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# VOLUNTEERS MARCHING THROUGH MCGILL ST. MOS BRILLD AFTER THE REVIEW ON LOGAN'S FARM, THE STH JULY .- FROM & SERTCH BY OUR ARTIST.-SER PAGE 50.

Stand School Strength School School

# CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

# JULY 22, 1871.

# OUR GANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY. THE COURT OF CHANCERY, ONT. THE CHANCELLOR AND VICE-CHANCELLORS.

The Court of Chancery of Upper Canada has a peculiar association with the politics of the Province, from the fact that a bill relating to it was the cause of the permanent retirement from public life of the late Hon. Robert Baldwin, C.B., and by consequence placing the Hon. (now Sir) Francis Hincks in the position of leader of the Upper Canada Reformers about twenty years ago. Despite the standing sneer at Courts of Chancery for their slowness in arriving at a decision, that of Ontario has a contrary reputation, and stands high in the confidence of the people. Its Chancellors and Vice-Chancellors have all been men of high standing and of great legal acumen. To-day we give portraits of the three present occupants of the THE REVIEW AT LOGAN'S FARM .- THE MARCH BACK. Chancery Bench, but without being able to give a precise and detailed biography of either.

The Hon. Chancellor Spragge occupied for many years a Vice-Chancellor's seat, and on the death of the late Chancellor Vankoughnet about a year and a half ago succeeded him.

Hon. Chancellor Mowai was called to the Bench in 1864, having previously occupied for a few months the office of Postmaster-General in the Coalition Government that year. He was a member of Parliament from 1857, and held the office of Attorney-General, U. C., in the Brown-Dorion Ministry of 1858. He studied the legal profession in Kingston, to which city his family had removed from the north of Scotland.

Hon. Vice-Chancellor Strong was born near the city of Ottawa : but, like other legal gentlemen aspiring to high professional position, he went to Toronto, and having been admitted to the bar soon acquired the reputation of a first-class Chancery lawyer. His attainments and experience of practice in the Court of Chancery pointed to him as a fitting occupant for the vacancy created through the elevation of the present Chancellor to his exalted office

# THE CAMP AT LAPRAIRIE.

#### SHAM FIGHT ON THE 5TH JULY.

We give in this number, two illustrations in connection with the camp at Laprairie, that of the Sham fight on the 5th and the return from the Review on Logan's farm. , The following details of the fight will prove interesting to the militia and Volunteers of Canada

The cavalry consisting of Capt. Muir's 1st troop of Montreal Hussars, Major Burwash's troop, St. Andrews, Capt. Taylor's troop, Cookshire, and Major Steven's Sherbrooke, Hussars, formed into a provisional regiment under the command of Major Burwash. The four troops were also told-on as squadrons or light troops, the whole force amounting to ten officers and 173 non-commissioned officers and men and 182 horses. The cavalry encamped on an angle of ground on the right of the old barracks, No. I Cookshire and Sherbrooke squadrons in succession, the regiment standing in column of squadrons right in front, with the horses picketed in front of the men's tents of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th squadrons, the officers and staff tents fronting the regiment, the cook houses in the rear. Lieut.-Col. Lovelace was Camp Quarter-master of the cavalry as well as acting Adjutant and officer Drill-Instructor to the Regiment, and has been awarded by the Adjutant-General and Col. O. Smith much credit for the compact way in which he had laid out the cavalry encampment on the very small space allotted for that purpose. The names of the officers are as follow :- Major Burwash, commanding ; Major Stevens, second in command ; Captain James Muir, Montreal squadron ; acting Captain Wanless and Cornet Allbright, St. Andrew's squadron: Captain Taylor and Lieutenant French, Cookshire squadron : Lieutenant McCurdy and Cornet Johnson, Sherbrooke, squadron; Staff-Lieut.-Colonel Lovelace, Camp Quarter-master and acting Adjutant; Surgeon Gibson, Scrgeant-Major. John Tees of No. 1 troop Montreal Cavalry, was appointed regimental Sorgeant-Major, and Sorgeant Allbright, or the St. Andrew's Cavalry, regimental Quartermaster Serieant.

All the preparations for the night appeared to be very quietly made and nothing unusual seemed to be going on. Shortly after two, small bodies of men could be seen marching off over the Common in the direction of the village. The short time spent in inspecting the quarters of the Cavalry, Artillery, and Engineers, which were situated to the rear of head quarters. and immediately overlooking the bank of the river, had made a great change in the camp. Instead of the busy hum of men who had been clustered together in their different quarters, the tents seemed deserted; part of the Field Battery of Artilwo troops and one or cavalry were hast up the ground to the South. The camping ground presented no rising ground affording a good general view, so that the low scrubby bush into which the attacking force had retired, completely concealed them from view, until the spectator came in a straight line with the road down which they were to march to the attack. Skirmishers had been thrown out to a considerable distance, but they were almost invisible. The plan was to attack the village of Laprairie from the South, the defending force being composed of a battery of Artillery under command of Capt. Felton, and of the Richelieu Battalion under Col. Marchand. The attack began at 3:15 by an irregular skirmishing fire upon the cavalry videttes who had been thrown ont to feel for the enemy, and shortly after the white puffs of smoke showed where the advanced posts were concealed. As the fire became hot the cavalry began to fall back, and the skirmishers in extended order to advance to their support. As the Cavalry kept retiring by both flanks the main bosty, divided into three brigades, began to move up. The brigades, which consisted of 1,500 men each, were commanded, the first, or the left flank, by Lt-Col, Fletcher, the second, or centre, by Lt-Col. King, and the third, or the right, by Lt-Col. D'Orsonneus. The firing was admirably close, steady, and incessant, as the main body got into action. Stevenson's Battery, which galloped up and took its position steadily, unlimbered and began firing with great rappidity, replied to by the enemy from the village. The

strong wind drove the smoke from the field guns to the right, at interval completely obscuring the view. During this time, Col. Osborne Smith, D. A. G., who was in command, with his staff, consisting of Lt-Col. McKay, Garrison Artillery, A. Q. M. G., Lt-Col. Gillmor, Queen's Own, Toronto, A. A. G., Lt-Col. De Bellefeuille, Lt.-Col. Bacon, Major Dowker, M. G. A., Capt. Kay, M. G. A., Captain Hyndman, and Captain Battersby, M., watched the operations from the most advantageous position, from whence directions were issued as required, The rifle shooting when the engagement became general could not have been excelled. It was one unceasing roll, without break or interruption. The attacking party kept gaining ground for some time, but finally being supposed to be driven off, the signal was given to retreat, the garrison cheered heartily; the rain descended in one short drenching shower, and the brigades forming up the troops marched to their quarters, followed shortly after by the the quondam enemy, who peacefully commingled with the vanquished.

The details of the Review at Logan's Farm are pretty well known to our readers. Every arrangement having been made, the whole force, headed by Capt Muir's Troop, left the ground, the bands playing and the regimental colours fluttering in the wind. Proceeding down Visitation to Ontario streets, turning along that street to St. Denis street, which was ascended to Sherbrooke street, the troops advanced to Union Avenue, through Phillips square down Beaver Hall Hill, along Craig street and into St. James street, past the Bank of Montreal and St. Lawrence Hall to McGill street. The long day's work and the heat of the sun had told on most of them; many being foot-sore and nearly all covered with dust and perspiration. To a great degree this detracted from their appearance, but the material was there, ready for the work of slaughter, which may God long avert. Those who had come over by the steamer in the morning were despatched by train from Point St. Charles, the others going by steamer. All reached safely, and not inclined for much larking on their arrival. And so ended the review of the Laprairie Camp.

#### THE CHAUDIERE FALLS.

These falls, are seven miles distant from Quebee. Even after Niagara they are highly interesting. In the deep seclusion of a thick wood, the river nearly 250 yards wide, precipitates itself a hundred fect into a rocky channel which appears to have been rent asunder by some terrible convulsion of nature, by which the rock has been broken into huge masses that combine with the surrounding objects to impart an air of most magnificent wildness to this extraordinary scene.

The United Stated Government have asked permission of the Imperial Government for American fishermen to be allowed to fish in Canadian Waters, on condition that all duties paid upon lanadian fish in American ports be kept account of and refunded in the event of the Honse of Representatives agreeing to the removal of the duties in question.

A gentleman from England who has been connected with everal important railway entroprises, recently visited (utawa, with a view to make arrangements to bring over a number of railway navvies, to help to build the Intercolonial and Pacific Railways and to settle in the country

The Times editorially criticises Mr. MacDougall's letter to the electors of Lanark in favor of the Treaty and shows that his premises are incorrect. It denounces that gentleman's policy of neutralizing the St. Lawrence, and contends that Canada must hold the sovereignty of that river for all time to come

It is rumored that Mr. Hill, Private Secretary to Liemenantlovernor Archibald has been killed in a duel.

Mr. Sandford Fleming is so busy with the Intercolonial Railway that he will not be able to go to British Columbia at present as originally proposed.

#### THE CESSION OF NEW GUINEA.

The cession of New Guinea by Holland to Great Britain has been announced. It is reported to be of very considerable value, but the Dutch have not been able to turn it to proper account, although its position, immediately to the north of Australia and in the great highway of commerce, must add greatly to its importance. It has never yet been fully explored, but all who have visited it agree in describing t as a rich and magnificent country, containing in all probability the most valuable vegetable products of the Moluccas. The forests are described as most luxuriant, many of the trees attaining the height of 180 feet. The largest mammiferous animal found on the island was the hog, but the birds are of great variety and beauty, and fish abound on the coasts. Nutmeg trees have been found, and a large and lucrative trade was carried on for some years by European and Mohammedan traders on the northern portion of the island. It is estimated that it has an area of two hundred thousand square miles, being, next to Australia, the largest island of Australasia It divided from Australia, on the south by Torres and Endeayour Straits, the width of the former being only eighty miles. The original inhabitants are of the negro type, below the middle height, with deep brown or black complexion. In the western portion they are fairly civilized, with good dwellings, decently-clothed, having a knowledge of the working of iron, and possessing good sailing vessels and large rowing boats. Towards the East end, however, they are very barbarous. They are reported to be in a state of continual warfare, and are divided into so many tribes, each with a different dialect, that the Dutch discoverers when going along the coast in 1828 and 1835 were forced to obtain fresh interpreters every few miles. Several surveys of the coast have been made by British ships of war, the first being in 1845, and one of the rivers was found to be navigable a considerable way up, but nothing was determined regarding the interior. The value of the trade with the Netherlands was, according to the latest information accessible, about \$1,000,000, the Colonial system being designed to assist the revenue of the ruling power, all the trade being held a strict monopoly. It is pro-bable that the expenses of the Government being in excess of the profits, may have led to the abandonment of the Island. By the Statesman's l'ear Book we find that the population of w Guinea and Timor is set down at 1,656,450, but no information is given there respecting the trade and resources of the island.

The latest portrait in the Saturday Review's gallery of representative women is that of "The Shrew." The Review admits that time has somewhat modified this class, the Victorian being very unlike her Elizabethan sister, "happily for those of us who have to dwell within her sphere." After discussing the primitive type of the shrew, the Review proceeds to consider a more refined kind among the educated-" good women, who do not flirt, nor spend too much money on dress or pleasure, who are content to stay at home and look after their houses and children, but who take out in ill-temper what they deny to naughtiness, and think themselves justified because their sins are not those of the lust of the flesh or the pride of life." The shrew cannot learn that scolding either makes servants more stupid than they were before, or rouses their bad passions; nor can she make allowance for human infirmities. In regard to her children, "there is no good-natured slipping over faults, no smoothing away of difficulties, no making the best of the bad, and so escaping the full flavor of evils which are had enough at the best ; she worries and drives and scolds them through the whole of the day, then wonders that they shrink from her, and that their very fear induces falschood. As for her husband, she is of so much use by her perpetual nagging. that she saves the necessity of purgatory after death by giving him the full benefit of it beforehand." The shrew is usually an irreproachable woman on the score of morality, and very little given to self-indulgence. She is simply good and disagrecable. She drives her husband to the club, and her children to premature marriage, who neither see nor care for the love and sterling goodness often underlying her bitter temper; all they know is, that mamma is always cross, and that she makes their lives wretched. "Many a shrew has broken her heart before now for what seemed to be the ingratitude and coldness of those whom her own temper had driven from her." A woman, the Review thinks, may be violent, passionate, jealous, and unreasonable, with blood boiling at all points, as ardent in anger as in love, and fierce in all her passions, and yet not be a shrew. The shrew proper is a thin-lipped woman, unsensuous, utterly lacking the luxurious temperament, unmerciful to everybody's weaknesses and having no sympathy with self-indulgence of any kind She does not understand that ill-temper is a lack of virtue, and is censelessly annoyed that one so self-sacrificing, so rigid in morality, so earnest for the good of others, should be so little understood and so little appreciated. Says the Review : " The woman who rails and fumes at every trifling annoyance that occurs, till she makes the whole house miserable, does not know that she is committing a sin. She only thinks herself wronged by circumstances or by people, and that she is exercising a righteous indignation, and making a quite justifi-able protest against the same. She does not dream that she is digging the grave of her own happiness and esteem; but, after she has worried her family to the very verge of madness laments her hard case in not being loved-she who would do so much for them ! So she would in all probability ; for nine times out of ten, it is her temper, not her heart, that is in fault, and we frequently find the most uncomfortable shrew capable of the most heroic virtue when the pinch comes. Yet, s pinches are only occasional, and the ordinary monotonous highway the place we mostly walk in, the shrew's heroic

virtues are brought into play but rarely, while her shrewishness is a thing of every day, and her power-and habit of making people unhappy one that has no ending save in death."

# A CHILD'S LETTER.

Mark Twain publishes the following letter from a girl eight years old, with the remark that it was the only letter he ever got that had any information in it ;

Sr. Louis, 1865.

" Uncle Mark, if you was here I could tell you about Moses in the bulrushes again, 1 know it better now. Mr. Sowberry has got his leg broke off a horse. He was riding it on Sunday. Margaret, that's the Maid, Margaret has taken all the spittoons and slop buckets and old jugs out of your room, because she says she don't think you are coming back any more, you have been gone too long. Sixsy McElroy's mother has got another little baby. She has them all the time. I have got a new doll, but Johnny Anderson pulled one of the legs out. Miss Dusenbury was here yesterday; I gave her your picture, but she didn't want it. My cat has got more kittens-Oh! you can't think-twice as many as Lottle Celden's. there's one, such a sweet little bun one with a short tail, and I named it for you. All of them's got names now-General Grant, and Halleck, and Moses, and Margaret, and Deuterono-my, and Cap. Semmes, and Exodus, and Leviticus, and Horace Greeley-all named but one, and I am saving it because the one I named for you's been sick all the time since, and I reckon it'll die. [It appears to be mighty rough on the shorttailed kitten for naming it for me. I woulder how the reserved victim will stand it?] Uncle Mark, I do believe Hattie Caldwell likes you, and I know she thinks you are pretty, because I heard her say nothing could hurt your good looks-nothing at all—she said, even if you were to have the small-pox ever so bad, you would be just as good looking as you were before. And ma says she is ever so smart. [Very.] So no more this time, because General Grant and Moses are fighting. ANNE."

Twain adds : " I consider that a model letter-an eminently ng letter tains more matter of interest and real information than any letter ever received from the East. I had rather hear about cats at home and their truly remarkable names, than listen to a lot of stuff about people. I am not acquainted with, or read The Evil Effects of the Intoxicating Bowl,' illustrated on the back with the picture of a ragged scallawag pelting away right and left in the midst of his family with a junk-bottle."

A SPECIMEN OF TRADE UNION TYRANNY .-- A remarkable Trade Union outrage is reported from Sheffield, England. A man named John Gill, a brickmaker, had raised himself a little, and obtained a contract for making bricks from the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway. He had been only eighteen months in the Union, and by its rules no man may become a master in less than two years. He accordingly sought to rejoin his Union, which he had temporarily quitted; but its managers insisted that instead of six months he must wait the whole period as if he had been a new hand. He refused, and opened his yard; but on Tuesday night 18,000 of his bricks were "Walked upon" and entirely destroyed. There seems to be little doubt (says the London Spectator) that this was a Union outmge, and it is one of the worst kind, because intended to punish a workman for rising in life, and enforce an equality which is in fact nothing but theft from the able of the market value of his ability.

# CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

#### MARSHAL MoMAHON.

Marie - Edme-Patrick - Maurice-de-McMahon, Duke of Magenta, Marshal and Commander-in-chief of the French Army, born at Sully in July, 1808, derives his descent from an Irish family who risked and lost all for the last of the Stuart kings. The McMahons, carrying their national traditions, ancestral pride, and historic name, to France, mingled their blood by marriage with the old nobility of their adopted country. This member of the family entered the military service of France in 1825, at the school of St. Cyr; was sent to the Algerian wars in 1830; while acting as aide-de-camp to Gen. Achard, took part in the expedition to Antwerp in 1832; attained to the rank of captain in 1833; and, after holding the post of aide-de-camp to several African Generals, and taking part in the assault of Constantine, was nominated Major of Foot Chasseurs in 1840, Lieut.-Col. of the Foreign Legion in 1842, Colonel of the 41st of the Line in 1845, and General of Brigade in 1848. When, in 1855, Gen. Canrobert left the Crimea, General McMahon, then in France, was selected by the Emperor to succeed him in the command of a division; and when the chiefs of the allied armies resolved on assaulting Sebastopol, Sept. 8, they assigned to General McMahon the perilous post of carrying the works of the Malakoff. For his brilliant success on this occasion he was made Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour; and in 1856 was nominated a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath. Gen. McMahon, who took a conspicuous part in the Italian campaign of 1859, received the baton of a Marshal, and was created Duke of Magenta, in commemoration of that victory. He represented France at the coronation of William III., of Prussia, in Nov., 1861, was nominated to the command of the 3rd corps d'armée Oct. 14 1862, and was nominated Governor-General of Algeria by decree Sept. 1, 1864.

# THE ARREST AND EXAMINATION OF GENERAL ROSSEL, EX-PRESIDENT OF THE COMMUNE.

"Distrust pale men," said Cassar. Rossel is a young man, pale and thin, rather tall and with an expressive countenance, although the fire of his eye is habitually veiled under spectacles.

Educated at the Polytechnic, he early gave proofs of great military capacity, and was created at the age of twenty-six a captain in the line.

He was at Metz with Bazaine, and having fortunately escaped captivity in Germany, he, after Sedan and the invest-ment of Paris, placed himself at the disposition of the delega-M. Gambetta, then Minister of War, created tion of Tours. Rossel a colonel.

After the capitulation of Paris, the Government refused to confirm Rossel in the rank conferred by Gambetta He then repaired to Paris, where the Commune had replaced the National Government. It lacked capable captains for its insurrectionist forces, and Rossel was easily persuaded to accept the position of Chief of the Staff to Cluseret.

Cluseret having been imprisoned by his friends of yesterday, Rossel succeeded him. The capture of Fort d'Issy instigated his resignation, which he addressed to the Commune through the papers. After this, his first endeavour was to seek a safe hiding-place from the wrath of the revolutionists. He nid himself, and it was rumoured that he had fled to England.

But he had not left Paris. He had remained in hiding in a furnished lodging-house, No. 54, on the Boulevard Saint Germain, where he was arrested June 9th. In order to change his appearance he had assumed the dress of an engine driver of the Northern Railway Company.

He was conducted from the Boulevard Saint Germain to the Fetit Luxembourg, and was arraigned in the White Hall before the Grand Provost of Cissy's Army, M. Hincker.

The ex-chief entered haughtily, and examined the persons present; but at sight of his old comrades of the Polytechnic and of the army, his assurance abated. His arms dropped to his side, and he bent his head.

After asking his name, age, and quality, M. Hincker usked :

"Why did you desert from the army to enrol yourself under the red rag ?"

"I had been unjustly treated," replied the prisoner, " and my character had become soured."

After this, the ex-Minister of War of the Commune refused to answer any further questions. The Provost then ordered him to be manacled, but the prisoner recoiling from this indignity, exclaimed :

"I am no malefactor, and ought not to be manacled." It required the united strength of four men to handcuff him.

He was then conducted to Versailles.

Mr. Ruskin does not believe in this so-called modern spirit of liberty. In his lectures on "The Queen of the Air," he lets off his rhetorical pyrotechny, with the usual brilliancy, in denouncing it. " Death," says he, " is the only real freedom possible to us; and that is consummate freedom-permission for every particle in the rotting body to leave its neighbor particle, and shift for itself. You call it 'corruption' in the flesh; but, before it comes to that, all liberty is an equal corruption in the mind. You ask for freedom of thought; but, if you have not

no advice of yours. He has no work to do, no tyrannical instinct to obey. The earthworm has his digging ; the bec, her gathering and building ; the spider, her cunning net-work ; the ant, her treasury and accounts. All these are comparatively slaves, or people of vulgar business. But your fly, free in the air, free in the chamber-a black incarnation of caprice-wandering, investigating, flitting, flitting, feasting at his will, with rich variety of choice in feast, from the heaped sweets in the grocer's window to those of the butcher's back-yard, and from the galled place on your cab-horse's back to the brawn spot in the road, from which, as the hoof disturbs him, he rises with angry republican buzz-what freedom is like his?

" For captivity, again, perhaps your poor watch-dog is a sorrowful a type as you will easily find. Mine certainly is. The day is lovely; but I must write this, and cannot go out with him. He is chained in the yard, because I do not I like dogs in rooms, and the gardener does not like dogs in gardens. He has no books-nothing but his own weary thoughts for company, and a group of those free flies, whom he snaps at with pany, and a group of those free fires, whom he shaps at write sullen ill-success. Such dim hope as he may have that I may yet take him out with me, will be, hour by hour, wearily disappointed; or, worse, darkened at once into a leaden despair by an authoritative 'No'-too well understood. His fidelity only seals his fate ; if he would not watch for me. he would be sent away, and go hunting with some happier master; but he watches, and is wise, and faithful, and miserable; and his high animal intellect only gives him the wistful powers of wonder, and sorrow, and desire, and affection, which embitter his captivity. Yet, of the two, would we rather be watch-dog or fly?

The report of the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland states at the close of last year the number of schools in operation was 6,806. The total number of children on the rolls within the year was 998,999, and the average daily attendauce of children for the year was 459,199. There was an increase of 7,664 on the rolls, and 639 in the average daily attendance. During the year 169 schools were placed on their operation list, but 68 schools were removed from the roll, and 2 schools were placed on the suspended list, leaving a net increase of 99 to our list of operation schools. Grants have been made at various times towards the erection of 98 school houses which will contain 148 separate school rooms. When these 98 buildings shall have been completed, they will afford accommodation to 13,170 children. Of the above 98 school houses. the crection of 21, containing 33 school rooms were sanctioned during the year 1870. There were 45 vested schools opened during the year, towards the erection of which grants had been made and 3 suspended school reopened.

PREVIOUS EPIDEMICS OF SMALLPON IN LONDON .--- The Registrar-General publishes some statistics of former visitations of small-pox in the metropolis which are worth recording. In the thirty-one years, 1840.70, small-pox caused altogether 25,071 deaths in London; and the disease may be said to have been epidemic nine times during that period-namely, in 1840.1, 1844.5. 1847.8, 1051.2, 1854.5, 1859.60, 1862.4, 1866.7, 1870.1. The greatest fatality was in 1844 and 1863, when 1804 and 2012 deaths respectively occurred. Nearly all the epidemic periods began in the autumn, and lasted from one to two years. The most severe visitation, although of comparatively short duration, was that of 1840.1, when the highest weekly mortality in the thirty-one years-namely, 102 deaths in the last week of 1840-occurred. During the past nine weeks the deaths have averaged 152 per week, while in an equal number of weeks in 1840.1 the average was only 71 per week. The present epi-demic is, therefore, far more severe, says the Lancet, than any previous one of which there is accurate record-that is, since the systematic registration of deaths was established.

BURGLARY AND CHLOROFORM .- Under this title we (Lancet) find a sensational story in the newspapers about a lady at Stamford-hill, who went upstairs to her bedroom, and was there seized by a man and a lad, who applied a wet handkerchief to her nose and mouth, and rendered her insensible. The men completed a robbery, and the lady was found insensible, and did not recover for some time. Two medical men are stated to have concurred in the opinion that she had taken chloroform. The recent jewel robbery is also said to have been effected by the aid of chloroform-not administered, however, until the individual had been secured and prevented from making any opposition; but the general experience of the profession is so completely opposed to all such stories, that we should much like to hear of their being sifted. The time required for the administration of chloroform would usually prevent it being employed by thieves or for bad purposes; and it is far more likely that the lady in the case referred to had simply fainted from terror. We have never heard of a well-authenticated case of robbery in which chloroform was used ; and the common narratives to this effect are often those of people who went into bad company of their own accord, and who, having suffered consequences which involved some disclosure, have had recourse to imagination in order to conceal the truth.

FOOD VALUE OF FRUITS .- Fruits are used, says Dr. Cameron, in the Irish Farmers' Gazette, as a staple food in many warm countries; but in most parts of Europe they are regarded chiefly sufficient grounds for thought, you have no business to think : in the light of luxuries. Deprived of their stones or seeds, and, if you have sufficient grounds, you have no business to they contain often not more than 5 per cent, of solid matter, They are very poor in albuminoids; but they are usually rich in sugar, and many of them contain much acid. There is the greatest variation in the relative amounts of pectose, sugar, and acid in edible fruits. Berries contain, as a rule, more acid than stone fruit. The grape contains from 13 to 28 per cent. of sugar; the cherry only 14 per cent. In the peach there is about 9 per cent, of soluble pectin and gum, whilst the gooseberry only includes 2 per cent, of these bodies. In the common fruits the percentage of free acld varies from a mere trace to about 3 per cent. The pear is almost wholly free from acids, while the currant often contains three times as much free acid as sugar. The grape ir probably the best fruit adapted for the As heat-and-force producing toods, 51 lb, of grapes, 65 sick. lb. of apples or cherries, 10<sup>3</sup> lb. of currants, and 12<sup>4</sup> lb. of strawberries are equal to 1 lb. of starch. The dietetic value of the fruits is chiefly due to their fine flavour and their abundance of saline matter.

-not an unwise one, usually, for his own ends-and will ask The reason of this is, that by observing the measure of the music-by keeping time-the organs of speech are kept in such position that enunciation is easy. Apply the same rule to reading or speech, and the same result will follow. Let the stammerer take a sentence, say this one-' Leander swam the Hellespont'-and pronounce it by syllables, scan it, keeping time with his finger if necessary, letting each syllable occupy the same time, thus, Le-an-der-swam-the-Hel -lcs-pont, and he will not stammer. Let him pronounce slowly at first, then faster, but still keeping the time; keeping time with words instead of syllables, and he will be surprised to find that, by very little practice, he will read without stammering, and nearly as rapidly as per-sons ordinarily talk or read. Then practise this in reading and conversation until the habit is broken up. Perseverance and attention is all that is necessary to perform a perfect cure.'

# CHESS.

723 Solutions to problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly ucknowledged.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. V. B.-The solution given was perfectly correct; we shall be happy to hear from you again.

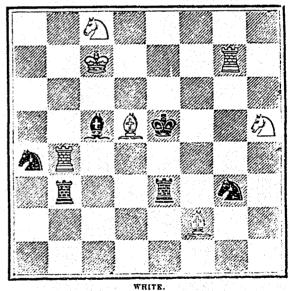
We record the following game, recently contested by two Montreal amateurs, as it seems to us more interesting than many of the games played with this defence :

FRENCH	OPENING.
White,	Black,
Mr. "Walker."	Mr. W. H
1. P. to K. 4th.	P. to K. 3rd.
9 ProK Rath	P. to Q. 4th.
<ol> <li>P. to K. 5th.</li> <li>K. Kt. to B. 3rd.</li> <li>B. to Q. Kt. 5th.</li> <li>P. to Q. R. 4th.</li> <li>B. takes Kt.</li> </ol>	P. to Q. 4th. P. to Q. B. 4th.
4. K. Kt. to B. 3rd.	0. Kt. to B. 3rd.
	(). Kt. to B. 3rd. Q. to Q. Kt. 3rd. P. to Q. R. 3rd. (a)
$\overline{\mathbf{r}}$ B takes bt	P. takes B.
S. Castles.	P. to B. 5th. dis. ch.
9. K. to R. sa.	P. to Q. R. 4th.
10. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd. 11. Q. Kt. to K. 2nd. 12. P. to Q. B. 3rd.	B. to B. 4th.
11. Q. Kt. to K. 2nd.	K. Kt. to R. 3rd.
12. P. to Q. B. 3rd.	Kt. to Kt. 5th. Castles.
13. Q. Kt to Q. 4th. 14. P. to K. R. 3rd.	Kt. to R. 3rd.
15. Q. to B. 2nd.	P. to K. B. 3rd.
15. Q. to B. 2nd. 16. P. takes P.	R. takes P.
17. Kt. to Kt. 5th.	Kt. to B. 4th.
18. Kt. takes Kt.	P. takes Kt.
19. Kt. to B. 3rd.	B. to Q. 3rd. B. to Q. 2nd.
20. R. to K. sq. 21. P. to Q. 3rd.	$P_{\rm r}$ to $Q_{\rm r}$ $B_{\rm r}$ 4th.
22. O. to O. 59.	B. to Q. B. 3rd.
22. Q. to Q. sq. 23. P. takes P.	P. to Q. B. 4th. B. to Q. B. 3rd. P. to Q. 5th.
24. P. takes P.	P. takes P.
25. Kt. takes P.	B to K. 5th.
25. Kt. to Q. Kt. 5th.	B. to Q. B. 4th. $(b)$
28. R. to U. 2nd.	Q. R. to Q. sq. R. to K. Kt. 3rd.
27. P. to Q. Kt. 3rd. 23. B. to Q. 2nd. 29. R. to K. 2nd.	R. to Q. 6th.
39. K. to R. 2nd.	Q. R. to K. Kt. 6th., wins.

Q. K. to K. Kt. 6th., wins.
(a) P. to Q. B. 5th. first, would have been better for the defence, as it prevents his opponent's castling for some time.
(b) Black has now a fine attacking position, amply compensating his sacrifice of pawns: any attempt to sustain or equalize them would have resulted very differently.

# PROBLEM No. 32 By J. W.

#### BLACK.



White to play and mate in four moves.

ENIGMA No. 10.

By C. H. S.

-K. at Q. Kt. 3rd. R. at K. Kt. 2nd. Bs. at Q. 2nd., and Q. 5th. Kt. at K. B. 4th. Ps. at K. R. 4th., and Q. R. 3rd. -K. at his 4th. R. at Q. Kt. sq. B. at K. sq. Kts. at Q. 6th., and Q. Kt. 4th. Ps. at K. B. 3rd. Q. B. 2nd. Q. 5th., and Q. R. 4th. Black.

White to play, and mate in six moves.

think wrong." The following passages, in further illustration of his views, are certainly spirited pictures :

"I believe we can nowhere find a better type of a perfectly free creature than in the common house-fly. Not free only, but brave; and irreverent to a degree which I think no human republican could by any philosophy exalt himself to. There is no courtesy in him; he does not care whether it is king or clown whom he teases; and in every step of his swift mechanical march, and in every pause of his resolute observation, there is one and the same expression of perfect egotism, perfect independence and self-confidence, and conviction of the world's having been made for flivs. Strike at him with your hand, and to him the mechanical fact and external aspect of the matter is what to you it would be if an ancre of red clay, ten feet thick, tore itself up from the ground in one massive field, hovered over you in the air for a second, and came crashing down with an aim. That is the external aspect of it; the inner aspect, to his fly's mind, is of a quite natural and unimportant occurrence

-one of the momentary conditions of his active life. He steps out of the way of your band, and alights on the back of it. You cannot terrify him, nor govern him, nor persuade him, nor convince him. He has his own positive opinion on all matters

How TO CURE STANMERING.-Lute A. Taylor, editor of the La Crosse (Wis.) Leader, who has been an inveterate stammerer, writes as follows about the way to cure the habit : "No stammering person ever found any difficulty in singing.

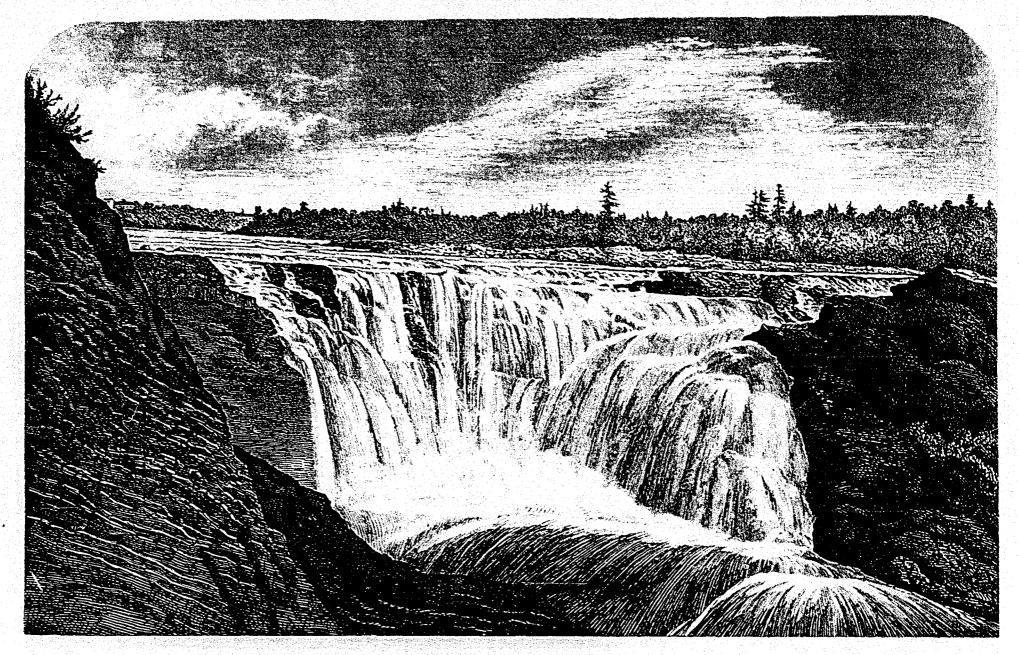
### CHARADES, &c.

### NUMBERED CHARADE, No. 23. Composed of 30 letters.

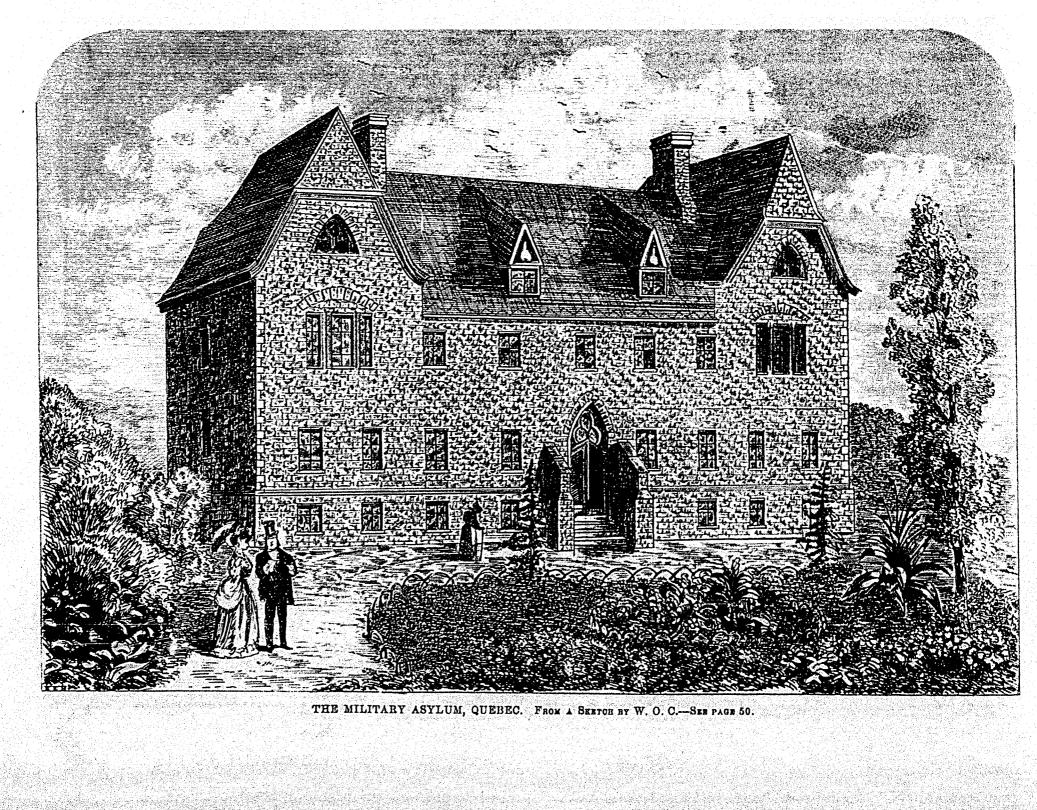
(14, 13, 7, 2) is a oman Emperor.
(4, 18, 3, 11, 10, 19 is a very necessary portion of ladies' attire.
(30, 21, 23, 23) is part of a waggon.
(15, 6, 1, 5 is part of the face.
(2, 17, 9 is a summer low use) 7. 6 is a summer luxury. 25. 12, 28 is a novelty on the banks of the Nile. 16. 22, 20 is a highly coloured vegetable. a bullock driver's command. 233 94 16 s is a bullook driver And my whole is a distinguished Canadian statesman.

F. J. T., Toronto.

# NUMBERED CHARADE, No. 24. Composed of 22 letters. My 18, 5, 1, 11, 15 is a much dreaded personage. My 2, 19, 4, 10, 16 is a fanous volcano. My 3, 7, 12, 17 is a celebrated English statesman. My 13, 14, 9 is what an impocanious youth makes use of. My 20, 3, 21, 22 is a clerical dignitary. My 8 is the old woman's delight. And my whole is a most important event of the year 1870. P. J. T. Tor F. J. T., Toronto,

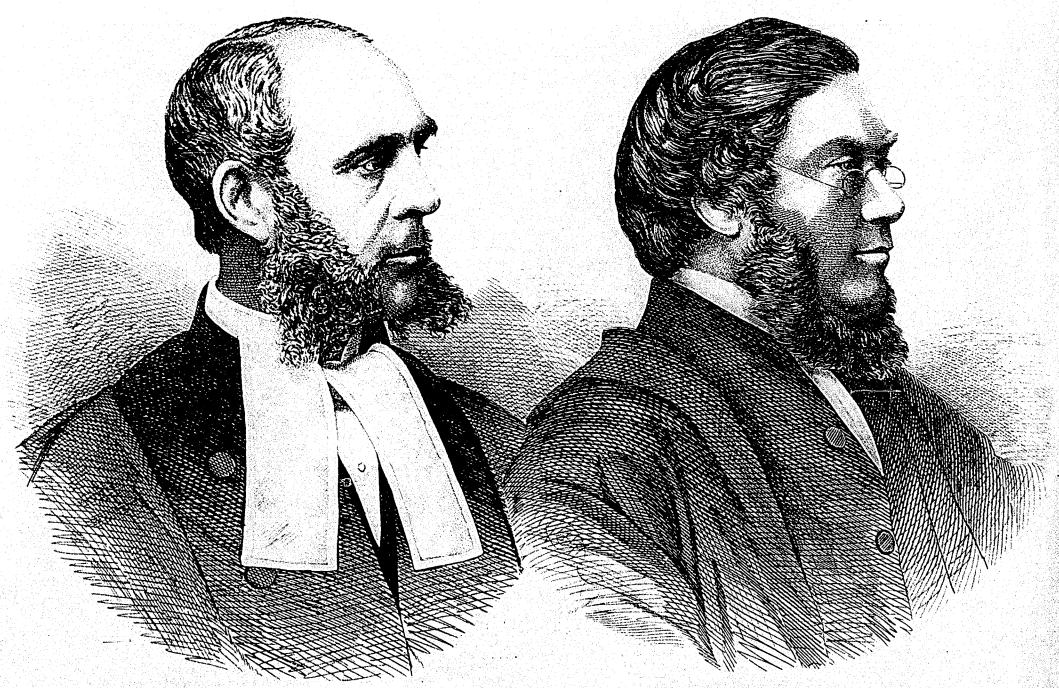


THE CHAUDIÈRE FALLS NEAB QUEBEC .- SEE PAGE 50.





HON. JOHN G. SPRAGGE, CHANCELLOR OF ONTARIO. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN & FRASER.



HON. SAMUEL H. STRONG, VICE-CHANCELLOR FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN & FRABER.

HON. OLIVER MOWAT, VICE-CHANCELLOR. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN & FRASER.

# CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

JULY 22, 1871.

TENFERATURE in the ending Saturday Optician to the	7, 15th July.	1871, observed	by JOHN U:	NDERHILL.
Dame Street.			Aneroid E	arometer

compensated and

							COL	rected	neu.		
			9 A.M.	1 P.M.	6 г.м.	MAX.	Mis.	MRAN.	9 A.M.	11.18.	6 P.N.
Su M.,	July	9.	200	78°	76	84°	64°	740	30.00	29.85	29,90
M.,	**	10.	660	76°	71°	78°	50°	64°	30,16	30,16	30.10
Tu.,	44	11.		78°	73°	S0°	58°	699	30.08	30.08	31.00
W	41	12	65°	73°	76°	- S2°	59°	70°5	\$0.05	30.06	30.06
ТЪ	**	13.	760	910	110	93°	64°	78°5	30.20	30.30	30.15
Fri.,		14.	76°	76°	<u>68°</u>	80*	56°	68°	30,16	-30.05	\$0.00
Sat.,	14	15.	73°	710	75°	802	60°	70°	30.05	30.04	29.88

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JULY

 τ.	 		
-			

SUNDAY,	July	23Seventh Sunday after Trinity. Gibraltar taken by Sir George Rooke, 1704. Prince of Wales
		landed at SL Johns, Newfoundland, 1850.
MONDAY,	**	24.—St. James Ap. and M. Battle of Creey, 1356.
TUESDAY.	••	25Ste. Anne. Battle of Talayera, 1809.
WEDNESDAY	· ··	26Charter granted to the Bank of England, 1697.
		Breaking out of French Revolution, 1839.
THURSDAY,	••	27Cowley died, 1662. Robespierre executed, 1794.
		The "Alabama" sailed from Liverpool, 1862.
FRIDAT,	**	S Andrew Marvel died, 1678. Marriage of Ade-
		lina Patti, 1868.
SATURDAY.	••	29Dispers on of the Spanish Armada, 1588. Wm.
		Penn died. 1715. John Sebastian Bach died.

# TO BOOKSELLERS AND NEWS AGENTS.

A NOTICE HAVING APPEARED in the Newspapers relative to

"A Terrible Temptation." By Mr. CHARLES READE.

I beg to inform you, that Messrs. CASSELL, PETTER, & GALPIN (his London Publishers) have conceded to use, for a valuable consideration, the exclusive right to publish the above great work of fiction, in serial form, for the Dominion of Canade.

The Hearthstone is the only newspaper in which "A Terrible Temptatice" can legitimately appear, and we warn all newspaper proprietors that proceedings will at once be taken to stop the circulation of such papers in the Dominion of Canada pirating the said Story.

GEORGE E. DESBARATS. Proprietor Hearthstone.

Montreal. June 16th, 1871.

# THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

# MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1871.

We print elsewhere a letter from the "Author of Ginx's Baby," which the *Gazette* justly remarks is characterized by "a tone of bitterness." "Ginx's Baby" was a clever satire, being an *expose* of facts utterly repugnant to christianity, morality and decency. The letter by the "Author of Ginx's Baby" is a satire, being an *expose* of an unjust and partial law that needs immediate revision. Let us impartially review the state of the question.

It is, whether the rights of English authors can be defeated in Canada by their neglect to comply with the requirements of the Canadian Legislation. And also (and this is a question raised by the "Author of Ginx's Baby), whether the Canadian Legislature has the right to legislate for itself. This last query is, as he says, most important and crucial. It decided the downfall of British Rule in the United States.

Heaven forbid that we should be suspected of depreciating the merit of an author's productions! They are as a rule, that is to say the *plebs* of the class, miserably remunerated; great compensations being reserved for patricians who generally win applause by splendid mediocrity. But, after all, a book is liable to be treated as the product of the brain in any other direction, say, mechanics. If a man invents a machine, the result of long and patient labour, and deep scientific research, he can only secure a right to compensation for this labour by procuring "a patent." The patent is a kind of monopoly, and it seems a wise provision that whoever improves on the first invention can also procure a patent, and thereby obtain recognition for *his* industry.

Now everything has been done in this Dominion for the protection of the British author. In the first place an act was passed in the Imperial Parliament (5 and 6 Vic., cap. 45) without "any consideration whatever for the Canadian publishing fraternity, or the wishes of the public," but solely to secure a monopoly for English publishers. In the dense ignorance that characterizes English statesmen respecting Colonial matters, they supposed that there never would be any need of a change. The colonists were never to grow more enlightened, the reading class was never to enlarge, the publishing business never to increase. What has been shall be, is their motto, and, just as fanatics appeal to the act of Charles II. to support prosecutions of old apple women for breaking the Lord's Day, so do authors and publishers appeal to the effete act of Vic. 5 and 6, cap. 45. "The Author of Ginx's Baby" cries it up. But a very homely proverb informs us that "the proof of the pudding is in the eating." The operation of the famous 5 and 6 Victoria was anything but satisfactory. The Imperial Parliament had swathed the colony in its act like an Indian baby, taking no count of its possible growth. By the obnoxious act, American publishers were

able to flood Canada with pirated editions of English authors, similar to the famous Tauchnitz editions, while Canadian publishers had to grin and bear it. At last, a time having come when the latter feeling themselves ablo to print and engrave as well as the Yankoes, they were bound to make a move on the Copyright question. The book trade has grown extensive, the reading public constantly on the increase, and it is but fair that the large revenue accruing to American houses should revert to Canadians. Accordingly in 1868 an act was passed in the Canadian Parliament declaring that no author has any right to copyright unless his work "shall be printed and published in Canada."

Obviously the framers of this act had a due regard to English authors, for very slight benefits could accrue to Canadian publishers if the author published a Canadian edition before an English one.

By clause 13 the registration of the works secures copyright. Clause 16 still further protects the author, enacting that, "if any person prints or publishes any manuscript whatever in Canada, or the same having been printed and published elsewhere, offers it, or causes it to be offered. without the consent of the author or legal proprietor first obtained, such author or proprietor being resident in Canada, or being a British subject resident in Great Britain or Ireland, such person shall be liable to the author or proprietor for all damages occasioned by such injury."

Consequently the "Author of Ginx's Baby" is well protected, and it is inconceivable to us, how a gentleman reputed to be a barrister, who was "domiciled in Canada a third of his life," should be ignorant of this enactment.

But publishers, acted upon by the increased expansion of the colony, do not feel satisfied by the Act of 1868; although the decision in Toronto *in re* "Ginx's Baby," is so far satisfactory.

Let there be a reasonable duty upon American importations sufficient to protect Canadian publishers. The present impost is ridiculous, and while it lasts authors must suffer equally with publishers. We have no more right to surrender our right in this respect than our rights in any great commercial question. And here we are naturally brought to the great point involved in the discussion, and which cannot be approached with too much gravity and caution. "The Author of Ginx's Baby' already declares that the colony has no right to legislate for itself. We are simply astonished at this assertion, all the more so, as it seems to us that this is the very point upheld in "The Colonial Question," by the "Author of Ginx's Baby." Does that gentleman forget that England cannot legislate for the Colonies without the consent of their legislative bodies? Does the Washington Treaty become binding on Canada by the ratification in London by Her Majesty's Government? As the "Author of Ginx's Baby" justly remarks, this may be "the crux of empire." Quite as small a thing as a twenty-five cent book has decided Imperial sway ere now. The very "British contempt," and the "sneers of English society." to which he alludes, being ridiculously unjust will not always be borne in silence. Let him refer to the recent statistics of the growth of Canada in Herepath's Journal, and say if such a growth in so short a period can be sneered at? A far wiser man than the "Author of Ginx's Baby," Professor Goldwin Smith, said in a lecture in Montreal last winter, that it was a crime and a blunder to neglect the Dominion, and this course could only be accounted for by the "wilful ignorance" of Englishmen on the subject. The same opinion is expressed by Froude the historian (Short Studies on Great Subjects).

The belief has been for years taking hold of the popular mind that the Dominion is not much set by in the old country. This is certainly well founded. Therefore, our Scottish author need not inflate himself with the vain supposition that any book he can write, or the whole Scottish nation united, will arouse Great Britain to a sense of her duty in this respect. The possibility he

# LITERARY NOTICES.

BELGRAVIA.—London : Warwick House, Paternoster Row Conducted by M. E. Braddon.

The number for July is, like all preceding issues of this high-class magazine, varied and attractive. The fascinating pen of Miss Braddon, which charms all subjects her genius alights upon, leads in the story of "The Love of Arden," illustrated. In graceful, easy flow of narrative, leading into irresistible currents and rapids of dramatic action, Miss Braddon's stories of to-day sustain for her that high position to which she suddenly ascended on wing of "Lady Audley's Secret."

Other articles in *Belgravia* for July are : "Shot and Shell." "Ferenda," a poem by James Mew," Illustrated ; an article by Sala, lively as that writer's flights usually are ; "Lochinya" at Salt Lake," by Justin Macarthy ; "All Round St. Pauls," by Walter Thornbury, illustrated ; "Charles Norman," by Edmund Courtenay, illustrated ; "Progress in Paris, A.D. 1871," and five other articles.

#### STATUTES OF CANADA, 34th Vict, being the fourth Session of the first Parliament of Canada. Ottawa Brown Chamberlin, Queen's Printer, 1871.

We are glad to have the opportunity of thanking the Ottawa Government for a copy of last Session's enactments. The Acts passed were only 58 in all, but many of them were of the utmost importance. It is now generally understood that the tendency of recent legislation, and especially of the fiscal and financial arrangements turned into law during the Session of 1871, have had a most beneficial effect on the trade and industry of the country. Let us hope that the story of "Jack Madden" will not be realised by the next Session of Parliament: let the law rest until it has had time to work a little farther in the same direction ; but it would be unwise to increase the pressure too much and thereby endanger the safety of the whole machinery. The statutes are neatly printed and bound after the ordinary official pattern. Cannot the Ontario Government favour us with a copy of its legalised wisdom without the exaction of a tradesman's fees?

THEATRE ROYAL.—Mr. Emmet closed his engagement last Saturday night, and played to a crowded house. In consesequence of the non-arrival of the Misses Chapman, Mr Albaugh played "Enstache." His acting was tasteful and artistic, and elicited great applause. The Chapman sisters opened on Tuesday last to a very crowded house, and fulfilled the great anticipations respecting them. Mr Ben De Bar appears next week, and doubtless will meet with the hearty reception his abilities and liberal management deserve.

# NEWFOUNDLAND CORRESPONDENCE.

# ST. JOHN'S, NELD , July 6th, 1871.

### INFORTANCE OF OUR COD FISHERY,

Just now our cod fishery is in full activity, and the anxiety to learn how it is succeeding in the great fishing centres, such as Placentia, Bonavista, and Trinity Bays is very great. Every item of intelligence is cagerly grasped at and quickly retailed not always with conscientious accuracy. The prosperity o our whole population turns largely on the success of the cost fishery, for the proceeds of the scal fishery are confined to a comparatively limited number of individuals, while every fisherman shares more or less in the results of the former When news of the scarcity of cod in any of the great bays reaches the capital, it has the same effect on business prospects that a fall in the price of stock has in London or New York If the news is unfavourable from several of the more populous districts, the faces of the supplying merchants lengthen, a cloud gathers on the brows of the shopkcepers, hishops and clergy of all denominations begin to have ominous forebodings regarding their fall dues and winter supplies, and a general gloom spreads over the whole community, for a bad cod fishery means very short common to the poor fisherman, heavy losse and a long list of bad debts to the merchant, and great difficulty in collecting the Christmas bills to the shopkeeper. On the other hand, news of a large "catch" of cod brightens every eye, and produces a wonderful buoyancy of spirits among all classes. Many a young maiden's heart beats quicker when good news comes in from the Labrador, for has not Patrick vowed to "speak to the priest" on his return if times are good? Visions of gorgeous dresses and bright ribbons and possibly new carpets and tensets dazzle the female imagina-The priest and parson shrewdly calculate on a rich on. harvest of marriage fees, in November, to be followed in due time with a fair array of christenings, if the fishery turns out well. Old Crocsus, who has £60,000 affort in supplies to the hardy fishermen, anticipates his returns of fifty or a hundred per cent, and rubs his hands gleefully. The dry goods merchant sees, in anticipation, his shelves emptied and his bank account in a flourishing condition. Happily we are now in a pleasingly hopeful condition regarding the cod fishery of this season. The accounts from a majority of the principal fishing stations are good, from several unusually so. It is too early in the season yet to form any calculations as to such an uncertainty as the fishery, but so far the results are satisfactory. From Bonavista in the north, and Burin and other localities in the west, accounts are highly favourable. The season was late in commencing, so that we were feeling anxious a fortnight since, as things were getting critical. Now the prospect is decidedly bright and cheering.

pictures of an attempt to enforce the right of England to legislate for the Colonies is simply preposterous. What was the result the last time it was done? Bunker Hill and the Declaration of Independence.

We join with him in thinking that it is high time our relations with Great Britain were adjusted on a more righteous footing. And we may add, that it is our belief that the time has come, when the Dominion Parliament ought to take up this question of Copyright, and legislate upon it with a due regard to the rights of Dominion Publishers, and the final repression of American piracies. " La justice avant tout."

A Frenchman, named Taillade, a private in the 89th of the line, received a medal from the Prussian authorities of Kolberg for saving the life of a German woman who had fallen into a stream. The brave fellow dived several times before he could find the woman. He was offered a medal or one hundred thalers, and he selected the decoration without hesitation.

# CATCHING AND CURING THE COD.

It is quite a pleasant sight, at this time, to visit one of the little fishing villages in the neighbourhood of St. John's, and note the activity with which the various operations connected with the fishery are carried on, and observe how the fisher

man's "flakes" are getting loaded with the valuable cod. Just now it is the height of "caplin schule" with us. The beautiful little fish called caplin are all around the shores in enormous shoals; and the greedy cod follow, reveiling in the rich banquet provided for them. The caplin furnish the best bait for the fisherman; and now is the time for his main catch. It is a striking sight on a moonlight night to take one's stand on the shore, and observe the myriads of fishes that make the surface of the water seem alive as they gambol about-the cod tish bounding above the waves, and reflecting the light of the moon from their silvery sides; the immense shoals of caplin, extending as far as the eye can reach, flying before the onslaught of their deadly focs, the cod, and seeking refuge on the shore, where each retiring wave leaves multitudes skipping on the sand. Meantime the fisherman, with hook and line, bultow or seine, is at work securing the cod, or with his nets laying up supplies of caplin for bait. As soon as a boat loaded with cod arrives, the fish are thrown, one by one, with a small pitchfork upon the stage. They are first beheaded and disembowelled; then "the splitter" takes them in hand, and deftly lays open each fish with his knife, removing the backbone, with the exception of the tail portion; so that each half lies completely flat. Then, after washing well, the "salter" goes to work, piling the fish in layers, with a heavy sprinkling of salt between each. After remaing the proper length of time in salt, it is again washed, and spread on the flake to dry. These " flakes" are formed by stout shores supporting a strong framework of horizontal poles, covered with the bonghs of the fir. They generally overhang the margin of the water, or find support among the crevices of the rocks. The codfish, when drying, require the greatest attention. Every night they have to be collected into little heaps (" faggots" the fishermen call them) and spread out again in the morning, should the day wet weather they are collected into miniature be fine. In hay-cocks, with the skin of the fish outside, and covered of the fish dren. When with the rind of trees. The handling is largely done by the women and children. the fishing season is at an end, the fisherman conveys his fish to the stores of the exporting merchant, and, for the most part, remains idle during the winter. As a rule, they do

not tish during more than six months of the year-many only four. They have no in-door employments, and but a small proportion of them cultivate little patches of land. The quick returns of labour, the long intervals of absolute idleness, indispose them to steady industry. If, with the fisheries, they combined the cultivation of the land, and the manufacture of clothing, boots and shoes, they might be in a much more comfortable condition. As it is, they depend almost entirely on the fisheries, which are very precarious, and almost every article of food and clothing they require has to be imported. In many places, too, they have but poor imperfect methods of fishing, going out in little punts that cannot live in a rough sea, or enable them to venture far from shore ; and their poverty is such that for want of due appliances much of the fishing season is often lost. It is ominous, too, to find, from the Census returns, that while during the last dozen years 29,000 have been added to the population, the number of ablebodied men employed in the fisheries has not at all increased. It follows that 20,000 more are now living on the productive industry of the same number of hands as were employed twelve years ago, and consequently in a deteriorated condition. It also follows that the young and active and industrious, who ought to be enlarging our industries as the popula-tion increases, must be emigrating to other lands. Our rate of increase in twelve years has been but 16} percent, whereas, were the country prosperous and the population not drafted away by emigration, it should, in the same period, have increased 30 or 40 per cent.

#### POSSIBILITY OF OVER-FISHING.

Buffon tells us that if a pair of herrings were left to breed unmolested for a period of twenty years, they would yield a nish bulk equal to the whole of the globe on which we live. The fecundity of the cod fish exceeds that of the herring, the female fish yielding its roe by millions. But then a balancing power exists in the water that prevents the bulk of them from coming to life, or at any rate from reaching maturity. In addition to this, in modern days, the extension of sea-farming, and the immense increase in the consumption of fish and salt fish, consequent on the multiplication of railways, are tending to reduce the quantity of fish in the ocean. Facts go to prove that over-fishing will speedily tell on a large cod colony. For example, at Rockall there was lately discovered a cod depot which caused a considerable sensation. At first immense takes" were secured by those who first rifled its virgin treasures; but of late these have fallen off greatly, and there is now comparatively little enterprise in the Rockall fishery. The cod bank at the Faroe Islands is now about exhausted, and the great Dogger Bank fishery has become affected by over-fishing. These facts awaken apprehension regarding the future of our own sea fisheries, and show the necessity of wise regulations so as to keep them within such bounds as will not destroy the recuperative powers of the finny tribes. There are limits even to the wonderful fecundity of the cod. Moreover, the cod is a fish of slow growth. It does not add to its growth at a greater rate than eight or ten ounces per annum. As to the food on which it lives, the very element in which it

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mate does not include much of the fish that goes directly to Great Britain. As a slight index to the vast total of our own sca-wealth, I may mention that the Grand Bank, the chief reservoir from which for three hundred and fifty years the supplies of cod have been drawn, is six hundred miles long and over two hundred miles in breadth. How enormous the numbers of the finny population on this single bank, which must have been growing and gathering for centuries before its discovery.

#### CURRENT EVENTS.

Our summer cod fishery progresses fairly so far, though no striking success can yet be reported. The accounts are best from the northern settlements; and wherever the seines are in use they have been successful. The cod are just now glutted with feeding on the caplin, and eye the fisherman's bait with indifference. When this is the case the only mode of capture is the "jigger" or the seine. Salmon are very plentiful, selling here at six and eight cents per pound.

The Diocesan Synod of Newfoundland held its first sittings at the Cathedral School Rooms on the 28th ultimo. The Lord Bishop of Newfoundland presided on the occasion. The chief subject which engaged the attention of Synod was the "Constitution." It was decided that the veto power of the Bishop should be subject to an appeal to the Archbishop of Canterbury, or, in case of union with Canada, to the Metropolitan.

Two enormous ice-islands have been seen lately off our shores, each half a mile in length. The "Osprey" steamer struck on one of them in a fog, but escaped with the loss of her bowsprit and bulwarks.

The Treaty of Washington is generally approved of here, as it opens American markets to our fish, and will enhance the value of our staples.

The "Moravian," of the Allan Line, called in here on the 27th ult, and took on board 62 cabin passengers for Britain. She arrived in six and a-half days.

The weather is splendid at present,

# ENGLISH AUTHORS AND CANADIAN COPYRIGHTS.

# (To the Editor of the London Daily News.)

-It will be a matter of surprise to English authors to learn SIR.that, although their rights are in terms secured by the Imperial Copyright Act (5 and 6 Vic., cap. 45), which is declared to extend to the British dominions, including "all the colonies, settlements, and possessions of the Crown," one colony at least seems to have assumed the power to defeat them. I am obliged to allude to the personal circumstances under which came to make this discovery. In the early part of this year two different firms of Canadian publishers in Toronto an-nounced as many editions of "Ginx's Baby," large importations having previously taken place of the American reprints of the book. One of these editions appears to have been authorised by my New York agents. The other was an absolute piracy. On enquiry it transpired that the publishers of the latter claimed a right to republish in Canada-in a form and at a price that makes me shudder-any English copyright book which has not been published and registered in Canada. The English publishers, relying on the 5 and 6 Viet., sent out directions to prosecute these gentlemen, but a perusal of an Act recently passed in Canada stayed their hands. This Act (31 Vic., cap. 54), after affirming an author's 'right and liberty of printing, &c.," provides that " no person shall be entitled to the benefit of the Act, unless he has deposited in the office of the Minister of Agriculture two copies of his book," to be registered, and "gives information of the copyright being secured," by printing certain words on the title page of every edition published; and, lastly, that "to entitle any such production to the benefits of the Act, the same shall be printed and published in Canada."

It should be explained, that previously to that Act, and with the assent, I presume, of the Home authorities, the Imperial Copyright Act had been unconstitutionally infringed in Canada by a local Act which permitted the introduction into the colony of American reprints of British copyright books upon payment of a certain duty, which duty the Canadian Government was to transmit to England on behalf of the The enactment clearly collided with the Imperial authors. Act, but I cannot find that any effort was made by legal proceedings or otherwise to vindicate against it the rights of British authors. In practice it proved illusory. While hundreds of thousands of cheap American reprints were sold in anada, the whole amount received in one year on behalf of British authors was measured by shillings. The Canadians were then very glad to get good wit so cheaply. The late Act seems to be an attempt to alter this injustice ; not in the interest of the authors, but of Canadian publishers. A Montreal barrister, writing to the Gazette, says that the Act 31 Vic. was intended " to authorize republication and exclude foreign eprints," i.e., to enable Canadian publishers to secure from British authors the right to exclude the American reprints. But, as it seems to me, both these Acts are unconstitutional, in so far as they limit the rights of an author publishing in England under our Copyright Act. The Canadian Government has no power to license the introduction of American reprints, nor to impose on British authors local restrictions. An observation in an editorial of the Montreal Gazette

might be the crux of empire. I should have raised a delicate question of Imperial relations, and the 600,000 persons said to be enrolled in the Dominion militia would be immediately called out to vindicate the right of Canada to legislate for herself, and rob an Englishman. Our re-organized army might be employed to maintain my obscure rights, and Imperial legions march under silken banners, inscribed with the war-cry of "Ginx's Baby "-banners certainly under which Mr. Cardwell's "children in uniform" might appropriately march. I dare not face the consequences, so I appeal to you. This legislation unhappily seems too confirmatory of the sneer one so often hears in English society, that the colonists are eager to take all they can get and give nothing in return. It is one of the instances which illustrates the anomalous state of our relations with the Colonies, and which presses upon us the necessity-not as some say of terminating those relations-but of reconstituting them on some ground of common and practical conformity. I write all the more vigorously and frankly on this injustice, because I have always striven to uphold Colonial interests in the teeth of British contempt.

I am, Sir, Your obedient servant,

THE AUTHOR OF "GINX'S BABY."

### DEATH BY BEHEADING.

Some recent experiments by French surgeons on the head of a man recently guillotined have been made to test the theory of Dr. Pinel, that life and consciousness remained for a considerable time after decapitation. These surgeons were Drs. Evrard and Beaumetz, of Beauvais, and the head was that of a criminal convicted of parricide. It was delivered to them five minutes after the execution, and was immediately placed on a table covered with compresses, so as to show the amount of blood which would be obtained. The face was then bloodless, of a pale and uniform hue; the lower jaw had fallen, and the mouth was gaping. The features, which were immoveable, born an expression of stupor, but not of pain. The eyes were open, fixed, looking straight before them ; the pupils were dilated; the cornea had already commenced to lose its lustre and transparency. Some sawdust still stuck here and there to the face, but there was no vestige of any either on the inner surface of the lips or on the tongue. opening of the ear was then carefully cleansed, and the experimenters, applying their lips as closely as possible to the orifice, called out three times, in a loud voice, the name of the criminal. Not a feature moved; there was no muscular movement, either of the eyes or on the face. A piece of charpie, saturated with ammonia, was next placed under the nostrils; there was no contraction of the also nor of the face. The conjectiva of each eye was deeply and several times succossfully cauterized with nitrate of silver; the light of a candle was brought within two centimètres' distance of the cornea, and yet no contraction was observed either in the eyelids, eyeball, or the pupils. Electricity was then resorted to as a more powerful means of excitement of the nervous system. One of Legendre's electric piles, with a current of moderate intensity, determined vivid contractions in such of the muscles of the face as were directly subjected to its influence. But was this evidence, say the investigators, of a feeling of pain expressed by the physiognomy? Certainly not; and this for two reasons : first, because, while the experiment affected the left side of the face, the muscles of the right side retained their expression of stupor, even when the opposite side was the most convulsed; next, because the electrized parts themselves resumed their cadaveric impassibility as soon as the electric current ceased to animate them.

The integuments of the cranium were then incised from the nape of the neck to the root of the nose; the bones of the skull were uncovered down to the zygomatic arches. In performing these incisions, say the investigators, many nerves were cut, of which the section would have been most painful; the muscles of the neck and temple were still alive, since they retracted energetically under the knife; notwithstanding, no contraction of the face, no reflex action was observed. At that time, three-quarters of an hour had not yet capsed since the execution. The skull was then sawn through, and the brain removed; the muscles of the face and those of the jaws continued to obey the electric current, as when the brain was unimpaired. The integuments had then begun to get cold, and yet, with an intense electric current, the same muscular contractions were obtained half an hour after the extraction of the brain. Nobody will say that the brain till continued to act and think, though the muscles still responded to electric excitation. Beyond doubt the brain was as lifeless during the first part of the experiment as during the second. Indeed, at the very moment of the execution, through the sudden interruption of circulation, and consequent syncope, the brain was quite as unable to feel as to express its sensations.

This view MM. Evrard and Beaumetz base on the condition of the brain and its envelopes when examined. There was no fluid in the large arachnoid cavity; the vessels of the pia mater were almost bloodless, and filled with acriform fluid; the lateral cavernous sinuses were absolutely bloodless. The ventricles contained scarcely a tea-spoonful of fluid, and in no situation was the brain injected. These facts entirely overthrow what has been advocated by some with regard to the persistence of the cephalo-spinal liquid, and of cerebral nutrimoves is, in a sense, a great mass of living matter, and it clearly indicates the intention of the framers of the Act;-doubtless affords, by means of minute animals, a wonderful "It is not long since this subject was under the consideration source of supply. Cod, too, are most voracious when hungry, and will at times cat garbage of the most revolting description, with great avidity. Around the shores of Newfoundland the cod preys largely on the caplin, the squid, the herring, and other smaller fish.

#### LABRADOR FISHERIKS.

A large number of Newfoundland fishermen resort to the coasts of Labrador each season, for the prosecution of the cod, herring and salmon fisheries. About a fourth of our entire catch is taken on Labrador. In addi-tion to our fishermen, many hundreds from the United States, Nova Scotla and Canada frequent the Labrador. coast in summer. The total value of the Labrador fisheries has been estimated by competent judges at one million sterling. Taking the fisheries of the Gulf of St. Lawrence along with those of Labrador, the estimated annual value is four millions sterling. Yet, as Mr. Hind tells us, in his valuable work on Labrador, the Canadian fisheries are yet in their infancy. He says that if we include the fish and oil consumed by the inhabitants, the present annual value of the fisheries of British America must be above \$15,000,000 ; and this estition.

of the Privy Council of the Dominion, when Sir Francis Hincks and Mr. Dunkin drew up a special memorandum on the subject. In this memorandum the important point at issue, on which the views of the London publishers and the Canadian people are said to be irreconcileable, is that the former insist upon the extension of copyright without local publication, a demand to which the people of Canada will not consent." Then follows an impracticable suggestion for a stamp duty on reprints-a suggestion tinged with the same error as the legislation, namely that the Canadian Parliament can constitutionally pass an Act to restrain that of the Im-perial Government. But it is quite plain what the "people of Canada" claim, namely a right to subject to unjust disabilities a fellow-citizen within the British dominions. In my own case the wrong done is peculiar. I was educated in Canada, and domiciled there a third of my life. Yet I find my property abstracted, and the only method of redress an expensive suit, culminating in an appeal to the Privy Council, with three years' business on its list, where, of course, the Colonial Act would be declared inoperative, and my rights

would be eventually sustained. But my success might give me a fatal claim to historic distinction. "Ginx's Baby"

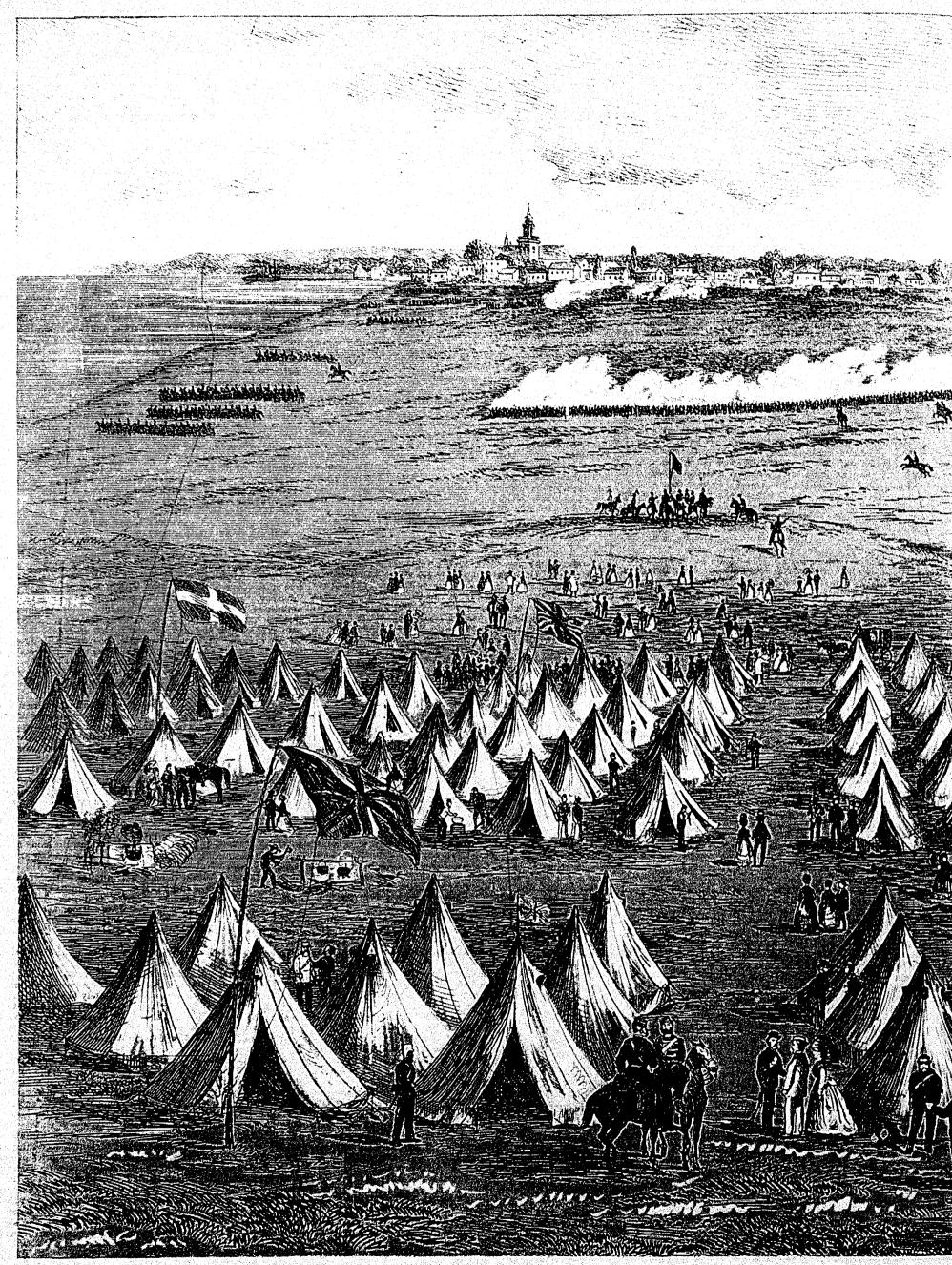
The results of these experiments are in entire accordance with those which had already been obtained in 1803 by the Medical Association of Mayence, which had been led to investigate the subject by the same motives as had actuated MM. Evrard and Beaumetz. The experiments then made, such as calling out the names of the criminals in the respective heads, were much the same as those related.

The falling of the lower jaw, which takes place instantan-eously, serves to explain (to a certain extent), according to MM. Evrard and Beaumetz, all the extraordinary stories of the heads biting each other which have recently been propagated as coming from Sanson and other executioners. The fact would be a mere coincidence, due to the position of the various heads in the basket. Besides, the experimenters assert that Heindrich, the present executioner, has positively assured them that he has never noticed this fact, nor, indeed, any sign whatever of persistent life in the heads of persons guillotined.

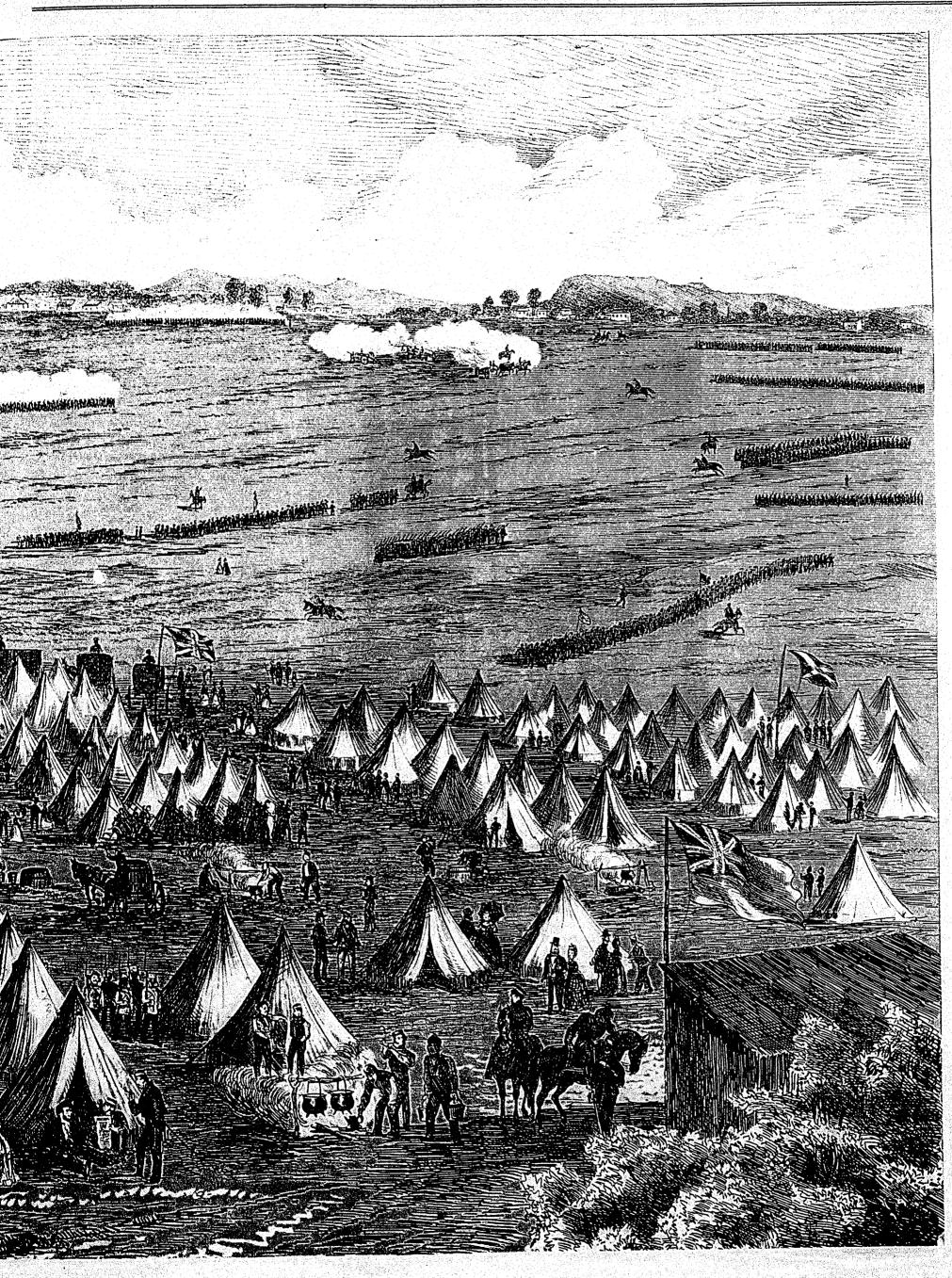
The University of Oxford proposes to contribute to the Library of the University of Strasburg copies of such works, printed at the University Press, as the delegates of the department may think fit.

# CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

JULY 22, 1871.



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# THE 5TH OF JULY .- FROM A SKRTCH BY OUR ARTIST. -- SEB PAGE 50.

# WILFRID CUMBERMEDE. An Autobiographical Story.

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

# INTRODUCTION.

I AM-I will not say how old, but well past middle age. This much I feel compelled to mention, because it has long been my opinion that no man should attempt a history of him-self until he has set foot upon the border land where the past and the future begin to blend in a consciousness somewhat independent of both, and hence interpreting both. Looking westward, from this vantage-ground, the set-ting sun is not the less lovely to him that he recalls a merrier time when the shadows fell the other way. Then they sped westward before him, as if to vanish, chased by his advancing footsteps, over the verge of the world. Now they come creeping towards him, lengthening as they come. And they are welcome. Can it be that he would ever have chosen a world without shadows? Was not the trouble of the shadowless noon the dearest of all? Did he not then long for the curtained queen the farthest cloud of the sun-deserted east alive with a rosy hue. It is the prophecy of the sunset concerning the dawn. For the sun itself is ever a rising sun, and the morning will come though the night should be dark.

In this "season of calm weather," when the past has receded so far that he can behold it as in a picture, and his share in it as the history of a man who had lived and would soon die; when he can confess his faults without the bitterness of shame, both because he is humble, and because the faults themselves have dropped from him ; when his good deeds look poverty-stricken in his eyes, and he would no more claim consideration for them than expect knighthood because he was no thief; when he cares little for his reputation, but much for his character---little for what has gone beyond his control, but endlessly much for what yet remains in his will to determine ; then, I think, a man may do well to write his own life. "So," I imagine a reader interposing, "you

profess to have arrived at this high degree of perfection yourself?"

I reply that the man who has attained this kind of indifference to the past, this kind of hope in the future, will be far enough from considering it a high degree of perfection. The very idea is to such a man ludicrous. One may eat bread without claiming the honours of an athlete; one may desire to be honest and not count himself a saint. My object in thus shadowing out what seems to me my present condition of mind, is merely to render it intelligible to my readers how an autobiography might come to be written without rendering the writer justly liable to the charge of that overweening, or self-conceit, which might be involved in the mere conception of the idea.

In listening to similar recitals from the mouths of elderly people, I have observed that many things which seemed to the per-sons principally concerned ordinary enough, had to me a wonder and a significance they did not perceive. Let me hope that some of the things I am about to relate may fare similarly, although, to be honest, I must confess I could not have undertaken the task, for a task it is, upon this chance alone; I do think some of my history worthy of being told, just for the facts' sake. God knows I have had small share in that worthiness. The weakness of my life has been that I would ever do some great thing; the saving of my life has been my utter failure. I have never done a great deed. If I had, I know that one of my temperament could not have escaped serious consequences. I have had more pleasure when a grown man in a certain discovery concerning the ownership of an apple of which I had taken the ancestral bite when a boy, than I can remember to have resulted from any action of my own during my whole existence. test the notion nzzline in order to enjoy their fancied surprise, or their possible praise of a worthless ingenuity of concealment. If I ever appear to behave to them thus, it is merely that I follow the course of my own knowledge of myself and my affairs, without any desire to give them either the pain or the pleasure of suspense, if indeed I may flatter myself with the hope of interesting them to such a degree that suspense should become possible. When I look over what I have written I find the tone so sombre-let me see ; what sort an evening is it on which I conmence this book? Ah! I thought so : a sombre evening. The sun is going down behind a low bank of gray cloud, the upper edge of which he tinges with a faded shadow. There will be rain be-fore morning. It is late autumn, and some of the crops are gathered in. A bluish fog is rising from the lower meadows. As I look I grow cold. It is not, somehow, an interest-

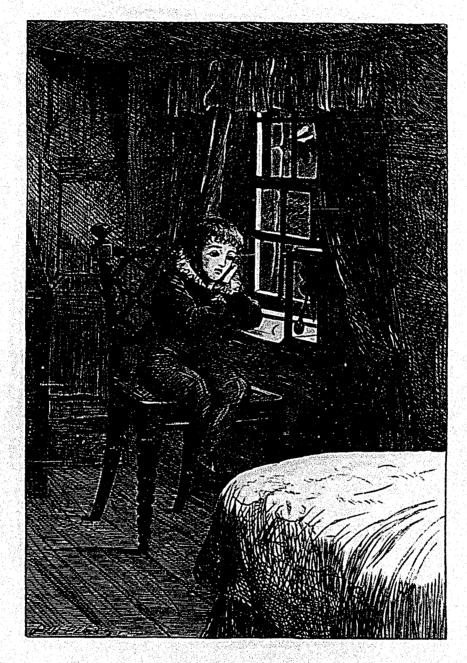
heartily. The poorest, weakest drizzle upon the window-panes of a dreary road-side inn in a country of slate-quarries, possesses an in-terest to him who enters it by the door of a book, hardly less than the pouring rain which threatens to swell every brook to a torrent. How is this? 1 think it is because your troubles do not enter into the book, and its troubles do not enter into you, and therefore nature operates upon you unthwarted by the personal conditions which so often counteract her present influences. But I will rather shut out the fading west, the gathering mists, and the troubled consciousness of Nature alto-gether, light my fire and my pipe, and then try whether in my first chapter I cannot be a boy again in such fashion that my ghostly companion, that is, my typical reader, will not be too impatient to linger a little in the meadows of childhood ere we pass to the corn-fields of riper years.

# CHAPTER 1.

### WHERE I FIND MYSHLF.

REGISTERED in accordance with the Copyright Act well described in a novel, I should enjoy it They made the wind, and threw it at me. I of 1883.] used my natural senses, and this was what they told me. The discovery impressed me so deeply that even now I cannot look upon trees without a certain indescribable, and, but for this remembrance, unaccountable awe. A grove was to me for many years a fountain of winds, and, in the stillest day, to look into a depth of gathered stems filled me with dismay; for the whole awful assembly might, writhing together in earnest and effectual contortion, at any moment begin their fearful task of churning the wind,

There were no trees in the neighbourhood of the house where I was born. It stood in the midst of grass, and nothing but grass was to be seen for a long way on every side of it. There was not a gravel path or a road near it. Its walls, old and rusty, rose immediately from the grass. Grass blades and a few heads of daisies leaned trustingly against the brown stone, all the sharpness of whose fractures had long since vanished, worn away by the sun and the rain, or filled up by the slow lichens, which I used to think were young stones growing out of the wall. The ground was part of a very old dairy-farm, and my uncle, No wisest chicken, 1 presume, can recall to whom it belonged, would not have a path the first moment when the chalk-oval sur- about the place. But then the grass was well



#### WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.

rounding it gave way, and instead of the subdued by the cows, and, indeed, I think, cavern of limestone which its experience would never have grown very long, for it was might have led it to expect it found a world of air and movement and freedom and blue sky-with kites in it. For my own part, I often wished when a child, that I had watched while God was making me, so that I might have remembered how he did it. Now my ther when forth into creep " that new world which is the old," I shall be conscious of the birth, and enjoy the whole mighty surprise, or whether I shall become gradually aware that things are changed, and stare about me like the new-born baby. What will be the candle-flame that shall first attract my new-born sight? But I forget that speculation about the new life is not writing the history of the old. I have often tried how far back my memory could go. I suspect there are awfully ancient shadows mingling with our memories; but, as far as I can judge, the carliest definite me-mory I have is the discovery of how the wind was made ; for I saw the process going on before my very eyes, and there could be, and there was, no doubt of the relation of cause and effect in the matter. There were the trees swaying themselves about after the wildest fashion, and there was the wind in con-sequence visiting my person somewhat too ing evening. Yet if I found just this evening roughly. The trees were blowing in my face.

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would never have grown very long, for it was of that delicate sort which we see only on downs and in parks and on old grazing farms, All about the house-as far, at least, as my lowly eyes could see-the ground was perfectly level, and the lake of greenery, out of which it rose like a solitary rock, was to me an unfailing mystery and delight. This will sound strange in the cars of those who consider a mountainons, or at least an undulating surface, essential to beauty; but nature is alto-gether independent of what is called fine scenery. There are other organs than the eyes, even if grass and water and sky were not of the best and loveliest of nature's shows. The house, I have said, was of an ancientlooking stone, gray and green and yellow and brown. It looked very hard; yet there were some attempts at carving about the heads of the narrow windows. The carving had, however, become so dull and shadowy that I could not distinguish a single form or separable portion of design ; still some ancient thought seemed ever flickering across them. The house, which was two stories in height, had a certain air of defence about it, ill to explain. It had no caves, for the walls rose above the edge of the roof; but the hints at battlements were of the merest. The roof, covered with the ancient power from the wall, and had

Chap. 4.

gray slates, rose very steep, and had narrow, tall dormer windows in it. The edges of the gables rose, not in a slope, but in a succession of notches, like stairs. Altogether, the shell to which, considered as a crustaceous animal, I belonged-for man is every animal according as you choose to contemplate him-had an old-world look about it-a look of the time when men had to fight in order to have peace, to kill in order to live. Being, however, a crustaceous animal, 1, the heir of all the new impulses of the age, was born and reared in closest neighbourhood with strange relics of a vanished time. Humanity so far retains its chief characteristics that the new generations can always flourish in the old shell.

The dairy was at some distance, so deep in a hollow that a careless glance would not have discovered it. I well remember my astonishment when my aunt first took me there; for had not even observed the depression of surface; all had been a level green to my eyes. Beyond this hollow were fields divided by hedges, and lanes, and the various goings to and fro of a not unpeopled although quiet neighbourhood. Until I left home for school, however, I do not remember to have seen a carriage of any kind approach our solitary dwelling. My uncle would have regarded it as little short of an insult for any one to drive wheels over the smooth lawny surface in which our house dwelt like a solitary island in the sea.

Before the threshold lay a brown patch, worn bare of grass, and beaten hard by the descending feet of many generations. The stone threshold itself was worn almost to a level with it. A visitor's first step was into what would, in some parts, be called the house-place, a room which served all the pur-poses of a kitchen, and yet partook of the character of an old hall. It rose to a fair height, with smoke-stained beams above; and was floored with a kind of cement, hard enough, and yet so worn that it required a good deal of local knowledge to avoid certain jars of the spine from sudden changes of level. All the furniture was dark and shining, especially the round table, which, with its bewildering, spider-like accumulation of legs, waited under the mullioned, lozenged window until meal-time, when, like an animal roused from its lair, it stretched out those legs, and as-sumed expanded and symmetrical shape in front of the tire in winter, and nearer the door in summer. It recalls the vision of my aunt, with a hand at each end of it, searching empirically for the level-feeling for it, that is, with the creature's own legs-before lifting the hanging leaves, and drawing out the hitherto supernumerary legs to support them ; after which would come a fresh adjustment of level, another hustling to and fro, that the new feet likewise might settle on elevations of equal height; and then came the snowy cloth or the tea-tray, deposited cautiously upon its shining surface.

The walls of this room were always whitewashed in the spring, occasioning ever a sharpened contrast with the dark-brown ceiling. Whether that was even swept I do not know; I do not remember ever seeing it done. At all events, its colour remained unimpaired by paint or whitewash. On the walls hung various articles, some of them high above my head, and attractive for that reason if for no other. I never saw one of them moved from its place-not even the fishing-rod, which required the whole length betwixt the two windows; three rusty hooks hung from it, and waved about when a wind entered ruder than common. Over the fishing-rod hung a piece of tapestry, about a yard in width, and longer than that. It would have required a very capable constructiveness indeed to supply the design from what remained, so fragmentary were the forms, and so dim and faded were the once bright colours. It was there as an ornament; for that which is a mere complement of higher modes of life becomes, when useless, the ornament of lower conditions; what we call great virtues are little regarded by the saints. It was long before I began to think how the tapestry could have come there, or to what it owed the honour given it in the house.

On the opposite wall hung another object, which may well have been the cause of my carelessness about the former-attracting to itself all my interest. It was a sword, in a leather sheath. From the point, half way to the hilt, the sheath was split all along the edge of the weapon. The sides of the wound gaped, and the blade was visible to my prying eyes. It was with rust almost as dark a brown as the scabberd that infolded it. But the under parts of the hilt, where dust could not settle, gleamed with a faint golden shine. That sword was to my childish eyes the type of all mystery, a clouded glory, which for many long years I never dreamed of attempting to unveil. Not the sword Excalibur, had it been "stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings," could have radiated more marvel into the hearts of young knights than that sword radiated into mine, Night after night I would dream of danger drawing nighcrowds of men of evil purpose-enemies to me or to my country; and ever in the beginning of my dream I stood ready, foreknowing and waiting ; for I had climbed and had taken

girded it about my waist—always with a straw rope, the sole band within my reach; but as it went on, the power departed from the dream; I stood waiting for foes who would not come; or they drew near in fury, and when I would have drawn my weapon, old blood and rust held it fast in its sheath, and I tugged at it in helpless agony; and fear invaded my heart, and I turned and fled, pursued by my foes until I left the dream itself behind, whence the terror still pursued me.

There were many things more on those walls. A pair of spurs, of make modern enough, hung between two pewter dish-covers. Hanging book-shelves came next; for although most of my uncle's books were in his bed-room, some of the commoner were here on the wall, next to an old fowling-piece, of which both lock and barrel were devoured with rust. Then came a great pair of shears, though how they should have been there I cannot yet think, for there was no garden to the house, no hedges or trees to clip. I need not linger over these things. Their proper place is in the picture with which I would save words and help understanding if I could.

Of course there was a great chimney in the place; chiefly to be mentioned from the singular fact that just round its corner was a little door opening on a rude winding stair of stone. This appeared to be constructed within the chimney; but on the outside of the wall was a balf-round projection, revealing that the stair was not indebted to it for the whole of its accommodation. Whither the stair ledshall have to disclose in my next chapter. From the opposite end of the kitchen, an ordinary wooden staircase, with clumsy balustrade, led up to the two bed-rooms occupied by my uncle and my aunt; to a large lumberroom, whose desertion and almost emptiness was a source of uncasiness in certain moods; and to a spare bed-room, which was better furnished than any of ours, and indeed to my mind a very grand and spacious apartment. This last was never occupied during my childhood ; consequently it smelt musty notwithstanding my aunt's exemplary housekeeping. Its bedstead must have been hundreds of years old. Above these rooms again were those to which the dormer windows belonged, and in one of them I slept. It opened into that occupied by Nannie, our only maid. It had a deep closet in which I kept my few treasures, and into which I used to retire when out of temper or troubled, conditions not occurring frequently, for nobody quarrelled with me, and I had nobody with whom I might have quarrelled.

When I climbed upon a chair, I could seat myself on the broad sill of the dormer window. This was the watch-tower whence I viewed the world. Thence I could see trees in the distance—too far off for me to tell whether they were churning wind or not. On that side those trees alone were between me and the sky.

and the sky. One day when my aunt took me with her into the lumber-room, I found there, in a corner, a piece of strange mechanism. It had a kind of pendulum ; but I cannot describe it because I had lost sight of it long before I was capable of discovering its use, and my recollection of it is therefore very vague-far too vague to admit of even a conjecture now as to what it could have been intended for. But I remember well enough my fancy concerning it, though when or how that fancy awoke I cannot tell either. It seems to me as old as the finding of the instrument. The fancy was that if I could keep that pendulum wagging long enough, it would set all those trees going too; and if I still kept it swingwe should have such a storm of wind as ing, no living man had ever felt or heard of. That I more than half believed it will be evident from the fact that, although I frequently carried the pendulum, as I shall call it, to the window sill, and set it in motion by way of experiment, I had not, up to the time of a certain incident which I shall very soon have to relate, had the courage to keep up the oscillation beyond ten or a dozen strokes ; partly from fear of the trees, partly from a dim dread of exercising power whose source and extent were not within my knowledge. 1 kept the pendulum in the closet I have mentioned, and never spoke to any one of it.

was in love with my uncle; and perhaps the sense that he was indifferent to her save after a brotherly fashion, combined with the fear of betraying herself and the consciousness of her unattractive appearance, to produce the contradiction between her looks and her behaviour.

Every morning, after our early breakfast, my uncle walked away to the farm, where he remained until dinner-time. Often, when busy at my own invented games in the grass, I have caught sight of my aunt, standing motionless with her hand over her eyes, watching for the first glimpse of my uncle, ascending from the hollow where the farmbuildings lay; and occasionally, when something had led her thither as well, I would watch them returning together over the grass, when she would keep glancing up in his face at almost regular intervals, although it was evident they were not talking, but he never turned his face or lifted his eyes from the ground a few yards in front of him.

He was a tall man of nearly fifty, with gray hair, and quiet meditative blue eyes. He always looked as if he were thinking. He had been intended for the church, but the means for the prosecution of his studies failing, he had turned his knowledge of rustic affairs to account, and taken a subordinate position on a nobleman's estate, where he rose to be bailiff. When my father was seized with his last illness, he returned to take the management of the farm. It had been in the family for many generations. Indeed that portion of it upon which the house stood was our own property. When my mother followed my father, my uncle asked his cousin to keep house for him. Perhaps she had expected a further request, but more had not come of it

When he came in, my uncle always went straight to his room; and having washed his hands and feet, took a book and sat down in the window. If I were sent to tell him that the meal was ready, I was sure to find him reading. He would look up, smile, and look down at his book again; nor, until I had formally delivered my message, would he take further notice of me. Then he would rise, lay his book carefully aside, take my hand, and lead me down stairs

lead me down stairs. To my childish eyes there was something very grand about my uncle. His face was large-featured and handsome; he was tall, and stooped meditatively. I think my respect for him was founded a good deal upon the reverential way in which my aunt regarded him. And there was great wisdom, I came to know, behind that countenance, a golden speech behind that silence.

My reader must not imagine that the prevailing silence of the house oppressed me. I had been brought up in it, and never felt it. My own thoughts, if thoughts those conditions of mind could be called, which were chiedly passive results of external influences whatever they were—thoughts or feelings, sensations, or dim, slow movements of mind —they filled the great pauses of speech; and besides, I could read the faces of both my uncle and aunt like the pages of a well-known book. Every shade of alteration in them 1 was familiar with, for their changes were not many.

Although my uncle's habit was silence, however, he would now and then take a fit of talking to me. I remember many such talks : the better, perhaps, that they were divided by long intervals. I had perfect contidence in his wisdom, and submission to his will. I did not much mind my aunt. Perhaps her deference to my nucle made me feel as if she and I were more on a level. She must have been really kind, for she never resented any petulance or carclessness. Possibly she sacrificed her own feeling to the love my uncle bore me; but. I think it was rather that because he cared for me, she cared for me too.

Twice during every meal she would rise from the table with some dish in her hand, open the door behind the chimney, and ascend the winding stair.

# [To be continued.]

The Medical Press and Circular relates the following extraordinary mistake: "A working man, afflicted with small-pox, was removed to one of the metropolitan district hospitals ; his wife applied from day to day for information respecting his state, and was told ' No. -- ' (by which he was designated) was worse, and in time was dead ; in due course a letter arrived requesting her to arrange for the removal and interment of the body. A coffin was provided, the body placed therein and screwed down to prevent infection, mourning procured for the woman and child, and the funeral duly solemnized. A week after, the disconsolate widow was astonished by her husband opening the door and walking into the room in which she was at work. An error in the number had occasioned the mistake. The man and his wife are now endeavoring to obtain from the hos-pital authorities the amount expended upon the funeral and mourning." WALKING .- A mathematical young man calculates that during a period of five years he has walked thirtcen thousand two hundred and fifty-three miles in visiting his sweetheart. How far must he travel, we wonder, to walk into her affections ?

(REGIBTERED in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1853.) [Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.] TALES OF THE LINKS OF LOVE. BY ALEXANDER BOMERVILLE. LILLYMERE.

# CHAPTER XXVI -Continued.

The prisoner was conveyed by indirect road towards Conway, to avoid unnecessary exposure the constables said.

"I'm not afraid of exposure," the captive remarked; "but I'm afraid a little—just a little—that you two strangers have a design other than alleged. Why has no local magistrate endorsed that pretended warrant?" "It was unnecessary. The warrant is

good." "Why don't you go through Rama where I

might see the Mayor, Mr. Ramasine, who is a county magistrate? Or by the Mills where I might see Squire Steelyard, also a magistrate of the county? What authority has Junkyn of Swush to endorse such a warrant? He'd sign anything to have his insignificant name go abroad, or into newspapers as a Justice of Peace, I know that much of him."

"It is endorsed by another with authority everywhere. Junkyn backed the warrant in case you were intercepted escaping by Niagara frontier."

Who set you on me?"

" It is no part of our duty to make explanations of that kind."

"You will explain and submit to penaltics, too, before this matter finally closes. Though I already suspect it was a man employed by us for a time on private inquiry business, and who proving worthless was dismissed."

"We answer no impertinent remarks. When you, Mr. Inkle, can satisfactorily account for the human remains and clothes in your possession, and produce Anna Liffey alive, it will be time for our explanations."

"You go to Conway this round-about way for an object other than that just stated. Money? Do you expect money?"

" You said you had no money.

"None with me, more than for gates and hostlers; but of course you know I ve money at command."

"How many thousands would Mr. Inkle pay to let his son get away, not to the States, they'd extradite a murderer under the treaty; nor to Europe, for they'd hang you there as readily as here; but to Cuba, or Panama, Sandwich Islands, Patagonia, or such like; how many thousands in pounds sterling, and in gold?"

"Not one penny sterling, or Canadian. Myfather knows his son innocent in this matter ; and the son defies you."

"Good. We were not asking money; somebody may, however. You had confederates planted at Rama and the Mills to effect a rescue?"

"How should I? Neither myself nor any human being knew of this outrage being designed."

"You knew of the crime, Inkle. Knew of sharp eyes watching your movements. Did not you leave home this morning to avoid arrest, and to get to the States by fast riding to a railway station twenty miles from home?"

A felsehood. Every word a falsehood."

While this conversation proceeded in the light waggon, where Inkle sat locked by a handcuff to Ragstrath, Welterbuck, the companion constable, driving at a leisurely pace, Deacon Pearly hastened to Rama to inform his friend, Mayor Ramssine, of what had occurred. The Mayor called together a few select neighbours to consult. Said he:

I refused to back their warrant; and so did Squire Steelyard. 1'm not satisfied our late schoolmistress is dead. She disappeared suddenly without explanation, I admit. She may have been under constraint; for had she gone voluntarily I think she'd have confided the intention to me. I suggest constraint, it being not impossible that wicked speculators distan e tried to force mation as to the localities of anriferous strata. But why should any creature other than a madman kill her? Lest of all young Inkle. As a land speculator his interest was to be served by her continuance in life." "Don't know that, Mr. Mayor," said Irk, his neighbour. "Nobody seems satisfied with the claims they purchased at long prices from old Inkle. No claim turns out as expected. Happily the land-owning population all over this district remain unmoved. Only one or two residents have shown excitement. But farther away that is not so. The Rama gold diggings are filling cities cast and west of us with speculative fever. Joint stock companies arise in hundreds. They are selling scrip at enormous premiums. Agents of the companies come flocking here as we see to secure claims. Labouring men from distant places crowd hither to dig. Loafing vagrants and collegebred do-nothings come here to gather gold, but find that stubborn rocks are first to be

quarried, tunnels driven through spurs of the hills, or pits sunk in the bottoms, the workers to the knees in water and clay; and even then signs of gold all but invisible, except in the Redwald Diggings. Worst of all swindlers drop particles of gold in the excavated mud, get it assayed and publish the results; 'gold found! gold found !' on that claim, or this, or other, to re-sell land at fabulous premiums. Which deception the Inkles have shared in. Which they may have desired Anna Liffey to assist in. Which the may have refused. Then ! what if she were murdered to silence her? The thing is quite as probable as any other crime."

"There's to be a Coroner's inquest to-day," the Mayor remarked, "on the bones found in the Inkle cellar. It may be well that some of us go, who knew Miss Liffey best, and see if they are really her clothes which report alleges to have been found with the remains. I shall set off at once."

So went many more, mostly in their family carriages with fast trotting spans of horses. The flourishing farmers of the four townships touching at Ramasine Corners, twelve miles square the township, gentlemen freeholders the farmers; Eccley potwallers, Lancashire weavers most of the flourishing squires, they, I say, drove fast trotting teams of best horses. They hurried to the inquest at Conway.

"If that young lady, whose penetration into secrets of science were most daring, as I'm told," said Wooliser, the newly-arrived fashionable draper; "if she has really fallen a victim to the commotion she has raised in the country it will be a kind of romance; almost a romance."

"Rather say a judgment," interposed Grinley Dawk. "See how all honest, sober work is disturbed in pursuit of the root of evil." "Nonsense!" cried young Lariker, now

partner with Ramasine ; " foundries and machine shops at Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, Dundas, Brantford, are engaged getting out engines, crushing mills, steam pumping apparatus for the Rama gold fields. Saw-mills are pressed getting lumber for use at the diggings. Every man is in demand at high wages who can handle tools. Railways are crowded carrying people, goods, material. Money is circulating as never before. When, where, out of California, out of Australia, was such life inspired in a country in so short a time as along the Ramasine Hills? And by one woman of genius! If dead, you should bewait her death and build monuments. If alive, find her and lay honours on the peerless head, treasures of offerings at her feet."

"She is causing the land to follow idolatry, reiterated Dawk,

The Coroner, after consultation with town and county magistrates, declined holding the intended inquest. Young Inkle gave what they deemed a satisfactory account of how the skeleton and clothes came into his possession. But as Rickaby could not be found, and mystery attached to the bones, it was decided to confide them to the Chief of Police. Which trust Mr. Grynd accepted, remaining silent with his plain clothes man Alleroo about the opera gaiter boots, scarf, veil, and half burned crinoline, taken by them from Tom Inkle's rooms on night of the fire. 'Agnes Schoolar,' the name within the gaiters as they had since made out by aid of the microscope. 'Who was Agnes Schoolar?' That had

<sup>6</sup> Who was Agnes Schoolar?" That had become the secret concern of Grynd and Alleroo. "Were these the bones of the hady who owned the opera boots, veil, and scarf?"

They would wait and watch events. Yet said they, the skeleton might be not Agnes Schoolar's, but Anna Liffey's! Though Inkle were guiltless of Anna's death, the Rickaby story was not satisfactory. So the Chief instructed Alleroo to continue keeping 'a quiet eye' on young Inkle.

Ragstrath and Welterbuck returned to their frontier duties dissatisfied with the Conway magistrates and Coroner. They talked of appealing to the Hon, the Attorney-General.

Mrs. Inkle feeling deeply hurt at the indignity done the family by imputations on her son, false as she instinctively believed them, deemed her public appearance in the suberb chariot more incumbent than ever. The negroes attended on horseback as outriders, handsomely equipped, wearing red caps and gold tassels.

#### CHAPTER II.

#### MY UNCLE AND AUNT.

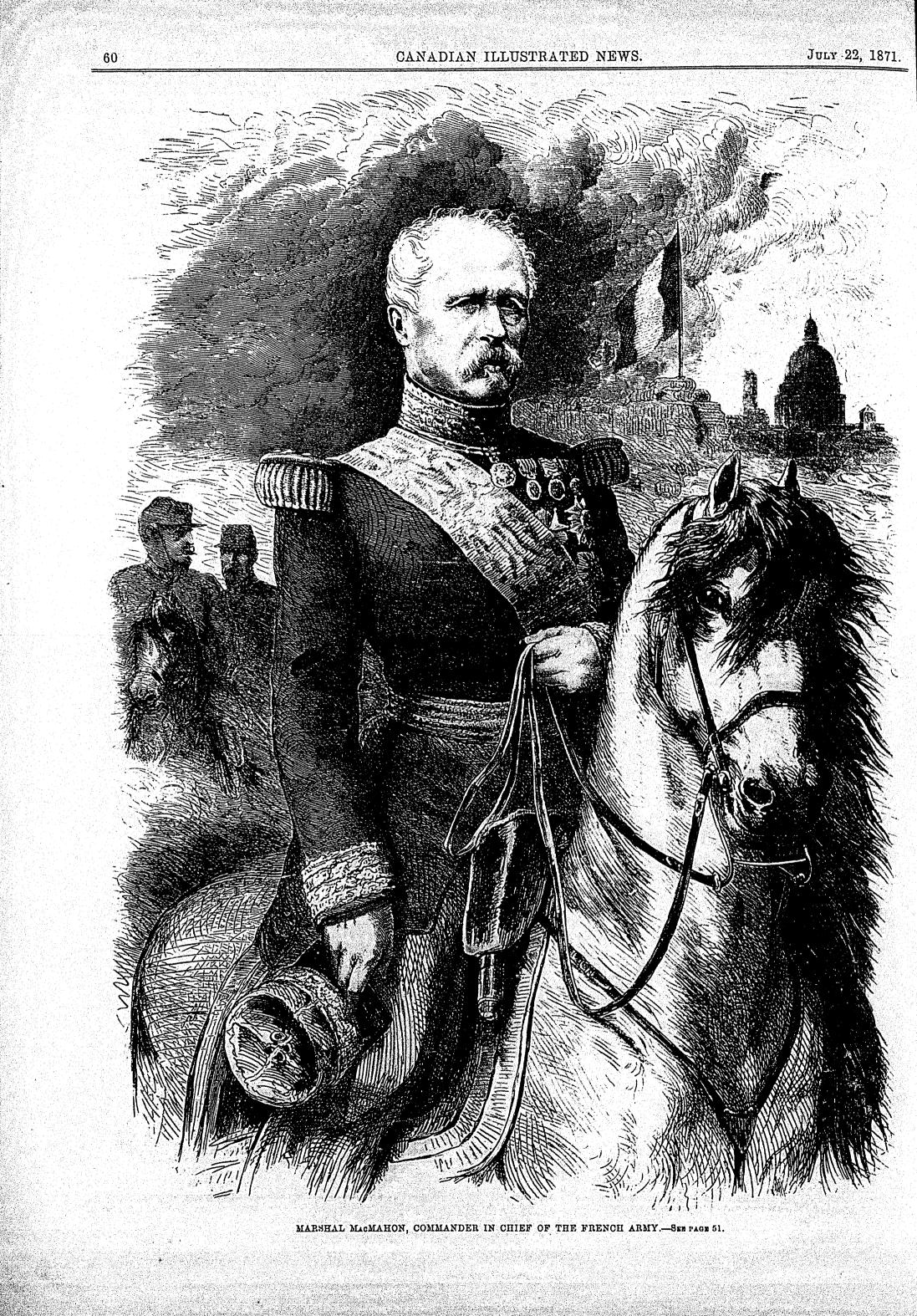
We were a curious household. I remembered neither father nor mother; and the woman I had been taught to call auntie was no such near relation. My uncle was my father's brother, and my aunt was his cousin, by the mother's side. She was a tall, gaunt woman, with a sharp nose and eager eyes, yet sparing of speech. Indeed, there was very little speech to be heard in the house. My aunt, however, looked as if she could have spoken. I think it was the spirit of the place that kept her silent, for there were those eager eyes. She might have been expected also to show a bad temper, but I never saw a sign of such. To me she was always kind, chiefly, 1 allow, in a negative way, leaving me to do very much as I please. I doubt if she felt any great tenderness for me, although I had been dependent upon her care from infancy. In after years I came to the conclusion that she

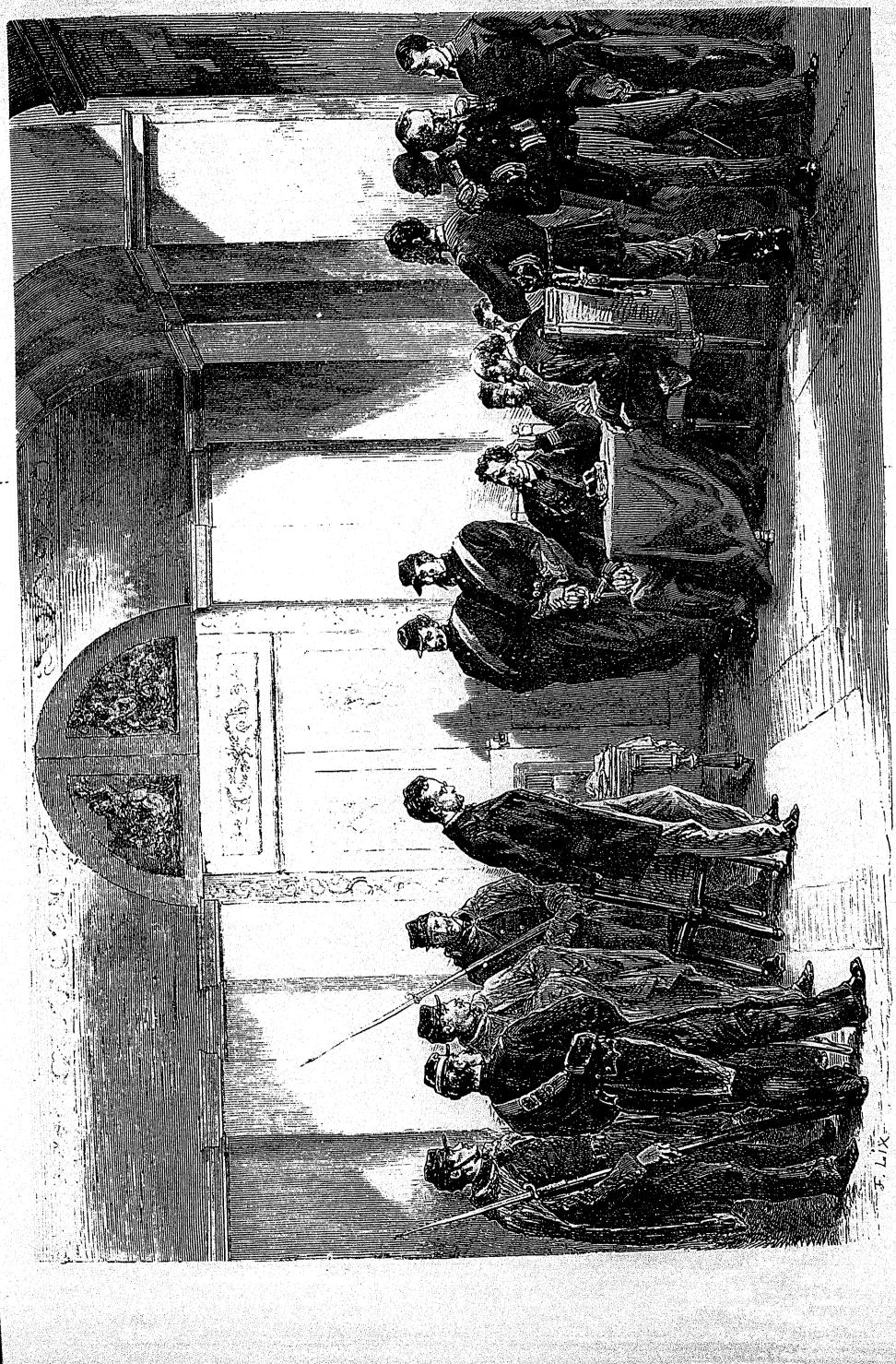
Young Tom for similar reasons showed himself abroad more than ever; the two negroes in livery riding a long distance behind to keep him in sight, if he were on horseback and his mother not out with the carriage.

The banker scowled; was sour in temper and so stern that "his Tilda" betook herself to sleep in another chamber. The son had not, at end of a week, presumed to face his father. Not that the old man suspected guilt. Far from that were his thoughts.

"But the disgrace, Tilda! It is enough to kill me and kill the bank. Let them not come i' the way, wife or son, as disgrace Thomas Inkle, or hurt the bank. As for the niggers never let one of them come in my office with message about anything whatsoever. I hate the sight of them ! What do wi' them ? Sell them down South, and dong thee !"

It was exactly a week from the day of the arrest, that the young gentleman being out on





THE ARRESTS IN PARIS.-INTERROGATORY OF ROSSEL, EX-PRESIDENT OF THE COURT-MARTIAL OF THE COMMUNE.--SEE FAOR 51

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horseback in direction of the Ramasine Hills, Hildebrand and Demosthenes following at a long distance, they beheld something occur which caused Brand to cry :

"Ride home, Moss; call Perlice, Mas'r, Missus. They hung Mas'r Tom! Hung him. Gar! Gar! They hung him! De Lacy Lillymere fighting them all, have cut Mas'r Tom's rope round him neck, took him down. They's killing De Lacy Lillymere, and hung Tom again! Ride home, Moss, shout 'murder! murder !' bring Perlice, everybody !

" What youself wait for, 'Debrand ? Get to yond crowd, ride 'em down; ride over 'em, give help."

And at once Brand rode at the crowd ; with boldness and impetuosity of charge, such as might have gained knighthood and renown in other ages, in other lands, had he lived then and been, not a negro.

Demosthenes also felt the impulse to ride at the crowd and give help, as suggested to Brand, though Tom Inkle was often a harsh master, and not likely to thank them for any The impulse came in part from comhelp. bativeness in the young negro, conjoined with some natural generosity and much dutiful devotion to Tom's mother; one of the most indulgent mistresses who ever held coloured servants at command.

Turning his thoughts to where duty lay Moss wheeled his steed, giving the fleet-footed creature rein, making fast time to Rama, where sound of galloping hoofs brought storemen to the doors, women to the windows. Halting, not many minutes, at the Mayor's private office, he screamed :

" Mas'r Ramasine, they's hanging young Mas'r Inkle to a tree; murdering De Lacy Lillymere?

"Who is doing that ?" demanded the Mayor." "Who, who ?" at the same instant, cried Captain Clapper Hayvern, then visiting at Rama,

"The gold loafers, as have come crowding out of all the earth for gold and don't get none. They's hanging Mas'r Tom 'cause of selling claims there's no money in. Lestways I think that may be what it is for. And murdering young Lord Lillymere for helping to save Tom. Captain and everybody, go ride, run, and help! I'se off for Mas'r, Missus, Perlice, fire brigade, Conway volunteers.

And fast, on the road of nine miles, Demos-

thenes speeded away. " Jericho !" shouled Clapper Hayvern. " My cutlass, boarding pike, barkers! You take the Riot Act, Mayor Ramasine."

The Mayor in turn called to Larriker, blacksmiths, stablemen, all hands :

"Harness teams; hitch to light waggons; "Fire! fire! Mas'r Tom hung! None to call every man of the volunteers. Hurry in hear! None to help! Fire! Fire!" And tore rifles, belts, pouches; I'll distribute cartridges. No, Tibby, dear girl ; you'd best stay at home."

"What for should I. Ramasine? And you going forth to battle with the offscourings of the four corners of the world ?'

"Bide at home, Tibby; be Mayoress in my absence. You may have to defend Rama, Gather in the nighbours and take counsel of them, if occasion arise.

'I go with you, Ramasine. Where you read the Riot Act. I read the Riot Act. Where my brother, Clapper, boards with cutlass, pike and barkers, I board with cutlass, pike, and barkers. The Evil One's own sweepings of creation come among us! Time they were faced and fought by honest folk."

"Tibby, I cannot listen to this, nor permit it. You to accompany us into, who knows what kind of skrimages ! It might be a calamity of life-long dool and woe, consider-ing the way you are."

The way I am ! The more becoming I should go forth in armour, conflict, trial, triumph.

"Tibby, it isn't so long since you apprehended the end of the world at every small trouble; now you're like to run gyte the other.

ried woman; many things look different to a woman when married. Your mother, Ramasine, has taught by example what noble purposes life has for all of us, if we'd perform grinding bars, saying : duties as they arise. She performs duties as they ariss." "Tibby, I must urge with all a husband's

"So be it. Tibby ; get in the waggon with the ammunition and our select body guard."

Thus the Rama pasty of rescue drove off, seeking the scene of gold field riot. The Mayor reading, word by word, the Riot Act as they proceeded; Captain Hayvern testing by touches, first with one thumb, then with the other, the edge of his cutlass; looking to the barkers, so termed when he last served in a man-of-war; and shaking his boarding pike to prove muscle and elasticity.

Arrived at Conway, Demosthenes continued "What you wait for, 'Mosthenes? Get to his fast pace through the streets. The nolde home, fast; bring help," he continued. steed panting swathed in foam; himself so steed panting swathed in foam; himself so nearly breathless as to be able only to murmur at the house door when opened by a maid servant, for he dared not go to the bank

"May be dead, hung dead on de tree by Tell Missus, I'se a'most dead riding.' now. " Mistress is not at home; what has happened to Hildebrand ?"

"Hung on trees; not 'Debrand, Mas'r Tom." "You're drunk, Moss; serve you right if Mas'r Tom would come with a horsewhip, laying it well on, as he has done before. Be off to the stable !'

So saying, Betty closed the door. The mistress being from home, the maids felt at liberty to be severe or spiteful. Telling cook and others in the kitchen what 'Mosthenes had said, three parts intoxicated, as falsely alleged, Betty concluded with :

Good thing an' they was both hung, the niggers. Missus makes more ado about them two blackamoors than all the Christians under this roof."

"But she be also good to the Christians," rejoined the cook. "I'd have patience and listen to what poor Moss has to say. Go again to the door, Betty.

" Indeed 1'll not," she cried, and staid where she was. Five other maids remained where they were, it not being their "place to answer the door or attend to wants of another servant, lest of all one of the niggers.

Demosthenes put the panting steed in stable. then with faltering step, his brain confused and dizzy, approached the bank entrance to make sign to a clerk to come forth and speak. Old Mr Inkle observed him peering in, and told a clerk to go and drive that nigger away.

"Whip him away, Weston; or cane him. I've already ordered that neither of the two nuisances are to be permitted near the bank on any pretence whatever."

Which order Mr. Weston, with a cane, promptly proceeded to execute; but ere he reached the lobby Demosthenes had fled.

By the garden wall where street and back lane joined, Moss, in frenzy of despair-gaxing to the sky, cried :

at his woolley hair, stamping the feet, writhing in very agony of distress.

Hearing and seeing which, the occupier of a store nearest to the signal box forty-three, who, with the constable of the beat, held a key, rushed out, opened the iron box, pulled down the hook and let go. Electrically the number went to the Town Hall; from thence to church towers and the several fire divisions, Everybody hearing the bells ring one, two, three, four; one, two, three, said forty-three. Inkle's bank.

Horses standing harnessed were attached to wheeled vehicles with reeled up hose. The firemen, at duty ever ready, sprang to seats, and galloped off to box forty-three, learning from him who gave the alarm that it was given because one of Inkle's niggers came out tearing his hair, calling fire ! fire !

Constables and firemen entered the bank to find Inkle angry at the false alarm. Demosthenes, by order, was conducted to the police cells and locked up as a maniac. The constable reporting that the nigger raved about somebody hung on a tree, but gave no coherent information.

Going into the dark cell the negro turned, beseeching the man on duty to listen, but he gave a cowardly kick, "I was then unmarried. Now I'm a mar-hurling the prisoner in headlong, as many another, male, female, guilty, not guilty, had been before, in accordance with police cell usage the world over. Then locked the

"A mercy o' me, Tilda | Hast thou gone mad as well as t' young nigger, Brand

"Thomas Inkle, wickedest man on this side perdition! Your doom has to-day begun. And with it mine. Our son is murdered, lynch-lawed, hung on a tree; as thou art like to be hung before morning, and as I may be immolated before night. Victims, all of us, demanded by the eternal balances of right and wrong, outraged in bargains of Inkle."

"Woman! what accursed blasphemy is this ou utter? Out on thee for a liar! What is you utter? Out on thee for a liar! Tom hanged 1 Lynch-lawed 1 Tilda, do we sleep? Do you speak in sleep? Is this a dream? Is it death? Damnation, woman, what have you said? My head! My head! My head!  $I_{-1}$ 

Saying which, the man extended his arms, falling prone on the floor, face down; in agony qouvulsed. Less affected by the words of Tilda, terrible though they were, than by the passions conflicting within her, and glowing on him from every pore of the skin,

Inkle regained consciousness after a time of foaming at the mouth and rigidity of limb. In about twenty minutes he was calm enough to listen to the negro servant, called into the private office to rehearse all he knew

" I go on horseback at once, and fast too; thou may come with the carriage as far as Rama."

" Tommy, darling, hadn't thou best stay and be safe here?"

"What! and son be sacrificed? and wife may be attacked? Perish all the gold I've gathered if Thomas Inkle hides his head with wife and son exposed. Poor Tom ! Poor Tom ! I'se bring him home alive and well, -or-some one gets a bill to pay for which or money will never be coined. I'm off, and well armed, Tilda. Consult with the cashier before thou comes away. Satterby 'll arrange to defend the bank if attacked. Bring Mr. Grynd and all constables they may spare from duty here. Come no farther than Rama, Tilda, dear Thou'll be safer there !

"One moment, dear Thomas; close the door. Oh, this wringing of the heart of your poor Tilda! There! Good bye, Don't use firearms, Tom."

"Not short of being at last chance of life, Tilda; but if I mun fight, I'se fight. Poor Tom! Poor Tom!"

He departed, riding fast. None in the street who saw him knowing on what errand he went. Soon after, Tilda went in the carriage; the Chief of police and constables in other carriages. And now people talked.

A gold robbery, no doubt

That was the general remark.

### CHAPTER XXVII.

THE BATTLE-THE CATASTROPHE-A LONE GRAVE ON THE HILL OPENED, AND WHAT DO THEY SEE 3

The excitements of the chase have been told and sung often. The sensations of being chased not often. It seldom falls to a fox to have the best of the sport. To be found, pursned, overtaken, considerably worried, then to escape and see hounds at fault, hunters in trouble, the pack and field in a river, in a

Such a fox after the day's run, if not too much worried, would set the table in a roar at dinner with his-story.

Such a fox was not Thomas Inkle, the ounger. He had been too hotly pursued to be merry at the end of the day. Whether he had the best or worst of the chase is for you to run on with me and discover

In the morning he rode from Conway, as already told, followed at a distance by the two coloured grooms, as well mounted as himself. Before they were out of town he overheard, from an upper window, the painful sounds, "Anna Liffey." And from a street corner, Anna Liffey." And from a street corner, Who murdered Anna Liffey?" From behind a rail fence and thicket of bramble at four miles out, a voice screamed, "Anna Liffey's ruffian lover! Seize the villain!"

At Rama Rapids the gushing river seemed to have voices mingling in the flood, and the roar of waters, crying as he passed, "What overturning monarchy, church, all churches have you done with Anna Liffey?" and established institutions.

" He cannot bring her to show where. Miss Liffoy knew it to be a swindle and was likely to expose both father and son; they paid her to go away.

Paid her to go away! They killed her. They put her body in lime and sulphuric acid to destroy it. The bones of the young creature and clothes were found in a cellar under the bank next the garden. Poor men would have been hanged for the murder. They are rich and subvert justice. Serve them right to go in a body and tear the Inkle bank down."

" Or blow it up."

"Burn it to the ground." "See the old world, worn-out institutions in this Canada, with its monarchy ! Murderers going at large. Riding in our face here, bold as innocence. Out West, or down South,

they'd been lynched right off." "That is so; and would be lynched now with opportunity offering." "Say Inkle? What have you to urge, or

explain, or confess? What do you say why the gentlemen here shouldn't have you off\_ that horse, and tried by a jury? To which Inkle reioined :

" None of the gentlemen dare lay a finger on horse or me; it might be dangerous. But you have grievances of a business nature with my father, I'll do my best to obtain redress. Some of the claims yield gold beyond a doubt, and all may when crushing mills are erected.

"What about Anna Liffey? That is first to be explained. Whose bones and clothes had you in the cellar ?"

"Gentlemen, all the authorities from constable to Attorney-General, know about the bones; that they were purchased for scientific purposes by a medical student, and by me from the student. I'm at hand any time to answer about the bones. And will also do my best to settle your land lots and claims equitably. I want now to know what this is going on along the concession road. Stealing the Ized Bold Institute? Conveying away the church on rollers | Blest if they aren't."

And with those words spoken in a tone of mingled wonder and humour, Tom rode off at a canter to see who was stealing the spacious wooden structure. It had been variously known as Temple of the Sun, Ized Bold Institute.

A brief conversation between Renshaw, the Conway gaoler, and DeLacy Lillymere, may unfold the meaning of names in this special locality.

Renshaw, as you know, came an early set-tler to the township, but did not settle on his lot - that on which the factories in the suburb of Steelyard's Mills were now built. He was informed that to-day Tabitha Redwald, from whom the golden nugget farm was named, would cause the lone grave of her son to be opened, that she might remove the boy's ashes from land now invaded by rude gold diggers; the farm no longer hers. He came s an old friend to assist and sympathise ; Lillymere accompanying him, irresistably fascinated with Renshaw's story of the Redwald and the boy Zoroaster.

"The Redwald " said Renshaw, " is a tall, thin, muscular woman. She was left on the two lots of two hundred acres each, when all a bush, to manage as best she might with help of her child Zoroaster. She and Ized Bold, the husband, were Iconoclasts in Lancashire. They believed in matter only; the noon-day sun the only Deity. They expected to establish a social community, and got men to help on promise of copartnership. But when men. found their labour bring no wages, Ized being still sole boss, not working, nor intending to work, but only lecturing them on the beauty and harmony of co-operation in log-rolling, they went to land of their own, each for himself.

" Ized Bold departed to the States and remained away years.

" The Redwald, such the designation of his wife in her maiden time in England, was a poetess ; a woman of fervent, passionate nature, who had almost adored Ized for his grand conceptions of what the social world should be; and what they expected it would be when some revolution was accomplished in England,

love and authority, that you this day stay at home. What has come over you? And in that tender condition too? Think of possible consequences, my darling." "I do think of consequences, Ramasine.

Canada may have need of heroes in the future. The mother of the great Napoleon was in my condition, when following with her husbaud the fortunes of war with Paoli. Hence the birth of a hero. History has no lessons if we refuse sceing them. The unborn babe shall have the advantage of events now occurring. Who may tell, Ramasine, what our son may

rise to?" "Who may tell it will be a son? But if this be the purpose of the advantage, my own heroine, you shall be indulged. Only keep in the waggon, not to be trodden down in a crowd."

"I go with Clapper Hayvern and you, Mr. Mayor, wherever that may be."

" Got one of them pampered niggers of Mrs. Inkle's in the cells at last. Expected a long time we should : cusses of creation | What was blacks made for, anyhow?"

Hearing the alarm forty-three, Mrs. Inkle hastened home to ascertain what new disaster had occurred. Told that Demosthenes had come home, galloping on horseback alone, either intoxicated or a maniac, and was now in the police cells, and that he had caused the false alarm, she ordered the state carriage to be got ready with horses attached for a journey. By intuition Mrs. Inkle felt a catastrophe had occurred to some one; to her son. or the other coloured servant, or both. Then taking a street coach, drove to the police station.

Soon she knew all, and had Demosthenes at her side, driving home. Directing him to be ready to accompany the carriage in livery, Tilda entered the bank with step of imperial passion, advancing direct to Inkle's private room : opening the door without monition, as never before; and closing it behind her.

Trotting rather fast through Rama town, lately known as The Corners, the few people whom he met glared up, scowling.

Tom knew he was innocent of Anna's death. or of any harm to her, and was resolute to face everybody, anywhere in assertion of his innocence. Yet, circumstantial assumptions were against him. The luxuries of lynching and kn-kluxing are enjoyed this day, as old country mobing was long before, on human foxes, panthers, hares, mice, with no stronger presumption of guilt, often with fainter signs of it, than attached to young Inkle in respect of Anna Liffey.

Approaching the Redwald farm where strangers had gathered in groups talking of gold, of assays of ore alleged by some to have been made with rich results, by others denied. mutterings arose. At first indistinctly, then in words distinct enough.

"Inkle, your father has sold claims alleged to be rich in gold, which tested are barren. It is a swindle. If the young woman found nuggets bring her to show where,"

"Their child, Zoroaster, was dedicated to be High Priest of the Temple of the Sun, intended first to be built at the place called Irlam-on-the-Heights at Manchester.

"Left in the bush alone Tabitha Redwald and this boy cultured as much ground as gave them a living. At fifteen years old, Zoroaster, one of the prettiest, most handsome youths the human eye ever looked upon, tenderest, loving sons a mother ever doted on, took sick and pined. The cager, loving nature of the boy had induced him to overtask his immature strength.

"A falling tree broke one of his limbs at the ankle. It was set well and healed, but the boy pined.

"He was like to die, and said : ' mother, the religion of nature you call beautiful, and exalting, by which my body is to grow to leaves and flowers when I die, seems poor beside the hope of the Christians whom you and father dospise. I wish I were a Christian, to be other than leaves to a maple tree. Oh, mother ! that the life within, which is a thing

# JULY 22, 1871.

# CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

ILLUMINATING FLUID,

LAMPS,

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THE

CHIMNEYS,

DOMINION TREEGRAPH

Proprietor.

MONTREAL.



apart from my body, could go at death to heaven and abide with Jesus!' "She tells this so often, and with a light

glowing in the eyes, that her words cannot be

forgotten." "About the boy," interposed Lillymere; "proceed to the close about the boy, please."

" 'To abide with Jesus of the Christians, he said. 'Oh, mother, mother! tell me of Jesus; not of trees. Pray beside me, mother, that I go to the place where God is. I'm not content to be only a plant, or flower. Jesus, take me, and make me a child of Heaven; and my loving darling mother when her day comes !

"The mother knelt by the boy's couch, trembling, afraid to pray; but tried. She tried and found words flowing from the lips; and a light come on the heart, in the brain, through the whole of her being glowing. she describes in the fervid eloquence that en-chains thousands." So

"About the boy, please;" Lillymere again urged; " what was the end ?"

" The child died that night. I'm not learned or experienced to explain in what way faith brings the miracle. But from that time the Redwald became a Christian woman; and, by her fervency of speech in telling the simple story of how her boy died, and was buried by her own hands in yonder lone grave beside the bush on the hill, she has induced many a scoffer to pause and think and pray. So I am told by some who know her.

"Ized Bold returned on hearing of the boy's death. He built the spacious two-storied frame building, still intent on having a Hall of Science, and Socialist Community. But the land, never properly cleared of stumps, and much of it overlaid with stones, and the whole four hundred acres burdened with debt, passed from his possession. Tenants hired the Hall of Science and estate with option of purchase. They set up a Free Love Institution which has not retained its inmates long at a time. A man named Cicero Jubal is Director of the Free Lovers, with Mrs. Zena Vestalurba, Directress.

(To be Continued.)

A tender young lady upon seeing a squirrel shot from a tree, said...." What a waste of powder. The fall itself would have killed the poor bird."



YOUR LIFES IN DANGER.

MONDAY EVENING, JULY 2478, Engagement of BEN DE BAR.

Aouission : Dress Circle, (De. ; Reserved Sents in

United States. This Institution having been established three years, may now be considered a permanent College. Its rapid growth and prosperity are due to the de-mands of the Telegraph community, and the great success which has attended the Proprietor is due simply to the able manner in which the system has tached to the Institute. The rapid development and usefulness of the Floetric Telegraph, and the consequent ever-increas-ing demand for First-Class (perators renders the consing of Colleges for instruction a positive necessity, The rapid development as positive necessity demand for First-Class (perators renders the consing of Colleges for instruction a positive necessity as one made in the right direction. Commercial folleges have, to some extent, assumed the responsi-bility of teaching in this, as well as in other branches of business education. The knowledge of Telegraph sping accord rate. So much so that the Colleges in Chicago. Milwaakkee, Boffab, New York, de., have discontinued the practice of Teaching, and recom-mend the Telegraph Institute as the proper place to actuare this highly interesting, scientific and profi-able art.

mend the relegration institute as the proper place to acquire this highly interesting, scientific and profi-able art. The prospects for Young Men and Ladies to study the system of Telegraphy could not be better than at present and we call upon all who wish to engage in a pleasant and lucrative employment to qualify them-selves as Operators on the Lines of Telegraphy. Graduates on leaving the Institute are presented with a diploma of proficiency, which will enable them to act immediately as vacancies occur throughout the Dominion of Canada and the United States. At first solaries of \$20 a month may be secured : after two years' experience on the lines, from \$00 to \$00 a month can be commanded; while inthe United States from \$100 to \$120 per month are paid. The possession fa knowledge of Telegraphy is espe-cially open to Ladies : in fact, they are the favorites as operators both in England and America, commanding higher wargs, as compared with other employments, than men, while they have the natural facility of ac-quiring the system sconer. A fair knowledge of rending and writing are the only qualifications necessary, and any person of ordinary ability can become a competent operator. This has been proved by graduates who, with a very slight education and no idea of the modue good operators in a few months. Students have also an opportunity of loarning rapid writing. Some of our students who could but hardly write their names pow take down a message at the rate of from 25 to 30 words a minute.

# THE DUTIES OF AN OPERATOR.

words a minute. THE DUTIES OF AN OPERATOR. There is no trade or profession which requires so small an amount of labour, and at the same time where the employee has the same amount of freedom and independence, being at all times master of the instrument over which he presides, renerally in an office by themselves, without either foreman or master, merely to take and despatch messages. The usual hours of attendance required is from 10 to 12 hours per day, less the usual hours for meals. Oper-ators are not required to work on Sundays. The Institute is fitted up in a mest complete and practical manner, with all the usual fixtures, de., of a regular Telegraph office on a large scale. Messages of every description, Train news, arrivals and departures, Market Reports and Cable messages are sent and re-ceived, as daily practised on the lines. Individual instruction is given to each pupil, necording to capa-oity of learning the science. Neither pains nor expense are spared to qualify the students for impor-tant offices, in the shortest possible time. Students may commence their studies at any time, and con-tinue at the college intil they are proficient operators. without any further charge. There are no vacations. Hours of attendance, from 9 A.M. to noon, and from 1,30 to 6 p.M. The time excupied in learning aver-ages fifteen weeks; but this, of course, depends prin-cipally on the capacity of the pupil for instruction. Some pupils who are now on the lines completed their course of study in from five to eight weeks. The terms for the full course of instruction is Thirty Dollars. There are no extra expenses, as all neces-sary materials, instruments, &c., are furnished to each student. Meetred June 1871

Dress Circle, 75c.; Family Circle, 33c.; Fit, 400.; Private Boxes, \$4. Sents secured at PRINCE's Music Store. Doors open at 74; performance to begin at 8. 4-4a

NEW ARRIVALS AT THE MEDICAL HALL. PRESII CONGRESS WATER-PIRS and Quarts, OENUINE COLOGNE-Ten Styles. SAARZ'S OLYCERINE PREPARATIONS. EVENDEN'S DIGESTIVE CANDY. BRAGG'S CHARCOAL BISCUITS. BRAGG'S PURE CHARCOAL. MONA BOUQUET-Gennino. SPONGE BAOS-All Sizes. RAMORNIE EX. MEAT.

AND A SPLENDED BTOCK OF BRUSHES, COMBN, PERFUMERY, SOAPS, and General Toilet Requisites.

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

JOHN UNDERHILL, OPTICIAN TO THE MEDICAL FACULTY OF McGILL UNIVERSITY. 299, NOTRE DAME STREET, (6 doors East of the Place d'Armes.) 28tf

GEORGE E. DESBARATS, Proprietor.

Montreal, June, 1871.

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For Coughs, Colds, and for giving tone to the vocal organs when relaxed, as well as a pulliative of re-markable power in pulmonary disease. The Red Spruce Gum has always been held in the highest esteem in this country for the relief and cure of Chest complaints. It is now offered to the public in the form of a delicious and scientifically PREPARED SYRUP.

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The Steamer "Linda" leaves Portland for Yar-mouth. N. S., every Saturday, at 6 p. m.

The International Company's Steamers, running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway, leave Portland every Monday and Thursday at 6.00 p. m., for St. John, N. R., &c.

Tickets issued through at the Company's principal stations

stations. For further information, and time of Arrival and Departure of all Trains at the terminal and way sta-tions, apply at the Ticket office. Bonaventure Station, or at No. 39 Great St. James Street. C. J. BRYDGES,



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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

# JULY 22, 1871



PURE AND WHOLESOME WATER. JUST RECEIVED A LARGE STOCK OF THE CELEBRATED SILICATED CARBON FILTERS. Besides animalcula of all kinds, these Filters ex-tract Vegetable and Mineral impurities, making the Water wholesome and refreshing. They are acknow-ledged to be the most perfect WATER PURIFIER KDOWP. TO BE HAD OF MOST DECGGISTS. J. V. MORGAN, 89 ST. JAMES STREET, 4-4m FOR SALE OR TO LET. L building in St. Therese Street, Montreal now occupied by the Military Control Department as Stores. Very suitable for a Wholesale Boot and Shoe factory, or other similar purposes; also for Stores. Possession 1st of May. Apply to D. R. STODART, Broker, 48, Great St. James Street 14 SPECIAL ATTENTION IS INVITED TO Our choicely assorted stock of NEW DRESS GOODS, KID GLOVES, JUST RECEIVED. An Inspection is Invited. ALEXANDER WATSON & Co., 426 & 428 NOTRE DAME STREET. 3-15-4 The St. Lawrence and Ottawa Railway \_all Points East to Ottawa. ON and after MONDAY, the 5th JUNE, O N and arter minute of the state of the sta COMFORTABLE SOFA CARS

On the Train connecting with the Grand Trunk Night Expresses by which Passengers leaving Montreal and Toronte in the Evening will reach Ottawa at 6:50 the following morning. Charge for Berths 50 cents each. Connection with the Grand Trunk Trains at Prescott Junction Certain.

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