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VIEW FROM BELMERE, LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG.—From a photograph by Notman.—SEE PAGE 36.

PRESENTATION OF COLOURS TO THE 69TH
REGIMENT AT QUEBEC.

Wednesday, the 21st of June, was a gala day in the ancient capital on the occasion of the presentation to the 69th Regiment of a new set of colours. The ceremony was performed by H. R. H. Prince Arthur with great *éclat*, and was followed in the evening by a ball given by the citizens in honour of the regiment. The *Chronicle* gives the following very full account of the proceedings:—

From an early hour, many parts of the city wore that gay, attractive aspect peculiar to periods of pleasure and rejoicing. A variety of showy flags fluttered in the breeze from windows, or connected house-tops, and the effect thus produced was further heightened by tasteful displays of other festive insignia. The great centre of attraction was, however, the Esplanade, towards which, for a long time previous to the hour of half-past eleven, crowds of all ages and both sexes were seen pouring. By this time the military had reached the ground, and thousands of spectators had taken position along its sides, the summit and slope of the ramparts, around the base of the bastions, on the stand erected near the centre of the field and at every point commanding a view. It would be hard, indeed, to picture a prettier scene than the Esplanade and vicinity presented about noon. Extending across the field, towards the St. Lewis Street end, was the bulk of the Provincial Police Force, drawn up in line, under Captains Voyer and Heigham, and reaching from their right flank down to the other, or eastern end, the 69th were formed in double line, under Lieut.-Col. Bagot; from their right flank, or extremity, across the green, towards the embankment, were drawn up the band and a detachment of the 3rd and 4th Brigades, R. A., under Col. Chandler and Capt. Farrell. The fourth side of the square fronting the 69th was made up of Royal Artillery, the sailors of the *Tamar*, and the detachment of the Royal Canadian Rifles which has recently reached Quebec. There was still left at the Citadel, to fire the royal salute, a force of 130 gunners.

Among the distinguished individuals of civil and military life we noticed on the ground were His Excellency Sir N. F. Belleau, Lieut.-Governor, Quebec; Hon. Messrs. Tilley, Mitchell, and Morris, of the Dominion Government; Hon. Mr. Cauchon, Speaker of the Senate; Hon. Dr. Tupper; the Hon. Mr. Chauveau, Premier of Quebec; Hon. Att.-Gen. Ouimet; Hon. Sol.-Gen. Irvine, and the Hon. Mr. Beaubien; Lieut.-Gen. Lindsay; Major-Gen. Lord Russell; Gen. Arnold, U. S. A.; Colonel Earle, Mil. Sec.; Lieut.-Col. Irvine, A. D. C.; Lieut.-Col. Duchesnay, A. D. G.; Lieut.-Col. Stevenson, Montreal Field Battery; Major Taschereau, A. D. C.; Lieut. Wicksteed, Montreal, &c., &c. Besides, there was a large array of citizens of Quebec, not distinguished by military titles, including His Worship Mayor Garneau, and other gentlemen. Hon. Mr. Starnes, M. L. C.; Hugh Allan, Esq.; Mrs. Allan & Miss Allan; A. Allan and Mrs. Allan; and A. M. Delisle, Esq., Montreal; the French Consul at Quebec, and other prominent members of society were in attendance.

Shortly before noon H. R. H. Prince Arthur arrived on the ground in an open carriage, accompanied by H. E. Sir John Young and H. E. Sir N. F. Belleau. A second carriage brought members of the staff of the Prince and Governor-General to the ground. Of the former, we observed Col. Elphinstone and Lieut. Picard, both in uniform. Mr. Turville, His Excellency's Private Secretary, was also in attendance. On the alighting of the Prince and Sir John Young, His Royal Highness was received with a royal salute, the 69th taking their commands from Col. Bagot, and the band playing in stirring style.

The regiment then formed in line with ranks open, colours posted under double sentries on the left flank, band and drums opposite right flank prepared for trooping. The Prince was received with a Royal salute, the bands playing, the troops crossing the line in slow time, and returning in quick. The colour escort, preceded by the band playing "British Grenadiers," marched along the front of the line, and received the colours under a Royal salute. The escort with the colours proceeded along the line until it reached its right, which received them with a general salute. Col. Bagot then said:—"South Lincolnshire Regiment, take leave of your colours," upon which the escort and the colours marched along the front of the line in slow and measured time.

The regiment then formed three sides of a square, by wheeling up to the flank companies. The drums were piled in the centre, and the new colours, cased, were deposited on the drums by the two senior colour-sergeants. Two majors and two ensigns then advanced to the piles, uncased the colours and replaced them on the drums. The procession of clergy now made its appearance, headed by His Lordship the Bishop of Quebec, and in canonicals. The clergy took up a position in line, fronting the pile of drums, against which the colours were laid. Prayer was then offered by the Rev. Mr. Bullock, Military Chaplain at Halifax, after which His Lordship the Bishop of Quebec pronounced the prayer of consecration. The remaining prayers were said by the Rev. Mr. Wetherall, Chaplain to the Forces, Quebec. The Bishop having pronounced the benediction, His Royal Highness advanced to the colours and presented them to the two ensigns separately, who received them kneeling.

The Prince then addressed the regiment in the following language:

"Col. Bagot, Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers, and Men of the 69th Regiment,"—

"It affords me sincere gratification to present new colours to a regiment that has served with such distinction throughout the four quarters of the globe, and that once had the honour of being commanded by Sir Ralph Abercrombie.

From the year 1756, when the regiment was first raised, up to the present time, your records notice numerous gallant exploits, not only on shore, but likewise in connection with and in support of the Navy.

At the famous action of Cape St. Vincent, in 1797, your men had the honour to serve on board the same ship with Nelson; and in 1782 a vote of thanks was passed in Parliament for the brilliant victory obtained under Lord Rodney, in which you took so active a part.

I notice the presence of your regiment at the reduction of several of the West India islands, and the taking of the Mauritius; while your conduct in the attack upon the Isle of Bourbon, and your gallantry in the brilliant operations in Java, caused the Prince Regent to permit you the distinction of inscribing those names on your colours.

No one can read without sympathy of the heavy loss sustained by your regiment during the Indian mutiny of 1806; and glad am I that an opportunity occurred, at a later period,

of adding the name "India" to those on your colours, for your conduct in the Mahratta war and other campaigns.

The part that your regiment took at Quatre Bras and Waterloo, and the loss it there sustained, are well known.

Although no opportunity has since occurred of your taking part in any operations of war, yet the admirable state of efficiency and discipline displayed by the regiment—the other day—on the frontier of Canada, shows that a true military spirit still exists in you.

It gives me particular satisfaction to notice that your courage and endurance have been shown not only in the presence of the enemy, but likewise in circumstances even more trying and onerous. When the officers and crew of H. M. S. "Dauntless" were dying of yellow fever, the noble spirit in which you sacrificed your own personal comfort, and braved contagion, to tend upon the crew, deserves the highest praise.

So conspicuous a proof of discipline, combined with true courage, when directed by zeal and capacity in officers, are irresistible.

I feel assured, therefore, that these British colours will be confided to the guardianship of men who will at all times nobly do their duty to their Queen and country."

Col. Bagot replied in these fitting terms:—"Your Royal Highness,—

"I feel great difficulty in replying to your Royal Highness's observations. In the presence of your Royal Highness and that of the Governor General of Canada, the eminent statesmen and distinguished military officers of this great Dominion,—honoured by the presence of a dignitary of our own Church, leading men, and of at least one distinguished General of that Great Republic, which has shown to the world that the principles of constitutional freedom which its people have inherited from their Anglo-Saxon fore-fathers, have spread and fructified under the aegis of the American eagle,—graced by the presence of this large assemblage of the fair sex,—impressed with the traditions that cling to these old walls where two chivalrous races, having learned to respect and honour each other in war, have not failed afterwards harmoniously to cultivate the mighty arts of peace; I say, your Royal Highness, impressed with these feelings and reflections, I experience great difficulty in finding fitting phrases to respond to your remarks. But I feel no doubt or difficulty in assuring you of the spirit that animates my men. Pure as those folds of silk that you have this day entrusted to our willing and grateful hands, reigns in the hearts of the 69th Regiment a spirit of loyalty, chivalry, and devotion; of loyalty to Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen and your royal house; of chivalry with regard to their noble profession; of devotion, a personal devotion to Your Royal Highness. In the words of that noble prayer which was offered up in our behalf this day, I can assure your Royal Highness, on the part of the 69th Regiment, that no stain or disgrace shall ever fall upon our new colours. And should the time ever come when this Regiment will be engaged with an overpowering multitude of foes, in such a terrible and unequal contest its officers will know well a battle-cry that will steel every heart and brighten every eye,—that will carry inspiration to every soul, and a terrible significance to every enemy,—a battle-cry that will resound from centre to flank and from flank to centre, and this—'Remember who presented these Colours,—remember Prince Arthur!' " (Cheers.)

At the conclusion the gallant Colonel called for three hearty cheers for the Prince, which were given in ringing British style, by soldiers and civilians alike. One cheer more was also sent up in token of right good will. The lines of the 69th then reformed ranks, opened, and the colours were taken charge of under a royal salute. The regiment next formed column and marched past in slow time, and, in grand division, marched past in quick time before leaving the ground.

THE BALL GIVEN BY THE REGIMENT.

The day's proceedings terminated with a ball at the Music Hall, which on this occasion proved a little small to accommodate the large number of invited guests. Col. Bagot and his officers seemed determined, however, to err on the right side by issuing cards of invitation with a liberal and willing hand, at the same time guarding themselves against the possibility of making the list too extensive. At half-past nine o'clock, or within a few minutes of that hour, the Prince and suite, with Sir John Young and suite, drove to the entrance door of the St. Louis Hotel. Here a guard of honour from the 69th Regt. received the distinguished guests with a royal salute, the band as usual playing the national anthem. Shortly after this the Prince, with Mrs. Bagot, entered the ball-room, which served as a signal that the evening's amusement might be considered commenced. As the officers in the different uniforms followed in rapid succession, the scene became at once pleasing and effective. The Prince, whose movements were closely watched with interest, wore the usual full-dress uniform of an officer holding his rank in that branch of the service to which he belongs. The brilliant scarlet of the Royal Engineers and soldiers of the line stood out in rich relief to the more sombre tunic of the Artillery and Rifle Brigade. The plain swallow-tail of the civilian was also remarkable in this array of military dress, but in its place was quite as effective. The ladies chiefly appeared in light fabrics of various patterns, trimmed in the richest and most varied style. The assemblage in every particular presented an appearance which will be long remembered by all present.

The decorations were under the superintendence and directions of Mr. Spence of Montreal. The hall presented a magnificent and effective appearance, and reflects the highest credit on Mr. Spence's abilities as an artist. On the centre of the platform or stage, was fixed a trophy of the Regiment, consisting of a shield with armorial bearings, mounted on a stack of rifles, and supported with the new Regimental colours. This was a very pretty and appropriate decoration, and was much admired by the guests. The colours were guarded by sentinels, who paced to and fro during the evening with solemn military tread. On each of the doors, in the proscenium, were fixed marble statuettes holding candelabra of wax lights ornamented with bouquets of choice flowers. The stage curtain in the back ground was draped with flags, surmounted by a portrait of Her Majesty the Queen, the frame being artistically decorated with evergreens interspersed with natural flowers. A most desirable improvement in the galleries was favourably noticed by every one present. The iron railing so well known to most of our readers, under the magic touch of the decorator, was converted into panels richly frescoed in bright colours, and at the head of each supporting column were fixed vases with flowers. On the walls above the galleries were the stars of the different Orders worn by Prince Arthur, as well as his

monogram. The walls in the main hall, under the galleries, were festooned with evergreens and flowers, and on each column, immediately below the vases above mentioned, were shields in bright colours, containing the crests and monograms of all the officers of the regiment, that of Col. Bagot being prominently conspicuous. It consists of a goat's head out of a ducal coronet, with the motto—*Antiquum Obtinens*. There were also large paintings of the Prince's coat of arms, arms of the Regiment and of the Dominion of Canada.

THE FIRST SET.

The *place d'honneur* in this select dance, which stood first on the list, was filled by the following ladies and gentlemen.—The music for this quadrille was specially composed for the occasion by Mr. Lamont, the Band-Master of the Regiment, and appropriately called *South Lincoln*.—H. R. H. Prince Arthur danced with Mrs. Col. Bagot, and *vis-a-vis* to the Prince were Col. Bagot and Lady Young; Sir John Young and Madame Cauchon; General Lindsay and Madame Duval; His Worship Mayor Garneau and Mrs. Burstall; Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau and Madame Gautier; Col. Gibbon, R. A., and Madame Appleby; French Consul Gautier and Madame Col. Chandler; Lord Alexander Russell and Mrs. Col. Bourchier Col. Elphinstone and Madame Garneau were also in the dance set.

THE RIDGEWAY MONUMENT, TORONTO.

The monument erected in the Queen's Park, Toronto, to the memory of the volunteers who fell during the Fenian raid of June, 1866, was publicly unveiled by His Excellency the Governor-General on the 1st of July last. An account, accompanied by an illustration, of this monument, has already appeared in these pages, and this week we give a leggotype of the ceremony of unveiling the monument. The hour appointed for the ceremony was twelve o'clock, but long before that the part of the Park in the vicinity of the monument was occupied by numerous spectators. The volunteer corps of the city—comprising the Queen's Own, 10th Royals, and Grand Trunk Brigade—were all present, and were drawn up around the monument. Immediately under the monument was a dais with three chairs, reserved for the Governor-General, Lady Young, and Mrs. Howland. Opposite the dais, there were several rows of chairs, occupied by invited guests, among whom were Hon. Mr. and Mrs. McPherson and the Misses McPherson, Hon. Chief-Justice Draper and Mrs. Draper, Hon. Justice and Mrs. Gwynne, Hon. Vice-Chancellor and Mrs. Sprague, Hon. John and Mrs. McMurrich, Hon. George and Mrs. Brown, Hon. Stephen and Mrs. Richards, Hon. John Carling, Principal and Mrs. Willis, Rev. Dean Grasett, Rev. Dr. Beaven, Professor and Mrs. Cherriman, Principal and Mrs. Cockburn, Professor Kingstone, Dr. and Mrs. Ryerson, Mr. and Mrs. Rutherford, Mr. Thurston, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Campbell, Rev. Mr. Marling, Sheriff and Mrs. Jarvis, Mr. John Macdonald, Alderman Boulton, Judge Boyd, Hon. Col. Grey, Mr. James Beaty, M. P., Ald. Dickey, Ald. Hallam, Mr. Wallis, M. P. P., Mr. J. D. Edgar, Dr. Schultz, Dr. Lynch, &c., &c.

As twelve o'clock struck Sir John Young made his appearance, and the troops presented arms. Lady Young was escorted to the dais by Rev. Dr. McCaul, and Mrs. Howland by Sir John Young. On the dais Mrs. Howland occupied the chair to the right of the Governor-General, and Lady Young the one on the left.

The Chairman of the Committee, Rev. Dr. McCaul, then called upon Mr. J. D. Edgar to read the following report, which that gentleman did—as follows:—

REPORT.

"The Monument which your Excellency will this day unveil to the public, has been erected under the supervision of a committee of citizens of Toronto, and by means of contributions from the Canadian people. The committee was appointed in July, 1866, from among the members of the Toronto Volunteer Rifle Committee, and was fortunate in securing the services of the same chairman, the Rev. Dr. McCaul, to whose indefatigable exertions the success of the undertaking is mainly to be attributed. I feel sure that I am only expressing the feelings of the whole committee in much regretting the unavoidable absence from to-day's ceremony of Mr. Gzowski, who not only discharged the troublesome duties of Treasurer for the Fund, but threw his whole energy into the accomplishment of the work. While liberal donations have been received from every Province of the Dominion, it may not be invidious to mention that the largest subscription from any one place was received from the city of Quebec, and was collected by Mr. Michael Stevenson. The County Councillors of York, Peel, Huron, and Lambton, the City Councillors of Toronto, and several Township Councils, have also made contributions. The remainder of the fund has been made up from private subscriptions throughout the country, and from an appropriation by the Toronto Volunteer Relief Committee. A site in the Queen's Park was determined upon, from its public position, and the immediate location was chosen on account of its natural beauty. The selection of a design for the monument was made from a large number of drawings of much merit. Mr. Robert Reid, of the firm of Mavor & Co., of the Montreal Sculpture and Marble Works, furnished the plan that has been adopted, and his firm have most satisfactorily accomplished the work as contractors. To ensure the safety of the monument from wanton or malicious acts of destruction, it will be surrounded by *chevaux de frise*, and protected by a lodge. The statuary is chiselled from Italian marble; the steps and base are composed of Montreal limestone, and the sandstone of Nova Scotia furnishes the material for the body of the monument and for the delicate stone carving upon it. The Royal Arms appear in relief on the eastern face or front, underneath the figure of Grief. The life-size figures of Canadian volunteers, facing one to the north and the other to the south, surmount the arms of Toronto and Hamilton, elaborately carved in stone. The crowning figure of Britannia, cut in marble and in proportions more than human, looks down from a height of 40 feet. Upon the side of the monument furthest from public view, and underneath a statue representing Faith or Religion, there is the following inscription:

"Canada erected this monument as a memorial of her brave sons, the volunteers, who fell at Limeridge, or died from wounds received in action, or from disease contracted in service, whilst defending her frontier in June, 1866."

The Government official list of casualties among the volunteers in June, 1866, supplies the names of those in whose memory this monument is erected.

There were killed in action:—

- Ensign Malcolm McEachren, of Queen's Own.
- Private William Smith, " "
- Private Mark Defries, " "
- Private Christopher Anderson, " "
- Private Wm. Fairbanks Tempest, " "
- Private J. H. Newburn, " "
- Private Malcolm McKenzie, " "

Those who died from wounds received in action were:—

- Sergeant Hugh Matheson, of Queen's Own.
- Corporal Francis Lakey, " "

The following died from disease contracted on service in June, 1866:—

- Captain and Paymaster John Huston Richey, of the 16th Royals
- Private James Cahill, of the 13th Battalion.
- Private James H. Morrison, of the Queen's Own.
- Private Daniel Baker, of the 13th Battalion.
- Private M. Prudhomme, of the Hoch-laga Light Infantry.
- Private Larratt W. Smith, of the 13th Battalion.

Forming, in all, a list of fifteen brave men whose deaths are thus commemorated.

J. D. EDGAR,
Honorary Secretary,
Vol. Mou. Com.

July 1st, 1870.

Hon. Mr. McMaster then requested His Excellency, on behalf of the Committee, to unveil the monument. His Excellency rose and addressed those assembled to witness the ceremony. After referring to the nature of their object in this meeting together and the painful reminiscences that would be evoked by the ceremony about to be performed, he spoke of the stigma that attached to the Irish name on account of the monstrous doings of the Fenian organization. He said we had been led to believe that the Irish nature was kindly, generous and susceptible of all good impressions, though easily misled by false lights and trust in unworthy guides, and injured and warped by centuries of mismanagement. We were told that errors would disappear and all evil be cured by the reversal of the harsh policy of the past, and the adoption of more generous and conciliatory measures. That advice had been adopted; two generations had already passed since the remedial process began, and now Ireland stands free as England or Canada. And yet, notwithstanding all that had been done, Fenianism still rears its head, as if to bring the well-wishers of Ireland to shame and baffle all the calculations of wisdom and philanthropy. He did not wish to be misunderstood. There were thousands and thousands of Irish untainted; but the faint of this wicked folly had spread too far and too wide. The Fenians seemed to grudge the Canadian settler the home and comforts he had won for himself, and had attempted to take them from him but without success. "One of the worst of the designs or intentions of the rascals," he said, "and it may well be pronounced fiendish—was, if it were possible by any effort of theirs, to embroil England and the United States in some dispute, and bring on all the horrors and miseries of a great war. Fortunately this design has completely failed; and instead they have worn out the long-continued tolerance of the people and authorities of the United States; their leaders are in prison, the greater part of their arms have been seized, and there is not, I am assured, a sensible righteous man on the other side of the border, who does not look upon them, and their proceedings and pretensions, with scorn and loathing. They have signally failed in their efforts to produce discord. May a like failure ever attend such unhalloved designs. It is too fond an imagination, too sanguine a dream to indulge in the present state of the world, that wars may entirely cease; but I do most earnestly hope that the day—fore-shadowed by poetic vision, and fore-told by the merrily voice of prophecy, may not be far distant—when the councils of peace shall prevail in at least a greater measure than hitherto amongst the nations. But though we may not hope for universal peace, this we may hope for, and each in his place and generation seek to ensure, namely, fair accord between Great Britain and the United States. I trust these two great and free peoples will never again range themselves in hostile arms or engage in what would really and truly be fratricidal warfare. May their rivalry in all time to come be in the arts of peace, the means of increasing the happiness each of its own people, and the spreading of goodwill and civilization throughout the world. May the Almighty disposer of all events grant that the stern and terrible arbitrament of the sword be less frequently resorted to, if not wholly discontinued; and some more enlightened and christian mode provided for dealing with the international differences which may from time arise. But to revert from these perhaps premature and too brilliant aspirations, to the immediate purpose of the day—may the prayer be heard which we all fervently breathe, that Canada may never again have occasion to raise a monument to the memory of her sons destroyed in these senseless, wicked raids, or engage in a ceremony which inextricably blends, as this does, the sentiments of pride and sorrow—pride in the courage that was displayed and the success that ensued, and sorrow at the loss of those who fell in the early promise and freshness of their lives."

His Excellency, accompanied by Dr. McCaul and the members of the committee, then proceeded to unveil the monument amidst the cheers of the assemblage. The Hon. Mr. C. Cameron was then introduced by Dr. McCaul. He alluded to the heroic conduct of the young men to whose memory the monument had been directed, and said he felt proud that the young men of Canada had been able to repel the incursions of the enemy. He then proceeded to inveigh in bitter terms against the conduct of the United States authorities in permitting, time and again, an invasion of our soil by citizens of the Republic. He asked would it be considered possible that a nation, with between thirty and forty millions of people, would permit a few desperadoes within its borders to band themselves together, to drill, to parade their banners in open day, to denounce a people friendly to them, and yet not endeavour to put them down until the mischief which was threatened by them had been, to a great extent, accomplished; for it was only through the prowess of our own people that the invaders had been held back.

He contended that Canadians were British subjects, and, as such, entitled to the protection of the whole forces of the British empire. These repeated raids could no longer be endured, and it was well for us—well, perhaps, for the United States too,—that we had in the midst of us men who were willing and ready to oppose our foes.

The Irishmen from whom it was said those men who

attacked our soil came, they all knew and all felt to be a generous, warm-hearted and enthusiastic people; and with those of them who entertained a desire to save their country, to liberate Ireland from what they considered to be Ireland's wrong, they could sympathise; but, at the same time, they felt how unjustly and foolishly the Irish were acting when they attempted to remedy those wrongs by force of arms. He reiterated that the enthusiasm which had led the Canadians to repel the invaders would always be found among them, and that they would always be ready to sacrifice their lives rather than allow the British flag to be insulted and trampled in the dust; and he only hoped that the people of Great Britain who administer affairs at present, would think of this and maintain the honour of the empire as of old; for if the dismemberment of the British Empire, by the loss of its Colonies, took place, it would sink into a state of comparative unimportance, because it would be considered "a nation of shopkeepers," depending upon outside support for the consumption of their manufactures.

Dr. McCaul then rose. After apologizing for the absence of His Honour Lieut.-Governor Howland, he tendered the thanks of the committee to His Excellency the Governor General and Lady Young for their kindness in being present on the occasion. He trusted the monument they had just unveiled would ever be held in affectionate regard and in fond memory. He alluded to the time when the volunteers went to the front to oppose the raid of '66, and to the scene which occurred on the arrival of the steamer bringing back the killed and wounded. Since 1812 we had lived in undisturbed peace with our neighbours, until suddenly, in the midst of this profound peace an armed organization was, if not encouraged, allowed to cross the border and sweep destruction through our land. He spoke with strong feeling on this subject, as he himself claimed his descent from the island to which they belonged, and his love was as true as ever. The marauders, it was said, had come to save their countrymen from some wrongful oppression Irishmen were suffering in Canada. Multitudes of them had established comfortable homes for themselves here, many had attained considerable positions in our cities, lived in affluence, and were among the prominent merchants of Canada. He would go even further and say that His Excellency the Governor General, the representative of the Queen, was an Irishman. With such examples before us, how could it be said that Irishmen in this country were labouring under oppression. He trusted, however, that what had occurred would be a warning to the statesmen at home not to leave the colonies defenceless in a war that is brought upon them for purely Imperial reasons. These misguided men that crossed the frontier never pretended that they entertained any hostility to us. Their avowed object was to avenge themselves on England for centuries of oppression in Ireland. We surely ought to expect that the Imperial Government would leave troops here, where they might prove useful, rather than recall them hence to stations where they can be merely ornamental.

The speaker concluded by expressing his hope that these raids were at an end. He trusted that the United States would in the future see the propriety of stopping these lawless incursions in time, and that the statesmen at home would adopt a better line of policy than they have lately followed; that the mother-country would discard the policy thrust upon her by some stoical philosopher of ledger proclivities—that "penny wise and pound foolish" policy that may end in stripping her of her Colonies and cutting her down to her original narrow limits; immensely rich it may be, as the workshop of the world, but immensely poor in all that constitutes the life of a nation—immensely poor in the love and respect of her friends, and even in the fear of her enemies.

Cries were raised for the Hon. George Brown to speak, but there was no response, and the meeting terminated with cheers for the Queen, the Governor-General, Lady Young, the Volunteers, Mrs. Howland, and the Committee.

THE RED RIVER EXPEDITION.

The progress made by the expedition on the route between Thunder Bay and Lake Shebandowan has been exceedingly slow of late, and their advance has been still further impeded by the havoc done on the roads by the very heavy rains that have recently fallen. The great object now to be attained is of course to transport as speedily as possible the boats and stores to the point of embarkation on Lake Shebandowan. As soon as this is done the troops will be able to advance, and will leave behind them what is said to be the most difficult part of the North-West road. Unfortunately the day after General Lindsay's arrival at Prince Arthur's Landing, a heavy storm broke out which did much damage to the roads and so swelled the rivers as to destroy completely several of the bridges on the route. The accounts given by men on the working parties up the road are most disheartening. The rivers and creeks that at times have less than enough water, have become rushing torrents, charged with fallen trees and logs, and full of danger to boats and bridges. An officer in charge of a party of boats writes down to say that one of the portages used by previous detachments is now a rapid three feet deep, and that an island in his neighbourhood disappeared in the night. The new six miles bridge, which was built to supply the place of that destroyed by the fire, was carried away, and several others of the smaller log bridges have shared the same fate. At one place a string of thirty-four wagons was stopped, and when Capt. Nagle, of the transport service, endeavoured to ford the stream in hopes of getting the wagons on, his horse was carried off his feet and compelled to swim for the shore. Men were at once sent to these several places, and it was hoped that in a day or two the streams would be bridged. A more serious matter, however, is the loss of the bridge over Sunshine Creek. This was a more regularly built bridge, and was capable of bearing any weight that might in reason be put upon it. The water of the creek, however, rose six feet, and rushing down with fearful velocity swept the bridge before it. Fortunately, this part of the road—just beyond the Matawin—is not in present use, so that a temporary crossing can be put up for men to pass while a more solid bridge is being constructed. It is a matter for congratulation that the Kamistiquia bridge did not go. The bridge, which is over 100 yards in length, is the largest and strongest one on the road. It stood the breaking up of last winter's ice, and looks as if nothing could hurt it; but the floating snags blocked three of the spans, and the rush of water started some of the beams upon which the bridge rests. Had this gone the consequences would have been serious.

The damage done to the roads was also of a very serious nature. On some parts of the route the road-makers had set

to work to build the road in such a way as to produce permanent results. That is, the corderoy was to be heavily covered, and this covering, when the earth and clay had time to bind, would be permanent. Unfortunately the rains came on, and the covering had not time to bind. The heavy traffic cut through the earth, and every rut became a canal leading into the nearest hollow, which was transformed into a mud-pond or small lagoon. Some others, who cared only for a road to serve the purposes of the troops, wished to corderoy the road only, and make it available for the troops, without caring what might become of it afterwards. The former plan has been hitherto adopted as far as possible, but, time being so valuable, orders were given to corderoy every shaky place, and push everything on with all haste.

The advance parties on the road previous to the date of the great storm, consisted of the 60th Rifles, part of the Ontario battalion, and the men of Mr. Dawson's party. But the damage done to roads and bridges was so great that it was found necessary to augment the numbers of those at work at road-making and repairing. Accordingly on the 2nd of July—three days after the storm—Captain Huyshe, who had gone up the road with General Lindsay and Colonel Wolseley, returned to the camp with orders for a move. The head-quarters of the 60th—that had hitherto remained in camp—and the remainder of the Ontario battalion were to march up at once. By the 4th of July these had left the camp at Thunder Bay, and by the end of the week it was expected that the Engineers and Artillery and the greater portion of the Quebec battalion would have moved up the road.

In this issue we give four illustrations of scenery and places of interest on account of their connection with the Red River expedition. The first, the "Algoma" passing Thunder Cape, a rocky headland in front of Thunder Bay, is copied from an oil-painting by Mr. Wm. Armstrong, of Toronto. The "Algoma" is one of the regular line of boats running between Collingwood and Fort William, and was actively employed, together with the "Chicora," in transporting troops and stores.

A view is also given of Prince Arthur's Landing, the point in the vicinity of Fort William where the troops disembarked, and where were fixed the head-quarters of the expedition until the move was made, a few days ago, towards Lake Shebandowan. Our illustration shows the position of the 60th Rifles and the camps of the Quebec and Ontario battalions.

Shebaunaning, or Killarney, as it is also called, is a picturesque little village on the north shore of Lake Huron, the first stopping point after leaving Collingwood en route to the Sault. The village is situated on the mainland immediately behind George Island, where a deep channel allows of the passage of the largest steamers through to Little Current and the Bruce Mines. One of the two illustrations of Shebaunaning, both from the pencil of our special artist, gives the village, looking north, and shows the passage between the north shore and George Island. The other gives a scene at the landing place on the arrival of the "Algoma."

BELMERE, LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG.

His Royal Highness Prince Arthur, after his final departure from Montreal, and previous to sailing for England, passed a few days at Belmere, the residence of Mr. Hugh Allan, on Lake Memphremagog. He was accompanied in this visit by H. E. the Governor General and Lady Young, Mrs. Wolseley, Miss Allan, Miss Starnes, Col. Earle, Lieut. Picard, and Mr. Hugh Allan. The party left Montreal on Monday morning the 13th ult. by the regular train for Waterloo. They then drove to the Hon. Mr. Dunkin's residence at Bromes, where they lunched, and thence proceeded to the Township of Potton, on the shores of the lake. Here they embarked on board Mr. Allan's beautiful little steam-yacht, the "Ormond," which took them across the lake to Belmere. The scenery in this part of the country is perhaps the most beautiful of which Canada can boast. Lake Memphremagog, of which we have already given several illustrations, has been justly likened, both in point of situation and beauty of scenery, to Killarney, in Ireland. It would have been a pity had the Prince left Canada without visiting one of its most beautiful spots.

During his stay at Belmere, the Prince was the object of the most kindly courtesy and delicate attention. The following fact may be new to our readers. Every morning at breakfast His Royal Highness found on his plate a written bulletin of the events that had transpired in every part of the world on the previous day. The news was transmitted daily by Mr. Allan's private telegraph wire from Montreal to Belmere.

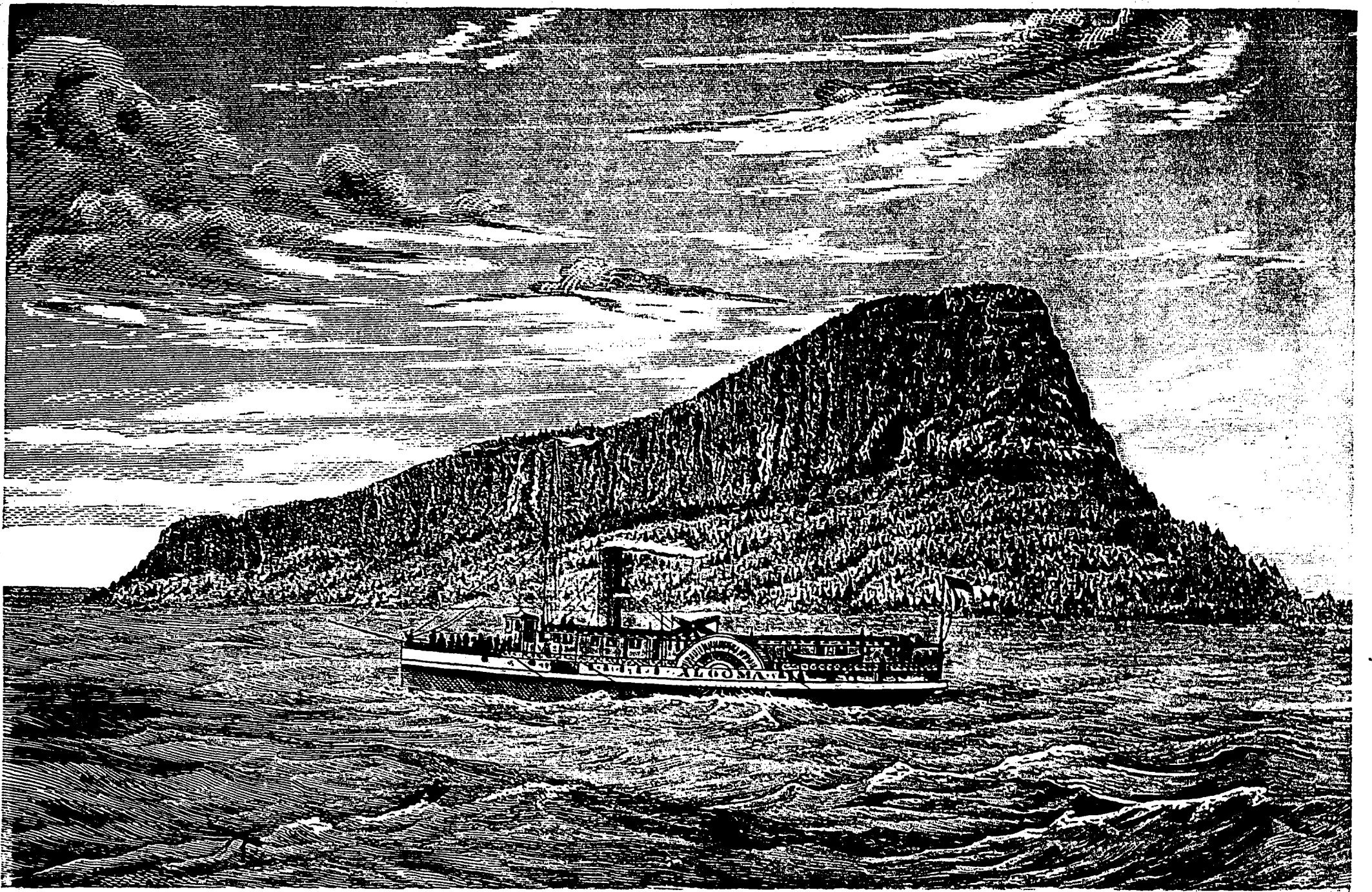
The scene on the first page of this number was taken from Mr. Allan's residence. It shows in the background the Owl's Head, one of the loftiest mountains that enclose Lake Memphremagog. The steam-yacht "Ormond" figures in the foreground, moored to its wharf at the edge of the lakes. The view, as given, is from a photograph by Notman.

Temperature in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending July 12, 1870, observed by John Underhill, Optician to the Medical Faculty of McGill University, 299 Notre Dame Street.

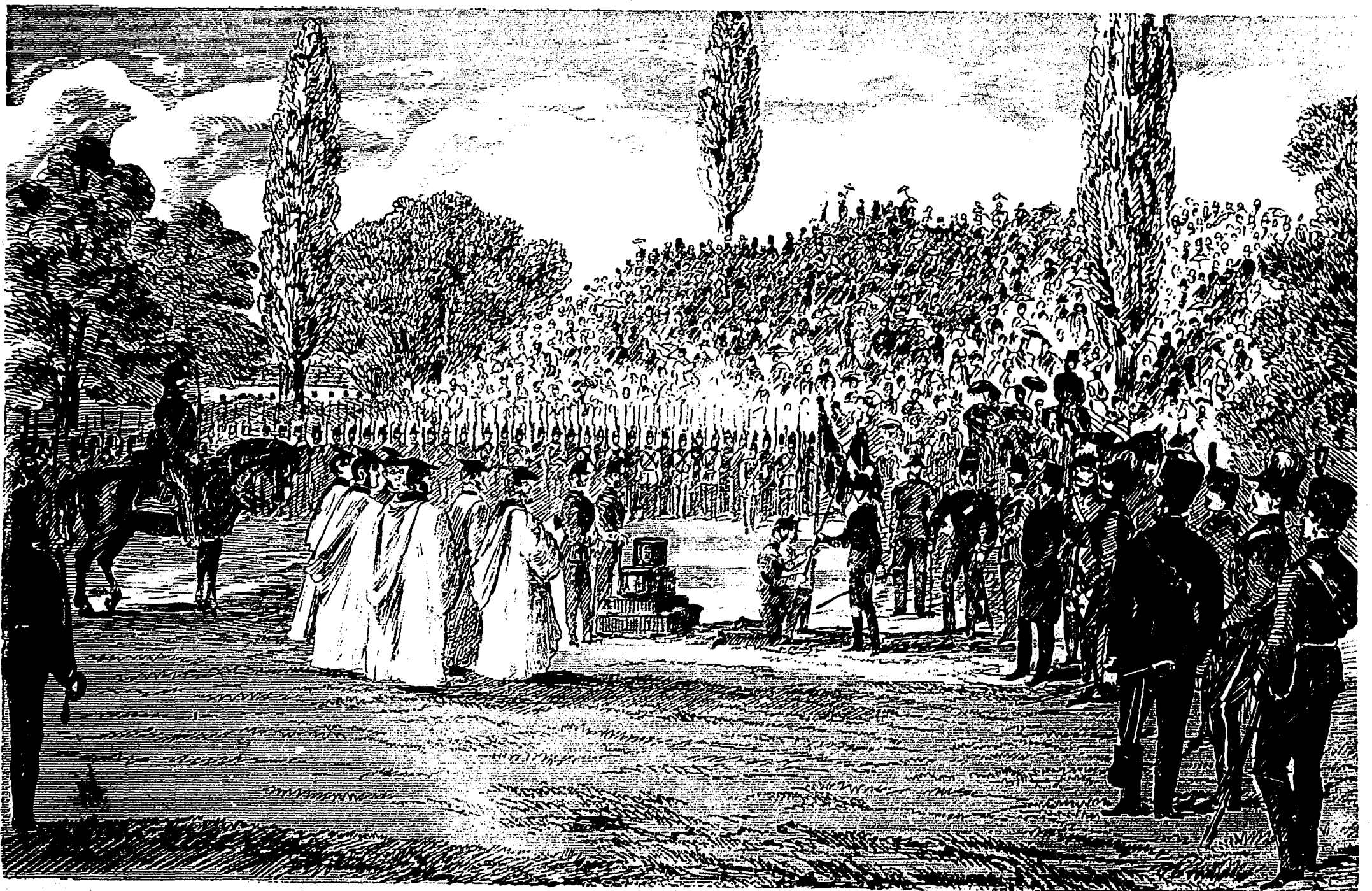
	9 A. M.	1 P. M.	6 P. M.
Wednesday, July 6	74°	83°	80°
Thursday, " 7	77°	83°	80°
Friday, " 8	71°	73°	70°
Saturday, " 9	68°	76°	75°
Sunday, " 10	74°	82°	74°
Monday, " 11	82°	89°	65°
Tuesday, " 12	73°	77°	66°

	MAX.	MIN.	MEAN.
Wednesday, July 6	85°	62°	73° 5
Thursday, " 7	85°	65°	75° 0
Friday, " 8	75°	62°	68° 5
Saturday, " 9	78°	56°	67° 0
Sunday, " 10	84°	62°	73° 0
Monday, " 11	89°	65°	77° 0
Tuesday, " 12	79°	68°	73° 5

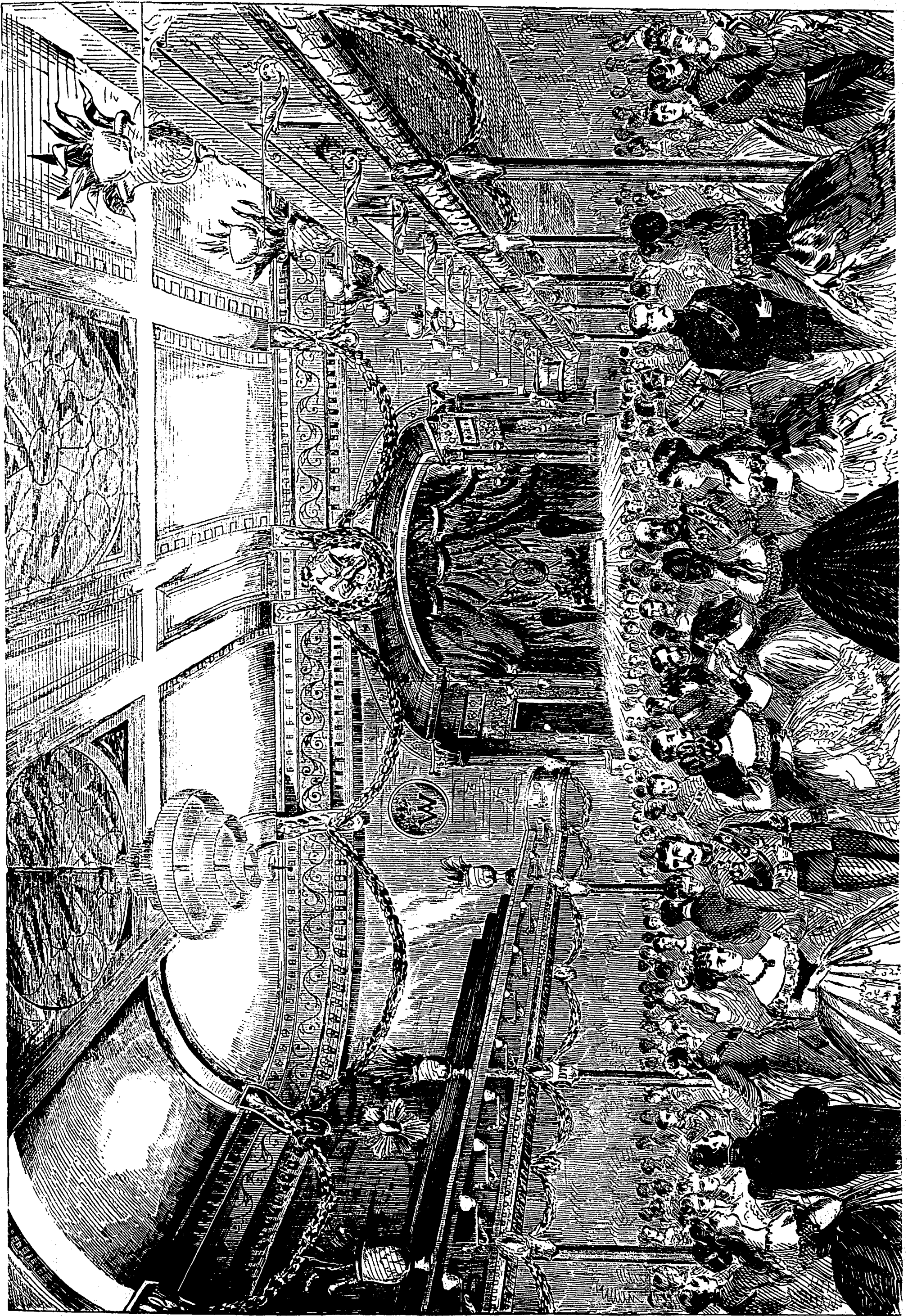
	9 A. M.	1 P. M.	6 P. M.
Wednesday, July 6	30.12	30.12	30.10
Thursday, " 7	29.96	29.90	29.75
Friday, " 8	29.78	29.85	29.92
Saturday, " 9	30.04	30.08	30.08
Sunday, " 10	30.10	30.15	30.08
Monday, " 11	30.18	30.25	30.10
Tuesday, " 12	29.95	29.90	29.88



RED RIVER EXPEDITION—THE "SALGOMA" PASSING THUNDER CAPE. From a painting by W. Armstrong.—SEE PAGE 35



PRESENTATION OF COLOURS TO THE 69th REGIMENT AT QUEBEC.—From a sketch by W. Carlisle.—SEE PAGE 31.



BALL GIVEN BY THE 69th REGIMENT AT QUEBEC. From a sketch by W. Curisic.—See page 34.

CALENDAR FOR WEEK ENDING JULY 23, 1870.

SUNDAY,	July 17.—5th Sunday after Trinity. Battle of Mac-kinac, 1812.
MONDAY,	" 18.—French invasion of England repelled, 1545. Battle of Bull's Run, 1861.
TUESDAY,	" 19.—Petrarch died, 1374. George IV. crowned, 1821.
WEDNESDAY,	" 20.—St. Margaret, V. M. Spanish Armada destroyed, 1538. First stone of the Victoria Bridge laid, 1854.
THURSDAY,	" 21.—De la Barre's expedition against the Senecas, 1684. Burns died, 1796
FRIDAY,	" 22.—St. Mary Magdalene. Battle of Tynderoga, 1759.
SATURDAY,	" 23.—Invention of Printing, 1440. Canada Union assented to, 1840.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL SATURDAY JULY 16 1870

THE arbitration between the provinces of Ontario and Quebec has come to a sudden and unsatisfactory standstill. The crisis occurred on Saturday last, when the Hon. Judge Day, arbitrator for the province of Quebec, being unable to agree with the Hon. D. L. Macpherson and the Hon. Mr. Gray, tendered his resignation to the Quebec Government. The Montreal Gazette says that no doubt it will be accepted. Matters have been further complicated by the Quebec Government instructing their counsel to recuse the Hon. Mr. Gray on the ground that he is—contrary to the statute—a resident of the province of Ontario. Thus, after three years of confederation, there has grown up a bitter antagonism between the old partners to the Union of 1841; and they quarrel, as so many whilom fast friends have done before, over money matters.

The surplus debt to be divided between the provinces is about ten and a half millions of dollars, being the excess owing by Canada over the sixty-two and a half million with which she was entitled to enter the Union. The arbitrators up to this time, or up to the 8th inst., when their proceedings were suspended, have devoted their attention to the establishing of a general principle by which all the items might be apportioned. In this preliminary work counsel have been heard on both sides, Messrs. Casault and Ritchie appearing for Quebec, and Hon. J. H. Cameron for Ontario. Arguments, learned and lengthy, were listened to and weighed, and on the 28th May a decision was arrived at and approved by Messrs. Macpherson and Gray, from which Judge Day dissented. Thereafter the Quebec Cabinet passed a minute of council, (June 6th) setting forth the opinion of the Provincial law officers of the Crown, that "it is essential to the validity of any decision by the arbitrators that their judgment be unanimously concurred in." This minute will, of course, be considered by the Dominion law officers of the Crown; and if not approved by them, will, probably, be sent home for the judgment of the Imperial law officers. If then the arbitration is not entirely broken up, it is at least suspended for many months to come; in fact, it appears as if the province of Quebec had abandoned the arbitration, trusting to get the case "into Parliament again," with the hope of making better terms there.

There is a good deal to be said on both sides of this unfortunate quarrel; but the first thing that strikes one on looking at the British North America Act is the entire absence of rules or restrictions to guide the conduct of the arbitrators. The 142nd section of that Act simply says, "The division and adjustment of the debts, &c., of Upper Canada and Lower Canada shall be referred to the arbitrament of three arbitrators, one chosen by the Government of Ontario; one by the Government of Quebec, and one by the Government of Canada, and the selection of the arbitrators shall not be made until the Parliament of Canada, and the Legislatures of Ontario and Quebec have met; and the arbitrator chosen by the Government of Canada shall not be a resident either in Ontario or in Quebec." Beyond this there is nothing to guide them save the fourth schedule attached to the Act, which declares what are the "assets to be the property of Ontario and Quebec conjointly." The absence of all restrictions except as to the mere appointment of the arbitrators, coupled with the positive enactment that "the division and adjustment . . . shall be referred to the arbitrament of three arbitrators," &c., plainly indicated that the wildest possible latitude was contemplated by the framers of the act; and that while the right of appointment by the Provinces would give them the opportunity of representing their own particular views at the Board, yet they should have no legal control over its action. In fact the three governments, having once appointed the arbitrators, ceased to have any control over them, so far as the law was concerned; and doubtless the intention of the

London Conference really was to place the settlement beyond Provincial control. We think the wisdom of that course must have suggested itself to the Canadian members of the London Conference, knowing, as they well did, that in respect of money matters there was a chronic quarrel between Canada East and Canada West; and that a settlement between them without the intervention of a third party would have been impossible. We assume, therefore, that in law the Provincial right of interference with arbitration, save by counsel, as before any court wherein a suit is pending, ceased when the appointments were made. Hence, probably, the resignation of Judge Day as the only means Quebec had of interfering with the progress of the arbitration.

The most serious point of disagreement between Ontario and Quebec is as to where the arbitration should begin. Counsel for Quebec contended that the principles regulating universal partnerships should be made to apply to the division of assets and apportionment of liabilities as far as possible; in other words, that it would be the duty of the arbitrators to take into the account the amount of debt or assets with which Upper Canada and Lower Canada respectively entered the old union in 1841. Upon this point Quebec has been very positive; and Judge Day has strongly sustained the correctness of the same view in his dissent from the judgment of his colleagues. On the other hand, Ontario has argued, and the Hon. Messrs. Macpherson and Gray have adopted the view, that the Imperial act uniting Upper and Lower Canada did not in law nor in fact create such relations between them as arise from a partnership between individuals; and that the arbitrators have no power to enter upon an enquiry into the relative state of the debts of Upper and Lower Canada at the time of their union in 1841. There are other points of difference between the arbitrators, but the main one is that already stated. It appears that the wording of the British North America Act rather favours the Quebec view, in so far as leaving the arbitrators power to deal with the assets and liabilities of the two Provinces at the time of the union in 1841. It is to be remarked that by the 142nd section already quoted, "Ontario" and "Quebec" are authorized to appoint the arbitrators; but the debts, &c., of "Upper Canada and Lower Canada" are to be adjudicated on. This in connection with the 6th section, which says: "The parts of the Province of Canada (as it existed at the passing of this act) which formerly constituted respectively the Provinces of Upper Canada and Lower Canada, shall be deemed to be severed and form two Provinces." Upper Canada and Lower Canada are thus clearly recognised as anterior to the Union of '41, and had the framers of the B. N. A. Act intended to restrict the arbitrators—as Ontario pretends and Quebec denies,—they surely would have spoken of the adjustment and division of the assets, &c., of the "Province of Canada" between the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. It thus appears that it was not contemplated to restrict the arbitration to all matters after the Union; at least if such was the intention the Act is very strangely worded.

With respect to the recusation of Hon. Col. Gray we must say that it appears a shabby proceeding. Col. Gray was not a resident either in Ontario or Quebec when he was appointed arbitrator on the part of the Dominion; he came to reside at Ottawa after his appointment, and very likely in some degree because of it. He is yet a member of the House of Commons representing a New Brunswick constituency, and his presence now in Ottawa certainly does not contravene the spirit of the Act. But if so, why did Quebec go on conferring with the arbitrators, and with members of the local and general Governments on this very settlement, knowing all the time that Col. Gray was a boarder at Mr. Gouin's Hotel in Ottawa? Why not challenge him in February last, when the arbitrators told counsel on both sides that the argument was closed, and they were to determine judgment? It would then have come with a better grace than in July, when his name was recorded in opposition to the views of Judge Day.

This disagreement between the arbitrators is sincerely to be regretted, as it will revive sectional hatreds that appeared to have been forgotten. Already some of the newspapers East and West have begun to hector the Province to which they do not belong; and the arbitrators—Hon. Mr. Macpherson by the Quebec, and Judge Day by the Ontario, press—are receiving undeserved abuse, because in the exercise of their best judgment they failed to come to the same conclusion. How seldom do we see the full Bench of even the highest courts in the land deliver judgment on important cases without some member dissenting! And in this case it was no wonder, that in attempting to fix general principles for the settlement of an affair so vast, and so very complicated in its nature, these two gentlemen should have arrived at different conclusions. Though cause of regret it is surely no cause for disparagement, or personal abuse on either side. The interests and the consequences involved are of sufficient

importance to warrant a renewed effort upon some other basis of action than that contained in the propositions upon which the disagreement has already taken place.

LIEUT.-COL. JARVIS.—In the brief biographical notice of Lieut.-Col. Jarvis, commanding the Ontario wing of the Red River expedition, which appeared in last week's News, there is a slight error as to his rank in the regular army. Instead of saying he was brevet Major in the 82nd Regt., we should have said he was Major in the 82nd, and brevet Lieut.-Col. in the army.

OBITUARY.

HON. GEORGE CRAWFORD, SENATOR.

The late Mr. Crawford, Member of the Canadian Senate, who died at Brockville on the 5th inst., was a native of the county Leitrim, Ireland, where he was born in 1792, and was, consequently, in his seventy-eighth year at the time of his death. He emigrated to Canada fifty years ago, and at first devoted his attention to farming; but subsequently sold out his farm and became a contractor on the Rideau Canal, which, some ten years after his arrival, was under construction by Col. By. Thence he removed to Cornwall, where he obtained a contract on the canal then being built there. He obtained another contract on the Beauharnois Canal, and having completed all these satisfactorily to the Government, and it is to be supposed with advantage to himself, he settled in the neighbourhood of Brockville, where he resided up to the time of his death. In 1851 he was returned to the Legislative Assembly for the town of Brockville; and again, in 1854, was returned for the same constituency. He was a supporter of the Hincks ministry until its defeat in 1854, and then he supported the Coalition at that time formed under the leadership of Sir Allan Macnab. In October, 1858, the Legislative Council having been made elective two years before, he offered himself and was returned for the St. Lawrence Division, for which he continued to sit until the Union, when he was called to the Senate by the Queen's proclamation. Deceased was a man of excellent business habits, and highly honourable character; and his death, though not by any means unexpected, will have caused a pang to many warmly attached friends throughout the country. Though he had been ailing for some time, he yet attended to his Senatorial duties during the greater portion of the last session of Parliament. Two of his sons are now members of the House of Commons, viz., the eldest, James Crawford, Esq., M. P. for Brockville; and the second, John Crawford, Esq., Q. C., of Toronto, M. P. for South Leeds.

LITERARY NOTICES.

"THE CHILD'S HISTORY OF CANADA," and "THE SCHOOL HISTORY OF CANADA," by Henry H. Miles, M. A., L. L. D., D. C. L.: Dawson Bros., Montreal.

These school editions of the "History of Canada" are valuable and praiseworthy additions to educational literature, and are but the precursors of a large and more elaborate history of a more popular character, still in the press.

Dr. Miles has undertaken a task of no mean difficulty, which he has, so far, accomplished with success. From historical records, in various quarters, deeply tinged with the bitter party feelings of the day, he has culled the facts of history and placed them beneath a veil of humanity, exalting the virtues and shading the vices of the dead heroes of our land. It is significant of the success with which he has fulfilled the requirements of this generation, that his works are recommended for adoption both by the Catholic and Protestant Boards of Education, and that children, whose ancestors were once at war for conquest, will here together learn the history of those events which have led to so peaceful and prosperous an issue. Instead of being translated into French, these works will be adopted in the French schools as English Readers, and the simplicity and elegance of the diction justifies this distinction.

"The Child's History" is a series of narratives or tales, written with great simplicity and with a verve likely to impress the memories of the young.

The following chapter on "The Indians and the Peltry Trade," (enlivened by two excellent woodcuts) will afford an illustration.

"39. In the history of Canada we often find mention made of the Indians, and of the traffic in furs and skins carried on with them. To these we think it well to devote a chapter before we go on further with the history.

"Why were the natives of North America called Indians? In order to answer this question, the young reader must bear in mind that when Columbus, and the other early navigators, first reached the islands and continent of America, they supposed them to be parts of Asia—such as Japan, China, and the East Indies. The natives, also, were seen to have dark complexions, and, in some other respects, to be like those of Asia. So they all came to be called Indians. Even when it was found out that America was not part of Asia, the name first given by mistake, to the savages, was not changed.

"40. The Indians with whom we have here to do were those of New France. They consisted of many tribes, but it would be tiresome to state all their names. The principal ones were the Algonquins, Hurons, Montagnais, and Ottawas. There were also the Micmacs of Nova Scotia, the Abenakis of the region now called Maine, and five tribes of very fierce people named Iroquois.

"The Indians whom Jacques Cartier saw at the mouth of

the Miramichi, and in the Bay Chaleurs, were Micmacs. But it is not certainly known of what tribes those were, who were first found at Stadacona, Cap Rouge, and Hochelaga. Some think they were Iroquois, who were afterwards driven away by the Algonquins, Hurons, and Montagnais.

"41. In outward appearance and habits these savages were very much alike. Their skins were of a dark reddish colour. They had coarse, black hair, high cheek bones, and piercing eyes, deep sunk in their sockets. They were very swift of foot, and active. Their chiefs and warriors were without beards, because they used to pull out the hairs from their faces; also, it was common for them to keep only a single tuft of hair on the crown of the head. On their bodies they smeared grease and streaks of paint or dye. In winter, they clothed themselves with the skins of wild animals. They lived chiefly by hunting and fishing. But some tribes also filled the ground and raised gourds, melons, and maize, or *Indian Corn*. Their dwellings, or *wigwams*, were shaped like tents, made with poles, and covered with sheets of bark.

"Hunting, fishing, and making war, were the occupations of the men. These thought it beneath them to work at any kinds of labour, and left all this to the women, as well as all the care of their children.

"In disposition the Savages were fierce, cruel, and cunning. They seldom forgave an affront. They used to *scap* the enemies whom they had killed, and to torment those whom they had taken alive. They bore fatigue, hunger, cold, and bodily pain, without shrinking or complaining. Even when tormented by their enemies they scorned to utter any cries except those of defiance. In fact, they gloried in shewing that they could not be made to heed pain.

"In the chase, and in war, they made use of various weapons—bows and arrows, knives, clubs, and *tomahawks*. When they came to know Europeans they learned to use firearms. For moving about upon the lakes and rivers, they had *canoes* made of bark. They used tobacco, even before the Europeans came, for Cartier describes smoking as a habit common amongst them. On certain occasions, such as meetings of their chiefs, and when those who had been enemies met to make peace, they used a pipe with ornaments, called the *Calumet*. This was passed round, each person in turn taking a few *whiffs*.

"When not engaged in warfare or hunting, they, for the most part, spent their time in idleness. They learned the use of strong drink from the Europeans, so that drunkenness became common among all the tribes. They were also great gluttons.

"42. The Indians believed in dreams, omens, and evil spirits. As they were heathens, of course they knew not the true God of the Christians. Yet, they had a sort of notion of a Supreme Being, of whom they spoke as 'the Great Spirit.'

"We have here spoken of the savages, or Indians, because no one can pursue the history of Canada without some knowledge of them.

"43. We must next speak of the *Peltry* trade, that is the traffic in the skins of wild animals, of which mention has already been made.

"After the times of Jacques Cartier and Roberval, European traders visited the St. Lawrence to procure skins from the Indians. Both in the waters, and in the forests, the Indian hunters killed various creatures, for the sake both of their flesh and their skins. Amongst the chief were, the *Seal*, the *Porpoise*, the *Beaver*, the *Bear*, the *Otter*, the *Wolf*, the *Fox*, the *Elk*, the *Lynx*, the *Martin*, the *Mink*, the *Wease*, and *Muskrat*.

"The traders brought, in exchange, knives, hatchets, cooking-vessels, and pieces of cloth, besides many other small articles. The skins and furs, of which the Elk's and the Beaver's were most valuable, were thus cheaply procured. But, in Europe, the traders sold them at high rates.

"Afterwards, when settlements were founded on the banks of the St. Lawrence by the French, the peltry trade became a very great business. It was carried on by persons who acted for companies formed in France. In the course of time the traffic was pursued in the most distant parts of North America."

The "School History of Canada" is a much more pretentious work, and is good reading, quite in advance of the usual style of such productions. It is illustrated with several maps, and about thirty good wood engravings, some being portraits from authentic sources. It is furnished with a useful Table of Chronology, a series of questions for examination, and a copious index. This work will take a high rank not only in schools, but in private families, where a thorough knowledge of the history of this country is a desideratum. We trust it will find its way into every household, and assist in firing the youth of various extractions in this Dominion with an enthusiastic affection for the land of their birth; for, as was well said by the ever-lamented Thomas D'Arcy McGee, in words quoted by the author:—

"Patriotism will increase in Canada, as its history is read. "No province of any ancient or modern power—not even Gaul, when it was a province of Rome—has had nobler imperial names interwoven with its local events."

The following is a spirited account of the final battle of Quebec, 1759, equally honourable to the memory of the heroes MONTCALM and WOLFE.

"After overcoming a number of difficulties, and practising manoeuvres to deceive the French, he made the attempt a little before dawn on September 13th.

"259. Wolfe had issued a notice to his soldiers, two days before, 'to hold themselves in readiness to land and attack the enemy.' He also told his men that the French were discontented owing to a scarcity of provisions and the departure of their second officer, de Lévis, for the upper country. This, he said, gave reason for believing that General Amherst was making good his advance into the colony.

"Full directions were given to the officers and men as to what they were to do when conveyed by the ships' boats to the landing place, and how they were to act when they came on the high land above. In conclusion he stated, 'a vigorous blow struck by the army at this juncture may decide the fate of Canada. On reaching the heights, the battalions will form instantly, in readiness to charge whatever may present itself. A corps will be left to secure the landing place, while the rest march on and try to bring the French and Canadians to

battle. Officers and men will recollect what their country expects from them, and prove what a resolute body of soldiers, 'inured to war, is able to do against five weak French battalions of regulars, mingled with a disorderly peasantry. The soldiers must be attentive and obedient to their officers, 'as well as resolute in the performance of their duty.'

"Such were the words used in the last general order issued by Wolfe—words which animated his soldiers for the coming conflict, and which, uttered just before his own blood was shed on the field of battle, stirred the feelings of his countrymen when they were afterwards read in England.

"260. On the morning of Sept. 13th, the landing was effected without great confusion or difficulty. Those who ascended first, found, and instantly overpowered, a small guard on the summit.* The rest followed in single file up the precipitous pathway. When it was broad daylight the young commander-in-chief, with his generals, Monckton, Townshend, and Murray, and 4,800 officers and men, found themselves established on the south-east corner of the Plains of Abraham. All were on foot, for no horse could be made to climb up that steep and rugged path. With difficulty a small brass six pounder was brought up by some sailors of the fleet.

"The spot where the landing was made has retained, to this day, the name of "Wolfe's Cove." †

"When all was in readiness the whole army marched in files towards the city. The officers and men were in the highest spirits, feeling assured that Montcalm would now leave his entrenchments to fight. There was no spot, within the circuit of the season's operations, so suitable to their wishes as that whereon they now moved, and all looked forward with feelings of joy and hope to the accomplishment of the crowning event of the campaign.

"261. General Montcalm was misled, during the night of Sept. 12th, by the manoeuvres of the English ships and boats, in front of his lines at Beauport. These made him fancy that an attack was meditated, on the morrow, somewhere between the mouth of the St. Charles and the Montmorency. He was therefore surprised to learn, after daylight on the 13th, that the enemy had landed and gained the heights near Sillery. Obeying his military instincts, and perhaps, consulting his own sentiments respecting what was due to the honour of France, rather than reflecting on what might be gained by a short delay, he instantly resolved to confront General Wolfe, and to risk all upon the chances of a single battle. He mounted his horse, and led his troops across the St. Charles by the bridge of boats.

"When he arrived on the Plains, considering it important to allow as little time as possible for the English to establish themselves in entrenchments, he did not even wait, as he might have done, until Bougainville should draw near to support him.‡ Artillery, which we may suppose could soon have been supplied from the city, was not brought on the field, except two small field pieces from the lines of Beauport.

"262. According to the best authorities, Montcalm's force in the celebrated 'Battle of the Plains,' fought on the morning of Thursday, September 13th, 1759, was 7,500 men. That of Wolfe was 4,828 men and officers of all ranks. But scarcely one half of Montcalm's men were regulars, there being present 3,900 Canadian militia, who were but poorly armed and clothed. A body of Indians, consisting of Abenakis, Hurons, Algonquins and Christian Iroquois, covered the right of his army, stationed amongst bushes towards the St. Foy road.

"Although thus unequal in numbers, the two generals were still more unequally matched as respects the quality of their troops and their equipments; for Wolfe's were all trained soldiers, in the highest state of discipline, nor had they been suffering, as Montcalm's men had for months past, from the effects of poor and insufficient diet. The best of Montcalm's troops were placed towards the left and centre of his line of battle, where he commanded in person.

"After a hasty consultation with his officers, Montcalm sent them to their posts with orders to begin the attack. Some time before this, the skirmishers between the two armies had been engaged, spread across the plains in front. Behind these, and partially concealed by the smoke of their fire, the French regulars and militia advanced to the charge.

"263. After the first forward movement of Montcalm's line, the conflict lasted scarcely ten minutes.

"Wolfe, who commanded near the centre of his line of battle, had passed along the ranks to animate his soldiers, and to cause each man to place a second ball in his musket. He told them to bear the enemy's fire without flinching, until they came within 35 or 40 paces, and then return it at the word of command from their officers.

"As soon as the French regulars and militia came within the prescribed distance, advancing with great spirit, firing and rapidly reloading, the English poured upon them a discharge so effective that the progress of their adversaries was instantly arrested. A great many were shot down, to rise no more, and the whole left wing, recoiling before the deadly torrent of musketry, broke and fled.

"By this time Montcalm was severely wounded, and had his arm broken, but, regardless of pain, the gallant general strove to rally his left wing behind the centre. The attempt was in vain. His centre also gave way and the right had already begun to retire by way of St. John's gate and towards the St. Charles. The whole English line, now advancing, redoubled their fire, and then, quickening their pace, with bayonet and broadsword prevented the possibility of any second formation of the French troops. The fugitives from their left wing, coming upon those who were retreating in disorder from the

* The officer of the guard was made prisoner. At the time he was asleep in his bed. He was *M. Verger du Chambon*, accused formerly of misconduct at Louisbourg and Beauséjour. He was a friend of Intendant Bigot!

† A curious story has been told of the way in which Wolfe was led to know of the existence of the narrow path by which his soldiers passed up from the river to the Plains. It is said that *Capt. Robert Stobo*, while a prisoner on his parole, before he was tried and condemned, as has been already mentioned, had seen and carefully noted this path. After his escape to Halifax, he again came to Quebec, while the siege was going on in 1759, and offered his services to the General and Admiral. Whether the British commanders gave him employment, or not, is not quite certain. But, it is said, he informed Wolfe of the position of the landing place and the pathway. We do not read that Stobo himself ascended with the troops, to take part in the battle which ensued. Yet, if what has been mentioned be true, his information, on this occasion, proved far more useful to the English than that which he had before secretly conveyed to the unfortunate General Braddock. In the year 1760, the New England Congress voted £1,000 as a reward to Stobo for the services he had rendered. We do not know, however, what afterwards became of this notorious person."

‡ Bougainville was in command of from 1,500 to 2,000 troops stationed between Sillery and Point-aux-Trembles, and therefore in the rear of the English. Word had been sent to him in the morning. He arrived with a portion of his force too late to take part in the battle."

centre and right, occasioned a scene of inextricable confusion. A brief stand was attempted to be made near the St. John's gate by a portion of the centre and some Canadian militia, but soon the whole French force made precipitately for the St. Charles river, or fled into the city. The Highlanders and the 58th British regiment continued the pursuit until they came within range of the guns mounted upon two hulks in the St. Charles, not far from the bridge of boats.

"264. Immediately after the firing ceased it became known throughout the British army that their heroic commander was dead. He had been wounded three times. He was carried to the rear and breathed his last at the spot whereon the monument erected to his memory on the plains now stands. While dying he had the satisfaction of knowing that his own troops were victorious. His last command was an order to Col. Burton to march a regiment quickly down to the river St. Charles to cut off the retreat of the fugitives by the bridge of boats. His last words were 'Now God be praised! I will die in peace.'

"Wolfe's brave opponent survived until the morning of Sept. 14th. On his death bed he dictated a letter to the commander of the English, beseeching his care and protection for the French wounded and prisoners. The dying general also expressed himself gratified to know that he should not live to witness the surrender of Quebec. He complimented the valour and discipline of his adversaries, saying, 'if I could recover from these wounds I would undertake, with a third part of such troops as those opposed to me, to beat an army such as that which I commanded.' When applied to for advice, as to the steps which ought to be taken, he gave it cheerfully, but said, that as his time was short, he desired to be 'left alone with God.' Where he died, whether within the walls of the city, or at the general Hospital on the St. Charles—is not precisely known.* In fact, after the lost battle, the state of affairs in the city was deplorable in the extreme—nothing but confusion, distress and ruin, everywhere."

* Only a few persons—his surgeon, chaplain, and one or two of the principal officers of the garrison—are likely to have known whether the wounded general was taken to pass the last hours of his life. In that moment of supreme confusion few would notice or inquire about such a matter. Not a workman could be found to make a coffin for his remains, nor suitable materials. The steward of a religious establishment procured with difficulty two or three rough boards, out of which he made the rude oblong case into which the body was placed, previously to interment. Even Bougainville was unable to inform those who wrote Montcalm's epitaph of the place where the general was buried.

"It is not a little remarkable however that the exact spot was perfectly well known to the members of the Ursuline convent. One of them, when 9 or 10 years of age, with another girl, happened to see and follow the party that attended the funeral, which, according to the Quebec parish registers, took place on Sept. 14th, 1759. She saw the body placed in a grave prepared inside the Ursuline chapel. Afterwards the same person became a member of the Ursulines herself, and lived until the year 1835, when she was about 85 years of age. In 1833 the grave was opened. The skull of Montcalm was then found in a good state of preservation, and is now to be seen at the Ursuline Convent."

LEISURE HOURS, A SELECTION OF SHORT POEMS, &c., by John A. Lanigan Montreal: Kyte, Higgins & Co., Printers, 1870.

The author of this little pamphlet (38 pages) of weak and watery rhyme, tells us in his preface that the pieces "are the pencillings of a *minor*." We are glad to learn this, and sincerely trust that when Mr. Lanigan reaches man's estate he will devote himself to more useful employment than the jingling of silly sentences together to be called "Poems." "When I was a child I spoke as a child," &c., but babyhood is intolerable when it outlives the "teens."

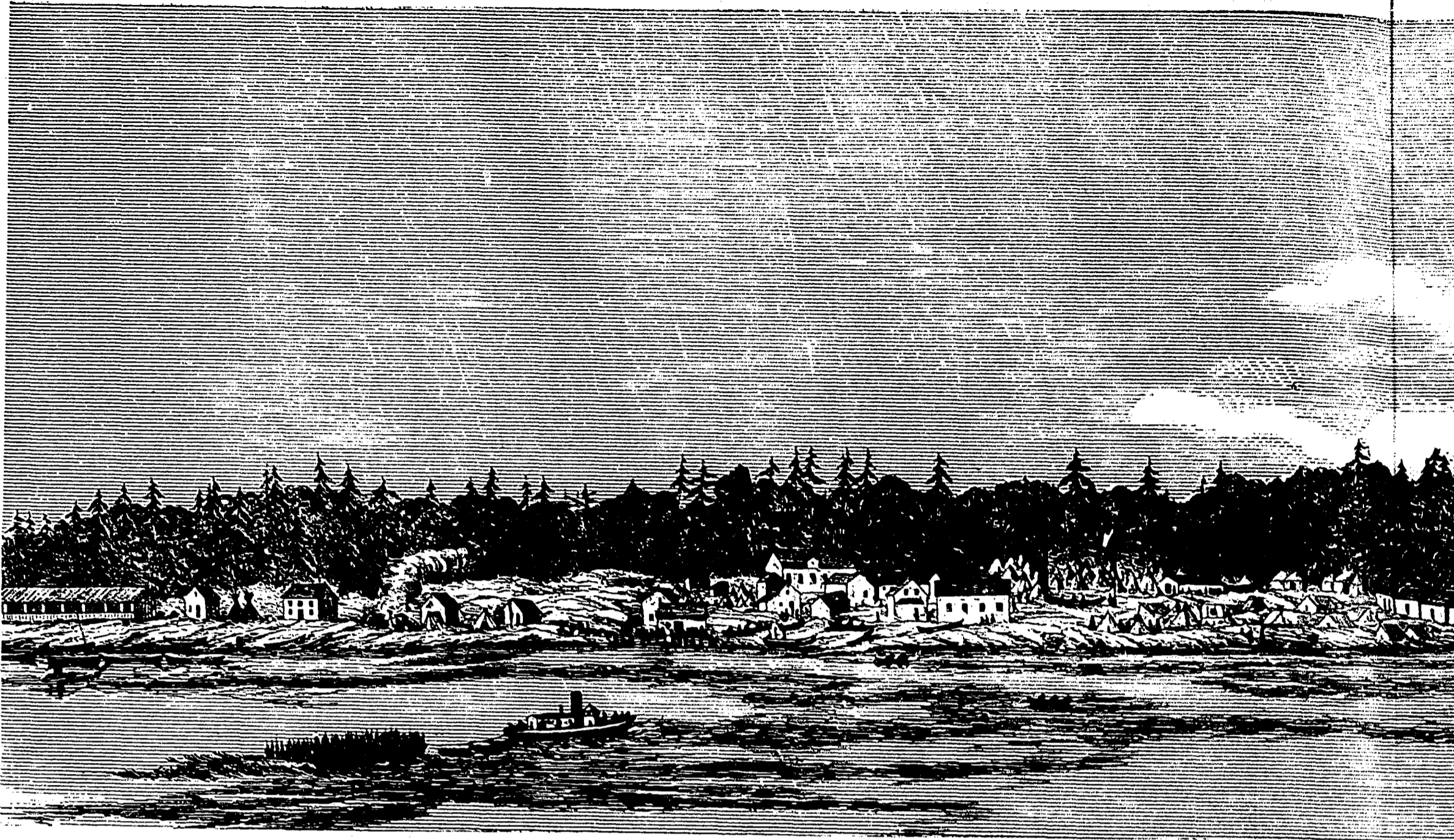
Several notices of books unavoidably postponed until next issue.

THEATRE ROYAL.—The Brignoli troupe have given three entertainments at the theatre during the week. Miss McCulloch's singing was especially admired; and while all the artists, including the veteran Brignoli himself, were first class, it was somewhat of a disappointment to the large and fashionable audience which crowded the theatre on Monday night, that instead of the promised opera of *Il Trovatore*, only a series of selections from it were given. Though these were generally unexceptionably, and, in some instances very admirably rendered, the substitution of a mere operatic concert for the complete opera, was scarcely fulfilling either the letter or the spirit of the bond. On Tuesday evening the performance of *Martha* was admirable throughout, but on Wednesday—the last night of the troupe—the rendering of the opera of *Lucia di Lammermoor* was scarcely more than passable.

His Holiness the Pope has appointed the Honourable Mr. Langevin, C. B., a Commander of the Order of St. Gregory the Great.

WORKING OF PLASTER OF PARIS.—When two to four per cent. of finely pulverized althea root (marsh mallow) is mixed with plaster of Paris, it retards the hardening, which begins only after an hour's time. When dry, it may be filed, cut, or turned, and thus become of use in making domino-stones, dies, brooches, snuff-boxes, &c. Eight per cent. retards the hardening for a longer time, but increases the tenacity of the mass. The latter may be rolled out on window glass into thin sheets, which never crack in drying, may be easily detached from the glass, and take on a polish readily by rubbing them. This material, if incorporated with mineral or other paints, and properly kneaded, gives very fine imitations of marble, and can be coloured when dry, and can be made waterproof by polishing and varnishing. The chemist and chemical manufacturer will find it an excellent luting for vessels of every kind.

THEORY OF SLEEP.—M. Sommer gives the following in *Cosmos*:—"The blood and the tissues store up oxygen to be used as required for the various organic functions. When this provision is no longer sufficient to maintain the vital activity of the organs (the brain, nervous system, muscles, etc.), the body falls into that peculiar state which we call sleep. But respiration, continuing, introduces fresh supplies of oxygen. Of this a small portion, utilized for the production of heat, is given off as carbonic acid, while the remainder accumulates in the blood until sufficient remains to allow the renewal of all the functional activities of the body, and thus awakening results."

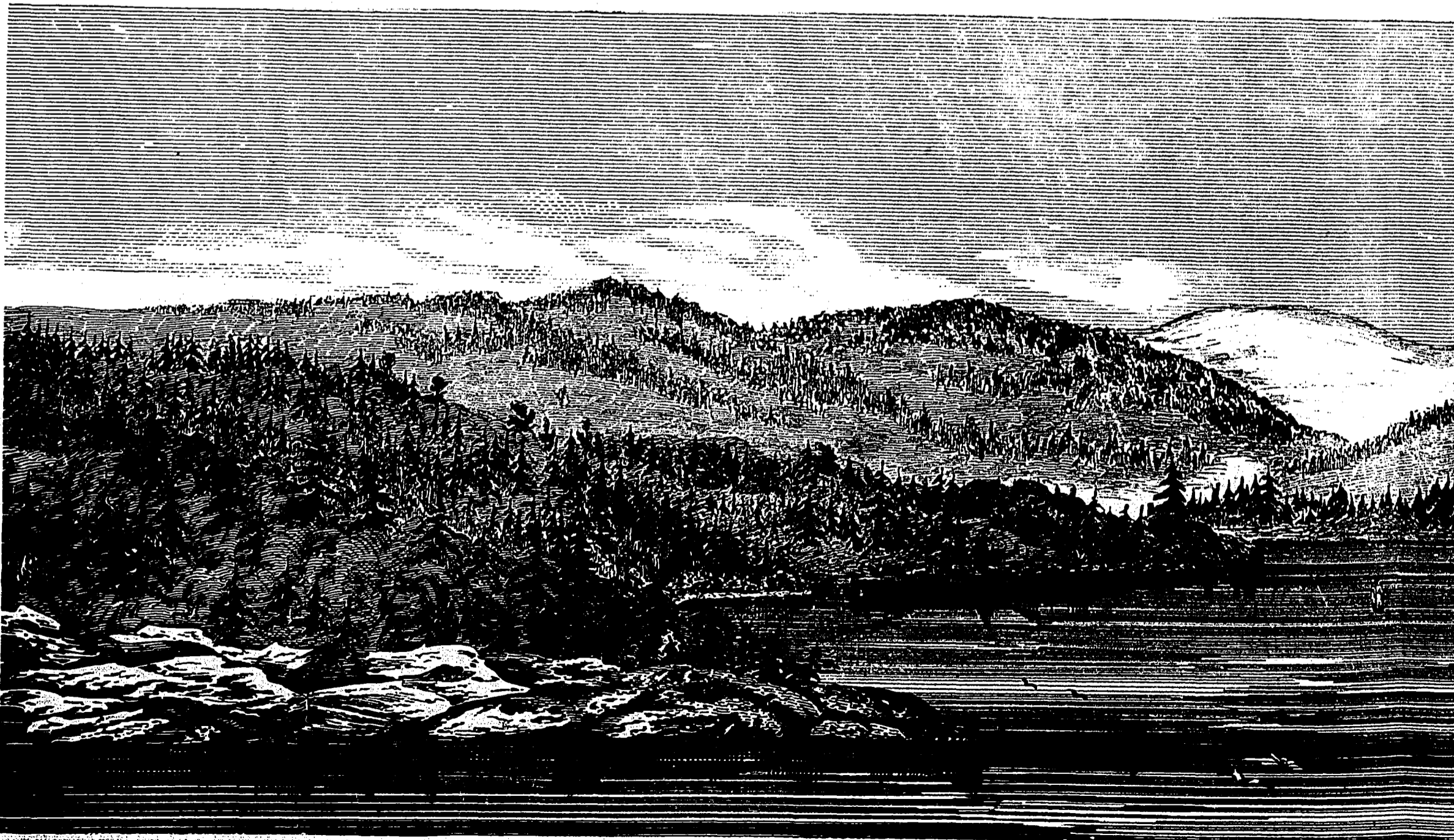


Crib Buoy.

The Landing.

60th Rifles.

RED RIVER EXPEDITION—THE CAMP AT PRINCE ARTHUR'S



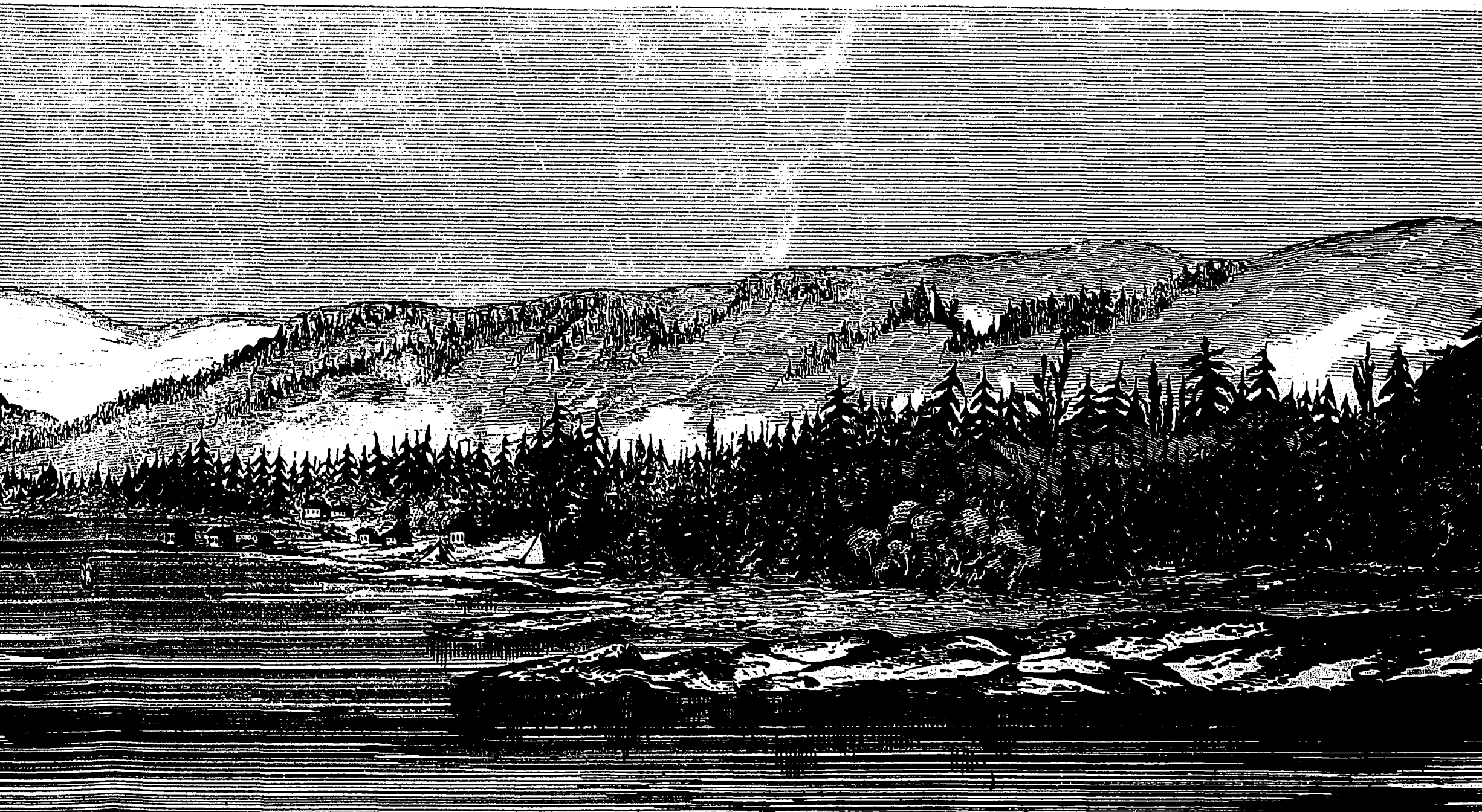
RED RIVER EXPEDITION.—SHEBAUNANING, LOOK



Quebec Battalion.

Ontario Battalion.

ARTHUR'S LANDING, THUNDER BAY.—From a sketch by our special Artist.—SEE PAGE 35.



NING, LOOKING NORTH.—From a sketch by our special Artist.—SEE PAGE 35.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

LONGING.

(From the German of Schiller.)

I.

If from this low, misty valley
I could only make my way,
How my fainting soul should rally,
And my heart grow light and gay!

II.

Beauteous uplands over yonder,
Ever green and ever young,—
Had I wings, I'd love to wander
Thro' those bright, blessed hills among.

III.

Harmonies of Heaven are sounding
Through my spirit, sweet and calm,
And the joyous winds are bounding
Hither with their loads of balm.

IV.

Golden fruits up there are glowing,
Waving 'mong the sombre leaves,
And the flowers which there are blowing
No stern winter ever grieves.

V.

Ah! how glorious there to wander
In the endless, sunny light,
Feeling the fresh air meander
Round me on my chosen height!

VI.

But the sullen-raging river
Checks me with its furious roar,
And its high waves foam for ever—
Shrinks my soul from passing o'er!

VII.

Lo! a boat is yonder tossing,
But no boatman I perceive,—
Quick! aboard! no fear—thou'rt crossing,
And the canvas seems to live!

VIII.

Thus thou must have faith and venture,
Lend the gods no pledge in hand:—
Wondrous faith alone can enter
Yonder lovely Wonderland!

JOHN READE.

THE KILLING PRINCESS.

When Catherine II. had safely deposited the crown of Poland, with the sixteen northern diadems which the industry and enterprise of her predecessors had collected, in the jewel-chamber of the Winter Palace, her Imperial Majesty found it necessary to inquire after the revenues of certain domains which had always been considered its appendages. In the uncertainties of the Polish throne, they had been farmed and superintended by so many hands, that the accounts were in more than ordinary confusion. Moreover, Catherine the Great wanted money, and the Princess Prestovia Nicola Grodzoff had offered to purchase a large estate of the crown-lands situated on the Vistula, in order to build there a southern residence for herself and suite in severe winters.

The princess was one of the richest subjects in Russia. She owned forests in Livonia, fishing-towns on the White Sea, and mines in Siberia. Her family were among the oldest of the Russian nobility; the blood of the ancient czars flowed in their veins, and they claimed a left-handed descent from Ivan the Terrible. Her excellence was accustomed to boast of these honours, though rather in a private way, for Catherine had too much trouble in getting the throne to tolerate such imperial recollections; so the princess contented herself with publicly mentioning, when occasion served, that she was of the real old Muscovite race, unmingled with any Swedish or German cross. Spiteful people, who had not so pure a stock to boast—and there were many such in St. Petersburg—said as much might have been guessed from the Tatar features of her excellency, who, notwithstanding, went further in foreign fashions, follies, and luxuries than any of the court. Her balls, masks, and dinners *à la Française*, rivalled those of the czarina herself. She kept a French milliner in constant occupation in her palace, had three cooks and two hair-dressers duly imported from Paris every year, that period being as long as any of them could be induced to remain in the service of her excellency; kept a French secretary for conducting her correspondence, and talked occasionally of the verses she had written in imitation of Rousseau.

Princess Grodzoff was a widow of unknown years—for hoops, false hair, rouge, and patches rendered age in those days a matter rather difficult to make out—but it was said that her name-day had been celebrated before a stone was laid on the banks of the Neva, or a peasant perished in its marshes. In short, her excellency was older than the modern capital, yet she bade fair to employ the French milliner and her congeners for many a year to come, and keep a firm hold of her broad possessions. These had come partly by marriage and partly by inheritance; the princess was the heiress of her family, and, as sometimes happens to noble houses, all the rest impoverished their estates, and got into debt through vain endeavours to emulate her splendour. People said she did wonders for them all; brought out their daughters, found places for their sons, and kept them all on their estates, to guard against extravagance; while others sought after the motive for such benefactions, her highness not being the woman to part with a rouble easily. Her turn for hard bargaining was universally acknowledged; even Catherine was well aware of it, for the princess had bought crown-lands before; and the inquiry into the Polish accounts was accordingly instituted.

The czarina was too well acquainted with her faithful subjects to intrust that investigation to their hands. After the fashion of czars past and future, she looked out for a foreigner worthy of such confidential employment, and found one in the person of Count Thienville, a young *attaché* of the French embassy, and strongly recommended by her majesty's agents at Versailles. The powers that preside over the exigencies of princes seemed to have cut out Gaston de Thienville for his work. The son of a farmer-general, whose good fortune died with Madame de Pompadour, he had an early acquaintance with what might be called the more delicate details of business. Fortune had given him no estate but his wits. Nature had made him cool, keen, and clear-headed, always alive to his own interests, but true as steel where his honour was engaged, and as ardent as the best of his countrymen in either love or

war. Gaston was not very brilliant nor very handsome, but determined to be somebody; and finding himself unable to fulfil that resolution in France, he came to try the northern market, like other wares that would not sell at home. There was not a town from Berlin to St. Petersburg in which he had not looked out for his fortune in vain; the Russian capital had afforded him nothing but the empty title of *attaché*, which he had assumed after waiting three weeks in the ambassador's anteroom, and the hospitality of a poor state-councillor, to whom he had brought letters of introduction from a relative in the embassy at Paris.

This councillor was an old man nobly born, but very poor. His family had lost their fortune in building a palace to please Peter the Great, and ornament his new city; three inundations of the Neva had successively swept the building away; and at length, when their lands and roubles had been thus submerged, the noble proprietors were obliged to take up their residence in the only corner of the palace which the waters had spared, where they lived with great economy, and quite forgotten by court and czar—timber huts and dirty warehouses multiplying round them, as that quarter of the town went out of fashion and grew low. The councillor considered himself the last of his family; his wife was long dead; and he had but one daughter, Sophia, whose prospects, as frequently rehearsed by her father, were to sell the old house, with all it contained, pay the expenses of his funeral, and retire into the convent of Fasting Sisters, to which the ladies of her house had a hereditary right of admission. The family were distantly related to the Princess Grodzoff; but her good graces had been lost by the councillor thirty years before at a game of cards, and in consequence, Sophia and her father were left to their own resources. The old man had a winter asthma, and was seldom in good-humour. The house was poor and cold; they had no servant but a *mujik*, who was never sober when he could get anything to drink. But the councillor welcomed the stranger to his stove and table as heartily as if both had been better furnished; and the stranger was glad to stay—first, because he could not find more comfortable quarters; and, secondly, because Sophia, one of the prettiest and best girls in St. Petersburg, kept that remnant of a palace habitable by her presence, doing not only all the household work, but all the good-humour and cheerfulness for the whole establishment.

Gaston had often wished to be rich; but he did so still more fervently after his admission to the state-councillor's home. Sophia had no fortune; her education had been so neglected, that she could speak nothing but Russ, and she never wore patches. But she put his laced waistcoat in repair, when he could not buy another, to appear at the embassy; always smiled when he came in; and he thought a court-dress would become her. His energy had been great in looking for place and employment all the way from France, now it became tremendous: he laid siege to the hearts of courtiers, and the hands of valets, though his munitions for the latter kind of warfare were growing extremely slender, and fortune rarely favours the importunate. Through some of these channels, however, his name came to the imperial ear, and Catherine fixed upon him as the man wanted to go quietly through her Polish accounts, and make a true report of the same. According to northern custom, he was not trusted so far without a check; her majesty's private secretary, who had been deputed to manage the business, assigned him a humble dependent of his own, named Michal Clozoff, by way of clerk and assistant.

Clozoff had been a merchant in his day, and supplied the court with furs; but his trade went out of fashion after the French architect heated the Hermitage, and nothing thicker than taffeta was allowed to be worn; so Clozoff gave up furselling, and, with his five sons, hung about the outskirts of the palace, living by small quiet jobs, and especially at the service of the private secretary, from whom they got more promises than pay. If the ex-merchant had been placed as a spy in that low dingy office behind the admiralty, where the two worked night and day at the Polish account-books—for the czarina was in haste—he had nothing to report, but that Gaston spared neither pen nor calculation to make out the subtractions from her majesty's new revenues, which at length were found so considerable, that it was expected there would be two or three villages in Siberia peopled by the delinquents. The estate on the Vistula was, however, most clear of such encumbrances, the discovery of which fact brought the private secretary to assure Gaston of her majesty's satisfaction, to pay him five hundred roubles for his work, and to receive fifty back as his own perquisite for allowing him to be employed. Perhaps it was the probability of imperial favour shining on the stranger, that induced his excellency to become condescending and chatty; discuss the opera, which had just been opened; and tell the news of the day, that the Princess Grodzoff intended to purchase the Polish estate without delay, and had signified her intention of taking a poor relative whom nobody knew, named Sophia Petrova, under her protection. In pursuing patronage, Gaston had acquired considerable command of countenance, and the secretary's news made it all requisite. The poor relation whom nobody knew was the very girl who had repaired his lace waistcoat, and smiled when he came; and a vision rose before his fancy, of Sophia declared heiress of all the princess's possessions, and himself invested with the most noble order of St. Nicolas. It was suddenly cut short by an exclamation from Clozoff, who had been industriously writing in the further corner of the room, as became an assistant-clerk, and was expected neither to talk nor hear; but he groaned out 'Poor Sophia,' so audibly, that Gaston started, and the secretary looked round. The observation must have escaped the honest Russian unawares; he cowered under the secretary's eye like a man detected in the act of a flagrant crime.

'Do you know the girl?' inquired his excellency with evident curiosity.

'Yes, my lord; her father is a state-councillor; but very poor. They live in the Moscow quarter, in the same street with me, behind St. Olga's Church, your excellency. She was the only person who would enter our house when we had the fever, of which my poor wife died three winters ago.'

'A good girl,' said the secretary. 'No doubt Providence means to reward her by the princess's kindness. It is a noble prospect for her. You know the princess has provided for most of her female relatives; in fact, I believe Sophia Petrova is the last of them; doubtless she will be provided for also.'

'No doubt, your excellency,' said Clozoff, but the looks of both speakers reversed their words. With the secretary, it was cold-blooded sarcasm; with Clozoff, it was a Russian's resignation to the things and powers that be; and after a few

more observations on the brilliant prospect of the state-councillor's daughter, wound up with congratulations to Gaston, whose face he had been attentively studying, his excellency took his leave.

The news he brought was true, however. Gaston found the old house in a general commotion of gladness and grandeur; the princess had astonished the whole street by coming there in her calash; a bag of roubles had been left for Sophia's outfit; the young girl's friends had assembled to advise her what she should buy; the *mujik* had got very drunk on the occasion; and the state-councillor was so elated that he decidedly refused the considerable present which Gaston offered in return for his entertainment. 'No,' said the old man; 'you have not got much to spare yet, and my daughter is going to be provided for, taken to court, and made an heiress, perhaps. The saints guard my Sophia! I would not part with her, after what has happened to so many girls of our family; but there is nothing before the poor child but the convent of the Fasting Sisters, and that is a poor look-out for one's only daughter.' His last words tallied so strangely with Clozoff's groan, and the secretary's cynical look, that Gaston felt there was some Russian meaning in them; but no endeavour could bring the state-councillor to plainer speaking; on the contrary, he at once altered his tone, enlarged on the excellences of the princess, her liberality to her relations, and the certainty Sophia had of getting handsomely portioned and well married, if she only pleased her highness. The buying went on. Friends and relations who had not visited the house for years, crowded in to rejoice with father and daughter. There was good cheer, and even feasting in the old house; the *mujik* said it never had been so much worth while to serve there before. Sophia was sorry to leave her father, and glad to be made a lady; besides, it was her belief she would see Gaston sometimes at court; but the Frenchman's heart misgave him: there was a dark background to her promotion, which he could not make out. Pumping Clozoff was of no avail; the ex-merchant had got his cue, and would talk of nothing but the great good-luck of Sophia Petrova, and how well she deserved it. Gaston had begun to know something of the country he was in; there was but one way of coming to a knowledge of the mystery, and being interested as well as curious, that way he determined to take, though it cost his entire exchequer. All the money he could command by this time amounted to four hundred roubles. Armed with this sum, he sought a common tea-shop, which Clozoff was accustomed to frequent when he had nothing better to do, because it was kept by his own son-in-law, and had very little custom. The old man could fortunately speak French, and was very proud of that accomplishment, as none of his neighbours in the Moscow quarter understood it. It gave Gaston an opportunity of dealing with him privately, where he found him alone in the back-room of the tea-shop, sitting as close as he could to the stove.

'Clozoff, you are a prudent man, and I want you to tell me something,' said Gaston, producing the silver, when their salutations were fairly over. 'Here are four hundred roubles, which shall be yours on the spot, if you will tell me plainly why you said "Poor Sophia" in the office three days ago, and what is the story about the Princess Grodzoff and the ladies of her family.'

Clozoff was a Russian, and going to be paid for his tale; he therefore made no prologue, but that he was a poor man, and would be ruined if it ever came to the princess's knowledge that he had told any report about her highness; on which Gaston assured him of his absolute safety, and chinked the four hundred roubles.

'Well,' said Clozoff, 'since you must be told, it is known to all St. Petersburg that for the last twenty years the princess has taken nieces, grand-nieces, and cousins of every degree, one after another, to bring out and provide for. She dressed them in the height of the fashion; she took them to all places of entertainment; she gave them everything that money could buy, or girls could wish for, but none of them ever lived a year after entering the palace. Seven-and-twenty girls of the Grodzoff line lie in the vaults of our Lady of Kazan. I must say she gave them handsome funerals; and her highness's family have scarcely a daughter left, though it was once the wonder where husbands would be found for them all. Count Vezkin, her nephew, has not one girl out of five. Alexia Paulova, her cousin's widow, sits alone in the house where she had three daughters to marry; and they say her old aunt at Smolenzki has lost her wits long ago with thinking of seven girls who went to the Grodzoff palace, one after another, to be made heiresses, and followed in the same order to the vaults of our Lady of Kazan.'

'Did so many deaths attract no attention? Was there no enquiry?' said Gaston.

'O yes, there was every enquiry that could be made about a house of such high rank,' said Clozoff. 'Some of them died of strange diseases, which no physician knew. Some of them met with still stranger accidents. There was one, I remember, who fell down stairs in the dark; another went to the German spas, and the water disagreed with her. In short, they went by all manner of ways; and I have heard say that the old aunt's youngest daughter, who died very suddenly, had a blue mark round her neck. The princess has taken no girl since, and that is three years ago. People thought she would not try it again, there was such a whisper. Her highness lamented sorely over the delicate constitution of her family, and all her friends sympathised with her; but now she is going to have another heiress. That is all I can tell you; and I would not say as much for a thousand roubles, only to yourself; it is putting my life in jeopardy—and Clozoff clutched the bag of silver with many additional groans over the risk he was running, and an intimation that his son-in-law knew there was money going, and would expect half of it. Had Gaston been possessed of a larger bag, he would have distributed its contents in ferreting out further details of her highness's domestic history. As it was, he determined that Sophia should not go to the palace without him. Her father was now restored to favour; and the worthy state-councillor looked rather astonished next day when his prosperous guest, fresh from a court employment, presented himself with a very long face—a penitent declaration that he had lost all his money at the gaming-table, and an earnest request that he would get him the humblest post in the princess's service. There was a liberal bestowment of sound rebuke and sage admonition. The councillor smoked two full pipes in its delivery, though he admitted there was some apology for Gaston, considering that he was neither a Russian nor brought up in the Greek Church. As to a post in the princess's household, there was none vacant just then, but that of second-valet, which could not be thought of for a man of his quality; but

Gaston was welcome to stay in his house till something turned up: he would be lonely now without Sophia, and wanted somebody to help in the reformation of the mujik, which he intended to begin without delay. Gaston made all suitable acknowledgments for his hospitable offer, hinted his own unfitness to assist in the revision of the mujik's morals, and added in a penitential tone, that he considered the post of second-valet quite sufficient for his deserts; but as there were probabilities of preferment to come, he requested the councillor to see that mademoiselle, his daughter, did not recognise him in the Grodzoff palace. The old man was much edified by the present humility and future prospects of his young friend. The second-valet's place was speedily obtained. Sophia was duly warned to know nothing of the new servant; and under the name of Jacques le Noir, Gaston entered on his humble duties.

The office of second-valet was not a sinecure in the household of her excellency. Like most of the great ladies of that age, half the duties of her toilet, and all her confidential errands, were done by the gentlemen of the chamber, which courtly term included the above-mentioned Jacques and his commander, an Italian, named Paulo, who had been first-valet ever since the princess became a widow. Paulo did nothing but eat spiced macaroni and prepare it for himself in a private kitchen, which he had constructed behind his suit of apartments. He also kept the keys of her highness's shoe-room, and all the other rooms in which the treasures of her wardrobe were laid up, and a very strict eye over the second-valet, who was expected never to go out but when sent on an errand—then to make no delay in returning; to attend the bells of the princess, her three ladies-in-waiting, her two hair-dressers, her secretary, and, chief of all, Paulo, who liberally scolded him when there was an opportunity. Of these rites and duties the *roi-disant* Jacques had a full allowance. The eight bells rang him up at all hours. The ringers sent him to every corner of St. Petersburg in all weathers, and no city in Europe enjoys such a variety of the undoubtedly bad. He ate with the serfs, he slept above the horses. The housekeeper had to get presents for not finding fault with him; the laundress tore his shirts; Paulo called him names in Italian, French, and Russ; and the entire household laughed at him for having white hands and expecting washed dishes. It was not a congenial life for a young man fond of elegance, and anxious to be somebody; but Gaston kept his post for almost six months, with the self-devotion and endurance of a Jesuit missionary; yet not the smallest thread of the Grodzoff secret could he unravel. If Paulo had any good graces to be gained, they were beyond the reach of his Gallic subordinate. All the French servants were new, and could tell nothing. The secretary, though gracious to a countryman, had been long in Russia, and spoke little except in praise of his employer. All the maids were Russians from the princess's estates, and all Gaston's efforts failed to make an impression on any of their hearts. The errands they sent him were of the most commonplace and overt description; indeed, there was nothing strange about the palace but that inexplicable tale. Like other great Russian houses of the period, its chief apartments were all magnificence, its inferior ones given up to dirt and squalor. There was a constant succession of festivities, and no lack of card-tables, at which he got an occasional view of the princess, conspicuous by the magnitude of her hoop, her diamonds, and her immovable face of the north. Sometimes, too, he caught sight of Sophia, richly dressed, attended by waiting-women and pages, keeping well in mind the charge against recognition, yet now and then looking as if she had not forgotten him, too.

It was marvellous that the poor girl's head was not turned by her sudden transition from the old house with all the work to do, the mujik to keep in order, and the state-councillor in good temper; but Sophia kept her balance, and seemed to make her footing sure. At the end of the first month, the princess was boasting of the accomplishments her young protégée had acquired from the half-score of masters and mistresses retained for that purpose. Before a second had expired, all her highness's circle voted Sophia brilliant; and with a Frenchman's perception of such matters, the second-valet at length discovered that Feodor Baselovich, one of the Orloff family, was about to offer his hand and fortune, lands and peasants, at the shrine of her charms.

That was a discovery for which he had not bargained; but common report soon assured him of its reality. The wealth and rank of young Baselovich would have made him a welcome suitor to the best families of St. Petersburg. Like most of his line, he was tall and handsome. The princess openly favoured his suit, the state-councillor concurred in the background he was expected to occupy, and everybody agreed that the bride-elect must be well inclined if she were in her senses. Gaston had observed her looking absent and thoughtful, as if balancing something in her mind. Was it for this he had become a second-valet, answered Russian bells, and abstained from kicking Paulo? The thought was sufficient to send a less sensitive subject upon the road to self-destruction. Gaston was nearing the borders of that romantic land one evening late in the St. Petersburg winter, when the princess had given her last ball before Lent. From a corner in the picture-gallery, where he stood as if in waiting, he could see through the open doors of the ball-room Sophia dancing the *minuet de la cour* with the young scion of the Orloff line. The lady was gay with frills of Flanders lace and pendants of pearl; the gentleman was grand in his uniform as a colonel of hussars. A consciousness of their approaching alliance seemed to pervade the company; the princess smiled graciously on the pair; it was afterwards remembered that her highness said she hoped Providence would permit her to send one bride from the Grodzoff palace; and Gaston, like other disappointed men, was making severe reflections on the fickleness, vanity, and mercenary mind of the sex, when Paulo's bell recalled him to his humble duties. He was received at the foot of the back-stairs with the usual volley of names. A carrier from the south had just arrived, bringing, among sundry packages of less value, two small cases of polished ebony, which Gaston was commanded to place on the toilets of their owners—one was addressed to the princess, and the other to Mademoiselle Petrova. Both were labelled '*Jeau d'or*,' and Gaston's Versailles education made him acquainted at least with the repute of that article. In it the rank and fashion of those days put faith as a specific against all their dreaded ills, the loss of spirits, the decay of charms, and a thousand other evils quite as serious. Its composition was kept a profound secret by the manufacturing chemists. It was believed to be made only in Paris somewhere about the Sorbonne, and if not extracted from the precious metal, it cost nearly its weight in gold; to the

vulgar eye, however, there was nothing remarkable about it but a clear tasteless fluid, thicker than common water, which, according to the invariable direction on the label, was to be drunk up the moment it was opened.

It was a long way up to the dressing-rooms of the princess and her protégée: they were situated in the eastern wing of the palace, and at the opposite ends of a long corridor. As Gaston went up with the cases and his lantern into the darkness and silence of the upper floors, which the sounds of the festival scarcely reached, strange thoughts came over him. Why were the cases so distinctly addressed, and forwarded from Paris? Was he carrying to Sophia's toilet a passport to the vaults of our Lady of Kazan? Perhaps she meant to marry young Baselovich? Well, she had made him no promise, and he would disappoint the princess. Paulo's bell rang till the whole palace could hear it. He shouted on his lagging vassal, and cursed him in his three languages, for the carrier's bringings were all to be put away; but in her highness's own magnificent dressing-room, inlaid with mirrors, and hung with rose-coloured damask, the cards of address were removed, skilfully transferred so as to leave no trace of tampering, and the exchanged cases deposited on each lady's toilet.

The ball was not over till five in the morning. Her Highness and the whole household retired soon after. There were yet some hours till the breaking of the Russian day, but it was long till Gaston slept; his attic above the horses had never seemed so full of moaning wind and creaking rafters; and when he did sleep at last, it was to dream that he was following Sophia's funeral arm-in-arm with Clozoff, who rehearsed to him the whole history of the seven-and-twenty girls as they went. Suddenly, his slumbers were broken by a sound of loud and mingled cries. It was broad day, but the whole palace seemed to be turning upside down; there were hurrying feet and wild lamentations, for her Siberian maid, the oldest and most favoured, who always drew the princess's curtains, had found her highness seated at her toilet, as the maids had left her duly dressed for the night in her satin pinner and lace lapets, but stone-dead, and nothing to account for the fact—only an empty phial, labelled '*Jeau d'or*,' lay on the carpet at her feet.

There was a great gathering of her highness's family, and a strict investigation commenced, but not proceeded with; for the same day a stranger presented himself at the gate of the Hermitage, craving an audience of her majesty's private secretary, by whom he was conducted through one of the secret corridors to the imperial closet. He was seen to leave the palace within an hour; immediately after the Grodzoff family received certain intimations, according to which it was publicly announced that the princess had died from a stroke of apoplexy; that Sophia Petrova was heiress of her Finland estates; that the rest of the property should pass to the male heirs; but whoever the young lady married must take the name and arms of Grodzoff. After her highness had been laid with becoming pomp beside her twenty-seven protégées, the fashionables of St. Petersburg mourned over the shutting-up of her palace for some time; but it was opened again, though with reduced splendour; for Sophia, the heiress, married a French nobleman, who appeared at court as the Marquis de Thienville, sent on a secret embassy from Versailles. The princess's papers and all the water of gold which could be found were carried off at an early stage of the business by a messenger from the Hermitage. Among the former were the title-deeds of the newly purchased estate on the Vistula, which once more reverted to the crown; and also a prediction, written in the old Slavonic language of Russia, by one who called himself Vlademer of Kioff, setting forth that her highness would never die except by a girl of her family, who should inherit her wealth. All enquiries failed to discover either the prophet or the chemist with whom her highness had dealt; nor did time or chance throw any further light on the doings of that singular and most unscrupulous lady, who is still remembered in the traditional gossip of St. Petersburg by the equivocal title of "The Killing Princess."

THE EDUCATION OF DAUGHTERS.

In these days, when so much is said, both justly and unjustly, in regard to the useless education and frivolous lives of many of our young women, the careful and judicious mother, in every station of life, will think seriously how she can best train her young daughters to a practical knowledge of those things which will most contribute to their future usefulness and happiness. Mental and moral education, knowledge of books, and accomplishments, of household duties, and of the world at large, are to be combined in such proportions as circumstances render suitable and possible. A young girl may have a special taste or capacity, which she should be encouraged to develop, but not to the exclusion of all other branches of education. And though, while under the mother's eye, perfectness may not be attained in any department, a wise training of the powers will tend towards a harmonious and happy development of character and abilities in after life, as circumstances shall require. No mother, therefore, should excuse herself from giving her daughters suitable instruction in those household duties which so much affect the comfort of a family. Whatever position in society she may occupy, the knowledge thus gained, and the imperceptible influence on the character, not merely of the knowledge itself, but of the early impressions of its importance, are genuinely valuable. It is by no means necessary to keep your daughter in the kitchen half the time to accomplish these results; nor is it essential that she should be skilled on her marriage day in every kind of cookery, and be able to get up a first-class dinner on short notice. This should not be expected any more than that she should go to the blackboard and unerringly demonstrate the forty-seventh proposition of Euclid. If the elements of domestic knowledge are thoroughly mastered, and a suitable amount of practice given in important details, the intelligent girl will know how to order her household aright when the proper time comes, and to put her own hand to labour if there be occasion.

In regard to this matter, mothers who are themselves genuinely interested in the proper management of their own households, will find but little trouble if they could avail themselves of the natural imitativeness of children. The little ones like to be useful if they see others about them useful; they like to follow the mother about the house under pretence of helping, though often hindering her; they enjoy using their little hands about something that older people do; they like, in general, to work, until false notions are instilled into their minds. We know a little girl of six years—and there are many others in quiet homes all over the country

who exhibit similar tastes—who already bids fair to be the nicest little housekeeper possible. Ever since she has been old enough to understand her mission—three years at least!—she has been eager to do what she fancies is useful to others. She takes her tiny duster and flourishes it over the chairs and sofas with positive results. After breakfast she demurely gathers up the teaspoons from the table, and thinks it very nice to wipe them on the soft cloth after they are washed; nothing suits her better than to make some miniature pies, and have them actually put upon the dinner table; with her little broom she forestalls the servant, and sweeps down the front-door steps before breakfast in the morning. She puts a particular room in order every day, and quite of her own accord has assumed so much the care of her father's wardrobe that her mother will gradually be supplanted in that duty. "Papa, you've put on the wrong cravat," she seriously says some morning; "that's your best one." She reminds him to put on a clean collar and wristbands; says, "Why, papa, you haven't brushed your hat," and herself seizes his beaver and plies the brush. She seems to consider herself responsible for his neat personal appearance. Almost all little girls delight to have some small household duty committed to their care; and if this disposition should be fostered, instead of being discouraged, as it often is, on the ground that they cannot do the thing so well as an older person, they would, with rare exceptions, grow up with sufficient knowledge of, and interest in, these home matters, about which, nowadays, there is so much complaint that young ladies know little and care less.

The Hindoos, more particularly the Brahmins, certainly have a natural ability for making grammars and dictionaries. From a notice in the *Times of India* of a new English-Mahratti Lexicon, by Baba Hadmanji, of Poona, it would appear that in it he has, in an introduction, given lists of all the English words derived from the Greek, Latin, Norman-French, Anglo-Saxon, and Danish, and collected in groups all the English words derived from the same root, placing first what may be called the head of the family or group, and arranging under it the other derivatives in alphabetical order. In England we still have to search through many books, and rare ones, such as the "Transactions of the Philological Society," for all this information, brought together in a popular manner by this Mahratta Brahmin. His dedication is characteristically "Unto God, the only Wise;" for whatever a Hindoo does it is, in intention at least, to the glory of his God; a Hindoo caddy before mounting the box and taking ruins and whip in hand, always first formally prays that his driving may be to the glory of his God. Baba Hadmanji, it would seem, is a "gentle convertite" to Protestantism.

OLD CÆSAR AND THE ANGEL.—There used to be a pious old negro in Boston named Cæsar, and he was in the habit of praying so loudly as to be heard by many of the neighbors. On retiring for the night his petition invariably was: "Lord, send dy angel for ole Cæsar—ole Cæsar always ready." One evening two of his neighbors, good men, but sometimes bored by his "style," thought they would try him on. They took position at his door—and when the usual petition was made that "the Lord would send the angel," ole Cæsar being always ready, they knocked loudly at the door.

"Who dar?" said the old darkey.
"The angel of the Lord, come for old Cæsar," was the reply.
Out went the light, a scrambling into bed was heard, and then, in a trembling voice, that same old uncle said:

"Go way, dar! go way! Old Cæsar been dead dis ten years!"

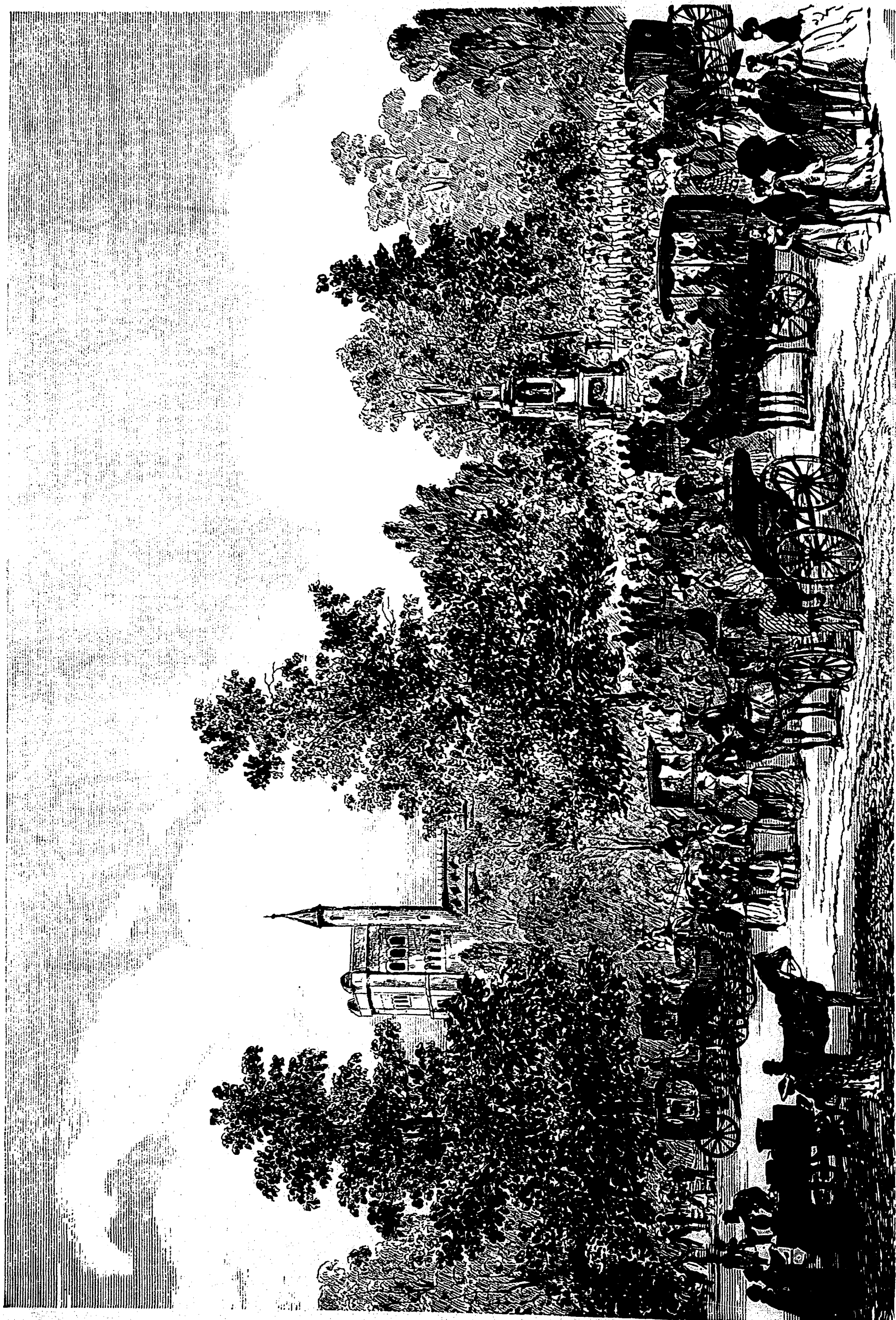
A strange story comes from Berlin. A ballet-dancer of the name of R—, belonging to the Royal Opera of Berlin, had got into a quarrel with the Graf von S—, an officer in the Royal Guard, and had insulted his adversary in the presence of several of the officers of the Guard. But the officer was much too fine a gentleman to fight a man so much beneath him in social standing as a ballet-dancer. A duel, if it can so be called, was accordingly agreed on, by the terms of which the first of the two opponents who was seen without a glove on his left hand was to kill himself. It may easily be imagined that for several days neither Count von S—nor R— took off their left-hand gloves either by night or day. At last the unfortunate R— having gone out for a walk with a young lady to whom he was engaged to be married, his companion teased him so much about his obstinacy in keeping his glove on that in a fatal moment he bared his hand. Just then Count von S—passed, accompanied by two friends, and immediately called their attention to the fact that R—had forfeited his life. The same evening the unfortunate dancer shot himself through the heart, in accordance with the conditions agreed upon.

King William of Prussia is not lavish on personal apparel. His valet recently gave him a hint by substituting a new coat for one which he had worn two or three years longer than he ought, and was thereupon summoned to the royal presence. "Where is my old coat, Jean?" "I have taken it away, your Majesty; it is no longer fit to be worn." "What are you going to do with it, Jean?" "I believe I am going to sell it." "How much do you think you will get for it?" This was hard to answer, for no old clo' Jew in the world would have given a shilling for the old coat. Jean, therefore, hesitated a moment, and then answered: "I believe I shall get about a dollar for it, your Majesty." The king took his pocket-book from the table, opened it, and handed Jean a dollar. "Here is your dollar, Jean," said he. "That coat is so comfortable; bring it back to me; I want it yet."

A new cotillon figure has been inaugurated at a Parisian ball. Two gentlemen place themselves before a lady, one of them holding a hat. She is presented with two balls bearing the words "Yes" and "No." If she votes "Yes," she retains the services of her partner; if she votes "No," it is a sign that her choice has fallen on the other. This is called the *plebiscite*.

A GOON REASON.—A country laird, who had lately been elevated to the office of a county magistrate, meeting the Rev. Mr. Thom, of Govau, on horseback, attempted jocularly by remarking that he was more ambitious than his Master, who was content to ride upon an ass. "They canna be gotten noo," said Mr. Thom, "for they're a' made justices o' the peace."

THE RETORT INQUISITIVE.—Dr. Hill, an Edinburgh professor of the last century, met in the suburbs of the city an inoffensive creature, who was generally regarded as an imbecile. Somewhat irritated by the creature's intrusion on the privacy of his walk, Dr. Hill said to him, "How long, Tom, may one live without brains?" "I dinna ken," said Tom; "how long hao ye lived yersel?"



UNVEILING THE RIDGEWAY MONUMENT AT TORONTO, ONT., JULY, 1870. From a sketch by W. Armstrong.—See page 34.

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THE PEACE-KILLER; OR, THE MASSACRE OF LACHINE.

BY S. I. WATSON.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

CHAPTER III.

RENNING THE GAUNTLET.

The morning after the events described in our last two chapters, was set apart by the Chief of the Abenakis for the preliminary torture of his captive. The Huron chieftain was to be compelled to run the gauntlet, the terrible ordeal through which every Indian prisoner, destined to suffer death, was constrained to pass before ending his miseries at the stake. The custom was common to all the Indian nations; and in proportion to the standing of the captive, and to his reputation as a warrior, was the importance attached to this first step in the ascending scale of savage vengeance. There was a tradition among the colonists that, in the early days of the immigration, a white man, condemned to run the gauntlet, had effected his escape through the avenue of armed enemies, carrying with him, however, to his grave, the deep scars of knife and tomahawk. But it was a rule, almost beyond the possibility of exception, that he who was forced to undergo this barbarous ordeal was hacked, wounded, and battered to such a degree, that before he reached the middle of the two opposite rows of his enemies, he would fall down exhausted and insensible; and in this condition was carried away to await the final torments of the pile and faggot.

The Huron chieftain, from the time he had been conveyed out of the council-room of the Fort by the Serpent and his band, had been watched incessantly by eyes, to whose natural keenness the anticipation of vengeance lent an additional sharpness. When he arrived at his place of destination, which was the wigwam of his enemy, the Serpent, his arms were bound behind his back by strong thongs of the untanned hide of the deer. His legs were fastened with similar ligatures. A guard of a dozen savages, each armed with a knife and tomahawk, kept watch over the Huron; and were relieved every three hours. A French guard was also stationed inside the wigwam, not to watch the prisoner, but to prevent his Indian custodians from inflicting upon him needless insult.

About a couple of hours after sunrise, the whole of the Indian village was in motion towards a plot of cleared ground, some five acres in length, and running from the front of the Fort down towards Lake Ontario. This was the spot where it was designed that the captive should be made to run the gauntlet; and thither hurried old men bent with age; squaws, grey-haired, hideous and toothless; younger squaws, chattering over the anticipated feat of vengeance; warriors, silent with the dumbness of resolute cruelty; young children of both sexes, and a multitude of wolfish-looking and half-starved dogs, making the forest resound with their yelpings.

The garrison of the Fort were also stirring. A number of them had sauntered outside the walls; they took the precaution, however, to carry their arms with them. The officer of the day was Lieut. de Belmont, who knew well the character of the Indians; and was fully aware that on occasions of this nature, when their fierce instincts were roused to the highest pitch, like the tiger's by the taste of blood, no unarmed white man in their vicinity, was secure from impulsive acts of violence.

The Serpent, with a dexterity which gave evidence of long practice, arranged the Abenakis in two lines, parallel with each other. These lines, commencing within about thirty yards of the gate of the Fort, and running straight towards the Lake, terminated near the centre of a clearing, a couple of acres square, and studded with stumps of last year's timber-felling. The Serpent had a deep design in causing his line to terminate in this obstructed ground. He knew that the Huron was the best runner in Canada; and feared that, perchance, he might get to the end of the lines comparatively safe; and, in that event, if he emerged upon open ground, he could not be overtaken. But, with the present arrangement, supposing the Huron, owing to his extraordinary agility, were able to make a lucky dash through the hostile avenue, he would find himself in the midst of stumps and fallen timber, and in such a position could be surrounded without difficulty, or, at all events, reached by a bullet or an arrow.

Every individual in the two lines was provided with some description of weapon; the men, with clubs or tomahawks; the squaws, with knives tied upon poles; the children, with stakes sharpened at the ends. It seemed almost impossible that any living thing could pass two yards along that avenue of alert enemies, without being hacked to pieces.

The Serpent having made all his arrangements, cast his eye down the lines, and having convinced himself that there was no out-

let for escape, from head to foot, ordered some of his band to bring forward the Huron chieftain.

In a few minutes the captive appeared on the scene; and was received with loud yells from both lines of the Abenakis. His answer was a contemptuous smile, followed by the words, uttered with deep guttural emphasis, "Dogs and cowards."

They brought him to the head of the lines, and there unloosed the thongs that fastened his arms behind. When he felt himself free, he opened the neck of his hunting frock, and drew in a deep inspiration of the fresh morning air. Then stretching himself to his full height, he cast a searching glance down the ranks as if to see where they terminated. As soon as he perceived that they ended among the stumps of the clearing to which we have already alluded, a shade of disappointment passed over his brows, but almost as instantly disappeared.

Suddenly he turned toward the Serpent and said, "Dog of an Abenakis, I am ready."

The Serpent gave a loud and prolonged whoop, which was answered by a yell from his tribe, and an instant uprising of weapons.

With head thrown back, chest advanced, and left knee bent outward, the Huron seemed about to bound forward, when he shouted all at once down both lines, "Look!" "Look!" pointing, with his left hand, in the direction of the forest. All eyes were turned to the point indicated. In an instant the Huron chieftain, quick as thought, had wrenched a war-club from the hand of an Abenakis who stood near him, and then dashed forward through the hostile rows with the speed of the wind. The savages, who were discomposed by his stratagem, struck at him, most of them in vain. Straight onward he flew, dealing tremendous blows from right to left. He had almost reached the clearing, when a fearful yell struck upon his ears. In a moment a number of Abenakis, who had been concealed behind the stumps, rose from their ambush, and confronted him with levelled muskets. He saw at once that it was death to advance; it was also death to remain stationary, for the lines of enemies through which he had passed were closing in on him from behind in a semicircle from which there could be no escape. He resolved to make for the fort, and turned back in that direction.

A shower of bullets from the Abenakis in the clearing, followed, but passed over his head. He now saw that a party of his enemies had determined to intercept him if he attempted to reach the gate of the Fort in a straight line. His only chance, then, was to make a rapid circuit, and, by passing well to the right of his assailants, and putting forth all his speed, endeavour to reach the gate before them. Situated as he was, there was no opening by which he could find his way into the forest; for a palisading, twelve feet in height, ran round the Fort on its four sides. Darting to his right, with the speed of a deer, he passed round the line of savages, and directed his flight towards the gate. But on glancing behind, he saw that he was closely pursued by the picked runner of the Abenakis. This man had the advantage of being fresh, while the Huron had gone over a mile of ground, and had received several hard knocks while running the gauntlet. The Abenakis was followed, at a distance of some twenty yards, by the Serpent and his brother, both of whom were good runners. But the Huron kept his distance from his first pursuer; and amid the yells of the Indians, and the encouraging cheers of the French soldiers, who were spectators of the exciting chase, had arrived within about ten yards of the gate of the Fort, when his foot caught upon a portion of a stump that projected three or four inches from the ground, and was completely hidden by the long grass. He fell to the earth with great violence; and lay still for a couple of seconds. The main body of the Abenakis, who, seeing the Huron pursued by the best runner of their tribe, as well as by their chief and his brother,—and feeling certain that the prisoner, even if he escaped into the Fort, would be given up to them again, had refrained from the chase, raised a loud cry of triumph when they witnessed the fall of their enemy. But their exultation was brief. The Huron was on his feet before the Abenakis runner came up to him. To the amazement of every one, instead of continuing his flight, he turned round to meet his pursuer. His conduct seemed to be inspired by madness; for he had only a club, while the Abenakis had both knife and tomahawk. Throwing himself back, and resting the weight of his body on his right foot, the Huron awaited the attack. The soldiers of the Fort, although they considered the result of the contest would be the death of the Huron chieftain, could not resist giving him a loud cheer. The Abenakis came up. Leaping up from the ground, so as to add impetus to the blow, he brought his tomahawk down in a direct line with the head of his adversary. But the latter sprang aside, and, before the Abenakis could recover himself for another blow, the club of the agile Huron had fractured his skull and laid him prostrate. Bending over his enemy, the victor snatched the knife from his belt, and picked up the tomahawk. This done, he scalped the lifeless Abenakis, in the twinkling of an eye, amid the infuriated ex-

crations of the tribe, who now rushed in a body towards the gate of the Fort. After waving the scalp in the air, in order to enrage his enemies still more, he was preparing to encounter both the Serpent and his brother, when a dozen of French soldiers seized him from behind and carried him into the Fort. But before the threshold was passed, he managed to get his right arm free, and sent his tomahawk, with unerring aim, right against the breast of the Serpent, who was pressing in after the soldiers. The chieftain of the Abenakis dropped like lead. "Ha, ha," shouted the Huron, "that is the second mark I have branded on the Serpent; the next time Death and I will make the mark together."

When fairly over the threshold, the gate was instantly closed; and the Huron for the present was safe from his enemies.

CHAPTER IV.

JULIE AND ISANTA.

Is a chamber, adjoining the quarters of M. de Callières, sat two maidens, discussing, in low and tremulous tones, the cause of the uproar outside the fort. Both were aware that an expedition was in course of preparation against the Iroquois; but they felt assured that it was not yet ready to start, for if so they would have been informed of the fact by M. de Callières the previous evening. They asked one another if the tumult could have been an attack by the Iroquois; but the presence of the greater part of the soldiers inside the fort convinced them that it was not occasioned by the appearance of these dreaded enemies. So, after exhausting their stock of conjectures, the maidens came to the conclusion to await the explanation of the disturbance from M. de Callières, their guardian and informant on all matters inside the fort, and on most matters in the little colonial world beyond it.

Julie de Châtelet, whose name has already appeared in the course of this narrative, was about entering on her eighteenth year; and was passing from the dream-land of girlhood into the world and ways of womanhood. She was tall; but a rounded and perfect development harmonized her height with all the requirements of beauty of contour and faultlessness of proportion. Her face was of the oval type; blending loveliness of feature with a perpetual sunniness of expression. The eyes were large, black and luminous, shaded, but not concealed by the long silken lashes which fringed them. Her hair, dark, luxuriant and glossy, swept in waves over a neck whose ivory whiteness lent a rare and exquisite distinctness to the contrast. But it was not only in gifts of physical and external beauty that Julie de Châtelet challenged admiration, and captivated all who came within the circle of her acquaintance. Her mind, from an early age, had been stored with that species of knowledge which tends to higher purposes than merely to enable its possessor to float at ease on the shallow conversational currents of *salon*, or fritter away listless and unoccupied hours in the execution of useless and fantastic embroideries. M. de Callières, who, in the active duties of a soldier's life, never ceased to remember his school-day authors with delight, had provided himself with a collection of books, which followed him everywhere, and which he regarded as the most precious portion of his baggage. To these volumes, his ward, Julie, had access whenever she chose; the veteran being her instructor, and, in his absence, one of the missionary fathers, who accompanied the troops everywhere. The result of the care and exertions of M. de Callières was, that in intellectual accomplishments his ward was one of the first women in the colony; and could have compared favourably with many of the ladies who graced the court of King Louis of France.

The companion of Julie de Châtelet was an Indian maiden about her own age, named in the Huron dialect "Isanta," or the "Lily of the Forest." The girl, along with other captives, had been brought to Montreal some ten years previously by the Serpent, and was a Huron by nation. The child was possessed of rare intelligence and beauty; and attracted the attention of M. de Callières, who formed the design of making her a companion for his ward. For this purpose he ransomed her, took her under his own care, had her instructed by the missionary fathers, and finally baptised into the faith of the Church which they represented. Julie de Châtelet took to her little Indian play-mate with all the affectionate ardour of childhood. They learnt their tasks together, grieved together, and rejoiced together; sisters in everything save in the accident of birth.

The Huron maiden, indeed, was a favourite everywhere. She was one whom it was impossible to avoid loving. Her artlessness, her natural buoyancy of spirit, her trustfulness won for her a welcome among all classes of the colonists. She possessed, moreover, the advantages of physical beauty rare among her race. Her features had none of the marked characteristics of her people; but were delicate and finely formed; and her complexion partook more of the deep olive hue of a maiden of southern Europe than of the tint of one born in the Canadian wilderness. It was her eyes, however, which left the deepest impres-

sion on those who gazed for the first time upon her countenance. They were large, dreamy eyes, that seemed to be looking forward at some object present only to her own imagination; and, at times, they would be lit up with a lustre half mysterious and half unearthly. But on these occasions she would be silent and reserved, as if under the spell of a melancholy from which it was impossible to break free, even though assisted by the countercharms of the sweet voice and sisterly comfortness of Julie de Châtelet. The Huron maiden was attired in the same costume as her companion; and the garments of civilization displayed to the highest advantage the exquisite proportions of a figure which united the plastic gracefulness of the Indian with the stately poise and carriage of the European. The only indication of Isanta's origin was a neck-lace of white beads, which she wore continually, from the day she first became acquainted with the French; and these beads no amount of persuasion, even on the part of Julie de Châtelet, could induce her to discard.

"I wonder," said Julie to her companion, breaking a silence that had lasted a considerable time, "what caused the uproar we heard outside the Fort, this morning?"

"The Abenakis have been drinking," replied Isanta.

"But we heard shots fired, and we also heard voices loud in anger," objected Julie.

"The Abenakis, then, have been drinking fire-water," retorted Isanta; "and, in that condition, mistaking their own men in the forest for the Iroquois, have shot at them. Did I not say to you, when the guns were fired, that the sound came from the direction of the clearing? and you know that the forest, at each side of the clearing, runs down to the Lake, and it is by that way the Iroquois would approach if they were coming to attack us?"

"Yes, you said that, Isanta, but I do not think the Abenakis were drinking; for the Marquis de Denonville has issued strict orders that no liquor shall be sold to the Indians."

"And what care the Abenakis for the orders of the Marquis? If they are not allowed to buy fire-water they will steal it."

"Ah, Isanta, you still dislike the Abenakis. I am afraid that all the lessons Father Martin has given you on the duty of forgiving your enemies, have been forgotten."

"The Abenakis killed my mother and sister. How can I forget that?"

"But, surely, if you had it in your power, you would not revenge it upon these people. In spite of all our missionaries can do, the most of them are heathens. But you, Isanta, are a Christian."

"If I would not care to punish with my own hand, the murder of my friends, I would not cry if I saw the Iroquois do it."

"Alas! Isanta, I am beginning to fear for your Christianity."

"Are not you a Christian, Julie?"

"I hope I may be allowed to call myself so."

"Well, then, if you saw the Serpent kill Lieut. de Belmont, as I saw him kill my family; and if, the next moment, you saw Monsieur de Callières come up and kill the Serpent, would you cry for the act of M. de Callières?"

Julie turned red, and, with a confused air, replied: "I think, Isanta, that you are turning foolish, and will soon make me as foolish as you are yourself."

The Huron maiden relapsed into silence for a few moments, and then suddenly asked:

"How old is Lieut. de Belmont?"

Julie's face was again suffused with crimson as she answered:

"How should I know, Isanta? But why do you ask the question?"

"Because I was just now thinking of my brother—the one the Serpent could not kill, when he murdered my family—and that brother would be twenty-five years of age had he lived until the next falling of the leaves."

"Well, Isanta, I cannot say what may be the age of Lieut. de Belmont, but I have heard M. de Callières say he is twenty-four or twenty-five. But how came you to hear that your brother was dead? And why did you not tell me so before to-day?"

"I only heard it yesterday. The Serpent sent one of the Abenakis to tell me that he had taken an Iroquois prisoner; and that this man had told him the Iroquois had captured my brother, and put him to death. I cannot believe it. My brother was too great a chief to be captured by the Iroquois. I would have seen the prisoner yesterday, and inquired of him the truth, only for the order of M. de Callières, that you and I should keep our rooms till the expedition leaves. But I will see him this evening come what may."

"It is better to remain where you are until M. de Callières arrives. From him we can learn everything."

"I would rather inquire of Lieut. de Belmont than M. de Callières."

"And why, Isanta?" queried Julie, looking at the Huron maiden with a somewhat puzzled expression of countenance.

"Because," replied Isanta, "Lieut. de Belmont is a much younger man than M. de Callières; and I do not feel so much ashamed asking a question of a young person as I would on asking it of an elder one."

Julie laughed outright at the artlessness of her companion's answer; but quickly recovering herself inquired:

"Would you not as soon ask for information from Monsieur Tambour as from Lieut. de Belmont?"

Isanta regarded her questioner for a moment with a half-serious look, and answered with emphasis, "No."

"Has Monsieur Tambour ever done anything to displease you?"

"Never. On the contrary, he has always treated me with kindness. If I walk out alone, he always attends me; and only a week ago, he would have run the Serpent through the hole for even addressing me, had the latter not run away."

"But tell me, Isanta, do you not love Monsieur Tambour for all these services?"

"Monsieur Tambour says that he wants no other return for these services than that I should smile upon him. I want you now to tell me if you love Lieut. de Belmont."

At this question, which dropped upon her like a bomb-shell, Julie de Chatelet turned alternately pale and red. She cast upon her companion a look of peculiar significance, and replied in an agitated voice:

To be continued.

CRINOLINE.

(Translated from the French of Paul Steeven.)

It is impossible to imagine to what extremes the passion for crinoline may carry its victims.

The woman who is labouring under this disease is ten thousand times more to be pitied than the unhappy Tantalus.

Sleepless rolling his enormous rock; Prometheus, with the vulture gnawing at his vitals; even the Danaids spending their days in vain attempts to fill a bottomless tub; in fine, all the martyrs of mythologic story, suffered far less of moral agony than the young girl whose latest sighs in vain after the much cherished crinoline.

You all remember, my dear readers, the period of the invasion of crinolines. It is not so very long since. At first they made their appearance in the cities, but they soon spread in all directions. Some country merchants having imported some of them into their villages, the ladies of the doctor, the notary, the lawyer and the store-keepers of each place, tried them, and encouraging each other, wore them at first, indeed, with distrust, but by-and-by without any scruple, just as if they had never worn any thing else.

At last the fashion became general and was all the rage.

Alas! all things it was necessary to have a crinoline. Without a crinoline it was impossible to live.

Then, those who had not the means to buy one, or who dared not procure one openly, put into requisition pieces of rope, clothes-lines, whale-bone and even hoops of barrels.

Now, on this last point, listen, my dear readers, to the following story, and allow me, at the same time, to guarantee its actual occurrence.

The scene which I am going to describe is laid in one of the most flourishing villages scattered along the river, at some distance from Montreal.

There was in this village a cooper. This cooper made casks, tubs, and other articles of his trade.

One evening the steambot which calls at this place, landed on the wharf three hundred hoops addressed to this cooper.

The next day the three hundred hoops had disappeared and the cooper had not seen a single one of them.

He had only found the bark cords which had been used to tie up the hoops by dozens, and he kept these at all events, as proofs of conviction.

As this village had not the good fortune to possess a company of police, the cooper went straight off to M. le Curé and besought him, with tears in his eyes, to recommend from the pulpit, the following Sunday, the duty of rendering unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's and to the cooper his hoops.

Sunday came. Eight days before there had not been six crinolines in the place, but on that day all the fair sex wore them. Even the wife of the beadle and her five daughters had each an apparel of most dazzling effect.

Evidently all the cooper's hoops had found their way into the church.

Now I leave you to imagine what terror must have been caused to all those fair sinners by the reclamation of the Curé falling from the pulpit like a peal of thunder.

More than one, I am convinced, would gladly have sunk several feet beneath the ground, or, at least, would wish that she had not come to Grand Mass.

However, the Grand Mass was over, Vespers are sung and the crinolines are still worn under the very nose of the cooper.

The situation was becoming difficult on both sides, all the more so, that the cooper, having recognized, thanks to a perfidious zephyr, one of his hoops, which was swaying beneath the petticoat of a neighbour, had all the trouble in the world to restrain his anger. If the sacredness of the day had not prevented him, he would certainly have burst into a passion.

The very same day, towards sunset, all the fair sex of the place was assembled along the shore.

The word had been given, and not a hoop of the cooper failed to answer the appeal.

An immense barge which was used to transport sheep and horned cattle to the common facing the village was gently rocking on the surface of the river.

Then the one who seemed to be the chief of this sacred battalion, embarked with a firm and sure step, the others followed, the boat was unmoored, and they rowed away to the island, singing in chorus:

"Vive la Canadienne,
Aux jolis yeux doux
Tout doux!"

In this island there was a magnificent field of reeds, pleasant shelter of wild ducks.

To this field the company directed their steps.

In a wink the field was shorn as if ten mowing machines had passed over it.

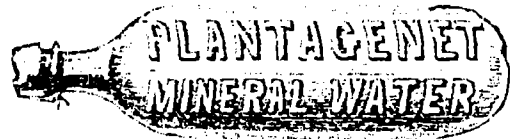
There was not enough left for a broom, not even for a whisk.

Then the hoops of the cooper were hastily replaced by the reeds of the Bon Dieu. They were tied up in dozens, only instead of being tied with cords of bark, they were tied with cords of reeds.

Then the whole troop returned to the village.

The three hundred hoops of the cooper were put back in the place where they had been left some days before, and so the honour of the fair sex and of crinoline was preserved.

J. R.



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Their mechanism is strong and perfect, and with little care never get out of order.
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SISTER BAYEUN,
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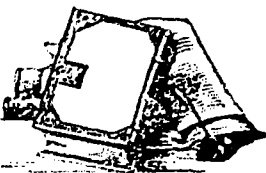
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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT FOR LOWER CANADA.

Province of QUEBEC,
District of Montreal, (No. 1,141.)

THE EIGHTH DAY OF JULY, one thousand eight hundred and seventy.

DAME PHILLOMENE ALLARD, heretofore of the Parish of St. Laurent, in the District of Montreal, and now of the Parish of Lachine, in said District, Plaintiff.

HERMENEGILDE VIAU, Farmer, heretofore of the said Parish of St. Laurent, said District, and now absent from this Province, Defendant.

IT IS ORDERED, on the motion of Messieurs MOUSSEAU & DAVID, Counsel for the Plaintiff, in as much as it appears by the return of PASCIAL, LECLERC, one of the Bailiffs of the said Superior Court, on the writ of Summons in this cause issued, written, that the Defendant has left his domicile in the Province of Quebec in Canada, and cannot be found in the District of Montreal, that the said Defendant, by an advertisement to be twice inserted in the French language in the newspaper of the City of Montreal, called L'Opinion Publique, and twice in the English language, in the newspaper of the said city, called the Canadian Illustrated News, be notified to appear before this Court, and there to answer the demand of the Plaintiff within two months after the last insertion of such advertisement, and upon the neglect of the said Defendant to appear and to answer to such demand within the period aforesaid, the said Plaintiff will be permitted to proceed to trial, and judgment as in a cause by default.

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

Department of Public Works,
 Ottawa, 20th June, 1870.

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 We would also remind our friends and the public in general, that we have always on hand a good assortment of BOOTS and SHOES of our own manufacture at very reasonable prices.
 An early visit is respectfully solicited.
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