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FRANCO Illustrated News

VOL. III.—No. 3.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1871.

{ SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
{ \$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



A SKETCH IN METZ.—THE RESTAURANT COUNTER.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 54.—CHARLES JOSEPH COURSOL,

JUDGE OF SESSIONS AND POLICE COMMISSIONER.

Few, if any, French Canadians out of Parliamentary life have achieved more distinction than Mr. Coursol, and hence it is that the mention of his name for the important office of Mayor of Montreal is hailed everywhere, and by all classes, with the greatest satisfaction. With admirable taste he refused to permit himself to be put in nomination until the present worthy incumbent positively declined a renomination, and shortly after that announcement was authoritatively made, Mr. Coursol's friends presented him with a requisition nearly fifty feet long, and containing many thousands of names of the rate-payers of the city. It is not expected that any opposition will be offered to his election; but if there were it would undoubtedly prove fruitless. He is, therefore, fairly booked as Mayor for the coming year, and, did not his position already rank him among our public men whose name and fame are fair objects of criticism, that fact would entitle us to the privilege of introducing him to our readers.

Mr. Coursol has already found a place in Fennings Taylor's "Sketches" to Notman's portraits, and to that authority we are indebted for the following facts in his career. Charles Joseph Coursol was born at Malden, in the County of Essex, Upper Canada, in 1820. His father, Mr. J. Coursol, was an officer in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, and, as we learn, "an intrepid explorer of the remote wilds of America." His mother was a daughter of Mr. Joseph Quesnel, a gentleman who was one of the pioneers of Canadian literature. At an early age he was left an orphan, and was adopted by his maternal uncle, the Hon. F. A. Quesnel, who at his death left Mr. Coursol sole legatee of his vast estates. Mr. Coursol was thus rendered independent in means, and his magnificent domain at the west end of St. Antoine Street, extending up to Dorchester, is one of the finest among the very many fine estates in Montreal. But, though independent in means, he was by no means disposed to waste his life in idleness. After a creditable career at college he studied law and was called to the bar of Lower Canada in 1841, and shortly afterwards married a daughter of the distinguished and patriotic Canadian statesman, the late Sir E. P. Taché. At the period referred to political excitement ran very high in Canada, and Mr. Coursol was among the most active and the boldest of local politicians, and gave most substantial aid to his party—the Lafontaine Reformers of those days who are now all or very nearly all ranged in the ranks of the progressive Liberal Conservative party of Quebec, with Sir George E. Cartier at its head. In 1848 Mr. Coursol was appointed joint Coroner for Montreal, and represented St. Antoine Ward for several years in the City Council. As a lawyer his ability and energy soon gave him high rank, and in the Council he distinguished himself as an advocate of progress and sanitary reform. During the "Trent" difficulty he raised a regiment—the *Chasseurs Canadiens*—and a few years later, in 1866, he marched at their head to the front to repel the Fenian invaders. Mr. Coursol has been frequently honoured with the confidence of the Government by being appointed to many important commissions, his clear head, undaunted courage, legal acumen and general ability qualifying him in a preeminent degree for the discharge of duties of a judicial character. The exhibition of these qualities doubtless pointed him out to the Government as a fitting person to fill the important office of Judge of the Sessions of the Peace, and Chairman of the Quarter Sessions of the District, which office he now holds. He is also associated with G. McMicken, Esq., as Police Commissioner under the Dominion Act. In the latter capacity it need scarcely be stated that Mr. Coursol has duties of a very confidential character to discharge in connection with the Secret Service of the country, conducted under the direction of the Department of Justice at Ottawa.

The event which gave Judge Coursol's name a continental as well as a European notoriety was the "St. Albans raid" on the 19th of October, 1864. At that date—during the Rebellion in the United States—it may be remembered the banks at St. Albans, in the State of Vermont, lost over \$200,000, seized and taken away by a party of Confederate soldiers, under the command of Lieut. Bennett H. Young, of the Confederate Army. The party, after being fired upon by some of the inhabitants of St. Albans, retreated towards the Canada frontier, and finally sought refuge amongst the Canadian farmers and villagers. Immediately upon receipt of the information that the banks had been robbed by plunderers who had sought refuge in our borders, the Canadian Government instructed Judge Coursol to take prompt measures for the apprehension of the so-called thieves. He went out to St. Johns and succeeded in arresting, without warrants,

sixteen or seventeen men on whose persons and in whose baggage large quantities of American Bank and National notes were found. They were at first confined in the St. Johns gaol, but were afterwards removed to prison in Montreal. The United States Government made a demand for their extradition, under the Ashburton Treaty, as robbers. Messrs. Rose, Q. C., and Devlin appeared for the United States, Messrs. Johnson, Q. C., and E. Carter, Q. C., for the Canadian Government, and Messrs. Abbott, Q. C., Ladame, Q. C., and W. H. Kerr for the Raiders. Having been arrested under Judge Coursol's warrant, in St. John's, the examination took place before him. After the prosecution had closed one case, (the others being exactly of the same nature, and one deciding all) the prisoners applied for time to produce their defence, being obliged to send therefor to Richmond, Va. Judge Coursol, notwithstanding the strenuous opposition of the counsel for the United States and Canada, granted one month. On the 1st December, 1864, the prisoners were again brought before him, the month having expired. Having been unable, owing to the blockade established, to obtain proof of their being Confederate soldiers and acting in the discharge of their duty, their Counsel determined on excepting to the jurisdiction of Judge Coursol. And Mr. Kerr, on the opening of the Court, objected thereto, on the ground that the arrest was made under a Colonial Statute, directly, by Judge Coursol's warrant, whilst, in fact, the Imperial Statute, which required the Governor-General's warrant to issue in the first instance ere Judge Coursol could act, was in force, and that the arrests were, therefore, illegal. Counsel were heard on the objection, and Judge Coursol retired to deliberate. Being asked if he would adjourn until the next day, he informed Mr. Carter that he had no objection thereto, if application were made by the Counsel for the United States. No application was made, and at 3 p.m. Judge Coursol gave his judgment, holding that he had no jurisdiction, and discharged the Raiders. This judgment was afterwards reviewed in the *London Times*, and other English papers. The *London Review* of the 7th January, 1865, thus maintains the legality of the decision: "The Imperial Act was not suspended, as it ought to have been by a distinct order of the Queen in Council, and, under these circumstances, Judge Coursol could not, without flying in the face of all the legal principles, hold that Lieut. Young and his companions were legally arrested on a warrant granted by a judge, and not by the Governor-General."

We have gone into the particulars of this case at some length, not only because it is a *cause célèbre*, but because the Judge's conduct in the premises was made the matter of much discussion, and by many considered to have been erroneous or contrary to the spirit of the law. The opinion of Lord (then Sir Hugh) Cairns and Mr. Francis Reilly was taken on the case, and these eminent jurists sustained the belligerent character of the "raid," and consequently placed it beyond the operation of the treaty, thus substantially confirming the action of Judge Coursol, which was still further sustained by the passage of an Imperial Order in Council on the 4th of February, 1865, suspending the operation of the Imperial Statute in Canada, the force of which had rendered the arrests illegal. We believe the opinion in Canadian legal circles at the time also fully endorsed Judge Coursol's decision.

Our illustration is from a photograph by Notman, and it will be seen that both in *physique* and physiognomy there are plainly marked those distinguishing characteristics which have elevated Mr. Coursol to his present honourable position in the community, and which are soon to carry him still higher in the walks of public life.

SYDNEY, CAPE BRETON, NOVA SCOTIA.

Sydney, the capital town and formerly the seat of independent government of the island of Cape Breton, is situated on a fertile peninsula jutting out into one of the finest harbours in the world, which consists of some twenty square miles of perfectly land-locked water, deep and free from rocks and other dangers throughout. It is the appointed rendezvous of the French fleet in N. A. waters, and a port of frequent call for British ships of war.

The place derives its chief importance from being the centre of the vast coal region which extends along the E. seaboard from Morien Bay to the Bras d'Or.

Previous to the abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty with the United States, a large number of collieries were in successful operation, in several instances having a shipping capacity of twelve hundred per day, but the exclusion policy of "Brother Jonathan" has acted like a weight on the coal industry, throwing large numbers out of employment and diminishing largely the aggregate of shipments.

The enterprising company operating at Bridgeport, however, have, in spite of the general depression, constructed, and have now in operation, a first-class railway from their works to Sydney harbour—twelve miles distant, and are shipping largely for the Dominion market, as well as to some extent to the Western States. Their coal area is one of the most valuable on the coast, and with their present paramount facilities for shipment awaits only the renewal of reciprocity with our neighbours to become a leading colliery among the many on the island.

The other shipping places on this noble harbour are those of

Victoria Point, near that already mentioned, and that of the General Mining Association of London, the smoke from whose works may be seen in the distance of the sketch, beyond which rise St. Anne's mountains, terminating in Cape Enfumé to the right.

THE RUNAWAYS OVERTAKEN.

A picture that speaks for itself, although the accessories of the scene appear strange to us. The couple in the corner, so different in appearance and dress from the other occupants of the room—the fainting girl, the half-proud, half-indignant young husband, whose place should be rather at the school-desk than by the side of a bride, so young does he seem—it needs no telling that these are a runaway pair, and that the old lady who has just entered is a mother come to seek her stolen daughter. It is the old story over again, but in a foreign land. A handsome youth, a romantic girl, heartless parents—vows exchanged by moonlight by silly boys and girls, indignant mamma, and, finally, an elopement. Lucky the pair, though certainly they will not be led to believe it, who, like the two in our illustration, are caught before they have time to execute their foolish design. Elopements, as Lola Montez used to say, are very much like runaway horses, they are pretty sure to come to grief at last. For the first week, or perhaps in some cases where the tastes and habits of the two runaways have a point or two in common—a thing, by the way, very rarely to be met with—all goes well: the novelty and excitement serve to pull the two through. But the novelty wears off, the excitement dies away, the inclinations of the two, neither of whom in nine cases out of ten is at all conversant with the tastes and idiosyncrasies of the other, clash; a first quarrel is followed by a second, the second by a third, and the third by a host of others each more bitter than its predecessor, until the final smash comes, and the two see and understand at last, when it is too late, the irrevocable folly they have committed. Then a sort of understanding is patched up—a domestic amnesty—the one takes to drinking and gambling, the other to flirting and fooling. Then comes the end, the only end that could terminate two such lives—neglect on the one side, infidelity on the other, and at last the scene closes with ruin—perhaps murder and suicide.

OSHAWA WESLEYAN CHURCH.

The Church, opened about two years since, is situated on the corner of Simcoe and Bagot Streets. The exterior is a main building 80x52 with a tower in front, and a wing on the west side 66x33, built of white brick and Ohio cut-stone, in the "Early Decorated" style. The tower, in front, is external to the Church. Its windows have cut-stone mouldings, with carved terminals. It is ornamented with belts of cut-stone, and at each offset, the buttresses have cut-stone copings. Above the tower, the steeple rises to a total height of 150 feet from the ground. The steeple has eight lower windows, ornamented with blue and gold iron finials. It is further ornamented with bands of cut-stone. At its base, resting upon the corners of the tower, are four ornamented pinnacles crowned with carved work. The Church walls rise 27 feet, and are finished with brick cornices. It is lighted by thirteen large tracery windows, filled by glass quarries set in lead. The Church is entered by three large doors in the front, and the wing by two doors—one on each side the main building. The main door leads into a vestibule, from which two doors open into the Church and two others to the gallery and basement. The ceiling is 36 feet from the floor. The ornamented timbers of the roof show below, dividing it by ribs and principals into panels. The centre panels are enriched by ornamented plaster pendants, concealing apertures for ventilation. From the principals hang pendants finished with carved bosses; the walls are finished with rough stucco, and blocked off. Over the vestibule is placed a gallery capable of seating a hundred persons. The two aisles of the church are broad. The pews are in four tiers, the two central rows being divided in alternate long and short pews. The pulpit is in Gothic style, and a beautiful specimen of workmanship. Above the pulpit is a large arched recess, with moulded ribs, fitted up for the choir, and, if necessary, is capable of seating forty persons. The Church is lighted with mammoth lamps fixed upon oak standards. The Church will hold between seven and eight hundred, and was erected at a cost of about sixteen thousand dollars, and is presided over by the Rev. Dr. Jeffers, formerly editor of the *Christian Guardian*. The architects were Messrs. Gaudry and Langley, of Toronto. Our engraving is from a photograph taken by Mr. A. Barrett.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATIONS.

On our first page we give an illustration of a scene that was only too common in Metz during the first few days after the capitulation. News of the surrender of the great eastern fortress having spread throughout the neighbouring country the city was speedily occupied by another army, nearly as numerous and far more welcome than that of the Prussians, namely an army of outlaws who came pouring in from every direction in the hope of making "a pot of money" by retailing questionable provisions to the starved inhabitants. Many among these, however, and more especially among the soldiery, lacked the means to buy the wherewithal to satisfy their hunger, and these, therefore, had recourse to a system of petty pilfering, which brought about many such scenes as that so graphically depicted in our illustration. The *modus operandi* of the pilferers was very simple and one which may be seen successfully put in operation in any of the market-places on the continent. Two or three of the soldiers would group around a booth, one would buy some little thing—a herring or a couple of eggs, and while the stall-keeper was occupied with the purchaser the others would deftly purloin some article of greater value, a ham or a cheese, which would be passed on from hand to hand until it was far from the place where it was stolen. In our illustration the stall-keeper seems to suspect one of her customers of dishonesty, and has accordingly laid violent hands upon him, in the hope of detecting the theft. Her suspicions certainly seem to be well grounded, but at the same time there appears to be but little hope of her recovering her property, for while she and her assistants are engaged with the culprit, the stolen goods are fast travelling away in the opposite direction.

Our other illustration of the war shows a number of wounded German soldiers on their way to the home-hospital.

THE FENIAN PRISONERS.

(Dublin Freeman, Dec. 26th.)

Canadian Government Emigration Offices,
14 South Frederick-street.

TO THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M. P.

SIR—I read with great interest, in the FREEMAN of this day, your admirable letter to Sir William Carroll in reference to the liberation of the Fenian prisoners. The policy of clemency announced by you will be hailed with pleasure—not, however, unalloyed—by all right-thinking men throughout the civilized world. There is only one drawback in the action of the Government. Permit me the liberty of saying it lacks that generosity and magnanimity which would serve to render the condoned prisoners comparatively harmless wherever they might go; and would, for ever, silence their sympathizers, here and elsewhere. What is now the case? These men are debarred from returning to their native land. Very good. What will happen? Invested with the character of martyrs, and glorying in the prestige which they have earned in the cause of Fenianism, they will, in all probability, and naturally enough, betake themselves to that land where their antecedents are most favourably regarded, and will receive from them a most cordial welcome. In the United States Luby and Ross, Mackay and Burke, and their confrères will be received—as outlaws from Ireland—with open arms and with unbounded enthusiasm. Fenianism, which, if not actually moribund throughout the extent of the Union, is in a very prostrate condition—will, through the instrumentality of these men, have new life infused into it, and will, doubtless, cause fresh troubles, fresh complications, and additional expense both to the home and Dominion Governments.

It is as a Canadian, solicitous for the future peace and well-being of my adopted country, that I venture most respectfully to invite your attention to the untoward consequences which are most likely to result from the forced expatriation of these men. They are bold and determined spirits. Their release, hampered as it is by a galling condition, must render them vengeful instead of grateful; and they will go forth breathing animosity against that Government which claims to have extended to them mercy and freedom. They will proceed to America, there to find legions of their countrymen ready to embark again in any enterprise against Great Britain or the colonies that the "martyrs" may indicate. It is unnecessary to remark that no time could be more opportune for the resuscitation of the Fenian movement in the United States than the present in view of the approaching Presidential election. The "Irish element" is a most important contingent on such an occasion. It requires consolidation and direction. No confidence is now reposed in the *quondam* leaders. New chiefs are needed to reorganise and re-animate the mighty host of Irishmen, from gulf to gulf and from ocean to ocean, that pants for an opportunity to wreak its vengeance against England or any of her assailable dependencies. Such leaders the Imperial Government will supply in the persons of the Fenian prisoners who are about to be set free, but who are denied the privilege of returning to Ireland, where, to use the language of this day's FREEMAN, they "would be very small fry, indeed, if free amongst their fellows, restricted from all pernicious agitation by the consciousness that they breathed the free and untainted air of heaven, by the generous mercy and royal grace of the Sovereign against whom they had offended, but to whose forgiveness they were debtors."

In advocating the unconditional pardon of the Fenian prisoners, I beg to disclaim all sympathy with the utterances or acts which rendered them amenable to the law. Whilst ardently wishing to see Ireland occupying the same political position as Canada, I would not care to have this desirable result achieved through such agency—"non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis." As an adopted son of Canada, I deprecate the course of the Government, foreshadowed in your letter, as calculated to lead to evil consequences there, which your own or any future administration, however well disposed, may be powerless to avert. I raise my feeble voice in the interest of that splendid young country which has already passed through more than one trying ordeal, and has poured out her blood and treasures in bear's of the brunt of enmity which she has had no part in provoking.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

JAMES G. MOYLAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FREEMAN,
Canadian Government Emigration Offices,
14 South Frederick-street,
Dublin, December 26.

DEAR SIR—I beg leave to thank you very sincerely for your kindness and courtesy in publishing this morning the letter which I had the honour to address the Premier on the 19th instant. It was very generous of you, Sir, to give the benefit of your columns to the remonstrance I made in behalf of Canada, in relation to the liberation of the Fenian prisoners, cramped, as that act of grace is, with the condition of exile. If not trespassing too much upon your valuable space I would feel obliged by your inserting the following reply of Mr. Gladstone:—

10 Downing-street, Whitehall,
December 22.

SIR—I am directed by Mr. Gladstone to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 19th instant, which he has read with attention. Mr. Gladstone has every confidence in the motive which dictated it, but does not consider that her Majesty's Government would be responsible for allowing persons, of whose future obedience they have no assurance whatever, to remain in the midst of the community whom they had sought, and probably would seek again, to disturb.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

ALGERNON WEST.

J. G. Moylan, Esq.

There is nothing of special moment in this note, but it affords me an opportunity of stating through your widely-read journal that the Government and people of Canada will be slow to appreciate the motives which have influenced Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues to recommend the expatriation of the prisoners. Mr. Gladstone says, in effect—These men gave trouble before, and they may do so again; therefore we must get rid of them. Now, the Government of England takes credit for having at its control in Ireland all the means necessary to overawe or frustrate any attempt at insurrection.

The people of this country, taken as a whole, guided by their bishops and clergy, have not taken part in a movement involving disaffection and disloyalty. At no time, within the last decade of years, would they feel less inclined to countenance any men or any propositions that might tend to disturb the existing order of things than the present. This fact is universally felt. I earnestly hope that the contentment and increasing prosperity which are beginning to dawn upon Ireland will daily extend and become the normal condition of the country. With all these advantages the Government forbids the return of Luby, Rossa and their confrères to Ireland, lest they might cause annoyance. At the same time the fact is lost sight of that, in forcing upon these men the alternative of seeking an asylum in another country, her Majesty's advisers are exposing to incalculable risk a people whose well-being and interests it is their bounden duty to consider and protect. To say the least, the action of the ministry in this particular, coupled with the withdrawal of the forces from the North American provinces, argues very little concern for Canada or for the welfare or feelings of Canadians. Either the New Dominion is, in the estimation of Mr. Gladstone, an integral part of the empire, or it is not. If it be, there appears to be some inconsistency in taking such slight heed to guard that distant, and comparatively unprotected territory against danger far more formidable and imminent than the Premier is disposed to encounter at home, notwithstanding all the moral and physical force at his command. If it be not, and Canada be cast adrift, in all fairness and justice Canadians ought to have proper intimation that the connection heretofore existing with England is now barely nominal, and that in future they must depend solely upon themselves. Although the people of Canada may regret the severance of the tie which binds them to the parent countries, and will not be the first themselves to snap it asunder, I have too much confidence in their dignity of character and their sense of self-respect to fear for one moment that they will not receive with fortitude and equanimity the *fait* of divorce whenever England may pronounce it. Should separation be forced upon Canada, at any time, what may be lost in one respect will be gained in another. The connection with England led to the Fenian raids in 1866 and during the present year. Let the policy of the empire but decree the independence of the New Dominion, and these troubles will cease at once and for ever.—I remain, dear Sir, your obedient servant,

JAMES G. MOYLAN.

Dublin Freeman, Dec. 28th.

A FAVOURITE PASTIME THIS WINTER.

We should think so indeed, if the operation so graphically depicted by our artist be one of the adjuncts of snow-shoeing! Why, merely to look at the delicious little dark-eyed young lady with the fur round her boots is a pastime, but to be the favoured swain who fastens the snow-shoes on Arabella's charming "tootums," to get such soft glances from those bright eyes, and such bewildering smiles from those rose-buds of lips, is indeed to be in the seventh heaven of bliss. One feels like abjuring boots and rubbers and taking to moccasins and snow-shoes for ever, on contemplating the scene our artist's imagination has created. Where is the misogynist that can look on such a picture, and not be converted?

WAR INCIDENTS.

Twenty-three Trappists have quitted their monastery at Dombes, in the Ain Department, and have joined the Garde Mobile.

Rochefort has disappeared from Paris. Some say that he has been assassinated, but it would seem more probable that, not wishing to embarrass the Government, he has withdrawn from the public service.

A German paper states that on the person of a French prisoner of the name of Berlan, interred at Landshut, papers have been found concerning the Traupman murders, and proving the existence of two accomplices. An investigation has been commenced.

M. Gustave Doré is reported to be in Paris and unharmed. A French journal, describing one of the subordinate incidents of the sortie from the capital at the beginning of last month, stated that the artist was seen among the crowd, watching the return of the wounded defenders of the city.

The other day the *Daily News*' correspondent with the Saxon army dined with the deputation who went to Versailles to ask King William to accept the imperial dignity. The deputation, says the correspondent, "expressed with hearty warmth their pleasure that when the time came that William's son should reign in his stead the Princess Royal of England should be empress of Germany;" and just before the party broke up "all the room joined with acclamation in drinking the toast 'Prosperity to Germany and England; may they ever be friendly.'"

HOW THE PAPAL ZOUAVES FIGHT.—A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* writing from Nantes speaks in the highest terms of the courage of the Papal Zouaves, and relates the following incident, which occurred during one of the recent engagements before Orleans. When, as usual, the men of the line, who were in front of the Zouaves, turned tail, General de Sônis, finding it impossible to arrest their flight, addressed De Charette's gray Zouaves thus:—"Messieurs, montrons à ces lâches comment de vrais Français savent se battre. En Avant!" Like the English six hundred at Balaclava, they obeyed the word of command with perfect discipline, and went calmly and steadily forward to certain death. The bearer of their colours was instantly shot down, Jacques de Bouillé seized the flag and immediately shared the same fate. The Count then took it from his dead son's hand, and was shot through the breast, expiring shortly after; while his son-in-law had his arm so shattered that it has been amputated, and he is now a prisoner of the Germans. You may judge of the sentiments and memories of the remnants of this noble family. The Zouaves went into that valley of death 800 strong—about 250 only returned alive.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* thinks that had railways existed and been worked as they are at present in 1661, when the Prayer Book was revised, there would have been a special service composed (to follow, perhaps, that "to be used at sea") in behalf of railway passengers, "that they might be preserved from sudden danger and a bloody death."

VARIETIES.

OLE BULL is writing a book to be entitled *The Soul of the Violin*.

LI SHU is the name of the oldest of the Chinese deities. His name got mixed in coming across.

Messrs. Fields and Osgood propose to publish soon a new volume by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, entitled the "Mechanism of Thought and Morals."

The New York Medical Gazette will shortly begin the publication of a series of analyses of such patent medicines as are brought prominently before the public.

A man with a new patent medicine warns the public against drinking "those simmering compounds of liquid Devils, those mixtures of concentrated death called bitters."

At a bazaar held in New York, in aid of the French wounded, a coloured photographic likeness of Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, with her autograph, brought 250 dollars.

The Dominion of Canada is the largest country in the world except Russia. Its present area is 3,127,045 square miles; that of the United States 2,999,848 square miles. We can easily furnish homes for 100,000,000 of people.

Count von Moltke is not, as has been asserted, a Dane by birth; he was born on the 26th of October, 1800, at Gnewitz, near Parchim, in Mecklenburg. His father is buried in the Wandsbeck Cemetery, about one hour's walk from Homburg.

There is a tradition that in its earlier days a California paper appeared with this paragraph: "VVe have no vv in our type, as there is none in the Spanish alphabet. VVe have sent to the Sandvich Islands for this letter; in the mean time, vve must use tvo V's."

The directors of the Union Bank of London, Eng., have forbidden those of their employees who have salaries less than £150 per annum to marry. A wise provision, but rather hard on those of the clerks who contemplated entering upon the married state.

It has been ascertained from the last annual report of the New York coroner that, during the year 1870, 112 persons committed suicide in that city. Of these 89 were men, and 23 women. The following are the numbers by nationalities: Americans, 23; Germans, 55; Irish, 15; English, 9; Scotch, 4; French, 3; unknown, 3. 26 committed suicide by hanging, 22 blew out their brains, 9 cut their throats, 26 took poison, and 14 drowned themselves.

It appears by a telegram from Oran that the intended eclipse observations there were entirely frustrated. Dense clouds covered the sky for twenty minutes before the period of totality, and till after it was over. The day before the observers' tent and telescopes were blown down, but the damage had been repaired in time for the instruments to be used if the weather had been fine. At Catania the observers were more successful.

A San Francisco undertaker claims to have discovered a new method of preserving the dead human body. By his process he petrifies it. He exhibits a body that he petrified in July, 1868, and it exhibits no signs of decay. When struck, says the editor of the *Morning Call*; it gives out a ringing metallic sound. The colour of the flesh is not changed. The ladies make excellent bells, and have already been set up in several of the California churches.

Diamonds of great value, and in large numbers, continue to be found at the Cape of Good Hope. A new diamondiferous track has been discovered, and the old ones are keeping their ground. The diggings now extend over 100 miles of country, and the population has increased to 15,000. One man has found two diamonds valued at £120,000. News from Natal reports that one party belonging there had found diamonds to the value of £150,000, one gem found by them weighing 105 carats, which has been lodged in the Natal Bank. The Star of Beaufort West, a splendid gem, over 88 carats, has been exhibited at Cape Town for the benefit of the Ladies' Benevolent Society. Many persons, however, had been unsuccessful at the diggings, and some of them were suffering great privations in endeavouring to return to their homes. Mr. John Campbell has been appointed British magistrate at the diggings.

Mr. G. A. Sala, it appears, is now among the prophets. In *Notes and Queries* he draws attention to a parallelism which he has discovered between the events of the present war and those which are foretold in the sixth chapter of Jeremiah. Briefly his interpretation of the Hebrew's prophecy may be thus epitomized. "The daughter of Zion," "the comely and delicate woman," is Paris—*la belle Paris*; "the shepherds that pitch their tents against her" are the drovers who parked their sheep and cattle in the Bois de Boulogne; "Arise, and let us go by night and let us destroy her palaces," is an allusion to a "night attack and ultimate bombardment threatened," and the phrase "their voice roareth like the sea" is obviously intended to describe the guttural language of the Germans. But Mr. Sala is not satisfied with this exercise of ingenuity, nor in detecting minute resemblances between circumstances which must be common to all sieges. With an amount of daring of which even Dr. Cumming need not be ashamed, he gives special prominence to the following choice bit of Scriptural exegesis. The words of Jeremiah are, "Thus saith the Lord, Behold a people cometh from the north country, and a great nation shall be raised from the sides of the earth." Mr. Sala's comment is: "Obvious reference to embattled Germany. The Romans who destroyed Jerusalem were not northerners." It is perhaps hardly necessary to observe that no commentator before Mr. Sala ever supposed that the siege of Jerusalem by the Romans was predicted by Jeremiah. All the prophet's references are to the Chaldeans, whose chief city was on a higher parallel of latitude than Jerusalem.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

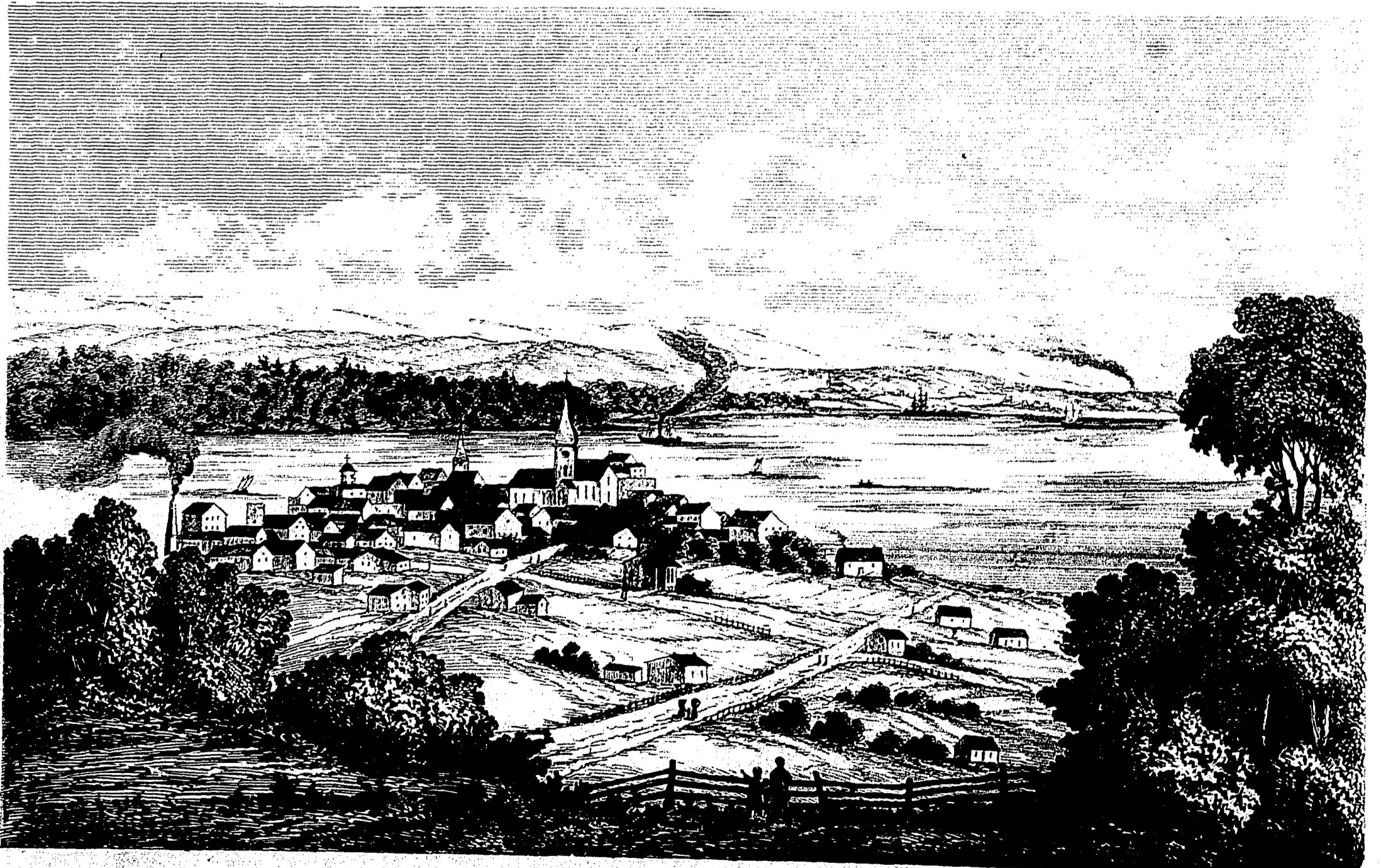
The English speaking Catholics of Montreal have resolved to petition the Queen on the subject of the dispossession of the Pope by King Victor Emmanuel. They will send an address to the Pope, accompanied with a subscription, which will doubtless be a liberal one.

The thermometer marked twenty degrees below zero at Ottawa on Thursday night of last week.

The Dominion Board of Trade meets at Ottawa on the 18th inst., the Dominion Parliament on the 15th prox.



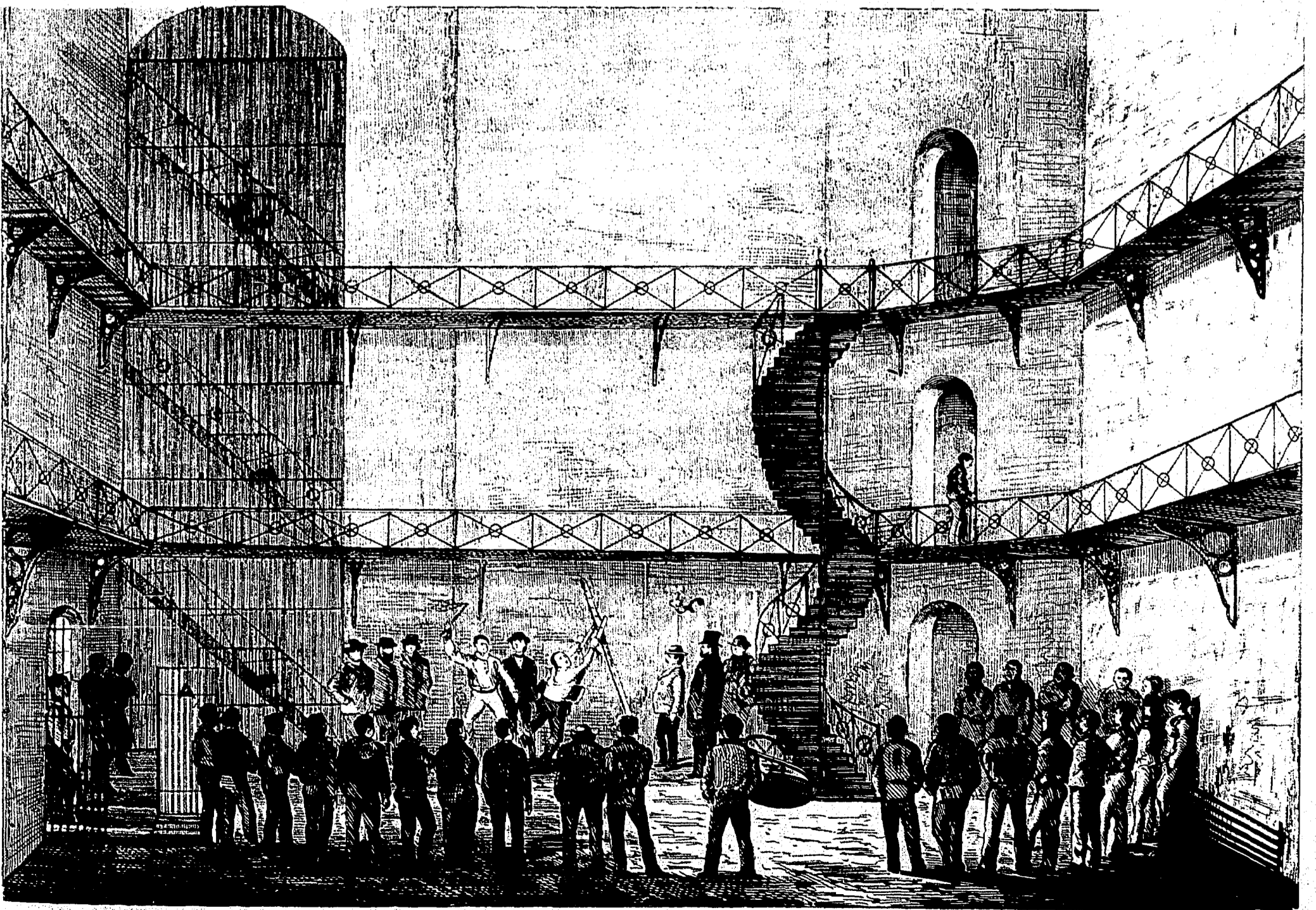
CHARLES JOSEPH COURSOL, Esq., JUDGE OF QUARTER SESSIONS.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.



TOWN AND HARBOUR OF SIDNEY, C. B. FROM A SKETCH BY ALBERT J. HILL.



THE LATE GENERAL PRIM



FLOGGING OF A PRISONER AT THE TORONTO GAOL, FRIDAY, JAN. 6.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY,
JANUARY 28, 1871.

SUNDAY,	JAN. 22.—Third Sunday after Epiphany. St. Vincent. Lord Byron born, 1788.
MONDAY,	" 23.—William Pitt died, 1806. Duke of Kent died, 1820. Castle of Saint Louis, Quebec, burnt, 1834.
TUESDAY,	" 24.—St. Timothy, Ep. Frederick the Great born, 1712.
WEDNESDAY,	" 25.—Conversion of St. Paul. Robert Burns born, 1759.
THURSDAY,	" 26.—St. Polycarp, Ep. Sydney, N. S. Wales, founded, 1788. Doctor Jenner died, 1833. P. O. Money Order system introduced, 1855.
FRIDAY,	" 27.—Selection of Ottawa as seat of Government announced, 1858. John Gibson, R. A., died, 1866.
SATURDAY,	" 28.—Charlemagne died, 814. Peter the Great died, 1725. Bonaparte sailed from Elba, 1815. Battle of Alival, 1846.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1871.

We are sure that none of our subscribers will quarrel with the regulation respecting postage introduced by the Publisher at the beginning of this year. Five cents a quarter—twenty cents a year—is a trifle to each subscriber, but if one has to pay the postage for many thousands, it becomes a very serious item. Believing that the paper is really good value for the money—\$4 per annum—and, as besides, we intend almost immediately to present each of our subscribers with a beautifully coloured Chromo-Lithograph, worth half the subscription money, we feel confident that our patrons will cheerfully assume the very trifling obligation of paying postage, which, to them individually, will be a small affair, though, in the aggregate, it amounts to perhaps more than the salaries of two first-class artists. The means thus saved will be cheerfully expended in further improving the paper, which is intended, and, we hope, destined, to be a welcome guest in every Canadian home.

In this issue we publish two letters written by Mr. Moylan, the Canadian Emigration agent stationed at Dublin. Many of our Canadian readers know Mr. Moylan personally; those who do not are aware of his long connection with the *Canadian Freeman* and the part he has taken in defence of Canadian loyalty during the trying years through which our young country has just passed. Mr. Moylan's first letter is addressed to the Premier, Mr. Gladstone, and the second to the editor of the *Dublin Freeman*. The latter needs no special notice, as it is merely a commentary on the first. But the letter to Mr. Gladstone opens up a theme of surpassing importance to every man whose interests are bound up with the fate of this country. Mr. Moylan strikes a note that already had found an echo in Canada, even before his letters reached this side of the Atlantic. He points out, forcibly and frankly, the danger to this country with which any new stimulus to the Yankee-Fenian movement is charged, and he says truly that the conditional pardon of the Fenian prisoners and their enforced deportation to the United States, will but tend to revive the Fenian conspiracy there, and menace Canada with fresh dangers. No man who understands Canadian affairs and knows something of society in the neighbouring Republic, will doubt for a moment that Mr. Moylan is right in his conclusions. Fenianism was dead. The complete failure of the last raid had killed it. Its leaders were at daggers' points. Even the untimely liberation of the few rascals imprisoned, for shame's sake, at the instance of the American Government, did not revive the drooping cause of the I. R. B. But now we have a British Minister, the optimistic, theoretical, Gladstone, sending out new chiefs to reinvigorate the conspiracy!

We do not share in all of Mr. Moylan's fears for Canada. On the contrary, we believe that, even with the new blood which a dilettanti British Cabinet has infused into it the Fenian swindle is too rotten to work us serious mischief; that we can hurl back its misdirected and undisciplined hordes as we have done twice before. But the crime against this country is none the less. Mr. Gladstone made a fatal mistake when he counselled the Queen to give the conditional pardon to these so-called political prisoners. Modern society has adopted a very lenient creed in respect of political offenders, and governments, hunting for popularity, have bowed to the new doctrine, and adopted them as part and parcel of the ethics of administration. Perhaps this is all right; but the scoundrels who provoke so many otherwise inno-

cent people "to sin," might possibly be dealt with in a harsher manner with far more advantage to the State and greater benefit to the community at large. When men forfeit their lives, why should they not pay the penalty? Patriots they are! Of course! But such patriots as make the babe hungry and the young wife a widow. Such a batch of patriots Mr. Gladstone has let loose upon Canada, and no greater crime was ever committed by Prime Minister of England. Gladstone's philosophy seems to have incapacitated him for statesmanship. He proposed for Ireland poor McGee's admirable receipt of "Justice;" might he not apply the rule to Canada? Yet, is it justice to us to give new leaders to the Fenian conspirators of the United States? Is it justice to us to send out red-handed the roughs who have brought terror on the British Government, that they may with an almost inexhaustible supply of material harass the most loyal dependency of the Crown? If Fenianism be rotten in the States; if O'Donovan Rossa fail to resuscitate the expiring cause; if O'Neil or some other tatterdemalion does not lead a crowd of rowdies against us, next summer, assuredly the fault will not be that of Mr. Gladstone and his Cabinet. The letter courteously returned to Mr. Moylan in reply to his is eminently satisfactory as regards Ireland; but how does it read respecting Canada? Surely it would have been better that the wings of these blatant patriots should have been clipped by unconditional pardon, or that they should have been held to serve the full term of their richly earned punishment, rather than that they should have been sent adrift to reorganise the lawless horde of marauders which the patriotism of our country has twice hurled from its shores. Mr. Moylan deserves the thanks of every patriotic Canadian for the frank assertion of our rights, and for exposing the truculent, and very cowardly policy of the British Cabinet in exposing Canada to fresh dangers, merely that a few insignificant agitators should be removed from Ireland! The transaction on behalf of the British Government is ill-considered, unkind, and to the last degree cowardly. It is the imputation conveyed by the last word that ordinarily agitates an Englishman's blood up to the boiling point, but, during the last five years, every man bearing the British name has had many occasions for hanging his head because of the pusillanimity of the Imperial Government. After Mr. Gladstone's many exhibitions of weakness, his repeated lowering of the flag, his crawling to foreign powers, checked only once by the brusquerie and latent Tory instincts of a Granville, one is almost tempted to wish for a return to power of the Government of that precious, but now well-worn "widow's mite," Earl Russell! Lord John and Palmerston in their day sent nobler, less guilty, and more honourable Irishmen to a penal settlement; men who were guilty of no murderous, death-contriving secret plotting; but who, in the open light of day, went into a manly, if a somewhat Quixotic and utterly hopeless, rebellion. The same Ministers, after the lapse of a decent time, made the misguided prisoners welcome to return from a penal British retreat, to their native land, but they banished none from off the British soil, or from beyond the protection of the British flag. And Gladstone, the brilliant scholar, the accomplished orator, the earnest-thinking man, the hope of the rising minds of the Empire, proves himself less of the true Statesman than the two accomplished masters of *finesse* we have just named. The letting loose of the Fenian prisoners in America is a mistake of the gravest kind, and we only hope it may not work mischief to Canada. But if it should, the gifted, earnest, well-meaning, but not always wise, leader of the Imperial Government, will surely have to carry a large share of the blame.

CAMPBELL'S COUGH LOZENGES.—We have tried a box of these excellent lozenges and find them very effectual in relieving irritation of the throat and promoting expectoration. They have the commendation of several prominent members of the medical faculty and are, in slight attacks of cold, not unfrequently prescribed by practitioners who know their merits. Being manufactured by Mr. Campbell at the Medical Hall from a receipt approved by physicians, they may always be used with the confidence that they are neither inert nor hurtful.

READINGS FROM AMERICAN AUTHORS.—A treat is in store for the lovers of American literature. Dr. Augustus Rawlings, well-known in England as a public reader, and whose fame has extended across the Atlantic, gives a public reading of selections from American authors in St. Patrick's Hall on Tuesday evening next. The selections will comprise "The Beautiful Snow," by John I. Watson; Poe's "Raven," and others from the works of Longfellow, J. Russell Lowell, O. W. Holmes, N. P. Willis, John G. Saxe, Artemus Ward, Hans Breitmann, and other American authors of repute. Dr. Rawlings' long connection with the world of literature, his intimate acquaintance with his authors, as well as his versatile powers, will, we are sure, procure him a complete success.

NEW MUSIC.

Among the recent publications of the enterprising Boston publishers, Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co., we notice the following, which are all commendable—
Frühlings Lieder Walzer, "Spring Song Waltzes," by Jos. Gungl. One of the most exquisite pieces of dance music ever written.
 "Thoughts of Home," by Chas. Wels. A sweet reverie, full of harmony.
 "Seneca Schottische," by T. Barnes.
Oh! Padre. "My Father!" Trio for male voices, from "William Tell," by Rossini.
 "Lothair." The incident of the rose, in Disraeli's novel, well versified, and set to music by G. W. Martin.
 "My Darling Wife and I," for Alto or Bass. Music by Thos. H. Howe.
 "You Know How it is Yourself." One of Lydia Thompson's favourite songs, by Jos. Panac.
 "Little Mischiefs," song by M. Keller.
 The two last are especially lively and pleasing.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE WAR.

The bombardment of Paris continues with unabated vigour and there appears to be but little doubt that the city must ultimately surrender. Not only have some of the forts in the outside line of fortification been silenced, but the Prussian shells are falling into the city causing great loss of both life and property. The capitulation has now become a mere question of time, dependent only on the powers of endurance of the besieged under the hardships they are now forced to undergo. Meanwhile the Germans are gradually pushing forward their works,—and extending the range of their fire into the very heart of the city. A despatch from Versailles states that the fire from Clamart, the most important as well as the most active of the Prussian batteries to the south, and from St. Cloud, and Meudon to the south-west, commands a maximum range of three and three quarter miles, throwing shells as far as Neuilly, the Porte Maillot, the Avenue de l'Impératrice, the Rue du Roi de Rome, the Champ de Mars, the Luxembourg, the Invalides and down to the Porte Bicêtre. All beyond, that is to say north of the Seine, is said to be beyond range, though, on the other hand the Prussian artillery state that with the aid of their glasses they have followed shells as far as the Place de la Concorde. Several sorties have been made by the French from the forts on the south, but in every case they proved ineffectual. The soldiers inside the city are asking for peace, but both Vinoy and Trochu declare that they will hold out until the last. Large fires are said to be raging within the outer walls of Paris on the north side of the city.

In the west a terrible and decisive battle has been fought near Le Mans between the army of the Loire and the combined armies of Prince Frederick Charles and the Duke of Mecklenburg. The army of the Loire was utterly routed, and Gen. Chanzy has been compelled to retire upon Angers. In the two days' fighting, the 10th and 11th, the French lost 15,000 men and several pieces of artillery. In the north the Germans occupy Fécamp and Dieppe, where they exacted heavy requisitions from the inhabitants. Peronne has capitulated, and Arras and Givet have been summoned to surrender. A large German army is being formed in the eastern departments, which is to be under the special command of General Manteuffel, and will include the corps of Generals Von Werder, Tastrow, and others. Manteuffel will be replaced by Von Goeben in the command of the army of the north. A battle was fought on the 9th instant near Rougemont, in the department of the Doubs, the result of which remains doubtful, as the victory, according to the usual custom, was claimed by both sides.

EUGENIE.

Whatever may be said in history of the Third Napoleon, then is but one verdict that can be passed upon his wife. True to France, true to the people by whom she was surrounded, true to the trust that at the last supreme moment, when her husband, knowing more perhaps, than he dared to tell; left her Empress Regent on the very surface of a hissing volcano, she has acted throughout—the highest embodiment of physical creation—the part of a noble, unselfish and trustful woman. Not France would she surrender for her husband; nor would she surrender her husband for France. She clung to all until all was lost; and now, in her English home, she has the proud satisfaction of receiving the best blood of Britain as her kind and sympathising guests. What she did for the poor; how she led and multiplied the fashions to give work to the starving needlewomen are all facts well known to the public. Her life was one of devotion, not to religion alone, but to the tastes of a fickle-minded people, and she worked in the cause she had made her own with a zeal that needs no praise.

Eugénie Marie de Guzman, Countess of Téba, was born on the 5th of May, 1826, being the daughter of Donna Maria Manuela Kirkpatrick, of Oloseburn, Countess dowager of Montijo, whose father was the English Consul at Malaga. It is from the paternal side, on her mother's branch of the family, that her Scottish descent is traced, but she has a Castilian descent of which half the petty sovereigns of Europe might well be proud could they only claim it with decency. Her sister was married to a lineal descendant of the Royal House of Stuart, and though she espoused no such Royal blood she had at least in a worldly sense what seemed a higher destiny. On the 29th of January, 1853, her marriage with Napoleon the Third was celebrated, after the demolition of obstacles in the way, which perhaps only he knew how to remove; and since that time until the fatal 4th of September she has been the happy genius of the Tuilleries. High though her station was in life, she did not disdain to visit the poor cholera patients in the hospitals in 1865, and perhaps the recollection of this and other noble deeds smooths the bitterness of the enforced exile she is now doomed to endure. She has at least the consolation of sharing her banishment with her son Louis, who, by all accounts, is a kindly and noble youth, just such a one as would be likely to delight a mother's heart.

THE LATE GENERAL PRIM.

The tragic end of this distinguished Spaniard has cast a melancholy interest over the termination of a career which, even in the extravagant light and shade of Spanish political life, is calculated to excite an unusual degree of interest and speculation. On the night of the 27th December, while going home from the Cortes, the fatal assault was made upon him, one of his fingers being completely shattered by a ball, while several lodged in his arm and shoulder. It was thought at first that his life was not in danger, but inflammation immediately set in, and though the arm was amputated the General died on the night of the 29th. The conspirators are said to have been six in number, and they all escaped. Eight balls pierced his carriage, and singularly enough, though several of them struck him, his two aides who were riding with him escaped unhurt. The night of the 27th was dark and there was a heavy snow falling, thus favouring the escape of the assassins, who had evidently been well prepared, as they had two cabs drawn up in a narrow passage through which Prim had to drive. The utmost excitement prevailed at Madrid when the attack was announced, and the feeling was greatly increased when it became known that Prim was dead. There is no hope of capturing the assassins, but the Cortes unanimously resolved that the family of the deceased General should be provided for by the nation.

Don Juan Prim, Comte de Reus, Marquis de los Castellejos, was born at Reus in Catalonia, Dec. 6, 1814; entered the army at an early age and made his first campaign as an officer in the civil war which followed the accession of Isabella II. to the Spanish throne in 1833. He was a devoted adherent of the Queen's mother, at that time Regent, who rewarded him with the rank of Colonel in 1837. After her flight he joined the progresistas in opposition to the Dictatorship of Espartero. Being accused of complicity in the insurrection of Saragossa in 1842, he fled to France and again attached himself to the Queen-Mother, assisting her in her efforts to bring about a restoration. The following year, having been elected to the Cortes as Deputy from the City of Barcelona, he returned to Madrid and joined the coalition formed by the Progresistas and the party of the Queen-Mother against Espartero. His intrigues against Espartero were not confined to political agitation, for in May of that year (1843) he headed an insurrection at Reus. From this place he was speedily driven by Zurbano, one of the Dictator's lieutenants; and he took refuge for a time at Barcelona. During the troubles, uprisings and agitations which followed, Prim had many narrow escapes; but on the fall of Espartero and the return of the Queen-Mother to power, he was raised to the rank of General, created Count de Reus, and appointed Governor of Madrid. Troubles soon came upon him again. In attempting to suppress an uprising at Barcelona, he made such a disposition of his troops as to keep Catalonia in revolt for an entire year. For this he was disgraced by the Queen, and tried for high treason and complicity in the attempt to assassinate Narvaez. On the first charge he was found guilty, but acquitted on the second, and only received a few months' imprisonment. A few years of retirement followed this escapade and Prim next appeared as a soldier in the Ottoman army during the Crimean war, winning great distinction at Silistria and Oltenitza. On returning from the East he published an account of his military experience there, together with a historical essay on the Turkish Empire. Again Barcelona honoured him with its confidence by electing him in 1855 to a seat in the Cortes, and three years later he was raised to the dignity of Senator. In 1859, on the breaking out of the war with Morocco, he was appointed to the command of a division, and throughout the campaign he displayed much ability as a military leader, and achieved many brilliant successes. For his services in Morocco he was, in January, 1861, created Marquis of Castillejos and Grandee of Spain. In the autumn of 1861, when England, France and Spain had agreed to a joint occupation of Mexican territory for the purpose of compelling redress of grievances, Prim was appointed to the chief command of the Spanish forces, and reached Vera Cruz early in 1862; but he won no fresh laurels there, for disagreeing with Marshal Forey, the commander-in-chief of the French forces, and perhaps sympathizing with the revolutionary spirit of the Mexicans he withdrew his troops to the Island of Cuba, and having paid a visit to New York, set sail for Spain which he reached in July. Three years followed of apparent inactivity which were really devoted to plotting and conspiracy. In January, 1866, thinking his schemes ripe for revolution, he put himself at the head of an insurrectionary movement which was, however, speedily suppressed. He made another abortive attempt in 1867 and took an active part in the revolution of the following year, which displaced Queen Isabella. Since that time Prim has occupied a prominent part in Spanish politics. Deep, dark, designing; restless, ambitious, an intriguer by nature, he must have had a couple of years of intense enjoyment in the secret games of policy and negotiation which he so deftly conducted. Many have suspected him of desiring the crown for himself; he has at least played a Cromwellian part. He it was who with Bismarck brought about the ill-fated Hohenzollern dispute which was made the occasion of the Franco-Prussian war. He was also mainly instrumental in bringing about the nomination of the Duke of Aosta to the Crown of Spain, though he did not live to see his chosen sovereign enthroned. His fate is a sad one; but it is only a consequence of the vicious system of secret conspiracy of which he was too much of a patron. He was, nevertheless, a man of great ability, and not lacking in devotion to his country, though his ruling thought appears to have been his own elevation to power and honours.

FLOGGING A PRISONER AT TORONTO GAOL.

Among the few changes in the Criminal law of the country introduced by the new acts passed last session, was one for the restoration of flogging as a punishment for certain gross offences against the person. The circumstances under which this rather barbarous punishment may be legally inflicted, outside the walls of the penitentiaries, are fortunately of rare occurrence in Canada. There have as yet been but two cases in the Province of Ontario in which the infliction of the lash has formed part of the sentence—one at London and the other at Toronto. In the latter case sentence was carried into effect on Friday, the 6th instant, in the prison yard, and we are indebted to our special artist residing in that city for the sketch of the unattractive scene which we elsewhere reproduce in this number. As a resort to this punishment is in all cases left to the discretion of the Judge, it is never likely to become very

common here, though it has been proved by experience in England that flogging has had a most salutary effect in keeping in order a class of ruffians for whom the ordinary means of punishment had lost their terrors. We think it were a thousand pities that such characters should be permitted to believe that their rascalities would meet with more indulgent treatment in Canada than in England. The "lash and the triangle" may contribute to the repression of open rascality, even though they fail as reforming agencies.

John Graham was convicted at the last General Sessions of an indecent assault upon a little girl whom he met on the road whilst he was driving his team. The evidence went to show that he offered her a ride in his waggon, and after proceeding some short distance, he was seen to stop his horses, lift the child out of the conveyance, and taking her to the road side, committed the offence for which he was sentenced to fifteen days' imprisonment and twenty lashes. Graham is a young man some 18 or 20 years of age, with swarthy complexion, black hair, and a somewhat vacant expression of countenance; he is of a lean wiry build, standing about 5 feet 7 in.

In the rotunda of the gaol was erected the "triangle" to which the prisoner was to be fastened whilst the punishment was in course of infliction. The affair is constructed on the pattern used in the penitentiary, to the officials of which application was made for the loan or purchase of one, but the application was refused, and Governor Allen, of Toronto, obtained drawings and specifications from Kingston, employing a Toronto carpenter to perform the work. The foot of the machine is of triangular form, the two sides being made of about four inch square oak timber, while the base is a flat board on which the culprit stands, from each side of the base spring two oaken posts, square, and about eight feet high, inclining towards and meeting at their tops, they being supported by another post, ten feet in height, the foot of which is fixed at the head of the lower triangle. The latter post has holes drilled through its top, so that by removing a pin which goes through the heads of the two first-mentioned posts, the incline can be regulated according to the stature of the person to be punished. Fastened transversely in the front of the triangles is a flat board, upon which the breast of the prisoner rests. His arms are stretched upwards, while the legs are fastened with cords at the knees and ankles, the limbs being placed as far apart as they will go.

The instrument of punishment was the ordinary cat-o'-nine tails, minus the three knots on each thong, in lieu of which the cords were simply tied round at the ends with small twine. The punishment was inflicted by one of the prisoners, an old soldier familiar with this process of correction.

Shortly after ten o'clock on the morning of the 7th, the Sheriff and Dr. Richardson arrived at the gaol, when the prisoner was called out. Dr. Richardson having examined him, pronounced him fit for punishment. Graham was told to strip, which he did in the most leisurely and unconcerned manner, not betraying the slightest nervousness or tremor. After pulling up the waist of his trousers with a sort of sailor-like hitch, he walked up to the triangle with a firm step and submitted quietly to the process of tying up, watching the ropes being placed about his legs with a curious and attentive look. The preliminaries having been gone through, the executioner took his stand, and first of all running his fingers through the thongs of the "cat," poised himself for the first blow. After giving the lashes a couple of turns round his head, he brought them with a force down upon the culprit's back. The first blow did not appear to produce any more effect than causing Graham to wince slightly. The second, third and fourth blows were delivered with like effect; but at the fifth the flesh began to swell up in welts which increased in size until the tenth stroke, when the distinct mark of the lashes became plainly visible. This was the first time the prisoner uttered a sound. The Sheriff then cried "stop," and after a second or two's pause the punishment proceeded, and Graham began to give utterance to the most agonizing groans, writhing and contorting his body in a manner most painful to behold. His flesh assumed a more livid hue and swollen appearance as each of the remaining strokes were given, until at last it resembled one mass of veins almost full to bursting, and appearing as if the slightest touch would cause the blood to spring from them. The assembled prisoners looked on with horror, and there is no doubt that those who witnessed the "cat" upon Graham will remember it as long as they live. Immediately after the last stroke fell, Graham was unbound, and as soon as one hand was set at liberty he began nervously to clutch at the straps of the other to unfasten it, his whole body quivering with agony, and his eyes having a peculiarly wild expression in them. His legs once free he went straight to the spot where he had laid his clothes, anxiously enquiring if "blood had been drawn." Upon being told that it had not, he smiled in a sickly manner, and tried to appear as if he did not at all care for what he had undergone, but the effort was a failure. He hastily threw on his shirt, and gathering up the remainder of his habiliments, beat a retreat to his cell. While the punishment was being inflicted the prisoner held between his teeth a leaden button, which in some measure assisted him in restraining his cries at the early stage of the flogging.

In accordance with the law all the male prisoners were turned out to see the revolting exhibition, with the intention of inspiring them with a wholesome dread and thereby contributing to their good behaviour in time to come.

ROUND AND ABOUT TOWN.

THE HOLMAN TROUPE.

This Troupe have continued to draw crowded houses. The versatility of Miss Sallie Holman is really refreshing, she is not only charming in the sparkling personations of Offenbach and the pleasing ideas of Balfe, but she is alive with vivacity in comedy. Miss Holman would be a success on any stage. The younger Miss Holman captivates by her face, figure, and perfectly natural delineation of character, and claims warm applause from attentive audiences. Mr. Hudson is really capital, he is comical in face, comical in manner, comical in voice, in fact, comical all over. The "Sausage Machine" song was rendered by him with inimitable effect. He has comicality on the brain. Mr. Ludwig Reuben, the Tenor, is young, his voice is light and requires to be cautiously used. His best character, in our judgment, is "Barbe Bleue," and the music is not beyond the compass of his voice. Artists should always remember it is better, a thousand times, to skip a note, or not attempt to render it, than to strike it falsely; one such mistake mars a whole aria. Mr. Barton is reliable

and painstaking. Mr. A. D. Holman evinces a thorough knowledge of his profession, and bids fair to become a popular artist. Mr. Miers has not sustained any leading character up to the present time, and therefore it is difficult to pronounce judgment by the minor characters in which he has appeared. Mesdames Banks and Spackman, and the Madles, Arnold, Sidney, and Logan, have rendered useful support. Mrs. Holman guides, governs, controls and directs orchestra and artistes with consummate skill, she is the very embodiment of a musical manageress and director, every note is brought out with precision and force from the instrument over which she presides. Whoever is the Modist of the Troupe deserves a word for the basic of the leading female costumes. Our Toronto readers, we are sure, will be pleased to hear that the Holman Troupe have gained new admirers here.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY GRAND SOIREE.

St. Patrick's Hall was joyous on Wednesday evening, Jan. 11. The natives of the Emerald Isle were jubilant. The entrance halls were adorned with evergreens, the Committee were decorated with chaste rosettes, their badges of office: the ladies were (well what were ladies ever but) charming.

"Eyes spoke love to eyes that spoke again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell."

The toilettes of the ladies were sumptuous and elegant, all the colours of the rainbow commingled. Politicians and editors chattered and toasted each other without apparent remembrance of past feuds. The supper was excellent, and the music echoed through the hall till an early hour in the morning.

MDME. PETIPAS' CONCERT.

The pupils of Mdme. Petipas gave a concert at Mechanics' Hall on Tuesday, 10th instant. The pupils evinced a musical knowledge that does credit to the tutelage of Mdme. Petipas. Miss Leprohon sang an exquisite aria, and some of the morceaux of these amateurs would have done credit to professionals. Of course the hall was crowded by the friends of the performers, and the result must have been gratifying to all interested.

The Grand Concert and Ball of the Jacques Cartier Typographical Union took place on Wednesday evening, the 18th instant. The Fourth Estate was fully represented. Messrs. Ovide Perron, Esq., B. Devlin, Esq., and L. O. David, Esq., delivered addresses on the occasion which were admirable in their matter and thoroughly appropriate. The musical programme included the names of Mad. Boncher, Mdle. Jacques, Mons Lavoie, Mons. Therault, Mons. Cherrier and Mr. Thomas Hurst, who claims to be the prince of comic singers. We simply think that his style is rather more appropriate to certain quarters of Loudon than suitable for the taste of Montrealers. The others whose names we have given were pleasing and acceptable. A Ball followed the Concert and Renaud's Band discussed music, while the devotees of Terpsichore kept time to the tintinnabulation of the Bells, Bells, Bells.

AQUATICS.

We have been permitted through the kindness of Mr. Henry Hogan, to peruse a late letter from Newcastle on Tyne, by which we learn that a great double scull match was to take place on Monday, between Renforth and Harry Kelly, and Winship and Taylor. Three of these rowers were in this country the past year. Harry Kelly is well-known as one of the first oarsmen in England, and is the ex-champion. Renforth having seceded from the crew which represented England in the late international match, Taylor has taken in a young fellow named Robert Bagnall, and Winship has been promoted to stroke oar. Renforth is forming a crew and Robt. Chambers another. These three crews will row for the championship of the world, and the winners will, no doubt, accept the St. John crew challenge. It is probable that two or three crews will visit this country during the coming summer, and it is also conjectured that the United States will send men to the Dominion Regatta. Our aquatic readers may, therefore, look forward to some splendid trials of oarsmanship on the St. Lawrence. We have just received information that Renforth and Kelly have won the race on the Tyne.

Temperature in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Monday, Jan. 16, 1871, observed by John Underhill, Optician to the Medical Faculty of McGill University, 299 Notre Dame Street.

	9 A. M.	1 P. M.	6 P. M.
Tuesday, Jan. 10	-12°	1°	0°
Wednesday, " 11	6°	10°	11°
Thursday, " 12	16°	21°	23°
Friday, " 13	32°	38°	36°
Saturday, " 14	36°	38°	27°
Sunday, " 15	14°	16°	28°
Monday, " 16	32°	30° 5	26°

	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Tuesday, Jan. 10	3°	-16°	6° 5
Wednesday, " 11	12°	9°	10° 5
Thursday, " 12	23°	10°	16° 5
Friday, " 13	38°	20°	29°
Saturday, " 14	39°	28°	33° 5
Sunday, " 15	28°	13°	20° 5
Monday, " 16	34°	26°	30°

Aneroid Barometer compensated and corrected.

	9 A. M.	1 P. M.	6 P. M.
Tuesday, Jan. 10	30.58	30.52	30.49
Wednesday, " 11	30.30	30.24	30.30
Thursday, " 12	30.52	30.54	30.58
Friday, " 13	30.62	30.62	30.60
Saturday, " 14	30.70	30.72	30.80
Sunday, " 15	30.60	30.48	30.35
Monday, " 16	30.05	30.10	30.19



THE FAVORITE PASTIME THIS WINTER.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST.



FR. WINTERHALTER PINXT

FRED. WEBER SCULPT

EUGENIE, EX-EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH.

THE BEAU MISER, AND WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM AT BRIGHTON.

By LEIGH HUNT,

There was a man of the name of Kennedy, who was well known to people of fashion in our childhood, but with whose origin, pretensions, or way of living nobody was acquainted. That he was rich was certain, for he wore the most precious stones on his fingers, and was known to keep a great deal of money at a banker's. He was evidently very fond of the upper circles, and for some time was admitted into their parties. He was now and then at the opera; oftener at routs and balls; and always went to court, when he could get there.

We have heard him described. He was a very spare man, not much above thirty, of the middle height, with eyes a little shut and lowering, a small nose, and a very long chin. But he dressed extremely well; had a softness of manners amounting to the timid; and paid exceeding homage to every person and thing of any fashionable repute.

All this, for some time, procured him a good reception; but at last people began to wonder that, though he got invitations from everybody, he gave none himself. It was not even known that he ever made a present, or had a person home with him even to a luncheon or a cup of tea. Twice he gave a great dinner, at which it was owned that there was a profusion of everything; but though it was not at a tavern, it was not at his own place of abode; and the people of the house knew nothing about him.

All this gave rise to a suspicion that he was a miser; and people soon contrived to have pretty strong proofs of it. In vain the least bashful of his acquaintances admired the beauty of his numerous rings; in vain others applied to him for loans of money,—some by way of trial and others from necessity; in vain his movements were watched by the more idle and gossiping; in vain hints were thrown out and questions asked, and his very footsteps pursued. His rings were all keepsakes; he always had no money just then; he referred for his lodgings to an hotel, where he occasionally put up, perhaps for that very purpose; and a curious fellow, who endeavoured to follow him home one night, was led such an enormous round through street after street, and even suburb after suburb, that he gave up the point with an oath.

After this his acquaintance grew more and more shy of him; they gradually left off inviting him to their houses,—some from mercenary disappointment, some from a more generous disgust, others because the rest did so; and at last, just after a singular adventure which happened to him at Brighton, he totally disappeared.

Everybody took him for a madman on that occasion. He had not been at the place above a day or two, and was seen, during that time, walking about the beach very thoughtfully, with an air of sorrow, owing, it was conjectured, to his having put himself to the expense of travelling without obtaining his expected repayment, for nobody invited him. But be this as it may, he was seen one morning, running in the most violent manner across the Steyne, and crying out "Fire!" His face was as pale as death; he seemed every now and then, in the midst of his haste, to be twitched and withered up with a sort of convulsion; and his hat having been blown off by the wind, no wonder he was thought seized with a frenzy. Yet when he arrived at his lodging there was no fire, nor even a symptom of it.

The suspicion of his being out of his wits was rendered still stronger by a rumour which took place the same day, for the servants of the family which he used to visit most, and in which he was paying his addresses to a young lady, declared that not many minutes after the uproar about the fire, he came to their master's house, through the by-ways, with a coal-heaver's hat on. And the assertion was confirmed by some tradesmen who had seen him pass, and by some boys who had followed him with shouts and nicknames.

The mystery supplied the world with talk for more than a week, when at length it was explained through the family we have just mentioned. Kennedy, it seems, was really a miser, and had inherited the estate of a third or fourth cousin, whose name he took. He had had little or no acquaintance with his kinsman before he found himself his heir. His father was a petty overseer somewhere or other, at a great distance from London; and the cousin whose estates he succeeded to was the son of a general officer in the East India service. The cousin had had a son whom he sent abroad to follow his grandfather's profession; but receiving the news of his death a little before his own, he sickened the faster, and being in a state of great weakness and dependancy, left his estates to his next heir, without having much heart to inquire what sort of person he was. The fortunate young overseer quitted his shop immediately, and coming up to town had occasion to wait on a young lady, to whom his cousin's son had been attached. It was to give her a lock of her lover's hair, and a gold watch, which his father sent her with it in token of his own regard for her. A little note accompanied them, which she showed one day with the tears in her eyes, though she was then happy enough:—

"I leave you no money, my dear child; I am dying, and you are wealthy enough, and money is not the thing wanted by either of us. Just before I received the news of my poor boy's death he sent me this lock of his hair for you, to show you how glossy and healthy.... Excuse me, my love, the tears blot out what I was going to write; and so they ought. But I know well enough that the kind-hearted, generous girl, who was worthy of him, will think I pay her a greater compliment in leaving her only what belonged to her Charles, than if I had sent her all the money which he never possessed. The next heir, I am told, is a good young man, and he is poor with a number of poor relations. The watch was Charles's, when a boy. My father gave it me, and I to him, and he used to say that he would—God in heaven bless you, my poor sweet girl, prays your old

"CHARLES KENNEDY."

The consequence of the new heir's visiting Miss Cameron was his falling in love with her; if such a miser as he turned out to be could be said to fall in love. But though she could not help pitying him at first, as she afterwards said, it was only on account of his strange habits, which she soon detected, and which she foresaw would make him ridiculous and unhappy wherever he went. He soon tired and disgusted her. After a very unequivocal repulse one day, which seemed to

make him prodigiously thoughtful and unhappy, he came in the evening, with a mixture of odd triumph and uneasiness in his aspect, at which Miss Cameron said she could hardly forbear laughing, even from a feeling of bitterness. She saw that he expected to make an impression on her of some sort; and so he did; for taking an opportunity of speaking with her alone, he drew out of his waistcoat-pocket, with much anxiety, the first present his wealth had ever made her,—a fine diamond pin. A very fine one she confessed it was. It was clear that he thought this irresistible; and nothing could exceed his surprise when she refused him peremptorily once more, and the pin with him. She owned that her sense of the ridiculous so far surmounted her other feelings, as to give her a passing inclination to accept the diamond, as she knew very well that he had reckoned on its returning to him by marriage. But her contempt recovered itself; and her disgust and scorn were completed by his mentioning the words "Mrs Kennedy," which brought so noble and lamented a contrast before her, and visited her so fiercely with a sense of what she had lost, that she quitted the room with a sort of breathless and passionate murmur.

This was but the day before the adventure of the fire. She was almost inclined on the latter occasion to think him mad, as others did, especially when he once more appeared before her, shuffling in a most ludicrous manner, with something in his hand which he wished to conceal, and which she found afterwards was the hat. He would not have ventured to appear before her again; but the truth was that her father, who was but an ordinary sort of moneyed man, and not very delicate, did not interpose as he ought to prevent her being thus persecuted. But not only was the mystery explained to her next day: it was the most important one of both their lives.

On the morning when Kennedy was frightened by the fire he was standing very thoughtfully by the Ship Inn, near the seaside, when he was suddenly clapped by somebody on the shoulder. He turned round with a start, and saw a face which he knew well enough. It was that of a gentleman who, riding once when a youth by the place where he lived, had saved him from drowning in a little piece of water. Some mischievous companions had hustled him into it, not knowing how far their malicious joke might have gone. When he was pulled out and had recovered from his first fright, he thanked the young gentleman in as warm a way as he could express; and taking fourpence-halfpenny out of a little leathern bag, offered it him as a proof of his gratitude. The young gentleman declined it with a good-natured smile, thinking the offer to be the effect of mere simplicity; but the lads who were looking on, and who had helped to get him out when told of the danger, burst out into taunting reproaches of the fellow's meanness, and informed his preserver that he had at least three shillings in the other fob of his leathern bag, besides silver pennies. So saying, they wrenched it out of his hands in spite of his crying and roaring; and one of them opening it, shook out, together with the water, five shillings in sixpences, and the silver pennies to boot. The young gentleman laughed and blushed at the same instant, and not knowing well what to do, for he longed to give the young miser a lesson, and yet thought it would be unjust to share the money between the lads who had nearly drowned him, said to him, "I am not the only one to whom you are indebted for being saved, for it was the screams of those little girls there which brought me to you, and so you know," continued he, with a laugh in which the others joined, "they ought to be rewarded as well as myself. Don't you think so?" "Yes, sir," mumbled the young hunk, half frightened and half sulky. The young gentleman then divided all the silver but a shilling among the little girls, who dropped him a hundred curtseys; and giving the fourpence-halfpenny to the boy who had been most forward in helping, and least noisy in accusing, rode off amidst the shouts of the rest.

It was the first time the two had met since. "I believe," said the stranger, with a sort of smile, "I have had the honour of meeting you before?"

"The same, sir," answered the other, "at your service. I believe, sir,—I think,—I am sure."

"Yes, sir," returned the stranger, "it was I who played you that trick with your bag of sixpences."

"Oh, dear sir," rejoined the other, half ashamed at the recollection, and admiring the fashionable air of his preserver, "I am sure I had no reason to complain. Been abroad, sir, I presume, by a certain brownness of complexion, not at all unbecoming?"

"Yes, sir," said the gentleman, smiling more and more: "I hope you have been as lucky at home as some of us who go abroad."

"Why, yes, sir; I have a pretty fortune, thank Heaven, though at present—just now—"

"O, my dear sir," interrupted the stranger, with a peculiar sort of look, in which animal spirits and a sense of the ridiculous seemed predominant, "I can wait,—I can wait."

"Can wait, sir?"

"Yes, sir, I know what you mean; you have a sort of liberal yearning, which incites you to make me an acknowledgment for the little piece of service I was enabled to render you. But I am not poor, sir; and indeed should decline such a thing from any but a man of fortune, and upon any other score than that of relieving his own feelings. So that I can very easily wait, you know, for an opportunity more convenient to you; when I shall certainly not hesitate to accept a trifle or so,—a brilliant, or a diamond seal, or any little thing of that sort."

"Bless me, sir, you are very good. But you see, sir, you—you—see—I am very sorry, but no doubt—in the fashionable circles,—but at present, I have an engagement."

"Ah, sir," said the stranger with a careless air, and giving him a thump on the shoulder which made him jump, "pray do not let me interrupt you. I only hope you are not lodging in—in—what's the name of the street?"

"North Street?—I tried the Steyne, but—"

"Ah, North Street."

"Why so, sir, pray?" asked the other, with an air of increasing fidget and alarm, and looking about him.

"Why, sir, an accident has just happened there."

"An accident! O my dear sir, you know those sort of things cannot be helped."

"No, sir, but it's a very awkward sort of accident, and the lodger, I understand, is from home."

"How, sir,—what lodger,—what accident, what is it you mean, dear sir?"

"Why look there, my good friend,—look there:—there they are, removing them,—removing the goods; a fire has broken out."

Kennedy seemed petrified. There was a great crowd in the street to which the stranger pointed, occasioned by a scuffle with a puppet-show man. The boys were shouting, and the little movable Punch theatre tumbled about in the top of the fray, looking in the distance like a piece of a bedstead, or some other sort of goods.

"There they are," continued the stranger; "now they take away the bedstead,—now they bring the engines,—now they are conveying out something else,—the smoke,—don't you see the smoke?"

"O lord, I do, I do," exclaimed the miser, who saw nothing but his own imagination, and his boxes of brilliants carried off. He turned deadly pale, then red, then pale again, and seeming to summon up a convulsive strength, sprang off with all his might, and rushed across the Steyne like a madman.

When he arrived at his lodging he found the street empty, and the house quite cool, and being anxious to make the best and quickest of his story with his mistress and her father, went there as instantly as possible; but first, in a great hurry, he borrowed a hat of his landlord, who, half in haste also, and half in joke, gave him one of his coalmeter's, which he unconsciously put on.

Scarcely had he astonished the young lady, and set his foot again out of doors, than he encountered the stranger who had played him the joke. His first impulse was to be very angry, but he wanted courage to complain; and, recollecting his first adventure with his preserver, would have passed by under pretence of not seeing him. He was stopped, however, by the elbow. "My dear sir," exclaimed the stranger, with his old smile, "I rejoice to find that all was safe." "Pray," continued he, changing his aspect, and looking grave and earnest, "you know the various families at Brighton; I have found just now that there is one here which will save me a journey to London,—the name is Cameron,—can you tell me where they live? There is a person of the name of Kennedy also, who I understand is here too; but that doesn't signify at present; pray tell me if you know where the Camerons are?"

"There, there, sir," answered the other, almost frightened out of his wits, and anxious to get away;—"there, two or three doors off."

The stranger dropped his arm in an instant, and in an instant knocked at the door. With almost as much speed poor Kennedy returned to his lodging. We know not what he was thinking about; but he surprised the landlord with his exceeding hurry to be gone; and gone he would have been much sooner than he was, if it had not been for a dispute about a bill, which he was in the midst of contesting, when a footman came from the Camerons, requesting his presence immediately upon important business.

The poor miser's mortifications were not to cease by the way. The footman, upon being admitted to him, turned out to be the same person who was riding as a foot-boy behind the young gentleman when the latter came up to help him out of the water. "Good God, sir," says the man, who had something of his master's look about him, "I beg your pardon,—but are you the Mr. Kennedy who has got my master's fortune?" The other had been agitated already; but the whole truth seemed now to come upon him as fast as if it would squeeze the breath out of his body; and muttering a few indistinct words, he motioned to the footman that he would go with him. He then looked about in a bewildered manner for his hat, and taking up the coal-heaver's, which, in spite of some other feelings, made the footman turn aside to hold his own to his mouth, he dropped it down again, and turning as pale as a sheet, fell back into a chair.

The footman, after administering a glass of water, called up the landlord; and begging him, in a respectful manner, to take care of the gentleman, to whom he would fetch his master, hastened back to inform the latter, who, comparing the accounts of his old acquaintance with the Camerons, had already guessed the secret, to the great wondering of all parties.

You have doubtless been guessing with him; and it is easy to fancy the remainder. There had been a false return of the young soldier's death, in accounts from the army in India. He had been taken prisoner, and when he obtained his liberty learnt with great grief and surprise that his father had died under the impression that he was dead also, and had left his property to unknown heirs. The property would have been a very secondary thing, in his mind, for its own sake; and he was aware he could regain it; but his father's death afflicted him much, particularly under all the circumstances; and he felt so much anguish at the thought of what Miss Cameron must suffer, to whom he had plighted his faith out two years before, that it was with difficulty he held up against grief, and hurry, and a burning climate, so as not to fall into an illness; the very fear of which, and the delay that it would cause, was almost enough to produce it. Not to mention that it was possible his mistress, believing him dead, might too quickly enter into engagements with another, though he did not suppose it very likely. But we need not dwell upon these matters. He found his mistress the same as ever; shed sweet bitter tears with her, for his father, his own supposed loss, and her grieving constancy; and, regaining his fortune, settled an income upon the poor miser; which the latter, remembering the adventure of the drowning, could hardly believe possible.

It is well-known that in June, 1871, if he should live so long, the Pope will have completed the 25th year of his Pontificate, and have outnumbered the years of any of his predecessors in the see of St. Peter, unless that of St. Peter himself who held that dignity for a quarter of a century and some months. In order to testify their loyal devotion to the Holy See, the Roman Catholic youth of Great Britain under thirty years of age are being invited to tender their contributions to a subscription which is to be entitled "the Pontifical Anniversary Fund." The priests of the various Roman Catholic missions throughout the land are urgently called upon to appoint some one youthful member of each sex to go round among the faithful in their several neighbourhoods and solicit contributions. The whole amount so collected is to be paid into the London Joint Stock Bank, 89 Pall Mall, to the credit of Lord Beaumont and Mr. William Vavasour, who have undertaken to act as joint trustees of the fund.

The following is the conclusion of an epitaph on a tombstone in East Tennessee: "She lived a life of virtue and died of the cholera morbus, caused by eating green fruit in the full hope of a blessed immortality, at the early age of 21 years, 7 months, and 17 days. Reader, go thou and do likewise."

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

TALES
OF THE
LINKS OF LOVE.

BY ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE.

GOING TO AMERICA.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

WELL-FLOWERING DAY IN IRDALE.

RING the bells of Irdale. Swing the bells of Irdale. Sound out the peal in Irdale tower, this is the day of well-flowering. They come from over the hills. They come up, they come down the dales. They come in pairs, and in companies, trooping so gay, to be married in the dear old church of Irdale. Ring over Irdale; peal aloud in Irdale; this is Whitsun' well-flowering.

Yesterday at evening; at break of day this morning, wild flowers were gathered in the meadows by the river, and out in the copse by the lone wayside on the moor.

It is annual holiday in the mills, in the workshops, on the farms out in the open, and in gardens and parks of the squires. The deep, deep, dark coal mines to-day remain silent and unlighted. The colliers come to the well-flowering, dancing on the green.

Apprentices of carpenters encase the well structures in thin spiced frames. Green moss fills up the interstices. Young men and maidens wreath floral devices, and boys construct hundreds and hundreds of mossy bird-nests, which girls with nimble fingers and needle dot over with daisies. Fairy bowers and garlands are reared around the wells.

They are a joyous people in Irdale this Whitsun' holiday, all but the weavers of the old handlooms. Building trades have high wages erecting new factories. And colliers, in getting coals for steam. The mills already running bring fortunes to proprietors. Mechanics making engines and factory machinery have arisen to be aristocracy in the arena of labour. Their rise is the ruin of handloom weavers. They are a privileged, proud trade, forcibly, by combination against masters, excluding sons of handloom weavers from learning engine-making. They marry whom they choose of the maidens, selecting the pretty, the young, or the best dowered, while weavers who once wore silver buckles and dancing shoes, ruffles and silken waistcoats, taking choice of the girls of all Irdale, stand now apart gloomily in the lanes. In coarse wooden clogs, and working clothes patched and worn, they shrink from the dance and the gaiety.

There goes one of a troop of brides newly married, Bess o' the Barn, with her husband, Humfry Horn, inheritor in her own right of a house, a barn, and croft of five acres. Humfry is a thrasher, but was lately a weaver. Bess had promised to Abram Lud, but changed her mind.

"Is it that my uncle Simon Lud perished at York, sacrificed in the emancipation of labour?" he demanded.

"Not that alone, Abram; I am changed. You are still an infidel. Humfry is a believer and pious. Had your deluded relation been a Christian he might not have gone to the scaffold."

"Take care, Bess, lest Humfry Horn goes to the scaffold."

Bess dreads Lud and fears for Humfry.

Irdale is a town, distance of a weaver's walk from Manchester. A sick woman travelling with a child came last week, and was lodged in charity by Lud's mother. Now the stranger is dead. The body, by order of authority, is to be interred to-night, lest of pestilence.

The child, a fair-haired, blue-eyed boy, two years old, bears the red mark of a sword behind the shoulder. He replies to the name, Toby Oman. On the approach of death the woman divulged to Lud that the true name was De Lacy Lillymore. A reward might be obtained for restoration of the foundling at Lillymere Hall, Cheshire. Certain trinkets, and the birth mark, would identify him, but there was hazard in going there lest of prosecution. A larger reward might be had elsewhere, the place not named, on proof of the innocent's death. She had roamed about the country concealing the child from bad hands, yet afraid to present herself at Lillymere Hall.

Lud is aged about twenty-five, of middle stature, muscular, resolute, often generous. A self-sacrificing man in behalf of the weavers, and to promote any supposed good of other people. Three orphans of Simon who was hanged abide with him; their mother broken-hearted, went to an early grave. And now there is this small waif, Toby, competing for mouthfuls of bread.

Beside his silent loom in the old family cottage, once alive with the clack of shuttles and music of voices, Lud stands with arms folded, his head bent—the shaggy head of a lion. The rude coffin of Moll Fleck, the stranger, atop of the loom, awaits burial. The girl

Lissy, ten years old, caresses the poor foundling, and he taps taps on the coffin, beseeching in a hissing wail: "Molly, Toby loves Molly; come speak to me." Lud's thoughts concern this child.

"A young lord, or heir of a lord, in my keeping. Strange! Could I substitute little Jonathan Lud, and get the reward for him. He is of the same age, hair and eyes not greatly unlike. Yet what better lord would a Lud make, by the time he grew up, than another? Be a man, Abram. This child loved that woman who was not his mother. See, how he taps the tiny knuckles on the coffin, hissing his liking for Molly, a gipsy who stole him, perhaps.

"That child is to be trained to love my mother, respect and like me. My mother is the one to make any living thing love her. Oo is made of kindness, nought else. I do not know much book religion, was never taught any. My mother, and right and wrong, and love my neighbour be my religion. But in getting Catechism for that child I may get some of 't mysen. Mayhap, who knows? Yes, Ise give him Church Catechism, so be when Earl of Royalfort, in possession of Lillymere Hall, may do me a good turn. But this is selfish. Cannot I rise to nobility of thought in this matter as in leading the weavers? In that I overtop other men. I go to London at head of the Blanketeers, as soon as the time is settled, knowing as a probable, or possible event, the hangman may get me."

A small Quaker boy, seven or eight years old, comes from Mr. Littlewood's school, gazes on the coffin atop of the loom, and at Toby, the desolate child; then beckoning Lizzy to the door, asks:

"Does thee clem of hunger? I have four sixpences given me to guard against temptation to evil. Take them. Buy bread for thyself, thy brother and sister, and the motherless stranger. Take the money, buy bread, eat, I depart, I have a mother, thee has none."

This is Eben Eaglefether. When home, at Conkey Shaw Moor, his hands in empty pockets, he stands by his mother's knee, entreating a kiss. By which endearment and the grave countenance of the young face, she knows her son has something to tell. He begins:

"Mother, thee loves Eben; forgive if I have not done a good thing."

"What hast thou done, my son?"

"The evil one tempted me, day by day, to spend the four sixpences thee gave to prove me in self-denial, but I did not fall. To-day I was moved to give the money away. Yea, mother, I was moved to give it to the poor orphan stranger and motherless children dwelling with Lud. They wept and were cleming. Mother, I was moved."

"I am not grieved, Eben, thee gave the money to the motherless children of Lud and the orphan stranger. Yet, thou wast disobedient."

"Pardon me, O mother; I was moved to give the money away. Indeed I was moved."

"It is pleasing to me to know thy tender heart, Eben. Yet, thou disobeyed thy parents in going where thee should not. Well, so be it. Embrace thy mother, she loves Eben, child of her joy."

The funeral comprises a hand-truck wheeled by Lud, drawn in front by a weaver in rope harness, a scant following of other weavers and the orphan children. All plash, plashing through pools in their clogs, Lizzy carrying Toby.

Instead of the curate, the Vicar is present at the long steps, and reads beside the coffin to testify he does not fear infection, hoping by example to restore the people to their wonted kindness for one another. The burial completed, Abram Lud remains with the Vicar.

"If I could believe thee in earnest I might now and again come to church."

"Is my officiating now no proof of earnestness, though knowing how you revile me at radical meetings?"

"Thou be well paid, Vicar, for thy work, I be poorly paid for mine,—that is what we revile and denounce. Steam-power looms be putting hand looms out. Great factories and cotton kings be ruin to hand-loom weavers. In one sense, Vicar, I like thee for coming here to-night, so be thou means kindness. But I most fear thou comes nobit to say thou did this, that, and tother for Lud. For Lud the leveller, as folk call me."

"Abram, all men are equal in the eye of the Master I serve. All social ranks are equal to me. I discern only differences in moral conduct."

"I doubt thee, Vicar, as to equality of social ranks. I fear t' Squire and t' hand-loom weaver will never get on the same level."

They part; the reverend gentleman concluding that to enter on controversy with a radical weaver, hungry—possibly hungry, is wasted time.

N. B.—The Squires and hand-loom weavers have come to the same level. By the most happy of revolutions the poor weavers of that day, and the pot-wallopers of Ecoloy borough also, are Squires in Canada this day. You would like to know how this came about? Read on.

The bells again, the bells again, the sweet bells of Irdale. Ring out peals in Irdale's tower. Again it is Whitsun, well-flowering. Companies in coaches arrive in the town to witness the annual ancient festivities. And thousands on foot come as before. The lovers, whose courtship is ripe, to be married in the grey old church, the dear old church, the holy old church of some of them.

There is one on foot, not to be wedded, but to pray at the altar when all else are gone. She enters alone. A fair young lady, spiritual witchery in the eyes, comely to look upon; wearing a crimson mantle, white garments of fairest linen, trimmed with black; boots with spurs on the heel, and rustic straw hat. She carries the crook of the sheep-fold in her right hand as a staff, a lamb on the left arm folded to her breast. Two yearling sheep follow close at her feet. She kneels and prays, then sings aloud in a clear melodious voice, softly wailing, anon joyous and rapturous.

The verger comes, stares, and is astonished. He calls the clergy; they listen, and wonder, but do not disturb her, for one who has seen her previously, tells that she will soon retire. This is the Wandering Shepherdess. A lady roaming over the country looking for a lost lamb. The two sheep feed in the green lanes. And there the lamb she carries is put down to nibble grass and frisk and play. Nobody molests her. People say she is "touched" in the head.

She looks for a lost lamb. Who knows, but that is her lamb with Abram Lud!

To be continued.

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HILDA;

OR,

THE MERCHANT'S SECRET.

BY MRS. J. V. NOEL.

Author of the "Abbey of Rathmore," "Passion and Principle," "The Secret of Stanley Hall," "The Cross of Pride," &c.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

CHAPTER XXXIX.

RETRIBUTION.

MR. BERKELEY sat alone in his private room in the counting-house in St. Paul street, reading a business letter with a deeply-troubled countenance. It brought him information of the failure of a mercantile house in Bordeaux, which would largely involve the firm of Berkeley & Son. This was a severe blow just now when their affairs were by no means prosperous. For the last year they had been embarrassed, but Mr. Berkeley had struggled manfully to stem the adverse tide which threatened to overwhelm him. Now, however, he felt inclined to give up in despair; it seemed as if no human effort could retrieve his affairs or avert the ruin which was looming up daily before him.

Gloomily he sat there trying to look calmly on the darkening prospect. The sun of prosperity which had shone on him so steadily through half a lifetime was shrouded; but a still heavier misfortune than the loss of fortune was hanging over him now; the hour of retribution had come at last; the avenger was at his door.

A step was heard; quick and determined was the tread; the door opened, and Stephen Osburne stood before him. The merchant started as his eye fell on that haggard, stern, wrathful countenance. No friendly greeting passed between the two men as on other days, when they stood in a different relation to each other.

There was something in the expression of Stephen's eye which silenced the words that rose to Mr. Berkeley's lips, and made him cower before him, he knew not why.

Striding towards him, Stephen placed the packet of letters—which he had brought with him by the advice of Armstrong—before the astonished merchant, dema ding curtly if he knew that writing.

His countenance changed as he looked at these well-remembered epistles, written years ago in an impassioned style which belied the feelings of his heart, for love for Mrs. Osburne never had been experienced by him.

Struggling for composure, and not yet knowing the extent of Stephen's discoveries, he replied evasively that the writing was like his own.

"And the signature; you recognize that also?"

There was angry vehemence in Stephen's voice and manner.

"Yes, I do not deny it," he stammered forth, "but what of that? I am not the only man who wrote such letters in his youth," he added with a forced smile.

"No, but there are few men who have acted such a villain's part," broke from Stephen in a voice hoarse with passion.

"I do not understand such language in re-

ference to me; my character is well established for honourable dealings."

Mr. Berkeley affected a boldness his trembling heart did not feel. He hoped Stephen's knowledge of the affair was limited to the finding the love letters; they could not condemn him, he knew that.

"Honourable dealing!" exclaimed Stephen with intense scorn. "Yes, I know in the eyes of the world you stand fair, but your true character shall be made known this day, this very hour; you shall be unmasked, and people shall learn what a hypocritical villain Lewis Tremayne alias Berkeley is!"

"Sir, you speak in riddles!" broke somewhat haughtily from Mr. Berkeley. "What proof of my villainy is there in these epistles? If I did not choose to marry the lady to whom they are addressed, what is that to anyone?"

"But you did marry her," thundered Stephen. "Aye, marry and desert and rob her!"

He ventured on that last assertion from what he knew of his mother's affairs, supposing that the person who had embezzled her money was her second husband.

"What proof have you of this?" Mr. Berkeley asked, his voice trembling, the tones betraying great anxiety; the evil threatening him was greater than he had supposed.

"This! the certificate of your marriage!" and Stephen stood fiercely confronting the guilty man, the avenger of his mother's wrongs.

Mr. Berkeley sank back in his chair, looking more like a corpse than a living being. His sin had at last found him out; there was no use in denying it any longer; the proof of his guilt was in the hands of the son of her he had so basely wronged. And he was pitiless! that wrathful, stern face assured him of that!

As he had measured to others, so was it now meted out to him. He had felt no pity for the wife he had injured and forsaken. His heart was hard as a rock when he gazed on her lifeless form as she lay in that very room not many days since. When the shock of amazement, the intense agitation at recognizing him had deprived her of animation, his arm was not held out to prevent that fatal fall. When life was proved to be extinct, he had rejoiced, trusting that then all fear of a discovery was over. But vengeance, though it tarried, was sure. It had come at last! There was no escape from the disgrace, the infamy which was about to fall, not upon him alone—he might have borne that—but on his children. Fanny, too! the woman for whom he had sinned, the beloved one whom he had tempted to sin, would with him be hurled from her proud position in society into the depths of shame and humiliation. Oh, it was horrible the picture his imagination portrayed! even death would be preferable to the life now before him, with the finger of scorn pointed at him and his. The hand of retribution had him in its grasp. The sin of his youth—of his life must be atoned for now by the severest punishment that could befall him, the deep degradation of him and his family.

For a few minutes Stephen Osburne stood looking on the misery he had caused with cruel satisfaction. The remembrance of his dead mother, of her sufferings years before through the agency of that man whom his vengeance had stricken down, now rendered him perfectly callous—nay, made him rejoice in the despair he witnessed.

At length he turned away and left the room with the words, "I go to publish your guilt, to tell the damning tale," words which sounded like the death knell of joy in the ears of the stricken merchant.

Mechanically he rose and prepared to return home, the counting-house was no longer a place for him. He shrank from meeting the eyes of his clerks, the scorn of his fellow-citizens. He determined to fly, to leave Montreal with his family immediately. Leaving the counting-house by a private entrance he passed into the street, hailed a cab, and returned home, feeling all the time like one in a dream, not yet realizing the ruin that had fallen upon him.

In her pleasant morning room Mrs. Berkeley—as we shall still call her—was sitting with her daughter, Thérèse, and Hilda Tremayne, when the sleigh driving up to the door attracted their attention. Who could it be coming at this unfashionable hour? Surely no visitor.

Putting down her work Mrs. Berkeley approached the window and looked out as the driver dismounted and opened the sleigh door. She saw the man start back in alarm, then rush up the steps of the hall-door and ring the bell violently.

"Good Heaven! what is the matter?" exclaimed Mrs. Berkeley in alarm, rushing to the hall-door.

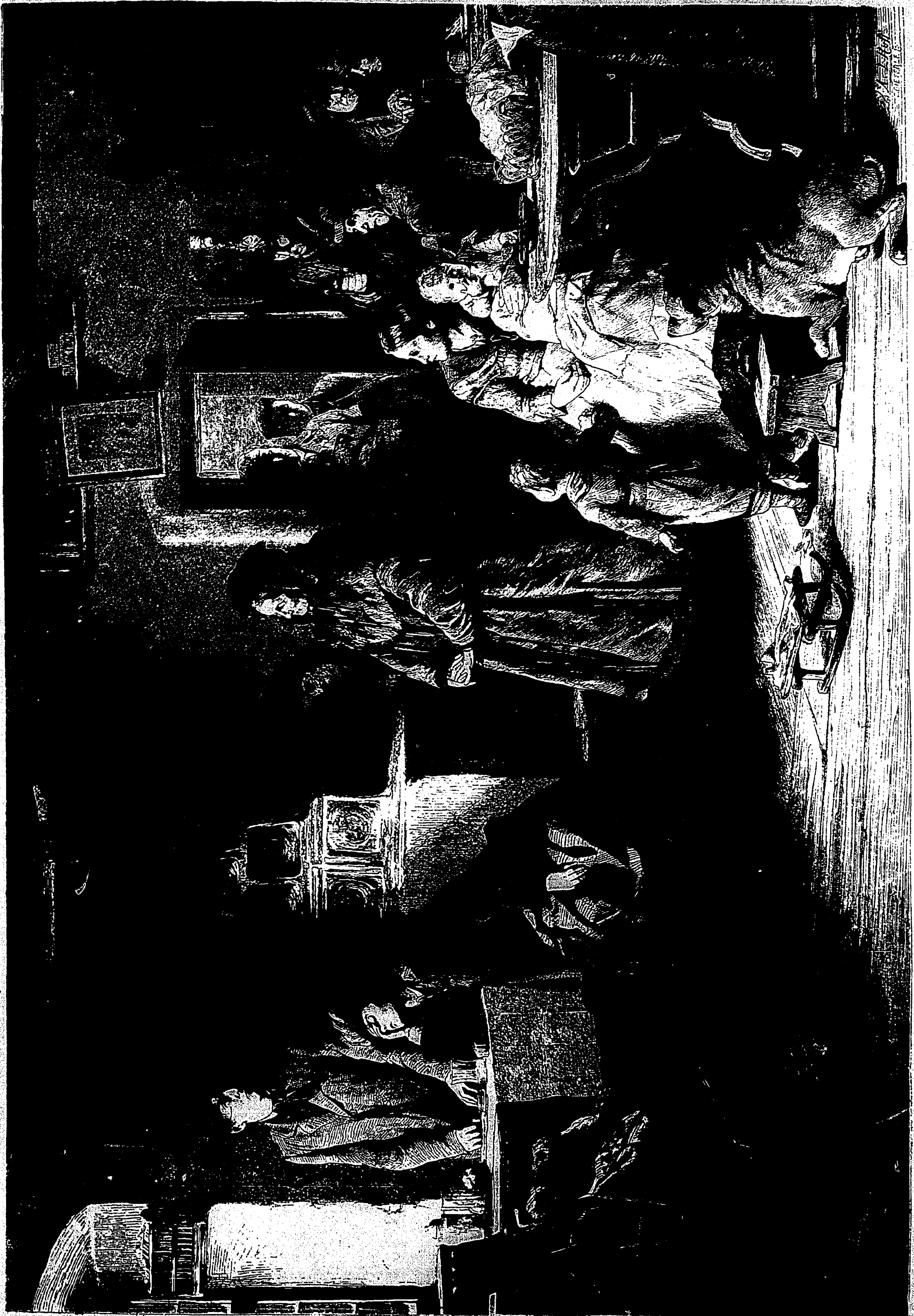
Thérèse and Hilda had approached the window and were looking out, wondering. They saw Mrs. Berkeley start and turn pale as the cabman spoke to her, then rush down the steps, look into the sleigh, and turn away with a look of horror, while a wild shriek burst from her. Thérèse and Hilda, trembling with agitation, were soon at her side, and their faces blanched too and their hearts stood still with horror, for in the sleigh they



OSHAWA WESLEYAN CHURCH.



THE WAR.—WOUNDED SOLDIERS ON THE WAY TO THE HOSPITAL.



THE RUNAWAYS OVERTAKEN.

saw the lifeless form of Mr. Berkeley, of him who had that morning left them in his usual health.

The crushing blow dealt by the hand of Stephen Osburne, added to the ruin of his affairs, had brought on an apoplectic fit during his drive home. He was not, however, dead, as was at first supposed. Medical aid was quickly summoned, but in vain; the physician's efforts to recover him proved fruitless; he died, not unconscious of the presence of his family, but unable to express his sympathy with their grief or his own mental agony.

The chief cause of Mr. Berkeley's sudden death was not long unknown to his family. About an hour after Stephen Osburne left the counting-house he encountered Mark Berkeley in St. Paul street. Suddenly stopping him while a gleam of fiendish joy flashed across his pale face, he told him the blighting tale of his father's baseness and his mother's shame.

Poor Mark, overwhelmed with the cruel tidings, hurried to his father's counting-house to communicate to him the disgraceful information he had just received, hoping that he would be able to refute the calumny.

Finding that Mr. Berkeley had suddenly returned home, Mark hastily followed him, arriving there to find confirmation of his worst fears in the sudden death of his father, brought on, he knew instinctively, by the shock of the discovery of his long hidden disgraceful secret. It was from the lips of her favourite son that Mrs. Berkeley heard the story of her own disgrace in the eyes of the world, and of the infamy now attached to her name. The wish to leave Montreal, to flee from the odium of society, to avoid meeting those fashionable friends who would no longer acknowledge her acquaintance, now took possession of the distracted mind of Mrs. Berkeley. With intense grief and astonishment Thérèse and Hilda became aware of the dreadful state of affairs. Mark, in his stormy indignation, had communicated to them the ignominious story circulating about the Berkeleys through Montreal.

Thérèse raved, declaring she would never live with her mother again. The girl's pride had received a severe blow. She felt the humiliation, the degradation of their position most keenly. This intense indignation and resentment manifested by her children was perhaps the severest punishment Mrs. Berkeley could have endured. To sink in their estimation, to be regarded no longer by them with affection and respect was more than she could bear. In the calm sunshine of her peaceful security the storm had suddenly burst, the sin of her life was revealed, its punishment had come at last.

CHAPTER XL.

GRANT BERKELEY AVENGED.

THE day after Mr. Berkeley's death Grant Berkeley arrived unexpectedly in Montreal from Europe. His pursuit of his wife and Mr. Castonell had been at last successful. He had followed them from place to place, often arriving in a city just after they had left, and as often pursuing them in the wrong direction. But the deep purpose of vengeance in his heart never slumbered, it bore him up under all disappointments and discouragement, for Grant Berkeley's was a passionate, revengeful nature, and from the moment he heard of Pauline's desertion he determined never to rest satisfied till his deed of vengeance was accomplished, swearing to wipe out his dishonour with the blood of her seducer.

Weeks passed on, Grant never faltering in the pursuit, never wavering in his determination, and as yet his efforts to discover the retreat of the fugitives were vain. Pauline was aware her husband was on their trail. The very day they sailed from New York for Havre she had seen him in Broadway; the carriage conveying her and Castonell to the steamer had passed him unobserved in the throng of vehicles in that crowded thoroughfare. The altered expression of her husband's face revealed to Pauline that he was aware of her elopement and had followed her and Castonell to New York. At first seeing him she supposed he had just arrived from Europe; but the gloom, the resentment, the suffering stamped on that pale face convinced her he had heard of her desertion. If he should happen to look for them on board the French steamer, what a fearful exposé there would be! Trembling with apprehension her face blanched at the very thought. She remained in her state-room with Castonell until the passengers were all on board and the steamer had put off from the wharf. What a relief when she found that Grant Berkeley had not made his appearance!

On landing at Havre they crossed France by the shortest route to the Swiss frontier, seeking an asylum from pursuit in a secluded valley of the Alps where they hoped to remain unmolested.

Two months were passed quietly in this charming retreat shut in from the busy world by the towering Alps, and they were beginning to feel quite secure, when unexpectedly the injured husband wandered into this secluded valley, and their brief period of guilty happiness was ended.

It was a hot sultry afternoon in September, Pauline was taking her siesta at the little Alpine inn where she was at present domiciled, and Castonell had strolled out to a romantic spot to enjoy a cigar and contemplate the magnificent scene around him. He had just left the inn by one road when a traveller drove up to the door from an opposite direction. This traveller was Grant Berkeley, and with a start of glad surprise he recognised in the elegant looking pedestrian the man of whom he had been in pursuit so long. How unexpected was the meeting! It was by mere accident Grant Berkeley was crossing the Alps by this route: It did seem to him as if the hand of retribution had led him to this very place, and his heart throbbed wildly at the thought of gratified revenge.

Leisurely Castonell strolled along the winding way which led by the brink of a brawling stream, the waters of which were supplied by a tiny cascade leaping from height to height down the mountain side. Little did he think who was on his track, following unseen at a little distance. On reaching a kind of natural grotto formed by some beetling cliffs, he flung himself down on the verdant turf beneath the jutting rocks which sheltered him from the powerful heat of the sun shining high above in the blue heavens. Castonell lit a cigar and prepared to enjoy an hour of luxurious repose in that cool retreat, surrounded by the magnificent mountains, his thoughts dwelling fondly on Pauline, as he contrasted his present delightful mode of life with the drudgery imposed upon him by his clerical duties. Soon a footfall was heard on the flowery sward and a moment afterwards a man stood before him with a fierce vengeful face and a brace of revolvers in his hand.

The heart of Castonell stood still as he recognized that wrathful countenance, and the darkness of the grave seemed to shut out the light of Heaven.

But Grant Berkeley's intention was not to shoot him as he lay there unarmed,—he would at least give him a chance for his life. In the hoarse tones of passion he told him to defend himself, offering him one of the deadly weapons in his hand. The next minute the two men stood face to face six paces apart, the signal to fire being the dropping of Grant's handkerchief. It was given, and two shots were heard resounding through the silent valley and echoing from the tree-clad heights above.

Castonell's agitation from surprise—it might be fright—made his hand unsteady, and his ball only slightly wounded the arm of Grant Berkeley, while his penetrated his antagonist's heart. With a sudden bound he fell lifeless to the earth, his blood crimsoning the spot where he had so lately stretched himself for enjoyment and repose. But all that was ended now,—the punishment of his sin had not tarried, and his guilt-stained soul had suddenly passed to its account.

Taking from his pocket a card Grant wrote above his name engraved on it the words—"I am revenged, the villain's blood has wiped out the stain of my dishonour." This he placed in the stiffening fingers of the dead man, conveying intelligence in that way to Pauline that it was by his hand her lover had fallen. He then hastened back to the inn where he had left the carriage which conveyed him to the valley, and continued his journey. The rest of the autumn and most of the winter he spent on the continent of Europe, travelling from city to city, seeking in amusement and change of scene to divert his mind and recover something of his former happiness. He returned to Montreal in February, arriving just in time to attend his father's funeral, and lay his remains in the picturesque resting-place of Mount Royal Cemetery.

The ruin and disgrace which had fallen on the Berkeleys was less keenly felt by Grant than by the other members of the family. The mind becomes accustomed to suffering, and the intensity of his own sorrow for the desertion of the wife he idolized seemed to blunt the bitterness of this new trouble. Instead of flying from Montreal like the others he determined to remain and wind up the affairs of the firm, hoping to save sufficient from the wreck of their fortune for the support of his mother and Thérèse. Mark Berkeley, declaring he would not stay in Montreal after such disgrace to be snubbed by his brother officers, and encounter the withering contempt of his former associates, sold his commission and emigrated to California. But he did not go alone; he persuaded Blanche Osburne to share his fortunes, and their wedding was quietly celebrated in the little church of St. John the Evangelist, Mrs. Castonell and Maud alone witnessing the ceremony.

On leaving Montreal Mrs. Berkeley retired to a village in the Eastern Townships, there to hide herself in obscurity from the contumely of the world. Thither Hilda and Thérèse accompanied her, the latter with concealed reluctance, so deep was her resentment towards the guilty mother who had caused such degradation to her family. Some weeks passed on, a miserable time to all. Thérèse drooped like a crushed flower beaten down by the rude blast of adversity. Hilda, tried by every means in her power to comfort the wretched girl, and soothe the still greater sufferings of

her deeply-erring mother, whose health was rapidly declining, though Thérèse, shut up in her own selfish sorrow, scarcely noticed that mother's altered looks, caring little whether she lived or died.

With uncomplaining patience Mrs. Berkeley bore it all—the neglect of Claribel, the desertion of Mark, the resentful coldness of Thérèse—her deep feeling of self-abasement, the repentance and remorse that had come at last making her take it all as her punishment, richly deserved.

The hour of release from earthly suffering came at length, and the penitent woman passed to her account, glad to close her eyes upon a world where, for the last few months, she had experienced a life-time of sorrow.

After her mother's death, Thérèse Berkeley went to live with her sister Claribel, in New York, and in time forgot her brief sorrow in the pleasures of the gay world to which Claribel's wealth procured an easy access. The beauty of Thérèse gained her many admirers, and she, as well as her sister, married a millionaire.

This dispersion of the Berkeley family again left Hilda Tremayne without a home. By the advice of her cousin Grant, she went to reside with Mrs. Castonell and her daughter. Edith's school had not prospered according to her expectations, and she gladly gave it up to become the companion and chaperone of Miss Tremayne. Her fortune, not having been placed in Mr. Berkeley's hands, was safe, and Hilda fortunately escaped the ruin involving her uncle's family.

CHAPTER XLI.

A DEATH AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

IT had a very picturesque appearance that grey, old house on the Richelieu, some miles from St. John's, where Miss Tremayne re-ided with Mrs. Castonell and her daughter Maud. She had removed there from Montreal the summer after Mrs. Berkeley's death, the retirement of the country being more in accordance with the sadness of her feelings—the melancholy that had seized upon her after her return from Toronto, and the departure of Sir Gervase Montague for England, to which country he proceeded immediately after reaching Quebec, his regiment having been ordered home during his trip in Western Canada. The house was situated on a grassy eminence which rose gradually from the river, sheltered behind by a grove of tall pine, but open in front to the beautiful view its elevated site commanded of the fine country along the Richelieu, and the bold peaks of Rouville, Belœil, and Ste. Thérèse towering in the distance.

In a cheerful apartment in that quaint-fashioned, French mansion, three ladies are sitting at breakfast; the hour is morning, the romantic scene without is bathed in glorious sunshine, through the open windows, looking out upon the river, steals the summer breeze redolent of delicious fragrance from the tastefully-laid-out parterre in front.

The ladies are not strangers to the reader. That gentle-looking lady seated before the elegant breakfast equipage is Mrs. Castonell. Opposite to her sits Miss Tremayne, the mistress of the mansion, and beside her, in that beautiful girl of nineteen, the reader may easily recognize Maud Castonell.

Four years have passed since Mrs. Berkeley's death. Hilda looks older and sadder. The secret sorrow, the vain regret, are graving their traces on her countenance, stealing away its fresh, radiant beauty. The only face at that breakfast-table which wears a bright, happy expression, is Maud Castonell's. She has yet felt few of life's ills, its bitterness has not yet been experienced. She was too young at the time of her father's desertion to feel it very deeply, and Maud had never felt much affection for him. His harshness caused that.

To be continued.

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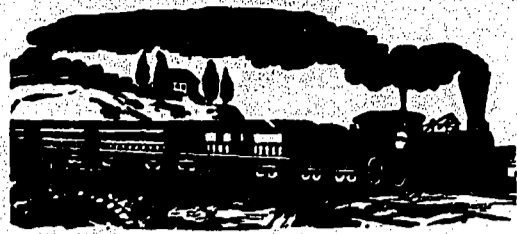
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Mail Train for Toronto and intermediate stations 8.00 a. m. Night Express for Ogdensburgh, Ottawa, Brockville, Kingston, Belleville, Toronto, Guelph, London, Brantford, Goderich, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, and all points West at 8.00 p. m. Accommodation Train for Kingston, Toronto and intermediate stations at 6.09 a. m. Accommodation Train for Brockville and intermediate stations at 4.00 p. m. Trains for Lachine at 6.00 a. m., 7.00 a. m., 9.15 a. m., 12 noon, 1.30 p. m., 4.00 p. m., and 5.30 p. m. The 1.30 p. m. Train runs through to Province line.

GOING SOUTH AND EAST.

Accommodation for Island Pond and intermediate stations at 7.10 a. m. Express for Boston via Vermont Central at 9.00 a. m. Express for New York and Boston, via Vermont Central at 3.45 p. m. Express for New York and Boston, via Plattsburgh, Lake Champlain, Burlington and Rutland at 6.00 a. m. Do. do. do. 4.00 p. m. Express for Island Pond at 2.00 p. m. Night Express for Quebec, Island Pond, Gorham, and Portland, and the Lower Provinces, stopping between Montreal and Island Pond at St. Hilaire, St. Hyacinthe, Upton, Acton, Richmond, Brompton Falls, Sherbrooke, Lennoxville, Compton, Coaticook, and Norton Mills, only, at 10.10 p. m.

Sleeping Cars on all night trains. Baggage checked through.

The Steamers "Carlotta" or "Chase" will leave Portland for Halifax, N. S., every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon at 4.00 p. m. They have excellent accommodations for Passengers and Freight.

The International Company's Steamers, running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway, leave Portland every Monday and Thursday at 6.00 p. m., for St. John, N. B., &c.

Tickets issued through at the Company's principal stations.

For further information, and time of Arrival and Departure of all Trains at the terminal and way stations, apply at the Ticket office, Bonaventure Station, or at No. 39 Great St. James Street.

C. J. BRYDGES, Managing Director.

Montreal, Nov. 7, 1870.



CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT, OTTAWA, 10th Dec. 1870. Authorized discount on American Invoices until further notice: 10 per cent. R. S. M. BOUCHETTE, Commissioner of Customs.



333 Notre Dame street.

GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM. SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM.



This Syrup is highly recommended for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchial and Throat Affections. FULL DIRECTIONS IN ENGLISH AND FRENCH WITH EACH BOTTLE. PREPARED BY HENRY R. GRAY, DISPENSING CHEMIST, 144 St. Lawrence Main Street, MONTREAL. (Established 1859.)

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HAVANA CIGAR DEPOT,

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

MERCHANT TAILOR,

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

HOUSE AND LAND AGENTS.

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

HABERDASHERS,

G. A. GAGNON, 300 Notre Dame Street. 2-26-zz

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LYMANS, CLARE & CO., (ESTABLISHED 1803.) WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS. MANUFACTURERS OF LINSSEED OIL. IMPORTERS OF FOREIGN DRUGS. PAINTERS' COLOURS. OILS AND DYE STUFFS, 332, 334 and 386 St. PAUL STREET, 2-24-z MONTREAL.

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HATTERS AND FURRIERS,

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JAMES SUTHERLAND, PAPER MAKER, WHOLESALE STATIONER, AND ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURER. 160 and 162 St. James Street, 11cf MONTREAL.

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A. RAMSAY & SON, Glass, Oil, Colour, and Varnish Importers from first-class Manufacturers in Germany, France and Great Britain. 37, 39, and 41 Recollet Street. 16cf

Assignee's Sale.

COMMENCING ON MONDAY, OCTOBER 10, The Subscriber will Sell the ENTIRE STOCK-IN-TRADE OF

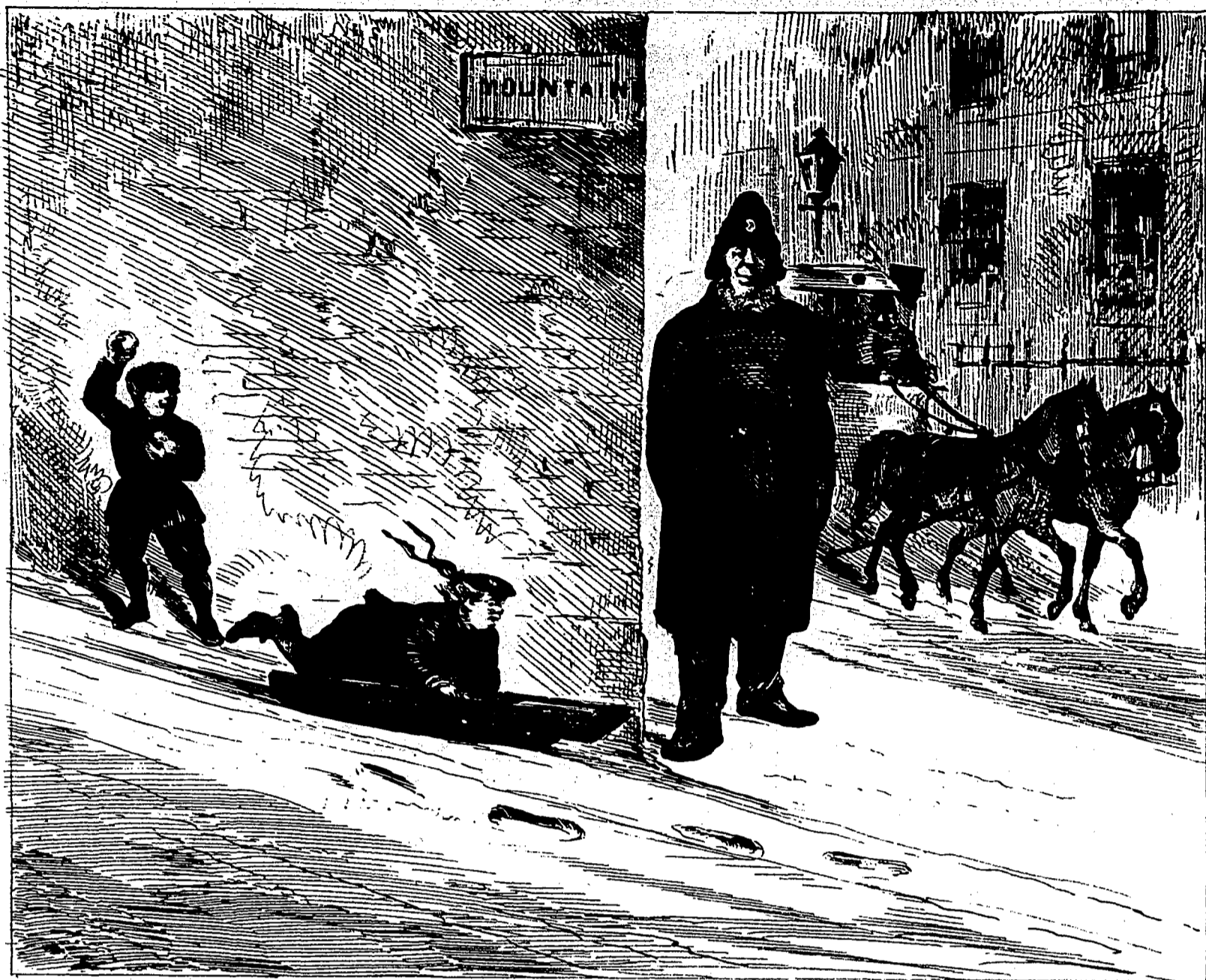
STAPLE & FANCY DRY GOODS OF THE LATE FIRM OF Messrs. DUPRESNE, GREY & Co. INSOLVENTS,

And will continue each day and evening until the whole is disposed of.

It is almost unnecessary to say anything in favour of this Stock. The house has been celebrated for their choice assortment of the Newest and Most Fashionable Goods, imported direct by one of the Firm, thus saving the large profit of the Wholesale Merchant. Take, then, into consideration the fact of the Stock being purchased from the Official Assignee at one-half the original cost, and you will easily see that no house in the trade can offer such inducements.

The Stock will be sold at the OLD STAND, 454, NOTRE DAME STREET, NEAR McHILL. 18cf P. McLAUGHLIN, Manager.

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DANGER AHEAD.

NOTICE.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Partnership (Limited) heretofore existing between WILLIAM AUGUSTUS LEGGO and GEORGE EDWARD DESBARATS, under the firm of LEGGO & CO. was dissolved by mutual consent on the 31st DECEMBER last, and that the Liabilities and Assets and good-will of the late firm have been transferred to GEORGE E. DESBARATS.

W. A. LEGGO,
GEORGE E. DESBARATS.

Montreal, 4th January, 1871.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the undersigned will continue the business of Engraving, Lithographing, and Printing, including Leggotyping, Photo-Lithographing, Electrotyping, &c., under the name and firm of LEGGO & CO.

GEORGE E. DESBARATS.

Montreal, 4th January, 1871.

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SEA OTTER CAPS,

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

Apply to
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WE have constantly in yard for Sale,
GRATE COAL,
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NEWCASTLE COKE,
ALL OF THE BEST DESCRIPTION.

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GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM. AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

IMPORTANT TO MOTHERS.

GEHRIG BROS. ELECTRO-MATOR NECKLACE FOR CHILDREN TEETHING.

In introducing these Necklaces in this country, I do so with the greatest confidence in their value, as they have been extensively used in England and on the Continent with the most successful results. It is not claimed for them that they will do away with all pain during dentition, but that they will materially lessen the pain and exert a soothing influence on the child. Doubtless this is the most critical and trying period of infantile life; full of danger to the child, and of intense anxiety to the mother. Dentition usually commences at the fifth month, and proceeds gradually during the first three or four years of childhood. From the commencement to the close of this period, the whole infant organization is undergoing a vast change, and many serious maladies arise during its progress; the salivary glands are brought into play, as is indicated by the increased flow of saliva. The infant endeavours to draw attention to its sufferings, and puts any object within its reach into its mouth. If the child be healthy and strong, teething usually proceeds favourably. In weak and delicate children, on the other hand, the tooth penetrates the gum with difficulty, the infant becomes feverish and restless, and the most serious consequences may ensue. There is intense pain and swelling of the gums, the digestive organs become deranged, and the bowels disordered, inflammation of the brain, accompanied by convulsions, follows, terminating but too frequently in a painful death.

Mothers, before allowing their little ones to suffer, should purchase, without delay, one of these valued Necklaces, which can be obtained of TATE & COVENTON, 167 St. James Street, Montreal. Price, 75 cents. And wholesale, of SCANLAN, (who is sole agent for the Dominion of Canada) 458 St. Joseph Street, Montreal. On receipt of 81 cents. He will forward one to any address throughout the Dominion.

When the child shows the first symptoms of teething, one of the Necklaces is simply to be tied around its neck, and to be worn day and night.

GUARANTEED TO GIVE FULL SATISFACTION. 2-25-1f



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THE GLENFIELD STARCH,

EXTENSIVELY USED IN THE ROYAL LAUNDRY OF ENGLAND, and in that of His Excellency

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GENTLEMEN WILL FIND A FIRST-CLASS STOCK AT S. GOLDMAN AND CO.'S, 132, ST. JAMES STREET, N. B.—A large assortment of Silk-Lined Spring Overcoats in all Shades always on hand. 26

BOBOLO!

1870. The first lot of Tasteless Pale Newfoundland COD LIVER OIL, of the make of 1870, can now be had at the **MEDICAL HALL,** opposite the Post Office, and Branch, Phillips' Square. ONLY 50cts. PER BOTTLE. 81f

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It was a maxim of Euripides either to keep silence or to speak something better than silence. Whether this maxim is worthy of imitation or not must be decided by a discriminating public. There is, however, one important truth which demands a word, and that is, *there is no one article of food more unpalatable than the oyster,* and yet, even in the present day, very few really know what a good oyster is, or where the best can be obtained. The best judges affirm that in no other place in the city can as good an article be found, as at

THE AMERICAN OYSTER COMPANY'S DEPOT, No. 17, PLACE D'ARMES.

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FITTED WITH **STEEL DRILL-PROOF DOORS,**

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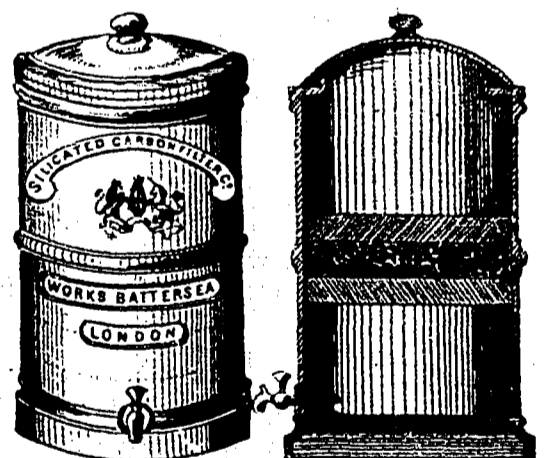
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ATKINSON'S PARISIAN TOOTH-PASTE

CLEANS THE TEETH AND SWEETENS THE BREATH. All respectable Chemists keep it. 25 Cents a box. 2-22-1f



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JUST RECEIVED A LARGE STOCK OF THE CELEBRATED **SILICATED CARBON FILTERS,** (Various Sizes.)

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