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GRAND DUKE ALEXIS.

OUR ENGLISH LETTER.

(From an Occasional Correspondent.)

LONDON, November 9th, 1871.

The two crews of Chambers and Winship are taking exercise every day on the Tyne. The boats for the great race have just been finished. Both crews are to row without coxswain. Betting is pretty brisk on the event. Sadler has put out a challenge to row any man in the world for £500 a side for the championship skiff row of the world. It is believed Chambers will take it. Kelly, it is thought, will not be able to scope with Sadler. Chambers is a strong and well-built man, whose strength has yet never been perfectly tested.

At the opening of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution on Friday night, November 3rd, Earl Roseberry delivered an address on the "Union of England and Scotland," which was principally historical, and concluded thus:

"We have in our generation, if we would remain a generation at all, to effect that union of classes without which power is a phantom and freedom a farce. In these days the rich man and the poor gaze at each other across no impassable gulf—for neither is there in this world an Abraham's bosom of calm beatitude. A powerless monarchy, an isolated aristocracy, an intelligent and aspiring people, do not together form the conditions of constitutional stability. We have to restore a common pulse, a healthy beat to the heart of the commonwealth. It is a great work, the work of individuals as much as of statesmen, alien from none of us, rather pertinent to us all; each in his place can further it. Each one of us—merchant and clerk, master and servant, landlord and tenant, capitalist and artisan, minister and parishioner—we are all privileged to have a hand in this the most sublime work of all: to restore or create harmony betwixt man and man; to look, not for the differences which chance or necessity has placed between class and class, but for the common sympathies which underlie and connect all humanity. It is not monarchs or even statesmen that give to a country prosperity and power. France in 1789 had a virtuous monarch and able statesmen. But the different classes of the community had then been completely estranged, and the upper crust of society was shivered to dust by the volcano beneath. In this country the artificial barriers which separate class from class are high enough; but, thank God! they are not insuperable. Let us one and all prevent their becoming so. A great page records the bloodiest and prosperous history of the Scotch Union—a greater page lies vacant before us on which to inscribe a fairer union still."

I quote the following from a Newcastle paper:

"We understand that Mr. Douglas, the assistant Custom-House officer in Canada, who behaved with such promptitude and bravery on the occasion of the Fenian raid, the details of which we published a few days ago, is son of Mr. Douglas, Gas Works, Newcastle-on-Tyne."

A proposal is at present under consideration to pull down the classic Newgate jail in London, and remove it to the suburbs.

The women suffrage movement in England is making progress. A constant agitation is being kept up by the advanced or Radical politicians. It seems to be a general thing amongst Radicals and Republicans to espouse the cause of women suffrage. It is said Mr. Gladstone is very favourable to it. If this be a fact, the Premier will endeavour to carry his croquet in the House of Commons.

Another new social movement is under way, and I understand is supported by several Peers and M.P.'s. One important clause of the movement is emigration to our colonies. I give you the full text of the programme:

- 1st. The hours of labour reduced to eight per day.
- 2nd. Pew rents in national churches abolished, and the minister elected by the parishioners.
- 3rd. The reduction of the franchise in the counties to the borough franchise.
- 4th. The formation of a national association to encourage arbitration in trade disputes, and the formation of councils of conciliation in every manufacturing district.
- 5th. An association to be formed for encouraging emigration to our colonies.
- 6th. Leaseholds of land on entailed estates to be granted at a mere nominal rent for 75 years, renewable, for building purposes. The formation of villages, the affairs to be governed by trustees elected by all householders. Each person above 18 years of age to subscribe one penny weekly towards educational purposes. Co-operation to be applied by the community for the sale of all the necessaries of life, for manufacturers, farming, house-building, markets, &c. Nine-tenths of the inhabitants to have the power of refusing the sale of intoxicating liquors within their boundaries.
- 7th. The appointment of a Minister of Agriculture. Landowners to have the power of preserving game on land occupied and used by them only. The tenant farmer to have the power of preserving or destroying game on his farm.

I understand the 5th clause will be modified, and Canadian emigration supplanted. A feeling is rising amongst a number of our great men that Canada has been neglected. Australia is found to be too great a distance from England to entice our countrymen.

Mr. Disraeli has been the subject, probably, of more gossip and gross caricature than any other public man. He, however, never notices such things. At last, when political capital is tried to be made out of him, his solicitor sends the following characteristic letter to the papers:

"6, Victoria Street, Westminster Abbey, S.W.
"Oct. 19, 1871.

"SIR,—The attention of Mr. Disraeli has been called to an article headed 'Mr. Disraeli at Twenty-five,' which has been extensively copied into the London and country newspapers, and purports to be an extract from the Autobiography of Mr. John Timbs, which appeared in the October number of the *Leisure Hour*.

"Mr. Disraeli has rarely thought fit to notice any of the gossip circulated about himself, however absurd or inaccurate it may be; but in the present instance it is difficult to imagine that so many false statements could have been comprised within the limits of a single paragraph.

"1. Mr. Disraeli never to his knowledge entered the shop

of Messrs. March and Miller, publishers, Oxford Street, if, indeed, there be such publishers.

"2. Mr. Disraeli never in his life required or received any remuneration for anything he ever wrote, except for books bearing his name.

"3. Mr. Disraeli never wrote a work called a 'Key to Almack's,' or a 'Geographical and Historical Account of the Great World,' &c., nor ever heard of such works.

"4. Mr. Disraeli was never editor of the *Star Chamber*, or any other newspaper, journal, review, or magazine, or anything else.

"At the very period, 1830, when the autobiographer describes himself as often seeing Mr. Disraeli in Messrs. March and Miller's shop, Mr. Disraeli was in Greece, and did not return from his travels, as I personally well remember, until just previous to the General Election of 1831, when he returned to his father's residence, in Buckinghamshire, to stand for the borough of High Wycombe.

"I am to require that you will insert this authoritative contradiction in the earliest unprinted number of the *Leisure Hour*, and I am sure that you will regret that statements so utterly erroneous should have first appeared in a publication of such high character.

"I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,
"PHILIP ROSK.

"To the Editor of the *Leisure Hour*."

We have lost the great and good Sir Roderick Murchison. Few men have held such a position in England as the late Baronet. Those who had the privilege of knowing him personally, can feel his loss.

It has been my privilege to be often in his company. I knew no one so gentle and wishful to disseminate knowledge to young men. No ostentation about him. Full of enthusiasm in geological lore. I well remember when on my return from a tour in Canada, how wishful he was to hear about the progress of that country. He looked on the loyalty of the Canadians with a parent's eye, and spoke hopefully of the future greatness of the "Greater Britain."

"The voice of hope shall never so dull our ear,
Nor passion's waves, tho' in their wildest mood,
That oft above the surge we should not hear
The solemn voices of the great and good."

R. E.

THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS

His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Alexis Alexandrovitch, of Russia, now on a visit to this continent, was born on the 14th of January, 1850, and at the early age of two hours was created Colonel of the Ickatherinenburgh Infantry Regiment, an honour conferred at that age only on princes of the blood imperial. The magnificent cathedral of St. Isaac's, in the Russian capital, for years past had not been filled by a more brilliant throng than the one which attended the solemnities amid which the newly-born Grand Duke was baptized at the same font from which, for nearly a hundred years past, the holy water had been sprinkled on the forehead of his ancestors. The whole Imperial family, including the Emperor and Empress, and all the Grand Dukes, were present. Most of the foreign Courts were represented by Ministers attired in their robes of State, and the officers of the Imperial Life Guards were stationed at regular intervals in all parts of the vast building. After Alexis was removed from the baptismal font, the Emperor Nicholas kissed his little grandson fondly on the forehead, and then tenderly embraced his son, the Grand Duke hereditary, Alexander Nicholasewitch.

Early in March, 1853, the Czar died, heart-broken, surrounded by his weeping family, every member of which was devotedly attached to him. In the year 1856 the Grand Duke accompanied his parents to their coronation at Moscow, and was then, for the first time, presented to the assembled representatives of the vast Russian Empire. When his mother, the new Empress, a beautiful woman, yet with the traces of the sufferings she had undergone for years very marked in her features—appeared, surrounded by her children, and bearing little Alexis in her arms, there was such a joyous shout as has seldom welcomed the scion of an Imperial house. Upon the return of the Imperial family to St. Petersburg, the education of the young prince immediately commenced. Two ladies—Mme. de Bernard, a Frenchwoman, and Fraulein von Julithoff, the orphan daughter of a Courland nobleman—were installed as his governesses. He proved an apt and tractable scholar, and not very many months passed before he was able to read Russian, French and German, and was perfectly able to understand any conversation addressed to him in either of those languages.

In 1860 the Grand Duke accompanied his mother to Germany, and afterward went with her to Nice, where his eldest brother, the Czarowitch Nicholas, was lying dangerously ill. The Emperor Alexander, the Empress, the Grand Duke Alexis, and the affianced bride of the dying Grand Duke, the charming Princess Dagmar of Denmark, were all present at the deathbed.

In the year 1862 there occurred an event which exercised a decisive influence upon the mind and future of the young Grand Duke. He accompanied his uncle, the Grand Duke Constantine, who held the position of Grand Admiral of the Russian Navy, on a trip to the fortress of Swenborg. No sooner had the frigate on which the Imperial family made the excursion reached the open sea than a terrific gale arose, which lasted nearly eight hours. So far from being frightened at the fury of the storm, young Alexis behaved like an intrepid veteran, and, despite the urgent request of his uncle to go to his stateroom, he insisted upon remaining on deck until the storm had abated. This event made an indelible impression upon the young Grand Duke's mind, and when he returned to St. Petersburg he urgently petitioned his father to allow him to enter the naval service of his country and become a sailor. This request the Emperor Alexander deemed it impossible to grant, both on account of the delicate constitution of Alexis, and of an old tradition said to exist relative to the Imperial family of the Romanoffs, to the effect that no more than one of the princes of the Imperial blood could hold an active command in the Russian Navy. The Emperor consoled the boy, however, by appointing him inspector of the Russian men-of-war stationed in the seaports of Finland. It is true that this was merely an honorary position, but it was one which enabled young Alexis to pass a month of each year on board a man-of-war.

The following years in the life of Prince Alexis have not been distinguished by any noteworthy events, unless it be

that he was present in the year 1866 when the murderous attempt was made upon the life of his Imperial father, which excited so profound a sensation throughout the civilized world. Alexis stood on that memorable occasion close behind the Emperor.

On another occasion the Grand Duke was enjoying a boat-ride on Lake Onega. At a very short distance from his barge a young Russian nobleman was rowing his sister in a small skiff. The young noble appeared to be unskilful in the management of his oars, and in consequence his frail boat was capsized. Without a moment's hesitation the Grand Duke plunged into the water, and succeeded, not without great difficulty and at much personal peril, in rescuing the young girl. For this display of heroism he received a gold medal at the hands of his father, the Emperor, and always proudly wears the decoration on gala occasions as the noblest which decks his breast.

On receiving information that the Grand Duke intended visiting Montreal, His Worship the Mayor telegraphed to Admiral Possiet, praying to be informed of the movements of His Imperial Highness. On the 30th ult., His Worship received a reply from the Admiral, expressing his thanks for the interest manifested by the Mayor, and promising information later on. On the receipt of this information measures were immediately taken to provide for the reception of the Duke.

On Monday an adjourned meeting of the citizens of Montreal was held, according to notice, at noon, in the Corn Exchange. His Worship the Mayor, who occupied the chair, said that he had telegraphed to Admiral Possiet, stating the intention of the citizens to entertain the Grand Duke to a ball, if such a form of entertainment would be agreeable to him. He had received a reply that the Grand Duke was very grateful for the proffered entertainment, and would have much pleasure in accepting it. He had also received a reply from Mr. Catacazy, the late Russian Minister, stating that the Grand Duke would be here on the 11th instant, and stay till the 14th, when he would leave for Ottawa, to be the guest of the Governor-General. He had telegraphed to Mr. Catacazy that the ball would take place on the 13th instant, and the object of the present meeting was to appoint a committee to make arrangements for the ball. After a list comprising the names of a large number of citizens, who will form the general committee, had been read, it was moved by B. Mathews, Esq. and seconded by A. Wilson, Esq., that the following gentlemen be appointed as an Executive Committee to make arrangements for the ball, decide upon the price of tickets, &c.:—The Mayor, Sir Geo. Cartier, Sir Hugh Allan, Sir A. T. Galt, J. H. Joseph, E. A. Prentice, Andrew McCulloch, Romeo Stephens, L. Armstrong, W. Taché, T. Workman, Geo. E. Desbarats, W. D. Drummond, T. Davidson, James Stewart, D. A. Boyer, Jos. Hickson, B. Mathews and A. Wilson, with power to add to their number.

At four o'clock in the afternoon an informal meeting of the City Council was held, the Mayor in the chair. After some discussion as to the best manner of receiving the Grand Duke, the following gentlemen were appointed a committee to make all the arrangements necessary for the proper reception of the distinguished visitor. The Mayor, Alderman Rosdon, Alderman Bernard, Alderman Alexander, Councillor Bétournay, Councillor Stephens, Councillor Kay and Councillor Loranger. It is probable the Grand Duke will be met by a deputation from the City Council at the station on the arrival of the train, and an address presented to him. If at night, the firemen with torches will line the streets through which the Grand Duke and suite will pass to the St. Lawrence Hall. The Corporation will have carriages waiting at the station for the party. During the stay of the Grand Duke he will be shown about the city, and whatever is worthy brought to his notice. The Committee will have all arrangements perfect for his entertainment during his stay. Besides the ball, a grand entertainment will take place in the Skating Rink on one of the nights the Grand Duke and suite are in the city. The ball will, no doubt, take place in the St. Lawrence Hall, as it is the most convenient and comfortable place for an event of the kind.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

REMINISCENCES OF BERMUDA.

DISCOVERY AND DESCRIPTION.

By Capt. E. M., R. E.

Bermuda, as a fortress, a colony, and a prison, has been occasionally brought to notice. A few years since these islands became the chief port of call for the steamers that ran the celebrated blockade of the "Southern Ports," and now they are being turned, under the auspices of the Royal Engineers, into a second Gibraltar, and many hundreds of soldiers are daily employed building forts, and otherwise rendering the islands impregnable.

The far-famed Bermudas or Somers' islands, resting "like Emerald gems" on the Atlantic, are situated in latitude 32° 2' and longitude 64° West—the former almost corresponding with that of Madeira—and are about 700 miles from Halifax, New York and the West Indies, the nearest land being Cape Hatteras in South Carolina, distant 580 miles. These islands are said to have been first discovered in 1527 by Joaz Bermudez, a Spaniard, but they were not inhabited until 1609, when Sir George Somers, thrown upon their shores by shipwreck, took possession of the little Archipelago in the name of James I. Sir George died there, bequeathing to the islands the legacy of his name, and the 365, which they are said to number, have ever since carefully preserved it, holding, however, a secondary place to that of the discoverer, by which the little, but wide-spread cluster is better known. To this day an inscription on a rock on the South shore, bears testimony to the visit of the shipwrecked knight. During the civil wars of Cromwell's protectorate, among the exiles that found their way there was Waller, the poet, who during his tranquil residence wrote a poetical description of the islands.

Although by reckoning every diminutive island, the group makes up 365, there are only seven of magnitude, united (with one exception) by bridges—viz., St. George, Long Bird, Hamilton, Somerset, Watford Boaz, Ireland, &c., extending from North-East to South-West, in the form of a shepherd's crook. The healthfulness and pleasantness of Bermuda in

the winter season, the agreeable mildness of the climate, the beauty of the scenery, trees, flowers, and fruits, are such, that we wonder these days of travel do not bring more visitors to its shores.

WINTER SHOOTING—THE LIGHTHOUSE.

We can assure our readers from the experience of several years' stay in Bermuda, that between October and March the sportsman has little difficulty in filling his bag, and the naturalist may add largely to his collection. Flocks of plover, sand-pipers, snipe and duck are annually driven on the shores, the flocks of birds that migrate from America at the approach of winter to Southern latitudes being scattered by the storms generally prevailing at that season. These birds, with blue-winged teal (*Anas Discors*) the Carolina Crane (*Ortygometra Carolinus*), the barn swallow, Rice bird, &c., seek a temporary refuge in Bermuda, and before the weather is sufficiently settled to admit of their resuming their migrations, many can be bagged without restriction—game laws being unknown in Bermuda.

During the winter, the keepers of the lighthouse on Gibb's Hill are frequently supplied with game for the trouble of picking it up. The lighthouse towers many feet above the hill, and plover, duck, and other *bonnes bouches* frequently dash against the glass that encircles its revolving light, and fall dead upon the rocks beneath. Herons are often seen—they are supposed to be the descendants of a flock driven on shore by a violent gale in 1848. A friend shot two—the Blue Heron, and the Black Crowned Night Heron. The latter fell at a place called Spital Pond, where he was doing the agreeable to a circle of duck, and probably seeking for what he could get. The nest and two eggs of the Great Blue Heron were found in a cedar tree a few years ago, and the writer when sailing about Castle Harbour in his small yacht "Early Riser," often saw herons, but though a gun was usually kept in the cabin for their particular edification, they were ever impressed with the idea that familiarity was dangerous, and kept at a respectful distance. The Snow Goose (*Anser Hyperboreus*), Frigate Bird (*Tachypetes Aquilus*), Horned Grebe (*Bolceps Cornutus*), Sooty Tern, Blue-backed, Black-headed and Kittiwake Gulls, the common Sea Dove (*Mergulus Albus*), may be numbered among the occasional visitors to Bermuda.

THE NATIVE BIRDS OF BERMDUDA.

But Bermuda possesses its native birds, as well as its migratory ones. They are the Red Bird, Blue Bird, Cat Bird, Kingfisher, Ground Dove, Crow, Moorhen and Chick of the village. Many years ago the Virginian Partridge or Quail used to breed in Bermuda, but after awhile it became extinct; however, about nine years since, a gentleman turned out several pairs, and by the latest accounts they were multiplying and doing well.

The Red Bird (*Cardinalis Rubra*, according to some *Cardinalis Pitylus*), also known as the Virginian Nightingale, is a handsome creature, and looks gaudy enough flying among or perched upon the dark cedar trees. The plumage of the cock bird is scarlet and reddish brown, that of the hen brown only. The cock bird has a pretty crest of scarlet feathers, and a row of black ones round his throat and beak. His body is covered with scintillating feathers, while his wings and tail are reddish brown. The hen has no crest, but her brown plumage has a *causson* of red edging. The beak of both male and female is a reddish white and is very strong, the extremity of the upper mandible slightly hooked. This bird has two families in the spring, and generally builds its nest some height from the ground. The nest in the writer's collection is made of thin pieces of bark and dried grass, and contains small eggs. The female, however, generally lays but two, which are about the size of a Blackbird's, and by no means beautiful, as they are a dull white, thickly covered with brown blotches.

The Blue Bird (*Sialia*), about the size of a robin, has, as its name implies, a blue plumage. This colour is, however, confined to the back, the upper part of the wings, tail, breast and head being covered with brown; its bill, legs and eyes are black. The cock and hen are very much alike. The Blue Bird builds in bushes, or low down in trees, and its elegant pale blue eggs are often taken from mere wantonness. Although a native of Bermuda, there appears to be little doubt that the tribe receive accessions only in the spring from the American coast.

Both the Red and Blue Birds, though fond of worms, are also partial to seeds, and through this weakness are captured in traps in the shape of a common house-roof, made of sticks fastened with string. A little corn is strown under the trap, which is delicately balanced upon a thin stick, so that the bird in picking up the corn generally knocks it away, down comes the trap and captures the songster. The Red Bird does not take kindly to being captured, and it is well to give him something to bite when you take him out of the trap, for if he gets hold of his captor's hand, he will make a terrible wound. Both Red and Blue Bird sing during spring and summer. As a description of the Cat Bird, Kingfisher, Crow, and Moor-hen, can be seen in most ornithological works, a few remarks will suffice for them here. The Cat Bird's feline-like note is heard all over the island at most seasons, but the Kingfisher, the Crow and Moor-hen, are never found far from their favourite haunts. The writer shot a Kingfisher (*Alcedo Halcyon*), on Longbird Island, and generally used to see a few at the Devil's Hole in Harrington Sound, at a pond on Paget's Island, and at Mullet Bay. The Crow (*Corvus*) is never seen far from a small rookery near Hamilton, and the Moor-hen (*Gallinula*) frequents and breeds in several of the marshes and swamps between St. George's and the town of Hamilton, but it keeps so much under shelter of the sedge and water plants, that it rarely enters the sportsman's bag.

The Ground Dove (*Columba Passerina*) is a sweet little bird, and generally pretty tame. It is found all over the islands, and looks like a diminutive pigeon, but its colour is a mottled grey, its wings and tail being bordered with black feathers. Its legs are reddish white, and its bill black. Its nest is never far from the ground, and is formed of fine twigs and grass, and the snow-white eggs are not as often taken by mischievous boys as the eggs of other of the Bermudian feathered tribe.

We do not know the scientific name of the Chick of the village, but the tiny creature is very like a wren, and its nest and eggs resemble those of the same bird. It measures about three inches from the extremity of its bill to the tip of its tail, is a dark brown colour with a few dusky white feathers interspersed along its breast and the edges of its wings. Its eyes and bill and legs are a dark colour, but its eggs are pure white, their ends being dusted with tiny black specks. The nest in the writer's possession, is built with great ingenuity,

being formed of coarse grass, twigs and bark in the fork of, and pendant from, a slight cedar bough. Surgeon Griffith, R.A., who was with the writer in Bermuda, obtained and brought to England a bird over whose genus a mystery not only hangs, but the existence of the species has even been denied, and standard works of Natural History are silent about it. Here we may give its Bermudian name—the *Cahow*.

An almost romantic history hangs over the *Cahow*. In a work published in 1629 by John Smith, Governor of Bermuda, he says: "The *Cahow* is a bird of the night, for all day she lies hid in holes in the rocks, where they and their young are taken with as much ease as may be, but in the night, if you bat halloo and whoop, they will light upon you, that with your hands you may chase the fat and leave the lean—those they have only in winter. Their eggs are white."

Another writer in 1738 (Purchas) says: "Birds are equally abundant and various, many of the species peculiar to the islands; the most singular was one called *Cochow* or *Cochie*, about the size of a plover, which comes forth only in the darkest nights of November and December, hovering over the shore, making a strange hollow and harsh howling. The most approved method of taking them was by standing on rocks by the sea side, whooping and hallooing, and making the strangest outcries, which attracted the birds until they settled on the very person of the hunter." The only spot where these birds were thought to breed when the writer was in Bermuda a few years since is Gurnet's Head—a solitary craggy and almost inaccessible limestone rock rising abruptly out of the sea, a little beyond the entrance to St. George's harbour. The ocean swell that surges against its rugged sides precludes landing upon it except in fine summer weather. Surgeon Griffith, however, made an excursion there, and secured and still possesses two specimens of the *Cahow*, which have been kindly lent to aid in its description. The writer believes the owner may most fairly claim to be the first who has added the *Cahow* to an ornithological collection, so we give a scientific description for the benefit of our readers: Upper surface of body, head, beak, wings and tail, of a dull black; under surface of the same white; eyes and feet jet black; webbed in the foot, with three toes, and no kind of claw or spur; weighs 8½ oz.; measures 8½ inches from the root of bill to end of tail, and 14½ inches from the tip of either wing; bill 2½ inch long, black, and very hard, the upper mandible turned down over the under like a hook; the egg (they lay but one) is white, and the same size and shape as that of a wood pigeon. They lay in holes or under projecting points of rock, making no nest. The male and female are invariably found in the same hole, and probably take turn and turn about in the process of incubation. They see but imperfectly in the day time, and are continually blinking their small eyes. Their food appears to be vegetable matters. Some officers visited the rock in 1847 and landed a black boy, who ever stoutly maintained that in addition to various sea birds and eggs he secured two *Cahows*. However, in getting into the boat, he missed his footing upset the boat and was nearly drowned, the whole of the specimens and eggs finding a watery grave. In 1849 two officers of the 42nd Regiment captured on the rocks two of the dusky Shearwater (*Puffinus Obscurus*), birds found in the Gulf of Man and the Scilly Isles, but their description given by Bulfinch does not tally with that of the *Cahow*, though in some respects the *Cahow* and dusky Shearwater are alike.

My account of the Bermuda birds would be sadly incomplete without a notice of the boatswain bird. During the breeding season, numbers of these birds, known by the local names of "Longtail" or "Boat-swain," lay their eggs and rear their young in the clefts of the rocks that skirt much of the coast, and without doubt did the same ages before Bermuda was colonized. We have heard that the scientific name of this bird is *Phaeton Atherous*. Having brought two with their egg to England, it is not difficult to give a description. We may remark that the gentleman who "set" them up, and who does an extensive business in that line, informed the writer that he had never seen any birds resembling them. They are about the size of a teal, and their body is thickly covered with glossy white feathers, so that like sea gulls they are difficult to shoot. The feathers which overspread the wings, neck, head and tail are almost entirely white; but jet black feathers edge the inner portion of the wings, and there is also a row just above the tail, from which project two slender fawn-coloured feathers (with a tiny black strip down their centre) about twenty inches long. These latter feathers, however, fall out before the birds quit Bermuda—about October.

The beak is yellow, about two inches long, and very powerful; the legs are not more than two-and-a-half inches long, while the feet are black. The birds are web-footed, and their eyes are black, and a few delicate black feathers behind them show in strong contrast to the white plumage. The egg is as large as a hen's, and is chocolate colour, with light brown stains. The birds bite very severely, and the enterprising naturalist will do well to take care of his fingers in handling live specimens. The "boatswains" live upon sea fish, and may be seen during spring and summer hovering and darting over the sea close to their haunts, and every now and then dashing into the waves in pursuit of their prey. They are readily taken when sitting on their eggs, and as an illustration of their number we mention a laughable incident of a gentleman passing through Bermuda. He was anxious to obtain two or three specimens, and without limiting the supply rashly offered 2s. 6d. each for any brought him within forty-eight hours. Within the prescribed time a black fellow arrived with a small boatload, the result of a seven or eight hours' hunt, and "let in" our friend for about £10—"served him right," was the public verdict.

THE FISHES IN BERMDUDA WATERS.

Of the Bermudian finny tribe there is a long list, but it will suffice to mention here the most prominent—viz.: Hog fish, groupers, mackerel, porphy-shark, angel and rock fish. Excursions to the grouper ground off St. George's Island, hauling the seine in various sandy bays, varied by special fishing trips in Bermuda yachts, were among our summer amusements. In 1860, a fish, supposed by many to be a young sea serpent, was thrown on shore in Hungry Bay. He was sixteen feet long, and along his head ran a crest of thin long, red spines. A lengthy account of the creature was published in *Harper's Weekly* paper, and in the *Theologist* for 1860. After considerable controversy it was assigned to the order of the Ribband fish of the genus *Gymnetus*, but it was unfortunately much mutilated by its captors. The head and tail have, however,

been preserved and brought to England, and a Yankee has hinted that their owner had better manufacture a body, "fix" on the head and tail, and exhibit the creature as the far famed sea serpent. There was one bright summer morning that the writer and three friends left Bermuda stretching away in the background, and stood well out to sea in the "Victoria" for a celebrated finny town—the North Rock. The land sank lower and lower; at length Bermuda appeared to be a strip of dark green land, balanced between the cerulean ocean and the azure dome above. The soft sultry breeze was neither too light nor too strong; it filled the white sails of the "Victoria," and wafted us merrily along the liquid plain until we came to where we would lie. Then we let go our anchor on a coal ridge, turned the mainsail into an awning, and having baited our large hooks let them sink to within a few inches of the bottom of the Atlantic, threw a few dead small fish overboard to attract the big fellows, and bided our time. We had not long to wait, and every one in the course of the day had the satisfaction of catching some monster—an enormous rock fish, 84 lbs.; a gigantic porphy, 50 lbs.; a shark three feet long; several groupers, ungainly, ugly fish, with mouths exactly like a negro's, and several smaller fish were our take. The black crew slew our prizes—all tolerable eating—as soon as they were hauled on deck, and a strong cord run through their gills they were towed astern the "Victoria" to keep them sweet and fresh.

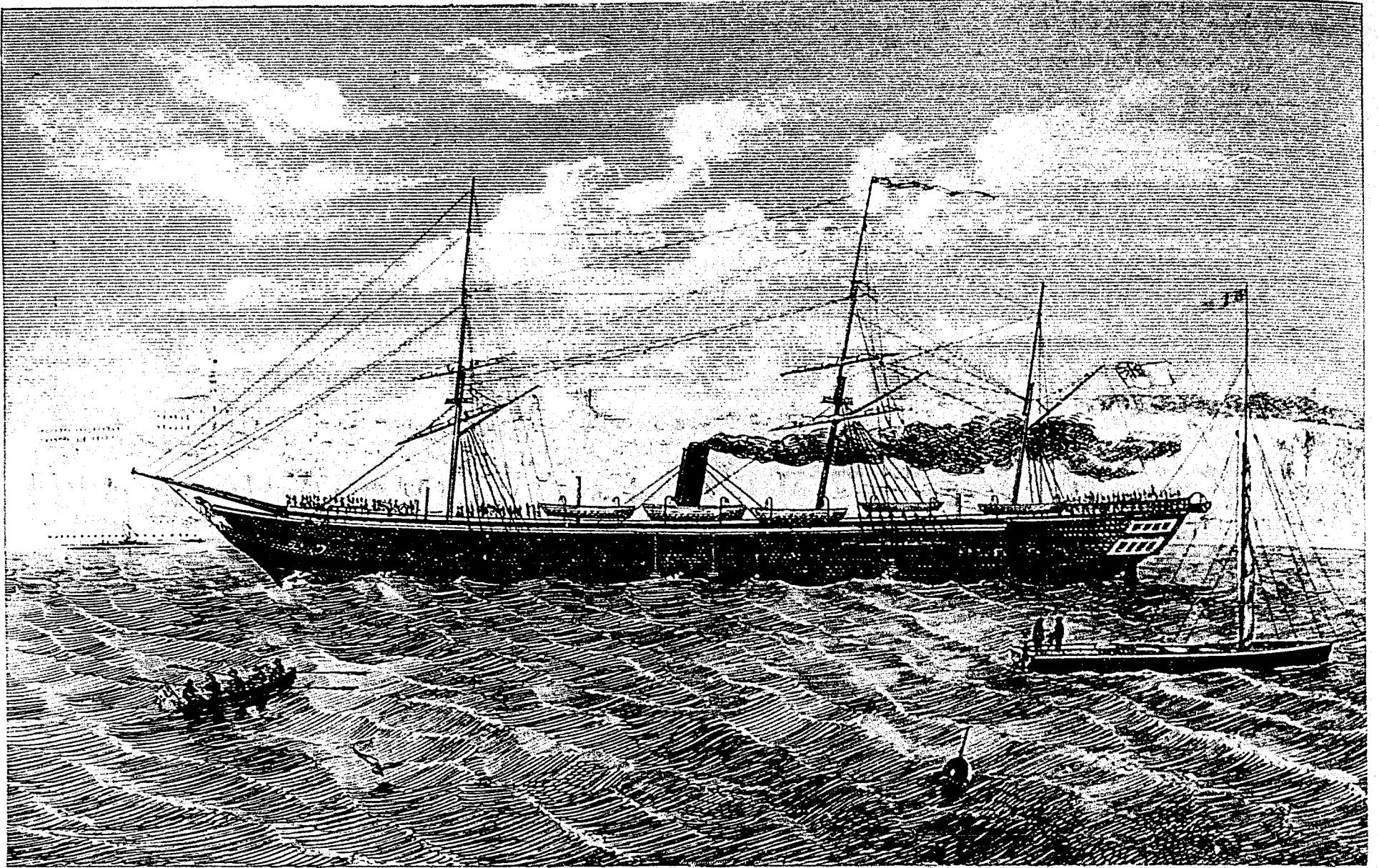
Our labours over, we filled the silver challenge vase—the gift of H. R. H. Prince Alfred to the Bermuda Royal Yacht Club—with that delicious compound champagne-cup, and quaffed it merrily, and the tropical sun was flooding the horizon with a golden bath of dying light when we reached the "Victoria's" moorings.

Of late years the whale fishery has somewhat declined in Bermuda, perhaps owing to the number annually taken by the American whalers that sail round its shores. The species most commonly met with is the Greenland whale, (*Balena mysticus*) from the month of March to July. The more valuable—the spermaceti whale—(*Physeter macrocephalus*) rarely falls to the harpoons of our "Mudian" friends. We cannot better describe the process of the "Mudian" whale fishery in 1860—a process not very successful, because the noise of the boat disturbs the creatures—than by quoting a communication sent by Mr. R. Norwood, of Bermuda, to the Royal Society of London, nearly two hundred years ago. "The killing of whales," he writes, "hath been formerly attempted in vain, but within these two or three years, in the spring time and fair weather, they take sometimes one, two, or three in a day. They are less, I hear, than those in Greenland, but more quick and lively, so that if they be struck in deep water, they presently make into the deep with such violence that the boat is in danger of being hauled down after them if they cut not the rope in time. Therefore they usually strike them in shoal water. They have very good boats for that purpose, manned with six oars, such as they can row backwards or forwards as occasion requireth. They row up gently to the whale, and so he will scarcely shun them, and when the harpiner, standing ready fitted, sees his opportunity, he strikes his harping iron into the whale, about or before the fins, rather than towards the taylor. Now the harping irons are like those that are used in England in striking porpoises, but singular good metal that will not break, but wind, as they say, about a man's hand. To the harping iron is made fast a staff which, when the whale is struck, comes out of the socket, and so when the whale is something quiet, they haul up to him by the rope, and it may be, strike into him another harping iron, or lance him with lances in staves till they have killed him. This I write by relation, for I have not seen any killed myself. I hear not that they have found any spermaceti in any of these whales, but I have heard from credible persons that there is a kind of such as have the sperma at Eleutheria, and other of the Bahama Islands, (where also they find often quantities of ambergrease) and that those have great teeth, (which ours have not) and are very sinewy. One of this place (John Perinchig) found one of them dead, driven upon an island, and tho', I think, ignorant in the business, yet got a great quantity of spermaceti out of it. It seems they have not much oyl, as ours; but this oyl, I hear, is at first all over their bodies, like spermaceti, but they clarify it, I think, by the fire. When I speak with him (whom I could not meet with at present, and now the ship is ready to sail) I shall endeavour to be further informed; but at present with the tender of my humble service to the Royal Society, and commending your noble designs to the blessing of the Almighty, I take my leave," &c.

A whale case gave the good Bermuda lawyers some employment at the assizes in 1857. Two boats belonging to the same company went in chase of a whale, and one of them approaching closely, the creature was struck, splitting the boat as it made off. The whale was again struck from the other boat, which, by some mishap, was also damaged, and away went the whale into Castle Harbour, towing the second boat after it. For some reason—probably terror—this boat did not, as it ought to have done, pull up to the whale and despatch it, but remained inactive for about an hour, the whale all the time plunging about the harbour, and, as they term it, "feeling for the boat." Another whaling company, disgusted at this pusillanimity, despatched a boat to the slaughter, which pulled up to the prize and killed it, but as the first company persisted in refusing either to allot this boat any share of the carcase, or to give any remuneration, its owner brought an action at the ensuing assizes, and was awarded fifty pounds for work and labour. Whale beef is a favourite dish with the coloured population, and was not despised at the Artillery and Engineer mess dinner, being a better dish than the horrid beef weekly imported in the shape of *ancient* cattle. We think a description of the operation of cutting up the whale, *i.e.*, "finching," would hardly edify our readers, so we omit further mention.

(To be continued.)

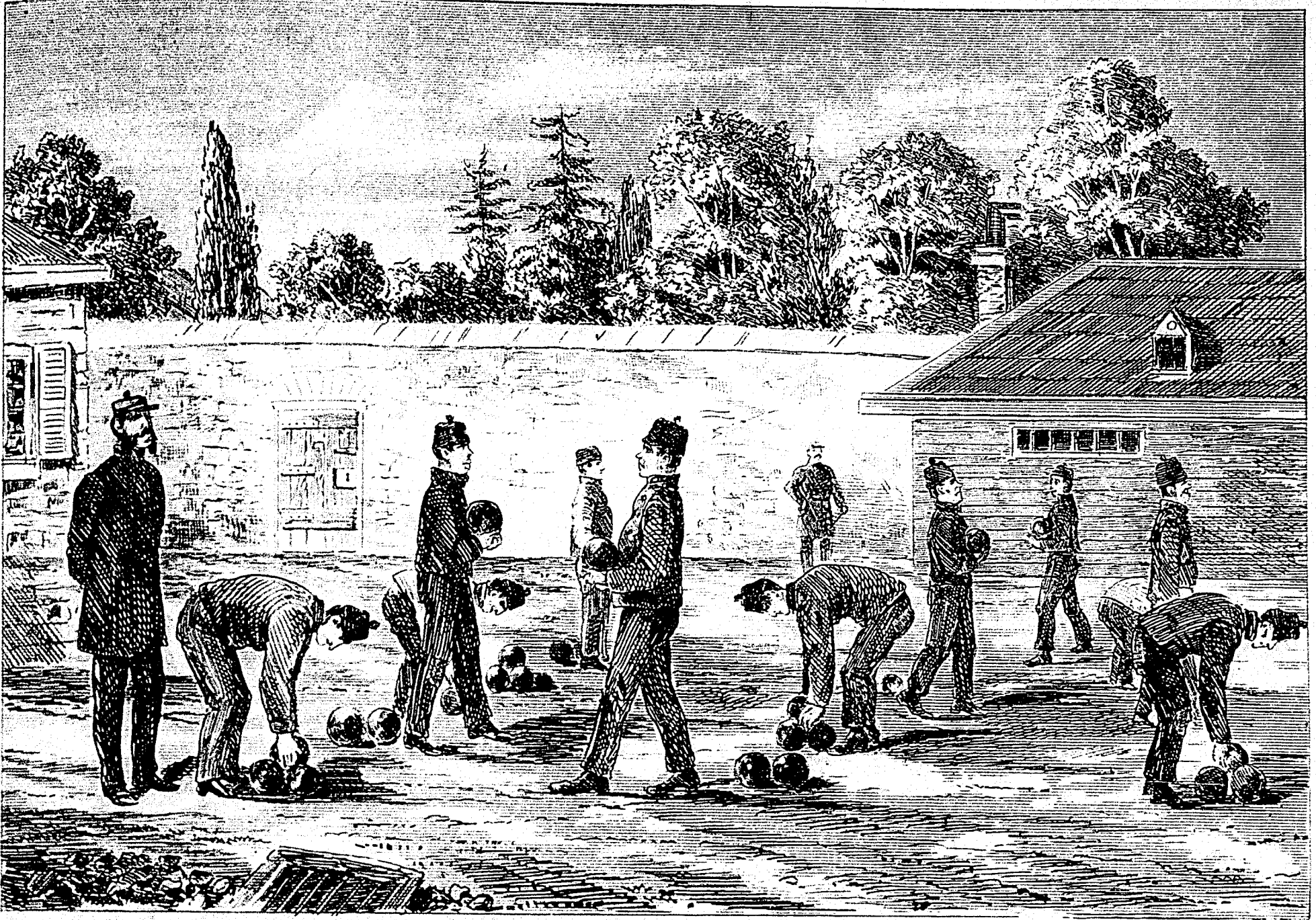
NUMBER OF LANGUAGES SPOKEN.—A statistician has taken the pains to calculate the number of languages spoken, and puts the number at 3,064. The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average of human life is about 33 years. One quarter die before the age of 9. One half before the age of 17. To every 1,000 persons, one only reaches 100 years. There are on earth 1,000,000,000 of inhabitants. Of these 33,333,333 die every year; 7,780 every hour, and 60 every minute—or one for every second. These losses are about balanced by the number of births.



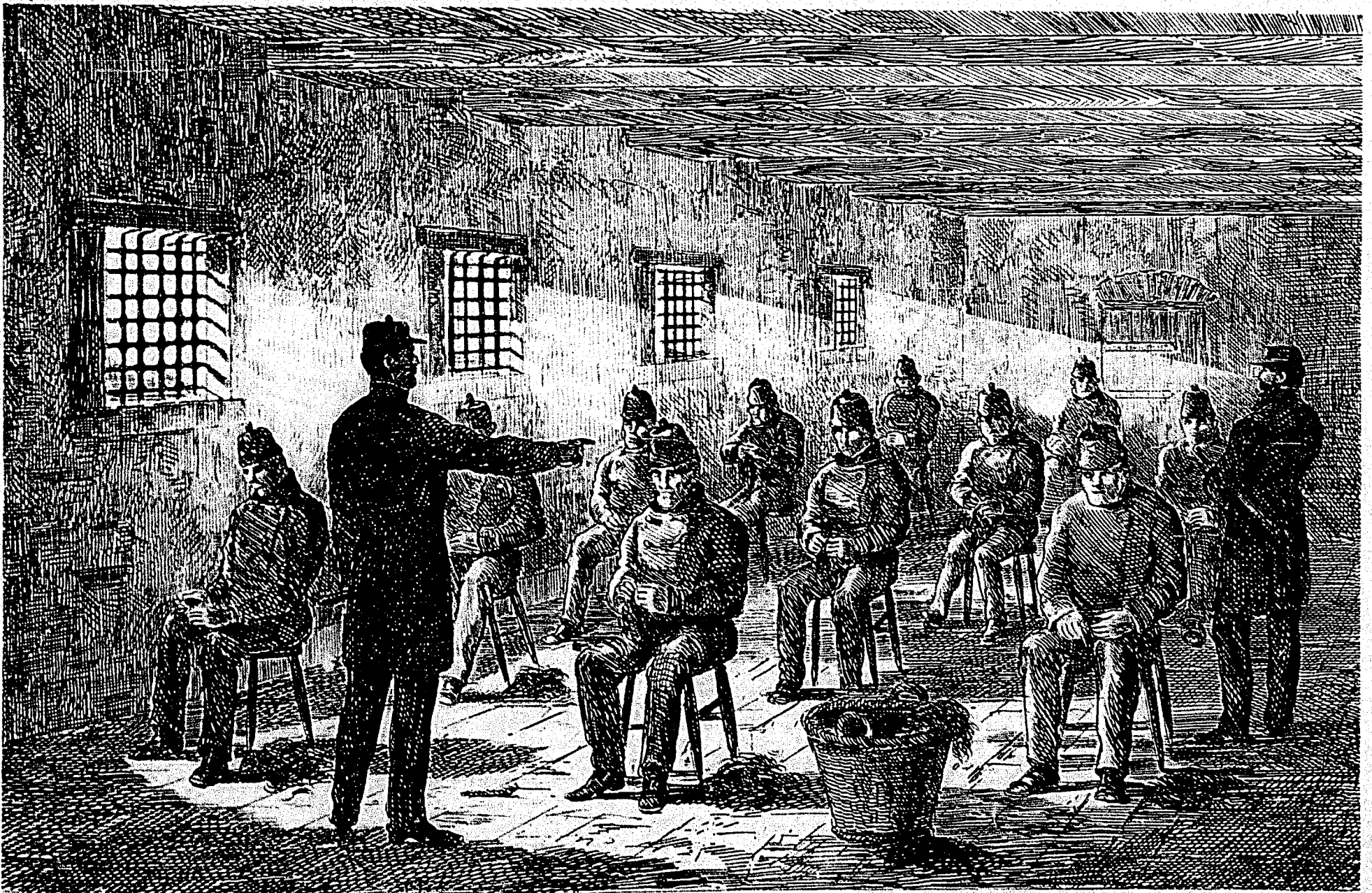
DEPARTURE OF THE TROOPS —THE *ORONTES* LEAVING QUEBEC. POINT LEVIS IN THE DISTANCE —FROM A SKETCH BY W. O. C.



BETWEEN DECKS ON THE *ORONTES*.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. O. C.—SEE PAGE 370.



MILITARY PRISON, QUEBEC.—SHOT DRILL.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. O. C.



MILITARY PRISON, QUEBEC.—PICKING OAKUM.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. O. C.—SEE PAGE 373.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, DEC. 16, 1871.

Table with 2 columns: Day and Event. Includes Sunday (Dec. 10), Monday (11), Tuesday (12), Wednesday (13), Thursday (14), Friday (15), and Saturday (16) with various historical events.

TEMPERATURE in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Tuesday, 5th December, 1871, observed by HEARS, HARRISON & Co., 242 Notre Dame Street.

Table with 7 columns: Day, Max., Min., Mean, S.A.M., 1 P.M., 6 P.M. Shows temperature and barometer data for Nov. 29 and Dec. 1-5.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS sending in their names and \$4.00 from this date until the end of the year, will be entitled to the Illustrated News for 1872, complete, and to the numbers of the present year still to be published after the date of their subscription, including the Premium Plate now being printed.

Arrangements have been made to have the Canadian Illustrated News and the Howthorne delivered in folio form to subscribers in the following places, by the Agents whose names are annexed.

These Agents will also collect the subscription and the postage. In most cases, not to interfere with existing postage contracts, the arrangement will take effect only after the 1st January next.

After the 31st December next, the subscription to the News will be \$4.00 per annum, if paid in advance, or within the first three months, after which it will be Five Dollars.

Table listing agents for various locations: Almonte, Bothwell, Bowmanville, Brantford, Brockville, Cobourg, Collingwood, Dundas, Elora, Fenelon Falls, Fergus, Goble's Corners, Goderich, Halifax, Hamilton, Ingersoll, Kincaid, Kingston, London, Meaford, Nanawau, Orillia, Oshawa, Ottawa, Paisley, Peterboro, Perth, Petrolia, Prescott, Quebec, Sherbrooke, St. Catharines, Tilsburg, Wardsville.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1871.

We have before remarked upon the great "tidal wave" of democratic, or rather socialistic, principles that is now overflowing British politics, to the submergence of nearly all other political questions. It is a manifestation of Statism as opposed to individualism; a modern illustration of the ancient Cesarism which made the individual nothing, save as a creature subservient to the State.

One of the greatest of social blessings which Christianity has introduced into this world is that it has taught, and imposed the recognition of, individual right. But the new regenerators of the social system threaten to overturn this good work, and relegate us all to a state

of despotism, in which stupidity and mediocrity may rank with the highest talent, and in which the individual right must be sunk in the general submission to the decrees of that wooden idol, the State. We were no less surprised than gratified to read in the report of a lecture, recently delivered in Boston, by Wendell Phillips, sentiments very nearly akin to our own on this subject, which is, apparently fated, in one shape or another, to be the engrossing topic of public discussion for many years to come.

"In the classic republics the State was everything; individual was nothing. All they sought was to cover with a wholesale protection classes of men—the commonwealth. Feudalism, upon which we pour out so much contempt and such keen rebuke, had one merit—it was the Gospel of Individualism; it was emphasizing the importance of the single unit. To a certain extent it ignored the State, but it never forgot the man. To be sure it confined its protection only to a class—the upper class, the landed class, the wealthy class; but within the girth of what it recognized, that class—every man and the minutest right of every man, was as sacred as the throne itself. The feudal noble bowed to none but the king, and hardly to him. His slightest atom of right, whether he should stand a lion on his banner exclusively, whether his chair should sit six inches higher than his neighbour, or he should walk in the great procession ahead of his rival, were rights to be maintained, as sacredly, at as much cost as his castle and lands. It was no matter how slight, provided it was his—the whole power of the State was bound to vindicate him in his exclusive right. Men went to war for the right to walk in the third or the fourth or the seventh place of a procession. We come back in the republics to the old error of classic times. We have a wholesale regard, and provided the general public is protected, there is a singular disregard of the individual. In order to ensure public attention, you must get a wrong that covers a million of men. And to-day the same wholesale test of institutions prevails. For the protection of an individual right, give me a government modelled on the feudalism of the Middle Ages. Now what I am going to speak to you of to-night are what men call slight wrongs, affecting only small classes, but they constitute just as truly a grievance, they defeat just as certainly the first purpose of government which is the protection of the individual. "That is a true government," said the Greek, "where the humblest and most friendless man is as safe in his meanest right as the most loved and the strongest."

The "feudalism of the Middle Ages" was a crude compound of Pagan practice and Christian principle; but as Mr. Phillips rightly says it was the "Gospel of the single unit," in that it recognized, according to its intelligence, the rights of every member of the human family, not as emanating from the State, but as inherent in the fact of individualism, which of right exists before the State, alike in the natural as in the social order. One is tempted to say that society is not in danger when one of the extremest of radicals boldly enunciates such sentiments as these just quoted. "For the protection of an individual right," Wendell Phillips confesses that even the crude governments of the middle ages were far superior to those of to-day. "We come back," he says, "to the old error of classic times." But he does not tell us why we have "come back." Is it not because the principle of authority has been misunderstood, or its true source forgotten?

A Republic might undoubtedly be as wholesome for the organization and maintenance of civil society as any other form of government. But, unfortunately, experience has taught us that it is of all systems of government the most liable to abuse. And its abuses spring from the simple fact that a bare majority of the nation may twist the whole administration of State affairs to personal advantage. Under a monarchy, or even an autocracy, there is but the interest of a single family, with its *attaches*, comparatively few as compared with the nation at large, to be provided for. In this respect there is safety, not in the multitude, but in the insignificant number of parasites to be provided for. Mr. Phillips, in the lecture from which we have quoted, indicts the Republic of Massachusetts for cruelty and mal-administration towards the weakest and most unfortunate of its citizens. A like injustice may be perpetrated under any form of government; but his recognition of the fact that even the mediaeval governments of Europe, not to speak of those of the present day, were more careful of individual rights than the modern Republics which have fallen into "the error of classic times," ought to be a warning to those who look to the government, instead of to themselves, for the amelioration of their condition.

About the best thing that the Civil Government can do is to let its people alone. Give them every facility for the prosecution of business—roads, bridges, canals, and railways to make intercommunication easy. Enact and enforce just laws for the regulation of rights as between *meum* and *tuum*, and leave the rest of the civil administration to be regulated by local customs, or the municipal administration of parishes or districts. Governments do

not make men; men make Governments. But when we hear of the extravagant schemes which are now under discussion in England, we are half inclined to suppose that those who espouse the new doctrines have placed their faith in a contrary creed. Success, or promotion in life, under any form of government, should be the result of individual effort, not of the special laws which that Government may enact; and if the Bradlaughs and Odgers find themselves on a lower social level than the Gladstones and Disraelis, the fault ought not to be attributed to the Government, but to circumstances altogether personal to themselves, and for the greater part of which they are probably quite irresponsible. Any serious disturbance of existing laws as to the right of property in England will inevitably lead to disaster; and any attempt on the part of the State to assume a patriarchal administration, under a parliamentary government, will assuredly bring about anarchy. The "Internationals," or "Communists," or "Land Leaguers,"—the socialistic party by whatever name it may designate itself—should be sternly taught that obedience to authority and a just recognition of the rights of property, whether in land, money or labour, are the very foundations upon which modern society rests, and that their disturbance in the direction at which they aim would bring the world back to that system which we call Cesarism, and which Wendell Phillips points to as the fault of the Republics of classic times—the extinction of the individual for the interest of the State. It is strange that our latter day reformers should aim at the accomplishment of a project so destructive of human liberty.

CORRECTION.—In our issue of the 25th Nov., we gave an illustration of the ball given to the military at Quebec, previous to their departure, and stated that it was to "the 6th Regt.," whereas it should have been "to the officers of the Garrison of Quebec," the good citizens of the ancient capital desiring to make no distinction between the Royal Rifles and the Royal Artillery.

THE TAXATION OF CHURCHES.

The following trenchant letter has been sent by the Rt. Archbishop of Toronto to the City Clerk, in reply to a circular inviting his Grace to sign a petition against all exemptions from municipal taxation, or to state his reasons for refusing. We think the point Archbishop Lynch makes, that the church-goer would be compelled, by the proposed change in the law, to shoulder an additional share of taxes, will have its weight with the people of Ontario:—

Sir.—In reply to your note accompanying a form of petition, originating in the City Hall, to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Ontario, to tax all exempted property, to be signed, or reasons to be given for not signing, I beg to say that neither we nor our clergy can sign such a petition for the following reasons:

- 1. Because it would be an act of the blackest ingratitude to tax the little spot of earth dedicated to the worship of God, who is the Creator and Master of all things, for the earth is His and the fullness thereof. This reason ought to be enough, but to the shame of Christian men of our day, it must be said, the very Pagans never thought of taxing the temples dedicated to the worship of their gods. The Americans on this continent were the first to conceive and put into practice the idea of taxing churches to raise money to meet the expenses of a fratricidal war, and thus indirectly taxing the worship of the God of peace. This infection, it seems, has been caught in Canada by irreligious men, who would make our Redeemer Himself pay tribute to Cesar, and place a tax on the worship of God. 2. The people of Toronto, being a church-going people, pay already all the expenses of the City Government. Their burden will not be lightened by placing a tax upon the churches, for this tax will have to be paid by this church-going people anyhow, with this odious feature—that the clergy or church-wardens will become city collectors for the taxes imposed on their churches. The church-going people will have to pay more than their share to support the church, and the tax-members of society, who are often a burden to our police administration of the city, will be encouraged not to go to church, by the additional tax they are expected to pay for their attendance. The ordinary support of the clergymen, and the building and maintaining of the churches are a large voluntary tax upon the good people. 3. All repudiate the idea of a tax on knowledge, hence newspapers, periodicals, &c., are highly favoured by governments, but with this proposed tax on churches, religious knowledge itself will be under a ban. 4. Churches do a large amount of good to the public in keeping down crime, lawlessness and communism, which would subvert all governments, and the governments in protecting and helping churches, are only helping and protecting themselves and the people in general by saving the community a vast expense, which would be incurred by the crimes of an ungodly people. 5. If the churches be taxed in proportion to their value, then the churches must be fewer than the requirements of the people demand, mean in appearance, and unworthy of a great city. Churches are the great ornaments of cities both in the old and new world, and show the taste, liberality and religion of the people. Are all those tastes to be taxed in proportion to their nobility? 6. No government, based on Christianity, would tax the widow and orphan who are supported by the charity of a public that already voluntarily pay the taxes that would fall on them. 7. Would any Christian government think of enforcing the law of taxation on the widows, orphans, and paupers sup-

VARIETIES.

ported in houses of charity, by selling their little furniture and clothes, or could they get a Christian bailiff to put into execution the distress warrant?

8. Will there be a tax upon our schools, reputed to be free that the children may receive instruction, sufficient to make them good citizens? Will the government take with one hand what it gives with the other, not to speak of the enormous expense of collecting the tax? From whom will you collect the tax? From the trustees or the children—perhaps to sell the school houses?

We could adduce many other reasons, but let the first we suggested suffice.

Sir, Please to accept my best wishes,
JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,
Archbishop of Toronto.

St. Michael's Palace,
Toronto, Dec. 1, 1871.

WHAT BUILDINGS ARE FIRE-PROOF.

The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial has "interviewed" Mr. Mullet, the U. S. Government architect, on the subject of fire-proof buildings, and here are his opinions:

Mr. Mullet says there are few fire-proof buildings in the United States. He ought to know, for he has had all the government buildings in the country on his hands for several years, and has built the best of them, and it is probable he has devoted as much time, study, and investigation to the subject as any architect to be found.

"Why, my friend," said he, "don't you know that granite, when subjected to a strong heat, crumbles like plaster? It is the best building stone in the world; it will resist time, and heat, and damp and rain, and everything else, but it won't resist fire. Marble is not much better, but it is some; marble will not burn up as soon as granite. Sandstone is about the same, with some few exceptional varieties.

"Now, a good many blessed idiots think that if a vault is built of granite it is fire and burglar-proof. Nothing of the sort. If I wanted to make a secure vault, I shouldn't make it of granite. A skilful burglar can get into a granite vault in no time."

"How?"
"Why, with a blow-pipe. With a large blow pipe, and a small, sharp blaze well handled, a burglar can crack a block of granite to pieces before you'd know it. When subjected to a severe heat it cracks and splits off in flakes, and you can crush it into sand with your fingers. Oh, no! a granite building is not fire-proof."

"Well, what sort of a building is fire-proof?"

"A granite building," he answered, without apparently minding the question, "will stand heat a great while; so will marble a great while. But a wooden cupola, or steeple, or tower, must not be put on top of it, like that on the Chicago Court House. Granite isn't fire-proof," he continued, "but, as I said before, it will stand a good deal. It is probable that the Court House would have stood had it not been for the wooden cupola and the open windows. The Tribune office would probably have stood if it had had iron shutters outside and inside on all the windows. Yet it is by no means certain, if the fire raged with the intensity that is described."

"What, then, is to be done," I asked, "if granite and marble and sandstone are not fire-proof? Is not the Capitol, the Treasury, the Patent Office, the Post Office Department—sure not these fire-proof?"

"Why, bless your soul, no! Not one of them. But they are probably safe, for all that, because they stand away from other buildings—all except the Post Office. If we should have such a fire in Washington as that in Chicago I should fear for the Post Office building. Why, my dear sir," he continued in a more snappish tone than ever, "do you know there is but one fire-proof Government building in the country? That's the Appraisers' Stores, in Philadelphia."

"Is it possible? And that is the only one?"

"It's the only one I know of."

"What's the material?"

"Why," he answered, "it's brick. Brick is the only absolutely fire-proof building material I know of. They say the Seneca stone is fire-proof, and it has stood some wonderful tests, but none of the Government buildings have been built of it. Of course granite and marble are good enough, if buildings are apart from others. That's the trouble. Government buildings ought to have big grounds around them. Then there would be no danger. But I have great faith in iron shutters."

RAILROAD SIGNALS.—We have heard many boys and girls wonder what the different whistles of a locomotive and the motions of the conductor meant. A railroad official has kindly enlightened us, and we will explain to our readers what has seemed so mysterious. One whistle, "down breaks;" two whistles, "off breaks;" three whistles, "danger." A rapid succession of short whistles is the cattle alarm, at which the brakes will always be put down. When a conductor gives a signal by a sweeping parting of the hands, on a level with his eyes, it means "go ahead." A downward motion of the hands, with extended arms, "stop." A beckoning motion of the hand, "back." A lantern raised and lowered vertically is a signal for "starting;" swung at right angles, or crossways of the track, to "stop;" swung in a circle, "to back the train." A red flag waved upon the track is a signal of danger; so of other signals given with energy. A red flag hoisted at a station is a signal for a train to "stop;" stuck up at the roadside, it is a signal of danger on the train ahead; carried unfurled upon an engine, a warning that another engine or train is on its way.—*Over the Ocean.*

There is great talk at Frankfort of a centenary meeting of the Rothschilds, to be held on the site of the old house in the Jude Strasse whence they took their origin, and which has only of late years been pulled down, at the death of the old grandmother, who could never be persuaded to remove into one of the magnificent mansions possessed by her sons, grandsons, nephews, and nieces, in every other part of the city. So many cases have been given for the rise of the Rothschilds, all of which are known, that we give the newest as spoken by Baron James, shortly before his death—"We never employ an unlucky man. Has he ever had misfortunes? is the first question we ask of any one who proposes an employe to our house. We have always been fortunate and avoid the contact of ill-luck."

Corner's juries at La Crosse call it "probable murder" when a person is found with seven stabs in the back.

A Harrow boy was translating some French, and came to the sentence, "Plut à Dieu," which he read off as "It rains, by Jove."

A young convert, down in Maine, demonstrated the force of habit by remarking in a conference meeting that some of the proceedings were not "according to Hoyle."

A Kansas paper, urging enlistments for a regiment to fight the Indians, says: "The service will last three or four months only, and will be a source of health, pleasure and profit to all who enlist."

Among the competitors for the darning prize lately offered in the Georgia State fair one lady presented a stocking so neatly mended that the judges couldn't find the mark of a needle about the darned thing.

A "lesson in modern history" is given in the *Londoner Zeitung*, of which the following is a translation:—"Teacher: Charles, what do you know of Napoleon? Charles: He begins with a great A, and ends with little a."

If bald heads, large waists, fixed shoulders, and dragging steps could be made the favoured style in the world of fashion, youth, with all its cruel advantages, would bear off even that disguise, and it would be very comforting to great numbers of worthy people whose only fault is that they are over forty.

The editor of the Exeter (Eng.) *Times* airs his knowledge of Canadian geography by informing the natives that "the flourishing town of Windsor is just opposite Manitoba," and mentions its destruction by fire as an incident of the last Fenian raid.

Touching the rumoured marriage of Gambetta with Mlle. Andoy, daughter of an ex-Prefect, it is stated that the negotiations have been unavoidably postponed, owing to the fact that the lady has not yet been born. M. Andoy has three sons but no daughter.

At a recent college examination for divinity a man was asked, what was the connection between the Old and New Testaments? After long thought, and being requested several times to think again, he exclaimed, "I've got it! Malachi, the last of the prophets, cut off Peter's ear!"

Here it is at last: "Wanted a servant for a small family; comforts of a home, meals with the family and use of piano and family doctor gratis. Will be allowed to go out every evening. Can give to an eligible party the best of references. Salary no object. Call at 492 St. Lawrence Main Street, Montreal."

In Austria, women have certain legal rights undreamed of by Americans. They can refuse to accompany their husbands to any locality which endangers their liberality, life, or health, and, unless married to military men, can refuse to be parties to perpetual peregrination, and to settling in foreign countries.

An Illinois paper, edited by Mr. Steel, says: "A printer last week proposed to go into partnership with us. His name was Doolittle. The firm name would sound very bad, either way you put it—Steel & Doolittle, or Doolittle & Steel. We can't join. One of us would be in the poor-house and the other in the penitentiary."

THE BARRISTER'S REPLY.—Henry Erskine being one day in London in company with the Duchess of Gordon, he asked her, "Are we never again to enjoy the honour and pleasure of your Grace's society at Edinburgh?"—"Oh," said she, "Edinburgh is a vile, dull place. I hate it."—"Madam," replied the gallant barrister, "the sun might as well say, 'There's a vile, dark morning; I cannot rise to-day.'"

The editor of the *Seymour Times* is the "cheekiest" man in the State. Hear him: "The editor of this paper is now in possession of the prettiest and smartest daughter in the State; the handsomest and most intelligent wife in the State; the fastest and best horse in the State; the best cow in the State; the best pig in the State; he prints as good a paper as anybody else does in the State; and in this state of affairs he is happy."

A distinguished prelate in the Midlands, detained by fate at a railway station remote from men, is said to have relieved his active mind by translating the advertisements into Latin verse. There was one of very unpromising materials, describing a celebrated ventilating, grease-proof, easy-fitting, half-guinea hat, which was thus rendered:—

Gesto habilis, solidisque decem, notusque per orbem,
Quod penetrat ventus, non penetrabit adeps.

An English periodical is to be printed in Berlin, bearing the title of the *German Quarterly Magazine*. Its object is to make the treasures of German learning accessible to the English-speaking public. Two of the most eminent literary men of Germany, Professor Virehow, and Von Holtzendorff, have undertaken its joint management, conducting the editing alternately; so as to offer in one number articles chiefly on natural science under the great physician's direction, and in following essays on historical and political subjects published under M. Von Holtzendorff's supervision.

The long-disputed question of the "works of art" sent over to New York by the astute manager of some lead works in the South of England, is at length decided in favour of the "arts," to the great amusement of the public. The long and melancholy array of tall thin leaden statues, all with hanging nether lips and trumpet noses, has disappeared from the Custom House wharf where they were landed last August. The story of these statues is curious. The duty on lead is heavy—works of art are admitted duty free—so the lead works in question, by causing their consignment to be melted down into statues of Lord Brougham, escaped the duty. Four-and-twenty Lord Broughams have been standing all this while in a gloomy line awaiting the decision which should pronounce them works of art or blocks of metal. The excitement has been so great that when the law had decided in favour of their "artistic origin," many of them were sold at a high price as curiosities and mementoes of the strange dilemma into which the lawyers had been thrown by the cunning of the Britfishers.

EFFECT OF COLD ON IRON AND STEEL.—For many years it has been an axiom among civil engineers that great cold tended to produce a brittle condition of iron and steel, and that by this hypothesis might be explained the alleged increase in the percentage of railway accidents by the breaking of tires and axles during the cold season as compared with the warm. A recent communication before the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, by Mr. Brockbank, maintained the view just stated; but in the discussion which followed several eminent engineers entered their protest against it, and adduced facts which tend to an entirely opposite conclusion. According to Dr. Joule, numerous experiments by himself and others proved that, so far from iron and steel being weakened by cold, they are actually made positively stronger, resisting shocks and strains before which they yielded when brought to a higher temperature. While not denying the fact of the greater frequency of fractures during the cold weather, Dr. Joule refers to the increased hardness of the ground by freezing, by which the iron is subjected to a greater strain or shock than under ordinary circumstances.—*Harper's Magazine for December.*

Herr Trieber, a mythological though not, perhaps, a mythological German, has published a work on the history of the Spartan constitution, and it has announced the cheering fact that there never was such a law giver, or even such a man, as Lycurgus. From this work it appears that the wise old gentleman of whom we read in history was but an invention of one Ephorus, who, for all we know to the contrary, seeing that his works are lost, was an invention of Aristotle and Plutarch, who, it is yet supposed, were real men. By a critical and Strauss-like examination of these lost works, Herr Trieber (?) shows that Lycurgus's means the "Creator of Light," that his father was named by mythologists Ennomos, or Mr. Goodlaw, and that his son was called Eukosmos, or "Mr. Goodorder," by the same worthy gentlemen. Besides this, it is known that he had altars and sacrifices at Sparta, and that his ashes, which must have been extremely immaterial things, were "thrown into the sea, as the sun sinks into the ocean at night," and here we meet again an old friend, the "Solar myth" of whom we heard in Volney and many other destructive gentlemen. Now, Archbishop Whateley showed plainly that, inasmuch as the word Napoleon was compounded of the two Greek words *napos* and *leon*, or "Lion of the Forest," no such person as the First Emperor ever existed. And suppose one were to apply the same mode of reasoning to Herr Trieber, what would there be to say but that he himself was trying to "get off a drive on us," since it is evident from his very name that he himself was derived from the good old German verb *trieben*? Philologists are going a trifle too far in their criticisms when they would make us believe that, from the very nature of their name, they are but lovers of words.

CAPITAL IDEA.—The "Lounger" of the *Illustrated Times* says:—"By the way, touching water-proofs, I think I can give travellers a valuable hint or two. For many years I have worn India-rubber water-proofs, but I will buy no more, for I have learned that good Scottish tweed can be made completely impervious to rain, and moreover, I have learned how to make it so; and for the benefit of my readers, I will here give the recipe:—In a bucket of soft water put half a pound of sugar of lead and half a pound of powdered alum: stir this at intervals until it becomes clear; then pour it off into another bucket, and put the garment therein, and let it be in for twenty-four hours, and then hang it up to dry without wringing it. Two of my party—a lady and gentleman—have worn garments thus treated in the wildest storm of wind and rain without getting wet. The rain hangs upon the cloth in globules. In short, they are really water-proof. The gentleman, a fortnight ago, walked nine miles in a storm of rain and wind such as you rarely see in the South; and when he slipped off his overcoat, his under clothes were as dry as when he put them on. This is, I think, a secret worth knowing; for cloth, if it can be made to keep out wet, is in every way better than what we know as water-proofs."

VIOLINS OF TIN.—A few years ago, says a correspondent of the *English Mechanic*, I made about a dozen violins. Some of the first I made were very squeaky and bad in tone, but as I gained experience I made them better, and one of the last three I made was equal to any violin I ever heard. The material I used was tin, and I am of opinion that a violin can be made of tin to equal the best Cremona. The only drawback is they are heavy to any one unaccustomed to them. The cost of material is about 1s. 6d. each, and I think I could make one in about four hours.

AN OLD PRINTING PRESS.—Parkhill (says the *St. Mary's Argus*), has the honour of having the old "Wm. Lyon Mackenzie Press," which did such good execution in days of yore, in exposing the corrupt practices of the now defunct Family Compact, and through the medium of which the old, incorrigible patriot fulminated his severe invectives against the selfish tyrants who then ruled Canada with a rod of iron. This same press was the first introduced into Ontario, and was purchased by Mr. Mackenzie in Glasgow, in 1814, for the sum of £95 stg.; and is the same that was thrown into Lake Ontario, in 1827, by a mob, composed principally of the scions and near relatives of the aristocracy of Toronto. The old press has been in various offices and in different localities since it was recovered from Lake Ontario, and it is now to do service at Parkhill. It was carried by a willing crowd, shouldered high, from the railway station to the *Gazette* office, on the evening of the 7th inst., preceded by three Union Jacks.

CHESS.

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

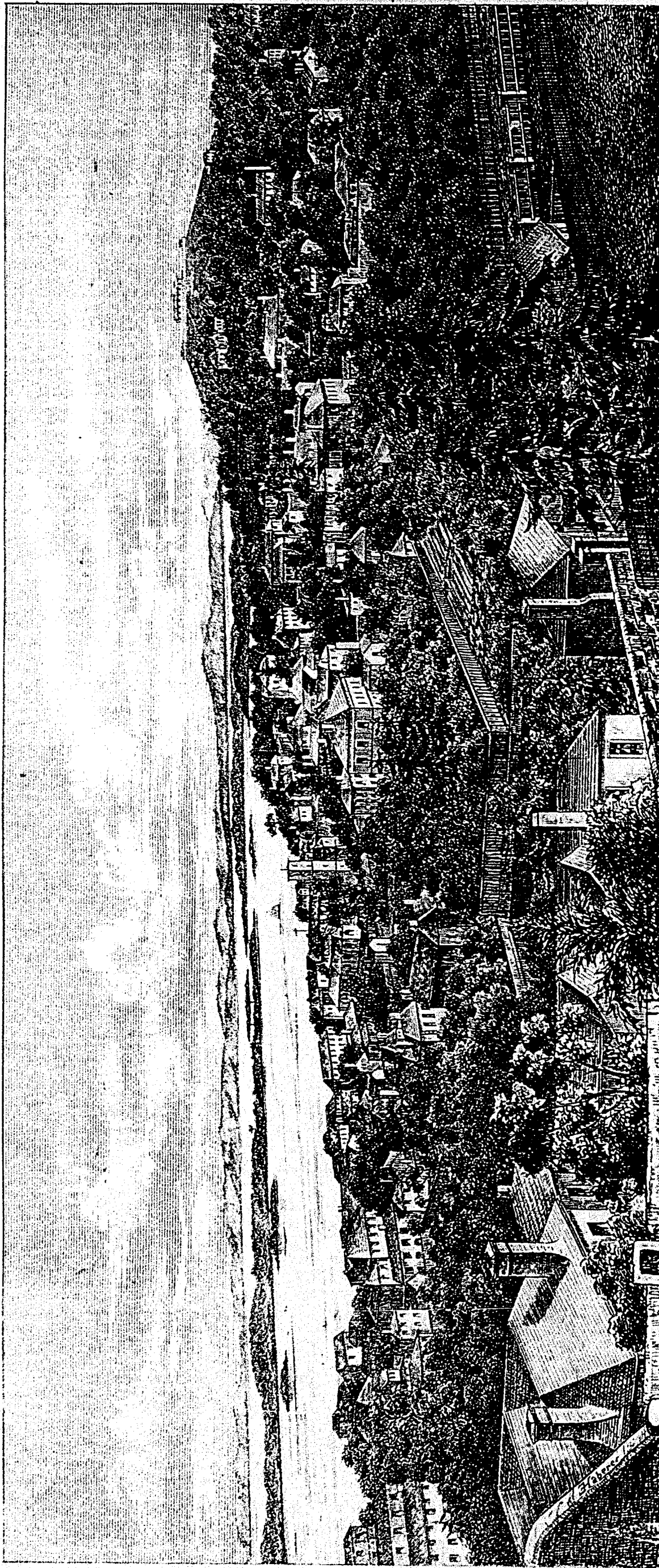
ENIGMA No. 16.

(This ingenious position, composed by one of the ancient masters, appeared in Agnel's treatise;—it contains several beautiful and difficult variations.)

White.—K. at Q. B. 7th, Q. at Q. Kt. 2nd, R. at K. Kt. 8th, Kt. at K. B. 2nd.
Black.—K. at K. Kt. 7th, Ps. at K. Kt. 6th, and K. B. 5th.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 36.

White. Black.
1. K. to Q. B. sq. P. takes B.
2. B. to Q. 2nd P. moves.
3. Kt. takes P. Kt. moves.
4. Kt. to K. B. 5th, dlo. 4h. and mate.



Fort George.

City Jail.

Longbird Island.

Parish Church.

Castle Harbour.

St. David Island.

St. George Harbour.

S T. G E O R G E S, B E R M U D A.—SEE PAGE 370.



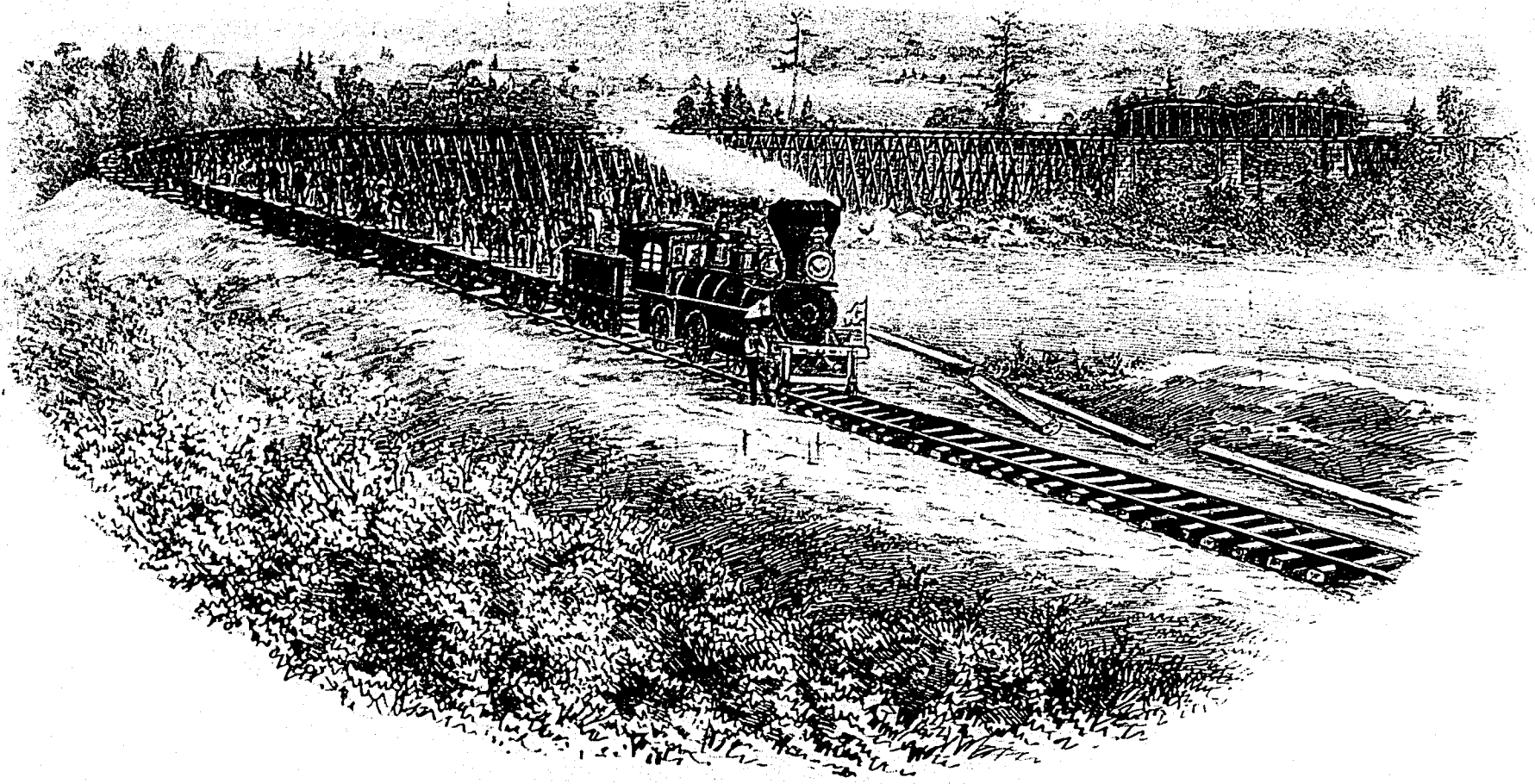
St. John's Rock.

Pontifine.

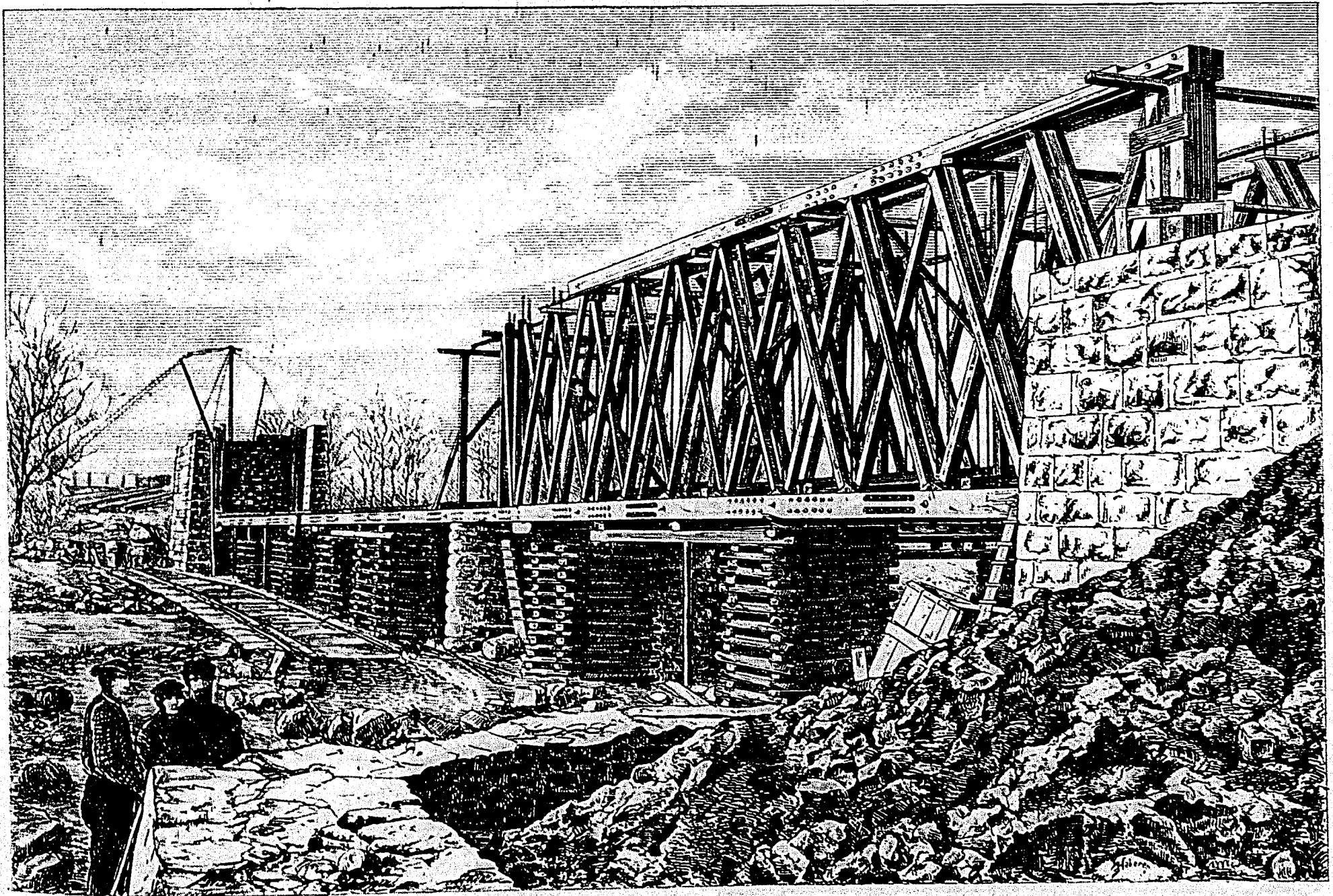
Low Rock.

Cathedral.

Cape Garajabo.



GOSFORD RAILWAY BRIDGE OVER THE JACQUES CARTIER RIVER.—SEE PAGE 379.



BRIDGE UNDER CONSTRUCTION ON THE ST. LAWRENCE AND OTTAWA RAILWAY, (CHAUDIERE EXTENSION).—SEE PAGE 379.

THE DAISY'S PETITION; OR, WHAT IS WISDOM?

"Neither make thyself overwise."—Ecclesias. vii. 16.

Two friends I had, kind, loving both, and true—
Hearts, such as once in Eden's our first parents proved;
One was a daisy rare, that in my garden grew,
A bird the other, warbling near, my fancy moved.

One day of sultry sun, when other flowers were sleeping,
Methought an hour anon of pensive rest to take,—
A murmur low, as one of maiden softly weeping,
Trilled in my ear—and thus the daisy spake:—

"What thing is that called 'Wisdom,' Friend of wisdom, say?
That shadow, what? that living men to borrow,
Pine through a lifetime chill—one long sad sleepless day—
And pining vainly still, in Death pine out their sorrow!"

"Wouldst thou have me herald thy much cherished power,
Fashion here one dew-drop for my parched breast;
Let 'wisdom,' *thine*, these dying tints of mine recover,
And give again my tranquil perfume to the West!"

Here speaks the bird: "Yea, teach me too and truly,
How I may haply win my fevered flight
To scenes of sense that men call 'wisdom,' thoroughly;
And, labouring to attain, weep day and night.

"Yet, first, that I may sing thy fair famed treasure,
In plumage fit, among my sties of air;
Thy 'wisdom' frame for me one new-born feather
Or lend my simpler song, erewhile, one cadence rare!"

I said, This daisy more than sage or prophet teaches,—
This artless bird in more than sermon warns me,
How man presumptuous, his vague wisdom preaches,
While "things of air" themselves do mock, and simplest nature
seems me!

"Canst thou, striving, grasp the mystery of existence,
Or say whence 'twas that 'man became a man'?"
"Canst thou, trembling, stem the lightning's fell resistance
Or think, with finite thought, the Infinite to scan?"

Yet, these, my garden mentors teach me one truth enduring:
"Naught is to man but dust, that thought but knowledge borrows;
The God above is wise, and Nature's Book assuming,
Who to His wisdom lowly bends shall ne'er repeat his sorrows!"

J. V. WEIGHT.

Montreal.

CRUISE TO MADEIRA.

LOG OF AN OFFICER ON BOARD ONE OF THE IRON-CLAD OF THE CHANNEL SQUADRON, COMMENCING APRIL 25, 1871.—STREAMING DOWN CHANNEL—OFF PLYMOUTH.

Directly after I had popped my last letter into the bag, the pipe "up anchor" went, funnels smoked up, round went the capstan, but without the jolly sailors heaving at the bars—it is all done by steam now, and in a quarter of an hour five huge anchors appear in sight covered with the mud and ooze from Portland anchorage. We form line of battle like this

and steam out, followed by steamers full of people attracted by the sight and the fine weather: our bands strike up "The Girl I left behind me," and we are once more at sea. The young ladies in the steamer waive their handkerchiefs to us,—they seem very fond of us now we are off. Portland jell frowns on us 500 feet above; but the sun shines and we are free and off for six months' roam on the ocean. It was quite calm, sea smooth as glass and studded with small craft becalmed, as we shape course down channel. After supper we form in two lines, technically "columns of sub-divisions in line ahead," and after inspection, as there is no work to be done, we pipe "hands to dance and skylark," up come the middies to play leap-frog on the quarter-deck, and "sing the monkey," while the men forward sing, dance, and mend their clothes, the ships gliding slowly and not without majesty along the coast, which we feel ourselves the guardians of, and which we love so well. The last time we left England the "Captain" and all her gallant crew were afloat, *now* one seldom hears her mentioned, except as an event the occurrence of which marked some other affair of less moment. "When did so and so join us?" "O, why, just before the 'Captain' went down," some one answers, and no more is said about her. Naval people won't dwell on these things in public much, whatever they may think about it all. On the same principle we always race back in the boats after a funeral just as a military band plays lively airs. It seems curious—almost unbecoming—but it has been the custom from time immemorial. I know that the reading of the sailing again of this squadron will make many a widowed heart ache at the remembrance of the result of our last cruise. We are taking out with us a committee of naval officers to decide by this cruise the best form of ships of war for the future. Let us hope that the result may be such as effectually to prevent another such catastrophe,—one of which is enough for a life-time. But it is 6 o'clock and my relief is up on deck, down I go for half an hour-dinner. Band plays until 8, then a cup of tea, and at 10.30 p. m. I shall turn in ready when 4 a. m. comes to jump up on deck again to enjoy 4 hours' walk, and get such an appetite for breakfast; this ends our first day at sea. I forgot to say we had hired a piano round which we singers muster for half an hour in the evening and get through a duet or two.

April 26th.—I went on deck at 4 a. m. Foggy weather, and we kept sounding our whistle to notify our position to the squadron, like an old hen calling her chickens round her. Last night we were singing when one of our messmates, a very fiery fellow with no taste for music, put his head out of his cabin, and said—"I hope you fellows will remember it is my middle watch and stop that row soon. It's no use trying to sleep while you keep that hurdy-gurdy going." The hurdy-gurdy was our beautiful piano, and I was the row, if you please. Horrid fellow to libel our piano, however true he might have been about your humble servant. There was a roar of laughter at the disturbed watch-keeper, and we closed the piano, after which a noisy whist party formed just outside his cabin door, but he could not growl at this as there were 4 fellows at it, and whist is played every night nearly by some of them, he himself amongst the rest. We are a good-natured lot altogether, and pull very well; I suppose we all have our foibles, but we seldom clash, giving and taking our jokes with each other, and rarely falling out.

April 28th.—Had a jolly first-watch last night from 8 to 12; it was rather cold, but I tramped the bridge all the watch. The only thing we saw was a fishing-boat which shewed a bright light, and seemed in bodily fear of being run down by us.

April 29th.—Steamed into Bantry Bay and moored ship all in one line and at equal distances. After luncheon a mes-

mate and I went on shore to interview the natives. It was the first time I had landed in Ireland. We made over the hills and across the numerous spots or patches of cultivated land to a brawling stream of which we had heard. Here diplomatic relations between (or "betune" as they call it) ourselves and the natives commenced by two small boys running up and asking for "two shillings, plaze, sir." They seemed to have a set sum in their heads and never asked more or less. I gave a coin to one of them and never expected to see him after he made off with it, but presently he reappeared with a jug of milk and a cup and gave me a long drink. I connected the mother or sister of the youngster with the milk. I am sure it was a little attention that becomes the fair sex so well all over the world, and so I take off my imaginary hat to you all in acknowledgement of the kindness. Well, G—soon commenced to whip the stream, for he had brought his rod, and the result was 30 trout, but such trout, you would have pointed the finger of scorn at us both had you seen them. The largest not large enough to overlap a sheet of note paper. I thought of Gaspe, where I had made my *debut* as a fly-fisher. Whilst we were fishing I saw a bare-legged Irish lassie standing on a rock high up the hill-side, in bold relief against the sky behind. She looked at us and disappeared, but when we got lower down towards the cabins, we were followed by a troop of children of all ages, bare-legged. I saw one pretty girl with blue eyes and dark eyebrows and lashes, and another who gave us a comical arch look as we passed her; she was drying some beautifully white petticoats on the gorse bushes, and said "Good-day kindly" in answer to our "Good-day to you." She was also bare-legged and short-skirted, as they all are here. They must pick their steps daintily, for it is very rocky ground. As we stepped into the boat to come on board a woman offered us eggs; she charged 6d a dozen to the men, but 1s a dozen to us, because, as she said, "we were gentlemen." The first man on board was a Priest who came to ask if our Roman Catholics would like to come to church next day. He spoke with a peculiar accent, and as if he had been brought up at a foreign college. We gave the good people here warning of our intended visit; but there is no fresh beef yet for our men and none to be had nearer than 100 miles. No telegraph station nearer than 50 miles. It is to me a foreign country, but I like the people. The poorest peasant we met seemed so courteous and different from a gruff English-born. When we asked where the stream was he told us and said, "I'd be happy to come wid ye and show ye, but I must finish this bit of work," and this he repeated as we left him.

May 1st.—I hope you all had as lovely a May day as we are enjoying. It is summer weather; we are completely huddled here, the ships have all loosed sails, the men cleaning guns, and bands on board playing Irish airs, nearly all my messmates are ashore fishing, walking and amusing themselves, preparatory to starting for about a 15 days' sail to Madeira.

May 5th.—On Thursday Mr. R. and I started for Glengariffe, about 21 miles by road; there is a beautiful lake and seat of Lord Bantry to be seen. Landed at 10 a. m., and soon picked up Dennis Sullivan, the car driver, who had a capital horse, and who oddly enough was very taciturn. Instead of satisfying our expectations of his loquacity, which we thought so common to his class, he hardly spoke a word. The scenery was lovely. We skirted along the bay and past the ships of the squadron. The lot looked very snug, and gave us a good idea of the wealth of the country, for I don't suppose £4,000,000 of money would pay for them as they lay at anchor there. We passed cottages, or rather huts, on either hand—the owners all at work on their potato patches, the pig asleep in front of the door, and the children playing about or running after us and asking for the "price of a book," or money to buy a book. The hills all rock higher up, and covered with gorse lower down, which is all out in yellow flower, and relieves the sombre brown of the rocky ground everywhere else, trout streams one after another, over which we crossed by such picturesque bridges, lots of people on the road, swarms of bare-legged children, then men and women, carrying seaweed in large baskets to use on their potato beds. Plenty of life as we jolted along in the car; and at 1.20 p. m., after rising the last hill, we sighted the lake and harbour. The "Helicon," our tender, was just steaming in with a lot of officers of the squadron, so we made haste to the hotel and sung out for the landlord. "Have you anything to eat?" "Very little, sir." "But, good gracious, here are half the midshipmen of the squadron coming in, and they are like a flight of locusts; you must get something," I said. We made him forage about, and at last he produced ham, shoulder of mutton, Irish stew, &c., just as a lot of them trooped in. We soon finished our luncheon and made off for Lord Bantry's lodge, where the keeper, an old man-of-war's man, took us in tow, and said we must go first to Lady Bantry's look-out; this was a small hill on the left. As we entered, surrounded with firs, we ran up, leaving the old man to follow, and were rewarded by having a most delightful view of the harbour and Glengariffe Castle, which is owned by a Mr. White, first cousin of Lord Bantry. From here we went on to the "Cottage" owned by His Lordship; it is such a lovely spot, built on a wee island with a stream running all round it, and murmuring in through the windows on all sides; we entered by crossing the bridge on the lower side and left it by the opposite one. The rooms are panelled in oak and varnished a dark colour. Every door is also panelled, and has an imitation of game done in relief in plaster of Paris and painted, or else bunches of grapes and fruit and leaves in leather work. The ceiling of the drawing-room is papered to represent the sky and swallows flying about.

After we had done the "Cottage" we went to the hotel and ordered our traps. The commander of the "Helicon" was great fun, he is such a jolly fellow in his way, and went on more like a midshipman than anything else. The landlady, a buxom dame, asked him if he would like to buy a photograph of the scenery, and he said—"Well, I don't know; now if you had a nice photograph of yourself to give me it's mighty little I'd be caring for the scenery at all at all." She laughed, but would not produce one. As soon as we started off again we were beset in several places by children, all wanting money. They were most interesting little beggars with their bright, honest-looking faces and blue eyes, and I can't tell you how many coppers and three-penny bits I gave away. They gave one such a winning look I could not resist as long as I had one left. One girl, about nine years old, ran over two miles after us, and when we pulled up she scarcely seemed out of breath they are so used to it.

"Bright up Ben Lomond could she press,
And nair a sob her toil confess."

One boy refused to go away until the driver said, "Tell him you'll enlist him, sir." I jumped off and ran after him, shewing him a shilling, and he ran as hard as ever he could for fear I should put it into his hand. When I caught him he rolled over and over again and clenched his hand for fear of being made take the shilling. We got on board for a late dinner, much pleased with the people and all we saw. They are poor, but not one discontented look did I see. The children are not overfed, but were fat and rosy, and the pigs were in capital condition and continually in and out of the houses; but I can write no more just now, as we are in the hurry and tussle of commencing to unmoor ship.

May 8th.—We are now two days out, weather everything we could wish. A nice fair breeze, and we are all bowling along, *without steam*, in two lines. There are 5,000 officers and men in our squadron, a nice little pleasure party, all bound to Madeira and Lisbon. I am so glad to get into blue water once more, the air is so exhilarating and balmy, and our cruise promises to be a pleasant one, and we are all in such good humour a child might lead us, as the saying is. The first night we left Bantry Bay I kept such a pleasant middle watch up to 2 a. m.; it was very foggy, and we could not see one of the seven ships, and had to let them know our whereabouts by firing guns every half hour; but when the fog lifted they were all pretty near us, and looked very well under steam and sail; the moon hitherto obscured came out, "and o'er the dark her silver mantle threw," and made the canvass and cordage stand well out against the sky. The captain, after a few minutes' yarn, turned in, and the midshipmen stole quietly below to make coffee, and left me on the bridge to my own thoughts. Not a rope was touched all the watch, the wind was so steady, and eight bells soon came, too soon for my relief, judging from his sleepy, yawning way of coming up on the bridge. I was as lively as a cricket of course, he very taciturn; so I gave him the "order book" and left him, and was not long in turning in. The next day was Sunday, and I had only a short watch, which left me free to go to church both morning and evening. We have not had a Sunday at sea for so long, and it was so quiet and nice I am sure all must have appreciated it. I found this in one of Norman McLeod's "Good Words," and copy it into my journal.

"Oh blessed Sundays on the sea! how softly on the soul
Falls the sweet sound of prayer and praise, while billows
round us roll:

Oh Thou above, whose tender love still casts out every fear,
Bless Thou the voice of him who speaks, the hearts of those
who hear."

Monday.—I want to take you round the decks for a ramble as we are at sea and no sail in sight, so there is only the ship and its internal economy to interest one. A large ship is like a government, a kingdom—the admiral or captain is the little king, the chaplain represents the church, and I am sure there is plenty of formality and state. The ship has its politics as well as any other government, and highly interesting they are to those on board. The talk at one table is generally of naval affairs, or what is to be done the next place we go to; criticisms on the qualities of the other ships in the line, their captains, drills, &c. The Admiralty come in for a deal of discussion and are a never-fading topic, and sometimes we fix on each other, speculate before one supposed to be engaged as to whether he will get spliced the next time we get into port, suggest ways—some of them ludicrous in the extreme, by which he may avoid being shackled on; the bachelors only warn him, the married men do not, but say—"Don't listen to those young fellows; you marry and you will never regret it." As we are in the ward-room you may as well look into my cabin. It is painted French grey, and the headings, where the bulkheads join, are gilded; oil cloth on the deck, an easy chair and one or two other luxuries; on the ship's side hang my sticks, swords, &c., and overhead is my bath; in the corner my washing-stand and looking-glass, and a picture of the channel squadron completes the fit-out. My mattress is covered on one side with morocco leather, and is turned with that part up in the day time so as to make a sofa, the clothes going underneath. And now we will go on deck, where we first pass the eight men who are continually at the wheel at sea, for it takes that number to steer this huge junk through; there is fitted to some of the ships a steam steering apparatus and a small toy sort of a wheel, and a boy can manage the largest ship with it. Here is drill going on—one party at rifle, another at gun drill; then we come to the boys learning to heave the lead, or at school, the sailors all doing something, rope maker, blacksmith, tinsmith, carpenters, all at work. I don't exaggerate when I say over twenty trades are all being plied at once. Here is the tailor at his work, and close by our gunnery lieutenant making wire connections for the guns so as to fire broadsides by electricity, and a little further on the band is practising a selection from some opera. The men who are not on duty are measuring each other for clothes, which they cut out and make themselves, or reading or overhauling the contents of their little boxes in which they keep their photographs, letters from home, and medals which they seldom wear, but take out, look at, and put away again for months, though there is generally a little bit of vanity stowed away in some odd corner of Jack's heart.

May 11th.—I dined with the Admiral last night, and we had a very pleasant party; he made no remark on my not taking any wine. How are your bees getting on? Do you know that our metal powder cases are something of the same shape as the bee's honey cells, which are supposed to be so constructed as to hold the greatest quantity and with the greatest economy of space, and to see our cases stowed away in the magazine reminds you exactly of a huge honey-comb. We stow fifty tons of powder, so you may imagine the size of two honey-combs in this ship."

May 13th.—We are gliding slowly along at two knots an hour in no hurry, as we are not to reach Madeira until the 19th or 20th. Just now it was my watch, and a gorse flew overboard through a port. The captain said we might pick it up, so I called the "Life-boat's crew" away as if a man was overboard. The boat was lowered and came up with it, when, of course, he would not be captured for some little time, and they had a regular goose chase after it, but it was captured at last and the boat hoisted up. Just now we sighted an English brig with her colors upside down—a sign of distress. Signalled the "Warrior" to communicate with her. She did so and found that two of the crew had mutinied, so she took them out of the brig into her boat, and they are now in irons on board a man-of-war. How the Captain of the ship must have rejoiced at being able to turn the tables on

these troublesome gentry all at once by our opportune appearance, and how astonished they must have been to find all of a sudden instead of having their own way, they were so unexpectedly to taste the wholesome discipline of an English man-of-war. The men will be handed over to the Consul at Madeira. We have a small farm-yard between two guns forward—14 sheep and lots of poultry. The nights are warm now and our men sing up to 12 o'clock nearly every night; they are a happier set of fellows at sea than in harbour; they know they can't get ashore, and so are content.

May 20th.—We anchored at Madeira yesterday after a most delightful passage. We are going from here to Gibraltar next week, and thence to Lisbon, and shall be away all summer and autumn. To-day we keep the Queen's birthday, the ships are dressed in the form of a rainbow with flags, and at noon we all fire a royal salute; to-night the Admiral gives a large dinner-party. As we are only about 500 miles from Gibraltar I shall post my next log from there—so for the present, goodbye.

MILITARY SCENES IN QUEBEC.
A VISIT TO THE MILITARY PRISON.

Our special artist, W. O. C., has furnished us two sketches of this visit, which we reproduce in this number. Having obtained permission from the warden—who is, by the way, a smart, neat and rather determined-looking character as he appears in the uniform of chief warden—to enter the prison, the first thing that arrests the attention of the visitor on looking around him, is the extremely neat and clean appearance of everything. Of course the interior arrangements are based strictly on the military model, with a rigidity of discipline that doubtless exceeds that of the barrack-room. The bed-rooms are faultless in their neatness; the beds are rolled up, as also the blankets and sheets, and all strapped together and laid on the iron bedstead, which is made to double up. The cookhouse is also scrupulously neat and clean. The boilers at the time of our visit had in them Indian meal porridge for the dinner of the prisoners, though this dish alone does not constitute their whole diet. On the contrary, first-class men get meat on three days, and the second and third-class men, meat on two days in the week. For supper and breakfast each man gets eight ounces of bread, and half a pint of new milk. The nocturnal arrangements are also arranged according to classification of the prisoners. First-class men are allowed to occupy their beds every night. The second-class sleep in their beds for two nights out of every three; and the third-class are only allowed to be wooed by balmy slumber, in their beds, on every alternate night. On these nights on which the second and third-class men are not permitted to occupy their beds, they are fain to put up with a stretch upon a board—taking the soft side of course—with a single rug for a covering. Many a poor fellow has fared worse on the battle-field! The picking of oakum, which forms the subject of one of our illustrations, is rather remarkable for its simplicity than attractive for its elegance. Each man receives eleven ounces of old tarred rope, and has to pick it and make it into oakum within a given number of hours; and if he fails to finish it within the prescribed time, he undergoes the penalty of losing his supper for the night. The oakum punishment is considered pretty hard, but the gallant, though misguided defenders of their country, have the satisfaction of feeling that they are doing some public good thereby, as the oakum is sold at \$1 per cwt. for calking. But the hardest daily punishment is that called "shot drill," which forms the other illustration of our present subject. This drill is a purely punitive contrivance, and, unless the unfortunate victim to it derives therefrom a wholesome dread of committing faults in the future, is of no possible benefit. The prisoners condemned to this monotonous and exhausting drill have to carry thirty pound balls from one pile to another, each ball resting on both hands and held as high as the waist. No wonder the men have such a dislike to such a childish and yet most fatiguing exercise. The other punishments consist of marching, cleaning up the prison, &c. The prisoners are furnished with needles and thread, and have to mend their own clothes. These clothes are far from having a neat appearance. They are made of dark grey cloth, with red facings, the cap being dark blue with red top knot. But few prisoners were in durance vile, yet one of those had received the bad distinction of thirty-eight lashes for trying to escape over the prison wall. The men confined in the prison were simply those who were under sentence of courts-martial, and condemned to so many hours or days of hard labour by the commanding officer. The division of the day within the prison we found as follows:—Rise at half-past five in the morning and have general fatigue drill until eight. Then breakfast and prayers from military chaplain from nine till eleven. Next, medical inspection and walking exercise up to half-past twelve. Shot drill or walking till one p.m. Then dinner and mending clothes till two. From two to half-past three o'clock shot drill, then walking exercise till four; and the next two hours are given to school and fatigue exercise. At half-past six the supper is given, and after that till half-past nine the diversion of picking oakum is indulged in, and the weary prisoners are sent to bed; or in some instances literally to board. The prison was situated at the foot of the Citadel Hill, close to where the St. Louis Gate used to stand.

THE "ORONTES" LEAVING QUEBEC.

We give an illustration of the departure of the last instalment of the troops from Quebec for Halifax, which took place on the 11th ult. The view shows the steamship "Orontes" leaving Quebec, with Point Levis in the distance. Last week we gave a couple of sketches showing the 60th and the Royal Artillery on their way to go on board the "Orontes," and now we shall conclude these military views relating to the removal of the Imperial troops from the ancient capital with an illustration of the scene

BETWEEN DECKS

on the same vessel when on her way down the St. Lawrence. It shows how closely the troops are packed together; some on deck and others in hammocks. They are generally so close that when going the rounds, which is done by the officer on the watch, it is as much as he can do to keep from treading on some of the men. The duties of the day are timed as follows:—The men rise at five o'clock in the morning, put away their bedding, and wash at between decks; breakfast at seven, and then do all sorts of duty on deck; such as wash,

parade, &c., until noon, which is the hour for dinner. At half-past twelve each man gets a pint of porter, and after that time until half-past four o'clock such duties as cleaning up, &c., are attended to. Tea is served at half-past four, and the men go to bed at eight.

THE GOSFORD RAILWAY BRIDGE OVER THE JACQUES CARTIER RIVER.

The Gosford Railway, the first wooden line of importance ever laid in Canada, runs from the Valley of the St. Charles at Quebec, to the Township of Gosford, a distance of 26 miles, and will doubtless be further extended into the interior when its early difficulties are fully overcome. The Gosford Station is merely a depot for cord wood in the wild bush, there being but a few modern shanties and a sawmill at it. The rails are of sugar maple, and are laid on pine sleepers. The gauge is four feet eight and a half inches—the American gauge, in fact, though in the new application of the term it cannot be called a "narrow gauge" railway. The wood along the line is excellent, comprising maple and birch trees of huge dimensions, and the supply of fuel for the ancient capital from the district which the road traverses is almost inexhaustible. The bridge over the Jacques Cartier River, of which we give an illustration, is seventy-two feet high, built of wood, and though severely tried by the freshets of last spring, resisted their shocks without giving a sign of weakness. The three piers of the bridge are built on the solid rock. With three trips the Company can deliver eighty cords of wood per day, which find ready sale in Quebec. It is anticipated that on the giving out of the wooden rails their place will be supplied with iron, and should sufficient funds be forthcoming the line will be carried to Lake St. John, an extension which would be of the utmost importance to the whole Province, and especially to the capital.

ST. L. & O. RAILWAY BRIDGE ACROSS THE RIDEAU RIVER.

The extension to the Chaudière of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa Railway, intended to facilitate the immense lumber trade carried on at and in the immediate vicinity of the City of Ottawa, necessitated the building of another bridge across the Rideau, as well as the construction of a lateral branch from the main line, commencing some miles south of the Ottawa terminus. The works, we believe, are now all but completed, and will be immediately opened for traffic. The new bridge is constructed on the "Howe Truss" principle, and rests on solid and substantial stone piers. It is about five hundred feet long and is intended to carry the trains on the upper chord. The Chaudière branch crosses the Rideau River upon this bridge just below the rapids, and not far from the lock on the Rideau Canal, known as Hartwell's Lock. There is also a swing-bridge across the canal, and these are the only bridges required on the extension. Between the two bridges a small embankment is constructed to connect them.

The running of this, the only branch of the St. L. and O. Railway, will be of great advantage to the Company by the increase of traffic it will bring to their road, and of still greater advantage to the Ottawa lumber interests by the vastly greater facilities it will give for reaching the American markets. No doubt the lumber trade between Ottawa and the Eastern States will soon swell into much larger proportions than at present through the influence of this line, as it saves the expense of loading and unloading—an expense which adds a good deal to the cost of transporting lumber. The cars will be loaded at the Chaudière, and, running over the line to Prescott, will thence be ferried across to Ogdensburg, whence, being constructed for the American gauge of track, they may be moved over any of the roads connecting at Ogdensburg, without once "breaking bulk," or unloading and reloading. Fortunately for this trade the St. Lawrence River, at the point of crossing, is open all the year round, so that even in the severest winters it will experience no stoppage from the ice. The effect of this will be to give a steadier character to the lumber trade of the Ottawa.

THE GERMAN EVACUATION OF PARIS.

On the 20th September last the tricolour flag floated once more over the forts around Paris, that for nearly eight months had remained in the possession of the Germans. The Parisian papers were, at the time, loud in their murmurs against "the rapacious instincts of the Germanic race," for upon the re-entry of the French troops they found themselves, to use a French expression, "between four walls." Everything portable had been sacrificed to "the rapacious instincts" of the German invaders. Chairs and tables, stoves and stove-piping, clocks and kitchen utensils—everything had been appropriated, and—cruelest of all—sold by auction to French dealers, the proceeds swelling the already swollen pockets of "the barbarians with the lightning-conductor helmets."

The evacuation of the forts took place without trouble on either side. An agreement fixing the formalities to be observed on the occasion of the transfer had been previously drawn up by the military authorities on both sides, and by this means any unfortunate *contretemps* was avoided. At the hour fixed for the evacuation twenty-five German soldiers occupied each fort. The same number of French soldiers advanced; the salute was given on either side, the German officer in command of the detachment handed the keys to the French officer, the Germans marched off, while the French marched in, the tricolour was once more hoisted over each fort, and the evacuation was completed.

"THE AMBER WITCH."

Many of our readers doubtless remember the weird story of the "Amber Witch," translated by Lady Duff Gordon, from the German of Mi-nhold, but we believe the history of the little book as a literary forgery, is known to comparatively few.

As the tale runs, the Amber Witch was a young peasant girl of Pomerania, who, by the sale of amber of a very precious quality, in a region where it was not then known to be produced, raised herself and family far above want, and paid various ransoms, or prices for immunity from serfdom, for one who was exceeding dear to her. The quantity and quality of the precious gem offered for sale by the girl aroused the cupidity of jealous persons, and attracted the attention of the authorities. But for a long while all effort to obtain a clue to the whereabouts of the precious store from which she gathered

her treasure failed; and in the investigation and persecution which followed, she was accused of employing the Black Art to create the source of her wealth. The story is professedly the mere editing of certain imperfect records, found in an old Pomeranian chapel, which gave the history of this young girl's persecution and suffering, and subsequent discovery of the stores of amber on the shores of the Baltic. No one can read even the necessarily imperfect translation of Lady Duff Gordon without the impression that he is conning the veritable history of veritable occurrences. Here and there are breaks in the story, where leaves were torn out or mutilated in the old tome, and the quaint verbiage belongs precisely to the date of the story and the locality of its happening. So much for the book itself. Now to the history of its authorship, for which we are indebted to the stores of literary anecdote garnered up in the memory of Judge —. Professor Mi-nhold, a well-known *littérateur* and antiquarian, was one day at a *petit souper*, with some brother savans, when one of the subjects of discussion brought up was the literary forgeries of Chatterton and McPherson. The guests were divided among themselves; some of them adhering to the opinion that the poem of Ossian must be genuine, as it would be impossible for any one to make the deception so complete as to defy absolute proof of the fraud. Professor Mi-nhold, among others, took the opposite side, and finally declared his belief that he himself could, with his knowledge of antiquarian matters, and the literature of mediæval and early modern times, palm off, not only on the general public, but on savans themselves, a forgery of this sort; and, in support of this, an agreement was made that if within a certain time he did not accomplish this he was to invite the little coterie then assembled to a costly entertainment. On the other hand, if he accomplished the task, he and the guests were to be the recipients of a like feast from the learned man who wagered with him. Months passed; and all Continental Europe, that is, the scholastic element of it, was aroused by the announcement that a person making antiquarian research through the old cathedrals, convents, and chapels of Northern Europe, had found, among some musty, mutilated, long-forgotten records in the ruins of an ancient chapel in the district of Pomerania, a history of the discovery of amber on the shores of the Baltic. And that so soon as the fragments could be deciphered and brought into order, the history would be given to the world. In these announcements snatches of the story of the "Amber Witch" were given to whet the appetite of the public, and when finally the book appeared, it was received with a *furor*. The public prints were filled with discussions regarding it and its authenticity. The savans, Mi-nhold with the rest, met for discussion concerning it. Pilgrimages were made into Pomerania; the old chapel was found, and among its rubbish the tone from the wreck of which the story of the "Amber Witch" had been culled and edited. Patient investigation was given until, with only the dissenting voice of Mi-nhold, every one of the little circle who had been witnesses to his boast, declared it genuine. His triumph thus complete, the Professor, one day, on giving them his grounds for doubting the authenticity of the book, invited his friends to sup with him. The entertainment was sumptuous. The guests were all assembled, and then he opened the business of the meeting by declaring the "Amber Witch" a forgery, and himself the author; and proceeded to show the various steps he took to make his deception complete. He had taken care to preserve ample proof of every part of the process—and so won his wager.

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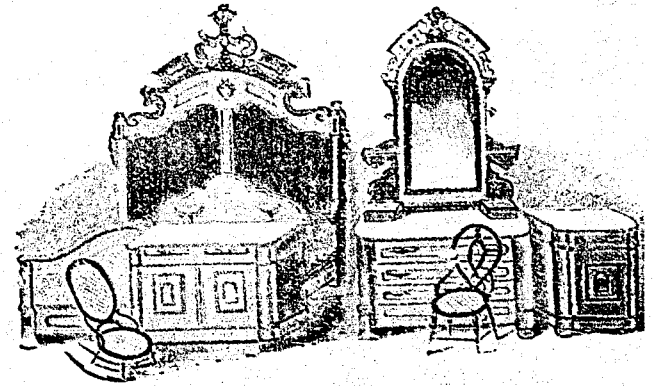
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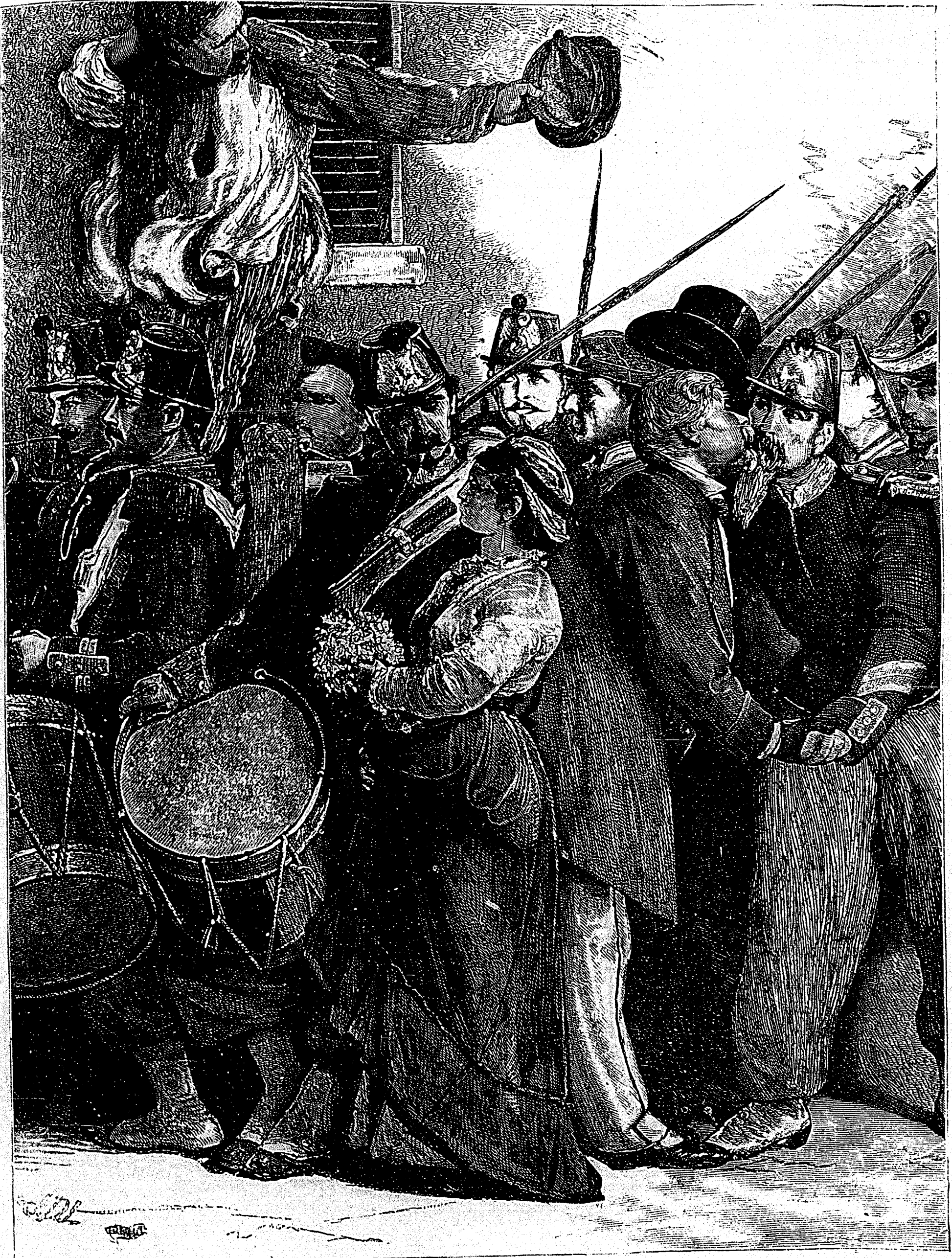
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EVACUATION OF FRANCE BY THE PRUSSIANS.—DEPARTURE OF A PRUSSIAN REGIMENT.—SEE PAGE 379.



EVAQUATION OF FRANCE BY THE PRUSSIANS.—A FRENCH REGIMENT TAKING POSSESSION.—SEE PAGE 379.

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WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.

An Autobiographical Story.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,

Author of "Alec Forbes," etc.

CHAPTER XLIII.—Continued.

He took up the candle, and opening the little door at the foot of the winding stair, disappeared. Sir Giles and I sat in silence and darkness until he returned, carrying in his hand an old volume-bound book.

"I daresay you don't know this manuscript, sir," he said, turning to his father.

"I know nothing about it," answered Sir Giles. "What is it? Or what has it to do with the matter in hand?"

"Mr. Close found it in some corner or other, and used to read it to me when I was a little fellow. It is a description, and in most cases a history as well, of every weapon in the armoury. They had been much neglected, and a great many of the labels were gone, but those which were left referred to numbers in the book heading descriptions which corresponded exactly to the weapons on which they were found. With a little trouble he had succeeded in supplying the numbers where they were missing, for the descriptions are very minute."

He spoke in a tone of perfect self-possession. "Well, Geoffrey, I ask again, what has all this to do with it?" said his father.

"If Mr. Cumbermede will allow you to look at the label attached to the sheath in his hand, for fortunately it was a rule with Mr. Close to put a label on both sword and sheath, and if you will read me the number, I will read you the description in the book."

I handed the sheath to Sir Giles, who began to decipher the number on the ivory ticket.

"The label is quite a new one," I said.

"I have already accounted for that," said Brotherton. "I will leave it to yourself to decide whether the description corresponds."

Sir Giles read out the number, figure by figure, adding—

"But how are we to test the description? I don't know the thing, and it's not here."

"It is at the Moat," I replied; "but its future place is at Sir Giles's decision."

"Part of the description belongs to the scabbard you have in your hand, sir," said Brotherton. "The description of the sword itself I submit to Mr. Cumbermede."

"Till the other day I never saw the blade," I said.

"Likely enough," he retorted dryly, and proceeding, read the description of the half-basket hilt, inlaid with gold, and the broad blade, channelled near the hilt, and inlaid with ornaments and initials in gold.

"There is nothing in all that about the scabbard," said his father.

"Stop till we come to the history," he replied, and read on, as nearly as I can recall, to the following effect. I have never had an opportunity of copying the words themselves.

"This sword seems to have been expressly forged for Sir ———— (He read it *Sir So and So*.) whose initials are to be found on the blade. According to tradition, it was worn by him, for the first and only time, at the battle of Naseby, where he fought in the cavalry led by Sir Marmaduke Langdale. From some accident or other, Sir ————

found, just as the order to charge was given, that he could not draw his sword, and had to charge with only a pistol in his hand. In the flight which followed, he pulled up, and unbuckled his sword, but while attempting to ease it, a rash of the enemy startled him, and, looking about, he saw a roundhead riding straight at Sir Marmaduke, who that moment passed in the rear of his retiring troops—giving some directions to an officer by his side, and unawares of the nearness of danger. Sir ———— put spurs to his charger, rode at the trooper, and dealt him a downright blow on the pot-helmet with his sheathed weapon. The fellow tumbled from his horse, and Sir ———— found his scabbard split halfway up, but the edge of his weapon unturned. It is said he vowed it should remain sheathed for ever.—The person who has now unsheathed it," added Brotherton, "has done a great wrong to the memory of a loyal cavalier."

"The sheath halfway split was as familiar to my eyes as the face of my uncle," I said, turning to Sir Giles. "And in the only reference I ever heard my great-grandmother make to it, she mentioned the name of Sir Marmaduke. I recollect that much perfectly."

"But how could the sword be there and here at one and the same time?" said Sir Giles.

"That I do not pretend to explain," I said.

"Here at least is written testimony to our possession of it," said Brotherton in a conclusive tone.

"How then are we to explain Mr. Cumbermede's story?" said Sir Giles, evidently in good faith.

"With that I cannot consent to allow myself concerned, Mr. Cumbermede is, I am told, a writer of fiction."

"Geoffrey," said Sir Giles, "behave yourself like a gentleman."

"I endeavour to do so," he returned with a sneer.

I kept silence.

"How can you suppose," the old man went on, "that Mr. Cumbermede would invent such a story? What object could he have?"

"He may have a mania for weapons like old Close—as well as for old books," he replied.

I thought of my precious folio. But I did not yet know how much additional force his insinuation with regard to the motive of my labours in the library would gain if it should be discovered that such a volume was in my possession.

"You may have remarked, sir," he went on, "that I did not read the name of the owner of the sword in any place where it occurred in the manuscript."

"I did. And I beg to know why you kept it back," answered Sir Giles.

"What do you think the name might be, sir?"

"How should I know? I am not an antiquarian."

"Sir Wilfrid Cumbermede. You will find the initials on the blade. Does that throw any light on the matter, do you think, sir?"

"Why that is your very own name!" cried Sir Giles, turning to me.

I bowed.

"It is a pity the sword shouldn't be yours."

"It is mine, Sir Giles—though, as I said, I am prepared to abide by your decision."

"And now I remember—the old man resumed, after a moment's thought—"the other evening Mr. Alderforge—a man of great learning, Mr. Cumbermede—told us that the name of Cumbermede had at one time belonged to our family. It is all very strange. I confess I am utterly bewildered."

"At least you can understand, sir, how a man of imagination, like Mr. Cumbermede here, might desire to possess himself of a weapon which bears his initials, and belonged two hundred years ago to a baronet of the same name as himself—a circumstance which, notwithstanding it is by no means a common name, is not quite so strange as at first sight appears—that is, if all reports are true."

I did not in the least understand his drift; neither did I care to inquire into it now.

"Were you aware of this, Mr. Cumbermede?" asked his father.

"No, Sir Giles," I answered.

"Mr. Cumbermede has had the run of the place for weeks. I am sorry I was not at home. This book was lying all the time on the table in the room above, where poor old Close's work-bench and polishing-wheel are still standing."

"Mr. Brotherton, this gets beyond bearing," I cried. "Nothing but the presence of your father, to whom I am indebted for much kindness, protects you."

"Tut! tut!" said Sir Giles.

"Protects me, indeed!" exclaimed Brotherton. "Do you dream I should be by any code bound to accept a challenge from you?"

"Not, at least, I presume to think, before a jury had decided on the merits of the case."

"My blood was boiling, but what could I do or say? Sir Giles rose, and was about to leave the room, remarking only—

"I don't know what to make of it."

"At all events, Sir Giles," I said hurriedly, "you will allow me to prove the truth of what I have asserted. I cannot, unfortunately, call my uncle or aunt, for they are gone; and I do not know where the servant who was with us when I took the sword away is now. But, if you will allow me, I will call Mrs. Wilson—to prove that I had the sword when I came to visit her on that occasion, and that on the morning after sleeping here I complained of its loss to her, and went away without it."

"It would but serve to show the hallucination was early developed. We should probably find that even then you were much attracted by the armoury," said Brotherton, with a judicial air, as if I were a culprit before a magistrate.

I had begun to see that, although the old man was desirous of being just, he was a little afraid of his son. He rose as the latter spoke, however, and going into the gallery, shouted over the balustrade—

"Some one send Mrs. Wilson to the library."

We removed to the reading-room, I carrying the scabbard which Sir Giles had returned to me as soon as he had read the label. Brotherton followed, having first gone up the little turnpike stair, doubtless to replace the manuscript.

Mrs. Wilson came, looking more pinched than ever, and stood before Sir Giles with her arms straight by her sides, like one of the ladies of Noah's ark. I will not weary my reader with a full report of the examination. She had seen me with a sword, but had taken no notice of its appearance. I might have taken it from the armoury, for I was in the library all the afternoon. She had left me there thinking I was a "gentlemanly" boy. I had said I had lost it, but she was sure she did not know how that could be. She was very sorry she had caused any trouble by asking me to the house, but Sir Giles would be pleased to remember that he had himself in-

duced the boy to her notice. Little she thought, &c., &c.

In fact the spiteful creature, propitiating her natural sense of justice by hinting instead of plainly suggesting injurious conclusions, was paying me back for my imagined participation in the impertinences of Clara. She had besides, as I learned afterwards, greatly resented the trouble I had caused of late.

Brotherton struck in as soon as his father had ceased questioning her.

"At all events, if he believed the sword was his, why did he not go and represent the case to you, sir, and request justice from you? Since then he has had opportunity enough. His tale has taken too long to hatch."

"This is all very paltry," I said.

"Not so paltry as your contriving to sleep in the house in order to carry off your host's property in the morning—after studying the place to discover which room would suit your purpose best!"

Here I lost my presence of mind. A horror shook me lest something might come out to injure Mary, and I shivered at the thought of her name being once mentioned along with mine. If I had taken a moment to reflect, I must have seen that I should only add to the danger by what I was about to say. But her form was so inextricably associated in my mind with all that had happened then, that it seemed as if the slightest allusion to any event of that night would inevitably betray her; and in the tremor which, like an electric shock, passed through me from head to foot, I blurted out words importing that I had never slept in the house in my life.

"Your room was got ready for you, anyhow, Master Cumbermede," said Mrs. Wilson.

"It does not follow that I occupied it," I returned.

"I can prove that false," said Brotherton; but probably lest he should be required to produce his witness, only added:—"At all events, he was seen in the morning, carrying the sword across the court before any one had been admitted."

I was silent; for I now saw too clearly that I had made a dreadful blunder, and that any attempt to carry assertion further, or even to explain away my words, might be to challenge the very discovery I would have given my life to ward off.

As I continued silent, steeling myself to endure, and saying to myself that disgrace was not dishonour, Sir Giles again rose, and turned to leave the room. Evidently he was now satisfied that I was unworthy of confidence.

"One moment, if you please, Sir Giles," I said. "It is plain to me there is some mystery about this affair, and it does not seem as if I should be able to clear it up. The time may come, however, when I can. I did wrong, I see now, in attempting to right myself, instead of representing my case to you. But that does not alter the fact that the sword was and is mine, however appearances may be to the contrary. In the meantime, I restore you the scabbard, and as soon as I reach home, I shall send my man with the disputed weapon."

"It will be your better way," he said, as he took the sheath from my hand.

Without another word, he left the room. Mrs. Wilson also retired. Brotherton alone remained. I took no further notice of him, but followed Sir Giles through the armoury. He came after me, step for step, at a little distance, and as I stepped out into the gallery, said, in a tone of insulting politeness:

"You will send the sword as soon as may be quite convenient, Mr. Cumbermede? Or shall I send and fetch it?"

I turned and faced him in the dim light which came up from the hall.

"Mr. Brotherton, if you knew that book and those weapons as early as you have just said, you cannot help knowing that at that time the sword was *not* there."

"I decline to reopen the question," he said.

A fierce word leaped to my lips, but repressing it I turned away once more, and walked slowly down the stair, across the hall, and out of the house.

CHAPTER XLIV.

I PART WITH MY SWORD.

I MADE haste out of the park, but wandered up and down my own field for half-an-hour, thinking in what shape to put what had occurred before Charley. My perplexity rose not so much from the difficulty involved in the matter itself, as from my inability to fix my thoughts. My brain was for the time like an ever-revolving kaleidoscope, in which, however, there was but one fair colour—the thought of Mary. Having at length succeeded in arriving at some conclusion, I went home, and would have despatched Styles at once with the sword, had not Charley already sent him off to the stable, so that I must wait.

"What has kept you so long, Wilfrid?" Charley asked as I entered.

"I've had a tremendous row with Brotherton," I answered.

"The brute! Is he there? I'm glad I was gone. What was it all about?"

"About that sword. It was very foolish of me to take it without saying a word to Sir Giles."

"So it was," he returned. "I can't think how you could be so foolish!"

I could, well enough. What with the dream and the waking, I could think little about anything else; and only since the consequences had overtaken me, saw how unwisely I had acted. I now told Charley the greater part of the affair—omitting the false step I had made in saying I had not slept in the house; and also, still with the vague dread of leading to some discovery, omitting to report the treachery of Clara; for, if Charley should talk to her or Mary about it, which was possible enough, I saw several points where the danger would lie very close. I simply told him that I had found Brotherton in the armoury, and reported what followed between us. I did not at all relish having now in my turn secrets from Charley, but my conscience did not trouble me about it, seeing it was for his sister's sake; and when I saw the rage of indignation into which he flew, I was, if possible, yet more certain I was right. I told him I must go and find Styles that he might take the sword at once; but he started up, saying he would carry it back himself, and at the same time take his leave of Sir Giles, whose house of course he could never enter again after the way I had been treated in it. I saw this would lead to a rupture with the whole family, but I should not regret that, for there could be no advantage to Mary either in continuing her intimacy, such as it was, with Clara, or in making further acquaintance with Brotherton. The time of their departure was also close at hand, and might be hastened without necessarily involving much of the unpleasant. Also, if Charley broke with them at once, there would be the less danger of his coming to know that I had not given him all the particulars of my discomfiture; if he were to find I had told a falsehood, how could I explain to him why I had done so? This arguing on probabilities, made me feel like a culprit who has to protect himself by concealment; but I will not dwell upon my discomfort in the half-duplicity thus forced upon me. I could not help it. I got down the sword, and together we looked at it for the first and last time. I found the description contained in the book perfectly correct. The upper part was inlaid with gold in a Greekish pattern crossed by the initials W. C. I gave it up to Charley with a sigh of submission to the inevitable, and having accompanied him to the park-gate, roamed my field again until his return.

He rejoined me in a far quieter mood, and for a moment or two I was silent with the terror of learning that he had become acquainted with my unhappy blunder. After a little pause, he said:

"I'm very sorry I didn't see Brotherton. I should have liked just a word or two with him."

"It's just as well not," I said. "You would only have made another row. Didn't you see any of them?"

"I saw the old man. He seemed really cut up about it, and professed great concern. He didn't even refer to you by name—and spoke only in general terms. I told him you were incapable of what was laid to your charge; that I had not the slightest doubt of your claim to the sword,—your word being enough for me—and that I trusted time would right you. I went too far there, however, for I haven't the slightest hope of anything of the sort."

"How did he take all that?"

"He only smiled—incredulously and sadly,—so that I couldn't find it in my heart to tell him all my mind. I only insisted on my own perfect confidence in you.—I'm afraid I made a poor advocate, Wilfrid. Why should I mind his grey hairs where justice was concerned? I am afraid I was false to you, Wilfrid."

"Nonsense; you did just the right thing, old boy. Nobody could have done better."

"Do you think so? I am so glad! I have been feeling ever since as if I ought to have gone into a rage, and shaken the dust of the place from my feet for a witness against the whole nest of them. But somehow I couldn't—what with the honest face and the sorrowful look of the old man."

"You are always too much of a partizan, Charley; I don't mean so much in your actions—for this very one disproves that—but in your notions of obligation. You forget that you had to be just to Sir Giles as well as to me, and that he must be judged—not by the absolute facts of the case, but by what appeared to him to be the facts. He could not help misjudging me. But you ought to help misjudging him. So you see your behaviour was guided by an instinct or a soul, or what you will, deeper than your judgment."

"That may be—but he ought to have known you better than believe you capable of misconduct."

"I don't know that. He had seen very little of me. But I daresay he puts it down to kleptomaniac. I think he will be kind enough to give the ugly thing a fine name for my sake. Besides he must hold either by his son or by me."

"That's the worst that can be said on my side of the question. He must by this time be aware that that son of his is nothing better than a low scoundrel."

"It takes much to convince a father of such an unpleasant truth as that, Charley."

"Not much, if my experience goes for anything."

"I trust it is not typical, Charley."

"I suppose you're going to stand up for Geoffrey next?"

"I have no such intention. But if I did, it would be but to follow your example. We seem to change sides every now and then. You remember how you used to defend Clara when I expressed my doubts about her."

"And wasn't I right? Didn't you come over to my side?"

"Yes, I did," I said, and hastened to change the subject; adding, "As for Geoffrey, there is room enough to doubt whether he believes what he says, and that makes a serious difference. In thinking over the affair since you left me, I have discovered further grounds for questioning his truthfulness."

"As if that were necessary!" he exclaimed with an accent of scorn.—"But tell me what you mean," he added.

"In turning the thing over in my mind, this question has occurred to me.—He read from the manuscript, that on the blade of the sword near the hilt, were the initials of Wilfrid Cumberland. Now, if the sword had never been drawn from the scabbard, how was that to be known to the writer?"

"Perhaps it was written about that time," said Charley.

"No; the manuscript was evidently written some considerable time after. It refers to tradition concerning it."

"Then the writer knew it by tradition."

The moment Charley's logical faculty was excited, his perception was impartial.

"Beside," he went on, "it does not follow that the sword had really never been drawn before. Mr. Close even may have done so, for his admiration was apparently quite as much for weapons themselves as for their history. Clara could hardly have drawn it as she did, if it had not been meddled with before."

The terror lest he should ask me how I came to carry it home without the scabbard, hurried my objection.

"That supposition, however, would only imply that Brotherton might have learned the fact from the sword itself, not from the book. I should just like to have one peep of the manuscript to see whether what he read was all there?"

"Or any of it, for that matter," said Charley.

"Only it would have been a more tremendous risk than I think he would have run."

"I wish I had thought of it sooner, though."

My suspicion was that Clara had examined the blade thoroughly, and given him a full description of it. He *must*, however, have been at the Hall on some previous occasion, without my knowledge, and might have seen the half-drawn blade on the wall, examined it, and pushed it back into the sheath; which might have so far loosened the blade, that Clara was afterwards able to draw it herself. I was all but certain by this time that it was no other than she that had laid it on my bed. But then why had she drawn it? Perhaps that I might leave proof of its identity behind me—for the carrying out of her treachery, whatever the object of it might be. But this opened a hundred questions not to be discussed, even in silent thought, in the presence of another.

"Did you see your mother, Charley?" I asked.

"No. I thought it better not to trouble her. They are going to-morrow. Mary had persuaded her—why, I don't know—to return a day or two sooner than they had intended."

"I hope Brotherton will not succeed in prejudicing them against me."

"I wish that were possible," he answered. "But the time for prejudice is long gone by."

I could not believe this to be the case in respect of Mary; for I could not but think her favourably inclined to me.

"Still," I said, "I should not like their bad opinion of me to be enlarged as well as strengthened by the belief that I had attempted to steal Sir Giles's property. You must stand my friend there, Charley."

"Then you do doubt me, Wilfrid?"

"Not a bit, you foolish fellow."

"You know, I can't enter that house again, for my father is sure to see it; but I will follow my mother and Mary the moment they are out of the grounds to-morrow, and soon see whether they've got the story by the right end."

The evening passed with me in alternate fits of fierce indignation and profound depression, for, while I was clear to my own conscience in regard of my enemies, I had yet thrown myself bound at their feet by my foolish lie; and I all but made up my mind to leave the country, and only return after having achieved such a position—of what sort I had no more idea than the school-boy before he sets himself to build a new castle in the air—as would buttress any assertion of the facts I might see fit to make in after years.

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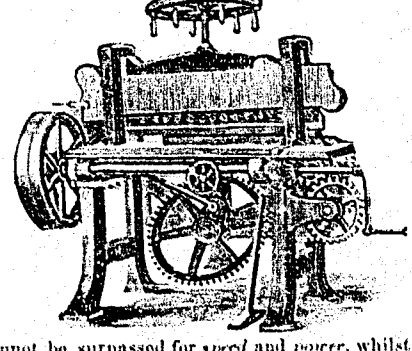
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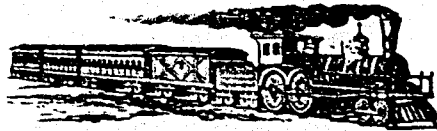
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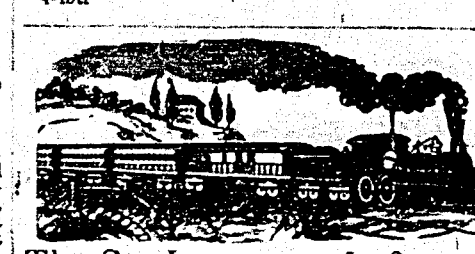
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