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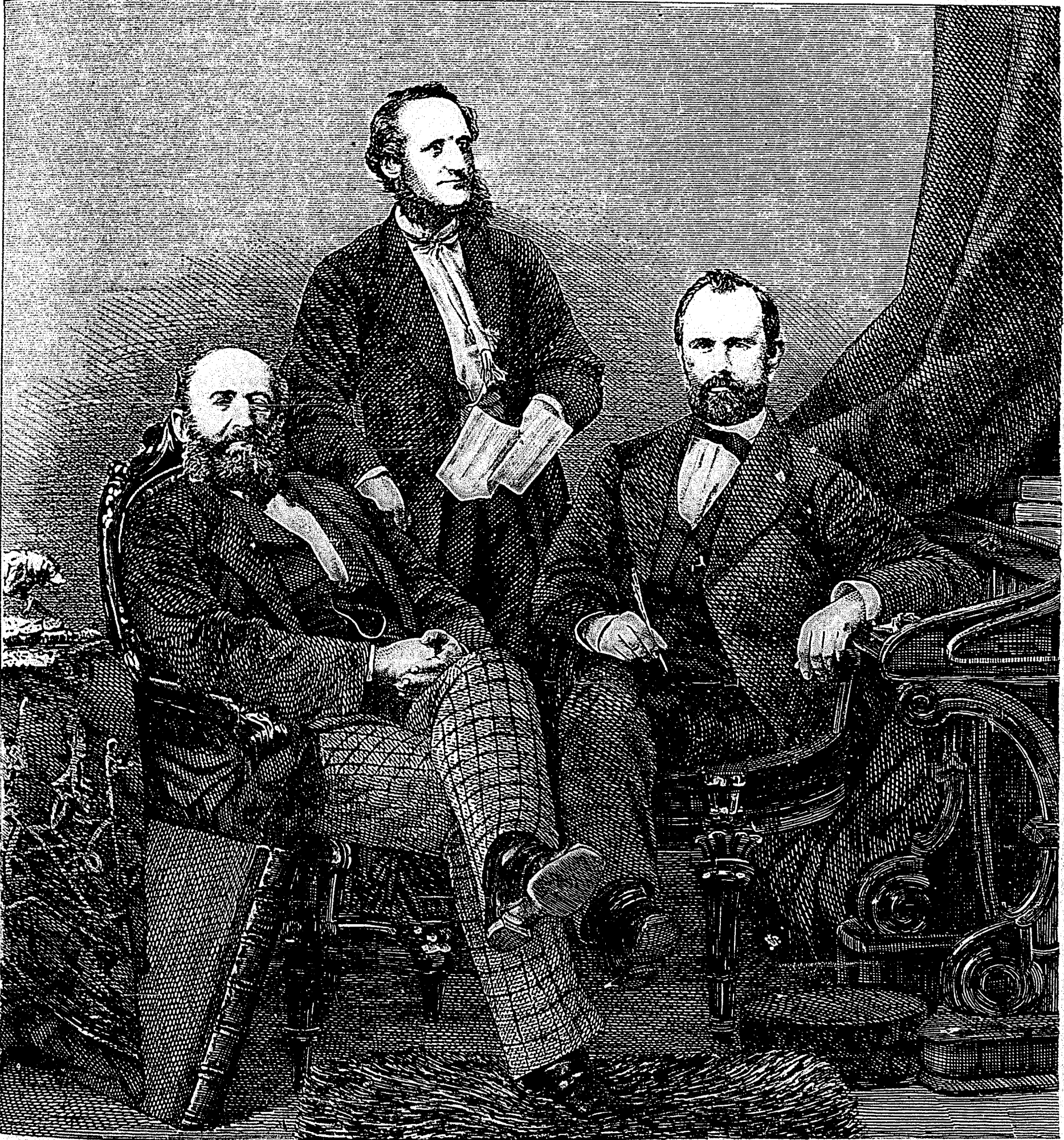
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HON. G. L. HATHEWAY.

HON. W. WEDDERBURN.

HON. B. R. STEVENSON.

THE "BETTER TERMS" COMMISSIONERS OF NEW BRUNSWICK.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.—SEE PAGE 338.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 90.—HON. JAMES ARMSTRONG,
CHIEF JUSTICE OF ST. LUCIA, W. I.

(From a photograph by Thomas Nettleton, Sorel.)

The newly appointed Chief Justice of St. Lucia, the Hon. James Armstrong, is the son of Capt. Charles Armstrong, late superintendent of the works carried on for the deepening of the channel between Quebec and Montreal; and is a descendant of a U. E. loyalist, who settled in the County of Maskinongé. Mr. Armstrong was born in Berthier, and is now fifty years of age. He studied under the late Henry Driscoll, Q. C. and the late Henry Stuart, Q. C. He was admitted to the Bar in 1844, and appointed Queen's Counsel in 1867. Mr. Armstrong was associated with the late universally lamented Justice Morin, in the firm of Morin & Armstrong, until Mr. Morin entered the Ministry. When the Judicature Act (or Decentralisation Act, as it is sometimes called) of 1857 was passed, Mr. Armstrong removed to Sorel in the District of Richelieu, where he obtained a large practice; he also followed the Court of Appeals in Montreal. In 1864 Mr. Armstrong was appointed Crown Prosecutor for his District, and as such, the responsibility fell upon him in 1867, of conducting the prosecution of Modeste Provancher for the poisoning of one Joutas by strychnine. This case attracted very great attention, not only in the legal and medical world, but among the public generally. Several medical witnesses were examined on both sides—the trial was in many points one of equal, if not greater interest than the Palmer trial in England. The "colour test" was fully discussed in both cases. A well-known journalist of the day—a gentleman very sparing of praise—thus wrote of the trial: "The crime was clearly proved in a trial of unusual length, and both of the accused were found guilty, and condemned to death, the execution of the sentence in the woman's case being postponed. We mention the matter particularly now in order to express in a marked manner our appreciation of the way in which the case was got up, and conducted throughout for the Crown. Having followed it, day by day during the trial, and carefully gone over the evidence since, we feel justified in saying that there has not been these twenty years in Lower Canada a criminal case of the magnitude and difficulty so carefully and thoroughly prepared, and so completely and convincingly placed before the Jury. If it lacked the fine word flashes of eloquence, to which too many criminal lawyers trust, it showed at every step of its long course, true genius and intelligence directing patient labour in mastering every difficulty, seeking for, finding and welding into one chain the many far scattered and deep hidden links of evidence." Mr. Armstrong, as far as we know, is the first member of the Quebec Bar who has been appointed to a Judgeship out of the Province. St. Lucia is 70 miles from Barbadoes and 24 miles from the French Colony of Martinique; it has an area of one hundred and fifty-eight thousand acres, with a population of about thirty thousand. It has been alternatively French and English, but was finally ceded to England in 1803.

St. Lucia is one of the Windward Islands, of which Sir Francis Hincks was the Governor General from 1856 to 1860, when he was transferred to British Guiana. Mr. Armstrong, in 1857, published a pamphlet work on the "Law relating to Marriages in Lower Canada." The custom of Paris is still in force in St. Lucia in all matters relating to property and civil rights. The Criminal and Commercial Law of England is in force there as in Lower Canada.

THE NEW BRUNSWICK "BETTER TERMS"
COMMISSIONERS.

The second Legislative Assembly of New Brunswick, under Confederation, (elected in February of the present year), had hardly been well seated around their Speaker than they began to discuss the desirability of making a strong effort to obtain "better terms" under the Union Act, or in fact to secure a larger subsidy from the Dominion Government. The question had been debated through the press and in the election campaign. It need hardly be said that everybody was in favour of the movement; nor shall we discuss the question whether or not the demands put forth were reasonable. But it is doubtless true that the agitation arose from the fact that the basis of the financial terms of the British North America Act had been changed to an extent representing a capital of two millions of dollars. The Assembly as well as the Legislative Council agreed to the series of resolutions submitted, and we give below a brief account of the gentlemen appointed as Commissioners to press the claims of the Province and negotiate with the Dominion Government. The result of their exertions will, of course, be communicated officially to the Legislative bodies of the two Governments in due time. We are indebted to Morgan's *Parliamentary Companion* for the following particulars concerning the Commissioners whom we have this week placed in "our gallery."

No. 91.—HON. G. L. HATHEWAY.

PREMIER, NEW BRUNSWICK.

George Luther Hatheway is descended on the paternal side from a U. E. loyalist, and was born on the 4th of August, 1813. He is, therefore, nearly of an age with Sir John Macdonald and Sir George Cartier. He received his education at

St. John, and in 1830 entered political life as member for York, for which county he sat uninterruptedly until 1865, and for which he was re-elected at the last general election. From 1861 to 1865 he was a member of the Executive Council of the Province, and Commissioner of Public Works. In the year last named he resigned office on the Confederation question, but on a change of Government occurring soon afterwards, he resumed his old office, and held it until April, 1866, when the ministry resigned. The result of the last election being adverse to the ministry then in power, Mr. Hatheway was called upon to form a new Government, in which he took office as Provincial Secretary, and rank as Premier.

No. 92.—HON. WILLIAM WEDDERBURN.

Mr. Wedderburn is a native of the city of St. John, which he now represents in the Legislative Assembly. His father was for many years Emigration Agent for New Brunswick. He was educated at the Grammar School of his native city, and studied the legal profession, having been called to the Bar in 1858. Last year he was elected Grand Master of the Masonic Grand Lodge of New Brunswick, and has been for some time President of the St. John Mechanics' Institute. He was first returned to the Legislative Assembly at the last general election. (Feb., '71.)

No. 93.—HON. B. R. STEVENSON.

Mr. Stevenson was appointed to the office of Surveyor-General in the Ministry formed by Mr. Hatheway last February. His grandfather came from Renfrewshire, Scotland, and settled in St. Andrews, N. B., in 1819. In that city Benjamin Robert Stevenson was born on the 10th April, 1835. He was educated at the St. Andrew's Grammar School, and New Brunswick University, where he graduated B. A. in 1854. Having studied law, he was called to the Bar in 1858. He represents the County of Charlotte in the Legislative Assembly for which he was first returned in Oct., 1867.

OUR ENGLISH LETTER.

THE GREAT FOUR-OARED RACE ON THE TYNE.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, Oct. 19.

The great four-oared race for the championship comes off on the Tyne, on Wednesday, November 22, between Chambers' crew, viz., Robert Chambers, Harry Kelly, John Bright and James Percy—and Winship's crew, composed of Thomas Winship, J. H. Sadler, Robert Bagnall and James Taylor; in fact, the same crews who rowed at Halifax, Saratoga and Montreal, illustrations of whom we gave in our issues of Sept. 2, No. 10, of the Chambers' crew; and Sept. 16, No. 12, of the Winship crew. The sum rowed for is £400, but betting is very high and strong, and it is not exaggerating in the least to say that about £40,000 or £50,000 will exchange hands in the country over the event. It is looked upon by the partisans with considerable feelings, indeed. The parties are very bitter, which is to be regretted. Tyneside people would much more prefer a pure Tyne crew than a mixed one like the present; but friendship amongst them is a thing at present impossible. If Kelly and Sadler could have formed a crew of their own in the Thames, then some kind of rivalry would have been pleasant and attractive to the whole country, whereas, it is now looked upon as a local feud, which will cause bitter hatred for some time to come between the rival crews, whichever one wins. The Chambers' crew have their training quarters at Mr. Charlton Hedley's Borough Arms, Gateshead. The Winship crew have theirs at Mr. Robert Gibson's Ork Arms, Scotswood Bridge. Of the Chambers' crew, only Harry Kelly keeps a public house, and that is at Putney, near London. Chambers is married. Percy and Bright are single men, of Winship's crew. Thomas Winship keeps the "Cumberland Arms," Scotswood Road. James Taylor, the "Trafalgar Inn," Newcastle. J. H. Sadler lives in London. Robert Bagnall at Ouseburn, near Newcastle. All are married except Robert Bagnall. They have commenced training in earnest. Bright is unwell, and so is Bagnall, but it is expected they will get all right soon. Mr. J. J. Bagnall, of the "Wheat Sheaf Inn," Newcastle, is stakeholder. He was a friend and great supporter of the late champion, James Renforth. The course is from the High Level Bridge (built by the late Robert Stephenson, C. E., who was also engineer for the Victoria Bridge, Montreal) to Lemington Point. The course is the best on the river, but rather crooked, it must be admitted. The rowers pass the large and extensive works of Sir W. G. Armstrong & Co., where the men are usually allowed to assemble on the quay for half an hour, to see the race, the factory bell ringing at the proper time. Buoys are placed at the starting and finishing points, 30 yards apart. The river at the widest point is not more than a quarter of a mile, so our readers will see there will be a good chance of a close sight of each crew.

R. E.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, Oct. 28, 1871.

The victorious crew in the four-oared race are determined to challenge Ward Brothers and the Paris crew for the championship of the world, to take place in England, on the River Thames. They are training very successfully, and a good race is anticipated.

I had a look, the other day, whilst in Dublin, at the celebrated brewery of Guinness & Co., and summarising the general results of the operations of Messrs. Guinness & Co., it appears that their average annual manufacture is equal to 310,000 hogsheads, which require for their production the same number of barrels of malt. About 500,000 gallons of water are used daily. They exported, within the six months ended 30th September, 80,317 hhd., which was an increase, over the corresponding six months of last year, of 2,731 hhd. The malt used in the manufacture, all of which is grown in Ireland, is the produce of 20,600 acres of land, at the average

yield of 15 barrels per statute acre. This consumption is only equalled by one porter brewery in England, that of the Messrs. Barclay. From the Excise returns issued a few years ago, when the production of the James-Gate Brewery was much less than at present, we find that only four houses in England used more than 200,000 barrels of malt per annum, and as these, besides porter, also manufactured ales in great quantity, the Messrs. Guinness may fairly claim to be the largest porter brewers in the world. It only remains to give an idea of the important influence of this firm on the industrial prosperity of Dublin to state that they employ upwards of 800 labourers and artificers, at wages ranging from 12s. to 60s. a week, and nearly 100 clerks; besides which they give great employment to harness-makers, cart-makers, builders, millwrights, and many other trades.

The "Home Rule" movement in Ireland is causing great commotion. Its promoters are very active, and great accessions are being made daily. I am afraid we will have some difficulty yet, in settling Ireland pacifically. It seems to baffle all our statesmen. The middle and higher classes in Ireland are very much concerned in the future results of this "Home Rule" agitation.

THE LATE SIR RODERICK IMPEY MURCHISON

SIR RODERICK IMPEY MURCHISON, Bart., K.C.B., D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S., &c., eldest son of Kenneth Murchison, Esq., of Tacadale, Ross-shire, where he was born, Feb. 19, 1792, was educated at Durham Grammar school and at the Military College of Marlow. He served in Spain and Portugal with the 30th Foot from 1807 till 1816; afterwards on the staff of his uncle, Gen. Sir Alexander Mackenzie; and became Captain in the 6th Dragoons. Between 1825 and 1831 he published some geological memoirs on the Highlands of Scotland, the Alps, and Germany, and became President of the Geological Society. In 1831 he began to apply himself to a systematic examination of the older sedimentary deposits in England and Wales, and after seven years' labour he succeeded in establishing what he termed the Silurian System, comprehending a succession of strata previously unknown, which lie beneath the old red sandstone. This system (named from its occupying those countries which formed the ancient kingdom of the Silures) is divided into the Upper Silurian, consisting of Ludlow and Wenlock rocks; and the Lower Silurian, of Caradoc and Llandovery rocks. The same division or classification of strata was found to apply to the west of Europe, and to North and South America. Mr. Murchison next traced the extension of the Silurian system, and all the other Palaeozoic rocks, to Norway and Sweden, and particularly to the vast empire of European Russia, where the relative position of the older rocks has suffered little or no disturbance from the intrusiveness of fire. Under the countenance of the Imperial Government, Mr. Murchison, in company with M. de Verneuil and Count Keyserling, in 1840, commenced a geological survey of the Russian empire; having previously explored several parts of Germany, Poland, and the Carpathians, as intermediate between the British and Russian deposits; and the results of the entire expedition were published in two large volumes in 1845. Upon the presentation, in 1841, of the first Report upon this geological survey, the emperor Nicholas I. presented Mr. Murchison with the second class of St. Anne, in diamonds, and with a magnificent colossal vase of Siberian aventurin, mounted on a column of porphyry. After three years' additional labour, Mr. Murchison completed his survey of Russia, when the emperor conferred upon him the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Stanislaus, and appointed him an effective member of the Imperial Academy of Sciences; and upon his return to England, in 1845, he received the honour of knighthood. Sir Roderick has since published three editions of his "Siluria." He has contributed upwards of one hundred and twenty memoirs to the Transactions of various scientific bodies, the most remarkable being, perhaps, his "Alps, Apennines, and Carpathians." In 1844, when bringing out his large work on the "Geological Structure of Russia," he instituted a comparison between the rocks of Eastern Australia and those of the auriferous Ural Mountains, and, as a result, he was the first who publicly expressed the opinion that gold must exist in Australia. In 1846 he even urged some Cornish miners to emigrate to New South Wales, and there obtain gold from the alluvial soil in the manner that they extracted tin from the gravel of their native country. In 1848 Sir Roderick addressed Earl Grey, then Secretary for the Colonies, and warmly urged the Government to adopt measures for the interest of the Crown; but his advice was not followed, and it was only in 1851, or three years later, that the so-called *ascorony* of the Australian gold took place. In recent years Sir Roderick made another great addition to British geology, by establishing the existence in the North-western Highlands of the fundamental stratified deposits of the United Kingdom, these, the so-called Laurentian rocks, being older than the Cambrian or Silurian systems. In addition to the Silurian System, Sir Roderick Murchison, in connection with Professor Sedgwick, established the next overlying or Devonian System. He, in 1841, grouped the Zechstein or magnesia limestone, with its underlying and overlying associated strata, under the new term of *Permian*, as derived from a vast region in Russia, and the name has since been generally adopted by geologists. In 1855 he succeeded Sir H. De la Beche in the office of Director-General of the Geological Survey of the British Isles, and his latest labours have been repeated examinations of the rocks of his native Highlands, for which the Royal Society of Edinburgh conferred on him their first Brisbane Gold Medal. Sir Roderick has served four times as President of the Geological Society, and eleven years as President of the Royal Geographical Society. In May, 1864, he was re-elected President of the Royal Geographical Society, having delivered twelve anniversary addresses to that body, and in 1866 the Copley Medal or first honour of the Royal Society of London was awarded to him; and he was a Fellow of the Royal Society, and of the Linnæan Society, a Member of the Academies of St. Petersburg, Berlin, Copenhagen, Brussels, Stockholm, Turin, a correspondent of the French Institute, was long a Trustee of the British Museum, the Hunterian Museum, and the British Association for the Advancement of Science, of which he was one of the founders. Sir R. Murchison was made a K.C.B. in 1863, received the Prix Cuvier from the French Institute, and the Wollaston Medal at home, for his geological labours in 1864, and was created a Baronet Jan. 22, 1866. The present emperor of Russia conferred upon him the Grand Cross of St. Anne, and he was a Knight Commander of various foreign orders.

For some time past Sir Roderick has taken little part in scientific discussions, but his influence, especially in re-assuring the public mind as to the continued safety of his intimate personal friend, Dr. Livingstone, was often felt. It is matter for deep regret that the great explorer had not been able to meet his friend once more. Sir Roderick died last month, in the 80th year of his age, giving another of the many proofs that deep study and patient application to scientific research are compatible with longevity.

THE QUEBEC CITIZENS' BALL IN HONOUR OF THE 60TH REGIMENT.

We give an illustration of the ball tendered by the citizens of Quebec in honour of the officers of the 60th Regiment previous to their departure from Quebec for Halifax, and append from our contemporary, the *Quebec Morning Chronicle*, an account of the affair:

In the Music Hall last night took place the farewell ball given the officers of the garrison by the citizens of Quebec. The affair was a decided success, and reflects the greatest credit upon its originators, while it will ever be remembered as one of the most pleasing social gatherings which has taken place in the city.

The Messrs. Russell undertook the arrangements, and it is needless to expatiate upon their manner of getting up a ball. They put the Music Hall into the hands of Mr. Leonard, who speedily transformed it into a dancing room. The decorations were superb. A dais occupied the centre of the left side of the Hall which was covered with crimson cloth and draped with the flags of the Dominion and the Province of Quebec. The stage was provided with seats, reached by a broad staircase, also covered with crimson cloth, and carpeted in richest velvet. In the centre of the green curtain was a large medallion, with the inscription:

WELCOME.

Success to our Friends in all Parts of the World.

FAREWELL.

Opposite this, on the gallery, was a large painting of the Royal Arms, and all along the gallery were statuettes and vases of flowers with banners and flags, the whole having a most beautiful effect. From the ceiling were suspended winged Cupids, which led to many jocular remarks during the evening, to the effect that Love was quietly flying high. The gallery lights were alternately pink and white. On the whole the decorations were superb, and the designer, M. Leonard, deserves very great credit for the manner in which he executed the work entrusted him.

About nine o'clock the guests began to arrive, and at ten o'clock Madame Garneau and His Worship the Mayor entered the Hall, and assumed seats on the dais, on which they were afterwards joined by Mrs. C. E. Levy, and other ladies. Madame Garneau received the guests in her usual charming manner, and dancing was shortly begun.

The programme embraced a choice selection of dances, numbering twenty in all. At one o'clock the supper room was thrown open, and full justice was done to the *recherche* collation provided by the Messrs. Russell. Dancing was afterwards resumed and kept up "fast and furious" to ever so many o'clock this morning. The attendance was not quite so large as had been expected, but it was extremely select. Militia officers, as a rule, appeared in evening dress. Of the costumes worn by the ladies, it is sufficient to say that they were most elegant and costly, and that the beauty, wit, and talent of the city was fully represented by the assembly.

VIEWS IN GUELPH

Few towns in Upper Canada possess, in such a high degree as Guelph, facilities for the extension of their trade and the establishment of flourishing business with their neighbours. Admirably situated in a favourable position on the River Speed, and more than ordinarily favoured by nature, Guelph has for years past been distinguished as a rising town, needing but energy and perseverance to place it high in the list of the manufacturing centres of the West.

The town, which is the county seat of Wellington, is the centre of the business of the neighbourhood, extending in a radius of many miles. The river, which passes through the place, affords valuable water privileges which are availed of for running mills of every description. There are in the town no less than three large breweries, all doing a large business. Its melodeon factories, and notably that of M. M. Mills & Co., supply the whole of Western Canada with instruments that find equal favour with purchasers with the best productions of the New York factories. The sewing machines of the Guelph Sewing Machine Co. are to be found over the whole world, almost, thus speaking sufficiently of the excellence of the Canadian-manufactured article. In addition to its manufactures the town has a large retail country trade, and exports considerable quantities of wheat and flour. In the neighbourhood are several beds of dolomite, both brown and black, which yield an excellent building stone, and from some of which large quantities of lime are manufactured.

The two views produced on another page were both taken on Wyndham Street, the business quarter of the town. One of these shows the premises of Mr. John Horsman, a spirited and enterprising hardware merchant. Being a man of large practical experience, and keenly alive to the advantages of progress, Mr. Horsman has succeeded in establishing a large and lucrative business. The views are copied from photographs by a local artist.

No. 2 FORT, LEVIS, QUEBEC.

In this issue we give a sketch of the second of the three forts erected in South Quebec, or Point Levis, on the side of the St. Lawrence opposite the ancient capital. They command the whole of the country around Quebec; the approach to the city by the St. Lawrence, and the upper end of the Island of Orleans. They are built on improved modern principles; no enemy can breach the escarp, nor exist one minute in the ditch, from the mode of defence devised. And were it possible that he could get into the forts, he would be utterly unable to hold them, for the Citadel of Quebec would straightway pound him out with its artillery. The views are much the same of all the forts, and they are so constructed as to be serviceable for Montreal defence. Of course we do not wish to "show our hand" to any lurking enemy, and, therefore, conclude by saying that these Point Levis fortifications have unquestionably confirmed Quebec's proud claim to being indeed "the Gibraltar of the North."

THE WINKS BLOCK, MONTREAL.

Montreal is famous for the ornate and substantial architecture of its leading commercial buildings. Its banks and warehouses will compare favourably with those of any other city on the continent. It is to be regretted that so many of the finest of the commercial establishments are crowded into narrow lanes, unworthy the name of streets, and therefore invisible, except upon so close an inspection that the eye cannot take in all their beauties at once. One very fine commercial building has, however, been erected on a most conspicuous site. The Winks block, opposite the St. James Hotel and Victoria Square, on the corner of Bonaventure and McGill Streets, is no less remarkable for the beauty of its architecture than for the adaptability of its site to display it to the best advantage. Occupying one of the most frequented quarters of the city; visible from so many different points; the first object that strikes the eye of any one travelling riverwards down Beaver Hall Hill, or passing along any of the nearer streets, or the square, it always commands a look of admiration. It was erected some five or six years ago, and is occupied by several commercial establishments. Our illustration will sufficiently show its style to enable the reader to appreciate it without any detailed description.

NASSAU AS A WINTER RETREAT.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

The town of Nassau is situated on the island of New Providence, one of that extensive group called the Bahamas. It is in latitude 25°12' north, and longitude 77°30' west of Greenwich. It was a busy place during the late American war, being the great depot of the blockade runners; but has latterly relapsed into its usual quiet and peaceful state. There are, however, signs of its again becoming a place of some interest, though from a very different cause,—namely, its delightful climate, which is beginning to be known as one of the most beneficial in the world for the relief of pulmonary affections. The remarkable effects of this climate, in the amelioration of those distressing complaints, have been little appreciated until very lately. In 1869 the Government of the colony erected a large and splendid hotel for the accommodation of visitors, and especially invalids, desiring to spend the winter months here, but the outbreak of the American war filled the town and hotel with adventurers and speculators, and the philanthropic designs of the Government were frustrated for the time. Since the close of the war, however, the influx of visitors has increased yearly, and the hotel is now unable to accommodate the number of invalids who make Nassau their winter residence. It is, therefore, in contemplation to erect another, while several large buildings are to be temporarily occupied as hotels.

The writer, having spent last winter in Nassau with considerable advantage to his health, gives the following few lines for the benefit of those who may hereafter contemplate a trial of this climate:

The island of New Providence is about twenty-one miles long from east to west, and about seven miles broad; and to the Englishman, it may be said, it resembles the Isle of Wight in shape. The town extends along the northern shore for about three-quarters of a mile, and back to a slight ridge of limestone hills, some four or five hundred yards from the harbour. The streets are laid out at right angles, but are rather narrow, and mostly without sidewalks. But the want of the latter accommodation is scarcely felt, for the roads are so clean and smooth that they answer all the purposes of sidewalks,—especially as there are but few vehicles on the streets at any time.

As the whole island is formed of a soft limestone, this material has been used to build the houses and construct the roads; and both houses and roads are substantial and neat looking. The former are nearly all surrounded by wide verandahs, many of which are completely shut in with jalousies, and form pleasant covered walks during the heat of the day. Here the invalid may swing his hammock, and read, or sleep, during the heat of noontide with the greatest comfort.

The interior walls of the houses are nearly always pierced with large openings to permit a free circulation of air during warm weather. These openings are usually fitted with blinds, though sometimes glazed sashes are provided also, where privacy is desired. But privacy is seldom obtainable in the West Indies. The free and sociable habits of the people preclude all possibility of exclusiveness; and the stranger soon learns to "make a virtue of necessity" in this respect.

The climate is one of the most delightful imaginable. From the beginning of November to the end of April, the temperature seldom falls below sixty-five or seventy degrees of Fahrenheit, and as rarely rises above eighty or eighty-two. The dry north-east and east trade winds blow cool and pleasant for the greater part of the year. Once or twice a month the wind veers to the south for a few days, and the weather becomes sultry and oppressive; but this change is always followed by a brisk north wind, sometimes amounting to a gale, and the atmosphere again becomes cool and pleasant. The duration and force of the north winds are usually in proportion to the duration and intensity of the preceding heated term.

The temperature will fall ten or twelve, and occasionally fifteen, degrees after this change of wind; and the invalid should guard against the danger of taking cold. But at no other time will he be called upon to use even the slightest precaution against changes of weather; for the air is always mild and balmy, resembling that of a fine summer's day on board ship in the middle latitudes.

The town is full of gardens; every house has its garden, and almost every garden has its orange grove and its banana orchard. The cocoa, the date, the royal, and the cabbage palms overtop the houses; and the cotton-wood tree spreads its enormous branches nearly a hundred feet latterly from the trunk, and its dense foliage casts a shadow nearly five hundred feet in circumference—enough to shelter two or three regiments of soldiers from the sun's rays. The banyan, or wild fig tree, throws down roots from its branches, forming new trees, until it becomes a small forest in itself. Lemons, limes, citrons, shaddock, grape fruit, sapodillas, mangoes, mamees, avacado, alligator and other pears, pawpaws, star, custard and other apples, cocoa nuts, breadfruit, yams, sweet potatoes, and many other kinds of tropical fruits and vegetables are produced on the islands, and most of them may be found in the Nassau market at nearly all seasons.

The profusion and variety of flowers corresponds to that of the fruits; and the breeze comes laden with the fragrance of the rose, the jessamine, the myrtle, and the oleander. The latter grows to an enormous size, and is covered with blossoms the year round.

Some of the plants and flowers are very curious. The moonlight flower opens only at night, and bashfully shrinks from the light of the morning sun; while the scarlet hibiscus constantly turns its face to the God of day. The life plants (*semper vivum*) is possessed of such extraordinary vitality that a single leaf, or even part of a leaf, germinates and produces numerous roots and branches, when simply tacked to the wall; and this without a particle of soil or other nourishment, excepting such as it can attract from the moisture in the atmosphere.

A few hints to those about to visit the South may not be deemed out of place. How often do we see invalids abroad deluding themselves with the idea that change of climate alone will cure them! This is a fatal mistake. Proper rules of hygiene and diet are quite as necessary, indeed more necessary, than at home. Alone, they may appear to have little efficacy, but when observed in connection with a change of climate they are invaluable. Scores of invalids return from long and fatiguing journeys, without having derived the slightest benefit therefrom, simply because they have trusted too much to the mere change of climate; instead of seconding its good effects by a proper attention to diet and regimen. On the other hand, the invalid must not expect any of those magical changes for the better which are so often said to follow a residence in a southern climate. Often it is months, and sometimes it is not until the return home, that the hoped-for improvement is evident.

Again, he should not travel alone, if possible, but go in company with at least one; and the more the better. He should likewise have some resource for employing spare hours. And here we can promise the visitor to Nassau a multitude of new sights and experiences.

Last, but not least, comes the question of expense. Meat and provisions are scarce and dear, and the cost of board high. At the Royal Victoria Hotel the price is three dollars (\$3.00) per day, though the table is not good, and the general accommodations are somewhat meagre. In the boarding-houses the price ranges from ten to fifteen dollars per week, and the table is often covered with a more substantial fare than at the hotel. But the visitor may often secure board in a private family, and be as comfortable as though he were at home. The passage from New York to Nassau by steamer is made in four days; and the fare is forty-five dollars in gold. Five dollars may be allowed for incidental expenses on the voyage. All the prices here given are in gold; British and American gold and silver being the money most in circulation. But it is not necessary that the traveller should encumber himself with any large amount of specie, as a draft or certified check on any respectable house in New York can always be negotiated at the Public Bank, or at the house of Messrs. T. Darling & Co.

In conclusion we would recommend the visitor to take an ample supply of clothing; and especially of under-clothing, which sometimes passes out of the hands of his sable hatter in a mysterious and unaccountable manner. Plenty of fine gauze for a mosquito net may not be out of place for those who are too sensitive to the carresses of these affectionate little creatures.

The end of November, or the beginning of December, is soon enough for the invalid's arrival in Nassau; as the rainy season is sometimes prolonged to the middle of November, and it is not desirable to land here before the dry season is fairly established. The beginning of May is the earliest period at which it will be safe for the invalid to leave for the North; and many prefer to remain until the end of the month. The heat is not appreciably greater in the beginning of June than the end of April; and the weather is certain to be warm and settled in the North by the middle of June, thus preventing danger of catching cold on the return home.

W. A.

[We give on another page an illustration of Cumberland Street, Nassau, looking north, with a royal palm tree in the centre, and a banana plant towards the left.—Ed. C. I. N.]

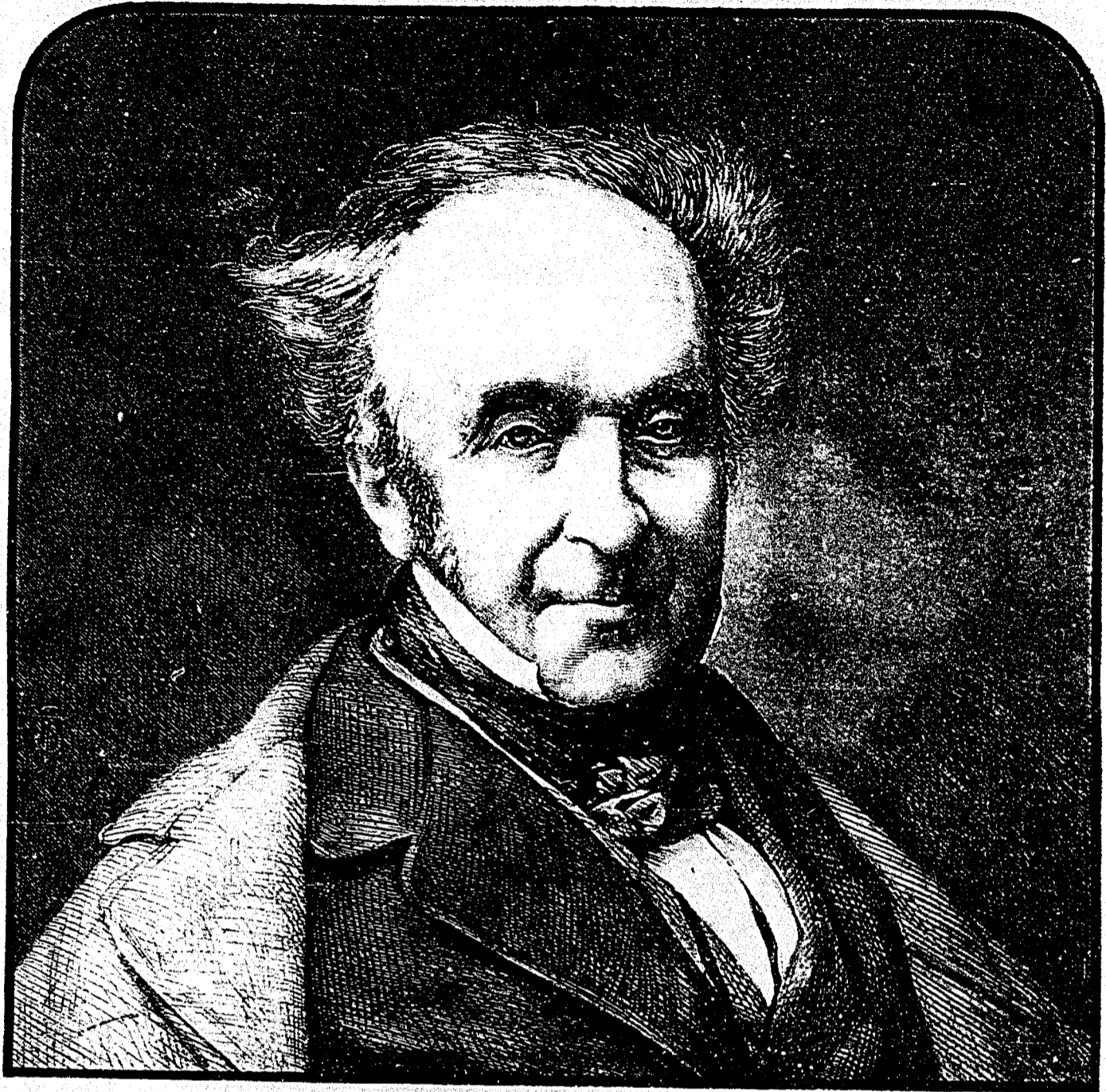
THE BOEHLINGER HOUNDS.

The Boeblings are a race of hounds that have recently attracted much attention among German and other European dog-fanciers. Their breed appears to be a cross between the Water Spaniel and the Newfoundland, uniting in itself the finest characteristics of the two races. In appearance they are handsome, well-formed animals, with a bright, cunning eye, and a look of knowingness coupled with intense sagacity. They were originally raised by Herr E. Kober, of Boeblingen, in the vicinity of Stuttgart, who is now shipping large numbers of these animals to foreign countries, notably to France and the East Indies.

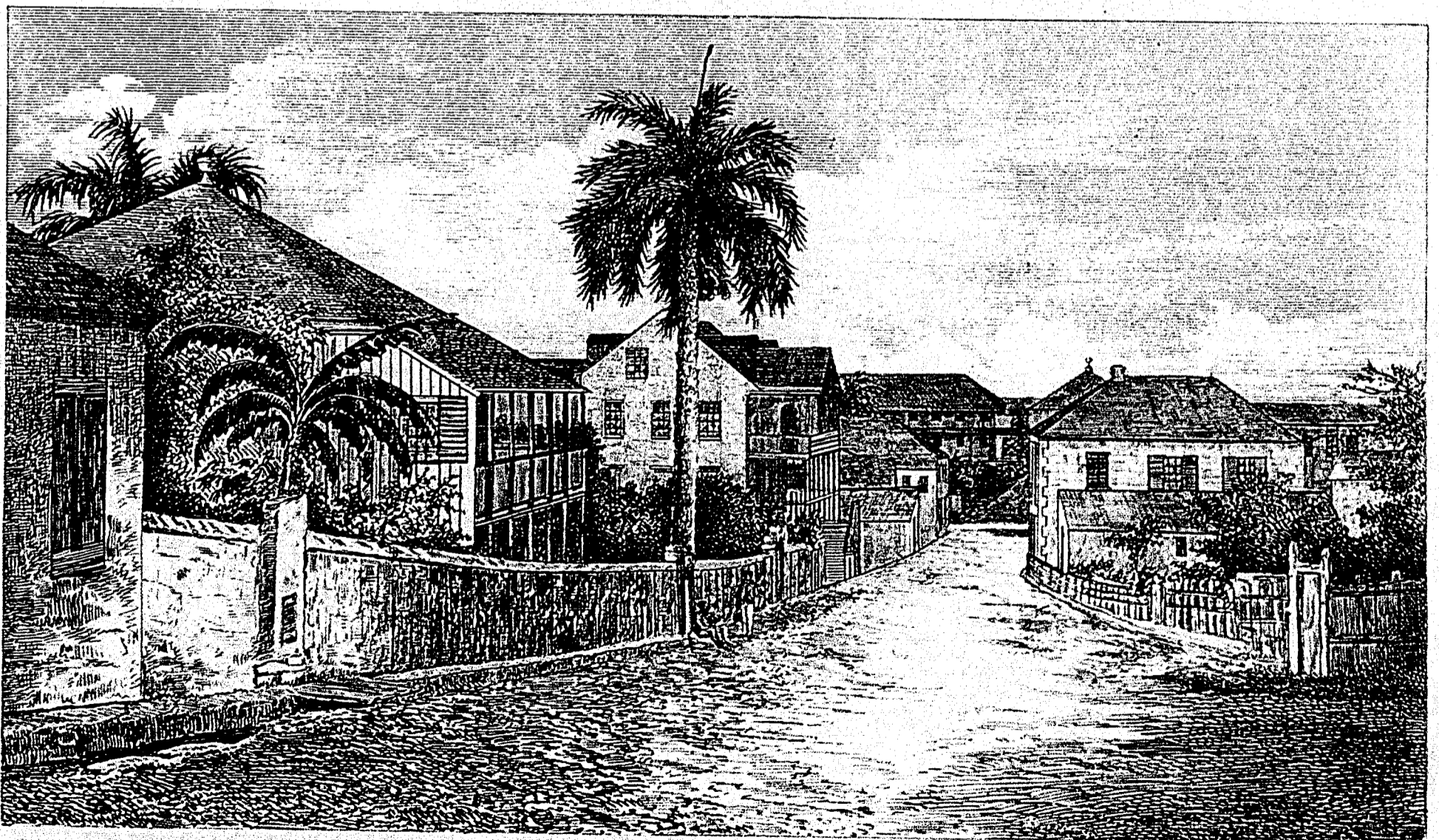
PISCATORIAL.—The following is a detailed statement of the number and kind of fish taken during the late season in the Ottawa by the "Lowe Farmer":—Pickerel, 625; Bass, 291; Pike, 11; Perch, 269; Eels, 6; Miscellaneous, 22. Total, 1,234. This account does not comprise small fry, suckers, catfish, or white fish. Of the largest fish taken a pickerel weighed 9½ lbs., black bass, 3½, Oswego bass, 1½, Eel, 5, Pike, 4, Perch, 1½, 2 catfish, one 15 lbs., the other 8 lbs. The miscellaneous take includes Maskinonge and Sturgeon, small Shad, &c. All taken within a mile of the Queen's wharf.—*Ottawa Times*

THE ANALYSIS OF TEA.—Tea contains several characteristics, which are seldom taken into account, in addition to its usual 5 per cent. of them or thereabout. Iron forms a very important constituent, as does also manganese and potassa. The leaves of the tea plant give about 5.63 per cent. of ashes, of which 4.04 are soluble from the leaf and may be found in the extract. The extract therefore is very rich in inorganic compounds, especially in phosphoric acid, but they contain only a little potassa. Old tea leaves contain much lime, but little potassa and phosphoric acid. Of a young tea more than one-third will go in the extract, of old leaves much less. The above observations are the result of some recent investigations as reported in *Annalen der Chemie*.

A lady asked a pupil at a public school, "What was the sin of the Pharisees?" "Eating camels, ma'am," quickly replied the child. She had read that the Pharisees "strained at gnats and swallowed camels."



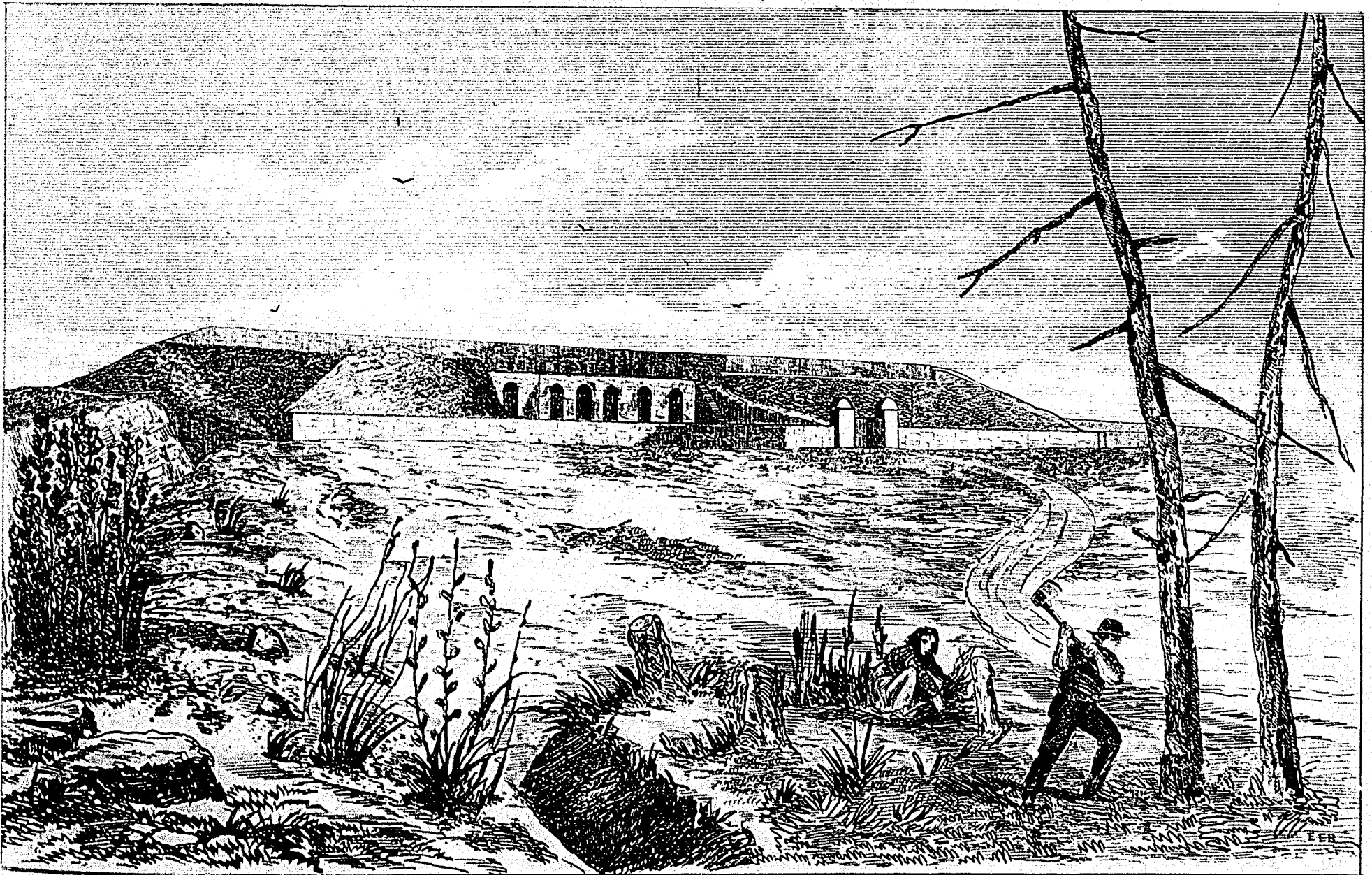
THE LATE SIR RODERICK MURCHISON.—SEE PAGE 338.



CUMBERLAND STREET, NASSAU.—SEE PAGE 339.



JUDGE ARMSTRONG,
RECENTLY APPOINTED FOR THE ISLAND OF ST. LUCIA.—SEE PAGE 338.



No. 2 FORT, LEVIS.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. O. C.—SEE PAGE 339.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, DEC. 2, 1871.

SUNDAY,	Nov. 26.— <i>Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity.</i> Battle of Berezina, 1812. Capitulation of Kars, 1855.
MONDAY,	" 27.—Princess Teck born, 1833.
TUESDAY,	" 28.—The London Times first printed by steam-power, 1814. Washington Irving died, 1859. Baron Bunsen died, 1860. Occupation of Amiens, 1870.
WEDNESDAY,	" 29.—Sir Philip Sydney born, 1554. SS. "Monarch" wrecked on Toronto Peninsula, 1856.
THURSDAY,	" 30.—St. Andrew, Ap. of M. Battle of Sinopo, 1853.
FRIDAY,	Dec. 1.—Princess of Wales born, 1844.
SATURDAY,	" 2.—Napoleon I. crowned, 1802. Battle of Austerlitz, 1805. Coup d'Etat at Paris, Louis Napoleon made President for ten years, 1851. Louis Napoleon assumes the title of Emperor Napoleon III., 1852.

TEMPERATURE in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Tuesday, 21st November, 1871, observed by HEARN, HARRISON & Co., 242 Notre Dame Street.

	Max.	Min.	MEAN.	S.A.M.	1 P.M.	6 P.M.
W., Nov. 15.	38°	32°	35°5	29.89	29.77	29.77
Tu., " 16.	37°	32°5	34°7	29.82	29.91	30.00
Fri., " 17.	37°	32°5	34°5	30.35	30.35	30.39
Sat., " 18.	38°5	32°5	35°7	30.50	30.45	30.54
Su., " 19.	38°5	32°5	35°5	30.47	30.45	30.50
Mo., " 20.	41°5	32°	36°7	30.17	30.10	30.07
Tu., " 21.	41°5	37°5	39°5	29.95	29.87	29.80

SPECIAL NOTICE.

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

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

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

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

- Bohwell, Ont. A. J. Wiley.
- Brimleyville, Ont. Yellowlees & Quick.
- Brantford, Ont. A. Hudson.
- Brockville, Ont. F. L. Kincaid.
- Dundas, Ont. J. B. Mencham.
- Elora, Ont. Henry Kirkland.
- Fenelon Falls, Ont. D. C. Woodman.
- Goderich, Ont. Theo. J. Moorehouse.
- Hamilton, Ont. R. M. Ballantine.
- Ingersoll, Ont. R. A. Woodcock.
- Kinross, Ont. F. A. Barnes.
- Kinston, Ont. E. M. Stacey.
- London, Ont. Wm. Bryce.
- Napanee, Ont. Henry & Bro.
- Orillia, Ont. H. B. Slaven.
- Port Perry, Ont. McCaw & Bros.
- St. Catharines, Ont. W. L. Copeland.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1871.

The publication of a statement of the total population of the Dominion, as established by the census taken last spring, has shewn a progress so far below the general expectation, as to shake one's faith in the common dictum that "figures do not lie." It is certain, at least, that they do not always represent the truth. Confidence was very much shaken in the accuracy of the census because of the manner in which it was taken, and we do not think that the result, as published, will tend to its restoration. It may, however, be pleaded that the previous census was manifestly incorrect in several important particulars. In some instances temporary absentees and transient visitors, intended to have been assigned to their usual place of domicile, were counted twice, just as in the recent census there were, doubtless, many of the same classes not counted at all. Presuming that the census of 1861 represented the population as somewhat larger than it really was, and that the census of 1871 makes it somewhat less, there is still a discrepancy in the rate of progress, during the two decades, that is truly remarkable. The following are the figures given as the result of the recent census, side by side with the figures for 1861:

	Population 1871.	Population 1861.
ONTARIO	1,396,091	1,620,842
Increase	224,751	
QUEBEC	1,110,664	1,199,505
Increase	79,841	
NEW BRUNSWICK	252,947	285,777
Increase	33,730	
NOVA SCOTIA	330,857	387,800
Increase	56,943	
Total, 1861	3,089,659	
" Increase	395,265	
Total, 1871	3,484,924	

For five years we have spoken of ourselves as a nation of four millions of people, and now the official figures put us somewhat below three and a half millions, after adding Manitoba to the list. With the accession of British Columbia to the Union we can, however, still claim a few thousands over that number; but we are evidently doomed for the next ten years to confine ourselves to the long used (and heretofore abused) "four millions." This is a disappointment, for the phrase is

hackneyed already, and our public speakers and writers were itching to put on another million, for the greater glory of the Dominion, but their patriotic design dare not be carried out in the face of Mr. Dunkin's figures.

We may say, however, that we do not put full faith in the accuracy of these figures, nor are we surprised that they should not give more than a close approximation. The system was a new one, and, with few exceptions, the whole staff were inexperienced. In the census of '61 it is supposed that the errors rested chiefly with the compilers; in the recent census, with the inability of the enumerators to put a uniform interpretation on their somewhat complicated instructions. But apart from these general surmises, based upon isolated cases, which would be trifling in themselves but for the widespread belief in the not always applicable doctrine, *ex uno disce omnes*, the comparison of rates of increase during the two decades must warrant the assumption that even admitting the returns of '61 to have been in excess of the actual number those of '71 are below it. We infer, in fact, that the population of the Dominion is greater than it is represented by the census returns; we do so for these reasons:

In Nova Scotia the percentage of increase, for the decade ending in 1861, was 18.20 per cent; for that ending 1871 it was 17.21 per cent, or a falling off of almost one per cent. In Nova Scotia we believe there is more familiarity with statistics than in some of the other Provinces; the people are generally settled in their pursuits, and the Province receives but little increase from immigration. It would, therefore, be fair to assume that the census of Nova Scotia is very accurately taken. Though the Province is said to have lost a considerable number of its fishermen after the repeal of the Reciprocity Treaty, and though a few hundreds of its agriculturists went to the Western States, yet it should be remembered that the natural increase in a healthy community, where no disturbing causes intervene, is two and a half per cent per annum, or 7.79 in the decade more than that of Nova Scotia, as given by the census.

In New Brunswick there is a falling off from 26 per cent in '61 to 13.38 in '71, a decrease of nearly one half in the ratio of progress. It is to be presumed that this apparent decrease is due to the different modes adopted in taking the census rather than to any falling off in the progress of the Province.

In Quebec the decline in the rate of progression is still more noticeable. In the decade ending 1861, the increase was 25 per cent, in the decade ending this year 7.18 per cent, or a falling off in the rate of progress of 17.82 per cent.

Ontario has, however, been the greatest sufferer. Its rate of increase was 45.40 per cent for the previous ten years, and is now set down, for the past ten, at 16.09, showing a decline of no less than 27.31 per cent. Proportionately, it is however, better off than Quebec, for though the decline is larger the relative proportions are more in its favour than they were in 1861, and as a consequence it will receive six new members in the House of Commons. New Brunswick also gains upon Quebec to the extent of one member and Nova Scotia receives two.

The pivot Province of the Federal machine is therefore losing ground between its neighbours both East and West. But can we accept the census of Quebec, or that of Ontario, as being even approximately correct? Nothing has occurred during the past ten years to lead us to believe that the progress of either should be less than that of many counties and towns in Scotland in the same period; or so much below that made by both Provinces in the previous decade. Immigration did perhaps less than during the previous ten years to augment the population of the country; but the natural increase should have shewn a larger addition than the census gives, even if all the immigrants were to be placed to account against those who have left Ontario and Quebec within the period. Some means should be adopted to test, on an extensive scale, the correctness of the recent census, or the papers relating to that of 1861 should be carefully revised, in order that substantial progress may be made in official statistical compilations, and the public mind won over to more confidence than it at present possesses, in their correctness.

THEATRE ROYAL.—On Friday evening of last week Miss Kate Quinton took her benefit, when, as was expected, the friends of this talented young actress filled the house to overflowing—testifying in a very gratifying manner the large share of popularity she has obtained since her arrival in Montreal. The pieces selected were "Sketches in India," "Ivanhoe," and "Family Jars." The performance gave the greatest satisfaction, particularly that of "Ivanhoe," which was received with rapturous applause. During the evening Miss Quinton sang several of her favourite airs with her usual grace and sweetness of voice. On Monday last a new piece entitled "The Revolt of the Commune; or, Paris in 1871," a

drama written expressly for Miss Ranoc and her company—was produced at the Theatre with extraordinary success. The piece is full of dramatic situations and exciting denouements, and illustrates, as aptly as the stage can reproduce the real incidents of history, the fearful events of the present year in unhappy Paris. Miss Ranoc and Mr. Phelps were particularly well suited with their respective rôles, though many of the company deserve their share of praise. The excitement of the House, when Philomel, surrounded by Communists, sings the Marseillaise at the barricade, was intense. The piece was played on Thursday for the last time, as the season will close on Monday with Miss Ranoc's benefit.

FROM FRANCE TO ITALY IN 1870, BY THE MONT CENIS RAILWAY.

(The following paper is a description of a trip made over the Mont Cenis Railway, which was formally opened on the 17th Sept. last.)

As we approached St. Michel, the French terminus of the Summit Railway, the fearful devastation caused by the spring rains were apparent. A little mountain stream had overflowed its bank, and carrying with it huge boulders, and rushing with impetuous fury over the country, had covered the rich meadows with stones and debris; but this was not all, it had torn away an embankment and an iron bridge over which we should have to pass. A number of men had been for some days employed to repair the breach, and to put up a new bridge. They had just been completed, and the ground shook under us as the heavy train passed. Soon after we arrived at the station. "St. Michel! Tout le monde descend!" was the cry of the porters; the doors of the carriages were flung open, and the passengers tumbled out, each with his respective bundle of shawls and rugs, for everyone was prepared for a colder afternoon on the mountain. The refreshment bell sounded pleasantly in my ears, and soon I was seated among a number of passengers, who all eat with a will. I was not behindhand, and, having paid the reckoning, went out into the yard of the station to look about. Here was a busy crowd. A huge diligence, fitted with coupé and banquettes, full of passengers, and the top covered with luggage, was standing, with horses put in, ready to start. In a few minutes it rattled off with the accompaniment of cracking whips, and the shouts of the driver mingling with the hurrahs of those left behind. The diligence, in spite of the railway, still runs, and being much cheaper, get a good deal of custom.

This attraction gone, I had nothing to do but wait patiently for the hour of starting. For in France they do not allow the passengers to walk about on the platform, but they are caged up in a waiting-room till the train starts, and are then bundled out a minute or two before it leaves.

After waiting about an hour, we were sent out to the carriages, which I wished so much to examine. They were five in number, a luggage van with one third, a second, and two first class. They were very small indeed, made lightly, and not after the general manner of European railway carriages, but very much like our street cars, and of almost the same size. After securing my seat, I went out again to take a look at our engine. It, too, was different, the driving wheel being made very small, so as to go round the sharp curve in safety. About half-past three we had started, and shortly after entered a gorge in the mountain. At a small distance we could see the mouth of the famous tunnel surrounded by the debris which had been taken out. The work has been going on continually for some years past, but still it will give employment to a number of men for many months to come. The appearance of the tunnel was by no means striking, and the recollection of it was soon lost in admiration of the road I was then on. We soon began to ascend by easy grades along the sides of the torrent whose destructive ravages I have before alluded to, and to get advantage of ledges in the rock, crossed and recrossed the stream, which we could see below as its blue waters were tossed and beaten into a foam through its headlong course. Then we passed the diligence plodding along through the heavy roads, and soon, in the shade, tracks of snow and ice were seen, and still higher up huge icicles hung down from the grim rocks.

In the meanwhile the sun was setting, and as we got to the Castle of Lesillon, the golden orb sank behind the shining peaks, lighting up their snowy summits with a beautiful rosy tinge, leaving the ravines buried in darkness. Below us on a jutting rock, faced with crags washed by the torrent, was the gloomy fortress, covering a large surface of rock with its towers and battlements. It is placed in a most commanding position to defend the pass, and is complete with every work that can make it strong and terrible.

The ascent is still continued by a system of long easy grades, passing at times over bridges under which the torrents foam and send up their clouds of spray, then skirting some dark forest whose limits seem interminable, till we emerge at last in an open valley in which lies the quaint town of Laus-le-Bourg. It is a town eminently Swiss in its characteristics, and is so marked by the huge projecting eaves of the houses and the wooden galleries around the upper stories. The valley is long and well cultivated, but the snows of winter then covered its fertile meadows. From this point to the top, the road winds in zigzags along the right side of a wild valley, the sides of which were formed of steep cliffs and dotted here and there with clumps of fir-trees. This is the most difficult part of the ascent, the grades averaging one in thirteen feet—an ascent which would be insurmountable but for a peculiar contrivance. Three rails are used instead of two, the extra rail being in the middle and raised above the others. This is tightly clasped by wheels working horizontally under the engine and each of the cars. The object of this arrangement is not so apparent, but the explanation is this: A steam engine works not only by the number of revolutions of the wheels, but also by their adhesion to the rails, for had they no purchase they would necessarily slip and the train would not move. The adhesion on ordinary roads depends on the weight

of the engine; on the mountain, however, the weight would be the greatest of disadvantages. These wheels, however, by increasing the adhesion in a totally different way, allow the engine to be made as lightly as possible.

The night had set in by the time we had got three-quarters of the way up, when just as we were ascending one of the steepest grades the engine broke down. There was just enough light to show us our situation; we were winding close to a precipice which seemed to overhang us on our right, while to our left a steep descent covered with snow led to the valley. I am afraid to say how many feet below. There was but a short space on either side to which it was dangerous to jump, as we were going backwards very fast, the speed increasing every moment. The brakes, however, soon had the effect of stopping our downward course about two hundred yards from a sharp curve. The engine was put to rights, and not long after we saw the glimmering lights of the Hospice.

The scene that we here witnessed was most glorious. The moon was shining brightly, and the snowy ground glistened as if strewn with diamonds; and at a little distance the peaks of the mountains could be seen sharply defined against the deep blue sky, which twinkled with hundreds of stars. Flickering lights from the little black cottages which dotted this snowy region shone out as if in opposition to the "lesser lights" of heaven. Then we left them, and the rapidly increasing speed told us we were going down, and on looking out the moonlight showed me a dim valley far, far below. The curves, too, were so sharp and came so unexpectedly that unless one held on tightly to the seat, there was no small chance of having one's head thrust through the opposite window. In about an hour's time after leaving the Hospice, to my great satisfaction, we came rattling in to the welcome station of Susa.

Let me conclude this hasty sketch by a few quotations for earlier travellers. The dangers of the present trip vanish in comparison with those of former times. One speaks of the mountains as much talked of and dreadful Alps. Another says, "We began to ascend Mont Cenis, being carried on little seats of twisted osier fixed upon poles upon men's shoulders." And lastly, "We ascended in a trot that broad, smooth magnificent road, which carried over the mightiest acclivities of the mightiest regions exceeds the military high-ways of antiquity and shames the paved roads of modern France." At certain distances arose the safe asylums against the torments of the avalanche; and the *Condottieri* presented themselves with their pikes and shovels, giving courage where aid was not wanted. A post-house or barnack disputed the site with bears and wolves. All that had been danger, difficulty and suffering but twenty years back, was now safe, facile and enjoyable; secure beyond the chance of accident, sublime beyond the reach of thought.

HISTORIANS.

BRITISH INDIA.

THE CITY OF JOONPUR DESTROYED—EDWARDS OF 3,000 HOUSES SWEEP AWAY.

(From the Pioneer of India.)

We regret to record a sudden and great disaster at Joonpur, a fine native city of the second class. It contained nearly 2,000 houses and more than 25,000 inhabitants. The River Gouti rose suddenly on the night of Friday, the 15th of September, flooding most of the moullas south of the river and one or two on the north of it. It continued to rise all Saturday, before noon the Rohata Mohulla, Goolar Ghat, Jehongardah, Weilandgunj, and Joycapur presented the appearance of canals; before evening the foundations of the houses began to give way, and then, one by one, they came crashing down, dissolved by an element as devouring as fire. All Sunday the waters began to rise, and covered the roadway of the far-famed Mohamedan bridge; the fine pukka *sarais* were now flooded, and crowds who had taken refuge there were driven to seek another resting place. All Monday and Tuesday the waters grew mightily and prevailed; the river by this time flowed freely over the parapets of the bridge, of which only the shops or kiosks were then visible, and the flood was still rising when the last tidings reached us. The whole of the city south of the river has been totally destroyed; and as some people are skeptical when they hear of native losses, we may add that the post-office, mission-school, and the solidly-built dispensary have all likewise perished. On the north side of the city many mohullas have been swept away, and in the chief bazaar the largest houses, undermined by the rushing waters, were tumbling in, one after another, with a crash like that of thunder. On a moderate computation, between 2,000 and 3,000 houses have been destroyed; many others must undergo demolition. Ten thousand persons have been deprived of house and home, and it will require all the energy of district officers and the greatest liberality on the part of the Government to prevent this calamity to be followed by the ill incidental to want and exposure. This disaster, accompanied as it is by a deficient harvest and a second total failure of the indigo crop, will, we fear, inflict a blow from which the city and district will never wholly recover. It is believed that no lives have been lost. The people, with good sense and forethought, began removing their families as soon as the danger became imminent. Perfect order prevailed. The magisterial officers and district superintendent of police spent most of their time in the city, and the exertions of the last-named officer are said to deserve high praise. Though the waters were still rising when the mail left, we trust that the civil station is not in danger.

YEARS OF A REVOLT.

(From the Calcutta Englishman.)

We have lately received information which leaves, unfortunately, no doubt as to the truth of the spirit of unrest in the Punjab, to which the Lahore paper recently gave publicity, and which the Allahabad journal somewhat hastily condemned. The evidence before us shows that there is good ground for anxiety in at least three of the great centres of population in the Punjab. This time it is the Sikhs who feel aggrieved, and who threaten us. The almost simultaneous outbursts of Hindu fanaticism against the Mussulman butchers, and the assassination of the Lahore Small-Cause Court Judge, are only straws on the surface which show how the wind blows. We believe that the state of Lahore and Umritsur have already attracted the serious attention of the authorities, and that Jullunder, if not also Ludiana, are under anxious surveil-

ance. While we would deprecate anything like sensational writing on this subject on the part of the English press, we would set our face against any semi-official announcements tending to conceal the true state of affairs. Our ignorance of what has been going on under our very eyes has enabled a great Mohamedan conspiracy to spread over the eastern districts of Lower Bengal, and to keep alive a Mussulman rebel camp on our frontier. For the last few years, every twelve months has produced a State trial, and at this moment another batch of Mohamedans are under sentence of the Patna Court for offences against the State. The frontier campaigns of 1863 and 1868 taught us what vain attempts at concealment of our real position might cost the Empire. The present Government is quite strong enough to face the difficulties of its position, and to put down disaffection with a strong hand. While, therefore, we do not forget the malicious readiness with which a large section of the native press exaggerate and gloat over anything like sedition, we cannot see either the wisdom or the utility of concealing the true facts of the case.

AN AWKWARD MISTAKE.—Another of these type-setting bandits has branded himself as a fitting victim for the knife of the assassin. The editor of a paper in Wilmington, Delaware, cut from an exchange an obituary poem, and sent it up into the composing room with the following explanatory remarks: "We publish below a very touching production from the talented pen of Miss Louisa Henry. It was written by Miss Henry at the death-bed of her sainted mother, and it overflows with those expressions of an overwhelming affection which are the natural effluences of a pure, untutored genius that has developed beneath the sheltering influences of a mother's love. The reader will observe how each line glows with ardent affection and tenderest regret." Well, the editor sent the poem up stairs; and what should this infatuated and revolutionary compositor do but get the clipping turned over, somehow, and never thinking that there might be something on the other side, he went to work and set up in type the wrong side of the paper. The consequence was that when the popular journal was printed, the editor's introductory remarks prefaced a receipt for "swipes in swine," and a painful article on "The Hog-cholera in Tennessee." Perhaps a disconsolate and solitary printer might not have been observed at large in the streets of Wilmington that evening inquiring where *arnica* could be purchased at the best advantage. And perhaps Miss Henry's brother did not call upon that editor with a discouraging club?

A GOOD STORY OF CHARLES MATHEWS' IRRITABILITY.—Charles Mathews had an appointment with a solicitor. They were to meet at a particular hour at a small inn in the city where they might hope to be quiet and undisturbed. Mathews arrived at the trying-place a few minutes too soon. On entering the coffee-room he found its sole tenant, a commercial gentleman, earnestly engaged on a round of boiled beef. Mathews sat himself down by the fire and took up a newspaper, meaning to while away the time till his friend arrived. Occasionally he glanced from the paper to the beef, and from the beef to the man, till he began to fidget and look about from the top of the right-hand page to the bottom of the left in a querulous manner. Then he turned the paper inside out, and, pretending to stop from reading, addressed the gentleman in a tone of ill-disguised indignation and with a ghastly smile—"I beg your pardon, sir, but I don't think you are aware that you have no mustard." The person thus addressed looked up at him with evident surprise, mentally resenting his gratuitous interference with his tastes, and coldly bowed. Mathews resumed his paper, and curious to see if his well-meant hint would be acted on, furtively looked round the edge of his paper, and finding the plate to be still void of mustard, concluded the man was deaf. So, raising his voice to a higher key, and accosting him with sarcastic acerbity, he bawled out with syllabic precision: "Are—you—a—wate,—sir,—that—you—have—been—eating—boiled—beef—with—out—mustard?" Again a stiff bow and no reply. Once more Mathews affected to read, but no response, while he was really nursing his wrath to keep it warm. At last, seeing the man's obstinate violation of conventionality and good taste, he jumped up, and in the most arbitrary and defiant manner snatched the mustard-pot out of the cruet-stand, banged it on the table, under the defaulter's nose, and shouted out "Confound it, sir, you shall take mustard!" He then slapped his hat on his head and ordered the waiter to show him into a private room, vowing that he had never before been under the roof with such a savage; and that he had been made quite sick by the revolting sight which he had seen in the coffee-room.

THE LAST OF THE COLLINS MAIL STEAMERS.—A curious sight was witnessed on the Mersey on Saturday last. At high water, about noon, there was towed out of the Birkenhead docks, all ready for sea, an enormous wooden full-rigged ship, with a straight stem, and that curious dumpy stern which is peculiar to some American shipbuilders. This was the once famous paddle-wheel mail steamer "Adriatic," the last addition to the Collins line of steamers, established by an enterprising American firm to share the Liverpool and New York passenger trade with the Cunard Company. When the Collins line was given up, the "Adriatic" was run for some time on the station between Southampton and New York, and her magnificent fittings and high speed made her a favourite to passengers. Afterwards she was one of the fleet of the abortive Atlantic Mail Company that ran steamers between Galway and New York under the auspices of a government mail subsidy obtained through the influence of Mr. J. Orrell Lever and Mr. Roebuck. When that scheme failed, too, the "Adriatic" was laid up in Birkenhead docks, close to her old rival the dismantled "Persia," of the Cunard line. Recently she was bought by the well-known ship-owning firm of Edward Bates and Son, of Liverpool. They took out her machinery, and rigged her as a ship, and on Saturday she sailed from the Mersey for Rio Janeiro, with 3,800 tons of coal on board, her registered tonnage being 3,300. As she was towed down the Mersey at full tide her enormous size and "ship-shape" appearance excited universal admiration, and it seemed something like extravagance to degrade such a splendid-looking vessel into a coal hulk—which is, we believe, her ultimate destiny, her vast size enabling her to carry about 8,000 tons.—*Standard, London, Eng.*

VARIETIES.

A Newhaven paper, describing the localities of three prominent institutions of that city, says:—"The Medical College is on the road to the Cemetery; the Divinity College is on the road to the Poorhouse; and the Law School is on the road to the Gaol.

Amongst the distinguished visitors who will honour India with their presence during the ensuing cold season will, it is said, be His Royal Highness Prince Arthur, who will be the guest of His Excellency Lord Mayo. His Royal Highness will, it is said, be attended by Colonel Sir Garnet Wolseley, late Deputy-Quartermaster-General in Canada, and Captain Hozier.

It was certainly most provoking, that last slip of the types. A clergyman was travelling for his health on the continent, and instead of being benefited by his trip, he broke down at Baden-Baden. A religious journal tried to state the facts, but only succeeded in informing its readers that the "Rev. Dr.— broke the bank at Baden-Baden."

Recently two gentlemen driving along in a waggonette were smoking, when a spark falling from one of their cigars set fire to some straw at the bottom. The flames soon drove them from their seats; and, while they were busy extinguishing the fire, a countryman, who had been for some time following them on horseback, alighted to assist them. "I have been watching the smoke for some time," said he. "Why, then, did you not give us notice?" asked the travellers. "Well," responded the man, "there are so many new-fangled notions now-a-days, I thought you were going by steam."

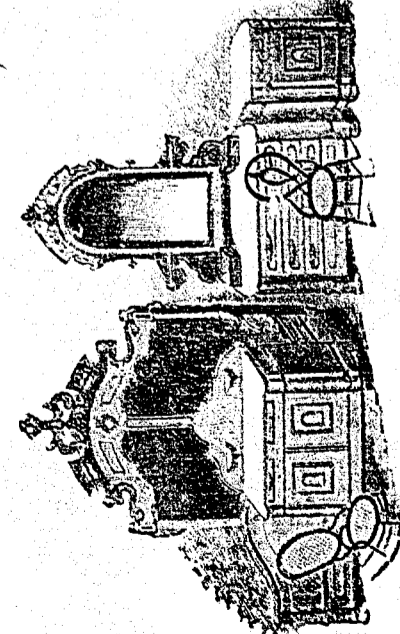
The panic which occurred on the passage of the inaugural train through Mont Cenis was occasioned by the fool-born jest of a Paris journalist, who, on perceiving the grotesque disturbance of symmetry given to the countenance of one of the *sapeurs* by the loss of one of his false whiskers, called out in a loud tone, "Halle, sapeur, ça déraille!" (It's off the rails.) Immediately the whole of the passengers were seized with terror; the words flew from one ear to another, and it was not until the train had got safely into the *gare* that the panic was subdued. The whiskers and flowing beards of the French *sapeurs* are always artificial, gummed on, and forming part of the uniform belonging to the force.

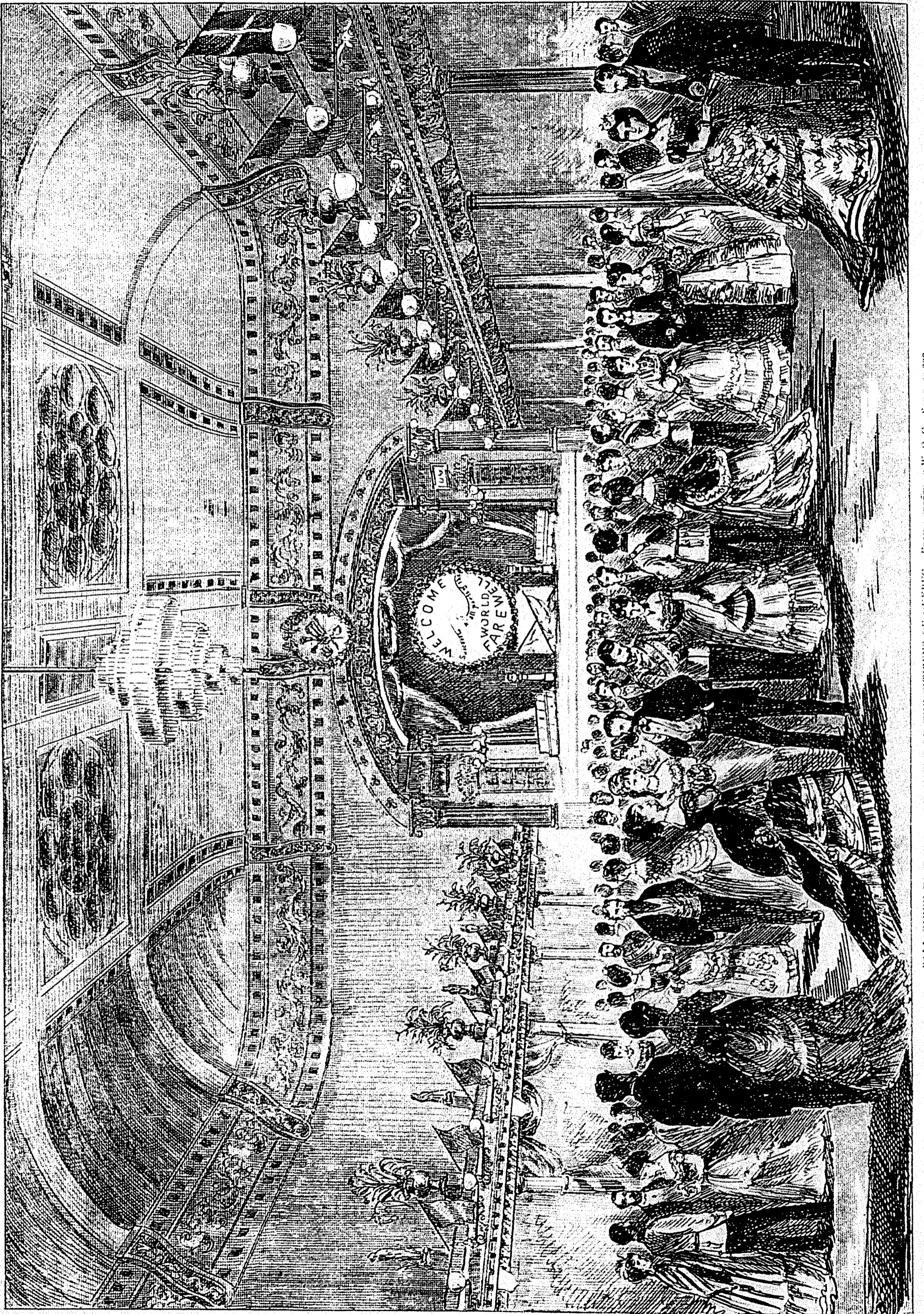
An event difficult to explain has just taken place—namely, the entry of a French officer into the German army. It is strange that he has applied for it, just as strange that the Commander-in-Chief has sanctioned it, and not less strange that he has passed what in German is necessary, the ballot of the officers of the regiment; for he appears to be no Alsatian—at least, no German Alsatian. His name is Prot de Viéville; in the French army he had the rank of captain, in the German he is lieutenant only, affiliated to the 11th Artillery Brigade (Hesse-Nassau). As he married, as prisoner of war, a German lady, the question arises, "Is French love stronger than French patriotism?"

Frank Buckland writes in *Land and Water*: I heard lately of a bed-ridden old woman who gets her living by hatching out early spring ducks. The old woman has an immense bed. She gets the earliest laid ducks' eggs she can, and deposits them neatly in rows between the sheets of the bed. As she can never leave the bed, the temperature is always the same; in fact, she and the bed-clothes act the part literally of an "artificial mother." In this manner the old lady is said to hatch out lots of early ducklings, which, when grown up, command a good price in the market. If Mr. Burr has a bed-ridden old woman on his pensioners' list at Aldermaston he should get her to hatch out some snakes' eggs in her bed. If any of our correspondents find a nest of snakes' eggs in a dung-hill (and they are very likely so to do), I should feel much obliged if they would kindly send them up to me, that I may try to hatch them out.

The French Government has determined to be severe on caricaturists, and for this reason: Whilst negotiations with the Berlin Government were in progress for the evacuation of the six departments the Versailles Government suddenly learned that, instead of according what had been demanded, the Cabinet of Berlin, without a word of warning, flooded Champagne with more troops. What did the arrival of these new regiments mean? Count d'Arnim was telegraphed to for an explanation in such terms as these: "Why send reinforcements? Much flattered at the attention, but not required." To this Count d'Arnim answered, "French comic journals publish caricature of my royal master bedizened with clocks. The joke has much amused us. Fresh regiments sent to express thanks."

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BALL GIVEN TO THE 60th REGIMENT BY THE CITIZENS OF QUEBEC.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. O. C.—SEE PAGE 339.



THE WINKS BLOCK.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LEGG & CO.—SEE PAGE 339.

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WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.

An Autobiographical Story.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,

Author of "Alec Forbes," etc.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE OLD CHEST.

I CANNOT help dwelling for a moment on the scene, although it is not of the slightest consequence to my story, when Sir Giles and Lady Brotherton entered the reading-room of the resuscitated library of Moldwarp Hall. It was a bright day of autumn. Outside all was brilliant. The latticed oriel looked over the lawn and the park, where the trees had begun to gather those rich hues which could hardly be the heralds of death if it were the ugly thing it appears. Beyond the fading woods rose a line of blue heights meeting the more ethereal blue of the sky, now faded to a colder and paler tint. The dappled skins of the fallow deer glimmered through the trees, and the whiter ones among them cast a light round them in the shadows. Through the trees that on one side descended to the meadow below, came the shine of the water where the little brook had spread into still pools. All without was bright with sunshine and clear air. But when you turned, all was dark, sombre, and rich like an autumn ten times faded. Through the open door of the next room on one side, you saw the shelves full of books, and from beyond, through the narrow uplifted door, came the glimmer of the weapons on the wall of the little armoury. Two ancient tapestry-covered settees, in which the ravages of moth and worm had been met by skilful repair of chisel and needle, a heavy table of oak, with carved sides, as black as ebony, and a few old, straight-backed chairs were the sole furniture.

Sir Giles expressed much pleasure, and Lady Brotherton, beginning to enter a little into my plans, was more gracious than hitherto.

"We must give a party as soon as you have finished, Mr. Cumbermede," she said; "and

"That will be some time yet," I interrupted, not desiring the invitation she seemed about to force herself to utter; "and I fear there are not many in this neighbourhood who will appreciate the rarity and value of the library—if the other rooms should turn out as rich as that one."

"I believe old books are expensive now-a-days," she returned. "They are more sought after, I understand."

We resumed our work with fresh vigour, and got on faster. Both Clara and Mary were assiduous in their help.

To go back for a little to my own old chest—we found it, as I have said, full of musty papers. After turning over a few, seeming to my uneducated eye, deeds and wills and such like, out of which it was evident I could gather no barest meaning without a labour I was not inclined to expend on them—for I had no pleasure in such details as involved nothing of the picturesque—I threw the one in my hand upon the heap already taken from the box, and to the indignation of Charley, who was absorbed in one of them, and had not spoken a word for at least a quarter of an hour, exclaimed—

"Come, Charley; I'm sick of the rubbish. Let's go and have a walk before supper."

"Rubbish!" he repeated; "I am ashamed of you!"

"I see Clara has been setting you on. I wonder what she's got in her head. I am sure I have quite a sufficient regard for family history and all that."

"Very like it!" said Charley—"calling such a chestful as this rubbish!"

"I am pleased enough to possess it," I said; "but if they had been such books as some of those at the Hall—"

"Look here then," he said, stooping over the chest, and with some difficulty hauling out a great folio which he had discovered below, but had not yet examined—"just see what you can make of that."

I opened the title page, rather eagerly. I stared. Could I believe my eyes? First of all on the top of it, in the neatest old hand, was written—"Guilfrid Cumbermede His Boke. 1630." Then followed what I will not write, lest this MS. should by any accident fall into the hands of bookhunters before my death. I jumped to my feet, gave a shout that brought Charley to his feet also, and danced about the empty room hugging the folio. "Have you lost your senses?" said Charley; but when he had a peep of the title page, he became as much excited as myself, and it was some time before he could settle down to the papers again. Like a bee over a flower-bed, I went dipping and sipping at my treasure. Every word of the well-known lines bore a flavour of ancient verity such as I had never before perceived in them. At length I looked up, and finding him as much absorbed as I had been myself,

"Well, Charley, what are you finding there?" I asked.

"Proof perhaps that you come of an older family than you think," he answered; "proof certainly that some part at least of the Moldwarp property was at one time joined to the Moat, and that you are of the same stock a branch of which was afterwards raised to the present baronetage. At least I have little doubt such is the case, though I can hardly say I am yet prepared to prove it."

"You don't mean I'm of the same blood as—as Geoffrey Brotherton!" I said. "I would rather not, if it's the same to you, Charley."

"I can't help it: that's the way things point," he answered, throwing down the parchment. "But I can't read more now. Let's go and have a walk. I'll stop at home to-morrow, and take a look over the whole set."

"I'll stop with you."

"No, you won't. You'll go and get on with your library. I shall do better alone. If I could only get a peep at the Moldwarp chest as well!"

"But the place may have been bought and

understand. It seems to me always as if she were—I will not say underhand, but as if she had some object in view—some design upon you—"

"Upon me!" exclaimed Charley, looking at me suddenly and with a face from which all the colour had fled.

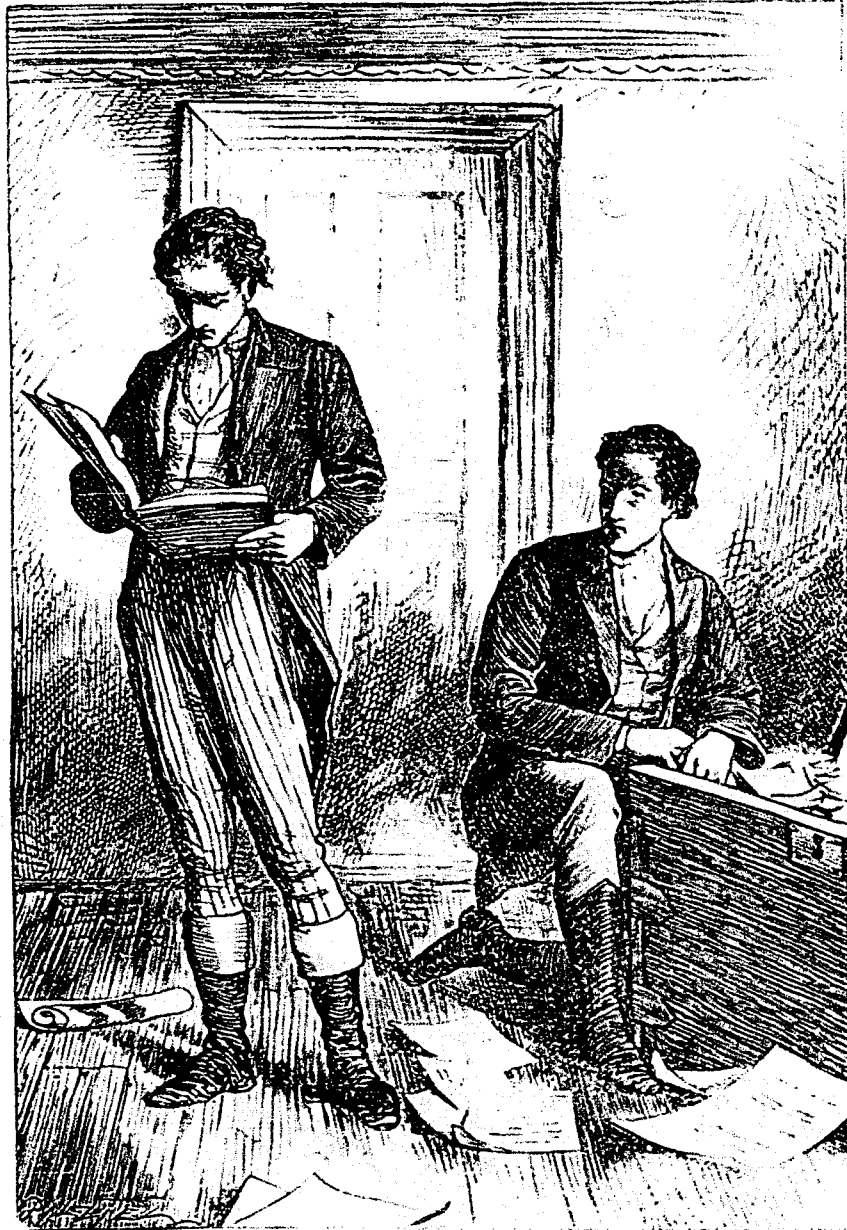
"No, no, Charley, not that," I answered, laughing. "I used the word impersonally. I will be more cautious. One would think we had been talking about a witch—or a demon-lady—you are so frightened at the notion of her having you in her eye."

He did not seem altogether relieved, and I caught an uneasy glance seeking my countenance.

"But isn't she charming?" I went on. "It is only to you I could talk about her so. And after all it may be only a fancy."

He kept his face downwards and aside, as if he were pondering and coming to no conclusion. The silence grew and grew until expectation ceased, and when I spoke again, it was of something different.

My reader may be certain from all this that I was not in love with Clara. Her beauty and



"Well, Charley, what are you finding there?" I asked.

sold many times. Just look here though," I said, as I showed him the crest on my watch and seal. "Mind you look at the top of your spoon the next time you eat soup at the Hall."

"That is unnecessary quite. I recognize the crest at once. How strangely these cryptographs come drifting along the tide, like the gilded ornaments of a wreck after the hull has gone down!"

"Or, like the mole or squint that reappears in successive generations, the legacy of some long-forgotten ancestor," I said—and several things unexplained occurred to me as possibly having a common solution.

"I find however," said Charley, "that the name of Cumbermede is not mentioned in your papers more than about a hundred years back—as far as I have yet made out."

"That is odd," I returned, "seeing that in the same chest we find that book with my name, surname and Christian, and the date 1630."

"It is strange," he acquiesced, "and will perhaps require a somewhat complicated theory to meet it."

We began to talk of other matters, and, naturally enough, soon came to Clara.

Charley was never ready to talk of her—in deed avoided the subject in a way that continued to perplex me.

"I confess to you, Charley," I said, "there is something about her I do not and cannot

liveliness, with a gaiety which not seldom assumed the form of grace, attracted me much, it is true; but nothing interfered more with the growth of any passion than a spirit of questioning, and that once aroused love begins to cease and pass into pain. Few, perhaps, could have arrived at the point of admiration I had reached without falling instantly therefrom into an abyss of absorbing passion; but with me, inasmuch as I searched every feeling in the hope of finding in it the everlasting, there was in the present case a reiterated check, if not indeed recoil; for I was not and could not make myself sure that Clara was upright;—perhaps the more commonplace word *straightforward* would express my meaning better.

Anxious to get the books arranged before they all left me, for I knew I should have but little heart for it after they were gone, I grudging Charley the forenoon he wanted amongst my papers, and prevailed upon him to go with me the next day as usual. Another fortnight, which was almost the limit of their stay, would, I thought, suffice; and giving up everything else, Charley and I worked from morning till night, with much though desultory assistance from the ladies. I contrived to keep the carpenter and housemaid in work, and by the end of the week began to see the intrude of order "scattering the rear of darkness thin."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

MARY OSBORNE.

ALL this time the acquaintance between Mary Osborne and myself had not improved. Save as the sister of my friend, I had not, I repeat, found her interesting. She did not seem at all to fulfil the promise of her childhood. Hardly once did she address me; and when I spoke to her, would reply with a simple, dull directness, which indicated nothing beyond the fact of the passing occasion. Rightly or wrongly, I concluded that the more indulgence she cherished for Charley, the less she felt for his friend—that to him she attributed the endlessly sad declension of her darling brother. Once on her face I surprised a look of unutterable sorrow resting on Charley's; but the moment she saw that I observed her, the look died out, and her face stiffened into its usual dullness and negation. On me, she turned only the unlightened disc of her soul. Mrs. Osborne, whom I seldom saw, behaved with much more kindness, though hardly more cordiality. It was only that she allowed her bright indulgence for Charley to cast the shadow of his image over the faults of his friend; and except by the sadness that dwelt in every line of her sweet face, she did not attract me. I was ever aware of an inward judgment which I did not believe I deserved, and I would turn from her look with a sense of injury which greater love would have changed into keen pain.

Once, however, I did meet a look of sympathy from Mary. On the second Monday of the fortnight I was more anxious than ever to reach the end of my labours, and was in the court, accompanied by Charley, as early as eight o'clock. From the hall a dark passage led past the door of the dining-room to the garden. Through the dark tube of the passage we saw the bright green of a lovely bit of sward, and upon it Mary and Clara radiant in white morning dresses. We joined them.

"Here come the slave-drivers!" remarked Clara.

"Already!" said Mary, in a low voice, which I thought had a tinge of dismay in its tone.

"Never mind, Polly," said her companion—"we're not going to bow to their will and pleasure. We'll have our walk in spite of them!"

As she spoke she threw a glance at us which seemed to say—"You may come if you like," then turned to Mary with another which said—"We shall see whether they prefer old books or young ladies!"

Charley looked at me—interrogatively.

"Do as you like, Charley," I said.

"I will do as you do," he answered.

"Well," I said, "I have no right—"

"Oh, bother!" said Clara—"You're so innocent always with your rights and wrongs! Are you coming, or are you not?"

"Yes, I'm coming," I replied, convicted by Clara's directness, for I was quite ready to go.

We crossed the court, and strolled through the park, which was of great extent, in the direction of a thick wood, covering a rise towards the east. The morning air was perfectly still; there was a little dew on the grass, which shone rather than sparkled; the sun was burning through a light fog, which grew deeper as we approached the wood; the decaying leaves filled the air with their sweet, mournful scent. Through the wood went a wide opening or glade, stretching straight and far towards the east, and along this we walked, with that exhilaration which the fading autumn so strangely bestows. For some distance the ground ascended softly, but the view was finally closed in by a more abrupt swell, over the brow of which the mist hung in dazzling brightness.

Notwithstanding the gaiety of animal spirits produced by the season, I felt unusually depressed that morning. Already, I believe, I was beginning to feel the home-born sadness of the soul whose wings are weary and whose foot can find no firm soil on which to rest. Sometimes I think the wonder is that so many men are never sad. I doubt if Charley would have suffered so but for the wrongs his father's selfish religion had done him; which perhaps were therefore so far well, inasmuch as otherwise he might not have cared enough about religion even to doubt concerning it. But in my case now, it may have been only the unsatisfying presence of Clara, haunted by a dim regret that I could not love her more than I did. For with regard to her, my soul was like one who in a dream of delight sees outspread before him a wide river, wherein he makes haste to plunge that he may disport himself in the fine element; but, wading eagerly, alas! finds not a single pool deeper than his knees.

"What's the matter with you, Wilfrid?" said Charley, who, in the midst of some gay talk, suddenly perceived my silence—"You seem to lose all your spirits away from your precious library. I do believe you grudge every moment not spent upon those ragged old books."

"I wasn't thinking of that, Charley; I was wondering what lies beyond that mist."

"I see!—A chapter of the Pilgrim's Progress! Here we are—Mary, you're Christiana, and, Clara, you're Mercy. Wilfrid, you're—"

what?—I should have said Hopeful any other day, but this morning you look like—let me see—like Mr. Rounding-to-Halt. The celestial city lies behind that fog—doesn't it, Christiana?"

"I don't like to hear you talk so, Charley," said his sister, smiling in his face.

"They ain't in the Bible," he returned.

"No—and I shouldn't mind if you were only merry, but you know you are scoffing at the story, and I love it—so I can't be pleased to hear you."

"I beg your pardon, Mary—but your celestial city lies behind such a fog, that not one crystal turret, one pearly gate of it was ever seen. At least we have never caught a glimmer of it; and must go tramp, tramp—we don't know whither, any more than the blind puppy that has crawled too far from his mother's side."

"I do see the light of it, Charley dear," said Mary sadly—not as if the light were any great comfort to her at the moment.

"If you do see something—how can you tell what it's the light of? It may come from the city of Dis, for anything you know."

"I don't know what that is."

"Oh! the red-hot city—down below. You will find all about it in Dante."

"It doesn't look like that—the light I see," said Mary quietly.

"How very ill-bred you are—to say such wicked things, Charley!" said Clara.

"Am I? They are better unmentioned. Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die! Only don't allude to the unpleasant subject."

He burst out singing: the verses were poor, but I will give them.

Let the sun shimmer!
Let the wind blow!
All is a no-man-land—
What do we know?
Let the moon glimmer!
Let the stream flow!
All is but motion—
To and fro!

Let the rose wither!
Let the stars glow!
Let the rain batter—
Drift sleet and snow!
Bring the tears hither!
Let the smiles go!
What does it matter?
To and fro!

To and fro—ever,
Motion and show!
Nothing goes onward—
Hurry or no!
All is one river—
Seaward, and so—
Up again onward—
To and fro!

Pendulum sweeping,
High, and low low,
That star—let it be!
To, let it go!
Time he is reaping
Hay for his now!
That flower—he's got it!
To and fro!

Such a—say the swains,
Mighty and slow!
Ripping and claying—
Hey, rotary no!
Black Ribb is singing—
Chorus—Hey, he!
What is he saying—
To and fro!

Singing and saying,
Grass is hay—hey!
Loose is a larking—
Water is snow!
Swinging and swaying,
Toll the bells go!
Dinging and dinging—
To and fro!

"Oh, Charley!" said his sister, with suppressed agony, "what a wicked song!"

"It is a wicked song," I said. "But I meant—it only represents an unbelieving, hopeless mood."

"You wrote it, then?" she said, giving me—as it seemed, involuntarily—a look of reproach.

"Yes, I did; but—"

"Then I think you are very horrid," said Clara, interrupting.

"Charley!" I said, "you must not leave your sister to think so badly of me! You know why I wrote it—and what I meant."

"I wish I had written it myself," he returned. "I think it splendid. Anybody might envy you that song."

"But you know I didn't mean it for a true one."

"Who knows whether it is true or false?"

"I know," said Mary; "I know it is false."

"And I hope it," I adjured.

"What ever put such horrid things in your head, Wilfrid?" asked Clara.

"Probably the fear lest they should be true. The verses came as I sat in a country church once, not long ago."

"In a church!" exclaimed Mary.

"Oh! he does go to church sometimes," said Charley, with a laugh.

"How could you think of it in church?" persisted Mary.

"It's more like the churchyard," said Clara.

"It was in an old church in a certain desolate sea-forsaken town," I said. "The pendulum of the clock—a huge, long, heavy, slow thing, hangs far down into the church, and goes swing, swang over your head, three or four seconds to every swing. When you have heard the *tic*, your heart grows faint every time between—waiting for the *tac*, which seems as if it would never come."

We were ascending the acclivity, and no one spoke again before we reached the top. There a wide landscape lay stretched before us. The mist was rapidly melting away before the gathering strength of the sun; as we stood and gazed we could see it vanishing. By slow degrees the colours of the autumn woods, dawned out of it. Close under us lay a great wave of gorgeous red—beeches I think—in the midst of which, here and there, stood up, tall and straight and dark, the unchanging green of a fir tree. The glow of a hectic death was over the landscape, melting away into the misty fringe of the far horizon. Overhead the sky was blue with a clear thin blue that told of withdrawing suns and coming frosts.

"For my part," I said, "I cannot believe that beyond this loveliness there lies no greater. Who knows, Charley, but death may be the first recognizable step of the progress of which you despair?"

It was then I caught the look from Mary's eye, for the sake of which I have recorded the little incidents of the morning. But the same moment the look faded, and the veil or the mask fell over her face.

"I am afraid," she said, "if there has been no progress before, there will be little indeed after."

Now of all things, I hated the dogmatic theology of the party in which she had been brought up, and I turned from her with silent dislike.

"Really," said Clara, "you gentlemen have been very entertaining this morning. One would think Polly and I had come out for a stroll with a couple of undertaker's-men. There's surely time enough to think of such things yet! None of us are at death's door exactly."

"Sweet remembrance"—Who knows?" said Charley.

Now I, to comfort him, I followed, quoting Mrs. Quickly concerning Sir John Falstaff, "I bid him, 'I should not think of God: I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet.'"

"I beg your pardon," said Mary—"there was no word of Him in the matter."

"I see," said Clara; you meant that at me, Wilfrid. But I assure you I am no heathen. I go to church regularly—once a Sunday when I can, and twice when I can't help it. That's more than you do, Mr. Cumberland, I suspect."

"What makes you think so?" I asked.

"I can't imagine you enjoying anything but the burial service."

"It is to my mind the most consoling of them all," I answered.

"Well, I haven't reached the point of wanting that consolation yet, thank heaven."

"Perhaps some of us would rather have the consolation than give thanks that we didn't need it," I said.

"I can't say I understand you, but I know you mean something disagreeable. Polly, I think we had better go home to breakfast."

Mary turned, and we all followed. Little was said on the way home. We divided in the hall—the ladies to breakfast, and we to our work.

We had not spoken for an hour, when Charley broke the silence.

"What a brute I am, Wilfrid!" he said.

"Why shouldn't I be as good as Jesus Christ? It seems always as if a man might. But just look at me! Because I was miserable myself, I went and made my poor little sister twice as miserable as she was before. She'll never get over what I said this morning."

"It was foolish of you, Charley."

"It was brutal. I am the most selfish creature in the world—always taken up with myself. I do believe there is a devil, after all. I am a devil. And the universal self is the devil. If there were such a thing as a self always giving itself away—that self would be God."

"Something very like the God of Christianity, I think."

"If it were so, there would be a chance for us. We might then one day give the finishing blow to the devil in us. But no: he does all for his own glory."

"It depends on what his glory is. If what the self-seeking self would call glory, then I agree with you—that is not the God we need. But if his glory should be just the opposite—the perfect giving of himself away—then—(of course I know nothing about it. My uncle used to say things like that.)"

He did not reply, and we went on with our work. Neither of the ladies came near us again that day.

Before the end of the week, the library was in tolerable order to the eye, though it could not be perfectly arranged until the commencement of a catalogue should be as the dawn of a consciousness in the half-restored mass.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A STORM.

So many books of rarity and value had revealed themselves, that it was not difficult to make Sir Giles comprehend in some degree the importance of such a possession: he had grown more and more interested as the work went on; and even Lady Brotherton, although she much desired to have at least the oldest and most valuable of the books rebound in

red morocco first, was so far satisfied with what she was told concerning the worth of the library, that she determined to invite some of the neighbours to dinner, for the sake of showing it. The main access to it was to be by the armoury; and she had that side of the gallery round the hall which led thither, covered with a thick carpet.

Meantime Charley had looked over all the papers in my chest, but beyond what I have already stated, no fact of special interest had been brought to light.

In sending an invitation to Charley, Lady Brotherton could hardly avoid sending me one as well: I doubt whether I should otherwise have been allowed to enjoy the admiration bestowed on the result of my labours.

The dinner was formal and dreary enough: the geniality of one of the heads of a household is seldom sufficient to give character to an entertainment.

"They tell me you are a buyer of books, Mr. Alderforge," said Mr. Mollet to the clergyman of a neighbouring parish, as we sat over our wine.

"Quite a mistake," returned Mr. Alderforge. "I am a reader of books."

"That of course! But you buy them first—don't you?"

"Not always. I sometimes borrow them."

"That I never do. If a book is worth borrowing, it is worth buying."

"Perhaps—if you can afford it. But many books that book-buyers value, I count worthless—for all their wide margins and uncut leaves."

"Will you come and have a look at Sir Giles's library," I ventured to say.

"I never heard of a library at Moldwarp Hall, Sir Giles," said Mr. Mollet.

"I am given to understand there is a very valuable one," said Mr. Alderforge. "I shall be glad to accompany you, sir," he added, turning to me, "—if Sir Giles will allow us."

"You cannot have a better guide than Mr. Cumberland," said Sir Giles. "I am indebted to him almost for the discovery—altogether for the restoration of the library."

"Assisted by Miss Brotherton and her friends, Sir Giles," I said.

"A son of Mr. Cumberland, of Lowdon Farm, I presume?" said Alderforge, bowing interrogatively.

"A nephew," I answered.

"He was a most worthy man.—By the way, Sir Giles, your young friend here must be a distant connection of your own. I found in some book or other lately, I forget where at the moment, that there were Cumbermedes at one time in Moldwarp Hall."

"Yes—about two hundred years ago, I believe. It passed to our branch of the family some time during the troubles of the seventeenth century—I hardly know how—I am not much of an historian."

I thought of my precious volume, and the name of the title-page. That book might have once been in the library of Moldwarp Hall. If so, how had it strayed into my possession—alone, yet more to me than all that was left behind?

We betook ourselves to the library. The visitors expressed themselves astonished at its extent, and the wealth which even a glance revealed—for I took care to guide their notice to its richest veins.

"When it is once arranged," I said, "I fancy there will be few private libraries to stand a comparison with it—I am thinking of old English literature, and old editions: there is not a single volume of the present century in it, so far as I know."

I had had a few old sconces fixed here and there, but as yet there were no means of really lighting the rooms. Hence, when a great flash of lightning broke from a cloud that hung over the park right in front of the windows, it flooded them with a dazzling splendour. I went to find Charley, for the library was the best place to see the lightning from.

As I entered the drawing-room, a tremendous peal of thunder burst over the house, causing so much consternation amongst the ladies, that, for the sake of company, they all followed to the library. Clara seemed more frightened than any. Mary was perfectly calm. Charley was much excited. The storm grew in violence. We saw the lightning strike a tree which stood alone a few hundred yards from the house. When the next flash came, half of one side seemed torn away. The wind rose, first in fierce gusts, then into a tempest, and the rain poured in torrents.

"None of you can go home to-night, ladies," said Sir Giles. "You must make up your minds to stop where you are. Few horses would face such a storm as that."

"It would be to tax your hospitality too grievously, Sir Giles," said Mr. Alderforge. "I daresay it will clear up by and by, or at least moderate sufficiently to let us get home."

"I don't think there's much chance of that," returned Sir Giles. "The barometer has been steadily falling for the last three days. My dear, you had better give your orders at once."

"You had better stop, Charley," I said.

"I won't if you go," he returned.

Clara was beside.

"You must not think of going," she said.

Whether she spoke to him or me, I did not know, but as Charley made no answer—

"I cannot stop without being asked," I said, "and it is not likely any one will take the trouble to ask me."

The storm increased. At the request of the ladies, the gentlemen left the library and accompanied them to the drawing-room for tea. Our hostess asked Clara to sing, but she was too frightened to comply.

"You will sing, Mary, if Lady Brotherton asks you, I know," said Mrs. Osborne.

"Do, my dear," said Lady Brotherton; and Mary at once complied.

I had never heard her sing, and did not expect much. But although she had little execution, there was, I found, a wonderful charm both in her voice and the simplicity of her mode. I did not feel this at first, nor could I tell when the song began to lay hold upon me, but when it ceased, I found that I had been listening intently. I have often since tried to recall it, but as yet it has eluded all my efforts. I still cherish the hope that it may return some night in a dream, or in some waking moment of quiescent thought, when what we call the brain works, as it were, of itself, and the spirit allows it play.

The close was lost in a louder peal of thunder than had yet burst. Charley and I went again to the library to look out on the night. It was dark as pitch, except when the lightning broke and revealed everything for one intense moment.

"I think sometimes," said Charley, "that death will be like one of those flashes, revealing everything in hideous fact—for just one moment and no more."

"How for one moment and no more, Charley?" I asked.

"Because the sight of the truth concerning itself must kill the soul, if there be one, with disgust at its own vileness, and the miserable contrast between its aspirations and attainments, its pretences and its efforts. At least, that would be the death fit for a life like mine—a death of disgust at itself. We claim immortality; we cringe and cower with the fear that immortality may not be the destiny of man; and yet we—do things unworthy not merely of immortality, but unworthy of the butterfly existence of a single day in such a world as this sometimes seems to be. Just think how I stabbed at my sister's faith this morning—careless of making her as miserable as myself! Because my father has put into her mind his fancies, and I hate them, I wound again the heart which they wound, and which cannot help their presence!"

"But the heart that can be sorry for an action is far above the action, just as her heart is better than the notions that haunt it!"

"Sometimes I hope so. But action determines character. And it is all such a muddle! I don't care much about what they call immortality. I doubt if it is worth the having. I would a thousand times rather have one day of conscious purity of heart and mind and soul and body, than an eternity of such life as I have now.—What am I saying?" he added, with a despairing laugh. "It is a fool's comparison; for an eternity of the former would be bliss—one moment of the latter is misery."

I could but admire and pity my poor friend both at once.

Miss Pease had entered unheard.

"Mr. Cumberland," she said, "I have been looking for you to show you your room. It is not the one I should like to have got for you, but Mrs. Wilson says you have occupied it before, and I daresay you will find it comfortable enough."

"Thank you, Miss Pease. I am sorry you should have taken the trouble. I can go home well enough. I am not afraid of a little rain."

"A little rain!" said Charley, trying to speak lightly.

"Well, any amount of rain," I said.

"But the lightning!"—expostulated Miss Pease, in a timid voice.

"I am something of a fatalist, Miss Pease," I said. "Every bullet has its billet; you know. Beside, if I had a choice, I think I would rather die by lightning than any other way."

"Don't talk like that, Mr. Cumberland. Oh! what a flash!"

"I was not speaking irreverently, I assure you," I replied. "I think I had better set out at once, for there seems no chance of its clearing."

"I am sure Sir Giles would be distressed if you did."

"He will never know, and I dislike giving trouble."

"The room is ready. I will show you where it is, that you may go when you like."

"If Mrs. Wilson says it is a room I have occupied before, I know the way quite well."

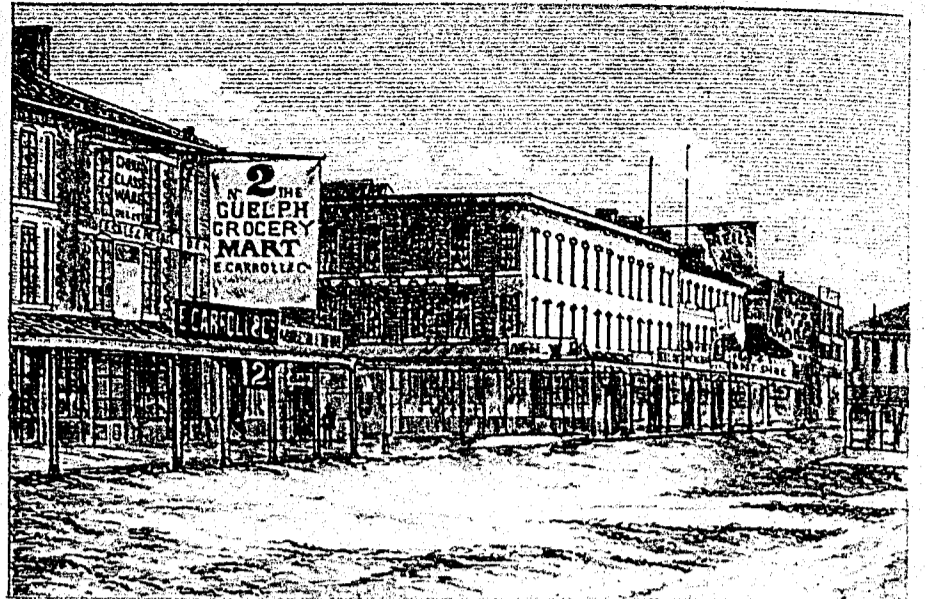
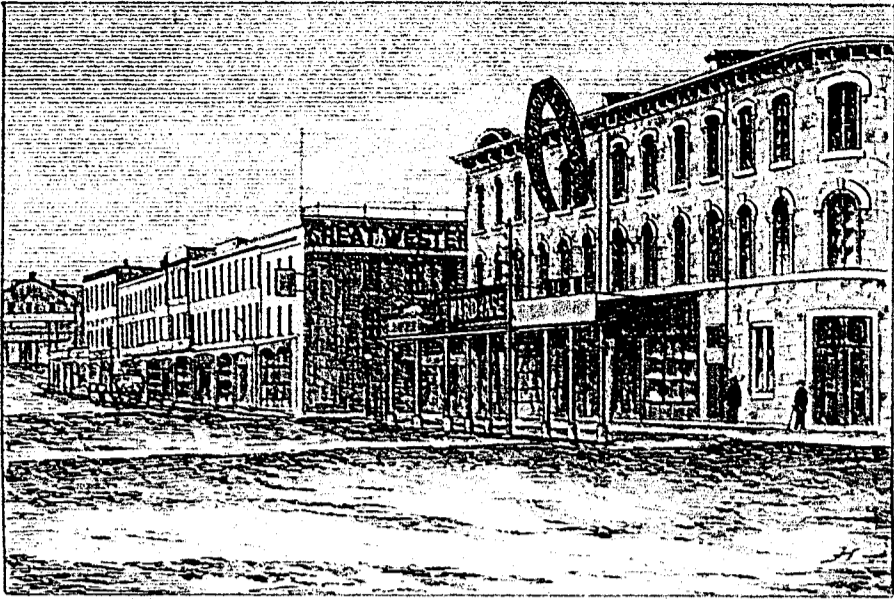
"There are two ways to it," she said. "But of course one of them is enough," she added, with a smile. "Mr. Osborne, your room is in another part quite."

"I know where my sister's room is," said Charley. "Is it anywhere near hers?"

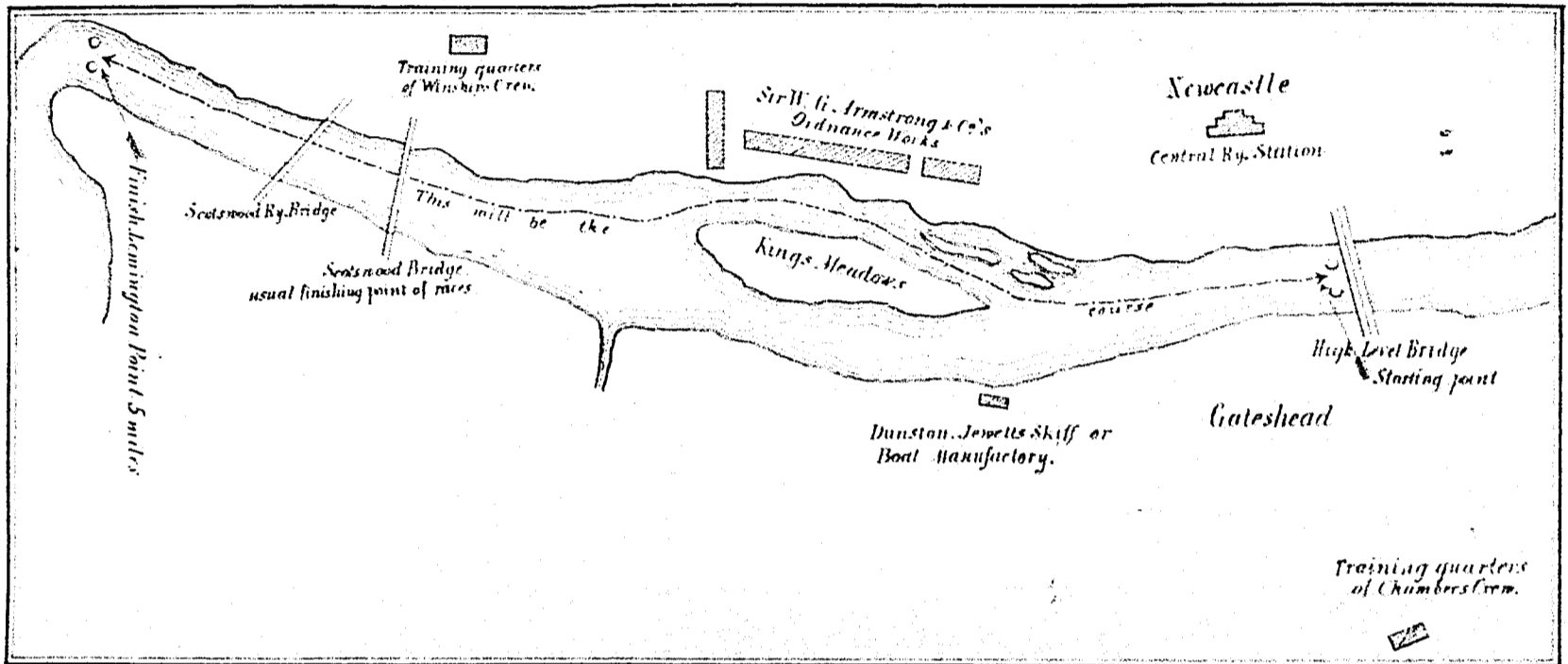
"That is the room you are to have. Miss Osborne is to be with your mamma, I think. There is plenty of accommodation, only the notice was short."

I began to button my coat.

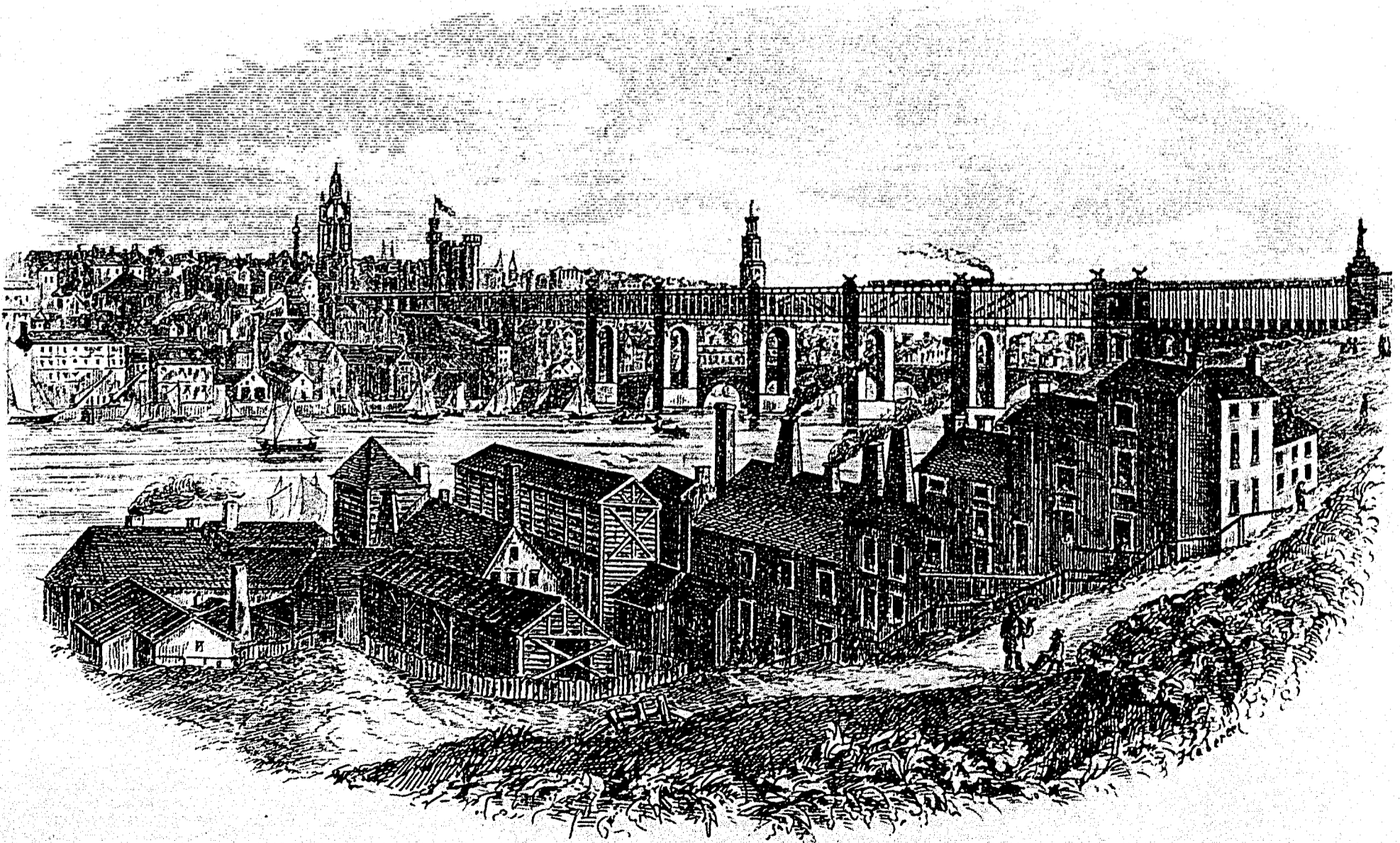
"Don't go, Wilfrid," said Charley. "You



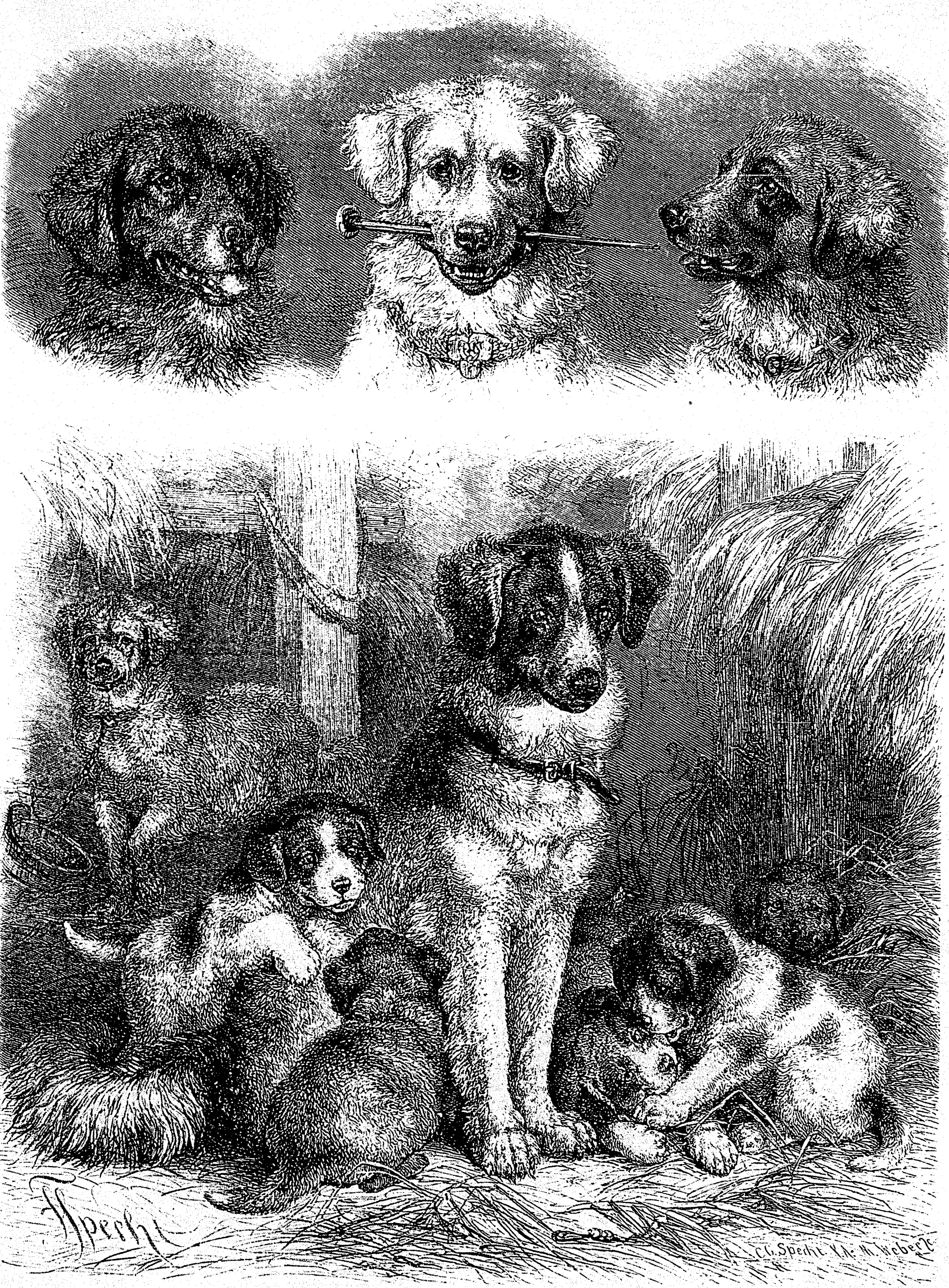
VIEWS IN GUELPH, ONT.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. MARSHALL.—SEE PAGE 339.



PLAN OF THE RACE COURSE, RIVER TYNE, ENGLAND.



HIGH LEVEL BRIDGE, NEWCASTLE ON TYNE, STARTING POINT OF THE GREAT FOUR-OARED RACE ON 22ND NOV.—FROM A DRAWING BY ROBT. EADIE, C.E.—SEE PAGE 339.



BOEBLINGER HOUNDS

might give offence. Besides, you will have the advantage of getting to work as early as you please in the morning."

"It was late, and I was tired—consequently less inclined than usual to encounter a storm, for in general I enjoyed being in any commotion of the elements. Also, I felt I should like to pass another night in that room, and have, besides, the opportunity of once more examining at my leisure the gap in the tapestry."

"Will you meet me early in the library, Charley?" I said.

"Yes—to be sure I will—as early as you like."

"Let us go to the drawing-room, then."

"Why should you, if you are tired, and want to go to bed?"

"Because Lady Brotherton will not like my being included in the invitation. She will think it absurd of me not to go home."

"There is no occasion to go near her then."

"I do not choose to sleep in the house without knowing that she knows it."

We went. I made my way to Lady Brotherton. Clara was standing near her.

"I am much obliged by your hospitality, Lady Brotherton," I said. "It is rather a rough night to encounter in evening dress."

She bowed.

"The distance is not great, however," I said, "and perhaps—"

"Out of the question!" said Sir Giles, who came up at the moment.

"Will you see, then, Sir Giles, that a room is prepared for your guest?" she said.

"I trust that is unnecessary," he replied.

"I gave orders." But as he spoke he went towards the bell.

"It is all arranged, I believe, Sir Giles," I said. "Mrs. Wilson has already informed me which is my room. Good night, Sir Giles."

He shook hands with me kindly. I bowed to Lady Brotherton, and retired.

It may seem foolish to record such mere froth of conversation, but I want my reader to understand how a part at least of the family of Moldwarp Hall regarded me.

CHAPTER XL.

A DREAM.

My room looked dreary enough. There was no fire, and the loss of the patch of tapestry from the wall gave the whole an air of dilapidation. The wind howled fearfully in the chimney and about the door on the roof, and the rain came down on the leads like the distant trampling of many horses. But I was not in an imaginative mood. Charley was again my trouble. I could not bear him to be so miserable. Why was I not as miserable as he, I asked myself. Perhaps I ought to be, for although certainly I hoped more, I could not say I believed more than he. I wished more than ever that I did believe, for then I should be able to help him—I was sure of that; but I saw no possible way of arriving at belief. Where was the proof? Where even the hope of a growing probability?

With these thoughts drifting about in my brain, like wails which the tide will not let go, I was poring over the mutilated forms of the tapestry round the denuded door, with an expectation, almost a conviction, that I should find the fragment still hanging on the wall of the kitchen at the Moat the very piece wanted to complete the broken figures. When I had them well fixed in my memory, I went to bed, and lay pondering over the several broken links which indicated some former connection between the Moat and the Hall, until I fell asleep, and began to dream strange wild dreams, of which the following was the last.

I was in a great palace, wandering hither and thither, and meeting no one. A weight of silence brooded in the place. From hall to hall I went, along corridor and gallery, and up and down endless stairs. I knew that in some room near me was one whose name was Athanasia—a maiden, I thought in my dream, whom I had known and loved for years, but had lately lost—I knew not how. Somewhere here she was, if only I could find her. From room to room I went seeking her. Every room I entered bore some proof that she had just been there—but there she was not. In one lay a veil, in another a handkerchief, in a third a glove; and all were scented with a strange entrancing odour, which I had never known before, but which in certain moods I can to this day imperfectly recall. I followed and followed until hope failed me utterly, and I sat down and wept. But while I wept, hope dawned afresh, and I rose and again followed the quest, until I found myself in a little chapel like that of Moldwarp Hall. It was filled with the sound of an organ, distance-faint, and the thin music was the same as the odour of the handkerchief which I carried in my bosom. I tried to follow the sound, but the chapel grew and grew as I wandered, and I came no nearer to its source. At last the altar rose before me on my left, and through the bowed end of the aisle I passed behind it into the lady-chapel. There against the outer wall stood a dusky ill-defined shape. Its head rose above the sill of the eastern window, and I saw it against the rising

moon. But that and the whole figure were covered with a thick drapery: I could see nothing of the face, and distinguish little of the form.

"What art thou?" I asked, trembling.

"I am Death—dost thou not know me?" answered the figure, in a sweet, though worn and weary voice. "Thou hast been following me all thy life, and hast followed me hither."

Then I saw through the lower folds of the cloudy garment, which grew thin and gauze-like as I gazed, a huge iron door, with folding leaves, and a great iron bar across them.

"Art thou at thy own door?" I asked.

"Surely thy house cannot open under the eastern window of the church?"

"Follow and see," answered the figure.

Turning, it drew back the bolt, threw wide the portals, and low-stooping entered. I followed, not in the moonlit night, but through a cavernous opening into darkness. If my Athanasia were down with Death, I would go with Death, that I might at least end with her. Down and down I followed the veiled figure, down flight after flight of stony stairs, through passages like those of the catacombs, and again down steep straight stairs. At length it stopped at another gate, and with beating heart I heard what I took for bony fingers fumbling with a chain and a bolt. But ere the fastenings had yielded, once more I heard the sweet odour-like music of the distant organ. The same moment the door opened, but I could see nothing for some time for the mighty inburst of a lovely light. A fair river, brimming full, its little waves flashing in the sun and wind, washed the threshold of the door, and over its surface, hither and thither, sped the white sails of shining boats, while from somewhere, clear now, but still afar, came the sound of a great organ psalm. Beyond the river, the sun was rising—over blue summer hills that melted into blue summer sky. On the threshold stood my guide, bending towards me, as if waiting for me to pass out also. I lifted my eyes: the veil had fallen—it was my lost Athanasia! Not one beam touched her face, for her back was to the sun, yet her face was radiant. Trembling, I would have knelt at her feet, but she stepped out upon the flowing river, and with the sweetest of sad smiles, drew the door to, and left me alone in the dark hollow of the earth. I broke into a convulsive weeping, and awoke.

CHAPTER XLI.

A WAKING.

I suppose I awoke tossing in my misery, for my hand fell upon something cold. I started up and tried to see. The light of a clear morning of late autumn had stolen into the room while I slept, and glimmered on something that lay upon the bed. It was some time before I could believe that my troubled eyes were not the sport of one of those odd illusions that come of mingled sleep and waking. But by the golden hilt and rusted blade I was at length convinced, although the scabbard was gone, that I saw my own sword. It lay by my left side, with the hilt towards my hand. But the moment I turned a little to take it in my right hand, I forgot all about it in a far more bewildering discovery, which fixed me staring half in amazement, so that again for a moment I disbelieved in my waking condition. On the other pillow lay the face of a lovely girl. I felt as if I had seen it before—whether only in the just vanished dream, I could not tell. But the maiden of my dream never comes back to me with any other features or with any other expression than those which I now beheld. There was an ineffable mingling of love and sorrow on the sweet countenance. The girl was dead asleep, but evidently dreaming, for tears were flowing from under her closed lids. For a time I was unable even to think; when thought returned, I was afraid to move. All at once the face of Mary Osborne dawned out of the vision before me—how different, how glorified from its waking condition! It was perfectly lovely—transfigured by the unchecked outflow of feeling. The recognition brought me to my senses at once. I did not waste a single thought in speculating how the mistake had occurred, for there was not a moment to be lost. I must be wise to shield her, and chiefly, as much as might be, from the miserable confusion which her own discovery of the untoward fact would occasion her. At first I thought it would be best to lie perfectly still, in order that she, at length awaking and discovering where she was, but finding me fast asleep, might escape with the conviction that the whole occurrence remained her own secret. I made the attempt, but I need hardly say that never before or since have I found myself in a situation half so perplexing; and in a few moments I was seized with such a trembling that I was compelled to turn my thoughts to the only other possible plan. As I reflected, the absolute necessity of attempting it became more and more apparent. In the first place, when she woke and saw me, she might scream and be heard; in the next, she might be seen as she left the room, or, unable to find her way, might be involved in great consequent embarrassment. But, if

I could gather all my belongings, and without awaking her, escape by the stair to the roof, she would be left to suppose that she had but mistaken her chamber, and would, I hoped, remain in ignorance that she had not passed the night in it alone. I dared one more peep into her face. The light and the loveliness of her dream had passed; I should not now have had to look twice to know that it was Mary Osborne; but never more could I see in hers a common face. She was still fast asleep, and, stealthily as a beast of prey, I began to make my escape. At the first movement, however, my perplexity was redoubled, for again my hand fell on the sword which I had forgotten, and question after question as to how they were together, and together there, darted through my bewildered brain. Could a third person have come and laid the sword between us? I had no time, however, to answer one of my own questions. Hardly knowing which was better, or if there was a better, I concluded to take the weapon with me, moved in part by the fact that I had found it where I had lost it, but influenced far more by its associations with this night of marvel.

Having gathered my garments together, and twice glanced around me—once to see that I left nothing behind, and once to take farewell of the peaceful face, which had never moved, I opened the little door in the wall, and made my strange retreat up the stair. My heart was beating so violently from the fear of her waking, that when the door was drawn to behind me, I had to stand for what seemed minutes before I was able to ascend the steep stair, and step from its darkness into the clear frosty shine of the autumn sun, brilliant upon the leads wet with the torrents of the preceding night.

I found a sheltered spot by the chimney-stack, where no one could see me from below, and proceeded to dress myself—assisted in my very imperfect toilet by the welcome discovery of a pool of rain in a depression of the lead-covered roof. But alas, before I had finished, I found that I had brought only one of my shoes away with me! This settled the question I was the moment debating—whether, namely, it would be better to go home, or to find some way of reaching the library. I put my remaining shoe in my pocket, and set out to discover a descent. It would have been easy to get down into the little gallery, but it communicated on both sides immediately with bed-rooms, which for anything I knew might be occupied; and besides was unwilling to enter the house for fear of encountering some of the domestics. But I knew more of the place now, and had often speculated concerning the odd position and construction of an outside stair in the first court, close to the chapel, with its landing at the door of a room *en suite* with those of Sir Giles and Lady Brotherton. It was for a man an easy drop to this landing; quiet as a cat, I crept over the roof, let myself down, crossed the court swiftly, drew back the bolt which alone secured the wicket, and, with no greater mishap than the unavoidable wetting of shoeless feet, was soon safe in my own room, exchanging my evening for a morning dress. When I looked at my watch, I found it nearly seven o'clock.

I was so excited and bewildered by the adventures I had gone through, that, from very commonness, all the things about me looked alien and strange. I had no feeling of relation to the world of ordinary life. The first thing I did was to hang my sword in its own place, and the next to take down the bit of tapestry from the opposite wall, which I proceeded to examine in the light of my recollection of that round the denuded door. Room was left for not even a single doubt as to the relation between this and that: they had been wrought in one and the same piece by fair fingers of some long vanished time.

(To be continued.)

The following curious catalogue of Dickens' works is worth preservation:

"Oliver Twist," who had some very "Hard Times" in the "Battle of Life," and having been saved from "The Wreck of the Golden Mary" by "Our Mutual Friend," "Nicholas Nickleby," had just finished reading "A Tale of the Two Cities" to "Martin Chuzzlewit," during which time "The Cricket on the Hearth" had been chirping right merrily, while "The Chimes" from the adjacent church were heard, when "Seven Poor Travellers" commenced singing a "Christmas Carol;" "Barnaby Rudge" then arrived from "The Old Curiosity Shop" with some "Pictures from Italy" and "Sketches by Boz" to show "Little Dorrit," who was busy with the "Pickwick Papers," when "David Copperfield," who had been taking "American Notes," entered and informed the company that the "Great Expectations" of "Dombey & Son" regarding "Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy" had not been realized, and that he had seen "Boots at the Holly Tree Inn" taking "Somebody's Luggage" to "Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings" in a street that has "No Thoroughfare" opposite "Bleak House," where "The Haunted Man," who had just given one of "Dr. M. Rigold's Prescriptions" to an "Uncommercial Traveller," was brooding over "The Mystery of Edwin Drood."

How a WESTERN EDITOR GETS OUT OF A SCRAP.—The editor of the *Lacrosse Democrat* had some prairie chickens sent him the other day, and thankfully acknowledged the same, forgetting that the chickens had been shot in violation of the game law. Next day he says they were fish, and blames the compositor for the mistake. He adds: The error was more mortifying to us because the law preventing the having in our possession of prairie chickens was yet in force, and it might lead ignorant parties to suppose that we had violated the law, and set at defiance the State of Wisconsin, and all the law-abiding people thereof. We knew they were fish all the time, and told the girl when she was picking off the feathers they were fish. The wish-bone was a regular cat-fish wish-bone, and the feet—but why multiply words, anybody would know they were not chickens.

The last joke at the expense of the French Society for the Protection of Animals is to the following effect:—A countryman, armed with an immense club, presents himself before the president of the society and claims the first prize. He is asked to describe the act of humanity on which he founds his claim. "I saved the life of a wolf," replied the countryman. "I might easily have killed him with this bludgeon," and he swings his weapon in the air, to the intense discomfiture of the president. "But where was the wolf?" inquired the latter; "what had he done to you?" "He had just devoured my wife," is the reply. The president reflects an instant and then says:—"My friend, I am of the opinion that you have been sufficiently rewarded."

Edward Carter, Esq., Q. C., has been elected by acclamation to represent the county of Brone, in the place of the Hon. Mr. Dunkin, elevated to the Bench.

Rev. Mr. Myers, of this city, has organised a subscription for the relief of the famine-stricken population in Persia. The famine is most severely felt in Shiraz.

The North-West expedition arrived at Fort Garry on Saturday last, and made the journey without a single accident. Telegraphic communication is established with Fort Garry.

Next to busy bees, bootblacks furnish the brightest example of improving the "shining hour."

An Indiana editor says: "We leave to-morrow for the county hog show and hope to take the first prize."

The latest euphuism for red hair is Canandaigua colour; Canandaigua being, as every New York traveller knows, a little beyond Auburn.

A music dealer in an Eastern town announces in his window a sentimental song, "Thou Hast Loved Me and Left Me for twenty-five cents."

Henry Ward Beecher says that the most gratifying circumstance in his life was being kissed by Kossuth. A contemporary asks: "Isn't this a little hard on poor Mrs. Beecher?"

An Irish doctor advertises that all persons afflicted with deafness may hear of him in a house in Dildy Street, where also blind persons may see him daily from three till ten o'clock.

A San Francisco journal says: As a rule, it is not a good plan to visit the house of a recently married lady to collect money loaned her while you were courting her yourself. We have reason to believe that we are supported in this opinion by Mr. Edward Kelly, of this city; but as Mr. Kelly is at the hospital, suffering from five gashes with a bowie-knife, we have fore-borne to personally consult him.

NOTICE.

I have received Mr. W. G. STETHAM as a Partner in my business; the Partnership to date from 1st April, 1871, and all liabilities and assets on and since that date will be those of the new firm.

CHAS. T. PALSGRAVE.

Montreal Type Foundry, Palsgrave & Stetham, Proprietors, will continue the business in the old premises.

4-22-b

PALSGRAVE & STETHAM.

INTERCOLONIAL COAL MINING COY.

G. A. DREMMOND, President.
H. A. BODDEN, Vice President.

Have on hand and for Sale—
GRATE, STEAM, AND SLACK COAL.

For full information as to Prices, &c., apply at the Company's Office.

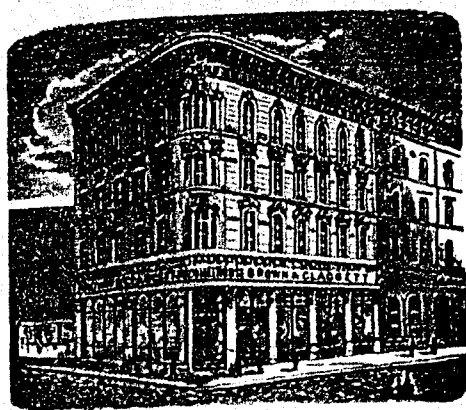
53, FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET,
H. MCKAY,
Secretary.

3-11-1m

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT,
OTTAWA, 10th Nov., 1871.

Authorized discount on American Invoices until further notice: 10 per cent.

R. S. M. BOUCHETTE,
Commissioner of Customs.



THE STOCK at the RECOLLET HOUSE is now complete in all the departments, embracing the latest novelties in

SHAWLS, MANTLES, DRESS GOODS & SILKS, VELVETS & POPLINS, MOURNING AND MARRIAGE OUTFITS Complete at the Shortest Notice.

BROWN & CLAGGETT, CORNER NOTRE DAME & ST. HELEN STREETS, 4-18 tf

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

IN THE MATTER OF JOHN CHAMARD, Grain Merchant, of Montreal, Insolvent

The Insolvent has made an assignment of his estate and effects to me, and the Creditors are notified to meet at the COURT HOUSE in the Room adapted for matters regarding Insolvency, in Montreal, on MONDAY, the TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY of NOVEMBER Instant, at 11 A.M., to receive statements of his affairs and to appoint an Assignee.

L. JOS. LAJOIE, Interim Assignee, Montreal, 7th November, 1871. 4-21 b

THE Canadian Illustrated News PORTFOLIO. (FOR 1872.)

Which is about to be largely circulated both on the American Continent and in Great Britain, will contain an ILLUSTRATED DOMINION GUIDE Descriptive of Canada, its Cities, Public Works, and Scenery, its Industries, Resources, and Commerce, and also a GUIDE to the Principal Cities, Watering Places, and Tourists' Resorts of Great Britain, together with the Weekly Current Numbers of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

This PORTFOLIO, of substantial and elegant character, will be placed before the Subscribers to that Periodical on the American Continent, in the Reading-Rooms of Hotels in the Principal Cities of America, Canada, and Great Britain; on the Pullman's Drawing-Room Railway Cars, and the Steamboats throughout the Dominion of Canada.

It will also be placed in the Saloons of the Ocean Steamers on the Allan Line, the Cunard Line, the Inman Line, the White Star Line, the Guion Line, and the Anchor Line running to Liverpool and Glasgow, and will be found at the Principal Hotels, Watering-Places, and Public Libraries of Great Britain.

Each page will be divided lengthwise into three sections, the central one being occupied by the DESCRIPTIVE AND ILLUSTRATED GUIDE, and the sides arranged in squares of Ten Superficial inches for Advertisements. The charge for each square will be \$25 for one year, payable on demand after publication of the Work.

Advertisers will secure a large amount of publicity, as each advertisement will be kept before the eyes of the really wealthy American, Canadian and British Travelling Public for a period of twelve Months. Advertisements must be sent in not later than Nov. 15th if illustrated, or Dec. 1st if in plain type, as the work will be issued early in January. For spaces apply to

GEO. E. DESBARATS, Proprietor, Office of the Canadian Illustrated News, Montreal, Canada. 4-18 tf

TO CHEMISTS & DRUGGISTS, WINE & SPIRIT MERCHANTS, MEDICAL, PERFUME, AND LIQUOR LABELS.

Is now very complete, GREAT VARIETY, BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS, and all at very moderate prices. Liberal Discount to large dealers. Orders can be promptly sent by Parcel Post to all parts of the Dominion.

LEGGO & CO., LITHOGRAPHERS, & CO., 819 ST. ANTOINE STREET, AND 1 & 2 PLACE D'ARMES HILL, MONTREAL. 4-16-17

THE DOMINION TELEGRAPH INSTITUTE, 89 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL, P.Q. GEORGE E. DESBARATS, Proprietor.

Established for the purpose of qualifying Operators for the new Telegraph Lines now building throughout the Dominion and the United States.

This Institution having been established three years, may now be considered a permanent College. Its rapid growth and prosperity are due to the demands of the Telegraph community, and the great success which has attended the Proprietor is due simply to the able manner in which the system has been conveyed to the Pupils by the Professors attached to the Institute.

The rapid development and usefulness of the Electric Telegraph, and the consequent ever-increasing demand for First-Class Operators renders the opening of Colleges for instruction a positive necessity. Telegraphic Superintendents view this movement as one made in the right direction. Commercial Colleges have, to some extent, assumed the responsibility of teaching in this, as well as in other branches of business education. The knowledge of Telegraphy gained in this manner has always been looked upon as being second rate. So much so that the Colleges in Chicago, Milwaukee, Buffalo, New York, &c., have discontinued the practice of Teaching, and recommend the Telegraph Institute as the proper place to acquire this highly interesting, scientific and profitable art.

The prospects for Young Men and Ladies to study the system of Telegraphy could not be better than at present, and we call upon all who wish to engage in a pleasant and lucrative employment to qualify themselves as Operators on the Lines of Telegraphy. Graduates on leaving the Institute are presented with a diploma of proficiency, which will enable them to act immediately as vacancies occur throughout the Dominion of Canada and the United States. At first salaries of \$25 a month may be secured; after two years' experience on the lines, from \$30 to \$50 a month can be commanded, while in the United States from \$40 to \$120 per month are paid.

The possession of a knowledge of Telegraphy is especially open to Ladies; in fact they are the favorite operators both in England and America, commanding higher wages, as compared with other employments, than men, while they have the natural facility of acquiring the system sooner. A fair knowledge of reading and writing are the only qualifications necessary, and any person of ordinary ability can become a competent operator. This has been proved by graduates who, with a very slight education and no idea of the mode of operating of Telegraphy on entering, have become good operators in a few months. Students have also an opportunity of learning rapid writing. Some of our students who could but hardly write their names now take down a message at the rate of from 25 to 30 words a minute.

THE DUTIES OF AN OPERATOR.

There is no trade or profession which requires so small an amount of labour, and at the same time so small an amount of capital, and at the same time so much independence, being at all times master of the instrument over which he presides, generally in an office by themselves, without either foreman or master, merely to take and despatch messages. The usual hours of attendance required is from 10 to 12 hours per day, less the usual hours for meals. Operators are not required to work on Sundays. The Institute is fitted up in a most complete and practical manner, with all the usual fixtures, &c., of a regular Telegraph office on a large scale. Messages of every description, Train news, arrivals and departures, Market Reports and Cable messages are sent and received, as daily practiced on the lines. Individual instruction is given to each pupil, according to his capacity of learning the science. Neither pains nor expense are spared to qualify the students for important offices, in the shortest possible time. Students may commence their studies at any time, and continue at the College until they are proficient operators, without any further charge. There are no vacations. Hours of attendance, from 9 A.M. to noon, and from 1:30 to 6 P.M. The time occupied in learning averages fifteen weeks; but this, of course, depends principally on the capacity of the pupil for instruction. Some pupils who are now on the lines completed their course of study in from five to eight weeks.

The terms for the full course of instruction is Thirty Dollars. There are no extra expenses, as all necessary materials, instruments, &c., are furnished to each student.

A line has been constructed on which students of this Institute will have actual practice, when sufficiently advanced. In case of a broken communication, the repairs will be conducted by a Professor of Telegraphy, under the eyes of the students; so that a really practical knowledge may be attained in every branch of the Science of Telegraphic Communication.

GEORGE E. DESBARATS, Proprietor, Montreal, June, 1871.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

IN THE MATTER OF J. B. GENDRON, Trader and Butcher, of Montreal, Insolvent.

The Insolvent has made an assignment of his estate and effects to me, and the Creditors are notified to meet at the COURT HOUSE in the Room adapted for matters regarding Insolvency, in the City of Montreal, on MONDAY, the TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY of NOVEMBER Inst., at THREE o'clock P.M., to receive statements of his affairs and to appoint an Assignee.

L. JOS. LAJOIE, Interim Assignee, Montreal, 7th November, 1871. 4-21 b

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

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

TRAVELLERS' DIRECTORY.

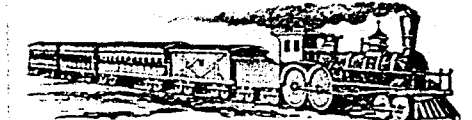
We can confidently recommend all the Houses mentioned in the following List.

- HAMILTON. ROYAL HOTEL..... H. E. IRVING. MONTREAL. ST. LAWRENCE HALL..... H. HOGAN. ST. JAMES HOTEL..... ST. JOHN, N. B., VICTORIA HOTEL..... J. T. CREIGAN. TORONTO. THE ROSSIN HOUSE..... G. P. SHEARM, Lessee and Manager. THE QUEEN'S HOTEL..... CAPT. THOR. DICK.

INDIGESTION.

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION of Great Britain adopt MORSON'S PREPARATION OF PEPSINE

as the True Remedy. Sold in Bottles and Boxes from 2s. 6d. by all Chemists, and the Manufacturers. THOMAS MORSON & SON, 124, Southampton-row, W. C., London. See name on Label. 4-15 tfv



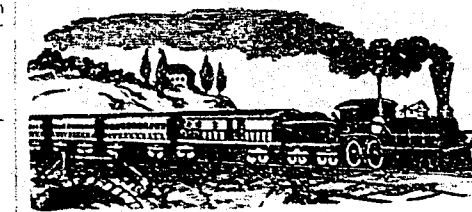
GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY NEXT, the 30th instant, Trains will leave Montreal as follows:--

- Accommodation Train for Island Pond and intermediate stations at 7.00 a. m. Day Mail Train for Island Pond and intermediate stations, at 2.00 p. m. Night Mail Train for Quebec, Island Pond, Portland, and Boston, at 10.30 p. m. Express for Boston via Vermont Central, at 9.00 a. m. Mail Train for St. John and Rouse's Point, connecting with trains on the Stantead, Shefford and Chambly, and South Eastern Counties Junction Railways, and with Steamboats on Lake Champlain, at 3.00 p. m. Express train for Boston, New York, &c., via Vermont Central, at 3.30 p. m. Day Express for Toronto and intermediate stations, at 8.00 a. m. Night Express do., do., at 8.00 p. m. Local Train for Brockville and intermediate stations, at 4.00 p. m. Accommodation train for Kingston and intermediate stations, at 6.00 a. m.

Pullman's Palace Parlour and Sleeping Cars on all day and night trains. Baggage checked through. C. J. BRYDGES, Managing Director. Montreal, October 25. 3-24-11



The St. Lawrence & Ottawa Railway Co.

FROM PRESCOTT TO THE CAPITAL. The Shortest and Best Route from Montreal and all parts east to Ottawa. ASK FOR TICKETS BY PRESCOTT JUNCTION.

Winter Arrangement, 1871-72.

On and after MONDAY the 30th OCTOBER, inst., four Passenger Trains will run daily on this Line, making CERTAIN CONNECTIONS with those on the GRAND TRUNK, the VERMONT CENTRAL, and the ROME and WATERTOWN RAILWAYS, for all points East, West, and South. COMFORTABLE SOFA CARS.

On the Train connecting with the Grand Trunk Night Express by which Passengers leaving Montreal in the Evening will reach Ottawa at 6.15 the following morning. Charge for Berths 50 cents each.

CONNECTION WITH THE GRAND TRUNK TRAINS AT PRESCOTT JUNCTION CERTAIN, AS THIS COMPANY'S TRAINS WAIT THEIR ARRIVAL WHEN LATE.

THOS. REYNOLDS, Managing Director. R. LUTTRELL, Superintendent, Prescott, Ottawa, 26th Oct., 1871. 4-44-1

MONTREAL BUSINESS HOUSES.

CITY AUCTION MART.

DUFOR, FISHER & CO., Auctioneers, 23 St. James Street, Montreal. 4-21-1

DANCING AND DEPARTMENT.

A. A. McDONALD, 539 CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL, P.Q. 4-18 m

MEAT AND PORK BUTCHERS.

MEAT DEPARTMENT--W. S. BROWN, PORK DEPARTMENT--A. REINHOLD, 98, St. CATHERINE STREET WEST, Opposite English Cathedral. 4-14m

DYERS AND SCOURERS.

FIRST PRIZE Diplomas awarded to T. PARKER, 44, St. Joseph Street, near McGill, Montreal. 3-6zz

GLASS, OILS, VARNISHES, &c.

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

HABERDASHERS.

G. A. GAGNON, 300 Notre Dame Street. 2-26-11

HATTERS AND FURRIERS.

JOHN HENDERSON & CO., 283 Notre Dame Street. 2-23zz

HAVANA CIGAR DEPOT.

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

HOUSE FURNISHING HARDWARE.

SIGN OF THE GOLDEN PADLOCK.

THE SUBSCRIBER is Agent for the Combined Flat and Fluting Iron; the STEAM MOCHA COFFEE POT; the Celebrated SAPOLIO for Cleaning and Polishing; also for the AMERICAN BASE BURNER, the best HALL STOVE in the Market. L. J. A. SURVEYER, 524 CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL. 4-7tf

HOUSE AND LAND AGENTS.

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

INSURANCES.

THE Imperial, of London, (established 1803), Rintoul Bros., General Agents, 24, St. Sacrament Street, Montreal. 3-5-zz

MANUFACTURING STATIONERS.

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

MEROHANT TAILOR.

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

PHOTOGRAPHER.

O. DESMARAIS, Corner of CRAIG and St. LAWRENCE MAIN STREETS. All sizes of Photographs taken and neatly framed at reasonable prices. Particular attention paid to Copying. 4-6m

SHOW CARDS.

SEND for Catalogue of HICK'S NEW SHOW CARDS, 154, St. James Street, Montreal. 3-6zz

TURKISH BATH.

DR. MACBEAN'S IMPROVED TURKISH BATH, 140 St. Morique Street, near Crystal Palace, Montreal. Gentlemen's hours (with the exception of Monday morning) 6 to 9 a.m. and 3 to 9 p.m. 4-6zz

WATCHMAKERS & JEWELLERS.

L. LULHAM BROS., DIAMOND and ETUSCAN Jewellers, 6, PLACE D'ARMES, next the Canadian Illustrated News. 3-10-zz

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

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

AN ARTIST of good judgment and taste,

accustomed to touching up photographic negatives and prints, would find constant employment at this office. Canadian Illustrated News Printing Works, 319 St. Antoine Street, Montreal. 3-24-11

"The Canadian Illustrated News,"

A WEEKLY JOURNAL of current events, Literature, Science and Art, Agriculture and Mechanics, Fashion and Amusement. Published every Saturday, at Montreal, Canada, by Geo. E. Desbarats.

Subscription, in advance, \$4.00 per an. Single Numbers, 10 cents. Postage: 5 cents per quarter, payable in advance by subscribers at their respective Post Offices.

CLUBS: Every Club of five subscribers sending a remittance of \$20, will be entitled to Six Copies for one year, mailed to one address. Montreal subscribers will be served by Carriers. Remittances by Post Office Order or Registered Letter at the risk of the Publisher. Advertisements received, to a limited number, at 15 cents per line, payable in advance.

251. ST. JAMES STREET,
Two doors West Ottawa Hotel.
MONTREAL, Nov. 19th, 1871.

To the Ladies and Gentlemen of Montreal:

THE UNDERSIGNED, impressed with the want in this city of a pleasant Refreshment Room where no liquors are sold and where palatable meals at reasonable rates may be had, has fitted up at above address two Oyster and Chop Dining Rooms. The rooms are neatly furnished and front immediately on St. James Street, the promenade of the City; polite attention will be given all comers, especially Ladies.

As the undersigned is the largest Importer and packer of Oysters in the Dominion, receiving fresh supplies daily, the quality of the Oysters can be particularly recommended. Dining Room opened from 8 A.M. to 11 P.M.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.
4-21 d **JOHN B. BUSS.**

D. NAGY,
360 & 207, NOTRE DAME STREET.
MONTREAL,
MANUFACTURER OF
LADIES' MISSES' and GENTS' FURS,
SLEIGH and WAGON ROBES, &c.

I have on hand a fine assortment of all the leading styles of Fur Goods, for Ladies' Wear, in Sable, Mink, Seal, Astrachan, etc., etc. Also, a great variety of Bear, Fox, Wolf, and other Robes, which I offer at the lowest price at which it is possible to produce First-Class Goods.

Highest market price paid for raw furs. 4-2nd

CANADA CENTRAL
—AND—
Brockville & Ottawa Railways.



GREAT BROAD GAUGE ROUTE TO OTTAWA.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, OCT. 30, 1871,

TRAINS WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:—
LEAVE BROCKVILLE.
Express at 7:30 A.M., arriving at Ottawa at 12:50 P.M., and at Sand Point at 1:30 P.M., connecting at Sand Point with Union Forwarding Company's Steamers.

LOCAL TRAIN at 1:40 P.M.
THROUGH OTTAWA EXPRESS at 3:5 P.M., connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express from the East and West, and arriving at Ottawa at 7:25 P.M., and at Sand Point at 8:15 P.M.

LEAVE OTTAWA.
THROUGH WESTERN EXPRESS at 10:00 A.M., arriving at Brockville at 1:50 P.M., and connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express going East and West.

MAIL TRAIN at 4:35 P.M.
ARRIVE AT SAND POINT
at 1:30 P.M., 7:35 P.M., and 8:15 P.M.

LEAVE SAND POINT
at 5:30 A.M., 9:10 A.M., and 3:45 P.M.
Trains on Canada Central and Perth Branch make certain connections with all Trains on B. and O. Railway.

Certain connections made with Grand Trunk trains, Mail Line, and Union Forwarding Company's Steamers.
MORNING EXPRESS leaves Sand Point at 10 A.M., after arrival of Steamer from Pembroke, Portage du Fort, &c.

Freight loaded with despatch. The B. & O. & C. Railways being of the same gauge as the Grand Trunk, car-loads will go through on Grand Trunk cars without transshipment.
H. ABBOTT,
Manager,
Brooklyn, 26th Sept., 1871. 4-15 tf

MRS. CUISKELLY, Head Midwife of the City of Montreal, licensed by the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Lower Canada. Has been in practice over fifteen years; can be consulted at all hours.
References are kindly permitted to George W. Campbell, Esq., Professor and Dean of McGill College University; Wm. Sutherland, Esq., M.D., Professor, &c., McGill College University.
Mrs. C. is always prepared to receive ladies where their wants will be tenderly cared for, and the best of Medical skill given.
All transactions strictly private.
RESIDENCE:—No. 315 St. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET. 4-6az

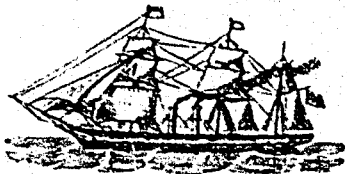
CADBURY'S CHOCOLATES & COCOAS.
These celebrated Chocolates and Cocons took the First Prize at the Exhibition, and are guaranteed the purest and finest imported. Their well-known delicious beverage
COCOA ESSENCE,
(Registered.)
Can be had at all Grocers. Try it.
E. LUSHER,
30 LINDSAY STREET.
Wholesale Agent for Canada. 4-16-m

G. E. MORTON & CO.,
Dealers in Books, Periodicals, and Special Proprietary Articles, Patent Medicines, &c. Attention given to the sale of Books and Serial Publications on commission.
We have on hand the *Canadian Illustrated News*, the *Illustration*, &c.
Address No. 195, HOLLIS STREET.
4-13 m **HALIFAX, N.S.**

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

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.,
319 ST. ANTOINE STREET,
AND
1 & 2 PLACE D'ARMES HILL, MONTREAL. 4-16-1f

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



ALLAN LINE.
Under contract with the Government of Canada for the Conveyance of

Canadian & United States Mails
1871.—Summer Arrangements.—1871.

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

Vessels	Tonnage	Commanders
POLYNESIAN	4,100	(Building.)
SARMATIAN	3,600	(Building.)
CIRCISSIAN	3,400	(Building.)
CASPIAN	3,300	Capt. Scott.
SCANDINAVIAN	3,100	Capt. Ballantyne.
PRUSSIAN	3,000	Lieut. Dutton, R.N.R.
AUSTRIAN	2,700	Capt. J. Wyllie.
NESTORIAN	2,700	Capt. A. Aird.
MORAVIAN	2,650	Capt. Brown.
PERUVIAN	2,600	L. Smith, R.N.R.
GERMAN	2,550	Capt. J. Graham.
EUROPEAN	2,548	Capt. Bauchette.
HIBERNIAN	2,434	Capt. R. S. Watts.
NOVA SCOTIAN	2,300	Capt. Richardson.
NORTH AMERICAN	1,751	Capt. Trocke.
CORINTHIAN	2,400	Capt. W. Grange.
OTTAWA	1,831	Lieut. Archer, R.N.R.
ST. DAVID	1,650	Capt. E. Scott.
ST. ANDREW	1,432	Capt. Ritchie.
ST. PATRICK	1,390	Capt. H. Wyllie.
NORWAY	1,190	Capt. C. N. Mylins.
SWEDEN	1,150	Capt. Mackenzie.

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).
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.)
Fares from Quebec:—
Cabin..... \$40
Intermediate..... 40
Steerage..... 24

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, RAZ & Co.; in Havre to JOHN M. CURRIE, 21 Quai d'Orleans; in Paris to GUSTAVE BOSSANGE, 25 Quai Voltaire; in Antwerp to AGG. SCHMITZ & Co.; in Rotterdam to P. ITTMANN & ZOOEN; in Hamburg to W. GRASS & HUGO; in Belfast to CHARLEY & MALCOLM; in London to MONTGOMERIE & GREENHORNE, 17 Gracechurch Street; in Glasgow to JAMES & ALAN 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

USE ONLY THE GLENFIELD STARCH,
EXCLUSIVELY ERKD IN THE
ROYAL LAUNDRY OF ENGLAND,
and in that of His Excellency
THE GOVERNOR GENERAL OF CANADA. 1871

SUMMER WINES!
BARTON & GUESTIER'S,
AND
NAT. JOHNSTON & SON'S
CLARETS, SAUTERNES, BARSAC,
&c., &c.,
OF ALL GRADER.
REAL GERMAN SELTZER WATER
AT
C. J. BAIRD'S,
221 St. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL. 3-21-1f

LIGHT! LIGHT! LIGHT!
661 THE 661
Brilliant Burning Fluid, Non-Explosive, Inodoriferous, and no Smoking Chimneys.
THE TRADE SUPPLIED.
C. T. M. ORR,
661 Craig Street.

"BEST IN USE."
THE COOK'S FRIEND
BAKING POWDER
IS THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE.
IT NEVER DISAPPOINTS.
FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS. 3-15 tf

COAL! COAL!
PARTIES REQUIRING A FIRST-CLASS
article, at an unusually low price, will do well to take advantage of the present opportunity and get their Coal out of the vessels now discharging the following descriptions: it can be seen unloading all along the Wharves. It is all fresh mined:
LEHIGH,
LACKAWANNA,
PITTSFON,
WELSH ANTHRACITE,
NEWCASTLE GRATE,
NEWCASTLE SMITH'S,
SCOTCH STEAM,
NOVA SCOTIA,
&c., &c.
S. W. BEARD & CO.,
Foot of McGill Street.

JAMES F. YFE,
FIRST PRIZE SCALE
MANUFACTURER.
No. 24 COLLEGE STREET,
MONTREAL.
A GENERAL ASSORTMENT
ALWAYS ON HAND. 2-23f

JOSEPH GILLOTTS
STEEL PENS.
Sold by all Dealers throughout the World.
4-15f

TO THE PAPER TRADES.
R. HORSFALL,
3, St. Sacrament Street, Montreal,

WOULD call the attention of PAPER MAKERS, PRINTERS, LITHOGRAPHERS AND BOOK-BINDERS, MACHINERY
suitable to these trades, which comprises some of the best and latest patents in existence, whilst the prices are those of the manufacturers.
Amongst others the following may be noticed:
The **WHARFEDALE** Printing Machine, which is admitted to be one of the best fast Presses in existence, and is daily gaining in favour.
The **"EXPRESS" LITHOGRAPHIC** Printing Machine is capable of producing the finest qualities of work, and has the advantages of
PERFECT REGISTER, SELF-ACTING DAMPING, AND INCREASED SPEED.

THE "EXPRESS" CUILLOTINE CUTTING MACHINE

Cannot be surpassed for speed and power, whilst its price is lower than any other first-class Machine.
PAGING MACHINES, with raising table, PERFORATING MACHINES, BOOK-BINDERS' ROLLING MACHINES,
and every other description of Machinery for the use of the trade. Prices on application.
All Goods furnished at Manufacturers' price, and no Commission charged to the purchaser. 4-10z

GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM.
A BONA-FIDE PREPARATION OF THE RED SPRUCE GUM, For Coughs, Colic, and for giving tone to the vocal organs when relaxed as well as a palliative of remarkable power in pulmonary disease.
The Red Spruce Gum has always been held in the highest esteem in this country for the relief and cure of Chest complaints. It is now offered to the public in the form of a delicious and scientifically PREPARED SYRUP.
PREPARED BY
HENRY R. GRAY,
Dispensing Chemist, MONTREAL.
For sale at all Drug Stores in the Dominion. Price, 25 cents.
Druggists can be supplied from any of the Wholesale Houses. 3-25z

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