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THE NEW ELEMENT IN AMERICAN POPULATION.

The importation of seventy-five Chinamen to Massachusetts to work in a shoe factory, has again attracted attention in the neighbouring Republic to the Chinese labour question. It is a singular commentary on the American doctrine of "protection to native industry," that home capital is freely permitted to import foreign labour and employ it in opposition to native industry at rates which on all hands are admitted in commercial

phrase—to defy competition. Still more singular it is that the great champions of protection are also the warmest advocates of the importation of Chinese workmen, as witness the New York *Tribune's* laudation of the Celestials to which we referred some time ago. The *Tribune's* philosophy appears to have penetrated the old Bay State, where protectionist ideas flourish in perpetual verdure. But surely the real owner of native industry—the American workman—must begin to see that the pro-

tection which adds from fifty to a hundred per cent. to the cost of almost every article he consumes, for the benefit of American capital, must be very unequal when it permits the importation of foreign labourers, who will, at least for generations, retain their own habits and remain foreigners still, to compete with him at rates of wages for which he from his mode of life cannot afford to work. No doubt all the worst features of the Trades' Union system will soon be developed against the Chinese



POST OFFICE, MONTREAL. From a sketch by our own Artist.—SEE PAGE 531.

already on the arrival of this first batch, the poor creatures were hissed at and stoned by the shoemakers of the town in which they were engaged to work. The protection which capitalists can secure through the agency of the tariff the labourers will seek through intimidation and perhaps murder; and they will no doubt justify their conduct on the plea that this wholesale system of importing foreign workmen under long indentures is, if not a virtual return to slavery, at least an invasion of the freedom of labour. Such are the common fruits of Trades' Unions, which are mere protectionist societies among labourers, and of protectionist tariffs, which are mere conspiracies among capitalists. If the Chinese imported in defiance of every consideration for the interests of "native industry" will only open the eyes of the American people to the gross folly of the bolstered-up, plunder-all-round system they sustain in the name of protection to native industry, they will at least have done one good turn to those with whom they have temporarily cast their lot.

By all accounts the Chinese are not in much danger of falling into the idleness and degradation which have overtaken so many of the emancipated negroes. They work in squads, and live in community under a well organized system of discipline. The overcrowded population in their own country, variously estimated at from three hundred to five hundred millions, has necessitated habits of industry and economy in order to maintain existence; and their aptitude for exact and quick work is universally known. It is estimated that there are already about 100,000 of them in California and the neighbouring territories of the United States. There are two firms regularly engaged in the trade of importing Chinese into San Francisco, as yet the only market for this particular ware; and in spite of the opposition of the classes with whom the Chinese compete in the labour market, the trade is getting brisker than ever as the demand for such economical and docile "helps" increases. The invasion of the New England workshops by the Chinese marks an era in the history of Chinese immigration, and if the experiment now being tried at the shoe factory in North Adams prove to be profitable, the natural enterprise of American capitalists will soon lead them to fill their workshops and factories with Chinese. As the Chinese themselves become more familiar with the success of their brethren among the outside barbarians, their reluctance to emigrate will disappear, and with the immense population from which to draw, it would not be wonderful were the Chinese in America, a few years hence, to be counted by millions instead of thousands. In this prospect there is a new social problem in store for the solution of the American people, if not the portent of a complete revolution in the industrial trade of the continent.

THE NEW NATURALIZATION TREATY.

The following is the text of the Naturalization treaty signed in London, May 13, 1870, between Earl Clarendon on the part of the Queen, and Mr. Motley on the part of the United States, together with the letter of the President transmitting it to the Senate. The treaty is now before the Senate for action:

THE PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

I have the satisfaction of transmitting to the Senate for consideration, with a view to its ratification, a convention between the United States and Her Britannic Majesty, relative to naturalization, signed in London on the 13th inst. The convention is substantially the same as the protocol on the subject, signed by Mr. Reverdy Johnson and Lord Stanley on the 9th October, 1868, and approved by the Senate on the 13th of April, 1869. If the instrument should go into effect, it will relieve both countries from a grievance which has hitherto been a cause of frequent annoyance, and sometimes of dangerous irritation. A copy of Mr. Motley's despatch on the subject and of the Act of Parliament of May 12, 1870, are also transmitted.

THE TREATY.

The President of the United States of America, and Her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, being desirous to regulate the citizenship of citizens of the United States of America, who have emigrated, or may emigrate, from the United States of America to the British Dominions, and of British subjects who have emigrated, or who may emigrate from the British Dominions to the United States of America, have resolved to conclude a convention for that purpose, and have named as their plenipotentiaries the following persons: The President of the United States of America, John Lothrop Motley, Esq., envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States, Her Britannic Majesty's principal secretary of state for foreign affairs; who, after having communicated to each other their respective full powers, found to be in good and due form, have agreed upon and concluded the following articles:

ARTICLE 1.—Citizens of the United States of America, who have become, or shall become, and are naturalized according to the law within British Dominion as subjects, shall be subject to the provisions of Article 2, and shall be held by the United States to be in all respects, and for all purposes, British subjects, and shall be treated as such by the United States. Reciprocally, British subjects who have become, or who shall become, and are naturalized according to law within the United States of America, as citizens thereof, shall be subject to the provisions of Article 2, be held by Great Britain to be in all respects, and for all purposes, citizens of the United States, and shall be treated as such by Great Britain.

ART. 2.—Such citizens of the United States as aforesaid who have become and are naturalized within the Dominions of Her Britannic Majesty as British subjects shall be at liberty to re-

nounce their naturalization, to resume their nationality as citizens of the United States, provided that such renunciation be publicly declared within two years after the exchange of the ratification of the present convention. Such British subjects aforesaid, who have become and are naturalized as citizens within the United States, shall be at liberty to renounce their naturalization, and to resume their British nationality, provided that such renunciation be publicly declared within two years after 12th of May, 1870. The manner in which this renunciation may be made and publicly declared shall be agreed upon by the governments of the respective countries.

ART. 3.—If any such citizen of the United States, as aforesaid, naturalized within the Dominions of Her Britannic Majesty, should renew his residence in the United States, the United States Government may, on his own application, and on such condition as that government may think fit to impose, re-admit him to the character and privileges of a citizen of the United States, and Great Britain shall not in that case claim him as a British subject on account of his former naturalization. In the same manner, if any British subject, as aforesaid, naturalized in the United States, should renew his residence within the Dominions of Her Britannic Majesty, Her Majesty's Government may, on his own application, and on such conditions as that government may deem proper to impose, re-admit him to the character and privileges of a British subject, and the United States shall not claim him as a citizen of the United States on account of his former naturalization.

ART. 4.—The present convention shall be ratified by the President of the United States, by and with the consent of the Senate thereof, and by Her Britannic Majesty's consent, and the ratification shall be exchanged at London, as soon as may be, within twelve months from the date hereof.

In witness whereof the respective Plenipotentiaries have signed the same, and have affixed thereto their respective seals. Done at London, the 13th day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY,
CLARENDON.

THE SAGUENAY FIRE.

On the 19th ult. the fire broke out which afterwards ravaged the whole of the Saguenay district. It appears that some settlers had been burning the tree-stumps upon their land, and the wind being high the flames were communicated to the adjoining forests. Unfortunately no rain had fallen for some time, the grass was dry and readily carried on the fire, and no water being at hand to extinguish the flames, the whole country was soon in a blaze. So quickly did the fire spread over the district that the inhabitants had barely time to save their lives, and many of them met with the narrowest escapes from death. Over 500 miles of country were devastated by this terrible fire, and over 500 families were left destitute. M. de La Bruère, who was appointed by the Quebec Government to visit the Saguenay with a view to ascertaining the extent of damage caused by the fire, gives the following account of the desolation and misery he met on every side:—

"Accompanied by the Revd. Mr. Constantine, Parish Priest of St. Jerome, I visited the following burnt localities, viz:—Chicoutimi, N. D. de Laterrière, Kinogami, St. Jérôme, Metabetchouan, Pointe-aux-Trembles, in Charlevoix, and Pointe Bleue in Roberval. Desolation and ruin prevailed all over. Buildings of every description and cattle, and seed, and bush, have nearly all disappeared; but sadder still to relate, seven persons perished in the flames, and many others were badly burnt. The settlers for the most part escaped death by burying themselves under earth, or by taking refuge on the lakes and rivers. On my way I met families in tears, half-naked, and anxiously expecting provisions, wherewith to guard against starvation. I visited the vault wherein four men who had resorted thereto were burnt alive. Their calcined bones were withdrawn, and a bucket held them all. I was stopped several times on my way, to visit the sick and the wounded, and gave them every consolation which it was in my power to give with the assurance of timely help. Many are the sad and heart-rending scenes I have been told of, and which I could relate; but I will only tell of what I have witnessed. I may, however, testify to the correctness of the reports made public in the papers—nay, far from being exaggerated, such reports, in my opinion, do not reach reality itself. The extent of country so laid waste by the fire begins at the River Mistassimi, at the head of Lake St. John, and reaches as far as Ha! Ha! Bay, a distance of 105 miles. The number of families throughout this district, who have lost everything, and who are considered to be ruined, may be put down as follows:

From Mistassimi to Metabetchouan.....	150
(There are only 54 habitations remaining in those missions.)	
In the parish of St. Jerome, comprising the townships of Metabetchouan and Caron.....	120
(There remain only 20 buildings in said parish.)	
In Hebertville, township Labarre.....	50
In Kinogami.....	4
In Jonquiere.....	45
In the parishes of St. Ann and St. Fulgence, townships Simard, Tremblay and Harvey.....	47
In Chicoutimi.....	49
In N. D. de Laterrière.....	18
In St. Alphonse, township Bagot.....	72

Total number of ruined families..... 555
Besides that number, 146 families have lost either houses or other buildings. Two churches, with timber required for the building of a third one, as well as several mills, have been burnt. I will relate but one fact only, to give you an idea of the greatness of the disaster caused by the fire: The double Range of St. Bonaventure, running through the parish of St. Jerome, was built on both sides; well, all that can be seen yet standing throughout an extent of nine miles, is two baking-ovens. So as to distribute the goods in the best order possible, the county has been divided into two sections—Chicoutimi and Hebertville—each section having its own committee headed by the Parish-priest.

The Committee of Chicoutimi has charge of Chicoutimi, St. Anne, St. Fulgence, St. Dominique de Jonquiere, Kinogami, N. D. de Laterrière and St. Alphonse. That of Hebertville controls the parishes of Hebertville, St. Jerome, Grand Mont, Pointe-aux-Trembles, Roberval, Ashuapinouchouan and Rivière a L'Ours.

The provision sent have been distributed in the following manner: 60 barrels of flour, and 2 barrels of pork handed to

the Chicoutimi Committee; 450 barrels of flour and 8 barrels of pork to the Hebertville Committee.

The turnip seed, iron traces and sheep skins will also be forwarded to Hebertville, Chicoutimi being able to supply itself with such goods.

The 150 barrels of flour given by the citizens of Quebec, will remain on hand at Chicoutimi, pending unforeseen wants.

It is arranged between the parish priests to minister the goods to the most needful.

You had verbally instructed me to devote the balance of the Government grant to the purchase of seeds; but I received the assurance that such seeds might be had either in those localities, or through the liberality as well as the charity of the parishes bordering on the St. Lawrence; therefore, I deemed it advisable to yield to the earnest request of the members of the Committee who intended to have said balance, say \$185, employed for the purpose of conveying the goods from Chicoutimi to Hebertville, and to that end, I handed part of the money to Revd. Mr. Villeneuve, Parish Priest of Hebertville, and part to the Revd. Mr. Racine, Parish Priest of Chicoutimi. Allow me, Mr. Commissioner, to urge upon the Government the necessity of their sending fresh supplies to those afflicted people who look up unceasingly to them, and in whom they place all their trust. They are very grateful to the Government for the grant of \$3,000; but it is necessary to give an additional grant, especially when it is taken into account that a population of 4,500 souls have been left houseless and craving. In order to rebuild, they need some lumber, iron, nails, and above all, stoves, the want of which will be keenly felt at the approach of the Fall. Thus, should a new grant be effected, I take the liberty of suggesting that part of that aid do consist in money, which will be remitted to the Committee, so as to enable them to procure the necessary materials for rebuilding. I cannot refrain from expressing my full admiration for the conduct of the clergy and of the citizens generally of those devastated localities; their zeal knows no bounds. Those who had been spared were fain to share with their unfortunate neighbors linen, provisions, grain, money, &c., &c. Notwithstanding the assistance so eagerly and so promptly given them by the Government, many people would have died from starvation at Lake St. John, were it not for the charity of the people of Hebertville and Chicoutimi. In addition to their gifts, the citizens of Chicoutimi opened out a subscription list, where I have seen names put down for amounts ranging from \$100 to \$150. One firm alone has gifted the Parish Priest of St. Jerome with 500 logs, to assist in the rebuilding of the church. The Parishes on both sides of the St. Lawrence hasten to forward relief, and as we were leaving the port of Chicoutimi, a schooner loaded at Kamouraska, was on the point of sailing in."

These, however, were not the only subscriptions raised for the relief of the sufferers. Both in Montreal and Quebec, and in all, or nearly all the towns of the province, contributions were made, and it is hoped that before the fall all who were thrown out of house and home will be relieved.

Some incidents narrated by Rev. Mr. Constantine will give an idea of what has taken place. Mr. Parent, father of the Assistant Secretary of State, saved his family, eleven in number, on a tree floating by the shores of the Lake, at Pointe Bleue. For four hours he kept dashing water on them, and they frequently had to plunge into the water to save themselves from burning. Mr. Parent's land is cleared to the depth of nearly a mile, yet in spite of this and although he had six men in his service he could neither save house, barns nor household effects. An illustration depicting the scene on Mr. Parent's property is given on another page. Job Bilodeau, of Pointe-aux-Trembles in the township of Metabetchouan, who was scorched by the fire, rolled for some time in the wet pigsty, but as that got dry he ran through the fire to a well at some distance, into which he went and remained several hours while the boards covering the well were burning over his head. He had frequently to plunge over his head to extinguish the flakes of fire falling on him. His sister-in-law who is very infirm and unable to walk, dragged herself a distance of a mile and a half to the foot of a rock, whose summit was covered with flames, and where she passed the night with a child that accompanied her. She rejoined her family next morning. The wife of Mr. Xavier Desbiens, who had been brought to bed on the morning of the fire, was put into a quilt with her child and carried on her husband's shoulder into a swamp, in which she passed the night. It froze hard through the night, and it is somewhat singular that she is now as well as if she had remained in bed. Other escapes, some almost miraculous, are related. At Pointe-aux-Trembles, however, five persons lost their lives in the flames: Ose Fortin and his son, Narcisse Morin and his son, and Charles Lavoie. Four of these were burned in a cellar in which they had taken refuge,—the last named was burned in his stable, into which he had gone to save his horse. Four children of Charles Cauchon, of St. Jerome, received serious burns, and one has since died. It has been said that a whole family is missing, and up to the last accounts had not been heard of. At the time of the fire there were several families at the Hudson Bay post of Metabetchouan who could not put off to the lake, it was blowing so hard with a high sea running. In addition to this there was a large supply of gunpowder for distribution among the Indians, and for three hours these people remained there in expectation every moment of the gunpowder exploding. Fortunately the post escaped. Besides the houses almost all the fences have been burned, and the crops, and to shelter themselves the poor people have had to build bark huts, and even to dig holes in banks. There is urgent want of assistance of all kinds of food, seed grain, and timber for houses, as the people are in the greatest destitution.

DICKENS'S HOME.

Gad's Hill, where Dickens died, is a pleasant country place in Kent. When in London he lived mostly at the Garrick Club, where he filled as large a place as John Dryden used to fill at Will's coffee-house. His town apartments were comfortably fitted up, on the second floor of the house in Wellington Street, Strand, the lower part of which was occupied by the business offices of "All the Year Round." He was never presented at court; but not long ago, since his last return from the United States, the Queen invited him to come and see her, and he spent a day with her at Windsor Castle. He might be seen at dinner, more frequently than anywhere else, at Verry's restaurant in the upper part of Regent Street, where, often with Wilkie Collins, he sat at a little table in the corner, reserved for him by the landlord. He was given to hospitality, and was in life, as in his books, one of the most generous of men.

THE POST OFFICE MONTREAL.

In the heart of the business part of the city of Montreal, on the corner of St. James and St. Francis Xavier streets, stands the Post Office, a large cut stone building, with a portico and flights of steps leading up to the entrance. With the exception of the portico of the St. Lawrence Hall, the Post Office stairs are the great resort for loungers, who persistently hang about the place to the great annoyance and hindrance of busier people. To strangers in Montreal this stone building is the object of no little interest and some astonishment. At certain hours of the day, after the arrival of the mails, a continual stream of people is to be seen entering and issuing from the building, giving a very fair idea of the amount of business that goes on within its walls. In fact far more business is transacted in the Montreal Post Office than in any other post office in the Dominion.

The building occupied by the Montreal postal authorities was erected in 1852, under the direction of the late John Wells, Esq., architect, of this city. It extends fifty-four feet along St. James street, and runs back for a distance of one hundred feet on St. Francis Xavier street. Its height is fifty-seven feet. Besides the public entrances in the front, a private entrance at the side gives access to the interior of the building. The first flat is occupied as a Local Office, where letters are sorted, distributed and delivered. On the second flat is the Inspector's Office, and on the third the apartments of the Resident Office Keeper. Sixty-three persons are employed in the building, six in the Inspector's Office and 57 in the Local office. The work going on in the former office relates exclusively to the superintendence of post-offices in the Montreal district, *i. e.* from Côteau Landing, eastwards as far as Island Pond. The Local Office work is confined to the ordinary receiving, delivery and dispatch of mails. The average number of letters delivered at this office is about 41,000 per week with about 13,000 newspapers, enough, one would think, to include the whole correspondence of the Dominion.

One great error has been committed in the arrangement of the Post-Office building, which gives rise to much unavoidable delay. The yard at the rear of the office is so small and so narrow as to allow of the passage of only one mail-cart at a time. While this is being filled others must wait, and a most undesirable delay is the result. Surely some remedy could be found for this.

THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE

Most of the readers and admirers of Longfellow are familiar with the Devil's Bridge of the "Golden Legend," over which Prince Henry and Elsie passed on their way to Salerno. The poet's own words best tell the fable of this wonderful structure:—

Guide. The bridge is called the Devil's Bridge.

With a single arch, from ridge to ridge,
It leaps across the terrible chasm
Yawning beneath us, black and deep,
As if, in some convulsive spasm,
The summits of the hills had cracked,
And made a road for the cataract,
That raves and rages down the steep!

Lucifer (under the bridge). Ha! ha!

Guide. Never any bridge but this
Could stand across the wild abyss;
All the rest, of wood or stone,
By the Devil's hand were overthrown.
He topped crags from the precipice,
And whatsoever was built by day
In the night was swept away;
None could stand but this alone.

Lucifer (under the bridge). Ha! ha!

Guide. I showed you in the valley a boulder
Marked with the imprint of his shoulder;
As he was bearing it up this way,
A peasant, passing, cried, "Herr Jéf!"
And the Devil dropped it in his fright,
And vanished suddenly out of sight.

Lucifer (under the bridge). Ha! ha!

Guide. Abbot Giraldu of Einsiedel,
For pilgrims on their way to Rome,
Built this at last, with a single arch,
Under which, on its endless march,
Runs the river, white with foam,
Like a thread through the eye of a needle,
And the Devil promised to let it stand,
Under compact and condition
That the first living thing which crossed
Should be surrendered into his hand,
And be beyond redemption lost.

Lucifer (under the bridge). Ha! ha! perdition!

Guide. At length the bridge, being all completed,
The Abbot, standing at its head,
Threw across it a loaf of bread,
Which a hungry dog sprang after,
And the rocks re-echoed with peals of laughter,
To see the Devil thus dethroned!

The original of this bridge, of which an illustration will be found on another page, crosses one of the many mountain gorges of the canton of Grisons, the most wildly picturesque and rugged district of Switzerland.

THE "CHICORA."

In a former number an illustration appeared of a scene on board the "Chicora," accompanied by a brief sketch of the part taken by this vessel in the preparatives and progress of the Red River Expedition. In the present issue an illustration of this handsome vessel is given, showing to full advantage her graceful form. The "Chicora" was built in 1864 by J. W. Miller and Son of Liverpool. She is an iron, side-wheel steamer, and under the name of "Let Her B." successfully ran the blockade several times during the American war. No doubt the Yankees were not displeased at having a chance of venting their spleen against the vessel that had so many times slipped through their hands, and it was with peculiar relish they received the intelligence that the old "Let Her B.," though now a Canadian vessel, had been stopped on her voyage by the authorities at Sault Ste. Marie. The "Chicora" is eminently adapted for blockade-running. The shape of her hull—every line of which is faultless—and the strength and easy run of her engines combine to make her one of the fastest vessels of her kind afloat. She is admitted on all hands to be the swiftest steamer on American inland waters, and she may be said, without fear of contradiction, to be the finest

and fastest fresh-water steamer in the world. The "Chicora" is built on the compartment system, thereby obviating the danger of sinking in the case of local damage to her hull. She is divided into seven such watertight compartments, sheathed with iron and of great strength. The dimensions of this magnificent vessel are 221 feet length of keel, and 235 ft. over all; breadth of beam 26 feet, and 46 ft. breadth over all, with a depth of hold of 11 ft. 6 inches—affording ample accommodation for the stowage of cargo. Her engines—on the oscillating principle—are by Francett, Preston & Co., of Liverpool, with cylinders 52 inches in diameter and a piston-stroke of 48 inches. Since she has been placed on the lake service between Collingwood and Fort William, the "Chicora" has been re-furnished and otherwise improved. Her cabin accommodations have been enlarged and elegantly fitted up for the reception of over two hundred passengers. Every attention is paid to the comfort of the guests on board, and the courtesy of the officers is proverbial. The business-agent of the *Canadian Illustrated News*, who made a trip to Fort William in the early part of the month, testifies in the highest terms to the kindness and attention paid him by all on board. He speaks especially of the courtesy of Capt. McLenn, and of Messrs. Moe and Thompson. Our illustration is from a photograph by Davis.

MOOSE FACTORY.

The two great ports for sea-going vessels that lie within what was the Hudson's Bay Territory are York Fort and Moose Factory. Both of these places, though lying at some distance inland from the ocean, are perfectly easy of access to sea-going vessels, and are naturally about equal to the port of Archangel both in this respect and in value as harbours on the great expanse of water known as Hudson's Bay, and the adjoining James' Bay. Moose Factory, one of the earliest trading-ports of the Hudson's Bay Company, lies at the south-west angle of James' Bay, in about Long. 81° W. and Lat. 51° N. It is upwards of two hundred and thirty miles north of the boundary between the territory and Canada, and though so far beyond the usual limit of vegetation, is a comparatively fertile country, and enjoys an unusually mild climate. Mr. Gladman, who resided at the factory for fifteen years, says that the climate and soil are good; that he raised potatoes and other vegetables there in great abundance; that barley ripened well, and that horned cattle, horses, sheep, and pigs were kept there. Other authorities testify to the natural resources of this part of the territory, and all join in predicting a great future for it when it shall have been opened up under the auspices of the Canadian Government.

HUNTINGDON AND FRELIGHTSBURG.

The villages of Huntingdon and Frelightsburg are invariably points of interest when there is question of a Fenian raid. During the recent excitement they were again brought into prominent notice, and our special artists sent out, the one to the Huntingdon and the other to the Missisquoi border, took the opportunity of sketching them, the leggotypes from which we reproduce in this issue by way of closing our illustrations relating to the late raid.

THE NATURAL STEPS, MONTMORENCI RIVER.

The Montmorenci River, one of the greatest attractions to visitors to Quebec, rises in the Lac des Neiges, and after traversing the seignories of Côte de Beapré and Beauport, falls into the St. Lawrence eight miles north-east of Quebec. At the point where it enters the latter river, the Montmorenci passes over a rocky ledge, forming the cataract known as the Montmorenci Falls. The bed of the river at this point, where it rushes along with great velocity, is also worthy of attention. It is formed on a considerable angle of depression, having on either side banks of stratum presenting the form of natural steps. These steps, one of the great lions of the neighbourhood, have received the name of "Les Marches Naturelles," or the Natural Steps.

GENERAL NEWS.

At the town of Paris, Ont., a man named Pierce beat his wife to death the other day, and then white-washed her face and body with a view of erasing the traces of his brutality. He was caught and thrown into jail.

The following were among the noted arrivals at the Memphremagog House on the 17th. They arrived in Mr. Hugh Allan's beautiful pleasure yacht:—His Royal Highness Prince Arthur, Sir John Young, Governor-General of Canada, Lady Young, Miss Starnes, Col. Elphinstone, Colonel Earle, Mr. Pickard, Mr. Tourville, and Mr. Hugh Allan and daughter.

The Red River expedition is quietly working its way forward. All troops at the Sault have left for Thunder Bay, and a company of the 60th Rifles with boats and voyageurs, had left the latter place for Lake Shebandowan. The "Algoma" left the Sault on Saturday morning with horses for Prince Arthur's Landing.

The monument erected in the Queen's Park, Toronto, to the memory of the volunteers who fell at Ridgeway during the Fenian raid of 1866, is to be unveiled by His Excellency the Governor-General on Friday, the 1st July. In a former number we gave a cut of this monument, and it is our intention to produce, in a future issue, an illustration of the ceremony of unveiling.

The ball given by the 69th Regiment in honour of Prince Arthur on Tuesday last at Quebec was opened by H. R. H. with Mrs. Col. Bagot, Col. Elphinstone and Mrs. Garneau, Lord Russell and Mrs. Col. Bouchier, Col. Gibbon and Mrs. Capt. Appleby, Sir John Young and Madame Cauchon, Hon. Chauveau and Madame Gauthier, Major Garneau and Mrs. Burstall. It was a very grand and successful affair. Dancing was kept up till four o'clock a. m.

One of the most destructive fires ever witnessed in Montreal occurred on Tuesday night in the vicinity of St. Gabriel's Lock. The flames broke out in the Planing Mill of Messrs. Tucker & Sons, on the south side of the canal, and the wind being high at the time, were speedily communicated to the adjoining buildings. The loss occasioned by the fire was very great. Besides Messrs. Tucker's Planing Mill, the Sash and Door Factory, owned by John Ostell, Esq., and Mr. Shearer's Planing and Sash Factory, together with about twenty dwelling houses, were entirely destroyed. A large amount of lumber was also consumed. At one time the Sugar Refinery of John Redpath & Son was in extreme danger. Hundreds of mechanics have been thrown out of employment by this sad accident.

SEA-SIDE RESORT.—The *Ottawa House*.—One of the most attractive places recommended to all seekers of health or pleasure to visit is this now well known and celebrated sea-side resort, "Cushings Island, Portland Harbor, an advertisement respecting which appears in our columns. Its situation commands an unrivalled view of the finest harbor on the Atlantic coast. The position of the island at the very entrance of the Harbor itself secures to the inmates of the "House" not only a good view of the many steamers and thousands of sailing craft which pass and repass at all hours of the day, but also a never failing cool breeze and fishing, boating and bathing facilities of the best kind.

The Canadian Squadron now on duty for the protection of the fisheries comprises the following vessels. The iron screw steamer *Lady Head*, Capt. P. A. Scott, R. N., Commander. The schooner *La Canadienne*; N. Lavoie, Stipendiary Magistrate, Commander. The schooner *England*; G. V. Story, Esq., R. N., Commander. The schooner *Stella Maria*; L. H. Lachance, Esq., Commander. The schooner *Ida E*; Jas. A. Tory, Esq., Commander. The schooner *Ella G. McLean*; H. G. Betts, Esq., Commander. The schooner *Sweepstake*; D. M. Browne, Esq., R. N., Commander. The schooner *Water Lily*; F. S. Ewen, Esq., R. N., Commander. These vessels are well armed and equipped and their united crews number about 180 men.

The ceremony of presentation of colours by Prince Arthur to the 69th Regiment at Quebec, on the 21st, attracted a large concourse of spectators. About 11 a. m., the 69th Regiment, under Col. Bagot, were drawn up in line, and detachments of R. C. R. Cadets of the military school, and a company of H. M. troop-ship "Tamar," were on the spot assisting the new government police, under Captains Hyam and Voyer, to keep the grounds. The ramparts, windows of neighbouring houses, and every available locality, were crowded with spectators. At 11.30 a. m. H. R. H. Prince Arthur, their Excellencies Sir John Young, and Sir N. Belleau, with Ladies Young and Belleau, arrived in carriages. A royal salute was fired from the Citadel by the Royal Artillery, and the 69th presented arms on the arrival of the Prince's carriage. A three-sided square was formed by the 69th, and the Prince presented the colours to two Ensigns, kneeling. Prayers by Bishop Williams, assisted by the clergy of his diocese and chaplain of the forces, were then offered up. After the consecration of colours, the Prince addressed the Regiment in a clear, deliberate tone of voice, congratulating them on their past services on the Peninsula, in India, Waterloo, Bourbon, Java, &c. Colonel Bagot replied in a neat, concise, and soldierly manner. Three cheers were then called for by the Colonel for the Prince, and given in the usual hearty style of British soldiers. The ceremony of trooping the old and new colours was gone through, after which the troops marched past in slow and quick time, and were then played off the ground.

MISCELLANEOUS.

An advertisement was recently sent to a morning newspaper, in which occurred the words: "The Christian's Dream: No Cross, No Crown." The blundering compositor made it read—"The Christian's Dream: No Cows, No Cream."

M. Prevost Paradol, the new French Minister to Washington, is described as a "handsome and eloquent widower," who will make a decided impression.

Dona Concepcion Lombardo, widow of ex-President Miramon, of Mexico, was recently married in Paris to an opulent citizen of that place.

An exchange says: "To make a white-wash that will not rub off, mix up half a pailful of lime and water; take half-a-pint of flour and make a starch of it, and pour it into the white-wash while hot. Stir it well, and apply as usual.

A mastodon's tooth was found a few weeks ago on the farm of Mr. Seward, Lake Shore, Township of Sarnia. It lay on the margin of the lake partly in the water, having evidently been washed up by the action of the waves. It is in a remarkably entire state, the body of the tooth being petrified, but the enamel on its surface is quite sound. It weighs 3½ lbs.; length, 6½ inches; breadth, 3½ inches; height, 4½ inches.

ANCIENT SALT MINES IN INDIA.—During his recent Indian tour, the Viceroy visited the ancient salt mines of Pin Dadun Khan, which are interesting as dating from the days of Alexander, and as being worked, so says tradition, by the actual descendants of the original miners. Of the nine mines one alone is really worth a visit, and this is the largest and oldest of the whole. It contains a large circular hall, some 90 feet across, and 40 feet in height, which, lighted up by hundreds of oil lamps, and roofed, walled, and floored with salt, is a sight of peculiar beauty. The supply seems simply inexhaustible, and with improved appliances for excavation and transit would largely increase in value.—*Times of India*

Towards the end of April, the proprietor of a large *magasin de nouveautés* advertised a material for ladies' dresses styled "Fouard-Plebiscite," of which he kept two shades called respectively "Oui," and "Non." It is said that the wife of a certain political personage, whom people accuse of having changed his opinions during the last thirty years, has been anonymously presented with a dress of this material, the colour of which changes accordingly as the light falls upon it. A few days previous to the vote, a baker in the neighbourhood of the Palais Royal showed a heap of *petit pains* in his shop window, upon which were stamped, "Pains-Plebiscite, Oui;" and now a jeweller on the boulevard, who has invented the plebiscitary jewellery, exhibits sleeve-links and scarf-pins with the word "Oui" written across them in large letters.

A DIAMOND STORY.—A crystal was lately discovered in New South Wales. That there were diamonds in New South Wales was undeniable. A diamond company had been started. That, too, was beyond dispute. Accordingly this newly discovered stone must be a diamond. If it wasn't it ought to be. It weighed 7 oz.; such a diamond never was seen. The manager of a bank advanced £700 upon it without looking at it. The steam-ship company claimed 8 per cent. freight on it without looking at it. The owner refused to sell it; he alone had looked at it. What remained but to start a company to buy it without looking at it also? No sooner said than done. One thousand pounds to be given for the diamond, in any case, money down, and four thousand more if it proved to be a diamond; a hundred shares at £10 a share, liable to calls, &c. Within a few hours the shares were up to £20, to £25—were not to be had for love or money. Then the diamond was sent to an expert, and proved to be an excellent specimen of rock crystal.

COL. G. J. WOLSELEY,
COMMANDING THE RED RIVER
EXPEDITION.

The organization of the Red River expedition is one of those delicate operations in which more than military skill is necessary to secure success. The exceptional character of the duty; the distance from the field of service; and the feelings of Provincial jealousy under which the work was commenced, all tended to make its success difficult; but when to this was added the restriction of the force to so many from each military district; when the Volunteers discovered that they could not enter the service by companies as they had gone to the front to meet the Fenians, then was Col. Wolseley's duty rendered still more difficult. However, it has been the good fortune of the gallant colonel to have organized the expedition, in so far as he was concerned, without a single mishap; and in these days when military officers in high command are not exempt from the criticisms of the press, it is at the least fortunate for Col. Wolseley, that on all sides his efforts have met with general commendation.

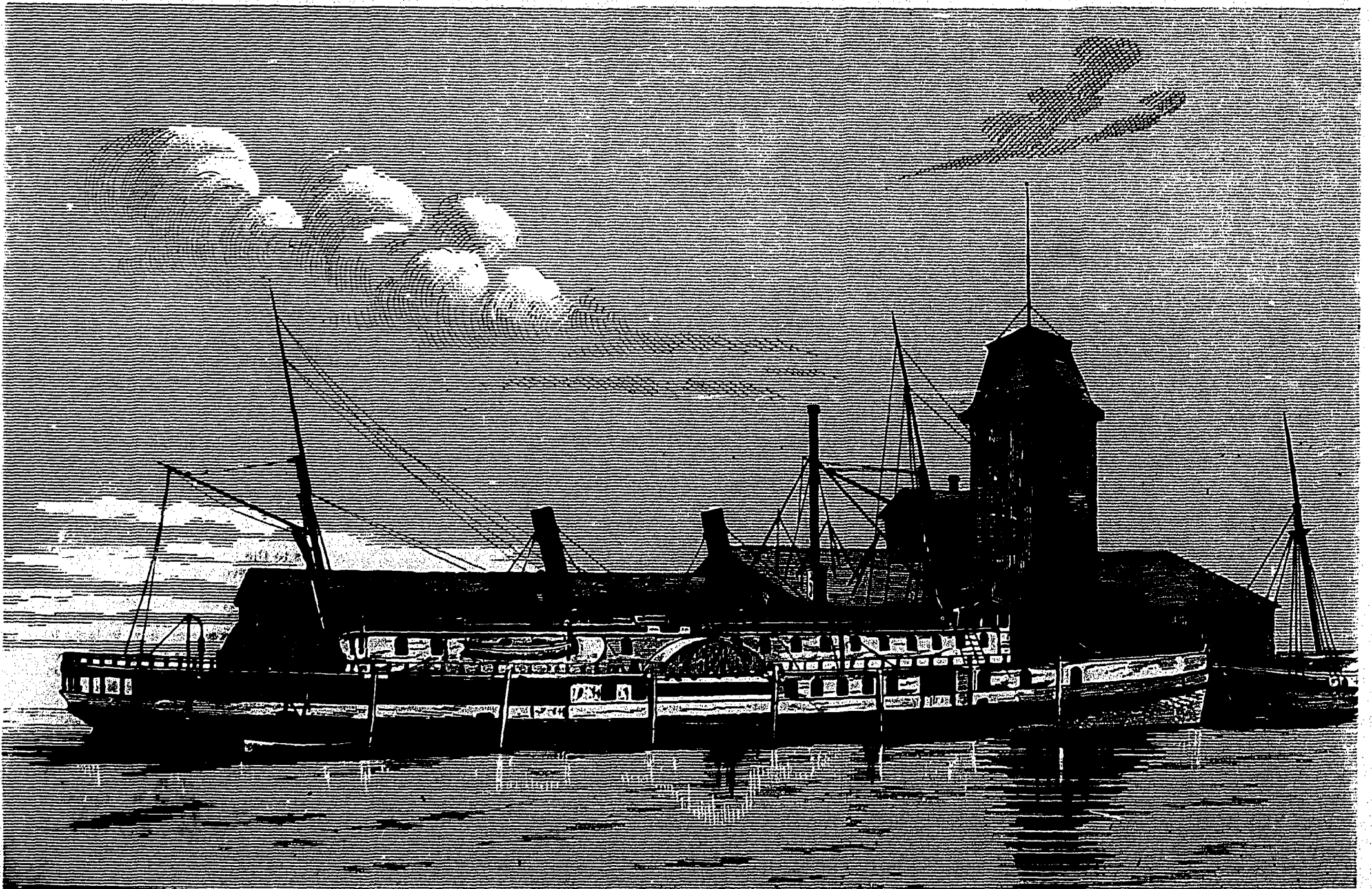
Col. Wolseley has been for several years Deputy Quarter-Master General in Canada. He attained his present rank in the army in 1865, and was attached to the 90th Foot. In 1866 he commanded the Military Camp of instruction at Laprairie, and was of course familiar with all the military movements in this country during that year, and subsequently, to check the Fenian marauders. His selection for the present post was generally anticipated when it was announced that the British and Canadian Governments had agreed to send a joint force, the authorities in both countries having the fullest confidence in his capacity. So soon as his duties at Toronto were completed in forwarding all the detachments to Collingwood, and thence to Sault Ste. Marie, Col.



COL. G. J. WOLSELEY.—From a photograph by Notman.

Wolseley changed his head-quarters, and arriving in Thunder Bay about the end of May, christened the point of debarkation, near Fort William, as "Prince Arthur's Landing," by which it will doubtless be thenceforth known. The colonel found some difficulties in the way of a quick movement forward, for the removal of which prompt measures were adopted. Col. Wolseley is the author of a work on "China," and also "The Soldier's Pocket-Book for Field Service," the latter published by McMillan & Co., in 1869. The numerous decorations worn by him bear testimony to the extent and gallantry of his services in the field, his regiment (the 90th) being entitled to sport upon their colours, among other names, those of "Sevastopol" and "Lucknow."

It is as yet somewhat doubtful, from the conflicting rumours that find their way into the papers, whether the expedition of which Col. Wolseley is Commander-in-Chief, is to be altogether a peaceful one, or whether it may not meet with armed resistance. It is all the more satisfactory therefore to know that the men are under the direction of an officer who will keep them well in hand and provide as far as possible for all contingencies. A correspondent writing from "Prince Arthur's Landing," says:—"A gentleman who has spent many years in travelling through the lakes and woods of British North America, and who knows the route now about to be taken, said, with reference to the "Standing Orders," that the orders were excellent, and the precautions which Col. Wolseley had taken to prevent the woods being set on fire and to provide for possible sickness, evinced a knowledge of the country and its requirements which could hardly have been expected except from an old woodsman. It is not often that the English War Office—if it be the War Office—stumbles into the accident of putting the right man into the right place."



THE "CHICORA." From a photograph by Davis.—See page 531.

No. 39. — BROWN CHAMBERLIN, ESQ., D. C. L., &c.
 LIEUT.-COL. 60TH BAT. MISSISQUOI VOLUNTEERS.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

Of late weeks the familiarly known Mr. Chamberlin, Member of Parliament, and the equally recognisable Mr. Chamberlin of the *Montreal Gazette*, have both been lost sight of in Lieut.-Col. Chamberlin, the "hero of Eccles Hill;" and even this new designation is now fast giving way to that of Mr. Chamberlin, Queen's Printer. The subject of this notice has therefore won treble distinction as journalist, legislator, and successful military officer. With respect to the last named, our columns have already contained the record of the success attending the handful of volunteers under Col. Chamberlin's personal command at the engagement on the 25th May, and of the high commendations he received from his superior officers. In giving a brief sketch of his life, at what may be termed the close of his public and the beginning of his official career, we shall have occasion to allude to his labours in the other fields indicated.

Brown Chamberlin was born at Frelighsburgh, in the County of Missisquoi, where his father practised as a physician for many years. Having completed his education at the University of McGill College, Montreal, Mr. Chamberlin applied himself to the study of law and was called to the Lower Canada Bar in 1850, taking the degree of B. C. L. at the University of McGill College the same year. He has always continued in close relationship with his *Alma Mater*, having been a fellow and member of the University Senate since 1854. In 1857 he received the hon. degree of M. A., and in 1867, that of D. C. L. He is also a member of the Convocation of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, and hon. M. A. of the University. His literary associations have also extended to less pretentious, but in their



BROWN CHAMBERLIN, Esq., D. C. L., &c. From a photograph by Notman.

sphere, no less useful institutions, such as the Montreal Literary Club; McGill University Society and the Art Association of Montreal, of all of which he was an active member and wore the honours of high office in them.

Mr. Chamberlin did not long follow the practice of the law. His literary associations already mentioned; besides the fact of his having been an occasional contributor to "the papers" and law reporter for the *Montreal Gazette*, decided his choice in favour of the thorny path of the journalist, and accordingly, in 1852, in partnership with Mr. John Lowe, he became one of the editors and proprietors of the *Montreal Gazette*, his active connection with which continued uninterrupted until after his return to Parliament, since which time it has necessarily been less close, though we believe it has only been very recently that he finally withdrew from the editorial staff of that paper. Under the editorial management of Messrs. Lowe and Chamberlin the *Gazette* earned a high reputation for the ability with which it was conducted; and while we pretend not to disclose the "hand" or the "voice" of either in its control, we may say that both have deserved much of journalism and of the country, for the elevated tone they imported into political discussion. No one familiar with the press in Canada for the past twenty years, can fail to observe its great change for the better, in respect to style of argument, courtesy in debate, and freedom from personalities; and towards this change the gentlemen named have very largely contributed. In 1857 Mr. Chamberlin was appointed Secretary to the Lower Canada Board of Arts and Manufactures, which office he held until 1862, when he went to England as one of the Canadian Commissioners to attend the Great Exhibition held that year. He also published, in 1853, "A lecture on the British North American Colonies;" and in 1859, a



MOOSE FACTORY, HUDSON'S BAY. From a photograph.—SEE PAGE 531

"Report upon institutions in London, Dublin, Edinburgh, and Paris, for the promotion of Industrial Education."

At the general election in 1867, after the Union Act came into force, Mr. Chamberlin offered himself as a candidate for the representation of his native county, Missisquoi, in the conservative interest. He was opposed by the Hon. P. H. Moore, ex-member of the Legislative Council, but gained an easy victory at the polls, beating Mr. Moore by more than two to one. In the House of Commons as a new member, though from his long experience in the gallery, quite familiar with its forms and usages, he took but little part in the debates, speaking only upon a few important questions, and then with brevity, clearness and force. In subsequent sessions he took a more prominent share in the proceedings, giving hope to his friends that he would soon win for himself a leading position in the House; but eighteen years of active duty on the press, if it does not damp the energies, will at least cure most men of any great ambition for political distinction, and so Mr. Chamberlin resigned his seat in Parliament at the beginning of the present month and accepted the office of Queen's Printer which had been offered him by the Government. His appointment has given very general satisfaction and gratified a large number of his friends throughout the country. The good people of Ottawa among whom he has now settled down, have resolved upon commemorating his military services by presenting him with a sword, which Col. Robertson Ross has been commissioned to buy during his visit to England. Its presentation will no doubt be made the occasion of an oration to Col. Chamberlin.

PRESENTATION PLATE.

Those subscribers who have not yet received their copies of the Presentation Plate will be supplied therewith within a few weeks.

THE FIRST PRIZE STORY,

entitled "The Peace-Killer; or, The Massacre of Lachine," will be commenced with our next issue. It is a thrilling tale in which are skilfully interwoven some of the most interesting and exciting events of early Canadian history.

OUR FIRST VOLUME

is completed with the present number, and complete sets or odd back numbers can be supplied to order.

Montreal, 25th June, 1870.

CALENDAR FOR WEEK ENDING JULY 2, 1870.

SUNDAY,	June 26.—2nd Sunday after Trinity. George IV. died, 1830. Steamer "Montreal" burnt, 263 lives lost, 1857.
MONDAY,	" 27.—Charles XII. of Sweden born, 1645. Abbé Montigny, first Canadian Bishop, arrived at Quebec, 1659. Dr. Dodd executed, 1777.
TUESDAY,	" 28.—Coronation Day. Great Fire at Quebec, (1,300 houses), 1845.
WEDNESDAY,	" 29.—S. S. Peter and Paul. Sir P. Maitland Lieut.-Governor, 1820.
THURSDAY,	" 30.—Paulus Emilus Irvine, Pres. of Canada, 1766. Wm. Roscoe died, 1831.
FRIDAY,	July 1.—DOMINION DAY. Confederation of the Provinces, 1867.
SATURDAY,	" 2.—Visitation of B. V. M. Great Fire at St. Johns, Nfld., 1854.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1870.

As the Red River expedition advances towards its destination, there is some anxiety regarding its reception by the "provisional" authorities at Fort Garry. Rumours are not wanting of preparation for resistance, and the frequent notice taken by the *New Nation* of the manoeuvring of "Col. Commandant Gay's" Cavalry is somewhat ominous. They drill as "cavalry firing parties" and the Winnipeg paper is enthusiastic at the precision of their shots, some of them firing "twelve shots on the half-mile dash and hitting the target each time." There is certainly no occasion for such a force to keep the peace in the Red River Settlement, and though it may be possible that they are merely playing at soldiering, still the title of "Col. Commandant" has a wondrously official ring about it, in a small community in which so many people have risen to substantial power and the prefix of "Hon." Another rumour is that the hunters on the plain, to the number of four or five hundred, are holding themselves in readiness to oppose the expedition by force at the command of Riel; while again it is said that the party in the Settlement opposed to him will be utterly disgusted should a lenient policy be adopted towards the insurgents. As to the aid which the Fenians will afford little store may be set by it; they have received a lesson already and will not be inclined so soon to dispose of what stock of arms and ammunition they have yet remaining.

There are two other disagreeable features in the case to be noticed; the first, that of a general amnesty, upon which it is understood Riel insists and for which he is prepared to fight; the second is the consideration of the Manitoba bill by Riel's Legislature. With respect to the amnesty it appears to us that Canada has but one way to act; there was no offence committed against Canada in the Red River country, for the reason that Canada had neither political

nor civil jurisdiction therein. Hence, there being no crime there need be no pardon. But the Canadian Courts may be moved in certain cases to try persons charged with criminal offences within the Territory; and to such persons the Canadian Government has no power to grant an amnesty, for the reason that the pardoning in such cases cannot be exercised until after trial and conviction. There is clearly then no room for amnesty from Canada. The Hudson's Bay Company or the British Government, the two parties having legal jurisdiction within the Territory up to the present time, may act somewhat differently. The former may pardon the insurgents for plundering its stores, and sign a discharge in full for the forced loans; while the latter can grant amnesty for such treasonable deeds as may or are supposed to have been perpetrated there. Were this step taken by the British Government, it might then become a question for the law courts to settle whether Riel and the members of his so called court-martial could be prosecuted for the execution of Scott. Under any circumstances, we do not see that Canada has even the right to grant amnesty, or that its Government has the power to prevent any man from being tried for a crime over which the courts have cognisance; to pardon afterwards is a very different affair.

Mr. Riel has told his Legislature, and the *New Nation* has taken care to insist upon the point, that the terms of Union must be submitted for their consideration, and that if not acceptable, they will be rejected. This may also be the cause of trouble. Doubtless there are those at Fort Garry, as elsewhere, who would cavil at the bill, but it cannot be permitted that its going into effect should depend upon the action of an illegal, or, at least, extra-legal assemblage. The Government of Canada has not recognised that of President Riel in any form; it has, on the contrary, maintained that the Hudson's Bay Company has been, and is, up to this time, the legal governing body in the settlement. Were the so-called Legislature at Fort Garry to pass their own approval of the bill, and cease all pretention to authority the moment it became law, no harm could come of their taking it into consideration; the danger can arise only in case they should attempt its amendment.

It may not be improbable that the possibility of some of these circumstances leading to further difficulties has been the cause of the delay in completing the transfer to Canada. Assuredly, if there is to be a collision, it is far better that the Imperial Government should in its own name establish the Queen's authority than that the territory should be annexed to Canada while a portion of its population were in armed resistance to the union. It is sincerely to be hoped, however, that the expedition will be able to fulfil its design as a peaceful one for the maintenance of order and the reassertion of law. It will certainly best become those who have been playing at government and legislation for more than six months to lay aside their assumed prerogatives and quietly take their chance of future promotion under the operation of the Manitoba Bill. In one particular we can heartily endorse the sentiment of the *New Nation*, that acrimonious and insulting attacks upon the people of Red River should not be indulged in by the press of Canada. At the present time especially it is desirable that no fresh cause of irritation should be given, for until the transfer is made, and the Manitoba Bill fairly in force, any trifling circumstance may lead to serious trouble in the territory; as it is evident from Riel's proclamation, published elsewhere, that he at least is very far from being satisfied with the aspect of affairs, as he viewed them on the 14th of last month. The tone of his proclamation makes it very clear that he would unhesitatingly take up arms were he sure of support; hence, probably, he may have issued his manifesto as a "feeler." It is rather a singular circumstance that the *New Nation* of 20th May did not notice this proclamation, thus giving colour to the assertion once before made, that our Winnipeg contemporary represents matters not as they really are in the settlement, but as the party now in power there would wish to have them appear in Canada.

THE PREMIER'S HEALTH.

We are glad to have the opportunity of stating that the health of Sir John A. Macdonald continues steadily to improve. He is now so far recovered as to be able to take a little outdoor exercise.

On Tuesday last the Hon. Dr. Tupper, C. B., was sworn in as a member of the Privy Council. He succeeds the Hon. Mr. Kenny as President.

The Fenian General, Donnelly, who was wounded at the battle of Eccles Hill, is dead. May his fate be a warning to others of his countrymen who entertain murderous designs against the people of Canada.

Charles Dickens left a fortune to his heirs of £80,000. Wilkie Collins is to finish the story, 'The Mystery of Edwin Drood.'

SAD AND FATAL ACCIDENT.—We deeply regret to learn from a private letter that Mr. Christopher Abbott, brother and partner of the Hon. J. J. O. Abbott, Q. C., was drowned on Sunday afternoon, from the capsizing of a sail boat, near St. Anne's. Mr. Abbott was out sailing with his son Charles on the Dagmar. In turning about, when distant a mile from the shore, the sheet caught in the tiller, and so upset the boat. She was ballasted with sand in the bow, so she went down at once with the stern up. They remained some time on the boat bottom, the mast of which was fast in the sand, in the shallow lake, when they took off their clothes to swim to the shore. The boy for a while supported his father, who became cramped. At length he suddenly let go and told the boy to swim ashore, and in a moment was gone. The boy waited as long as he could, but saw no more of him, and at last made his way to the shore much exhausted. His mother then knew nothing, and he had to tell her. After being recovered with some brandy, he went in search of help, and found some people about two miles off. All efforts made to find the body have proved in vain. The accident causes the greatest sorrow and grief.—*Montreal Gazette*.

AFFAIRS AT RED RIVER.

Press despatches from St. Paul on Tuesday last state that on the 1st June, Riel's "Secretary of State" had written to Rev. Mr. Ritchot protesting against the expedition and expressing strong distrust of Canada. The same despatches say that Louis Riel issued a proclamation in French, dated Fort Garry, May 14, in which he says he does not believe the present active measures of the Canadians are altogether in the interest of the Confederation or of England, but of their own selfish objects, and to acquire criminal superiority over the people of the North-West. The men of Upper Canada, whom we have avoided quarrelling with the past six months, have sought to divide us into factions; civil war has been proclaimed in our midst, and those who stirred it up usurped famously the name of Her Majesty. These strangers we have been compelled to frequently imprison, but we soon set them at liberty again, even if we knew they could do us all the injury in their power; and because one of them was made an example of, Canadians wish now to make war on the people of Red River in spite of the declaration of Sir John A. Macdonald that the Canadian Government has no jurisdiction in the country.

This people have formed a Provisional Government, which Government desired that the North-West should not enter Confederation before all classes of civilized men in this country had secured a guarantee to be placed on a footing of equality. The Canadians do not wish to respect the rights of any body in an English Colony. They hope to associate their personal projects with those of the Imperial policy in British North America. They ought to know the only way to ensure extension and continuation of Confederation is to place on an equal footing all the British North American Provinces.

The proclamation continues as follows:—

The principles which govern us on forming the Provisional Government in October last, were published in Canada in November. They are now as then, the line of conduct of the Provisional Government. The English flag which floats over our heads will render them this great testimony in our favour. Full of confidence in principles which form our strength, we do not regard as loyal subjects of Her Majesty those who have united to make war on us, or who yet insist on making it because of the line of conduct we have pursued, in order to ruin us, and finally raise themselves upon our ruin. They have always counted us in the rank of barbarians; but notwithstanding our great difficulties, we have never appealed for aid to the dangerous element of savage tribes. On the contrary, while we have spared nothing to keep them quiet, others have just sent through our country, where their Government has no jurisdiction, emissaries with the fixed purpose of creating hostilities among the Indians, but we hope Providence will aid to the complete pacification of the North-West. We hope the crown of England will facilitate the solution of the great complications which have been caused by great political imprudence. Our cause is that of an English Colony, and of liberty. A people whom progress and civilization fill with ambition envy us on one side, and on the other numerous savage nations, of whom we live in fear and apprehension. The people of Red River serve as an intermediary between the two grand divisions; in effect we are allied to both by blood and customs.

The Province of Ontario, in arresting our delegates, which the Federal Government had invited by three special Commissioners, has committed an act against which we protest in the name of the people of the North-West. We denounce this ignominious act to a civilized people. We appeal to the law of nations, which Upper Canada has always ignored when it was concerned, which the Federal Government has not had the honour to vindicate, but which we insist upon by every means possible to us.

(Signed) LOUIS RIEL,
President.

Mr. Shirley Brooks succeeds Mr. Mark Lemon as Editor of *Punch*.

THE COST OF WAR.—M. Leroy-Beaulieu, in his "Recherches sur les Guerres Contemporaines," supplies some very curious statistics about the cost of war. It is really surprising to see how much money is spent for every man killed on the field or sent away to die of his wounds or of some sickness of the camp. The thing was done with comparative cheapness in the Crimean War, where a vast number of men were got together at very close quarters. Between the Russians and the Allies there were more than three-quarters of a million men killed, each of them at the price of £433. On the other hand, the maximum of cost was reached in the American Civil War. Each one of the 281,000 deaths (though this is a small estimate, we should imagine) was purchased by an expenditure of £3,345. The belligerents in South America did the business more cheaply, not spending more than £900 per man. Small wars are generally costly. The Danish War extinguished 3,500 lives at an average cost of about £2,000. The campaign which ended at Sadowa must be reckoned, considering its brief duration, to have been expensive. Every life cost nearly £1,500. It is a strange necessity which makes civilized societies expend what would be a comfortable maintenance to three or four men on the destruction of one.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

SCIENTIFIC.

SHOT A REMEDY FOR ILLUS.—Dr. Maydiou, of Argent, in Franco, states in the *Journal de Méd. Prat.* (quoted by the *Bulletin de Thérap.*, May 15, 1870) that for seventeen years he had treated cases of ilcus by the means recommended in books, and had always failed. Four years ago he tried the old remedy of heavy substances ingested into the intestinal canal, and has been invariably successful in the twelve cases which have latterly come under his care. Instead of actual bullets or crude mercury, M. Maydiou uses shot No. 5. About seven ounces are carefully and repeatedly washed, then mixed with four ounces of olive oil, and the patient takes a dessert-spoonful of the combination every half-hour. Five or six hours afterwards the vomiting ceases, gases are expelled, and an alvine evacuation is obtained. The author does not, however, neglect other means, such as warm baths, soothing applications, &c., and especially insists upon enemata with milk and honey—viz., one pint of the former to three tablespoonfuls of the latter.

DREAMING AWAKE.—Dr. Faure communicates to the *Gazette des Hôpitaux* the case of a wine porter, about forty years of age, whom he found in a state of high fever with excitement. The patient related to him that whilst out with his cart, and having a sum of money in his pocket belonging to his employers, he had quarrelled with a cabman; that he had received a severe blow; that the cart had backed into a looking-glass shop, and had smashed a great quantity of property. The blow had stunned him, and he had recovered after receiving assistance in a neighbouring house. He was afraid of telling his misfortune to his family, and felt great distress at the event. Dr. Faure prescribed for him, and on inquiry found that nothing had happened. It was but a dream, which had begun in the night, from the Wednesday to the Thursday, and which continued on his waking. The delusion continued up to the Sunday, when, after spending a sleepless night, and grieving over his mishap, he had an hour's sleep. On awaking the dream had ceased, and the patient was well.

A NEW ALKALOID IN OPIUM.—In 1803 Derosene discovered a crystalline body in opium, and, in 1817, Serturmer described its properties. This was the first discovery of a new class of bodies called vegetable alkaloids, and, consequently, points an era in the history of chemistry. Since then, more than one hundred analogous bodies have been discovered, and we count among them some of our most prized medicines. We need only mention quinine, narcotine, strychnine, brucine, theine, nicotine, conine, morphine, codeine, etc. Since attention was directed to opium by the labours of Serturmer, chemists have discovered in that gum a large number of different alkaloids, representing the peculiar properties of the medicine, and it was supposed that this field of research was exhausted. It appears, however, that still another base has been discovered. The new body has the same chemical composition as morphine, minus the elements of water. Its special therapeutical property is, that it is deprived of the narcotic effects of morphine, and acts as a powerful emetic. Injected sub-cutaneously in minute quantities, it produces violent vomiting in the course of five minutes. This property is so strong that the chemists who prepared it had great difficulty to overcome the constant feeling of nausea superinduced by it. The new body was discovered by Messrs. Matthiessen & Wright, of Saint Bartholomew's Hospital, London; and if all that has been said of it be confirmed by subsequent experiments, it is destined to play an important part in medicine.—*Scientific American.*

AUSTRALIAN TELEGRAPHY.

A telegraphic undertaking of great magnitude has been projected in South Australia. The agent-general for that important colony has just received a telegram, intimating the intention of his government to unite the northern and southern portions of the continent of Australia by a line of telegraph. The line will run from Port Augusta, on the north coast, to Port Darwin, on the south, where it will be connected with the submarine cable which is about to be laid by the British Australian Telegraph Company. When these and subsidiary works are completed, the principal cities of Australia will be brought into direct telegraphic communication with London. That the government of South Australia should have taken the initiative in such an enterprise is a proof of its possessing both foresight and boldness. The result of carrying a telegraph across the continent will be to render the interior much more better known than it is now. Discoveries of great value may be made while the work is in progress. It was not till the Americans had constructed the Pacific Railway that they became well acquainted with the actual worth of large tracts of country in the heart of the continent, and ascertained the existence of large beds of coal midway between the Atlantic and Pacific. The real character of much of the Australian continent has yet to be determined, and will probably be made known, in a like manner. The railway must follow the telegraph. It is to be hoped that the parliament at Adelaide will heartily assent to the proposition laid before it by the government, and thus further the completion of a design which, while of vast local importance, will also prove of great advantage to the empire.—*Daily News* (Eng.)

TROOPS IN THE COLONIES.—A Parliamentary return shows the number of effectives of all ranks of the army actually stationed in India and the several colonies and garrisons abroad at the commencement of each of the last ten financial years. In Bengal the numbers were 47,816 in 1860, and 37,662 in 1869; in Bombay 12,263 and 12,102; and in Madras 10,875 and 10,984 at those two periods respectively. In Canada the number was 2,263 in 1860, but rose to 12,949 in 1862, when the Civil War was raging in the United States; in 1869 the number was still 8,118; at all three periods above a thousand of colonial corps are included. In Nova Scotia, including New Brunswick and Newfoundland, the number in 1860 was 2,037, including 254 colonial corps; and in 1869 3,896, including 186 colonial corps. In Bermuda 1,086 in 1860, and 2,160 in 1869. In Australia 1,695 in 1860, and 994 in 1869. In New Zealand, 1,120 in 1860, above 10,000 in 1864 and 1865, 6,692 in 1866, 2,820 in 1867, 911 in 1868, 797 in 1869. In Jamaica 1,975 in 1860, including 861 colonial corps; 1,342 in 1865, including 627 colonial corps; 1,933 in 1866, including 1,224 colonial corps; 1,834 in 1869, including 935 colonial corps. In Honduras 350 in 1860, 326 being colonial corps. In Honduras 350 in 1860, 326 being colonial corps; 227 in 1869, 226 being colonial corps. In Bahamas 329 in 1860, 317 being colonial corps; 382 in 1869, 380 being colonial corps. In the Windward and Leeward Islands 2,278 in 1860, 1,089 being colonial corps; 1,400 in

1869, 511 being colonial corps. At the Cape of Good Hope 4,775 in 1860, 841 being colonial corps; 4,216 in 1869, 469 being colonial corps. On the West Coast of Africa 990 colonial corps in 1860, 1,609 in 1865, 912 in 1869. At Mauritius 1,671 in 1860, 1,555 in 1868, 648 in 1869. At Ceylon 2,460 in 1860, including 1,482 colonial corps; 2,113 in 1869, including 1,193 colonial corps. At the Straits Settlements 1,475 in 1869. In China and Japan 7,692 in 1860 (a time of war), 2,094 in 1869. At the Falkland Islands 36 colonial corps in 1860, and 34 in 1864. In British Columbia 156 (engineers) in 1860, and 131 in 1863. At St. Helena 466 in 1860, 390 being colonial corps; in 1869, 427. At Gibraltar 5,876 in 1860, 4,826 in 1869. At Malta 6,113 in 1860, 637 being colonial corps; 5,908 in 1869, 568 being colonial corps.

SUMMER FASHIONS.—Arrived at the full height of the season, we cannot but notice the extremely charming toilettes which are to be found for evening-dress. Ball-dresses are so tastefully trimmed with flowers, that Art seems to be trying its utmost to remind us, even in the ball-room, of the lovely dress Nature herself puts on so gracefully at this time of the year; and, indeed, Fashion does well to set herself to follow, however humbly, the behests of so fair a lady as Dame Nature. Flowers make a very elegant finish to a dress, placed either in bouquets or formed into light wreaths. The train is still worn for full dress, excepting by quite young ladies, and in their case the skirt should just escape the ground in front, and be slightly trained at the back. Many walking costumes are made of two colours. There is a material of which the two sides are of a different colour, such as blue and drab, brown and violet; but these, perhaps, are not quite in such good taste as when merely of two shades of one colour—dark and pale grey, dark and pale brown. Grey seems to be the favourite colour just now. There are some slight alterations in the make of the upper skirts or tunics; they are mostly cut round, the front breadths are always on the bias, and the back set on in very deep, full plaits. The manner of looping up, which constitutes the chief variety, produces the appearance of their being shorter in some parts than in others. If the tunic is to be draped behind, but perfectly flat in front, the back breadths must be cut longer than the front, and gathered or plaited in, either all the length of the front breadth, or the fulness be all drawn together in one place. It is impossible to describe the many ways in which a panier or tunic can be draped; but one thing is perfectly necessary—that it should be done on the figure, as it is quite impossible to make sure of producing a graceful effect otherwise. The length of the tunic depends on the style of the under-skirt; it should at its shortest part just meet the trimming of the skirt, so that when longer it falls a little over it. Black grenadine is a charming material for a tunic over a silk dress, and is most suitable for the time of year. The silk is made with a low body and short sleeves, and grenadine high with long sleeves. These tunics are trimmed with one or more flounces alternating with biases or pinked ruffles matching the dress, or with one or two tulle flounces also to match the skirt, which is trimmed in the same style. Plain silk dresses are sometimes trimmed with grenadine, the difference of the material making a slight variation in the shade, and also producing a lighter effect than a quantity of trimming of silk or fringe. It is made in flounces and thick ruffles, plaited or gauffered, of the same, or a little deeper shade than the dress—never paler. All transparent materials must be worn over a plain skirt—no pattern on the under-skirt of any kind, it must always be of silk, under barège, grenadine, or indeed any thin material but muslin, plain or printed. Muslin robes do not admit of an out-door jacket of the same, nor of one of black silk. Black lace is most suitable, or else the dress should be worn alone. In this case it is trimmed with several flounces or ruffles, plaited or fluted, hemmed, and edged with narrow lace. The trimming of the upper part of the skirt should imitate a tight jacket or large basque, and upon the body some lace or a round and square fichu renders the dress quite complete for a walking toilette. A ceinture, very bouffante and draped, may take the place of a basque. The summer bonnets are, many of them, novel in shape, and most of them charming coiffures. It no doubt needs a skilful hand to arrange the flowers and feathers, so lavishly used just now, so as not to give a heavy or grotesque appearance to a style of head-dress that should be kept as light and graceful as possible, but our modistes have become such true artists that we may safely affirm that a bonnet of the present season, from a good milliner's, is both elegant and becoming. Straw and chip are very much used, trimmed with bright-coloured ribbon or silk and black lace. The flowers should be put very high at the side, falling rather towards the back. Pink ribbon tulle, or gauze is in favour, and should be mixed with white daisies, lilies of the valley, white lilac, or honeysuckle. Many of the newest hats are being made with rather broad brims, à la batelière. These are trimmed with simple wreaths of myosotis, daisies, convolvulus, or other simple flowers, as they are mostly worn by young ladies. Other straw hats have the brim raised at each side, and bound with narrow ribbon, or a plaiting of ribbon. The trimming consists of a bunch of May or field flowers placed at the side, fastened by a bow of ribbon, with long ends falling over the chignon. The gauze scarf is still very much worn. We conclude our remarks for this month with two elegant coiffures—one in China crape, with a plaited crown, the plaiting continued so as to form a short curtain; a drapery of the same across the front, so as to form a diadem with a bunch of flowers or curled feather at the side; scarf of crape, with fringed ends, fastened loosely under the chin. The second of tulle or crape bouillonné, edged with narrow velvet; full crown of the same, with a plaited curtain, or rather veil, falling over the chignon; this veil must be edged with rich blonde. A band of velvet carried across between the crown and bouillonné, which forms the front, and on the summit of the head a bouquet of flowers, with a spray falling over the chignon. Strings of crape or tulle, edged with blonde, and fastened on the left side by a small flower or velvet bow.

The *Canadian Illustrated News*, published by G. E. Desbarats, is one of the most welcome of our exchanges. Finely printed on tinted paper, beautifully and profusely illustrated, and containing much well-written matter, it is a great addition to the parlour table.—*Scientific Press, San Francisco.*

Beauty has claims, for which she fights
At ease with winning arms;
The women who want women's rights
Want mostly woman's charms.

GREEK BRIGANDS AT HOME.

A correspondent of the *Lemberg Gazette*, a Polish paper published in Austria, gives some interesting information respecting the Greek brigands. He says that the principal band is composed of several hundred shepherds in the mountains of Hymettus and Pentelicus. These brigands maintain friendly relations with men of all classes at Athens, and have influential supporters among the various political parties, and especially in the army. Their victims are almost always either foreigners or Greek merchants and bankers. They look upon the native nobility as their patrons, and sometimes invite them to be godfathers to their children—an invitation which is seldom refused, as the relationship thus produced establishes a sort of free-masonry between the brigands and the nobles, and protects the estates of the latter against deprivations. One of the most popular of the old Greek families among the brigand bands is that of Prince Soutzo. The head of this family, Prince Demetrius, is the godfather of upwards of 60 brigand children. One day the Prince was hunting in the vicinity of Athens, when a brigand deputation invited him to a marriage feast of a member of their band named Andrea. The Prince followed the deputation to a secluded spot in the mountains, where Andrea presented to him his bride, who, according to the custom of the country, had sat for three days in a hut covered with green boughs, into which only women were admitted to offer her their farewell salutations on the approaching termination of her maiden life. Andrea unveiled the girl before the Prince, upon which she kissed him on the forehead, and invited him to take part in the marriage banquet. The Prince then sat down with the brigands, and various meats were brought in on silver dishes with wine in golden goblets, the Prince eating and drinking with his hosts till night. Shortly afterwards Andrea became notorious as one of the finest of the brigand chiefs, and a price of 1,000 drachmas was set on his head. Notwithstanding this no one dared to betray the bandit, and the Government at length ordered Prince Soutzo to go in pursuit of him with a detachment of soldiers. The Prince, however, begged the Government to relieve him of this duty, representing that if he accepted it the brigands would take a fearful revenge on his family. His petition was granted, and some one else was appointed to take the command, but all his efforts to capture Andrea failed, and ultimately the Government was compelled to send Prince Soutzo to negotiate with him, as the bandits declared they would not trust any one else. The correspondent adds that King George himself has had to show the bandits an amount of consideration which proves how powerful they are in the country. During his last tour in his dominions he was surrounded by a number of them in the mountains, headed by a notorious chieftain named Kara Janina. Advancing boldly to the King, she asked him to stoop down to her from his saddle, and after kissing him on the forehead wished him a pleasant journey, and recommended her children to his care.

An eminent French physician says that the decrease of dyspepsia and bilious affections in Paris, is owing to the increased consumption of apples—a fruit, he maintains, which is an admirable preventative and tonic, as well as a very nourishing and easily digested article of food. The Parisians devour one hundred millions of them every winter, and we do not doubt that these statements are perfectly correct. In fact, instances have come under our own observation where fresh fruit had an immediate effect in checking bilious tendencies in individuals, and we have heard of whole districts where bilious diseases became prevalent upon a failure of the fruit crop.

CHESS.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 11.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p><i>White.</i>
1. B. to Q. 2nd.
2. P. to Q. B. 3rd.
3. Kt. to K. B. 8th.
4. Kt. to Kt. 6th, mate.</p> | <p><i>Black.</i>
P. takes B.
K. P. moves.
" "
" "</p> |
|---|---|

W. G. M. sends the following solutions to Problems Nos. 10 and 11:

- | | |
|--|--|
| No. 10. | |
| <p><i>White.</i>
1. Q. to Q. 6th.
2. K. to K. B. 3rd.
3. Kt. to K. B. 4th.
4. Q. to K. B. 6th, mate.</p> | <p><i>Black.</i>
K. to Q. B. 4th.
K. to Q. Kt. 4th.
K. to move Q. R. 5th., or Q. R. 4th.</p> |
| No. 11. | |
| <p><i>White.</i>
1. Kt. to K. B. 6th. takes Pawn.
2. K. to K. B. 2nd. "
3. B. to K. B. 3rd. "
4. Kt. to K. R. 5th. mate.</p> | <p><i>Black.</i>
Pawn takes Kt. (best.)
" "
" "
" "</p> |

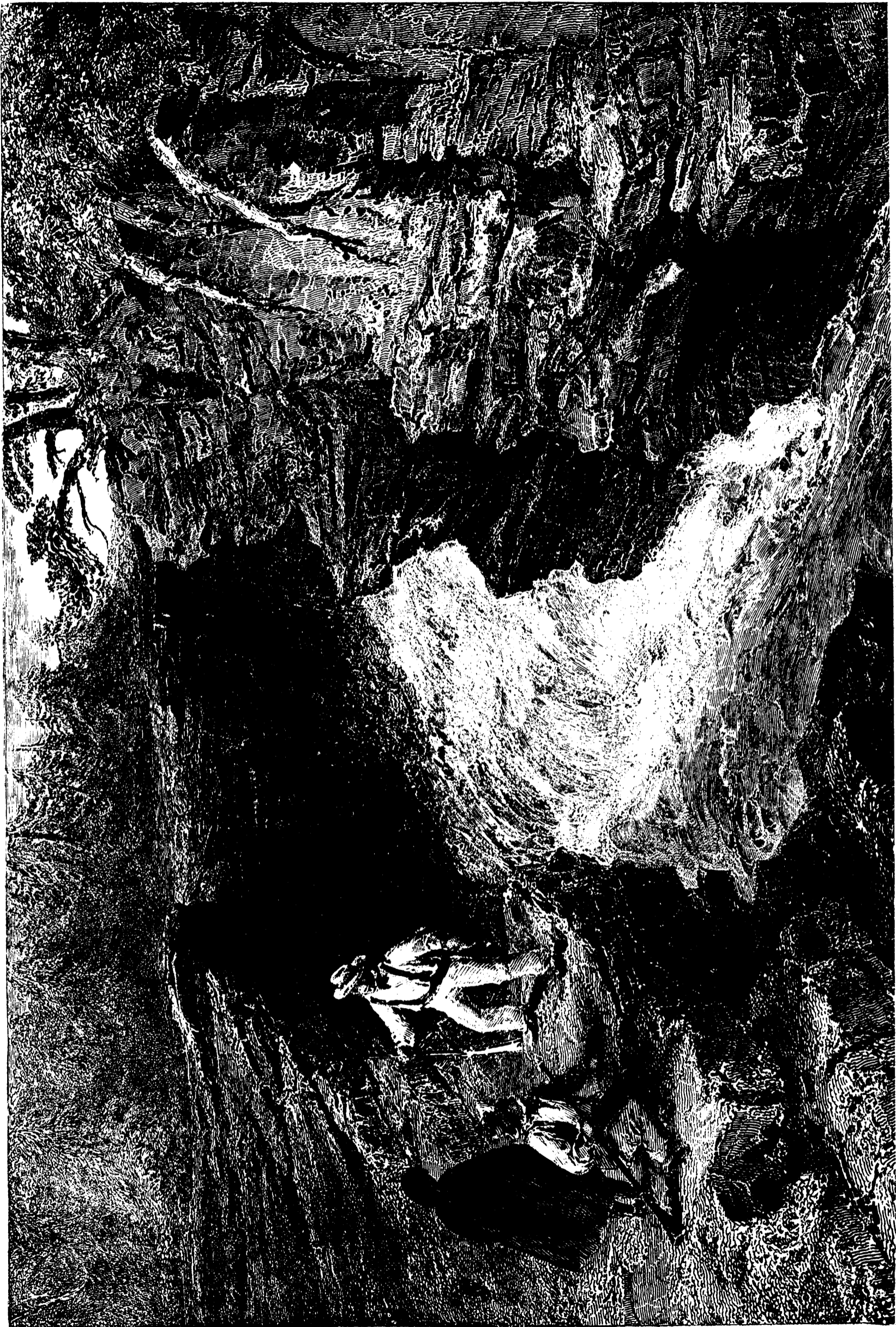
Temperature in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending June 21, 1870, observed by John Underhill, Optician to the Medical Faculty of McGill University, 299 Notre Dame Street.

	9 A. M.	1 P. M.	6 P. M.
Wednesday, June 15	73°	82°	78°
Thursday, " 16	76°	81°	78°
Friday, " 17	74°	84°	79°
Saturday, " 18	78°	87°	85°
Sunday, " 19	76°	88°	82°
Monday, " 20	67°	75°	74°
Tuesday, " 21	62°	62°	61°

	MAX.	MIN.	MEAN.
Wednesday, June 15	82°	61°	71° 5
Thursday, " 16	84°	63°	73° 5
Friday, " 17	86°	62°	74°
Saturday, " 18	90°	65°	77° 5
Sunday, " 19	90°	63°	76° 5
Monday, " 20	80°	61°	70° 5
Tuesday, " 21	65°	52°	58° 5

Aneroid Barometer compensated and corrected.

	9 A. M.	1 P. M.	6 P. M.
Wednesday, June 15	30.01	30.02	30.02
Thursday, " 16	30.06	30.08	30.02
Friday, " 17	30.15	30.16	30.12
Saturday, " 18	30.06	30.08	30.08
Sunday, " 19	30.15	30.08	30.00
Monday, " 20	30.00	29.98	29.93
Tuesday, " 21	30.06	30.16	30.20



NATURAL STEPS, MONTMORENCI RIVER. From Willis' Canadian Scenery.—SEE PAGE 531.



AN INCIDENT OF THE SAGUENAY FIRE.—SEE PAGE 530.

MRS. JELlicOE'S MISTAKES.

Is a semi-detached villa-residence, one of a long file of similar abodes lining a road uniting Notting Hill with Kensington, lived the Jellicoes—most respectable people. The house was neat and compact, with that slight drawback about it which attaches itself more or less to all semi-detached edifices where the fire-places are constructed back to back, and which exhibits itself in the curious phenomenon, that whenever a fire is lighted in the front parlour of No. 1, the smoke always comes down the chimney of the back parlour of No. 2, and so on through all the rooms in the house. But this admitted—and I think that full justice has never yet been rendered to the singular ingenuity of the British Builder who first effected this contrivance—the house was convenient and pleasant enough, with the regulation oak-graining in the parlours, and bird's-eye maple in the drawing-rooms, with white crockery door-handles and finger-plates, marble paper in the hall, a small garden in front, a larger one in the rear, terminating in a part-Gothic, part-Chinese, part-beehive, and wholly Cockney summer-house; a flight of very white steps, evergreens in pots masking the kitchen windows, a mahogany painted door, and a bronze knocker and foot scraper of *cinquecento* design. The Jellicoes were generally regarded as 'well-to-do.' Mr Jellicoe was a stock-broker and substantial capitalist. There was nothing Stock Exchangey, or risky, or uncertain about Mr. Jellicoe. 'James never speculates,' Mrs. Jellicoe was always saying, although, to do her justice, she understood as little about her husband's business as any wife ever did, and that is saying a good deal; but the statement conveyed to her mind a consolatory sense of repose, and safety, and solidity. 'James never speculates.' 'I made my money, such as it is,' Jellicoe would occasionally confess, when melted a little by that superb port he produced on high days only—I made my money in the great Chapel Court year. You know when I mean as well as any man. Ah, that was a time! I never bought a share for myself—all my transactions were for others, and my commissions amounted to—well, a very tidy little sum, I can tell you.' So Jellicoe. I know there are others who doubt the facts of this statement; they say that Jellicoe always secured allotments of shares when they were worth having, and though he did not hold them long, always managed to sell at a profit. I don't know how this may be; perhaps, when he thought his success pretty certain, he did not call it speculating; but when there was that frightful fall in guaranteed Michigans and Ohios, I, for one, observed that Jellicoe looked a little alarmed. But, after all, that is neither here nor there.

Mr. Jellicoe always left Notting Hill by the nine o'clock omnibus, returning home to dinner at six o'clock. He was a punctual man, and had never been known to miss the omnibus, or to come home late for dinner. If the cook could not have that meal ready at the appointed hour she was dismissed Mr. Jellicoe's service. About time and about money he was a jealous disciplinarian. The rumour went that Jellicoe kept account of his own personal expenditure even by double-entry; that he closed his books strictly at the end of the year, and drew up a balance-sheet of his assets and liabilities. He was always, it would seem, prepared for bankruptcy—the secret for success in which art seems to be, that you shall be as careless as you like with your money so long as you are careful with your books. Jellicoe was ready at any moment to place his schedule in the hands of the commissioner, and take the necessary oath about it forthwith. Now, if there was brier in the flowery path of Mrs. Jellicoe's married life, it was in reference to this martinet scrupulousness of Jellicoe's with regard to money. She was, generally speaking, a happy woman—a largely framed, amply covered, serene, sedate, comfortable woman, with a snug home, an affectionate husband, and a group of robust, hearty children about her; but that auditing of her house-keeping book by Jellicoe! She was not a clever woman; still, she had learned the use of the globes and Persian painting; she had acquired French from a Parisian, and singing from a member of the Royal Academy; as a school-girl, she had worked one of the most elaborate samplers that ever was seen, crowded with alphabets, stars, yew trees, fire-works, paroquets, and wreaths of flowers; but she was open to the charge of arithmetical deficiencies, which became the more appalling in the exaggerated view it pleased Jellicoe to take of the matter of figures. Mrs. Jellicoe was not a good accountant, and the consequent occasional *hiatus* and confusions appearing in the house-keeping books were the subject of serious discussion between Mrs. Jellicoe and her lord. Usually, the Jellicoes, after the withdrawal to rest of their children, passed together evenings remarkable, if not for liveliness, at any rate for placidity. Apart from his newspaper, of which institution he was a thoroughly British devotee, Mr. Jellicoe was not a great reader. Still, he subscribed to the great bibliotheca in New Oxford Street, and, as he seldom changed his books, was probably one of the librarian's most esteemed customers. There was generally a novel in process of perusal by Mr. and Mrs. Jellicoe, and of this a chapter was read every evening after the children had gone to bed. They steadily took up the book at the point at which they had put it down on the previous evening, always keeping a 'stop' in to mark their progress. This was not rapid, but Mr. Jellicoe appeared to deem it sufficient, and that he was thus keeping himself *au courant* with the literature of his time in a decidedly commendable way. There was this remarkable fact about the reading, that whenever Mr. Jellicoe read aloud, Mrs. Jellicoe invariably went to sleep; and if Mrs. Jellicoe read, then Mr. Jellicoe reposed. The result was, that though jointly, perhaps, they might have passed a tolerable examination in the book, severally, their acquaintance with it was of a character rather detached and incomplete.

But there were evenings when Jellicoe was not inclined for novel-reading, and still less for sleep; when he was fearfully unromantic and wide awake; when he would produce his desk—solid mahogany, with heavy brass mountings—and commence what he called 'checkin' the house-keeping book. It was a dreadful time for Mrs. Jellicoe. She must wait there to give all required explanations; she must submit to the most probing questions; she must be prepared at all points with answers; she, who knew what fearful chasms there were in the accounts, who knew that they would not, could not balance; that she had made her head ache for a whole day, trying to recollect some forgotten expenditure, and that her entire system of calculation was hopelessly faulty and wrong. Grand, reposed, ample woman that she was, she positively shivered and covered on the sofa while Jellicoe hung over the accounts, frowning intensely—but that is always part of an addition ~~made~~—with his pen in his mouth, the two ends projecting on

each side of his face, like the whiskers of a cat, and imparting to him an air of quite vindictive severity. Of course the book would not balance, would not add up. Jellicoe tried hard for a long time, only in the end to abandon the task in despair, or to proclaim some alarming deficiency to the house-keeping exchequer. The whole audit could only terminate in the ignominious discomfiture of Mrs. Jellicoe; and there was a great gulf of distrust, and uneasiness, and disappointment, between Mr. and Mrs. Jellicoe as they retired to rest that night.

A cloud hung over the breakfast of the ensuing morning. There was gloom, there was silence. You could hear the lumps of sugar fall gratefully to the bottom of the cups; you could hear the tea gurgle out of the pot, the dry toast crackle and yield beneath the crunching efforts of Mr. Jellicoe. 'Missy,' stirring her bread and milk, made quite a noise with the spoon. Missy, otherwise known as 'Totty,' was the youngest son of the House of Jellicoe; and on condition of being 'good,' which meant making no noise, and only speaking when she was spoken to, was permitted to breakfast with papa. The young lady's brothers had been up for some time, and were now suffering under the efforts of little Miss Burke, the governess, to graft education on them; a painful business for all concerned, though Jellicoe was proud of Bob's being put through his third declension in the Eton Latin Grammar. They were nice, clean, red and white, muscular children, but not clever. In the daytime, they were attired as Rob Roy Macgregor Campbells; in the evening, especially after dinner-parties at Jellicoe's, they appeared as so many infantine Hamlets, Princes of Denmark, in black velvet and silk-tights. Mrs. Jellicoe bent over the tea-cups. She looked rather dismal and preoccupied. She was deterred from attempting conversation by the portentous air of Jellicoe. If she ever caught his eye, he immediately turned away, to regard the black marble clock on the mantel-piece, as though to measure his time for the omnibus. Missy spooned away at her bread and milk, surveying her silent parents now and then with her great, round, wondering blue eyes, but saying nothing. 'Time is time!' and Mr. Jellicoe rose to put on his boots. He was prone to indulge in that description of sagacious proverbs. He was for ever saying, 'Time is time,' 'Money is money,' 'Business is business,' as though he found great solace and support to his commercial constitution by the application of such tonic truisms.

'Mamma is coming to-day,' observed Mrs. Jellicoe: 'she's engaged a fly, and is going shopping.'

'I don't see that we want anything,' replied Mr. Jellicoe, moodily. 'I hate unnecessary purchases—I hate bargains.'

'Well, James, the children's frocks'—

'Will do very well for the present, I'm sure.'

'They must have some summer things.'

'Well, wait till the summer comes: it's a white frost this morning.'

'And then, there's Meeker's dinner-party next week; and I'

'Well, you've your amber satin—what more can you want? The expenditure lately has been ruinous—quite ruinous, Amelia. There; don't say anything more. I must go now, or I shall miss the bus.'

He kissed his wife, rather flabbily than tenderly, it must be owned; he kissed Missy also—on the cheek, her lips being clouded with bread and milk—and went his way.

'No, no,' he said, as he descended the snow-white steps; 'five pounds is five pounds!'

And that was about the amount of the deficiency in Mrs. Jellicoe's housekeeping-book.

If you once concede that Mrs. Jellicoe was a stout woman, you cannot then escape from the admission that Mrs. Perkins, the mother of Mrs. Jellicoe, was a very stout woman: she was taller, broader, heavier, and more sweeping and superb in every way. When Mrs. Jellicoe wore silk, Mrs. Perkins wore velvet; when the daughter appeared in lace and ribbons, the mother was to be seen in jewels and feathers. Not that there was any competition between them; Mrs. Jellicoe at once confessed the superiority and inimitability of her parent.

'Isn't Ma a wonder?' was an enquiry she continually submitted to her friends. 'How she wears! More than sixty. Yes, her own hair. No, not the ringlets—those, of course, are put on. Lovely complexion, hasn't she? Ask her to sing. She'll be so pleased. She had a splendid voice.'

Upon solicitations consequent upon these remarks, Mrs. Perkins was occasionally led to the piano, a witching smile broadening her already broad and rather flushed face; and the instrument, belaboured by no gentle hand, a strong guttural sort of contralto voice was found to be in her possession, and *Bonny Dundee* was trolled out with a staccato gusto quite exhilarating to hear. I don't fancy that Jellicoe himself greatly relished these musical ebullitions on the part of his mother-in-law, but they had become too established institutions for him to be able to repress them very successfully. Nor was Mrs. Perkins a woman easy of repression; if you were not awed by her superior size, you could hardly fail to succumb before the tremendous courtliness of her manner. If you did not yield to her glance, you went down instantly before her smile. Besides, she had some experience in fascination. Three husbands had, in turn, led Mrs. Perkins to the altar; she had, in turn, mourned them all; was now 'alone again in the world,' as she phrased it; and yet not much the worse for her troubles—still smiling and velveteed, singing and ringleted, feathered and jewelled. She had made two or three voyages to India, and her house was consequently crowded with Indian, and Chinese, and Japanese marvels. She was a first-rate hand at a curry, and took her tumbler of brandy-pawnee every night before she went to bed, with a regularity said by her intimates to have been acquired in the jungle. She was good-natured enough in her way, which was rather of the violent and impetuous; had a strong, hearty, man's laugh, which she never dreamed of sparing; a wonderful passion for brilliant costume; a strong affection for her only daughter (Amelia, or 'Mely,' as she called her); and a great respect for Mr. Jellicoe. I fancy that of old there had been severe contests for supremacy between Mrs. Perkins and her son-in-law, and that some vigorous line of action on his part, ending in the defeat of the lady with great loss, had won for him her veneration and submission thenceforth. He was too good-natured to be severe in his victory, and so Mrs. Perkins was always hospitably entertained, and welcomed, and humoured by her 'children,' as she called them, although Jellicoe had prohibited pre-emptorily all interference in the affairs of his household.

'Well, Mely, love, how are you?' asked Mrs. Perkins, as she stepped out of the fly, which, by the by, tilted and sloped very much as she did so, for I can tell you she weighed a trifle. She

was proud of her foot, and it was small for her size—fat women, I notice, often are proud of their foot—and her boots were certainly visible, plainly visible, as she mounted the steps of Mr. Jellicoe's house.

'How's J.? All right? Give us a kiss, Mely. You look pale, my chick. How are the children? Well? That's all right. Yes, I'll have a glass of sherry and a crust. Conch-man! Baylis! and she screamed out to her charioteer—you can go to the public-house, if you like. I shall stop here an hour.'

Baylis availed himself of this gracious permission. Mrs. Perkins took what she called 'a glass of sherry and a crust,' which really consisted of three glasses of sherry, a plentiful supply of cold roast beef, and a bottle of Guinness; but perhaps she only intended to speak generally.

'Pu's very cross,' said Amelia. 'I don't know what to make of him.'

'Is he, though? Have some Guinness, Mely? Do; it will do you good.'

I think if one could have arrived at Mrs. Perkin's notion of a really enjoyable afternoon, it would have consisted, firstly, in a plentiful lunch; and secondly, in a prolonged career of shopping afterwards. She always dressed magnificently on these occasions; and the way in which she sailed into shops; always proceeding to quite the far end of them, nearly swamping the minor customers she passed in her progress—her grand manner to the shopkeeper, and the courtesy with which she inspected his wares—now awarding her sovereign approval, and now her sovereign contempt: these were, indeed, fine things to see. Certainly the trouble she gave was not always proportioned to the value of her purchases. But it is to be presumed that something of the enjoyment she experienced was imparted to the merchants she traded with; at least, they evinced no disinclination to obey the mandates of Mrs. Perkins.

'I want a new bonnet, and a new mantle, and gloves and boots, and ever so many things. Come along, Mely. Here's Baylis. We'll have a nice long afternoon's shopping.'

And the two ladies drove off.

Miss Burke, rather heated from a long educational struggle with her three charges, and having heard 'Missy' gaspingly perform on the piano the beautiful melody, *In a Cottage*, amid the jeers of her brothers, escorted her pupils on a customary constitutional parade in Kensington Gardens.

Mr. Jellicoe was cross when he went away; there can be no doubt of that from Mrs. Jellicoe's point of view. He was no better when he came home again. Mrs. Jellicoe thought him very much worse. 'Can James have been speculating?' she asked herself. 'Things must have gone very wrong indeed in the city.' Certainly, about this time, city articles in morning newspapers described money as being tight, and a feeling of uneasiness as being prevalent. There had been a tremendous fall, too, in Connecticut Junctions, in which it was believed that Jellicoe had an interest; and the directors of the Wheel Polly Mine, it was said, had refused Jellicoe's application for an allotment. Of course, I speak with diffidence of Mr. Jellicoe's business doings; to outsiders, all crafts appear inscrutable and mysterious. I only know that Mr. Jellicoe was always to be seen running actively about in Throgmorton Street, with his hat rather off his head, a pen in one hand, and a slip of paper in the other. No doubt, this was all as it should be, and he was getting through a great deal of work, although he was very much more out of his office than in it. But it was evidently not only business matters that weighed heavily upon Mr. Jellicoe, if, indeed, they weighed at all. Mrs. Jellicoe had been detained rather late in her shopping; was not dressed in time for dinner; and both Mr. Jellicoe and the dinner had had to wait. Notwithstanding, the codfish was underdone. All this was provoking; but above all, or rather, under all, was the old grievance of the mistake in Mrs. Jellicoe's accounts. Mr. Jellicoe had not forgotten that, and Mrs. Jellicoe knew that he had not. As for Mrs. Perkins, to do justice to her astuteness, she perceived at once that, as she expressed it, 'J. was as cross as two sticks,' and accordingly declined a reluctant invitation to dinner, and gave orders to Baylis to drive home.

Mrs. Jellicoe was discomposed at breakfast, but she was even more seriously disturbed at dinner. She hardly ventured to address any remark to her husband; occasionally, she looked towards him, but only abstractedly. She ate sparingly, sometimes laying down her fork altogether for some minutes, then resuming it hurriedly. Mr. Jellicoe could not fail to notice a strangeness in her manner. He was a heavy, rather obstinate man, but he was not unkind. 'Are you ill, Amelia?' he asked.

'No, James; thank you.'

He went on with the sherry, for which his table was so justly celebrated. He had paid his wife the attention of asking after her health, and considering the mood he was in, it was perhaps all that could be expected of him. 'This cannot be only the mistake in the housekeeping-book,' she said, and he continued his dinner. Running about in Throgmorton Street, it seemed, was provocative of appetite.

There was a knock at the door. Mrs. Jellicoe started.

'What's that?' asked Mr. Jellicoe.

'Only a parcel, I think, James,' said Mrs. Jellicoe in a meek explanatory voice.

'Who for?'

'Really, James, I—I don't know. How should I know? Mrs. Jellicoe was mildly defiant.

'Amelia, I wish to know.'

At this juncture Parker, the parlour-maid, put her head in at the door and said: 'Please, sir, it's for me, sir.'

She must have been listening, I should think, or else she acted in pursuance of instructions. Mr. Jellicoe was silenced, but not satisfied; Mrs. Jellicoe partly relieved, but not wholly comfortable. Missy and the Rob Roys came in for dessert; their reception was not enthusiastic.

'O pa,' cries Totty, 'dere's a man in back-parlour.'

'Nonsense, Totty,' says mamma.

'What does the child mean?' asks Jellicoe.

'It's absurd, but I'll go and see.'

Jellicoe was not prepared for sudden action on the part of Amelia, or perhaps he would have stopped her. She left the room. Jellicoe told the Rob Roys not to make so much noise, and listened. He thought he heard voices in the back-parlour. He rose to go out after his wife. Then he heard the street-door shut, and in a minute Amelia returned, rather pale, but rubbing her white plump hands together with an affected cheerfulness and unconcern.

'It was nobody—it was nothing!'

Jellicoe looked angry, puzzled, and incredulous. Totty was busy with almonds and raisins; the Rob Roys were hard at

work devouring oranges gleefully. The olive-branches were soon dismissed to bed, rather abruptly. Totty's offer to rehearse her poetry was declined scornfully. The evening promised to be very sombre indeed.

'Who was in the back-parlour?' asked Mr. Jellicoe. Amelia paused, and looked at him; he was very angry, but she seemed to take heart rather from that.

'No one!' she said stoutly. Of course, that was not true; they both knew that; but she was determined to stop discussion on the threshold, and she adopted that improper mode of doing so. She rang for tea.

'Shall I go on reading the *Wrecker's Wife*?' she said as she took a volume from a side-table.

'No!'

'Will you read it, James?'

'No!' He thrust the book away from him angrily. He was in a great rage. The Jellicoes had never, since they were married, had so black an evening.

There was division between Mr. and Mrs. Jellicoe—distrust and division. It was a new feeling to both of them; and to do them justice, they neither of them liked it. In a prosaic and homely, but certainly in a strong and solid way, they had entertained most strong affection for each other. Jellicoe was not so absorbed by the money-market and city intelligence but that he had great love for his wife, and his children, and his home; and Amelia, with all her stout placidity, her well-dressed self-possession, and consciousness of dignity and comeliness, had much affection for Jellicoe. If he had been ill, she would have nursed him day and night; poor, she would have toiled at his side, or slaved for both of them and the children too. She would have gone to the world's end at his bidding. This was in her, I really believe, had occasion required it. But now a thick wall of separation was rising between them; and each hour of their silence and estrangement seemed to add a fresh stone to that wall, and to make reconciliation and restoration of affection more and more difficult.

A most doleful breakfast succeeded that night of melancholy. At an early stage of it, Totty was dismissed the table for not being good, or otherwise for being too conversational for the silent moods of papa and mamma. It was a dreadful thing when Jellicoe left his house for the city, without bestowing on Amelia the usual kiss at parting. It had often degenerated, that little tenderness, into a tepid performance of a ceremonial. Custom, perhaps, had staled its romance, but still it was typical of past gallantry and affection, and its pretermission now seemed very sad and cruel indeed. Amelia had something very like genuine hysterics when she was alone, and Jellicoe complained in the omnibus, all the way to the Bank, of having a fly in his eye. His omnibus friends thought him moody and morose; old Crocker, the indigo-merchant, openly prescribed for him blue pill. Certainly his glance was dull, his gait unelastic, and his speech curt. He found nothing to amuse him in his newspaper: his eye first fell on an impassioned advertisement, in which a distressed husband appeared to be conjuring a fugitive wife—appealed to under the affectionate title of 'Pussy'—to return and be forgiven; he next found himself perusing some painful matrimonial law-reports; and then he was struck by a case, brought before Mr. Bingham, in which an old acquaintance, 'the brine in human form,' was charged with a return of his old complaint, of wife-beating. Mr. Jellicoe thrust away his newspaper abruptly. At that moment, I think his views regarding marriage must have been, to use one of his own phrases, rather below par. But 'business is business,' and he was soon running about Throgmorton Street as actively as any broker in that locality.

Mrs. Jellicoe, too, recovered herself. She had an interview with Miss Burke touching the educational success of the Rob Roys, and listened to an effective performance by Totty of *In a Cottage*. She then took lunch at the children's dinner; wrote a letter to Mrs. Perkins, who occupied a small house near the Kensington gravel-pits; was 'not at home' when Mrs. Miss, and Miss Sophia Mecker called to pay a state visit; and then went for a little walk with Totty down the Notting Hill Road. But the dinner was but a repetition of the meal of the previous day—solemn and sad. Mr. Jellicoe seemed bent upon ignoring altogether the presence of his wife; he never once addressed her, and after dinner, occupied himself in the examination of a bundle of papers he had brought home with him from the city.

The evening post brought a letter from Mrs. Perkins to Mrs. Jellicoe, who read it with evident annoyance and disappointment, and then placed the missive in her pocket. Still more to recall the transactions of the previous night, there was heard also a similar single knock at the door. Mrs. Jellicoe left the room precipitately. Talking was now evidently to be heard in the hall. As though acting upon some pre-arranged principle, Mr. Jellicoe, this time, made no stir, did not rise from the table, did not appear to listen. He was intently occupied with his papers. There was quiet at last; the street-door was heard to close, and Mrs. Jellicoe re-entered, pale and angry, looking perhaps frightened a little too. All that night and the next morning, the dreadful state of siege, as between Mr. and Mrs. Jellicoe, continued.

The morrow brought Mrs. Perkins, driven by Baylis.

'I'm so sorry, so sorry,' cried that lady, as she entered the dining-room—with an eye towards the cellaret, I think—but I'm quite bankrupt; I shan't get my dividends for another month, and I haven't a rap, Mely.' Mrs. Perkins was accustomed to indulge in forcible language.

'What shall I do?' asked Mrs. Jellicoe.

'Is he cross still?'

Mrs. Jellicoe nodded her head mournfully and affirmatively.

'You've your jewels?'

Mrs. Jellicoe shook her head mournfully and negatively.

'You've the plate?'

Mrs. Jellicoe paused, and looked towards her parent with a puzzled expression. That lady stooped down and whispered in Amelia's ear—I am not quite sure of the word—but it was either 'pawn,' or an even less refined equivalent.

'No, mother, I will not,' said Mrs. Jellicoe, resolutely.

Mr. Jellicoe returned home from the city a little before his usual time. Entering the drawing-room suddenly, he found his wife occupied in the perusal of a letter, or what appeared to be a letter, which, at his approach, she thrust rather alarmedly under the sofa cushion. He contrived to prevent her regaining the secreted document. He lingered about the sofa. The first dinner-bell rang, and Mrs. Jellicoe was reluctantly compelled to withdraw to prepare for that entertainment. Mr. Jellicoe secured the letter. He brightened a little as he glanced at it.

'A clue!' he said, and he put it in his pocket.

He went up stairs to his dressing-room: on the landing was Mrs. Jellicoe. There was an expression of shame and penitence upon her face that was decidedly touching.

'O James!' she said, and she advanced towards him.

'Well, what is it?' He spoke gruffly. He was not a man easily melted.

'I am afraid I've been very foolish.'

'I dare say you have.'

But she had made up her mind, you see; she was not to be put down by his gruffness; she laid her plump white hands upon his arms.

'Very foolish—very wrong—very wicked!' And the plump white hands crept up to his shoulders.

She looked humbled, almost exaggeratedly so. He suffered himself to be led into a small room, which usually went by the name of Mrs. Jellicoe's boudoir. On the floor was a confused heap of brown paper parcels, large and small, some rent open, some yet corded. Mrs. Jellicoe waved her hands towards the parcels.

'James, I've been so foolish!'

Her pocket-handkerchief was produced; her voice broke, and tears dropped down the plump, substantial matronly cheeks. Mr. Jellicoe was moved, but he turned away his glance from his wife, for he had a duty to perform. He produced from his pocket the paper he had taken from beneath the sofa cushion, and commenced to read aloud:

'Important news from America! Alarming fire in Halifax, Nova Scotia! Damages estimated at a million dollars! A vast conflux of goods thus subjected to the unrelenting process of the most urgent and illimitable forced sales! Messrs. Towzer and Sons of Wigborne Street, Portman Square, have been instructed to sell absolutely and immediately the following superb property! By peremptory desire! Leviathan Sale.—N.B. At any sacrifice, they must, they are bound to sell.'

'And you have been duped by such stuff as this, Amelia!' and he went on. 'Richest Moire Antiques! Black French Glacé Ducapes! Lyon Brocaded S'ks! Persian Chenilles! Elegant Mohairs! Furs and Peluz! Magnificent India Gauze and French Sylphide Long Barège Shawls, shipped at £4 10s., only 11s. 6d. each! Solferino Cashmere Robes, a right elegant novelty, shipped at £3 15s., only 9s. 6d., full length!'

'How much do you owe Messrs. Towzer, Amelia?'

A voice husky with penitence and sobs answered: 'Twenty pounds, James!'

James groaned aloud. He kicked open a parcel.

'What's that?'

The voice behind the handkerchief whispered: 'A brocaded silk!'

Mr. Jellicoe read out:

'A grand unparagoned St. Etienne brocaded silk flounced robe, the prettiest and most graceful arrangement, shipped at £15 10s., only £5 19s. 6d.'—Mrs. Jellicoe, business is business, and truth is truth. You're a stout woman—eighteen yards will make a good full dress for you—fifteen, a scanty one. Measure that dress; if there's more than ten yards, I'm a Dutchman.'

Tremblingly Mrs. Jellicoe produced a ribbon-yard measure, and obeyed. The silk measured nine yards and a half. James was triumphant, Amelia very contrite. He disturbed another parcel.

'What's that?' he cried.

Amelia, frightened, screamed in explanation: 'O James, it was so cheap—only 9d.'

'Amelia, I did not expect this,' and he kicked with his foot another purchase of Mrs. Jellicoe's—a bargain—a widow's cap!'

'O James, forgive me; I did not mean anything!' She was on her knees trying to grasp his hands.

Parker tripped in. 'Please 'm, the man's called again. Oh, I did not know master was here; and she tripped out again.

'Tell me one thing, Amelia: Mrs. Perkins went with you.'

'Yes!'

'Remember! this is the very last shopping expedition. You'll deal in future at Old Brown's in Bishopsgate Street, who'll supply you with everything you want, under my instructions and approval. Now, I'll see this man.'

Mr. Jellicoe went down stairs. He found a glossily dressed, pomatumed, whiskered individual, bowing obsequiously, in the back-parlour.

'Our firm has sent again for the money. I called last night, and the night before. It really ain't usual.'

'I don't want the goods,' said Mr. Jellicoe, stoutly, 'and what's more, I won't have them.'

'Our firm really ain't accustomed!'

'I don't want any discussion. I keep one article, the widow's cap. I'll pay for that now. Here's sixpence, a threepenny bit, and a half-penny. I believe 9d. is the figure. I don't care about a receipt.'

'Oh, this here's chaff!'

'Look here: don't flurry yourself. I'm a man of my word. I won't have your goods. I know a thing or two about Messrs. Towzer and Son, and so do the magistrates in Marlborough Street. I warn you, if, in a quarter of an hour, you and your goods are not off my premises, why, I'll throw them out of the window—I'll kick you into the road—and I'll send a policeman after Messrs. Towzer and Son. Do you hear?'

Mr. Jellicoe strode out of the room looking every bit like a man who would keep his word. Somehow, the emissary of Messrs. Towzers seemed to think so too. In ten minutes, he had vacated Mr. Jellicoe's house, taking with him Mrs. Jellicoe's rash bargains, with the one exception.

The dinner was cold—it had been kept waiting some time—but it was eaten with greater relish by the Jellicoes than any meal of the last two days. Good humour was being re-established.

'James, I'm very sorry. You're not angry with me now?'

'No, Amelia, and he kissed her heartily. 'Only, never shop any more with my mother-in-law—never buy bargains. Get Bob—I'm sure he's old enough now—to help you in adding up the housekeeping-book. I'll allow a larger margin for sundries; and I am sure you can make it come right in future, if you try!'

'And the widow's cap—you won't keep that, James; let me burn it.'

'It shall be your next birthday present, Amelia, if you deserve it.'

She did deserve it, and she got it: and there was an end of Mrs. Jellicoe's mistakes.

[From the Spectator.]

AT TWENTY-THREE.

BY JOHN DENNIS.

Life is delight, each hour that passes o'er
Comes like a meadow's kisses to her lover,
Comes like the fresh breath of the mountain breeze,
Comes like the south wind trembling through the trees:
Or like the song of larks above the heather,
Or like a murmurous hum in sultry weather.—
A dreary bliss that knows no waking sorrow,
A present joy that craves no happier morrow,
When Love enthalls us till we bug the chain,
And Beauty's smile is worth a miser's gain!
When Hope is better than reality,
And Faith is boundless as the boundless sea.

Let worn-out cynics tell us Life's a jest,
We know its glory and we feel its zest;
Let parsons, languid on fat livings, preach,
That joy is something always out of reach;
Let pale ascetics deem God's world a gin,
To lure mankind and womankind to sin,—
We reek not if dyspeptic fools agree,
But laugh such croeds to scorn at twenty-three.

What though 'tis true that youth glides swiftly past:
That if we live we wear gray hairs at last:
That the keen rapture, and the wild delight,
The joyous freedom of our manhood's might,
The hopes, the fears, the passion and the glory,
Are transient features of a transient story,—
That love itself—youth's twin—will sea-cely stay
Till life has reached the Summer of its day;
Till, even she, the maiden of our Spring,
May fade ere Autumn's fruits be ripening?—
Time passes on but leaves its gifts behind,
Best for the heart, and riches for the mind.
If every year a golden apple fall,
Each year makes captive of some glorious thrall:
Tenth knowledge, virtue—all are ours to gain:
Life stretches onward like an unkown main,
Life stretches upward to the starry maze,
God's gates fly open at our ardent gaze;
A dazzling ray illumines the crystal fœ,
When Heaven lies near to earth at twenty-three.

THE DEATH OF THE AMERICAN BONAPARTE.

A New York paper of Saturday last says:—The telegraph informs us that Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, the head of the Bonaparte family in America, died at 2 o'clock yesterday morning at his residence in Baltimore. Mr. Bonaparte had been suffering for some time from cancer in the throat. His wife's mother, Mrs. Benjamin Williams, of Roxbury, Mass., also died in the same house two hours afterward. The father of the deceased gentleman was Jerome Bonaparte, the youngest brother of the Emperor Napoleon I. During the hostilities between France and England in 1803, Jerome, the father, was sent to sea, and after cruising sometime, came to this port and thence to Baltimore, where, on the 24th of December, 1803, he was married with great pomp at the Roman Catholic Cathedral, by Archbishop Carroll, to Miss Elizabeth Patterson, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of a wealthy and eminent merchant.

After the Empire was declared, Jerome returned with his wife to Europe; but as the marriage had not Imperial sanction, the latter was not allowed to land in France. Napoleon had the marriage annulled by a decree of his Council of State, but Pope Pius VII. refused to sanction the divorce, and this refusal has been ever since maintained by the Papal Court. Mme. Bonaparte went first to Holland, but not being permitted to land there, she proceeded to England. On the 7th of July, 1805, at Camberwell, England, she gave birth to a son, who was named Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, the subject of this sketch. On August 12, 1807, the Emperor caused his brother Jerome to become a bigamist, by marrying him to Frederica Catherine, daughter of the King of Wurtemberg. On the 18th of August Westphalia was erected into a kingdom, and the extravagant, half-educated Jerome was made king.

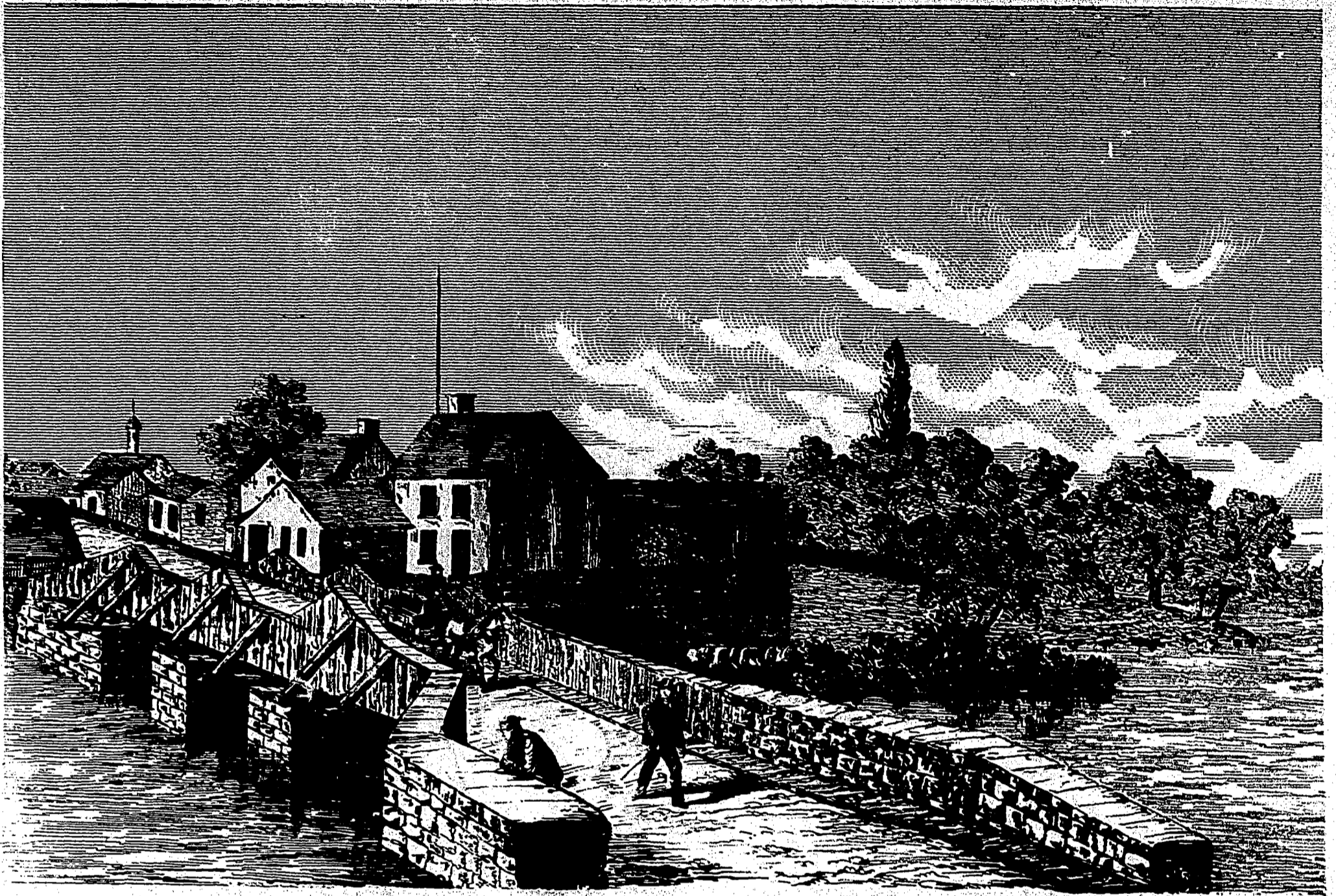
In 1852, when Louis Napoleon assumed the supreme control in Paris, Jerome, who had been in exile at Vienna under the title of Prince de Montfort, was called back to France, made a Marshal of the Empire, President of the Senate, and, in the failure of direct succession to the present Emperor, heir to the throne. By his second wife, the Princess of Wurtemberg, were born Napoleon Joseph Charles Paul, Prince de Montfort, commonly called Prince Napoleon, and the Princess Mathilde. Jerome Bonaparte was always violently opposed to the recognition of precedence for the child of Miss Patterson over those of the daughter of the King of Wurtemberg; and refused peremptorily to acknowledge his son and his son's children by any name but that of Patterson.

Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte was reared in Baltimore. He entered Harvard College, and graduated from that institution in 1826. Mr. Bonaparte originally intended practising law, but the care of his large estates and his love of agricultural pursuits deterred him from entering that profession. He was married early in life to Miss Susan M. Williams, of Roxbury, Mass., who was a lady of large fortune. He leaves two children, a son, Jerome Napoleon, a graduate of West Point, now a Colonel in the French army, and another, Charles Joseph, born in 1852.

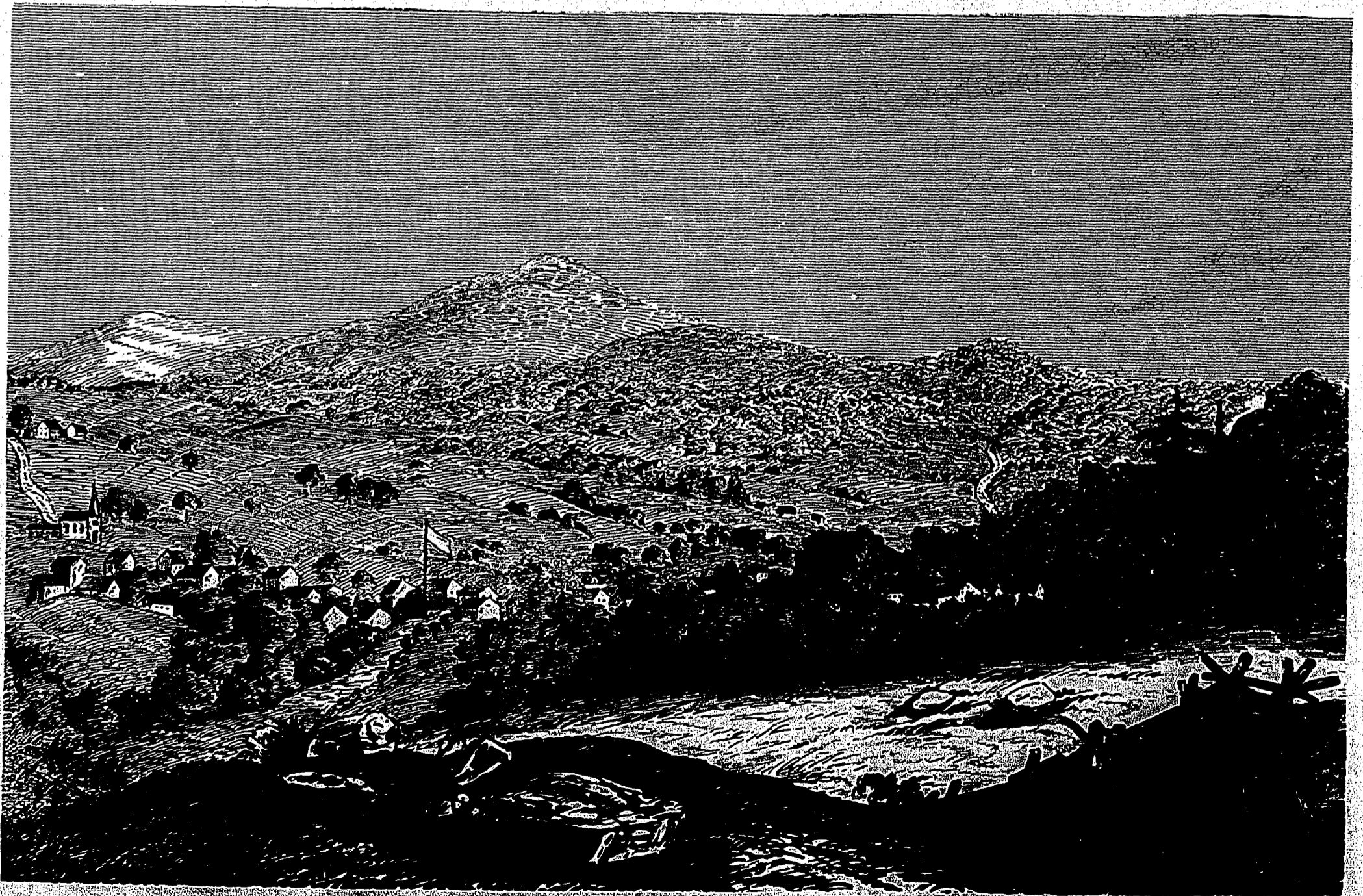
Mr. Bonaparte in his several visits to France was obliged to travel under his mother's name of Patterson. Still he attracted much attention from his singularly perfect likeness to the great Emperor. He has always been thought to resemble him more than the monarch's own brothers did. He was distinguished by the same shape of the head and perfect regularity of features, bronze countenance, and dark, piercing eyes of a peculiar tint. His figure, too, was cast in the same square, compact mould which we see in the pictures of Napoleon. He was always very proud of his likeness to the great Napoleon, and increased the resemblance by being closely shaven. Apropos of this striking likeness to his uncle the Emperor, Jerome Napoleon, on his last visit to Paris, upon appearing in his box at the Royal Italian Opera, was received by the vast assemblage, who rose *en masse* and welcomed him with shouts of "L'Empereur Napoleon le Grand!"

In regard to the validity of Jerome Bonaparte's first marriage, which, if fully recognized by the Court of France, would have given his son precedence over his half-brothers and the Princess Mathilde, there has been a great deal of controversy. The case is still pending in the High Court of France, being diligently prosecuted by the mother, the once lovely Miss Patterson, the reigning belle of Baltimore in her time. She still appears remarkably youthful, and always speak in terms of unbounded admiration of the first Emperor, who so cruelly wronged her.

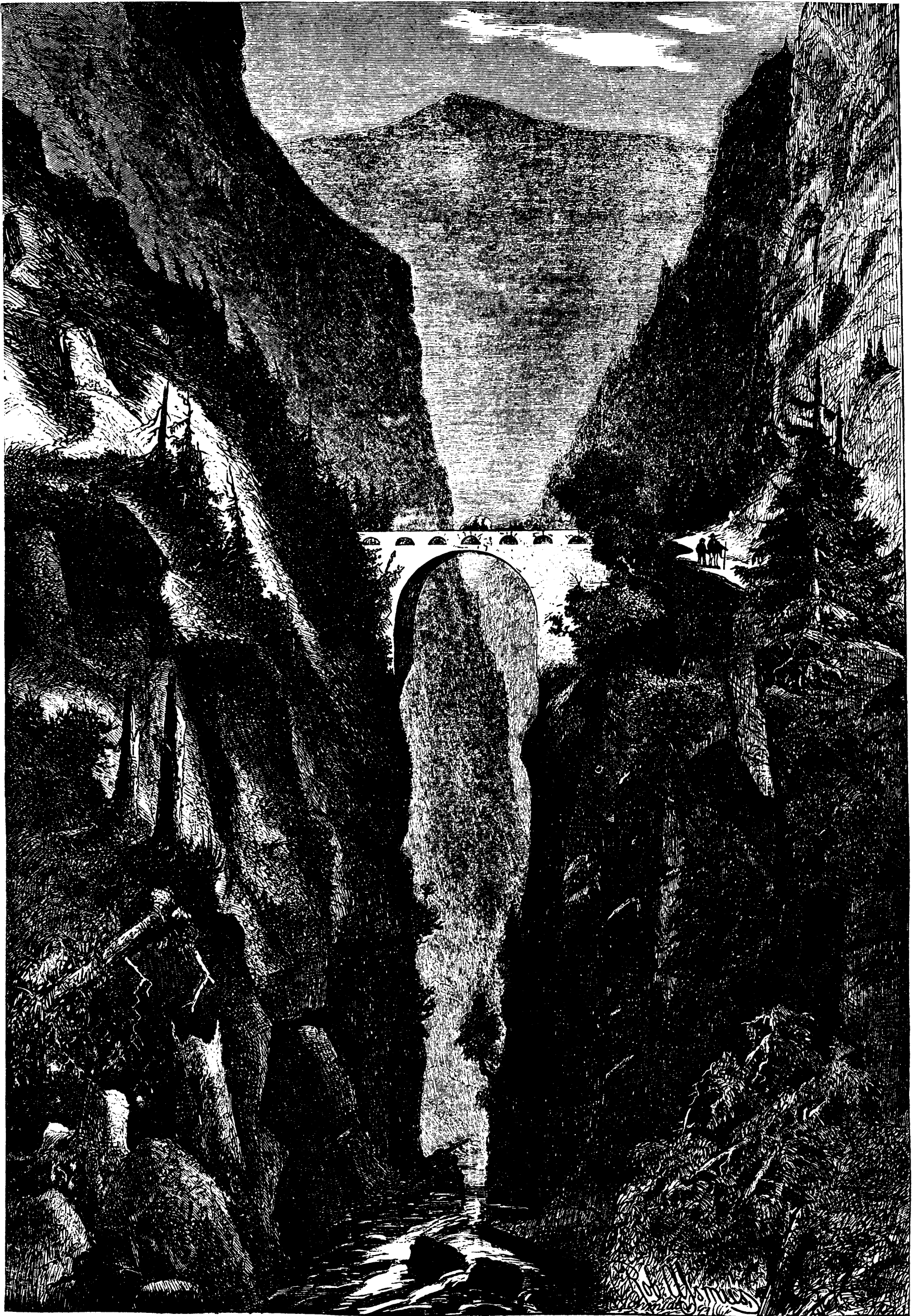
A Boston woman refused to permit her husband to go on a fishing excursion, "Because he was very apt to be drowned when he went upon the water, and moreover, did not know how to swim any more than a goose."



VILLAGE OF HUNTINGDON. From a sketch by our special Artist.—See page 531.



VILLAGE OF FRELIHGSBURG. From a sketch by our special Artist.—See page 531.



THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE, CANTON DES GRISONS, SWITZERLAND.—SEE PAGE 531.

THE HEAD OF MY PROFESSION.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

AT Brussels, the game began. There were hundreds of wealthy Englishmen there, and there were the usual number of sharks of all nations assembled to prey upon them. I was well received, and was, I believe, set down in many a private memorandum as a pigeon easy to be plucked. Crannel managed his affairs with consummate address. He gave the signal for me to lose almost constantly, day after day, even when I knew that he had heavy bets depending on my play, and though he had to pay my own losses as well as his. I could not understand it, and one night, after a repetition of the enigma, begged an explanation. He then informed me that the supposed losses he had endured were to confederates—the real ones being my own small stakes—and that I should see the result of this policy very soon. He was right in his prophecy. The confederates, who seemed to have won so much, excited the cupidity of others, and they having staked large sums, the signals suddenly changed, and I had to win. By what appeared the wildest and most furious play, I won game after game, which the most suspicious could only attribute to accident or the most unheard-of luck. The losers doubled their stakes, and lost again—and now, in lieu of the feigned thousands lost, the solid thousands poured in. So artfully did my patron control his greed, resigning even large sums when it was policy to do so, that no symptom of mistrust appeared; and for several weeks he went on reaping the golden harvest.

Suddenly, he announced his intention of starting for Berlin, and requested me to give my valet the necessary orders, to call in my accounts and settle them, for we should depart in twenty-four hours. I could not understand the reason, as he had certainly netted some thousands where we were, and might easily have doubled his gains. I was unwilling to move further, for I had formed some most agreeable acquaintances, and was already beginning to feel so much at home in the character I personated, as to forget the realities of my lot. I told him what were my feelings. 'That,' said he coolly, 'is the reason why we quit. Had you kept yourself more aloof, and formed no such close intimacies, we might have done well here for another month; but you have forgotten yourself, and imagine that you are something besides my servant.'

It was true—I had forgotten, and the reproof was just; but I hated him for making it, and was profoundly indignant at seeing that, spite of the gains I had brought him, he regarded me as a mere tool. I held my peace, however, complied with his orders, and the next day was on the road to Berlin, whither he followed me in a few days.

At Berlin, my valet, who was a creature of Crannel's, engaged a suite of apartments under the Lindens, where we awaited his coming. He came in due course, and the game was renewed under similar circumstances, and resulting in similar gains to my proprietor. We stayed in the Prussian capital over two months, during which time I was received in the best society, where, however, I could no longer feel at home, from the consciousness that I was debarr'd from private friendships. Here my first quarter's salary became due, and Crannel paid me the L.75, in terms of the contract, taking a receipt for the same. It may seem odd to the reader, who knows that a few months before I was contentedly working for journeyman's wages, that I felt intensely dissatisfied with my pay; but he who knows anything of the phenomena of a gambler's mind will readily believe that such was the case. In truth, I looked upon Crannel as a plundering scoundrel who had entrapped me in his meshes, and was robbing me wholesale of the fruits of my own talents. I conceived that I had at least an equal right with himself to my winnings—and I began daily to hate the sight of his long, stolid visage, and the piercing eye, from whose glance I could never be rid.

I need not recount the history of our wanderings and our well-timed visits to the various gambling centres of the European kingdoms. Be it enough to say that I was the tool of this Old Man of the Mountain for two years, during which time he had made large periodical remittances to his London banker. At the end of that period we sailed from Naples for Marseilles, and entered France.

Though Crannel must, almost from the commencement of our connection, have been quite aware of my feelings regarding him, he had never thought fit to manifest any consciousness that such was the case. He had scrupulously performed his part of the contract—paying my salary to the day, and defraying all the expenses of the expedition. On my part, I had given him no cause of complaint, feeling too well that I was in his power; but that I thoroughly hated and detested him, he knew as well as possible. Perhaps it was with some idea of appeasing my hatred that he informed me, as we were approaching the French capital, that it was his intention to double my salary this third year, if I answered his expectations.

'And what are they?' I asked curtly. 'Increased caution and self-restraint,' he said. 'Paris is the grand field of operations.

I should have taken you there at once, had you been seven years older; the two years' experience you have had elsewhere should have taught you the value of reserve. If you have learned that we shall do well; if not, we shall be soon blown, and success will be doubtful.'

I knew what he meant, and for my own sake, I treasured the hint, though I made some ungracious reply.

At Paris, my valet, according to his instructions, took apartments in the Champs Elysées, and hired me a handsome brougham. Instead of first frequenting the gambling-rooms, I allowed myself to be enticed thither by others. I pretended to know only the English game, and for some time would play no other. Then I grew fanatic for the French game, and learned that, and played it with all the airs of a novice, losing generally, and winning by accident when my patron gave the signal. He had now several confederates, his creatures, who played into his hands, and shared his gains, which at times were beyond all former precedent. When my salary became due, he doubled it according to his promise, without any expression of gratitude on my part, and the absence of which did not appear to surprise him in the least.

The position I had assumed in Paris enabled me to keep aloof from the gambling crowd, and materially helped him in carrying out his plans. An act of imprudence of mine, however, at this time, almost defeated them, and altered the complexion of his schemes.

One morning, while lounging along the Boulevards, and peering into the shops for some new fashions—I had become an arrant fop by this time—I stumbled suddenly upon my old Bath friend and quondam schoolfellow, Ned B—. He was overjoyed beyond expression to see me, and, as it very soon appeared, not without reason. I saw, the moment our greeting was over, that he was striving with the blue-devils, and getting the worst of the strife, and I naturally inquired what was the nature of his grievance.

He replied with a groan and an ejaculation of thankfulness at having fallen in with me. Then seizing me by the arm, he lugged me off into a private room of a neighbouring *estaminet*, and, bolting the door, began his tale of woe. The burden of the whole was, that he had fallen into the hands of a cunning professor of our common craft, whom he had mistaken for a pigeon, and who, according to the stereotyped system, had led him on by first allowing him to win—had turned the tables on him at the critical moment, and had on the night last past plundered him to the tune of four hundred sterling, promising him his revenge at the next meeting. B—'s eyes were opened now that it was too late, and his money nearly all gone. He saw his master in the wily Austrian, and was convinced that if he played again, it would be but to increase his losses. He was at his wits' end when he met me. I was the only man who could help him. Would I take his place that night—engage the Austrian, and win back the money?

I professed my readiness to do what I could, but I doubted whether his antagonist would be willing to play with a stranger for such sums as B— had lost.

'There is no fear of that,' said B—. 'we can lead him into it easy enough. Will you come?'

I could not refuse, and therefore I despatched a note to Crannel, informing him that I had met an old friend, and should not be home till late. Early in the evening, B— drove me across the water to an establishment near the Palais du Luxembourg, where we were admitted to a private room, and commenced playing together. At the hour appointed, the Austrian came in and took his seat. He was a young fellow about my own age, and not likely soon to penetrate the artifices in which I was now such an adept. Having lost a couple of games to B—, I handed him a note in payment, and declined playing again, on the ground that he was too strong for me; adding, that I would try a game or two with the stranger, if agreeable. The Austrian rose and expressed his willingness, if B— would defer their engagement for a while. This was, of course, arranged, and we began to play. We began at eight in the evening, and left off about dawn: we began playing the silliest game imaginable on both sides, and left off like finished masters of the science, skilled in all the difficult refinements of which it is susceptible. I knew, before I had played an hour, the whole strength of my adversary, while he remained ignorant of mine almost to the close of the match. It was not till my friend had won back all his money, that I began to throw off my disguise. I then piqued my adversary by criticising his play, and so soured his temper, that he played worse. When all was over, he was cleaned out to the last franc, and B— and I had a thousand francs each of clear gain. We parted in the glimmer of the morning, B— giving him his card, and offering him his revenge whenever he chose to claim it.

When I reached home, I found Crannel there awaiting me. I saw that he was in a savage mood; and to irritate him still further, I made a boast of what I had been about. His mortification was evidently extreme; but he only bit his lips, and said little. As he

doubtless foresaw, my exploit got wind, and the result was, that ere long my assumed disguise peeled off of itself, and I was known, in the gaming circles at least, for what I was. Crannel, of course, had to alter his policy, and content himself with the new state of things. Still, as his fiat determined every game I played, his gains were very considerable. For my part, I liked my new position far better; and for the first time, really enjoyed the excitements of a gambler's life. I was now backed against the first players in Paris; and when the signal was to win, I did so in such brilliant style, that my renown soon spread abroad, and I became the wonder of the gambling circles.

About the middle of August, there arose a rumour of a new star in the billiard world. This was a young Russian, who was said to have reaped the highest honours in St. Petersburg, and to have beaten every opponent who had ventured to meet him. As usual, the most exaggerated reports were circulated regarding him; and he must have been a magician, working by enchantments, if half that was said were true. It was inevitable that I should be pitted against him. Everybody talked of this consummation, and was eager to bring it about. Crannel did not start any objection; and my admirers making up a considerable purse, the affair was decided on. The match was to come off in the Palais Royal by daylight, on the Sunday. I had never seen my opponent up to the hour of our meeting; and when, with Crannel, who had betted literally on my side, I repaired to the spot, what was my astonishment in recognising in the renowned Russian my once shirtless antagonist, Pat Meagher, whom, as a lad, I had defeated at Bath. It is true he looked the Russian well in a pair of dark whiskers, and a Cossack moustache; and he talked Russ most glibly with a friend who accompanied him. Still, there was the unmistakable Irish face, and the undeniable brogue flavoured his Slavonic speech. I was glad to see that he did not recognise me; but I was determined to seek him out and have a private conference, if possible. In stripping for the match, after we had shaken hands, he dropped a card from his vest-pocket; in a moment, I had secreted it unobserved, and the contest began.

But for my previous knowledge of Meagher's play, and the points in which his strength lay, I might probably have been beaten, and that summarily. As it was, the contest was a succession of wary sparrings, in which nothing brilliant was either done or attempted. Had a drawn match been possible in billiards, this would have been drawn. It ended in my winning, through the failure of an almost impossible stroke which, at the last crisis, my adversary was compelled to attempt, and which left the game in my hands.

I was immensely pleased with this victory, on more accounts than one. I had not only gained reputation, but I had convinced myself that the quasi Russian was incapable, in the long-run, of holding his own against me. I had drawn him out, and taken his measure, and felt myself his master. Crannel, who never missed anything, had seen as much, and would doubtless make good capital of his discernment; while, on the other hand, the partisans of the Russian were confident in his superior play, which, they swore, an accident only had defeated.

The morning after the match, I rose early, and drove in a *fiacre* to the address on Meagher's card, which bore the inscription, 'Ivan Mearovitz, Hôtel de la Paix, Rue Richelieu.' It was one of those grim old hotels where you knock, and are let in by an invisible porter. A voice directed me to the second door 'au quatrième'; and on sounding it with my knuckles, Pat, who was in bed, bawled out 'Entrez,' and I walked in. He was flustered at seeing me, and began stuttering apologies in three languages at once.

'Is it possible,' I said, 'that you did not know me yesterday, Pat?'

'Bedad,' said he, 'it must be possible, I reckon, for I don't know you now for anything but the man that bate me yesterday.'

'Don't you recollect me at Bath five years ago?'

'Whew! botheration—if I hadn't a pre-squintment of something of the kind, I'm a Dutchman. That accounts for the milk in the cocoa-nuts. Oh, be the Vargin, but it's meself that's glad to see ye anyhow.'

'Well, and what have you been doing these years?'

'Och! won't I tell you all about it? But not here, not here, my friend. Faith, the divole incarnate 'll be here in a jiffy, and he mustn't see you. Do ye see that windy yander wid the green venaytians?' and Pat, rising from his bed, pointed across the court.

'I see it—what then?'

'Cross the court, mount the tother stairs, and go into No. 15 on the third floor. 'I'll be wid ye in a twinklin.'

I did as he requested, feeling assured, from his eagerness and excitement, that some interesting revelation awaited me. In less than ten minutes he made his appearance in an old dressing-gown, and having bolted the door of the closet, which was but a receptacle for lumber, seated himself on a box, and commenced a rather remarkable monologue. I shall not give it in detail, out of consideration

for the reader's patience. The gist of it may be briefly extracted, and was to the following effect: Like myself, Pat Meagher had been picked up by a speculating patron, and carried off to St. Petersburg, where, according to his own account, he had won a mint of money for his owner, receiving but a miserable stipend for himself, and ungentlemanly treatment into the bargain. His tyrant was one Mortier, a cashiered French officer. Meagher assured me that he had won for him a hundred thousand rubles in St. Petersburg, and as much more at Moscow—the villain coolly bagging the whole. Pat's hatred to the man was almost demoniac; and he seemed possessed with the idea that he should be driven to murder him before their contract was expired, and which had yet two years to run. My affection for Crannel, as the reader knows, was somewhat of the same stamp; and by way of consoling each other, we mutually anathematised the villains who had us in their grasp.

But Meagher was not content with cursing his enemy; he had a plan which he had long been revolving in his mind, and which his encounter with me would enable him to carry out; he proposed at once, and with an almost savage vehemence, that we should turn the tables upon our tyrants, and, as they had so long done by us, enrich ourselves at their expense. The thing could be easily done; we had only to get a clever confederate of our own, and then, disregarding the private signals of our patrons, sell them at the best price we could, by winning or losing to suit our own interests. The scheme struck me as excellent, as well from its simplicity as from the retributive justice it involved, and I agreed to it eagerly and at once.

'Then be here to-morrow,' said Pat, 'by seven in the morning; by that time, I shall have seen the right man, and, bedad, we'll work the oracle in future on our own account.'

Soon after seven next morning, Meagher and I were fleeing along the road to St. Cloud, to the residence of M. Florian, who had entered into the scheme, and with whom we were to concert measures for putting it into execution. M. Florian was a model dandy of that era—of graceful figure, exquisite manners, and fine accomplishments—musician, artist, linguist, and gambler, the idol of the sex, and the most careless, agreeable, and good-humoured rattle-brain in the world. He received us in an elegant saloon, hung with the masterly productions of his own pencil, sang us an operatic air to his own accompaniment, arranged our little plan on the simplest grounds and the most liberal terms, gave us his note of hand for a round sum to fall due in a few weeks, ordered up a grand *déjeuner*, and, that discussed, drove us as far back as Auteuil in his own carriage.

The reader may perhaps suspect that M. Florian was little to be relied on; if so, he is mistaken. The honour that exists among them!—among gentlemen of certain pursuits, is as spotless as the snow, and is rarely violated. Pending the whole duration of our threefold contract, Florian behaved with the rectitude of a judge in ermine, and the precision of a banker.

Affairs now began to take a different course. The great billiard contest between the Russian and the Englishman was renewed almost nightly in the presence of the first amateurs of the capital. Agreeably to our plan, we both of us ignored the signals of our patrons whenever Florian gave any signal of his own, and thus turned the whole current of success into his treasury. Meanwhile, Florian played his game so adroitly, that he was rarely seen to win more than a trifle, and was seen as often to lose. This state of affairs had not continued long before Crannel began to look daggers at me whenever we met in private; and at length, not being able to refrain any longer, taxed me with treachery. I denied the charge, and insisted that he should pit me against some other antagonist; I could not be sure of the Russian, who was always developing new strength. My patron was evidently perplexed, and for a time he refrained from betting, but watched me, as I was well aware, all the closer. I had reason to suspect, moreover, that he had set spies upon my path when I went abroad, though what was the extent of his discoveries I never knew.

I saw Meagher but rarely in private, and then only at the hours before the dawn, when I could steal away from the observation of my prying valet, whose grog I had to dose more than once in order to prevent his watchfulness. Our schemes answered famously. We had divided five thousand pounds with Florian in three months, and vastly to the delight of Pat, most of it had come out of Mortier's pocket—and we were at last on the road to fortune. I am of opinion that if Crannel had not by this time some certain knowledge of our secret confederacy, he had at least so far verified his suspicions as to feel conscious that the contract by which he nominally retained my services was no longer of any advantage to him. But this double game was fast approaching to its end.

One night, Meagher's patron, Mortier, who came to the café where we played with the scowl of a fiend on his brow, and in a state of furious excitement, as was always the case

when he drank freely, began to vociferate violently and to bet heavily on his protégé. M. Florian, who was present, immediately indicated that I was to win, and accepted all Mortier's proffered bets, in addition to those he had already made. It chanced that he had scarcely accepted these pledges, when one of those accidents, which are always contingent on the board of green cloth, and which the most experienced players cannot always guard against, gave Meagher such a decided advantage in the game as should, and would, under ordinary circumstances, have secured his winning it. Mortier now redoubled his clamour, and offered very heavy odds, challenging the whole room to accept them. Florian instantly did so, and they were accepted also by Crannel to a very unusually large amount. The game went on, and I recovered my lost ground so far that, as it drew towards the close, I had scored as many points as my opponent, and two points more scored by either of us would win the game. It was Meagher's turn to play, and his ball being under the cushion, he gave a miss, which, while it was the right play, was also good policy for us, since, had any accident sent one of the balls into the pocket, all would have been over. It was now my turn, and there was a winning hazard on the balls which at any other time I could have made with ease and certainty. Up to this moment of my life I had never known what it was to be nervous; but now, a panic fit seized me; the cue trembled in my hand; if I did not win, I knew that Florian would lose more than all three of us could pay. I essayed to make the stroke: but there were two hundred thousand francs depending upon it: I felt the eye of Crannel upon me, and every sinew in my frame vibrated. Calling for a glass of iced water, I drank it off, and then, endeavouring to think of something else, hastily struck the stroke. The red ball, instead of dropping into the pocket, struck the small angle of the cushion, rebounded, and kissed my own, the two then stopping, one on each side of the pocket, with a space between them barely wide enough for a ball to pass through. There were a hundred eyes looking on, but not a lip moved, only a suppressed groan arose for an instant among my partisans.

It was now Meagher's turn to play, and it was almost impossible for him to strike either ball without winning the game, in which case we were ruined. He did not seem at all disturbed, but lowered his cue to play. I thought he would take the only course open to him, and make a foul stroke; instead of that, he drove his ball sheer between the other two, without touching either of them, and ran a 'coo' in the pocket; thus losing the game.

Affecting the utmost horror at what he had done, he dashed down his cue, and began tearing his hair and blaspheming. I of course knew that he had done it on purpose; but the thing was so difficult, so apparently impossible, that the spectators did not suspect foul-play—none of them, with the exception of Mortier, who, having already his suspicions aroused, was now convinced of the justice of them, as well as enraged to madness at the heavy losses he had incurred. With a countenance livid with fury, he rushed towards Meagher, and yelling a desperate oath, dealt him a savage blow on the face.

A horrid scene ensued. The Irishman flew at the aggressor's throat, and would have strangled him on the spot but for the interference of a dozen strong arms, which tore him away. Frenzied beyond all control of himself, he burst out with a torrent of invective, abuse, and rabid curses, and leaping on the table, called heaven and earth to witness that he would not move thence alive without the heart's blood of the villain that had struck him. Mortier at first responded only by a sarcastic sneer, and turned his back upon him. But the Irish blood was not to be so appeased. Branding his patron as coward, and leaping on him the foulest charges, Meagher continued to denounce him as robber, assassin, traitor, and *forger*; and called on the company to listen while he gave them the veritable history of the monster.

Mortier, who had started at the word *forger*, again winced, and turning sharply round, 'Let us have weapons,' he said; 'the fool shall have his way!' Springing on the table, he folded his arms, and awaited the issue with a suppressed eagerness which showed how deep should be his revenge.

Rapiers were brought: It was notified to both the combatants that if either of them quitted the table, he would be instantly disarmed, held to be defeated, and incapable of resuming the strife. Then M. Florian drew a chalk-line across the centre of the cloth—the weapons were delivered to each, and the duel began.

Meagher, to whom the delay had afforded a moment for reflection, which he had wasted in fuming and stamping, advanced boldly to the encounter. Mortier, who was the shorter by nearly a head, instead of opposing him in the usual attitude, stood bent forward in a half-circle, with his rapier-point quivering above his head. Some rapid passes took place, and Mortier was seen to be bleeding from two slight wounds; but he was cool and wary in proportion to the peril—parried the deadly lunges of his tall foe with unvarying certainty, and at length, springing forward within his

guard, instantly shortened his weapon, and thrust it sheer through the breast of the poor Irishman, who leaped with a wild cry into the air, and fell on the table a corpse.

Paralysed at the sight, I was gazing horror-struck at the lifeless body, when I felt a hand grasping my shoulder: it was Crannel. 'We must to cover,' he said; 'the police will be here in a minute, and you will gain nothing by their courtesies, you may depend upon it.'

That was the last game of billiards I ever played to the profit of Louis Crannel, who, at my request, paid me off the same night, giving me to understand that he knew I had played him false, but that having taken his measures accordingly, I had not injured him, though I had intended to do so. I reproached him in my turn with his systematic and cold-blooded rascality and selfishness—and we parted.

Mortier got a sentence of a year's imprisonment for the duel, one month of which he actually suffered. Poor Meagher was buried as a Russian officer, and was registered at *Père la Chaise* under the name of Mearovitz. M. Florian and I divided his effects between us, and I had seven thousand francs for my share of Mortier's losses, all of which were ultimately paid. How this sum and much more which I had gained over the devil's back was subsequently dissipated under another part of his person, it boots not the reader to know. Poverty, the ultimate lot of nearly all gamblers, has been mine for many a weary year. With mature age came dyspepsia and nervousness, and then all reliance on my skill as a billiard-player vanished. Of all accomplishments, this is the one that requires the most perfect condition of the physical faculties, and no man who is conscious that he possesses either nervous system or ventral organs need expect to excel in it.

My confessions may well end here.

THE END.

PEDESTRIAN FEATS.

The success of the great Weston in walking one hundred miles in less than twenty-two hours naturally calls attention to previous achievements of the same character. Of these we find a very interesting account of pedestrianism published in Aberdeen in 1813. It seems that Robert Bartley, of Norfolk, who was born in 1717, used frequently to walk from Thetford to London in one day, returning the next; the distance being 81 miles. Reed, of Hampshire, in 1791, made 50 miles in a little more than nine hours. In 1762 John Hogue made 100 miles in 23 hours and 15 minutes. In 1787 Foster Powell walked from Canterbury to London Bridge and back in twenty-three hours and fifty minutes; the distance being 109 miles. In 1806 Joseph Edge, of Macclesfield, walked 172 miles in forty-nine hours and twenty minutes. In 1788 John Bowler walked 700 miles in fourteen days, and Doty, of Towcester, walked 500 miles in seven successive days. In 1811 Oliver walked 100 miles in twenty-three hours and fifty minutes, and Edward Miller did the same distance in twenty-three hours and twenty-five minutes. In 1812 Jonathan Waring, of Lancashire, walked 136 miles in thirty-four hours; and Glanville, of Shropshire, walked 142 miles on the Bath road in twenty-nine hours and fifty-seven minutes. The greatest pedestrian of all, however, was Captain Robert Barclay, a descendant of the celebrated Quaker Barclay of Ury. In 1801, while in training to walk upon a wager, he made, in the park of Lord Faulkenberg, 110 miles in nineteen hours and twenty-seven minutes. In 1806 he walked 100 miles in nineteen hours, over the worst road in the kingdom and just at the breaking out of a severe storm. Exclusive of stoppages, the distance was performed in seventeen hours and thirty minutes. In this walk he was attended by William Cross his servant, who made the distance in the same time as his master; and subsequently, Cross walked 100 miles in nineteen hours seventeen minutes, on the Aberdeen road. In 1807, Barclay walked seventy-eight miles in fourteen hours, over the hilly roads of Aberdeenshire. In the course of this year he ran nineteen miles in two hours and eight minutes, making the first nine miles in fifty minutes, though the road was hilly and bad. In 1809, when he was twenty-eight years old, Barclay accomplished the great exploit of walking 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours. In the course of this feat his weight, which was 106 pounds at starting, fell off thirty-two pounds. Five days afterwards he joined the expedition to Walcheren, where he served as an aide-de-camp to the Marquis of Huntley. The expedition was unfortunate, but Barclay returned in safety. After this he lived the life of a country gentleman at Ury; and the only public exploit in which he was engaged in, was the training of Tom Crib for his great match against Molineaux.

A nine-year-old boy at the school in Lincoln, California, was asked what punishment was given to Adam and Eve for eating the forbidden fruit in the garden of Eden? He replied, "They were driven off the ranch." "As usual," writes a French critic of Lothair, "Mr. Disraeli allows no one to figure in his novels who has less than £50,000 a year."

The *Miners' 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 term 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 *Huntingdon 'Journal'* thus summarizes in sporting style the recent Fenian trouble:—"The celebrated Pigeon Hill sweepstake race was won by Brother Jonathan's General O'Neill in one straight heat. Driven by Canuck. Time—as fast as his legs could carry him."

A man in Michigan swapped his horse for a wife. An old bachelor acquaintance said he'd bet there was something wrong with the horse, or its owner would never have fooled it away in that manner.

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NOTICE.—Learning that my name has been unwarrantably used in connection with Directories now being canvassed in the Provinces, and entirely distinct from my works, and that in other cases it has been stated that my Directories have been abandoned, I would request those desiring to give a preference to my works to see that persons representing themselves as acting for me are furnished with satisfactory credentials. JOHN LOVELL, Publisher. Montreal, March 16, 1870.

LOVELL'S DIRECTORIES.

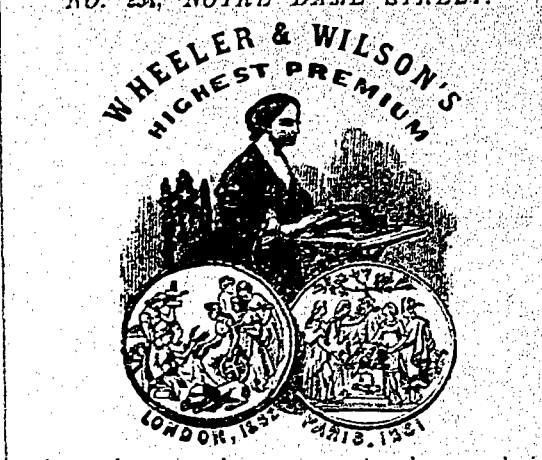
IT is intended to make these DIRECTORIES the most complete and correct ever issued on this continent. They are not being prepared by correspondence, but by PERSONAL CANVASSING, from door to door, of my own Agents, for the requisite information. I have now engaged on the work in the several Provinces Forty men and Twenty horses. These are engaged mainly on the towns and villages off the Railway and Steamboat Routes, important places on the lines being held till the completion of the former, to admit of correction to latest date. I anticipate issuing, in October next, the CANADIAN DOMINION DIRECTORY, and SIX PROVINCIAL DIRECTORIES, which will prove a correct and full index to the DOMINION OF CANADA, NEWFOUNDLAND, and PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, and a combined Gazetteer, Directory and Grand-Book of the six Provinces. SUBSCRIPTION TO DOMINION DIRECTORY: Dominion of Canada Subscribers.....\$12 Cy. United States do.....12 Gold. Great Britain and Ireland do.....£3 Stg. France, Germany, &c. do.....£3 Stg. SUBSCRIPTION TO PROVINCIAL DIRECTORIES: Province of Ontario Directory, 1870-71.....\$4 00 Province of Quebec Directory, 1870-71.....4 00 Province of Nova Scotia Directory, 1870-71.....3 00 Province of New Brunswick Directory, 1870-71.....3 00 Province of Newfoundland Directory, 1870-71.....2 00 Province of Prince Ed. Island Directory, 1870-71 2 00 No money to be paid until each book is delivered. Rates of ADVERTISING will be made known on application to JOHN LOVELL, Publisher. Montreal, March 16, 1870. 21

SKATING CARNIVAL, VICTORIA RINK,

PHOTOGRAPHED BY W. NOTMAN, And dedicated, by permission, to His Royal Highness PRINCE ARTHUR, BLEURY STREET, 21st March. 221

COALS! COALS!! COALS!! SCOTCH STEAM, PICTOU STEAM, NEWCASTLE GRATE, LEHIGH, WELSH ANTHRACITE, FOR SALE, J. & E. SHAW, 13, Common Street. 12

S. B. SCOTT & CO. AGENTS FOR THE NEW NOISELESS WHEELER & WILSON GOLD MEDAL SEWING MACHINE. NO. 254, NOTRE DAME STREET.



A most important improvement has been made in this Machine by which its strength is vastly greater than before. It now runs with the greatest ease stitching six ply of woollen cloth. It also works nearly twice as fast as the Shuttle machines and less liable to derangement. The Grey Nuns and other institutions of this kind, write us as follows regarding these excellent Machines, and it is a significant fact that none of these names are to be found in testimony of the value of any kind but the WHEELER & WILSON. To Messrs. S. B. SCOTT & Co.: Sing.—We, the undersigned, Sisters of Charity, certify with pleasure that after a trial of ten years, we have found WHEELER & WILSON'S Sewing Machines superior in every respect to all others used in our establishment. Their mechanism is strong and perfect, and with little care never get out of order. SISTER COUTLER, SISTER BAYEUX, General Hospital.

Grey Nunnery. To Messrs. S. B. SCOTT & Co.: Sing.—We are very happy to be able to recommend WHEELER & WILSON'S Sewing Machines, for which you are Agents, to all persons who may be wanting an article so useful as a Sewing Machine. After an experience of ten years, we are not only able to speak with confidence of their usefulness, but also of their great superiority over all other Machines that we have tried in our establishment. These Sewing Machines have three advantages of great importance—rapidity of motion; adaptation to a great variety of work and material; and little or no expense for repairs. SISTER MARY, Sister of Charity, Providence Nunnery. Agents wanted everywhere to sell the improved WHEELER & WILSON GOLD MEDAL SEWING MACHINE, to whom exceedingly liberal terms will be given. S. B. SCOTT & CO., 254, NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL. 311



TENDERS will be received at this Office until Monday, the 25th day of July next, at noon, for the supply of 200 tons of Grate Coal (2,000 lbs. per ton) to be delivered at Ottawa. For particulars apply to the undersigned. By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary. Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 20th June, 1870. 254

MONTREAL TYPE FOUNDRY, C. T. PALSGRAVE, Proprietor. No. 1, St. Helen Street, MONTREAL. TORONTO BRANCH: No. 33, Colborne Street, TORONTO.

NEW STYLES OF SCOTCH-FACED TYPE CAST IN EXTRA TOUGH METAL. FANCY AND JOBING TYPE OF THE LATEST STYLES. SUPERIOR WOOD LETTER-PRINTING PRESSES Of every manufacture. BLACK AND COLOURED INKS AND ALL PRINTERS' REQUISITES. BOOKS AND JOB WORK STEREOTYPED AND ELECTROTYPED IN THE BEST MANNER. A new SPECIMEN BOOK will shortly be issued. 111

DOMINION METAL WORKS, ESTABLISHED 1858.

CHARLES GARTH & CO., PLUMBERS, STEAM & GAS-FITTERS, BRASS FOUNDERS, FINISHERS, COPPER SMITHS AND MACHINISTS, &c., &c. Manufacturers and Importers of PLUMBERS', ENGINEERS' AND STEAM-FITTERS' BRASS, COPPER AND IRON WORKS, GAS AND STEAM FITTINGS, &c., &c. And of all descriptions of Work for Gas and Water Works, Distilleries, Breweries, Sugar Refineries, Light Houses, &c., &c. —ALSO,— Undertakes the Warming of Public and Private Buildings, Manufactories, Conservatories, Vineries, &c., by GARTH'S Improved Patent Hot Water Apparatus, GOLD'S Low Pressure Steam Apparatus with the Latest Improvements, and also by High Pressure Steam in Coils or Pipes. On hand and for sale at the lowest rates all kinds of Gasaliers, Brackets, Pendants, Glass Shades, &c., Wrought Iron Pipe with Malleable and Cast Iron Fittings, for Water, Steam or Gas. Office and Manufactory: Nos. 536 to 542, Craig Street, MONTREAL. 111

FOR SALE OR TO LET. THAT LARGE FOUR STORY CUT-STONE building in St. Thérèse Street, Montreal, now occupied by the Military Control Department as Stores. Very suitable for a Wholesale Boot and Shoe factory, or other similar purposes; also for Stores. Possession 1st of May. Apply to D. R. STODART, Broker, 43, Great St. James Street. 14

NOVELS ILLUSTRATED



"A DOUBLE MARRIAGE."

"THE CAGED LION."

"LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG."

"WRECKED IN PORT."

J. BAYLIS.—CARPETS, FLOOR CLOTHS, CURTAINS, &c. NOTRE DAME ST., EAST OF MCGILL. GRANT'S SKIN PRESERVER. FOR THE SEA SIDE.—For sale by H. R. Gray, Chemist. Price 25 cents ELLIOT'S DENTIFRICE.—"THE BEST IN USE."—The verdict of 30 years' trial. All Druggists sell it

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NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC. JUST OPENED OUT, a fresh lot of GENTS' ENGLISH CONGRESS BOOTS and LACED SHOES, for Summer wear and for Dress; also, LADIES' BRONZED BUTTON BOOTS, and LADIES' FRENCH BRONZE, BLACK and WHITE SLIPPERS, with and without heels, all of Jally's make, Paris. We would also remind our friends and the public in general, that we have always on hand a good assortment of BOOTS and SHOES of our own manufacture, at very reasonable prices. An early visit is respectfully solicited. Agents for OLMSTED'S LEATHER PRESERVER. BRODFUR & BEAUVAIS, Successors to J. & T. BELL, 273, NOTRE DAME STREET. June 1st, 1870. 31st

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FROM CONSTANTINOPLE Will arrive as soon as navigation opens.

REJOICE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN at the happy intelligence. 20d.

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USE HARRY LEWIS' DISINFECTANT INSECT SOAP. BUGS, FLEAS, and all other kinds of Insects are instantly destroyed on Dogs, CATTLE, HOUSE PLANTS, &c., &c. being a powerful disinfectant, it removes and prevents diseases, &c. For Sale by all Druggists in Canada. 31st

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CINCINNATI HAMS, BONELESS BREAKFAST BACON, and SMOKED TONGUES. "Dove's Diamond Brand." For Sale by M. BURKE, Purveyor to H. R. H. PRINCE ARTHUR, CLARET, CIDER and HOCK. For Summer use. 200 CASES, various brands. M. BURKE, Wine Merchant, Corner of St. ANTOINE and MOUNTAIN STREETS. 31st

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GRAY'S UNALTERABLE SYRUP OF CHLORAL-HYDRATE. In Bottles, with full directions for use. PRICE.....FIFTY CENTS. The Trade supplied through all the Wholesale Houses. Physicians can order from the Retail Druggists with whom they deal.

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CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT, OTTAWA, 3rd June, 1870. Authorized discount on American Invoices until further notice: 13 per cent. R. S. M. BOUCHETTE, Commissioner of Customs. 14

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COLLOID! COLLOID!! Wash with Colloid. It fixes loose colours. And renders white things Beautiful and clear. W. J. STEWART, Agent, 420, St. PAUL STREET. 31st

BY "AUSTRIAN" TWO CASES SCARFS AND TIES JUST RECEIVED. PALL MALL, CLUB HOUSE, EXCELSIOR, MOGADOR, PRINCE PROMENADE, &c., &c., &c. Also one case "Dent's" Celebrated Kid Gloves. P. T. PATON & CO., 425, NOTRE DAME, CORNER OF ST. PETER. 23rd

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