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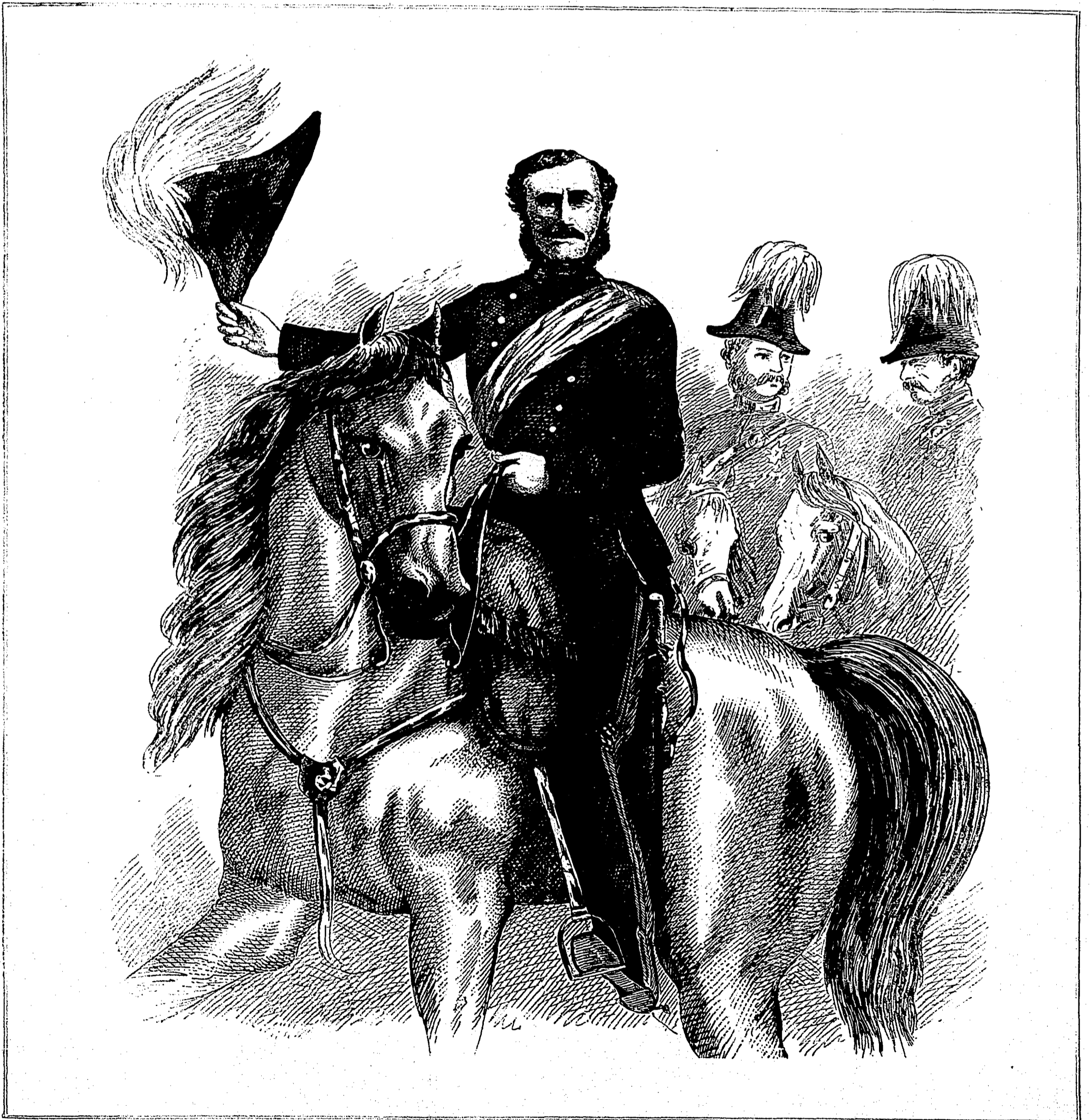
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# Canadian Illustrated News

Vol. I.—No. 32.]

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LIEUT.-GEN. THE HON. JAMES LINDSAY, COMMANDER OF THE FORCES IN CANADA.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

## LT.-GENERAL HON. JAMES LINDSAY.

It was fortunate that at the time of the recent excitement, over threatened and actual Fenian invasions, there was in command of the army in Canada a General whose past experience had made him alike familiar with the people, the topography, and the enemies of the country. Lieut.-General Lindsay saw service in Canada more than thirty years ago; again in 1866 he was in command at Montreal during the Fenian troubles, and now four years later, though sent out on a very different mission, it has been his lot to direct the operations, against the foe, on the same ground where his former experience of Canadian service had been acquired.

The name of Lindsay is familiar in the history and legendary lore of the ancient Kingdom of Scotland, and the subject of this notice belongs to that noble and historic house, being the second son of James, twenty-fourth Earl of Crawford, eighth Earl of Balcarres, and Premier Earl of Scotland; and in 1826 was created first Baron Wigan in the Peerage of the United Kingdom. General Lindsay was born in 1815, and in 1845 married Lady Sarah Elizabeth Savile, daughter of the third Earl of Mexborough, in the Peerage of Ireland. He first obtained his commission in the army in March, 1832, and was appointed to the 1st Battalion of the Grenadier Guards. He was subsequently appointed Adjutant of the 2nd Battalion of the same regiment, when it was ordered to Canada in 1838, during the political and insurrectionary troubles then coming to a decisive head. He served in Canada from May, 1838, to October, 1842, a period of more than four years, and of course went through such service as the rebellion imposed on Her Majesty's troops. The battalion of guards to which he was attached formed a part of the field force under the command of Major-General Sir James Macdonnell, and was quartered, during the winter of 1838-39, in many of the districts on the south banks of the St. Lawrence. He returned with his battalion to England in 1842; and in 1845 was elected member of Parliament for Wigan, South Lancashire, in the Conservative interest, which seat he continued to hold until 1857, when he was defeated. Two years afterwards, in 1859, he was returned for the same borough, and continued to retain the seat until 1866, when, though during his absence in Canada on military service he had been elected by acclamation, he resigned, finding that on account of the Fenian troubles here he was unable to return to England and attend to his Parliamentary duties.

In 1846 he became Lieutenant-Colonel; and in 1854, the battalion to which he belonged not being the one whose turn it was to go on foreign service, he applied for a staff appointment in the Army of the East. The object with Colonel Lindsay was then, of course, to see active service in the Turko-Russian war then on the eve of breaking out; but his application, like that of many others anxious for military distinction, turned out unsuccessful. In 1861 he was promoted to the rank of Major-General; and in 1863 appointed to the command of the Guards in Canada, and of the Second Military District, with his head-quarters at Montreal. Again his Canadian service ranged over a period of about four years, from May, 1863, to January, 1867, when he returned to England, and was appointed, in the place of Lord Frederick Paulet, General of Brigade of Foot Guards. In April, 1868, he was appointed Inspector-General of the Reserve Forces, consisting of the Militia Yeomanry, Army Reserve and Pensioners, and Volunteers. He was also the same year appointed Captain-Commandant of the Aberdeenshire Rifle Corps; and is a Deputy-Lieutenant and Magistrate for the County of Lancashire. In March of the present year, General Lindsay was desired to proceed to this country to carry out the policy of the Imperial Government with respect to the withdrawal of the troops, and received the local appointment of Lieutenant-General on particular service in Canada.

It is unnecessary here to say anything of the military movements under the direction of General Lindsay to checkmate the Fenians. They have already become well-known, and are sufficiently fresh in the public mind not to require repetition at this time. But it may be remarked that the exception taken by some of the London journals to a few phrases in the General's admirable address to the Volunteers at Eccles' Camp—on the strength, no doubt, of a Yankee-cooked cable despatch—ought to show Canadians how important it was for them to have had, at the head of the defensive movement, an officer who combined political sagacity with military skill, and was therefore able—without dropping a word that could be tortured into an offence to the United States—to estimate the true value of the efforts made by the Government and people of this country. His appreciative estimate of the services of our volunteers, and the relation which President Grant's friendly proclamation had to the suppression of the raid, will stand the test of the closest scrutiny in the light of all the facts of the case;

and, as last week, we copied in full the speech which appears to have given offence to the philo-yankce section of the British press, we have now great pleasure in transferring to our columns the "General Order" in which is embodied, in an official form, the same frank and truthful estimate of the affair as was given off-hand in General Lindsay's address to the Volunteers. This document ought to have especial value, in the eyes of Canadians, as an independent testimony to the truth in a case which may hereafter form the subject of important discussion touching the relations of this country to its near neighbour and the Empire; and, as was bluntly remarked at the preliminary meeting on Tuesday last—"General Lindsay ought to be supported by this country." The following is the "Order:"

HEAD QUARTERS,  
Montreal, 4th June, 1870,  
GENERAL ORDERS—NO. 1.

Canada has been once more invaded by a body of Fenians who are citizens of the United States, and who have again taken advantage of the institutions of that country to move without disguise large numbers of men and warlike stores to the Missisquoi and Huntingdon frontiers, for the purpose of levying war upon a peaceful community.

From both these points the invading forces have been instantly driven with loss and in confusion, throwing away their arms, ammunition and clothing, and seeking shelter within the United States.

Acting with a scrupulous regard for the inviolability of a neighbouring territory, the troops were ordered to the halt, even though in pursuit, upon the border.

The result of the whole affair is mainly due to the promptitude with which the militia responded to the call to arms, and to the rapidity with which their movements to the front were carried out, and the self-reliance and steadiness shown by this force, as well as by the armed inhabitants on the frontier.

The regular troops were kept in support, except on the Huntingdon frontier, where one company took part in the skirmish.

The proclamation of the President and the arrival of the Federal troops at St. Albans and Malone, were too late to prevent the collection and transport of warlike stores, or an inroad into Canada.

The reproach of invaded British territory and the dread of insult and robbery, have thus been removed by a handful of Canadians, and the Lieutenant-General does not doubt that such services will receive the recognition of the Imperial Government.

The Lieut.-General congratulates the militia upon this exhibition of their promptness, discipline and training, and in dismissing the men to their homes, he bids them carry with them the assurance that their manly spirit is a guarantee for the defence of Canada.

By order,

J. E. THACKWELL, D. A. G.

## THE RED RIVER EXPEDITION.

## THE STEAMER "CHICORA."

While the enrolment of volunteers for the Red River force was still going on in Toronto, labourers were being sent forward to Sault Ste. Marie and to Fort William for the purpose of completing the roads over which the expedition must pass. A road had to be built over the mainland on the Canadian side of the Sault, as the only other means of passing into Lake Superior was by the American canal. Through this the expedition could not pass, as it is looked upon as a purely military expedition by the Americans, and to permit it to pass through the canal would constitute, according to their ideas, a violation of neutrality. The "Algoma," the first vessel of the season leaving Collingwood, took the first party of these labourers, to the number of 150, their destination being Fort William. She carried neither boats nor military stores. On Tuesday afternoon the 3rd. May, the "Algoma" left Collingwood. She made a rapid trip to the Sault, passed through the canal without any hindrance on the part of the United States officials, and safely reached Fort William. Four days after the departure of the "Algoma," on Saturday the 7th, the "Chicora" left Collingwood, with a cargo of waggons, boats and stores, for the use of the Red River troops. She arrived at Garden River on Tuesday morning and unloaded her boats and some other goods. She then proceeded to the American side of the Sault canal, where the captain was informed that his vessel would not be allowed to pass through. He accordingly returned to the Canadian side, discharged his cargo and left for Collingwood the next day. By the Thursday following all the stores brought by the "Chicora" had been portaged over to the Lake Superior side of the Sault, whence they were taken to Fort William by the "Algoma," stationed for that purpose on Lake Superior. On Saturday, the 14th, the "Chicora" started on her second trip from Collingwood, having on board the first detachment of the Red River troops, consisting of companies nos. 1 and 4 of the Ontario battalion. She was laden with Government stores, and carried 24 horses to take the stores across the Portage. It was expected that on this her second trip permission would be given her to pass through the canal, as upon the representations of Mr. Thornton, British Minister at Washington, that the expedition was of a friendly character, permission had been given by President Grant to send supplies through the canal. The contrary, however, proved to be the case. Probably the American authorities had not yet received their instructions from Washington, for the vessel was again refused a passage, even after having discharged her cargo. The troops encamped for the time at the Hudson's Bay Fort, a mile and a half from the Ste. Marie village, and then crossed the Portage to the Lake Superior side, where their services were soon put in requisition for guarding the lake transports "Algoma" and "Shickaluna." Rumours had sprung up of an intended Fenian invasion at this point, and precautionary measures were immediately taken. The affair however ended in smoke. Meantime the "Chicora" had returned to Collingwood, and started thence on her third trip on the 21st, having Colonel Wolsely and a company of the 60th Rifles on board. On her arrival at the Sault, she disembarked her troops and then passed the canal. She has since been employed with the

"Algoma" and "Brooklyn" in transporting the troops from the Portage to Fort William.

The following paragraph, headed "sketching in camp—a zealous sentry," clipped from the correspondence of a contemporary, refers to the author of the sketch from which our legotype of the "Chicora" is copied; and shows that Mr. Miller of this City has not been the only devotee of art labouring on behalf of the *Canadian Illustrated News*, whose pursuits have exposed him to the suspicion of Fenianism and consequent danger of arrest:—"When the *Chicora* called at Garden River, we took on board a reverend gentleman who is bound for Fort William. In consequence of the *Algoma* being kept waiting for orders, he has not yet been able to get any further on his way, and has been amusing himself by drawing sketches of the camp, &c. A day or two since, as he was busily intent on sketching a view of the tents and opposite shore, a sentry on duty became somewhat alarmed, not knowing to what length of ingenuity or disguise the hated Fenian might go in his endeavour to get a plan of the camp and surrounding neighbourhood. The sentry, after cogitating some moments, cautiously approached, and assuming a stealthy tread and placing himself in a position of defence, demanded of the stranger his business. Of course an innocent reply was vouchsafed, but the sentry had to do his duty, and insisted on seeing the sketch. The news of this *rencontre* reached the officers' room, and they sallied forth in a body and saluted the new stranger, quizzed his sketch, declared him and it harmless, and then went their way. The reverend gentleman, who has but recently arrived from England, also went his way, and, I understand, has forwarded his sketch, together with one of the *Chicora*, as loaded, to our illustrated Canadian contemporary, so that probably Canadians will be able to have an accurate picture of this spot. The incident, in the absence of more serious news, caused much merriment in camp, and was the subject of unlimited badinage in the officers' room."

The sketch of the camp referred to in the foregoing extract will appear next week.

## THE CRYSTAL PALACE, TORONTO.

This handsome building, an exact miniature of its namesake in England, stands at the extreme western end of the City of Toronto. It was erected for the purpose of holding the Provincial Exhibitions, and was built after the plans of Sir Joseph Paxton's Crystal Palace, which in this building are closely followed in miniature down to the very minutiae of nave, transepts, etc. The Toronto Crystal Palace was completed in 1857, and was opened on the 21st September of that year by Sir Edmund Head, then Governor-General of Canada. The building has also been used for county fairs, concerts, etc., and latterly has been occupied as military barracks. In 1866, the date of the last Provincial Exhibition held in Toronto, the 13th Hussars were quartered in the Crystal Palace, and remained there until ordered home. More recently still this building has been applied to military purposes, and served as barracks for the troops destined for Red River service. Our illustration, from a photograph taken at the time of the occupation of the building by the Red River troops, shows a company drilling in front of the Palace. The dimensions of the structure were originally 256 feet in length and 144 feet in the widest part, but its size was much increased by the addition in 1866 of a picture gallery and horticultural hall. The building is principally composed of cast iron and glass, and is roofed in with tin.

## FENIAN TROPHIES.

That portion of the volunteers who were stationed at Eccles Hill and routed the Fenians who crossed at that point, brought with them, on their return to Montreal, a quantity of Fenian trophies, in the shape of uniforms, caps, knapsacks and Springfield rifles, which the invading heroes, in their hurry to get out of the reach of Canadian bullets, ignominiously left upon the soil it had been their intention to conquer. The *capture* of these second Bull's Run fugitives were paraded through the streets of Montreal last week, when the Eccles Hill men returned. The uniforms are those of the "Irish Republican Army"—green with yellow facings and brass buttons bearing the cabalistic inscription I. R. A., which United States Marshal Foster ingeniously explains as signifying "I Ran Away." The rifles are the old Springfield arms with which the American troops were formerly supplied. They were sold to the Fenians by the American War Department. They are said to be wretched weapons, and far more dangerous to those who use them than to those against whom they are used. Probably that is the reason why the States supplied them to her Irish sons. Our illustration depicts the scene on the line of procession of the volunteers when they re-entered the city after their brief but effective campaign.

## THE FENIAN RAID NEAR COOK'S CORNERS.

THE CAMP AT ECCLES HILL—THE VOLUNTEERS' HIVOAC AT COOK'S CORNERS—FURTHER DETAILS OF THE ENGAGEMENT.

As already recorded, the "invasion" was repulsed before the arrival of the main body of the Canadian forces in the neighbourhood of Cook's Corners. The high ground occupied by our troops, particularly described in last week's issue, is locally known as "Eccles Hill," where on the 30th May General Lindsay inspected the volunteers, and afterwards delivered the soldierly and judicious address reprinted by us in last number, in which he gave very high and, all believe, very much deserved praise to the Canadian Volunteers. "Eccles Hill" has been rendered ever memorable in Canadian border history; the triumph achieved there on the 25th May, wipes out the want of military skill displayed near the same neighbourhood four years before, and consequently marks an epoch in Canadian military progress. To our account of the actual engagement, as published in last week's issue, there is little to be added. There is a general impression that more of the Fenians fell than was at first reported; but that their comrades carried them off. New York and Boston accounts report a total of eleven Fenians killed and seventeen wounded, three of the latter dangerously. Of the former nine fell on the 25th in the neighbourhood of Eccles Hill; and two are said to have fallen near Hinckinbrook. Between Franklin and the border line, four hundred Fenians were massed the night before the engagement, fully armed and provisioned, many of them having advanced during the night to the heights near the border on the American side. Capt. Westover's Home Guards occupied Eccles Hill the same night; and Col. Stanbridge, who arrived at Stanbridge also on the night of the 24th, pushed through

the darkness to Cook's Corners, with a detachment of twenty-four men of the Stanbridge Company under Lieut. Baker. At early dawn he sent them forward to reinforce the men on Eccles Hill; while at the same time another detachment under Capt. Boekus arrived at the Corners. Col. Chamberlin having ordered these to the front, returned to Stanbridge to report to Col. Smith who had then arrived there. Col. Smith having made arrangements for the disposition of Captain Muir's troop of cavalry, and Captain Crawford's company of the Victorians, immediately proceeded to Eccles Hill with Col. Chamberlin to prepare for the anticipated crossing of the lines by the enemy. Colonel Smith then disposed of the force on the hill according to his judgment, and placing Col. Chamberlin in command, returned to Stanbridge to forward more troops. During his absence, and when the Fenians were preparing to cross the line, U. S. Marshal Foster drove over and had an interview with Col. Chamberlin (not Col. Smith, as before stated.) He declared that by direction of his government he had summoned the Fenians to lay down their arms and desist from their threatened illegal purposes, but that they had refused. Further, that the United States authorities were moving up troops to suppress the demonstration as rapidly as possible. Again, that O'Neil, the person in command of the Fenian host, had charged him with a message; and this it was: That he, the highest legal representative of the United States Government then on the border, could assure the officer commanding the British forces that O'Neil (the pirate and marauder) would not make war upon women and children. Far from it. He had assured the officer (representing the government whose laws he was violating), and had requested that officer to assure Col. Chamberlin, that he and his horse "would conduct their warfare according to the manner recognized among civilized nations!" Colonel Chamberlin instantly replied that he could receive no message from a marauder, even though brought by a United States Marshal. While this conference was going on, the Fenian column began to move down to the attack. Colonel Chamberlin called the Marshal's attention to its advance. Gen. Foster said he thought they intended to attack, but scarcely so soon. With this he turned his horse's head and drove back across the line, passing through the column on his way up to Vincent's towards the rear, where he remained during the greater portion of the now fast approaching fight. Col. Chamberlin immediately returned to Eccles Hill, and hastily prepared to meet the attack with the forty-six Volunteers and thirty Home Guards then under his command. One portion of the men, a sergeant and twelve men, were away at dinner, nearly half a mile away on the other side of the morass, and only arrived on the ground at the close of the repulse, after a weary trudge through swamp and a couple of feet deep; so that, deducting the picket at the rear and the detachment in question, the immediate force of the 60th instantly available for service at the front when the column crossed the line comprised less than thirty men. These were, however, posted behind the rocks and stone fence on the left of the position, under Capt. Boekus, who took charge of the extreme left resting on the road by which the Fenians were advancing, while Ensign Boekus was placed in charge of the right of that portion of the "thin red line." A few Volunteers were also placed in the woods on the crest and right bank of the hill. The Home Guards were snugly ensconced below. Col. Chamberlin's own position on the crest of Eccles Hill commanded the whole field. He was accompanied up to it by Assistant Surgeon Smith of the 52nd Battalion, a Frithburgh practitioner, who hurried to the front with a rifle, like many another brave man, as soon as he heard of the Fenian advance, and placed himself at Colonel Chamberlin's disposal. Service he had come for; active service in the field he would have. Colonel Chamberlin gladly availed himself of his offer, and requested him to act as his Aide, a post which necessarily led to much exposure during the fire, but from the duties of which Dr. Smith did not shrink.

The account from which we glean the particulars, a graphic and very full description of the whole affair that appeared in the Montreal Gazette of the 6th inst., then gives the particulars of the brief engagement. The first shot from Eccles Hill greeted the advanced Fenians as they came upon the bridge at ten minutes to twelve. Then the Fenians halted, wavered, attempted to return fire, broke line and retreated. At 12:30 they had all disappeared to safe positions on the American side; but the fire was kept up in a desultory manner, as already related, until night; the only correction we have to make in our former account being that more execution was evidently done by the Canadian fire than we then reported. Col. Smith returned to the ground amidst the cheers of the Canadians and the harmless shots of the Fenians just after the latter had retreated, and relieving Col. Chamberlin of the chief command, took a rock for his table and commencing, under fire, to write his despatches with the utmost coolness. At 2:30 Capt. Gascoigne, A. D. C. to Gen. Lindsay, appeared, heralding the arrival of Capt. Muir's Cavalry, and Capt. Crawford's company of the Victorians. The commanding officers had no little difficulty in keeping the volunteers within bounds in their great anxiety to "pop off a Fenian." A slow fire was kept up until half-past five, when Col. Smith was informed that a field-piece was being brought into position. But a sharp advance, and vigorous fire from the Canadian volunteers soon dispersed the crowd in charge, and by sunset not a Fenian was visible within gun-shot of the border-line. The force was then recalled, and, recruited by still fresh arrivals, made its dispositions for the night. The field-piece, a worthless gun, was found just on the Canadian side the following morning, and carried off as a trophy by the Home Guards.

Thus ended the affair near Cook's Corners, which may fairly be entitled "a battle" from the important consequences of the victory achieved, if not from the actual slaughter. The troops remained at Eccles Hill the following days, being soon provided with tents and other camp equipage. Our illustration is from a sketch made by our special artist, Mr. Vogt, on the 30th, the day on which Gen. Lindsay, accompanied by Prince Arthur, Lord Alex. Russell, Col. Bagot, &c., arrived from St. Armand and reviewed the volunteers engaged on the 25th. The camp was afterwards broken up. The Home Guard was relieved from service; and on Thursday afternoon, June 2nd, the last of the volunteers on active duty returned to this city. They were, one company of Prince of Wales' Rifles, commanded by Capt. Rodgers; one company of Victoria Rifles, by Capt. Crawford, and Capt. Muir's troop of Cavalry. The battalion was under command of Lieut.-Col. Smith, D. A. G. They left Eccles Hill in the morning at seven o'clock and marched to St. Armand, a distance of about eight

miles, they then entered the train which had been sent out to receive them, and arrived at the Bonaventure depot at the time above mentioned. The bands of the Grand Trunk Brigade and Prince of Wales' Rifles were in attendance and played them through the streets. Of course they received a most hearty reception from their fellow-citizens.

We give another Leggotype from a sketch by Mr. Vogt, the Bivouac, or camping ground in the woods at Cook's Corners, where the volunteers halted at night on their march to the front. Next week we shall give several interesting sketches of the raid at Trout River, Hinchinbrook, &c., with a carefully compiled account of the doings at that part of the border.

THE CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE LIFE OF THE EMPEROR.

Another attempt against the French Emperor's life has been discovered during the past month by the vigilance of the Parisian police. It will be remembered that in 1852, when, as President of the French Republic, Louis Napoleon made an appeal to the people, an atrocious plot was discovered against his life, which so excited the indignation of the French people that they raised their persecuted President to the Imperial throne. It is a curious coincidence that the second time Louis Napoleon appeals to his subjects—a week before the vote was to be taken on the plebiscite—another atrocious plot should have been laid bare by the vigilance of the faithful Pietri and his crew. The Opposition papers of Paris plainly state their belief that the whole story has been manufactured by the Government for the purpose of exciting a feeling of horror throughout the country and thereby influencing the votes of the people. Be this as it may, there is no doubt but that a very large proportion of the seven millions majority obtained by the Emperor are entirely due to the indignant feeling which pervaded the country, from the Pas de Calais to Algiers, at the news of the attempt made upon the life of His Majesty by the bloodthirsty Republicans and Irreconcilables. The facts of the conspiracy, as far as hitherto known, (for the Government has been very reticent as to facts and proofs) are briefly these. The agents of the police, having ascertained that a plot existed against the life of the Emperor, further discovered that Gustave Flourens, a political refugee at present resident in England, was at the bottom of the affair. One Beury, who was suspected of being an emissary of Flourens, was arrested in Paris, and a letter from Flourens was found on him, in which mention was made of an "amputation" to take place on a certain day. It did not take the keen police officers long to smell out something suspicious. "Amputation" was construed into "assassination," and Beury was marched off to prison. The irreconcilable papers state that Beury was merely an agent of the police, who was acting a cleverly got-up part with the double end in view of influencing the vote of the country and getting Gustave Flourens into trouble—probably procuring his extradition. The arrest of Beury was followed by that of one Protot, an advocate who had distinguished himself by defending Megy, a Republican leader particularly obnoxious to the Government. A number of bombs were also found at the lodgings of one Roussel, a cabinet maker, who, it appears, had ordered them shortly before, stating that they were intended for axes for velocipedes. The materials for the plot having thus been discovered to exist, all who could in any way be said to be concerned with the affair were imprisoned until they should be arraigned before the High Court, which is to meet at Blois. Several thousands of persons have since been arrested for suspected complicity. Our illustration gives the scene at the lodgings of Roussel at the time of the domiciliary visit made by the police. This is the sixth attempt made on Napoleon's life. The first was in 1852, by Kelsch, a half-pay officer, in the pay of Mazzini; in 1855, Pianon, a shoemaker, fired on him in the Champs Elysees; Bellemore, a cobbler, a few months later, fired into one of the Court carriages; in a Centaure the same year attempted to stab His Majesty. In July, 1857, came to light the Tibaldi, Ledru-Rollin plot; and the most dangerous of all, in December, 1857, the Orsini and Piri bombs.

THE PLEBISCITUM.

The call made by the Emperor upon the people of France was happily answered in a way that must have rejoiced his Imperial Majesty's heart, and caused the giants of the Opposition to gnash their teeth in despair. It is a new thing in the annals of modern France to see this restless, changeable people supporting their ruler after twenty years of internal quiet. And it is a significant answer to those who are constantly predicting the downfall of the Bonaparte dynasty, that the present Emperor has been upheld in his administrative course by a majority of seven millions of voices. Alas for the irreconcilables! The man whom they have for so long been denouncing as a tyrant and a monster, has been sustained by a majority of seven millions of the people, whose sympathies they thought they had enlisted on their side. There has been some talk—on this side the Atlantic especially—of compulsion, of fraudulent voting and corrupt practices generally. There does not, however, appear to be any ground for supposing this to have been the case. It is true that in Paris the troops were called out, and posted about the city. But this was for the purpose of keeping order, and it is no such easy matter to keep in order some three hundred thousand excited electors, especially when these three hundred thousand are Frenchmen, voting on a national question. It has been said that the vote of the army was controlled, but this statement is contradicted by the result of the army vote giving a large majority of "nays." We have every reason to suppose that the voting on the plebiscite was conducted in a fair impartial manner; that no undue influence was exerted, either upon civil or military voters, and the result—the majority of seven millions supporting the Emperor—may be taken as a satisfactory test of the popularity of the Imperial Government. The utmost curiosity prevailed in Paris, both before and on the day set apart for the voting. The different regiments were called into their barracks and their votes taken privately. Of course this completely disgusted the Parisian *faneurs*, who, like the Athenians of old, are ever in search of something new; but their curiosity was gratified by the "non-content" soldiers, who from time to time dropped bulletins of the state of the poll from the barracks windows into the street below. Our illustration depicts the scene in front of the barracks of Prince Eugene, where the vote of the soldiers quartered there gave 1,422 yeas, and 1,133 nays. As to the ballot-tickets used by the voters, those bearing "Oui"

were printed and furnished by the Government. Voters voting "nay" had to furnish their own tickets. The amount of paper used for printing the Government voting cards is estimated at 20,000 reams, each ream having cost 12 fr. 50 c., which gives a total of 250,000 fr. or \$50,000.

The day appointed for the taking of the vote on the plebiscite was Sunday, May 8th—a day remarkable in French history for its sinister events. On the 8th May, 1721, died Voyer d'Argenson, French statesman; on the same date, 1782, the Marquis de Pombal, also a statesman, died; on May 8th, 1785, another great statesman, the Duc de Choiseul, died; May 8, 1795, Fouquier Tinville, revolutionist, was guillotined; on May 8th, 1838, Hubert's plot against Louis Philippe was started; on the 8th May, 1842, the dreadful railway accident took place at Versailles; and lastly, on the 8th of May, 1847, the ministerial crisis occurred which terminated in the ignominious flight of Louis Philippe, on the 23rd February in the following year.

UNCLE SAM AND HIS BOYS.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH THEM?

Uncle Sam he sot a'-thinkin'  
And a-wonderin' what to do  
With them thar naughty boys of his,  
They call the Fenian crew.

His jack-knife dropped from out his hand,  
His quid he scarcely chewed  
While a ponderin' on their plunderin'  
And the late Canadian feud.

"Now here's a go," said Samuel,  
"And what a botheration  
These Fenian critters get about  
To fight a neighbouring nation

"With whom these States are all at peace—  
Why, darn the disgrace on't,  
I cannot let the sham go on  
And keep a decent face on't.

"I'm poked with Internashunal law,  
With Vattel, and with Storey,  
And *Alibamy* claims, they say,  
Aint no more hunky-dory;

"And all through that thar Fenian band  
That beads the British lion,  
But brings disgrace on Yankee-land,  
Its neutral laws defyin'.

"When o'er the border line they flocked,  
With all my heart I joined  
In wishin' "death or victory"  
Would leave nary one behind.

"But they fled like darned cowards  
B'fore the Canuck bands,  
And here am I, with all the crew  
Again upon my hands!

"Now somethin' must be done at once  
To save our reputation:—  
To squelch these Fenian scamps right out  
Would glorify our nation.

"But then the critters all have votes,  
So handy at elections;  
And they're kinder good for threatenin'  
John Bull and his connections.

"Waal, neow, I don't exactly see,  
This 'arnal thing's a muddle."  
He took his jack-knife, turned his quid,  
And whistled *Tankee-doodle!*

ALPHA.

A German gentleman, a baron of course, who is famous for his efforts to be complimentary *à la Française*, at all moments, no matter how inopportune—therefore falling into some desperate mistakes that have become chronicled for the amusement of the world—the other evening, after some private theatricals, approached the hostess to compliment her roundly and bluntly on her acting. The lady smiled and said, "Yes, Baron, it is said to be a difficult part, and I have been told, I must confess, though it sounds somewhat vain, that it requires some talent and vivacity to play it." "Madam," replied the baron, "you have proved the contrary, and shown the error of your informants, and your superior knowledge over them."

Temperature in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending June 7, 1870, observed by John Underhill, Optician to the Medical Faculty of McGill University, 209 Notre Dame Street.

		9 A. M.	1 P. M.	6 P. M.
Wednesday,	June 1.....	75°	80°	75°
Thursday,	" 2.....	69°	78°	71°
Friday,	" 3.....	71°	83°	80°
Saturday,	" 4.....	76°	87°	84° 5
Sunday,	" 5.....	82°	88°	80°
Monday,	" 6.....	76°	81° 5	74°
Tuesday,	" 7.....	73°	83°	78°

		MAX.	MIN.	MEAN.
Wednesday,	June 1.....	85°	48°	66° 5
Thursday,	" 2.....	80°	58°	69°
Friday,	" 3.....	85°	40°	62° 5
Saturday,	" 4.....	88°	70°	74°
Sunday,	" 5.....	90°	68°	79°
Monday,	" 6.....	78°	65°	71° 5
Tuesday,	" 7.....	83°	63°	71° 5

Aneroid Barometer compensated and corrected.

		9 A. M.	1 P. M.	6 P. M.
Wednesday,	June 1.....	30.30	30.25	30.18
Thursday,	" 2.....	30.10	30.10	30.10
Friday,	" 3.....	30.18	30.13	30.15
Saturday,	" 4.....	30.25	30.21	30.16
Sunday,	" 5.....	30.10	30.08	30.08
Monday,	" 6.....	30.15	30.06	30.08
Tuesday,	" 7.....	30.24	30.22	30.18

## OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

## No. 36.—THE LATE THOS. MORLAND, Esq., MONTREAL.

In the midst of the excitement created by the threatening news from the border, the Citizens of Montreal were deeply grieved to learn of the sudden and severe illness at Ottawa, of Thomas Morland, Esq., one of the most prominent and enterprising of the city merchant. Mr. Morland had gone up to Ottawa, partly on business and partly to recuperate his strength which he had for some time before found to be unequal to ordinary exertions without a supervening feeling of unusual lassitude. His friends therefore were taken completely by surprise on hearing of his illness at Ottawa, which set in on the evening of the 24th of May. While at Ottawa he was the guest of Thomas Reynolds, Esq., and on that day had dined at Government House. On returning to the residence of Mr. Reynolds he complained of indisposition and retired early. In the morning, Mr. Reynolds was awakened by groans proceeding from Mr. Morland's bedroom, and entering found the unfortunate gentleman on his hands and knees on the floor suffering the greatest internal agony; having had occasion to leave his bed in the night his sufferings were such as to prevent his return to it. Dr. Grant was at once summoned and reported the case as one of extreme danger, advising the immediate calling in of his own physician. Dr. Sutherland, of this city, was at once sent for; but on arriving early on the morning of the 26th, he found that Mr. Morland had breathed his last about two hours before. A postmortem examination revealed the fact that he had been suffering from a cancerous affection of the stomach. His funeral took place at Montreal, on Saturday, the 28th May, attended with every mark of respect to his memory which the citizens could manifest. He was forty-three years of age at the time of his decease.

Mr. Morland's popularity ex-



THE LATE THOMAS MORLAND. From a photograph by Notman.

tended far beyond the limits of the great commercial circle in which he had earned for himself an honoured name. He was a man of good taste and liberality, entirely free from affectation or unpleasant assumption, and was, therefore, a universal favourite in the social circle. To the Montreal General Hospital his death is an all but irreparable loss. He was Chairman of the Committee of Management; and spent many hours within its walls, visiting it two or three times a week and generally spending his Sunday afternoons there. Besides his own immediate business associations he was connected with many useful enterprises; and held the office of Auditor for the Grand Trunk Railway in Canada, the duties of which he performed with such efficiency that the London Auditor recently reported that there never was occasion to review his work. He commenced business as a partner in the house of W. Darling & Co.; but several years since withdrew and entered into business in his own name. This was the foundation of the now well-known firm of Morland, Watson & Co., one of the partners being a brother of Sir John Rose. The branches of manufacturing industry established by this firm are various and important, comprising saw works, axe works, and the numerous branches of iron works now carried on under the Montreal Rolling Mills Company, comprising rolling, nail works, tack works, lead works, &c., with their factories on the Lachine Canal. Such important branches of manufacture, combined with the importation of iron, hardware, &c., gave the deceased gentleman a most extensive business connection throughout the country; and the sympathy for his bereaved family because of his early fate will be widespread as well as sincere. Our Portrait of the deceased gentleman, exhibits a countenance indicative alike of the enterprise and amiability by which he was distinguished.



VOLUNTEER BIVOUAC, COOK'S CORNERS. From a sketch by A. Vogt.—SEE PAGE 408.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 37.—LT.-COL. OSBORNE SMITH, D. A. G.

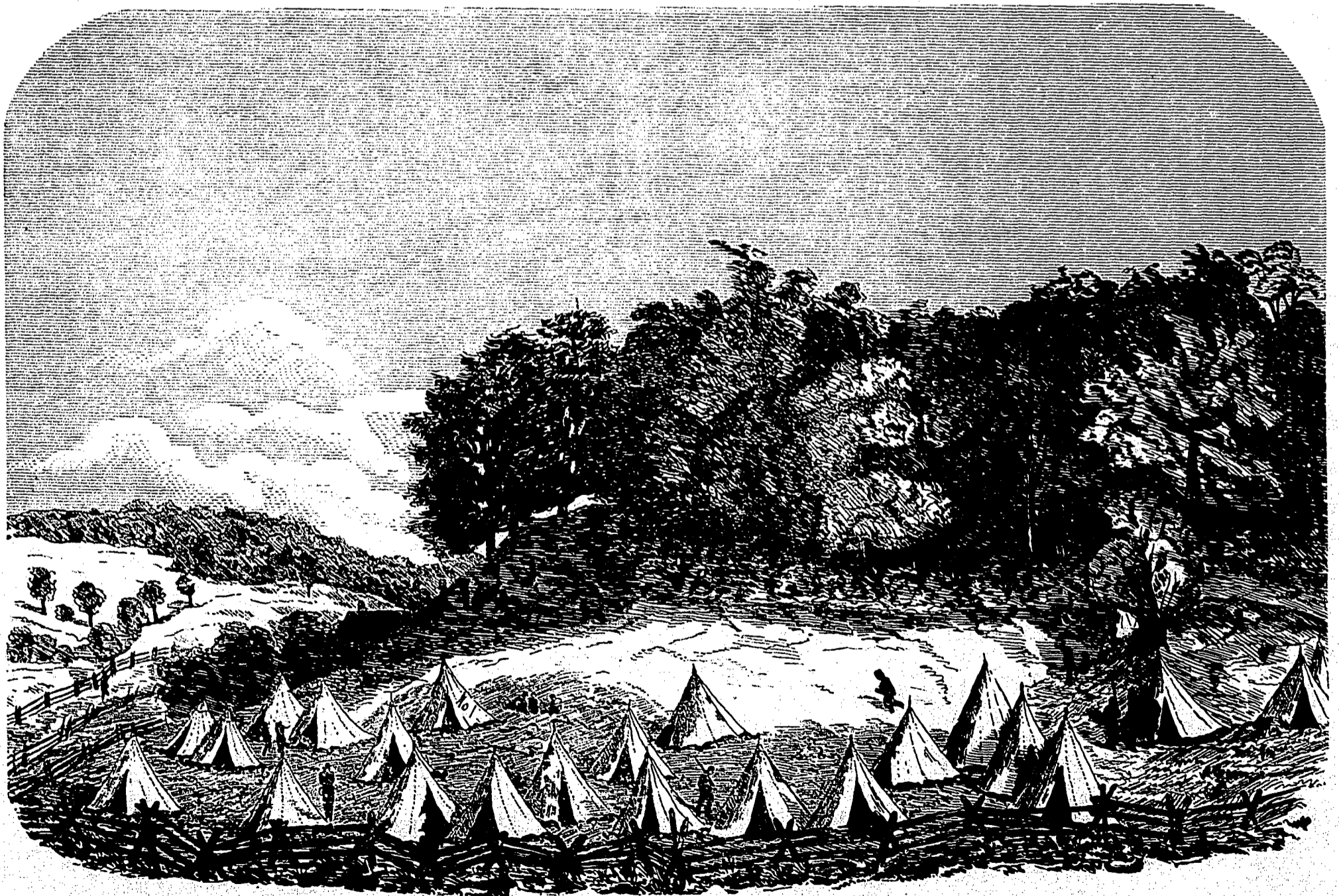
Lieut.-Colonel Osborne Smith, Deputy Adjutant-General of Militia, is one of the many gentlemen who, belonging at first to the British army, have subsequently made Canada their home and done so much towards the fostering of a military spirit among our people, and the organization of our splendid Volunteer force. He came to this country with his regiment, the 39th Foot, direct from the Crimea in 1856, in which corps he held the rank of Lieutenant. In 1859, having married, he retired from the service and settled in this country, embarking in commercial pursuits in the grain trade and shipping. In 1861, at the time of the famous "Trent" affair, when the whole country was in a blaze of military enthusiasm, and expecting any day a declaration of war between the United States and Great Britain, he organized from a number of young men in this city who volunteered for service the since well-known and gallant "Victoria Rifles," the command of which he held until 1866. In December, 1864, on account of the border troubles excited by Southern refugees during the American war, the Government took prompt measures to keep the peace on the American frontier, and Lt.-Colonel Smith was suddenly ordered to take command of a number of Volunteer Militia companies and organize them into a provisional battalion for the defence of the frontier and the suppression of raids from Canada on the United States planned by the Southerners or their Northern American sympathisers. What a wonder our neighbours cannot imitate this example with respect to the Fenians! This service extended over six months and earned for Col. Smith the highest testimonials from the Government, and from Lieut.-General Sir W.F. Williams, the hero of Kars, then



LT.-COL. OSBORNE SMITH, D. A. G. From a photograph by Notman.

in chief command here. Addresses from various Municipalities within the district under him were also presented the Colonel on his leaving the command. In 1865 Col. Macdougall, late Adjutant-General of Canada, to whose genius and energy so much is owing for the organization of our Militia, had just entered upon his duties, and in the autumn offered Col. Smith the office of Assistant Adjutant-General of Militia. He was then in charge of a battalion of cadets at Laprairie in a camp of instruction under Col. Wolsely. He accepted the proffered office and was immediately afterwards entrusted with the duty of raising and organizing the Southern Frontier Force, now a magnificent body of over three thousand men, though then consisting of a few fine but scattered companies. Next year, during the turn-out to repel the Fenian raid of June, 1866, he was entrusted with a brigade for the defence of the Huntingdon Frontier, and was fortunate enough to protect every inch of his command without loss. At that time Gen. Lindsay, then in command here, spoke in the highest terms of Col. Smith's efficiency, and recalled the circumstance in his speech to the volunteers at Eccles camp the other day. When the militia force was reorganised under the new militia law for the Dominion, Col. Smith was appointed one of the Deputy Adjutant-Generals, retaining his old district

In the late raid on the southern frontier, not only Col. Smith himself, but the whole body of volunteers in his district won new laurels, which will long remain fresh in the memory of the Canadian people. In the operations which proved so successful both under Col. Smith's and Col. Bagot's commands, the former at Eccles Hill, and the latter at Trout River, not a militiaman was employed who did not belong to Col. Smith's district. The result speaks well for the soldierly efficiency acquired. In our last



VOLUNTEER CAMP AT ECCLES HILL. From a sketch by A. Vogt.—SEE PAGE 498.

number, we quoted General Lindsay's address in full, delivered at Eccles Hill Camp, in which the General paid a high compliment to Col. Smith, not only for the military and local knowledge he had acquired and turned to such good account, but also for "his great natural military abilities." In this number, in giving more particular details of the engagement at Eccles Hill, we have also had occasion to recount the manner in which he discharged the onerous duties devolving upon him. The portrait is from a photograph by Notman taken a few years ago, being the latest available.

## PRESENTATION PLATE.

In the Press and will shortly be distributed to all paid-up Subscribers for one year to the

### "CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,"

A Leggotyped Copy of LEFEVRE'S Splendid Engraving of CORRIGIO'S celebrated Painting (the original of which is now in the Dresden Gallery) entitled,

### "THE NATIVITY."

It will be printed on a large sheet of fine plate paper, the exact size of the Engraving being 14 by 19 inches, and care will be taken to make it in every respect as attractive and artistic as the original. All parties subscribing to the News, and paying for one year, any time before the first of July next, will be entitled to a copy of this magnificent Plate, the value of which may be inferred from the fact that the Engraving, of which it is a *facsimile*, sells in New York at ten dollars per copy.

Montreal, 26th March, 1870.

### CALENDAR FOR WEEK ENDING JUNE 18, 1870.

SUNDAY, June 12.—*Trinity Sunday.* New York incorporated, 1665. Theatre at Quebec burnt, 1816.  
MONDAY, " 13.—Battle of Fort Gaspareau, 1755.  
TUESDAY, " 14.—Battle of Marengo, 1800. Quebec Theatre burnt, 47 lives lost, 1847.  
WEDNESDAY, " 15.—Magna Charta signed, 1215. Montreal retaken by the British, 1776. Campbell died, 1844.  
THURSDAY, " 16.—*Corpus Christi.* Election of Pius IX. to the Pontificate, 1846. Toronto to Guelph section G. T. R. opened, 1856.  
FRIDAY, " 17.—*St. Alban.* M. John Wesley born, 1793. Battle of Bunker Hill, 1775.  
SATURDAY, " 18.—Battle of Waterloo, 1815. Earl of Dalhousie, Governor, 1820.

## THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1870.

The whole question of the Colonial connection with Great Britain seems destined to be the subject of thorough discussion at an early day. An English paper says:—"Earl Russell will, after Whitsuntide, bring forward the colonial question in the House of Lords, by moving an address to the Queen, praying Her Majesty to appoint a commission to inquire into the means best fitted to guarantee the security of every part of Her Majesty's dominion." It is very clear that if the wording of Earl Russell's motion be fairly given his line of argument will be for the maintenance of the Colonial Empire intact. The appointment of a commission to inquire into the best means to secure that end may not of itself be of much consequence, for there are few facts bearing on the subject that may not be readily got at without such intervention; but the discussion to which the motion will doubtless give rise cannot fail to be important. The House of Lords, though not unfrequently espousing the unpopular side on questions of social or political reform at home, seldom fails to express the national sympathy on matters of foreign policy or colonial connection, or to maintain the true dignity of the Empire on all questions touching its honour. The same question debated in the Commons, would call forth a dozen speeches from the disciples of the anticolonial policy, representing perhaps the sentiments only of their utterers, or of an insignificant little coterie, powerless to influence the public mind either one way or the other on the question. This is not to be wondered at. The "Colonial Question" is not a live issue in the home politics of Britain; in fact, it is yet but a year or two since even Irish questions engaged the serious attention of the English and Scotch electors. Ireland and the Colonies were left to the unchallenged care of the Government for the time being, or to such influences as they themselves could exert; and though Irish questions have at length taken their proper place in British politics, Colonial questions have, to this day, no such place. But the Governments, heretofore, whether Whig or Tory, Conservative or Radical, have all been imbued with the national instinct of preserving the integrity of the Empire, and so their policy towards the Colonies, as formerly towards Ireland, is accused of being dictated by the desire to do as little as possible beyond what is absolutely necessary to maintain their allegiance. When the Colonial Office ceased to

resist the concession of reforms demanded by the Colonies, it was only because it was discovered that concession was a surer bond of agreement than repression; and so fully have all or nearly all the public men of Great Britain come under the influence of this peculiar view of the Colonial relationship, that they never tire of repeating that when the Colonies desire to set up for themselves Great Britain will make no opposition.

They do not see the harm such declarations do, or they would not indulge in them. There is a common saying that it is time enough to bid the Evil One "good morning" when you meet him; but these well-meaning statesmen go out of their way to seek the encounter; they provoke "independence" parties in the Colonies, which in turn provoke agitation, and that again affects the public security. Yet it is scarcely conceivable that a whole colony would make up its mind to independence with anything like unanimity; so that, unless by the act of the Imperial Government, the end cannot be reached without violence; and in case of violence, on which side would the power of the Crown be exerted? on that of its enemy or of its own? or would it remain neutral? Surely there can be but one answer. There may be a way to colonial independence through negotiation with the Imperial authorities; but the same way will assuredly lead to the downfall of British power.

The discussion in the House of Lords will derive new interest from the agitation now going on in Canada, because of the open violation of international law by the United States in respect of the Fenians. The views upon this subject, to which we gave expression last Saturday, appear to be unanimously entertained with more or less intensity throughout the whole country, and the press of all shades of politics has spoken out in unmistakable tones, urging upon the Canadian Government the propriety of insisting that the Imperial authorities shall no longer tolerate the organization of open war against this country on the soil of a neighbouring State with which Great Britain is at peace. Mr. John O'Connor, M. P. for Essex, has written an able letter on the same question, quoting the standard authorities on international law, and shewing that the course of the American Government has been utterly unjustifiable, in allowing the Fenians, who are mostly American citizens, to molest their neighbours. In this city so strong is the feeling that it has been determined to call a public meeting to discuss the subject. With this view a preliminary meeting was held on Tuesday afternoon, at which some very hard expressions were used, not only against the flagrant conduct of the American Government, but against the presumed toadyism of the British Minister at Washington in thanking the American Government for what it had done; and especially against the English press for condemning the just and reasonable remarks of General Lindsay. When the full text of the General's speech shall have been read, and all the particulars of the affair become fully known at home, there is little fear but that justice will be done to him, and a full acknowledgment made of the fairness of his address, in view of the actual facts. It is the fashion of the press, especially of the British metropolis, to become wise in ignorance of the real state of the case; but they swallow old opinions and forge new ones with an alacrity that bespeaks versatility rather than profundity of genius. When the *London Times* commends the prompt conduct of the American Government, both in 1866 and now, it speaks without knowledge or without a due appreciation of all the facts; and when Canada, through its Government, through its press, and through the utterances of its people, in public meeting assembled, makes the truth patent to the world, the *Times* will be quite as ready to condemn those whom it now applauds.

Englishmen are concerned with home affairs, and they trust to us to make known our rights and privileges as members of the Empire. This duty the country seems now to have undertaken in earnest, and we were glad to read the following from a local contemporary as the substance of the remarks addressed by the Hon. Minister of Inland Revenue, Mr. Morris, to the preliminary meeting already mentioned:

"Mr. Morris said that he had seen a notice in the papers that such a meeting would take place, and being invited by one of the gentlemen connected with it, he had dropt in with a view of ascertaining the state of public opinion in Montreal on a question which so greatly interested the whole Dominion. He expressed his belief that there was a very strong feeling throughout the country. It could not be otherwise, seeing that we had been so often subject to invasions of citizens from a neighbouring country, with which we were at peace. The record of Canada, he added, was a clear one. During the Southern war, when a secret raid was made from our frontier by American Southern citizens, Canada called out her volunteers to prevent a recurrence of such attempts, and also passed an Alien Act to prevent American citizens coming into the country, and making Canada the base of their operations against the Northern States; and, moreover, Canada made prompt compensation for the damages sustained at St. Albans. With respect to the raid which has just taken place, Mr. Morris stated that the Government of the Dominion had promptly made strong representations to the Imperial Government on

the subject, and he stated further that they also contemplated sending a member of the Cabinet to England to give expression of their views there."

It will thus be seen that the Canadian Government is acting on this question in accordance with the settled sentiment of the Canadian people. The present movement for a final understanding with the United States, as to the measure of reciprocal international obligation, is nothing new in Canada; it is the mere fruition of an idea that has engaged the thoughts of the people more or less since the inception of the Fenian movement against this country; an idea quickened and nurtured by the experience of Canada itself during the American war, when with ungrudging generosity it undertook heavy expense to prevent even American citizens from making its soil a basis of operations against the United States. It is wise, therefore, that notwithstanding the course of the Government, as announced by Mr. Morris, this subject should become one for popular discussion; for now-a-days it needs the "gentle pressure" of outside public opinion to give force to executive action. Hence the following resolution which met the full approbation of the preliminary gathering on Tuesday afternoon should be followed up with a temperate but emphatic expression of the citizens:—

"Mr. King, seconded by Mr. Reekie, moved that a committee be appointed to prepare a requisition to the Mayor to call a public meeting for the purpose of expressing the opinion of the citizens of Montreal as to the late Fenian raids, and also as to the course which should be adopted by the Canadian Government to induce the Imperial Government to take such steps as will prevent their recurrence, and that the following gentlemen compose the committee, namely: T. Workman, M. P., Andrew Allan, David Torrance, W. Murray, George Moffatt, E. H. King, V. Hudson, A. Cross, and W. J. Reekie."

The decision to be come to is a foregone conclusion; but its formal announcement will serve to show the British public the true state of Canadian feeling; and, with other like expressions and manifestations throughout the country, will, as we have said, add fresh interest to the debate, in the House of Lords, to be raised by Earl Russell's motion on the colonial question.

### SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD.

On Thursday of last week, the Premier had so far recovered as to warrant his removal from his own office to the Speaker's apartments in the House of Commons. Fortunately the change was attended with no evil consequences. Sir John continued to rally slowly from his late relapse; and was reported as enjoying better sleep and being able to partake of more nourishing food than before. On Tuesday last his medical attendant reported that his improvement had been so regular and continuous since his removal to the Speaker's chambers, that he (Dr. Grant) felt more encouraged concerning his recovery than at any previous time since his attack.

To-day, at 3 o'clock, p. m., at St. Patrick's Hall, H. R. H. Prince Arthur is to be invested with the Riband, Badge and Star of a Knight Grand Cross of the Most Noble Order of St. Michael and St. George, by His Excellency the Governor-General, as representing Her Majesty the Queen. At the conclusion of this ceremony, H. R. H. will proceed to the Crystal Palace to view the statue of the Queen. The public will be admitted to the palace on payment of 25c. Doors open at 3 p. m.

Lieut.-Col. Brown Chamberlin has been appointed Queen's Printer, in the place of Mr. George E. Desbarats, resigned. This appointment will give universal satisfaction. We are glad to notice that the good people of Ottawa are bestirring themselves to present Col. Chamberlin with a substantial testimonial of their appreciation of his gallant and heroic conduct at Eccles Hill. Could not the testimonial be made a general one? Doubtless many localities besides Ottawa would like the privilege of contributing to it.

The seventh annual volume of Statements connected with the Trade of Canada and the Commerce of Montreal has just been issued by Mr. Patterson, the Secretary of the Board of Trade. This pamphlet is replete with information especially valuable to merchants and business men. It contains full reports of the state of the trade of the Dominion with Great Britain, the United States and the West Indies, and gives a vast amount of information relating to the different branches of the trade of Canada, besides a detailed statement of the condition of the commerce of Montreal. The information is of the fullest kind (embracing all departments of commerce and industry) and will be gladly welcomed by all who take an interest in the Trade and Commerce of Canada.

Three elections will shortly take place in the Province of Quebec to fill the vacancies in the House of Commons created by the appointments of Messrs. Casault, Chamberlin, and Huot. Mr. Ed. Remillard is a candidate for Bellechasse, as well as Messrs. J. G. Boesj and Ed. P. Caron; Mr. George Baker is as yet unopposed in Missisquoi, while in Quebec, east, there are already five candidates in the field—Messrs. Rheume, Pourangeau, Miville Deschene, Abdon Cote, and Valin.

Prince Arthur has abandoned his intention of paying a visit to Three Rivers, previous to his departure for England.

**THEATRE ROYAL.**—The crowded houses which have greeted the performances of the troupe at present engaged at the Theatre Royal are a sufficient guarantee of the attractiveness of the programme and the excellence of the acting. Miss Lucille Western, who has been starring for the past week, has drawn deserved encomiums from the critics by her easy natural acting and her graceful personification of the characters she has undertaken. A good actress, supported by a good company and a respectable orchestra, are attractions which seldom fall to the share of Montrealers, and advantage should be taken of the opportunity now offered at the Theatre Royal. This evening the bill of fare is "Lucretia Borgia" and "Rip Van Winkle;" on Monday, "The Child Stealer."

**THE WHITBY RACES.**

The Whitby races, held on the 24th of May and following days, attracted more than ordinary attention on account of the anticipated presence of H. R. H. Prince Arthur. Excursion trains were run on the Grand Trunk Railway, and many thousands of people flocked in from all quarters. About ten thousand spectators were on the course when the races commenced at two o'clock on the afternoon of the Queen's Birthday. The grand stand was occupied by many Provincial celebrities, more desirous of seeing the Prince than the races; but circumstances rendered it impossible for the Prince to be present to witness the contest for the Queen's Plate. However the races were promptly proceeded with. The preparatory cantering of the favourite nags was closely scrutinized, and as each particular choice passed by the grand stands, many were the words of praise which greeted their appearance. Mr. White's horse "Terror," which sold persistently all along in the pools for first choice, was closely scrutinized. He is a dark brown stallion, by "Rurie," out of "Maritana," and both by pedigree and appearance looked worthy of the confidence of his backers. "Jack in the Green" and "Rathoan," the second and third choice, appeared in good form, and promised to make it hot work for the favourite. Precisely at 2:15 the contestants for the Queen's Plate of 1870, which had dwindled down from 23 entries to 16 starters, gathered in the neighbourhood of the starter's flag, which, owing to the track being a short mile, was located 75 yards back. After six attempts at a get off, a good start was effected, and every eye of the ten thousand present was centred on the horses.

As the nags swept by the judges' stand, "Terror" led by two lengths, "Jack in the Green" second, the others in a close bunch in the rear at the quarter and half-mile pole. On the first mile "Terror" still held his advantage, closely pressed by "Rathoan," "Gaiety," and "Jack in the Green." As they swung into the up-stretch they retained about the same places. Passing the judges' stand "Jack in the Green" collared the favourite, and stole first place, "Terror" second, and "Rathoan" close at his girth. At the half-mile pole the favourite went up and fell back to fourth place. The running was now forced by "Jack in the Green," who made it hot work for his company. As they swung into the home-stretch "Jack in the Green," "Jack Bell," and "Rathoan" were a level trio. Whip and spur were now brought into requisition, and a gallant struggle ensued for victory. At the starter's flag "Jack Bell" jumped to the lead, and after a magnificent struggle passed under the string by a neck ahead, winner of the race and the Queen's Plate, of 50 guineas, the gift of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria. The race was a two mile dash open to all horses bred, owned and trained in the Province of Ontario, that had never won public money. The following are the names of the starters:—"Jack Bell," "Rathoan," "New Dominion," "Highland Maid," "Terror," "Gaiety," "Rapid Roan," "Jack in the Green," "Lady May," and "Liberty."

"Jack Bell" .....	1
"Jack in the Green" .....	2
"Rathoan" .....	3
"Rapid Roan" .....	4
"Terror" .....	5
Time—3:54.	

"Jack Bell" was ridden by John Bennet—his first mount in Canada. Our illustration is from a sketch by our own artist taken on the spot as the horses were coming in on the home stretch. Next week we shall give a leggotype of the winning horses. Other races followed. For the

Second Race—Whitby purse, \$225, open to all. Dominion bred horses allowed 7 lbs., a dash of 2 miles. First horse, \$150, second, \$50, and \$25 to the third, if more than three start; there were the following entries:—J. White, "Bonnie Brae," F. Henderson, "Rabbit Hash," Carson & Fisher, "Sir Archibald," S. DeLong, "Col. Grigsby."

"Sir Archibald" came in first. "Rabbit Hash," 2nd, and "Bonnie Brae," 3rd. Time—3:53.

Third Race—Trotting Purse, \$125, open to all horses bred, owned and trained in the Province of Ontario, that never beat 2:35 on any track. First horse, \$100; second, \$25; mile heats, 3 in 5, to harness weights 145 lbs.

**ENTRIES.**

J. W. Jacobs, "Johnny Moore," C. Galbraith, "Billy Howard," F. F. Ellis, "Whirlwind,"	
"Whirlwind" .....	1 1 1
"Johnny Moore" .....	2 2 2
"Billy Howard" distanced.	
Time—2:42, 2:43, 2:44.	

This closed the first day's proceedings, and the pleasure seekers returned well satisfied with the sport.

**AN INCIDENT OF THE FENIAN RAID.**

It is, of course, to be expected that in connection with the expedition of madmen and fools with which Canada has been annoyed, that amusing and ludicrous incidents would crop up. Col. Forest, of the Ottawa Artillery, relates an affair, which is more than tinged with both qualities. In the skirmish east of Fort Covington, a Fenian broke from the ranks, and, fast as a good pair of legs could carry him, sought safety in a neighbouring bush. A recent settler, a man of Kent, unarmed, who had left his work in a field close by to see the fun, followed him, and soon came up with the gallant skeddaddler. In a moment he had him by the collar. "Hullo, my friend," said the farmer, "I'm mighty glad to meet you: please hand me that rifle."

The rifle changed hands without haggling.

"That's a very pretty coat of yours, I think I should like to have it," continued our friend.

The coat was instantly transferred to the captor.

"I don't think I can do without the trowsers—one would look 'akard' without the other."

After a little demur in this case, the Fenian Hector, who perceived that he had met with a queer customer, denuded himself of his nether garment, and stood—with the reflection that he had sacrificed all for his country—in his shirt and nothing more.

"That will do," said the man from the corner of England so famed for its hops and its apples, and still more for its men. "Now, come along with me," and with that he marched the gallant liberator down to where our brave volunteers were engaged, and tendered him to the commanding officer as a specimen of the rabble that, having had a taste of the reception prepared for them here, were now in a neck and heels race for the border. His appearance produced an immense deal of merriment, though, for brave men, it was somewhat difficult to believe that he had ever worn the accoutrements which the farmer exhibited as his booty. The captor's right to these was at once acknowledged; the disposal of the prisoner was not so easy to arrange. After some deliberation, the officer in command ordered him to follow his fellows and run, telling the bold farmer to cover him with the Fenian Springfield, and if he exhibited sluggishness, to fire. Under such incentives he made a pace that would not have discredited "Wild Deer" himself, and was soon in a haven of rest over the border.

It is needless to say that the exhibition created the most uproarious merriment in the ranks of our brave defenders, and their shouts followed him long after he ceased to hear them.

Such an incident was not likely to diminish the confidence in themselves and in their cause, exhibited by our boys all through this wanton but most contemptible foray on a peaceful country. Honour to them: the most timid may now sleep soundly—we know in whom we trust.

THE LOWE FARMER.

**NOTES AND QUERIES.**

MAJOR ANDRÉ.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

SIR,—With regard to the enquiry made in your last issue, as to the existence of any original documents in Canada, touching the career of Major André, I may state that some years ago, a literary friend of mine had it in contemplation to write the life of the young gifted and ill-fated officer in question, and then made the enquiry through the press, which your correspondent made last week. The enquiry drew from Mr. Winthrop Sargeant, of New York, the following letter, which I am permitted to copy:

NEW YORK, 19th Sept., 1864.

SIR,—A recent number of the *Court Journal* contained a remark that you were about to write a life of Major André, and were desirous of ascertaining whether any of his kindred from whom you could obtain information still existed in England. Without desiring to discourage you in any attempt to discover such sources of intelligence, I take the liberty of mentioning to you that I myself, in the preparation of a little work on the same subject, went to very considerable trouble in the prosecution of the same enquiry; but utterly without success.

"Will you further permit me to hint that you might possibly procure something from the representatives of the Loyalists settled in Canada—e. g., Colonel Robinson—that might be german to the theme. He was familiar with André's enterprise. So was, I fancy, Doctor Odell. But I do not think any papers thereabout remain with the family of the last named gentleman.

"I am, &c.,  
(Signed) W. SARGEANT.

HENRY J. MORGAN, Esq.,  
Quebec."

My friend, Mr. Morgan, previous to receiving this letter, had been put into possession of a copy of Mr. Sargeant's very full and pleasantly written account of Major André, of the existence of which he was not before aware. He saw at once that Mr. Sargeant had exhausted the subject, and that little, if any more, could be made of it. He therefore abandoned his proposed undertaking, and wrote Mr. Sargeant to that effect. In his reply that gentleman says:—"I shall almost be sorry that I ever mentioned to you anything of my having written about André or even of having written the book itself, since it seems to have diverted you from the undertaking. It does not follow that, because I had collected a good deal, I had secured all that there is in existence about him. I have a constant idea that there must be, somewhere or other, bundles of his private MSS., but the *locus in quo* is what I have never yet been able to ascertain, even among those in England who had known members of his family. I hope you will keep always on the *qui vive* to pursue any trace of such repositories that may suggest themselves to you. I had hoped, on seeing your announcement, that among the papers of the Beverley Robinson family, or such like quarters, you had obtained material. Perhaps General Arnold's papers would throw more light on the business; but if in existence they are probably inaccessible. It was but on the 6th current at dinner that my next neighbour at table (a Tarrytown man) spoke of having seen persons who had seen André on his way under guard; and of the declarations of some old fellow who had been one of the six or seven that broke up into two squads. This old man had gone with one, while the other—the three captors—took another course. He said the agreement was that the two squads should meet again and fairly divide all the spoil that both should obtain; but that the captors never paid over anything to their less successful comrades. My informant had no very high idea of the character of the expedition."

Mr. Morgan having given up the idea of writing André's life did not take any further steps to ascertain the existence of documents bearing on the subject; but I know myself that many letters and documents belonging to General Arnold are in the possession of his descendants in the western part of Ontario.

I am, Sir,  
Yours respectfully,

HAYRILLO.

Ottawa, 6th June, 1870.

**COOTE'S PARADISE.**—There was a village of this name in the County of Halton, Ontario, about the year 1817. I do not know the name of its founder; and on reference to the list of Post Offices, issued by the P. O. Department, I do not find that it is mentioned there. The name has probably been changed.

Hamilton, June 7, 1870.

**NEW EDITION OF CHAMPLAIN.**—Is it the intention of Mr. Desbarats to issue the edition of Champlain, under the editorship of the Abbé Laverdière, the plates of which were destroyed in the fire in Ottawa, in the early part of 1869?

STADACONA.

Bergerville, Quebec, 4th June, 1870.

Yes. The last sheet of the work has already gone through the press, and the whole is now in the hands of the book-binder. It will be handsomely illustrated, containing upwards of sixty plates, four of which will be coloured, in exact imitation of the originals. The work will probably be ready within a month.—Ed.

**SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD AND SIR GEORGE CARTIER.**—Is it true that both these distinguished Canadian statesmen were born in the same year—namely, in 1814? If so, is it not a singular coincidence?

AMICUS.

Montreal, Saturday.

The authorities are not agreed. *Men of the Time* (7th Ed., 1868) and *Morgan's Parliamentary Companion* (1869) both give 1815 as the year in which Sir John was born; whereas the former places Sir George's birth in 1815, and the latter in 1814 (Sept. 6), the date given in the last edition of *Burke's Peerage and Baronetage*. As to the second query, the singularity of the "coincidence" is entirely spoiled from the undoubted fact that a great many other people were also born in 1814.—Ed.

One exceedingly warm day in June, a neighbour met an old man, and remarked that it was very hot. "Yes," said Joe, "if it wasn't for one thing, I should say we were going to have a thaw." "What is that?" inquired the friend. "There's nothing froze," said Joe.

The *Totara* (New Zealand) *Chronicle* died, after a brief existence of three weeks. The demise is announced on a double-crown sheet with the *Chronicle* heading. All the letter-press on the first page is, "Blessed are they who expect nothing for they shall not be disappointed." The inside pages are blank. The fourth page, under the head of "Death," has the following:—"On the evening of the 15th instant, after a short but brilliant career, the *Totara Chronicle*, aged three weeks. Let it R. I. P. Hokitika papers please copy."

**CHESS.**

Contributions of original games, problems, and enigmas are invited for this column. Correspondents will oblige by observing our notation: Problems, in order to prevent errors, should be sent on diagrams, with the names of the pieces legibly written, and solution on the back.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. A., Montreal.—We shall endeavour to present the second game with which you favoured us.

A. L.—Correct again!

The following game occurred in a match lately played between two leading players of the Quebec Chess Club.

Evans' Gambit.

White. Mr. P.	Black. Mr. J.
1. P. to K. 4th.	P. to K. 4th.
2. K. Kt. to B. 3rd.	Q. Kt. to B. 3rd.
3. B. to B. 4th.	B. to B. 4th.
4. P. to Q. Kt. 4th.	B. takes P.
5. P. to Q. B. 3rd.	B. to R. 4th.
6. Castles.	Kt. to K. B. 3rd.
7. P. to Q. 4th.	Kt. takes K. P.
8. P. takes K. P.	Kt. to Q. B. 4th.
9. Q. to Q. 5th.	Kt. to Q. 3rd.
10. B. to K. Kt. 5th.	P. to K. B. 3rd.
11. K. P. takes P.	P. takes P.
12. B. to R. 6th. a.	B. to Q. Kt. 3rd.
13. Q. to R. 5th. ch.	K. to his 2nd.
14. K. Kt. to R. 4th.	Q. to K. sq.
15. Kt. to B. 5th. ch.	K. to Q. sq.
16. Q. to Q. sq.	Q. Kt. to K. 4th. b.
17. B. takes Kt.	Q. takes B.
18. Kt. to Q. 4th.	Q. to K. Kt. 5th.
19. P. to K. R. 3rd.	Q. to K. Kt. 3rd.
20. B. to K. 3rd.	P. to Q. 3rd.
21. P. to K. Kt. 4th. c.	Kt. takes Kt. P.
22. K. to K. sq.	Kt. takes B.
23. P. takes Kt.	Q. to K. 5th. ch.
24. K. to R. 2nd.	Q. to K. R. 5th.
25. Q. to K. B. 3rd.	K. to his 2nd.
26. Q. Kt. to Q. 2nd. d.	R. to K. Kt. sq.
27. P. to K. 4th.	B. to K. Kt. 5th.
28. Q. to Kt. 2nd.	B. to Q. 2nd.
29. Q. to K. B. 3rd.	B. takes Kt.
30. P. takes B.	R. to K. Kt. 3rd.
31. P. to K. 5th.	R. to R. 3rd.
32. Resigns.	

a. The defence has so precarious a position, that we should have been inclined to venture on 12. R. to K. sq. or Kt. to Q. 2nd. leaving the bishop "en prise."

b. Black is now enabled to free his game.

c. After this, the attack changes hands.

d. R. to K. Kt. sq. first, would have been better; the command of this file was all important.

**ENIGMA NO. 2.**

(These positions are designed chiefly for beginners, although the more experienced player may occasionally find in them something to interest him.)

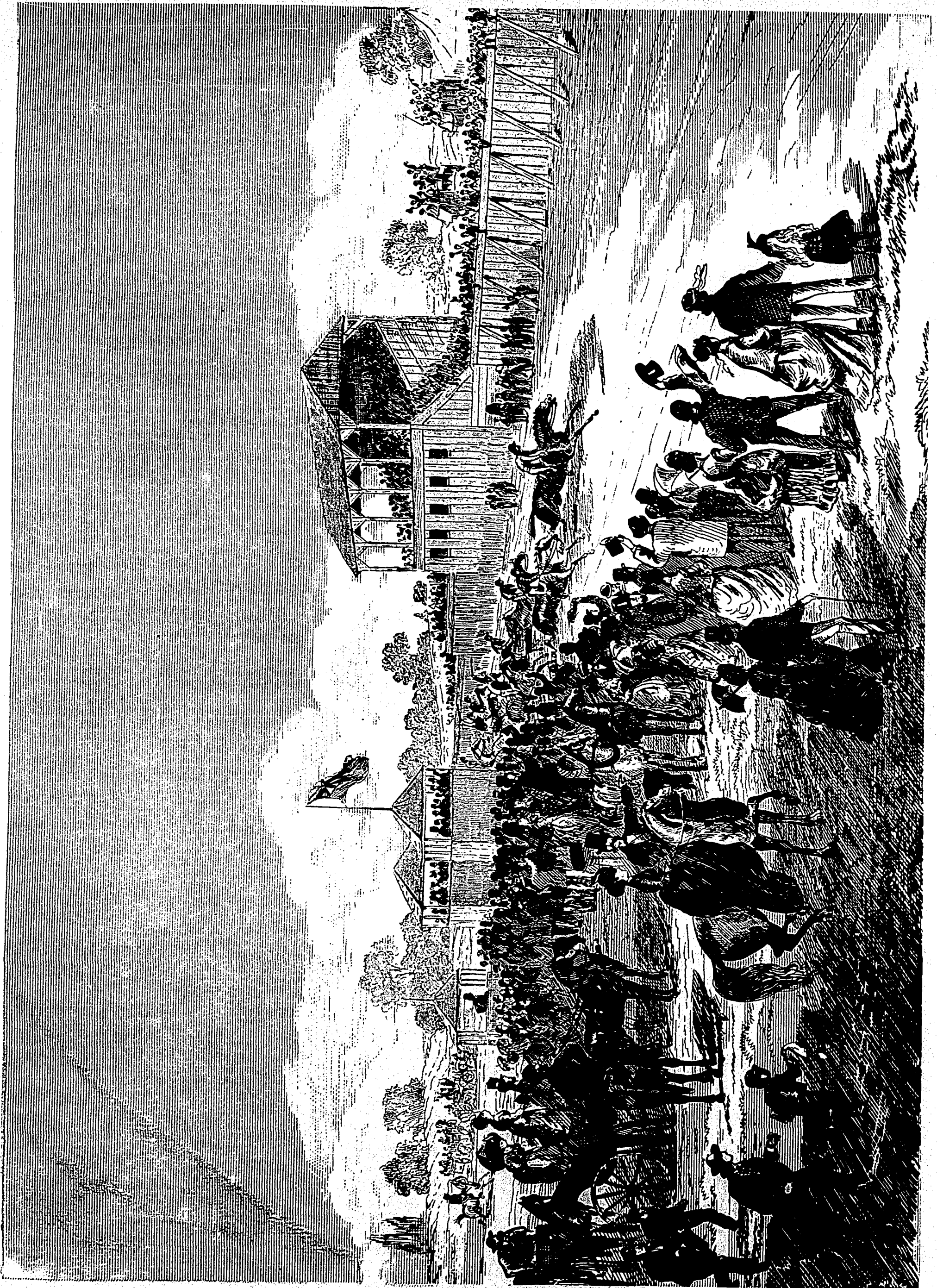
White. K. at Q. R. 4th. Rs. at Q. 7th, and K. R. 2nd. B. at K. B. sq. Kt. at K. Kt. 3rd. P. at K. Kt. 4th.
Black. K. at his R. 3rd. R. at K. R. 5th. B. at K. 4th. P. at K. Kt. 4th.

White to play, and mate in four moves.

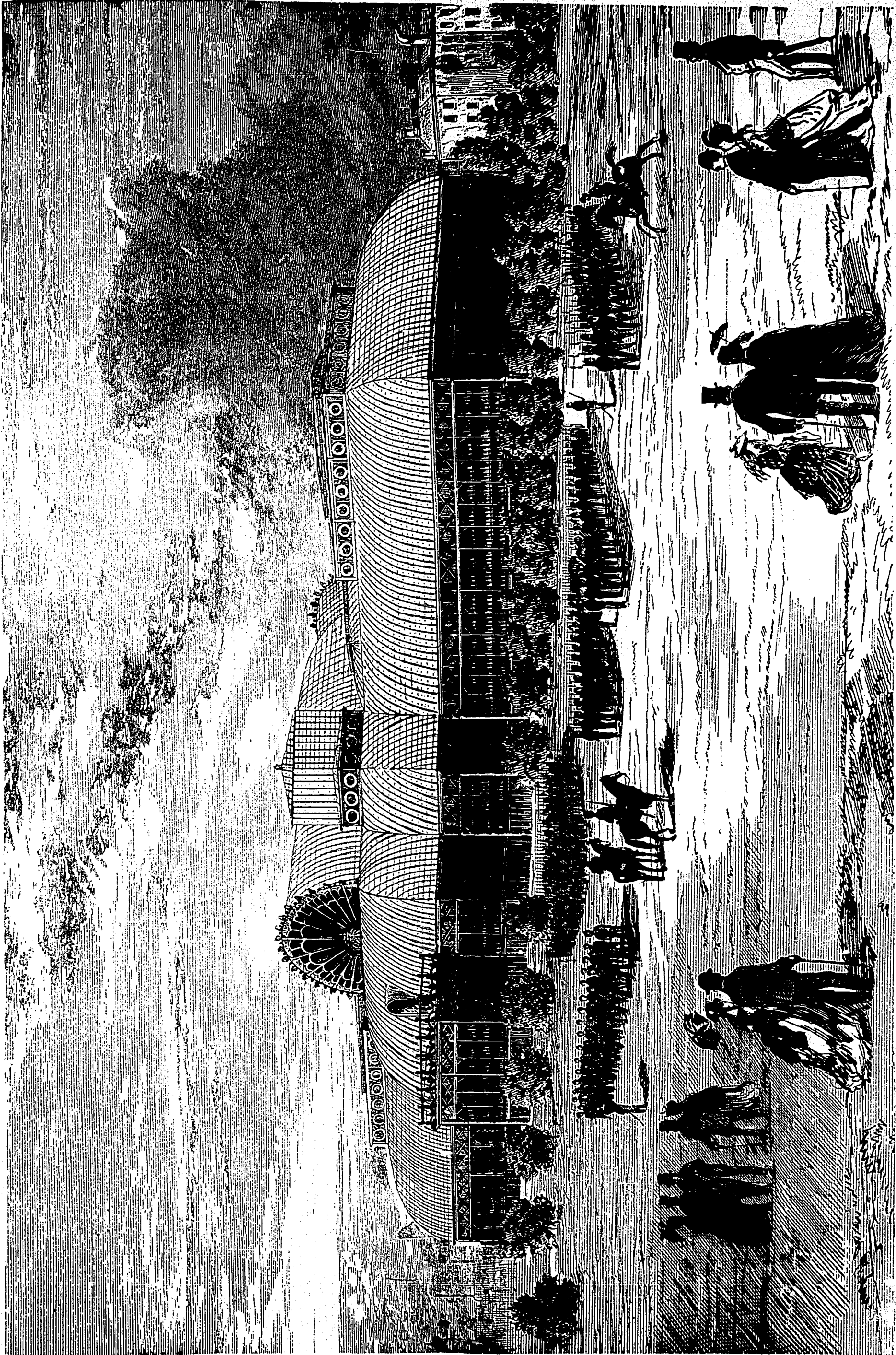
**SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 10.**

White.	Black.
1. Q. to Q. Kt. 5th.	R. P. 1, (best.)
2. R. P. 2.	Q. P. 1.
3. B. to Q. Kt. 6th.	Q. P. 1.
4. Q. to Q. K. sq., mate.	





WHITBY RACES, MAY 24.—THE QUEEN'S P.L.A.T.E. From a sketch by our own Artist.—SEE PAGE 503.



RED RIVER EXPEDITION.—VOLUNTEERS DRILLING AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE, TORONTO.—SEE PAGE 498.

## THE GONE-BEFORE.

ALAS! we are prone to say:  
"We have fallen on evil hours,"  
When a rippled spirit floats away  
Like the breath of the fading flowers,  
And a seed, on the wings of a dying day,  
Is borne to the heavenly bowers!

Yet toil has a right to rest,  
And the wearied a right to go,  
And Love has a right to save the best  
From the weight of the coming blow.  
We gaze on the joys of the parted Blessed  
Through the tears of a selfish woe.

'Tis blood, not tears, should fall  
O'er the brave who breathe no more,  
For empty the breach in the crumbling wall  
Which they manned in the days of yore,  
And who shall respond to the trumpet-call  
To rescue the banner they bore?

Can the warrior now survive  
How the distant combat wears?  
Let him learn to wait—nor rashly say  
That the valiant have left no heirs—  
Till he watch the deeds of the changing day  
From a crowning height like theirs;  
Till the smoke of the fray  
Shall have rolled away  
On the breathe of their answered prayers.

R. R.

## THE DOUBLE WIDOWHOOD.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

The next two years of Mrs. Armour's life were singularly peaceful and cheerful. Her school was thriving, her children well and happy, while, for the first time since she was married, there was nothing on her mind—no secret anxiety weighing her down.

And now it was that the schoolmaster thought of maturing his plan for crushing opposition, and for triumphantly bringing the enemy over to his own side.

Civil wars have been brought to a close, rent kingdoms restored, deeply seated feuds have been healed by a process similar to that contemplated by Mr. Holiday. The rival Roses were blended in the persons of Elizabeth and Henry; Ferdinand and Isabella joined kingdoms when they joined hands; and the young and interesting members of the houses of Montague and Capulet meant to extinguish their ancient enmity in the same way, had not a tragic fate stepped in to prevent it: so that the man of authority had many precedents to encourage him, and went forward nothing doubting. Surprised, therefore, was the schoolmaster when the lady said 'No.'

Perhaps it was the man who was not attractive in Mrs. Armour's eyes, perhaps the state of matrimony, perhaps both; but it was as we have written, and the poor man returned to his dwelling looking more glum than ever. It would not be matter for astonishment if Mr. Holiday was a few degrees sharper and shorter than usual with his young friends for the next two or three days to come.

Ten years had revolved, and the anniversary of the day on which George Armour had crossed his threshold had come round. It was a Sunday—a midsummer Sunday morning, still and hushed. Except perhaps a labouring-man taking a turn round his garden, and for once bending his back, not of necessity, but to admire his flowers, so rich and fragrant, or a horse being taken to a pond to drink, all was quiet and tranquil. The soft air made a gentle motion among the corn in the blade, and blew the dust from the green glossy leaves of the roadside hedges; the insects were out in the sun; and the birds—what glad, gleg, little, light-headed creatures they are (so handsome, and one would think they knew it), with their throats full of song, and their pin-headed eyes glancing hither and thither like specks of living jet.

By and by, the country-people, as the villagers call them, come dropping in; young blooming women with showy ribbons, and flowers round their faces of a hue which cast even the carnation of their cheeks into the shade; sobered-down matrons, whose dressy days are over, with chubby tanned children keeping close behind them: these enter the church, and take their seats; while their fathers, husbands, and brothers stand about outside, talking, till they see the minister go in. One or two carriages, several gigs, and two or three carts—the last with cushions improvised by stuffing sacks with straw—drive into the village, and send their occupants to join the stream slowly flowing churchward. From corners of the village creep forth the aged poor—always more conspicuous in a country church than in a town one—the men with lart haffets and staff, and the coats which have gone in and out of the chest and the fashion for so many long years; and the little bent round-shouldered old women, with big black bonnets—affectingly decent—of a long-gone-by date, worsted shawls, and lumpy umbrellas. From below thick white borders, the little face of age peeps, seamed and withered. One wonders how it has fared with them on their long rough pilgrimage; whether they have softened and mellowed, or grown hardened and embittered, since the time when they found their feet fast in mortal shoes, where there is no putting off except in that dark and narrow passage they must enter so soon.

At last the congregation are all in. The rich have got settled in their cushions—God knows they don't always recline on roses either, much as they are sometimes envied; the gentlemen have disposed of their hats, and drawn their fingers through their hair; the ladies have spread their skirts roomily, opened their richly-bound Bibles, and have in hand their cut-crystal gold-stoppered smelling-bottles ready for a case of drowsiness; it being bad manners to sleep in church.

The poor have unwrapped their Bibles from white handkerchiefs, and laid their roses, sweet-william, southernwood, on the book-board, posies which (barring the southernwood) shed a perfume such as no bottle on the Queen's toilet-table could rival. There were plenty of middle-class people also, intelligent and sober-minded. Mrs. Armour was present too. It would have been something extraordinary if she or her children had been missed from their accustomed seat. The windows of the church were all down, and the psalm—sung heartily, if not scientifically—floated out to join the universal hymn of nature.

The text was read and the sermon begun, when an unusual incident occurred.

The beadle was seen stepping up a passage on one side of the church, in the manner which he supposed least likely to attract attention, but which set all the children below, and still more those in the opposite gallery, who had him fully

under their eyes, wondering whether it was a cat or a bird he wanted to catch for the purpose of instant ejection. But no; when he arrived at Mrs. Armour's seat, he nudged the person sitting at the foot of it, and whispered a few words; that individual nudged and whispered the next, and so on till the message reached Mrs. Armour, when, the seat being narrow, five people rose and stood in the aisle till she got out, much wondering what she could possibly be wanted for.

'It's a gentleman wantin' tae speak tae ye, Mrs. Armour,' said the beadle. 'See!' and he pointed to Mrs. Armour's house, 'there's a post-chaise at your door. I'm thinking he would come in it.'

And as he stopped speaking, Jennie saw her old Edinburgh acquaintance, Mr. Boyd, make his appearance from round the corner of the church. He came up to her, looking rather sheepish.

'I daresay, Mrs. Armour,' he began, 'ye'll wonder what's brought me here on a Sabbath forenoon; but the fact is, an' auld friend cam in upon us yestreen very unexpected; he's been long abroad, an' this is his ain country; sae naething wad ser' him but he munn be out the day. He's no in very gude health, an' that maks folk restless, ye ken.'

Mr. Boyd had run on thus far with a kind of nervous rapidity, and Mrs. Armour felt surprised that he had called her out of the church for such a reason; they might have waited till the service was over, she thought.

Mr. Boyd went on again: 'It's ten years sin' he's been at hame, Mrs. Armour,'—glancing at her black dress—'an' it's just ten years sin' I—'dna ken how tae tell ye that your gude-man had left ye; an' now'—he motioned his hand towards the chaise.

'Somebody that knew George,' said Mrs. Armour, 'if he has anything good to tell of him, he will be welcome indeed.'

They had got nearly close to the carriage-door, when a head was put out, and there, haggard, thin, and blanched, Jennie again saw her husband's handsome face! She stood fixed to the ground.

He said: 'Jennie, will ye take me in?'

All that she could gather strength to say was, 'Yes.' The elderly ladies, her kinswomen, her promise to them, and her own wrongs, were all alike forgotten at that moment. Here was her husband probably destitute, apparently dying, and she did not see any other course open to her. Mr. Boyd was close beside her. He had expected that she would faint, or scream, or do something out of the ordinary way; so, greatly relieved, he patted her on the shoulder and said: 'That's a woman!'

This remark of his, or rather exclamation, embodied the entire philosophy and explanation of the thing: none of us men could have done it; but women, as Mr. Boyd said to himself, as he took a turn along the road after seeing them into the house—'women are curious beings; it's a question now but she makes more of him than if he had stayed at home all the time and done his duty.'

However, greatly pleased with the issue of his journey, he soon re-entered the chaise, and left them to themselves.

'Now, our readers—at least the feminine portion of them—are sure that we have nothing more to say than that George Armour returned home a wiser and a better man; that native air and good nursing restored him to health; and that he did all that in him lay to atone to his wife and children for past misconduct. We shall see.

But how had these ten years been spent?

## CHAPTER IV.

During eight years, he had been tossing from one State of the American Union to another, sometimes working industriously, and hoarding his wages penuriously, then herding with the vile, and losing both his senses and his money in intoxication and riot; having to stand the wild and wicked jests of the crew he was among, upon the latter loss, which they knew gave him sore distress. This troubled him, but his conscience did not. Regret for anything he had done, or was doing, he did not know, except when sin brought suffering on him in his own person. On the contrary, he valued himself upon the fact that he was not so bad as some others.

Then came the news which roused all the more intelligent and adventurous blackguardism of the world.

There was gold in California, gold to be had for the lifting. At the first blush of this intelligence, George Armour, in company with bands of the reckless and the wicked, set out for the land of gold. Gold! gold! already he felt his hands clutching it, his fingers closing on it. The floating scum of every city of Europe set in for the golden centre. The multitudes dwelt in tents. Tents are suggestive of an age of innocence and wandering shepherd-life, or of a well-drilled and disciplined military array—but these tents sheltered crime of every dye under heaven. George Armour was not behind. He gathered gold, he drank; he gambled, and went gold-seeking again. This life of alternate exposure and riot began to tell on his constitution, originally strong, and which, in a different course of conduct, and with ordinary care, might have served him to the utmost limits of man's life.

It was rough nursing any one got at the diggings; and even the necessities of life, in no long time, rose to an enormous price. So, shaken as he was, George Armour resolved to try his luck once again; and if he succeeded, to keep his own counsel and his gold, and make for home. He was lucky, even beyond his expectations; and he no sooner landed in England than he embarked his capital in freighting a ship with the stores most needed at the gold-fields. By this venture, he became rich.

He hung about England for a time, but not getting better—but, if anything, rather worse—he came to Edinburgh, and consulted medical men there. They told him that, by strict temperance and regularity, he might have a chance for his life; but that otherwise, it was all over with him. If it is come to that, thought he, I may as well go home. This thought led him to seek Mr. Boyd, and inquire of him as to his wife's whereabouts; and hence his arriving, as we have seen, at her door on that Sunday forenoon.

If he had any feeling of shame at all, when he entered his wife's home, it was very faint indeed. He still believed in himself as being a much better man than many he had known; and when he asked Jennie if she would take him in, it was more by way of saying something of an introductory kind, than that he thought it was a necessary question. He had no doubt that she would only be too glad to see him again; and

he gave her a sketch of his history, not containing any of the more glaring facts, which we have only hinted at, but filled in with sundry cock-and-bull stories, calculated to leave the impression that he was rather an exemplary character than otherwise—which indeed was his own conviction.

She believed his account; but in a few days found that, whatever of hardship he had undergone, he had returned the same selfish and exacting man; and that if, as he said, he had made money, he was determined to part with as little of it as possible.

The school had to be given up; he could not bear it. Miss Bogle and Miss Elder instantly stopped their annuity. Miss Bogle insisted on it, although Miss Elder, left to herself, would gladly have continued it; so Jennie was reduced to the allowance which her husband doled out to her as if it had been his life's blood; living in a place like that ought, he said, to cost next to nothing.

Even in his weak state, he felt the life he was condemned to lead irksome to a degree. His children, although told that he was their father, did not feel natural affection for him—they rather instinctively disliked him: he saw this, and imagining them to be spies upon him, generally sent them from the room, and they were glad to go.

Neither was he looked upon by the public with an over-friendly eye; he found people generally shy of his approaches. There was one exception, however; a man of the name of McColl, whom he had known intimately in early life, and whom he now found established in the locality as a lawyer in a small way. He did not bear a high character in the district; was mean of soul, and grasping. But George, even if he had been inclined, could not afford to be particular; and when he got a pony, McColl accompanied him in his rides, and exerted himself in many ways to beguile the time which hung so heavy on his hands. The entire change from his former habits to temperance and regularity, brought about a lull in his disease, although it was short-lived.

Jennie bore with his bad temper, watched his slightest wish, and devoted herself to him by day and night, with small thanks on his part, for he never said, and probably never thought, that she did enough. He clung to life, but at last his malady assumed such an aspect that he could not disguise from himself that life was ebbing from him; he had been accustomed to shut his eyes to consequences so long, however, and look at things in such a distorted light, that it was not likely his senses should begin to serve him correctly now, when the vacuity of mind and torpor induced by disease seconded his efforts in cultivating that total apathy which he called resignation to fate. Sometimes he upbraided his wife for not looking more cheerful; but for McColl, he did not know what he would do; as for George and Betsey, she had brought them up to forget they had a father; if she wished to go out, she need not punish them by sending them to look after him, he could get McColl when he wanted company. McColl knew what a man wanted; he did not come in with a face as long as the steeple; and so on.

But to do him, or perhaps rather his disease, justice, an outbreak of this kind was only occasional; for the most part, he was quiet and passive.

The greater his debility became, McColl's attentions grew the more constant, till at last he was a daily visitor, and even, when it became necessary, insisted on relieving Mrs. Armour by taking turns of sitting up at night with him. Jennie did not much like McColl, but she had no choice, and so far as fatigue was concerned, the relief was most welcome. Although, how this man should lie himself, hour by hour, to the sick-bed of a weak, querulous man, evidently dying, who had not even the claim of relationship on him, was more than she could account for; certainly, she thought, he must be a kind-hearted man in reality, although she could not like him, and would have preferred another sort of companion for her husband's last days.

It was not long, however, before the ridicule was read to her very plainly and rather unexpectedly.

One day, George seemed to be more excited than usual, and told his wife that he expected McColl in the evening, and that she might go to bed as early as she liked, for he would not want anything, and she would be the better for a sound sleep.

It is amazing how faint a breath will blow into life the embers of dying affection. These latter words of George Armour's fell upon the weary, crushed spirit of his wife like dew upon the withered grass. Her love for her husband was just about expiring of sheer starvation, and she grasped at these words as if her ingenuity could make a meal of them. Poor creature, so little was she accustomed to any consideration from this quarter, that these few words, which anybody might have said from mere humanity, actually brightened her eye, and made her step lighter. It was a brief flutter of hope—that night she sounded the depths of her husband's heartlessness.

True to his appointment, McColl came, and Jennie observed in him that slight, and, on the part of the individual, unconscious difference of manner which distinguishes the person having business in view, from the same person with thoughts wholly free. Jennie was not what is called a sharp, clever woman, far less a jealous, suspicious one, yet she could not help thinking there was something more than usual to take place between these two men.

Her husband, for the sake of thorough ventilation, occupied the largest room in the house—not very large after all—she herself slept in what was little more than a hole in the wall opening from this apartment, and was in the habit of leaving her door half open, that she might hear readily, and be instantly on the alert if wanted.

As had been proposed, she had gone early to bed; but owing to her thoughts wandering over many things, it was long before she slept; however, sleep at last she did. She was a light sleeper at any time, and now it was not long before she suddenly awoke, owing to the glare of a candle being shed over her face; it was just at the moment, however, that it was being withdrawn, and she saw McColl in the act of moving away with it in his hand. He crossed the room to George's bedside, and she heard him say: 'She's as sound as a top.' Her curiosity was excited, and raising herself gently on her elbow, she listened, the door being turned round on its hinges, she could see through the interstice. George was sitting up in bed with an inexplicable expression on his thin wasted face. Jennie gazed at him with a feeling of profound and unutterable pity. Many times, as she had sat watching him, her heart had sprung to her lips, and her feelings nearly burst forth; but knowing the stinging repulse she was likely to meet, she kept them to herself. But the afternoon's gleam of

kindness—perhaps it might be the beginning of a change. McColl, too, came within the range of her vision as she watched. She saw him steady a small stool on the edge of the bed, spread a sheet of paper on it, set ink close by, and move the candle nearer.

Then George asked: 'Have you got witnesses?'  
"All right," replied McColl; "when we are ready for them, I can have them in, and get their names down in a second."

'Begin, then,' said Armour.  
And McColl, taking the pen, began to write, to George's dictation, what Jennie instantly discovered to be his will. She listened to the end, and heard him bequeath all that he had to his loving and faithful friend, Simon McColl, as if neither she nor her children had been in existence. This, then, was his kindness, his consideration! She saw McColl assist him up into a position to sign the document, and give him the pen for that purpose, when, for her children's sake, although neither grasping nor very courageous, she rose, and, in her long white night-dress, glided across the floor. The men were so occupied, that neither of them observed her till she laid her hand on her husband's arm, and said: 'George, if you have no regard for me, think of the children, your own flesh and blood. Will you go direct to the other world with a piece of iniquity like that to answer for?' and she pointed to the paper his hand hung over. Then, turning to the other, she said: 'McColl, you want witnesses. I am here to witness that you mean to rob the widow and the orphan.' The pen dropped from George's hand, and McColl grew pale. Her appearance was so unexpected and so ghost-like, and her voice so soft and solemn, that these men, hardened though they were, covered before her. A few moments passed, and McColl, lifting the useless paper, said: 'I suppose, Armour, I may as well go.'

'Yes, go now,' replied George; 'and come back to-morrow night, and we'll see what's to be done—I'll think over it.'

McColl slunk away; he had still enough of manhood left in him to be ashamed. When he returned the following evening, Mrs. Armour led him to her husband's bedside; and there he saw those handsome features fixed and ghastly in death. He turned quickly away—he did not like to look in dead men's faces. George Armour had been quite in his usual state of health till four o'clock that afternoon, when he fell asleep, and never woke again.

Now, my story is really done, except that I may say that Jennie found that what her husband had left would make her independent in a moderate way; and that her children grew up to be a comfort and an honour to her.

COAL MINES ON FIRE.

There are many instances of vast masses of coal which have been ignited and have been burning for years. When once well lighted, and all communication with the external air is not entirely cut off (and some imperceptible fissures are quite sufficient to prevent this), then the devouring element pursues its course without interruption. It partially burns the coal, which has nearly the same chemical composition as the diamond, and a considerable degree of hardness, but without transparency or crystallization. It calcines the sandstones and adjacent schists, changing their colours to a sort of red, and altering their composition. At Brulé, near Saint-Etienne, there is a coal mine which has been on fire from time immemorial. The soil at the surface is baked and barren; hot vapours escape from it; sulphur, alum, sal-ammoniac and various natural products are deposited on it; it might be supposed to be a portion of the accursed cities formerly consumed by the fires of heaven and earth.

Other burning coal mines are cited in France; for example, those of Decazeville, in Aveyron, and of Commentry, in the department of Allier. The inhabitants have even, for a long time, kept up these fires for the sake of working the aluminous salts which are given off from the coal and are deposited on the surface of the soil as whitish efflorescences.

In the carboniferous basins of Saarbruck and Silesia there are likewise coal mines which have been on fire for a long time. In Belgium, between Namur and Charleroi, at a place called Falizolle, the fire has been alight for many years. The inhabitants formerly were in the habit of working the coal on their own account. Now it frequently happened that two parties came in contact, causing endless disputes and often sanguinary fights. A favourite way of keeping rivals or competitors at a distance was to throw pieces of old leather on a burning brazier, causing an insupportable stench. One day the fire extended also to the coal, since which time it has never ceased burning. The fire, which burns underground, is seen through fissures in the surface. Sulphur deposits itself round these vents and acid gases are evolved.

In England, especially in Staffordshire, the ignition of the coal has produced surprising effects of alteration in the measures containing coal. The sandstones have become vitrified, baked and dilated by the fire, the banks of plastic clay hardened and changed into porcelain.

In the environs of Dudley there was formerly a coal mine on fire. The snow melted in the gardens as soon as it touched the ground. They gathered three crops a year; even tropical plants were cultivated; and, as in the Isle of Calypso, an eternal spring prevailed. In another Staffordshire colliery, the firing of which dates many years back, and which is called by the inhabitants "Burning Hill," it was noticed, as at Dudley, that the snow melted on reaching the ground, and that the grass in the meadows was always green. The people of the country conceived the idea of establishing a school of horticulture on the spot. They imported colonial plants at a heavy expense and cultivated them in this kind of open-air conservatory. One fine day the fire went out, the soil gradually resumed its usual temperature, the tropical plants died and the school of horticulture was under the necessity of transferring their gardens elsewhere.—*Underground Life.*

IT'S SET FOR TWENTY MINUTES.—A good story is told of a judge visiting a penal institution, and being practically disposed, the learned judge philanthropically trusted himself on the treadmill, desiring the warden to set it in motion. The machine was accordingly adjusted, and his lordship began to lift his feet. In a few minutes, however, the new hand had had quite enough of it, and called to be released, but this was not so easy. "Please, my lord," said the man, "you can't get off. It's set for twenty minutes; that's the shortest time we can make it go." So the judge was in duress until his "term" expired.

ANTS AT PLAY.

It is not generally known that some of the smallest insects enjoy themselves in sports and amusements, after their ordinary toils, or satiating themselves with food, just as regularly as is the case with many human beings. They run races, wrestle with each other, and, out of fun, carry each other on their backs, much in the same manner as boys. These pleasing characteristics are particularly observable among ants, which are remarkable for their sagacity.

Bonnet, a French author, says he observed a small species of ants which, in the intervals of their industry, employed themselves in carrying each other on their backs, the rider holding with his mandibles the neck of his bearer, and embracing it closely with his legs. Gould, another writer on ants, mentions that he has often witnessed these exercises, and says, that in all cases, after being carried a certain length, the ant was let go in a friendly manner, and received no personal injury. This amusement is often repeated, particularly among the hill ants, who are very fond of this sportive exercise. It was among the same species that Huber observed similar proceedings, which he has described with his usual minuteness.

"I approached," he says, "one day to the fornicary of wood ants, exposed to the sun, and sheltered from the north. The ants were heaped upon one another in great numbers, and appeared to enjoy the temperature on the surface of the nest. None of them were at work; and the immense multitude of insects presented the appearance of a liquid in a state of ebullition, upon which the eye could scarcely be fixed without difficulty; but when I examined the conduct of each ant, I saw them approach one another, moving their antennae with astonishing rapidity, while they patted, with a slight movement, the cheeks of other ants. After these preliminary gestures, which resembled caressing, they were observed to raise themselves upright on their hind legs by pairs, struggle together, seize each other by a mandible, foot, or antenna, and then immediately relax their hold to recommence the attack.

They fastened upon each others' shoulders, embraced and overthrew each other, then raised themselves by turns, taking their revenge without producing any serious mischief. They did not spurt out their venom as in their combats, nor retain their opponents with that obstinacy which we observed in their real quarrels. They presently abandoned those which they had first seized and endeavoured to catch others. In one place two ants appeared to be gambolling about a stalk of grass; turning alternately to avoid or seize each other, which brought to recollection the sport and pastime of young dogs, when they rise on their hind legs, attempting to bite, overthrow, and seize each other, without once closing their teeth."

THE BEAVER.—"The manner in which the beavers make their dam, and construct their lodge, has long been reckoned among the wonders of the animal creation; and while some observers have claimed for the little creature more sagacity than it really possesses, its instinct is still sufficiently wonderful. It is certainly true that it knows how to keep the water of a stream to a certain level, by means of an obstruction, and that it cuts down trees for the purpose of backing up the water by a dam. It is not true, however, that it can always fell a tree in the direction required for this purpose. The timber about a beaver dam is felled in all directions; but as trees that grew near the water generally lean towards it, the tree when cut, takes the proper direction by gravitation alone. The beaver then proceeds to cut up the fallen timber into lengths of about three feet, and to convey them to the spot where the dam is to be situated, securing them in their places by means of mud and stones. The work is commenced when the water is low, and carried on as it rises, until it has attained the desired height. And not only is it made of the requisite height and strength, but its shape is suited exactly to the nature of the stream in which it is built. If the water is sluggish, the dam is straight; if rapid and turbulent, the barrier is constructed of a convex form, the better to resist the action of the water. When the beavers have once commenced a dam, its extent and thickness are continually augmented, not only by their labours, but by accidental accumulations, thus accommodating itself to the size of the growing community. At length after the lapse of many years, the water being spread over a considerable tract, and filled up by yearly accumulation of drift-wood and earth, seeds take root in the new-made ground, and the old beaver dams become green meadows, or thickets of cotton-wood and willow."—*The River of the West by Mr. F. F. Victor.*

Mark Lemon, whose death was recently announced by telegraph, had occupied the editorial chair of *Punch* for nearly 30 years. He was one of the knot of authors who in 1841 set on foot the popular periodical with which his name has been so long associated, and from the first he acted as joint editor. Upon the secession of Mr. Henry Mayhew, however, about two years later, he succeeded to the chief post, and this he continued to hold till his death. Mr. Lemon was the author of about 60 plays of various descriptions, principally farces and melodramas, among which, perhaps, the most popular are "The Ladies' Club," "The School for Tigers," "What will the World Say?" and "Hearts are Trumps." Besides these, he wrote a host of charming *nocturnes* and lyrics, many of which appeared without his name. He was also a frequent contributor to *Household Words*, to *Once a Week* in its palmy days, to the *Illustrated London News*, and to the *Illuminated Magazine*; and some of his brochures which originally appeared in these periodicals were subsequently collected and republished under the title of "Prose and Verse." He also was the author of "The Enchanted Doll" and "Tinkykin's Transformations," two Christmas fairy-tales for children; "The Lost Book," "Legends of Number Nip," (from the German) "Tom Moody's Tales," and three or four novels, each in three volumes—"Wait for the End," "Loved at Last," and "Faulkner Lyle." He also edited a collection of jests in one volume, and wrote about a hundred songs. As a lecturer, Mr. Lemon drew large audiences, when in the year 1862 he delivered a course of interesting addresses on various topics connected with the history of London. In 1868 he came out again, but on this last occasion in an entirely new character—the impersonation of Falstaff in the form of a popular entertainment. These representations proved very attractive and lucrative. Death cut short his career at the comparatively early age of 61 years.

DR. LIVINGSTONE.—At the usual fortnightly meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, Sir R. Murchison, president, said:—I have taken a deep-felt and loving interest in the position in which my very dear friend Livingstone is now left. We have every reason to believe that, from the month of May last, he has been at Ujiji on the eastern bank of the great Lake Tanganyika, and that there he is fairly stopped. His advances are stopped, his provisions and means are exhausted, and most of his attendants are gone, or lost, or dead, though he has got all his documents with him. It, therefore, became of intense interest to me to know how he was to be relieved, and I am happy to say that, in consequence of a communication that I made to the Earl of Clarendon, Her Majesty's Government has consented, to my great satisfaction, to provide the means for relieving Livingstone from Zanzibar. Dr. Kirk had organized some supplies to be sent to him, but, as you know, the cholera broke out, and the caravan was paralysed, and the people lost. However, Her Majesty's Government are now ready to support his claims and supply the money. We are heartily grateful to the Government for having thought geographers worthy of this support.

TO NEUTRALIZE THE ACID OF FRUIT IN COOKING.—The acid in fruit pies may be neutralized by adding to each as much carbonate of soda as will cover a 25-cent piece. This simple precaution, which does not affect the flavor of the fruit or impair its healthiness, saves much sugar, otherwise needed to render the fruit palatable.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Miss Rye intends to return to Canada about the end of June and to bring with her a hundred orphan little girls.

Mdlle. Schneider has been acting and singing in Edinburgh, and has been much appreciated by large audiences. The famous Can-Can has not been performed owing to the representations of the magistrates.

A monk of the order of La Trappe has invented a new potato-peeling machine, by means of which a man can easily peel 600lbs. of potatoes per hour. Does this practically-minded Trappist think for one instant that any one ever wanted to peel 600lbs. of potatoes, and to do it in an hour?

A complete Shakspeare Grammar, treating all the points in which his phraseology differs from modern usage, is in the press, written by the Rev. Edwin A. Abbott. Every part of speech, with its flexions, and every phrase are dealt with; the poet's prosody is treated in the same manner.

The Sultan was so much pleased with a leading article on his speech from the throne which appeared in the *Terakt*, a Turkish paper published in Stamboul, that he has conferred upon the editor, Ali Bey, the grade of *caimacan* (lieutenant-colonel) and given him a *baksheesh* of 500*l.* The military rank given to the fortunate editor is explained by the fact that he was originally a cadet in the military school.

The *Miner's Journal*, of Pottsville, Pa., having stated that there was a man in the place who had been drunk for thirty-five years, its editor says he has been called to account by at least twenty different persons, who insist that the item was a personal attack upon them. The man he really referred to, the editor remarks, "is sharp enough to keep his mouth shut about it, but keeps on drinking, just as if not a word had been said."

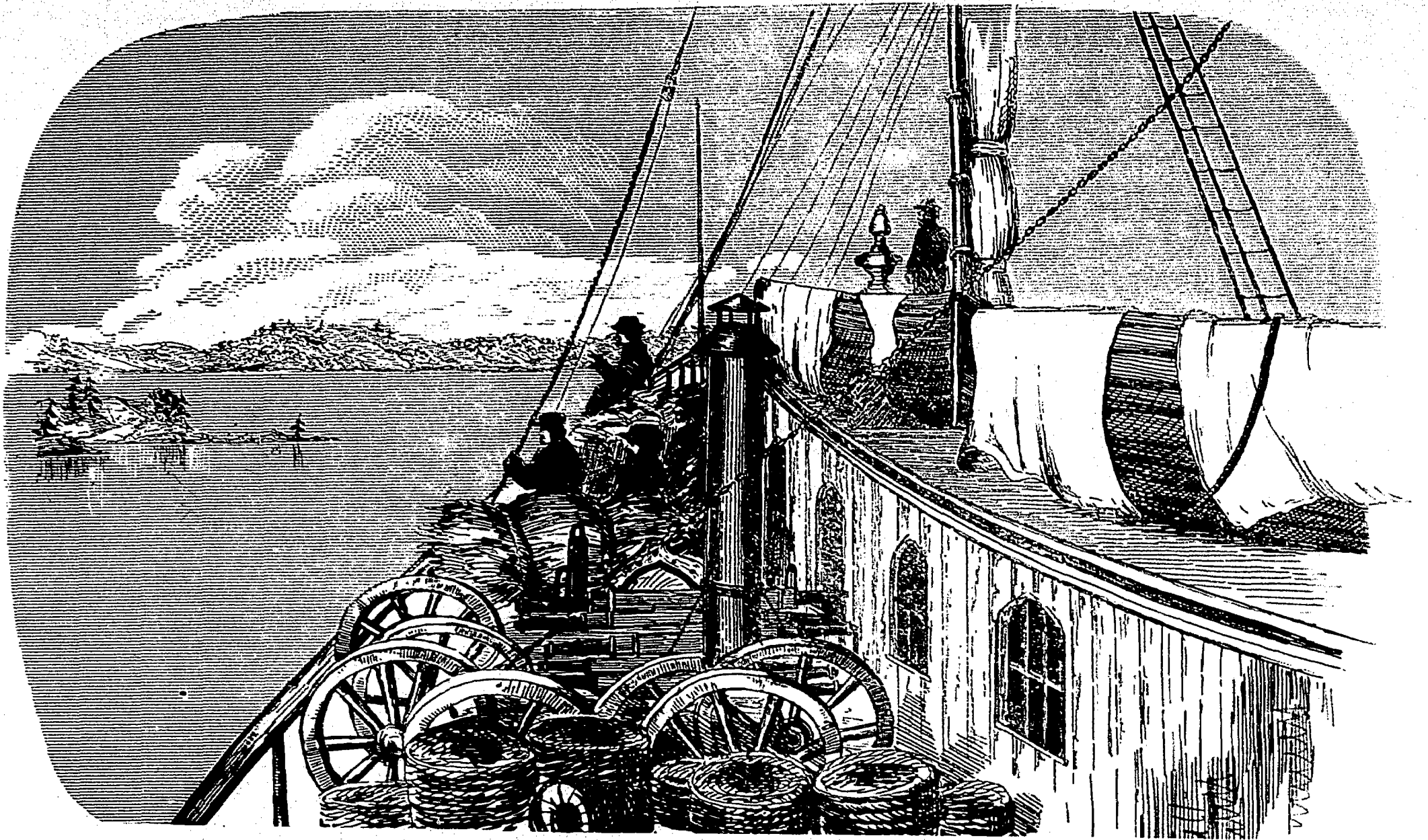
The *Petit Journal* describes a visit to an extensive manufactory recently established in Paris for making the celebrated *Susini* cigarettes. Before being shown round the works, visitors are ushered into a reception hall in which is situated a beautiful and very curious mirror, and this, attracting the spectator's attention, affords an opportunity for securing his portrait unobserved. On the visitor leaving the manufactory afterwards, a packet of cigarettes is offered for his acceptance, bearing upon the outside a copy of his own portrait, which has been printed and mounted in the meantime.

INTERESTING DISCOVERY.—An interesting discovery has been made by an advocate of Woman's Rights on the other side of the line, as to what the mission of man is. It is, according to this writer, to clean the household crockery. This is based on the authority of the Bible, in the 21st Chapter of 2nd Kings, and 13th verse, viz.: "I will wipe Jerusalem as a man wipeth a dish; wiping it and turning it upside down."

A Juliette woman has original and pronounced views on female suffrage, which she expresses in this way:—

"I just don't believe in these new women notions. I have raised six boys—four of them vote now, and the others will soon be old enough. Then I will have six votes. Now these good for nothing women who have fooled their time away, and never raised a single boy, come round and want every woman to vote for herself. I don't believe in nonsense. I have raised my six boys, and I am going to have every one for me. Those women who go lecturing around the country instead of raising boys, have no business to vote any way."

The *London Court Journal* of a late date reports as follows:—"A coffin and mummy discovered at Old Gourneh, near Thebes, in the course of some excavations undertaken last year by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, has just been deposited in the museum of the Royal Artillery institution at Woolwich. The mummy is in excellent preservation, although it appears to have been partly opened in search of *scarabai* and other ornaments. The relics have been thus described by Dr. S. Birch, keeper of Oriental antiquities at the British Museum:—1. Inner coffin, in shape of a mummy, of sycamore-wood, face coloured red, and bearded, striped head-dress and collar on the neck, with the following representations:—The goddess Nu kneeling on doorway; judgment scene in the Hall of Truth. Hades vignette of the 125th chapter of the Ritual; visit of the soul to the mummy on its bier; vignette of the eighty-ninth chapter of the Ritual; Genii of the dead, Anubis, Herus, and symbolic eyes, Isis on feet; at the bag the Tat crowned, the Aif, and dedications to deities. At the foot Apis, bearing a mummy on its back. This coffin is covered with lines of hieroglyphics in black upon a yellow ground purporting to be the speeches of the deceased and deities. It is of the period of the twenty-fifth dynasty, about B. C. 700, in good condition and preservation. 2. Mummy of Ptahareres, son of Shepenah and Takemnebenhar, in its bandages prepared with bitumen; it has been partly opened. The existence of the tomb in which the remains were found was made known to the Prince by an Arab, whose grandfather had discovered it."

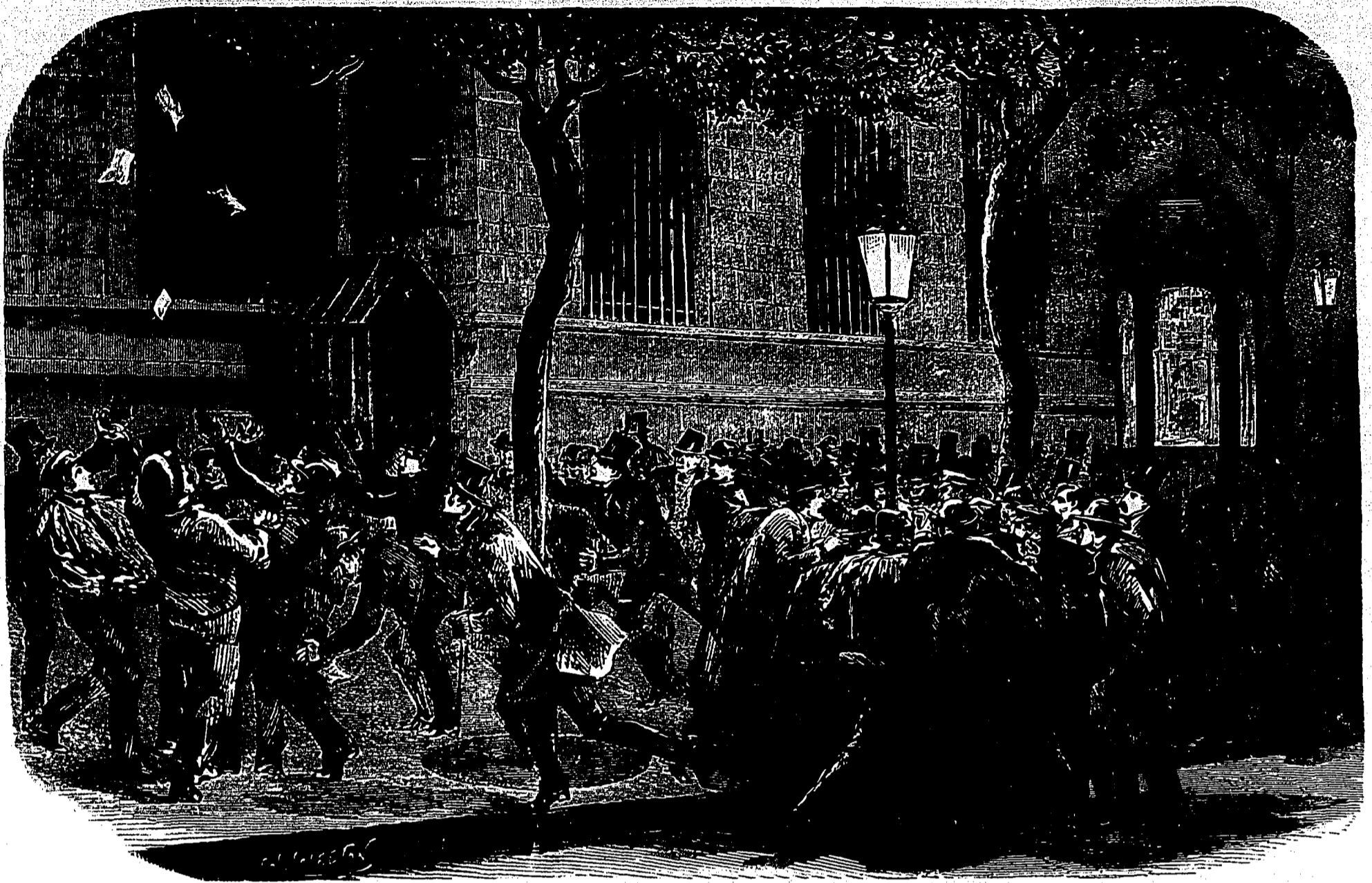


THE RED RIVER EXPEDITION.—ON BOARD THE "CHICORA." MAY 9. From a sketch by Rev. Mr. W.—SEE PAGE 498.



RETURN OF VOLUNTEERS FROM THE FRONT.—THE FENIAN TROPHIES. From a sketch by our own Artist.—SEE PAGE 498.

FRANCE.—THE CONSPIRACY AND THE PLEBISCITUM.



THE TROOPS AT THE PRINCE EUGENE BARRACKS MAKING KNOWN THE RESULT OF THEIR VOTE.—SEE PAGE 499.



DOMICILIARY VISIT AT ROUSSEL'S.—SEE PAGE 499.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

## ASHLEIGH MANOR,

BY ELLEN YAVASOUR NOEL.

As soon as I retired to my room I sat down to write a letter which I wished to post in the morning. I had been writing for about half an hour when in the dead silence that pervaded the house I distinctly heard out in the corridor a sudden awful cry of agony. I dropped my pen and started from my seat intending to rush out and see what could be the matter, but as I turned round towards the door which was behind me and which I am positive I closed when I entered the chamber, it was to my astonishment wide open. I heard in the passage the sound of light flying footsteps coming towards my door. Will you believe me my friends when I tell you that the figure of a lady came quickly into the room and stopped beside the toilet table. She wore an amber-coloured silk made in the fashion of the last century and lace and jewels adorned her stately form; the face was young and handsome, but oh! it was a wild fearful kind of beauty which made my blood freeze as I gazed upon her. She raised before her eyes a small jewelled dagger darkly stained with blood, a low awful hollow laugh came from the pale lips and then seizing a curious antique-looking silver goblet from the table, which I had never seen there, she drained its contents and immediately afterwards sank as it were noiselessly through the floor. Quicker than I can relate it this scene passed before my terrified gaze and in horror I hurried from the chamber.

"Good God!" exclaimed Lord Anchester as he helped himself to a glass of wine which stood on the table, "What was it, Glynne?"

"No creature of this earth of that I am convinced," he replied seriously. "Once before I saw her face. It is in an old picture in the portrait gallery." I looked towards Damer and his eyes met mine significantly.

"I mean that one, Damer," Squire Glynne continued turning to him, "which startled you so. Was it because you had also seen her?"

"It was. I have beheld the figure you speak of, and mentioned the circumstance to Jernam."

"Bless my soul, but this is a frightful old place!" the Squire exclaimed. "What was it that aroused you?" he asked. "Did you hear that awful cry?"

We told him we had. Lord Anchester and Sir Guy said it had awakened them, and, like myself, they had heard hurried footsteps coming up the stairs, and the sound as if several persons were running to and fro in the corridor.

"Then it is really a fact that this old Manor House is haunted," said Sir Guy gravely, as he leant back in his seat and gazed thoughtfully around the room. "I would not credit the story I heard of its being so. It seemed too absurd to believe in the existence of ghosts, but after the events of to-night, which have so shaken the nerves of us five strong men, who know not what fear is—unless indeed" he added, "it comes to us in the shape of the supernatural. I must confess I cannot help believing that this ancient place is haunted by beings from the other world."

"Then you have heard some ghost story connected with it," I remarked.

"Yes, the late owner of Ashleigh did not live here on that account. For many years the house was left to the care of a few servants, who occupy the east wing, which is almost separate from the main building. As they have lived here for a long time I will question them in the morning and see what they have to say about the old dwelling."

It was with feelings of the greatest relief and satisfaction that we saw the morning light, for with the daylight came a feeling of security, and once more we retired to our apartments to try and snatch a few hours' sleep.

The next morning while at breakfast Sir Guy asked one of the servants whether they had been disturbed by any noise during the night.

"No, Sir Guy," the man answered, "we heard nothing in our part of the house." A strange expression came into his face. "What was it disturbed you, sir?" he curiously inquired.

"I don't know; I can't make out what the singular noise we heard could be," our host replied.

"Oh! Sir Guy, there are strange sights and sounds heard in this old building," said the servant mysteriously.

"What do you mean, Harris?" asked Sir Guy.

"You, sir, and these gentlemen perhaps," and he glanced around the table, "won't believe me, but it is true, Sir Guy, that this old Manor House is haunted."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Lord Anchester, dropping his knife and fork as he leant back in his chair and gazed inquiringly at the old servant.

"Yes, gentlemen," Harris replied seriously, "there is a beautiful lady so proud-looking and dressed so grand and queer that walks in the corridor up-stairs and haunts the blue chamber which you have, sir," and he looked towards Squire Glynne, "and there is the awfulest shriek that ever you heard, sounds

sometimes in the dead of night through this part of the dwelling. I never saw the picture lady as she is called, because there is an old picture just like her in the picture gallery, but the housekeeper has, and the late Lord Ashleigh's father saw her too one night in the blue chamber. He never slept another night in the house, and on his death-bed he made his son promise not to occupy Ashleigh. And my wife's grandmother, who was lady's maid here many years ago, heard the bride's shriek, and saw her standing at the top of the staircase with the blood flowing from her bosom down her white dress."

"What bride?" inquired Sir Guy Beverly. "Is there any story connected with the ghostly visitants in the Ashleigh family?"

"Yes, Sir Guy, and a dreadful one it is too! I have heard my wife's grandmother tell it many a time, and she heard it from her mistress, who said it was an old legend in the Ashleigh family."

"What is it?" Sir Guy demanded. "Tell it to us, Harris."

"Well, sir, you see ever so long ago there lived here a Lord Edgar Ashleigh with his mother and cousin, Lady Millicent. She was a handsome lady, as you can see by her picture, which hangs in the gallery, but dreadfully passionate and haughty. She loved Lord Edgar, but he did not return her love, neither did his mother wish him to marry his cousin, for there was insanity in her family, and she had already exhibited slight traces of it. Lord Edgar went to travel on the Continent, and after being absent some weeks brought home from Italy a lovely young bride to Ashleigh Manor. The night after their arrival, as young Lady Ashleigh was retiring to her apartment she was met at the head of the staircase by Lady Millicent, who had been watching for her, and stabbed to the heart. She gave one piercing cry of agony which rang through the house, bringing her husband and the other inmates in terror to the spot. They found her lying lifeless in the corridor. Lady Millicent after, in a sudden fit of insanity, committing the dreadful deed, went quickly back to her room, the blue chamber, where, with the bloody dagger still clenched in her hand, she was found quite dead, having taken some deadly poison that caused instant death."

It was with intense interest that we listened to his history. The mysterious events of the preceding night were thus accounted for, and our sceptical doubts of supernatural things greatly shaken. We were obliged to acknowledge that it was possible such things could be.

A few hours after we looked our last on the ivied walls of the old grey Manor House, where in the silent hours of the night the spirits of the unhappy maniac and murdered bride still visit the scene of the dreadful tragedy which took place so long ago within its ancient walls.

### THE END.

## A SPIRITUAL SUBORDINA.

SOME dozen years ago, I passed a couple of early summer months in Devonshire, fishing; changing one picturesque scene of sport for another, always disbelieving that I should find so fair a place as that last quitted, and always having pleasantly to acknowledge myself wrong. There is indeed an almost inexhaustible treasure of delicious nooks in that fertile county, which comprehends every element of landscape beauty—coast and inland, hill and valley, moor and woodland—and excels in nothing more than its curved rivers. What cliff-like and full-foliaged banks about their sources, and what rich meadows sprinkled with unrivalled king, as they broaden towards the sea! At the close of my tour, I was lodging in a farmhouse near a branch of the Exe, rather regretful at the thought of so soon having to shoulder my knapsack and return to native Dorset, near a certain provincial town of which county, and in a neighbourhood without a tree within sight, or a stream within sound, it was my lot to dwell. We had lately thrown out a bow-window to the drawing-room there, but why, I cannot tell, for there was certainly nothing to see from it. What a difference between such a spot and my then abode, from the windows of which a score of miles of undulating and varied landscape could be discerned, with the old cathedral towers of the capital city standing grandly up against the southern sky!

It is not true that people who live in picturesque places do not appreciate them, but only that they require to be made to understand their good fortune. Michael Courtenay, the goodman of the farm, and like all of his class, a thorough stay-at-home, could not discover what I found in that look-out from his house to make such a fuss about; but his wife, who had once paid a visit to her son when in business at Birmingham, knew perfectly well. Concerning which son Robert, by the by, there was a sad tale. He was the only child of the good pair, and one who should have been there at Cowlees, the right hand of his father, and the comfort of his loving mother; but the young man had decided otherwise. He had never taken to farming, but had grieved his father hugely by a hankering after mechanical

studies, which the old agriculturist associated almost with the black art itself. Thinking himself to have a gift for the practical sciences, Robert had got apprenticed in Birmingham, and for some time bade fair to acquit himself well. But it had not been farming to which he was in reality averse, so much as to restraint of any kind; and finding, after a little, that he could not be his own master at the lathe, any more than at the plough, he forsook his second calling likewise. This had justly angered Michael, and drawn from him, on the return of the lad, certain expressions which his young spirit undutifully resented. There was a violent scene in that peaceful homestead of Cowlees one day; and the next morning, when the house was astir, it was found that Robert had gone away in the night-time, nor had he since either returned home or written of his whereabouts.

It was a year ago and more by this time, during which period Mrs. Courtenay had grown older than in the half-dozen years before, while the old man himself, said the farm-people, had altered to the full as much as she, although, for his part, he never owned to it. It was not he who told me of the matter, but the gudwife, who was fond of me—as my vanity was obliged to confess—mainly because I was of the age of her lost lad, and so reminded her of him. I slept in the very room which had formerly been her Robert's, and a very comfortable little room it was.

Here it was, very early one May morning, before even the earliest risers of the farm were up, that I was awakened by these three words, pronounced close by me in the distinctest tones: "The ferryman waits."

So perfectly conscious was I of having been really addressed, that I sat up in my bed at once, and replied: "Well, and what is that to me?" before the absurdity of the intimation had time to strike me. The snow-white curtains of the little bed were completely undrawn, so that no person could have been hidden behind them. Although it was not broad daylight, every object was clearly discernible, and through the half-opened window came the cool, delicious summer air with quickening fragrance. I heard the dog rattle his chain in the yard as he came out of his kennel and shook himself, and then returned to it lazily, as though it was not time to be up yet. A cock crew, but very unsatisfactorily, leaving off in the middle of his performance, as though he had been mistaken in the hour. My watch, a more reliable chronicler, informed me that it wanted a quarter of four o'clock. I was not accustomed to be awakened at such a time as that, and turned myself somewhat indignantly on the pillow, regretful that I had eaten clotted cream for supper the preceding evening. I lay perfectly still, with my eyes shut, endeavouring, since I could not get to sleep again, to account for the peculiar nature of my late nightmare, as I had made up my mind to consider it, until the cuckoo clock on the oaken stair outside struck four. The last note of the mechanical bird had scarcely died away, when again, close to my pillow, I heard uttered, not only with distinctness, but with a most unmistakable earnestness, the same piece of information which had once so startled me already: "The ferryman waits."

Then I got up and looked under the little bed, and behind it; into the small cupboard where my one change of boots were kept and where there was scarcely room for anything else. I sounded the wall nearest my bed's head, and found it solid enough; it was also an outside wall; nor from any of the more remote ones could so distinct a summons have come. Then I pushed the window-casement fully back, and thrust my head and bare neck into the morning air. If I was still asleep, I was determined to wake myself, and then, if I should hear the mysterious voice again, I was determined to obey it. I was not alarmed, nor even disturbed in my mind, although greatly interested. The circumstances of my position precluded any supernatural terror. The animals in the farmyard were lying in the tumbled straw close by, and near enough to be startled at a shout of mine; some pigeons were already circling round the dovecote, or pacing, sentinel-like, the little platforms before their domiciles; and the sound of the lasher, by whose circling eddies I had so often watched for trout, came cheerily and with inviting tone across the dewy meadows. The whole landscape seemed instinct with newborn life, and to have thoroughly shaken off the solemnity of dreary night. Its surpassing beauty and freshness so entirely took possession of me indeed, that in its contemplation I absolutely forgot the inexplicable occurrence which had brought me to the window. I was wrapped in the endeavour to make out whether those tapering lines, supporting, as it appeared, a mass of southern cloud, were indeed the pinnacles of the cathedral, when close by my ear, close by, as though the speaker had his face at the casement likewise, the words were a third time uttered: "The ferryman waits."

There was a deeper seriousness in its tone on this occasion, an appeal which seemed to have a touch of pathos as well as gloom; but it was the same voice, and one which I shall never forget. I did not hesitate another moment, but dressed myself as quickly as I could, and descending the stairs, took down the vast oaken door-bar, and let myself out, as I had

been wont to do when I went betimes a-fishing. Then I strode southward along the foot-path leading through the fields to where the river-ferry was, some three miles off, now doubting, now believing, that the ferryman *did* wait there at such an unusually early hour, and for me. I made such good use of my legs, that it was not five o'clock when I reached the last meadow that lay between me and the stream; it was higher ground than its neighbour land, and every step I took I was looking eagerly to come in sight of the ferry-house, which was on the opposite bank, and by no means within easy hailing distance. At last, I did so, and observed, to my astonishment, that the boat was not at its usual moorings. It must needs, therefore, have been already brought over upon my own side. A few steps further brought me into view of it, with the ferryman standing up in the stern leaning on his punt-pole, and looking intently in my direction. He gave a great 'hollo' when he recognized me, and I returned it, for we were old acquaintances.

"Well, Master Philip," cried he, as I drew nearer, "you are not here so very much betimes, after all; I have been waiting for you nigh upon half an hour."

"Waiting for me?" echoed I. "I don't know how that can be, since nobody knew that I was coming; and indeed I didn't know myself, till—." And there I stopped myself upon the very verge of confessing myself to have been fooled by a voice. Perhaps the ferryman himself may be concerned in the trick, thought I, and is now about to charge me roundly for being taken across out of hours.

"Well, sir," returned the Genius of the River, turning his peakless cap hind before, which was his fashion when puzzled, and certainly a much more polite one than that common to his brethren of the land, of scratching their heads—"all I can say is, as I was roused at half-past three or so by a friend of yours, saying as though you would be wanting me in a little on the north bank."

"What friend was that?" inquired I. "Nay, sir, for that matter, I can't say, since I didn't see him, but I *heard* him well enough at all events, and as plain as I now hear you. I was asleep when he first called me from outside yonder, and could scarcely make any sense of it; but the second time I was wide awake; and the third time, as I was undoing the window, there could be no mistake about—" "Be ready for Philip Reaton on the north bank," he said.

"And how was it you missed seeing my friend?" inquired I, as carelessly as I could.

"He was in such a hurry to be gone, I reckon, that as soon as he heard my window open, and knew he had roused me, he set off. His voice came round the east corner of the cottage, as though he went Exeter way. I wouldn't have got up at such a time, and at such a summons, for many other folks but you, I do assure you, Master Philip."

"Thank you," said I, though by no means quite convinced; "you're a good fellow, and here's five shillings for you. And now, put me across, and show me the nearest way by which I can get to the city."

Now if, by some inscrutable means, the ferryman—who had become the leading figure in my mind because of the mysterious warning—or any accomplice of his had played me a trick, and trumped up a story for my further bewilderment, they had not, I flattered myself, very much cause for boasting. I had evinced but slight curiosity about the unknown gentleman who had heralded my approach daylight, and I had given them to understand that I had a real object in my early rising—that of reaching the capital city, at least ten miles away. But my own brain was, for all that, a prey to the most conflicting suggestions, not one of which was of final service towards an explanation of the events of the morning.

There was I, at a little after 5 a.m., with a walk before me of ten, and a walk behind me of three good Devon miles, breakfastless, without the least desire to reach the place I was bound for—and all because of a couple of *voix-præterea-nihilis* voices without a body between them. I consumed the way in mentally reviewing all the circumstances of the case again and again, and by no means in a credulous spirit; but when I at length arrived at the city upon the hill, I was as far from the solution of the matter as when I started. That the ferryman himself, a simple countryman, should be concerned in any practical joke upon me, a mere fly-fishing acquaintance of a couple of weeks' standing; or that such persons as the Courtenays should have permitted the playing of it upon a guest at Cowlees, was only less astounding than the perfection of the trick itself—if trick it really was. But neither my feelings of anger, when I looked on the matter in that light, nor those of mystery, when I took the more supernatural view of it, in anywise interfered with the gradual growth of appetite; and when I turned into a private room of the *Bishop's Head* in the High Street, the leading idea in my mind, after all my cogitations, was Breakfast. If seven-and-forty mysterious voices had informed me that the ferryman was waiting *then*, I should have responded: "Then let him wait—at all events; while I eat a beefsteak and sundries."

Although Exeter is as picturesque and

venerable a city as any raven could desire to dwell in, it is not a lively town by any means, in a general way. A quiet, saintly, solemn spot, indeed, it is; excellently adapted for a sinner to pass his last days in—although he would probably find them among the longest in his life—and peculiarly adapted to that end in its very great benefit of (episcopal) clergy; but for a hale young gentleman of nineteen to find himself therein at nine o'clock on a fine summer morning, with nothing to do, and all the day to do it in, was an embarrassing circumstance.

'Nothing going on, as usual, I suppose?' inquired I, with a yawn at the waiter, when I had finished a vast reflection.

'Going on, sir? Yessir. City very gay, indeed, sir, just now. Assizes, sir, sitting. Murder case—very interesting for a young gentleman like yourself, indeed, sir.'

'How do you know what is interesting?' retorted I, with the indignation of hobbledeyhood at having its manhood called in question. 'Young gentleman, indeed! I am a man, sir. But what about this murder? Is the prisoner convicted?'

'Convicted, sir? Nossir; not yet, sir. We hope he will be convicted this morning, sir. It's a very bad case, indeed, sir. A journeyman carpenter, one Robert Moles, have been and murdered a toll-keeper—killed him in the dead of night, sir, with a hatchet; and his wife's the witness against him.'

'That's very horrible,' remarked I. 'I didn't know a wife could give evidence.'

'Nossir, not his wife, sir; it's the toll-keeper's wife, sir. She swears to this Moles, although it happened two months ago or more, sir. Murder will out, they say; and how true it is! He'll be hung in front of the jail, sir, in a hopen place upon an 'ill, so as almost everybody will be able to see it, bless ye!'

'I should like to hear the end of this trial—very much, indeed, waiter.'

'Should you, sir? fuddling his chin. 'It couldn't be done, sir—it could not be done; the court is crowded into a mack already. To be sure, I've got a ——. But no, sir, it could not be done.'

'I suppose it's merely a question of How much?' said I, taking out my purse. 'Didn't you say you had a'—'

'A cousin as is a javelin-man, yessir. Well, I don't know but what it might be done, sir, if you'll just wait till I've cleared away. There, they're at it already!'

While he spoke, a fanfare of trumpets without proclaimed that the judges were about to take their seats, and in a few minutes the waiter and I were among the crowd. The javelin-man, turning out to be amenable to reason and the ties of relationship, as well as not averse to a small pecuniary recompense, I soon found standing-room for myself in the court-house, where every seat had been engaged for hours before. As I had been informed, the proceedings were all but concluded, save some unimportant indirect evidence, and the speech of the prisoner's counsel. This gentleman had been assigned to the accused by the court, since he had not provided himself with any advocate, nor attempted to meet the tremendous charge laid against him, except by a simple denial. All that had been elicited from him since his apprehension, it seemed, was this: that the toll-keeper's wife was mistaken in his identity, but that he had led a wandering life of late, and could not produce any person to prove an alibi; that he was in Dorsetshire when the murder was done, miles away from the scene of its commission; but at what place on the particular day in question—the 5th of March—he could not recall to mind. This, taken in connection with strong condemnatory evidence, it was clear, would go sadly against him with the jury, as a lame defence indeed; although, as it struck me who had only gleaned this much from a bystander, nothing was more natural than that a journeyman carpenter, who was not likely to have kept a diary, should not recollect what place he had tramped through upon any particular date. Why, where had I myself been on the 5th of March? thought I. It took me several minutes to remember, and I only did so by recollecting that I had left Dorsetshire on the day following, partly in consequence of some alterations going on at home. Dorsetshire, by the by, did the prisoner say? Why, surely I had seen that face somewhere before, which was now turned anxiously and hurriedly around the court, and now, as if ashamed of meeting so many eyes, concealed in his tremulous hands! Robert Moles! No, I had certainly never heard that name; and yet I began to watch the poor fellow with a singular interest, begotten of the increasing conviction that he was not altogether a stranger to me.

The evidence went on and concluded; the counsel for the prisoner did his best, but his speech was, of necessity, an appeal to mercy rather than to justice. All that had been confided to him by his client was this: that the young man was a vagabond, who had deserted his parents, and run away from his indentures, and was so far deserving of little pity; that he had, however, only been vicious, and not criminal; as for the murder with which he was now charged, the commission of such a hideous outrage had never entered his brain.

'Did the lad look like a murderer? Or did he not rather resemble the Prodigal Son, penitent for his misdeeds indeed, but not weighed down by the blood of a fellow-creature?'

All this was powerfully enough expressed, but it was not evidence; and the jury, without retiring from the box, pronounced the young man 'Guilty,' amid a silence which seemed to corroborate the verdict. Then the judge put on the terrible black cap, and solemnly inquired for the last time whether Robert Moles had any reason to urge why sentence should not be passed upon him.

'My lord,' replied the lad in a singularly low soft voice, which recalled the utterer to my recollection on the instant, 'I am wholly innocent of the dreadful crime of which I am accused, although I confess I see in the doom that is about to be passed upon me a fit recompense for my wickedness and disobedience. I was, however, until informed of it by the officer who took me into custody, as ignorant of this poor man's existence as of his death.'

'My lord,' cried I, speaking with an energy and distinctness that astonished myself, 'this young man has spoken the truth, as I can testify.'

There was a tremendous sensation in the court at this announcement, and it was some minutes before I was allowed to take my place in the witness-box. The counsel for the crown objected to my becoming evidence at that period of the proceedings at all, and threw himself into the legal question with all the indignation which he had previously exhibited against the practice of midnight murder; but eventually the court overruled him, and I was sworn.

I stated that I did not know the prisoner by name, but that I could swear to his identity. I described how, upon the 5th of March last, the local builder, being in want of hands, had hired the accused to assist in the construction of a bow-window in the drawing-room of our house in Dorsetshire.

The counsel for the prosecution, affecting to disbelieve my sudden recognition of the prisoner, here requested to know whether any particular circumstance had recalled him to my mind, or whether I had only a vague and general recollection of him.

'I had only that,' I confessed, 'until the prisoner spoke: his voice is peculiar, and I remember very distinctly to have heard it upon the occasion I speak of; he had the misfortune to tread upon his foot-rule and break it, while at work upon the window, and I overheard him lamenting that occurrence.'

Here the counsel for the accused reminded the court that a broken foot-rule had been found upon the prisoner's person, at the time of his apprehension.

Within some five minutes, in short, the feelings of judge, jury, and spectators entirely changed; and the poor young fellow at the bar, instead of having sentence of death passed upon him, found himself, through my means, set very soon at liberty. He came over to me at the inn to express his sense of my prompt interference, and to beg to know how he might shew his gratitude. 'I am not so mean a fellow as I seem,' said he; 'and I hope, by God's blessing, to be yet a credit to the parents to whom I have behaved so ill.'

'What is your real name?' inquired I, struck by a sudden impulse.

'My real name,' replied the young man, blushing deeply, 'is Courtenay, and my home, where I hope to be to-night, is at Cowlees Farm, across the Esc.'

And so I had not been called so mysteriously at four o'clock in the morning, without a good and sufficient reason, after all.



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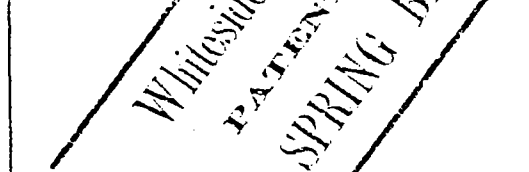
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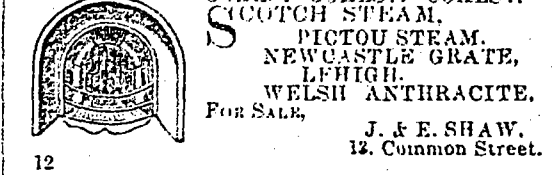
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