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GRAND Whitbread News

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THE DIGBY REGATTA.—GEORGE BROWN, THE CHAMPION SCULLER, IN HIS BOAT.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. J. RUSSELL.

HORACE GREELEY.

The subject of our sketch was born at Amherst, New Hampshire, February 3rd, 1811. His father was a farmer, and Horace's early days were spent in the usual way in which a boy employs himself on a farm: all through his life the taste for farming has clung to him, and he has never forgotten his early training, as may be seen from his most excellent "What I Know about Farming;" and also from the admirable manner in which he manages his own farm at Chappaqua. From boyhood Mr. Greeley evinced a great passion for books and newspapers, and although his means of obtaining an education were limited, he managed to acquire a fund of useful knowledge which has been of great advantage to him in after life. He was a great admirer of newspapers, and in 1825, when his parents removed to Vermont, he was apprenticed to a small country newspaper. There he served his time, and in August, 1831, removed to New York, where he at first worked as a compositor, and afterwards worked his way up to a position as a good writer. In 1834, in conjunction with some friends he started *The New York*, a weekly literary journal which had a short and unsuccessful career; but showed clearly the talent of the editor. For the next seven years Mr. Greeley was connected with various newspaper enterprises in New York, with varying success, until in 1841 he, assisted by a number of friends who formed an incorporated company, started the *New York Tribune*. From this time dates Mr. Greeley's great success, and from this date he began to be a public character, and a leading politician. In 1848 he was elected to fill a vacancy in the thirtieth Congress; but did not have an opportunity to distinguish himself; this, we believe, is the only occasion on which he has held any public office. Mr. Greeley has been a life-long opponent to slavery, and his terribly denunciatory articles in the *Tribune* had vast influence in precipitating the conflict between the north and south. He was a staunch supporter of the Republican party under Lincoln's administration, and greatly assisted that party during and after the war. Mr. Greeley has always been a bold and fearless writer and speaker; honest of intent himself, and the growing corruptness of the Grant administration has caused him to gradually alienate himself from many of his old political associates and from what is called the "Reform Party," a fusion of part of the Republican party and the Democrats. Mr. Greeley has received the unanimous endorsement of the reform and regular democratic parties, as their candidate for the Presidency, and it is very probable that he will be elected next fall. During his whole life Mr. Greeley has been one of the most energetic and hard-working newspaper men ever known; besides his editorial duties he has published several works which although possessing a little crudeness have attracted considerable attention from the vigour and freshness of their style; notably amongst them is his "Recollections of a Busy Life," which recounts with photographic exactness many of the most stirring incidents of the past thirty years of American history. The election of Mr. Greeley to the position of first magistrate of the United States would be one of the greatest exhibitions of the growing power of the press which has been ever seen; starting as a poor, unknown, half-educated boy, he has by his own unaided ability worked himself up to a high and proud position, and should he be successful in the coming election, it will be only a just tribute offered by the American people to that class of men on which they most pride themselves, "self-made men."

THE HUMOURS OF LETTER-WRITING.

When postage was high, says a writer in *Temple Bar*, letters were luxuries in which persons, far above the condition of those who are called poor, could not often indulge. We cannot give a better illustration of this than one we find in a letter addressed by Mr. Collins, the artist, to his brother, in 1819, when the landscape painter was 25 years of age. Collins was then at Hastings sketching, and had invited his brother to come down from Saturday to Monday. "The whole amount of the expense would be the coach, provided you put two biscuits in your pocket, which would answer as a lunch; and I would have dinner for you, which would not increase my expenditure *above temperance*. I shall be at the place where the coach stops for you, should you be able to come. Write me nothing about it unless you have other business, for a letter costs a dinner." This was the artist who was overjoyed to receive £50 for his "Cromer Sands," the picture for which, at the sale of the Gillott collection, a purchaser was found to give, quite as joyously, 3,782 guineas.

It has been said that if heavy postage produced essays, cheap postage makes epigrams. But the latter were not wanting in the very earliest days. Nothing could be more epigrammatic than the note sent by one Irish chief to another: "Pay my tribute, or else ————" To which the equally epigrammatic answer was: "I owe you none, and it ————" Of this sort were the notes between Foote's mother and Foote. "Dear Sam, I'm in prison. Yours, E. Foote." The old lady was under arrest for debt. The son's answer was: "Dear mother, so am I. Yours, S. Foote." And again the letters between old Mrs. Garrick and young Edmund Keen: "Dear Mr. Keen—You can't play Abel Druggar. Yours, &c." To which intimation Edmund wrote back: "Dear Madam—I know it. Yours, E. K."

Instances occur now and then where a joke has been played, the fun of which was to make a man pay heavy postage for very unnecessary information. When Collins, the artist, was once with some friends around him, one of them resisted every attempt to stay to supper. He withdrew, and the friends in council over their banquet resolved that the sulky guest should be punished. Accordingly on the following day Collins sent him a folded sheet of foolscap, in which was written: "After you left we had stout and oysters." The receiver understood what was meant, but he was equally resolved to have his revenge. Accordingly, hiding his time, he transmitted, in a feigned hand to Collins, a letter in which the painter read only, "Had you?" Therewith the joke seemed at an end; but Collins would have the last word. He waited and waited until the thing was almost forgotten, and then the writer of the last query opened a letter one morning in which he had the satisfaction of finding an answer to it in the words, "Yes, we had."

The assertion that a lady puts the essence, nay the very purpose and import of her letter in the postscript, has had many an ingenious but invented illustration. One of the best is that of a young lady in India to her friends at home, viz.: "P. S. You will see by my signature that I am mar-

ried." Cobbett hated writing across already written lines, and declared that it was of French origin. The earliest letter by a lady, in England, of which a copy exists, is from Matilda, Queen of Henry the First, to Archbishop Anselm. In this she styles him her "Worthily reverend lord," and herself "the lowest of the handmaids of his reverence," phrases which show the mind and hand of some reverend secretary.

Letters to children are as difficult to write as books for children. Crabb Robinson stands at the head of all inditers of little epistles to little folk. He is not in the vein of Jefferey to his grand-daughter, as in "I send you my blessing, and wish I was kissing your sweet rosy lips or your fat finger tips." Robinson comes nearer to Hood, only that he could not stoop to use old jokes as well as make new. The two are together in the following paragraph in Hood's letter to May, one of Dr. Elliot's daughters: "Tell Dinnie that Tom has set his trap in the balcony, and has caught a cold; and tell Jennie that Fanny has set her foot in the garden, but it has not come up yet. The other night, when I came from Stratford, the cold shrivelled me up so that when I got home I thought I was my own child."

The best thing Crabb Robinson ever did in this way was by surprising a little girl, who said she did not know how to write a letter to her little brother, by proving to her that she was a perfect letter writer. She had asked Robinson to suggest all the subjects. He proposed, purposely, something untrue, then something silly; but both were rejected by the child on the ground of their untruthfulness and silliness. This process went on until the child adopted such subjects as were adapted to her purpose, and she found she was a good letter writer without knowing it.

We conclude with an unpublished letter from an American lady, who some quarter of a century ago aspired to be the instructor of children. The quaintness and simplicity, for it is all sober earnestness, are worthy of being preserved: "Dear Sir.—Having heard that you are in want of a governess for your children, I write to offer myself as a candidate for that post. My acquirements are, English in all its branches, French, German, music, which I play well, singing, painting, drawing, and dancing. My age is just twenty-eight. I am a lady by birth, high-spirited, and, I am sorry to say, slightly quick tempered, but still very fond of children, likewise of gentlemen's society. I am rather delicate, and when not as well as usual require a few tempting viands. I hope if you decide in having me for your children as their governess, that you will allow me the *entree* of your drawing room at all times, and that you will allow me to join in all your domestic amusements. I wish to inform you that I have been in the habit of receiving 200 (sixty pounds) per annum, or fifty pounds (£50) with board, and all travelling expenses paid. You may be glad to hear that I have an elegant figure, small hands and feet, and am, if my friends and admirers are to be believed, engaging."

THE CANADIAN TEAM AT WIMBLEDON.

In speaking of the arrival of the Canadian Team at Wimbledon, and of their performance at Altcar, the London *Telegraph* of the 5th inst. says:

"In the evening the Canadian team, who left Quebec in the 'Scandinavian' on the 22nd ult., and who landed at Liverpool on the 2nd inst., arrived in camp under the command of Major Worsley, and were met by Sir Peter Tait, who dealt so hospitably with their predecessors last year, and who seems fully determined to maintain his reputation on the present occasion. The storm had partly flooded the nice little camp which the Council have appropriated for them near the iron house; but, after a brief absence with Sir Peter for refreshments, the Canadians, who are fine, hearty fellows, went to work to make themselves comfortable in a style that showed camp life, with its shifts and expedients, to be no novelties to them. Since their arrival at Liverpool on Monday last they have not been idle; and though just after landing from a ten days' sea passage they could scarcely be considered in the finest shooting form, they have given the Cheshire and Lancashire men a taste of their quality in some friendly matches at Altcar in a way to show them that if they don't carry off the Rajah of Kolapore's Challenge Cup, they are likely to make the running very hot for the English team. Eighteen men out of the team of twenty—two being unwell from the voyage—in the course of three consecutive days fired six times through the Queen's distances, making an average of 41.27 marks. In a match with the full team against twenty of the 18th Cheshire, the Canadians made an aggregate of 849, or an average of 42.3 per man, beating their antagonists, who, as a battalion team, are clearly first-class, by 26 marks. Next day they shot a triangular match against the 1st and the 5th Lancashire, and scored 140, or an average of 42 marks, beating the 1st Lancashire by 45 marks, and the 5th Lancashire by 27. The eight highest scores at Altcar made an aggregate, six times through the Queen's distances, as follows:—Corporal Larkin, 277 marks, or the magnificent average of 45.16; Quartermaster Thomas, 265; Private Bell, 254; Gunner Shand, 241; Private Ferguson and Ensign Johnston, 230 each; Sergeant Turnbull, 256; and Assistant-Surgeon Aiken, 255; or an aggregate average of 262.75 marks, and a Queen's range average of 43.79. From these figures, as eight will constitute the team for firing for the Kolapore Challenge Cup, our cracks can calculate within a little what they have to beat. Excellent as this shooting is, it is not equal to what was done by the eight top scores of the English team in the recent International Snider competition at Edinburgh, who, in a seven-shot match, made 14 marks over an average of centres; the totals being, England, 1,194; Scotland, 1,191; and Ireland, 1,116. With these data those who have time and a taste for decimals and proportion can work out exactly how much the English and Scotch teams beat the Altcar work of our Canadian fellow subjects, who are clearly more formidable antagonists than their comrades who came over last year."

Fyles of a later date inform us that a formidable team was in process of selection to do battle with the Canadians for the Kolapore Challenge Cup, three being selected from the English International twenty, three from the Scotch, and one reserve man, and one from the Irish team. The English champions were the four highest scorers in the recent warvelous match in Edinburgh, namely, Mr. Wyatt, of Shropshire; Mr. Mayfield, of the Robin Hood's; Mr. Board, of Bristol; and Mr. Chapman, of North York.

Of course we now know that the formidable team has

been beaten by the Canadians, who have carried off the Kolapore Challenge Cup.

On the 7th the camp was visited by Lord Ducie, who welcomed the team to Wimbledon, by Captain Costen, and by General McDougall, inspector of the reserve forces, who was formerly Adjutant General of the Canadian Militia, and who has been asked to take command of the contingent during its stay in England.

On Monday, the 8th, several Canadians were successful. The first competition was for the Prince of Wales' prize for £100, and £100 added, divided into £5 prizes. The distances were 200, 500 and 600 yards, five shots at each range. In this the shooting was magnificent, the winner, Sergeant Metcalfe, making fifty points out of a possible sixty. Only two forty-threes got in, whereas a forty won a prize in 1871. The only winning score of the Canadian team was that of Ensign Johnston, 71st Batt., New Brunswick, who made forty-four, and won a £5 prize.

The Alexandra prize competition at 200 yards was next on the list. This is one of a series of competitions, formerly called the Enfield all comers, but altered in 1864 to the Alexandra. It is fired for at 200, 500 and 600 yards, and prizes given for best scores at each range, as well as prizes for the best aggregate scores at all the ranges. In the competition at two hundred yards the highest possible score was 20 points, and this was made by Mr. Wade, of the 1st Lancashire, along with eight others. Private Sheppard, of the 19th Royals of Toronto, made 19 points and won a £2 prize.

Then followed the Alexandra prize at 500 yards, won again by Mr. Wade, 1st Lancashire, with a full score of 20 points. Private Sheppard of Toronto, who made 18 points, took a £3 prize.

The next shooting was for the Snider Nursery prizes, five hundred yards, five shots. This competition was organized, as its name denotes, to be a nursery in which young shots might make their debut in the Wimbledon world, without having to encounter at the outset shots of long training and experience. The first prize was won by Mr. Lewis, with 12. Among the lower numbers was Private Copping, of Three Rivers, who scored 18, and won a £2 prize.

In the Alexandra prize competition at 600 yards, which commenced on the 5th instant, Corporal Larkin of Halifax, in company with seven others, made 51, the second highest score at that range. Quartermaster Thomas and Corporal Pullen also scored 49. There had been a heavy gale of wind during the morning, which lasted up to time when shooting began; and then a strong gusty south-west wind set in. In the afternoon there was a fall of rain, which began shortly before three o'clock, and lasted about an hour, when it cleared up, and for the rest of the day pretty good shooting was made.

In the competition for the Secretary of State for War's prizes on the 10th, Sergeant Turnbull with seven shots at 200 yards, made 26 points out of a possible 28. He fired with a Martini-Henry rifle. The official score had not been published, but it is evident that he must stand pretty high, as he alone is mentioned, among all other competitors for the prizes, in the London *Telegraph* of the 11th.

In the Alexandra competition prizes, 500 yards, five shots, Corporal Larkin, of Halifax, was one of the winners of five pound prizes, having scored 18 points.

In the Alexandra aggregate prize competition for the 34 highest scores at 200, 500 and 600 yards, Corporal Larkin won a £3 prize, having scored 51 points. The highest score was 53 points.

Among the winners of extra prizes were Captain Wall, G. T. R. Brigade, who scored 19, and won an opera shield, and Private Ferguson, also of the G. T. R., who scored 15 points.—*Quebec Mercury*.

VARIETIES.

An advertisement in a Western paper informs the public that board for the summer can be obtained "at a large and shady brick gentleman's residence in the country."

Queer abbreviations of New England journals: *Low Cost*, "Spring Rep.," *Box Jour*, "Hart Times." And now some fool has perpetrated "Down News." To which may be added the "Wash. Pat.," the "Mil. Dem.," the "N. O. News," and the "Mob. Law Record."

A country editor who was pestered with contributions in verse, wrote to his correspondent thus: "If you don't stop sending me your sloppy poetry, I'll print a piece of it some day with your name appended in full, and send a copy to your gal's father." That poetical fountain was spontaneously dried up.

The modern woman when she has a nail to drive doesn't wait for her husband to come home. She catches hold of the nail as she would the hair of a recreant son, swings the hammer over her head and plunges downward. Then she ties up her fingers as well as she can, puts on her best bonnet, and goes right over to her mother's for a good cry and her tea.

Art Critic (who, having "liquored up" considerably, fails to observe that as yet he is only in the lobby of the sale room, and is standing before a mirror, which, purchased at previous sale, still retains its ticket)—"Ah! portrait 'Y gen'lman, I sh'pose—hic!—(writes)—drawing exsh'able—great want of taste in the choice of subject—fit only for a place in tap-room of public house."

Ridiculous things crop out sometimes on the most solemn occasions. At a funeral lately there stood in the house of the defunct an old-fashioned clock, which, when it finished the announcement of the meridian hour, was made to play a tune. The officiating minister was in the midst of his sermon, when, noon having arrived, the clock commenced striking twelve. In a very solemn tone he impressed on his hearers the inevitable flight of time; but the exhortation was evidently ineffective, as the clock instantly followed with the cheery old notes of "Take your time, Sally."

A member of a military company was in Boston, and went to the Jubilee. On the programme was a march from "Mozart's Twelfth Mass." After the performance he happened to be introduced to Mr. Gilmore, who asked which of the pieces he was most pleased with. "Well cap," answered the young soldier, the "thing that knocked me was that ere march you called Mozart's Twelfth Massachusetts!" Mr. Gilmore stared at the creature, looked down one side of him and the other, bowed a disdainful bow, and left that man from Newburyport.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

GEORGE BROWN,

the champion of Halifax Harbour, is, like most of his brother oarsmen in the Lower Provinces, a fisherman, and hails from Herring Cove. He is 33 years of age, and his boating record, though not very varied, is an excellent one. Most of his aquatic exploits have been performed on the harbour of Halifax. He there made his first appearance some years ago in a four-oared inrigged race. His greatest triumphs, however, have been won with the sculls. In 1864 and four following years he distanced all competitors in the annual single scull race at Halifax, thereby winning the 100 guinea belt offered in 1858 by Mr. D. C. Cogswell, to be bestowed upon the winner in five successive contests. Last year Brown rowed in the single scull race at Halifax, coming in only five seconds after Sadler. In the four oared race at the same place he pulled bow-oar in the Pryor boat, which came in a good second—a length and a half behind the Taylor boat.

THE MOUNT ALLISON WESLEYAN COLLEGE AND ACADEMIES

occupy a pleasant position on an elevated site in the village of Sackville, near the head waters of the Bay of Fundy, and on the line of the Intercolonial Railway. They take their name from the founder of the male academy, the late Mr. Chas. F. Allison, to whose liberality and energy in the cause of education the people of New Brunswick are largely indebted. This portion of the institution has been in successful operation for 28 years, during which time it has won a high position in the public estimation.

The Ladies' Seminary was established in 1864. Like its sister academy it also owes its existence in great measure to Mr. Allison. The College was organised in 1862 in accordance with the terms of a charter obtained from the New Brunswick Legislature, and its past history has fully vindicated the wisdom of its establishment. Up to the present year the Institution has been in the receipt of Government aid, which is now to be withdrawn in consequence of the introduction of Free Schools.

The College and Academies are under the control of a board of trustees and governors appointed by the Eastern Wesleyan Methodist Conference. They are, however, conducted on entirely non-sectarian principles, and are attended yearly by pupils of nearly all denominations. A movement is now in progress in aid of the endowment of the Institution, and great hopes of ultimate success are entertained by its friends. The government of the schools and college is characterized by a liberal and progressive spirit. We know of no other college in the Maritime Provinces where ladies are admitted to attend the classes and enjoy the instructions of regular collegiate professors. It is true they have not been granted any degree, except that of Mistress of the Liberal Arts, but in future the usual college degrees will be open to them upon their passing a satisfactory examination. The Institution is in high repute as a school of training, and has furnished both New Brunswick and Nova Scotia with many of their best and most successful school teachers.

The correspondent of the *News* in Prince Edward Island has furnished us with a view of

WEST RIVER, CHARLOTTETOWN,

which is reproduced in this issue. The West River, or Elliot's River, as it is sometimes called, is one of the three streams that meet at Charlottetown. The scenery in the neighbourhood is very picturesque, more so than could have been expected in such a flat country. From the spot where the sketch was taken the eye takes in a broad expanse of undulating ground, richly cultivated, and dotted here and there with patches of timber that produce an admirable effect. A simple drawing can hardly give an idea of the beauty of the scene. The different hues—the distant blues and purples, the green carpet below, and the bright-red of the rocks and soil—are all lost. The steamer in mid-stream in the sketch is coming in from the entrance to the harbour of Charlottetown.

QUIDI VIDI LAKE

has already been the subject of illustration in these pages. It is situated on the outskirts of St. John's, of which a very pretty view may be obtained from its banks. Our view from the north side of the lake shows most of the important buildings of the capital of Newfoundland. To the right, standing out against the sky, are Bonaventure College and Library, the Roman Catholic Cathedral, and the convent attached thereto. To the left of these buildings is St. Andrew's Church, recognizable by its spire, and still further on stands the Congregational Church. In the middle distance below these buildings are the Colonial Building and the Government House. To the left of the Government flagstaff is the Episcopal Cathedral, a very handsome building in the early English style, designed by Gilbert Scott, but which is still unfinished. On the extreme left is St. Thomas' Church, with the school-house and residence of Miss LeGallais. In the corner a part of the English Cemetery is visible. To the right of these, in the middle ground, are the residences of Judge Robinson, the Hon. R. J. Piusent, Q.C., M.L.C., and of Alexander Murray, Esq., of Sir William Logan's staff. Mr. Murray has been engaged by the Newfoundland Government to make a survey of the island, and is now engaged in prosecuting the work.

THE ACCIDENT AT MARTIN'S WHARF, HAMILTON.

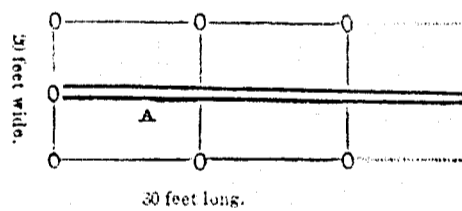
Dominion Day, 1872, will long be remembered in Hamilton in connection with an accident which caused the death of three little children, and which might have proved fatal for as many score of lives. The scene of the accident was a wharf, owned by a Mrs. Martin, which had recently been lengthened some 32 feet—the addition having been constructed, as the sequel shows, with the utmost carelessness as to its security, and the safety of those who might use it.

At this wharf the steamer "Ontario," plying between the city and the beach, arrived at about half-past three o'clock on the afternoon of the day mentioned, with a large number of passengers on board. After some delay in securing the vessel to the wharf, the gangway was pushed out and the passengers crowded out, as people invariably do at all excursions, each one in a hurry to get before his neighbour. What followed we leave to the pen of an eye-witness who has graphically described the scene in the *Hamilton Spectator*:

"In the twinkling of an eye a crash was heard, and the next instant the people on the solid part of the wharf, the beach and the boat were terrified at the sight of sixty or

seventy men, women and children struggling for life in the water, the new part of the wharf having literally caved in. The shock was so sudden and unexpected that one hardly realized the terrible danger the people were in. The shrieks of the women, the cries of the men and the gurgling, splashing noise that was made by the poor wretches in the water was frightful to hear. But strong, ready-handed men were about, and in an instant two row boats had put to the rescue, a yacht lying alongside the wharf was towed up to the scene, and the work of rescue commenced. Those who were swimmers and had no one to look after grabbed the floating planks and swam to shore. The men in the yacht pulled a number of people out in a half-drowned condition. The row boats were doing good service, and some brave young fellows—noticeably Mr. D. Sheriff of Toronto—stripped off coat and vest and plunged in to assist in the good work of keeping heads above water and of assisting to land the now almost drowned people. A minute or two and the most of those who had been in the water were pulled out, but great fear was expressed for the little children who had fallen in, as it was thought that they would be trampled or kicked to death in the water, and the fear, I regret very much to say, was not an unfounded one. A little girl a year old was taken out lifeless and landed in the boat—another and another followed, until the number was swelled to four—all apparently dead. But, at this moment, a man is seen pushing his way through the throng on the beach, thrusting them aside, almost climbing over their heads—he is at once recognised as Dr. Barclay, of Hamilton, and the benefit of his medical knowledge and his muscles, which he did not spare, are recognized in the return to life of two of the little ones after half an hour's attendance. Two are dead beyond recovery, and the crowd breathe almost freely at the wonderful escape from drowning of such a large number. A child is yet missing, and shortly it is handed out of the water, dead, too. It was a sad termination to an expected day of enjoyment, and the crowd took their way with saddened faces to the hotel, where everything was done that was possible to provide fresh clothes and to dry those that were wet. I have tried to convey an idea of the scene to your readers, but I feel how utterly inadequate my description is to the reality. Some of the escapes were truly marvellous. A gentleman living on York Street was among the throng on the wharf that gave in, with his wife and two little children—the latter seated in a baby carriage. They were leaving the wharf, the lady ahead and the gentleman drawing the carriage. He had just reached the sound portion of the wharf when the crash came, and his first knowledge of something wrong was conveyed to him by the tipping backward of the carriage, the hind wheels of which had rested on one of the planks that gave way. Turning, like lightning, he caught hold of one of his children, and still keeping it in the carriage, with a jerk he pulled carriage and its occupants safe on the sound part of the wharf. Had the cover not been up there can be no doubt but that his children would have met their fate with the rest. One woman had with her her six children, the youngest a baby at the breast, and also the child of a neighbour, a little girl of seven. Mother and children were amongst those precipitated into the water. In the wriggling struggle in the water the baby was forced from her arms, and when she herself was drawn out she was not aware whether her children were saved or drowned. Soon after she got on board the boat she found one child, then another and another, until the whole seven under her charge had been gathered together. All of them were more or less insensible, but one by one they were brought to, with the exception of the little girl who accompanied them: she is among the dead."

The cause of the accident will be easily understood by reference to the accompanying diagram, in which the wharf appears



in almost the same position to the reader as that in which it is shown in the illustration. The thin line shows the extent of the addition; the longitudinal stringer is represented by the thick lines. This stringer, which was of pine, measured, according to the journal already quoted, 4 in. x 6 in. at one end, and 6 in. x 10 in. at the other, its total length being 32 feet. "At the end of the wharf it rested on a pile, and at the other end it was spliced to another stringer by what carpenters call a half check. So bunglingly had the work been done that this splice was not made to rest upon a cross-beam, though there is one within three or four inches of it: so that a weight sufficient to split off the upper tongue of the half check was the measure of its strength at this point. In addition to this longitudinal stringer there was a cross-beam resting upon piles 20 feet apart, and supporting the stringer at the point of crossing. Here they were made to fit each other by chopping the stringer down to the requisite size, thus weakening its already insufficient strength by perhaps one-half. The cross-beam was pine, and had at one time been the sill of a house or a barn; it was literally honeycombed with mortice holes, not as a sill would be in these days of balloon framing, but as they used to be some twenty years ago. These two pieces of timber were the sole provision made for bearing the weight that might be placed on an area of over 600 square feet. The top planks added no strength to the frail fabric, because they ran crossways in two lengths, the abutting ends being nailed to the longitudinal stringer. It was the cross-beam that first gave way and the stringer was then left without any support save at its two ends 32 feet apart. An upright post at the centre where the two timbers crossed (A) would probably have saved the accident, but in the whole space of 32 feet by 20 there was no such post, except along the outer edge. In the whole ramshackle fabric there was neither a brace nor a stay. The piles and the beams which rest upon them are not fastened together by mortice and tenon as they ought to be, but a huge iron spike is driven down through them, which in some cases has split the timber wherever it went. In short, the job seems to have been done by the worst possible of botches, working with the worst possible of tools, and using the worst possible kind of materials."

Such is the verdict of the *Spectator*, and we shall see that it was fully endorsed by the jury at the inquest. When some

sixty or seventy people landed on this crazy structure, it gave way, precipitating the mass of humanity into the water below much in the same way as corn goes down a hopper. A strong gale was blowing at the time, and the waves were running pretty high. Fortunately the water was not much more than five feet in depth, or the consequence would have been awful. The names of the three victims are Edith Maude Johnston, aged eleven months; Charles Bancroft Lester, aged three years; and Fanny Elizabeth Capes, aged eleven.

On the day after the accident a jury was empanelled, and after a session extending over several days, after careful enquiry and investigation, and personal inspection of the scene of the disaster, the jurors returned a verdict condemning the gross negligence displayed by the builders and owners of the wharf, and finding the charterers of the "Ontario," and its captain, Oliver Beatty, who, together with Mrs. Martin, were aware of the unsafe condition of the boat, guilty of gross and culpable negligence. After consultation with the County Attorney, the coroner decided that the parties named in the verdict should be bound over in their own recognizances to appear at the Assizes on a charge of homicide. The jury deserve great credit for the intelligence they displayed, and we trust that Mrs. Martin and Captain Oliver Beatty will get the full of their deserts. In cases of negligence like this—which are becoming by far too frequent—it is high time to make an example. It is no small thing to be responsible for the death of three human beings, and the parties concerned in the Hamilton accident may thank their good fortune that it did not occur in Germany, where they would infallibly have paid for their negligence with their necks.

We are indebted to Mr. W. Armstrong, of Toronto, for our illustration of the

SAULT STE. MARIE RAPIDS

as seen from the head of the canal, in the vicinity of the spot where the Pacific Junction will cross the river. A full description of the canal and rapids appeared in Vol. II, No. 2. A biography of

HORACE GREELEY

is given on page 65.

Special articles descriptive of

THE SAND BLAST,

BAND SAW MILL,

CENTRAL RAIL LOCOMOTIVE FOR THE CANTAGALLO RAILWAY, BRAZIL.

will be found on pages 74 and 77.

ART AND LITERATURE.

Charles Reade's new novel is entitled "A Simpleton."

A grand Art Congress is to be held at Milan on the 4th September.

Tennyson has given the library edition of his works to the Strasburg Municipal Library.

William Cullen Bryant has been chosen honorary member of the Bavarian Academy of Sciences.

Carlyle has, it is said, lost the use of his right hand, and his writing is now done by a Dumfriesshire lady, his niece.

A curious relic has been sold by auction for £2 10s. at Paris—a painting executed and signed by the Duchesse de Berry, the mother of the Comte de Chambord.

Mr. A. T. Stewart has purchased the "Combat of the Alabama," one of the paintings in the Paris Salon this year, which possesses much grace and vigour.

The Pilgrim's Progress, which has been translated into almost every language, has lately been rendered into the Chinese by a native publisher, on the mere ground of its great merit as a religious allegory.

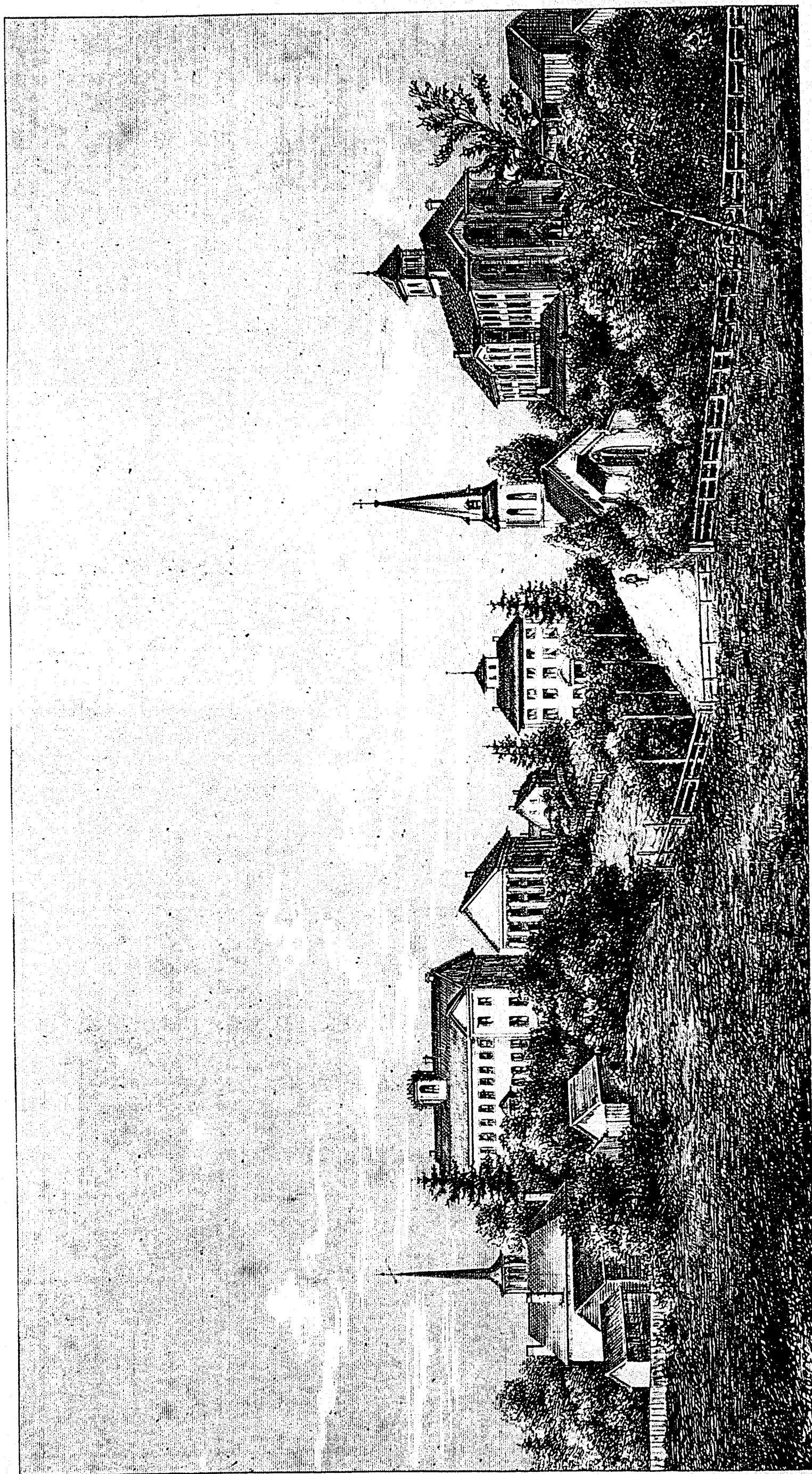
Dr. J. W. Dawson's "Report on the Fossil Land Plants of the Devonian and Upper Silurian Formations of Canada" catalogues and describes more than one hundred and twenty species of Canadian land plants found in formations older than the carboniferous.

Mr. Tinsley, the London publisher, has made a practical use of the crusade started by the *Times*, the *Saturday Review* and other journals against the three-volume style of novels, by issuing all new works of fiction published by his house in one small and handy duodecimo. The public are gainers at first, but it is thought the publishers will also gain in the end, by at least quadrupling the sale of books.

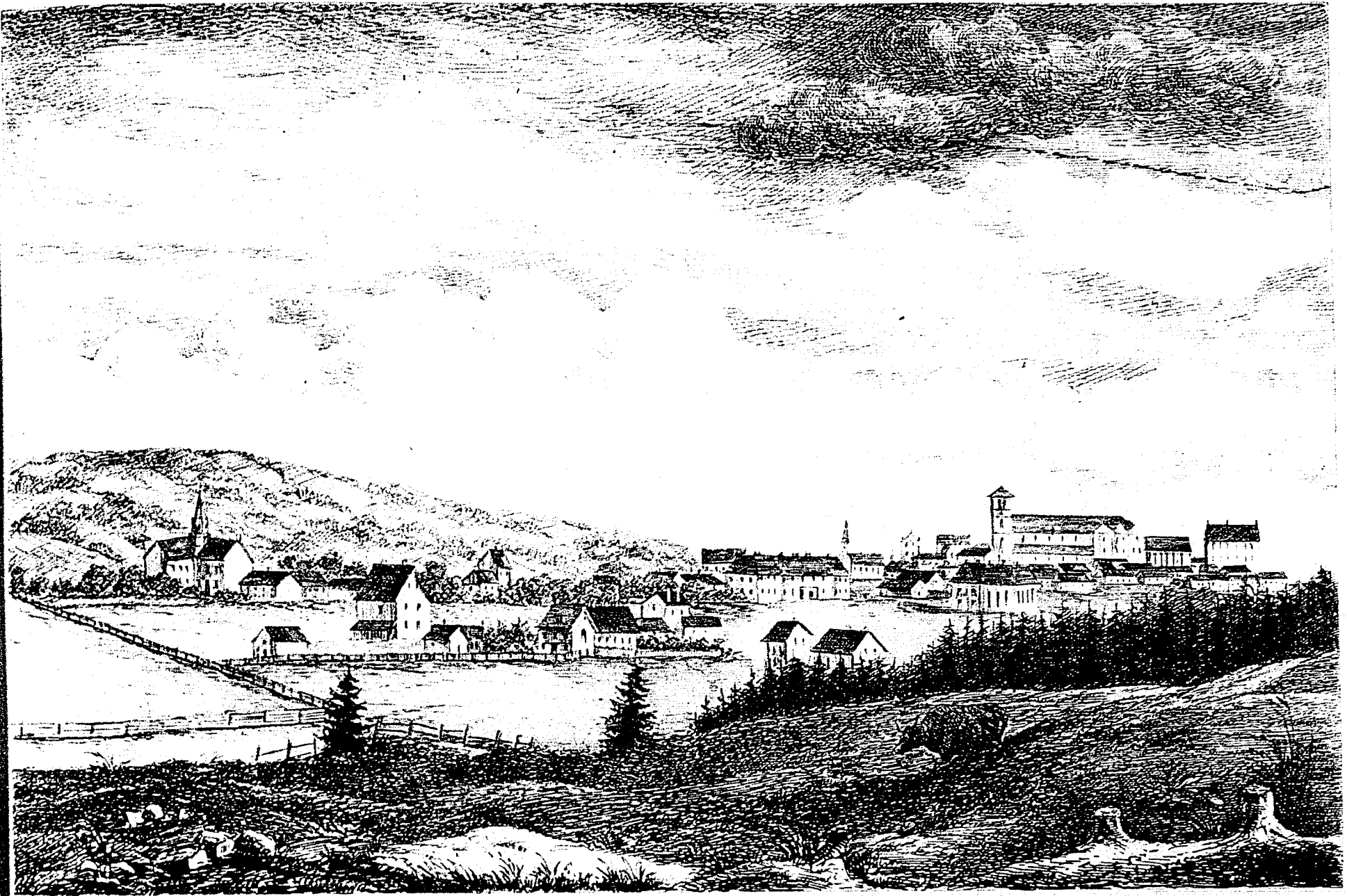
Madame Patti is to have \$7,000 a month for singing at St. Petersburg next season; Miss Nilsson \$7,000 and Madame Volpini \$4,500. Miss Nilsson has just been paid \$1,000 a night for twelve nights at Drury Lane, and Madame Patti has \$600 a night at Covent Garden. Madame Paulina Lucca is to have \$7,000 a month in gold and a benefit for singing in the United States during the coming season, and Mlle. Floretti, the danseuse, is to have \$5,000 a month at the Scala Theatre, Milan.

Mr. George Cruikshank has issued "The Artist and the Author, a Statement of Facts," a pamphlet designed to prove that the distinguished author, Mr. W. Harrison Ainsworth, is laboring under a singular delusion with respect to the origin of "The Miser's Daughter," "The Tower of London," &c. The pamphlet contains the correspondence which has appeared as to Mr. Cruikshank's claim to be the "originator" of certain works illustrated by him and written by Mr. Ainsworth. It also contains further statements and explanations.

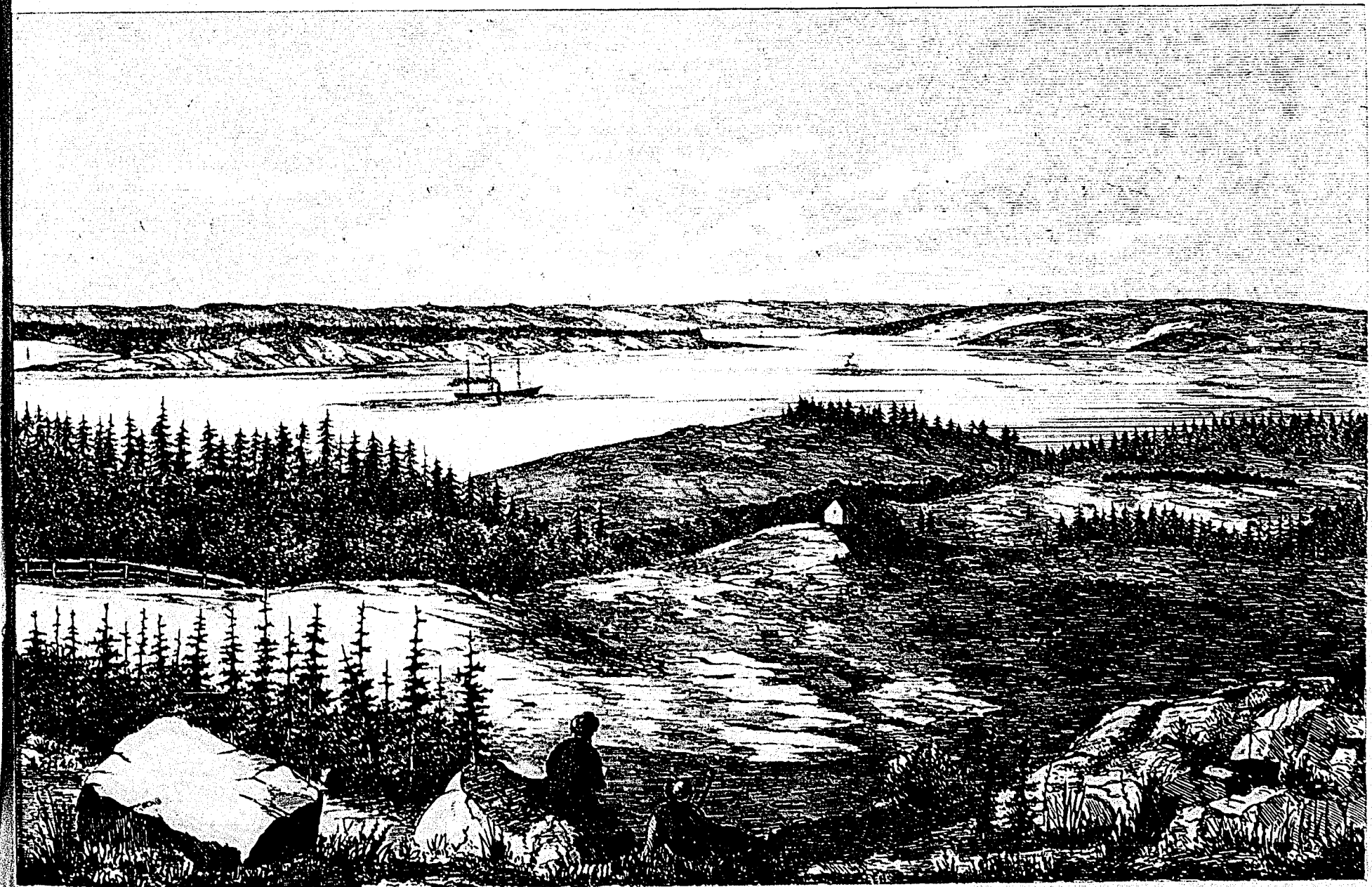
The *Tichborne Gazette* is the title of a newspaper of four pages, printed in London, and sold for a penny in aid of the cause. No fewer than 5 broad columns are filled with a list of subscriptions to the fund by which the soi-disant Sir Roger purposes defending himself on the charge of perjury and renewing his suit for the Tichborne estates. There are subscriptions in sums from £13 to 5 shillings, while contributions in smaller amounts down to 3d. are lumped in one general acknowledgment. The list is led by an Earl, and includes stokers, labourers, bandsmen of the Royal Marines, "six servants at Capt. Halls, Bandon" (a shilling a piece), and hands in "the Machine Department of *The Daily Telegraph*." Then there is the advertisement of a dramatic entertainment at St. George's Hall for the benefit of the Tichborne Defence Fund, and the rest of the paper is chiefly filled with affidavits and arguments in the claimant's favour.



NEW BRUNSWICK.—MOUNT ALLISON WESLEYAN COLLEGE AND ACADEMIES, SACKVILLE.—FROM A DRAWING BY PROF. GRAY.



NEWFOUNDLAND.—VIEW FROM THE NORTH SIDE OF QUIDI VIDI LAKE.



CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.—VIEW OF WEST RIVER.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. O. C.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1872.

Table with 2 columns: Day (SUNDAY, MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY) and Date/Event (e.g., 4.—Tenth Sunday after Trinity, 5.—Gilbert took possession of St. John's, Nfld., 1583.)

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS taken at N Beaver Hall, Montreal, by THOS. D. KING, for the week commencing July 22nd, ending July 28, 1872.

Table with 7 columns (1-7) and 7 rows (July 22-28). Columns 1-6 show temperature and humidity data, column 7 shows weather conditions (Rain, Clear, etc.).

Extreme Range of Temperature, 22°; of Humidity, 55%; of Barometer, 0.45 inches.

Amount of Rain Fall, 2.15 inches, equivalent to 45,186 gallons of water per acre.

- Column 1.—Mean Temperature of the day—7 A. M., 2 P. M., 9 P. M.
Very nearly the true Mean, as it would be obtained by observation made every hour of the day and night.
2.—Maximum Temperature of the day.
3.—Minimum Temperature of the previous night.
4.—Mean Relative Humidity from hourly observations between 7 A. M. and 9 P. M.
5.—Mean height of the Barometer corrected to sea-level.
6.—General direction of the Wind.
7.—State of the Weather.

MEMORANDA.—The decimal parts of a degree are rejected for simplification. If Thermometer more than half a degree, say 10.7, it is rendered 11; if less than half a degree, say 10.5, it is rendered 10. The mean is scarcely affected by the rejection of the decimal or fractional parts of a degree.

The Thermometers are placed where there is a free circulation of air and are thoroughly protected against their own radiation to the sky, and against the light reflected by neighbouring objects such as buildings, the ground itself, and sheltered from the rain and snow. The Relative Humidity of the air—Saturation being 100—is obtained by means of a Mason's hygrometer which consists of two precisely similar thermometers, mounted at a short distance from each other, the bulb of one of them being covered with muslin which is kept moist by means of a cotton wick leading from a vessel of water. The evaporation which takes place from the moistened bulb produces a depression of temperature, so that this thermometer reads lower than the other by an amount which increases with the dryness of the air. The great facility of observation afforded with this instrument has brought it into general use to the practical exclusion of other forms of hygrometer. As the theoretical relation between the dew-point of the air is rather complex and can scarcely be said to be known with certainty, it is usual to effect the reduction by means of tables which have been empirically constructed by comparison with the indications of a dew-point instrument. The tables employed are those constructed by A. Guyot and published by the Smithsonian Institution, Washington.

When the air is very dry and at a temperature between 70 and 80 the relative humidity would be represented by 30 to 40; when the air is very moist from 80 to 90.

OUR NEXT NUMBER.

The next number of the "ILLUSTRATED NEWS" will contain, amongst other illustrations, a view of THE YACHT RACE AT LACHINE on Saturday last; a sketch of THE LACROSSE MATCH played for the championship on the same day and the first of a series of sketches by our Special Artist, to be entitled DOWN TO SALT WATER.

OUR AGENCIES.

WESTERN ONTARIO.

Several payments made to sub-agents not having been reported to this office, our subscribers and the public are notified that Captain T. O. Bridgewater and Mr. Wm. Rowan are our only authorized agents in Western Ontario. Captain Bridgewater's district comprises the Great Western Railway from Dundas to Sarnia, and all places north of that line—the Grand Trunk Railway from Toronto to Sarnia, the Northern Railway to Collingwood, and all places north and west of those lines.

Mr. Rowan's district comprises Toronto, Hamilton, Niagara, and intermediate places—the Great Western Railway from Komoka to Windsor, and all the places south of the main Great Western line to Lake Erie and Niagara River.

EASTERN ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

Our only authorized agent in the district lying east of Toronto is Mr. Thomas L. Wilson. In this district, which covers so large a field, sub-agents and collectors will be named; but the public are warned not to pay any one who does not exhibit his credentials.

MARITIME PROVINCES.

The above remark applies to New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, where Mr. Edward J. Russell is our general agent and special artist and correspondent.

IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

D. Joseph Green, Esq., Barrister and Attorney, is alone authorized to take orders and subscriptions and collect accounts for this office.

GEORGE E. DESBARATS.

C. J. NEWS OFFICE, July 27th, 1872.

To CONTRIBUTORS.—The following contributions are declined with thanks:—"A Mother's Tales from the New Testament," "The Echo and the Eye," "The Glade," "Translation from French Canadian Poets," "Retrospect," "Come To Me, O Sleep!" "The Farewell," "A Child Face," "Scene in the House of Commons," "Inconstancy," "The Test."

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1872.

In these days strikes, Trades Unions, and Protective Associations, are words that are heard on every lip. Nearly every class in the working portion of the community has taken steps to protect its interests, and of late strikes have become events of such common occurrence that no one was very much astonished to hear that the idea of uniting for self-protection had been taken up by the domestic servants. The Dundee servant girls were the first to enter the movement, and their example was quickly followed by the gentlemen's servants in Leamington. With regard to the former, it cannot be said that their demands were extravagant, and if the cause for striking were in every case as reasonable as that advanced by the Dundee girls, and strikes were engineered in the same quiet manner, strikers generally would meet with more sympathy and respect than at present falls to their share. The Dundee servants asked for no increase of wages. Their demands were limited to a half-holiday every week, a holiday every alternate Sunday, and fixed hours for work. Sixteen hours a day—from six in the morning till ten at night—with the exceptions mentioned, were to be devoted entirely to their employers, but the remaining eight hours of the twenty-four were to be considered their own.

To the Canadian housekeeper this sounds like a fable. In every city of the Dominion the cry is going up of the rarity of good servants—and indeed of the increasing scarcity of any kind of servants, good or bad. Many a housewife, after battling in vain with the servant-problem, has finally given it up in disgust, and bravely buckled to do her housework herself. Others—whose health or inclination do not allow of thus severing the Gordian knot—continue to hire, at high wages, girls who have had little or no experience at housework, and whose blundering often drives the mistress to the verge of madness. A girl who would bind herself to give sixteen hours a day to her employers, and be satisfied with a half-holiday a week and a free Sunday once a fortnight would indeed be a rara avis. Such an one would be able to command her own price. In some places, and Montreal is one of them, it is no uncommon thing for a servant to ask for and get three nights out a week, and a half-holiday every Sunday into the bargain; while in the matter of time, seven hours will very well cover the amount of actual work done in the day.

In this state of things it is a question whether Canadian housekeepers might not take a hint from the Dundee servants. Of course it would be worse than useless for them to "strike" in the ordinary sense of the term, that is, to hold out against the girls by refusing them employment. The only effect of such a step would be to send the girls where many of them come from—the factories. But a union might be made among housewives with the object of bringing out competent servants from England and Scotland. Of course such a plan is open to objection on the score of expense, but we question whether housekeepers would not prefer suffering a little in pocket to suffering a great deal in temper and comfort. We believe something of the kind has been tried with great success in Nova Scotia. The girls should be carefully selected in order to ensure their "answering," and on arriving here each one would enter into an engagement to serve her employer for a stated length of time.

There is another remedy, and one nearer home, but we despair of ever seeing it adopted. Training schools for servants have frequently been suggested here. In England they exist on a small scale, and so far have been found to answer admirably. A girl, after passing through a course of training, goes out to "place" with a certificate of her capabilities, and with such a recommendation easily finds a good home and good wages. There is no doubt that these schools are a great benefit both to employers and employed, and the establishment of such institutions in Canada would go far to do away with the great nuisance attendant upon keeping house.

OBITUARY.

T. J. O'NEILL, ESQ.

It is our tacit but holy duty to record the death at Gaspé, on the 21st ult., of Mr. T. J. O'Neill, Inspector of Prisons, a gentleman well known and highly esteemed throughout the country. Mr. O'Neill was born in 1806, and was therefore 66 years of age at the time of his death. He was first appointed Inspector of Prisons and Asylums under the old Province of Canada in 1861, and in 1868 was appointed a Director of Penitentiaries for the Dominion, of which Board he became Chairman and Secretary in 1869. His death will be regretted by large numbers of personal friends, by whom he was held in very high esteem.

RECEIVED.—Translation of Latin Ode "Touis Ad Resto Mare," by H. J. G., Leslie; "The Forest Tragedy," and "The Pines," by W. H. W., Niagara.

THE CALEDONIAN SOCIETY GAMES.—The Seventeenth Annual Celebration of the Caledonian Society will be held at the Decker Park on Thursday week. The programme is varied and ample, and will doubtless attract many visitors to the Park.

ITALIAN OPERA.—The troupe of Associate Artists are winning golden opinions wherever they go. In Montreal, where they gave three performances, they were rapturously received, and their return will be eagerly looked for by hundreds of lovers of good music.

THE ELECTIONS.

ONTARIO.

Table with 3 columns: Location, Nomination Days, Polling Days. Lists various Ontario locations like Brockville, Carleton Place, Dundas, etc., with their respective election dates.

QUEBEC.

Table with 3 columns: Location, Nomination Days, Polling Days. Lists various Quebec locations like Brome, Bellechasse, Champlain, etc., with their respective election dates.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

Table with 3 columns: Location, Nomination Days, Polling Days. Lists various New Brunswick locations like Charlotte, Kent, Kings, etc., with their respective election dates.

NOVA SCOTIA.

Table with 3 columns: Location, Nomination Days, Polling Days. Lists Nova Scotia locations like Whole Province, with their respective election dates.

MEMBERS ELECTED.

M Ministerial; O Opposition; I Independent.

ONTARIO.

Table with 2 columns: Location, Member Name. Lists Ontario locations and their elected members like Ottawa City (Currier, M.), Frontenac (Kirkpatrick, M.), etc.

QUEBEC.

Table with 2 columns: Location, Member Name. Lists Quebec locations and their elected members like Compton (Pope, M.), Sherbrooke (Brooks, M.), etc.

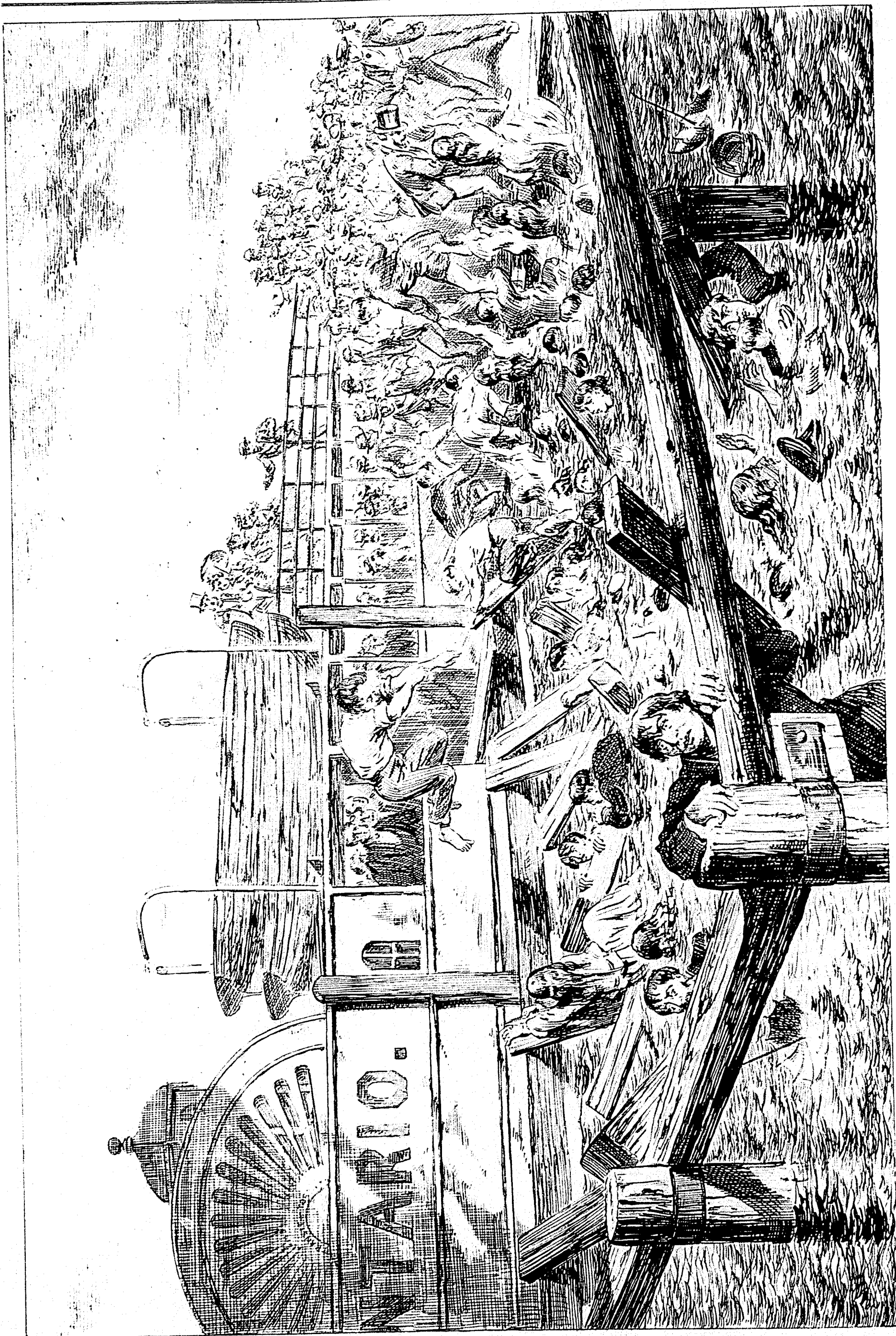
CONTESTED ELECTIONS.

ONTARIO.

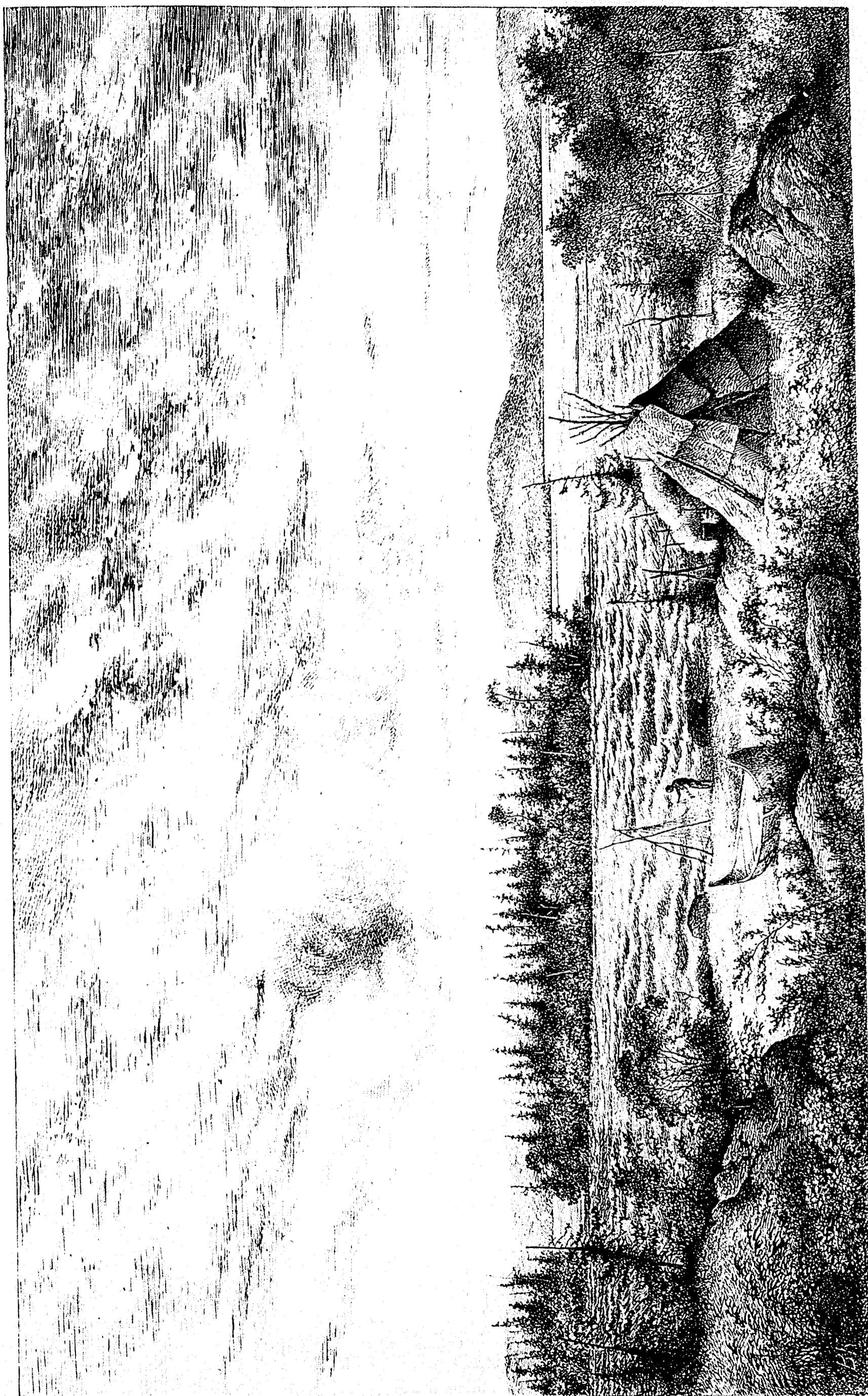
Table with 2 columns: Location, Member Name. Lists Ontario locations with contested elections like Kingston (Sir J. A. Macdonald, M.), Lincoln (Merritt, M.), etc.

QUEBEC.

Table with 2 columns: Location, Member Name. Lists Quebec locations with contested elections like Dorchester (Langevin, M.), etc.



HAMILTON — THE ACCIDENT AT THE WHARF, ON DOMINION DAY — FROM A SKETCH BY M. BRAD SMITH



SAULT STE. MARIE RAPIDS, FROM THE CANAL, AMERICAN SIDE.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. ARMSTRONG

LOCOMOTIVE FOR THE CANTAGALLO R.R.

The line for which this engine is intended is one now under course of construction by a Brazilian engineer, which will, when completed, connect the important coffee-producing district of Cantagallo, beyond the Organa mountains, with the port of Rio Janeiro. In some portions of the line the grades are very heavy, thus necessitating the use of the centre rail system. In a length of seven miles and three quarters, the mountain portion of the line rises about 3,000 feet, the gradient varying from 1 in 20 to 1 in 12, and being for the greater part of the length 1 in 13, while the curves are of forty metres, or about 140 feet radius. The gauge of the road is identical with that of the Mont Cenis Railway, viz., 3 ft. 7 5/16 in. The rails weigh 65 lb. per yard, the central rail being raised 9 in. above the ordinary carrying rails, and being bolted to wrought iron chairs, which are in their turn secured to a longitudinal sleeper fixed to the ordinary transverse sleepers. As in the case of the Mont Cenis Railway also, the mid-rail will, on the Cantagallo line, only be laid on the steep inclines, the ends of each length being tapered so that the gripping wheels may pass on and off easily.

Referring to the engraving—for which we are indebted to *Engineering*—it will be seen that the engine is carried on two pairs of coupled wheels 2 ft. 4 in. in diameter, these wheels being driven by a pair of outside cylinders 13 in. in diameter with a stroke of 14 in., while a second pair of cylinders 14 in. in diameter and 12 in. stroke, drive the two pairs of horizontal gripping wheels 1 ft. 10 in. in diameter. The wheel base of the engine is 7 ft., while the two pairs of horizontal gripping wheels are placed as close together as possible, and are situated midway between the axles of the vertical wheels. The pair of cylinders by which the horizontal wheels are driven are arranged on the centre line of the engine one above the other, the piston rod of each cylinder being attached to a long transverse crosshead, suitably guided, from the ends of which connecting-rods lead off to cranks on the axes of the leading horizontal wheels. The axis of each horizontal wheel has two cranks at right angles to each other, the two axes on each side of the centre rails being connected by coupling rods, while the leading axis of each pair so coupled is driven by the connecting-rods already mentioned.

The axes of the horizontal wheels are mounted in bearings carried by cast-steel cradles so arranged that by means of a right and left-handed screw the gripping wheels can be made to exert a pressure of any desired amount up to 40 tons on the mid-rail. The engines for driving the horizontal and vertical wheels are perfectly independent of each other, there being two regulators and two sets of reversing gear, while there are also independent ordinary and mid-rail brakes. The engine has 772 square feet of total heating surface, and is provided with a pair of wing tanks carrying 520 gallons of water, while the weight is 25 tons empty, or about 30 or 31 tons in working order.

The diameter of the vertical wheels being 28 in., while the cylinders driving them are 13 in. in diameter, with 14 in. stroke, it follows that these cylinders are capable of exerting a tractive force of

$$\frac{13^2 \times 14}{28} = \frac{169 \times 14}{28} = 84.5 \text{ lb.}$$

for each pound of effective pressure per square inch on the pistons. On the other hand, the inside cylinders being 14 in. in diameter by 12 in. stroke, and driving 22 in. gripping wheels, each pound of effective pressure per square inch on their pistons is equivalent to a tractive force of

$$\frac{14^2 \times 12}{22} = \frac{196 \times 12}{22} = 106.9 \text{ lb.}$$

This tractive force is greater than that capable of being exerted by the outside cylinders in the proportion of 5 to 4 very nearly, and it is possible that this proportion may have been decided upon in view of the fact that the pressure which it is possible to exert upon the horizontal wheels is greater than that exerted by the vertical wheels on the rails. However this may be, the engine appears to us to be deficient in cylinder power, and it is certain that, as matters stand, the outside cylinders are not capable of using up the adhesion of the vertical wheels unless the engine be worked at a much higher pressure of steam than is at present intended. With a clean rail, the adhesion may certainly be reckoned at 5 tons at least—while in many cases it would be much more—and to utilise this adhesion would require a mean effective pressure on the pistons of the outside cylinders of nearly 160 lb. per square inch, corresponding to, say, 190 or 200 lb. in the boiler, while at present the usual boiler pressure is but 130 lb. per square inch.

In making these comments on the cylinder power of the Cantagallo locomotives, it is only fair to Messrs. Manning, Wardle & Co., the makers of the locomotive, to state that they are not responsible for the proportions of cylinders adopted, although the general design and details of the engines have been worked out by them.

Several experiments have been made with this engine, in all of which it was found to answer satisfactorily. On one occasion it took a train load of 43½ tons steadily up a grade of about 1 in 12 at a speed of about eight miles an hour.

THE SAND BLAST.

So much has been heard recently of the wonderful power of the simple contrivance known as the sand blast that any information as to its method of working and uses must prove extremely satisfactory. The apparatus was exhibited early in the year by the inventor, Mr. Tilghman, at the fair of the American Institute at York, where, as its fame had preceded, it attracted a great deal of attention. The perfect simplicity of the contrivance is no less remarkable than the extraordinary results obtained by it. Its object is to drill, cut, or grind hard substances, such as granite, metal, or glass, and its action depends upon the expulsion, at a considerable velocity, of quartz-sand by a steam or air jet passing through a tube, and striking the material operated on. The accompanying sketch will clearly explain the construction of the apparatus. The sand is fed from an elevated box through a flexible pipe, *a*, which is kept at an angle of about 45° to regulate the flow of the sand. Passing down through the tube, *c*, which terminates in a nozzle, as shown, and is enclosed in an outer cylindrical casing, forming an annular space, the sand encounters the steam or air which is admitted into the flexible

tube, *d*, and forms at *e* an annular steam jet, by the aid of which the sand is driven forcibly through the directing pipe, against the object to be operated on. To provide a regular reciprocating motion of the jet over the surface of the material, a mangle rack movement is employed, by which the feed can be regulated, and the blast concentrated at will. In some early experiments made with this apparatus, a hole, 1¼ in. diameter, and 1¼ in. deep, was drilled through a block of corundum in 25 minutes, with a pressure of steam of 300 lb. Again, with 100 lb. pressure, a hole, 1 in. by ¼ in., and ¼ in. thick, was cut through a hard steel file in 10 minutes. And, at the American fair the other day, a diamond was sensibly reduced in weight in one minute, and a topaz was entirely destroyed. These and many other experiments are good tests of the capabilities of the apparatus, but the most interesting results are those which have an obvious commercial value. It is a very curious feature of the invention that, whilst hard substances are thus rapidly affected, soft and delicate materials are left untouched when exposed to the same influence. Thus, if a thin stencil sheet of india-rubber be laid over a block of granite or marble, and the blast turned upon it, the stone is cut or drilled, while the rubber remains unharmed. Again, if a photographic film of bichromatised gelatine be placed on a sheet of glass, and the jet applied, a picture may be engraved, and in the same manner flowers and fern-leaves may be reproduced with the utmost delicacy.

For grinding glass a very slight pressure is sufficient, that produced by air under 4 in. of water being ample for the purpose.

The uniform success which has attended the use of the sand blast has sufficiently proved its reliability, and the numerous purposes to which it can be applied promises to render it one of the most useful inventions that have been of late brought into public notice. By simple modifications it can be made to supersede the present slow and costly process for shaping granite and other hard-stones, for rock drilling, and for polishing castings, or grinding and engraving glass. The cost of working it is of course extremely small, and there need be no loss of the sand employed, as it can be constantly restored to the feeding hopper, together with the particles driven from the material.

The action of the sand upon a hard surface appears to be due to the work performed by each angular particle that strikes, and which in striking carries away with it a particle, of course far smaller than itself, and the reason why the softer materials resist the wearing action is due to their elasticity, which repels the particles. As a further proof of this, it may be mentioned that while perforated shield plates of lace, gelatine, or rubber bear a prolonged exposure to the sand unharmed, stencils of thin sheet steel or brass speedily curl up, and are destroyed.

PROGRESS OF THE INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

The *Sackville Post* says:—In view of the contradictory reports respecting the probable date of the completion of the Intercolonial Railway in Nova Scotia, a reporter from this office visited the line last week, to observe the progress being made.

Commencing at Truro, he finds Salmon River Bridge (3 spans, each of 100 feet) completed.

Archibald Brook, (1 span 24 feet) completed.
Barnum's Brook, (1 span 50 feet) completed.
Ishgonish, (2 spans, each 100 feet) completed this week.
Barnhill's Brook, (1 span 40 feet) completed.

Debert River Bridge (2 spans, each 100 feet) yet to do.
Folly Bridge, one of the largest works on the Intercolonial Railway, in progress. It is 82 feet high, and has six spans. The largest pier is 22 x 11 on top, and smallest 18 x 18. Two spans are completed. The masonry of one abutment and part of a pier are yet to do.

Upham's Brook, (1 span 40 feet) yet to do.
Wallace River, 50 feet yet to do.
West Branch of Wallace River, (1 span 53 feet) yet to do.
River Philip Bridge (three spans of 100 feet) completed this week.

Little Forks, (1 of 100) completed.
Nappan (1 of 100) completed.
The stone culverts of any consequence, are all done. Some few wood ones have to be put in.

The Earthwork is in a still more forward state. From Truro out it is completed, except two miles at the "Grecian Bend," at Folly River. There are other places along the line at culverts, etc., that are not ready for laying rails, but as nearly 1000 men are at work, this will probably be done in advance of the bridges.

The track is laid to Ishgonish, 8 miles from Truro, and the line is ballasted. A steam shovelled powerful enough to shift 1200 cubic yards per day, is in operation, a mile from Truro, and ballasting is being rapidly carried on towards the Folly.

From Amherst out, the rails are laid 30 miles to River Philip, and 5 miles of ballasting is done. Good ballast is found near Truro, Folly Lake, and at Thompson's Mill.

To recapitulate: Five bridges are incomplete; 38 miles, or one-half of the track-laying is to be done. Thus it appears there is a very large amount of work yet to be done, but as ballasting is progressing from both ends towards the Folly, and as the bridges are also in progress, it may be possible for Mr. Shreiber to fulfil his promise, and have the line open for traffic in September.

Drs. Eulenberg and Wohl strongly recommend the use of animal charcoal made into pills with gum tragacanth, as an efficient remedy against the sad effects of phosphorus in the lucifer-match manufacture.

HINT FOR MECHANICS.—Ed. Skinner Middleton, New York, says by rubbing chalk on a square the lines and figures are filled up, and can be much more plainly read. This is especially useful for near-sighted persons.

Prof. Wheeler, who turned his attention to the restoration of defaced writing and printing after the great fire at Chicago, has, it is said, discovered a process for restoring charred paper-money, which has been adopted by the United States Government.

A new style of barometer, composed of two slender strips of cedar and whitewood, glued together and attached by a pivot to a cross-bow shaped frame, is in use. Atmospheric variations cause the whitewood to expand or contract, thereby moving an indicator in directions corresponding.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A tax on domestic servants is to be introduced into France. Foreign servants to pay double.

After a century of hard work, the Moravians have translated the Bible in the Esquimaux tongue.

Brigham Young proposes to tax his Saints \$1 a head on their wives, for the benefit of the poor.

A congress of "Philatelists" (collectors of postage stamps) is to be held at Lubeck on the 14th inst.

Mr. William Cullen Bryant proposes to build a public library in his native town, Cummington, Mass.

The Russian telegraph lines are supported across the step-pes on brick pillars, no wood being available.

Francis Joseph of Austria has been invited to visit Berlin in September, and has, moreover, accepted the invitation.

At a recent *Te* at Taplow, the considerate and gallant host, when rain came on, telegraphed to London for quantities of indiarubber goloshes.

There are now moored in various points of the United Kingdom no less than sixteen training-shops for the merchant service, which accommodate unitedly about 3,500 boys.

Two velocipedists started from Rouen at 10 a.m., and the winner, M. Boïn, reached the Paris Place de la Concorde at 5 p.m., forty minutes before his competitor. The stakes were £200.

The Paris *Press* learns that "Monsieur Greeley, the great American farmer, was elected President of the United States at Cincinnati, and will be installed at Washington in November."

A bill has been introduced in the Imperial House of Commons prohibiting, under a penalty not exceeding £5, the employment of persons under sixteen years of age as a robot or gymnasts.

The memory of Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, is to be honoured by the erection of a national memorial—viz., a statue in his native town (Folkestone), and a stained glass window in the parish church.

Her Majesty has been pleased to intimate her intention of conferring the honour of knighthood on Mr. J. Gilbert Scott, the eminent architect, on the occasion of the completion of the Prince Consort's National Memorial in Hyde Park.

It is said when Audubon, the distinguished naturalist, was a resident of Henderson, Ky., his inseparable companion was a petted wild turkey, that would follow the great naturalist in all his walks, and remain in his study as would a dog.

Few persons are aware that there is a society of the Mormons in Paris, who conform to the social and spiritual habits of Salt Lake City. It was only through the statistics of different religions, recently published by the Minister of Justice, that this fact became known.

The attempt of California to acclimatize the Cashmere goat promises success, the animal attaining a larger size and yielding a finer fleece than in its native India. There are estimated to be 40,000 Cashmires in the State, and the fleece, according to grade, is worth from 25 cents up to \$1 25 per pound.

Mr. Charles Geddes, President of the Montreal City Passenger Railway Company, is in England, and has purchased about twenty-five excellent horses for the Company. He is endeavouring to procure others to replace the horses of the inferior race at present in use. Mr. Geddes will take seventy or seventy-five more, if he can procure them.

Herr Wachtel, while on his way home, gave a concert, with the aid of an American girl as pianist, to procure money for the family of a sailor who had been knocked overboard from the steamer and drowned. The receipts of the concert amounted to \$500, and the great tenor intends to give another concert in his own country for the same purpose.

A fly-proprietor at Twickenham (England), having a warrant of distress served upon him, adopted the original method of presenting the brokers with a hive of bees, and requesting them to make an inventory of that article of property. The officers were severely stung, and the offender was fined forty shillings and costs, with the option of one month's imprisonment.

Somebody else has seen the veritable sea-serpent. A passenger on the "Silvery Wave," from London to Russia, has seen the fellow, head up and tail in the rise. This time he has the head of a bull, with large and glowing eyes. If the sea-serpent would only stay upstairs long enough to be photographed, it would save a great deal of speculation by sight-seeing mariners, and he would confer a favour upon the world in general.

Mr. William Beck states in the *Times* that on every 21st day of June a group, more or less in numbers, assembles on Salisbury Plain to watch for the rising sun at 3 a.m. As the hour approaches, they gather to the circles of Stonehenge, from the centre of which, looking north-east, a block of stone, set at some distance from the ruin, is so seen as that its top coincides with the line of the horizon; and, if no mist or cloud prevent, the sun as it rises on this, the morning of the longest day in the year, will be seen coming up exactly over the centre of the stone, known from this circumstance as the Pointer.

Mr. Henry Maudsley says: "The full and healthy development of all the lower natural forces are indispensably prerequisite to the existence of a sound and vigorous mind." Just so. Humanity requires the full equivalent of vital force, in order for the free and potent manifestations of the mind. When we consider that Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites supplies the deficiency to unhealthy blood, restores the nervous element, and produces healthy action to the various organs and forces of the body necessary to sound mind, we wonder at the imbecility everywhere apparent.

As a deficiency of healthy blood, or a direct loss of this fluid, are causes for disorders of the senses, and also of the nervous system generally, we can safely calculate on the disappearance of such unpleasant and dangerous disturbances as the condition of the blood improves.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

TO MARIE.

'Tis a lady that loves you and reaches
White hands to you here from the sea,
From her home by the winter-white beaches,
Where waves leap and wild winds are free,
Commands you those verses from me.

The gaunt trees with biting winds shiver,
The stars are a-cold in the sky,
The dark fretted breast of the river
Heaves, and the harsh waves go by
Tossing, with moan and with sigh.

And what is there here for a poet—
Sheen of sea, blue of sky, green of field—
To win from the world, and to show it,
As prize of a pen that is skilled,
To a lady whose will is fulfilled?

But fancy, that heeds not the seasons,
Leaps over the moments and miles,
And with rhymes, (though you think without
[reasons])
Finds where the flowers bloom the sun smiles,
And a sweet woman wins without wiles.

Your home were a rest for a singer
Who'd fled from the world in unrest,
And your sweet voice would cause him to linger
And love you, and turn to you, best
In your calm and his love in the West.

And here from the foam-flecked white beaches,
Mid the pines' wail, the moan of the sea,
Will you pardon a poet who reaches
His hands out of distance to thee—
To the warmth and the roses to be?

Two hands here are reached out to greet you,
Two hands that would greet you as one,
Two hearts leap out gladly to meet you
With regard for you filled, as with sun
Are the flowers the sun shines upon.

Poetess, artist, fair lady,
The Muses and Graces combine
In your honour—the Garland is ready:
These humblest of flowers are mine,
And my Queen's, and we two are thine.

MARTIN J. GREEN.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

MY FELLOW STUDENT.

BY EDWARD FURLONG,
(Caledonia, Ont.)

MANY years have passed since the matters of which I am about to write occurred, but they are stamped upon my memory as indelibly as though engraved on steel. Some forty years since I entered Laval University like a young bear with all my troubles before me. I knew no one, being an Upper Canadian, and of course most of my fellow students were French Canadians. I formed the usual college acquaintanceships, but being naturally shy and retiring and almost ignorant of the prevalent language (French), had formed no friendship. There was one of the students, however, who irresistibly attracted me, and he, strangely enough, was shunned by nearly every student in the college boarding-house. He seemed rather to repel than to court intimacy, and wrapping himself up in the mantle of his reserve, was impenetrable to each and all of the light-hearted Frenchmen who formed the majority of the students, and who conjectured (for none knew his history) all sorts of reasons for his utter want of interest in the various schemes and projects which make up the sum of college life during the hours between and after lectures. His age might perhaps be nineteen, and his name, if it was rightfully his, as a malicious little Frenchman queried, showed him to be the scion of one of the noblest families of old France. It was Alphonse de Montmorency. But if ever the old constable transmitted any of his qualities to his descendants then the subject of my sketch unmistakably inherited them. No one could look at him for a moment and say that there was not reproduced in him the proud and haughty bearing of the proudest subject in Europe. No one doubted but he possessed the courage of him who had borne the lily banner in triumph on many a blood-stained and hard-contested field, while he was at the same time the very soul of honour and the very type of the *preux chevalier* of the *ancien régime*.

My first year passed away and the examinations were now being held. I happened to be placed on the next seat to Montmorency. All went well with him until the classical paper was handed him. He was evidently unable to answer sufficient so as to pass with credit, and seeing his uneasiness, I copied my own paper and crumpling it up in a ball tossed it to him at a moment when the attention of the argus-eyed Professor was withdrawn. He took it without a word, copied, and passed in his papers, but after leaving the Hall quietly thanked me. The ice was broken, and after that he nodded in a kindly manner to me whenever we passed.

We separated for the summer vacation and on re-appearing among other familiar faces appeared that of Montmorency. But I made no further approach to intimacy with him until nearly the middle of the term when I was able to render him a service which he declared he could never sufficiently repay, and which entitled me to consider him my friend for life. After that we were nearly inseparable, but no hint did he give me of his history or of

the cause of that settled melancholy which overcast his countenance and which tinged his whole life.

Towards the close of the term he asked me to accompany him home for the summer vacation, and being an orphan without home ties of any sort, I readily consented. Writing, therefore, a short note to my guardian that I would spend the summer with a college friend, I set off with Alphonse to his home, and after dark on the second day we reached our destination. It was too dark to observe it as we drove up through the fine avenue of maple and other forest trees, but I could see that it was a large commodious mansion of considerable antiquity. We proceeded at once to our room, and changing our dress descended to the dining-room, where a hot and most appetizing supper awaited us. Only two plates were laid, and Alphonse, perhaps noticing my look of half surprise, remarked: "I am alone in the world; we shall have the house to ourselves."

This, added to the strange behaviour of my host during our residence at the college, deepened the mystery which seemed to enshroud his life.

When bed-time arrived, Alphonse proposed that we should occupy the same room, adding that he had ordered a large room in the front of the house to be fitted up with two beds for us, and as the house seemed rather lonely I gladly assented to the proposal. Nothing could be more comfortable than our bedroom, with its two large beds, which seemed of the age of the Crusades, and each of which might hold a dozen at a pinch, and the bright fire of hickory logs blazing on glittering fire irons. One or two family portraits hung around the room, while above the fire-place was suspended a full length portrait of Henri, Duc de Montmorency, in the magnificent dress of a Marshal of France of the days of *Le Grand Monarque*.

Next morning a gorgeous panorama met my view from the window of our bedroom. The house was built upon a spur running out into the Lake of Two Mountains, and immediately below my feet lay the lake, its ripples just tipped with gold by the rays of the morning sun; while farther to the west the height trended away from the lake, the space between it and the height which gradually widened being as level as a billiard table. The young grass just springing formed a verdant carpet interspersed with the flowers of the wild mustard, while the dark forest formed an appropriate background to this sylvan scene. The windows of the breakfast room on the other side of the house opened upon a lawn which sloped gradually to the water's edge, broken here and there by clumps of young trees, through the openings of which the shimmer of the lake could be seen. The shooting and fishing were superb, and a month glided by so quickly that I scarcely marked the passage of time.

At length came the fifteenth day of June. It was passed by Alphonse and myself much as other days, in a boat on the lake after breakfast, fishing and shooting as inclination led us, and tired enough we returned to dinner, after which we adjourned from the dining-room to the terrace outside, where with a pipe and a goblet of iced sherry a piece we sat in silence. Alphonse, at no time a great conversationalist, was this evening unusually silent. Knowing his temperament I did not seek to draw him into conversation, but sat sipping my sherry and contemplating the gorgeous panorama spread out at my feet. The moon was at its full and the lawn was lit up by its beams save in spots where clumps of trees shadowed the landscape. About eleven o'clock we retired, and wearied with the day's sport I was soon asleep. I had slept scarcely a moment as it seemed when I awoke with a start and found myself half-sitting in the bed. The clock in the room then commenced to strike and mechanically I counted twelve. The sound of the last stroke had scarcely died away when I was conscious of a presence other than Alphonse and myself. It was a lady, the most beautiful my eyes ever beheld. She was dressed in pure white with a dark red stain just above the heart. The room was as light as at noonday, but as the figure glided along towards the bed of Alphonse it seemed to diffuse a roseate light which marked it from the pale moonlight. But this figure was not alone. Closely attending her though never passing an invisible though apparently well-defined boundary was the most horrible sight my eyes ever gazed upon. This second figure was that of a tall noble looking man in the uniform of an officer of Napoleon's Imperial Guard, his features were distorted with a look of agony such as might have been worn by a fallen Angel just after he had been dashed from his bright throne into the fiery abyss of the bottomless pit. A phosphorescent gleam which emanated from this second figure threw a lurid light about the room distinctly contrasting with the soft seraphic light diffused by the lady and the silvery moon beams. His forehead was marked as though torn by a bullet which heightened the horrible expression of the features.

The two figures glided towards Alphonse, the lady when she reached him holding her hands over him as though invoking a

benediction, then vanished. The male figure tempted to reach him but was apparently held back by an invisible hand and giving vent to an unearthly wail of anguish disappeared likewise. A shriek from me and all was oblivion as far as I was concerned. When I came to Alphonse was holding my head in his hands in the middle of the room, and his first words were "Try a glass of sherry, old fellow, and go to bed again." Hastily explaining what I saw I declared that I would not go to bed again that night but would sit in a chair. Alphonse leaving a sigh seated himself upon a chair opposite to me and covering his face with his hands for a few minutes appeared to be undergoing a mighty struggle with himself. At length he spoke. "You have seen," said he, "this night what no mortal save myself has ever gazed upon, and when you have heard the sad story connected with these apparitions you will cease to wonder why I hold myself aloof from my kind and lead the cheerless life you have known me to lead. I have yearned to tell you the story, for you never displayed the curiosity of my other fellow students and have refrained from impertinent enquiry into the details of my story. Knowing as you do part of the secret I will now proceed to tell you the remainder.

"My father was descended from a younger son of Henri de Montmorency foully murdered by Louis XIV. After his father's execution he came to Canada and, as though the tyrant wished to make some amends to the man whose father he had disgraced, granted him the seignory surrounding this lake. In my father's early days he was a deep student of the philosophers of the Encyclopaedia and became one of their most enthusiastic disciples. Among the simple *habitants* he was looked upon as one having dealings with the powers of darkness and in fact from what I can learn was one who feared neither God, man nor the devil. The French Revolution breaking out my father's restless spirit urged him to the scene of action, and joining the army saved his head, for had he remained in Paris his name would have assuredly brought him to the guillotine, being too proud to change it and adopt another. He served through all the campaigns of the Republic, and when Napoleon formed the Imperial Guard my father was commissioned one of its officers. After the battle of Waterloo finding his occupation gone he returned to his home in Canada with a wife and child, myself. I can hardly remember my mother, but she was an Italian of noble birth and was dowered with all the beauty which is the heritage of the noble daughters of sunny Italy. My father and mother lived very happily together save when my father's jealousy would cause him to break forth in fits of rage terrible to behold. It's true that in this secluded spot there were few to provoke the green-eyed monster, but jealousy like love is blind, and if my mother only gave a kind look in acknowledgment of a service rendered by even a groom my father would burst forth in a paroxysm of jealous rage. At length, just fourteen years ago to-day, my father who had been out on a hunting expedition returned home somewhat after dark, and passing the parlour windows seeing a light he looked in; the blinds were but partially drawn, when, what a sight for a jealous husband. There was his wife enfolded in the embrace of a stranger seated on a sofa while she was caressing his dark locks with her hand, the pair meanwhile conversing in low tones in the musical language of Italy. All my father's jealous nature was aroused, and dropping a bullet into each barrel of his fowling piece he rushed into the house and confronted the seemingly guilty pair. They rose, and my mother was about to address my father, but before she could utter a word he fired and the bullet pierced her bosom. As she fell she murmured the words "mio fratello." This explained all, the stranger was my mother's brother, and my guilty father stood as one petrified. Presently seeming to recover consciousness he threw himself upon the body of my mother and poured forth a flood of endearments addressed to his wife and calling down the most horrible maledictions upon himself, meanwhile vainly endeavoring to stanch the life blood which flowed in torrents from the wound inflicted by his hand. But it was all in vain; with a look of the most devoted love blended with saintlike forgiveness directed towards her murderer, my mother's pure soul returned to its maker. As soon as my father realised the fact that she was dead he sprang to his feet seized the gun and placing his forehead upon the muzzle discharged the remaining barrel into his brains, my uncle paralysed with horror being unable to prevent the execution of his horrid design. He fell across the body of the being he had loved so well, but who alas had died a victim to his ungovernable passions. A few days afterwards a double funeral issued from the house to the little parish chapel; but being a suicide my father's body was huddled into the unconsecrated corner of the churchyard, and his grave left unmarked for in obedience to the stern decree of the *Cnré*. I have little more to add, on the anniversary of that fatal night my mother appears as though watching over the welfare of her child, and my father hovers near her

just as you saw them to-night. My uncle watched over me till my eighteenth year when I entered the University, and then he became a Jesuit and now is labouring as a missionary among the wild tribes whose hunting grounds are situated around the headwaters of the Mississippi."

At the conclusion of his narrative my friend's head sunk upon his bosom, and we remained sitting there in silence until the rays of the rising sun tipped the ripples of the lake with gold. Then rising he said: "Not a word of this while I live," and bowing my head in acquiescence we proceeded to make our morning toilet.

On the fatal day of Spotsylvania, while acting as aide to General Lee, my poor friend was struck by a Northern bullet and mortally wounded. A few days afterwards died the last of the Canadian Montmorencys, and thus my lips being unsealed I give his sad story to the world.

THE END.

VARIETIES.

A Chicago dry goods dealer advertises "the most alarming sacrifices since the days of Abraham and Isaac."

A wealthy man in Pike county, Ind., recently died, having left his property to all the widows within a radius of eight miles from his residence.

Minnehaha, a Digger squaw, has been dragged to a California prison for imbibing too freely of "laughing water." Where was Hiawatha then?

A negro who was suspected of surreptitiously meddling with his neighbours' fruit, being caught in a garden by moonlight, non-plussed his detectors by raising his eyes, clasping his hands and piously exclaiming, "Good Lord! dis yere darkey can't go nowhere to pray any more without being 'sturb'd.'"—*Christian Union*.

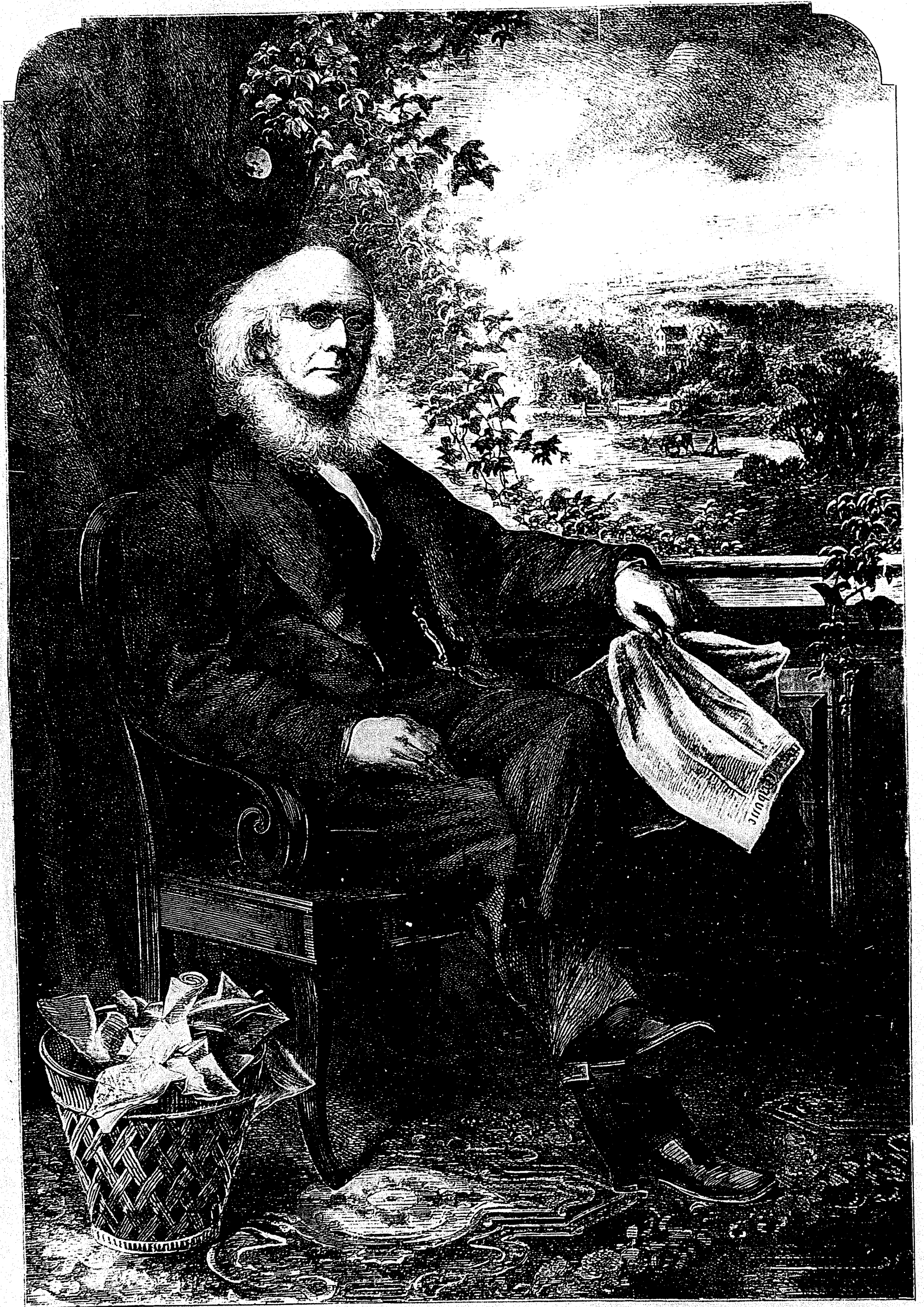
A Pennsylvania hotel man has gone largely into the echo business, up in the Lehigh Valley. He engaged a boy to secrete himself behind a clump of trees and to repeat the words of the visitors who came to hear the echo. One day there was no reply—the echo struck for higher wages; so the wonder-seekers smashed his bottles for him, and treated the boy to root beer as a testimonial of regard.

A story, combining the essentially dramatic elements of woman's love and constancy, man's cruelty, pistol shots, blood, and death-agony, comes from Lincoln, Ill. The City Marshal had killed sixteen dogs and buried them in one common grave. A German woman heard of the burial, and about the same time missed her dog. With that beautiful devotion so characteristic of the sex, she took a spade and dug up the whole sixteen of them, carefully turned over each terrier, mastiff, and cur, but was immediately relieved by not finding her own.

This is related by the Rev. Mr. Laurie, of Erie: He changed with Dr. Chapin one Sunday, and soon after he appeared in his desk people began to go away. He watched the exodus a few minutes, and then rising, said, in a deep voice, clearly heard throughout the church, and with just sufficient Scotch brogue in his voice to give raciness to his words: "All those who came here to worship Almighty God will please join in singing a hymn, and while they are doing so, those who came here to worship E. H. Chapin will have an opportunity to leave the church." His audience did not diminish after that.

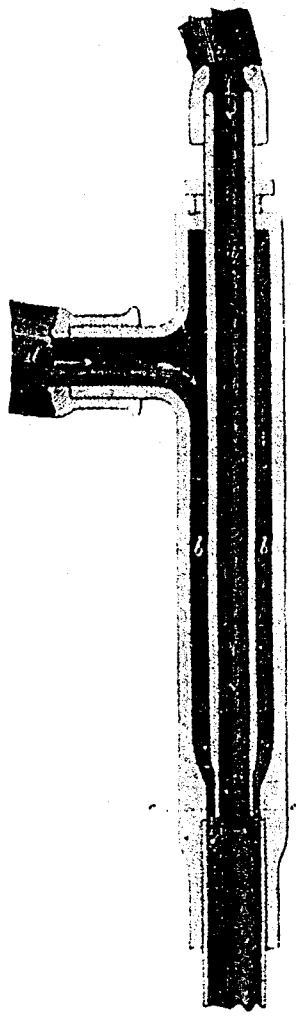
Ten or fifteen years ago a public dinner was given to the members of the Legislature at Providence, and a Narragansett preacher, called the "Regular Pacer," because in his prayers he had a habit of standing behind a chair, stepping backward and hitching it after him, was called on to ask a blessing. He stood up in his usual style, and began a lengthy prayer. There was an open door behind him, and he soon unwittingly backed into an adjoining room, taking his chair along with him, when some one softly closed the door, and the hungry guests proceeded to dine, when the petition was finished at leisure by the abstracted minister.—*Washington Star*.

The most faithful lover who has a name and being outside of trashy novels, lives in Danbury. The parents of the young lady are opposed to his companionship, but that don't make him proud. Sometimes the old gentleman reaches him with his boot before he can get over the fence, but the young man don't lay up ill feelings on account of that; he only smiles at the despoiler of his pants when he meets him, and calls it "heaping coals of fire on his head." Saturday evening he thought he would get up a surprise for the old chap. He put a paving stone in each of his coat-tail pockets, and started for the fence as usual. The old man let out for him with increased enthusiasm, and caught him—caught him good. Then he laid down on the grass and said: "I die by the hand of an assassin." But the young man passed on without a word, and smiles the most heavenly smile of forgiveness ever seen on the street.

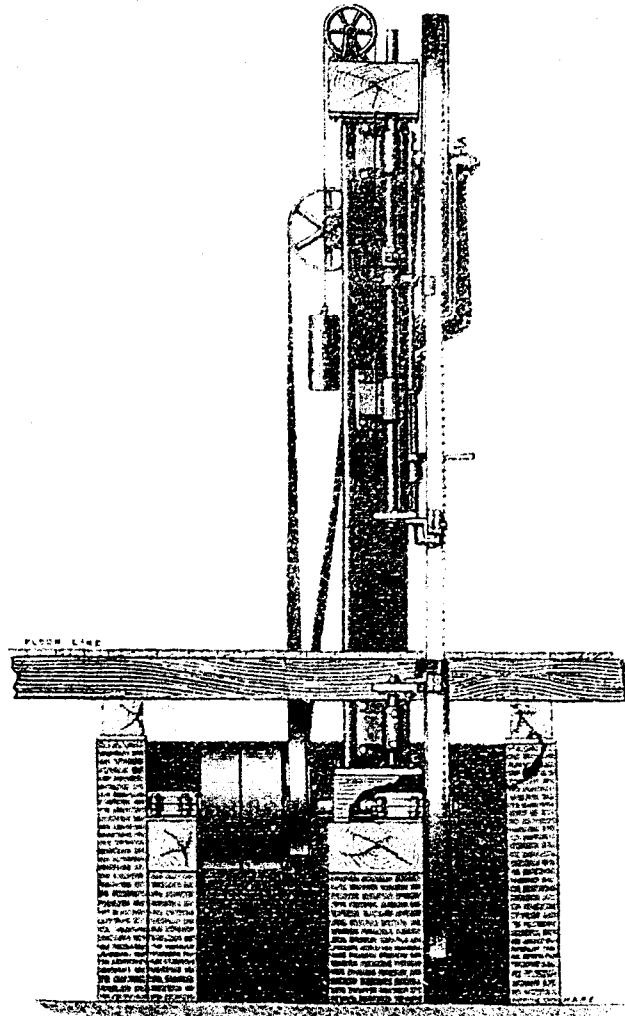


HORACE GREELEY, THE NEW CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY OF THE UNITED STATES.

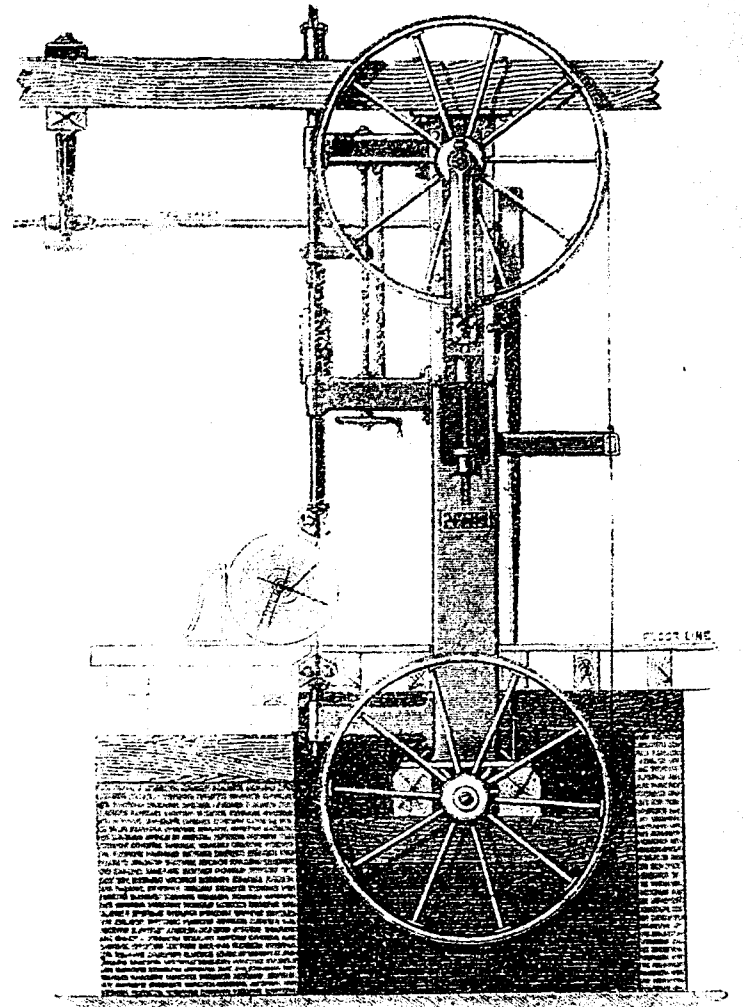
MECHANICS AND ENGINEERING.



THE SAND BLAST



BAND SAW MILL



BAND SAWING MACHINE.

We give on this page front and side elevations, drawn to a scale of 1/4 in. equal to 1 ft., of a band saw mill for cutting timbers, constructed by Messrs Richards, London, and Kelley, of the Atlantic Works, Philadelphia.

The mill is intended to receive blocks up to 48 ft. long, and 5 in. wide, and is adapted to the heaviest timber of North America. The wheels are of wrought iron, 72 in. in diameter, mounted centrally on the main column, so as to equalise the strain of the saw, and prevent its springing, and to economise its weight.

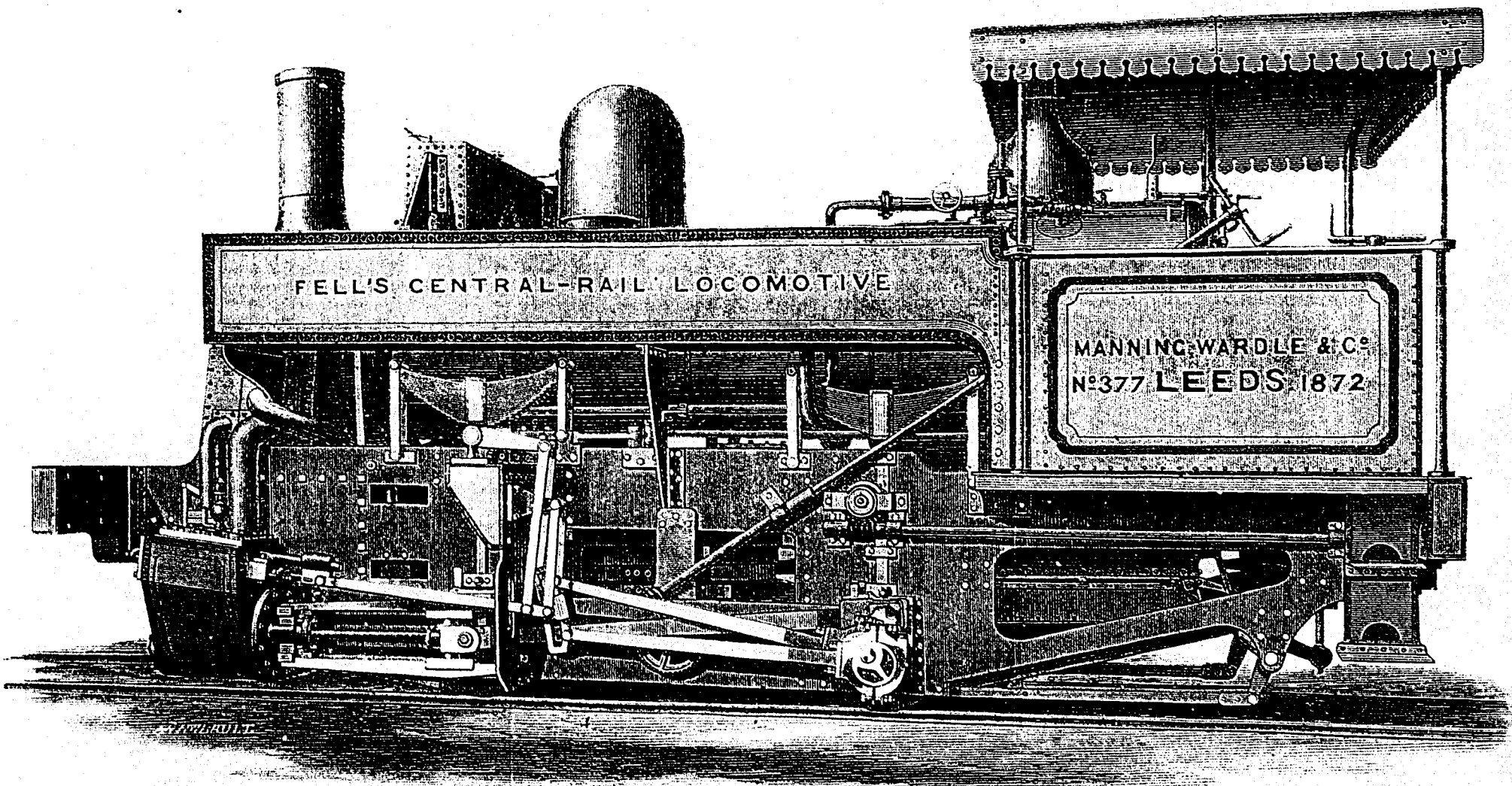
The tension is from 2 1/2 tons to 5 tons and calls for the greatest rigidity in the framing to prevent the guides from being thrown out of position by the varying tension of the blades.

The top wheel has its axis supported at both ends, and is arranged with a vertical adjustment of 20 in. The top shaft is of steel, 4 in diameter, the lower one of forged iron, 4 1/2 in. diameter, while the bearings are of hard brass throughout. The front view shows the position of the log carriage, which is generally of special arrangement, to suit the character of the work to be performed. Continuous feeding rolls are some-

times used for re-sawing deals and boards.

The mill corresponds very nearly to one built in 1871 for Mr. J. J. Van Pelt, of New York, for cutting ship and other heavy timber, following the curvature of the logs, and which has now, for five months, been in successful operation, performing a kind of work that was thought to be impracticable except by hand sawing. We may notice that the reduced scale of 1-48th gives a false impression as to the size of the mill, which far exceeds that of those commonly in use.

For description of Sand Blast, &c., see page 74.



CENTRAL RAIL LOCOMOTIVE FOR THE CANTAGALLO RAILWAY, BRAZIL.

[REGISTERED in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1888.]

TECUMSEH, The Shawnee Brave.

BY ALIQUIS.
(Of Kingston, Ont.)

CHAPTER IX.

THE TREE OF PEACE IS PLANTED.

Every thing in this world has an end, and now the termination of the contest so long and so bloody was drawing nigh. General Wayne had collected together an army sufficiently large in his estimation to enable him to strike a decisive blow, and to retain possession of the territory he might conquer. On the eighth of August, 1794, he arrived where the waters of the Au Glaize and the Miami flow together; here he was thirty miles from the rapids where Governor Simcoe had erected the fortress and where the Indian forces were collected to the number of nearly two thousand warriors. Wayne's strength was 3,000. He hoped to surprise the Indians and fall upon them unawares; but their scouts brought in daily information of his doings, and Mishikinawka was prepared to meet the army of the Republic.

September had now worn away to its nineteenth night. The Chiefs of the Indians were all assembled in council, and it was proposed, some say by Tecumseh, to make a night attack upon the American encampment. Well would it have been for them had the suggestion been carried out, as then they would have suffered little from the mounted riflemen who made such dreadful havoc in their ranks the next day; but the proposal was overruled and a general engagement on the following morning was determined on. Mishikinawka, the conqueror of St. Clair and the leader of the combined forces, alone was in favour of peace; but Blue Jacket, alias Weyapiersuwaw, and the other Shawnees overruled his measures.

Straightway the tribes began to take their position. Seven nations prepared themselves for the morrow's battle, the Miamis, Wyandots, Pottawattamies, Ottawas, Chippewas, Delaware, Shawnees and a few Senecas, all under their respective Chiefs. They posted themselves in the rear of a thick wood, rendered almost inaccessible by a luxuriant growth of underbrush entwined with the roots and branches of lofty trees laid low by the fierce winds of a tornado. The steep rocky banks and deep waters of the river protected their left flank. It seemed as if in the arrangement of the place nature had done all in her power to assist her poor children who were destined to waste away before the white man "aye, like April snow in the warm noon to shrink away."

The bright August sun had scarcely risen from its eastern couch when the Americans advanced to the conflict. As soon as the vanguard came within range of the Indians they received such a well directed fire from the warriors who were hid behind the forest trees and in the tall grass that they were compelled to fall back: loud and oft cracked the rifles of the tribes, and as often was a gap made in the ranks of the approaching army who appeared to be marching right into the jaws of death. The Indians were drawn up in a triple line: at length Wayne ordered the main body of his troops to charge with the point of the bayonet. So impetuous was the onslaught that the Indians were unable to stand, and despite the frantic efforts of the Chiefs who exposed themselves as fearlessly as if clad in magic armour, gave way on every side, and in less than an hour were driven in confusion and dismay from off the battlefield, numbers of them being hewn down by the sharp sabres of the American cavalry. Tecumseh, Mishikinawka and Weyapiersuwaw fought as only brave men fight when they know that upon the fate of the day hangs life or death to their nation. Again and again did they strive to rally their countrymen, but all their exertions were in vain, (battles in this age are not won by the prowess of a few mighty heroes,) and they were borne onwards out of the fight by their retreating comrades.

This battle broke the strength of the confederacy, they could not again be persuaded to cope with Wayne's victorious troops, and began to grow weary of the contest and to think that they could never successfully contend against the Americans. Notwithstanding all the efforts of Tecumseh and those Chiefs who like him had sworn eternal enmity against the Long Knives and were eager to fight to the very last, the tribes who lived beyond the Mississippi left to return to their own distant prairies. And now the Indians could no longer hope for aid from Great Britain, for the difficulties between that State and the Americans had been smoothed over and the threatening war postponed for a time. So the Chiefs met the Commissioners at Fort Greenville in the following summer, and as the price of the peace which they now sought gave up a large tract of territory south of the Lakes and west of the Ohio.

Thus ended a contest, which, to adopt the words of a wise Seneca Chief, "threw the inhabitants of the land into a great tumult and commotion like a raging whirlwind which tears up the trees and tosses to and fro the leaves. But now the Great Spirit spoke to the whirlwind and it was still; a clear and uninterrupted sky appeared, and the path of peace was opened."

CHAPTER X.

A LONG WEARY JOURNEY.

But what of Percy Seaforth? Sadly and with a heavy load weighing down his soul did he accompany Tecumseh forth from the Shawnee village on the evening of the day when, unknown to himself, he had stood by the side of her whom he was seeking so earnestly and longingly throughout the Red man's land. All nature smiled: joy was on every side, the birds of the air carolled sweetly, the insect hosts had not a trouble, the gentle zephyrs wooed the spirits of the trees and flowers, the butterfly fluttered gayly to and fro; but Percy walked by the side of his friend in silence and in gloom. When at the council at Niagara he had first beheld Tecumseh his eye fell instantly upon the brooch that clasped that chieftain's robe, and at once he recognized it as his parting gift to Miriam, but not a word could he draw forth from the reticent Indian as to how or where he had obtained it; hoping to find some trace of his long lost love he had come to the banks of the Miami, and now he was leaving them as ignorant of her fate as ever.

Among the chiefs and sachems assembled at the Rapids Seaforth wandered day after day seeking news of Miriam: at length he heard from the deputies of the Messasagues that in their far distant wigwams beyond the western borders of the great Gitchegami (Lake Superior), there dwelt a pale faced maiden, who had been taken prisoner by their tribe. No further particulars could Percy glean concerning this captive, so he resolved to return with the deputies and see for himself.

As soon as the council was over the Messasagues departed in their canoes to summon their warriors to join the army of the confederates, and Percy, with a young Mohawk as his interpreter and companion, went with them. Swiftly propelled by the strong arms of the Indians, the light craft glided down the rapid stream of the Miami into the muddy waters of Lake Erie; then crossing this up the river to the settlement of Detroit; here they stopped a day or two to purchase guns and powder and lay in a supply of the bane of their race, fire-water. A few miles further on they emerged into Lake St. Clair, which to the eye of the Englishman seemed like a broad basin of water filled to overflowing. But the voyagers stayed not again until having forced their canoes up the swift current of the St. Clair River, Lake Huron opened up before them, stretching its waters of clear-st crystal far beyond where the eye could reach away to the north, like some mighty inland ocean. Here for a few days the party encamped to make some necessary repairs to their fragile barks and to obtain fish and game for their voyage to the Sault Ste. Marie.

While here Percy chanced to startle a large rattlesnake from its lair, and, prompted by that strange impulse which animates the souls of all who deem themselves of Adam's seed, he sought to kill it; but the Indians interfered, formed a circle round the snake, all addressing it by turns and calling it by the endearing name of "Grandfather," and filling their pipes each blew the smoke towards the serpent which seemed highly pleased with the attention shewn him, and coiling himself up, remained quite tranquil for some time; and when at length it did glide off the savages besought him most earnestly to give them a safe and prosperous journey, expressing the hope that he would not be angry with them because of the Englishman's insulting conduct.

Again all were embarked, skimming lightly over the deep blue waters of the lake; so clear, indeed, were they, that Percy as he looked over the side of his light bark, could see the huge fish sporting themselves in the depths below, and even count the pebbles as they lay among the shells on the bright sand. All went well as day after day they skirted along the western shore of the lake where the still shaggy firs and giant pines rose like a lofty wall straight up from the water's edge, but as they were crossing the arm of the lake, now known as Saginaw Bay, a change came over the hitherto fair and smiling face of nature. Clouds dark and heavy drifted athwart the sky, lightning flashes came fast and bright, thunders clashing and crashing were heard, strong gusts of wind came blowing fiercely from the north, the waves lashed into fury rolled high and boisterous, and everything threatened destruction to the frail and heavily laden boats. Many an Indian voice was raised in supplication to the Great Spirit, and much was the rattlesnake god besought to aid them, but when the wind increased still more and more a dog was cast into the lake as a propitiatory offering to the angry snake, which was earnestly desired to appease its hunger with the carcase of the brute and spare them, its faithful worshippers. The sacrifice proved ac-

ceptable, and in safety the entire party reached the camping ground where they were to pass the night.

After three weeks' journeying from Detroit the voyagers beheld one evening, as the sun sank down to rest, the beautiful island of Mackinaw rising from the broad expanse of waters, with its white limestone cliffs adorned and half covered with dark green foliage. This has ever been a favourite resort of the tribes, and many are the legends and superstitions attached to the bridges, caverns and towers cut by the cunning hand of Nature from the living rock. Here oftentimes were the fairies seen bathing in the clear cool waters, basking in the summer moonlight, or dancing in mystic mazes on the high white cliffs. Here the party rested some days and then passed on to the Sault Ste. Marie; there they disembarked, and after carrying their canoes over the weary portage once more launched them on Lake Superior; across the pellucid depths of this great ocean they sped, passing immense cliffs which rise full three hundred feet from the water's level, so fantastic in their shapes and so gorgeously adorned with lichens and mosses of every hue as to well deserve the name of Pictured Rocks; then they sighted La Cascade de la Portaille, where a stream bounds from a rock seventy feet in height, and with a single leap precipitates itself into the lake below. In time the Doric Arch was passed, an isolated mass of sandstone surmounted by pillars supporting an entablature of stone on which have sprung up a grove of lofty pine trees. On and on they went through this region of wonders to the River St. Louis, and up its rapid stream until its swift and broken current compelled them to leave their boats.

CHAPTER XI.

NOT BEAUTY BUT THE BEAST.

At last one evening Percy Seaforth found himself at the tents of the Messasagues, his long wished-for goal; eagerly did he await the morrow when he might see the white captive girl and know whether or not his toilsome journey had been in vain. Meanwhile around the camp fire he hears that the fair one dwells by herself in a hut of buffalo skins; that she is revered as a great magician, and that her word is law to the simple-minded Indians. When wrapt in his blanket he lay down to rest for the night, scarce could he remain quiet, so anxious was he for the returning day that by its light he might solve the questions that filled his mind with doubt.

Not long had the sun been climbing the eastern sky when Percy comes forth from his tent and wends his way to the abode of the white girl. As he approaches he hears the dull murmuring of mysterious sounds issuing from within, his comrade tells him the maiden is communing with the great ruler of the universe. Percy, all expectation and excitement, pushes aside the bearskin door and beholds—not Miriam Howard the joy of his heart, blooming with youthful beauty and virgin purity, but a half-naked hag a veritable Witch of Endor, old, ugly, toothless, with hair white as snow, eyes fierce as a wild cat's, sitting upon her heels in the midst of filth and disorder, puffing tobacco smoke at a hideous image she held in her withered hands, muttering all the while in the Spanish tongue. White indeed she was, or rather once had been, but not the white girl Percy Seaforth had travelled thousands of miles to find. Disgusted, disappointed, broken-hearted, Percy hastened from the scene, more anxious to be gone than erewhile he had been to come. The next day he intended to set forth on his homeward journey; but when at early dawn he sprang from his couch nature had assumed its robe of white, snow covered the face of the earth, and flakes fell fast and thick through the chilly air; above, below, around, everywhere was the fleecy snow. Vain was it to think of starting, so another day did he spend near the Spanish girl. At length he bade farewell to his Messasague friends, and with his young Mohawk guide on his snow-shoes for a walk to the settlement of Detroit.

Day after day they plodded wearily on through a vast, wild, dreary, never-ending forest, white with snow; now climbing over hills, now tramping through the deep drifts in the valleys; at one time coasting along the shores of a dismal lake, at another crossing the ice of a frozen river; never meeting a human being, depending upon their guns for their daily food; at night lying under the shelter of some lofty rock or curled up beside their fire. But one day as they paused for their noontide meal on the margin of a lake, they saw in the distance a band of Indians moving quietly and fleetly over the frozen ground. The Mohawk at once recognized them as a party of Ottigamies, between whom and his tribe there existed a deadly feud. The two at once made for the woods, hoping that they might have escaped the observation of the savages; but the quick eyes of these keen scalp-hunters had discovered Seaforth and his companion, and with the speed of deer they rushed upon them. The Mohawk, accustomed from his earliest childhood to force his way through the tangled forests, could easily have outstripped the

whooping Ottigamies; but it was not so with Seaforth, who found, now that he was fleeing for his very life from those who were panting for his blood, the long, narrow snow-shoes continually caught in the stumps and underbrush over which he ran. He saw flight was useless, and the Mohawk would not leave him; so they halted suddenly, and faced round just as the foremost of their pursuers were at their heels; their arms were raised aloft, their tomahawks gleamed in the bright cold sunshine as they fell crashing through the unprotected skulls of two of the Ottigamies who sank groaning down and defied the pure white snow with their crimson gore. The others, astonished at the unlooked-for fate of their comrades, halted to consult together. As they stood a faint click was heard, a bright flash seen, a sharp crack awoke the slumbering echoes of the frozen forest, and a bullet from Percy's pistol sped to the heart of a foe. With the fierce howl of hungry wolves the Ottigamies threw themselves on the two who stood undaunted. Percy's pistol sent another to join his friends in the land of spirits before he and the Mohawk were borne to the ground overpowered by numbers. The Mohawk paid for the life of the brave he had slain with his own, and his reeking scalp soon hung from his murderer's waist, while his corpse was left to feed the ravening wolves.

Tightly did the captors bind Percy Seaforth with thongs of white buffalo hide and marched him off towards the village.

CHAPTER XII.

DESPAIR AND BELIEGION.

But what of Miriam Howard all this while? Where was she when her lover was searching for her along the shores of the great lakes and the banks of the mighty river? What was she doing while he was a captive and a desolate wanderer? Long had she anxiously looked for the return of Tecumseh and Percy from the grand council at the Miami Rapids; at last the Chief appeared, but no white man was by his side to brighten her eye dimmed with tears. Too soon the careworn watcher learnt that her friend had gone to the far distant north to search for a pale-faced girl, and her sad heart told her she was the one sought for. Her cup of sorrow now seemed full to overflowing, weary of her life, in an agony of despair she rushed to the river's brink and from a lofty rock threw herself headlong into the rapid stream. But her hour was not yet come. George Waggoner saw her fall, and plunging into the swiftly flowing water brought her insensible body to the shore. Slowly did consciousness return; at length with a deeply drawn sigh she reopened her eyes; her faithful cousin was bending over her, he knew all her griefs and sorrows, and now fondly strove to soothe her, asserting that Percy would be sure to return and assuring her that all would yet be well.

When Miriam entered the door of her tent once more her spirit was calmed, again hope had lighted up her heart, she was resolved to wait patiently and to seize the first opportunity of escape that offered itself. Yet little prospect did there seem of escape for the strict surveillance of Tecumseh and his creatures was ever over her, and she knew that even Waggoner would not help her, for being now quite contented himself he was unwilling to incur the displeasure of the Chief by being a party to the escape of one whom Tecumseh yet hoped to win for his bride, for although Tecumseh had already had several wives, still he had soon tired of them and after a few months had sent them back to their fathers' wigwams, with the presents he had given them when they first came to his home.

Miriam now spent the greater portion of her time in endeavouring to instruct those among whom she dwelt in the doctrines of Christianity, but she found that it was very uphill work to overcome the passions and prejudices of the Indians. On one occasion after she had been enlarging on the rapturous joys of heaven and the fearful miseries of hell to a dying squaw, her listener in feeble accents replied:

"I wish to go where my forefathers are gone and where my children are gone, your heaven may be a good place for pale faces, but I want to be among Indians when I go to the land of spirits, for the white men are so greedy they would give me nothing to eat were I hungry in heaven."

Then, again, after she had spoken to some of her young companions of the great God, and how he had made heaven and earth and all things therein, they scornfully laughed at her and told their tale of how, while the whole world was covered with an immense lake of waters, a female spirit, rejoicing in the name of Ataentsic, with her dog was hunting a bear through the regions of the blue sky, the bear slipping through a hole fell down to earth, the dog in the eagerness of the chase followed, while Ataentsic full of despair at the loss of her favourite jumped after them. The animals swimming about in the watery waste below saw her descending through the air and met in council to decide what was to be done to save the fair huntress from destruction. The matter was left to the discretion of the

wise tortoise, who at once called upon the other animals to dive to the bottom of the lake, bring up mud and stones and place them on his back; thus in time to receive the descending spirit was formed the floating island of the world which we now inhabit.

Such was the belief of the benighted aborigines of America. It was almost impossible to convince them that there was but one God for themselves and for the whites. "If," they asked, "there was but one God, why did he make some of his children white and some red? Why did he teach his white children so much more than the Indians? To make knives and coats so much better than they could?"

Once she tried to convert the warrior Tecumseh and spoke earnestly to him about the eternal rest which remains for good people in heaven, the brave listened quietly to her gentle earnest voice as he ever did, for it was music in his ears.

"Do they hunt in heaven?" he asked when she ceased.

"Oh, no!" replied his fair teacher.

"Do they go on the war path?"

"Oh, no! all is peace and love," rejoined Miriam.

"Do they go to dances and feasts?"

"No."

"Then," returned the savage, "I will not go to heaven. It is not good to be lazy!"

CHAPTER XIII.

MIRIAM'S ESCAPES.

Slowly yet surely rolled on the wheels of the chariot of Time, the weeks lengthened into months and the months into years. The seasons came and went. Nature alternately arrayed herself in a vesture of beautiful green adorned with flowers of every hue,—in her cloak of brightest colour as the frosty nights told of the approach of winter,—and in her robe of purest ermine, when the cold north wind swept over the land with its icy breath, sealing up the fountains, fettering the streams, and tearing from the forest its leafy covering causing it to stand in shivering nakedness. But no change of condition came to the captive Miriam, her daily toils and sorrows, her daily hopes and fears were ever the same, a dull variety of woe.

Some time after the peace of Greenville the Shawanees had removed further south and west, and now on the banks of the Wabash were to be seen the warriors of the nation smoking and dreaming over the fading glories of their race: the young braves, with tomahawks and scalping knives as yet unstained by human gore, vaunting and boasting of the deeds of valour and renown that they intended to perform: children, guiltless of clothing, shooting with their mimic arrows the little songsters of the groves: while the wives and mothers toiled for the daily food, with their wooden spades scraping the rich virgin soil and preparing it for the yearly crop of corn, or weaving mats of rushes, dressing skins for clothing, or fashioning with skilful hands the swift canoe. Apart from all these on his couch of furs reclined the chief Tecumseh, his bright eye flashing, his lofty brow stern and haughty, revolving in his subtle mind how he might accomplish the destruction of the hated white man and win back the rich birthright of the red man. Here, too, every spring took place the marriage of the nets, and every winter the feast of the white dog.

One day, when all the men had left the village, some for their hunting grounds, others in their canoes to search for fish, Miriam Howard escaped from the watchful eye of her guardian, rushed into the woods resolved to make her way to the nearest fort or perish in the attempt, for to her life was now nothing but a burden too grievous to be borne. She knew well in which direction lay her wished for goal, but feared lest she should be overtaken by her captors or seized by some other tribe, ere she had gained it.

So in the day time she lay concealed amid the thick under-bush that covered the fertile earth, and only when the sun had set and the pale light of the twinkling stars or the soft beams of the peaceful moon gleamed through the forest did she venture to pursue her way to the home of the white man. Night after night she journeyed on through wood and glade, by the swiftly flowing stream, or the placid lake; at one time rushing through briars, tearing her tender flesh, then over rough stony ground bruising her feet; again plunging into the cool waters of some broad river, bravely breasting the stream and swimming like a nymph, while the drops upon her hair glistened in the moonlight like very gems: now starting the waterfowl from their nests, now frightening the timid deer as they browsed the velvet grass. Thus she sped on living on the fruits of the forest, guided by the stars of heaven, her way lighted up by the brilliant blaze of myriads of fire-flies as they flitted about in the darksome woods.

At length on gaining the top of a high hill one morning, just as the sun shone forth clear and bright, she saw with gladsome heart the fort lying at her feet some three miles off. Alas! she was too tired, weary and worn to go any further then, and creeping under the shadow of a rock she fell asleep. Dreams of

the green fields and flower-docked hedges of her English home, dreams of her absent lover, of her life of misery flitted through the brain of the slumbering girl. Then she dreamt she was seized by a foul fiend, who rattling heavy chains hissed fiercely in her ear and plunged her into icy waters; in agony she sprang up, uttering a wild cry of terror as she beheld a huge rattle-snake glide over her naked arms, and its neck arched, its white fangs gleaming in its open mouth, rays of terrible brightness darting from its small eyes, and its rattles ringing their sharp warning notes—prepare to strike at her with deadly aim. Fear lent strength to her weary limbs and she bounded far out of reach of the dreaded monster. But what was that which sounded through the forest and fell like a death-knell on her ears? Is it the slumbering echoes of the woods, aroused by her piercing shriek, giving back the cry of fear! Ah! no; she knew it was the war whoop of the savage Illinois, and turning, saw a party of half-naked warriors rushing at her. Flight was hopeless; ere she could turn, her struggling form was seized by a dozen stalwart arms. These Indians had been prowling about the fort watching for unwary stragglers when they were guided to Miriam by her cry. Who can tell what thoughts filled the mind of the poor girl as she was rudely hurried away? Again to drink of the bitter cup of captivity when she thought she was about to taste of the sweets of liberty; it was very hard. Worn out with sorrow, hunger and fatigue, she could go no further, and full senseless at her captor's feet: a chief lifted her in his arms as if she were an infant and bore her to the margin of a stream, where lay their canoes hidden by overhanging bushes. The still lifeless form of the girl was thrown into one of the boats, and the whole party paddled down the narrow rivulet into the broad waters of the Ohio, thence into the mighty Father of Rivers, to the tents and wigwams of their tribe.

As they drew near, the village became alive with sudden commotion, snatching sticks and stones, knives and clubs, men, women, and children yelling like the fiends of hell, rushed forth to visit upon the unhappy prisoner a foretaste of the deadlier torments in store for her.

But these devils incarnate were balked; as she was a white girl, Miriam Howard was not compelled to run the gauntlet, but was conducted safely to the place of confinement until the following day, when she was to be burnt to satisfy those whose friends had fallen before the white man's bullet.

All through the dreary night she lay bound hand and foot to rods driven firmly into the ground, mocked by the vile squaws, tormented by the pangs of hunger and thirst, thinking sadly of the morn.

At noonday she was led forth and tied to the stake; bundles of wood were scattered about ready to be ignited, women and children stood around her with lighted torches in their hands to apply to her tender body when once the word was given. In this the bitterest hour of her agony, when her imagination painted in vivid colours the terrible sufferings she would have to endure before death would come to her release, she prayed and entreated her tormentors to strike her down with their clubs; but in vain; there was no pity for her in the breasts of those dark savages.

At length the Medicine-man, whose duty it was to attend to the sacrifice, emerged from his tent bearing the sacred fire in his hand; all stood anxiously waiting to enjoy the spectacle of the first contact of the flames with their victim's body. But suddenly a stranger chief rushed forward, with a single stroke of his sharp knife severed the thongs that tied Miriam to the stake, and with the swiftness of thought bore her in his strong arms beyond the astonished spectators, to where, unobserved, he had stationed two horses, placed her upon one, and mounting the other himself rode swiftly away towards the camping grounds of the Shawanees. As the fugitives vanished into the woods, with a yell that made the very earth tremble, the warriors and braves sprang forward to give chase, but the chiefs ordered them back; for in the stout, stalwart frame, lofty bearing, eagle eye and fierce stern countenance they had recognised the bravest of the brave, the dread leader of the Shawanees, the great Tecumseh.

(To be continued.)

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DONALD DINNIE AND J. FLEMING, The Champion Scottish Athletes, will compete. The SOCIETY'S PIPERS and the Montreal BRASS & QUADRILLE BAND, under the direction of Mons. G. BARRIOL, will be in attendance. TICKETS OF ADMISSION.—25 cents. Carriages, 50 cents extra. Children under 12 years, 15 cents. GRAND STAND, 15 cents each; Children, with their parents, Free. A Special stand, reserved for Ladies accompanied by Gentlemen, 25 cents. July 29. 6-5 a

DR. J. H. ARNOLD, Lately from Prussia, SURGEON AND CHIROPODIST, Graduate of the University of Berlin, Prussia. Residence at the Queen's Arms Hotel, Galt, Ontario.

GIVES only Special Attention to all Diseases of the Feet, Hip-joint Diseases, Inflammatory Rheumatism and White Swelling, without taking Internal Medicine. Also, treats Diseases of the Gastric Juices, Saliva Glands, Asthma and Heart Disease, etc. Cures are permanent. Cancers and Eye Diseases cured without the use of the knife, by a new, but certain, speedy and nearly painless process. Consultations in English, German, French, and Spanish. Consultations free to all. Galt, Ontario, July 15, 1872. 6-4 ff



THE BEST & CHEAPEST! ENQUIRE FOR IT!! BUY IT!!! USE IT!!!! 6-4 ff

TRAVELLERS' DIRECTORY.

We can confidently recommend all the Houses mentioned in the following List.

- NEW YORK. THE GILSEY HOUSE, on the European plan, corner Broadway and 29th Streets. BRESLIN, GARDNER & Co., Proprietors. 5-25 zz
SARATOGA. GRAND UNION HOTEL: BRESLIN, GARDNER & Co., Proprietors. 5-25 m
CALT, ONT. COMMERCIAL HOTEL, HENDERSON DIXON, Proprietor.
MONTREAL. ST. LAWRENCE HALL, ST. JAMES HOTEL, H. HOGAN.
MURRAY BAY, P. Q. DUBERGER HOTEL, GEO. DUBERGER, Proprietor. 6-5 m
OTTAWA. THE RUSSELL HOUSE, JAMES GOUDIN.
PORT ELGIN. NORTH AMERICAN HOTEL, Wm. ALLEN, Proprietor.
QUEBEC. ST. LOUIS HOTEL, WILLIS RUSSELL & SON. THE CLARENDON.
SOUTHAMPTON, ONT., MASONIC ARMS, W. BUSBY, Proprietor.
ST. JOHN, N. B., VICTORIA HOTEL, B. T. CREGEN.
TEESWATER, ONT. KENT HOUSE, J. E. KENEDY, Proprietor.
TORONTO. THE ROSSIN HOUSE, G. P. SHEARS, Lessee and Manager. THE QUEEN'S HOTEL, CAPT. THOS. DICK.
WALKERTON, ONT. HARTLEY'S HOTEL, Mrs. E. HARTLEY, Proprietor.

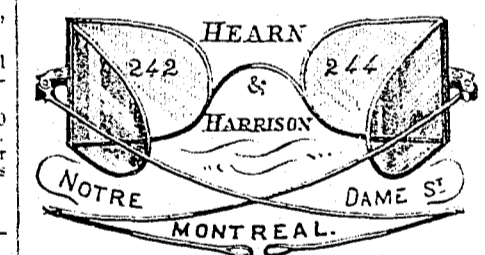
MANUFACTURING STATIONERS.

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

S. GOLTMAN, MERCHANT TAILOR, 212 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL. 6-5 m

PHOTOGRAPHER.

R. MURRAY, PHOTOGRAPHER, BROCKVILLE, ONT., has refitted his rooms and is now prepared to take all kinds of Photographs. Studio—Opposite Victoria Hall, Main Street. 5-14 ff



HEARN & HARRISON, 242 & 244, NOTRE DAME ST. MONTREAL. LEMAIR'S OPERA AND MARINE GLASSES have taken all the first prizes in Europe. Sold by HEARN & HARRISON, 242 & 244, Notre Dame Street, Montreal. Over one hundred styles and patterns in Gold, Silver, Enamelled, Pearl, Tortoise Shell, Aluminium, Amber, &c., &c. All we want is to have our stock and prices inspected. EVERY GLASS GUARANTEED ACHROMATIC 6-4 a

CYANO-PANCREATINE.

THIS MEDICINE, prepared by the Sisters of the General Hospital of Montreal, (Grey Nunnery,) contains no ingredient which can in any way injure the system. As a compound, it is entitled to rank amongst the most beneficial of all special remedies, principally in the following cases: 1st. Dyspepsia or derangement of the digestive faculties, where it produces astonishing effects throughout all the stages of the disease, provided there be no organic lesion, in which case the Medicament can only impart a temporary relief. Its curative properties have been already tested in a great number of the above mentioned cases, thus leaving no doubt of its efficacy. 2ndly. In Bronchitis or Pulmonary Catarrh, it acts most soothingly, facilitates expectoration, relieves the cough, and brings the malady to a prompt solution. 3rdly. In Colds tending to Consumption, it causes a visible change for the better, renders expectoration easy, and assists the stomach to dispose of those other remedies suited to the peculiar nature of the case, thus tending not only to alleviate suffering, but also to prolong life. WHOLESALE AGENTS.—Evans, Mercer & Co., Montreal. For sale in retail by all respectable Druggists and Medicine Vendors. 4-23zzf-1m

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT. OTTAWA, 10th May, 1872. Authorized discount on American Invoices until further notice: 12 per cent. R. S. M. BOUCHETTE, Commissioner of Customs.

CANADA CENTRAL AND Brockville & Ottawa Railways.



GREAT BROAD GAUGE ROUTE TO OTTAWA.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY MAY 20, 1872.

TRAINS WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:—

LEAVE BROCKVILLE.

EXPRESS at 8:00 A.M., arriving at Ottawa at 1:00 P.M., and at Sand Point at 1:45 P.M.

LEAVE OTTAWA.

THROUGH WESTERN EXPRESS at 10:00 A.M., arriving at Brockville at 1:30 P.M., and connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express going East and West.

BOAT EXPRESS at 4:20 P.M., arriving at Brockville at 9:35 P.M., and at Sand Point at 8:10 P.M.

EXPRESS at 6:20 P.M., arriving at Sand Point at 9:45 P.M.

ARRIVE AT SAND POINT

at 1:40 P.M., 3:10 P.M., and 9:45 P.M.

LEAVE SAND POINT

at 6:00 A.M., 11:40 A.M., and 3:30 P.M.

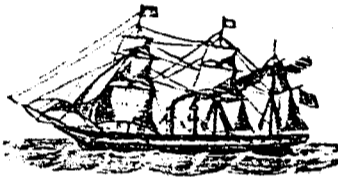
Trains on Canada Central and Perth Branch make certain connections with all Trains on B. and O. Railway.

Connections made at Sand Point with Steamers to and from Pembroke, Portage du Fort, &c.

Freight loaded with despatch, and NO TRANSSHIPMENT WHEN IN CAR LOADS.

H. ABBOTT, Manager. 5-21 tf

Brockville, 16th May, 1872.



ALLAN LINE.

Under contract with the Government of Canada for the Conveyance of

Canadian & United States Mails

1872.—Summer Arrangements.—1872.

This Company's Lines are composed of the under-noted First-class, Full-powered, Clyde-built, Double-Engine, Iron Steamships:

Table listing ships, tonnage, and commanders for the Allan Line.

THE STEAMERS OF THE LIVERPOOL MAIL LINE.

(Sailing from Liverpool every THURSDAY, and from Quebec every SATURDAY, calling at Lough Foyle to receive on board and land Mails and Passengers to and from Ireland and Scotland; are intended to be despatched from Quebec.

Rates of Passage from Quebec:— Cabin \$70 to \$80 Steerage \$25

THE STEAMERS OF THE GLASGOW LINE

(Sailing from Glasgow every TUESDAY, and from Quebec for Glasgow on or about every THURSDAY).

An experienced Surgeon carried on each vessel. Berths not secured until paid for. For Freight, or other particulars, apply in Portland to J. L. FARMER, or HUGH and ANDREW ALLAN; in Quebec to ALLAN, RAE & Co.; in Havre to JOHN M. CURRIE, 21 Quai D'Orleans; in Paris to GUSTAVE BOSSANGE, rue du 4 Septembre; in Antwerp to AUG. SCHMITZ & Co.; in Rotterdam to G. P. ITTMANN & Zoon; in Hamburg to W. GIBSON & HUGO; in Belfast to CHARLEY & MALCOLM; in London to MONTGOMERIE & GREENHORNE, 17 Gracechurch Street; in Glasgow to JAMES & ALEX. ALLAN, 70 Great Clyde Street; in Liverpool to ALLAN BROS., James Street; or to H. & A. ALLAN, corner of Youville and Common Streets, Montreal. 3-20 tf

CANADA WIRE WORKS.

THOMAS OVERING, Practical Wire Worker, and Manufacturer of Pounding and Cylinder Cloths for Paper Mills, Wire-Cloth, Sieves, Riddles, Fenders, Grate and Stove Guards, Meat Safes, Rat and Mouse Traps, Bird Cages, &c.

Particular Attention Paid to Builders' Work. Cemetery, Garden and Farm Fencing made to order.

757 CRAIG STREET, West of Victoria Square, P. O. Box 192. MONTREAL. 5-25m



THE REVEILLE.

(A sketch in camp at Manitoba, by E. G.)

REG. ORDERLY SERGEANT.—"Come, jump up! Reveille's gone. The sun's been up a long while."

JACK.—"Small blame to him. He went to bed at Retreat."

THE MARION WATCHES.

Manufactured by THE UNITED STATES WATCH COMPANY, are unsurpassed as Reliable Timekeepers.

Read the following certificates from railroad men who have tested them:

"Utica, N.Y., Feb. 14, 1870. Watch No. 2617—bearing Trade Mark 'Fayette Stratton, Marion, N.J.'—has been carried by me twelve months; its total variation from mean time being fifteen seconds."

"Watch No. 4026—bearing Trade Mark 'Edwin Rollo, Marion, N.J.'—has been carried by me two months; its total variation from mean time being three seconds."

"Watch No. 1084, Stem Winder—bearing Trade Mark 'Frederic Atherton & Co., Marion, N.J.'—manufactured by United States Watch Co., has been carried by me fifteen months; its total variation from mean time being only one second per month."

"Watch No. 2183—bearing Trade Mark 'Fayette Stratton, Marion, N.J.'—has been carried by me fifteen months; its total variation from mean time being thirty seconds."

"Watch No. 1251, Stem Winder—bearing Trade Mark 'Frederic Atherton & Co., Marion, N.J.'—has been carried by me four months; its total variation from mean time being only five seconds per month."

"Watch No. 1143, Stem Winder—bearing Trade Mark 'Frederic Atherton & Co., Marion, N.J.'—manufactured by United States Watch Co., has been carried by me eight months; its total variation from mean time being five seconds per month."

"Watch No. 1117, Stem Winder—bearing Trade Mark 'Frederic Atherton & Co., Marion, N.J.'—manufactured by United States Watch Co., has been carried by me fifteen months; its total variation from mean time being only an average of two-thirds of a second per day."

A large stock of the above Watches on hand, Stem Winders or Key Winders, in every style of Gold and Silver Cases, by JOHN WOOD & SON, 325 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

The Trade supplied at Manufacturers' wholesale prices. Fine Jewellery always in Stock 5-24 tf

SEA BATHING.

'TADOUSAC HOTEL,' SAGUENAY.

THIS Fashionable SUMMER RESORT will be OPEN FOR THE RECEPTION OF VISITORS on the 18th JUNE.

JAMES FENNELL, Manager. 5-25 i

MARAVILLA COCOA.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS. "Those who have not yet tried Maravilla will do well to do so."

MARAVILLA COCOA.

The Globe says: "TAYLOR BROTHERS' MARAVILLA COCOA has achieved a thorough success, and supercedes every other Cocoa in the market."

HOMOEOPATHIC COCOA.

This original preparation has attained a world-wide reputation, and is manufactured by TAYLOR BROTHERS, under the ablest HOMOEOPATHIC advice aided by the skill and experience of the inventors, and will be found to combine in an eminent degree the purity, fine aroma, and nutritious property of the FRESH NUT.

SOLUBLE CHOCOLATE.

MADE IN ONE MINUTE WITHOUT BOILING. THE ABOVE ARTICLES are prepared exclusively by TAYLOR BROTHERS, the largest manufacturers in Europe, and sold in tin-lined packets only, by Storekeepers and others all over the world.

MAIL CONTRACTS.

TENDERS ADDRESSED TO THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL, OTTAWA, will be received until FRIDAY, 9th August, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, six times per week, on proposed contracts for four years, from the 1st October next, between MONTREAL and BERTHIER and between BERTHIER and THREE RIVERS.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed contracts may be seen, and forms of tender obtained, at the principal offices on the route.

E. F. KING, Post Office Inspector. Inspector's Office, Montreal, 5th July, 1872. 6-3 c

H. C. BOSSÉ, COMMISSION AND TIMBER MERCHANT

No. 8, St. PETER STREET, QUEBEC. 6-3 h

POSTAL CARDS.

Great credit is due to the Post Office authorities for the introduction of this very useful card. It is now being extensively circulated among many of the principal mercantile firms of this city in the way of Letters, Business Cards, Circulars, Agents' and Travellers' notices to customers, &c. We supply them printed at from \$11.50 to 12.50 per thousand, according to quantity.

LEGGO & CO., 419 ST. ANTOINE STREET, AND 1 & 4 PLACE D'ARMEES HILL, MONTREAL. 2-16 tf

"BEST IN USE."

THE COOK'S FRIEND

BAKING POWDER IS THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. IT NEVER DISAPPOINTS FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS. 3-15d



THE most agreeable, invigorating and popular Tonic in use. Cures Dyspepsia, General Debility, Fever & Ague.



ATTRACTIONS TO TOURISTS.

THE ST. LAWRENCE GULF HOUSE, GASPÉ BASIN, newly opened by WILLIAM BAKER.

The beautiful scenery and pleasant and invigorating atmosphere,—trout-fishing, boat sailing, sea-bathing. The trip has a charm of novelty, and at the same time is one of the most inviting.

THE OTTAWA RIVER NAVIGATION COMPANY'S Mail Steamer "Prince of Wales"

leaves Lachine on arrival of the 7 A.M. Train from Montreal daily. Steamer "Queen Victoria" from Ottawa at 7 A.M. Market Steamer "Dagmar" leaves Canal Basin for Carillon every Wednesday and Saturday.

FOR SALE.

A STONE HOUSE, pleasantly situated in the best part of the Village of Varennes, and commanding a fine view of the River St. Lawrence.

CERTIFICATE FROM MR. ALFRED KNUCKLE.

DEAR SIR,—I was afflicted during the beginning of this winter with a most severe COLD, attended with incessant COUGHING and DIFFICULTY OF BREATHING, which reduced me so low that many persons supposed I could never recover.

IMPORTANT TO PARTIES OWNING OR USING MACHINERY.

STOCKS' CELEBRATED EXTRA MACHINE OIL.

THIS OIL has been in very general use in Ontario for the past two years, and with the greatest satisfaction, as may be seen by testimonials from many of the leading Houses in Ontario.

NEW YORK & BOSTON PIANO FORTE COMPANY.

432, NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL. Sole Agents for the Celebrated HALLET DAVIS & Co.'s Piano-fortes, Boston, U. S.; W. H. JEWETT & Co.'s Piano-fortes, Boston, U. S.; GEO. WOOD & Co.'s Parlor and Vestry Organs, Boston, U. S.; WEBER & Co.'s well-known Piano-fortes, warranted for five years.

THOMAS A. HAINES, MANAGER. SPLENDID STOCK OF PIANOS & ORGANS. Pianos for Hire. Organs for Hire. Pianos exchanged. Repairs properly done. Pianos sold on instalments.

Remember the place—432, Notre Dame St., next door to the Recollet House. CHEAPEST INSTRUMENTS IN MONTREAL. 5-16 23

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