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# Whistler's News

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Mlle ROSA D'ERINA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NODMAN.—SEE PAGE 162.

## MDLLE. ROSA D'ERINA.

Rosa D'Erina is a child of song, whose greatest triumphs are yet in the future. She has sung before Empresses, Queens, and Princesses, but the day of popular applause has hardly yet arrived, though in Montreal her reception was so much like an ovation that we gather therefrom, and from the flattering criticisms of the press, that Miss Rosa has won a permanent place in the affections of the song-loving citizens of Montreal, who are numerous enough to fill the St. Patrick's Hall to overflowing on any occasion on which she may appear. On the preceding page we give a portrait of Mdle. Rosa, who, since the days of Kate Hayes, is the first to have touched the "harp that once through Tara's Halls" with that living fire which sends the "soul of music" through the heart of every listener.

The young lady is a native of the ancient city of Armagh, who, having commenced her musical studies at a very early age, entered the Irish Academy of Music in 1865, when she was but fifteen years old; and during the same year gave, in the Dublin Exhibition, upwards of one hundred recitals of the music and melodies of Ireland to large and delighted audiences. Her fame as an Irish *artiste* was ratified by the Irish press, and she was invited by a number of French gentlemen of Irish descent to perform the music of Ireland in the great Paris Exhibition. Here, during six months, she performed three or four times daily in the French, Austrian, Belgian, and English Courts, the music of her native land, her only reward being the pleasure derived from making the exquisite music and melodies of Ireland more thoroughly celebrated on the Continent, and having amongst her audiences the people of every clime.

Entering as a pupil of the great French School of Music and of the famous Maestro Duprez, she studied very assiduously for the operatic stage, and obtained an engagement at the Royal Gallery of Illustration, London, in the meantime obtaining her profession by giving concerts in Paris, and winning the highest encomiums from the French press.

No Irish *artiste* since Catharine Hayes, has attained the celebrity of Rosa d'Erina, and the Parisian Press has even contrasted her with Jenny Lind and Nilsson.

During the season of 1869-70 her fame had stirred the gay city of Paris, and *Le Temps*, then an admitted authority on musical and dramatic exhibitions, wrote:

"Sweden has produced two great cantatrices, Jenny Lind and Mdle Nilsson—Ireland is jealous of Sweden, and has this season flashed to us a star. We had the pleasure of hearing her superb voice in the *salons* of the Grand Hotel last evening. She has the voice, the talent, the taste, the tradition, a style the most correct, and a soul essentially musical. It is in America we hope to hear the rising of this great lyric star."

In addition to her Parisian triumphs Miss Rosa performed in opera for nine consecutive months in London, where she was honoured with the most unbounded applause.

In Ireland we need scarcely say that Rosa d'Erina met with the most enthusiastic reception in every city which she visited. Space will only permit us to introduce the following notice from the *Guide* to the Dublin International Exhibition:—

"The visitors to this magnificent Palace of Art and Industry have had another attraction added to the many which the enterprising promoters and exhibitors have afforded the public, in the introduction of first-class Irish music, by Rosa D'Erina. This young lady has been delighting the visitors to the Exhibition each evening last week by her performance of Irish Airs on the piano forte, which she executes in admirable style, and which is rewarded by most enthusiastic plaudits. Rosa D'Erina is possessed of a splendid voice of singular power and sweetness, and sings each evening the melodies of Ireland and other popular compositions in such a manner as to charm her audiences."

Miss Rosa holds flattering notes from the ex-Empress of the French, the amiable Princess of Wales, the Duke of Magenta, Lord Lyons and other notabilities of Europe. In Canada she has won friends wherever she has gone. We need scarcely repeat the very flattering notices given her by the press of this country. Marvellous, magnificent, wonderful were the terms most generally used in indicating the character of her performances. To our view nothing was more remarkable than her versatility of talent. As a singer she has already received the highest praise; as an organist and pianist; in fact as a musician, we think Miss Rosa deserves the highest pedestal of honour. But beyond these she is faultless as an elocutionist, and has the wonderful, and we might say exceptional capacity of being able unaided to entertain an audience for two hours, not only without tiring them, but actually keeping them interested to the last. Her "Kathleen Mavourneen" is a magnificent rendition of a difficult and very beautiful piece of music.

Should this young lady enjoy life and health we predict for her a career that may well make Irishmen proud of Erin's Prima Donna.

## "THE PALM OFFERING."

The palm of Scripture is the *Phoenix dactylifera*, the date palm. In connection with our subject it is only necessary to notice one of its many peculiarities. It continues productive for a very long period, over a century, it is said. In Psalm xcii, 13, 14, we read "The righteous shall flourish like a palm, (*tsadik katamar zifrach*.) They that be planted in the house of the Eternal shall flourish in the courts

of our God. They shall bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing (or green.)" Solomon planted palms within the Temple, "the House of the Eternal," and they are stated by the Hebrew commentators (see among others Abarbanel) to have been used as symbolic not merely of the advanced "good old age," but also of man's immortality and resurrection—as the palm is reproduced by its fruits so shall the righteous reproduce themselves by their fruits. This will account for its use in funeral ceremonies among the ancient Hebrews. The earliest Christians carved palm branches on their tombs, and this practice was doubtlessly intended also to symbolise the doctrines of immortality and resurrection. The palm-branch has from the time of Moses (Levit. xxiii, 40) to the present day been used in the Divine worship of the Jews. On the feast of Tabernacles it has ever been employed while the Sacred Hosannahs are chanted. The Caraites Jews, however, only confined its use to the Tabernacle. The "palmers" of the middle ages were so called because they brought the palm branch home with them from the Holy Land. Mahometans, like Jews and Christians, have also employed the palm branch for sacred purposes, and have generally regarded it as symbolising the same things. Mahomet says Adam and the palm were made out of one and the same earth. It is still used in funeral ceremonies among the Moslems. In Roger's "Domestic Life in Palestine," the writer says: "Very early I looked from the window, and saw a bier at the door of a neighbouring house, \* \* \* above it a canopy was raised, made of freshly-gathered elastic palm branches; they were bent like half-hoofs and then interlaced and secured lengthways with straight fronds. Presently I saw the dead body of a man, handsomely dressed, brought out and placed upon it, his face was covered with a shawl. Four men lifted the bier from the ground and, resting the poles on their shoulders bore it to the mosque, and thence to the Moslem burial-ground. Between the palm fronds I could plainly see the figure of the dead man, &c."

The author of this admirable picture is Frederick Goodall, R. A., one of the most rising artists of the present day. Mr. Goodall is the son of Edward Goodall, the engraver, and was born in London in 1822. He first commenced the study of art under the superintendence of his father, and at the age of fourteen gained the Isis medal of the Society of Arts for a drawing of Lambeth Palace. He shortly afterwards commenced his first oil-picture, "Finding the Dead Body of a Miner by Torchlight," for which the Society awarded him its large silver medal. In 1839 he exhibited his first picture at the Academy, and continued exhibiting with fair success until 1847, when his "Village Festival," attracted much attention and secured his future success. In 1858 Mr. Goodall visited Egypt, and since then has produced many pictures on Eastern subjects, among them "The Palm Offering," and his well known "Hagar and Ishmael." In 1852 he was elected an Associate of the Academy, and in 1863 a Royal Academician.

## THE NEWS-BOYS' FESTIVAL.

In our number of the 15th April, 1871, we gave a view of the News-Boys' Home, on Mountain St., with an account of the circumstances which led to the establishment of that institution. In this number we produce a sketch, from the pen of our artist, of the scene at the festival held at the Home on the night of the 29th ult., which was, in every way, a complete success. There was a large attendance of boys—some eighty being present—besides many ladies and gentlemen, and friends of the institution. About half-past seven tea was served in the large eating-room, and it is hardly necessary to say the boys, whom even the cramming process with cake and buns failed to keep quiet, did ample justice to it. After tea, Mr. John Dougall, whose entrance had been greeted with tremendous cheering, was called to the chair. After an unsuccessful effort or two, John Brown was sung with great spirit by the boys, as was also a hymn "Title clear," and then Mr. Dougall addressed the boys, telling them about the five hundred New York lads similarly employed, and denouncing the News Boys' Homes of that city as in the main incentives to idleness and dissipation, and giving the New York boys a very hard character. Mr. Beatty also addressed the boys; and then a recitation, a dialogue and a song followed; after which Mr. Ritchie, the Superintendent of the Home, gave an account of a recent visit to the Reformatory Prison at St. Vincent de Paul, the system of training and government at which, if his statements are to be accepted, leave room for vast improvements. The cultivation of a spirit of manly self-respect is the first element in any successful system of reformation; but according to Mr. Ritchie, the whole training at St. Vincent de Paul is directed to crushing this spirit. The boys and their friends then went down to the lecture room where there was an exhibition of the magic lantern. The evening was one of enjoyment to the lads, who ought to be the better for the kindness thus shown them.

## WOLFVILLE, NOVA SCOTIA.

The views of Wolfville, Nova Scotia, were taken from the Academy grounds. This section of the Province is of more than usual interest to the tourist. The Grand Pré, a portion of which is seen in the illustration, was one of the early French settlements, and to the patience and industry of the Acadian must be accredited the formation of this wonderful piece of reclaimed and highly productive marsh. In summer, when the high waving grass is agitated by the gentle breezes from the basin of Minas, it is difficult to draw the line of division between the broad expanse of verdant prairie and the green waters of the beautiful bay beyond. Moreover, the historical association of this spot is immortalised by Longfellow's "Evangeline." It was here that beautiful maiden lived and suffered. The foundation of the old cottage in which that heroic young damsel is supposed to have resided, was unearthed by the ruthless pick of the unromantic "navy," and the track of the Windsor and Annapolis Railway now passes over the very spot where that angelic creature used to sit and patch her fond "parients," domestic contrived "continuations." There is one very unfortunate circumstance that puts rather a damper on all these very beautiful and highly drawn speculations. Like much "special artist" work of the present day, Longfellow never was here. The other illustrations bring within view Cape Blowmedon, a magnificent headland at the entrance of the basin; it is a red sandstone formation in which many beautiful specimens of jasper and agate are found. The Annapolis and Cornwallis valleys are considered the gardens of Nova Scotia. The apple

crop of this region is of great commercial value. Potatoes, and other farm produce are raised in large quantities, and shipped to the St. John and Boston markets. The country is comparatively level, but few hills of any height interrupt the broad expanse of rich fertile country. The inhabitants generally take things easy. An American, who resides in this locality, observed while conversing with the writer, "that the smoke seldom curled from the farm-house chimneys before 7 or 8 a. m. at any season of the year." We may notice in conclusion, that if Longfellow should in the future require any studies of pretty girls to adorn the pages of his poems, he will please step over and he will find them here in any quantity. The place has not gone back at all in the quality of its Evangelines.

E. J. R.

## "WHAT WILL MY HUSBAND BE LIKE?"

This illustration represents one of the many national customs—some of them quaint enough—which belong to the recently conquered province of Alsace. This country abounds in strange legends and fanciful customs, some of which might almost be set down as superstitious, but they are all undoubtedly received and unwaveringly believed in by the simple-minded Alsatian peasants. The custom in question is of a similar nature to the Scotch Hallow-e'en rites, and is looked upon with the utmost reverence by all girls looking forward to the acquisition of a husband. "What will he be like?" is the anxious question propounded by the expectant damsels as they watch the critical operation of pouring melted lead through the ring of a key into a tub of water. When the lead, on coming into contact with the water, is moulded into fanciful devices, the augury is regarded as favourable. But should it form in unsightly, shapeless masses, the husband, should he ever make his appearance, would not be all that might be desired. The day for the performance of this rite varies, accordingly as it takes place on a hill or in a valley. In the former case the Feast of St. Matthias is, if we remember right, the correct day; in the latter St. Andrew's Day.

## NEW BRUNSWICK SCENERY.

We present our readers this week with a view of one of the many admirable scenes on the river St. John, N.B. The site is three miles above the Grand Falls, of which an illustration and description have already appeared in the *News*.

It must be admitted that the assumed superiority of the English over the French press, if the assumption be well founded, must lie in quality rather than in quantity; for while London can boast of only ten daily papers, morning and evening, all told, no less than forty-two make their appearance in the course of the twenty-four hours in Paris. It curiously enough happens that exactly one-half are published in the morning, and one-half in the afternoon and evening. Of the twenty-one composing the first category, the *Journal Officiel* and the *Moniteur des Communes* (a semi-official print) are in the literal sense of the term Government organs, and the *Droit* and *Gazette des Tribunaux*, dealing only with legal matters, represent no political party. The *Petit Journal*, the *Petite Presse*, and the *Petit Moniteur Universel* are also out of the pale of party politics, so that there only remain fourteen morning journals to advocate the multifarious dynasties and sects which are represented in the present Assembly. Of these the *Monde* and the *Figaro* (their union seems a *lusus nature*) speak of the Comte de Chambord as "Mon roi," the *Gaulois* and the *Paris Journal* proclaim a speedy return of the Empire, the *XIXe Siècle* has an almost unconditional reverence for the Republic of M. Thiers, the *République Française*, the organ of Gambetta, pleads its master's cause, and the *Radical* and *Constitution* scarcely conceal their affection for the Commune and all its works. The *Siècle*, the *Républicain*, the *Peuple Souverain*, and *Chariuari* represent so advanced a form of Republicanism that they may almost be termed "red," and the *Journal des Débats* and *Constitutionnel* may be assimilated in one class; for while the former turns to M. Thiers, it would equally welcome an Orleanist monarchy, and the *Constitutionnel*, while acting the rôle of the candid friend, has many a kind word for the Imperialists. Of the twenty-one evening journals, the *Ordre* and the *Courrier de France* are avowedly Bonapartist organs, and the *Presse*, the *Patrie*, the *Gazette de Paris*, and the *France* may be placed in the same category, though they do not express their preference quite so openly. They might, however, consider it their duty to support any other form of monarchy which offered an assurance of stability. Such is also the case with the *Liberté* and the *France Nouvelle*. The *Gazette de France*, the *Univers*, the *Union*, and the *Français* are the clerico-legitimist prints, and the *Journal de Paris* is the avowed mouth-piece of the Orleanist princes. The *Temps*, though supporting the present Government, has tendencies in a similar direction, and the *Moniteur Universel* professes to hold the balance evenly between all parties. The *Soir* has no definitely pronounced opinions, though until recently it has stood by M. Thiers and his Ministry. The *Bien Public* is the non-official exponent of the Government policy, which receives a general support from the *Opinion Nationale*. The *Cloche*, the *Avenir National*, and the *National* set forth the opinions of those who would have a Republic as of right divine.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

The Vienna *Tagespresse* gives the following account of the present state of the Austrian army. Including vessels now building, the marine force comprises forty-eight ships, with a collective tonnage of 98,460, 16,016 horse-power, and 434 guns. There are four iron-plated casement vessels, two river monitors, three screw frigates, five screw corvettes, ten screw gun-boats, seven paddle advice boats, four transports, one torpedo vessel, two yachts, four training vessels, one barrack ship, two practice brigs, one floating workshop, two transport schooners, and four small unarmed steamers. The personnel comprises 399 officers on active service, 48 officers on land service, 8 clergymen, 62 surgeons, 62 engineers, 14 theoretical teachers, 5 hydrographic officials, 7 auditors (judicial officers), and 279 warrant officers, altogether 944, besides the sailors and marines, whose number is not given. The *Tagespresse* complains that for some years the partiality for the navy, which was formerly visible among the educated classes, has entirely disappeared, and that old officers are leaving the service to an alarming extent. Only 22 per cent. of the personnel of 1854 has remained on service, the remainder being all new men.

## THE ISTHMUS OF DARIEN.

The American Navy Department has now received the report and maps of the Tehuantepec surveying expedition, carried out under the command of Captain R. W. Shufeldt. This expedition was specially authorised by Act of Congress. A small corps of naval officers was detailed for the work, and the steamer "Mayflower" was placed under the orders of Capt. Shufeldt. The "Kansas" was also ordered to accompany the expedition, for the purpose of surveying the River Coatzacoalcos and its bar, and the "Cyane" was ordered to assist in the surveys of the harbours and lagoons on the Pacific coast. Surveys had been previously made for a railway, and the practicability of supplying the summit level with water was reported by Senor Moro in 1848. The main object of the expedition of 1871 was to determine the question whether a sufficient supply of water could be obtained for a ship canal across the isthmus. For this purpose a careful examination was made of the country near the lowest passes, under the supervision of Mr. E. A. Fierste, C.E. Senor Moro's proposition being found to be impracticable, the attention of the party was next directed to the Rio Corte or Upper Coatzacoalcos, as affording the only solution of the water supply question; and it was found practicable, by means of a feeder, to supply upwards of 2,000 cubic feet of water per second. The report of the chief engineer of the expedition is accompanied by twenty maps and profiles, with many calculations to prove that a ship canal across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec is not only practicable, but that the obstacles to be encountered are of an ordinary character. It is assumed that the canal can start at the head waters of ship navigation of the River Coatzacoalcos, and run thence along its right bank and the valley of a tributary to the dividing ridge at Tarifa, descending through the Tarifa Pass, across the plains, to its Pacific terminus. The total length of such a canal will be 172 miles, including river navigation; it will require locks to overcome a height of 732 feet. The Coatzacoalcos River, forming the harbour on the Atlantic side, is well sheltered, and will require dredging at only a few points. The Salina Cruz Harbour, on the Pacific seaboard, is exposed to south winds, and a breakwater is proposed to convert this roadstead into a safe shelter. No estimates have at present been made as to the cost of the work, further surveys being requisite before they can be attempted.

As regards the survey of the Isthmus of Darien, it may be added that it was placed under the command of Commander T. O. Selfridge. The vessels "Guard" and "Nipsic" were detailed for the service upon the Atlantic coast, and the "Resoca" upon the Pacific coast. Commander Selfridge sailed from New York in December, 1870; and his attention in the course of last year was directed principally to that portion of the isthmus bordering upon the valley of the Atrato, and comprising the Tuyra and the Napipi routes. The route of the Tuyra and Atrato rivers having been reported upon favourably by former explorers, it was hoped that their reports might prove well founded. Five months were devoted to an examination of the route, and a line of levels 120 miles long was run from ocean to ocean. The country was found to be of so broken a character that Commander Selfridge pronounced this portion of the isthmus impracticable for a ship canal. The survey of the Napipi route was productive of far more favourable results, and Commander Selfridge considers that the possibility of a ship canal between the two oceans has now been demonstrated. The line adopted by Commander Selfridge commences at the mouth of the Atrato, in the Gulf of Darien, ascends that river for 150 miles to the mouth of the Napipi, and thence runs across in the valley of the Napipi to the Pacific Ocean at Cupica Bay. The Atrato is navigable for the whole of this distance for ships of the largest size, having a width of 1,500 ft. and a depth of nowhere less than 30 ft. The actual length of the necessary canal is about 31½ miles, the distance from the Atrato River to Cupica Bay; of this distance, 23 miles are over a nearly flat plain with a rise of 90 ft., and presenting no difficulties of construction. The remaining eight miles comprise considerable engineering obstacles, the hills rising to a height of 600 ft., and descending almost precipitously to the Pacific. Commander Selfridge's estimates of cost—for estimates have been made for the work—are based on a canal 120 ft. wide and 26 ft. deep; it will be necessary to construct a tunnel five miles in length, and the total expense of the whole work is set down at \$126,000,000, or about £30,000,000. The route, if it is ever developed—and its cost seems prohibitory for many a long year—will have excellent harbours at its termini.

An admirable paper by Prof. Wilson, of University College, published in the *Canadian Journal* for February, discusses at length the question of how far the general preference given to the right hand by man depends upon some fundamental peculiarity in his structure, or is merely acquired. The various theories which would account for the right-handedness of most men, by referring it to original peculiarities of internal structure, are shown to be apparently unsatisfactory. It is shown, also, that so far as we have any definite evidence, the right hand has been employed by preference over the left from the very earliest time, and that the same apparently instinctive preference is shown by savage races. Upon the whole, the author concludes "that with a certain number of persons, the preferential use of the right hand is natural and instinctive; that with a smaller number, an equally strong impulse is felt, prompting to the use of the left hand; but that with the great majority, right-handedness is mainly, if not wholly, the result of education. If children are watched in the nursery, it will be found the left hand is offered little less freely than the right. The nurse or mother is constantly transferring the spoon from the left to the right hand, correcting the defective courtesy of the proffered left hand, and in all ways superinducing right-handedness as a habit. As soon as the child is old enough to be affected by such influences, the fastening of its clothes, the handling of its knife and fork, and many other objects in daily use, help to confirm the habit until the art of penmanship is mastered; and with this crowning accomplishment except in cases of strongly marked bias in an opposite direction—the left hand is relegated to its very subordinate place as a mere supplementary organ to be called into use when the privileged member finds occasion for its aid. \* \* \* So far as enquiry reaches, we have no evidence of any left-handed tribe or nation, savage or civilized, unless the vague allusion of Stobaeus to a sure-footed and left-handed race, be considered an exception. Either therefore, the preferential use of the right hand is natural and congenital in a sufficiently large majority of the whole

human race to determine everywhere its predominance, or else the arbitrary usage, developed into habit and recognized law, has been derived from some primitive source. The latter is a tempting argument, not without its weight in reference to the unity and common intellectual inheritance of the human race. But, notwithstanding the apparent failure of the evidence advanced in favour of an organic one-sidedness finding expression in the prevalent use of the right hand, his own experience of the ungovernable impulse to prefer the left hand convinces him that a similar and more general bias in an opposite direction has its origin in organic structure.

The "Newspaper Press Directory" for 1872 states that there are now published in the United Kingdom 1,456 newspapers, distributed as follows:—England—London, 268; Provinces, 843—1,111; Wales, 60; Scotland, 134; Ireland, 134; British Isles, 17. Of these there are—82 daily papers published in England, 2 in Wales, 12 in Scotland, 19 in Ireland, and 2 in the British Isles. In 1862 there were published in the United Kingdom 1,051 journals; of these 60 papers were issued daily—viz., 42 in England, 1 in Wales, 9 in Scotland, 16 in Ireland, and 1 in Jersey; but in 1872 there are now established and circulated 1,456 papers, of which no less than 117 are issued daily, showing that the press of the country has very greatly extended during the last ten years, and more especially so in daily papers; the daily issues standing 117 against 69 in 1862. The magazines now in course of publication, including the quarterly reviews, number 639, of which 230 are of a decidedly religious character, representing the Church of England, Wesleyans, Methodists, Baptists, Independents, and other Christian communities.

NEW MATERIAL FOR PAPER.—The San Francisco *Bulletin* says:—S. D. Baldwin of Marysville, has secured a patent from Washington, as the discoverer of a process of making paper from the California tulle, known in botany as *scirpus lacustris*. He has been experimenting with the tulle as a material for paper a number of years, and has succeeded in producing a fine pulp, capable of being made into the best quality of writing and printing paper. Using the tules cut in June, he obtained from 50 to 60 per cent. of pulp, as fine and strong as Sea Island cotton. His discovery has been carefully tested by experts in the paper business in this country and in Europe, who are satisfied that it furnishes a most economical paper stock, which is destined to come largely into use. The process of reducing the reed to pulp is very simple and cheap, and it is believed a larger percentage can be obtained by taking the tules later in the season, when fully matured. Mr. Baldwin's discovery is one of great interest to the paper trade, and as the tulle is so abundant here, it promises to be of great value to California. We believe it is intended to embark in the new manufacture as soon as the necessary arrangements can be made. The practical utility of the discovery is evidenced by the fact that in Europe another variety of lake reed is already being so largely used in the manufacture of paper that the prices of certain sorts have been reduced, and news paper, into which this material enters, is now being imported into this State from Europe cheaper than it can be brought from the East. With such an abundance of the new material at hand, so much cheaper than rags or other stock used in this country, it ought to be feasible to give a great impetus to paper-making in this State.

The odour of a substance is in most cases adherent, like colour or any other physical property, and not accidental or extraneous. Where, as in the case of kerosene oil or the lighter petroleum naphthas, the substance is a mixture of many constituents, it is difficult to decide which of them is the objectionable one, and so long as this has not been determined, we can devise no rules for getting rid of it, or for destroying it in any other way. Practically, therefore, we are unable to deodorize the products, and especially the lighter ones of the distillation of petroleum; but we may conceal them in the same way as formerly the disagreeable odours incidental to sick-rooms and even to ordinary apartments were hidden by the liberal use of strong smelling liquids or the fumes of incense. The best adapted fluid for this purpose is, perhaps, the artificial oil of bitter almonds or mirbane oil; a little of it will go a great way in disguising the odour of petroleum effectually, and as it has a very high boiling point, it will accomplish its purpose most durably.—*Druggist's Circular*.

The Puget Sound *Despatch*, of January 15th, states that the western terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad has been fixed at North Whatcom, at the mouth of the Nook Sakh River, twenty-three miles south of the British line, and about six miles north of the old town of Whatcom. A long, narrow island in front of the town divides Bellingham Bay from Lumic Bay, and upon this island the company intend to build their depot and warehouses. The name of the place they will change from North Whatcom to Puget City. Much of the land between this place and the British line has already been taken up by German immigrants, three or four hundred families of whom are already on the ground. Puget City has been laid off into blocks and lots of 20 feet front, by 140 deep, which have been sold at \$100 each. Work upon the main line of the railway is to be commenced at Puget City in the spring. The road from the port of Kalama, on the Columbia River, to the main trunk, has been completed, and the cars are already running on a section of twenty-five miles of this branch line.

At last the Tichborne trial is finished—so far at least as the claims of the plaintiff are concerned—and finished in a sudden and unexpected manner. Upon the opening of the court on Tuesday week the counsel for the claimant to the Tichborne estate announced that their client had decided, in view of the action of the Jury on Monday in saying they had heard sufficient evidence whereon to base a verdict, to withdraw his cause before the court. After this announcement of the counsel for the plaintiff, the counsel for the defence asked Chief Justice Bovill to issue a warrant for the arrest of the claimant on a charge of perjury, and to fix his bail at £50,000. The petition was granted, and a bench warrant was issued for his arrest. He was taken into custody shortly after and conveyed to Newgate prison, where he now lies, being unable to give the requisite bail.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

A minister at a coloured wedding who wished to be humorous, said: "On such occasions it is customary to kiss the bride, but in this case we will omit it." To which ungallant remark the bridegroom pertinently replied: "On such occasions it is customary to pay the minister \$10, but in this case we will omit it."

Alphonse Karr was once present at a banquet given in commemoration of the birth of Hahnemann. Toasts being given to the health of every medical celebrity, ancient and modern, the President remarked, "Mr. Karr, you have not proposed the health of any one." The poet rose and modestly replied, "I propose the health of the sick."

A man in Memphis, desiring to see the Grand Duke, took off his coat and carried a large Saratoga trunk on his shoulders up-stairs, thus evading the police, who had strict orders to keep all strangers out of the Peabody House. After carrying a 200 pound trunk up two flights of stairs, he didn't see the Grand Duke, and found somebody had stolen his coat.

The sea is said to be rapidly encroaching on Tybee Island, Georgia, famed during the war. The ravine in which the Confederate troops drilled in 1861 is now a salt water pond during high tides. The remains of the United States soldiers who fell victims to the cholera in 1868 are exposed to view by the shifting of the sand which has laid bare their shallow graves.

A New England engineer lately dreamed that one of the forward trucks of his engine was cracked. When he awoke he had a premonition lest his dream might prove true, and thought he would go down and see that everything was right. On examining the engine at the engine-house he found the truck precisely in the same condition as he had seen it in his dream, and another engine had to be substituted in its stead.

The correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette* who was present at a Republican meeting in Trafalgar Square states, as his experience, that he was, in the most artistic manner, disembarassed of his watch, a souvenir of the first London Exhibition, and worth about forty guineas. The artist, if a Republican, is requested to send the watch on the day when he shall become President of the English Republic, to the manager of the *Cologne Gazette*, who will thankfully acknowledge the receipt.

The Danbury (Conn.) *News* says:—"A young lady in a neighbouring town has taken up dentistry for a living. All the gentlemen patronize her. When she puts her arm around the neck of a patient and caresses his jaw for the offending member, the sensation is about as nice as they make 'em. One young man has become hopelessly infatuated with her. Consequently he hasn't a tooth in his head. She has pulled every blessed one of them; and made him two new sets and pulled them. She is now at work on his father's saw. He holds the saw."

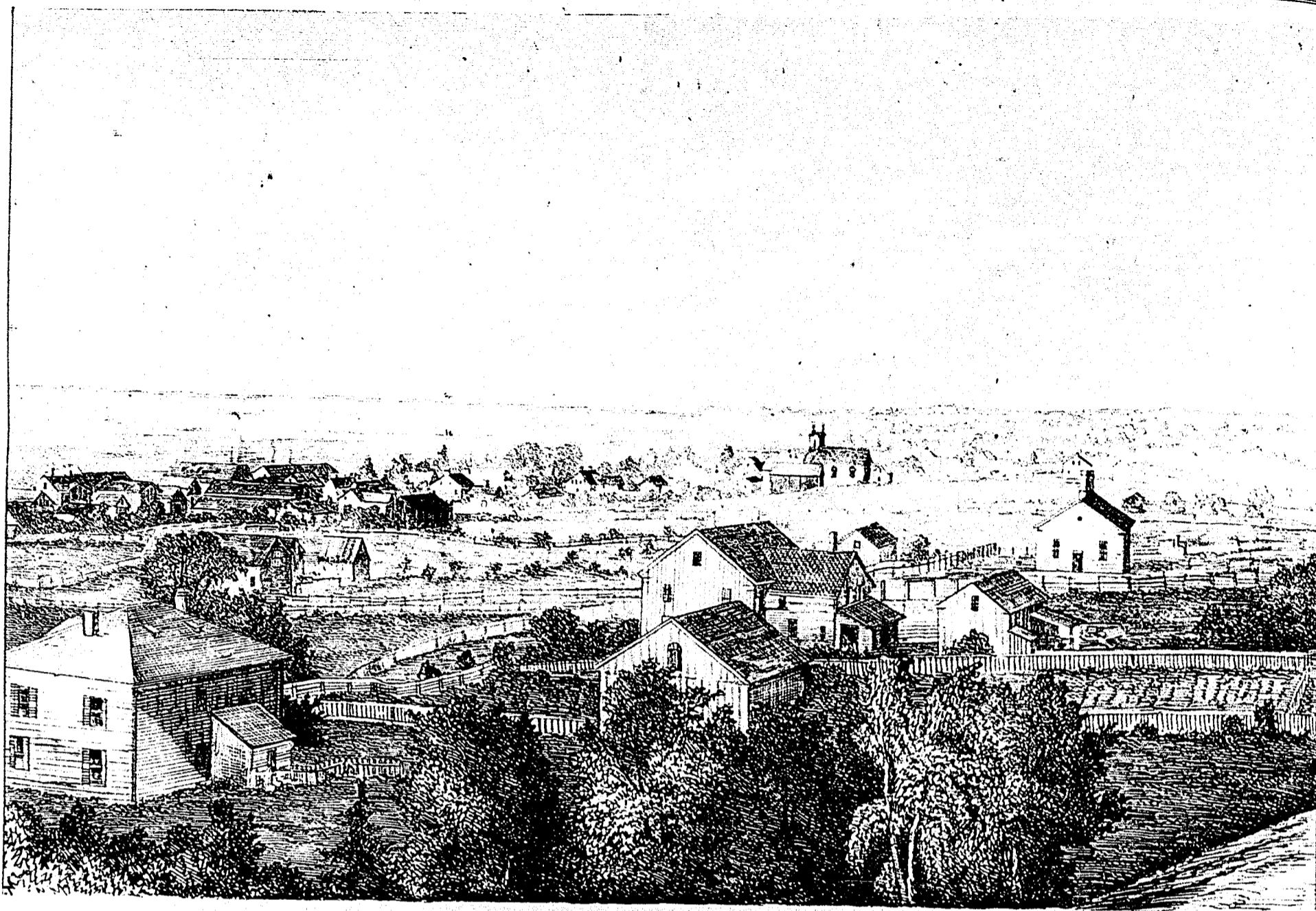
Mr. Francklyn, the agent of the Cunard Company in New York, has offered to carry the Wednesday mail from New York to Queenstown absolutely free, on the sole condition that the American Post-office will bring the bags to the steamer's wharf. The Postmaster General would be enabled, by this bold and patriotic offer, to reduce the postage on letters from America to England to four cents. The Cunard Company show that the carriage of the mails by their boats last year would have avoided serious delays, and they make their splendid offer in the interests of the mercantile community.

It is said that the proposition to establish great gambling houses in Paris is likely to be adopted. The advocates of it have just brought forward their strongest argument—namely, that the Germans are extremely uneasy at the prospect of the Paris gambling tables causing the Baden-Baden, Ems, Homburg, and Wiesbaden establishments to be deserted. It is well-known that the German Government has determined that the houses in the Empire shall be closed, but there is an idea that a little spite can be shown by setting up rival rouge-et-noir tables, for which reason the whole population of France will probably be in favour of it.

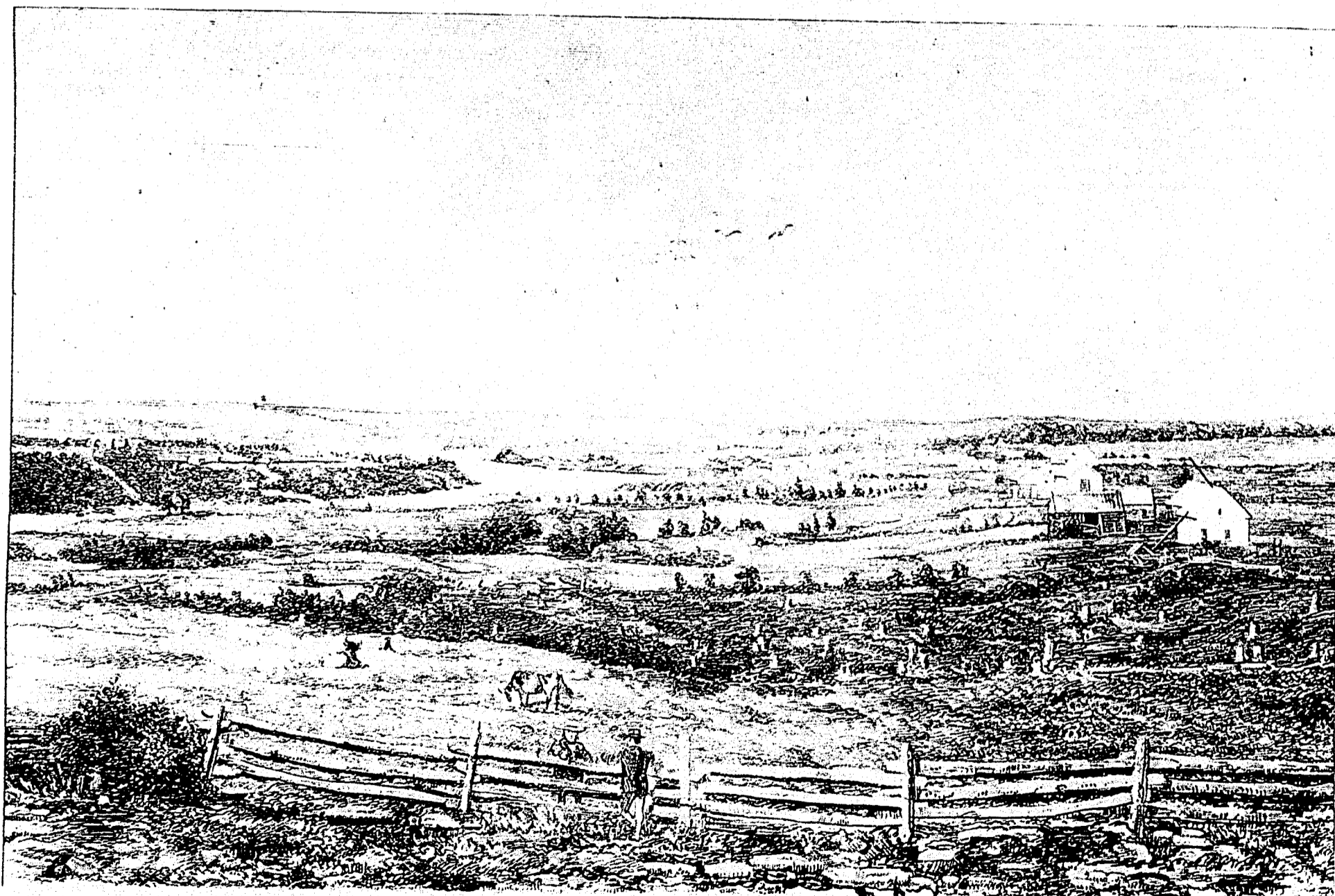
Perhaps the heartiest laugh of the Tichborne trial was produced by the Attorney-General, Sir John Duke Coleridge, in the course of his speech on the 25th January. The learned counsel read a letter to the court and jury written by the claimant under the name of Roger Charles Tichborne to his "dear mamma," the dowager. The reading was accompanied with comments, and was thus concluded: "And he finishes," said the Attorney-General, "with this edifying piece of religion. 'God bless you, my dear mamma, and may our Holy Mother protect you,' and, although he possibly does not mean it, it reads—'Protect you from your affectionate son, R. C. TICHBORNE.'"

In a recent edition of the "Principles and Practice of Physic," by John Watson, one reads, "Mr. Marson has been the resident surgeon to the London Small-Pox and Vaccination Hospital for the last thirty-four years. He has always made it an imperative rule that every nurse and other servant of the hospital should, on entering the service, be vaccinated. In their case it is generally re-vaccination, and it is never afterwards repeated. These nurses live in the closest daily and nightly attendance upon small-pox patients, and the other servants are constantly exposed to the profuse contagion, yet in no single instance during these thirty-four years has any one of these servants and nurses been affected with small-pox."

Off the coast of Ecuador, near Point Sant Elena, lie the remains of a once magnificent Spanish frigate, sent out by the Government of Spain, in 1802, to collect tribute money. After collecting about \$5,000,000 she was wrecked on her way to Panama, and now lies where she has lain for seventy years, in the direct track of navigation, and only 600 feet from the shore. The Spanish Government recovered from the wreck about \$600,000 in the early part of the century, and in later years about \$400,000 was got up by an enterprising individual. It is now proposed to make a decisive effort to recover the rest of the immense treasure sunk in the sea, and an expedition has left the California coast with that object. Hydraulic machinery of great calibre, and the wonderful engines of the Pacific Coast Wrecking Company, are to be employed.



WOLFVILLE, N. S.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. CHASE, HALIFAX.—SEE PAGE 182.



VIEW LOOKING UP THE RIVER ST. JOHN, N. B., 3 MILES ABOVE THE GRAND FALLS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. T. TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 182.

THE SCHOOL OF GUNNERY, QUEBEC.

We give this week an illustration of the mounting of a seven-inch Armstrong breech-loading gun on the Prince of Wales bastion, at the ancient Capital. The work is being done by the members of Battery "B," which battery we are well assured is progressing most satisfactorily under Colonel Strange, a distinguished officer of the Royal Artillery, who is in command of the District. Everything is done for the advancement and comfort of the men at the School of Gunnery. Besides the daily drills at the guns and mortars, the men are instructed by means of lectures delivered in the Model Room by the Commandant. The men have the use of a splendid gymnasium and a fine library, in which can be found books of every class. Besides this there is a library specially devoted to works on the military profession, which contains all latest scientific works treating of modern warfare. The pleasure of the men is by no means neglected, for they have a large recreation room in which, when off duty, they may exercise themselves in what is called "the manly art" either with gloves or foils. It is satisfactory to know in these times of possible trouble, that military organization in Canada is making such rapid progress.

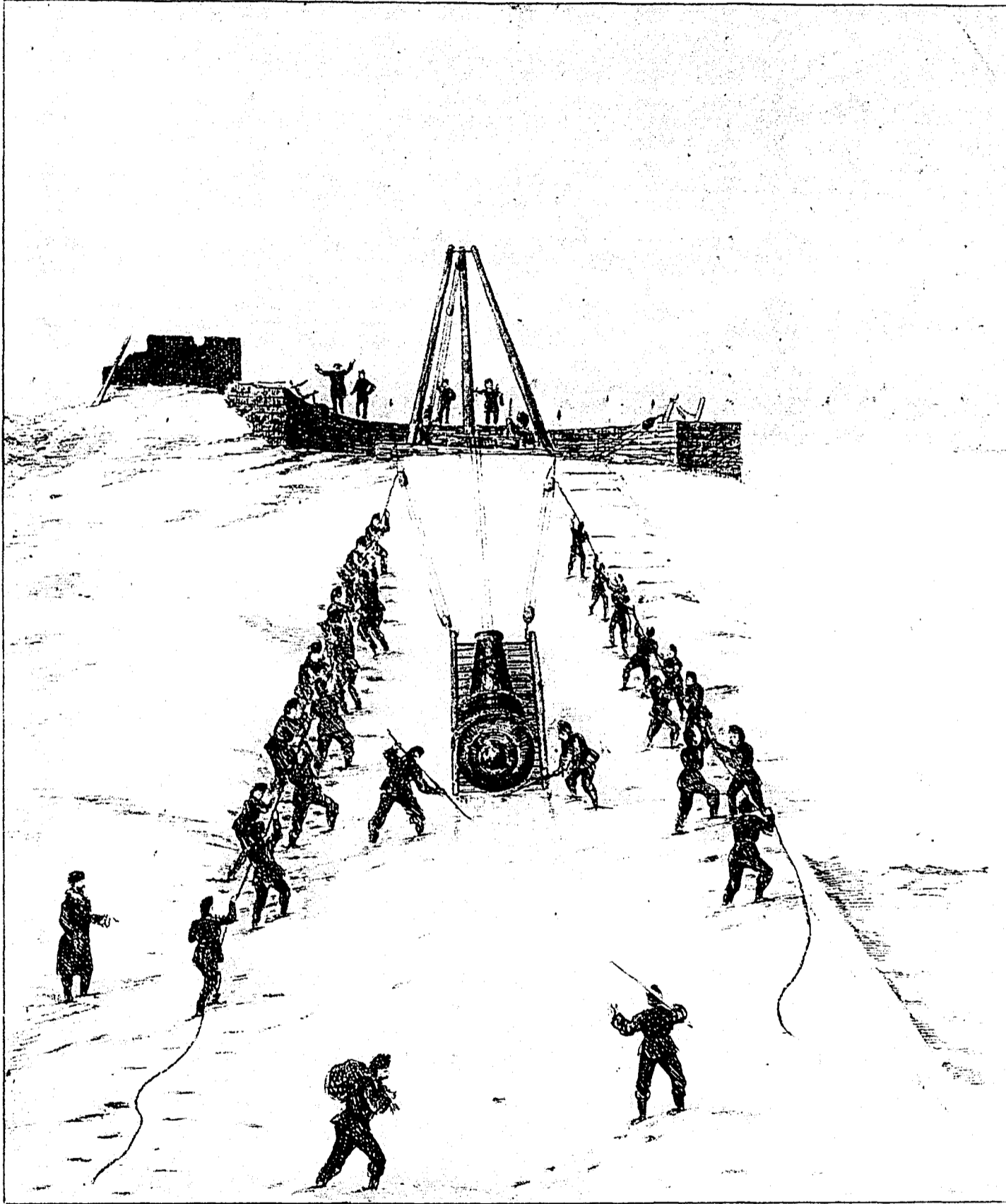
THE WOOLWICH "INFANT."

The London Engineering says:— The maladies of heavy guns, and the causes which lead to their wearing out, cracking their linings, being otherwise disabled, or bursting, formed the subject of two lectures, last week at Plymouth, by Capt. Dawson, R.N. The one lecture was delivered to the regular forces of the two services at Davenport in the presence of the two commanders-in-chief, the other to the volunteer forces at Plymouth, Major Harrison, Royal Engineers, presiding. On the latter occasion, Captain Dawson stated that the 35-ton gun had not yet passed beyond the experimental stage, but a small crack had occurred in the steel lining at the usual spot, viz., in the bottom groove near the seat of the shot, where the stud on which the 700 lb. shot rested was hammered down by the escaping gas. They were, however, without those official records on which he had solely relied in discussing the rifling of other guns. These guns were intended for the Devastator class of ships, and if they realised every expectation, might supersede the 25-ton gun in other turret-ships; and as an exceptional gun in broadside vessels. They had to balance the multiplied chances of

the facility of perforation being inversely as the diameters. On the other hand, a larger bore consumed more powder and brought less strain on the gun. The effect of increasing the calibre was very apparent in the 25-ton gun, both firing 85 lb. of pebble powder; but the 12-inch gun threw a 600 lb. shot, and the 11-inch gun a 530 lb. shot. The maximum pressure in the 12-inch gun was only 18 tons, whereas in the 11-inch gun it was 29 tons. But there was a limit to the extra consumption of powder due to this increase of diameter of bore, caused by the length of the gun being regulated by its weight, and by the convenience of muzzle-loading on ship-board. It was a balance of qualities, a sacrifice of extra shell power on the one hand, and of extra perforation on the other; while the "Woolwich" rifling did not rotate either shell, but caused slightly less sacrifice of shell power with the larger calibre and shorter projectile. Passing to the accident, they found that before the "incipient crack" occurred in the steel lining, the experimental gun fired the following pebble powder charges with 700 lb. projectiles: With an 11.6 in.

wide grooves and around the studs, or to the hammering the grooves and lands by the wobbling projectile. These injuries were attributable to the vicious system of grooving on an increasing twist, which necessitated the concentration of rotary effort on a single row of studs incapable of giving adequate rotation with the present amount of spiral, and this angle of spiral could not be increased, because the studs would not endure the extra effort, but could be sheared off and cease to act at all. Contrasting other long iron bearing systems which had undergone official trial with the present short bearings, he showed that while the whole effort of rotating a 700 lb. shell was now thrown upon a total of 5 1/2 in. of stud bearing, it would under the Scott iron flange system be diffused over 13 ft. of bearing; and that this latter system had narrower, shallower grooves, which took only one-fourth the quantity of metal out of the gun, and therefore, made less space for escaping gases to erode the bore; whilst instead of the lower groove being spiked by its own stud, Scott's iron flange would receive the shock on a rib 2 1/2 in. long. In the trial between

two 7 1/2-ton guns on this system, the Woolwich rifled gun was declared incapable of further firing, except "under precautions" against bursting, whilst the grooves and lands of Scott's gun were perfectly uninjured. Yet Scott's guns gave the greatest hitting power at the muzzle, and projected its shot 1,500 yards with 2 deg. elevation, using 20 lb. of powder, whilst the Woolwich one required 25 lb. to reach the same distance. Many able artillery officers were averse to the present system, and amongst those quoted was Colonel Campbell, R.A., superintendent of the royal gun factories, who stated in writing to the Ordnance Council on the 35-ton gun, that "the 'Woolwich' system of rifling adopted in the service required metal studs on the projectiles, which are objectionable from their liability to shear, and thus prevent the correct centering of the shot, and their liability to become damaged in transport and on service. In heavy guns the liability to shear necessitates an increased number of grooves if a quicker twist than now is given. The system has the great advantage of local scoring. I mean to say that there are disadvantages in the 'Woolwich' system in that way, and a better system of rifling may be found." Being asked, "Do you consider that the increase of the twist given to this (35-ton) gun will entirely obviate the inaccuracy of flight now observed in the 12-in. gun of 25 tons at very short ranges?" Colonel Campbell replied: "No. I should not



SCHOOL OF GUNNERY, QUEBEC.—BATTERY "B" MOUNTING A 7-INCH ARMSTRONG GUN ON THE PRINCE OF WALES BASTION, CITADEL.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. W. MOORE.

hitting by employing two pairs of eyes in aiming two 400 lb. shells from two 18-ton guns against the concentration of effect in hitting with one 700 lb. shell from one 35-ton gun. The authorities evidently thought that the balance was in favour of concentration of effort. The 35-ton was 16 1/2 ft. long, and was of Fraser construction, built up of six parts. The inner lining was a steel tube, 14 1/2 ft. long, and 3 1/2 in. thick at the breech, and tapering away to an inch less at the muzzle, with a 12-in. bore rifled with nine grooves 11 1/2 ft. long, 1 1/2 in. wide, and 2 in. deep, the spiral increasing from nothing at the breech to one turn in 35 calibres at the muzzle. This was the same maximum increasing twist which proved so fatal to the 11-inch shell. The gun cost about £2,500, and was designed to fire a 700 lb. projectile, with 120 lb. charge from a 11.6-inch bore; but had subsequently been increased to a 12-inch bore. Comparing the 11-inch and the 12-inch bores in the 25-ton gun, they saw that although the latter had the largest bore and had the most powerful shell, the smaller bore gave the best penetrations. The resistance of the air was in the proportion of the squares of the diameters; and

bore, 4 rounds, 75 lb.; 2, 100 lb.; 16, 110 lb.; 6, 115 lb.; 6, 120 lb.; and 1, 130 lb.; making a total of 35 rounds. With a 12-in. bore, 6 rounds, 110 lb.; 13, 115 lb.; 14, 120 lb.; total, 33 rounds. Total, with both bores, 68 rounds, making about 3 1/2 tons of pebble powder, and over 21 tons of shot. Suddenly, at the twentieth round, with a 120 lb. charge, the extraordinary internal pressure of 66 tons per square inch was registered in the powder chamber; and the steel tube being calculated to withstand only 55 tons, an "incipient crack" took place in the bottom groove at the seat of the shot. Why did this sudden increase of the powder pressure take place? And was it the powder pressure which caused the crack, or did the crack arise out of an accident which led to the extra powder pressure? It was noteworthy that the crack was not in the chamber where the maximum pressure arose, and that these guns rarely cracked where the maximum pressure took place. On the contrary, guns were destroyed in the grooves or lands in the bore, to which the maximum powder pressure did not extend, and this was due generally to the erosion of the bore by gases escaping through the deep

think it would altogether. I think it will improve it very much. I should like to have given a greater twist." Again, "Should you be afraid if you adopted a sharper twist, say, 1 in 25, that the studs would be sheared?" "I should be afraid so, or I would have adopted it. The stud in the projectile confines us to grooving a less twist than I should like to give a 'gun.'" To which Sir Joseph Whitworth truly added, "If you have projectiles of a certain length you must have a 'greater twist,' because with less the 'projectile turns over.'" After contrasting with the Scott and Whitworth long iron bearing systems, it was pointed out that great differences of opinion existed at Woolwich as to the cause of the "incipient crack" in the "Infant." Three theories had been started: 1st. That the bottom stud flattened by the blow above the shot caused by the escaping gas overrode the groove, causing a squeeze which delayed its exit, and led to an accumulation of gas in the powder chamber. 2nd. That the wobble caused by balancing the shot on two studs, and the irregular action of the powder above it, due to the non-centering of the shot, wrenched out or sheared off the stud and set up a motion of

the shot across the bore, which enhanced the difficulty of its escape. 3rd That pebble powder developed some new quality when ignited in 120 lb. charges, which it did not possess when fired in quantities of 100 lb., and under. Now the centering ribbed 7-in. shot had attained, with 2 deg. elevation, Admiral Key's extreme fighting range of 1,500 yards with 20 lb. of powder, whilst the studded French or "Woolwich" one required 25 lb. to do so. Supposing those proportions to hold good with large calibres, the 700-lb. projectile, if provided with centering ribs, narrow and shallow grooves, and an uniform twist, would be thrown with the 100 lb. uniform-pressure pebble powder the same distance that it was now thrown with the 120 lb. erratic-pressure self-destructive charge, and so the "incipient crack" would not have arisen.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY,  
MARCH 23, 1872.

SUNDAY,	Mar. 17.—	Passion Sunday. St. Patrick, Bp. Le Canadien suppressed, 1810. The Governor-General sent down a message with the British Columbia Resolutions to the Dominion Parliament, 1871.
MONDAY,	" 18.—	St. Edward, K. & M. Sir H. Walpole died, 1745. Sterne died, 1766. Princess Louise born, 1843. Revolutionary outbreak in Paris, 1871.
TUESDAY,	" 19.—	French Army left Marseilles for the East, 1854. Napoleon left Wilhelmshohe for England, 1871. Revolutionary outbreak in Paris, 1871.
WEDNESDAY,	" 20.—	Sir Isaac Newton died, 1727. First publication of Johnson's "Rambler," 1750. Intercolonial R. R. Commission met at Ottawa, 1870.
THURSDAY,	" 21.—	St. Benedict, Ab. Montcalm repulsed at Fort William Henry, 1757. Battle of Aboukir, 1801. Princess Louise married, 1871. Emperor William opened the Reichstag of the new German Empire, 1871.
FRIDAY,	" 22.—	Order of the Knights Templar suppressed, 1312. Emperor William born, 1797. Goethe died, 1832. German Zollverein established, 1833.
SATURDAY,	" 23.—	Kotzebue assassinated, 1819. Von Weber died, 1829. Sir George Arthur, Lt.-Governor Ontario, 1838. Battle of Novara, 1849.

TEMPERATURE in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Tuesday, 5th March, 1872, observed by HEARN, HARRISON & Co., 242 Notre Dame Street.

	MAX.	MIN.	MEAN.	8 A.M.	1 P.M.	6 P.M.
W., Feb. 28.	25°	3°	14°	29.97	30.02	30.02
Th., " 29.	20°	3°	11°	30.04	29.88	29.97
Fri., Mar. 1.	16°	3°	10°	30.10	30.19	30.12
Sat., " 2.	20°	3°	11°5	29.96	29.96	29.92
Su., " 3.	31°	15°	23°	29.92	29.82	29.77
M., " 4.	32°	6°	19°	29.57	29.47	29.77
Tu., " 5.	6°	-25°	-9°5	29.95	29.88	29.90

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The arrangements for transferring to local agents the total charge of our subscribers, so far as renewing and collecting subscriptions and distributing papers are concerned, not having met with general approval on the part of subscribers; and the agents having in many cases declined the responsibility, or neglected our interests, theirs, and that of our subscribers, we are obliged to revert to the former mode of distribution through Post. This need not disturb arrangements already made between any subscriber and any local news-dealer. We hope to see the sales effected by news agents increase rapidly, and desire that as much of our business as possible may be transacted through them. But we cannot overlook the complaints now made, and henceforth our subscribers will receive their papers, as formerly, through the Post. Any one who has missed any numbers since 1st of January can have them gratis on application.

Our readers are reminded that the subscription to the NEWS is \$4.00 per annum, payable in advance; if unpaid in three months it will be charged at the rate of Five Dollars.

All OLD subscribers whose subscriptions are unpaid on 1st July next, will be struck off the list.

All NEW subscriptions received henceforward, MUST BE PAID IN ADVANCE.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1872.

Most people are in favour of sanitary reform, and we hope that many of them in this country have seen that the *Canada Medical Journal* has propounded a plan whereby the best medical talent might be made effective in advising the Government as to the mode of taking reasonable care of the people's lives. At present it must be confessed that the general Government of the Dominion has done but little towards the establishment of sanitary institutions or the enforcement of sanitary laws. A few weeks ago we had occasion to remark upon this subject, and quoted from the authorities referred to by the *Medical Journal*. It was our misfortune to have differed from the dicta of some of the authorities quoted by the *Journal* on a former occasion, though we cordially endorsed the conclusions to which it had arrived as to the obligation of the Canadian Government to establish a Board of Health. The *Medical Journal* says:

"We observe that the Editor of the *Canadian Illustrated News* in alluding to the articles which have already appeared in our journal on the subject of "Sanitary Reform," propounds the novel doctrine that vice and ignorance give rise to contagious maladies. If this be the case, it is greatly to be wou-

dered at that these diseases are so prevalent among the virtuous and educated. Experience certainly bears out the proposition of Sir J. Y. Simpson, that contagious diseases never spring up *de novo*, but that they are always due to contagion or infection in some form. The Editor asks: "Whence then the small-pox? Does Sir James mean to teach us that it was created, like the dog or the hawthorn, and must of necessity be propagated by its seed?" Most certainly. Small-pox is due to a specific poison, but requires an appropriate soil for its development. We have it in the sacred volume that the Almighty permitted Satan to try the patience of Job, and he did so by afflicting him with boils and other sores. We may therefore infer that small-pox was an invention of the devil, with as much logical precision, as that it was created like the dog or the hawthorn.

"The Editor of the *Illustrated News* mistakes our meaning when he says: "Such hospitals under the charge of a Board of Health with powers that would be very likely claimed for it, might be made the agency for much domestic agony by separating those who from family ties and personal feeling would rather be together in sickness as in health, and even unto death." We never would recommend extreme measures of this character, but if persons assume the responsibility of the care of friends under such conditions, they should be obliged to comply with the most strict measures of isolation and segregation."

The Editor of the *Medical Journal* might have acknowledged our adhesion to his proposed system for the abatement of these diseases, even while he was censuring us for what he calls the "novel doctrine" that "vice and ignorance" are the sources of disease. We adhere to what we said before on this point, Sir J. Y. Simpson to the contrary notwithstanding, and we take the very exemplar made use of by the *Medical Journal*—that of Job—as proof positive that Sir J. Y. Simpson's assertion was absolutely false if the story of Job's affliction be accepted as true. In that case surely the "boils and sores" did spring up *de novo*, at least not from any human contagion so far as we know; and if Satan be claimed by the Medical Faculty as the original inventor of contagious diseases, we may ask why cannot he re-create as well as propagate them? No one expects that "a dog or a hawthorn" will spring up of mere spontaneity; but very few will doubt that through filth, or disregard of the laws of moral and physical health, in other words, through the effects of "vice and ignorance," the worst diseases may be "born again," despite their capacity of spreading by contact when once created. It would be, perhaps, unfair to challenge the correctness of the assertion of the *Journal* that "these diseases are so prevalent among the virtuous and the educated," though our experience leads us to infer that they are not "so prevalent," and that when they are introduced into cleanly, virtuous, and educated families, the diseases have been communicated through association with parties who were the very reverse. Poor Waddington, the pioneer of the Canada Pacific Railway, died at Ottawa, a victim to his washerwoman's association with small-pox patients, and his case ought to be accounted a strong one for the adoption of the policy the *Medical Journal* advocates, but it does not prove that sin and filth, or "vice and ignorance" are not the root of "all the ills that flesh is heir to." It will be seen that the Editor of the *Medical Journal* casts discredit upon his approval of Sir J. Y. Simpson's assertion by his reference to the exemplar of patience who dwelt in the land of Uz. Now, we take the *Medical Journal* on its own ground: if "most certainly" contagious diseases were "created like the dog or the hawthorn" then whence the reflection that the small-pox was an "invention of the devil?" It should be remembered that our theory was that disease was not a creation (like the dog or the hawthorn) nor even an invention of the devil, but the result of sins against the laws of God and nature; or as we said before, the consequence of "vice and ignorance."

We may say that it was just because we did not believe Sir James Simpson's dictum; and that we did believe the contrary; namely, that vice, filth and ignorance are capable of re-creating infectious or contagious diseases—just as a properly prepared bed is capable of producing mushrooms—that we favoured, and still favour the idea so forcibly advocated by the *Medical Journal* of instituting a Dominion Board of Health. We commend the following extract to the attention of our readers, being the closing paragraphs of the article in which Satan and Job are made to do duty in defence of the doctrine of the original creation of disease and the impossibility of its re-creation—a doctrine which, in spite of Sir James Simpson and the *Medical Journal*, we still reject. However, we heartily agree with the suggestions contained in the extract below, and hope they may be carried out:

"Sanitary laws are based on actual observation and experience. It is well for any people if they profit by the experience of others. But the enforcing of sanitary regulations on the ignorant, becomes the duty of the Government of a country. In the case of Canada, the Government being without advice on this all important subject, cannot be expected to follow the suggestions of Local Boards of Health, or of every writer (however earnest), who takes up this subject in the interest of the whole community.

What we would again urge, is the calling together of a General Board of Health for the Dominion, not alone to coun-

sel the Government, but to prepare an efficient and comprehensive bill to be submitted to the Commons of Canada during the coming Session. If this is not done, or if measures are not entered into with a view of arousing the people from the state of lethargy which exists, we cannot tell what amount of sickness and death are before us, and it will then be too late to set to work to remedy the evil while a state of panic exists."

SOMERVILLE LECTURES.—The third of the course of Somerville Lectures was delivered on Thursday evening by Dr. J. Baker Edwards on "Applied Science as illustrated by Photo- and Chromo-Lithography." Dr. Edwards gave a sketch of the early history of Sennefelder, the inventor of the art of printing on stone, and described the process of Chromo-Lithography—or printing on separate stones in different colours so as to make up a composite picture. This had been perfected in England by the talent and perseverance of the late Mr. Bagster. He next spoke of the important aid of photography, especially in multiplying rare and costly works of art and placing Art as an Educator of the great mass of the people through the medium of illustrated newspapers. The modern improvements in photo-lithographic printing were then detailed, and specimens of its excellence exhibited—kindly lent from the establishment of Messrs. Leggo & Co. with the consent of Mr. Desbarats, and illuminated by the magnesium light; as well as the process of stereotyping, by which the *Hearthstone* is printed, and also that of Electrotyping.

The audience was large, the specimens much admired and a hearty vote of thanks returned to the Lecturer.

THE NEW YORK LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

We have no hesitation in commending this Company to public patronage. The figures presented in our advertising columns may be relied upon, and show that the New York holds the front rank among American Life Assurance offices. We may mention that last year it issued nearly nine thousand policies insuring about twenty-five millions of dollars. Such a business bespeaks universal confidence. Certainly the Company has every advantage here in respect of its local associations; the ex-Mayor, Mr. Workman, for President of the local board, with a number of gentlemen of high standing as his associates in the directory; Dr. F. W. Campbell as physician, and as agent Mr. Walter Burke, whose admirable business talent and geniality of manner so well qualify him for popularising any undertaking he may have in charge. We understand the "New York" is doing a large business in Canada.

CITY BUSINESS AND COUNTRY HOMES.

The following chatty article from the *New York Tribune* may be read with advantage by many city business men throughout Canada. To make the remarks thoroughly *apropos* they have but to substitute the name of their own city for that of New York. Says the *Tribune*:

"The demand for houses in the suburbs is very great, and many persons who purchased land with a merely speculative idea of speedy rise in value are investing their surplus capital in cheap and saleable buildings. In this way the land is made to pay more than its interest. Yet, while there are some houses for sale, there are comparatively few available ones to rent. Builders have not always chosen the best sites on their land for building. The low grounds near the depots have been in many cases selected in preference to the more picturesque, healthful and tillable grounds further away and on the hillsides. This is rather a comforting fact than otherwise for men who contemplate rural living, while looking into the mists of the present hints of spring. There are farmers and other land-holders within an hour's ride of New York who, being further away from the march of the house-hunters than their more fortunate neighbours nearer the depots, will sell elegant lots at reduced prices to respectable persons who will probably erect pretty, if not elaborate houses. There will be many such home-hunters this spring, as there have been every year since New York became crowded and had no means of speedy escape for her business population. To such people we offer some considerations.

First of all, be sure that the promise of the shortness of time between business and the expected home is such as it is said to be, and that the trains do make such stops as the land-owner suggests. Study the time-table, the condition of the road from the house or land to the depot, and the system of detentions to which every railway is unjustly, by its managers, made subject. Remember that the trains do not always catch the boats which are said on the time-table to belong to them, and know that it appears to be a rule with superintendents of ferries to leave the slips the moment they see a train approaching. It is safe to add one-quarter to the time specified on the time-table as required to reach New York. For a man that works in New York, an hour and a half is as much time as he ought to give to a single trip over the railway, while the arrangements are as wretched as they generally are now. A place which is given on the time-table as at an hour's travel from the City Hall, is far enough at present for most men, who work nine or ten hours a day, to seek. Even at that, they will have to give three hours a day to the cars. Without desiring to make any invidious distinctions, we are justified in saying that the railway which charges the least for commutation tickets and gives the least for them, is the Erie. The road is run for the mere purpose of making money. Its cars are good; its boats are elegant; its time-table is excitingly agreeable, but its brakemen are offensive, and its boasted time is a falsehood.

The home-hunter should go to the doctor of a rival village and ascertain whether there is anything unhealthy in the town he is seeking. Do not fully rely on the Doctor's word, unless you know he has no land for sale. One-quarter of the country places are under the ban of chills and fever. The men who live only a few hours a day at such places may have

faces ruddy with the excitement of getting to the depot; but the pale cheeks of the children and the chill-blue veins of the women's fingers tell that malaria is present in that locality. Beware of men who offer houses for sale after living in them about two seasons, unless it is ascertained that it is business and not the ague that calls them thence. It is not true that the hill-tops are without the fever; nor that it is always in existence along the rivers. Sometimes the ague infects a hitherto healthful town, because fields are laid out into broad avenues. If a man over-solemnly avers that there are no chills and fever in his locality, wait patiently until you see him shake.

In the country places there must be much carrying to and fro of market-baskets. The more rural the place the hungrier the children will be and the less there will be to eat. The New York markets may, at least during the first few seasons, contain all the berries and beef. It is a mistake to suppose that all the milk is watered in New York. Country butchers charge more for meats than is charged in New York, and the best butter, berries and vegetables are sent to the markets of New York, which take them in large quantities. There are green-grocers in country villages who do not know of the existence of such articles of luxury as asparagus, cauliflower, or fat raspberries. The autocart of the country village is a ruthless peddler with a tin horn. If one markets in New York he will have to carry his own basket, unless he is witty enough to give a baggage master a small commission to make the purchases. Yet it is true that there are very many healthful pleasant, sociable, and easily attainable neighbourhoods in the country near New York, and that any man who has from two to three thousand dollars in cash may own a house and a small plot of land worth four or five thousand dollars. In two years, with a spade and the ambition to spend some of his leisure hours in the woods, he may make his home worth more by a thousand dollars than its value under the natural increase. But he will meet with discouragements; he will commit many blunders; he will find many demands on his time and his labour; and in the end he may only partially succeed in realizing his dream. To many men with wives and children, the task may be worth undertaking; but only to such as do not vainly imagine that they are fitted for what is found only in the descriptions of the horticultural journals.

ROYAL THANKSGIVINGS DURING THE LAST CENTURY.

The use of St. Paul's Cathedral, as the great church of London, for those special religious services in which the city and the whole nation should join with the Sovereign, the Court, and the Council of the kingdom, in thanking God for signal public benefits and mercies, is of very ancient date. It seems to have commenced with the Lancastrian Plantagenet Kings, on the accession of Henry IV. in 1399, but it was zealously observed by the Tudors. It was a sign of that hearty popular sympathy with the reigning family which had grown up with the increased political influence of the middle classes, represented by the city of London and its trade guilds, as the Norman baronial aristocracy had wasted itself in foreign and civil wars. The courtiers and nobles might accompany the King to Divine worship at Westminster Abbey, where he was crowned amidst the poets of his realm. The people of England's capital city would expect to meet their King at St. Paul's; for in those days, until the middle of the sixteenth century, the King was himself a Londoner, often dwelling in the Tower or in Baynard's Castle, near Blackfriars, or sometimes at Bridewell. Queen Elizabeth, though she did not live in the City, liked to visit it, and went in a triumphal chariot, in November, 1588, to return thanks at St. Paul's for the defeat of the Spanish Armada. The Stuart Kings, who were never on the most friendly terms with the London citizens, seldom appeared in this cathedral; but Queen Anne went there in 1704, to give thanks for the victories of Marlborough in the Netherlands, and for the destruction of the Spanish fleet at Vigo. There was another thanksgiving in 1704, for the battle of Blenheim. Our Hanoverian Monarchs, upon rare occasions, have practised the same good old custom in this noblest sacred building of the modern world.

After the recovery of George III. in April, 1789, from a very dangerous illness, a day of general thanksgiving to Almighty God was appointed by Royal proclamation. For the greater solemnity of the day, his Majesty was pleased to go to the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, accompanied by the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, the Princess Royal, Princess Augusta, Princess Elizabeth, the Duke of Gloucester, the Duke of Cumberland, and his Highness Prince William, attended by both Houses of Parliament, the Judges, and other public officers, to return thanks to God for His great mercies and blessings. The procession was begun at eight o'clock in the morning, by the House of Commons, in their coaches, followed by the Speaker, in his state coach. Next came the Masters in Chancery, the Judges, and after them the peers in the order of precedence, the Lord Chancellor in his state coach closing this part of the procession. Afterwards came the Royal family, with their attendants, escorted by the Horse Guards. The King and Queen set out from St. James's Palace, soon after ten o'clock, in a coach drawn by eight cream coloured horses, followed by the Princesses, and proceeded through the gate at the stable-yard along Pall Mall and through the Strand, "amid the loyal acclamations of a prodigious concourse of people." The streets were lined as far as Temple Bar by the brigade of Foot Guards, the Grenadier companies of which were posted in the cathedral, and patrolled by parties of Horse Guards. From Temple Bar to St. Paul's the streets were lined by the Artillery Company and Militia of the City. At Temple Bar the King was met by the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, and a deputation from the Aldermen and Common Council, all being on horse-back, when the Lord Mayor surrendered the City sword to his Majesty, who having returned it to him, he carried it barcheaded before the King to St. Paul's. At the Cathedral his Majesty was met at the west door by the Peers, the Bishop of London, the Dean and Canons of St. Paul's, the band of Gentlemen Pensioners, and the Yeomen of the Guard attending. The King and Queen sat under a canopy of state near the west end of the choir, and opposite the altar. After a special service, the Royal procession returned to St. James's, guns were fired in the parks, and the day was wound up with illuminations in all parts of the metropolis, of great splendour and magnificence.

Again, on Dec. 19, 1797, the King (George III.) and the

Queen, with the whole of the Royal family, the great officers of state, and the members of both Houses of Parliament, went in grand procession to St. Paul's to take part in the general thanksgiving for the three great naval victories obtained by his Majesty's fleet under the command of Lords Howe, St. Vincent, and Duncan. On that occasion a large number of the men of the Royal Navy and Marines joined in the pageant, bearing the captured French, Spanish, and Dutch flags. At Temple Bar their Majesties were received by the Lord Mayor, mounted on horseback, and carrying the sword of the City. The Sheriffs and the members of the Corporation were in attendance at the cathedral, where the King and Queen were met on their arrival by the Bishop of London and the Dean and Chapter, who conducted them to their thrones. Detachments of Foot Guards formed a double line from the west door to the dome. During the service the flags were placed with much ceremony upon the altar.—Illustrated London News.

CORRESPONDENCE.

REGIMENTAL SOUBRIQUETS.

LONDON, Ont., March 4, 1872.

To the Editor of the "ILLUSTRATED CANADIAN NEWS."

SIR,—In your issue of March 2nd I notice an interesting paragraph respecting the *soubriquets* of various regiments in Her Majesty's service: you have, however, omitted to mention one of the best-earned and most honourable titles in the whole army, in reference to which I remark as follows:

In describing the bloody battle of Albuera which was fought on 16th of May, 1811, Sir Wm. Napier says:

"Still the struggle continued with unabated fury. Colonel Inglis, twenty-two officers and more than four hundred men, out of 570, fell in the 57th alone."

Since that glorious though fatal day, sir, the 57th has been known throughout the British army as "The Die-hards," a title of which I trust they are still modestly proud.

The following anecdote which was told to the regiment at Kilkenny, some 20 years ago, by the late General Sir John Macdonald, himself a distinguished Peninsular officer, and, I believe, an Albuera man, may perhaps explain the exact cause of the honourable *soubriquet*; as near as I can remember he told us: The men were falling fast, when Colonel Inglis exclaimed,

"Close up, men! Close up! Close your ranks, and die hard!"

Nobly, splendidly was he obeyed by the regiment of that day, and that their successors have proved worthy of the name transmitted to them let "Sevastopol," "Inkerman" and "New Zealand" testify.

In conclusion I may observe that I believe the 28th Regiment is known as "The Slashers," and the 56th as "Pompadours," but the reasons I am unable to explain. I enclose my card, and remain, sir,

yours obediently,  
An old "Die-hard."

HOW IT FEELS TO BE HANGED.

The number of persons who, having been hanged, have subsequently found themselves in a position to give an account of their sensations during the process, is exceedingly small, and their experiences should, when found, be made a note of. A correspondent of the *Gambais*, moved by private affliction, once tried to hang himself, but after remaining suspended for some time he was fortunately cut down before life became extinct, and has committed to paper a full relation of his adventure. Having resolved to put an end to a life which was no longer endurable, he drove a nail into the wall of his chamber, attached a looped cord thereto, stood upon a chair, and placed his head in the loop. At this critical moment he confesses that he had some notion of taking his head out, and getting off the chair. But "l'amour propre vis-à-vis de lui-même" sustained him, and he very slowly kicked away the chair. The immediately consequent sensation was, he states, "very strange." From the soles of his feet to the crown of his head "a sort of general mixing up of the fluids of the body" ensued. Suddenly there flashed before his eyes a sparkling, dancing light of a colour, which he finds it difficult to describe, but in which blue and a sombre red predominated. Presently the flashing light concentrated at a single focus, and thence spread away into space in ripples such as are made in a pond when a stone is cast into it. At the same time a fearful weight pressed upon his head—a compression, as if his temples were tightly bound in a ring of iron. His hands and feet were full of pins and needles. Needles without number seemed to pass out of the ends of his fingers by a process of continual expulsion. Then came a terrible "snapping" at the nape of the neck; and along his spine there passed a wriggling (*trépidement*) which he "can compare only to a small serpent tercing a passage along the vertebrae." His last sensation was one of acute pain at the throat and shoulder-blades, and finally came a state of perfect unconsciousness, upon recovering from which he was not unnaturally surprised to find himself still in a world which he had been at such pains to quit.

There has just died in England, at the age of seventy-three or seventy-four, a gentleman who has for many years been known in certain literary circles as the Chevalier, or Count, John Sobieski Stuart. It is asserted by his friends that he was the eldest grandson of the "Young Pretender." The real Stuart descent of this gentleman was questioned and examined at considerable length in an article which appeared in the *Quarterly Review* for June, 1847, and which was known to be written by Mr. John Wilson Croker, who held him to be not a Stuart, but a Hay-Allan.

Big brains (says the *N. Y. Mail*) seem to produce a great variety of results. Fisk's brain weighed fifty-eight ounces. Daniel Webster's weighed but fifty-three ounces and a half. Cuvier had sixty-four ounces and a half, while Professor Abercrombie possessed sixty-three. Ruloff, the murderer, who was executed at Binghampton last spring, had fifty-nine ounces of brain. This seems to indicate that a man with a great brain is likely to be something or other.

In the course of an address delivered to workmen, Mr Spurgeon commented on the excuses people made for not going to church. Some persons, said Mr. Spurgeon, complain that they cannot understand the sermons they hear. The reason was that the ministers would use big words. He (Mr. Spurgeon) always endeavoured to get rid of all the big words out of his sermons, and was as particular as their wives were to get the stones out of their plum-pudding. They would get in somehow, but the main thing was to preach as simply as possible. Long sermons, also, were a great evil. If a person preached a long sermon, it was because he had nothing to say. It might appear odd, but it was nevertheless a fact, that when people had nothing to say they took a long time about it; but when they had got something worth telling they out with it at once. Therefore, he repeated, when a man makes a long sermon, he sets out with a very little, and begins to spin, spin, spin. He was of the same opinion as Dr. Chalmers, who was once asked how long it took a man to make a sermon. "That," he replied, "depended upon how long you wanted it. If your sermon is to be half an hour long it will take you three days. If it is to be three-quarters of an hour, it may take you two days, or perhaps only one; but if you are to preach for a hour, why there is not much occasion to think a great deal about it. It may be done in an hour."

A Poughkeepsie dry-goods clerk, who last summer saved the cook of a canal boat from drowning, has received a letter from her father, stating that "as ye saved the gal, she's yourn." The clerk demurs.

An English gentleman asked the terms for a year of a suite of apartments. "How old are you?" was the answer of the *concierge*. "Sixty," was the reply; "but what has that to do with it?" "Everything," responded the *concierge*. "You can't have the rooms. My master objects to deaths on the premises." Candid and speculative.

The *Gospel Banner* beseeches its friends not to overwhelm it with obituaries of infants, and also instead of saying "the disorder which terminated the earthly career of the much lamented woman whose obituary I write, was that fatal, insidious, and treacherous disease which has carried so many thousands into premature and untimely graves," to say briefly, "she died with consumption."

Miss Farnham, the Inventor and Patentee of the Princess Louise Chart, is giving lessons at Madame G. de Fontenay's, 251 St. James Street, Montreal, from 10 to 12 a.m. and from 2 to 5 p.m.; at Albion Hotel from 7 to 9 p.m., for a few weeks only. Agents wanted in every City and Village in Canada. 5-10 a

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"CANADA IN WINTER," KINGSTON.—The matters treated of have already been illustrated and described in the *C. I. News*, hence the publication of your communication would savour of a repetition, or at least would fail to tell our readers anything they do not already know.

W. J. A. M. D., Quebec.—Received too late for insertion this week, will appear in next issue.

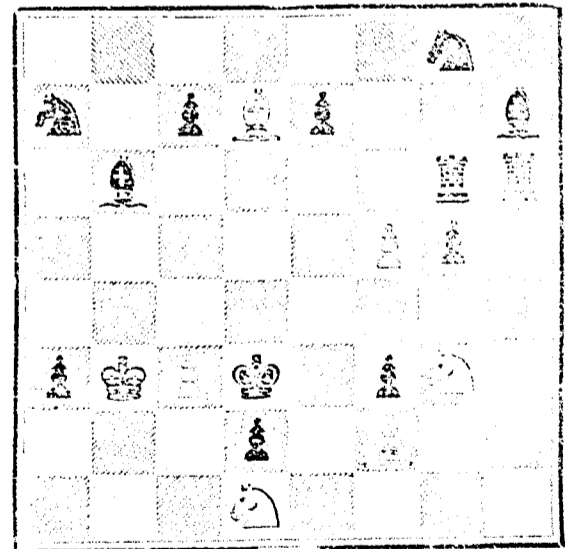
X.—In our next.

CHESS.

Solutions to problems sent in by Correspondents will be acknowledged.

PROBLEM No. 42

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in four moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 41.

- White. 1. Kt. takes P. Black. Any move. 2. Q. c. or B. mates

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA No. 22.

- White. 1. R. to R. 6th. Black. K. to Q. 5th. 2. B. to K. 5th. ch. K. takes B. 3. K. to R. 6th. mate.

VARIATION.

- White. 2. R. to Q. B. 6th. mate. Black. K. to Q. B. 4th.







FROM THE PAINTING BY F. GOODALL, R.A.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, MARCH 14, 1872.

THE PALM OFFERING.  
*"She goeth unto the grave to weep there?"*

St. John's, chap. xi v. 21.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

TO J. O. W.

I had a beautiful, delicate flower,  
That bloomed and blossomed my window beside.  
And I loved that flower, until sad hour  
It faded, and withered, and died.

I had a pet bird, whose melodious song  
Oft gladdened my heart in the eventide;  
But its tremulous song was silent ere long,  
For, like the sweet flower, it died.

I had hope to brighten the youth of life's year,  
Until envious Time, with hurrying stride,  
Left girlhood behind, and when womanhood near  
Struck hope like the rest, and it died.

I had a pure love that was mine, all mine,  
A love that filled my soul with sweet pride;  
But, alas! what was mine grew fickle in time,  
And like flower and hope, love died.

And I wonder if my dear friends will regret me,  
Or sigh at my absence, as often I sigh  
For boys departed, or will they forget me  
When I, like my hopes, shall have died.

MARCH 8th, 1872.

REGISTERED IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE COPYRIGHT ACT OF 1868.

## THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

### CHAPTER IX.

"I suppose it had better be so," Marie Bromar had said to her lover, when, in set form, he made his proposition. She had thought very much about it, and had come exactly to that state of mind. She did suppose that it had better be so. She knew that she did not love the man. She knew also that she loved another man. She did not even think that she should ever learn to love Adrian Urmand. She had neither ambition in the matter, nor even any feeling of prudence as regarded herself. She was enticed by no desire of position, or love of money. In respect to all her own feelings about herself, she would sooner have remained at the Lion d'Or, and have waited upon the guests day after day, and month after month. But yet she had supposed "that it had better be so." Her uncle wished it—wished it so strongly that she believed it would be impossible that she could remain an inmate in his house, unless she acceded to his wishes. Her aunt manifestly thought that it was her duty to accept the man, and could not understand how so manifest a duty, going hand in hand as it did with so great an advantage, should be made a matter of doubt. She had not one about her to counsel her to hold by her own feelings. It was the practice of the world around her that girls in such matters should do as they were bidden. And then, stronger than all, there was the indifference to her of the man she loved!

Marie Bromar was a fine, high-spirited, animated girl; but it must not be thought that she was a highly educated lady, or that time had been given to her amidst all her occupations in which she could allow her mind to dwell much on feelings of romance. Her life had ever been practical, busy, and full of action. As is ever the case with those who have to do chiefly with things material, she was thinking more frequently of the outer wants of those around her, than of the inner workings of her own heart and personal intelligence. Would the bread rise well? Would that bargain she had made for poultry suffice for the house? Was that lot of wine she had persuaded her uncle to buy of a creditable quality? Were her efforts for increasing her uncle's profits compatible with satisfaction on the part of her guests? Such were the questions which from day to day occupied her attention and filled her with interest. And therefore her own identity was not strong to her, as it is strong to those whose business permits them to look frequently into themselves, or whose occupations are of a nature to produce such introspection. If her head ached, or had she lamed her hand by any accident, she would think more of the injury to the household arising from her incapacity than of her own pain. It is so, reader, with your garden, your groom, or your cook, if you will only think of it. Tell you tell them by your pity that they are the sufferers, they will think that it is you who are the most affected by their ailments. And the man who loses his daily wage because he is ill, complains of his loss and not of his ailment. His own identity is half hidden from him by the practical wants of his life.

Had Marie been disappointed in her love without the appearance of any rival suitor, no one would have ever heard of her love. Had George Voss married she would have gone on with her work without a sign of outward sorrow; or had he died, she would have wept for him with no peculiar tears. She did not expect much for the world around her, beyond this, that the guests should not complain about their suppers as long as the suppers provided were reasonably good. Had no great undertaking been presented to her, the performance of no heavy task demanded from her, she would have gone on with her work without showing, even by the altered colour of her cheek, that she was a sufferer. But this other man had come—this Adrian Urmand; and a great undertaking was presented to her, and the performance of a heavy task was demanded from her. Then it was necessary that there should be identity of self and introspection. She had to ask herself whether the task was practicable, whether its performance was within the scope of her powers. She told herself at first that it was not to be done; that it was one which she would not even attempt. Then, as she looked at it more frequently, as she came to understand how great was the urgency of her uncle; as she came to find, in performing that task of introspection, how unimportant a person she was herself, she began to think that the attempt might be made. "I suppose it had better be so," she had said. What was she that she should stand in the way of so many wishes? As she had worked for her bread in her uncle's house at Granpere, so would she work for her bread in her husband's house at Basle. No doubt there were other things to be joined to her work—things, the thought of which dismayed her. She had fought against them for a while; but, after all, what was she, that she should trouble the world by fighting? When she got to Basle she would endeavour to see that the bread should rise there, and the wine be sufficient, and the supper such as her husband might wish it to be.

Was it not the manifest duty of every girl to act after this

fashion? Were not all marriages so arranged in the world around her? Among the Protestants of Alsace, as she knew, there was some greater latitude of choice than was ever allowed by the stricter discipline of Roman Catholic education. But then she was a Roman Catholic, as was her aunt; and she was too proud and too grateful to claim any peculiar exemption from the Protestantism of her uncle. She had resolved during those early hours of the morning that "it had better be so." She thought that she could go through with it all, if only they would not tease her, and ask her to wear her Sunday frock, and force her to sit down with them at table. Let them settle the day—with a word or two thrown in by herself to increase the distance—and she would be absolutely submissive, on condition that nothing should be required of her till the day should come. There would be a bad week or two then while she was being carried off to her new home; but she had looked forward and had told herself that she would fill her mind with the care of one man's house, as she had hitherto filled it with the care of the house of another man.

"So it is all right," said her aunt, rushing up to her with warm congratulations, ready to flatter her, prone to admire her. It would be something to have a niece married to Adrian Urmand, the successful young merchant of Basle. Marie Bromar was already in her aunt's eyes something different from her former self.

"I hope so, aunt."

"Hope so; but it is so, you have accepted him?"

"I hope it is right, I mean."

"Of course it is right," said Madame Voss. "How can it be wrong for a girl to accept the man whom all her friends wish her to marry? It must be right. And your uncle will be so happy."

"Dear uncle!"

"Yes, indeed. He has been so good; and it has made me wretched to see that he has been disturbed. He has been so anxious that you should be settled well, as though you had been his own. And this will be to be settled well. I am told that M. Urmand's house is one of those which look down upon the river from near the church; the very best position in all the town. And it is full of everything, they say. His father spared nothing for furniture when he was married. And they say his mother's linen was quite a sight to be seen. And then, Marie, everybody acknowledges that he is such a nice-looking young man."

But it was not a part of Marie's programme to be waked up to enthusiasm—at any rate by her aunt. She said little or nothing, and would not even condescend to consider that interesting question of the day of the wedding.

"There is quite time enough for all that, Aunt Josey," she said, as she got up to go about her work. Aunt Josey was almost inclined to resent such usage, and would have done so, had not her respect for her niece been so great.

Michel did not return till near seven, and walking straight through his wife's room to Marie's seat of office came upon his niece before he had seen any one else. There was an angry look about his brow, for he had been trying to teach himself that he was ill-used by his niece in spite of that half-formed resolution to release her from persecution if she were still firm in her opposition to the marriage. "Well," he said as soon as he saw her. "Well—how is it to be?" She got off her stool, and coming close to him put up her face to be kissed. He understood it all in a moment, and the whole tone and colour of his countenance was altered. There was no man whose face would become more radiant with satisfaction than that of Michel Voss, when he was satisfied. Please him—and immediately there would be an effort on his part to please everybody around him. "My darling, my own one," he said, "it is all right." She kissed him again and pressed his arm, but said not a word. "I am so glad," he exclaimed. "I am so glad." And he knocked off his cap with his hand, not knowing what he was doing. "We shall have but a poor house without you, Marie;—a very poor house. But it is as it ought to be. I have felt for the last year or two, as you have sprung up to be such a woman among us, my dear, that there was only one place fit for such a one. It is proper that you should be mistress wherever you are. It has wounded me,—I don't mind saying it now, it has wounded me to see you waiting on the sort of people that come here."

"I have only been too happy, uncle, in doing it."

"That's all very well. That's all very well, my dear. But I am older than you, and time goes quick with me. I tell you it made me unhappy. I thought I wasn't doing my duty by you. I was beginning to know that you ought to have a house and servants of your own. People say that it is a great match for you; but I tell them that it is a great match for him. Perhaps it is because you've been my own in a way, but I don't see any girl like you round the country."

"You shouldn't say such things to flatter me, Uncle Michel."

"I choose to say what I please, and think what I please, about my own girl," he said, with his arm close round her. "I say it's a great match for Adrian Urmand, and I am quite sure that he will not contradict me. He has had sense enough to know what sort of a young woman will make the best wife for him, and I respect him for it. I shall always respect Adrian Urmand because he has known better than to take up with one of your town-bred girls, who never learn anything except how to flaunt about with as much finery on their backs as they can get their people to give them. He might have had the pick of them at Basle,—or at Strasbourg either, for the matter of that; but he has thought my girl better than them all; and I love him for it, so I do. It was to be expected that a young fellow with means to please himself should choose to have a good-looking wife to sit at his table with him. Who'll blame him for that? And he has found the prettiest in all the country round. But he has wanted something more than good looks,—and he has got a great deal more. Yes; I say it, I, Michel Voss, though I am your uncle;—that he has got the pride of the whole country round. My darling, my own one, my child!"

All this was said with many interjections, and with sundry pauses in the speech, during which Michel caressed his niece, and pressed her to his breast, and signified his joy by all the outward modes of expression which a man so demonstrative knows how to use. This was a moment of great triumph to him, because he had begun to despair of success in this matter of the marriage, and had told himself on this very morning that the affair was almost hopeless. While he had been up in the wood he had asked himself how he would treat Marie in consequence of her disobedience to him; and he had at last succeeded in producing within his own breast a state of

mind that was not perhaps very reasonable, but which was consonant with his character. He would let her know that he was angry with her,—very angry with her; that she had half broken his heart by her obstinacy; but after that she should be to him his own Marie again. He would not throw her off, because she disobeyed him. He could not throw her off, because he loved her, and knew of no way by which he could get rid of his love. But he would be very angry, and she should know of his anger! He had come home wearing a black cloud on his brow, and intending to be black. But all that was changed in a moment, and his only thought now was how to give pleasure to this dear one. It is something to have a niece who brings such credit on the family!

Marie as she listened to his praise and his ecstasies, knowing by a sure instinct every turn of his thoughts, tried to take joy to herself in that she had given joy to him. Though he was her uncle, and had in fact been her master, he was actually the one real friend whom she had made for herself in her life. There had been a month or two of something more than friendship with George Voss; but she was too wise to look much at that now. Michel Voss was the one being in the world whom she knew best, of whom she thought most, whose thoughts and wishes she had most closely studied, whose interests were ever present to her mind. Perhaps it may be said of every human heart in a sound condition that it must be specially true to some other one human heart; but it may certainly be so said of every female heart. The object may be changed very suddenly, as when a girl's devotion is transferred with the consent of all her friends from her mother to her lover; or very slowly as when a mother's is transferred from her husband to some favourite child; but, unless self-worship be predominant, there is always one friend to whom the woman's breast is true,—for whom it is the woman's joy to offer herself in sacrifice. Now with Marie Bromar that one being had been her uncle. She prospered, if he prospered. His comfort was her comfort. Even when his palate was pleased, there was some gratification akin to animal enjoyment on her part. It was ease to her, that he should be at his ease in his arm chair. It was mirth to her that he should laugh. When he was contented she was satisfied. When he was ruffled she was never smooth. Her sympathy with him was perfect; and now that he was radiant with triumph, though his triumph came from his victory over herself, she could not deny him the pleasure of triumphing with him.

"Dear uncle," she said, still caressing him, "I am so glad that you are pleased."

"Of course it will be a poor house without you, Marie. As for me, it will be just as though I had lost my right leg and my right arm. But what! A man is not always to be thinking of himself. To see you treated by all the world as you ought to be treated,—as I should choose that my own daughter should be treated,—that is what I have desired. Sometimes when I've thought of it all when I've been alone, I have been mad with myself for letting it go on as it has done."

"It has gone on very nicely, I think, uncle Michel." She knew how worse than useless it would be now to try and make him understand that it would be better for them both that she should remain with him. She knew, to the moving of a feather, what she could do with him and what she could not. Her immediate wish was to enable him to draw all possible pleasure from his triumph of the day, and therefore she would say no word to signify that his glory was founded on her sacrifice.

Then again came up the question of her position at supper, but there was no difficulty in the arrangement made between them. The one gala evening of grand dresses,—the evening which had been intended to be a gala but which had turned out to be almost funeral,—was over. Even Michel Voss himself did not think it necessary that Marie should come in to supper with her silk dress, two nights running; and he himself had found that changing of his coat had impaired his comfort. He could eat his dinner and his supper in his best clothes on Sunday, and not feel the inconvenience; but on other occasions those unaccustomed garments were as heavy to him as a suit of armour. There was, therefore, nothing more said about clothes. Marie was to dispense her soup as usual,—expressing a confident assurance that if Peter were as yet to attempt this special branch of duty the whole supper would collapse,—and then she was to take her place at the table, next to her uncle. Everybody in the house, everybody in Granpere, knew that the marriage had been arranged, and the old lady who had been so dreadfully snubbed by Marie, had forgiven the offence, acknowledging that Marie's position on that evening had been one of difficulty.

But these arrangements had reference only to two days. After two days, Adrian was to return to Basle, and to be seen no more at Granpere till he came to claim his bride. In regard to the choice of the day, Michel declared roundly that no constraint should be put upon Marie. She showed him her full privileges, and no one should be allowed to interfere with her. On this point Marie had brought herself to be almost indifferent. A long engagement was a state of things which would have been quite incompatible with such a betrothal. Any delay that could have been effected would have been a delay, not of months, but of days,—or at most of a week or two. She made up her mind that she would not be afraid of her wedding. She would teach herself to have no dread either of the man or of the thing. He was not a bad man, and marriage in itself was honourable. She formed ideas also of some future true friendship for her husband. She would endeavour to have a true solicitude for his interests, and would take care, at any rate, that nothing was squandered that came into her hands. Of what avail would it be to her that she should postpone for a few days the beginning of a friendship that was to last all her life? Such postponement could only be induced by a dread of the man, and she was firmly determined that she would not dread him. When they asked her, therefore, she smiled and said very little. What did her aunt think?

(To be continued.)

Some months ago a citizen of New Jersey, while searching for minerals in the mountains of Warren County, stumbled into a woodchuck hole and fell to the ground. He found around the mouth of the hole what, upon investigation, proved to be mica. He bought the property. The deposit of mica is found in one solid mass, fourteen feet wide, in continuous layers like roof shing, and is dug out in large square blocks, which may be split up into innumerable pieces. The only other mica mine known to exist in the United States is in North Carolina.

## MARK TWAIN'S FIRST LECTURE.

I was home again in San Francisco, without means and without employment. I tortured my brain for a saving scheme of some kind, and at last a public lecture occurred to me! I sat down and wrote one in a fever of anticipation. I showed it to several friends, but they all shook their heads. They said nobody would come to hear me, and I would make a humiliating failure of it. They said that as I had never spoken in public I would break down in the delivery, anyhow. I was disconsolate now. But at last an editor slapped me on the back, and told me to "go ahead." He said, "Take the largest house in the town, and charge a dollar a ticket." The audacity of the proposition was charming; it seemed fraught with practical worldly wisdom, however. The proprietor of the several theatres indorsed the advice, and said I might have his handsome new opera house at half price—fifty dollars. In sheer desperation I took it—on credit, for sufficient reasons. In three days I did a hundred and fifty dollars' worth of printing and advertising, and was the most distressed and frightened creature on the Pacific coast. I could not sleep—who could under such circumstances? For other people there was facetiousness in the line of my posters, but to me it was plaintive with a pang when I wrote it: "Door open at 7½ o'clock. The trouble will begin at 8."

The line has done good service since. I have seen it appended to a newspaper advertisement, reminding school pupils in vacation what time the next term would begin. As those three days of suspense dragged by, I grew more and more unhappy. I had sold 200 tickets among my personal friends, but I feared they would not come. My lecture, which had seemed humorous to me at first, grew steadily more and more dreary, until not a vestige of fun seemed left, and I grieved that I could not bring a coffin on the stage and turn the thing into a funeral. I was so panic-stricken at last that I went to three old friends, giants in stature, cordial by nature, and stormy voiced, and said:

"This thing is going to be a failure; the jokes in it are so dim that nobody will ever see them. I would like to have you sit in the parquette and help me through."

They said they would. Then I went to the wife of a popular citizen, and said that if she was willing to do me a very great kindness I would be glad if she and her husband would sit prominently in the left hand stage box, where the whole house could see them. I explained that I would need help, and would turn toward her and smile, as a signal when I have been delivered of an obscure joke—and then, "I answered, 'don't wait to investigate, but respond.'"

She promised. Down the street I met a man I had never seen before. He had been drinking, and was beaming with smiles and good nature. He said:

"My name is Sawyer. You don't know me, but that don't matter. I haven't got a cent, but if you knew how bad I wanted to laugh, you'd give me a ticket. Come now, what do you say?"

"Is your laugh hung on a hair trigger?—that is, is it critical, or can it get off easy?"

My drawling infirmity of speech so affected him that he laughed a specimen or two that struck me as being about the article I wanted, and I gave him a ticket, and appointed him to sit in the second circle in the centre, and be responsible for that division of the house. I gave him minute instructions how to detect indistinct jokes and then went away and left him chuckling placidly over the novelty of the idea.

I ate nothing on the last three eventful days—I only suffered. I had advertised that on the third day the office would be opened for the sale of reserved seats. I crept down to the theatre at four in the afternoon to see if any sales had been made. The ticket-seller was gone, the box-office was locked up. I had to swallow suddenly or my heart would have gone out. "No sales!" I said to myself. I might have known it. I thought of suicide, pretended illness, flight. I thought of these things in earnest, for I was very miserable and scared. But of course I had to drive them away, and prepare to meet my fate. I could not wait for half-past seven. I wanted to face the horror and end it—the feeling of many a man doomed to be hung, no doubt. I went down a back street at six o'clock, and entered the theatre by a back door. I stumbled my way in the dark among the ranks of canvas scenery, and stood on the stage. The house was gloomy and silent, and its emptiness depressing. I went into the dark among the scenes again, and for an hour and a half gave myself up to the horrors, wholly unconscious of everything else. Then I heard a murmur; it rose higher and higher, and ended in a crash, mingled with cheers. It made my hair rise, it was so close to me and so loud. There was a pause, and then another; presently came a third, and before I well knew what I was about I was in the middle of the stage, staring at a sea of faces, bewildered by the fierce glare of lights, and quaking in every limb with a terror that seemed like to take my life away. The house was full—aisle and all!

The tumult in my heart, and brain, and legs continued a few minutes before I could gain any command over myself. Then I recognized the charity and the friendliness in the faces before me, and little by little my fright melted away, and I began to talk. Within three or four minutes I was comfortable, and even content. My three chief allies, with their auxiliaries, were on hand in the parquette, all sitting together, all armed with bludgeons, and all ready to make an onslaught upon the feeblest joke that might show its head. And whenever a joke did fall, their bludgeons came down, and their faces seemed to split from ear to ear. Sawyer, whose hearty countenance was seen looming redly in the centre of the second circle, took it up, and the house was carried handsomely. Inferior jokes never fared so royally before. Presently I delivered a bit of serious matter with impressive unction, (it was my pet) and the audience listened with an absorbed hush that gratified me more than any applause; and as I dropped the last word of the clause I happened to turn and catch Mrs. ———'s intent and waiting eye; my conversation with her flashed upon me, and in spite of all I could do I smiled. She took it for the signal, and promptly delivered a mellow laugh that touched off the whole audience, and the explosion that followed was the triumph of the evening! I thought that honest man Sawyer would choke himself; and as for the bludgeons, they performed like pile-drivers. But my poor little morsel of pathos was ruined. It was taken as an intentional joke, and the prize one of the entertainment, and I wisely let it go at that.

All the papers were kind in the morning; my appetite returned; and I had an abundance of money. "All's well that ends well."

## A TRADITION OF ROTHERHITHE.

It was a still autumn evening, about sixty years since, and a strong ebb tide which was just on the turn, had shrunk the waters of the Thames to their lowest state, when the skipper of a vessel, arrived that day from a foreign port, and anchored opposite Rotherhithe, put off for the shore. Rotherhithe was then little more than a desolate collection of fields, enlivened by a few public-houses and labourers' cottages; but dreary as it was, and more dreary still for the evening shades that were rapidly darkening over it, it was a link in the chain of old recollections that carried his heart home, and leaning forward on his seat, his eyes fixed on the darkening shore, to which it required but a few strokes of the oars to carry him, the skipper indulged in the visions prompted by such feelings. Scarcely had the boat grazed upon the shingles, when he jumped from it, and only waiting to give hurried orders to the rowers to await him there at eleven, he hastened up the shore, his eyes restlessly wandering round him in search of the realities of those shadows with which memory had soothed his absence.

The two rowers looked after their chief as he hastened on; but suddenly they observed him stop; and, thinking that something was amiss, they ran after him. The skipper had not fallen; he was stooping down, and as they came nearer, they saw that he was endeavouring to disengage his foot, though they could not at first distinguish what had entangled it.

"Curse the chain!" he cried rising, and shaking the foot violently in an effort to extricate it. It was one of the old-fashioned chains with long and large links, attached to a buoy, and left uncovered by the ebb tide, and into one of those links he had struck his foot with a violence that had sufficed to jam it tightly into a space it could not otherwise have entered. The impetus had carried the link over the widest part of the foot, which had thus become so tightly wedged that he could not remove it. The eyes of one of the sailors danced with mirth, though there were no audible demonstrations of it, as he thought how neatly the skipper was caught as in a trap.

"Come, Bob, lend a hand," urged the other reproachfully; "now, sir, twist the foot carefully out, while we hold the chain." But it was more easily said than done; the skipper did twist the foot, and that with a force that ground the bone against the iron, but to no purpose.

"Let me try," suggested Bob. "Bill, you hold the chain. Now, sir, slow and steady;" and as he spoke, he endeavoured, first by a twist, and then by a wrench, to draw it out; but though he continued this operation till the skipper execrated his clumsiness, it was with no better success. Bill rose to his feet with a sigh, and scratching his head, regarded the foot askance, while Bob, still on the ground, entreated permission to give it "just one more grand wrench;" and the captive, finding his own efforts availed nothing, consented to the trial. It was a grand wrench that Bob gave it; but it was without result, except in the cries and expletives it drew from the sufferer. Bob also rose to his feet, quite puzzled what to do next, while the skipper again struggled fruitlessly in the iron toils.

There were but few people about; but by this time some two or three had collected round the unfortunate skipper; they seemed to consider it a good joke; and it was in a voice interrupted by laughter that one of them advised that the foot should be cut away. "Ah! that's the legal way of doing it," assented another; "the foot is got into Chancery—of course it must strip to get out again." The sufferer did not appreciate the joke; he did not indeed hear it; and Bob, who had by this time found the grave side of the case, checked the flow of merriment by remarking to the last speaker, that "it would better become a Christian and a water-man to fetch a light than to look on a fellow-creature's misfortunes like a hand-lubber—only to laugh at 'em." Without farther notice of the reproach, the man obeyed the intimation, and running to the nearest public-house, brought a lantern. He had found a moment to proclaim the curious case, and was accompanied on his return by not only "the company" at the public-house, but as many of its residents as could possibly be spared; and the operation of cutting the foot away was performed by the skipper himself under the observation of twenty or thirty pair of eyes. "Now!" was the general exclamation when this was done, and the event of the subsequent trial was anxiously awaited. It was vain; the foot would not pass. The skipper himself struggled to drag it through till, with the pain and the exertion, the sweat poured from his forehead; and his lips quivered as he set them in the stern effort. It would not pass through that prison-link; and when the victim gave over the attempt, and stood up to wipe his forehead, and considered what further means to try, there was a laugh; not even a smile rewarded the suggestion of a young girl, "that some one should cut the chain." "Better get a chair for the gentleman," observed a woman with a baby in her arms; he's quite ready" (she meant ready to faint), and the girl ran away to procure one; but before it had been brought, Bill had been obliged to support him. He was seated, however; and some one having brought a glass of brandy, he swallowed it eagerly, and was soon able to renew his struggle with his iron captor, but to no better purpose than before; and again he intermitted his struggles, and looking round among the gradually increasing crowd, said: "Will some of you go for a surgeon?" "I will, sir," said Bill, eagerly, and off he started at the top of his speed. Meanwhile the skipper leaned back in his chair, and the crowd silently looked on, or glanced at each other with wonder, perplexity, and pity. It was half an hour ere the messenger returned, accompanied by the first doctor he could find, as he said. It was a chemist, who in truth knew little of medicine, and less of surgery; but he pressed and rubbed the foot, asking if that hurt it, and then shook his head in approbation of the assent so wisely, that the crowd looked on in wondering admiration and anticipation of what he might do next.

"I've bleed it," observed a burly man from the front rank of observers.

"It is what I propose to do," observed the chemist gravely as the patient approved the suggestion; "but," he continued, feeling in his pocket, "I have not my lancets with me. Thank you," he went on in answer to Bill's offer to fetch them, "I must go myself; my wife will not give up my surgical instruments to a stranger."

Meantime the rumour of this strange accident had spread far and wide through Rotherhithe, and persons of all classes crowded to the spot; some had brought lanterns with them,

and one who had made a circuit by the river in order to approach, held up the blazing link he carried, which threw a strong light over the chief person in the scene. He was very pale, and his eyes wandered restlessly, but there was a slight smile on the lips.

"Bless me, what a time that doctor is!" cried the woman with the baby. "Sal, you run and see if he's coming," she continued, addressing the girl who had fetched the chair, and who instantly started off on the run; but it was more than a quarter of an hour before she returned with the chemist, who with due ceremony and importance took out from the formidable array of surgical weapons one small lancet, and having made the necessary preparations, amid the breathless silence of the crowd, proceeded to bleed the foot. The doctor, having entertained some doubts as to the issue, was greatly relieved by finding that venous and not arterial blood followed the stroke of the lancet, and watching the bubbling blood complacently, thought not of stopping it till warned by a caution from the crowd not to bleed the man to death; but before the bleeding was stopped, the skipper insisted on trying once more to extricate the foot. Again and again he wrenched, struggled, twisted his foot, amidst the exclamations, encouragements and cheers of the rapidly increasing crowd. The bone was not reduced in size—it seemed rather enlarged—and his struggles only increased the irritation; till at length, with a sigh of exhaustion, the skipper leaned back in his chair and ceased to strive.

"If," suggested the chemist—"if the foot were now left a short time in its present condition, I have no doubt the irritation would subside and the swelling abate."

"I'd foment it," said the woman with the baby.

"I was going to propose it," said the chemist shortly; and twenty persons started for flannel and hot water, including the Sal before mentioned.

The tide had by this time risen to within half a yard of the chair! A murmur ran through the crowd, and at length reached the ears of the skipper: "The river is fast rising; there is no time to lose." A new and horrible fear dawned upon his mind; he started up, and for one minute gazed silently over the dark and steaming waters, in which the blaze of the torch was reflected in a fiery column; the next he turned away, his eyes glaring and his face paler yet with horror than the bleeding had left it; and again he wrestled fiercely with his impassable foe—again he twisted, wrenched, and strained that fettered foot, till the hemorrhage, imperfectly stopped, was renewed; and it was only when the blood welled warmly over the writhing limb that, exhausted and breathless, he sunk back in his chair.

Through the crowd ran, meantime, a booming sound composed of subdued exclamations, and agitated questions and proposals, to which no one replied. In the midst of this, the scene was suddenly darkened; the boy who held the torch heaped aside with a cry of "The water! the water!" and the next moment the rising waters dashed up to the chained foot.

"God!" cried the captive, frantically starting up, "will no one help me? Send for a doctor—call for help. Sacred heaven! will you coolly stand by, and see a man drowned by inches?"

"Never fear, sir," said Bill soothingly, endeavouring to reason with him—"never fear, we'll manage it. See, here comes the flannel and the hot water. Come, come, sir; Father Thames is no harum-scarum youngster, that does not know his own mind—he'll take his time, never you fear."

"Ay, but his time must come," muttered the skipper shudderingly, yet half soothed.

Already had they commenced the fomentation; the woman with the baby had sent it home, and was busily superintending the operation; and the sufferer glanced uneasily from the foot to the gradually encroaching waters.

"No use in fomentation now," said the chemist coolly, as the tide plashed on and covered the foot with the cold waters of the river.

"Never mind," cried the woman cheerfully; "we shall do very well yet. Try, sir—try if it won't pass now."

He did make one desperate effort, with a silence as desperate; no, not one effort only, but a series of struggles, obstinately maintained, in defiance, almost in forgetfulness of bodily torture, in the horrible probability that every moment strengthened; he wrenched and strained till the body, not the spirit subdued, he staggered back into his seat. The girl Sal, whose office it had been to renew the hot water, her occupation being now gone, rose from her stooping position to her knees, making some observation in a voice scarcely above a whisper.

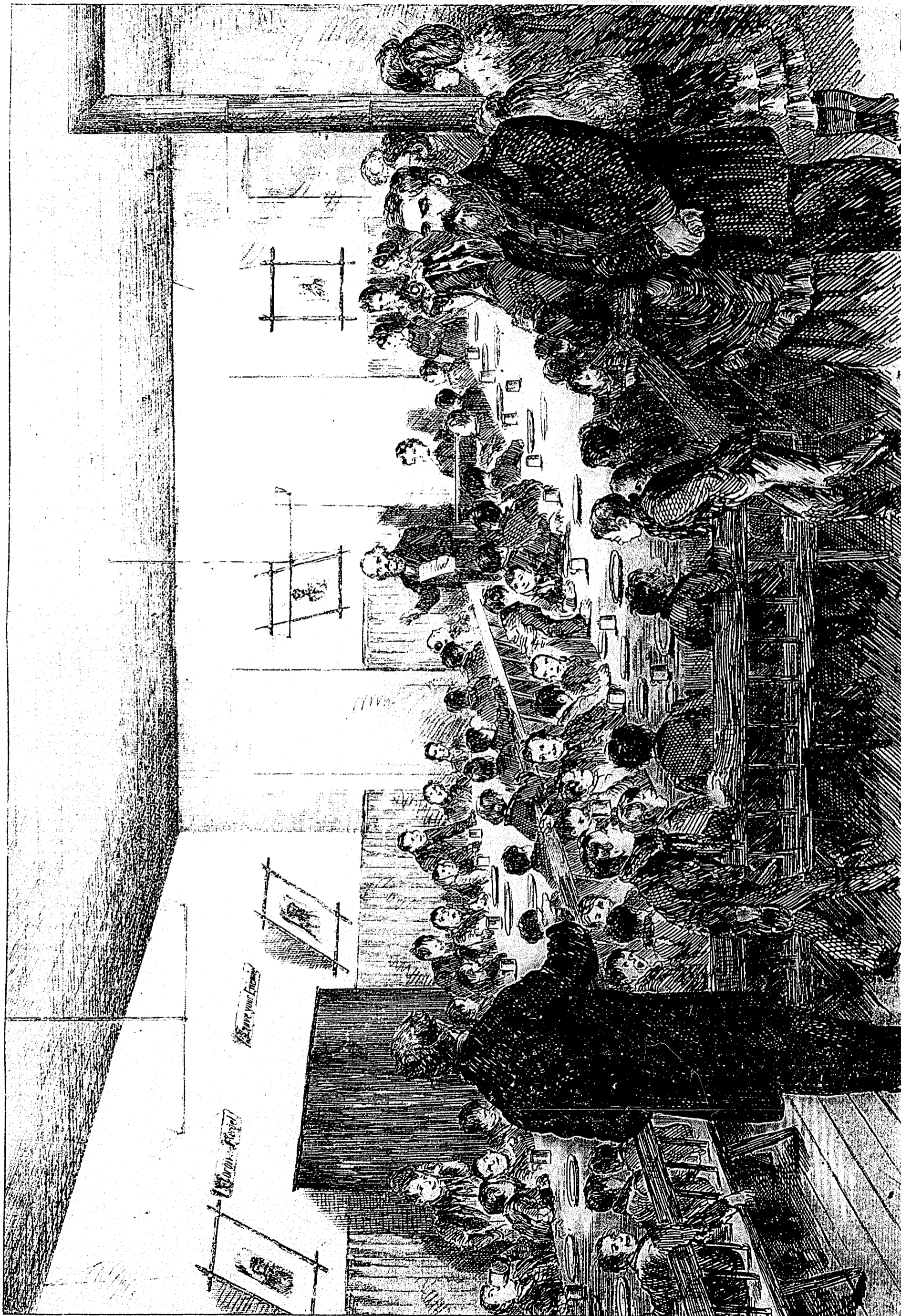
"What! what does she say, Bob?" he asked eagerly, leaning forward in his seat.

"A bit of good sense, sir!" replied Bob with a gruff abruptness that was designed to overcome a faltering of nerve and speech he thought scarcely manly; "better leave a limb here than a life."

"You are right, you are right!" cried the skipper, his eyes lighting up wildly with a desperate hope; "let a surgeon be sent for directly."

"This gentleman can do it off-hand!" cried Bill rising smartly to his feet, and pointing to the chemist, who negatived the proposition with the observation that his practice did not lie in that direction, and Bill, with a contemptuous notice of the hand-lubber, that could not spike a gun as well as load it, went in search of a more effective practitioner.

She hastily proposed to go with him, observing that if he was a stranger, he would not know where to go, and Bill, in a few words accepting the offer, they started on their errand. The crowd of lookers-on, that had gradually increased to a multitude, had been driven back several feet by the rising waters, which had already covered the ankle of the sufferer. There was a hum and a stir amongst them; but it was subdued. Two or three boys, in the excitement of the moment, and that of a sense of numbers, by which boys of a larger growth are often wrought upon, attempted to get up a "Hoory," but were checked by a stern "Silence!" Bob alone stood beside the skipper, cheering him with words of hearty encouragement, by which he endeavoured also to overbear his own fears. In the former service, his aid was little needed. The desperate expedient on which he had determined had excited in the skipper's mind hopes that were almost assurance; and though he now looked anxiously into the gloom of the imperfectly lighted road that stretched before him for his coming liberators, and then glanced behind him at the dark waters, now covered with a heavy white mist—the former look was of hope, and the latter of defiance. There was an abrupt cheer from the crowd, checked almost in the mo-



THE NEWSBOYS' FESTIVAL AT THE BOYS' HOME, MOUNTAIN STRIPE. — FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST. — SEE PAGE 162.



"WHAT WILL MY HUSBAND BE LIKE?"

ment of its utterance; it announced the approach of the surgeons—for there were two of them—accompanied by the messengers. They soon made their way to their proposed patient, but to approach him were compelled to enter a boat drawn up on the shingles for the purpose. The scene was imperfectly lighted by two or three lanterns, and only the outline of the sufferer's form was visible as he rose at their approach. There was a call for lights, and in a few minutes several torches brought an illumination more glaring than that of day. Bill insisting on the extremity of the case, had not delayed time by any further account of it to the medical men, than a few hurried words by the way might convey, and they were unprepared for the depth and horror of the danger now suddenly displayed to them. Its hopelessness also was immediately apparent to them. The water had risen nearly to the knee, and, notwithstanding a slight tinge of blood, the swelled and lacerated foot was visible through it, fixed in its iron trap.

"Thank God you are come, gentlemen," said the sufferer; "there is no time to lose. Time and tide wait for no man, as you may see," he laughed hysterically, and rescued himself. "Now, gentlemen," he repeated, "I am ready, and shall be happy to give old Father-Thames leg bail."

His mirth, forced and discordant, jarred painfully upon the very heart-strings of the surgeons; they looked at each other, and at length one of them observed that, not being informed of the state of the case, they had not brought their instruments with them.

"What!" cried the skipper, shrilly, "unprepared! Then why don't you send for them? Why do you stand gaping at each other! In the name of Almighty God, send, I say!" and he stamped his free foot fiercely in the splashing waters.

"It is to no purpose; we can do nothing for you," said one of the surgeons. There was a strange contrast between the hopeless tenor of this declaration, and the calm hopeful tone that was habitual to the speaker's professional manner.

"What!" repeated the skipper faintly; "you don't understand me, gentlemen," he resumed, after a momentary pause. "I don't want you to extricate the foot; I want you to cut off the limb—you can do that."

"I am sorry to say that it is impossible," said the other surgeon; "we cannot perform the operation under the water."

"You cannot!" repeated the skipper. "I tell you, you may—you must. Is a man's life no better than a lighted paper, that you can see it crushed out so coolly? Do you see those—? But I won't swear. I say, do you see those waters, gentlemen? Do you know that in another hour they would choke me as I stand?"

"It is quite impossible," repeated the other surgeon. "But can you not remove the foot now—the cold would shrink it. Try again."

"Ay, try, sir—try again," said Bill; "the last time pays for all."

"Are you, too, coward enough to mock the helpless?" said the skipper sternly; "have I not tried in vain? I sit here a murdered man," he went on, folding his arms; "and if I must die, as my soul lives, I will arraign those men at the bar of the Eternal Judge!"

Those words, uttered in a raised voice, reached the ears of the crowd, and, indignant at what, in their ignorant zeal, they considered an unfeeling and reckless disregard of human life, a passionate murmur rose amongst them, mingled with angry exclamations, that were soon wrought up to a fierce excitement, that threatened the lives of the surgeons; and amid cries of "Teach them better! Give 'em a taste of mud! Show them what drowning is!"—the man called Dobbs stepped forward, the voluntary organ of the multitude.

The surgeons quietly urged a few words in explanation, which Mr. Dobbs would not hear, much less care to understand.

"No time to lose in talking," he interrupted; "send for your tools." "There is the doctor here," pointing to the chemist, "he'll fetch 'em."

A loud cry from the crowd seconded the recommendation, and the skipper, with reviving hope, stood up and resumed his entreaties.

"It would be to no purpose," said the surgeon, whose manner has been particularised, addressing the sufferer. "I am sorry to say, we can be of no use to you."

The other surgeon, however, wrought upon by his own charitable hope, or by the dangerous excitement of the mob, suggested that it might be taken off at the knee, if the sufferer would consent to the amputation.

"Let me only carry away my life, gentlemen," said the skipper eagerly, "and mangle me as you please."

The observation was answered by a stifled cheer from the multitude; but Mr. Desford, the first speaker, turned on his professional friend a reproachful glance, only uttering the word "Time" in a low voice, to which the other replied with a movement of disregard, and gave instructions to the chemist to fetch the necessary instruments. The skipper continued to stand: he was now shivering violently from the intense cold of the water in which he was immersed. Bob had this time accompanied the chemist, in order to hasten him; and Bill having brought their boat up close to his captain, many others followed his example, and the shore, to the river's very edge, was crowded with an anxious multitude of both sexes. Their excitement had reached a feverish height, and every moment was augmenting it; several females had been removed from the front ranks of the mob in violent hysterics, and the deep murmur of the male voices was varied by their occasional sobs; but they perceived Mr. Desford speaking to the sufferer, and there was a deep hush of anxious listening.

"It would be cruel to deceive you with hopes," he said; "if you cannot draw the foot out, no chance of extrication now remains for you—save through the gates of death."

The words were scarcely spoken, when there was a short cry, and one agonised sob from Bill's boat. It was the girl Sal, who had crushed so close to the sufferer, that her cry, in the strange tension of his nerves, seemed to strike him like a blow. He had been stunned, but not convinced, by the surgeon's words; and this aroused him.

"If not at the knee," he asked with a sinking voice, glancing at the waters, which had now nearly reached that joint, "couldn't you take the limb off at the hip?"

"Impossible!" repeated the surgeon. "It is but cruel to delude you with hope: you must die!"

The skipper heard that calmly spoken but decided doom. He looked to the other surgeon—a dumb and desperate appeal

for the renewal of that hope almost dead within him. The surgeon tried to smile an answer, but he turned away his head, and the wreathing lip seemed but a mockery on that face of horror. Well did the victim read it; he sank back in his chair, rather from the relaxation of the limbs, than any voluntary movement. The cries of "Shame!" mingled with threats, that followed Mr. Desford's speech, were paralysed to silence by a voice scarcely human. It was from the skipper. He had scarcely touched the seat of the chair, when he bounded up again. Well might horror change his voice: the chair was aloft, and he had plashed into a bed of water.

"God bless you, captain!" cried Bill, wiping his eyes; "it is but death after all—why, you've been alongside of him thousands of times."

"It is but death!" repeated the sufferer hollowly; "ay, it is a word to you, but what is it to me?—chained down, with those black waters rising—rising! My God, deliver me!"

A hand gently touched his arm; it was Sal, who, with a pale, earnest face, was gazing at him.

"It is not so very dreadful," she said. "My little brother smiled, and said death did not hurt him. Don't—don't take on so; it is not so very dreadful."

The sufferer's countenance relaxed as he listened.

"Will you do the errand of a dying man?" he asked gently.

The flood of silent tears she wiped away was her answer; and stooping down, he whispered a few earnest words in her ear, then taking a memorandum-book from his pocket, he wrote in it rapidly for a few minutes, and placing it in her hands, said solemnly; "Remember, and farewell!"

"I will, I will," replied the girl.

He pressed her arm; then, turning to the surgeon, said: "Will you be my executor? You will find here," he continued, understanding the surgeon's expressive silence, "a memorandum of my will, my address, and all particulars necessary; and now pray to God for me in this my struggle."

"Is there anything more I can do for you?" asked the surgeon.

"Ah," he continued shiveringly, "how very cold it is! Brandy! brandy! to thaw this ice at my heart! Brandy, I say!"

"And brandy you shall have, captain," said Bill energetically, "or may I live upon water?" and he strided along the boat in his hurried way to the shore to fetch it. He soon returned with a bottle and a glass, into which he poured some.

"There, that is sufficient," said the surgeon, checking him.

"Fill up! fill up!" was the skipper's counter-order.

"Would you die drunk?" said Mr. Desford, expostulating with him.

"Ay, ay, captain, you shall have enough of it," cried Bill. "He has a right to do as he pleases," he continued, addressing the surgeon: "it is his own affair, I suppose."

"You would not dare to enter King George's presence, if you were not sober," replied the surgeon; "your captain is going to the King of Kings, would you send him there drunk?"

"No, no; I don't mean that," said Bill, in a subdued tone; "but it's hard to refuse it to a fellow-creature, when there's no other comfort left him."

He was interrupted by a cry from the multitude on the shore, announcing the return of the messengers with the surgical instruments; but even the surgeon who had sent for them now showed no thought of using them; the waters had risen several inches above the knee; but the multitude still retaining their belief in the possibility of amputation, the lives of the surgeons were becoming endangered by their desperate excitement. Bill, who saw too clearly that all hope for his captain was gone, suggested that it was advisable that they should, in his own expressive phrase, "bolt by the way of the river"—advice very rapidly taken. The skipper pressed the hand of Mr. Desford, when that gentleman grasped his, at his departure, but his eyes roved bewilderedly, and though he echoed the adieu, it was with mechanical indifference. The boat in which the surgeons were standing, was, by the aid of a bribe to the boatman, almost imperceptibly paddled out of the circle of jostling vessels, and they were soon in the gloomy security of the mid-stream. What need to proceed inch by inch in the description of the approach of that which the reader perceives to be inevitable. Gradually, but surely, those gloomy, those relentless waters stole on; they reached the waist—they covered the shoulders—they drew a cold and strangling circle round the throat—they bubbled from the lips, though the neck was strained in the effort to raise them above the blindly hastening flood. Who shall describe the horror of the multitude, that from the land and from river looked on powerless, while the mighty water, like an inevitable fate, swallowed up limb by limb a living being! At length there came one strong, one desperate cry from the sufferer—it was his last: the waters closed over his mouth—they rushed into his nostrils—there was a struggle, a deadly struggle beneath them for a few moments, and then stillness—the stillness of death!

TICHOBERN STORIES.—At a dinner party lately, somebody, so runs the story, asked Lord Westbury what he thought of Sir William Bovill. Lord Westbury half closed his eyes, as is his wont when he has something pleasant to say, and sweetly observed, in his bland and subdued tones:—"Bovill? Ah, well, I think that, judging by this Tichborne case, Bovill fairly promises, with a little more experience, to become the worst judge we ever had!" Sir John Coleridge, the Attorney-General (one of the family of the poet), is thought to have weakened his reputation as a lawyer by his lengthy, ineffective, and even bungling cross-examination of the claimant. The story goes, that in Lord Westbury's company one evening, Sir John was very warm and outspoken as to the character and pretensions of the claimant. The opinion of Lord Westbury was sought. "I have read Sir John Coleridge's cross-examination," was the direct reply, "and I am convinced that it has thoroughly exposed an impostor!" Fancy the feelings of the listeners, who knew only too well, as Westbury's large blue eyes looked benignly round on the Attorney-General, what the kindly meaning of the ex-Lord Chancellor was. There is a story told, too, of a worthy farmer from one of the southern counties, who came up to London specially to have a look at the self-styled Sir Roger Tichborne. He could not get into the court, but he was told that after the day's sitting the claimant was always the first man to come out through a certain door, and he received a general description of his ap-

pearance. He waited and waited, and at last there came forth—not the claimant, but the Chief Justice, Sir William Bovill. Now, Sir William is not remarkably elegant in appearance, or intellectual in expression. Our rustic surveyed him closely, believing that he gazed upon the plaintiff, and then exclaimed in a voice that was fully heard by the judge and the crowd: "Well, he *do* look like a butcher! Surely he *can't* be a gentleman!"

NOVEL METHOD OF WARMING RAILWAY CARS.—The introduction of a new method for warming railway cars on some of the French and German lines, has been attended with gratifying success. A preparation of wood charcoal, nitrate of potash and starch is employed. At first the charcoal was burnt in perforated boxes two feet long, four and one-half inches wide, and two and three-fourths inches deep. It was soon found, however, that this combustion caused violent headaches, and the charcoal was, therefore, put into close iron boxes placed under the seats, a double top being employed to prevent the seats of the cars from becoming too warm. The prepared charcoal is placed in the boxes in pieces four inches long, three inches wide, and two inches thick. On the line between Aix-la-Chapelle and Berlin, eight pieces of charcoal were used for heating a compartment. This quantity sufficiently warmed the car during sixteen hours, and at the end of the journey the fuel was still red hot. This prepared charcoal costs thirty-two shillings per hundred, and the expense of heating one compartment is said to be much less than that required by any of the ordinary methods employed, being less than a penny an hour.

INVENTION OF SUSPENSION BRIDGES.—The most remarkable evidence of the mechanical science and skill of the Chinese at an early period is to be found in their suspended bridges, the invention of which is assigned to the Han dynasty. According to the concurrent testimony of all their historical and geographical writers, Sangsang, the commander of the army under Kaou-tsoo, the first of the Hans, undertook and completed the formation of roads through the mountainous province of Shense, to the west of the capital. Hitherto its lofty hills and deep valleys had rendered a communication difficult and circuitous. With a body of 100,000 labourers he cut passages over the mountains, throwing the removed soil into valleys, and where this was not sufficient to raise the road to the required height, he constructed bridges, which rested on pillars or abutments. In another place he conceived and accomplished the daring project of suspending a bridge from one mountain to another across a deep chasm. These bridges, which are called by the Chinese writers, very appropriately, flying bridges, and represented to be numerous at the present day, are sometimes so high that they cannot be traversed without alarm. One still existing in Shense stretches 400 feet from mountain to mountain, over a chasm 500 feet. Most of these flying bridges are so wide that four horsemen can ride on them abreast, and balustrades are placed on each side to protect travellers. It is by no means improbable (as M. Pauthier suggests) that, as the missionaries to China made known the fact more than a century and a half ago, that the Chinese had suspended bridges, and that many of them were made of iron, the hint may have been taken from thence to similar constructions by European engineers.

MEERSCHAUM.—At the Berlin Geographical Society's December meeting, M. Ziegler described the sources whence the considerable annual supply of meerschaum for meerschaum pipes is derived. Large quantities of this mineral, so highly esteemed by smokers, come from Hrubshitz and Oslawan in Austrian Moravia, where it is found embedded between thick strata of serpentine rock. It is also found in Spain at Escosche, Valeros and Toledo; the best, however, comes from Asia Minor. The chief places are the celebrated meerschaum mines from 6 to 8 miles south-east of Eskischehr, on the river Pursak, chief tributary to the river Sagarius. They were known to Xenophon, and they are now worked principally by Armenian Christians, who sink narrow pits to the beds of this mineral, and work the sides out until water or imminent danger drives them away to try another place. Some meerschaum comes from Brussels, and in 1869 over 2,000 boxes of raw material were imported from Asia Minor at Trieste, worth 345,000 florins. The pipe manufacture and carving is principally carried on in Vienna and in Rohla, Duchy of Saxe-Cobourg-Gotha. The commercial value of meerschaum carvings at these places may be estimated at £400,000 annually. However, very large quantities of them are not made from genuine but from artificial material. The waste from these carvings is ground to a very fine powder, and then boiled with linsed oil and alum. When this mixture has sufficient cohesion it is cast in moulds, and carefully dried and carved, as if these blocks of mineral had been natural. It is said that about one-half of all pipes now sold are made from artificial meerschaum.

From accounts in the foreign journals it would appear that the Jews are rapidly increasing in wealth and commercial influence, and that they are more than holding their own in point of numbers. They are now most numerous in what are known as the Barbary States in the north of Africa, where they form the chief element of the population. The next largest number are in Central Europe, from the Lower Danube to the Baltic sea. It is said the number of black Jews in Africa is large and rapidly increasing. Jews are penetrating every portion of Asia, carrying on commerce and establishing new branches of industry. They are buying race horses and coffee in "Araby the Blest," and are trading in cashmere goods in famine-stricken Persia. In China proper and in Cochinchina they are fast becoming the most extensive operators in all kinds of native products, and in manufactured goods. Much of the commerce of Southern Africa is in their hands, and now that the diamond fever has broken out, large numbers are going there from Europe. As Jewish influence is extending northward from the Cape of Good Hope, and southward from the Barbary States, it would seem that Central Africa is more likely to become Judaized than Christianized. Already their caravans are crossing the Sahara Desert, while their boats, freighted with merchandise, are floating down the Nile, Orange and Niger.

A veteran observer says:—"I never place much reliance on a man who is always telling what he would have done had he been there. I have noticed that somehow this kind of people never get there."

A trial arising out of a rather dramatic incident has just taken place before the Court of Assizes at Riom. A lady some years back prosecuted two individuals for robbery, when they were condemned to six years' imprisonment. At the expiration of their punishment they met the lady, who did not recognise them until she overheard one of them say, "Yes, that's her!" She was alarmed, and having to ride a distance of seven or eight miles home, she borrowed a revolver. Shortly after she had started, two individuals rushed forward from the roadside and endeavored to stop her horse, when she fired a shot at each, bringing both to the ground. The detonations alarmed the horse, which bolted, and overturned the carriage into a ditch. The lady, however, got out and walked to the nearest village, and gave information to the mayor, who immediately went to the spot with several inhabitants, and found both the men lying dead in the road. The lady has just been tried for homicide, and has been acquitted.

The Boston Traveller announces the discovery of a fact of much interest to all who use stationary steam engines. The waste steam from one engine can be used to heat the boiler of another, if it stands sufficiently near, and this without requiring extra fuel, fireman or chimneys. The amount of power thus obtained is equal if not superior to that of the engine from which the waste steam is received. The heat of the second boiler is obtained by passing the waste steam through its flues, and is filled with a volatile liquid mainly composed of the bisulphate of carbon, which boils at 140 Fahrenheit, and at the temperature of exhausted steam, gives a pressure of sixty-five pounds to the inch. The vapour formed in this boiler is used to drive the second engine instead of steam, and after being used is condensed by cooling, pumped into the boiler again, and used continually with small loss. Two engines arranged on this plan are now running at the Atlantic Works in East Boston, and the power of the vapour engine is proved by careful measurement to be the greater.

According to a report made by Mr. Robert Bunch, British *Chargé d'Affaires* at Bogota, the supply of emeralds is likely to increase. Mr. Bunch gives an account of the state and prospects of the emerald mines at Muza, in the State of Boyaca, one of the nine States of which the Columbian Union is composed. The mines of Columbia have been let to a French company on a lease which will expire in 1873; and it is stated that an immense number of gems have been found in the principal mines now worked, many of them of great value. When the mine shall be exhausted, which will not be for years, it will not subtract a thousandth part of the ground containing emeralds, in fact, the chain of mountains extends further than the eye can reach. The emeralds now extracted are sent to Paris to be cut. This gem has had a fancy value in France on account of its color, green being the colour of the Empire. The production is very variable; whole months may pass without an emerald being found, while 100,000 carats may be procured in a few days. It is also impossible to fix the mean value of the carat; a large stone of dark colour and perfectly pure (which last condition is extremely rare) may be worked up to 220 carats, while stones of light colour, full of flaws and divided into small fragments, are not worth 5s. sterling a carat, and often have scarcely any value.

ONE OF MARK TWAIN'S ANECDOTES.—(Whistle wherever the stars occur. If you can't get somebody that can). He said that several gentlemen were conversing in a hotel parlour, and one man sat there who didn't have anything to say. By and by the gentlemen all went out except one of the number and the silent man. Presently the silent man reached and touched the gentleman and says, "I have seen you somewhere before, I am not sure where it was or when it was, but I know I have seen you. The gentleman says, "Very likely, but what do you whistle for?" "I'll tell you all about it. I used to stammer so fearfully, and I courted a girl and she wouldn't have me because I was afflicted with such an infirmity. I went to a doctor and he told me that every time I went to stammer that I must whistle, which I did, and it completely cured me. But don't you know that girl wouldn't have me at last, for she said that she wouldn't talk to a man that whistled as I did. She'd as soon hold a conversation with a wheelbarrow that wanted greasing.

In 1870, before receiving the 30 gun-boats built in the United States, Spain had 52 vessels of war, of all classes, carrying about 400 guns. The Commissioners say they have no trustworthy data on which to estimate any subsequent increase either in ships or guns, but assert that it is well known that almost the whole fleet of Spain, including her best ironclads, are employed to-day watching the Cuban coast. From November 1, 1868, to the middle of December, 1871, the Spaniards imported to Cuba from New York arms as follows:—For the army and volunteers—40,281 Remington rifles, 5,501 Peabody rifles, 1,875 Peabody carbines; for the artillery depart-

ment—for volunteers—19,718 Remington rifles; for cavalry, 46 carbines of other patterns, 641 muskets of other patterns. In addition to these, there were imported by corporations, volunteers and private persons, 5,000 fire arms of various patterns from the United States, and 3,500 from Spain. It will be seen from these figures that, during the time stated above, about 92,266 arms were sent to Cuba for the use of the Spanish navy and the volunteers, the cost of which the *Diario de la Marina*, the official paper of Havana estimates at \$1,450,000.

You now can know the reason.—*Podophyllin* (May Apple or Mandrake) has long been known as an active purgative, and has been much used in some sections of our country, (and is now very generally administered by Physicians in the place of Calomel or Blue Pill for Liver Complaints, &c.) Compound Extract of *Coccolynth* is considered by Dr. Neligan, of Edinburgh, as one of the most generally employed and safest cathartics in the whole Materia Medica. Extract of *Hyo-cyanum* given in combination with active cathartics (such as above) corrects their gripping qualities without diminishing their activity. *Vide Neligan's Materia Medica*. All the above highly valuable remedial elements are with others largely used in the manufacture of the Shoshonees (Indian) Vegetable Restorative Pills.—No wonder they are ahead of all other Pills, as a family medicine. 5-3d

A New Yorker wrote to General Spinner asking for his autograph and a "sentiment," whereupon the veteran Treasurer wrote in reply: "You ask me for my autograph with a sentiment. My sentiment is this: When a gentleman writes another on his own business he should enclose a postage stamp."



### TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, will be received at this Office, until Tuesday, the 2nd day of April, at Noon, for the necessary Excavation and Mason-work required for Entrance Gateways, Fence Walls, &c., &c., of the Public Buildings, Ottawa.


Plans and Specifications can be seen at this Office on and after Monday, the 15th instant, where all necessary information can be obtained.

The signatures of two solvent parties, willing to become sureties for the due fulfilment of the contract, must be attached to each tender.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS,  
11th March, 1872. 5-11c



### NOTICE TO LAND SURVEYORS.

DULY COMMISSIONED LAND SURVEYORS who may desire employment in Manitoba during the ensuing season, are invited to communicate by the 21st instant, with this Department, describing the instruments they use.

J. C. AIKINS,  
Secretary of State.

Ottawa, 2nd March, 1872. 5-11c

### 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.  
4-16-4f

### CYANO-PANCREATINE.

THIS MEDICINE, prepared by the Sisters of the General Hospital of Montreal, (Grey Nunnery), contains no ingredient which can in any way injure the system.

As a compound, it is entitled to rank amongst the most beneficial of all special remedies, principally in the following cases:

- 1st. *Dyspepsia* or derangement of the digestive faculties, where it produces astonishing effects throughout all the stages of the disease, provided there be no organic lesion, in which case the Medicine can only impart a temporary relief. Its curative properties have been already tested in a great number of the above mentioned cases, thus leaving no doubt of its efficacy.
- 2ndly. In *Bronchitis* or *Pulmonary Catarrh*, it acts most soothingly, facilitates expectoration, relieves the cough, and brings the malady to a prompt solution.
- 3rdly. In *Colds* tending to Consumption, it causes a visible change for the better, renders expectoration easy, and assists the stomach to dispose of those other remedies suited to the peculiar nature of the case, thus tending not only to alleviate suffering, but also to prolong life.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.—Evans, Mercer & Co., Montreal.  
For sale in retail by all respectable Druggists and Medicine Vendors. 4-234f-11c

## TRAVELLERS' DIRECTORY.

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

- GALT, ONT. COMMERCIAL HOTEL, HENDERSON DIXON, Proprietor.
- MONTREAL. ST. LAWRENCE HALL, H. HOGAN. ST. JAMES HOTEL, H. HOGAN.
- OTTAWA. THE RUSSELL HOUSE, JAMES GOULD.
- QUEBEC. ST. LOUIS HOTEL, WILLIS RUSSELL & SON. THE CLARENDON, WILLIS RUSSELL & SON.
- SOUTHAMPTON, ONT. MASONIC ARMS, W. BUSBY, Proprietor.
- ST. JOHN, N.B. VICTORIA HOTEL, B. T. CREGEN.
- TORONTO. THE ROSSIN HOUSE, G. P. SHEARS, Lessee and Manager. THE QUEEN'S HOTEL, CAPT. THOS. DICK.



### TUG SERVICE, UPPER ST. LAWRENCE.

SEALED TENDERS will be received at this Office until Noon of Friday, 5th April next, for the maintenance of a sufficient line of Tug Steamers for towing vessels between the upper entrance of the Lachine Canal and the Port of Kingston, and vice-versa, for a term of three or five years from 1st May, 1872, at the option of the Minister of Public Works.

The Tug Line is to consist of not less than nine (9) powerful steamers, and the rates to be paid by the vessels towed are to be the same as those of the tariff of 1871.

Persons tendering for the performance of this service will state the amount of annual bonus they will accept from the Government in addition to the rates to be paid by the vessels towed, and also the names, horse-power and dimensions of cylinders of the steamers to be employed.

The conditions of the contract, and all further particulars, may be obtained on application at this Office on and after the 13th of March instant. The tenders are to be addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Tug Service," and are to contain the signatures of two (2) responsible parties who are willing to become surety for the due performance of the contract.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS, Ottawa, 4th March, 1872. 5-11c



## ALLAN LINE.

Under contract with the Government of Canada for the Conveyance of

### Canadian & United States Mails

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

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| SCANDINAVIAN   | 3,600            | Capt. Ballantyne.     |
| PRUSSIAN       | 3,600            | Lieut. Dutton, R.N.R. |
| AUSTRIAN       | 2,700            | Capt. Brown.          |
| NESTORIAN      | 2,700            | Capt. A. Aird.        |
| MORAVIAN       | 2,700            | Capt. Graham.         |
| PERUVIAN       | 2,600            | Lt. Smith, R.N.R.     |
| GERMANIC       | 3,200            | Capt. Fricks.         |
| CASPIAN        | 3,200            | Capt. Ritchie.        |
| HIBERNIAN      | 3,400            | Capt. R. S. Watts.    |
| NOVA SCOTIAN   | 2,300            | Capt. Richardson.     |
| NORTH AMERICAN | 3,750            | Capt. Miller.         |
| CORINTHIAN     | 2,400            | Capt. J. Scott.       |
| OTTAWA         | 1,851            | Lieut. Archer, R.N.R. |
| ST. DAVID      | 1,600            | Capt. E. Scott.       |
| ST. ANDREW     | 1,432            | Capt. H. Wylie.       |
| ST. PATRICK    | 1,900            | Capt. Stephen.        |
| NORWAY         | 1,100            | Capt. C. N. Mylins.   |
| SWEDEN         | 1,150            | Capt. Mackenzie.      |

### THE STEAMERS OF THE LIVERPOOL MAIL LINE.

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

Rates of Passage from Portland:—  
Cabin ..... \$70 to 75  
Steerage ..... 25

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are intended to sail between the Clyde and Portland at intervals during the season of winter navigation.

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 ALLANS, RAE & CO.; in Havre to JOHN M. CERRIE, 21 Quai D'Orleans; in Paris to GUSTAVE BOSSANGE, 25 Quai Voltaire; in Antwerp to AUG. SCHMIZ & CO.; in Rotterdam to H. P. LITMANS & ZOON; in Hamburg to W. GINSO & HUGO; in Belfast to CHARLEY & MALCOLM; in London to MONTGOMERIE & GREENSBORNE, 17 Gracechurch Street; in Glasgow to JAMES & ALEX. ALLAN, 70 Great Clyde Street; in Liverpool to ALLAN BROS., James Street; or to H. & A. ALLAN, corner of Youville and Common Streets, Montreal. 3-20f

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### CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT.

OTTAWA, 9th February, 1872.  
Authorized discount on American Invoices until further notice: 9 per cent.  
R. S. M. BOUCHETTE, Commissioner of Customs. 1f

### TO CHEMISTS & DRUGGISTS.

WINE & SPIRIT MERCHANTS,

OUR STOCK OF 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.

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## 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 1f

### "The Canadian Illustrated News,"

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Subscription, in advance, \$4.00 per an. Single Numbers, 10 cents.

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THIS CELEBRATED CONDIMENT is composed of health-giving seeds, herbs and roots. Its great success and unlimited demand has proved its efficacy. By using it 20 per cent. is saved in the cost of feeding, and the Cattle are in better condition.

It converts coarse grain and chopped hay into rich aromatic provender. It costs only one cent per feed. It is used in the Royal Stables and Model Farms. All the principal Prize Cattle at the Agricultural Hall, London, Xmas, '68, '69, and '70, were fed on the NUTRITIOUS CONDIMENT. Several Testimonials have been received from some of the most valuable horse owners in Montreal, and may be had on application. Manufactured by the North British Cattle Food Co., at London and Glasgow. Branch Depot in Montreal at 451, Commissioners Street; Toronto, 6, Palace Street and 22 St. Peter Street, Quebec. From either of these Depots, 20 feeds as sample will be sent, carriage paid, to any part of Canada for \$1.00.



1851. Honorable EXHIBITIONS. Mention 1862. FOR GOOD AND CHEAP INSTRUMENTS. C. H. CHADBURN & SON. OPTICIANS and MATHEMATICAL INSTRUMENT MAKERS. To H. R. H. the late PRINCE CONSORT. & 73, LORD STREET, LIVERPOOL.

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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. Reference 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 aid given. All transactions strictly private. RESIDENCE:—No. 215 St. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET. 4-622

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Sold in quantities to suit purchasers at Messrs. LYMANS, CLARE & CO., 382, 384, & 386, St. Paul Street, Montreal, where the testimonials of the principal consumers of Oil in Ontario can be seen. 5-8 if

UNITED STATES PATENTS. HIGHLY IMPORTANT TO CANADIAN INVENTORS.

We have this morning received intelligence from Washington that Congress, now in session, will repeal the liberal Patent Law passed last Session in favor of Canadian Inventors. This action is in consequence of the Government of Canada refusing to reciprocate. Inventors in Canada wishing to obtain United States Patents, under the existing law, should apply immediately to us to get the Patents through before the change in the Law, which will prevent Patents being granted to Canadians on any terms.

C. LEGGE & CO., SOLICITORS OF PATENTS, 182, St. James St. 5-10 a

TWENTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMP'Y.

MORRIS FRANKLIN, President. WM. H. BEERS, Vice-President and Actuary.

OFFICE: Nos. 346 and 348, BROADWAY. JANUARY 1, 1872.

Table with columns for RECEIPTS, DISBURSEMENTS, ASSETS, and APPROPRIATED AS FOLLOWS. Includes sub-sections for CANADIAN BUSINESS and GENERAL BUSINESS.

Table for APPROPRIATED AS FOLLOWS, showing amounts for Adjusted Losses, Reported Losses, and Return Premiums.

Table for CANADIAN BUSINESS, showing Total Premiums received, Number of Policies issued, and Amount at risk.

Table for GENERAL BUSINESS, showing Assets of the Company, Liabilities, and Total Premium received.

LOCAL BOARD OF DIRECTORS FOR CANADA. PRESIDENT: WILLIAM WORKMAN, Esq., Mayor of Montreal and President of City Bank. DIRECTORS: F. P. POMINVILLE, Esq., J. C. Cartier, Pominville & Bouchard; A. W. OGILVIE, Esq., M. P. P.; VICTOR HUDON, Esq., Merchant; A. H. DAVID, Esq., M.D., L.R.C.S., Edinburgh; F. W. CAMPBELL, Esq., M.D., L.R.C.P., London. MEDICAL EXAMINERS: WALTER BURKE, Manager, BARRON'S BLOCK, CORNER ST. JAMES AND ST. JOHN STREETS, Montreal, Canada. 5 10 b

DR. WHEELER'S COMPOUND ELIXIR OF PHOSPHATES AND CALISAYA.

THERE is no diseased condition of the body in which Dr. Wheeler's Compound Elixir of Phosphates and Calisaya may not be used with positive benefit. Being a Chemical Food and Nutritive Tonic, it acts physiologically in the same manner as our diet. It perfects Digestion, Assimilation, and the formation of Healthy Blood. It sustains the vital forces by supplying the waste constantly going on of nerve and muscle, as the result of mental and physical exertion, enabling mind and body to undergo great labour without fatigue. Its action in building up constitutions broken down with Wasting Chronic Diseases, by fast living and bad habits, is truly extraordinary. Its effect being immediate in energizing all the organs of the body. Phosphates being absolutely essential to cell formation and the growth of tissues, must for all time be Nature's great restorative and vitalizer. Sold by all Druggists at \$1. 4-29 if



HAWKSWORTH, EYRE & CO., Silver-smiths, Platers, and Electro-Platers. SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND. Manufacturers of "Testimonials," Hunt, Racing, Regatta and Curling Clubs' Cups, and Plate, Bridal Gilt, &c., finished in the Highest Style of Art, and of most Classic Designs. JOSEPH WALKER & CO., Agents. SHOW ROOMS: 15, St. JOHN STREET, MONTREAL. 5-10 if

L. N. ALLAIRE, MANUFACTURERS' AGENT & COMMISSION MERCHANT. STORE: 7 PETER ST. WINE VAULTS; SAULT AU MATELOT STREET. OFFICE: Corner of PETER & JAMES ST., QUEBEC. 3-15 22

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 ifvv

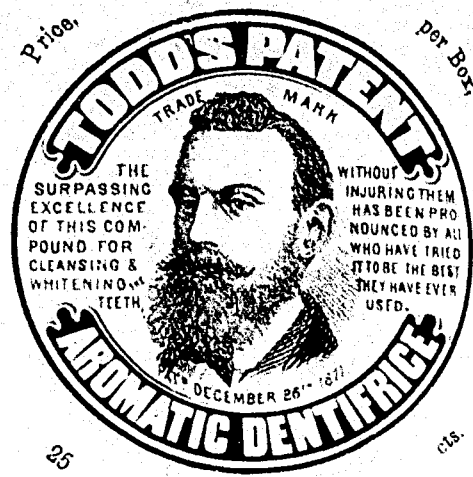
"BEST IN USE."



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

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Parliament of Canada at its next Session for an Act to amend the Act of Incorporation of "The Managers of the Ministers' Widows' and Orphans' Fund of the Synod of the Presbyterian Church of Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland" by allowing the said Corporation to purchase and hold property not to exceed in yearly value the sum of Five Thousand Pounds Currency. J. S. HUNTER, Secretary. Montreal, 19th February, 1872. 5-8 b

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



GRAY'S Syrup of Red Spruce Gum.

Prepared from Canadian Red Spruce Gum. BALSAMIC, SOOTHING, EXPECTORANT, ANTISPASMODIC AND TONIC. (Delicious Flavour.) A sovereign remedy for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, and Throat affections generally. For sale at all Druggists, 25 Cents per bottle. Sole manufacturer, HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist, 5-4 2 MONTREAL.

1,000 NEWSPAPERS RECOMMEND THE WAVERLEY, OWL, PICKWICK, AND PHAETON PENS.

For their names see GRAPHIC, 14th September, 1871. They come as a boon and a blessing to men. The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen."



Oxford University Herald says:—"These pens have been aptly termed by a contemporary the 'WONDER OF THE AGE.'" The Standard says:—"The Waverley is a treasure."

Some of County Gazette says:—"These pens are a luxury for the million."

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CANADA CENTRAL 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 12:30 P.M. and at SAND POINT at 2:30 P.M. connecting at Sand Point with Union Forwarding Company's Steamers.

LOCAL TRAIN at 1:10 P.M. THROUGH OTTAWA EXPRESS at 2:30 P.M., connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express and the East and West, and arriving at OTTAWA at 7:30 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 1:30 P.M., and connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express going East and West. MAIL TRAINS at 1:10 P.M.

ARRIVE AT SAND POINT at 1:30 P.M., 7:30 P.M., and 8:15 P.M. LEAVE SAND POINT at 2:00 A.M., 2:30 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 Trains, 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 dispatch. The B. & O. C. Railway, being of the same gauge as the Grand Trunk, car-loads will go through on Grand Trunk cars without transhipment. H. ABBOTT, Manager. Brockville, 26th Sept., 1871. 4-15 if

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