? Who  
has not seen but once perhaps in reality, but for  
evermore in his day-dreams, those colossal marble  
figures which stand around like guardian angels  
of the sepulchre?

One might almost fancy, while looking upon  
these and upon the porphyry of the sarcophagus,  
that even after death the lands he had laid low  
had paid their last involuntary homage at his  
grave; that Egypt and Italy had brought hither  
of their choicest gifts in tribute to the memory  
of the dead conqueror who, living, had held  
them in his iron grasp.

Certainly it was a striking scene; and not less  
striking was the contrast between the silence and  
solitude which reigned around this tomb and the  
confusion of sights and sounds from which I had  
but just escaped.

Only an hour before I had been standing inside  
the walls of the great exhibition which, in that  
year of 1867, had been erected in the Champ de  
Mars, within a stone's-throw of the Hôtel des  
Invalides, standing as it were alone in the midst  
of the eager crowd, watching the hundreds and  
thousands of spectators, men and women, who  
had come from the remotest corners of the earth,  
and belonging to every kingdom and people of the  
known world, as they passed to and fro before  
my bewildered eyes; listening to the Babel of  
sounds, verily a "confusion of tongues," which  
were to be heard around me.

What a change, from the crowded courts of  
the modern building to the solitary aisles of the  
grand old church, from the busy haunt of the  
living to the silent presence of the dead, from  
the very parade-ground where Napoleon had so  
often reviewed his troops to the sacred spot  
where he is lying now, resting in his last deep  
sleep "by the banks of the Seine, and in the  
midst of the French people whom he loved so  
well!"

\* Above the entrance to the crypt, which is flanked  
on either side by the tombs erected in memory of his  
faithful friends Duroc and Bertrand, these well-known  
words of Napoleon are inscribed: "Je désire que mes  
cendres reposent sur les bords de la Seine, au milieu de  
ce peuple Français que j'ai tant aimé."

I leaned for some time on the low balustrade  
which surrounds the monument in a quiet and  
thoughtful mood, gazing upon the beautiful  
objects before me, as though I had never seen  
them till then, striving to impress them upon  
my heart and memory, lest I might never see  
them again. At best I knew that many long  
months, perhaps years, must elapse before I  
could do so. I was to leave Paris on the morrow,  
to traverse Italy, Greece, Egypt, the very con-  
quered lands, before I should return. My feet  
would have trodden the far-off India which, like  
Alexander, Napoleon had coveted before I could  
look again upon his tomb. And so I stood there,  
gazing on and on, until the twilight faded into  
night, and only the few flickering lamps in the  
angels' hands shed light upon the scene.

How long I stood thus I knew not then. I  
know not to this hour. My thoughts flew back  
to the years gone by, and I lost all memory of  
time and place. Then after a time it seemed as  
if a veil was suddenly lifted, and the history of  
the past, not dim and indistinct as it had been  
hitherto, but dressed in all the vivid colouring of  
the present, was pictured before me.

Slowly, one by one, the great events in the  
life of the first Napoleon were displayed as if by  
magic to my wondering eyes. First there rose  
before me, as in a mirror, the picture of his  
early home in that sea-girt island, which as  
his birthplace, has since grown famous in  
the world's geography. I saw him seated  
upon the granite rock on his father's estate  
which overlooked the sea, where he spent so  
many an hour in solitary musings—musings big  
with the future fate of empires and of kings.  
Next, in schoolboy days, I saw him first and  
foremost amongst the young enthusiasts of re-  
volutionary France, who had been brought to-  
gether at Brienne, already known as the leader  
in each daring and athletic sport, already famous  
for his indomitable courage and iron strength of  
will. Then a little later, in the streets of Paris,  
I saw him standing before the gates of the Tui-  
leries on that sad day when the unhappy and  
misguided populace had met together, bent upon  
the humiliation and dethronement of their king,  
and louder than all the shouts of the infuriated  
rabble I heard the muttered words of the future  
despot: "Oh, for one handful of grape to scatter  
this detestable canaille!"

After that I saw him in the prison of Nice,  
with the map of Italy spread before him, as the  
jailer found him when the hour of his release  
was come.

Then I noted that in a little while "the  
tide, taken, at the flood, led on to fortune," and  
he who at first had been but a skillful officer of  
artillery soon rose to be the leader of an army,  
and at the head of the brilliant troops of the  
Directory went forth conquering and to conquer.  
I saw him in Italy, at Lodi—"that terrible  
passage of Lodi"—standing calm and undaunted  
upon the fatal bridge, as if it had been the parade-  
ground of Versailles; at Mantua, where he stood  
like a lion at bay, beating back his enemies on  
every side at once, and parrying, as at Arcola,  
at Rivoli, at Caldiero, each blow which they  
aimed against him. I saw him in Africa, sweep-  
ing like a whirlwind over the sandy plains of  
Egypt and across the broad valley of the Nile;  
in Arabia, on the borders of the Red Sea, striv-  
ing to imitate a Pariah's presumption, and  
almost with a Pariah's fate.

I watched his bright career of success in Syria,  
unchecked save by the one severe reverse at  
Acre, where he was defeated by the brave seamen  
of Great Britain and the chivalrous daring of Sir  
Sidney Smith. Alas, I saw him at Jaffa also, in  
that dark hour which has cast an eternal shadow  
on his fame; that crisis of danger and perplexity  
when he suffered expediency to become his law,  
and with own lips pronounced the fiat which  
consigned so many of his brave but now helpless  
soldiers to an unhonoured grave. And clearer  
even than the cruel mandate I heard the noble  
answer of a man who in that trying hour proved  
himself a greater hero than the conqueror him-  
self: "My mission is to save life, not to destroy  
it," said the surgeon to whom Napoleon had  
issued his order for the poisoning of the sick.

And now the many striking scenes of Napo-  
leon's life seemed to pass more rapidly before  
my eyes. Months, years rolled on, raising him  
only higher and higher upon the pedestal of  
fame. It seemed as if Fortune could not do  
enough for him her favoured child. He had risen  
from the ranks of his comrades to become the  
general and the idol of what was then the finest  
army in the known world; but, not satisfied  
with this, he wielded the dangerous power which  
had been vested in his hands with the strength  
of a giant and the cunning of a Machiavelli, and  
made himself First Consul, then Emperor of  
France.

And then, upon the memorable 2nd of Decem-  
ber, 1804, a day on which the sun shone as  
though the coming glories of Austerlitz were  
already in view, I saw him in the Cathedral of  
Notre Dame, the gray old Gothic building made  
brilliant for the time by the gorgeous coronation  
pageant. Seated before the high altar (on which  
but a few years back the goddess of Reason had  
been so impiously enthroned and worshipped),  
he wrested from the feeble grasp of the aged  
Pontiff the diadem which he had coveted for  
years, and, like a second Charlemagne, placed  
upon his own head the crown which raised him  
to the imperial dignity under the proud title of  
"Emperor of the Gauls." This title act gave  
the clue to his whole inner life, and was a fit  
comment on the usurped right by which he held  
his sway. I saw all this, and noted how the  
ambitious man had thus, by his own act as it  
were, raised himself to the highest pinnacle of

human greatness. And yet to me, who saw more  
than others, it seemed that in the very moment  
of his triumph the shadowy form of a murdered  
man had risen from his cold dark grave in the  
fosse of Vincennes, where he, the descendant of  
many kings, was sleeping, "unknelted, un-  
coffined, and unknown," and now mingled like  
another Banquo amongst the assembled specta-  
tors; whilst a voice, loud and clear as the  
archangel's trumpet, echoed beneath the vaulted  
roof and rang through the arches of that solemn  
cathedral. "The voice of thy brother d'En-  
ghien's blood crieth to thee from the ground,"  
it said.

Did the new-made emperor hear that awful  
voice? Did his straining eyes behold that shadowy  
forms? It might be so—God only knows.

Once more the scene had shifted; the gaudy  
magnificence of the coronation-day faded out of  
sight, and again we were in the midst of the  
stern realities of war.

Battle after battle, victory after victory, fol-  
lowed each other in quick succession, and yet  
the tide of conquest set always eastward; and  
so, although I saw it not, I knew that Trafalgar  
had been fought. One year saw Napoleon reign-  
ing as a sovereign in the deserted palaces of the  
house of Hapsburg, the next crushing and hu-  
miliating to the very dust the pride of the great  
Frederick's successor. More battles; then a  
brief interval of peace; and the picture of a raft  
in the centre of a river rose before me, and of  
two emperors who had thus met together to settle  
the destinies of European nations, and to join  
for a time in hollow friendship the hands which  
would so soon be lifted again in deadly hatred  
against each other.

Again, a little later, after the bloody battle  
of Aspern had been fought, where thirty thou-  
sand of the best soldiers of France had been  
sacrificed to the Moloch of his ambition, I saw  
him sitting beneath a tree upon the island of  
Lobau, anxiously watching the swollen Danube  
as it rushed impetuously past, carrying away  
bridge after bridge in its resistless course, and  
thus effectually cutting off his last hope of re-  
treat; and yet even in that hour of frightful  
peril, threatened on the one hand by the dead-  
ly hatred of the Austrians, on the other by the  
despondency and insubordination of his own fol-  
lowers, I noted that he, the Samson of his day,  
yet rose superior to all obstacles, and hurled  
back upon his enemies the destruction they had  
intended for himself; and that within a very few  
days after the stupendous defeat of Aspern he  
fought the still greater battle of Wagram, and  
won it too, though not before Macdonald's eight  
battalions of heroes had been reduced to a few  
hundreds of men. Well has it been said of  
Napoleon, that in him was to be seen "the  
perfection of intellect without principle."

But there was another enemy at work against  
him all this time, more to be dreaded than all  
those who met him in fair fight upon the field  
of battle. The traitor in his own heart, that  
demon of ambition which under false promise of  
advantage, led him once again to sacrifice all the  
best feelings of his nature upon the altar of the  
god Expediency—this was the worst foe to his  
real interests. No heir had been born to the  
self-made Emperor of France. Was the dynasty  
of the Bonapartes to perish with the first Napo-  
leon? Was the sovereignty which had been pur-  
chased by long years of intrigue, and at such a  
fearful cost of human life, to begin and end with  
one single man, or to pass by indirect succession  
to a brother or a brother's child? It must not be.  
Who was she, the companion of his early choice,  
that she should be in the way of a man's ambition  
or a nation's welfare? No blood of kings or em-  
perors ran in her veins; no rich dowry would  
be forfeited, no loving subjects would rise as one  
man in defence of her rights, if in this case  
"those whom God had joined together were by  
man to be put asunder." She was simply Jose-  
phine de la Pagerie, the fascinating daughter of  
a Creole mother, the true-hearted widow of De  
Beauharnais. A childless woman withal—at  
least to Napoleon she had borne no child. What  
did it matter that she was his wedded wife, that  
she loved him with a fond and faithful love,  
and that her heart raised against the enforced  
separation "an exceeding bitter cry"?

"The necessities of France, the interests of  
the State, demand that I should have an heir,"  
cried a voice that was louder and more powerful  
still.

"Weep not for Kadijah," said Ayesha to the  
Prophet, in all the insolence of her youth and  
beauty. "Was she not old and withered? Say,  
has not Allah given you a better in her place?"

"No, by Heaven!" replied Mahomet with a  
burst of grateful enthusiasm. "She loved me  
when I was poor and unknown, and believed in  
me when all others despised me. He could not  
give me a better."

But Napoleon was made of other stuff than the  
"hero prophet." When ambition and policy  
were at stake, duty, honour, pity, and even  
woman's love; became to him as dust in the  
balance. And so the cruel deed was done; the  
faithful and devoted wife of early years was set  
aside, and the fair-haired daughter of the Caesars  
reigned in her stead. But from that very hour  
the tide of his fortunes, hitherto almost un-  
paralleled in the history of the world, began to  
ebb. Even this one unrighteous act brought  
its own punishment. A few years after,  
when Napoleon was an exile in Elba, and  
the dying and worse than widowed Josephine  
from amongst the shades of Malmaison wearied  
heaven with prayers for the happiness of the  
man who, with scarcely a pang of remorse, had  
destroyed her own, the cold impassive mother of  
the King of Rome was content to remain at a dis-

tance from her husband, and live with luxury  
and inglorious ease at her father's capital. Oh,  
she must have been more or less than woman  
who, once wedded to Napoleon, could have de-  
serted him in such an hour of need!

But all this time a little cloud had been rising  
out of the West, at first no bigger than a man's  
hand, but which grew and spread till presently  
the horizon seemed black with clouds; and there  
was a sound as of a coming tempest, a fearful  
storm of vengeance, which was about to break  
on one devoted head.

A handful of men had been thrown on the  
western coast of Portugal—a mere handful com-  
pared to the hundreds of thousands whom Napo-  
leon was accustomed to command—but a little  
band of heroes nevertheless, men of whom it has  
been said that they may be "destroyed, but  
cannot easily be subjugated."

Slowly but surely, inch by inch, they made  
their way; often victorious, more than once  
defeated, sometimes driven back, but never quite  
subdued. "Nothing could stop that astonishing  
infantry." Undaunted by dangers which would  
have deterred ordinary soldiers, they still made  
good their footing upon the peninsula, trusting  
with well-earned confidence in their own strong  
courage and their own good cause, until at last,  
led on by Wellington—the man whose watch-  
word throughout life was *Duty*, never *Glory*—  
they entered upon a career of success which only  
ended when the victorious banners of England  
waved over the fallen capital of France.

But not in Spain alone was the struggle car-  
ried on. The cry for freedom which had sound-  
ed forth so loudly from the mountain fastnesses  
of Castile and from behind the walls of Saragossa  
and Gerona was echoed in wider and wider cir-  
cles, until at length all Europe rang with the  
note of war's alarm.

Russia, awaking from her trance of inactivity  
like a giant refreshed with sleep, stood in readi-  
ness waiting to meet the invader on her own  
soil, or to pour down her mighty hordes of semi-  
barbarians upon devoted France. Prussia, Aus-  
tria, and Poland rose once again in arms.

Yet all this time the great heart of Napoleon  
throbbed as ever in the centre of his land, send-  
ing forth as it were with each pulsation fresh  
life and energy to the remotest parts of his king-  
dom. Still the great-master-mind directed  
every movement of the French armies, whether  
amongst the tortuous defiles of the Pyrenees or  
upon the frozen plains of unconquered Russia.  
Still I saw him standing, cold and uncompro-  
mising as ever, amidst the flames of burning  
Moscow, and the horrors of the Beresina pas-  
sage, and at the broken bridge of Leipsic, about  
which, alas, a sad tale has been told.

But now the end was nearly come; the drama  
was well-nigh played out. Act after act, scene  
after scene, followed each other in quick suc-  
cession; the many battles of 1814, battles  
which were defeats, though they were fought  
with all the skillful strategy of his earlier cam-  
paigns in Italy; then the sad scene at Fon-  
tainebleau, and the parting at the foot of the  
horseshoe staircase in the old Cour du Cheval  
Blanc, which none who witnessed ever did or  
could forget. Elba followed, with its mock  
gaeties, its silken chains, which ill concealed  
the galling fetters of captivity; then the escape  
back to France, the landing at Cannes, and the  
triumphal march upon the capital; the brief  
pageant of the hundred days, chequered alter-  
nately with glory and defeat; the crowning  
disaster of Watrloo, and all the humiliating  
events which followed in its train; until at last  
upon the rock of St. Helena, where he had been  
left, as Carlyle says, "to break his great heart  
and die," I saw the curtain fall which hid one  
of the greatest actors of that or any other age  
from the watchful eyes of an assembled world.

And this was the end of all. He died and was  
buried, and the simple stone beneath the willow-  
tree at Longwood was all that remained to mark  
the spot where the great conqueror was lying in  
his last dreamless sleep.

And I thought, "Is this the man who made  
the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms;  
that made the world as a wilderness, and de-  
stroyed the cities thereof; that opened not the  
house of his prisoners? All the kings of the  
nations, even all of them, lie in glory, every one  
in his own house. But thou art cast out of thy  
grave as an abominable branch. And why?  
Because thou hast destroyed thy land and slain  
thy people."\*

Who would have imagined but a few years  
back, when Napoleon's power seemed all but in-  
vincible, that such as this would have been his  
last resting-place? It mattered little that in  
future years posterity should claim his beloved  
ashes, and raise above the most striking monu-  
ment that France has ever seen. At Longwood  
he died. At Longwood, underneath the willow-  
tree, he was buried. No after event, no post-  
humous honours paid to his memory, could ever  
alter or obliterate those simple facts. This was  
the end of all. This was the climax of so much  
greatness.

And once again, as a fitting comment on Napo-  
leon's life and death, the words of the inspired  
prophet rose to my lips: "I heard a voice say,  
Cry; and I said, What shall I cry? All flesh is  
grass, and all the goodness thereof is as the  
flower of the field. The grass withereth, the  
flower fadeth; but the word of our God shall  
stand for ever."

Was I dreaming or had the scene really chang-  
ed, so like and yet not the same? I was in a

\* Napier.

\* Since called the Cour des Adieux.

\* Isaiah.

church still, a quiet quaint old church, but the noble dome of the Invalides had faded from my sight, and only the pointed arches of a Gothic roof were above my head. Here there was a tomb, the tomb of an emperor, with many colossal figures standing near; but these were no longer the statues of angels carved in Carrara marble, but the bronze effigies of heroes and heroines of old; neither were they grouped around the tomb as in the Invalides, but were placed on either side of the nave, forming a very avenue of statues.

The darkness, too, had passed away, and the full light of the noonday sun was shining in upon the scene. It needed no second glance to tell me that I was standing in the Church of the Holy Cross at Innsbruck, and that the beautiful mausoleum at the end of the nave was the monument which a grateful country has erected to the memory of the good Emperor Maximilian, the husband of Mary of Burgundy and the grandfather of Charles V.

It was not easy to mistake it; for though I had only seen it once before, each one of its "marble pictures" was indelibly engraved on my memory.

But it was not to this mausoleum, beautiful work of art as it is, that my attention was attracted now. I was standing in the northern aisle, before another and a simpler monument—a plain marble tomb, surmounted by the figure of a man dressed in the picturesque costume of the country. He was bare-headed, for his peasant's hat was lying on the ground at his feet; across his shoulders a rifle was slung, and resting on his right arm was the unfurled banner of Austria and Tyrol.

No king, no emperor was this; not even a man of princely lineage. He laid no claim to titled ancestors, and yet he came of a royal race for all that. He was one of the honourable of the earth, one of Nature's true noblemen, cast in her own pure unsullied mould; and his patent of nobility is written on the grateful hearts of those countrymen for whose sakes he was well pleased to live and die. High in the ranks of Christian heroes is Andrew Hofer's name enrolled. What need for me to sing his praises? That name is dear to bearded men, to tender women; far and wide it is beloved, wherever there is a loyal heart beating with generous sympathy for what is truly great and good.

Even little children love to hear and to tell in lisping accents the touching story, fraught with all the interest of a romance, of Hofer's life and death—of how this man, who was at first but a simple innkeeper, was chosen to be the leader of that heroic effort which his country made to free herself from the tyranny of usurpers; and of how, when the good cause failed, and God in His mysterious providence suffered the oppressors to triumph for a season, he, the peasant leader, was contented to lay down his life for that cause, and, a true hero to the last, suffered cheerfully even a traitor's death out of very love for the country which, living, he had served so well.

I knew that story almost by heart, and it all came back to me now as I stood gazing upon the strong stalwart form and the grave beauty of those sad yet noble features.

The quiet home in the Passeyerthal, where from his childhood he had learnt to grow familiar with the most beautiful scenery in the Tyrol; that humble hospitable cottage, almost hidden amongst the mountains, from which only a bridle-path led to beautiful Meran, the capital of Tyrol proper, the stronghold of Tyrolean freedom; the calm delights of his domestic life; the happiness of the husband and father, enabled by the manly piety of the Christian. Then came the call to arms—when innumerable acts of cruelty and injustice committed by the Bavarian usurpers had aroused even the meekest to the conviction that the time for resistance had come at last—and one sad day Hofer, who would have sacrificed all but honour to keep the peace, was singled out by his companions to be their leader in the war. It was a sad duty truly; for very soon the beautiful land was laid waste and desolate by the march of contending armies; the peaceful valleys of the Jauffen and the Pusterthal, the defiles of the Brenner and the Iselberg, rang with fierce battle-cries, and with the shrieks of wounded and dying men. Very soon the Inn, as it leaped and foamed beneath the stupendous rocks of the Finstermunz, the Adige, the Eisach, and many other beautiful rivers of the Tyrol, were running red with blood, the blood, alas! of her own children as well as of their enemies. Several battles were fought with varying success; prodigies of valour and daring were performed by the Tyrolean mountaineers, who were among the most skillful marksmen of the day. The capital was taken, to be lost and recaptured by them within the short space of a few months; while, to the superstitious consciences of the invaders, it seemed as if the saints themselves were fighting against them on the side of liberty.

But the peasants fought against fearful odds. Of what avail was all their skill and energy and courage against the close and serried ranks, the disciplined thousands, which Bavaria and France poured in upon their devoted land? The unequal struggle could not last for ever. Austria, bowed down beneath the iron yoke of Napoleon, cared not and dared not to send help to the little band of heroes who were pouring out their very life-blood in her cause. None of the other countries of Europe had aroused themselves in time to strike a blow in favour of Tyrolean freedom. Even England stood passively aloof till the time for help was past. And so the brave deeds that had been done had all been done in vain, and presently the hosts of armed men

were disbanded as speedily and as mysteriously as they had been raised; and it only remained for their brave leaders to elude the vengeance of their now exasperated enemies by seeking such shelter as their beloved mountains could afford.

And Hofer? As he had been unspoiled by prosperity, so now he showed himself undaunted in adversity. The hour which had seen him called to the post of honour and power, had been to him no mere moment of gratified pride or awakened ambition; it had only been marked in his life's calendar as the beginning of a season of greater watchfulness and prayer. And as during the time the struggle lasted he had trusted in no arm of flesh, but in the help of the God of battles, so now that it was ended, and had proved worse than vain, he committed himself with the trustful confidence of a child into the hands of his loving Father to do and to suffer His good pleasure.

For many months his fate hung in the balance. There came a long cruel winter, which he spent in the snow-hidden chalet on the Timbler Jach, about twelve miles from his home—a long trying season of cold and privation and suspense, cheered only by the sweet companionship of his loving wife and devoted children. But even there the patriot was not safe. Not by the energy or perseverance of his enemies, but by the cold-blooded treachery of one who pretended to be a friend, was Hofer tracked to his last asylum. A false priest, one who had received many kindnesses at the hands of the man he was about to betray, found it in his heart to compass the destruction of his benefactor. He was one of the very few who knew the secret of that safe retreat; and one cold morning in January, long before it was light, he guided the bloodhounds of France step by step along the narrow path which led to the chalet, and Hofer was surprised and captured before he had even time to think of escape. What wonder that to this day the name of Douay is execrated throughout Tyrol!

Then came the last sad scene upon the ramparts at Mantua. At daybreak one morning, only a few days later, whilst the winter sun was still struggling through the mists which overhung the Adriatic, a party of soldiers issued forth from the prison by the Molina gate, and conducted Hofer to the place of execution.

He walked with his head erect and with firm unflinching footsteps, his tall stalwart figure showing to the best advantage in the picturesque costume of a Tyrolean peasant. His road lay by the Molina barracks, where many of his countrymen, some prisoners like himself, were assembled, and they fell on their knees and with tears and sobs begged for a last blessing as he passed.

The appointed spot was reached, a bastion near the Porta Ceresa; and we may well imagine that in those last moments Hofer's eyes turned with a longing lingering look towards the east, where in the extreme distance the Adige was flowing, a broad calm stream, through the plains of northern Italy, for he knew that that same river was even then winding like a silver thread through the beautiful Etsch Thal, which lies at the foot of the Castle Tyrol, so very near to his home amongst the mountains which he would never see again.

The prisoner was commanded to kneel, but he refused. "I have always worshipped my Maker standing," he said, "and thus will I enter His presence now." So, too, when they would have bound his eyes with a handkerchief, he again resisted. "Think you that I fear to face death?—I who have looked into the mouths of cannon?"

With a voice that never faltered he himself gave the word to fire.

But his noble bearing had unnerved the hearts and hands of his executioners, and the first discharge was cruel, for it did not kill. Hofer was only wounded, and fell upon one knee.

There followed a few moments of intense agony and suspense, and then one hand, more merciful than the rest, took fatal aim. Another instant and all was over. A helpless mangled form had fallen heavily on the ground, but a pure and guileless spirit had taken its flight to the world above—to that home in the eternal heavens "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

And Napoleon could have saved this man; one spoken word, one stroke of the pen, and Hofer need not have died. Oh, the strong *should* be merciful! He who in the hour of triumph fails to show mercy to a fallen foe forgets that he is robbing his own crown of one of its brightest jewels.

Amongst those who surrounded the Emperor of France, a few brave spirits had not been wanting who had ventured to risk their own favour by pleading for the life of the Tyrolean patriot. Eugene Beauharnais' kindly voice had been raised, as it was always raised, upon the side of justice and mercy; but the Man of Destiny turned a deaf ear to all their entreaties, and Hofer was left to his fate. But for once even a cold selfish world exclaimed against this act of needless tyranny, judging rightly that a true man and no traitor had been sacrificed in that dark morning's work upon the walls of Mantua, and many were the hearts that throbbed in sympathy with Hofer's widow, who, when she was offered some time after a safe asylum in Austria, refused the proffered honour that had come all too late, and chose to live on in the Passeyer valley, in that quiet home endeared to her by its associations with the past and with her murdered husband, waiting, patiently waiting, till her own time should come.

Once more the scene had changed. This time

it was a garden, and a chapel in the garden, and in the chapel two sleeping marble figures. It was the garden of Charlottenburg,\* and the figures were those of Frederick William III., King of Prussia, and of Louisa his wife.

She looked so calm and peaceful as she lay there in her last deep sleep by the side of her royal husband. This was she who once selected these words as the most fitting epitaph for her tomb: "She suffered much and endured patiently."

Truly sorrow and suffering did their worst in her lifetime upon the fair Prussian queen, but they are powerless to harm her any longer, now that she has passed away from this world of trial, and is "resting from her labours" in the house of many mansions in her Father's kingdom. Nothing can ever again disturb "the rapture of repose" seen upon those expressive features, the perfect serenity of that noble brow, or the smile of angelic sweetness which still lingers on those chiselled lips.

Thanks be to the wondrous art of the sculptor\* whose genius has given such spiritual beauty to the mere lifeless marble, and has preserved to us so touching a memorial of one whose sad but noble story moves even the hardest hearts to feeling of pity and admiration.

Sleep on, gentle lady, true wife, loving mother; no bitter taunts, no cruel insults, can ever reach you more. Never again will you have cause to blush for Prussia's weakness and disgrace, or to weep at the thought of your beloved country low and wasted beneath the conqueror's iron yoke. † Magdeburg is restored now, though he, no chivalrous soldier, could resist your pleading.

Sleep on, gentle lady, so loving and so loved. It is well that there are no royal robes here, no earthly crown, to tempt one to forget the woman in the queen. Rather would we think, while gazing on her saint-like beauty, of that "crown of life" which, faithful unto death, she is wearing now, and trace in the faded garlands which her children's hands have hung around her tomb the records of the love she inspired in her lifetime—not fleeting and transient as the breath of popularity, but lasting and unchangeable as eternity itself.

Suddenly and with a start I awoke. Yes, it had been all a dream, and I was still standing in the dim twilight beneath the dome of the Invalides.

The sober realities of the scene recalled me to myself, and I found that I had lingered far longer than I had intended.

I turned at once to leave the church, but with what changed feelings! The blind enthusiastic admiration which but an hour ago I had entertained for Napoleon was gone, and in its place there was a feeling of almost scornful aversion towards one who had proved himself so pitiless to a brave enemy, and had acted so cruel and insulting a part towards a woman and a queen.

I was walking slowly down the aisle, when my attention was attracted by a little lamp burning at the side of one of the pillars, underneath which these words were written: "Tronc pour la charité." I paused for a moment, and then dropped one or two small coins into the box.

And once more I found that this trifling act had changed the nature of my feelings. The words I had read beneath the lamp recalled to my thoughts that higher charity of which almsgiving is so small a part—that Christian charity which indeed "covers a multitude of sins"—which, if it cannot blind a man to a brother's faults, at least teaches him to extend to those faults the pity and pardon which he daily needs for his own. And as I left the church, and once more stood without, amidst the glare and tumult of the great city, this was the thought uppermost in my mind: "Oh, that men would learn to read the lesson of Napoleon's life and death aright, and take warning to themselves from the sad example of mingled strength and frailty which it holds up to the world, learning with humility the lessons it should teach, but leaving all judgment with his God."

#### ATTEMPTS TO ANNIHILATE AN ORGAN-GRINDER.

He was a high-toned young man, but he had been looking upon the wine when the adder was there and as he rushed out of a saloon on Seventh street, he brandished a gold-headed cane and cried, "I want to destroy some one." A man who stood by listening to a hand organ turned upon him and inquired: "Have you any preference as to the social standing or business occupation of the victim?"

"Anything, anything that's (hic) human," and he cut the air with his cane in a manner that indicated great earnestness.

"Then tap that grinder on the head," said the old man, "and the world will call you blessed," and the young snob waltzed up to the organ grinder and got a very painful bump placed over his eye. When he picked himself up from the pavement he looked mournfully sad at the man and shouted, "You old wig-headed betrayer, give me an easier one," and then reeled around the corner just in time to run into a policeman, who subsequently told the judge that it was an ordinary street affray, and the regular fine was accordingly imposed.

\* In the outskirts of Berlin.

\* Rauch.

† Napoleon at Tilsit, on one occasion, offered to the Queen of Prussia a beautiful rose. She accepted it after a moment's hesitation, and said, smiling, "Yes, but at least with Magdeburg." "I must observe to you, madame," replied the Emperor, "that it is my part to give, and yours only to receive."

#### CENTENNIAL STATISTICS.

The American Republic commenced in 1776, 100 years ago, with thirteen States and 815,615 square miles of territory, which was occupied by about 3,000,000 of civilized human beings. It has now a population of 43,000,000, who occupy thirty-seven States and nine Territories, which embrace over 3,000,000 of square miles. It has 65,000 miles of railroads, more than sufficient to reach twice and a half round the globe. The value of its annual agricultural productions is 2,500,000,000, and its gold mines are capable of producing \$70,000,000 a year. It has over 1,000 cotton factories, 580 daily newspapers, 4,300 weeklies, and 625 monthly publications.

#### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

COLONEL MAPLESON the London impresario, arrived in New York some days ago and immediately proceeded West. According to the World, he is the husband of Mlle Titiena, but that is a mistake.

DION BOUCAULT sails for the United States in February. He intends while there to renew the agitation he created in England in favor of the release of the Fenian prisoners. He will play at Cincinnati, Pittsburg, St. Louis, and Chicago, the proceeds of the performances at these cities to be for the benefit of the imprisoned Fenians.

ATTACHED to the new London Opera House will be class-rooms, and a regular conservatory is to be formed. Each of these rooms is to have a stage, and on this the aspirant will be required to move all out in order to gain that ease which is indispensable. Thus when a singer does a serenade he will be dressed in the costume of the character, and carry a guitar. That is the only true way to help educate the lyric aspirant.

THE *Athenaeum* says that in his three fairy comedies Mr. W. S. Gilbert has presented himself in as many different lights. In "The Wicked World" he is a satirist, in "Pygmalion and Galatea" he is a humorist and in "Broken Hearts" he is a poet. The three plays together form the most important contribution to fairy literature that has been supplied by any dramatist, or indeed, any writer, since the commencement of the seven-teenth century.

THE decadence of the vocal art and the methods of instruction ever form fertile subjects of discussion in English and foreign musical circles. Two enthusiastic Frenchmen have accordingly resolved to study the various methods of the old masters, and to make an historical analysis of the musical principles of the last three centuries. The researches will be embodied in a *Histoire de l'Art du Chant*, which will include an abstract of all of the various conservatoires and methods of instruction, and an historical comparison of the French and Italian schools.

MAPLESON says of Titiena: She has a wonderful memory, and does not need to go so much as glance over the score of an opera before going to rehearsal. She is a wonder on that account to Sir Michael Costa, who cannot understand how she can retain the music of sixty-eight operas—for her repertoire is so extensive—in her all there, but she can't tell how. It is long since she sang *Norma*, but the other day she went to rehearsal and rendered it without glancing at the score. And what is more, she not alone knows her own role, but that of every body else.

THE great organ of the Metropolitan Methodist Church, Toronto, has been inaugurated, Mr. F. H. Torrington presided. The organ is the largest in the Dominion, and the third largest in America. It is the workmanship of Messrs. S. E. Warren & Co., of Montreal, and is a wonder of Canadian skill and workmanship. The organ contains, with the glockenspiel (or Bell Stop), 3,315 pipes and notes, and has three manuals and pedals. The total cost is about \$15,000. This organ has 53 speaking stops; Strasbourg Cathedral has 46; Birmingham Hall 53.

MAPLESON says that Mlle. Chapuy is certainly a wonderful singer. Sir Michael Costa, who seldom if ever praises anybody, and who has always recognized in Mlle. Titiena the last of the great race of *prime donne*, remarked at Mlle. Chapuy's first rehearsal in London, "There you have a star!" This truly great praise from a man who swears by recollections of Bosis, Ferstani, Malibran, was proved on her appearance in "Traviata." Sir Michael, who never allows *cancors*, actually permitted her to respond to four during the evening. Her singing is indeed perfection. You may form some idea of it when I tell you that she can perform all the Di Muraka feats and clothe them in wonderful richness of tone. She took the gold medal in Paris for histrionic ability, for she was originally intended for an actress.

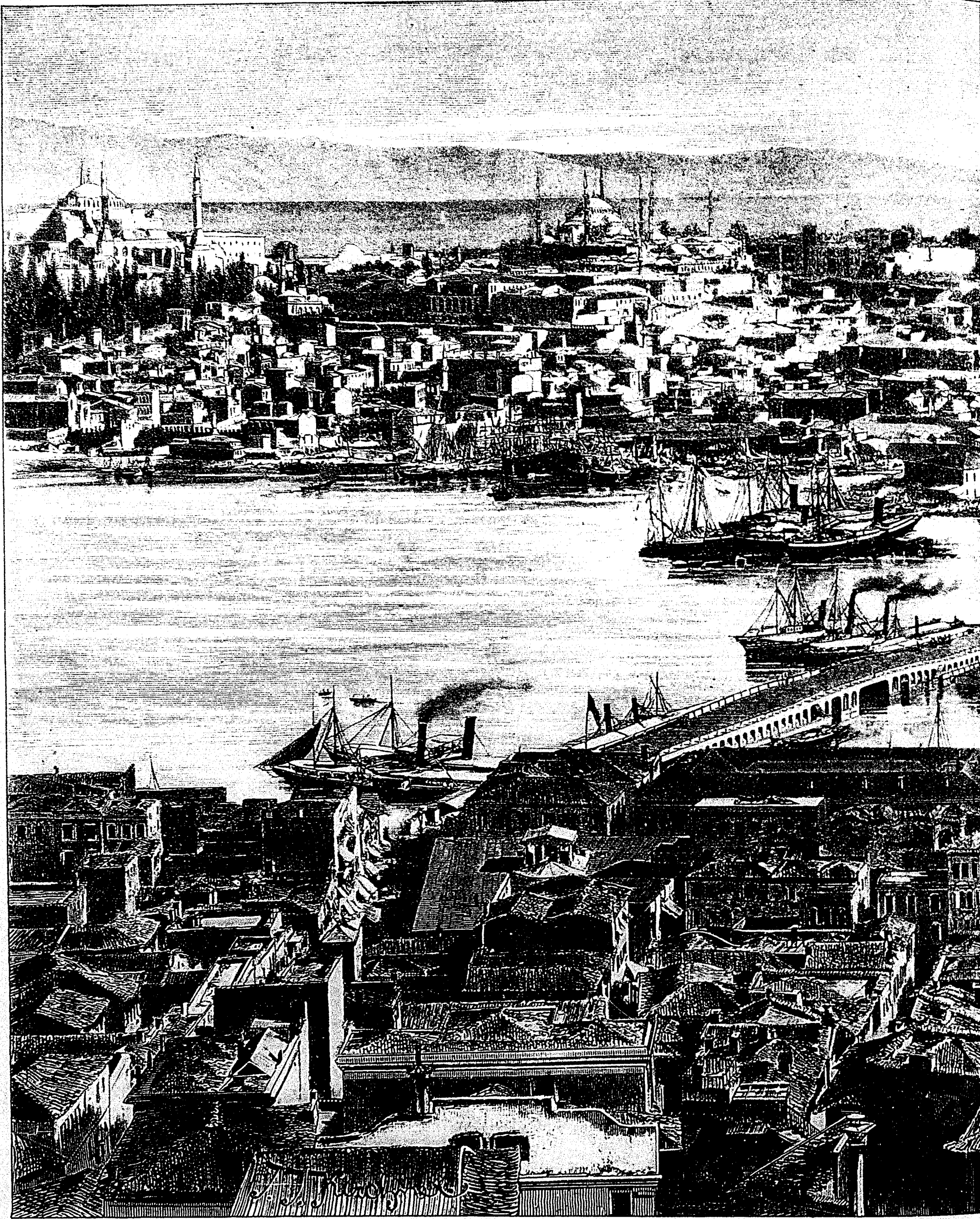
THE wheel skates used for skating on rinks were invented indirectly by Meyerbeer. While "Le Prophète" was in rehearsal at the Opera in Paris, the composer mentioned to the manager that he should have been glad to introduce a skating scene into the second act; but his idea was only that skaters should be seen to flit by rapidly in the background of the stage. M. Duponchet turned the matter over with the *maître de ballet*, who, after a night of anxious musing, hit suddenly upon the grand notion of skates mounted on wheels. A skate maker was taken into confidence, and the result was a pair of admirable patins, which the *maître de ballet* bravely shod and sprawled with over an oilcloth matting, until, having paid his tribute to the centre of gravity by the inevitable succession of tumbles, he declared himself capable of skating. All that remained to do was to make the members of the corps de ballet serve the same apprenticeship as their master, and this having been done to everybody's great satisfaction, Meyerbeer composed that musical gem, the "Skating Galop." It is worth recording that in the first public performance of the "Prophète" one too energetic couple of skaters—lady and gentleman—starting with an excess of speed, were unable to check themselves at the footlights, and took headers into the orchestra, which caused Rossini, who was present, to remark drily that Meyerbeer's was music à tout casser.

#### ARTISTIC.

THE Count de la Rochefoucauld, who has instituted excavations at Pompeii in a new direction, hitherto rather discouraged by the archaeologists, has been amply rewarded recently. He has discovered two skeletons, one of a man and the other of a woman, both in a perfect state of preservation. At their sides were found a pair of gold ear rings, a golden purse, and a piece of gold net work, and near by were some pastry moulds, four spoons, eight drinking cups and four plates, all of silver.

NEAR the Walter Scott monument, in Grey Friar's churchyard, Edinburgh, stands a red granite fountain, erected in memory of "Bobby," a Scotch terrier, of whom the church sexton tells this story. For thirteen and a half years the dog staid by the grave of his master, day and night, until he also died, and was buried in the same yard. Regularly at the ring of the castle gun at 1 o'clock, he went to a butcher's near by where he was fed, and then he returned to the grave of his master. When the Baroness Burdett Contts heard this story she had the monument erected at a cost of 1,000 pounds sterling.

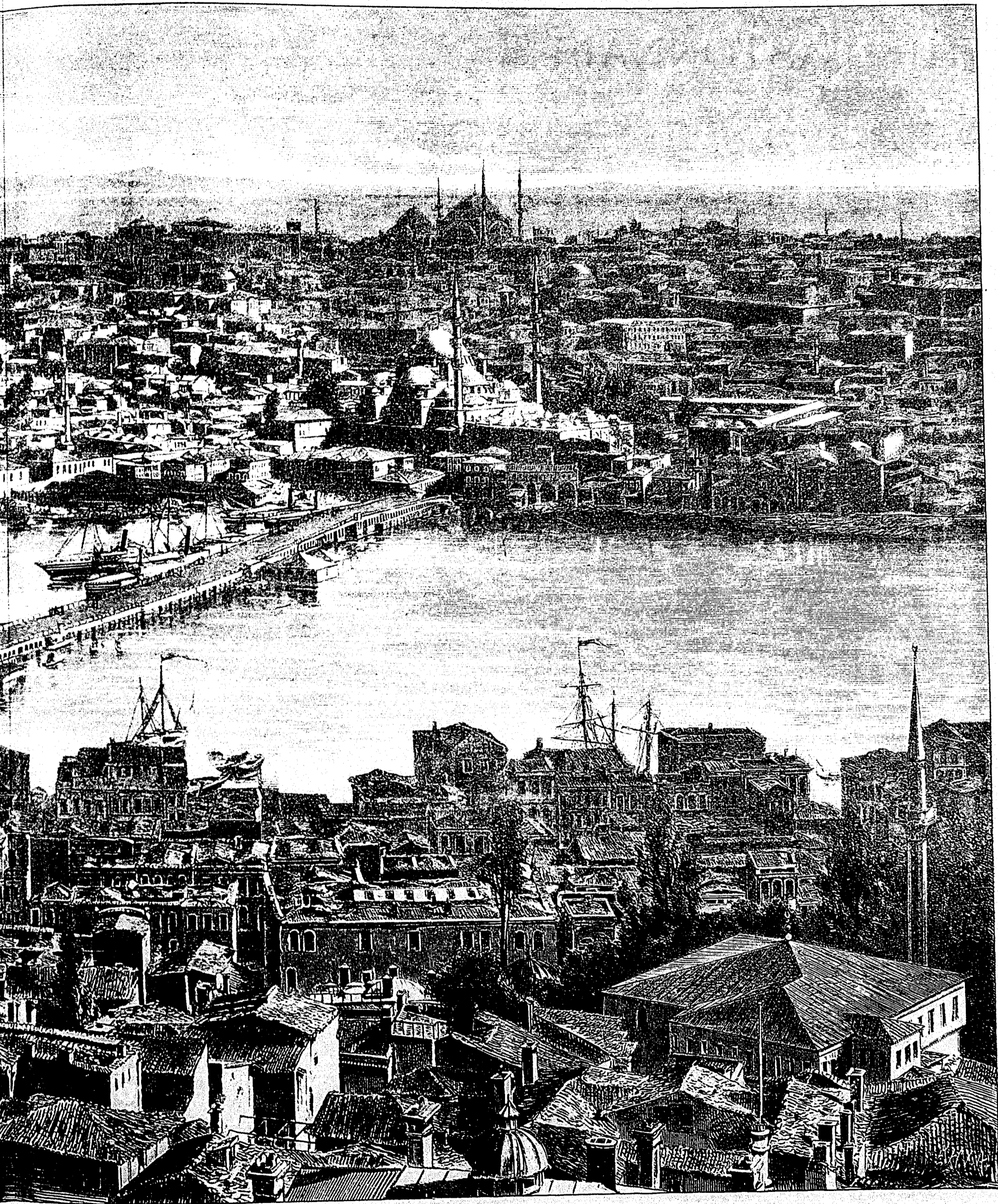




CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, 5TH FEBRUARY, 1876.

THE EAST  
VIEW OF CONSTANTINOPLE





# CONSTANTINOPLE AND THE GOLDEN HORN.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.



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## OUR CENTENNIAL STORY.

## THE BASTONNAIS:

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN INVASION OF CANADA IN 1775-76.

By JOHN LESPERANCE.

## BOOK I.

## THE GATHERING OF THE STORM.

## XVII.

## A NOBLE REPARATION.

After leaving the Chateau, Roderick Hardinge repaired to his quarters, where he refreshed himself with a copious supper and then arrayed himself in civilian evening dress for his visit to M. Belmont. His mind was intensely occupied with the details of Pauline's conversation at the waterside, but his love for her was so ardent, and he felt so strong in the consciousness of duty accomplished, that he experienced no serious misgivings as to the result of the interview which he was about to hold. His feeling, however, was the reverse of enthusiastic. The more he reflected on the incident, the more he appreciated both the extent of M. Belmont's mistake and the profundity of the wound that must rankle in his proud spirit. He, therefore, resolved to hold himself purely on the defensive and to enter upon explanations to the simple extent of direct replies to direct charges. The stake was Pauline herself. On her account, he was prepared to push prudence to the limit of his own humiliation, and to make every concession that would not directly clash with his loyalty as a soldier.

Having fully made up his mind on these points, he threw his long military cloak over his shoulders and issued from the barracks. In less than ten minutes he found himself at the door of M. Belmont's residence. In spite of all his resolution, he paused before the lower step and looked about him with that vague feeling of relief which a moment's delay always affords on the threshold of disagreeable circumstance. The lower portion of the house was silent and dark, but above, a faint light appeared in the window of Pauline's room. In other days, that light had been his beacon and guiding star beckoning him from every part of the city and attracting him away from the society of all other friends. In other days, when he approached, that light would suddenly rise to the ceiling, flash along the stairway and hall and meet him glistening at the open door, held high over Pauline's raven hair. But to-night, he knew that he could expect no such welcome. He summoned all his courage, however, and struck the hammer. The door was opened by the maid, but as the vestibule remained in darkness, she did not recognize him.

"Is M. Belmont at home?" he asked in a low voice.

"Yes, sir, he is."

"Is he visible?"

The maid hesitated a moment, then said falteringly, "I will see, sir," and left him standing in the obscure passage.

Without loss of time, M. Belmont himself stepped forward. Bowing stiffly and looking up in the vain attempt to distinguish the features of his visitor, he said:

"To whom I am indebted for this call?"

There was a tone of sarcasm in the query which almost threw Roderick off his guard. He saw that M. Belmont was racked by suspicions and must be approached with caution. He, therefore, extended his right hand and said:

"M. Belmont, do you not know me?"

That gentleman did not accept the proffered hand, but stepping backward and drawing himself up to his full height, exclaimed:

"Lieutenant Hardinge!"

Roderick made a slight inclination, but said nothing. M. Belmont continued:

"Do you come here, sir, in your military capacity?"

For all answer, Hardinge threw open his long cloak.

"Ah! you are in citizen's dress. Then I cannot understand the object of your visit. If you came as an officer of the King, the house would be yours and you could do as you liked. But if you come as a private citizen, I would remind you that this house is mine and that I will do as I like. To-night, I would particularly like not to be disturbed."

This was said with a polite sneer which cut the young officer to the quick, but he contained himself, and began quietly:

"M. Belmont..."

"Sir," was the sharp interruption, "I have given no explanations and require none. You will oblige me by..." and he finished the sentence with a wave of his hand toward the door. Roderick did not stir, but made another attempt to be heard.

"Really, M. Belmont..."

"Sir, do you mean to force yourself upon me? I know that there is a sort of martial law in the city. You are an officer. You may search my house from cellar to garret. You may quarter yourself in it. You may detain me as a prisoner. In fact you may do whatever you please. If such is your intention, say so, and I will not resist."

But if such is not your intention, I stand by my right of inviolability. Your boast is that every British subject's house is his own castle. My desire is to maintain this privilege in the present instance."

At this third summons of ejection, Hardinge's equanimity was completely shaken, and he was about to turn on his heel when, on looking up, his eye caught the hem of a white dress fluttering at the head of the stair. The sight suddenly altered his determination. Pauline was there listening to the interview upon which the future of both depended, and her presence was omnipotent to nerve his courage, as well as to inspire him with the means of successfully extricating himself from his difficult position. Roderick at once resolved to change his tactics. Drawing his cloak tightly across his chest and flinging the border of the cape over his right shoulder, in the manner of a man who has come to a decision, he said calmly:

"M. Belmont, I cannot be treated thus. I must be heard."

These words were slightly emphasized, but without bluster or defiance, and they had a visible effect on the listener, for he immediately folded his arms as if to listen. Hardinge continued:

"It is true, sir, that I came to your house as a private citizen and as a presumed old friend of your family."

M. Belmont uttered a moan and made a gesture of deprecation.

"But since it is plain that my presence in that capacity is distasteful, I will add now that I am also here in my quality as a soldier. The object of my visit is really a military one, and as such I beg you to hear me."

"Why did you not say so at first?" exclaimed M. Belmont with a bitter laugh. "Mr. Hardinge I do not know. Lieutenant Hardinge I cannot choose but hear. Lieutenant, please step into my parlor."

Lights were immediately brought into that apartment and the two took their stand before the fire-place, Hardinge having declined a seat. Glancing at M. Belmont, Roderick was shocked at the change that had come upon him within three days. He seemed like another man, his features being pinched, his eyes sunken, and his manner quick and nervous. The normal calm of his demeanor was gone, and his stately courtesy was replaced by a restless petulance of hands. He stood uneasily near the mantel waiting for the young officer to speak. Hardinge at length said:

"M. Belmont, this interview shall be brief, because it is painful to both of us. Indeed, so far as I am concerned, there is only word to say, and it is this—that, although I have had some important military duties to perform in the last few days, not one of these was or could be directed against you."

M. Belmont looked dubiously at Hardinge and shook his head, but answered nothing. Roderick bit his lip and resumed:

"The statement that I make, sir, though brief, covers the whole ground of your suspicions and accusations. I know what these are and hence my statement is very deliberate. I ask you to accept it as my complete defence."

M. Belmont looked into the fire and still kept silent.

"Must I construe your silence as incredulity, sir? If so, I will instantly leave your house, nevermore to enter it. But before taking what to me will be a fatal step, I must observe that I had never believed that a perfect French gentleman like you, M. Belmont, would doubt the faith of a British officer like me, and my distress will be intensified by the reflection that your daughter, who formerly favored me with her esteem, will hereafter see in me only the brand of dishonor stamped upon my character by her own father. For her sake I will say no more, but take my departure at once."

At these words there were heard the rustling of a dress and suppressed sobs outside the parlor door. Both the men noticed the sounds and instinctively looked at each other. The eyes of Hardinge were suffused with tears, while those of M. Belmont mellowed with an expression of solemn pity.

"Stay, Lieutenant," he said in a low voice. "It strikes me all at once that my silence may possibly be unjust. If I thought your statement embraced all the circumstances of the case, I should not hesitate to accept it, but I fear that you do not know how far my grievances extend."

"I am certain that I know all," said Hardinge in a significant tone which was not lost upon his interlocutor, who immediately subjoined:

"This can be easily ascertained if you will answer me a few questions. You called upon Lieutenant-Governor Cranmahé early on the morning of the seventh?"

"I did so."

"You delivered to him a parcel of letters purporting to come from Colonel Arnold, the commander of the Bastonnais?"

"Yes, sir."

"Some of those letters were addressed to citizens of Quebec?"

"They were."

"You know the names of those citizens?"

"I do not."

"Did not the Lieutenant Governor open the letters before you?"

"He did."

"And read them?"

"Yes, and read them."

M. Belmont's lip curled in scorn and his eyes darted fire at Hardinge, who responded with a smile:

"The Lieutenant Governor opened and read the letters in my presence and, after reading, made his comments aloud, but in no instance did he reveal the name of the persons to whom the letters were addressed, so that I am, to this moment, in profound ignorance of them. Except by inference from what has occurred between us, I should not know that one of those letters was addressed to you, and, indeed, as yet I have no positive proof that such was the case."

"Such is the case," cried M. Belmont in a voice of thunder. "I received such a letter and it has brought me into trouble. I was summoned to the Chateau in the face of the whole city. I have been suspected and threatened and the consequence is that I have been driven to..."

"Stop, M. Belmont," said Hardinge quietly, and interposing his hand. "Tell me nothing of your plans. I do not want to know them. I will do my duty to my King and Country. I believe you will do yours, but should your principles lead you to another course, I prefer to ignore the fact and thus avoid becoming your enemy."

"You are not and will not be my enemy," exclaimed M. Belmont, clasping the extended hand of Hardinge in both of his, and then embracing him on the cheek. "I owe you a full apology. My suspicions were cruelly unjust, but you have dispelled them. My treatment of you this evening was outrageous, and I beg you to pardon me. Your explanations are thoroughly satisfactory. You did your duty as a soldier in delivering those letters to the Lieutenant Governor, and even if you had known to whom they were addressed, your obligation would have been no less."

"I did not need to be told my duty," said Hardinge with just a shade of haughtiness, which he immediately qualified by adding, "but I am flattered to know that I have the approval of one who has always appeared to me a model of honor."

"You have my unqualified approval, Lieutenant. Although you were the indirect instrument of the crisis through which I am passing, I am satisfied that you are clear of the imputation of traitor and spy to me which I had charged upon you in my indignation and despair. We are on the eve of important events. Within a few days war with all its anxieties and horrors will be upon us. You have high duties to perform both as a citizen and a soldier. Perform them with all the energy of your nature. It is your sacred duty. I will watch your course with the deepest interest. Your successes will be a source of personal pleasure to me, and I sincerely trust that no harm will befall you."

Roderick was quite overcome by this cordial speech, which was to him more than a reparation for all he had endured during the interview. He rejoiced too at his own perspicacity in having so accurately divined the real cause of M. Belmont's misunderstanding. It was lamentable, indeed, that Arnold's letters which he had delivered to the Lieutenant Governor should have implicated M. Belmont—if they did implicate him, a fact of which he had yet no proof and which he still refused to credit—but they had been the means of awakening the authorities to a sense of the peril with which Quebec was threatened, and that was some compensation for what he had suffered. But there was, however, another compensation for which he longed, notwithstanding that the hour was considerably advanced and he had to return to his military duties. Approaching closer to M. Belmont, with a pleasantly malicious smile upon his lips, he said:

"I have to thank you, sir, for the kind words which you have spoken. I regard them in the light of the reparation which I knew you would not withhold so soon as you became acquainted with the facts, but you will excuse me for saying that there is just one little thing wanting to make the reparation complete."

M. Belmont looked up in some surprise, but when he saw the expression on Roderick's face, he comprehended the allusion at once and replied with genuine French good-humour and vivacity:

"O, of course, there is a woman in the case. You want to be rehabilitated in the eyes of Pauline as well. It is only just, and it shall be done. I told her all my suspicions against you, and repeated all my charges to her. And, by the way, that reminds me that I never told any body else about the matter. How, then, pray, did it come to your ears? You must have known of it before you came here to-night."

"I did, sir, and came expressly on that account."

"Who in the world could have told you?"

Hardinge broke out into a hearty laugh. The laugh was re-echoed by a silvery voice in the passage.

"Treason is indeed rampant," roared out M. Belmont, cheerily. "A man's worst enemies are those of his own household." Saying which, he advanced rapidly to the door and opened it wide. Pauline stood before him, her eyes swimming in tears, but with a smile of ineffable joy playing on her white lips.

"Don't embrace me, don't speak to me," said

M. Belmont with mock gravity. "I will hear no explanations. Settle the matter with this gentleman here. If he forgives you, as he has forgiven your father, then I will see what I can do for you."

He went out of the room, leaving Pauline and Roderick together for a full quarter of an hour. There is no need to say that the twain laughed and wept in turns over their victory.

When M. Belmont returned from his cellar with a choice bottle of old Burgundy, the reconciliation was complete, and that night the happiest hearts in Quebec were those of Roderick Hardinge and Pauline Belmont. M. Belmont was content at having done a good deed, but he was not really happy. Why, the sequel will tell.

(To be continued.)

## NATIONAL SALUTATIONS.

Some years ago a learned and ingenious writer in the *Quarterly Review* attempted to establish the relation of cause and effect between national character and verbal forms of salutation. In the "shalum"—peace—of the Jews he traced the appreciation of a nomadic people of what was to them the highest because rarest good, and he matched it with equivalent words of greeting among the Bedouins and the American Indians. In the *chaire*—be glad—of the Greeks, he saw plain indications of a disposition whose leading tendency and chief aim were to rejoice and be merry. In the "salve"—be healthy—and "vale"—be strong—of the Romans he perceived manifestations of the spirit befitting the conquerors of the world, who only in later and degenerate times condescended to the "Quid agis, dulcissime rerum," the "Quid agis," as he conjectures, being far older than the "dulcissime rerum" with which Horace connects it. What could be more appropriate than the "sanitae gualagno"—health and gain—of the commercial Genoese, the "eresete in sanita"—grow in piety—of the priest-ridden Neapolitans, and the "rah vash"—your slave—or "kholop vash"—your serf—of the Russians? Similar lessons are to be derived, it was contended, from the "comment vous portez-vous" and "comment va va-t-il" of the French, the "buenas tardes" and correlative replies of the Spaniards, the "wie gehts" and "leben Sie wohl" of the Germans, the "come sta" and "come state" of the Italians, the "Hoe vaart's ge" of the Hollanders, the "Hur mar ut" of the Swedes, the "lev-vel" of the Dane, and so forth. "How is your stomach?" says the "Heathen Chinee!" "Do you perspire copiously?" inquires the polite Egyptian; both of which particular queries, and many more besides, are included in our comprehensive formula, "How are you?" But "How do you do?" can only be described as "an epic self-contained," if, as it is affirmed, it is sufficient to account for Trafalgar, Waterloo, steam-engine, railway, Exeter Hall, *Times* newspaper, *Punch* itself, and if, as it is affirmed, it ought to have been made the chorus of "Rule Britannia." "To do!" Surely this contains the whole essence of productive existence, national or individual. To do! It is the law and the prophets, the theoretic and practick, the whole texture of life. And this doing is so universal among us, it is such a completely recognized and accepted fact that we do not ask a man, "What do you do?" but, "How do you do?" Do you must; there is no question about that—a very useful thing to be remembered, in one sense, in all business transactions. The correct theory of "How do you do?" has, however, yet to be constructed, like that, perhaps of "ave."

Nunc est in aeternum, Frater, ave atque vale.

## DOMESTIC.

**BARLEY SOUP.**—Two pounds of shin of beef, quarter of a pound of pearl barley, a large bunch of parsley, four onions, six potatoes salt and pepper, four quarts of water. Put in all the ingredients and simmer gently for three hours.

**TO CURE A COLD.**—Eat absolutely nothing after breakfast, during the day, and at night, just before retiring, heat the feet thoroughly hot at the fire, and drink copiously of hot herb tea the last thing. Catnip is best, though any domestic herb is good.

**FLANNEL.**—A flannel vest should be worn next the skin all the year round, and in winter a pair of flannel drawers coming up high round the waist should be added. Attacks of diarrhoea, dysentery, or even cholera, may be prevented by this precaution.

**WARM FOOD.**—The warmest food is probably pea-soup. The warmest meat is fresh pork. The warmest drink is tea with ginger in it, which is excellent on long journeys in the cold. Coffee is good too; but wine is bad, and spirits are dangerous as well as bad, being apt to bring on jaundice.

**CUTTING GLASS.**—To cut a bottle in two, turn it as evenly as possible over a gaslight flame for about ten minutes. Then dip steadily in water, and the sudden cooling will cause a regular crack to encircle the side at the heated place, allowing the portions to be easily separated.

**A HINT FOR THE LAUNDRY.**—A tablespoonful of black pepper put in the first water in which gray and buff linens are washed will keep the colors of black or colored cambrics or muslins from running, and does not harden the water. A little gum arabic imparts a gloss to ordinary starch.

**CARROT SOUP.**—Four quarts of liquor in which a leg of mutton or beef has been boiled, a few beef-bones, six large carrots, two large onions, one turnip; seasoning of salt and pepper to taste. Put the liquor, bones, onions, turnip, pepper, and salt, into a stewpan, and simmer for three hours. Scrape and cut the carrots thin, strain the soup on them, and stew them till soft enough to pulp through a hair-sieve or coarse cloth; then boil the pulp with the soup, which should be of the consistency of pea-soup. Add cayenne. Pulp only the red part of the carrot, and make this soup the day before it wanted.

LINES SPOKEN BY A PHANTOM SERGEANT OF 1775.

Commandant! I rise from our graves to-night, On the Centennial of the glorious fight, At midnight, just one hundred years ago, We soldiers fought and beat the daring foe; And kept our dear old flag aloft, unfurled, Against the Armies of the Western world. Altho' our bodies now should be decayed, At this, our visit, be not sore dismayed; Glad are we to see our Fortress still defended, By Canadians, French and British blended. But Colonel, now I'll tell you, why we've risen, From out the bosom of the earth's cold prison— We ask of you to pay us one tribute, By firing from these heights, one last salute.

REPLY.

Tis' Hugh McQuarters, and his comrades brave, To-night have risen from their glorious grave— To you we owe our standard still unfurled, Yet flaunts aloft defiance to the world: God grant in danger's hour we prove as true, In duty's path, as nobly brave as you. This night we pass, in revel, dance, and song, The weary hours you watched so well and long, Mid storm and tempest met the battle shock, Beneath the shadow of the beetling rock; When foemen found their winding sheet of snow, Where broad St. Lawrence wintry waters flow.

Yes! once again those echoes shall awake, In thunders, for our ancient comrades sake; The midnight clouds by battle bolts be riven, Response like Frontenacs may yet be given, If foeman's foot our sacred soil shall tread, We seek not history's bloody page to turn, For us no boastful words aggressive burn, Forgiven, few, but undimaymed we stand, The guardians of our young Canadian land, Oh, blessed peace! thy gentle pinions spread, Until all our battle flags be fur'd, In the poet's federation of the world.

For us will dawn no new centennial day— Our very memories will have passed away; Our beating hearts be still, our bodies dust; Our joys and sorrows o'er, our swords but rust, Your gallant deeds will live in history's page, In fireside stories, told to youth by age; But sacred writ still warns us yet again, How soldier's science and his valour's vain Unless the Lord of Hosts the City keep: The mighty tremble and the watchmen sleep, Return grim soldiers to your silent home Where we, when duty's done will also come."

The above is the authorized version of the lines read at the Quebec Centennial, at the Citadel, a sketch of which appeared in our last number. Col. Strange, who was the author of the sketch, and the chief promoter of the celebration, deserves the greatest credit for his happy initiative.

PUNCH'S PROPHECIES FOR 1876.

There will be a great many births, unaccompanied by any very large amount of rejoicing. There will be several deaths, which will not cause too extravagant grief. A great many people will marry in haste, and proceed to enjoy the delightful sensation known as "repenting at leisure." A few will marry at leisure and repent at ease. Being leap year more young people than usual of both sexes will be plunged into that state of semi-idiotic bliss considered inseparable to an engagement. Many young ladies will be kissed under the mistletoe, and will say they don't like it. Many young (old) ladies will say they don't like to be kissed under the mistletoe, and won't be. There will be several railway accidents. Many ships will come into collision. Some explosions (domestic and otherwise) may be looked for. Many children will receive the name of John. Lots of young men will have difficulties with their latchkeys at about two A. M. Other young men will announce their intention to give up business and go on the stage. More young men will declare their determination to live on their pens. Various parents and guardians will view the above proceedings with marked displeasure. Several casualties (such as broken hearts, loss of false teeth, separation from chignons, &c.) will occur on skating rinks. Captain Hawk will take little Pigeon to a first-rate place for a quiet game of billiards or *écarté*. Much money will be lost over the Derby. Several dramatic authors will be led to think of their future state by the reception awarded to their plays by a kind and discerning public. There will be some changes of Government in France. Things will be made unpleasant for the First Lord of the Admiralty soon after the assembling of Parliament. There will be a panic on the Stock Exchange. There will be several sensational trials, to report the details of which the daily press will exclude from their columns all literary, artistic, scientific and dramatic news. Some wives will run away from their husbands. Some husbands will run away from their wives. There will be numerous comic songs produced. No mirth will be caused by the above. A lot of people will write bad novels. A lot more people will be intensely bored by reading the same. The farmers will grumble at the harvest. The butchers won't reduce the price of meat. Much tobacco will be consumed; also cabbage leaves. Many people will send contributions to *Punch*, which will be rejected. Many people will therefore hate, abuse and loathe the *Punch* for the remainder of their lives. Last and best. *Punch*, the Good and the Great, will, during the year of 1876, appear exactly fifty-three times to delight and gladden the nations.

THE GLEANER.

A resolution has been introduced into the Legislature of Virginia to appropriate \$10,000 for a statue to Gen. J. E. B. Stuart.

PRESIDENT STEARNS, of Amherst, says that the modern system of education, embracing a multiplicity of topics, is injurious to the memory.

THE London *Lancet* says that the habit of secret drunkenness is becoming very common among the boys at the English public schools.

IF in instructing a child you are vexed with it for want of adroitness, try to write with your left hand, and remember that a child is all left hand.

THOMAS HUGHES, unable to visit America during the Centennial, has been obliged to decline the post of umpire for the University regatta of 1876.

IN Boston, under a license law, the places in which alcoholic liquors are sold are nearly seven hundred in number less than under the prohibitory rule of Gov. Talbot.

A HUGE petrefaction, formed almost entirely of serpents in various positions, but making a solid mass, has been found near the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

THE Prince de Joinville publishes a letter stating that he hopes to see the legitimate monarchy re-established in France as the only means of protection against the return of the Empire.

ROMAN noses had entirely gone out of fashion until the accession of William III. to the throne of England, in compliment to whom Dryden, in his translation of Virgil, had *Æneas* depicted with a Roman nose.

THE Dutch war in Acheen is still languishing. A fresh lot of from 2,000 to 2,500 troops are to be sent from Java, and after their arrival operations will be renewed, with the view of subjugating the enemy, if possible.

PROF. E. R. MORSE recently delivered a lecture in Boston in which he severely criticised Victor Hugo's account of the "Devil Fish." He said that Hugo made seventeen blunders in his description of the organism, habits, and powers of the animal.

As an instance of the longevity of elephants, it is said that the identical elephant which carried the Marquis of Hastings when he visited Lucknow, India, a century ago, as Governor-General, was in the procession to welcome the Prince of Wales when he visited that city.

It is stated that the number of letters, newspapers, and Christmas cards posted in London and the country on Christmas-eve was far beyond all precedent, and that although all the available force, numbering nearly 1,000 persons, was on duty at the chief office, some bags containing letters to be forwarded could not even be opened.

THE Great Western Railway Company is preparing to have the fastest trains in the world. The two "Flying Dutchmen" are at present almost, if not quite, unequalled for speed. But the directors hope to reduce the journey by an hour, and are having locomotives built which are expected to run at seventy miles an hour.

MAGEE, the city editor of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, has been dismissed from the paper for publishing the story of Secretary Bristow's connection with the Crooked Whiskey Ring. He accepts all responsibility for the publication, and assures the public that it will soon be put in possession of facts which will establish the truth of his story.

A crusade against teetotalers is proposed, upon the principle that they are the cause of great distress to the nation. The idea is based upon the fact of the immense consumption of bread by teetotalers, in their effort to still the cravings of an unnaturally excited internal system. This great and growing consumption of bread is the chief cause of its dearthness.

MRS. HANNAH STOVER, of Bowdoinham, Me., has a right to be regarded as the heroine of the Centennial year. She was born on the Fourth of July, 1776, at nearly the same hour when the great bell was ringing out the news of the Declaration from the old hall in Philadelphia. She is in good health, and hopes to be able to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the nation's birthday in July next.

It having been proposed that the sentries around all the royal palaces should be withdrawn after sunset on account of the prevailing sickness among the Foot Guards in London, a correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* further suggests that the pet troops should be furnished with pattens to keep their feet out of the mud, and with umbrellas so contrived that they can be fixed to the muzzles of the firelocks.

A change has recently been made in the length of pace to be used by the French infantry, whereby it is increased from 25½ to 29½ inches, and the cadence raised from 110 to 115 a minute. In the German army the step is 31½ inches; the cadence 112 a minute. The Austrian pace is 29½, the cadence from 115 to 130; the Italian pace is 29½, the cadence 120; and in the English army the pace is 30 inches, with a cadence of 116 a minute.

PRINCE BISMARCK having recently remarked in a debate in the Reichstag that German journalists are apt to draw on their imaginations for the sensational, the *Volks Zeitung* retaliates by saying that if any German paper should venture to criticise the acts of a magistrate or a policeman with as much openness as is done with regard to English Ministers in the most respect-

able papers in England, the editor would be so overloaded with prosecutions that he would have to pass the whole of his time in the courts of justice.

THE London *Lancet* very opportunely warns the medical profession and others not familiar with the symptoms of brain disease, of the urgent necessity of treating "sleeplessness" as a warning symptom of brain disease. A "curious" patient, curious because he cannot sleep, should at once, for his own sake and for that of others, be carefully watched. Delirium tremens, traumatic delirium, and the most dangerous forms of mania are all prone to give this warning token of their presence, and scarcely any other.

TENNYSON wrote of the men who made the famous charge at Balaklava,—

Let not their glory fade,  
Honor the Light Brigade;

yet John Fitzpatrick, a member of that body and a participant in its much-praised exploit, has been allowed to die in England of starvation. He was discharged from the army in 1862 on account of disabling varicose veins, and was allowed a pension of a sixpence a day for two years and a half. He supported himself until lately by riding in circus pageants, but age finally incapacitated him for even that employment. He would not go to a workhouse, and died in Manchester for lack of food. The Coroner's verdict was, "Died of starvation—and the case is a disgrace to the War Office."

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

"YOUR dress," said a husband to his fashionable wife, "will never please the men." "I don't dress to please men," was the reply, "but to worry other women."

A FRENCH widower says that when a Frenchman loses his wife he weeps for her as a duty, till the practice gets to be a habit, and finally becomes a pleasure.

A Massachusetts paper says: "Mr. Johnson has given five hundred dollars, with his sister-in-law, to the American Board." What will the board do with the sister-in-law?

"SALLY," said a fellow to a girl who had red hair, "keep away from me, or you'll set me on fire."—"No danger for that," replied the girl; "you are too green to burn."

"No, sir," said a weary looking man on a street car to an individual by his side. "I wouldn't marry the best woman alive. I've been a dry goods clerk too long for that."

WHEN a stranger asked a Detroit girl, whom he met at a party, if she was married, she promptly replied, "Not quite; but I have sued three or four chaps for breach of promise."

A hen-pecked husband said, in extenuation of his wife's raids upon his scalp, "You see, she takes her own hair off so easily, she doesn't know how it hurts to have mine pulled out."

MRS. AMY RIGG advertises in a Texas paper that she is able to whip either one of the two women she saw walking on her husband's arm a few nights before. What an Amy-able woman she must be, eh?

"CHILDREN," said a country minister, addressing a Sunday school, "Why are we like flowers? What do we have that flowers have?" And a small boy in the infant class, whose breath smelled of vermifuge, rose up and made reply, "Worms," and the minister crept under the pulpit chair to hide his emotion.

THE Woman Suffragists of New Haven are discussing the question, "Are the women of the country more responsible than the men for the extravagance of the times?" But to a thoughtful mind it would seem that as long as men don't wear eighteen yards of cloth in their pantaloons there's not much need of considering the matter seriously.

A YOUNG gentleman got neatly out of a fine scrape with his intended. She taxed him with having kissed two young ladies at some party at which she was not present. He owned up to it but said that their united ages only made twenty-one. The simple-minded girl thought of ten and eleven, so laughed off her pout. He did not explain that one was nineteen and the other two years of age. Wasn't it artful?

SCENE at a Brooklyn wedding breakfast. Company all seated about the table. A pause in the general conversation. Happy husband to his wife's seven-year-old sister at the other end of the room: "Well, Julie, you have a new brother now." Julie: "Yes, but mother said to papa the other day that she was afraid you would never amount to much, but that it seemed to be Sarah's last chance." Intense silence for a moment, followed by a rapid play of knives and forks.

LADY readers may perhaps like to know what is the latest new thing in bonnets. They will probably guess. Being tired of wearing merely ornamental headdresses, they themselves have, probably, been sighing for something more substantial. They and their grandmothers will be pleased to hear that the newest fashion is a mild imitation of the old-scuttle bonnet, which does cover the ears and partly hide the face. We may expect in a few months to have some modifications of the old pokes.

THERE is great extravagance just now in the matter of buttons. Elegant dinner dresses are fastened with copies of old models, done in gold and precious stones, valuable alike for their artistic designs and their intrinsic worth. Not only are these novelties fashioned after antique

patterns, but they are made from nature, as, for instance, little butterflies, whose out-opened wings glisten with diamonds. In buttons of all kinds the small are preferred over the large sizes, and for the wear of the average purchaser are made in metal, of steel, and oxidised and enamelled.

THE young ladies of Vassar College, not to be outdone by any other institution of learning, have nine base-ball clubs among the students. The names of the various nines are peculiarly feminine, and perhaps, sound a little funny; but they are very suggestive, and some of them, no doubt, appropriate. Such titles as "Yellow Garters," "Striped Stockings," "Zebra Socks," "Pin-Backs," and "Short Skirts," may refer to the costume of the players; the "Fawns" suggest beauty and grace, and the "Tiger-Lilies" height and correctness of figure. The playing of the Vassar clubs compares favourably with that of professionals, and is rapidly improving. On almost any pleasant day a couple of "pin-back nines" may be seen handling the ball and bat on the ground at the college.

MISS KATE THORN, who would be none in any man's side, says of modern young men, whom she has clearly studied:—"Tied to his mother's apron-strings, eh? Well, what does that expression generally mean when applied to a young man? Why, it means just about this—that the young man, of whom shallow-brained fops and ad-dle-headed sports speak thus disparagingly, is one who does not smoke, drink, nor swear—one who has not forgotten that God once gave for all time a command which reads "Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land"—it means that he is one whom virtuous men will respect, whom refined society will welcome to its ranks, whom good women and pure girls will receive into their homes with pleasure, and whom his wife, when he gets one, will respect and love next to her Creator. It is too much the custom now-a-days to sneer at parental authority, and to disregard the advice and admonition of our elders. Old age is no longer revered; it is ridiculed instead."

A young woman in Chicago put her false teeth in a glass of water at night, and in the morning found them imbedded in a chunk of solid ice. She was late at breakfast, the process of thawing out the teeth with a bonfire of matches having been slow.

BABY ARITHMETIC.

Rosebud, dainty and fair to see,  
Flower of all the world to me,  
Come this way on your dancing feet—  
Say, how much do you love me, sweet?  
Red little mouth drawn gravely down,  
White brow wearing a puzzled frown,  
Wise little baby Rose is she,  
Trying to measure her love for me.  
"I love you all the day and the night,  
All the dark and the sunshine bright,  
All the candy in every store,  
All the dollars, and more and more,  
Over the tops of the mountains high,  
All the world way up to the sky."

HUMOROUS.

HOTEL prices in New York are described as "three dollars a day, board and lodging extra."

MANY a man who would roll up his eyes in horror at the idea of stealing a nickel will swoop down on a silk umbrella worth \$10, and march off with his lips moving peacefully as if in prayer.

IT was in Omaha. A lawyer was addressing the Judge, and the Judge was eating peanuts and reading a novel. The lawyer bore it for some time, and then angrily remarked: "I suppose I'm entitled to claim the attention of this court." "Well, sir," retorted the Judge, "the court has long suspected you, and will do its duty the first chance it gets."

A little German girl, Rosa Cotterman, aged ten years, of Bloomington, Ill., lately stood in the way of an infuriated cow while she put four or five smaller children over a fence. Her clothing was nearly torn from her, and she was very badly bruised, but the Mayor and police force, as they descended from lamp posts and telegraph poles, were loud in praise of her courage.

A young man in Chicago was recently found dead in his bed, and the supposition was that he had committed suicide by poisoning; but upon analyzing the contents of his stomach nothing but the following were found in it: Pickles, pound cake, lemonade, cold turkey, beer, fried oysters, cold punch, ham sandwich, sponge cake, beef tea, mince pie, champagne, lobster, game pie, fruit cake, tea, chicken salad, whiskey, coffee, bologna sausage, port, cheese, sardines, and sherry. The jury returned a verdict of "Died through the visitation of friends."

JAKE and Pete were met by Dan, a sort of negro sharper, at the Capitol building yesterday, when a general conversation took place about the hard times. "Dar now," said Pete, holding up a half-dollar note, "dar is fifty cents, and dat fifty cents didn't git near 'nuff fur me to reach him until I'd put in half ob good squarday's work!" "Dat's de fact ob de dismanidzment ob de finanshil condition ob de country," said Dan, wisely.

"How's dat?" asked Jake; "what's de finansikal condition got ter do wid a nigger's work? Tell me dat!" "It's de con-trackshun ob de money question, ye see! 'Sposen we jis redooose de matter down to de argymint!" urged Dan. "Lemme hear her arguy dat pint," said Jake, earnestly attentive. "Well, now, dar is fifty cents in Pete's hand yer see!" "Yas!" said both the listeners. "Den Pete lends dat to me dis way, yer see?" taking the note. "Yas!" they answered. "Now I puts dat down in my flank dat way, yer see!" pocketing the money. "Yas!" said Jake. Pete is silent. "Next, Pete wants his money back to in his own hand, yer see, an' doesn't gib it to him." "Whar's de reason yer don't?" demanded Pete. "Kase de finanses an' con-trackted by de proceedin' operashun, yer see!" explained Dan. "Well, den, how does I git my money back agin?" persisted Pete. "Dar's whar de argymint comes in!" replied Dan, as he began to "circulate" around the corner in a suspiciously lively way. A few minutes later he told the police it was only a joke, but Pete now has the heel of the "argymint."





FIG. 7.

FIG. 6.

FIG. 5.

FIG. 4.

FIG. 3.

FIG. 2.

FIG. 1.

FIG. 17.

FIG. 16.

FIG. 15.

FIG. 14.

FIG. 13.

FIG. 12.

FIG. 11.

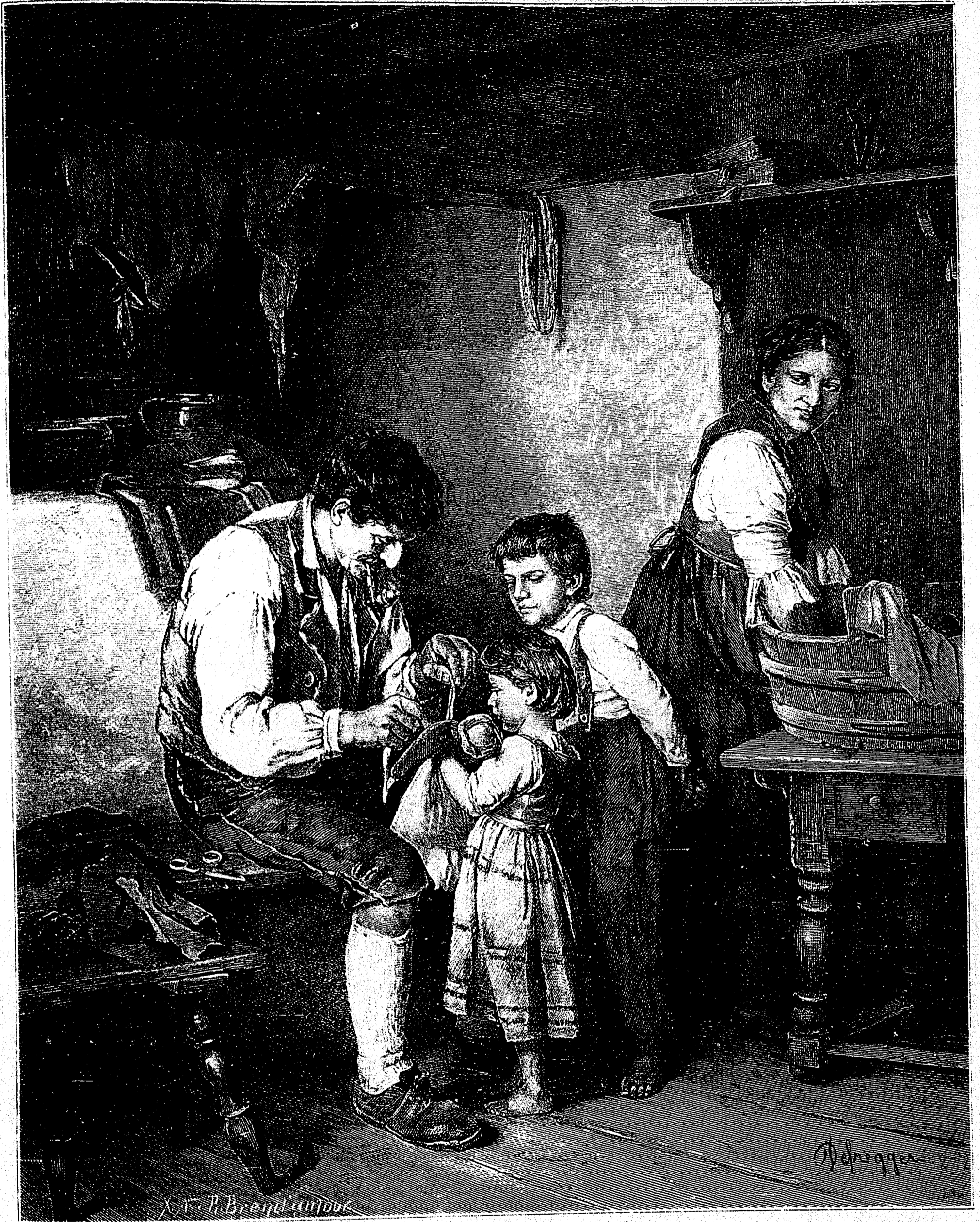
FIG. 10.

FIG. 9.

FIG. 8.

THE FASHIONS.





THE BROKEN DOLL.



(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

SONNET.

How fast and fleet of foot art thou O! Time. So tranquilly yet swift thy moments fly. That life's sweet Spring is press'd by Summer-time. On Summer's heels treads Autumn, and we die. Oh! all our days rush onward to an end. With fearful certainty, and soon are told; Our youth and maubool scarce together blend. Before our mirrors whisper—"ye are old." And early frosts besiege the golden tress. While glowing cheeks grow colorless and pale; And failing limbs show signs of sore distress. That lately were so stalwart and so hale. And man leans on his staff—and trembling waits The glorious opening of the Everlasting Gates. HENRY PRINCE.

Montreal, January 16th, 1876.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

A SMOKE-ROOM YARN.

BY J. H. B. J.

In the fall of the year 186-- following the example of many a better man, I determined to seek "fresh fields and pastures new" in this "better land far across the sea." "In short," as Mr. Mieswiler said, "to see what would turn up" in this Canada of ours, better than a Commissionship in the coal and wine lines, which combined provide but a meagre living for the inner man of one whose digestive organs were in a singularly healthy condition.

In pursuance of this most laudable determination, I found myself and baggage, (rather somewhat attenuated), on the landing stage at Liverpool, impatiently awaiting the arrival of the M. O. S. S. Co.'s tug. Need I mention that I was brimful of enthusiasm, not to mention beer, and impatient to bid "my native land good night," and, in the absence at Liverpool of the white cliffs of old England, to bid adieu to the fogs and rains so dear to every well-regulated English mind.

Some one has said "blessed be he who first invented a flat candle stick." He must have been a sleepless soul having the sole reversion of a comfortable four-poster, and would have unless a constant visitor to Father Neptune's domains found these comfortable articles of domestic furniture useless on board the good ship S---ian, at all events on this particular occasion, as I observed that the great majority of the passengers were engaged all night and others most of next day in what is vulgarly called "casting up their accounts," which is apparently some abstruse arithmetical calculation, the proper settlement of which can only be satisfactorily accomplished by frequent visits to the "side" and a prolonged contemplation of the deep.

Taking this arithmetical view of casting up accounts, I came to the conclusion that the steward must be a profound disciple of the immortal "Cocker," as his (the steward's) services seemed in frequent requisition.

Verily the man who first invented "going down to sea in ships" is not blessed under these circumstances.

Be it understood that this is not intended as "a diary of a passage across the Atlantic," but a simple rendering of a yarn as given one Christmas Eve in the smoke room of the S---ian, and I shall therefore be excused if I plunge at once in *medias res* by stating that in consequence of "head winds," "heavy seas," "bad coal" and all the other ills that steamships are heir to, instead of eating our Christmas dinner amidst expecting friends in Montreal, (for all on board were not waifs like myself, we were tossing about on the stormy Atlantic. Most of us assembled in that refuge of the destitute, that comfort of the comfortless—the smoke room—ready to do anything in reason to while away the tedious hours until "lights out."

The conversation happened to turn upon the congenial subject of pipes. Most of us had our favourite meerschaum or confessed to a weakness for a partially calcined brier root; or again the merits of a disreputable cutty "black as your hat" was the subject of admiration.

The atmosphere was, to say the least of it, somewhat hazy, and it required some time to distinguish the features of a passenger comfortably ensconced in one corner and from whose mouth volumes of smoke came in the most unremitting manner, and during an interval, the following words:—

"Gentlemen. Here's a pipe I've had nigh on thirty years, and which no money would purchase. I smoke it once a year, and then one pipeful only—on the anniversary of the battle of—"

"Stop!" said the chairman, (I omitted to mention that we did all things in order on board the S---ian.) "This promises a yarn and as this is Christmas Eve why not let it go round and our good friend, the Captain, will begin."

Such was the rank in Her Majesty's service to which the narrator of the following yarn was entitled.

"Mr. Chairman, I intend to make my yarn like the pipe I hold in my hand, short and sweet, and to tell how it came into my possession, and how it played its small part in one of the most glorious pages ever written in the history of old England." Here our friend paused and, being as in duty bound loyally disposed, said—

"I beg to propose a toast.

"The Queen. God bless her."

"It's an old military toast and answers well the purpose of introducing to you an old soldier or all that is left of the 'smart young man' who

accepted the Queen's shilling in the spring of 18--, and who after the usual inspection, &c., found the depot of his regiment in a Cathedral city, in the Eastern Counties, and from that day had, like the young bears are said to have, all his troubles before him.

"I was initiated into the famous 'goose step,' which I was at the time strongly of opinion that I had proved myself sufficiently proficient in by stepping into H. M. service at all, and it seemed that further to increase my claim to proficiency in the pedestrian exercise aforementioned, I contemplated in conjunction with another equally "goosy" individual to step into matrimony.

"My attentions were most assiduous, and my success in my wooing all I could wish—

"Two souls with but a single thought. Two hearts that beat as one."

Now Mary was housemaid and my surreptitious visits were dangerous in the extreme, "no followers being allowed" and the military specially tabooed. Love, we all know, laughs at lock-smiths, and I continued my visits and always indulged in a pipe, this pipe being given to me by Mary for the purpose. I had pulled many a pipeful up the chimney when familiarity with the danger breeding the usual contempt, and the olfactory nerves of the powers that were being delicately and yet powerfully developed, led to my discovery and dismissal. Mary had the option given of her own dismissal or mine, and wisely chose the latter.

"I cling to the pipe as a remembrance of my first love and solaced myself with another (dove, not pipe) as soon as possible.

"So much as to how the pipe came into my possession and now for another reason why I prize it.

"A soldier loves his pipe, and God knows the things he has to love or to love him are few and far between. That pipe has cheered and comforted me in the frosts of Canada, with the thermometer below zero, and in the burning heat of Hindoostan, with the thermometer registering in the nineties in the shade. It has been my sole companion, comforter and friend when "doing sentry go" on the heights of Cape Diamond, and many a time and often in the Crimea "a pull at the pipe" and another at the "waist belt" has had to serve in lieu of a meal.

"Little wonder that I prize that pipe. There is yet another episode to be recorded and that a mournful one, an interval of many years elapsing during which time I had been slowly but surely promoted and reached the rank of color-serjeant and served in almost all the colonies, finally finding myself on board troop ship No. 89 bound for the Crimea.

This being simply a history of my pipe, I content myself with a very short account of my experiences in the Crimea. We went through the usual routine of duty in the trenches, plodded through the mud on "escort" or "fatigue" to Balaclava. Grumbled, not without cause, at the quality and quantity of our daily rations, and saw day by day our comrades fall by our side from dysentery. Consolated ourselves as best we might and waited for the end which for many of us came at last on the 5th November, 1854. I remember it too well. In the exercise of my duty I had "paraded," "inspected" and "marched off" the night guard, "called the roll" and then turned in as I hoped for the night. And here pardon me if for one moment I digress to describe my friend James King, or to his familiars "Potter" King, an allusion, I suppose, to his occupation as a civilian. He was my beau ideal of a British soldier. Tall, broad-shouldered, punctual and "clean as a new pin on parade. Never questioning an order, an old companion in arms of mine, nay—a friend. We came from the same village, had gone to the same school, lived in the same room for years, smoked the same pipe, and this brings me to the reason why my pipe came to play its small but tragic part in the battle of Inkerman.

"Poor Jim came in as usual to my quarters to rub up my accoutrements for the morning parade, and smoke the pipe of peace and enjoy a social chat about our present, past and future circumstances, for on such occasions we were thoroughly on an equality such as I was compelled to stand on my dignity on parade. After some time, with a pleasant "good night" he turned to go and with my pipe in his mouth—this was the last time I saw James King alive. I was in a sound sleep and like many another, dreaming of old England and "her green hills by the sea," of the "girl I left behind me," long become a matron of the dear little toddling wee ones, whose sweet prattling voices I might never hear again, and the patter of whose feet upon the stairs sound like music in my ear never more.

"God grant that dreams as sweet as these filled the last sleep of many a husband, many a father on that night, for surely the hour of awakening is at hand—and many a widow, many an orphan learnt almost to curse the day that brought such an awakening to their loved ones on those bleak Crimean Hills.

"Hark, 'tis the cannon's opening roar And there was mounting in hot haste The mustering squadrons and the clattering car. And the deep thunder peal on peal afar And near, the beat of the alarming drum."

"So sings Byron on the dawn of Waterloo. The dawn of Inkerman had come as pregnant with the fate of nations as that great conflict fought on Belgian plain. Waterloo was a General's battle, i. e. manoeuvre and counter-manoeuve. Inkerman was emphatically the soldier's battle, each man fought like Harry of the Wynd, "For his own hand."

"And 'Ours,' Her Majesty's gallant—the

Regiment of Foot, did their duty, as indeed British soldiers ever have and ever will. We came out of the fight terribly cut up. As for myself I had not been touched, but many of our sabaltem officers having fallen, I in due time received my commission as Ensign.

"But what about the pipe? I am coming to that now. As soon as the nature of my duties permitted, I asked and received permission to go in charge of a "fatigue party" in search of James King reported missing.

We had not far to go to the ground on which "Ours" had been engaged, and yet even in that short journey what melancholy sights were ours.

"There lay the rider distorted and pale With the dew on his lip and the rust on his mail."

His sword still clenched in his sinewy hand and the stern light of battle which doubtless lit up his face in life fixed (as by the sculptor's art) instantaneously by the hand of death.

Here in a group lay friend and foe—stiff and stark—soon to be consigned to a common grave, vanquished and vanquisher, alike forgetful of their quarrel and ah! how indifferent.

Truly what a laylapper is death, and what a sermon ought such a scene as this to preach to those who make the quarrels and the battles.

It has been well said that no man deplores the horrors of war more than the soldier who has experienced them. But a truce to moralising, for here is the stern reality we are in search of, all that remains in this world of poor Jim King, fallen with his face to the foe, shot through the breast, bled to death, and in his mouth my pipe firmly clenched in his teeth—doubtless lit after he was wounded, but incapable of moving. I removed the pipe and in it are still the marks of his teeth, and, as I said at the commencement, once a year I smoke that pipe and breathe a prayer for the repose of the soul of as brave a man and as true a hero as ever fell for his Queen and country, though he was only one of the rank and file.

No "storied urn" no "animated bust" marks his last resting place, yet is his memory still green." And here the Captain, as stern a bit of humanity as ever wore pipeclay, passed his pipe around for inspection, and I verily believe took the opportunity furtively to wipe away a tear.

That night we had many yarns, though I think none that left the impression of the foregoing.

I need not enter into any further particulars of our voyage. The fact that this has been written proves that we arrived safely.

THE ROTHSCHILD OF THE WEST.

He hadn't any baggage, and after one look at him the brush-boy walked away and sat down. The average brush-boy of the average hotel knows when he can brush a quarter out of a guest just as well as if he was a lawyer. The stranger wrote his name on the register with great deliberation. It was a long name. It read: "Henry Herbert Washington, Chicago, Ill." The clerk regarded him for a moment with a keen glance and then asked:

"How long will you remain here?"

"About a week," was the reply.

"Shall I credit you with \$10 paid in advance?"

"Who are you talking to?" demanded the stranger, as he stepped back a little.

"Strangers generally pay in advance," replied the clerk.

"Well, sir, I'll be hanged, sir, if I was ever invited before! Ask me for money in advance!"

"By, sir, do you know that I could buy this hotel and still have millions left?"

"I have my orders."

"Am I to be treated like a dead beat?" continued the stranger. "When a man comes to Detroit to lend \$200,000 on a mortgage do your people look upon him as a skulk and a thief?"

"My orders are positive," quietly replied the clerk.

"I want to see the owner of this hotel, and I want to take him to the Board of Trade, the Mayor's office, and the water works, and I want him to find out what kind of a man I am."

"The proprietor isn't in."

"You don't know me—you don't know who I am!" exclaimed the stranger, tapping the office counter with every pause. "I didn't care to be known, but since you have insulted me I want to inform you that I am the Rothschild of the West!"

The clerk started off with a letter to his girl, but had only got as far as "Beloved Sarah," when the stranger yelled out:

"Who advanced money to Chicago to build her water-works? Who owns twenty-eight steamers and six tugs? Who owns six elevators and 100 miles of railroads?"

"I don't know," was the reply.

"And yet when I come into this house I am insulted as if I were a loafer!" continued the stranger. "Why, sir, come to the bank with me, sir, and see if my check for \$50,000 will be dishonored!"

"I'll go," said the clerk, putting on his hat.

"You will, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"You needn't go. I wouldn't stop here if you'd give me \$1,000 a day. I'll go to some other house, and when spring opens I'll buy a site next to you and build a hotel of my own and run your house out of sight."

"Call an officer," said the clerk to one of the boys.

"That's the crowning insult!" shouted the man. "But I'll bide my time. I'll go over to the other tavern and send over a \$50,000 check

for you to look at, and no matter how sorry you feel, sir, I'll not accept an apology, sir—blast me, if I do."

He went out, and at noon was seen eating crackers and cheese in the post-office.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

All communications intended for this department to be addressed Chess Editor, Office of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

Student, Montreal. Correct solution of Problem No. 50 received. Also, solution of Problem No. 53. In the latter, if Q takes K1, Black moves R to Q R 5, and then White cannot mate in three moves more.

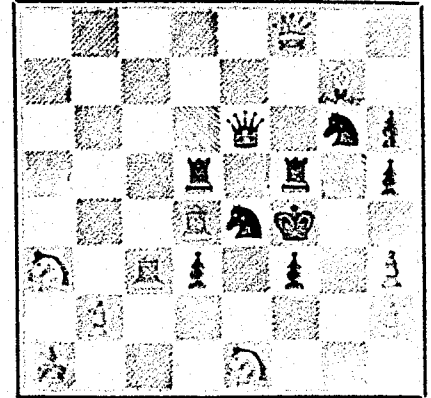
H. A. C. Fuchs, Montreal. Correct solution of Problem No. 54 received.

Subjoined will be found two games played in the match at New York between Mr. Bird and Mr. Mason. It appears that prior to the match, Mr. Bird had in other hand games with Mr. Mason won a large majority, but in order to satisfy the friends of the latter, it was arranged that a match should be played by the two antagonists; and to test the matter a large stake was subscribed to be given to the successful competitor. The winner of the first eleven games was to be declared the victor. At the end of the nineteenth game Mr. Bird resigned having won four games to his adversary's eleven. Four of the games were drawn.

PROBLEM No. 52.

By H. A. C. FUCHS, Montreal.

BLACK.



WHITE

White to move and mate in three moves.

GAME 71st.

Played recently at New York in the match between Messrs. Bird and Mason.

Irregular Opening.

WHITE—(Mr. Bird) 1. P to K R 4th 2. P takes P 3. P takes P 4. K Kt to B 3 5. P to K 4 6. P to Q 3 7. Q B to Kt 5 8. B to K 2 9. B takes B 10. Q Kt to B 4 11. Q to Q 2 12. Kt to Q sq 13. B to K 3 14. B takes B 15. Q to K B 2 16. Q to Q 2 17. Kt to Q B 3 18. Q to K B 2 19. B to Q sq 20. Kt to Q 5 21. P takes B 22. Q to Q 2

Mr. Mason wins. (a) The commencement of an attack carried on splendidly to the end, and overwhelming all attempts at opposition.

(b) A sparkling termination.

GAME 72nd.

Played recently at New York between Messrs. Bird and Mason.

HISTORIC GAMBIT.

WHITE—(Mr. Mason) 1. P to K 4 2. P to K B 4 3. B to Q B 4 4. Q to K 2 5. P to K 5 6. K Kt to B 3 7. Castles 8. P takes P (en pas) 9. B to Q Kt 3 10. P to Q 4 11. Q to Q B 4 12. Q to Q 5 13. Q to K 5 14. Q takes P at B 4 15. Q P takes P 16. Q Kt to B 3 17. Q B to K 3 18. B takes B 19. K to R sq 20. R P takes Kt 21. Kt to Q R 4 22. Q to Q 6 (ch) 23. K Rt to Kt 5 (ch)

Mr. Bird resigns.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 55.

WHITE. 1. Kt to B 8 2. B to B 5 (ch) 3. Kt or B mates

BLACK. P to R 4 (a) Anything

(A) P to Kt 4 Anything

3. B or R mates

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 54.

WHITE. 1. R to Q B 8 (ch) 2. Kt to Q B 4 3. R takes B (ch) 4. Kt to Q 6 (ch) 5. P to K Kt 5 mate

BLACK. B to K sq K to R sq K to B 2 K to B 4

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS. No. 55.

WHITE. K at K R 3 Q at Q 3 R at K sq B at Q B 4 Kt at K R 4 Kt at Q B 6 Pawn at K R 2 And K Kt 3

BLACK. K at K Kt 2 Q at Q Kt 7 R at Q R 6 R at K R sq B at K R 3 B at K B 2 Pawn at K Kt 3 And K B 3

White to play and mate in four moves.

LITERARY.

The fund left by Sumner to complete the publication of his works has been expended, and there are several volumes unprinted. The sale of those already published has been small.

Non-German readers delighting in Auerbach's tales, not for their poetic value alone, but because they portray the deepest and most delicate shades of the German national character with true artistic skill, will be interested to learn of the publication of a new and more philosophic book by the author on a related subject. In a work entitled "Fausend Gedanken," Auerbach gives fragmentary thoughts and maxims which, individually colored, reflect the spirit of modern German society with wonderful accuracy.

THE PHANTOM GUARD.

The Burland-Desbarats Co. of Montreal, are more indefatigable than ever in producing graphic illustrations of local and Canadian events. The latest publication contains a spirited full plate engraving, which represents the memorable scene of the 21st of December last, when the Phantom Guard, led by Hugh McQuarters, requests Colonel Strange, the actual Commandant of the Quebec garrison, to fire a last salute in honor of the doughty doings of that night one hundred years previous when Montgomery fell on Cape Diamond. The letter-press descriptive of that celebrated *en scene* has been taken from and accredited to our local reporter's account, and has been reproduced, verbatim in the columns of our energetic and artistic contemporary.—*Quebec Chronicle*.

A TRIUMPH OF MEDICAL ART.

Yes, a triumph we call it, when medicine can be so "fixed up" as to be pleasant to take and yet accomplish the object intended. Such a medicine is Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets, samples of which the writer procured and tested in his own family. The Pellets (little pills) are about one-fifth the size of an ordinary pill, made of highly concentrated root and herbal extracts, and sugar-coated.—*Frankfort (Ind.) Weekly Crescent*.

For Jaundice, Headache, Constipation, Impure Blood, Pain in the Shoulders, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations from the Stomach, Bad taste in the Mouth, Bilious attacks, Pain in region of Kidneys, Internal Fever, Bloating feeling about Stomach, Rush of Blood to Head, and Giddy Forebodings, take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, or Sugar-coated Concentrated Root and Herbal Juice, Antibilious Granules, the "Little Giant" Cathartic, or Mullum in Parvo Physic. Sold by dealers in medicines.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders of the GRAPHIC COMPANY will be held at the Head Office of the Company, Western Chambers, No. 22 St. John Street, Montreal, on

Thursday, the 10th day of February Next,

AT THREE O'CLOCK P.M.

for the election of Directors for the ensuing year and the transaction of general business.

EVANS & BIDDELL, Secretary.

Office of the Graphic Company, Western Chambers, 22 St. John Street, Montreal, January 24, 1876.

Lovell Printing and Publishing Company, LIMITED.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders of this Company will be held at the Office of the Company, 23 St. Nicholas Street, on

Monday, the 7th day of February next,

AT THREE O'CLOCK P.M.

for the purpose of receiving the Report of the Directors for the past year, to elect Directors for the current year, and for the transaction of other business.

ROBT. K. LOVELL, Sec. Treasurer.

Montreal, January 27, 1876.

BOND BROS., STOCK & SHARE BROKERS,

Members of the Montreal Stock Exchange. No. 7 St. SACRAMENT STREET, MONTREAL.

13-17

NOTICE.

THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC CO. being about to remove their Establishment,

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FOUR HAND LITHOGRAPHIC PRESSES.
ONE CUTTING MACHINE.
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All in first-rate order, and will be sold cheap before removal.

Apply to

G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

MANY PEOPLE THINK that if they have a slight cold or cough, the best thing they can do is to do nothing, but simply let it wear off. It is the indulgence in this fearfully erroneous idea that makes the dread scourge of Consumption so frightfully common—so common, that it is estimated that war is as nothing, and pestilence a bagatelle compared to it. Never neglect a cold till too late, but use Wingate's Pulmonic Troches, which give immediate relief. Sold everywhere for 25 cents. 13-1-52

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13-5-13-08.

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JAS. K. POLLOCK, CARVER, GILDER, Looking Glass, Picture Frame AND PASSE-PARTOUT MANUFACTURER. No. 13 BLEURY ST., MONTREAL. 13-1-28

J. DALE & CO., FASHIONABLE MILLINERS & DRESSMAKERS, No. 584 Yonge Street, TORONTO. 13-1-10

CANADA BOILER WORKS, 771 Craig Street, Montreal. PETER HIGGINS, manufacturer of Marine and Land Boilers, Tanks, Fire-Proof Chambers, Wrought Iron Beams, Iron Bridge Girders, Iron Boats, &c. For all kinds of above works, Plans, Specifications and Estimates given if required. Repairs promptly attended to. 13-1-10

JOSEPH GOULD, Importer of PIANO-FORTES AND CABINET ORGANS, 211 St. James Street, Montreal. 13-1-6

DR. HAYWARD'S NEW DISCOVERY, (PATENTED 1872) ENGLAND, FRANCE & BELGIUM.

The Treatment and Mode of Cure. How to use it successfully, With safety and certainty in all cases of decay of the nerve structures, loss of vital power, weakness, low spirits, despondency, languor, exhaustion, muscular debility, loss of strength, appetite, indigestion, and functional ailments from various excesses, &c., &c.

Without Medicine. Full Printed Instructions, with Pamphlet and Diagram, for Invalids, post Free 25 cents. (FROM 81K INVENTOR AND PATENTER.) DR. HAYWARD, M.R.C.S., L.S.A., 14 York Street, Portman Square, London, W. For Qualifications, vide "Medical Register." 13-1-17

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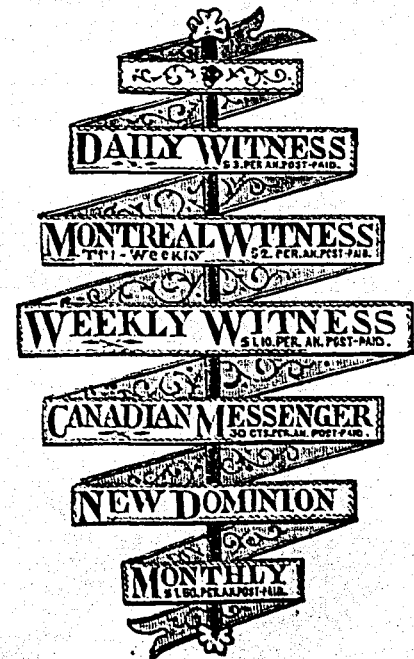
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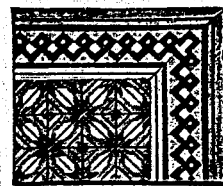
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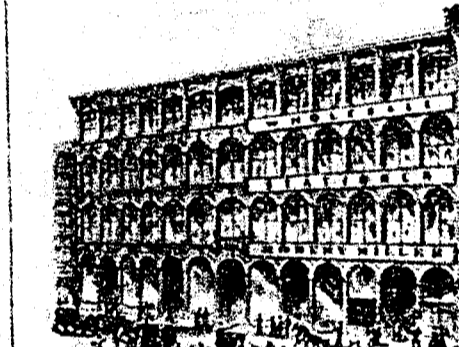
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