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NEWFOUNDLAND CORRESPONDENCE.

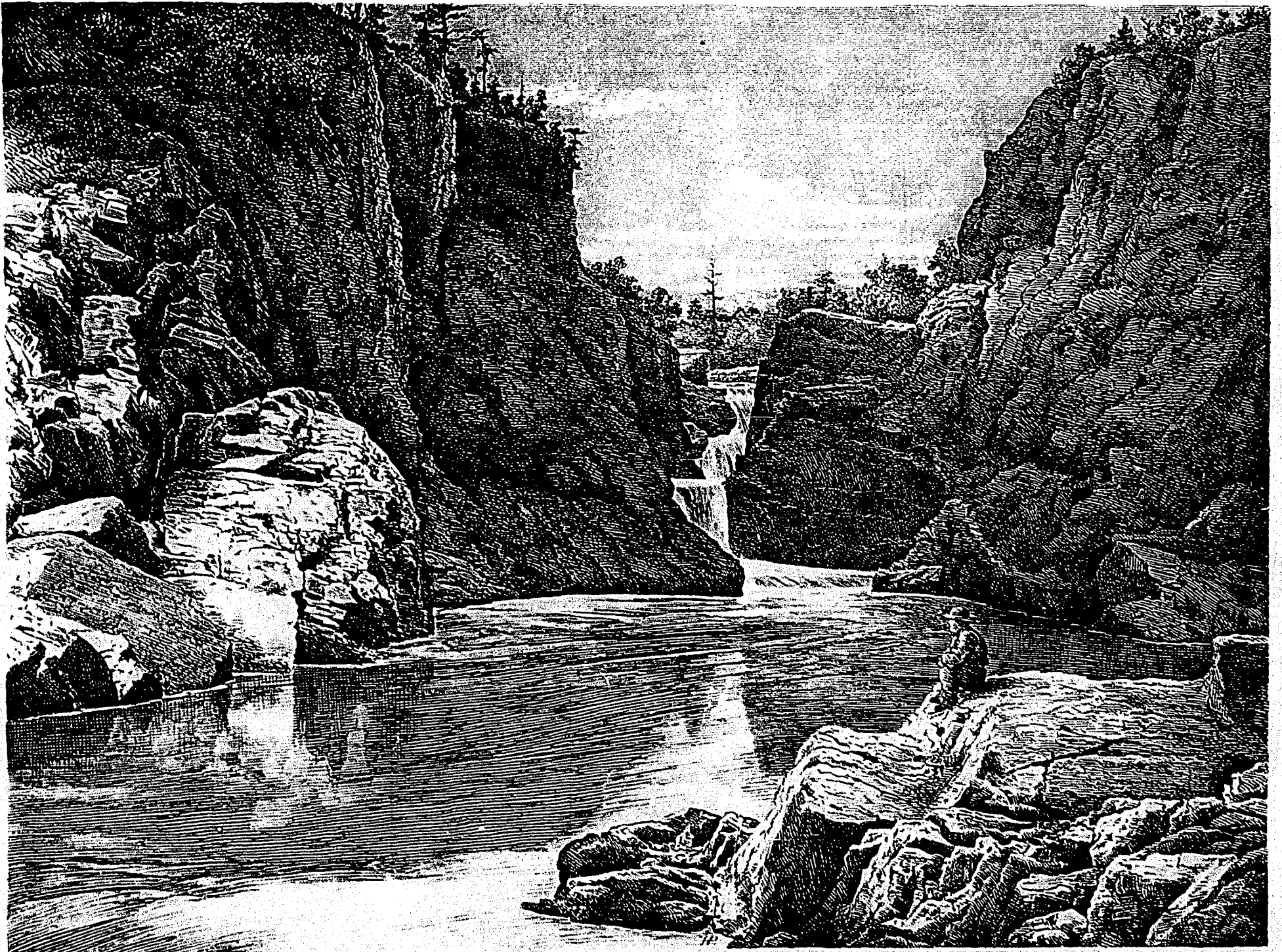
St. John's, Nfld., July 10th, 1871.

SEALS AND SEAL-HUNTING

Our Seal Fishery terminates about the 10th of May. At that date all the sealing vessels have returned to port, with the exception of a few buggards that have been unsuccessful, and keep beating about, in the hope of capturing a few old seals. The young "white coats" take to the water soon after the first of April, when they are six weeks old, and after that time few of them are captured. During April and the first or second week of May, the hunters are in pursuit of the old "Harps" and "Hoods," amid the floes and hummocks of these stormy, ice-laden seas. The seal, being a warm-blooded, mammiferous, marine quadruped, rises to the surface at intervals of fifteen or twenty minutes to breathe. The young are brought forth on the ice, where they are suckled for the first

four or five weeks, the mothers fishing about in the neighbourhood for their subsistence, and returning, at intervals, to meet their offspring. The young seals are despatched by a slight blow with a club on the nose, the skin, with the adhering fat, is brought away, and the carcass abandoned on the ice. The old seals are generally shot. It frequently happens, however, that when a herd of old seals are on the ice, basking in the sun, or attending to their young, the ice is forced together by the pressure of the wind, the ice-holes, by which the seals take to the water, are closed, and then they have no means of escape. In extended line the seal-hunters rush upon them: it is a regular *battue*, and in a couple of hours the crew of a steamer will despatch 3,000 or 4,000 old seals, each worth from seven to nine dollars. In this way a full cargo has frequently been obtained in a single day. These are the lucky hits, however, the great bulk of the old seals being pursued among floating pans of ice, in punts, or over the rugged hummocks, for miles, and despatched by shooting. The perils and hard-

ships of the hunt are often very great: and only stout-hearted, stalwart men could endure them. On the ice, the seals have but a limited power of locomotion, their feet being short and enveloped in skin. Indeed progression, on ice or land, is effected by means of a sort of shuffling jumping motion, in which the spine and the muscles of the body are principally employed, though the extremities are used in getting, or rather climbing out of the water, upon the ice. The webbed intervals of the toes, which last are completely enveloped in membranes that leave a considerable power of expansion to the extremity, serve as excellent oars. The greatest part of their life is passed in the sea, and they only come on the ice to bask or sleep in the sun, or to suckle their young. Their elongated body, their very movable spine, provided with muscles which put in action with powerful flexibility, their narrow pelvis, their close thick fur, all unite to make them excellent swimmers. Thus what the seal loses of facility of motion on land, in consequence of the shortness of its limbs,



GRAND FALLS, NIPISIGUIT RIVER, N. B.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. J. RUSSELL.—SEE PAGE 35.

is made up to it by the swimming power given by the mobility of the spine. When the great ice-fields, which are borne past our shores on the current that sets out of Baffin's Bay towards the equator, begin to break up and melt, as they reach the latitude of the Gulf Stream, the seals take to the water and return to their Arctic solitudes till the spring of the following year, when they again issue forth on their annual trip. It is pretty certain that they bring forth their young but once a year, and rarely more than one at a birth.

A MERMAID INTERVIEWED.

In the olden time, when sailors were not familiar with the appearance and habits of the seal, it was sometimes taken for the mythical mermaid by the simple-minded seamen, its large brown eyes and short, round face, as it swam with head elevated above the surface, suggesting the idea of something feminine and semi-human. It is not at all unlikely that we owe the numerous fables connected with mermaids to the appearance presented to the eyes of the sailors by this plump denizen of the waters. One of the most amusing and circumstantial narratives regarding mermaids is contained in an old work on Newfoundland, written by Captain Richard Whitbourne, in the reign of James I., and recently reprinted in London. This gallant old seaman, who first visited Newfoundland in 1615, relates in this volume an interview he had with "a strange creature—a mermaid" as he verily believed, in the harbour of St. John's. He tells how early one morning, as he stood by the side of the harbour, he saw "a strange creature, which very swiftly came swimming towards me, looking cheerfully on my face, as it had been a woman: by the face, nose, mouth, chin, ears, neck and forehead, it seemed to be so beautiful, and in those parts so well proportioned, having round about the head many blue streaks, resembling hair, but certainly it was not hair." The stout-hearted old captain, who had faced many a storm without quailing, was not a little alarmed when he saw this beautiful female, without the formality of an introduction, swimming boldly towards him. At once the thought flashed on him that here was a veritable "mermaid," of which so much had been said and sung; and how was he to know whether her intentions were quite honourable? How could he tell but she meant to "grab" him, married man though he was, and claiming him as her "affinity," bear him off to her sea caves, leaving Mrs. Whitbourne a disconsolate widow. And so the weather-beaten sailor, who had stood the fire of the Spanish Armada without flinching, "seeing the creature within the length of a long pike, and supposing it would have sprung to land to me, as I verily believe it had such a purpose," turned and fairly ran for it. Whereupon, he says, the fair siren dived and swam to another part of the harbour, and "did often look back towards me with her soft brown eyes"—the impudent hussy trying, evidently, to coax him to his ruin, like too many of her flirting sex—and reproaching him with her soft backward glances for his want of gallantry. Even as he fled, soft-hearted sailor as he was, he could not help admiring "her smooth, white shoulders," which she cunningly displayed, the coaxing jade, as she playfully gambolled in the water. Fortunately Captain Whitbourne was proof against all the blandishments of this charmer of the waters, and like Joseph of old, under circumstances slightly similar, he considered discretion the better part of valour, and fled from her clammy embrace.

The simple sailor, however, was persuaded that he had seen the fabled woman-fish, not as other sea-rovers had reported her, combing her fair locks with a golden comb, but under much more interesting and exciting circumstances. He winds up his narrative thus:—"This, I suppose, was a mermaid, or," he adds with the caution of a voracious historian, "a merman." "Now, because divers have writ much of mermaids, I have presumed to relate what is most certain of such a strange creature as was thus seen at Newfoundland: whether it were a mermaid or no I leave others to judge." It is rather sad to find science, in her inexorable march, dissipating one after another of our delightful delusions, and supplanting the sweet fancies of the world's youth by her own prosaic facts. It is melancholy to think that we can no longer believe in William Tell, or the heroic dog Gellert, Prester John, or the Wandering Jew. The sea-serpent, too, that has filled so many brave skippers with awe and wonder, must also, I fear, go among the myths; and, notwithstanding the solemn testimony of honest Captain Whitbourne, I am afraid we must give up mermaids too. In the interests of truth, I am constrained to admit that Whitbourne's mermaid has a strong resemblance to the unpoetic seal. This plump dweller amid the waves does really present such an appearance as the old tar describes; and seen in the haze of early morning, under the colouring of an excited imagination, corresponds wonderfully to the outlines of the mythological mermaid.

NEWFOUNDLAND SEAL-HUNTERS.

Nowhere are our fishermen more at home than amid the ice-fields, pursuing the seal, bounding from "pan" to "pan," fighting the old, dangerous dog-Hoods, clubbing the "white-coats" and harps, and dragging the spoils for miles, over the broken hummocks, to the ship's deck. Their patient endurance of hardships and fatigues that only men of iron could bear,—their courageous encountering of appalling dangers when miles away from their vessels, and often enveloped in fogs or snow-storms, or adrift on detached masses of ice, are worthy of the highest admiration. No finer men for confronting the perils of the great deep can be found anywhere. Big-boned, broad-chested fellows, with splendid development of muscle in limb and arm, are our fishermen. There can be no doubt that their dexterity and daring in seal-hunting and fishing, being continued through many generations, has become hereditary, and that the aptitude, mental and physical, is transmitted from father to son. The young take to these pursuits as naturally as ducks to water, and with such evident speciality as hereditary genius alone could bestow. Their fine physical development is owing in part to the circumstance that their lives are passed mostly in the open air, in a healthy, bracing climate, and that their habits of life are simple. Their life-long battling with the billows, amid ice-laden, stormy seas, gives them vigour of body and fearless daring. No greater contrast can be imagined than that presented by such men to the pale, stunted, gin-and-rum-sodden

dwellers in great cities, or the degenerate factory-workers of the manufacturing centres. They are, too, a kindly, hospitable, simple people, like all fisher-folk, having their peculiarities and superstitions, and being remarkable for their indisposition to change. As their fathers have been before them, so are they contented to be; the word progress does not enter into their vocabulary. They are so orderly and free from serious crime that, in the capital, the penitentiary is generally all but untenanted. Only when political agitations prevail, and elections are in progress are there any considerable infringements of the law. Of late years, however, party asperities are much softened, and old quarrels are fading from the memories of the present generation. Nearly half the population are of Irish descent, and in former days fends prevailed between them and those of English origin. Kindly intercourse, however, has greatly abated the evils. Both the bishops of the Roman Catholic and English churches are happily men of moderate views, who promote peace and good will among their respective communions; and Catholics and Protestants are learning to live in harmony, and respect each other's rights and feelings.

ATLANTIC CABLES SPEAKING AGAIN.

Just now we are rejoicing over the successful operations of the steamship "Scanderia," in repairing both the Atlantic Cables. Operations commenced on the 26th ult., and on the 8th the work was completed. Captain Halpin, of the "Great Eastern," deserves the highest credit for his energy and skill in conducting these operations to a successful issue. The "Scanderia" is coming here to coal, and will then take her departure for England.

CAPLIN AND COD.

During the latter part of May and June, and up till this date, the weather has been unusually cold and ungenial. We have been compelled to re-ignite fires in our sitting-rooms and resume part of our winter clothing. The cold weather, however, and the fogs are favourable for the fisheries, and help to bring the cod from their ocean solitudes along our shores and into our bays. The caplin are due just now, and are showing themselves in the northern bays. Almost to a day we can calculate on the arrival of this beautiful little fish in enormous shoals. It furnishes the best bait for the cod fish. Immediately behind the caplin come the voracious cod, devouring them in myriads, and fattening on their delicate bodies. Then the labours of the fisherman begin, and with hook and line, seine and bultow, he plies his work, endeavouring to earn as much during the short fishing season as will provide for the long, dreary months of winter. Salmon is abundant now in our market at six and eight cents per pound, and of splendid quality. The cod are just beginning to show themselves.

BANKS—THEIR DIVIDENDS.

Our banking establishments are very prosperous at present, the Union Bank having declared a dividend at the rate of 12 per cent per annum, and a bonus of £2 per share. The other bank is not far behind this mark.

THE NEW TREATY.

The Washington Treaty is approved of here as far as its stipulations affect our fisheries. What we want above all things is the opening of the American markets for our fish and oil, as this would at once largely increase the value of our staples. The Americans could not come here and compete successfully in our shore fishery with our own fishermen. We are not afraid of their competition.

DISASTER AT SEA.

A fortnight since one of our coasting schooners struck on an iceberg in the darkness of the night, and went down immediately, having twenty-three souls on board. Not one escaped. By this deplorable occurrence nearly sixty children have been left fatherless and unprovided for.

SIR WILLIAM LOGAN.

We are favoured just now by a visit from Sir Wm. Logan, your veteran geologist, who arrived by last mail steamer. He is to remain a fortnight. He has come on a visit to Alexander Murray, Esq., our Geological Surveyor, and doubtless wishes to have a look at our remarkable rock formations.

BRANTFORD WATER WORKS—THE ENGINE ROOM.

The subject of water supply for the cities and towns of Canada, as well for domestic and manufacturing purposes as for the extinction of fires, has long engaged public attention, though the serious item of expense has deterred many places from establishing such works as would furnish the quantity demanded, alike for the sake of health and the arrest of conflagrations. As time moves on, new systems are invented calculated to cheapen the first cost, and also to reduce the working expenses to a minimum, and the town of Brantford, which has long hesitated in the matter, has at length been compensated for its former losses by fire in securing the "Waterous improved System of Fire Protection and Water Supply." The great advantages claimed, and now fully established, for this system are cheapness of construction and economy in use. These combined, will place the Waterous system within the reach of every town, and of many of the village municipalities throughout the country, and surely it would be a wise economy to introduce it, and so save a great part of the annual drain for insurance, while reducing the risk of the destruction of valuable property to a minimum. A single fire sometimes destroys the property of a village, or throws it back for many years, simply because of the want of a proper system of water supply.

The flourishing town of Brantford, the capital of the county of Brant, and occupying a beautiful and commanding site on the banks of the grand river, though enterprising in many things, was slow to enter on the question of water supply; and it was not until ten years after Mr. Waterous had perfected his system that the town of Brantford adopted its use. In 1860 he first brought it before the notice of the public, and, three years later, Mr. Holly patented a similar system in the United States, now well known as the "Holly system," which is in operation at Syracuse, Ogdensburg, and many other places, giving the utmost satisfaction. The Waterous system can be furnished by the engine works, Brantford, at prices varying from \$8,000 to \$150,000, according to size of place and service to be rendered. As an illustration of its cheapness it may be stated that while some Canadian cities have paid as high as \$40 per head for their water works, those of Brantford have been furnished for about \$2.40 per

head, or about one-seventeenth of the usual cost by the old systems.

Reduction in the rates of insurance is an unavoidable consequence of the introduction of water works. In Brantford the rates have been reduced 12½, 25, and in many instances as much as 50 per cent since the establishment of the Waterous system. This statement is official, as is another that the saving in insurances alone had in several instances paid the whole of the water rate, and left a handsome margin over.

Another advantage of the Waterous system is in dispensing with the use of fire-engines, the water being thrown to the required height by the main works. In the coldest weather it is effectively protected from frost; and at any part of the town a hose may be attached to the hydrant which will play as effectively as the most powerful engine. The inventor, as we have said, is the chief partner in the firm which owns the Brantford Engine Works, at which are manufactured steam engines, grist and saw mills, shingle, lath and stave machines, chopping mills, circular saws, &c., &c. The works occupy an extensive block on Dalhousie street, occupying a frontage of 200 feet, the building being three stories high. On the ground floor is the machine shop proper; on the second the wood-shop; on the third the pattern shop. A number of other workshops of considerable magnitude afford facilities for moulding, boiler-making, blacksmithing and general storage. The whole number of hands employed is about one hundred and fifty, and the weekly wages about a thousand dollars. The value of the machinery in actual use is about \$30,000, and is being daily added to as the works extend. Altogether the works of Waterous & Co. are not only a credit, but a source of substantial profit to the town of Brantford, and furnish a notable example of the manufacturing enterprise of the Western Province.

THE DECKER PARK RACES.

The Decker Park, situated at Mile End, about 200 yards from the terminus of the City Passenger Railway, was purchased, we believe, a year or two ago by the proprietor, Mr. Decker, of the Albion Hotel, who has converted it into a handsome and convenient race-course, half a mile in circumference. The arrangements, both for the running and for the comfort of the spectators are all that could be desired. The track is excellently graded and well fenced, while the stands, including the Grand, the Judges', Reporters', and Pool-sellers' stands, are admirably built and fitted up.

Announcements having been made for some time past that the inaugural race meeting would be held on the 15th July and three following days, a large influx of strangers from various parts of Canada and the United States, all interested in the coming event, poured into the various hotels of the city. On the first day, unfortunately, the weather was far from propitious, and the attendance at the race-course was much smaller than might have been expected. The number on the ground was estimated at about 2,000.

At half-past two o'clock the horses were called for the first race, for a purse of \$400, open to all horses that have never trotted better than 3 min.; \$250 to first horse, \$100 to second, \$50 to the third; mile heats; best 3 in 5. For this race there were 13 entries, but of this number 7 were scratched, leaving the following to compete:—Pierre Girouard, St. Onge, s. m.; Princess; James Lannagan, Belleville, h. m.; Butcher's Maid, Van Valkenburg & Weatherly, Canton, N. Y., h. m.; Scotch Girl, Godfroi Chapleau, Montreal, h. m.; Young Flora, T. E. Baily, Ticonderoga, N. Y., b. g.; Tom Moore; Benjamin Bunting, Flint, Mich., g. c.; Grey Ben; M. W. Black, Geneva, N. Y., h. m.; Lady Black. After half an hour spent in starting a start was accomplished, the Princess going to the fore with a rush. Lady Black, however, gradually worked her way up and came in at the head, in 2.32. The position of the horses as they came in was as follows:—Lady Black, 1st; Princess, 2nd; Grey Ben, 3rd; Tom Moore, 4th; Young Flora, 5th; Scotch Girl, 6th; Butcher Girl, distanced.

The second heat was started in about half an hour. Tom Moore went to the front at once, and maintained his position to the close; Grey Ben came in a good second, Lady Black was third, Princess fourth, Scotch Girl 5th, and Lady Flora distanced. Time, 2.37½.

During the interval between heats, the first heat of the second race, for a purse of \$500, open to all horses that have never trotted better than 3.25, was called. Out of the seven horses entered only the following came to the start:—M. Dougherty, Flint, Mich., b. g.; George; Austin Moran, Morrisburgh, s. m.; Governors; Charles R. Ballard, White River Junction, g. m.; Snowflake.

After about half-a-dozen attempts at a start, a send-off was effected, Snowflake leading. She held her foremost position to the end, George coming within a few yards of her at the finish, and Governors barely saving her distance. Time, 2.52½.

The third heat of the first race was now called; betting 2 on Tom against the field. In this heat Tom again led throughout, closely followed by Grey Ben, who finished within half a length of the leader. The other positions were Lady Black, 3rd; Princess, 4th. Time, 2.40½.

Before the next heat of the second race could be started, the rain, which had been threatening ever since morning, began to fall in torrents, and the betting was put an end to.

Snowflake again led off, and succeeded, by running in maintaining her lead, but was put back for this infringement of the rules, giving the heat to George. Time, 2.39½. The Judges then adjourned the races until ten o'clock next morning.

SECOND DAY.

On Wednesday morning the attendance was smaller by half than it had been on Tuesday. The first race was the unfinished heat of the day before. Tom Moore, Lady Black, Princess, and Grey Ben started. At the first turn Tom Moore, Grey Ben, and Lady Black ran into each other, when Tom Moore started off, threw out his driver, legalls, who received some cuts and bruises, and smashed the sulky. Lady Black then won the heat in 2.44. The next heat fell to Tom Moore, in 2.38—thus winning the race; Lady Black 2nd, and Grey Ben 3rd. The spectators made up a purse of about \$150 and presented it to Mr. Ingalls, the driver of Tom Moore, as a reward for his pluck in driving after having been so severely injured.

The second race, for a purse of \$500, resulted in George and Snowflake each taking a heat, which was decided in favour of George, who took two straight heats in 2.37, and 2.43½.

About half-past two o'clock the races proper of the day commenced, by which time, close on three thousand people had assembled.

The first race on the second day was for a purse of \$350, open to all horses that have never trotted better than 2.35; \$200 to first horse, \$150 to second, and \$50 to third. For this race 'Grey Ben,' 'Lady Black,' 'Repeater,' 'Young Flora,' 'White Rose,' and 'Shoo Fly' put in an appearance. After a number of false starts the horses were got fairly together, when, after some very good trotting, 'Lady Black' came in first in 2.40, 'Ben' second, 'Repeater,' 'Flora' and 'White Rose' following, 'Shoo Fly' being distanced. After an interval the second heat was run, resulting in 'Ben' trotting the heat in 2.42, 'Repeater' second, 'Lady Black' third, 'White Rose' fourth, 'Flora' being distanced. 'Lady Black' took the next heat in 2.43, 'Grey Ben' second, 'Repeater' third, 'White Rose' fourth. The next fell to 'Grey Ben' in 2.41, 'Lady Black' second, 'Repeater' third, 'White Rose' fourth. This left 2 heats to 'Ben,' and 2 to 'Lady Black.' The deciding heat was taken by 'Grey Ben' in 2.43, 'Lady Black' second, 'Repeater' third, and 'White Rose' last. The second race was for a Purse of \$1,000 open to all horses; \$650 to first horse, \$250 to second, \$100 to third. The following horses showed to the front: 'Pilot Temple,' 'Snowflake,' 'Sheppard Knapp,' 'Emperor,' and 'Governess.' At the pools, 'Temple' was the favourite, 'Emperor' second. The first heat fell readily to 'Pilot Temple,' in 2.29; 'Snowflake' 2nd, 'Sheppard Knapp' 3rd, 'Governess' 4th, 'Emperor' 5th. The next heat was easily taken by 'Pilot' in 2.31, 'Snowflake' 2nd, 'Sheppard Knapp' 3rd, 'Governess' and 'Emperor' distanced. The last heat 'Pilot Temple' pulled off without difficulty, 'Snowflake' a capital 2nd, 'Sheppard Knapp' distanced.

THIRD DAY.

The attendance on the third day was infinitely better than that on the two days previous, a large number of ladies having turned out, attracted by the change in the programme from trotting to flat and hurdle races. The first race was the Flat Race for all ages, mile heats; two years old, to carry 75 lbs.; three years old, 95 lbs.; four years old, 108 lbs.; five years old, 114 lbs.; six years old, and upwards, 118 lbs.; 3 lbs. allowed to Mares and Geldings. Purse, \$500; \$400 to winner, \$100 to second horse. 'Fenian,' 'Sir Rufus,' 'Boaster,' 'Claret' 'Terror' and 'Fanchon' came to the post. After a fair start, at the turn of the course 'Sir Rufus' fell and threw his rider. The race having been gone on with, a fine race ensued between 'Boaster' and 'Fanchon' for first place, 'Boaster' coming in first in 1 min. 55 sec. 'Fanchon' second, 'Terror' third, 'Fenian' fourth, 'Claret' fifth, 'Sir Rufus' being distanced between the first and second heats. 'Fenian' was withdrawn before next heat, which resulted thus:—'Fanchon' first in 1.51, 'Terror' second, and 'Claret' third. These last two, according to the Saratoga rules, were, however, ruled out of running for first position, being assigned second and third place respectively, 'Fanchon' walking over the course for first prize. Before 'Fanchon' walked over, the owner of 'Boaster' protested against 'Terror' for having crossed him. This, after an exciting controversy in the crowd, was ruled to be invalid as far as giving 'Boaster' any right to run again, but 'Terror' was put back and 'Claret' adjudged second money.

The next race was the open hurdle race, two miles, over eight hurdles, 3 ft. 6 in.; welter weights. Purse, \$300; \$200 to winner, \$100 to second. It resulted as follows:—'Viley,' 1; 'Cataract,' 2; 'Jack on the Green,' 3; 'Lottery,' 4; 'Notary Public,' 5; 'Raven,' 6.

The flat race came next. For horses regularly used as hacks; one and a-half miles; gentlemen riders; weights 154 lbs. Purse, \$150; \$100 to first horse, \$50 to second. Entries.—A. O. F. Coleman, Ottawa, b. m., 'Brunette,' A. Smith, Toronto, 'Louise of Lorne,' Mr. Williams, b. s., 'Knight of St. Patrick,' aged; W. Bennett, Montreal, b. m., 'Blink Bonny,' aged. This race brought out all the horses entered. The race fell to 'Knight of St. Patrick' in 3m. 15s.; 'Louise of Lorne' second; 'Brunette' third; 'Blink Bonny' fourth. 'Blink Bonny' passed the stand first on the first round, but, for want of stamina, had to succumb to the favourite, 'Knight of St. Patrick,' and afterwards to the others.

FOURTH DAY.

On the fourth day about 2,500 were on the ground. The mile flat race was first on the programme, and was called at three o'clock. Race for all ages, weight for age; mile heats, best three in five. Mares and geldings allowed 3 lbs. Purse \$400; \$300 to winner, \$100 to second horse. Three horses started—Mr. W. H. Strong's s. s. 'Boaster,' aged; Mr. George H. Rice's ch. colt 'Sir Rufus,' 3 years old; Mr. Osborn Norton's brn. m. 'Nora Kista.'

The first heat was taken in 1:52 by 'Boaster,' 'Sir Rufus' second, and 'Nora Kista' third. The second was also taken by 'Boaster' in 1:53, the others in the same order as before. 'Boaster' also took the third heat in 1:51, 'Nora Kista' second, and 'Sir Rufus' third.

The next was the hurdle race for all ages, weight for age; 3 miles, over 12 hurdles, 3ft. 6in. Mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Purse \$400, \$300 to first horse, \$100 to second. 'Viley,' 1; 'Jack on the Green,' 2; 'Notary Public,' 3; 'Lottery,' 4. Time of race, 6:23. Of this race our artist has furnished a sketch. After a short delay, the Consolation race was made up, 'Nora Kista' and 'Sir Rufus' entering. The former had to carry 118lbs., and the latter 95lbs. The race was a mile and a half dash. In the betting 'Sir Rufus' was the favourite, at about 2 to 1. 'Sir Rufus' was the winner. Upon the whole the races were considered to have proved eminently successful, and will doubtless be of annual recurrence.

"AN INCIDENT IN THE REVOLUTION OF 1792."

The reader must have been often struck with the extraordinary resemblance of innumerable events and incidents in the recent insurrection at Paris to those of the first great Revolution. The insurrection was even more destructive to life and far more to property during its continuance; and if it had run its full course, if the "enemy" had not been "at the gate," we should, in all probability, have seen repeated the more loathsome and obscene barbarities, and wholesale butchery of prisoners and suspects, which marked the worst period of the Revolution. In the history of 1792 there are, moreover, some few bright pages recording deeds of heroic virtue, and of angelic self-sacrifice.

An illustration of one of those bright pages we have engraved from a picture by Mr. Oulens, a very promising young

artist, whose work is not likely to receive the general admiration it richly merits, placed as it is above "the line" in an angle of one of the Burlington-House galleries. Marquis Cazotte, the aged figure in the picture, was a *spirituel visionnaire*, an author of operas comiques and of the romance of the "Diable Amoureux." He was, however, not the less a hated aristocrat; and there were, besides, written proofs against both him and his daughter of Royalist plotting. These were the crimes for which he was seized and conducted to the prison of L'Abbaye, as here represented. There was small chance of saving him; he was virtually doomed to die. Because this was, be it remembered, at the period of the commencement of the horrors of the "hundred hours," when upwards of one thousand condemned aristocrats, Royalists, and priests were led out of their prisons to fall under the murderous pikes of the rabble which beset the doors; when the terrible, yet sometimes capriciously-merciful, Maillard was chief judge at L'Abbaye—horrors which, as Carlyle says, are "to be reckoned with Bartholomew butchery, Armagnac massacres, Sicilian vespers, or whatsoever is savagery in the annals of this world." To again quote Carlyle, in the words given by the painter himself in the catalogue:—"Poor old M. de Cazotte is seized; his young, loved daughter with him. . . . With young tears hardly suppressed, an old, wavering weakness rousing itself once more." Michelet states that Maillard allowed the daughter the favour of assisting at the judgment and the massacre, and to circulate freely. The courageous girl profited by the liberty accorded to gain the goodwill of the murderers; she charmed them, she won their hearts by the passionate eloquence of her pleading; and when her father was brought up for judgment none was found who wished to kill him, and both were liberated. Yet he was again seized, and in ten days the grand tribunal, more merciless than the mob, or not influenced by the same piteous appeals, condemned the old Marquis to die, and he perished on the scaffold, bequeathing to his daughter—all he could bequeath—a lock of his grey hair. With the touching instance of filial devotion afforded by Mlle. de Cazotte is always associated that of Mlle. Sombreuil, who obtained the release of her father after he had been condemned, but only after undergoing the horrible penance of being made to drink from a cup of blood—the "blood of aristocrats!"—*Illustrated London News.*

CAMP SKETCHES.

We produce this week two more sketches at the Niagara Camp, representing the two favourite Toronto regiments drawn up on the parade-ground—the Queen's Own in severe military attitude, and the Royals "at ease." The 2nd, "Queen's Own Rifles of Toronto," was formed in April, 1850, and received its special designation in March, 1853. It is at present commanded by Lieut.-Col. C. T. Gilmour. The 10th, "Royal Regiment of Toronto," is of later date, having been formed in November, 1862. Alfred Brunel is the Colonel of this regiment. The Toronto Volunteers have secured for themselves a very honourable place in the military records of Canada, and the "Wimbledon team" have added still more to the glories of the gallant Volunteers of Ontario.

THE WOODS IN SUMMER.

The sketch on another page over this title will cause a pang of regret and envy in the breasts of those who are compelled by business or duty to forego the delights of country life, and to bestow their admiration on objects neither greener nor fresher than the dusty trees and grass-plots of the city—at their best but poor substitutes for the fresh beauty of the foliage and sward of the rural districts. In the woods especially the unusually heavy rains with which we have been visited this year have covered the earth with a rich luxuriance of verdure, the very remembrance of which is enough to make one forswear the city and turn hermit for the rest of his day; at least, until the winter sets in, when "the woods" have no attraction save to the axeman and lumberer.

VIEW ON JAMES STREET, HAMILTON, ONT.

The "ambitious city" can boast of several very fine streets, but King Street, running east and west, and James Street which intersects it at right angles, are by long odds the finest, whether as to spaciousness, business importance, or architectural adornment. The business, as well as the geographical centre of Hamilton, is at the crossing of these two streets, and eastward from James Street stretches the "Gore," a highly ornamental triangular enclosure with fountains and shrubbery, and a very handsome railing, affording a breathing place in the midst of what in dry weather are generally very dusty surroundings. Banks, shops, and warehouses line the streets on either side, and here much of the transactions both in staple and fancy goods are there carried on. Our "view" is taken from opposite the south west angle of the Gore, looking towards the mountain. The shop of Mr. Robert Osborne, the well-known jeweller, who has so long carried on a successful business in Hamilton, is the first prominent object. Next the offices of the Montreal Telegraph Company, and those of the American Express Company. Then the magnificent building erected by Messrs. R. Juson & Co., as a wholesale store, now the property of Colonel McGivern, in which Messrs. M. McGivern & Co. carry on the same business. It is one of the largest hardware establishments in Canada, and the building is one of the finest in Canada. Still further southward are some handsome structures used as offices, banking-houses, &c., and the tall spire of the handsome church of St. Andrew (Scotch Presbyterian) forms a prominent and pleasing object in the scene. The view extends to the base of the mountain, and up the long steep stair (once very rickety) which leads to the mountain's brow, whence the whole scene may be seen at a single glance, a wide-stretching garden-like panorama of roofs, spires, chimney stalks, and green foliage. The buildings shown in the illustration are all on the west side of James Street.

An interesting application of electricity, in connection with a tank for supplying locomotives with water, is now in operation at Buda Station, on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad. The steam pump which supplies the tank is on the bank of a small stream half a mile distant, and entirely out of sight. A float is arranged so that if the water be drawn off to a level more than two or three inches below the top of the tank a circuit, connecting by wires with the pump house, is closed. This sets an alarm bell ringing within hearing of the engineer, who then starts his pump, and runs it till the tank is full, of which due notice is given by the cessation of the alarm.

POOR MISS FINCH!

VARIETIES.

Though men boast of holding the reins, the women generally tell which way they must drive.

"Darling, it's bed time. All the little chickens have gone to bed." "Yes, mamma, and so has the old hen."

A caricature has appeared in the London shop-windows, of a large and venerable orang-outang with Professor Darwin's face, labelled: "A contribution to (un)-natural history."

"I am delighted to see you, boys; which is Mr. Mendelssohn?" was the question of a committee man to the Boston Mendelssohn quintette club on their arrival in Titusville.

A country politician, in speaking of a rival, said: "Pilkins is of great use to observing men. Straws show which way the wind blows: and, as a straw, Pilkins has no equal in the country."

The editor of a French paper, in speaking of a cemetery near Lyons, says that "M. Gascoigne had the pleasure of being the first individual who was buried in this delightful retreat."

"Tea punch" is said to be a favourite with Bostonians. The ingredients are one bottle of champagne, one of whiskey, one of rum, two of claret, a lemon, and a tablespoonful of black tea.

Somebody says "devil" is a mean word any way it may be written. Remove the *d* and it is "evil," transpose the *e* and it is "vile," removed the *v* and it is "ill," remove the *i* and *l* remains, which has the aspirate sound of "hell."

An American journalist declares the breakdown of the two English Atlantic cables a "judgment" like that of Ananias and Sapphira, and for the same reason, namely, that their statements were often considerably in advance of the truth.

A gentleman in England who recently captured a whale, and paid a friend a half crown to inform him how to preserve it, was advised to "put the whale carefully into a glass bottle, cover it over with spirits of wine (strong whiskey may do), then cork and seal up."

"Once on a time," says history, "a Scotch pedestrian was attacked by three thieves. He defended himself well, but was overcome, when the thieves, much to their astonishment, found that he owned only the small sum of sixpence. 'The devil's in the fellow,' said one, 'to fight thus for a sixpence. Why, if he'd a shilling he'd ha' killed us all!'"

"It is not what a man makes, but what he saves, that makes him rich." There are few men of ordinary industry who do not, in the course of a life of fifty years, produce a fortune: but by dint of waste, of shiftlessness, of want of economy in the management of his operations, it all slips through his fingers, and he is as poor at the end as at the beginning of his life.

The house will be kept in continual turmoil where there is no toleration of each other's failings, no meek submission to injuries, and no soft answer to turn away wrath. If you lay a single stick of wood in the grate, and apply fire to it, it will go out; put on another stick and they will burn; and a half dozen, and you will have an effective blaze. There are other fires subject to the same condition. If one member of a family get into a passion, and is left alone, he will cool down, and possibly be ashamed and repent. But oppose temper to temper, let one harsh answer be followed by another, and there will soon be a fire which will enwrap them all in a burning blaze.

An attendant at Mt. Vernon, not long since, found a lady weeping most bitterly and audibly, with her handkerchief at her eyes. He stepped up to her and said:

"Are you in trouble, madam?"

"No, sir!" she sobbed.

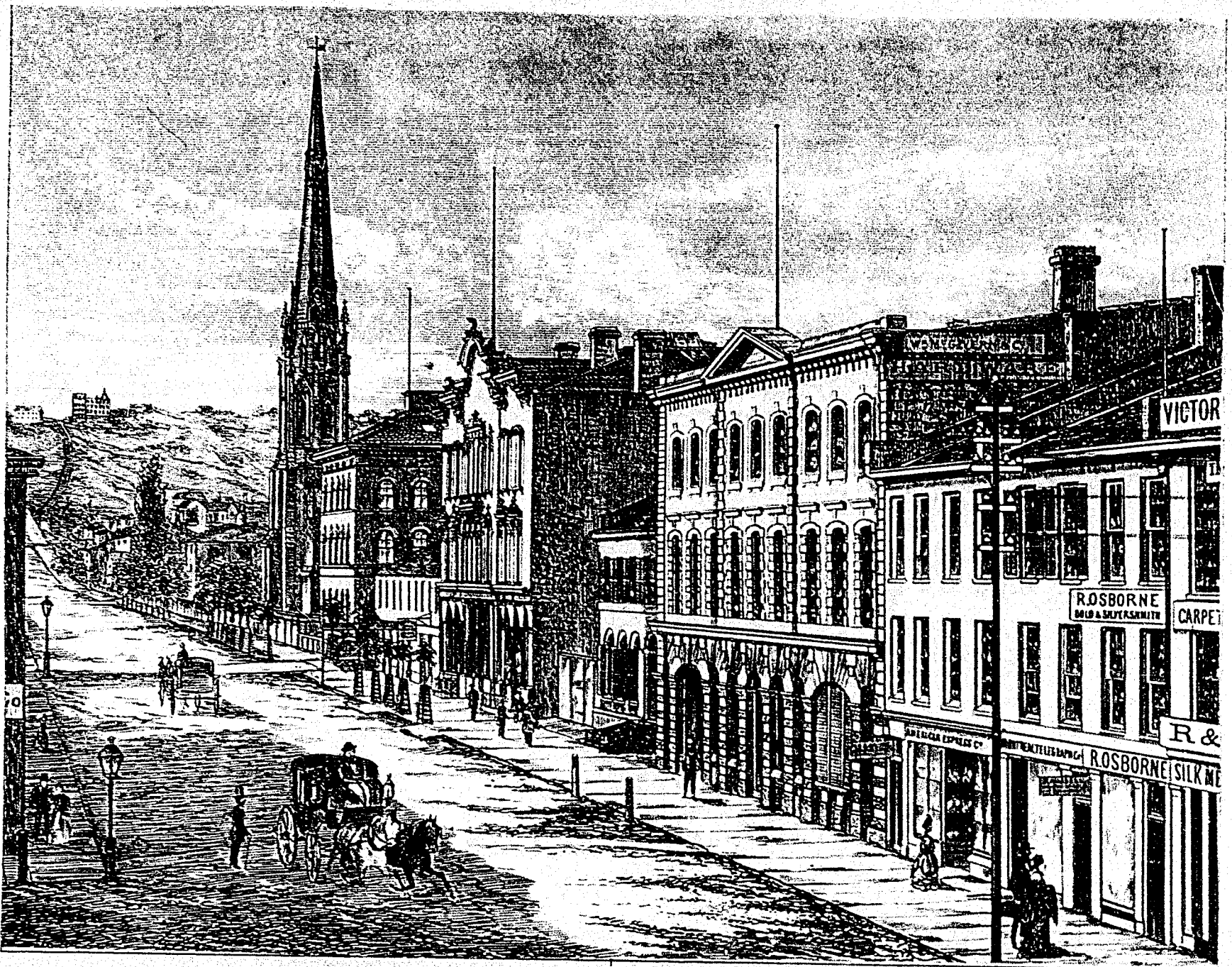
"I saw you weeping."

"Ah!" said she, "how can one help weeping at the grave of the Father of his Country?"

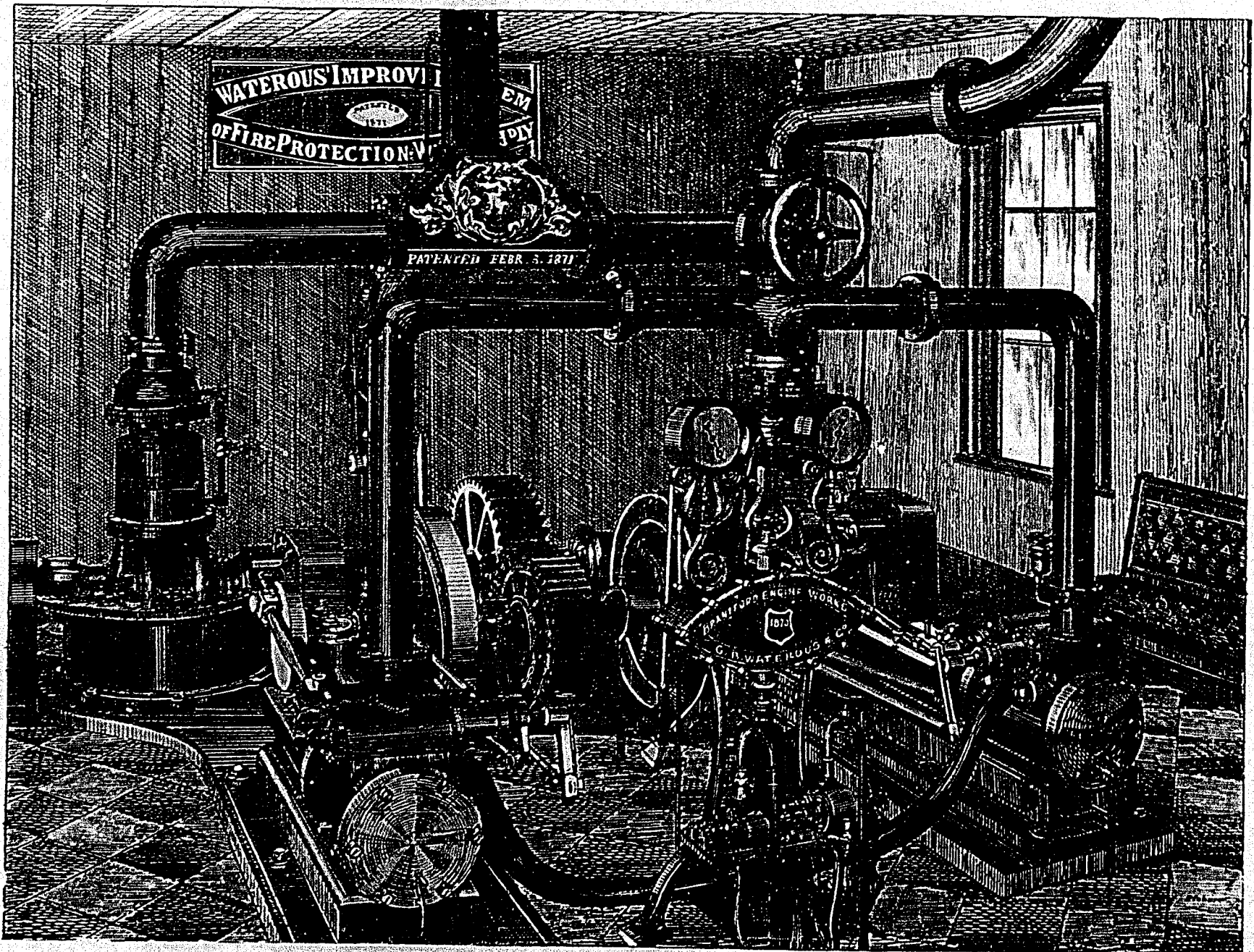
"Oh, indeed, madam," said he, "that's it! The tomb's over yonder. This is the ice house."

A machine has been perfected which may be applied to cooling the air of theatres, halls, and all public or private dwellings. One of these machines will either produce 200 pounds of ice per hour, or will furnish in the same space of time 30,000 cubic feet of air, cooled to a temperature of 33 degrees Fahrenheit. It is probable that in a few years we shall be able to turn on from the same registers the cool air in summer and hot air in winter.

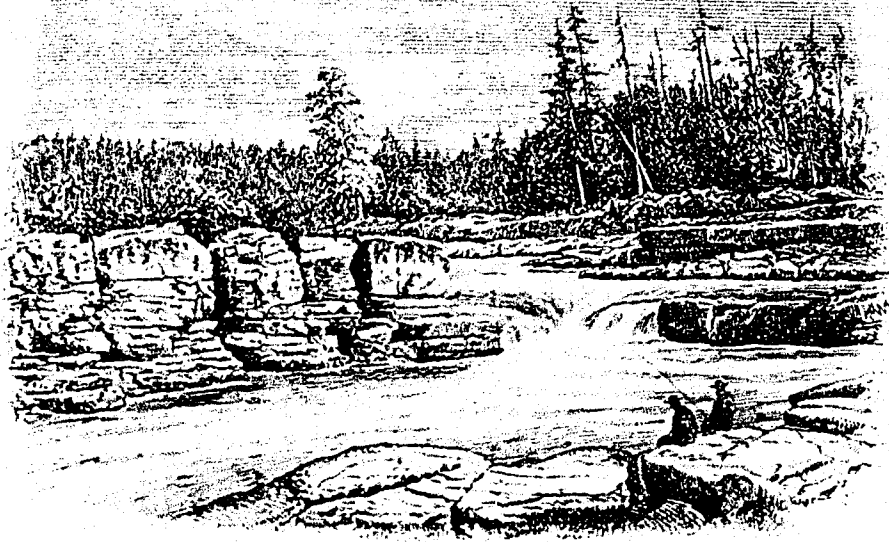
There is in London a Society for the Encouragement of Flying, better known as the Aeronautical Society of Great Britain. The Society goes in for nothing less than flying. There is scarcely a word about balloons, except at the end of the report, these devices being seldom met with in poetry, or pictures, and being calculated, moreover, to draw off attention from the really high art which the Association is established to keep in mind. "Onward and upward," the Secretary says, is the motto of the Society, and "manual flight," he insists, is the purer branch of the science, the one most worthy of consideration, "and the one in which Nature seems the more inclined to help us." It is flat blasphemy, we are informed, to say that flying is impossible for a man. To suggest such a thing would be a little short of a reproach on our Maker, for, continues the essayist, we can walk upstairs, and surely we ought to be able to mount upon air, "which properly manipulated, is as solid as any stair." One proposal took the form of a winged velocipede; but the most interesting and practical note came from California, where a machine was exhibited by which it was possible to skim, as the partridge does, over a corn-field. This was a step gained. A learned paper was read by a gentleman who thought that the grand secret was to be got from a careful study of insects—especially of blow-flies. He constructed an artificial blow-fly, but beyond that he could not go. A foreign contribution is translated, and attached to the report, touching the relative aerial powers of bats and birds, and flying-fishes. The papers conclude with a very interesting general summary of aeronautical affairs, including an account of the utilization of pigeons.



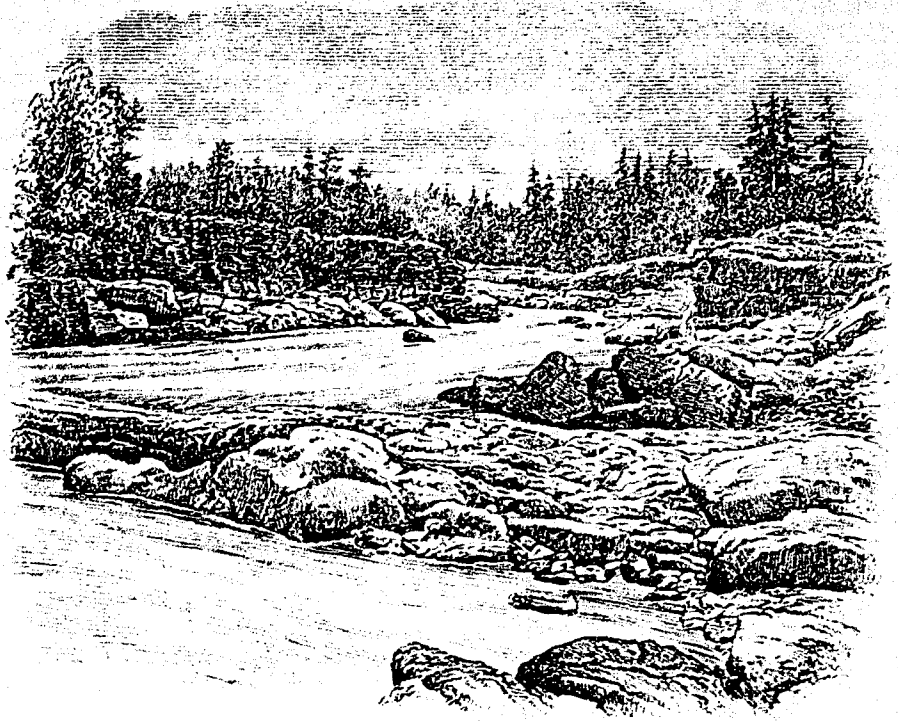
VIEW ON JAMES STREET, HAMILTON.—SEE PAGE 83.



BRANTFORD WATER WORKS.—THE ENGINE ROOM.—SEE PAGE 82.



PABINEAU FALLS.



GILMOUR'S CAST.

SKETCHES OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

No. 1.—THE NIPISIGUIT RIVER, NEW BRUNSWICK.

The Nipisiguit River from its mouth near Bathurst to the Grand Falls, a distance of twenty-one miles, is unsurpassed for wild rugged primitive beauty by any other river in America. Beyond this point it ceases to be interesting to the sportsman, as the falls present an unsurmountable barrier to the further progress of that dexterous gymnast, the salmon, and his half-brother, the sea trout, up stream, which find the deep shady pools, gravelly beds, and miniature cascades of this enchanting river a fitting place to deposit their ova. As an angler's resort it has a world-wide reputation, and never fails to repay those who travel thousands of miles in search of sport or the picturesque. The chief points of interest we will briefly sketch.

The first we come upon on ascending the river in a canoe is the "rough waters," three miles from its mouth. It is a series of granite ledges over which in freshest season the waters rush, a sheet of silvery foam boiling, hissing, and dashing hither and thither with a ceaseless thundering roar. This extends over a mile, with a breadth of about one thousand feet.

We portage round this terrible rapid, and proceed pulling upward about four miles, when the "Rapid of the Round Rocks" causes a haul-up and general discharge of rods, reels, tin-pans and tent poles, and other miscellaneous wares consequent on camp life, not forgetting the demi-john. This portage is named from the numerous water-worn round-headed boulders, which rise abruptly from the bed of the river. Near by the Indians had an encampment and small reserve, so that in spite of law and fishing wardens the ruthless spear of the dusky Mic-mac did its fell work of destruction in the pools among these curious bald deposits of the glacial period. Up to this point small farms of excellent land have broken the wilderness with their "green sunny slopes."



FINE ARTS IN THE FOREST.

Here civilization ceases, and the shores on either side are thickly wooded with scrubby spruce and Labrador pine. Wild meadows with a fringe of maple occasionally relieve with their emerald brightness the sombre tones of the evergreens.

Pabineau Falls, eight miles from the starting point, is a favourite resting-place for the prince of fishes. Nature here appears in a very wild and fantastic garb; water and rocks in inextricable confusion striving for mastery. Falls, rapids, whirlpools, pots and

never took his whiskey watered. Everyone visited Dick, and he took their measure as gentlemen from the quantity of firewater they carried for their cruise. Dick was their friend and never disturbed the pools at day-break so long as it lasted. Dick was a thirsty soul from early morn till "dewey eve," and his pretended rights to the fishing-grounds had to be regularly bought up every day, or he would thrash away with a fly as large as a robin and drive every fish up stream.

We give a sketch of him "at home," dis-

in our nostrils, and behold before our startled vision in full relief the kneeling figures of "Les habitants," counting their aves, and indulging as usual. Just above the little chain of rocks is the basin, a wide lake-like sheet of very deep water. After passing through this, you enter the narrows of the Grand Falls, a rocky gorge. High perpendicular crags shut you in on either side, varying from 150 to 300 feet high, with a breadth of 60 feet. As you pass up this fearful chasm, now and then snubbed in the centre of a glassy sheet of driving and extremely translucent water, you breathe not, you speak not, lest the echo should bring down those terrible frowning, threatening masses of purple rock high up overhead. The sun but seldom faintly tips these gloomy, solemn, cavernous retreats. Natural ice wells can be found among its clefts and rents all through the year. We turn an elbow, and before us springs with a sudden roar the Grand Falls of the Nipisiguit. Taken as a "tout ensemble," it is allowed to be the queen of cascades on this Continent. Had the author of Minne-ha-ha viewed this Fall previous to writing up his "Laughing Waters," he certainly would have changed his base, for the Minne-ha-ha is but a mill sluice compared to the Nipisiguit in point of romantic beauty.

Reader if ever you should visit the Nipisiguit, and fish the pools at the Grand Falls, endeavour to pot your seventeen salmon in one day, for it was done by a well known English sportsman when the writer was on the river. The Falls have three leaps, and a total perpendicular of nearly one hundred feet. Senator Ferguson is the only party lumbering in this river. The difficulties are great. Provisions have to be sent twelve months in advance, and placed in bear houses, or strong buildings secure against the attack of burly Bruin. The nearest camp is seventy-five or eighty miles from Bathurst. The Nipisiguit has suffered much from unlawful netting and spearing. The fishing privileges are now leased, and efficient care taken of the spawning grounds, so that it cannot fail but recuperate, and occupy its former well-deserved popularity.

E. J. R.



FRIED PORK AND FAMILY PRAYERS.

foam forming hundreds of beautiful "bits," such as the lover of nature and the cultivated artistic mind know well how to appreciate. On either bank the same old crusty rock is piled up step upon step with marvellous regularity, in some places full thirty feet above the level of the river. The stream, in a distance of about a quarter of a mile, takes three sudden bends which varies the grouping and increases the many gorgeously picturesque surprises of this delightful locality—black flies and mosquitoes not taken into account.

The "Flat Rock" and "Gilmour's Cast" are the angler's chief stations. The latter is named after a recluse who lived for many years a solitary life near the Pabineau. No one knew whence he came or his pedigree. He is supposed to have been of good family, was evidently well educated, and of Scottish origin. The lovers of the mysterious hugged the idea that he had committed some great crime, and was an outcast and an outlaw, and dare not seek the "busy haunts of men." He would occasionally visit the village to fill his canteen. He lived and died a mystery and alone. It is claimed that he was the first who "whipped" the Nipisiguit.

Old Dick, or the Hermit of the Pabineau, a more recent though not less celebrated character, is likewise associated with the history of the place. He had a hut within a mile of the fishing grounds and lived by the sale of wild meadow hay and what he could "sponge" out of the young lordlings who fished the stream. He was a character in his way, and an authority on Horse Flies and Hackles. His early youth was evidently spent in the "Green Isle," to his dying day he

playing his picture gallery, which consisted of one common print gorgeously coloured, of a Dame du Ballet in professional costume. Money could not purchase this gem of high art from the enraptured Dick. Likewise, his morning call appearance; on his passage through the bushes the mosquitoes would gather round their old friend in a dense cloud. A deputation, bottle in hand, awaits him with some 95 per cent. over proof anything under that would insult his palate. "Four fingers" down and the fisheries were secure for the morning.

THE GRAND FALLS.

Seven miles from the Pabineau is a deep, clean cut cleft in the solid rock, through which the river courses with more or less violence, according to the volume of water passing through it. By some this is considered excellent ground for sport. Beyond this a short distance, and the rapids and falls of the great and little chain of rocks come in view—more labour for the voyageur in the shape of a long portage. It is a succession of small cascades, rapids, pools and broken water, extremely beautiful if not grand. We assisted on one occasion in landing a 30lb fish out of one of these pools. The above is about two miles in length. A good snub-ist can descend this rapid, but it requires one who knows the stream. French half-breeds generally are employed as canoe tenders by fishing parties. They are usually a very temperate, honest race. They have, however, a wonderful liking for fried fat pork at all times, and on all occasions. In the "wee sma' hours" we have awakened with a fizzing in our ears—a stonch



OLD DICK en route.

TEMPERATURE in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Saturday, 24th July, 1871, observed by JOHN UNDERHILL, Optician to the Medical Faculty of McGill University, 220 Notre Dame Street.

		Aneroïd Barometer compensated and corrected.									
		9 A.M.	1 P.M.	6 P.M.	MAX.	MIN.	MEAN.	9 A.M.	1 P.M.	6 P.M.	
Sa.	July 23.	69	72	65	74	52	68	30.20	30.30	30.35	
Mo.	" 24.	68	71	64	73	51	67	30.10	30.44	30.41	
Tu.	" 25.	67	70	63	72	50	66	30.45	30.46	30.42	
W.	" 26.	66	69	62	71	49	65	30.30	30.21	30.12	
Th.	" 27.	65	68	61	70	48	64	30.12	30.11	30.09	
Fri.	" 28.	64	67	60	69	47	63	30.21	30.20	30.31	
Sat.	" 29.	63	66	59	68	46	62	30.43	30.41	30.39	

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, AUG. 12, 1871.

SUNDAY.	AUG. 6.—Ninth Sunday after Trinity. Transfiguration. Duke of Edinburgh born, 1841. Battles of Woerth and Spicheren, 1870.
MONDAY.	" 7.—Name of Jesus. Velasquez died, 1660. Sir M. du Quesne, Governor of Canada, 1752. Paris declared in a state of siege, 1870.
TUESDAY.	" 8.—Marshal Ney shot, 1815. George Canning died, 1827. Complete evacuation of Roman territory by French troops announced, 1870.
WEDNESDAY.	" 9.—Accession of Louis Philippe to the French throne, 1830. Bombardment of Srebarn, 1855. First message sent by Atlantic Cable, 1858. Resignation of the Ollivier Ministry, and accession of the Palikao Ministry, 1870.
THURSDAY.	" 10.—St. Lawrence, M. Dryden born, 1631. Battle of Montmorency, 1757. Strasburg invested by the Germans, 1870. Lieut.-Governor Archibald left for the North-West, 1870.
FRIDAY.	" 11.—Dog Days end. Battle of Lake Champlain, 1814.
SATURDAY.	" 12.—Southey born, 1774. Lord Castlereagh died, 1822. Nancy occupied by the Germans, 1870.

POOR MISS FINCH!

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

MR. ARTHUR MAUGER, late Special Correspondent of this paper in Western Ontario, having resigned his position, the Public will please take notice that until further order, CAPTAIN T. O. BRIDGEWATER, our General Agent in Western Ontario, is alone authorised to take orders for subscriptions and advertisements for the *Canadian Illustrated News*.

GEORGE E. DESBARATS.

July 27, 1871.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1871.

AMONG the momentous questions which face the student of social economy there are none more important than that affecting the future status of woman. Is she to become a politician? Is she, unit for unit, to count with man, in all the various questions that come up for decision, whether as to the making of laws, the shaping of party policy, the regulation of municipal affairs, or the defence of the national independence? In a word, is woman to be unsexed in the eye of the law?

To those who still believe in the sacred character of the marital obligation; who believe, moreover, that the social system is based upon a distinct and well defined sphere for each of the sexes, the answer in the negative comes readily enough. But it must be remembered that many regard marriage as merely a civil contract, which may be broken—oh! how easily, say in the region of Chicago—and to these the questions propounded are far more difficult of solution unless, indeed, they be answered according to the creed of Miss Susan Anthony, whose disciple, Mrs. Fair, is to be hanged at San Francisco, the day after to-morrow, if not pardoned by an indiscriminately merciful executive. To the thoughtful people of the United States this "Woman's Rights" agitation must have long ago passed beyond the domain of jocularly and assumed an aspect more serious than that even of the labour question in connection with the "Heathen Chinee." What is the household without the administrative talent of the woman and the acknowledged headship of the man? Already it is almost impossible, even in Canada, to secure such female "help" as is actually necessary to uphold the domestic economy. Women, girls and female children, aspire to anything and everything but the one duty of managing household affairs. They affect trades and every species of light handicraft, and the viragoes of the sex have invited them to look higher, and demand political privileges, or "rights" as they modestly term them. Are these the signs of a healthy educational system? Do they indicate a new step in the progress of the human race? Rather is it not to be feared that they are but signs of a recurring surge of barbarism in which the lessons of Christianity being forgotten or disregarded, the human family will revert to a state of moral depravity analogous to that which prevailed two thousand years ago.

The spiritualistic, affinity and free-love doctrines so prevalent among Americans have doubtless had much to do with giving an impetus to the shameless "Woman's

Rights" movement. But, possibly, society at large has much to answer for on the same score. Social customs have of late years imposed onerous—almost unbearable—duties upon *mater-familias*. In the first place society has educated the girls out of their sphere; secondly, fashion has so multiplied the requirements of dress that even the sewing machine, with all its aids of female feet and fingers, can scarcely keep the misses and dowagers of the fashionable world up to its required standard. Wife keeping has thus become too expensive; the female mind has been trained to look upon the performance of household duties as so much drudgery to be avoided at all hazards, and the consequent dissociation of the sexes at a period of life when union promises the brightest chances of future happiness, is now manifesting its evil effects not alone through the agency of divorce courts and Women's Rights Conventions, but in the stern and incontrovertible tables of the Statist. The New England families are dying out; the old average of five to a household has gone below three, and it is left to the old world immigrants, with old world notions imported chiefly from Ireland and Germany, to keep up the numerical strength of American population. Even in our own good city we have had statisticians, estimating on the ratio of the death rate, giving a reduced percentage of births among the wealthy and fashionable as compared with the poor and laborious, though natural causes would seem to favour an exactly opposite result. Possibly in old countries, where the theory of overcrowding finds believers, the tendency to which we have alluded may be hailed as a boon; but in this western world, where there is every opportunity for the fullest enjoyment of domestic happiness; where industry always brings ample means, and where ordinary prudence soon brings a competence, there can be no excuse either for the practice or preaching of such Malthusian doctrine.

The American papers have either sided with, or ridiculed the "Women's Rights Movement." Men have been found, whose fame was hardly equal to their itch for notoriety, to assist this movement by their writings and their speeches. But upon the whole the American mind, that is the masculine mind, has been disposed to treat it with ridicule. However, the agitation goes on; divorces become more frequent; to be the mother of children gets daily less fashionable; and year by year every honest young man who is desirous of rising in the world seems more and more determined to avoid the "help" which, in his case, would be no longer "meet," since his income will not stand the drain of dry goods and milliners' bills! Such is the effect on the upper crusts of society, but the substrata are no less surely victimised by the prevailing tendency. The hod carrier's daughter spurs the notion of doing respectable household service for fair wages so long as she can work in a factory or "boss" a sewing machine and have all her evenings to herself, to be spent in immodest street strolling or other amusement suited to her fancy. Much sympathy has been deservedly expended on the cause of providing employment for women. But if it were considered that not one in five of the human race is a real worker—either as producer or distributor—and that yet there is nearly half as much wasted as goes to the support of the human family, it will be seen that Nature has been most extravagant in providing for her children, and it might be reasoned therefrom that the true sphere of Woman, the Home Sphere, that in which she achieves her most legitimate triumphs, was providentially designed in the interests of society, and for the sake of society ought to be respected. Already it appears that the rising tide of democracy has placed political influence in the hands of too many men; surely then it would be a cure worse than the disease to embarrass women with its responsibilities. Unless some happy inspiration, of which as yet we have not seen the first sign, should possess the public mind, whereby it may be able to distinguish between change and progress, it is to be feared that the anti-household instincts now being so industriously cultivated by a certain class of very masculine women and very effeminate men, will produce results disastrous to the well being of society.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE CREATION OF MANITOBA; OR, A History of the Red River Troubles. By Alexander Begg. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co., 1871.

This is a neatly executed work of over four hundred pages, the typographical appearance and binding of which is very creditable to the publishers. The contents are of more than ordinary interest. Without pretension to literary merit the book details in a matter of fact way the circumstances which led to the unfortunate *fracas* that nearly led to a civil war in the North-West. Mr. Begg writes with a pretty full knowledge of all the circumstances connected with the late troubles, and the facts and arguments he brings forward are such as deserve the most serious consideration of the people of Canada, and

especially of Ontario, where the Red River excitement at one time touched fever heat. Dr. Schultz, Mr. Snow, Hon. Mr. McDougall, Mr. Mair, and others are handled without gloves, while Col. Dennis, who is occasionally commended for his prudence, receives, upon the whole, no little share of censure. Mr. Begg is an old resident of the Red River Settlement, and, therefore, not an incompetent witness to the things whereof he testifies, and we hope that his book may secure, as it deserves, a very liberal patronage. The sum of his reflections seems to be that at the beginning there were mistakes on all sides; that the so-called "Canadian party" perpetrated the greater part of the mischief, or at the least planted the "dragon's teeth;" that the Public Works department of Canada took an undue advantage of the grasshopper-made famine, under the administration of Mr. Snow and his coadjutors, and that the original settlers were justly alarmed by the preliminary measures seemingly in progress for ousting them from their lands. He, however, gives credit to the Ottawa Government for having in the end acted fairly by the natives, though he thinks that the bad blood created by the troubles will hardly cool in a generation. As to the shooting of Scott, and the general policy of Riel, he is hardly so definite and particular as we could have wished; nevertheless, his work, as a plain, unvarnished tale of events deeply affecting the North-West, is well worthy perusal, and as the subject will, doubtless, be a theme at every hustings throughout the country during the next general election, we heartily commend the book to the earnest perusal of all who desire to have a thorough understanding of the origin and results of the "North-West Troubles." The publishers are to be commended for having brought out the book in such a presentable form.

THEATRE ROYAL.—The great attraction during the week has been the great comedian, Mr. Charles Mathews, who despite his age appears as fresh and lithe upon the stage as he did thirty years ago. He is unrivalled in his peculiar line of comedy. He renders every character he assumes with the natural ease and grace of one who has a perfect appreciation of the subject, and is endowed with all the faculties necessary to its full expression. Notwithstanding the advance in the rates during Mr. Mathews' stay the theatre has been crowded to overflowing every night, nearly all the seats being secured in advance. Mr. J. W. Norton, who has been so favourably known here as a painstaking and promising actor, has left for New York, where we understand he is to fill an important engagement at Booth's Theatre. Doubtless Mr. Norton will fully sustain his already well-earned reputation. The popular Holman troupe commence an engagement on Monday evening.

OUR ENGLISH LETTER.

A SUMMER TRIP TO ENGLAND—1871.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

LIVERPOOL, July 17, 1871.

The tourist to the old country, which we all delight to call "home," has a thousand pleasant emotions excited within his breast, when, on board of some good ship of the "Allan" line, he sees the anchor weighed, the sails hoisted and the vessel fairly under steam "for England, home and beauty." It matters little which vessel he has selected for his voyage—all have good qualities, each has its excellence, and the charm above all others is that it is "homeward bound."

The mails are the first consideration. Two officers watch their transit: here they come tumbling along, big and little leathern bags—some too heavy to lift, others so light that you might suppose they only contain love letters. These are sorted on board and placed in special bags, about 150 in number—15,000 letters and about the same number of newspapers. Next come in order of consideration the cabin passengers, numbering on this voyage of July, 1871, some 75—each anxious about his or her precious baggage, which is tossed about with an amount of appreciation of the value of its contents, differing widely from that possessed by each owner thereof. Happy, however, is the man who finds in his berth at last all that he requires for the voyage; unhappy is he who has allowed a pet portmanteau to get down into the hold as "not required," and most miserable is that unfortunate lady who, returning to England "for good," finds that her biggest box, with plate, jewels and money therein, has unfortunately been placed on the steamer for Cacouna by mistake, and may by some strange possibility reach her in England some day with more or less of its contents abstracted! But we are amongst the happy, let us rejoice, gaze with becoming ecstasy on those glorious Laurentian hills which form the grand panorama of Quebec. Note the growing signs of industrial enterprise on the Levis shore, and the goodly merchant-ships sailing proudly into the old harbour. Let us rejoice in the glowing landscape, glorious in the morning sun; in the smiling villages, the glistening falls of Montmorency, the picturesque Isle d'Orleans, and the pastoral lines of dotted cottages which stretch along to Rivière du Loup and Cacouna—the prince of watering places" on the south shore, and the vista of hills at last broken by the Saguenay river on the north. A bright and glorious sunset closes the scene, and after a social dinner we begin to make acquaintance. I am seated between an Irish lord and a Canadian judge; before me a pretty girl in blue, and within sight another in green. Of course I am at the captain's table, and have to assist him in taking care of the ladies. A sleepy game

of whist winds up the first day at sea, and many retire applying the flattering unction to their souls that, after all, a sea voyage is not so bad as they expected. A brilliant morning welcomes us to the deck on Sunday, the 9th. The "Scandinavian" passes us before breakfast with salutes announcing "all's well;" she has passed through the straits of Bello Isle and "seen but little ice." Next a London screw steamer at a distance; then a whale beset by threshers; then an iceberg, and little else!—a good service, a good plain sermon from the captain, some sacred music, and the day passes tranquilly and serenely.

A head wind and a heavy swell with cold drizzling rain for three days, is not weather to make such a company very lively or entertaining, but the days slip by with a monotonous regularity, till at last the week has passed and Sunday shines upon us again. A sporting lord, a lively belle, a French epicure, a silent American, and a learned western professor, are the most idiosyncratic characters in the cabin. About a dozen "buyers" from various provinces take possession of the smoking cabin and "talk shop and naughtiness" from morning till midnight. On Saturday we sight several vessels outward bound, and the ladies have courage enough to try a little music. The small and select library of the ship has been thoroughly overhauled, and Dickens appears to be in great request. The *C. I. News* is cordially welcomed by the ladies, amongst whom it appears to be well and favourably known.

A fine day on Monday put everybody in good spirits, and the last evening on board is a musical one. At noon on Tuesday the coast of Ireland appears and the distant hills of Donegal touch the clouds. At four we feast our eyes on the green fields and potato patches of the Emerald Isle, and put mails and passengers on board the "tender" for Moville. The pilot, stalwart Christie, comes on board with piles of English newspapers, for which all hands are stretched and all eyes ready. The ladies are supplied with Irish nosegays, and the gentlemen sport the English rose. At 5 we are off again—hug the coast of dear old Ireland, enjoy the long shadows of the setting sun as it illumines the "Giant's Causeway," the "Black Skerries," and the bold crag called "Fair Head." All are in tune for a song on this last night at sea, and the ladies preside at the piano. We open our eyes in the morning in St. George's Channel, and lie alongside the dock at 11 a. m. It is after 1 p. m., however, before we "pass" the Custom House officers on the Prince's landing stage, and indulge once more in what Mr. Weller called "two mile o'danger" at eight pence, in a rollicking Hansom Cab—humming through the rattling stone pavements of dirty Liverpool:

"Home again, home again from a foreign shore,
And oh, it fills my heart with glee
To pace its streets once more." J. B. E.

Hon. Mr. Langevin, C. B., has left Ottawa for British Columbia, and is expected to return about the latter end of September.

Hon. Mr. Aikin has gone to Manitoba on public business, probably in connection with the land policy of the Government.

The Grand Duke Alexis, the Russian Prince, who is about to visit the United States, will sail from Cronstadt on the 25th inst., for New York, with, as the American despatches have it, a fleet "by far the largest that ever left European waters."

It is said that Earl Granville, Thiers and Count von Beust are to meet in September to discuss the Eastern Question.

Dr. Dollinger has been elected Rector of the University of Munich.

It is stated that Mr. Gurney, Recorder of London, and Judge Fraser, of Indiana, have been appointed Commissioners, under the Washington Treaty, to meet at Washington, and examine the claims of the United States and Great Britain.

Mr. John Skidell, of "Trent" celebrity, is dead.

GLOVES.

In some northern countries there exists a custom for brides, on their wedding day, to present a pair of gloves of their own manufacture to each invited guest; and woe betide the unlucky bride who neglects a single one, for his or her revenge would follow the young wife throughout her whole life, however distant her home might be. To provide, therefore, for the utmost emergency, a girl begins early in life to lay by dozens and dozens of gloves of her own knitting ready for the eventful day. In most countries it is still customary to give white gloves to menials on a wedding-day, but these need not be worked, stitched, or knitted by the bride's own fair fingers. It is also usual to give gloves at a christening; and abroad, especially in Switzerland, it is the godmother who presents them, rather reversing the laws of gallantry. The custom of giving gloves at funerals is also very old, though now it is generally restricted to the mourners. Thus, in almost every age and country, the glove has been linked with love, marriage, birth, and death. It has also formed the theme that once proved a powerful instrument of revenge in the hands of jealousy and hatred; poisoned gloves being at one time but too frequently used as the means whereby to dispose of a hated rival. The Medici knew the fatal secret, alas! too well, and pitilessly employed it to satiate their passions. Cosmetic gloves, with a thick lining of paste whereby to soften and whiten the hands, were also very much favoured at one time, and, I believe, may still be had in these days, and are eagerly bought by some ladies, who regularly wear them at night, though where they are to be procured I cannot tell.

But let us return to every-day life, and to gloves as we find them. White kid gloves should be reserved for occasions of the greatest ceremony; on all other occasions they are out of place, common, and vulgar, and white gloves must never be of any material but kid. Next to white gloves, straw-coloured are the most dressy, for they look almost white at night, and may be worn when white may not, for fetes, small evening parties, etc. Straw-coloured gloves have often played considerable parts in fashionable novels, just as gauntlets did in old romances, and since Pelham headed the list, every novelist, for a long period, thought himself compelled to glove his heroes and heroines in straw-coloured kids. But lavender has now usurped the place of straw, especially with gentlemen, who even have occasionally the bad taste to dance in them. I say bad taste, because every custom must be in bad taste, however fashionable it may be, if it be productive of damage or injury to others, and, though gentlemen may not generally know it, lavender kid gloves often spoil their partners' dresses,

who frequently cannot wear a second time a dress body after it has been held by hands encased in lavender.

Black gloves should only be worn in mourning, and never at any other time under any pretext whatever. Ladies who are forced to study economy may select useful dark shades for gloves, but never black, black gloves being exclusively reserved for mourning. It was Count d'Orsay, I think, who used to say that the sight of black gloves made him shudder. *Appropos* of Count d'Orsay, it is also said that he used to regularly wear four pairs of new gloves a day, of different quality and colour, according to different times and places. Indeed it is a popular belief on the continent that every English gentleman wears at least three pairs of new gloves a day. I must here confess my ignorance on this point, therefore can neither affirm nor deny it; should it be correct, however, I should say that it must make a tolerably unpleasant inroad into many a restricted income.

As a rule, gloves should always be a shade lighter than the dress with which they are worn, never darker—dark gloves with light dress are most offensive to the eye.

To return to black gloves for a moment, I must here remark that abroad, where rules respecting mourning are much more strict than in England, black kid gloves are not allowed during the first stage of mourning. Black kid is shining, and deep mourning should avoid all that shines; thus black woolen gloves are alone allowed under these circumstances. At the Burgundian Court, gloves were not allowed at all during mourning. It would appear by that that gloves were considered entirely as objects of vanity, like powder and rouge, which likewise were prohibited during mourning.

For general wear, neutral tints are the best for gloves, and, above all, the Swedish kid glove in its natural tan-colour. There is no glove like it for usefulness, elegance and economy. They may be worn at all hours, and with all dresses, excepting evening dress.

In the event of embroidered gloves or mittens returning into fashion, it will be as well to remark here that embroidery should always correspond with the natural shape of the hand—flowers and symbols, such as two hands united, should be scrupulously avoided. Lines and arabesques are the most appropriate patterns for glove embroidery—lines tend to make the hand look narrow, and therefore are preferred to any other style of working.

The first requisite for a glove is that it should fit well, therefore it ought to be cut according to the hand; in fact, the hands should be measured for gloves as the feet are for boots. In France it has long been customary to measure for gloves, and there are now a few establishments in London which adopt a similar fashion.

The art of cutting out a glove is one especially excelled in by the French, and is most difficult in execution. Indeed there is an old proverb which says that it takes three kingdoms to make one glove: Spain to provide the kid, France to cut it out, and England to sew it. The French have a particular art in economical cutting, and can cut three pairs of gloves out of the same quantity of kid that an Englishman can scarcely cut two. Consequently French gloves ought to be cheaper than English, but they are not. The Germans, though their kid is rapidly rivalling Spanish kid, and though they sew as well as the English, are quite ignorant of the art of cutting, consequently they are as yet unable to make good gloves.

If a glove is not to disfigure the hand, it should be made of the softest and most elastic kid, that will lend itself to every natural movement of the hand; and the best colour, as already stated, is the natural light tan colour of the kid itself. In former romantic days, young ladies wore gloves the colour they wished their hands to be, and tried to imitate the rosy-fingered goddess by wearing rose-coloured gloves. But we are more matter-of-fact in these days, and, I think, more natural. —*Correspondence in Land and Water.*

Dr. Livingstone.—At a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, Sir R. C. Rawlinson presiding, amongst the papers read was a letter from Sir R. Murchison communicating Dr. Kirk's views on Dr. Livingstone's position and movements. Sir Roderick communicates that he has received a letter from Dr. Kirk, dated the 20th April, 1871, in which he states that although no one at Zanzibar had been to Manawah (the place where Dr. Livingstone was last heard of), he had ascertained that it was about a month's journey, say 200 or 300 miles west of Tanganyka, and is a thriving ivory mart. Dr. Kirk is of opinion that Livingstone had been led thither to examine a western lake he had heard of, and into which the waters from Cazenbe flowed, whither they may go to the west and the Congo, or to the north and Nile basin. He further hopes that if Livingstone should have settled the outflow of the Tanganyka, he will be satisfied, and leave all the rest of the work to future travellers, seeing that he has been out upwards of five years, and must surely want rest.

STRING VIBRATIONS MADE VISIBLE.—In a recent lecture on "Sound," at the Royal Institution, Prof. Tyndall illustrated different rates of vibration by means of different tuning-forks with strings attached. He made the vibrations visible to the audience,—says the *Mechanics' Magazine*,—by darkening the theatre, and illuminating the strings by means of the electric light, so that they threw long shadows on the screen, and when they were made to vibrate, shadowy segments of a gauze-like appearance were seen. In another experiment he showed the segments in an exceedingly beautiful manner. A fine platinum wire, several feet long, was attached to one end of one of the tuning forks, and then made red hot by means of a current of electricity passed through it from a forty-cell Grove's battery. When the fork was then made to vibrate, the red hot wire was thrown into vibrating segments, and whenever it vibrated most it was of course most cooled by the air, so there became dark—lost all its redness. But at the nodal points it remained red hot. Thus by its own vibrations it was divided into red hot and dark sections. While thus vibrating, the red hot nodal points were hotter than while the whole string was at rest, because the cooling of the other portions of the wire increased their electrical conductivity, and thus a more powerful current acted on the points of no motion.

The combined populations of the eight largest cities of the United States: New York, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Chicago, St. Louis, Baltimore, Boston and Cincinnati, are less than the population of the city of London.

There are only two hundred and fifty-eight Jews in all Ireland.

POOR MISS FINCH!

MISCELLANEA.

According to the *Brisbane Courier*, "the orange-tree is now firmly established as one of the fruits of Northern Australia, and nurserymen are endeavouring to supply the demand, which must increase, for trees. Oranges promises a heavy crop this season."

An international exhibition is to be held at Peru in December—the first thing of the kind in South America. The chief prize of honour, to be competed for by both Peruvians and foreigners, consists of a gold medal of £200. The next is a prize of honour for foreigners, consisting of a gold medal and £100.

WHY LADIES ARE SELDOM BALD-HEADED.—The ladies, notwithstanding they wear long hair, (which is more likely to fall out), seldom are bald-headed. Their heads are not kept closely covered. In sleeping, do not cover the head with a night-cap. Keep the head well ventilated; if the hat is close, raise it often and let in the fresh air; never wear the hat indoors.

Cannibalism has not been stamped out of Jamaica, if we may credit the extraordinary story stating that some time ago a boy, eight or nine years of age, went to the hut of two Africans residing in the parish of St. Mary's, Jamaica, to deliver a message. As he did not turn up again within a reasonable time, a search was made, when the poor child was found completely dismembered, and dressed exactly as any animal would be for the pot and spit. Clearly civilization has done something for them, however, as it has taught them to prepare their food according to gastronomic usage in the civilized parts of the world.

The Duke of Brunswick, of whom nothing has been heard of late, is living at Geneva in all the retirement which the possession of so many diamonds imposes. He has hired two stout Swiss porters to keep watch and ward over the treasure. It is rumoured in the place that he has just made his will, and that he has left the whole of his property—diamonds and all—to the Prince Imperial of France.

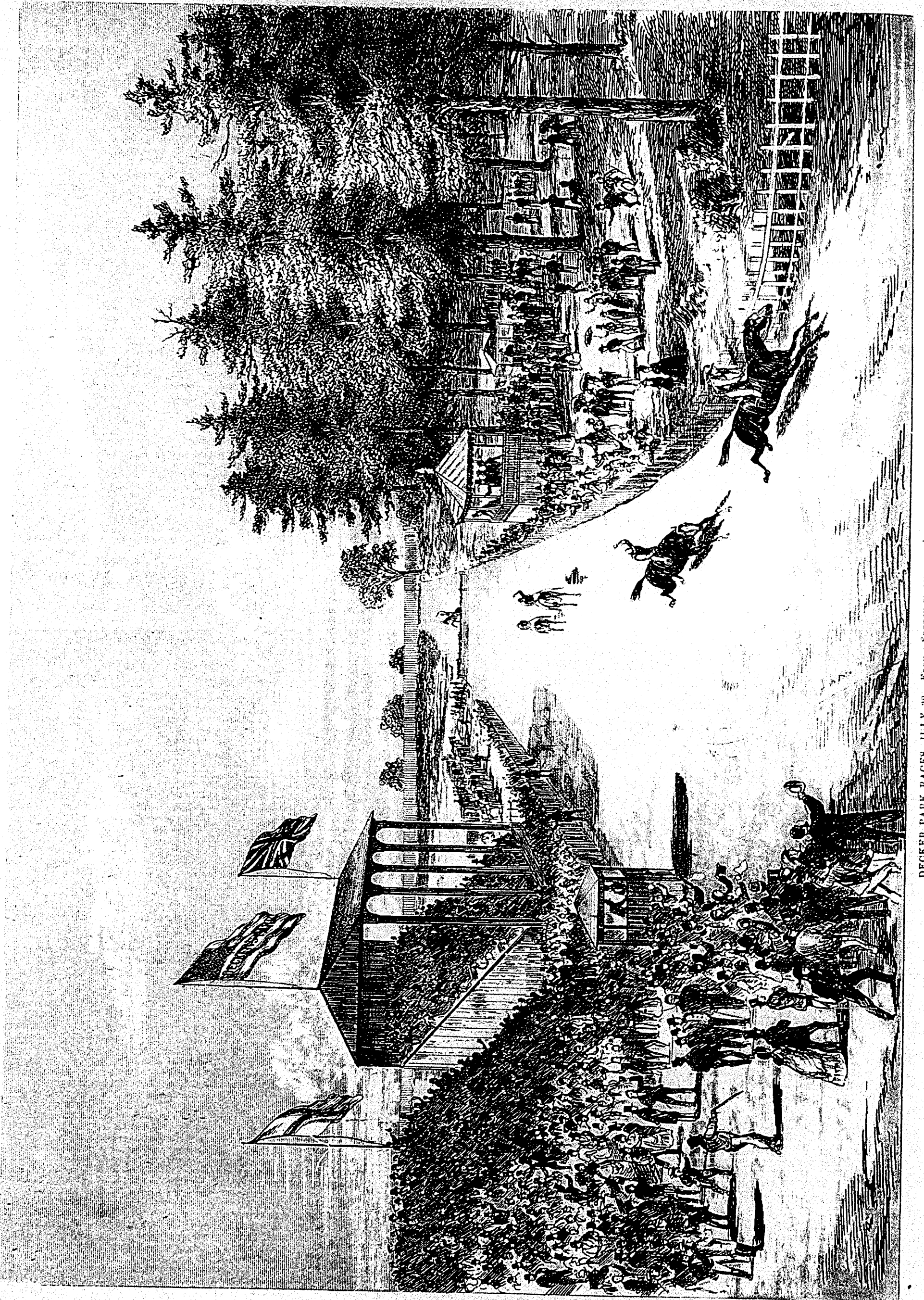
A sad warning is conveyed by the catastrophe which has befallen the Archduchess Frederica. While lighting a taper for adornment of a Christmas tree at the school treat of the poor children for whom she provides, a drop of the burning wax fell upon her arm. In an ordinary case such a trifling accident would have been productive of no serious consequence, but the taper was of bright green wax, and it appears that the corrosive matter in the colouring entering the blood through the blister occasioned by the burn has poisoned the whole system.

A HEALTHFUL SUBSTITUTE FOR TEA.—As a healthful drink, in place of tea, Dr. Thompson, in a late work of his, recommends the use of the dried leaves of the red raspberry. They cleanse the system of canker, and thus act beneficially to the health. The leaves should be gathered on a warm day, and may be spread in a good airy chamber, on clean boards or papers, to dry. When sufficiently dry, they may be kept in sacks. A small handful is sufficient for several persons. This tea does not require the addition of milk or sugar, and is quit as pleasant as other tea, and much cheaper and healthier.

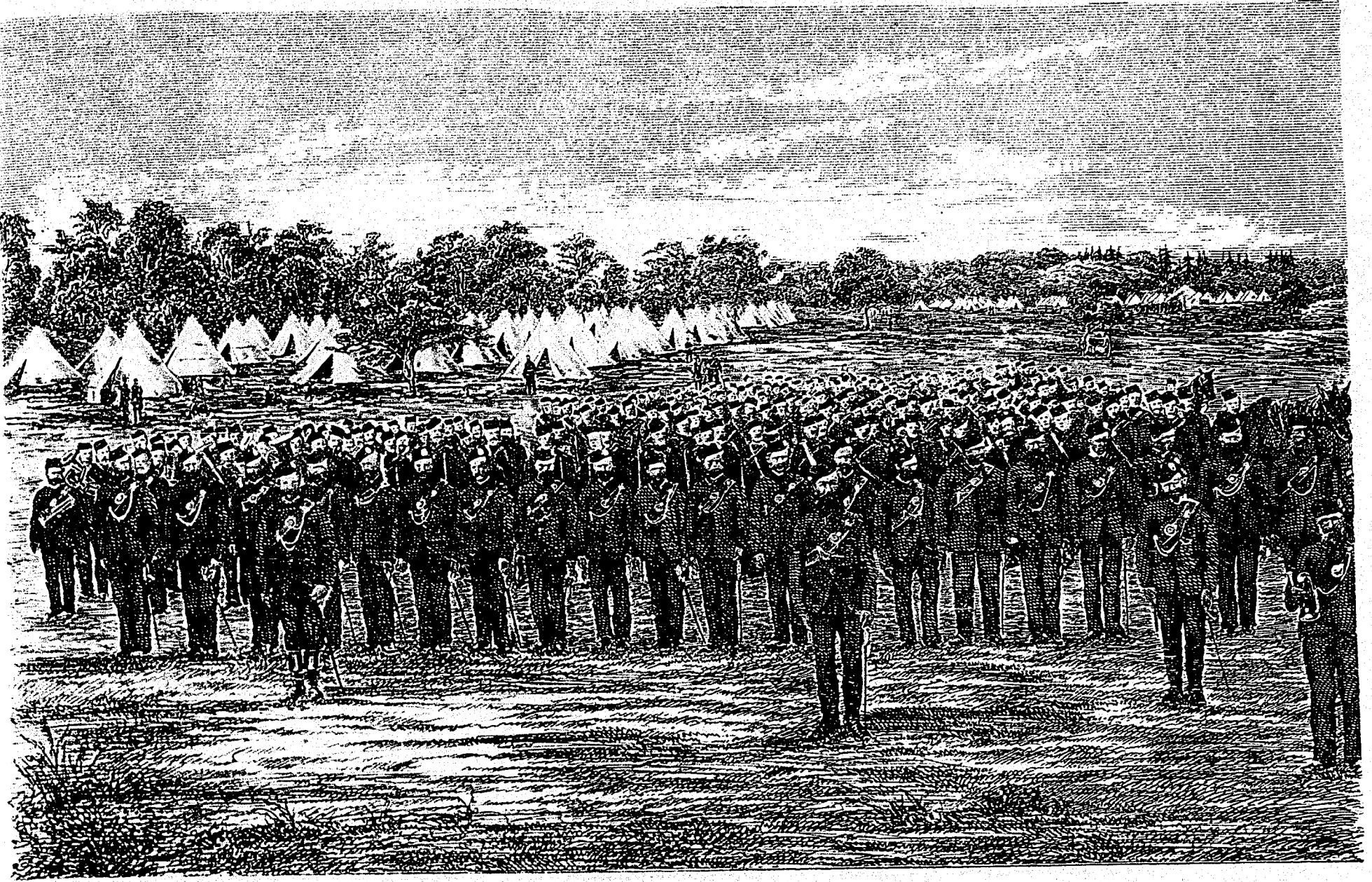
CURE FOR A COLD IN THE HEAD.—Dr. Pailon, of France, announces what he considers a new method of curing a cold in the head. It consists in inhaling through the nose the emanations of ammonia contained in a smelling bottle. If the sense of smell is completely obliterated, the bottle should be kept under the nose until the pungency of the volatile alkali is felt. The bottle is then removed, but only to be replaced after a minute; the second application, however, should be long, that the patient may bear it. This easy operation being repeated seven or eight times in the course of five minutes, but always very rapidly, except the first time, the nostrils become free, the sense of smell is restored, and the secretion of the irritating mucus is stopped. This remedy is said to be peculiarly advantageous to singers.

"NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN."—Whilst the "Two-headed Nightingale," now exhibiting in England, is attracting so much attention, it will not be out of place to give the following account of a Scotch double man, who lived in the reign of James III. of Scotland, and which is taken from the *Peram Scotiarum Historia*:—"During the reign of James III. of Scotland, and at his court, there lived a man, double about the waist, single below that region. The king caused him to be carefully brought up. He rapidly acquired a knowledge of music. The two heads learned several languages; they debated together, and the two upper halves occasionally fought. They lived generally, however, in the greatest harmony. When the lower part of the body was tickled, the two individuals felt it together; but when, on the other hand, one of the upper individuals was touched, he alone felt the effect. He died at the age of 28 years. One of the bodies died several days before the other."

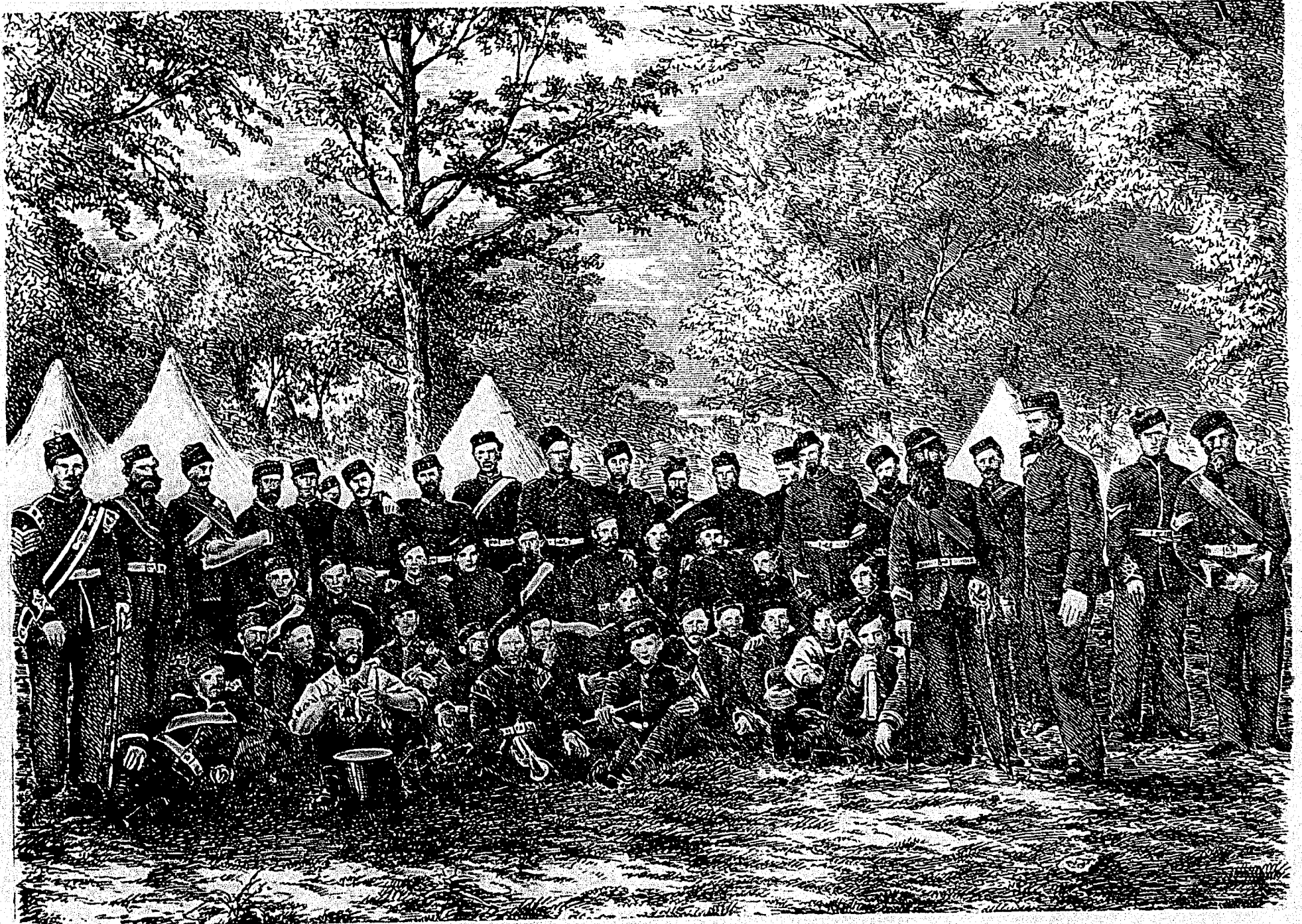
The lovers of art will be delighted to learn that the Venus de Milo has returned uninjured to her crimson pedestal at the Louvre. The secret of her hiding-place has been divulged. The story of her removal is amusing enough. The commission of savans, assembled to dispose of the treasures of the Louvre, had agreed to the concealment of the most precious of the antiquities in the vaults beneath the galleries. But this one, the most precious of all, gave the greatest uneasiness, and there was much perplexity concerning her proper destination. Many plans were suggested, but the poor savans deemed none of them sufficiently safe for this invaluable specimen of antique art. While they still remain undecided, one of the porters standing by waiting for orders, asked of his comrade the reason of the peculiar anxiety with regard to this identical statue. "Who was this Venus they make such a fuss about?" The comrade, who was a sort of *bel esprit* in his way, told the history of the goddess, not without blushing now and then, however. Whereupon the questioner indignantly exclaimed, "What! she to have all this honour! Why, in our day she would have been hauled away to the Préfecture de Police—that's where she ought to be taken." The words caught the ear of one of the embarrassed members of the commission. "Parbleu, une idée!" exclaimed he, jumping with joy, "the cellars at the Préfecture are the safest in Paris. True enough, that is the place for our precious Venus!" And thither was she forthwith conveyed.



DECKER PARK RACES, JULY 20.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 82.



THE "QUEEN'S OWN," ON THEIR PARADE GROUND AT THE NIAGARA CAMP.—SEE PAGE 83.



NO. 1 COMPANY, 10TH ROYALS, "AT EASE."—SEE PAGE 83.

(Written for the "Canadian Illustrated News.")

SONG.

THOU HAST LEFT ME.

I.

Thou hast left me and severed the chain
That bound me to gladness a while,
And over the distant main
Thou art gone from thine own sweet isle.

II.

Thou hast left me for wealth and fame,
And the honour men's lips may give,
But in one true heart thy name
In affection shall ever live.

III.

Thou hast left me, and hast thou forgot
Thy love and thy pledged vow,
Or does ever a kindly thought
Of the old time come o'er thee now?

IV.

Thou hast left me, and never again
Shall I live in the light of thy smile,
For far o'er the distant main
Thou art gone from thine own sweet isle.

JOHN READE.

REGISTERED in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1886.

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.

An Autobiographical Story.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,
Author of "Alec Forbes," etc.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

My reader will please to remember that up to this hour I had never seen a lady. I cannot by any stretch call my worthy aunt a lady; and my grandmother was too old, and too much an object of mysterious anxiety, to produce the impression of a lady upon me. Suddenly I became aware that a lady was looking down on me. Over the edge of my horizon, the circle of the hollow that touched the sky, her face shone like a rising moon. Sweet eyes looked on me, and a sweet mouth was tremulous with a smile. I will not attempt to describe her. To my childish eyes she was much what a descended angel must have been to eyes of old, in the days when angels did descend, and there were Arabs or Jews on the earth who could see them. A new knowledge dawned in me. I lay motionless, looking up with worship in my heart. As suddenly she vanished. I lay far into the twilight, and then rose and went home, half bewildered, with a sense of heaven about me which settled into the fancy that my mother had come to see me. I wondered afterwards that I had not followed her; but I never forgot her, and, morning, mid-day, or evening, whenever the fit seized me, I would wander away and lie down in the hollow, gazing at the spot where the lovely face had arisen, in the fancy, hardly in the hope, that my moon might once more arise and bless me with her vision.

Hence I suppose came another habit of mine, that of watching in the same hollow, and in the same posture, now for the sun, now for the moon, but generally for the sun. You might have taken me for a fire-worshipper, so eagerly would I rise, when the desire came upon me, so hastily in the clear gray of the morning would I dress myself, lest the sun should be up before me, and I fail to catch his first lace-like rays dazzling through the forest of grass on the edge of my hollow world. Bare-footed I would send like a hare through the dew, heedless of the sweet air of the morning, heedless of the few bird-songs about me, heedless even of the east, whose saffron might just be burning into gold, as I ran to gain the green hollow whence alone I would greet the morning. Arrived there, I shot into its shelter, and threw myself panting on the grass, to gaze on the spot at which I expected the rising glory to appear. Ever when I recall the custom, that one lark is wildly praising over my head, for he sees the sun for which I am waiting. He has his nest in the hollow beside me. I would sooner have turned my back on the sun than disturbed the home of his high-priest, the lark. And now the edge of my horizon begins to burn; the green blades glow in their tops; they are melted through with light; the flashes invade my eyes; they gather; they grow, until I hide my face in my hands. The sun is up. But on my hands and my knees I rush after the retreating shadow, and, like a child at play with its nurse, hide in its curtain. Up and up comes the peering sun; he will find me; I cannot hide from him; there is in the wide field no shelter from his gaze. No matter then. Let him shine into the deepest corners of my heart, and shake the cowardice and the meanness out of it.

I thus made friends with Nature. I had no great variety even in her, but the better did I understand what I had. The next summer, I began to hunt for glow-worms, and carry them carefully to my hollow, that in the warm, soft, moonless nights they might illumine it with a strange light. When I had been very successful, I would call my uncle and aunt to see. My aunt tried me by always having something to do first. My uncle, on the other hand,

would lay down his book at once, and follow me submissively. He could not generate amusement for me, but he sympathized with what I could find for myself.

"Come and see my cows," I would say to him.

I will remember the first time I took him to see them. When we reached the hollow, he stood for a moment silent. Then he said, laying his hand on my shoulder,

"Very pretty, Willie! But why do you call them cows?"

"You told me last night," I answered, "that the road the angels go across the sky is called the milky way—didn't you, uncle?"

"I never told you the angels went that way, my boy."

"Oh! didn't you? I thought you did."

"No, I didn't."

"Oh! I remember now: I thought it was a way, and nobody but the angels could go in it, that must be the way the angels did go."

"Yes, yes, I see! But what has that to do with the glow-worms?"

"Don't you see, uncle? If it be the milky way, the stars must be the cows. Look at my cows, uncle. Their milk is very pretty milk, isn't it?"

"Very pretty, indeed, my dear—rather green."

"Then I suppose if you could put it in auntie's pan, you might make another moon of it?"

"That's being silly now," said my uncle; and I ceased, abashed.

"Look, look, uncle!" I exclaimed, a moment after; "they don't like being talked about, my cows."

For as if a cold gust of wind had passed over them, they all dwindled and paled. I thought they were going out.

"Oh dear, oh dear!" I cried, and began dancing about with dismay. The next instant the glow returned, and the hollow was radiant.

"Oh the dear light!" I cried again. "Look at it, uncle! Isn't it lovely?"

He took me by the hand. His actions were always so much more tender than his words!

"Do you know who is the light of the world, Willie?"

"Yes, well enough. I saw him get out of bed this morning."

My uncle led me home without a word more. But next night he began to teach me about the light of the world, and about walking in the light. I do not care to repeat much of what he taught me in this kind, for, like my glow-worms, it does not like to be talked about. Somehow it loses colour and shine when one talks.

I have now shown sufficiently how my uncle would seize opportunities for beginning things. He thought more of the beginning than of any other part of a process.

"All's well that begins well," he would say. I did not know what his smile meant as he said so.

I sometimes wonder how I managed to get through the days without being weary. No one ever thought of giving me toys. I had a turn for using my hands; but I was too young to be trusted with a knife. I had never seen a kite, except far away in the sky: I took it for a bird. There were no rushes to make water-wheels of, and no brooks to set them turning in. I had neither top nor marbles. I had no dog to play with. And yet I do not remember once feeling weary. I knew all the creatures that went creeping about in the grass, and although I did not know the proper name for one of them, I had names of my own for them all, and was so familiar with their looks and their habits, that I am confident I could in some degree interpret some of the people I met afterwards by their resemblances to these insects. I have a man in my mind now who has exactly the head and face, if face it can be called, of an ant. It is not a head, but a helmet. I knew all the butterflies—they were mostly small ones, but of lovely varieties. A stray dragonfly would now and then delight me; and there were hunting-spiders and wood-lice, and queerer creatures of which I do not yet know the names. Then there were grasshoppers, which for some time I took to be made of green leaves, and I thought they grew like fruit on the trees till they were ripe, when they jumped down, and jumped for ever after. Another child might have caught and caged them; for me, I followed them about, and watched their ways.

In the winter, things had not hitherto gone quite so well with me. Then I had been a good deal dependent upon Nannie and her stories, which were neither very varied nor very well told. But now that I had begun to read, things went better. To be sure, there were not in my uncle's library many books such as children have now-a-days; but there were old histories, and some voyages and travels, and in them I revelled. I am perplexed sometimes when I look into one of these books—for I have them all about me now—to find how dry they are. The shine seems to have gone out of them. Or is it that the shine has gone out of the eyes that used to read them? If so, it will come again some day. I do not find that the shine has gone out of a beetle's back; and I can read *The Pilgrim's Progress* still.

CHAPTER VI.

I COBBLE.

All this has led me, after a roundabout fashion, to what became for some time the chief delight of my winters—an employment, moreover, which I have taken up afresh at odd times during my life. It came about thus. My uncle had made me a present of an old book with pictures in it. It was called *The Precceptor*—one of Doddsley's publications. There were wonderful folding plates of all sorts in it. Those which represented animals were of course my favourites. But these especially were in a very dilapidated condition, for there had been children before me somewhere; and I proceeded, at my uncle's suggestion, to try to mend them by pasting them on another piece of paper. I made bad work of it at first, and was so dissatisfied with the results, that I set myself in earnest to find out by what laws of paste and paper success might be secured. Before the winter was over, my uncle found me grown so skilful in this manipulation of broken leaves—for as yet I had not ventured further in any of the branches of repair—that he gave me plenty of little jobs of the sort for amongst his books there were many old ones. This was a source of great pleasure. Before the following winter was over, I came to try my hand at repairing bindings, and my uncle was again so much pleased with my success, that one day he brought me from the county town some sheets of parchment with which to attempt the fortification of certain vellum-bound volumes which were considerably the worse for age and use. I will remember how troublesome the parchment was for a long time; but at last I conquered it, and succeeded very fairly in my endeavours to restore to tidiness the garments of ancient thought.

But there was another consequence of this pursuit which may be considered of weight in my history. This was the discovery of a copy of the Countess of Pembroke's *Aradia*—much in want of skilful patching, from the title-page, with its hoar smelling at the rose-dash, to the graduated lines and the *finis*. This book I read through from bear to finish—no small undertaking, and partly, no doubt, under its influences, I became about this time conscious of a desire after honour, as yet a notion of the vaguest. I hardly know how I escaped the taking for granted that there were yet knights riding about on war-horses, with couched lances and fierce spurs, everywhere, as in days of old. They might have been roaming the world in all directions, without my seeing one of them. But somehow I did not fall into the mistake. Only with the thought of my future career, when I should be a man and go out into the world, came always the thought of the sword which hung on the wall. A longing to handle it began to possess me, and my old dream returned. I dared not, however, say a word to my uncle on the subject. I felt certain that he would slight the desire, and perhaps tell me I should hurt myself with the weapon; and one whose heart glowed at the story of the battle between him on the white horse with carnation mane and tail, in his armour of blue radiated with gold, and him on the black-spotted brown, in his dusky armour of despair, could not expose him to such an indignity.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SWORD ON THE WALL.

WHERE possession was impossible, knowledge might yet be reached; could I not learn the story of the ancient weapon? How came that which had more fitly hung in the hall of a great castle, here upon the wall of a kitchen? My uncle however, I felt, was not the source whence I might hope for help. No better was my aunt. Indeed I had the conviction that she neither knew nor cared anything about the useless thing. It was her tea-table that must be kept bright for honour's sake. But there was grannie!

My relations with her had continued much the same. The old fear of her lingered, and as yet I had had no inclination to visit her room by myself. I saw that my uncle and aunt always behaved to her with the greatest kindness and much deference, but could not help observing also that she cherished some secret offence, receiving their ministrations with a certain condescension which clearly enough manifested its origin as hidden cause of complaint and not pride. I wondered that my uncle and aunt took no notice of it, always addressing her as if they were on the best possible terms; and I knew that my uncle never went to his work without visiting her, and never went to bed without reading a prayer by her bedside first. I think Nannie told me this.

She could still read a little, for her sight had been short, and had held out better even than usual with such. But she cared nothing for the news of the hour. My uncle had a weekly newspaper, though not by any means regularly, from a friend in London, but I never saw it in my grandmother's hands. Her reading most mostly in the *Spectator*, or in one of De Foe's works. I have seen her reading Pope.

The sword was in my bones, and as I judged

that only from grannie could I get any information respecting it, I found myself beginning to inquire why I was afraid to go to her. I was unable to account for it, still less to justify it. As I reflected, the kindness of her words and expressions dawned upon me, and I even got so far as to believe that I had been guilty of neglect in not visiting her oftener and doing something for her. True, I recalled likewise that my uncle had desired me not to visit her except with him or my aunt, but that was ages ago, when I was a very little boy, and might have been troublesome. I could even read to her now if she wished it. In short, I felt myself perfectly capable of entering into social relations with her generally. But if there was any flow of affection towards her, it was the sword that had broken the seal of its fountain.

One morning at breakfast I had been sitting gazing at the sword on the wall opposite me. My aunt had observed the steadiness of my look.

"What are you staring at, Willie?" she said. "Your eyes are fixed in your head. Are you choking?"

The words offended me. I got up and walked out of the room. As I went round the table I saw that my uncle and aunt were staring at each other very much as I had been staring at the sword. I soon felt ashamed of myself, and returned, hoping that my behaviour might be attributed to some passing indisposition. Mechanically I raised my eyes to the wall. Could I believe them? The sword was gone—absolutely gone! My heart seemed to swell up into my throat; I felt my cheeks burning. The passion grew within me, and might have broken out in some form or other, had I not felt that would at once betray my secret. I sat still with a fierce effort, consoling and strengthening myself with the resolution that I would hesitate no longer, but take the first chance of a private interview with grannie. I tried hard to look as if nothing had happened, and when breakfast was over, went to my own room. It was there I carried on my pasting operations. There also at this time I drank deep in the "Pilgrim's Progress;" there were swords, and armour, and giants and demons there; but I had no inclination for either employment now.

My uncle left for the farm as usual, and to my delight I soon discovered that my aunt had gone with him. The ways of the house were as regular as those of a bee-hive. Sitting in my own room I knew precisely where and one must be at any given moment; for although the only clock we had was often standing than going, a perfect instinct of time was common to the household, Nannie included. At that moment she was sweeping up the hearth and putting on the kettle. In half an hour she would have tidied up the kitchen, and would have gone to prepare the vegetables for cooking; I must wait. But the sudden fear struck me that my aunt might have taken the sword with her—might be going to make away with it altogether. I started up, and rushed about the room in an agony. What could I do? At length I heard Nannie's patters clatter out of the kitchen to a small outhouse where she pared the potatoes. I instantly descended, crossed the kitchen, and went up the winding stone stair. I opened grannie's door, and went in.

She was seated in her usual place. Never till now had I felt how old she was. She looked up when I entered, for although she had grown very deaf, she could feel the floor shake. I saw by her eyes which looked higher than my head, that she had expected a tall figure to follow me. When I turned from shutting the door, I saw her arms extended with an eager look, and could see her hand trembling ere she told them about me, and pressed my head to her bosom.

"O Lord!" she said, "I thank thee. I will try to be good now. O Lord, I have waited, and thou hast heard me. I will believe in thee again!"

From that moment I loved my grannie, and felt I owed her something as well as my uncle. I had never had this feeling about my aunt.

"Grannie!" I said, trembling from a conflict of emotions; but before I could utter my complaint, I had burst out crying.

"What have they been doing to you, child?" she asked, almost fiercely, and sat up straight in her chair. Her voice although feeble and quivering was determined in tone. She pushed me back from her and sought the face I was ashamed to show. "What have they done to you, my boy?" she repeated, ere I could conquer my sobs sufficiently to speak.

"They have taken away the sword that —"

"What sword?" she asked, quickly. "Not the sword that your great-grandfather wore when he followed Sir Marmaduke?"

"I don't know, grannie."

"Don't know, boy? The only thing your father took when he —. Not the sword with the broken sheath? Never! They daren't do it! I will go down myself. I must see about it at once."

"O grannie, don't! I cried in terror, as she rose from her chair. "They'll not let me ever come near you again if you do."

She sat down again. After seeming to ponder for a while in silence, she said:

"Well, Willie, my dear, you're more to me than the old sword. But I wouldn't have had it handled with disrespect for all that the place is worth. However I don't suppose they can—What made them do it, child? They've not taken it down from the wall?"

"Yes, grannie. I think it was because I was staring at it too much, grannie. Perhaps they were afraid I would take it down and hurt myself with it. But I was only going to ask you about it. Tell me a story about it, grannie."

All my notion was some story, I did not think whether true or false, like one of Nan-nie's stories.

"That I will, my child—all about it—all about it. Let me see."

Her eyes went wandering a little and she looked perplexed.

"And they took it from you, did they, then? Poor child! Poor child!"

"They didn't take it from me, grannie. I never had it in my hands."

"Wouldn't give it you, then? Oh dear! Oh dear!"

I began to feel uncomfortable—grannie looked so strange and lost. The old feeling that she ought to be buried because she was dead returned upon me; but I overcame it so far as to be able to say:

"Won't you tell me about it then, grannie? I want so much to hear about the battle."

"What battle, child? Oh yes! I'll tell you about it some day, but I've forgot now, I've forgot it all now."

She pressed her hand to her forehead, and sat thus for some time, while I grew very frightened. I would gladly have left the room and crept down stairs, but I stood fascinated, gazing at the withered face half-hidden by the withered hand. I longed to be anywhere else, but my will had deserted me, and there I must remain. At length grannie took her hand from her eyes, and seeing me, started.

"Ah, my dear!" she said, "I had forgotten you. You wanted me to do something for you: what was it?"

"I wanted you to tell me about the sword, grannie."

"Oh yes, the sword!" she returned, putting her hand again to her forehead. "They took it away from you, did they? Well, never mind. I will give you something else—though I don't say it's as good as the sword."

She rose, and taking an ivory-headed stick which leaned against the side of the chimney-piece, walked with tottering steps towards the bureau. There she took from her pocket a small bunch of keys, and having, with some difficulty from the trembling of her hands, chosen one, and unlocked the sloping cover, she opened a little drawer inside, and took out a gold watch with a bunch of seals hanging from it. Never shall I forget the thrill that went through my frame. Did she mean to let me hold it in my own hand? Might I have it as often as I came to see her? Imagine my ecstasy when she put it carefully in the two hands I held up to receive it, and said:

"There, my dear! You must take good care of it, and never give it away for love or money. Don't you open it—there's a good boy, till you're a man like your father. He was a man! He gave it to me the day we were married, for he had nothing else, he said, to offer me. But I would not take it, my dear. I liked better to see him with it than have it myself. And when he left me, I kept it for you. But you must take care of it, you know."

"Oh, thank you, grannie!" I cried, in an agony of pleasure. "I will take care of it—indeed I will. Is it a real watch, grannie—as real as uncle's?"

"It's worth ten of your uncle's, my dear. Don't show it him though. He might take that away too. Your uncle's a very good man, my dear, but you mustn't mind everything he says to you. He forgets things. I never forget anything. I have plenty of time to think about things. I never forget."

"Will it go, grannie?" I asked, for my uncle was a much less interesting subject than the watch.

"It won't go without being wound up; but you might break it. Besides, it may want cleaning. It's several years since it was cleaned last. Where will you put it now?"

"Oh! I know where to hide it safe enough, grannie."

The old lady turned, and with difficulty tottered to her seat. I remained where I was, fixed in contemplation of my treasure. She called me. I went and stood by her knee.

"My child, there is something I want very much to tell you, but you know old people forget things—"

"But you said just now that you never forgot anything, grannie."

"No more I do, my dear; only I can't always lay my hands upon a thing when I want it."

"It was about the sword, grannie," I said, thinking to refresh her memory.

"No, my dear; I don't think it was about the sword exactly—though that had something to do with it. I shall remember it all by-and-by. It will come again. And so must you, my dear. Don't leave your old mother so long alone. It's weary, weary work, waiting."

"Indeed I won't, grannie," I said. "I will come the very first time I can. Only I mustn't let auntie see me, you know.—You don't want to be buried now, do you, grannie?" I added; for I had begun to love her, and the love had cast out the fear, and I did not want her to wish to be buried.

"I am very, very old; much too old to live, my dear. But I must do you justice before I can go to my grave. Now I know what I wanted to say. It's gone again. Oh dear! Oh dear! If I had you in the middle of the night, when everything comes back as if it had been only yesterday, I could tell you all about it from beginning to end, with all the ins and outs of it. But I can't now—I can't now."

She moaned and rocked herself to and fro. "Never mind, grannie," I said cheerfully, for I was happy enough for all eternity with my gold watch; "I will come and see you again as soon as ever I can." And I kissed her on the white cheek.

"Thank you, my dear. I think you had better go now. They may miss you, and then I should never see you again—to talk to, I mean."

"Why won't they let me come and see you, grannie?" I asked.

"That's what I wanted to tell you, if I could only see a little better," she answered, once more putting her hand to her forehead. "Perhaps I shall be able to tell you next time. Go now, my dear."

I left the room, nothing loath, for I longed to be alone with my treasure. I could not get enough of it in grannie's presence even. Noiseless as a bat I crept down the stair. When I reached the door at the foot I stood and listened. The kitchen was quite silent. I stepped out. There was no one there. I scudded across and up the other stair to my own room, carefully shutting the door behind me. Then I sat down on the floor on the other side of the bed, so that it was between me and the door, and I could run into the closet with my treasure before any one entering should see me.

The watch was a very thick round one. The back of it was crowded with raised figures in the kind of work called *repoussé*. I pored over these for a long time, and then turned to the face. It was set all round with shining stones—diamonds, though I knew nothing of diamonds then. The enamel was cracked, and I followed every crack as well as every figure of the hours. Then I began to wonder what I could do with it next. I was not satisfied. Possession I found was not bliss; it had not rendered me content. But it was as yet imperfect: I had not seen the inside. Grannie had told me not to open it: I began to think it hard that I should be denied thorough possession of what had been given to me. I believed I should be quite satisfied if I once saw what made it go. I turned it over and over, thinking I might at least find how it was opened. I have little doubt if I had discovered the secret of it, my virtue would have failed me. All I did find, however, was the head of a curious animal engraved on the handle. This was something. I examined it as carefully as the rest, and then finding I had for the time exhausted the pleasures of the watch, I turned to the seals. On one of them was engraved what looked like letters, but I could not read them. I did not know what they were turned the wrong way. One of them was like a W. On the other seal—there were but two and a curiously-contrived key—I found the same head as was engraved on the handle,—turned the other way of course. Wearied at length, I took the precious thing into the dark closet, and laid it in a little box which formed one of my few possessions. I then wandered out into the field, and went straying about until dinner-time, during which I believe I never once lifted my eyes to the place where the sword had hung, lest even that action should betray the watch.

From that day, my head, and as much of my heart as might be, were filled with the watch. And, alas! I soon found that my book-mending had grown distasteful to me, and for the satisfaction of employment, possession was a poor substitute. As often as I made the attempt to resume it, I got weary, and wandered almost involuntarily to the closet to feel for my treasure in the dark, handle it once more, and bring it out into the light. Already I began to dread the doom of riches, in the vain attempt to live by that which was not bread. Nor was this all. A certain weight began to gather over my spirit—a sense almost of wrong. For although the watch had been given me by my grandmother, and I never doubted either her right to dispose of it or my right to possess it, I could not look my uncle in the face, partly from a vague fear lest he should read my secret in my eyes, partly from a sense of something out of joint between him and me. I began to fancy, and I believe I was right, that he looked at me sometimes with a wistfulness I had never seen in his face before. This made me so uncomfortable that I began to avoid his presence as much as possible. And although I tried to please him with my lessons, I could not learn them as hitherto.

One day he asked me to bring him the book I had been repairing.

"It's not finished yet, uncle," I said. "Will you bring it me, just as it is? I want to look for something in it."

I went and brought it with shame. He took it, and having found the passage he wanted, turned the volume once over in his hands, and gave it me back without a word.

Next day I restored it to him finished and tidy. He thanked me, looked it over again, and put it in its place. But I fairly encountered an enquiring and somewhat anxious gaze. I believe he had a talk with my aunt about me that night.

The next morning, I was seated by the bedside, with my secret in my hand, when I thought I heard the sound of the door-handle, and glided at once into the closet. When I came out in a flutter of anxiety, there was no one there. But I had been too much startled to return to what I had grown to feel almost a guilty pleasure.

The next morning after breakfast, I crept into the closet, put my hand unerringly into the one corner of the box, found no watch, and after an unavailing search, sat down in the dark on a bundle of rags, with the sensations of a ruined man. My world was withered up and gone. How the day passed, I cannot tell. How I got through my meals, I cannot even imagine. When I look back and attempt to recall the time, I see but a cloudy waste of misery crossed by the lightning-streaks of a sense of injury. All that was left me now was a cat-like watching for the chance of going to my grandmother. Into her ear I would pour the tale of my wrong. She who had been as a haunting discomfort to me, had grown to be my one consolation.

My lessons went on as usual. A certain pride enabled me to learn them tolerably for a day or two; but when that faded, my whole being began to flag. For some time my existence was a kind of life in death. At length one evening my uncle said to me, as we finished my lessons far from satisfactorily—

"Willie, your aunt and I think it better you should go to school. We shall be very sorry to part with you, but it will be better. You will then have companions of your own age. You have not enough to amuse you at home."

He did not allude by a single word to the affair of the watch. Could my aunt have taken it, and never told him? It was not likely.

I was delighted at the idea of any change, for my life had grown irksome to me.

"O, thank you, uncle!" I cried, with genuine expression.

I think he looked a little sad; but he uttered no reproach.

My aunt and he had already arranged everything. The next day but one, I saw, for the first time, a carriage drive up to the door of the house. I was waiting for it impatiently. My new clothes had all been packed in a little box. I had not put in a single toy: I cared for nothing I had now. The box was put up beside the driver. My aunt came to the door where I was waiting for my uncle.

"Mayn't I go and say good-bye to grannie?" I asked.

"She's not very well to-day," said my aunt. "I think you had better not. You will be back at Christmas, you know."

I was not so much grieved as I ought to have been. The loss of my watch had made the thought of grannie painful again.

"Your uncle will meet you at the road," continued my aunt, seeing me still hesitate. "Good-bye."

I received her cold embrace without emotion, clambered into the chaise, and looking out as the driver shut the door, wondered what my aunt was holding her apron to her eyes for, as she turned away into the house. My uncle met us and got in, and away the chaise rattled, bearing me towards an utterly new experience; for hardly could the strangest region in foreign lands be more unknown to the wandering mariner than the faces and ways of even my own kind were to me. I had never played for one half-hour with boy or girl. I knew nothing of their playthings or their games. I hardly knew what boys were like, except, outwardly, from the dim reflex of myself in the broken mirror in my bed-room, whose lustre was more of the ice than the pool, and, inwardly, from the partly exceptional experiences of my own nature, with even which I was poorly enough acquainted.

[To be continued.]

The testimony of a very cautious witness during a murder trial in San Francisco is thus given by a journal of that city, which vouches for its exact fidelity: "A gentleman came up there; I forget the name; I think his name is Renwick; I think this gentleman is the man; I think he was; I am not sure; I think he was; I am not sure; I guess this was the man; I think so; I would not be certain; yes, I guess—well, I think so; I believe that he is the man; I believe that is the man; I guess that is the man; that looks like him; I guess that is the man; yes, I think that is him; I believe that is the man; I said I thought it was him, didn't I? Well, so far as I can recollect." He evidently had the fear of perjury before his eyes.

[REGISTERED in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1868.]

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

TALES OF THE LINKS OF LOVE.

BY ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE.

LILLYMERE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

DRESS AND BONES OF AGNES SCHOOLAR IDENTIFIED BY HER FATHER.

A PRINTED circular was laid before Lady Mortimer bearing the caption:—"Estate and Title Recovery Company. Capital, five million dollars. Shares, one thousand dollars each. Ized Bold, Chairman of the Board of Directors. Head offices, New York. Agents in Canada, the Bank of Inkle."

"What does this mean, Reuben?"

"On the face of it only the existence of a Joint Stock Company to recover lapsed titles and estates for rightful heirs. But under the face of it, my lady, it means that Ized Bold, through an alleged right of his wife, Tabitha Redwald, claims to be next heir to the Lillymere estates in England. He is selling bonds to be redeemed on his wife's accession to the property."

"But the proprietor, my dear, venerable friend Lord Royalfort, still lives; do purchasers of the bonds know that?"

"Probably they don't care. The Company is formed to contest DeLacy Lillymere's title."

"On what grounds?"

"On personal identity first. On legitimacy second. The latter presents the more serious difficulty."

"I think not. If personal identity be proved legally, as it is to us morally, the Earl becomes a powerful ally. You and Mrs. Pearly are satisfied DeLacy Lillymere is the child stolen at Ogleburn?"

"Mrs. Pearly is; and I have but small doubt, though not a certainty beyond all question. Could I discover Essel Bell, of whom Mrs. Pearly relates the incomprehensible story—appearing in guise of an itinerant Highland Piper and suddenly disappearing, the identity of DeLacy Lillymere might be settled. But every effort to trace Essel Bell has failed."

"Mr. Reuben, you have additional reasons, I think, urging to a search for Essel Bell?" said the lady, smiling.

"I have, please your ladyship, the most urgent reasons which may inspire human adventure. Years ago I travelled the American Union, Canada, Mexico, and West Indies, in search of her; but finding no trace concluded the precious being had ceased to live. The disguise of Essel as a piper in Conway and at the Rama wedding, had relation to Lillymere; small doubt of that. But knowing the hostility of other claimants, such as this Ized Bold Estate and Title Recovery Company, Essel was discreetly reticent. Beg pardon, your ladyship, for using a word of pedantic slang; it came unawares."

"If no worse than that were in use, Mr. Secretary, the language of daily literature might be held faultless."

"Your ladyship alludes to faults of the erring Secretary, doubtless?"

"No, Reuben; you are a legitimate child of nature, not guilty of the inartistic heresy of suggesting that nature imitates sculptors and painters; who at their best remotely imitate nature. You don't write that a girl of beautiful form has finely 'cut' lips, 'chiselled' nose, 'pencilled' eyebrows! These are the faults of phrase I alluded to; not that respectable word reticent, lately made a drudge."

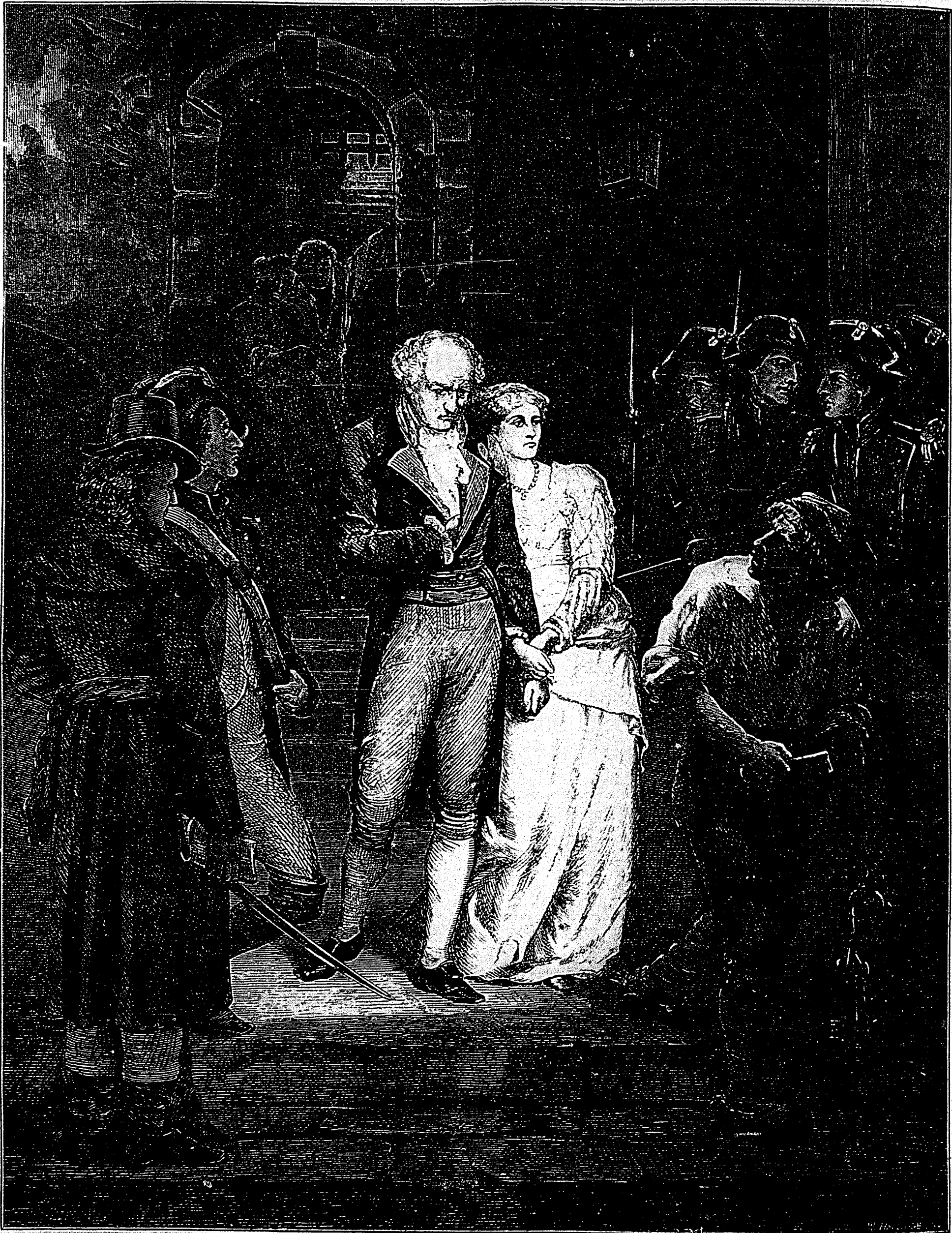
This conversation occurred in one of the morning parlours of the Canada Hall Hotel. It was interrupted by an attendant carrying a silver tray with a letter and card. The Secretary took the tray, and bowing, placed it by Lady Mary.

"Mr. Reuben, find the Duke of Sheerness, please. His Grace should be present at this interview; you also should be present or near at hand. Mr. Schoolar has arrived from England, the senior member, as you may recollect, in the firm of Schoolar & Schoolars, Solicitors, Chancery Lane; the London agents of the Lillymere estates. You'd better summon De Lacy within call also. Bring the Duke soon as found; and hasten back, please."

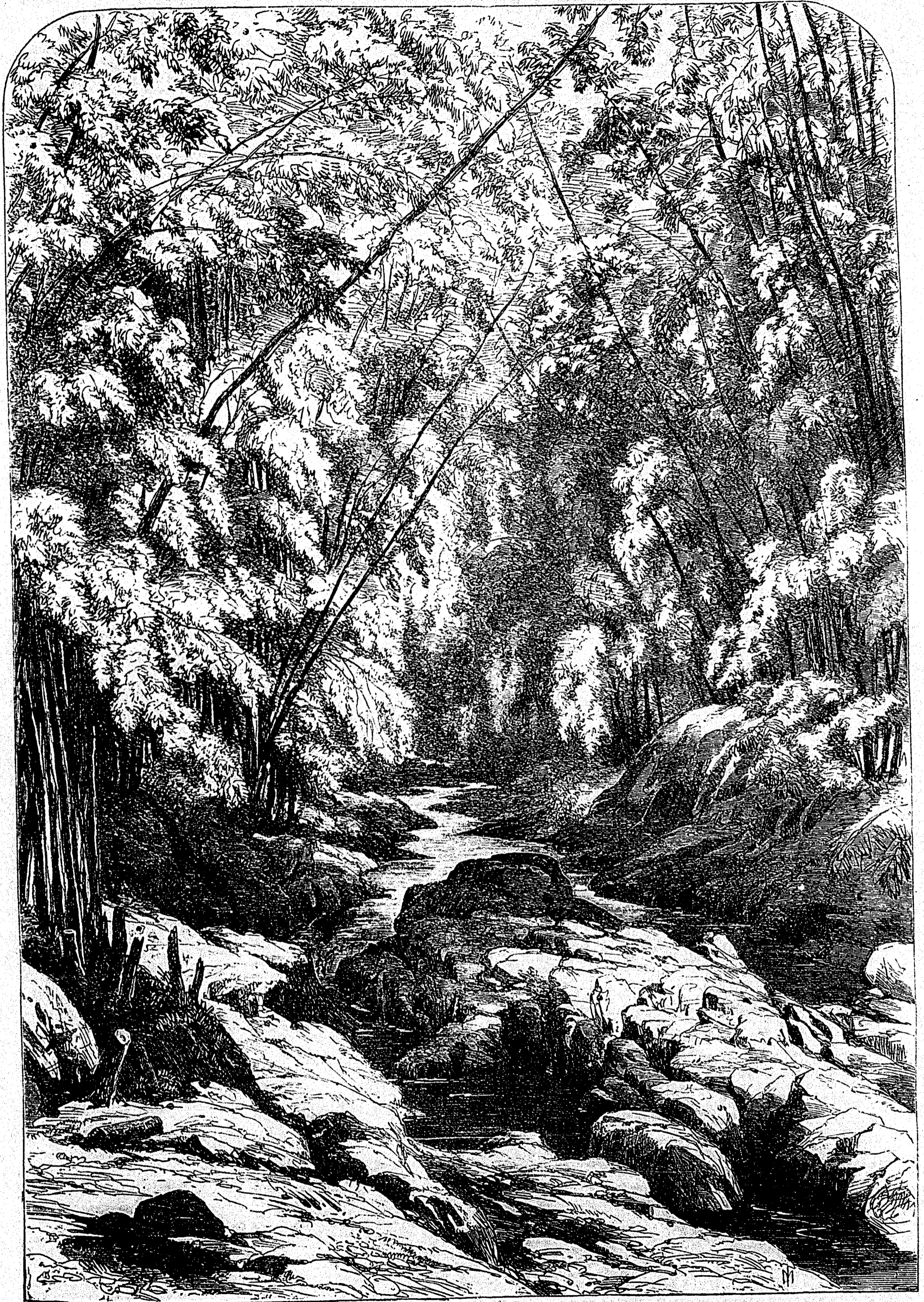
This was purposely spoken in presence of the hotel attendant who awaited instructions, that he might hear, and so cause all in the house to know that the confidential agent of Earl Royalfort had arrived, to recognize DeLacy Lillymere.

"Inform the gentleman, please, that His Grace the Duke of Sheerness, and Lady Mary Mortimer, will receive Mr. Schoolar at half-past ten. It is now ten. That allows half an hour for the Duke to arrive. His Grace was on the lower fountain terrace but a minute ago."

Footsteps were heard treading with unmistakable vehemence on the matted corridor. Back and forth, passing the parlour and re-



AN INCIDENT IN THE REVOLUTION OF 1792. BY W. W. OULESS—SEE PAGE 83.



THE WOODS IN SUMMER.—SEE PAGE 83.

passing they continued. Her ladyship rang. When the servant entered:

"Who is that walking noisily in the corridor?"

"The gentleman just come from England, your ladyship. I told him half an hour; and he at once began walking fearfully."

"That cannot be Mr. Schoolar. Place the door ajar; move the screen a little."

It was Mr. Schoolar. Still he wore the full bosomed cambric frills and cuffs; black silk stockings; silver buckles at knees, and on shoes, as you and I saw him three years ago in Chancery Lane, binding Toby Oman to secrecy, when sending him forth in search of the heir of Lillymere. The grey hair was still the abundant bush; the whiskers still neatly trimmed; and the compact, handsome, elderly personage, as certainly a gentleman as previously. But the quiet, penetrating eye of the Solicitor was now the eye of a bereaved father and deceived man. Grief and other of the father's passions burned from brain to finger and toe nails. Burned in the heart the hottest; stirred to flame just now, by the message of Lady Mary to wait half an hour.

As he trod the passage, emotions arose, which spoken might have stood thus:

"Wait half an hour! As if I hadn't crossed the ocean to redress my daughter's wrong at hands of that young fiend and traitor, Oman, falsely calling himself Lillymere?"

"Wait half an hour! As if, instead of finding my poor child alive, to take with me home, I hear they have destroyed her? Done my beautiful darling to death in the very week she should have been at home, an honoured bride."

"Wait half an hour! As if my child, too faithful to the misleading of Lady Mary, had not partaken of the Mortimer hallucination; assuming disguise: and by its mishaps probably left to insanity and death in prison. But I avoid premature disturbance."

"Wait half an hour! As if I had not seen the garments of my child in keeping of the police: the satin boots she was to have worn as a bride, her name written therein."

"Wait half an hour! And if the fleshless bones in possession of the police, be not the skeleton of the missing woman, Anna Liffey, they must be—horror! horror! the bones of my murdered child! dishonoured child! murdered child!"

At this crisis in the reverie of passion, Mr. Schoolar heard the voices of ladies passing. One with a newspaper said:

"What a relief this item of intelligence is? The question of Anna Liffey's safety is now at rest. Listen, Nellie, dear. Ah! here is the Hon. Mrs. Pensyldine also. Good morning, Sylvia. News this morning, and something to make all in the hotel happy. Listen to this: Married, at Detroit, Mich. U. S., on 17th inst., Ocean Horn, Esq., M. D., formerly of Conway, Canada, to Miss Anna Liffey, lately of Rama, County of Conway, Canada. Isn't that welcome? No more question why Anna disappeared."

Mr. Schoolar had been a minute breathless, poised between hope and despair as on brink of a precipice. He plunged:

"Wait half an hour! I've waited to hear confirmation of doom, hopeless despair. Can stand on courtesy no longer."

Then he entered. Advancing to the edge of the screen; he bowed low, instantly resuming the position of proud anger.

Lady Mary moved a step to offer welcome, but quailed under the old man's eye and remained mute; till seeing him struggle with emotion and falter in speech, a mental flash shot to her own heart.

"Dear Mr. Schoolar," she said; "you are ill! let me assist to a chair."

"I am ill, my lady, never again to recover this side the grave; never to recover this side the grave; but my business here is not to sit; it is to speak and act."

"About Agnes? Is Agnes not with you?"

"My daughter should be with you, Lady Mary; where is she?"

"I parted with Miss Schoolar in England, urging her return home to fulfil your family arrangements; haven't seen her since."

"You've heard of her since?"

"I heard that her engagement to Adam Schoolar was finally broken with your concurrence. That with family friends accompanying, Agnes embarked for New York to be a season absent from London, beyond reach of the person she refused to marry."

"My daughter, by invitation, left London to join your ladyship in this country, nearly three months ago. Have you not in all that time concerned yourself about her?"

"I've not seen her. Nor have I had communication with Miss Schoolar written or otherwise. From a gentleman of H. M. service I heard that Agnes, with accompanying friends, intended to remain abroad some months to avoid the persecution of the person whom she refused to marry. As that unlovable suitor was likely to track her footsteps, or look for them in places visited by me, I comprehended why Agnes did not expose herself to Adam Schoolar's emissaries by coming hither."

"My daughter came hither, following the insane example of your ladyship."

"Mr. Schoolar! what do you mean?"

"She came here in semblance of a maid

servant, and may have been imprisoned for a like cause as your ladyship."

"Impossible; and I not know of it. There was no secret about my poor misadventure. It was in one aspect unfortunate, but that concerned myself only. It has enabled me to be useful to some unjustly suffering persons. I could not have known the people I am now concerned about except for that misadventure. Had your daughter been here some of those persons must have recognised her and informed me."

"Some of those persons, Lady Mary, did know my daughter was here. That young traitor, trickster, radical outcast, Simon Lud, knew. He who was imposed on my firm as clerk under name of Tobias Oman, to satisfy a whim of Lord Royalfort."

"Sir, that young gentleman is my friend."

"Has he deceived you also, the rascal?"

"Mr. Schoolar, be seated please. Let us converse calmly on this serious matter. The person you speak of is no other than the lost heir of Earl Royalfort; for whom your firm are law agents. I suggest that the position of my lord's business agent enjoins more consideration, in my presence, than to term the young gentleman traitor, or trickster, whose identity is traced by me, but may not yet be known to you."

"Lady Mary, I'm informed, through confidential correspondents, of every step taken in connection with that pretender. He presumed to accost my daughter on the streets, and in the parks; assaulting my partner and relative, her affianced husband. To remove the audacious boy from London and beyond any possible annoyance of Agnes, he was appointed to travel and live among the old political radicals, expatriated to the States and Canada, to learn privately if the stolen child, De Lacy Lillymere, were alive. And if alive to inform me."

"Well, sir? Proceed."

"I remitted a liberal allowance for expenses and salary. He reported from time to time his failure to trace the lost heir; but lately professed to have met people who suggested that he was himself that person. At which his allowance ceased to be remitted; the audacious conspiracy having been to me disclosed in all its details."

"Revert to your daughter, please."

"In violation of a solemn oath to me he corresponded with my daughter, encouraged by one not to be yet named."

"Name that one now, sir; best be explicit as you go."

"Yourself, Lady Mortimer. You start; but I repeat—yourself."

"Go on, pray."

"Agnes despised his pretensions; treating the workhouse brat with scorn. But innocently confiding in Lady Mortimer, my daughter came to the town of Conway, to hear only of the eccentricities of that high personage."

"Was this personage absent?"

"In your absence, probably an arranged absence, Lady Mortimer, the traitorous fiend, Simon Lud, or Oman, as the name may be, met my daughter. He sought her complicity in pretending to be the lost heir of Lillymere. Her instinctive fidelity to her father's honour and abhorrence of the low-born knave, prompted my child to repel his advances."

"Upon my word, Mr. Schoolar, this is a wondrous romance some one has woven around you! Go on; what occurred next?"

"Events occurred next which cannot be known to your ladyship; not suspected, not even remotely comprehended, else this unimpassioned coolness were impossible."

"Enigma as well as romance! Will Lord Royalfort's business agent please to be explicit?"

"Your ladyship reminds me of inferior position. But foul wrong to a daughter, and anguish of a father, have no degrees of social position."

"Yet a minute since the grievous wrong you are inflicting on De Lacy Lillymere was emphasised with the epithet low-born. As if the lowly-born may bear any amount of obloquy at your discretion."

"Of Simon Lud I spoke."

"Be Lud the name, to humour Mr. Solomon Schoolar's lineage and position a minute or two. How came Lord Royalfort's business agent in his personal eccentricities—since that is the favourite phrase—to elect this Simon Lud, the outcast, to a confidential agency affecting my lord's private and most tender family interests? binding Lud to a compact under oath to keep every one—even his lordship—uninformed of what you were doing?"

"Another proof this, that the trickster has not been faithful!"

"To me, Mr. Schoolar, the young man whom you entrusted with my lord's most vital interests—discovery of an heir to the title and estates, has disclosed nothing."

"Must have disclosed something, Lady Mortimer, else how should it be known that he was sworn to fidelity?"

"He seems to have been sworn to aid you, the trusted business adviser of the family, to deceive his lordship; and a second time sworn not to disclose he was bound to secrecy. The youth explained nothing to me further than that Mr. Schoolar had broken faith with him. Is this a becoming position for the confiden-

tial agent of Earl Royalfort? Truly, if there be a traitor at this moment his name is Solomon Schoolar."

"Madam, I have ceased to be the Earl's business agent. I knew a conspiracy was on foot to impose this young man on my lord. I was aware, though imperfectly instructed in detail, that this pretender continued to insult my daughter, that, in short, he had done a great personal wickedness. But not until I arrived at Conway, three days ago, had the nature and extent of the wickedness been traced."

"Three days ago? I understood you had just arrived."

"I was within sight of the tumult at Redwald gold fields, and witnessed one of your ladyship's eccentricities, since that is to be the word, in the descent of the Jubal House, and your immersion in the river."

"I should have expected Mr. Schoolar under the circumstances which brought him here, to have been tracing the enemy, or assisting your friends out of the water, out of the fire."

"I was tracing the enemy; and have been only too successful."

"Inform me, please, what was discovered; surely by this, as friend of Agnes, I may be favoured."

"A few minutes since, madam, you were the self-termed friend of her murderer!"

"Schoolar! are you man or demon?"

"I am man; foully wronged by demons. How many, is not yet told me by the angel of vengeance."

"Your daughter murdered?"

"Yes, madam, by hand of, or at instance of your 'friend' Lud; whom you have prettily elected to the name and rights of Lillymere."

"Murdered!"

"No less, Lady Mortimer; and in fearful probability much more."

"Murdered!"

"Yes, madam. Done to death by the hands of devils incarnate; woe is me! woe is me! Her poor mother! Poor mother!"

"Solomon Schoolar; you are mad! or villainous knaves are sporting with your sanity; what ground have you for this horrible address to me? Why not seek the Chief of Police, and magistracy?"

"I've been there, madam; seeing the bones, identifying her clothes!"

"Of Agnes Schoolar? Bones! of Agnes Schoolar? Identifying clothes of your daughter?"

"Yes, madam, saw portions of the intended marriage trousseau. On one article of dress her name, read by aid of the microscope, Agnes Schoolar. The Superintendent of Constables has had my poor child's remains and clothes in possession several weeks, awaiting inquiry and identification."

"Murdered!"

"Yes, Madam; and by the assassin buried in a secret place. Then the body removed from the poor grave and sold to a school of experimental operators; from whence again it was taken to the home of one of the students, and by chemical process converted to a skeleton."

"Impossible! Some horrid delusion possesses you, Mr. Schoolar."

"No delusion; no delusion; a foul crime too truly real. The packing case containing my daughter's remains is known to the Superintendent as one heretofore used in conveying a dead body, or bodies, across the frontier from a certain city in the United States."

They were now interrupted by entrance of the Duke of Sheerness and her ladyship's Secretary. The dismay and emotion of Lady Mary, the unwonted passion of Solomon Schoolar portended some dire event.

Perceiving which the Secretary would have retired, but her ladyship requested he would remain and take notes, while the previous conversation was recapitulated down to the point of interruption. Having heard it the Duke remarked:

"If the packing case be known to have come from the States, with one or more dead bodies, the presumption may be fairly taken that this skeleton came also; and that if murder were committed, of which as yet no proof is stated, the crime occurred on other side of the frontier."

"So, your Grace thinks the accused Simon Lud—alias Oman, falsely called Lillymere, may escape suspicion by that suggestion. No, that wandering impostor was in the States also. The murder may have been done there, and the body brought to Canada for concealment. That is possible, and might be accepted as the fact did I not know my daughter had been in this town alive."

"Mr. Schoolar," said the Duke, "your statement embodies unmistakable anomalies. You shape every suspicion to involve Lillymere. Were you prosecuting counsel at the Old Bailey you could not be more hostile. I suggest that we proceed to the inquiry without prejudice, permitting no hint of it to escape to the public. Let us begin as if nothing were yet told."

"What, in that case, am I to make of information got from private sources before arriving at Conway?"

"Confide it to us. Or, let us severally retain counsel, confiding all circumstances, known or suspected, to them mutually; en-

joining silence until we remove the injunction."

"That would be unfair to my interests," objected Schoolar; "my information is not yet a property to be shared with others."

The Secretary scribbled some minutes on a sheet of paper, while the Duke, Lady Mary, and Mr. Schoolar were balancing their respective positions in partial silence. His Grace catching Reuben's eye stepped forward, took the paper, read it silently, then spoke:

"Mr. Schoolar, you have ceased to be Earl Royalfort's business adviser. Your private informants on matters prejudicial to De Lacy Lillymere are persons employed by the Estate and Title Recovery Company. This company propose to disinherit a large proportion of British next of kin, by substituting alleged claimants now residing in North and South America. In time the company will change—so they promise—the entire landed proprietary of Great Britain, as was designed by the Land and Labour Bank of Snigs End in 1847-49. The Estate and Title Recovery Company commence operations on the Lillymere properties and titles. Ized Bold, chairman of the company, claiming to succeed to Earl Royalfort's estates by right of his wife, Tabitha Redwald. First of all, are you aware there is such a company, having in view those objects?"

"Your Grace, I might object to answer, as knowledge of that Company, or want of it, cannot affect the question of my poor child's death. Yet I frankly reply that the Company has been named to me. I have no interest in it; and never can. Its objects are utterly abhorrent to my sense of right and wrong. Pass to another topic, please."

"I must pursue this, Mr. Schoolar. Your sense of right and wrong couldn't, I'm quite sure, admit of complicity with this atrocious conspiracy. But it is essential to the conspirators to remove from life, or otherwise ruin the true heir, De Lacy Lillymere; and they may see no means so aptly available as the means now taken to misinform and mislead you in the matter of this great affliction. Or invent circumstances inducing belief in your daughter's death. As a lawyer, don't you suspect all this to be imposture?"

"My daughter would not return to life by my accepting this suggestion. No, no, no; Agnes is dead; was murdered by the young traitor, Lud, whom you name Lillymere."

The Duke and Lady Mary, in astonishment and perplexity, could not prolong this conversation. They only invited Mr. Schoolar's silence until they should have opened other lines of inquiry. His Grace having information of the singular acumen of De Peri and the boy Dod, summoned them. Dod came.

Meanwhile, Lady Mary consulted with the local chief, Mr. Grynd, and detective Alleroo. They, as yet, saw no reason for suspecting Lillymere, beyond the assertion made by Mr. Schoolar; the grounds for which he had not explained even to them. Grynd and Alleroo suspected a person in Conway, but declined to say whom, until they had traced the medical student, Rickaby. The name Agnes Schoolar was shown on the satin boots. Lady Mary recognizing the opera cloak, knew where to look for a name there, and found it. No doubt the cloak had belonged to Agnes. The lady retired in deepest grief.

The De Peri boy was of uncertain age, but older than he seemed. I said on a previous occasion he was a small, curly-haired, blue-eyed lad; and might have been lovable but for the width and variety of his knowledge. His Grace, thinking Dod simple and timid, spoke tenderly of his father's absence in the States. To inspire confidence he patted the child's curly head.

"See you do small messages of inquiry to assist your father?"

"To assist father in working up cases formerly. After which I worked on my own account a series of years. Latterly I have retired from business, but came down to oblige your Grace by taking instructions for father, should the case involve moral principles and high issues. We decline low business entirely. With us it is wholly a profession of psychoscopic science and ethics."

"Psychoscopic science! What may that be in the art of private inquiry?"

"Your Grace had better unfold the case. I shall then be in possession of its ethical bearings, and may suggest where to proceed psychoscopically."

Aware now that he had a genius to treat with, the Duke narrated the whole case gravely, as if addressing the Attorney-General. Dod leant back in his chair, threw one limb over the other, folded his mites of hands across the breast, leant the head slightly down and aside, listening; and shot the sharp unwinking eyes of blue into every feature of his colloquiter. His Grace having concluded, the listener, without stirring, said:

"I know the case; have been familiar with some of its incidents a considerable time; but as previously remarked, I'm now personally out of the profession, and can only refer the Duke of Sheerness to a third party—De Peri, who is still in business; in the higher walks of philosophic discernment, as already said."

"May I enquire, sir, what incidents of the case have already become familiar to you?"

"My Lord Duke, the reply is to be tempered

with prudence; but being out of the profession, and now pursuing higher studies I may state, indeed, in honour feel almost constrained to disclose, that—is your Grace prepared to listen?"

"I listen, sir, with closest attention." "For a lengthened period I held in private and personal possession the genuine certificate of the marriage of the parents of DeLacy Lillymere; a document which unquestionably proved that gentleman's legitimacy. On retiring from the profession and assuming higher avocations, my affairs were settled up by a perillous journey to the South in search of El Abra, the magician, to restore the document to his keeping. From him it had been officially, but privately annexed. To him it was openly returned. El Abra holds the document now."

"El Abra! A distinguished American citizen of great wealth and political eminence bears that name; when you say magician, do you mean the southern statesman, planter, and financier?"

"No other. All those distinctions came of his magic, and that was got, I know how, but need not disclose."

"Can you reacquire possession of that document?"

"At hazard of my life, prompted by honour, I returned it. Had I a thousand lives El Abra would slay me a thousand times, if found near his domain. No, your Grace. The document cannot be re-annexed. By subversion of that evidence of Lillymere's legitimacy another claimant is to be advanced as Earl Royalfort's successor. The English aristocracy are to be ousted from old inheritances, one by one, and a new order of proprietors instituted."

"What do you know, sir, of the alleged murder of Agnes Schoolar?"

"I fear it is true. Perhaps the psychoscope, if completed as at first projected, might discover the murderer; but the instrument is with father, and not yet perfected."

"What fee will secure your invaluable services on behalf of Lillymere?"

"I'm out of the profession, and take no fees. But truth and justice being involved I shall serve faithfully: conditionally that when Lillymere succeeds in his claims, your Grace presents me at Court to Her Majesty the Queen."

"I promise to solicit the Queen's permission, and have no doubt it will be conceded. If not taking fees, will you oblige, sir, by accepting a donation?"

"I may, to defray expenses."

"Happy to know that. I write a cheque for—how much?"

"Cannot presume, your Grace, to name what the Duke of Sheernes should give as a present."

"Let me see. Suppose I write cheque on the Bank of Montreal, two thousand dollars? There it is."

"To be courteous, my Lord Duke, I accept the present of two thousand dollars. The amount may defray railroad fares, a month or two, and tobacco."

"It is not enough, I fear; how much more?"

"I'm out of the profession, your Grace, living on my private fortune accumulated in business, and don't require immediate money. I'll instruct father to act in the case; he will require a retainer of ten thousand dollars; and two thousand payable as refreshers monthly. But father—if I say it, professionally retained—will do the work, you bet."

His Grace parted with Dad until the morrow, requesting that meanwhile he telegraph for De Peri, his father; then threw himself on the lounge, saying in monologue:

"Well! This is the Western world, is it? We have young England, young Europe; the States out here have young America. If this be the Colonial young Canada, the world moves; and British empire, too!"

(To be continued.)

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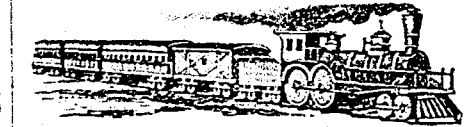
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WATCHMAKERS & JEWELLERS. LULHAM BROS., DIAMOND and ETUUSCAN Jewellers. 5, PLACE D'ARMES, next the Canadian Illustrated News. 3-10-zz

SAVAGE, LYMAN & CO., 271 Notre Dame Street. 2-23zz

LASH & COMPANY, successors to J. G. JOSEPH & Co.'s Retail Business, KING STREET, TORONTO. 3-22zz

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT. OTTAWA, 14th July, 1871. Authorized discount on American Invoices until further notice: 11 per cent. R. S. M. BOUCHETTE, Commissioner of Customs.

L. N. ALLAIRE, MANUFACTURERS' AGENT & COMMISSION MERCHANT. STORE: 7 PETER ST. WINE VAULTS: SAULT AU MATELOT STREET. OFFICE: Corner of PETER & JAMES ST., QUEBEC. 3-15-zz

JAMES FYFE, FIRST PRIZE SCALE MANUFACTURER. No. 24 COLLEGE STREET, MONTREAL. A GENERAL ASSORTMENT ALWAYS ON HAND. 2-24

"The Canadian Illustrated News," A WEEKLY JOURNAL of current events, Literature, Science and Art, Agriculture and Mechanics, Fashion and Amusement. Published every Saturday, at Montreal, Canada, by Geo. E. Desbarats. Subscription, in advance, \$4.00 per an. Single Numbers, 10 cents. Postage: 5 cents per quarter, payable in advance by subscribers at their respective Post Offices. CLUBS: Every Club of five subscribers sending a remittance of \$20, will be entitled to Six Copies for one year, mailed to one address. Montreal subscribers will be served by Carriers. Remittances by Post Office Order or Registered Letter at the risk of the Publisher. Advertisements received, to a limited number, at 15 cents per line, payable in advance.

ROBERT MITCHELL, BILL POSTER, 52 OTTAWA STREET.

ORDERS left at any of the Newspaper Offices will be promptly attended to. 4-6f

SIGN OF THE GOLD PADLOCK.

THE SUBSCRIBER is Agent for the Combined Flat and Plating Iron; the Celebrated SAPOLO for Cleaning and Polishing; the MOCHA STEAM COFFEE POT; the AMERICAN BASE BURNER HALL STOVE. L. J. A. SURVEYER, 524 CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL. 4-6f

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

IN THE MATTER OF M. E. HAMELIN, Trader, of Montreal, Insolvent.

The Insolvent has made an assignment of his estate and effects to me, and the creditors are notified to meet at his place of business, No. 517 Craig Street, in the City of Montreal, on MONDAY, the 17th DAY of AUGUST next, at 11 o'clock A.M., to receive statements of his affairs and to appoint an Assignee. L. JOS. LAJOIE, Interim Assignee. 4-6a

MONTREAL, 26th July, 1871.

CLARET,
SAUTERNES,
BARSAC,
CHABLIS,
CHATEAU YQUEM.

Chateau Margaux,
 Chateau Lafite,
 Chateau Latour,
 Chateau Langee,
 Leoville,
 Batailley,
 Mouton,
 Larose,
 St. Julien,
 Medoc,
 St. Loubes,

Yquem Sauterne,
 Haut Sauterne,
 Sauterne,
 Barsac,
 Chablis,
 Latour Blanche,
 White Graves.

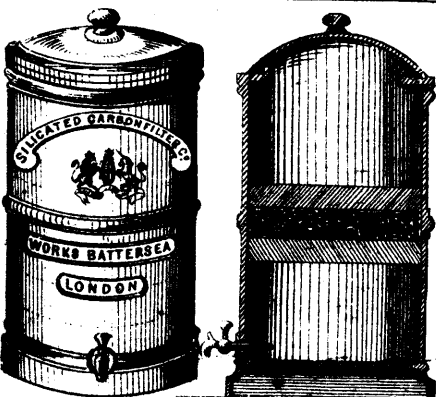
3,195 Cases of the above WINES just to hand from the celebrated Houses of BARTON & GUESTIER, and NATH'L. JOHNSON & SON, Bordeaux.

4-14f
ALEX. MCGIBBON.

THE "TERRAPIN."
 No. 287 NOTRE DAME STREET.
 Now the only RESTAURANT where the Public can visit and, without vexatious restraint, EAT, DRINK, and SUP at pleasure. The entrance flat comprises BAR, PUBLIC LUNCH ROOMS, &c., and a spacious Dining Room up Stairs, suitable for PUBLIC DINNERS.

LUNCHEON from 12 to 3, comprising all the delicacies of the Season, FRUIT, and other LUXURIES.
 4-2-m
JOSEPH CARLISLE,
 PROPRIETOR.

THE OTTAWA RIVER NAVIGATION COMPANY'S Mail Steamer *Prince of Wales* from Lachine, on arrival of the 7 a.m. train from Montreal, daily.
 Steamer *Queen Victoria*, from Ottawa, at 7 a.m.
 Market Steamer *Dagmar*, from Canal Basin, Wednesdays and Saturdays at 6 a.m.
 Excursion, Return, and Single tickets to be had at the office, 10 Bonaventure Street. Single and Return tickets to Ottawa can be procured at the Bonaventure Depot.
 4-2-m
R. W. SHEPHERD, President.



PURE AND WHOLESOME WATER.
 JUST RECEIVED
 A LARGE STOCK OF THE CELEBRATED
SILICATED CARBON FILTERS,

Besides animalcula of all kinds, these filters extract Vegetable and Mineral impurities, making the Water wholesome and refreshing. They are acknowledged to be the most perfect WATER PURIFIER known.

TO BE HAD OF MOST DRUGGISTS,
J. V. MORGAN,
 89 ST. JAMES STREET,
 Montreal, P. Q.
 4-4m

JOHN UNDERHILL,
 OPTICIAN TO THE MEDICAL FACULTY
 OF MCGILL UNIVERSITY,
 299, NOTRE DAME STREET,
 (5 doors East of the Place d'Armes.) 28f

R. R. GOFF,
 WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
 ILLUMINATING FLUID,
 LAMPS,
 CHIMNEYS,
 BURNERS, ETC., ETC.,
 661, CRAIG STREET,
 MONTREAL. 4-4f

OFFICE OF THE
"CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,"
 MONTREAL, 10th July, 1871.

MY FRIENDS and the PUBLIC are hereby requested to take notice that although Mr. W. ROBERTS carries on his business under the name of ROBERTS, REINHOLD & CO., I have no connection with his firm, and have had none whatever for more than two years. I take this occasion to state that I am in the Establishment of MESSRS. LEGGO & CO., and I hereby solicit for their firm the patronage of those who, being acquainted with me, have confidence in my ability.
 (Signed),
R. REINHOLD.
 4-3tf

GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM.
 A BONA-FIDE PREPARATION OF THE RED SPRUCE GUM, For Coughs, Colds, and for giving tone to the vocal organs when relaxed, as well as a palliative of remarkable power in pulmonary disease.
 The Red Spruce Gum has always been held in the highest esteem in this country for the relief and cure of Chest complaints. It is now offered to the public in the form of a delicious and scientifically PREPARED SYRUP.

PREPARED BY
HENRY R. GRAY,
 Dispensing Chemist,
 MONTREAL.
 For sale at all Drug Stores in the Dominion.
 Price, 25 cents.
 Druggists can be supplied from any of the Wholesale Houses.
 3-25s



Scene on board an Atlantic Steamer.
 LITTLE BRITISHER, (singing).—"Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves."
 SICK GERMAN.—"Bridannia rule der wafes, toes she? Mine gott! I wish she rule tem straighter, mine gott!"

J. BAYLIS.—CARPETS, FLOOR CLOTHS, CURTAINS, &c. NOTRE DAME ST., EAST OF MCGILL.

CANADA CENTRAL
 —AND—
Brockville & Ottawa Railways.
 GREAT BROAD GAUGE ROUTE
 TO OTTAWA.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY,
 MARCH 6, 1871.

TRAINS WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:—
LEAVE BROCKVILLE.
 MAIL TRAIN at 6:00 A.M., arriving at Ottawa at 11:20 A.M.
 LOCAL TRAIN at 3:00 P.M., arriving at Ottawa at 8:35 P.M.
 THROUGH OTTAWA EXPRESS at 3:30 P.M., connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express from the West, and arriving at Ottawa at 7:16 P.M.
LEAVE OTTAWA.
 THROUGH WESTERN EXPRESS at 9:40 A.M., arriving at Brockville at 1:40 P.M., and connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express going West.
 LOCAL TRAIN at 7:45 A.M.
 MAIL TRAIN at 4:45 P.M., arriving at Brockville at 10:10 P.M.

ARRIVE AT SAND POINT
 at 12:00 and 9:00 P.M.
 Trains on Canada Central and Perth Branch make certain connections with all Trains on B. and O. Railway.
 Freight forwarded with despatch. As the B. & O. & C. C. Railways are the same gauge as the Grand Trunk, car-loads will go through in Grand Trunk cars to all points without transhipment.
 Certain connections made with Grand Trunk Trains.
H. ABBOTT,
 Manager.
 Brookville, March, 1871. 3-11 tf

AN ARTIST of good judgment and taste, accustomed to touching up photographic negatives and prints, would find constant employment at this office.
 Canadian Illustrated News Printing Works,
 519 St. Antoine Street, Montreal. 3-24-tf

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

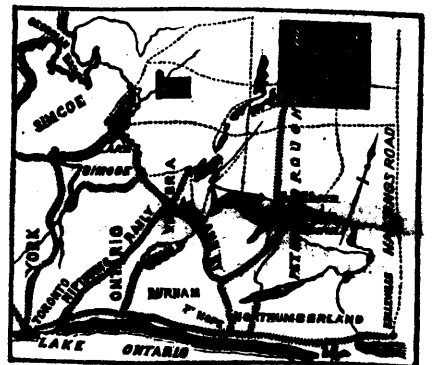
NEW ARRIVALS AT THE MEDICAL HALL.
 FRESH CONGRESS WATER—Pints and Quarts.
 GENUINE COLOGNE—Ten Styles.
 SAARZ'S GLYCERINE PREPARATIONS.
 EVENDEN'S DIGESTIVE CANDY.
 BRAGG'S CHARCOAL BISCUITS.
 BRAGG'S PURE CHARCOAL.
 MONA BOUQUET—Genuine.
 SPONGE BAGS—All Sizes.
 RAMORNE EX. MEAT.
 AND A SPLENDID STOCK OF
BRUSHES, COMBS, PERFUMERY, SOAPS,
 and General Toilet Requisites.

THE MEDICAL HALL,
 OPPOSITE POST OFFICE, AND PHILLIP'S SQUARE. 4-4m

SUMMER WINES!
BARTON & GUESTIER'S,
 AND
NAT. JOHNSTON & SON'S
 CLARETS,
 SAUTERNES, BARSAC,
 &c., &c.,
 OF ALL GRADES.
REAL GERMAN SELTZER WATER
 AT
C. J. BAIRD'S,
 221 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL. 3-21-tf

MOUNT ROYAL GROCERY.
MCDONELL BROTHERS,
 Family Grocers,
HAVE to announce that they have lately entered into that old established Business Stand, (lately occupied by A. L'Esperance), No. 159 St. ANTOINE STREET, corner of BISSON STREET, where they always purpose keeping up a fresh and well selected Stock of GENERAL GROCERIES, consisting of the finest imported TEAS, COFFEES, SUGARS, Superior CURED HAMS and BACON, Fresh and Salt BUTTER, First-Class WINES and other LIQUORS, &c., &c.
 BOTTLED ALES from best Brewers.
 All Goods Sold at the Lowest Possible Prices.
 Goods delivered to all parts of the City Free of Charge.
 Please note the Address,
159 ST. ANTOINE STREET.
 4-1tf

HELLEBORE! HELLEBORE!
 For the destruction of Caterpillars on Cabbage Plants, Gooseberry and Currant Bushes, &c., &c.
CARBOLIC ACID, SOAP, & POWDER,
 For Toilet, Disinfecting, and other purposes.
SODA WATER—Cold as Ice, combined with pure Syrups, drawn from the Arctic Fountain.
BRUSHES—Hair, Tooth, Nail, Cloth, Shaving, and Flesh Brushes, Dressing and Flat Teeth Combs, Sponges, Cologne, &c.
JAMES MCGIBBON,
 175 St. Lawrence St.; Branch, 368 St. ... St.,
 MONTREAL.



THE CANADIAN LAND AND EMIGRATION COMPANY
 Sell on favourable terms good FARM LANDS
 IN THE COUNTY OF
PETERBOROUGH, ONTARIO.
 Apply to C. J. BLOMFIELD, Manager, Peterborough; or, to T. W. COLLINS, Secretary, 23 Great St. Helen's, Bishopsgate Street, E.C., London, Eng.
 3-15-tf

MANITOBA.—This name sounds so dignified, and of so romantic a character, that it carries with it an air of inviting beauty. The name seems to lend a charm which will no doubt materially assist in the rapid population of that fine country. We have often heard it stated that a Good Name was worth a mint of gold, and carried many a man with The Great Shoshonee Remedy as a cure for this Medicine has reaped innumerable laurels for its wonderful curative properties. from Clergymen and a host of other respectable members of society. See the Treatise or Hand-book, to be had gratis from your Druggist.
 3-25s

USE ONLY THE GLENFIELD STARCH,
 EXCLUSIVELY USED IN THE ROYAL LAUNDRY OF ENGLAND, and in that of His Excellency THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA. 184f

The St. Lawrence and Ottawa Railway
 FROM PRESCOTT TO THE CAPITAL.
The Shortest and Best Route from Montreal and all Points East to Ottawa.
 ASK FOR TICKETS BY PRESCOTT JUNCTION.
 Summer Arrangement, 1871.

ON and after MONDAY, the 5th JUNE, 1871, four Passenger Trains will run daily on this Line, making CERTAIN CONNECTIONS with those on the GRAND TRUNK, the VERMONT CENTRAL, and the ROME and WATERTOWN RAILWAYS, and with the Steamers of the ROYAL MAIL LINE, for all points East, West and South.

COMFORTABLE SOFA CARS
 On the Train connecting with the Grand Trunk Night Expresses by which Passengers leaving Montreal and Toronto in the Evening will reach Ottawa at 8:50 the following morning. Charge for Berths 50 cents each.
 Connection with the Grand Trunk Trains at Prescott Junction Certain.
 20 MINUTES ALLOWED FOR REFRESHMENTS AT PRESCOTT JUNCTION.

FREIGHT NOTICE.
 A FLOATING ELEVATOR always in readiness at Prescott Wharf, where Storage for Grain, Flour, Pork, &c., can be had.
A CHANGE GAUGE CAR PIT
 Is provided in the Junction Freight Shed by means of which Freight loaded on Change Gauge Cars COMES THROUGH TO OTTAWA WITHOUT TRANSHIPMENT.
THOS. REYNOLDS,
 Managing Director.
 R. LUTTRELL,
 Superintendent, Prescott.
 Ottawa, 1st June, 1871. 3-23m

"BEST IN USE."
THE COOK'S FRIEND
 BAKING POWDER
 IS THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. IT NEVER DISAPPOINTS.
 FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS. 3-15 tf
 Printed and published by GEORGE E. DEBARATS,
 1, Place d'Armes Hill, and 319, St. Antoine street,
 Montreal.