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General Illustrated News

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OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 35.—HON. JOHN YOUNG.

PRESIDENT OF THE MONTREAL BOARD OF TRADE.

Great and rapid as has been the progress of Canada, and much as its prosperity owes to the general diffusion of habits of industry and enterprise among the people, yet there are a few leading spirits to whom the great public works that minister so largely to the advantages of trade and the public convenience, were indebted for their inception, and in great part for their execution; and foremost among these enterprising projectors stands the Hon. John Young, of Montreal. In spite of not a few reverses, and after many years of active life in commerce and in politics, he is still with the fire of youth urging on his schemes for the improvement of the trade of Canada; and on Monday evening last his fellow-citizens crowded the dining-room of the St. Lawrence Hall to do him honour, to express their appreciation of his past services, and to encourage him in the future.

Mr. Young was born at Ayr, Scotland, on the 11th March, 1811. Having left school before he was fourteen years of age, he at once applied for and obtained the appointment of school teacher in a neighbouring parish, which situation he held for about eighteen months. In 1826, being then but fifteen years of age, he left his native land to push his fortune in Canada, and found employment as a clerk in the counting house of Mr. John Torrance, of Montreal. Nine years later, he became a partner with Mr. David Torrance, and went into business in Quebec. In 1840 Mr. Young returned to Montreal, and became a member of the firm of Stephens, Young & Co. The firms with which he has been connected were among the largest dealers in the city, and before Mr. Young retired from commercial pursuits he was considered one of the most extensive produce merchants in Canada. At present, and for several years past he has filled the office of Flour Inspector for the city of Montreal.

Mr. Young's public life is not exclusively identified with politics. More than thirty years ago he was one of

the early organizers of the Mercantile Library Association in this city, an institution which has fully kept pace with the general progress. His great energy and fearlessness of character pointed him out to the Government as "a fit and proper person" to act as Returning Officer for the Montreal elections in 1844, which, it was very generally believed, would be attended with serious rioting and bloodshed. So well did Mr. Young concert his plans for the preservation of the peace, and so boldly did he

and properly executed plans the preservation of the peace of the city. In 1846 he was elected President of the Free Trade Association, then formed in Montreal, and became a frequent contributor to the columns of its mouth-piece, the *Economist*, which was published for some time with the special object of disseminating free trade principles. The great subject of improving the navigation of the St. Lawrence through Lake St. Peter, had long attracted the attention of the Government, and of the

business men of Montreal, and a fierce controversy raged as to the best mode of accomplishing the desired end. While some contended for the construction of a direct channel through the Lake, Mr. Young stoutly argued in favour of the deepening of the natural channel, which, he held, could be distinctly traced through the whole extent of the Lake. After years of labour and much hot controversy, for Mr. Young has the faculty of importing great warmth into the discussion of differences of opinion, he had the satisfaction of seeing his strenuous exertions crowned with abundant success. To the improvement of that channel, not only Montreal, but the whole of Canada is deeply indebted for much of the prosperity now enjoyed. He was equally active in the promotion of railway enterprise, having been the first President of the Montreal and Portland road. As chairman of the Montreal Harbour Commission, his services have been of immense benefit to Montreal especially, and to Canadian commerce generally, and he worked no less zealously for the promotion of railways. He was one of the earliest and most persistent advocates of bridging the St. Lawrence, and even pointed out the spot where, in his judgment,



HON. JOHN YOUNG. From a photograph by Inglis.

execute them, that order was maintained in the midst of the greatest excitement. The prevailing exasperation of political feeling was so great that the carrying of the election in a peaceful manner was deemed a national advantage; and the Colonial Office sent a special message of thanks through the Governor-General to Mr. Young for his able and successful management of that important matter. Sir James Hope, then commanding the troops in Montreal, also attributed to Mr. Young's well-conceived

the bold enterprise might be completed—the very spot which, in later years, the best engineering talent selected, and where the Victoria Bridge stands to-day. Another project with which his name has been intimately associated is familiarly known as that of the Caughnawaga Canal, intended to connect the waters of the St. Lawrence with those of Lake Champlain. In 1848 or '49, he obtained a charter for its construction, but the enterprise was not prosecuted, and the charter lapsed. Opinion was

much divided as to its value to Canadian commerce, many holding that it would divert the trade of the St. Lawrence, while Mr. Young, with much better reason, argued that it would induce the trade of the Western States, seeking the Atlantic Sea Board, to use the Canadian Lakes and Canals; and at the same time give Canadian produce and lumber quicker and cheaper transit to the best markets. At the last session of Parliament, he obtained another charter for the same project, and he is now, with excellent prospects of success, endeavouring to arrange for the construction of the work. When engaged in mercantile pursuits he was always among the first to show his appreciation of the value of public works in facilitating trade; and, accordingly, when the St. Lawrence canals were opened in 1849, he was the first to despatch a vessel laden with merchandise direct to Chicago; and the first to receive a downward cargo of produce. He was also instrumental in securing the organization of the Water Police Force.

In 1851 Mr. Young was returned to Parliament for the first time as one of the representatives of Montreal, and continued to sit for the same constituency until 1857, when he declined re-nomination. In 1863 he was induced to offer himself for Montreal West, in opposition to the late Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, but was defeated, and has not since sought Parliamentary honours. He entered Parliament as a supporter of Mr. Lafontaine, and on the reconstruction of the cabinet, consequent upon the retirement of Messrs. Baldwin, Lafontaine, and others, in October 1851, Mr. Young was appointed Commissioner of Public Works in the Hincks-Tache Government then formed. He held office only until September following, having disagreed with his colleagues, or, perhaps, to put it more exactly, his colleagues having declined to submit in all things to his opinion. In administrative affairs he is wedded hard and fast to his doctrines of absolute free trade; involving, of course, a strictly revenue tariff, and that tariff based exclusively on the *ad valorem* principle. It need not, therefore, be wondered at, in the light of very recent events, that the Hon. John Young found himself uncomfortable in a cabinet where Mr. (now Sir Francis) Hincks held principal sway. During the early efforts to secure reciprocity with the United States, Mr. Young was sent to represent the views of the Canadian Government at Washington, and in 1863 he undertook a like mission at the instance of the Macdonald-Dorion administration. Of late some of Mr. Young's utterances through the press have given rise to a conviction that he was disposed to favour more intimate political, as well as commercial relations with the United States; but fortunately for his reputation in this respect, a statement unreflectingly made in Parliament by a gentleman of distinction, gave him the opportunity of formally contradicting the assertion that he had expressed annexationist sentiments.

Mr. Young has not heretofore been idle with his pen. In addition to his contributions to the *Economist* during its existence, he has written letters to the press almost innumerable. In 1853 he published, in pamphlet form, his "Views of the Commercial Policy of Canada." Two years later, he published a series of letters to the Commissioner of Public Works on "Canadian Trade and Navigation;" also Letters to the Citizens of Montreal on "The Commerce of the City and the Means of its Further Development." In 1858 appeared letters to the Hon. T. J. J. Loranger, on "Harbour Improvements;" and next year, "Reply to J. C. Trantwine, C. E.," on the subject of the Construction of Docks at Montreal;" also "Letters on the Rival routes to the Ocean." In 1866 he also issued a pamphlet on "The Changed Opinions of the Montreal Board of Trade on the Canal to connect the St. Lawrence with Lake Champlain;" and is besides the author of the paper on "Montreal," in the 8th edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. For the foregoing particulars we are mainly indebted to Mr. Fenning Taylor's "Sketches," and Mr. H. J. Morgan's *Bibliotheca Canadensis*.

On Monday evening last, as already mentioned, the Hon. John Young was entertained at a public dinner at the St. Lawrence Hall, Sir Alexander Galt presiding. The Hall was crowded, upwards of two hundred of the most prominent citizens having been present. Letters of apology for non attendance were read from Sir G. E. Cartier, Sir Francis Hincks, Hon. J. S. Macdonald, Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, &c. The entertainment was, in fact, a complete ovation of which the recipient has just reason to be proud; it was a tribute to an honourable private and an enterprising public character, both of which Mr. Young has been able to carry through life unspotted; and it must surely be gratifying to him now to find that all classes are willing to pay homage to the virtues of the man, even when many of them entirely dissent from the views of the politician.

The *Orchestra* states that Mr. Boucicault has arranged with Mr. Charles Dickens to dramatize "The Mystery of Edwin Drood."

MAGNETIC IRON SANDS OF CANADA.

The *American Exchange and Review* contains the following epitome of a letter of Dr. T. Sterry Hunt, on the magnetic iron sands of Canada, of considerable interest to iron and steel masters:

"The sands from the crystalline rocks of Canada are in a large degree a mixture of nearly pure magnetic ore with a titanite iron ore and garnet sand, the last two ingredients not being attracted by the magnet, and the titanite ore containing from 30 to 35 per cent. of titanite acid. The bar iron made from these sands at Moisie is of excellent quality, not alloyed by titanium. The slags, however, contain the titanite acid as silico-titanate. The magnetic portion is separated from the titaniferous sand and from the siliceous by a magnetic separator which, according to Dr. Hunt, will, in one hour, separate from three tons of sand, containing one ton of magnetic ore, one ton of ore, containing 99 per cent. of magnetic iron, or twenty-four tons in twenty-four hours. It is 6 ft. long by 5 ft. wide, and 4 ft. high. These magnetic sands are said to be found on the north side of the St. Lawrence, in quantities practically inexhaustible, from the Saguenay to Newfoundland, at Batiscan, between Montreal and Quebec, and there is a large accumulation at the mouth of Lake Huron; also, on both shores of Lake Erie, and along the seaboard of Connecticut and Rhode Island. The iron sands of Taranaki, New Zealand, are well-known. Dr. Hunt places considerable reliance upon the magnetic separator for success in working the sands. This separator is the invention of Dr. Larné, Professor of Chemistry in the Laval University, Quebec. The advantage arising from these sands is found in their freedom from phosphorus and sulphur.

"In this connexion it will be interesting to speak of the metallurgical process of reducing these magnetic sands, as performed at Moisie, a name not found in Lippincott's Gazetteer, and, therefore, needing some notice as a place. Moisie is said to be the seat of the most northern ironworks of this continent, and remarkable for the exclusive use of the magnetic sands spoken of above. Moisie is near the mouth of the St. Lawrence, some seventy miles west of Anticosti Island, at the mouth of the Moisie river, which empties into the St. Lawrence upon its northern shore. The sands are about half a mile distant on either side of the works, which consist of charcoal bloomeries, or modified Catalan forges, with all their necessary accompaniments. The blast is heated in U pipes, placed in the chimney. The hearths have each a cast-iron frame, are 3 ft. square and high, closed by a plate in front for a foot from the bottom, with slag-holes and with a shelf on the level of the tweer, which is semi-circular, with a radius of an inch, placed on one side at an inclination of 15°. The ore is thrown upon the fire from time to time, as the bloomers see fit, until a bloom is made of the average weight of 200 lb., and after about three hours' work. An interesting fact appertains to the charcoal economy of the place. The charcoal is burned in kilns cylindrical at the bottom and dome-shaped at the top, of about 30 ft. diameter at the base and 25 ft. high, which walls a foot thick, and requiring about 40,000 bricks. They hold about 100 cords apiece, yielding 4,000 bushels of charcoal; require about 25 to 30 days' burning, affording a fine coal at a reckoned cost of 15 cents a bushel, weighing 15 lb. to the bushel, the wood being almost all fir tree and some birch, but small, and hence denser. The wood is supposed to cost at the kiln 80 cents a cord. Ten of these kilns afford about 40,000 bushels a month, a little more than is sufficient to supply four forges. Four forges make about 3 tons of blooms per day, using 1,400 bushels of coal.

"Of the ore, it is interesting to know that the storms work the sand at times as well as could be done by manual labour, leaving the true magnetic ore in irregular patches, and advantage is taken of the beneficial effect of the waves and winds. A patch of sand 100 yards long by 50 yards wide, averaging 2 in. thick, should yield about 7 tons of ore. The separation of the ore from sand and impurities is done by washing tables. The gentleman from whose account we have derived our information for this condensed statement, and who visited the place in October, 1869, gives a very interesting description of the exceeding isolation of the works, and of the unlimited forests around, together with the loneliness of a situation which, as we have stated, is upon the northernmost boundaries of the iron manufactures of the North American continent."

SCIENCE AND ART.

A new planet was discovered last month by M. Borrelly, of the Observatory, at Marseilles, a sort of branch of the Imperial Observatory at Paris, officially named the *zuercherelle*, and therefore, some will opine, misnamed. The new celestial acquaintance is the 110th member of the family of planetoids circulating between Mars and Jupiter. It is extremely small, only equally in brightness a star of the 12th magnitude, and consequently invisible to all but the possessors of the finest telescopes. It is necessary to state this condition, for we can recollect people, after reading the bare announcement of a new planet's discovery, going out into the night and pitching upon the most conspicuous star in the sky as the novel object, whereas the said object may have been fifty times fainter than the smallest star the naked eye can discover.

PAPER PARCHMENT.—We quote the following from a late lecture at the Royal Institution by Dr. Odling: "When sulphuric acid is diluted with half its volume of water, and blotting-paper is immersed for a quarter of a minute in the mixture, and is then well washed in plenty of water, the blotting-paper is transformed into paper parchment; it has then great tenacity, will not permit the passage of water, and will lift heavy weights. Sized paper requires a longer immersion in the acid to become thus parchmentized. A slip of paper which, when made into a hoop, will just lift a weight of 14 lb. without breaking, will, after being treated as above with weak sulphuric acid, lift a weight of 75 lb. without breaking. Mr. Graham, the late Master of the Mint, used parchment paper in his experiments on dialysis, for it has the curious property of permitting none but solutions of crystalline substances to pass through it."

Gustave Doré is putting the final touches upon a picture which fills a canvas some twenty feet by thirty, and whose subject is the sad journey of Christ to Calvary. The character and treatment of the painting are thus described:—"The figure of Christ, draped in white, is naturally the central point of the canvas, and indeed the effulgence that beams from the God-head personified fills the picture with its divine light. As Jesus descends the steps that lead from the judgement seat to

the highway, the Jewish figures that crowd the corners of the picture, press forward to gaze upon him, while the higher dignitaries in his immediate vicinity fall back, blinded by the excessive light that shines in all his figure. To the right the Roman soldiers, fine stalwart fellows, whose every muscle tells through their thin chain armour, press back the surging crowds; and on the left are people who are rushing forward in anticipation of the coming of the "King of the Jews;" one man, who is running toward the spectator, looks as if he were rushing out of the picture. In the background are the public buildings of Jerusalem, and the sky is dark with tempestuous clouds that seem to be hurrying together to compass the destruction of the city guilty of the greatest crime in history. The work in the picture is immense, but it is the least interest of the composition; for all the multifarious types of physiognomy, all the picturesque details of costume, all the touches of beauty are subordinated to the one grand, sublime expression of sorrowful pity that beams out of the divine eyes of Jesus Christ. It is by far the largest canvas the artist has yet filled.

MEASURES have been devised whereby a barometer—an aneroid, let us say—shall record its own fluctuations. The instrument is entirely self-acting and self-registering, and consists of a large and powerful aneroid and an eight-day clock, mounted side by side on one stand. Each of these instruments has an eight-inch dial between them, and there is placed in a vertical position a cylinder four inches in diameter. The circumference of this cylinder is furnished with a toothed wheel, which works in an endless screw at the back of the instrument; it has a paper attached to it, ruled to coincide with the barometer scale. This paper, besides being ruled horizontally into inches and tenths, to correspond with the barometric scale, is divided vertically, throughout its entire length of twelve inches, into seven principal and seven minor divisions, indicated by darker and lighter lines. The dark lines represent the noon, and the lighter lines the midnight, of each twenty-four hours. The paper thus lasts one week. Near the paper a pencil, guided by a rod of metal, is moved up and down, as the action takes place in the aneroid, and at every hour the pencil is made to mark the paper by simple mechanism connected with the clock. By this simple means a black-dotted curved line is produced, showing at a glance the height of the barometer—whether it is falling or rising, for how long it has been doing so, and at what rate the change is taking place (whether at the rate of one-tenth per hour or one-tenth in twenty-four hours)—facts which can only be arrived at, when the old instrument is used, by very frequent and regular observations, coupled with a degree of vigilance, which few would care to exercise, notwithstanding the importance to be attached to data of this kind when the weather is the subject of study and investigation.

WRITE OF EGGS AS ANTIDOTE FOR CORROSIVE SUBLIMATE.—It is asserted by Poscher, that the white of one egg will render four grains of corrosive sublimate innocuous. Orfila administered to a small dog twelve grains of this poison; after it had acted for about eight minutes, the whites of eight eggs were given; it vomited several times, the pain ceased, and in five days it quite recovered. The white of egg should be put up in a little water, and it should be given freely, at intervals. A woman, named Rose Maney, poisoned herself with corrosive sublimate; various remedies were tried, but with little benefit. The morning after the poison was taken, the whites of two eggs, beaten up with a little cinnamon water, were given; this dose was repeated every half hour, until she had taken the whites of twelve eggs, when she began to feel easier; and, during the time she had been under this treatment, she had only vomited twice, and other unfavourable symptoms began to disappear. The white of egg treatment was continued until she had taken the whites of thirty-two eggs. She went on progressing favourably, and was eventually cured. Here the albumen was not given till many hours after the poison was first taken. There is another substance which is considered to act as an antidote, namely, gluten. Its properties were discovered by Taddei, an Italian chemist. In administering it, it is usual to mix the gluten with soap, so as to hold it in suspension. If eggs are not at hand, gluten may be thus used. It is easily prepared by kneading dough, made of flour and water, under a tap from which the water is peering in a small continuous stream; the starch is washed away from the flour, the gluten remaining behind; and this should be ruled up with soap and rinsed with water. Thenard, the great French chemist, during a lecture, by mistake drank a strong solution of corrosive sublimate. He immediately discovered what he had done, and made the fact known to his class. The excitement produced was intense. He told them to bring him eggs. Eggs were sought for in every direction; in a few minutes large quantities were obtained by his anxious pupils, and thus the life of this eminent professor was saved. This happened shortly after the discovery of the effects of albumen on corrosive sublimate were discovered by Orfila. A case is also recorded of a gentleman who, by mistake, drank a portion of an alcoholic solution of this substance. He was so alarmed by the taste that he did not finish it. He was, however, seized with a sense of tightness in the throat, burning at the stomach, and purging. Orfila saw him when the symptoms had acquired great severity, having lasted two hours. The administration of white of egg caused a mitigation of his sufferings, and he ultimately recovered.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CARBOLIC ACID IN INK AND PASTE.—The *Journal of Chemistry* says that two or three drops of carbolic acid to a bottle of ink will prevent mouldiness; and about thirty drops added to a pint of water used for making paste will prevent its moulding.

The problem of directing the course of balloons at will has apparently been solved by a Frenchman. His invention consists of a powerful exhaustor, by which a partial vacuum is formed before the balloon, which is consequently driven forward. The Emperor of the French takes much interest in the idea, and has contributed funds towards carrying it out on a large scale.

LOOKING-GLASSES.—As ladies are fond of looking-glasses, they should be made acquainted with a fact but little known, that the beauty and truth of their reflected images very much depend upon the quality and colour of the glass itself, which is easily detected by merely holding white paper edgewise to the glass, and just so much as the reflected paper varies in colour from the paper applied, in the same proportion are their complexions apparently tinged or darkened by it. Thus many persons are continually imagining they "look ill," and per-

haps by this circumstance really become so, from the habit of using a glass that thus unconsciously disfigures them.

The New York Musical Gazette says that when the idea of learning to sing by note was first introduced into New England, something more than 100 years ago, it was strongly opposed on religious grounds.

Chess Extraordinary.—On the opening night of the Brooklyn Chess Club, eight players (members of the club) inaugurated a feat at chess which has, probably, never been paralleled, which was to play a game of chess blindfold, four players on each side, and each player to make a move in his turn, without consulting with his colleagues.

A close study of Spanish official reports, made by a person who had unusual means of information, shows that the Spaniards have lost in Cuba, since the war began, 13,000 men from disease, 9,000 in action, and 8,000 more disabled.

More than 600 English Catholic ladies of distinction have signed an indignant protest against the idea of a commission being appointed to examine the convents in England.

A correspondent of the London Times recently stated that in order to test to the utmost the endurance of certain bridge-piers a commission of three eminent engineers is to sit upon them, whereupon Engineering waxes jocose and says:—“Surely this is a novel method of testing a bridge.

The Scientific American gives an account of a new method of making castings which may result in a considerable saving of labour. Like most inventions worth anything it is very simple. In the first place the mould is made of fine potter's clay instead of sand, and this of course gives a smoothness of surface.

Excavations that are being made at the queen of English watering-places, Bath, for the construction of the new Pump Room Hotel, have brought to light some very interesting Roman remains. The most valuable results are the determination of the south and west limits of the great temple, and the discovery of some ornamental stone-work so similar in details to that which appears upon the temple of Jupiter Stator at Rome as to suggest the probable date of the Bath Temple.

A CALIFORNIA INDIAN'S DINNER.—Mr. Chever, who spent many years among the California Indians, and studied carefully their history, and manners and customs, gives the following illustration of their habits, in the May number of the Naturalist: He saw an Indian come to the banks of the Feather River, one afternoon. He was hungry, but had not a particle of food to eat.

A PECULIAR RAILWAY.—In the interesting book “Saddle and Siroloin,” by the late Mr. Henry Hall Dixon—better known as the Druid—which has just appeared, the author displays an amusing affection for the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway, on account of its venerable age and other peculiarities.

but our friend was not to be outdone, as it had, years before, selected a man with no legs as station master, and when the train arrived he rode about the Blyden platform on a donkey collecting the tickets.” Eccentric characters abound in this region. When John Hodgson, the parish-clerk of Wetheral, applied to the railway directors for a gate-keeper's place, he took care to remind them of his professional status by writing thus: “I and my stout sons can not only keep, but carry the gates; yea, even the gates of Gaza.”

On Tuesday last a train of splendid new Palace cars, comprising dining, smoking, saloon and sleeping cars, occupied by representatives of the Boston and New-York Boards of Trade, passed through London, en route for San Francisco.

Dr. Wallace, in an essay on “Church Tendencies in Scotland,” gives the following as the number of churches belonging to all the bodies represented in Scotland. The Establishment has 1254 churches; the Free Church, 1273; the United Presbyterian Church, 600; the Scottish Episcopal Church, 157; the Roman Catholic Church, 132; the Congregationalists, 96; the Baptists, 83; the Evangelical Union, or Morisonians, 77; the Reformed Presbyterians, or Cameronians, 44; the Wesleyan Methodists, 34; the United Original Seceders, 25; the Reformed Presbyterians in Scotland, or True and Original Cameronians, 11; the Unattached Episcopalians, 8; the Unitarians, 5—in all, 3400 churches, to a population of 3,205,481.

The following table gives an idea of the increase of population of the principal European cities during the last 37 years:

	1832	1869	Inc. per ct.
London.....	1,624,000	3,214,000	98
Constantinople.....	1,000,000	1,500,000	50
Paris.....	896,000	1,350,000	118
St. Petersburg.....	480,000	667,000	37
Naples.....	358,000	600,000	67
Vienna.....	310,000	640,000	107
Dublin.....	300,000	362,000	21
Moscow.....	280,000	420,000	50
Berlin.....	250,000	800,000	220
Lisbon.....	240,000	340,000	44
Manchester.....	238,000	350,000	49
Amsterdam.....	230,000	250,000	12
Glasgow.....	202,000	401,000	99
Liverpool.....	190,000	520,000	174
Madrid.....	190,000	390,000	103

EXHIBITIONS AT NAPLES, TURIN, AND FLORENCE.—Italy is making active preparations for three great shows. The International Maritime Exhibition, which is to take place at Naples; the National Industrial Exhibition, at Turin; and, finally, the Exhibition of Female Work, at Florence, next autumn, are all three of them events which will be of the utmost importance to the industry of the country.

How to Use Gas.—The editor of the Milwaukee Journal of Commerce gives his readers the following valuable and timely hints upon the use of gas:—

1. If your burners are of the common fish-tail or bat-wing form, you will observe in the centre of the blaze a dark spot of unconsumed gas. If you see this dark shadow extend to the top of the blaze, then there is more gas rushing through than what is really giving light.

2. At a certain hour of night, when churches, halls and stores put on their gas, the pressure is increased all over that district of the city; watch your burners, and reduce the pressure once more.

3. If you have burners in the chambers, and in the kitchen, and in your servants' rooms, instead of regulating the pressure at the burners, take the trouble to regulate it at the meter, so as to allow each burner only so much blaze after a certain hour, even if the burners are turned on full blast.

4. Don't think it too much trouble to turn off the gas every night at the meter, as this stops leakages all over the house, between the meter and the burners. More gas is paid for which is lost by leakage than by regular consumption.

5. If you have a leak in the house, search for it, and when found heat the metal with a lamp, or a spirit-lamp, and rub red cement (such as is used on fruit cans) into the crack. If the leak is at the screw joint, the fault lies in the thread: you should notify the company or gas-fitter immediately. It pays to stop leaks.

A PERILOUS VOYAGE.—There is now being fitted up in Liverpool, from which place she will sail in the course of a few days, a small boat, about 20 feet long, called the “City of Raguse.” The vessel is the property of Captain Pimorez, but she will be sailed by Captain J. C. Buckley, her destination after leaving the Mersey being New York, from whence, should all go well, these adventurous voyageurs intend making the return trip.

She is covered over her whole length, and lined inside to the flooring, having a man-hole, or cock-pit, amidships. Down “below” is fitted up with as much comfort as the limited space would permit of. There is a patent stove for cooking the provisions—there being three months' supplies on board—on the voyage; and also the sleeping place for either skipper when he is not on “watch.” The boat is rigged as a yawl, and can spread about 70 yards of canvas; her tanks are capable of containing 100 gallons of water, but should any accident occur by which it would be necessary to lighten the vessel, a tap can be undone, and the water, if necessary, allowed to escape.

The Petersburg Goloss has a leading article on “one of the most burning questions of the day”—the union of the English and the Orthodox Greek Churches. It would appear that this highly important question has lately received a new impulse, through the movement in its favour in England.

On the occasion of the visit of the Governor of New Zealand to Kaipara, in October last, the Maories presented the following address:—“Ornawhoro, October 18, 1869.—O friend the Governor! Salutations to you. When we met all the Europeans at Ornawhoro, our committee, which was composed of Maories and Europeans, discussed the subject of intoxicating liquors, that they should not be allowed to be brought into Ornawhoro, lest they should corrupt our bodies and our souls, and be like the word which was spoken by David, ‘Lest our souls be torn asunder by Him as by lions, and like a man crying for his mother.’ O friend the Governor! let your hand be strong to hold back this evil fire. Let us, the Maories and the Europeans, seek that the word which Christ spoke may be fulfilled: ‘Seek, first, the Kingdom of Heaven and its righteousness, and all these things will be added to you.’ O friend the Governor, we are in good health at the present time. Here end our words to you.—From Te Tatua, Homara, Rupuhu, Horomona, and all the Ngatitichaua.”

A TABLE OF A TRUMPET.—At one of the entertainments recently given to the Duke of Edinburgh in India, an old lady was present, who, being afflicted with deafness, carried an ear-trumpet. She had occasion to summon one of the table-servants, who was carrying a dish of peas, and put up her trumpet to hear his reply to her question.

The Hon. A. Campbell, Postmaster-General, has purchased the estate of the Hon. Malcolm Cameron, on Sandy Hill, Ottawa.

Lieut.-Governor Howland is preparing to take up his residence in the new Government House at Toronto, the decorations of which are now all but completed.

It is reported that the Hon. Mr. Howe will succeed the Hon. Mr. Kenny in the Senate, and that Dr. Tupper will be appointed Secretary of State for the Provinces in place of the former.

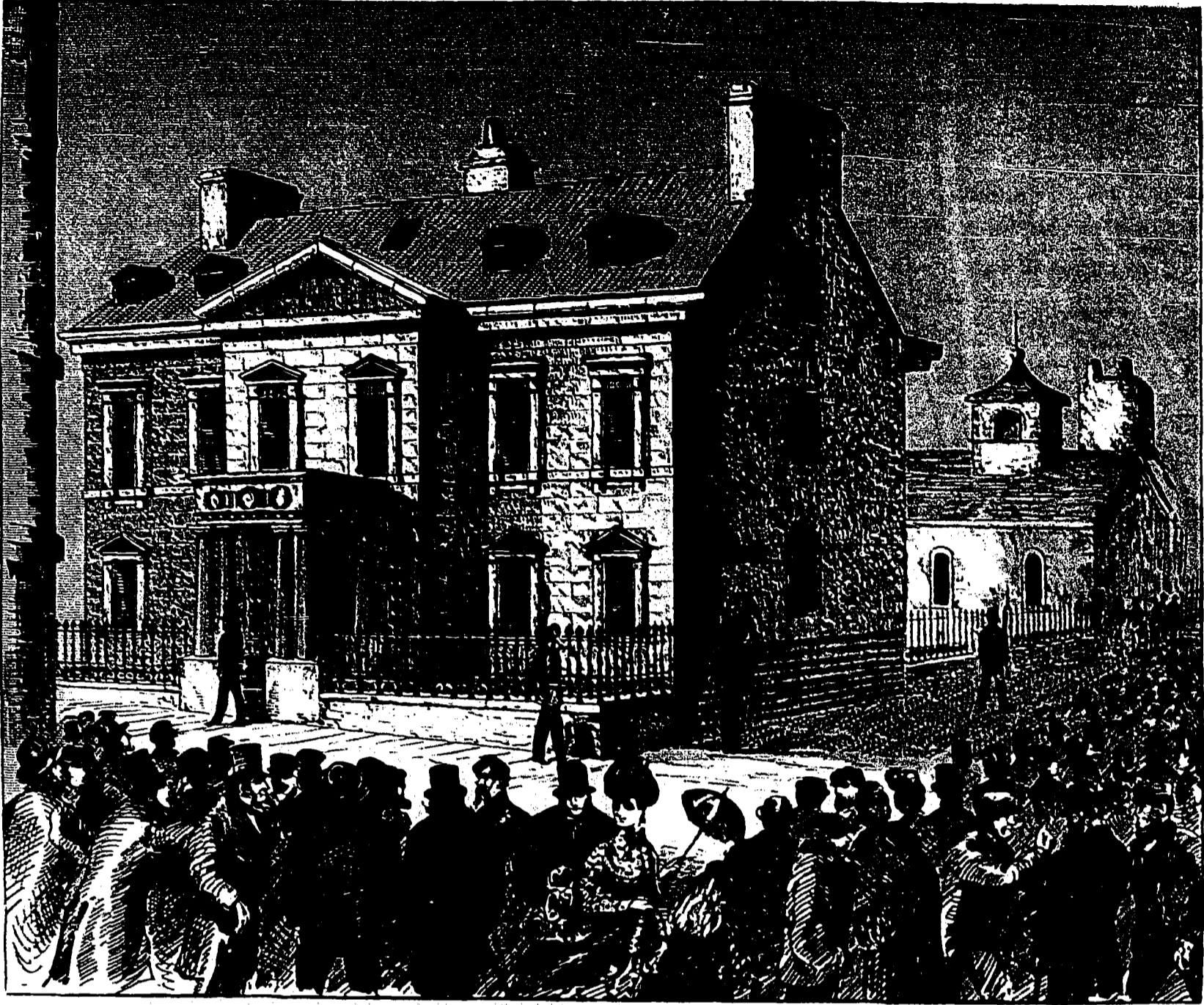
Temperature in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending May 24, 1870, observed by John Underhill, Optician to the Medical Faculty of McGill University, 299 Notre Dame Street.

		9 A. M.	1 P. M.	6 P. M.
We'nesday, May 18.....		58°	69°	65°
Thursday, “ 19.....		61°	74°	74°
Friday, “ 20.....		65°	68°	64°
Saturday, “ 21.....		54°	50°	47°
Sunday, “ 22.....		50°	62°	60°
Monday, “ 23.....		58°	62°	60°
Tuesday, “ 24.....		50°	52°	46°

		MAX.	MIN.	MEAN.
We'nesday, May 18.....		72°	40°	56°
Thursday, “ 19.....		76°	52°	64°
Friday, “ 20.....		72°	40°	56°
Saturday, “ 21.....		56°	38°	47°
Sunday, “ 22.....		64°	36°	50°
Monday, “ 23.....		68°	40°	54°
Tuesday, “ 24.....		56°	40°	48°

Aneroid Barometer compensated and corrected.

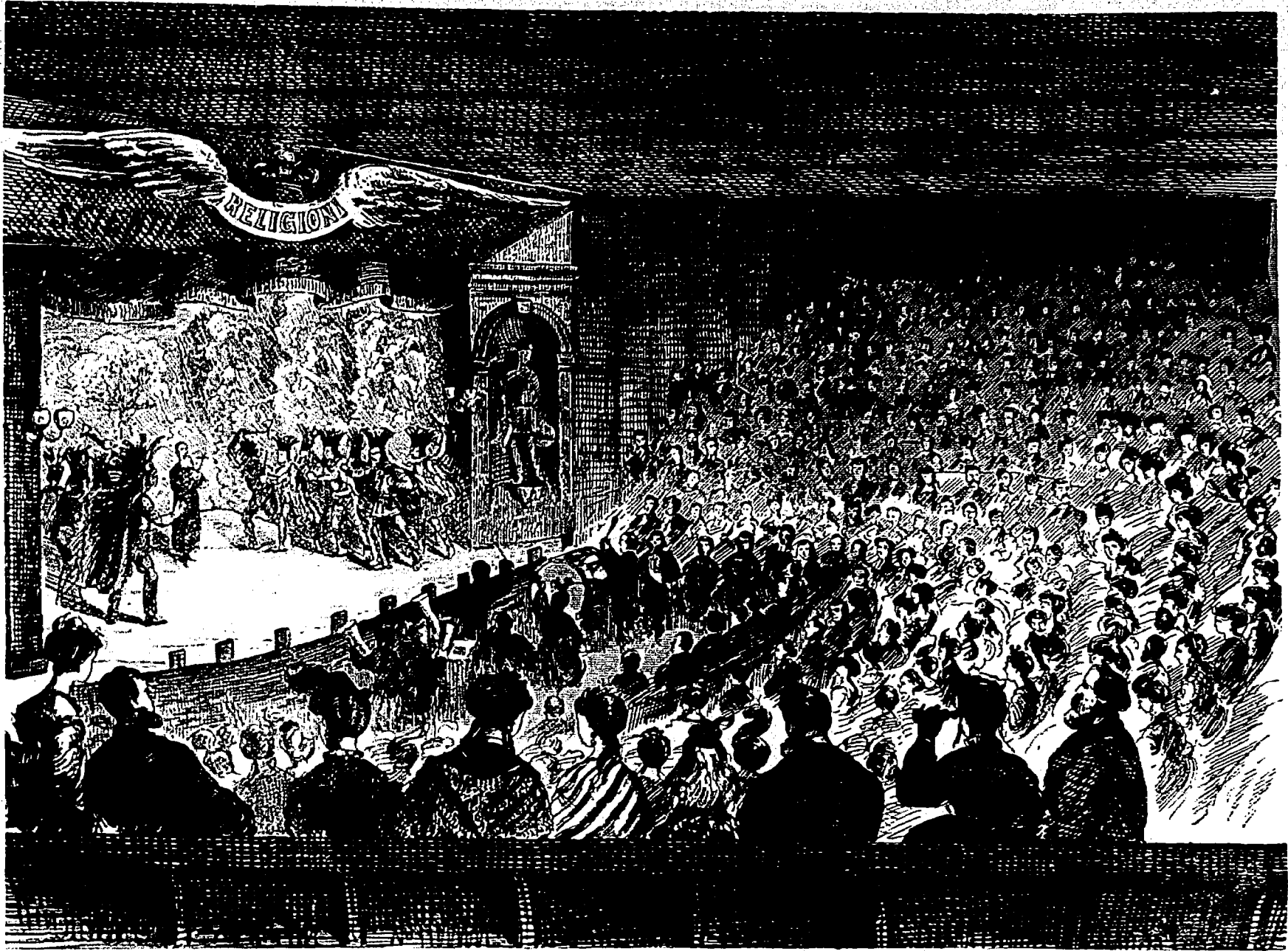
		9 A. M.	1 P. M.	6 P. M.
We'nesday, May 18.....		30.32	30.25	30.18
Thursday, “ 19.....		30.21	30.16	30.09
Friday, “ 20.....		30.24	30.24	30.23
Saturday, “ 21.....		30.40	30.30	30.20
Sunday, “ 22.....		30.40	30.35	30.33
Monday, “ 23.....		30.30	30.20	30.07
Tuesday, “ 24.....		29.90	29.90	29.90



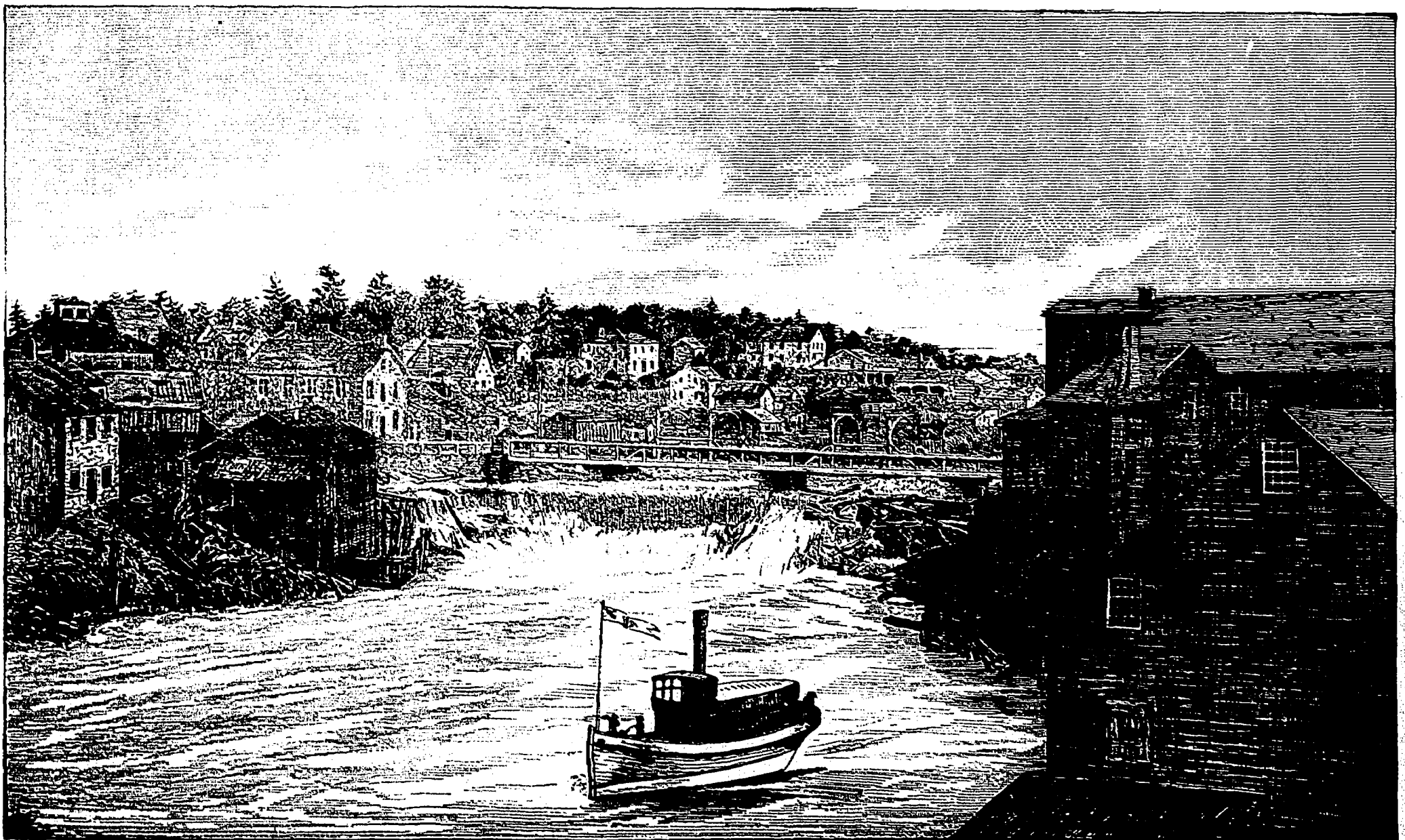
HOTEL DE VILLE, QUEBEC, DURING THE CIV. C DISPUTE. From a sketch by W. O. C., Lt. R. A.—SEE PAGE 471.



EXCAVATIONS ON ST. JAMES STREET. From a sketch by our Artist.—SEE PAGE 471.



DRAMATIC REPRESENTATION AT THE ST. MARY'S COLLEGE. From a sketch by our Artist.—SEE PAGE 471.



GANANOQUE FALLS. From a photograph by Landon Bros., Gananoque.—SEE PAGE 471.

PRESENTATION PLATE.

In the Press and will shortly be distributed to all paid up Subscribers for one year to the

"CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS."

A Leggotyped Copy of LEFEVRE'S Splendid Engraving of CORREGGIO'S celebrated Painting (the original of which is now in the Dresden Gallery) entitled,

"THE NATIVITY."

It will be printed on a large sheet of fine plate paper, the exact size of the Engraving being 14 by 19 inches, and care will be taken to make it in every respect as attractive and artistic as the original. All parties subscribing to the *News*, and paying for one year, any time before the first of July next, will be entitled to a copy of this magnificent Plate, the value of which may be inferred from the fact that the Engraving, of which it is a *facsimile*, sells in New York at ten dollars per copy.

Montreal, 26th March, 1870.

CALENDAR FOR WEEK ENDING JUNE 4, 1870.

SUNDAY,	May 29.— <i>Sunday after Ascension.</i> Tom Moore born, 1780. Battle of Sackett's Harbour, 813.
MONDAY,	" 30.—Pope died, 1744. Voltaire died, 1778. Sir P. Maitland died, 1854.
TUESDAY,	" 31.—Ann Boleyn crowned, 1533. Gavazzi arrived in Toronto, 1853.
WEDNESDAY,	June 1.— <i>Nicomede.</i> Parliament first met in Toronto, 1797.
THURSDAY,	" 2.—Fenian skirmish at Limeridge, 1866.
FRIDAY,	" 3.—Champlain arrived at Tadoussac, 1608. Paganini born, 1784. Prince George (second son of the Prince of Wales) born, 1865.
SATURDAY,	" 4.—Battle of Magenta, 1859.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1870

TWICE within five weeks have our volunteers been ordered to the front to repel a threatened Fenian invasion. On the first occasion the evidence of danger appeared so slight that many looked upon the sudden action of the military authorities as a mere *ruse* to test the efficiency of the force; others were not wanting who broadly averred that it was a political trick to enable ministers to pass an obnoxious tariff and to divert public attention from their own shortcomings until the close of the session. The volunteers themselves generally felt disappointed that, apparently at least, they had been called out for nothing; and that when they had undertaken all the trouble and fatigue incident to sudden preparations and a hurried march they were barely settled in their quarters before they were again disbanded.

No one will pretend, however, that the second call to arms issued on the 24th inst. was made an hour too soon. From all points along the frontier, and the neighboring towns in the interior of the border States, from Boston and New York, came information of a very definite character indicating that undoubtedly many thousands of Fenians had commenced to move, on Monday, in pursuance of a previously concerted plan. Government had information some days before of renewed activity amongst them, and the press despatches indicated in a vague way that another movement was on foot. But the people of Canada had no suspicion of other danger than an attack upon the Red River expedition which is on its way to Fort Garry: the prospect—for it was a *prospect* rather than a fear—of another brush with the Fenians on the borders of Ontario and Quebec, had been almost entirely abandoned, and as has been remarked, many blamed the Government for having called out the troops last month. It was a surprise, therefore, to the gallant volunteers who had mustered for a holiday display in honour of Her Majesty's birthday to be told that instead of a grand parade they should make immediate preparations for active service. It need hardly be recorded that this was promptly and joyfully done; the hope was that, this time, there would be real work to do, and the definite character of the information inspired the volunteers with the conviction that they were now going out to enjoy that satisfaction.

The morning despatches of the 25th, brought positive information of the gravity of the situation in the shape of a proclamation by the President of the United States, issued on the day before, and as this is a document of more than ordinary importance, we copy it in full:

"Whereas it has come to my knowledge that sundry illegal military enterprises and expeditions are being set on foot within the territory and jurisdiction of the United States, with a view to carry on the same from such territory and jurisdiction against the people and district of the Dominion of Canada, within the Dominions of Her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, with whom the United States is at peace,—Now, therefore, I, Ulysses S. Grant, President of the United States, do hereby admonish all good

citizens of the United States, and all persons within the military jurisdiction of the U. States, against siding, countenancing, abetting or taking part in such unlawful proceedings; and I do hereby warn all persons committing such illegal acts that they will forfeit all right to the protection of this government, or to its interference in their behalf to rescue them from the consequences of their own acts; and I do hereby enjoin all officers in the service of the U. States to employ all their lawful authority and power to prevent and defeat the aforesaid unlawful proceedings, and to arrest and bring to justice all persons who may be engaged therein. In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the city of Washington this 24th day of May, in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy, and in the independence of the United States of America, the 94th.

[Signed], U. S. GRANT.

By the President.

HAMILTON FISH, Sec. of State.

President Grant's conduct in regard to the Fenians stands out in pleasing contrast to that of his predecessor. It may be remembered that in June, 1866, President Johnson issued a similar proclamation, *two days after* the Fenians had been driven from Canadian soil, and after they had been saved from the vengeance of Canada, through the agency of an American Government vessel on the Niagara river. At that time, District Attorney Dart (at present U. S. Consul in this city) was conspicuous for the fidelity with which he enforced the neutrality laws of the United States; but Secretary Seward acted throughout with singular and glaring partiality towards the Fenians, and President Johnson, in his next message, made prominent allusion to their movements in a manner little calculated to dissuade them from another attempt, for he characterized their acts of robbery and murder as "political offences." But as President Grant issued his proclamation before our soil was actually invaded, though we may wish that he had done so a few days sooner, we have no reason to doubt of his entire good faith; and, therefore, every reason to believe that the neutrality laws of his government will be enforced, at least to an extent that will leave no just grounds of complaint. Were his proclamation promptly carried out, there surely could be little difficulty in securing the persons of O'Neil and other Fenian leaders, and putting them on trial for the infraction of the laws of the country of which they claim to be citizens. If only half a dozen of them were so put on trial, and duly punished upon conviction, it would do much to restore the feelings of friendship and respect for the United States, which in this country have been very much impaired by the toleration heretofore accorded to the Fenian nuisance.

The events of the past few days will have dissipated the peculiar notions already spoken of as to the motives for calling out the volunteers in April. It will now be seen that there was real danger impending which was only averted by the preventive measures so promptly taken. At that time the Canadian authorities were warned by the Washington Government; now the public at large must be convinced by the publication of President Grant's proclamation that the situation has become still more serious; and the volunteers, while they cannot but be convinced that they were called out before, for no political trick, or official *ruse* to test their own efficiency, should console themselves for the want of actual fighting by the reflection that their presence at their posts thwarted the designs of the enemy. It is natural to wish that the Fenians would come over and fight it out once for all; but surely volunteers, well disciplined as they are, believe that the Government's first duty is to prevent the enemy from making a lodgment on our soil; and that to neglect this duty for the mere sake of the military glory that could afterwards be reaped by driving the Fenians off would be a wanton trifling with the lives and property of the people. On the other hand we sympathise strongly with the volunteers in their being so soon dismissed after having once been called into active service. The Government no doubt acts in this particular from motives of economy; but it may prove a very mistaken saving, if, as in the present case, it has so soon to be followed by a vastly increased expenditure. Had the volunteers called out in April been left on frontier duty would the celebration of Her Majesty's birthday in Canada have been enlivened by the excitement of a new invasion? We doubt it. The Fenians trust to a surprise to secure them the opportunity of massing their forces on Canadian soil, and the best way to prevent this is to maintain, from the middle of April to the middle of October, a small volunteer force on active duty along the whole frontier. This would prevent surprises, and preclude the necessity of calling out the mass of the volunteers until they had a good prospect of earnest work before them.

LITERARY NOTICES.—Pressure on our columns has compelled us to defer several notices of new books, &c., until another issue.

The unveiling of the Ridgeway monument at Toronto has been postponed until the 2nd of June, the anniversary of the battle of Ridgeway.

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD.

We are glad to be able to report the continued convalescence of the Premier. Though still very weak, and, at the time we write, yet unable to be removed to the more comfortable quarters prepared for him at the Speaker's chambers in the House of Commons, he has been steadily improving; and hopes are now entertained of his speedy restoration to health.

MR. & MRS. HOWARD PAUL.—The patrons of the Theatre Royal are promised a rare treat this evening in the unique entertainments of this gifted couple. Wherever the "Pauls" have appeared they have created a perfect *furor* of enthusiasm. Mrs. Howard Paul is unequalled as a mimic; whether you wish to listen to Jenny Lind, or Sims Reeves, to the gems of the great Operas, or the Advocate of Woman's Rights, she is thoroughly at home and a complete impersonation of the character she assumes. Doubtless there will be a crowd at the theatre to-night.

FENIAN INVASION.

The celebration of Her Majesty's birthday was disturbed by a sudden call for Volunteers and Regulars to move to the frontier. Simultaneously information arrived of the massing of the Fenians at St. Albans and Malone, as well as their threatening the Niagara frontier and the town of Prescott. At Montreal, as at other places, the utmost activity prevailed in forwarding troops to the points threatened. St. John and Frelighsburg were speedily reinforced from Montreal; Fort Wellington at Prescott was garrisoned by Ottawa Volunteers; and equally prompt arrangements were made in defence of the western frontier. On Wednesday reports were in circulation here of fighting between the pickets at Pigeon Hill and Cookstown; the Canadians were reported to have driven the Fenians back, and the American authorities were said to have arrested the valiant Gen. O'Neil, so that he at all events, will be kept safe from any danger of immediate contact with Canadian bullets. The "raid," from present appearances, threatens to be a serious one; but at the time of our going to press the details of the movements are not sufficiently authentic to make them reliable. In the meantime it is satisfactory to know that our authorities are fully alive to the danger and prepared to meet the enemy at every turn.

OBITUARY.

JOHN FROTHINGHAM Esq.

The Montreal *Herald* of the 23rd inst. thus refers to the late Mr. Frothingham:

A obituary notice in another column tells of the passing away of one of our oldest and most respected citizens, John Frothingham Esq., at the ripe age of almost eighty-two years. He died at his residence, Piedmont, in this city on Saturday morning last, after an illness which confined him to his room about five weeks. Mr. Frothingham was a native of Portland, Maine, having been born there in the year 1788. His father was Judge Frothingham of that city, one of the Justices of the Superior Court of Massachusetts, whose jurisdiction at that time covered the present State of Maine. He was thrown on his own resources at an early age. Leaving his native city he began his business life in the extensive hardware establishment of the late Samuel May Esq., of Boston, Mass. His strict attention to business and general trustworthiness soon commanded the confidence of his employer, who in 1809 entrusted him with the task of opening and managing a hardware establishment in this city. In his journey from Boston to Montreal at that date Mr. Frothingham travelled part of the way on horseback through unbroken woods. Owing to the war of 1812 his business projects were broken up for the time. They were resumed, however, on the return of peace and thenceforward carried on with promptitude, energy and success. In the year 1859, after an active commercial career of half a century in Montreal, the infirmities of advancing age induced him to retire from active business and seek repose in the quiet domestic circle, surrounded by the familiar gardens, orchards, and groves of his extensive grounds. Here, with his simple, natural tastes he was altogether happy—a very picture of green and cheerful old age.

For many of the earlier years of his business career in this city, a younger brother, Mr. Joseph May Frothingham, was associated with him as partner. The death of the latter in 1862 terminated this partnership. About four years afterwards a new partnership was formed by the introduction of Mr. William Workman, the present Mayor, who retired from the firm about ten years since. This was the origin of the well known firm of Frothingham and Workman. Subsequently Mr. Thomas Workman, the present member of the Dominion Parliament for Montreal Centre, and Mr. G. H. Frothingham, eldest son of Mr. John Frothingham, were associated with the firm. And these gentlemen, with two junior partners, still carry on the business founded by the late Mr. John Frothingham, more than sixty years ago. Mr. Frothingham was not a man who sought publicity in life. He rather shrank from it. A seat in the Legislative Council of Lower Canada, previous to the Union, was offered to him, but his natural diffidence compelled him to decline it. We cannot present any marked points of public interest in his career; yet his course of life was such as to shed a healthy, though unpretending influence throughout the community. All the more healthy and commendable, we would add, because unpretending. By nature and choice, he sought the ways of quiet activity and unobtrusive usefulness. In his speech and bearing, as well as in his character, he never wished to seem greater than he actually was. He never fell short of his promise in such matters, but rather went beyond it. Thus he made for himself a character whose integrity and trustworthiness were beyond suspicion. His private sympathies were wide and tender, and his public spirit was vital, though not demonstrative. Any public institution which commended itself to his judgment was sure of his aid and support. The cause of education found in him a firm and generous friend. His time and means were freely given towards sustaining the Protestant schools of Montreal, which put useful instruction within the reach of the poorest of our citizens. And in the higher education he was a steady ben factor to McGill University, giving generously to the former effort in

aid of the endowment fund; and from his sick chamber giving five thousand dollars to the new subscription now going on.

Coming to Montreal in the commercial infancy of our city he has shared, and contributed his share, to its healthy and prosperous growth.

Of his private life it is hardly our office to speak, but it is safe to say that such public worth as his sprang from a soil rich in private virtue.

HOW TO FIND THE DAY OF THE WEEK OF ANY GIVEN DATE AND ANY YEAR.

The first thing in the process to remember is the number of the month. The numbers are as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Month and Number. June: 1, May: 5, September & December: 2, August: 6, April & July: 3, February: 0, January & October: 4, March: 0, November: 0.

Table with 2 columns: Year and Number. 1869: 1, 1870: 2, 1871: 3, 1872: 4. See below.

It is necessary to commit the above to memory, and when acquired the operation may be performed almost instantaneously, for it is merely required to add the number for the month and the year to the given date, and divide the total by 7, and the remainder will give the day required.

Example: required the day of the week of 20th June, 1870.

Calculation table: Date 20, plus year 1870, plus month 6, equals 23. 23 divided by 7 gives remainder 2.

Answer.—Second day, or Monday. The number for the year proceeds until 7 is reached, when they recommence with 1.

The knowledge of this extremely simple method will be of value to many persons. For the current year even, with a little practice, it may be calculated as quickly as a reference can be made to the almanac.

THE QUEBEC CITY HALL DURING THE CIVIC TROUBLES.

At the corner of St. Louis and Ste. Ursule streets, Quebec, there stands a modest building, that, were it not for the inscription "Hotel De Ville" on its porticos, might be taken for a second-rate boarding-house.

Our illustration is from a sketch taken on the spot by our special artist, at the time when the excitement was at its height.

THE EXCAVATIONS ON ST. JAMES ST., MONTREAL.

For some weeks past workmen have been engaged in demolishing the row of low buildings on St. James Street on either side of St. John Street, to make room for some large buildings which will be occupied as wholesale stores.

Pointe-a-Calliere,—present site of the Royal Insurance building, close to the walls of the stone fort which then overshadowed and protected the nascent settlement from the incursions of the Indians.

GANANOQUE FALLS.

The village of Gananoque, on account of its proximity to the magnificent scenery of the Thousand Islands, has of late years become a very favourite resort for tourists.

THE PROROGATION.—ARRIVAL OF H. E. THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AT THE VICTORIA TOWER.

The proceedings at the prorogation, at all times less interesting than the ceremonies accompanying the opening of Parliament, were this year unusually quiet and devoid of pomp and show.

THE HAUNT OF THE SNIPE.

A pretty woodland picture—a long sedgy pool surrounded by huge trees with gnarled trunks and rich foliage, and thick luxuriant undergrowth.

DRAMATIC REPRESENTATION AT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

On the 11th of the present month a dramatic representation was given by the Students of the class Belles-Lettres, in the Academic Hall of St. Mary's College in this city.

the moment of Oraka's revolt the priest is basely assassinated by Oraka's accomplice, the juggler. He is brought on the stage, where he expires. At the moment of his death sounds of angelic music are heard in the distance.

A Chinese lady of rank in San Francisco walks attended by three maids of honour bearing lighted sticks of punk, highly perfumed. "Her face is painted with a reckless disregard of expense, and her hair is saturated with oil.

MARRIED.

In Toronto, on the 17th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Laurent, George A. Bouchette, of the Department of Crown Lands, Quebec, second son of Joseph Bouchette, Esq., Deputy Surveyor General, to Kate, twin daughter of C. E. Anderson, Esq., late Deputy Receiver General of Canada.

CHESS.

Contributions of original games, problems, and enigmas are invited for this column. Correspondents will oblige by observing our notation: Problems, in order to prevent errors, should be sent on diagrams, with the names of the pieces legibly written, and solution on the back.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

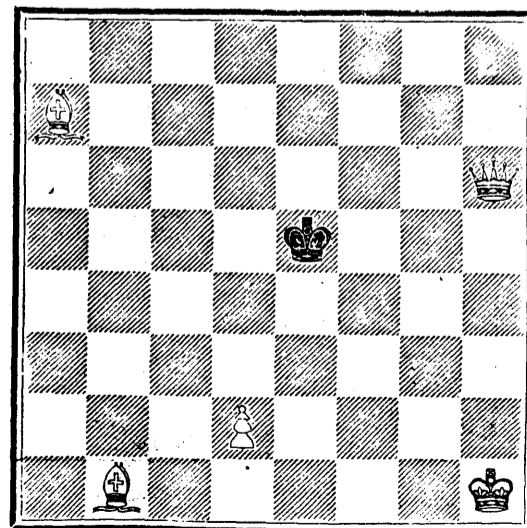
St. Jacques de L'ACHIGAN.—You are correct: No. 5 Problem admits of your solution; we commend to your attention the subsequent ones, particularly No. 8.

GAME BY CORRESPONDENCE IN 1866 BETWEEN TWO WELL-KNOWN PLAYERS.

Chess game notation between Mr. E. T. F. (Ottawa) and Mr. F. H. A., jr. (Quebec). Includes moves like P. to K. 4th, B. to Q. B. 4th, etc.

a. The bishop cannot be taken without seriously compromising White's game. b. This seems to lose for Black all the advantage of position he has acquired.

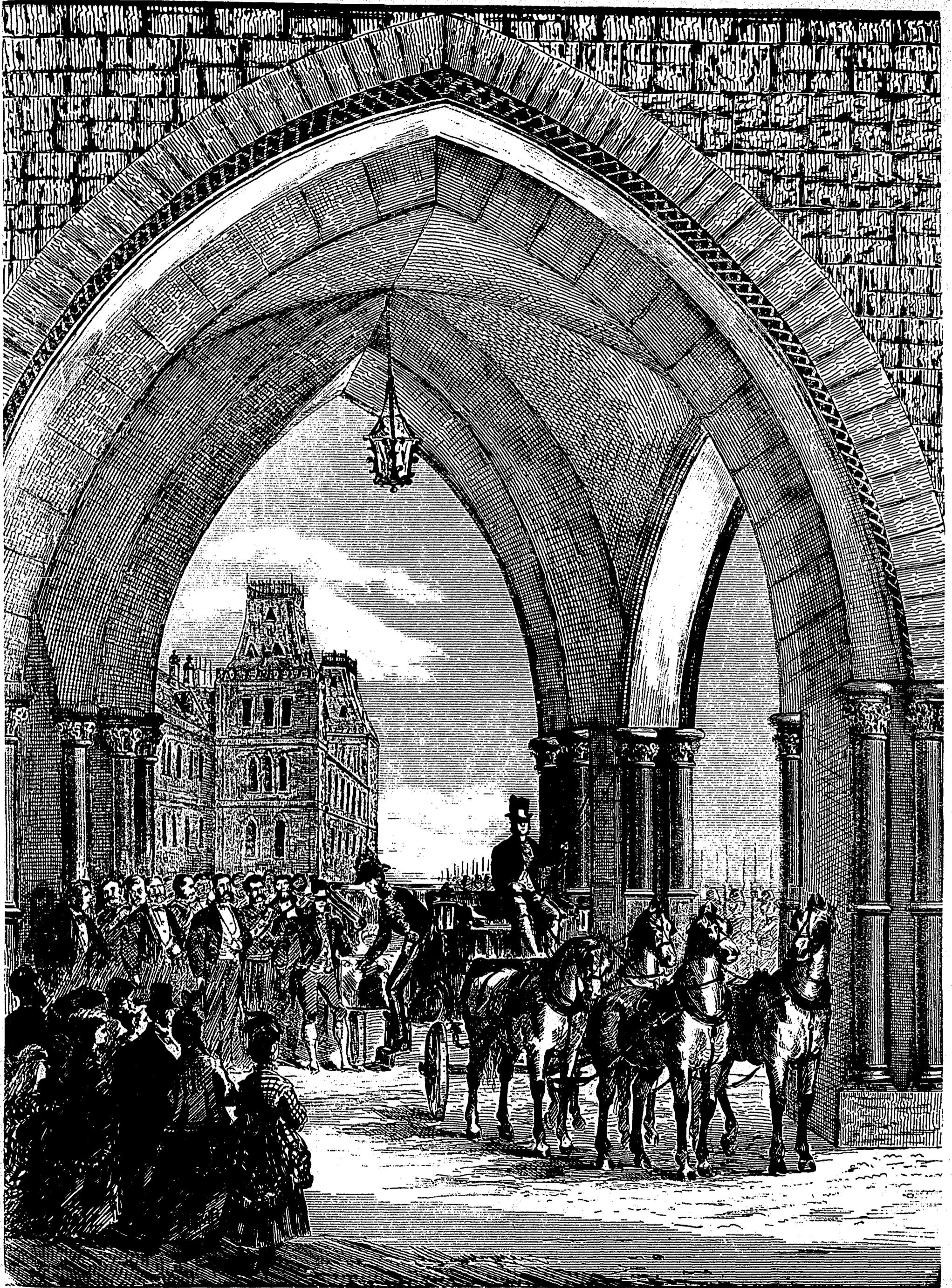
PROBLEM No. 9. BLACK.



White to play, and mate in three moves.



THE CHATS FALLS ON THE OTTAWA RIVER. From Willis' Canadian Scenery.



THE PROROGATION.—ARRIVAL OF H. E. THE GOVERNOR GENERAL IN THE VICTORIA TOWER. From a sketch by our Artist.—See page 471.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

GONE.

I.

Open the door and look within!
Silent and still is that little room!
Does it seem a place where you oft have been?
You are waiting for one who does not come!

II.

There on the table at which she wrought
Are the pretty things that her hands had made—
There is the basket from which she sought
Thimble and scissors, needle and thread.

III.

There is the music she used to play,
There the piano her fingers knew,
There on the wall where they used to stay,
Are the pictures her girlish pencil drew.

IV.

There are the books that she loved to read,
There is the spot where she used to sit:
But the heart that gave life to them all has fled,
You have come in vain, if you seek for it.

V.

Everything seems as it seemed of yore,
Silent and still in that little room—
You have seen it all and may shut the door,
You need not wait—she will never come!

JOHN READE.

DISRAELI'S NEW BOOK—"LOTHAIR."

From the "Pall Mall Gazette."

About the first thing which is likely to strike the reader as he lays down volume after volume of this admirable novel is the perfect ease of the writing. It must have cost the author, one cannot help fancying, no effort whatever: it was as easy and delightful for him to write as it is for us to read. All seems to flow from Mr. Disraeli's pen spontaneously, as the talk does from the lips of those "consummate talkers" who, we are told somewhere in these pages, are in our days such rare phenomena. The characters and the way in which they converse, or (it may be) hold forth to each other—for we deal much with high dignitaries—are charming. Probably no part of a novelist's work is more delicate and difficult than the framing of conversations; for he is necessarily in a dilemma. They must obviously not be unnatural, that would be fatal: while if they were really natural they would almost inevitably be dull reading. This difficulty Mr. Disraeli has surmounted with remarkable skill. These volumes contain discourses between all kinds of people, and upon the most varied subjects, grave and light, sacred and secular, but they are always excellent of their kind. We hear fathers of the Church discussing deep matters in the dim seclusion of their princely libraries, or laying down to intended converts what is "Truth." We have the talk of young ladies and young men, of the croquet ground and the drawing-room, and (by no means the least amusing) of the members of "the dark sex" among themselves, when the ladies have retired, and Montairy produces those cigarettes (we wonder where he gets them) which are so mild that his wife never detects the smell. As to the characters, if we left out Hamlet and the other principal parts, the subordinate ones would still be a delightful study. No doubt in many cases the author has drawn on his experience as well as his imagination. The only sketch in which any venom is infused is that of the Oxford Professor, "a young man of advanced opinions on all subjects, religious, social, and political," but hampered by his "restless vanity and overflowing conceit," who was not sure that the Gunpowder Plot, if successful, might not have beneficially influenced the course of our history, and who, though opposed to the land laws, would operate gradually, and give Lothair more than one receipt how to save the aristocracy. Another minor character, who is drawn, on the contrary, with a loving hand, is the listless but keen Lord St. Aldegonde. When he is giving his reasons for hating his friend the Duke of Brecon, such as that the Duke drove piebalds, or that he wore a particular hat; when he summons his wife from a distant part of the ball-room simply to tell her he is not bored yet, but thinks he very probably shall be; or when, again, he is announcing his improvised views about the English Sunday in the presence of the disgusted bishop; whatever he says and does, in short, he is irresistible. Then there is Pinto, who discovered that "the English language consists of four words, 'nice,' 'jolly,' 'charming,' and 'bore,' and some grammarians add 'fond';" who pointed out that "when a man fell into his anecdote it was a sign for him to retire from the world," and that, if every man were straightforward in his opinions there could be no conversation, for "the fun of talk is to find out what a man really thinks, and to contrast it with the enormous lies he has been telling at dinner, and perhaps all his life." The book is, in fact, among other things a complete gallery of portraits. And, though probably Mr. Disraeli would consider himself more of a portrait painter than a painter of landscape, whenever he chooses to be descriptive nothing could be better than his pictures. He paints with equal power and facility, Brentham with its stately terraces and fountains, its fallow-deer and gigantic oaks; Bond Street as it appears in the early morning; the coffee-houses round Leicester Square; the mountain passes that separate Fiascone from Viterbo; the ruined temples of Rome; and the hills that stand about Jerusalem. The greatest achievement in the way of description of another kind which is to be found in these volumes is the account of the chapel at Vauxe, the "celestial harmonies resounding and lingering in archd roofs," and ending with the muttered *Miserere*:—

"A sound as of a distant and rising wind was heard, and a crash, as it were the fall of trees in a storm. The earth is covered with darkness and the veil of the temple is rent. But just at this moment of extreme woe, when all human voices are silent, and when it is forbidden even to breathe 'Amen,'—when everything is symbolical of the confusion and despair of the Church at the loss of her expiring Lord—a priest brings forth a concealed light of silvery flame from a corner of the altar. This is the light of the world, and announces the Resurrection, and then all rise up and depart in silence."

Lord St. Aldegonde on one occasion calls the hero "by his title," but we are unable to do so, as it is studiously concealed from us. We only gather that he is a nobleman of the very highest rank and of colossal fortune; and that he is addressed as "my Lord," and not as "your Grace." We are introduced to him first surrounded by the most enchanting scenery and

society imaginable, in the Duke's palace of Brentham. His youth had hitherto been passed in seclusion among the glens and moors of Scotland, where one of his guardians, "a rather savage uncle," and a stanch Protestant, brought him up with a view to keep him out of reach of the influences of his other guardian, a distinguished clergyman of the Church of England, who had succeeded to, and become still more distinguished in, the Church of Rome. The latter, however, succeeded in getting his ward educated at Christ Church, where he formed a fast friendship for Bertram the Duke's son, who had accordingly brought him down on a visit to Brentham. He soon becomes a familiar friend of the family, and naturally falls in love with Bertram's beautiful sister, the Lady Corisande. Before his visit is over he asks the Duchess's permission to offer his hand, which is withheld, however, for the present. The Lady Corisande and Lothair agree, he says, on Church matters, and on the necessity for building churches; "her views may perhaps be a little higher than his."

We next find him at dinner with Mr. Giles, his solicitor, to the delight of the latter's wife, Apollonia, a showy lady, whose principle mission was to destroy the Papacy and to secure Italian unity, and her next impulse to become acquainted with aristocracy. Mr. Giles had apprised Lothair's guardian, the Cardinal, of his expected arrival, and his eminence had been prevailed upon to come in in the evening and make his ward's acquaintance. Lothair has a conversation with the Cardinal, and he also notices in the room a countenance "pale but perfectly Attic in outline, with the short upper lip and round chin, and a profusion of chestnut hair bound by a Grecian fillet, and on her brow a star." He learns that she is called Theodora, is married to an Englishman, a friend of Garibaldi, is ultra-cosmopolitan, and has invented a new religion.

After their meeting at the lawyer's the Cardinal and his ward grow more intimate and cordial. The Cardinal presents him in due course to the family of a certain Lord and Lady St. Jerome, whose saloon, always attended by "nice people," was also a rendezvous of the Catholic party. Lady St. Jerome herself was "exactly the woman to inspire crusaders;" and her impassioned eloquence "germinated the seed which the Cardinal had been lately scattering." Lothair is here thrown into the society of Lady St. Jerome's niece, Clare Arundel, a lovely young lady, to whom he is distantly related. About this time hints are given in the newspapers about a young nobleman who was on the eve of entering the Catholic Church, and the Lady Corisande's soul is vexed. Invited soon after, in the Holy Week, to Lord St. Jerome's country seat, Lothair has much more religious talk with her ladyship and with Father Coleman, and is induced to attend the "Tenebræ." He is much impressed by the service "proceeding in hushed tones, while gradually with each psalm and canticle a light of the altar was extinguished, till at length the *Miserere* was muttered, and all became darkness." This is the descriptive passage referred to before. "As Lothair rose," at the end of the ceremony, "Miss Arundel passed him with streaming eyes." He attends more "Tenebræ," and holds much converse with Miss Arundel, who confides to him her desire, if she had the means, to build a cathedral in the heart of Westminster, to be "conducted in the full spirit of the ordinances of the Church." We soon find Lothair indulging in frequent reveries about this ideal cathedral. While he is being pressed, among other things, to become a patron of a Roman Catholic bazaar, and begins to feel that he must take a decided step, accident brings him again to the side of Theodora and her husband, Colonel Campian, at Oxford. In return for a service Lothair had rendered them, the Colonel asks him to visit them at their house at Belmont.

With this beginning of an acquaintance with Theodora, Lothair's definite life may be said to begin. He becomes gradually a daily visitor at Belmont. She exercises over his enthusiastic mind the same mysterious influence and ascendancy which she seems to have gained over all with whom she came in contact, her own sex included. She soon shakes his ideas about the Romish cathedra; she converts him absolutely to her religion, and makes him believe in it and in herself, heart and soul. A feeling towards her grows and strengthens in him which is not love nor friendship nor admiration, but simple worship. Actuated by this, we now encounter him, in spite of the elaborate devices and machinations of the urbane Cardinal and the monsignori—in spite of the persuasion of the saintly Miss Arundel herself—threading the passes of the Apennines to wage a warfare not for, but against, the Roman power. Theodora is there with her husband, and is the spirit that animates the whole enterprise. This campaign, "the death-struggle between the Church and the Secret Societies," and the hopes and disappointments of the combatants and of Theodora, as tidings arrive of the capture and then of the escape of Garibaldi, and of the embarkation and disembarkation of the French troops, are graphically depicted in some stirring chapters of the second volume. During the retreat to Viterbo a random shot strikes Theodora, and she dies, having exacted with her last breath a promise from Lothair that he never would enter the Roman communion. In the subsequent attack on Mentana Lothair himself is shot down, and intelligence is brought (as it was afterwards alleged miraculously) to one of the Sisters of Mercy who hovered about the camp that a young man severely wounded is in one of the ambulances and requires immediate attention. The wounded man was of course Lothair, the messenger was supposed to be the Virgin Mary, and the sister who received the message was Miss Arundel.

When the last volume opens we find the hero, broken in body and mind, exposed without power of resistance to all those fascinations by means of which Holy Church knows so well how to throw a spell over human senses, and intellects. Angel hands minister to him, he hears angel voices in the air. By his side are beautiful flowers, and a crucifix and a silver bell. Where he is he has no idea. (He is really in the Agostini Palace, tended affectionately by the ladies of the family of Lord St. Jerome.) He can only remember vaguely that he was struck down at Mentana, and that a catastrophe still more dreadful happened in a battle before that. He hears a requiem for the dead—for Theodora. Recovering slowly, he is treated with the most thoughtful kindness by the priests, the Cardinal and Father Coleman. They talk with him, and he feebly listens, and tries in vain to answer or understand. He is half made to believe in his miraculous rescue, and that he had been fighting all along on the Papal side. Then, wherever he goes he finds one of these Fathers, always about his path and always urbane and obliging. And he would probably have succumbed to all the subtle influences brought to bear upon him, but one night he has chanced to stray towards the ruins of the Coliseum. The moonbeams fall upon a figure

that is observing him from an adjacent crag, and a deep sweet voice that never could be forgotten says, "Lothair, remember!" It is the voice of the divine Theodora. Lothair loses consciousness, and is picked up insensible by Father Coleman, who happened to be in the vicinity, having been tempted to visit the great ruin that very night. The rest of Lothair's history we will not reveal.

The plot of this book, only one section of which we have outlined up to a certain point, is not elaborated with any particular care; but its interest never flags. It is valuable as a novel and as a psychological study by one who has had peculiar facilities for studying men and manners; valuable as a repertoire containing a hundred such gems as (for instance) Apollonia's suggestion that "the religious sentiment of the Southern races must be wonderfully affected by a more rigorous climate." "I cannot doubt," she continued, "that a series of severe winters in Rome might put an end to Romanism." Before many days "Lothair" will have been read by all who read anything.

ABOUT MAKING TEA.

Potatoes, no doubt, are an important addition to roast beef, and the man who first planted them ought to have a statue raised to him. Some people may look with awe upon the rock near Salcombe, in Devonshire, where Sir Walter Raleigh smoked his first pipe in England. Indispensable as the potato, sweetly soothing as the tobacco plant, more thirst-quenching than *lachrymæ Christi*, or Bordeaux, invigorating as, but less soporific than beer, tea "cheers, but not inebriates," and seems to unite in itself the virtues of other modern luxuries, without sharing in their demerits. Tea in China, however, is not the same as tea in America. The Chinaman would as soon think of putting milk or sugar into his tea as we should think of flavouring champagne with salt. He is also far more particular about his cups and saucers than we are. He would laugh at many of our thick, clumsy cups, called "china," by courtesy. His cup must be of a certain shape, ornamented with colours, which are always beautiful, and harmoniously arranged. He delights, most of all, in the delicate and transparent paper-china, that feels as light as a wafer, and is instantly heated through. The invariably stout and sedentary person, with useless feet, who sits all day, and sometimes all night, making tea for him, puts a few dry leaves into his cup, then pours the boiling water over them, claps a thin little saucer-lid upon the cup, to keep the steam in and draw the tea; and presently the tea is poured into that same little saucer-lid, and drank by John Chinaman, much in the style of our washer-women. In Russia they make tea in tumblers, and flavour it with lemon and sugar. Some people add rum and drink it cold. In France if you call for tea, you will get a thin, boiling fluid, which flows almost colourless from the tea-pot, and tastes something like warm water flavoured with dandelions. Of course we mean to imply that our method of making tea is the only sound and proper one. We are not sure that we might not borrow the saucer-lid from the Celestials, but we must insist upon plenty of milk and sugar. At all events, in a free country we may fairly claim the liberty of the subject in this direction; but alas! how few people know how to make tea! only middle-aged bachelors ever attain supreme excellence in this art, and perhaps a few gifted ladies who have been carefully instructed by them. How many of those unconscious damsels, who carelessly shovel in an indefinite number of spoonfuls, and drench the same with an indefinite quantity of half-boiling water, realize the difficulties of the task they have so lightly undertaken! They confidently put their tea-pot on the stove, as they say "to draw," as if, forsooth, tepid water would ever draw the hidden treasure out of leaves that have, perhaps, been placed in a tea-pot only half warmed. Others pour you out three thimblefuls as strong as brandy, and then fill up your cup with pure water, and hand you this flavourless mixture, with the request that you will add milk and sugar according to your taste, as if any possible additions could make the wretched stuff drinkable. Some pour your tea into a cold cup, and let it with milk. Some give you a good first cup, and let the drained tea-pot stand till you call for a second; then they have the effrontery to fill it up under your very nose, and offer to pour you out any quantity of hot water, which they expect you to drink gravely, with milk and sugar, and call it tea. Others put in soda, and stir the tea-leaves with a spoon—some boil your tea! in fact, there is no end to the dreadful delusions practised by women on themselves and their victims under the name of tea-making. Doubtless, there are certain rules; which may be laid down, such as—see that the water boils; warm your tea-pot and cups well through; fill the tea-pot at least half or three quarters full, or your tea will be cold, the water will not be hot enough to draw, or it will draw a little strong essence, which you will presently have to drown, and consequently spoil, with boiling water. Keep the tea as much as possible of an even quality. Let the second and third cups be at least as strong as the first. Dr. Johnson was a great connoisseur in tea, and used not unfrequently to take twelve cups. But such were Mrs. Thrale's experience and skill, that we do not hear of his ever being disappointed. But no rules will insure good tea-making. *Poeta nascitur non fit*, and it may be said similarly, you are born a tea-maker, but you cannot become one.

However, to be a good tea-maker is one thing, and to avoid being a very bad one is another; and we are certain, if ladies could be made to realize the importance of this delightful art, and if they only knew what excellent judges most men are of tea, we should soon have what is sadly wanted throughout the country—a great reform in tea-making.—*Good Health.*

Gavroche—the London Arab's Parisian equivalent—may be seen putting politics to base uses behind the policeman's back in this wise:—two sous are placed one on the other, in such a way that the eagle's beak kisses Cæsar's head. A marble is then dropped on the coins, the prime desideratum being to obtain what is called "concord" between the two, that is to say, all Cæsar or all bird of prey. The respective coins are called "Bonhomme" and "Meg;" the origin of the latter appellation is inscrutable. This ingenious means of disposing of Gavroche's limited means is popularly known as the game of Plébiscite. If the shock of the marble falling produces two eagles, which means France alone and independently of the Empire, this would denote the triumph of the Opposition; while two heads betoken, on the contrary, the supremacy of the Emperor Napoleon. "Où diable la politique va-t-elle se nicher?"

THE GENERAL'S NEPHEW.

SEVERAL years before the introduction of Minié-rifles and tunics, when Brown Bess with a well-hammered flint was considered the most efficient weapon of the British soldier, the regiment to which I then belonged was stationed, during its Indian tour of service, in the Sultryport division, commanded by Major-General Sir Hannibal Peacocke, K. C. B., one of the best whist-players and worst general officers in the service. He had entered the army young, and having both luck and interest, rose rapidly to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, when he was put on half-pay, and, having served almost exclusively on the staff, as ignorant of regimental duty as a man well could be. During the years which followed, he endeavoured, by assiduous attention to the duties of a man about town, to fit himself for future command; and on promotion to the rank of general, attended every levee of the commander-in-chief, asking for employment, and became a regular hanger-on at the Horse-guards, who, either to get rid of his importunities, or oblige his brother-in-law, Lord Cawood, gave him a division in India. Favoured child of fortune as he was, the general was always grumbling at his ill-luck, particularly at the card-table, though he could not bear to hear any one else do so, and would always demolish the complainant's grievance by quoting some greater misfortune which had happened to himself, making the lesser mischance appear contemptible and insignificant. If a defeated adversary made any remark on the number of rubbers he had lost, the general would exclaim: 'You don't call that a run of ill-luck, do you, sir? Why, I played whist regularly every night for eight years, and never held a trump the whole time.'

'But, Sir Hannibal,' rashly suggests an incredulous sub, 'you must have dealt every fourth round, and taken the turn-up card into your hand.'

'By no means, sir; with my usual luck, I positively made a misdeal every time.'

The youngster is silenced; and the triumphant general makes a mental *mem.* that so wide-awake a young gentleman is just suited for the agreeable task of the next treasure-escort, which amiable intention he generally carried out with praiseworthy fidelity.

The general had never been married; but he brought out a nephew with him, who he requested might be gazetted to the first vacancy occurring in any of Her Majesty's regiments in the Sultryport division. In those days, commissions had not been thrown open to public competition; preparatory examination was undreamed of, and popular opinion unanimously pointed out the greatest fool of the family as the fittest for the army.

No rational doubt could be entertained that Lord Cawood's second son was perfectly eligible on this score to wear a red coat; he accompanied his uncle to India; and soon after their arrival, the *Gazette* informed us that the Honourable Peregrine Falcon Rooke had purchased an ensigncy in our regiment.

There was at the time, I fear, a sadly democratic feeling in the corps, as some of our slips of aristocracy had not been very favourable specimens; and others who had left the regiment soon after going on foreign service, had made rather hard bargains with their successors. We were not, therefore, inclined to think better of the young hand because he happened to be an earl's son; besides which, we were shortly afterwards ordered in from our out-station, where game was abundant and duty light, to the formality and field-days of division head-quarters; and we all felt sure that our recall from our happy hunting-grounds was chiefly in order that the junior ensign should be under the avuncular eye, and have the benefit of his countenance and support on first joining.

We arrived in Sultryport at the beginning of the hot season, and being a new station, houses were so scarce there that five of us were fain to content ourselves with the joint-occupancy of a splendid mansion, consisting of one large room, with an enclosed verandah all round. That is to say, we remained in the house by day, and slept at night in tents pitched close outside, until, as the rainy season drew near, we were driven from their comparative coolness by sand-storms occurring nearly every night, which forced us to take refuge in the house.

It was an unusually hot season even for that climate; the rains delayed their coming; the hot wind blew from sunrise till midnight; there was a lurid haze in the scorching atmosphere, through which objects loomed large as if seen through a fog. Our only chance of getting any sleep was to keep the punkah going all night, for which purpose we had a relay of coolies; much-enduring individuals, without any peculiar characteristics mental or physical, except an inordinate capacity for sleep and extreme scantiness of drapery, who, in consideration of the monthly guerdon of eight shillings, without board or lodgings, undertook that one of their number should always be ready to fan our fevered brows. Like most natives, they possessed the power of instantly composing themselves to sleep at any hour of the four and twenty; but at night, in particular, the exercise of their monotonous

vocation seemed to possess an effect as irresistibly somniferous as the branch dripping with Lethæan dew did on Palinurus. Somnus relaxed their wearied limbs; the long punkah, under which all slept, stopped, and we awoke, bathed in perspiration, to abuse the coolie, rub our mosquito bites, and doze off again. The paymaster, a choleric little Welshman, being the most wakeful of the party, took upon himself the task of keeping the coolies on the alert, for which purpose his cot was placed in the centre, with an abundant supply of ammunition heaped alongside thereof, in the shape of the united boots and shoes of the entire party, besides a collection of sundry miscellaneous articles, such as glove-trees, cricket-balls, old books, &c.; which might, on occasion, be converted into projectiles. Even with this formidable armament, and the fear of punishment before their eyes, the coolies did snore occasionally; but retribution swift and terrible followed, from the avenging slipper of the paymaster.

I do not think we were as grateful to him as we ought to have been for his exertions, as we found that the noise produced by the shower of missiles, the crash of broken glass, or the piteous accents of the coolie deprecating master's wrath, protesting he was murdered, or imploring assistance from the governor-general and East India Company, was quite as fatal to 'tired nature's sweet restorer' as the want of cool air.

We accordingly had a tall three-legged stool constructed, on which the coolie on duty was always perched. It gave him great facility in pulling the punkah, and proved an excellent seat as long as he remained awake and sat upright; but the moment he began to nod, the rickety tripod was overbalanced, and the whole concern upset bodily. This we found a most effectual means of murdering sleep, as, after performing half-a-dozen of these involuntary somersaults, the coolies learned to keep themselves awake, and the punkah going.

Whilst we, in a semi-delinquent state, were endeavouring, by expedients such as these, to render the heat somewhat less unbearable, we were constantly tantalised by seeing the junior ensign in undivided possession of an excellent house adjoining ours, which he did not offer to share with any one.

Young Rooke seemed an ungainly, rather silly lad, without much harm in his composition, or anything aristocratic in his manners or appearance, but with an overweening sense of his own importance. At drill, he was the most awkward fellow I ever saw; it required a couple of sergeants to put him in the proper position of a soldier, and the moment their hands were withdrawn, he relapsed into his usual slouching attitude. He had a habit, too, of knocking one foot against another like a horse cutting, by which he was always losing step; and when he shouldered his musket, it seemed an even chance whether he sent the bayonet into his own cheek or his neighbour's. All rebukes and corrections he received with so well-satisfied an air, that his amendment seemed hopeless; and Wright, our adjutant, was in a state of despair at having such an unpromising recruit to deal with, declaring his life would be shortened by being daily compelled to witness so melancholy a spectacle. Now, next to a pretty girl and a well-drilled battalion, there was nothing Wright liked so much as a joke, particularly a practical one; indeed, he loved it not wisely, but too well, and had often got into trouble by indulging his facetious propensities.

He longed to play off some trick upon Rooke, which might soothe his own feelings, and diminish the other's self-importance, but found it difficult to get an opportunity for doing so, as the youngster seldom came to mess or mixed with his brother-officers, being unwisely kept away by his uncle, the general, which made him even more unpopular than he would have been at any rate. Accordingly, he gravely informed Rooke that, as he had got on so far in his drill, it was time for him to proceed to more advanced exercises, and commence learning the drum, for which purpose the drum-major would provide him with an instrument, and attend at his quarters for an hour daily, after morning parade—a private hint being given to the instructor, that the lesson should always be given in the verandah, which was in full view of the mess-room. There we used to assemble every morning for coffee and billiards, but both were neglected for the pleasure of seeing Rooke pacing up and down with a drum suspended from his shoulders, practising the initiatory exercise called 'mammy daddy,' which is, in fact, the *do, re, mi* of all who learn this sonorous instrument.

To explain for the benefit of the uninitiated, it may be briefly described as follows: The tyro's hands being arranged in the proper position, he gives two taps with the right one, then withdrawing it, holds the drum-stick perpendicularly by his side, repeats the same process with the left, and so on *ad infinitum*. It is rather monotonous work, and, at the best of times, makes the performer look rather foolish; but when Rooke's awkward movements and shambling gait were contrasted with the splendid proportions of the drum-major, who owed his situation to the fact of his being the handsomest man in the regiment, the effect was inexpressibly ludicrous,

and formed a never-failing source of amusement to those who witnessed it. The pupil, however, had not advanced beyond these elementary studies, when his further progress was stopped by his uncle coming in one day to pay our colonel a visit.

Sir Hannibal Peacocke, like most ignorant men, was very fussy about trifles, and constantly getting hold of some new hobby, which he rode until he tired of it, or some fresh one came in his way. Having that morning mounted a new one—a novel method of putting on the knapsack without straps, which proved a complete failure—he came in to display his equitation for the colonel's benefit. Having taken as much exercise in that way as he felt disposed for, the conversation turned on his nephew, who, the general remarked, he was glad to hear was getting on so well with his drill.

'I am sorry I cannot agree with you, general,' said the outspoken Colonel Hardy, 'for really I never met a more stupid lad in my life; he seems to make no progress, notwithstanding all the trouble taken with him.'

'I am afraid you do not take the trouble of making yourself acquainted with what passes in your regiment,' replied Sir Hannibal, with some asperity; for I can tell you the adjutant is so well satisfied with his proficiency, that he has allowed him to commence learning the drum.'

'The drum, general! you cannot be serious; there must be some mistake. Surely no one ever heard of such a thing as training an officer to a bandsman's duties.'

'My nephew never told me a falsehood, even in jest, Colonel Hardy; and you will find what I have stated to be perfectly correct, if you ask your adjutant, who I saw writing in the next room when I came in.'

Wright was summoned, and the moment he entered the room, perceived that the conjunction of two such luminaries boded him no good; and augured from the ominous silence which greeted his entrance, that, as he expressed it, the devoted storm was about to descend on his thundering head.

'Have you been playing off any of your jokes on Mr. Rooke?' sternly demanded the colonel.

'Jokes, sir!' demurely answered Wright. 'I can assure you, it's no joke trying to teach a man of his stamp. I'm nearly heart-broken from him myself; and the sergeant-major threatened suicide if compelled to continue drilling him. I could not knock anything into his head, or out of his heels; so I thought it no harm to try whether his hands could not perform some military movement. He's getting on very well at it; and I am sure the general would be quite pleased to hear the fine tone he brings out of the instrument.'

Had the general not been present, it is probable that the affair might have passed off as a harmless trick; but restrained by this, and a sense of duty, the colonel frowned down his rising mirth, and said: 'You have done wrong, sir, to allow your private feelings to influence you in the discharge of your duty; you have abused the authority I gave you over a young officer, and endeavoured to make him the butt of the regiment. This mock-instruction must be discontinued; and I trust you will see the propriety of apologising to Mr. Rooke for what has passed. I trust you are satisfied, Sir Hannibal.'

'No, I am not satisfied; very much the reverse,' said the general, his choler rising as he became gradually aware of the extent to which his nephew and himself had been imposed on, until between the state of the thermometer and internal warmth, he seemed on the point of spontaneous combustion. 'Go to your quarters instantly, Mr. Wright, and consider yourself under arrest.'

Whereupon the culprit left the room without speaking, and the general soon after took his leave, vowing vengeance against Wright; declaring that he would make an example of him, and that he was fully determined to bring him to a court-martial for such outrageous conduct.

To all this tirade, Colonel Hardy wisely made no reply; but, soon after the general's departure, sent him a note, saying that he hoped Sir Hannibal would, on mature reflection, view the case more favourably, as Wright was a young man of excellent principles, and a first-rate officer, though sometimes led away by high spirits; that it would be impossible to frame charges for a court-martial without making his nephew—he did not venture to say himself—the laughing-stock of the service; and, moreover, that if ever the matter came to a trial, he would feel bound to state that Sir Hannibal Peacocke, a general officer commanding a division, fully believed that learning the drum formed an integral part of an officer's education.

By this time, Sir Hannibal's wrath had time to cool; and seeing the cogency of these arguments, he replied that to oblige Colonel Hardy, he would treat the case as leniently as his duty would permit; that Mr. Wright might be released from arrest; but as he could not pass over such conduct without publicly expressing his disapprobation of it, the lieutenant in question should attend at the general's quarters the following morning, when, in the presence of all commanding officers and staff in the station, he would receive such a reprimand as

the major-general might deem it fit to administer.

Sir Hannibal Peacocke was a particularly neat man; the scrupulous exactness of his person was only equalled by the cleanliness of his house, and elegance of his bachelor *ménage*. Every one else's linen looked yellow in comparison with the immaculate purity of his; a speck on his white trousers, a soil on his boots, a stain on his table-cloth, or a particle of dust on the table itself, made him quite uncomfortable; but the presence of a fly or spider set him well-nigh distraught, and he would interrupt the gravest conversation to make slaps at an intruding bluebottle, and prided himself not a little on the dexterous manner in which he crushed the offender between his extended palms.

Next morning, at the hour indicated, commanding officers and staff assembled as directed at the general's quarters, all in full-dress, to look as imposing as possible. When Sir Hannibal entered the room, without noticing any one, he fixed his eyes on the wall, which a large speckled spider was slowly ascending on his return from a successful foraging expedition, taking with him a supply of ant-meat for the nourishment of his family.

The bearer, loudly summoned, warily and slowly approached the unsuspecting spider, and when arrived within springing distance, made a dash at it with the cloth he held in his hand; then removing it triumphantly, displayed the crushed remains of the spider, surrounded by a gory stain, on the wall. Instead, however, of the approbation he looked for, his master was so enraged at the mark on his spotless chunam, that he pulled a flash pink turban off the bearer's head, wiped the obnoxious stain with it, then threw it in his face, and kicked and pommelled him out of the room, to the great amusement of those who witnessed this practical commentary on the general's favourite exordium against maltreating native servants.

Then gravely seating himself at the head of a table covered with writing materials, Sir Hannibal motioned the other officers to chairs on either side; and they had hardly time to compose their faces, when Wright entered, looking so preternaturally solemn, that any one who knew him, would at once have suspected there was some mischief brewing.

Knowing Sir Hannibal's entomophobia, he had employed some of his spare time in capturing a number of flies and immersing them in a paper-box, perforated with innumerable pin-holes, in order to keep its inmates in a state of active vitality.

This he held inside his shako with one hand, and by keeping his finger on an orifice in the lid, let them escape when he wished. The general, not being gifted with much extempore eloquence, had written the wiggling he intended to administer, and now commenced reading it aloud:

'Lieutenant and Adjutant Wright, I regret— Buzz, buzz went an audacious blue-bottle within an inch of the pretorian nose. Slap, slap from the general, and the enemy retreated in good order, leaving him master of the field.'

He had hardly recommenced reading, when he was again interrupted in a similar manner; but this time he had better success, for the intruder was destroyed.

Complacent at the result of his *coup de main*, he made a third essay.

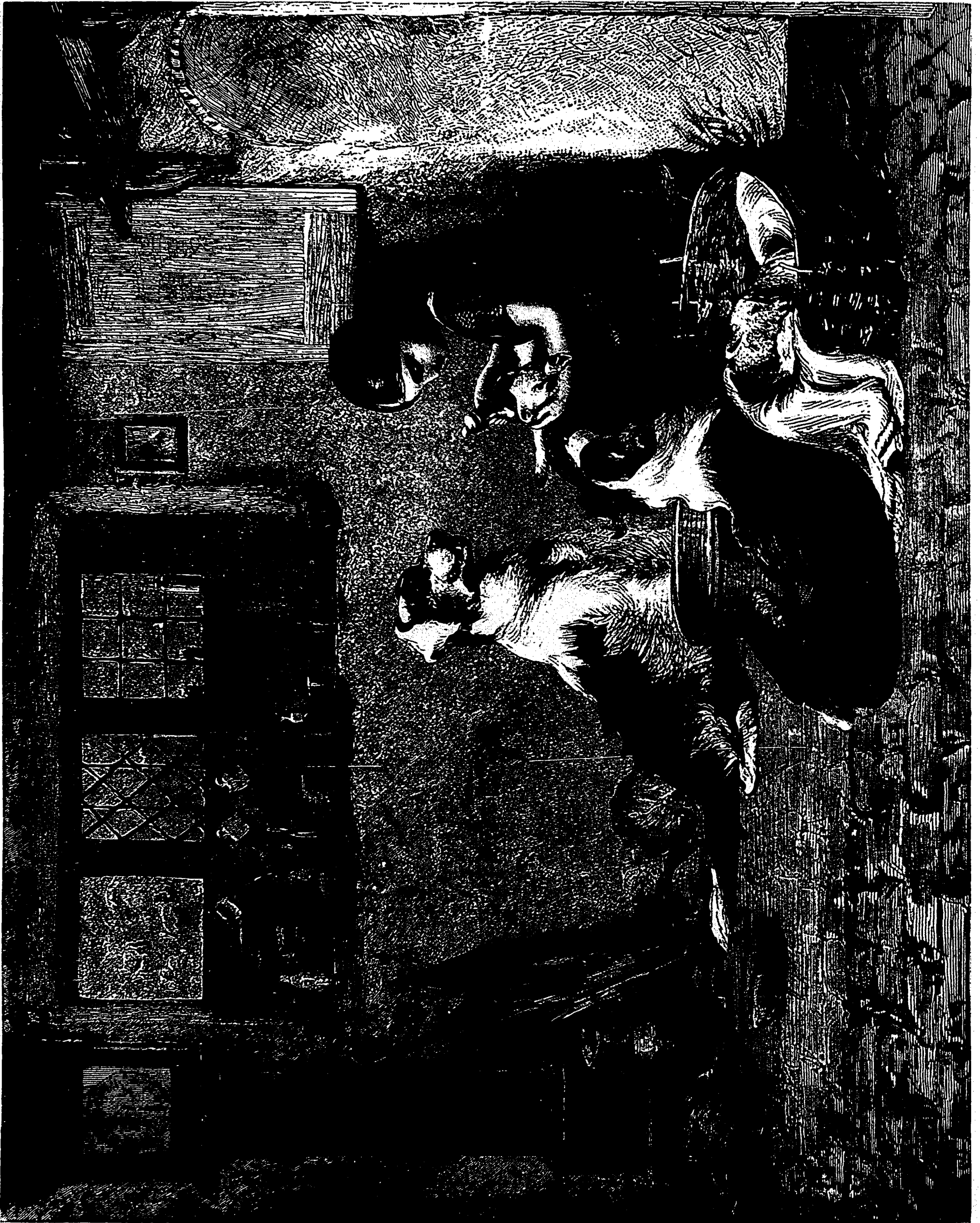
'Lieutenant and Adjutant Wright, I regret to find that'—Here a score of flies, rampant from their newly acquired liberty, made an onslaught, together with such a brisk hum of insolent defiance, that, dropping the paper he held, the general vigorously smote the air, in a vain attempt to rid himself of his persecutors.

Imitating the example of their chief, the other officers rose to assist him in banishing the unwelcome visitors.

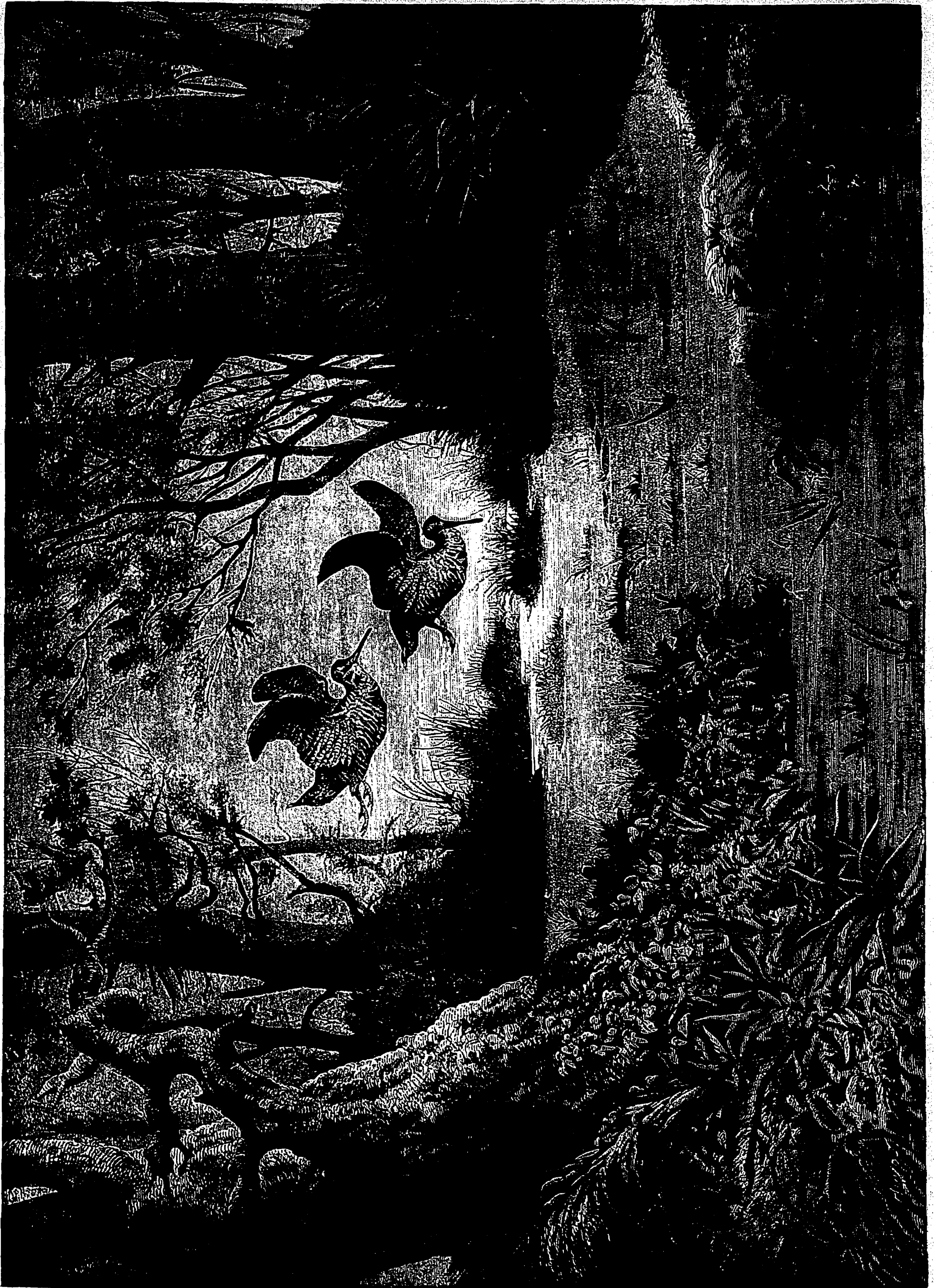
Furor arma ministrat; each seizes what he can lay hold of—books, cocked-hats, and hand-punkahs are converted for the nonce into fly-flappers. A dragoon-major, more zealous than skilful, grasped a long ruler sawbriwise, and making 'cut two' in most approved style, missed the blue-bottle, and nearly floored the garrison-surgeon, whose bald head it encountered in its descent. The adjutant-general, in making a vigorous sweep with his arm, knocked off the commissary's spectacles; and the latter functionary, purblind from their loss, and surprised at such an unlocked-for assault, upset the ink-bottle in groping to recover them, dashing its contents over the formidable foolscap whereon the reprimand was written, and extending its ravages to the snowy integuments which covered the general's nether man.

Solvuntur tabule risu. Such a scene of confusion ensued, that Sir Hannibal, finding it impossible to restore order, dismissed all present, intimating, however, at the same time his intention of reassembling them at some future time for the same purpose.

It would seem, however, that a convenient time for the purpose never came, as no one ever afterwards heard Sir Hannibal allude to the subject; nor, stranger still, does any mention of it appear in the life and memoirs of that gallant and distinguished officer, published after his lamented decease, several years subsequently, and it has consequently remained unchronicled up to the present moment.



THE ORPHANS.



HAUNT OF THE SNIP E.—See page 471.

Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.

MY VISIT TO FAIRVIEW VILLA.

BY MRS. LEPROHON.

I was unprepared for the crimson tide that so abruptly rushed to her face, flushing even the tiny shell-shaped ears showing so daintily from under her little hat, and I was equally unprepared for the suddenness with which her eyes, abashed and half frightened-looking, sought the ground. A long silence followed, I inwardly ruminating on my rashness and resolving on more circumspection; when at length raising her eyes, but still looking away from me, she hesitatingly said in a low tone, very unlike her usual clear ringing accents,

"Explain your words, Mr. Saville."

Oh, Syren! She had brought me to the very verge of a declaration—another moment and I would have been at her feet, almost kissing the hem of her garments, but summoning all my self-command, my manhood's pride to my aid, I replied with a tone of gay politeness that cost me a mighty effort, for I had to bite my lip till the blood almost started.

"You have taught me, Miss Otway, how charming, how irresistible a pretty woman can render herself."

Her face flushed again, but this time angrily and proudly.

"Good!" thought I, finding even in the midst of my own secret suffering a satisfaction in the pang I had just inflicted on her vanity.

"Diamond cut diamond, wily coquette! You have robbed me of happiness and hope, but not of self-respect. You shall have one scalp the less to hang on to your girdle of feminine triumphs."

Another pause, during which I assiduously commenced gathering another handful of the first weeds that came within reach, to replace the former specimens which she had thrown away. As usual, she first broke silence by carelessly asking,

"Are you going to row for Mrs. Merton's silver arrow in the boat race coming off this week?"

"I won't be here, Miss Otway. I am obliged to leave."

"Yes—when?" she calmly asked, as she carefully shook off a little insect resting on a pretty fern, forming part of her collection.

"To-morrow," was my brief rejoinder.

If I had unconsciously calculated on the sudden announcement of my approaching departure producing any impression on her flinty heart, I had good cause to feel woefully disappointed. There was no regret, no emotion exhibited, not even as much interest as she displayed in getting rid of the tiny beetle on which her eyes were fixed. Chatting freely on different topics, expressing much interest in the forthcoming race in which Captain Graham was to ply an oar, accompanied by a carelessly polite regret that I should miss it, as well as a moonlight drive and some other pleasures in contemplation, we hastened our steps and soon rejoined the party, finding Miss Gray severely lecturing some of its members on the nature of the botanical collections they had made.

"The charity-school children might have known better than to have gathered such trash," she indignantly exclaimed, tossing aside bundles of what she sarcastically suggested might be useful to the cook at Fairview Villa as "greens." Lunch was immediately produced, however, and in the welcome prospect thus afforded to all, Miss Gray's denunciations were borne with considerable philosophy. Our return home was very cheerful, the mineralogists of the party amusing themselves by firing their specimens at each other, or at a given mark.

Miss Otway was in excellent spirits, brilliant, witty, playful, a strong contrast to my own self, wrapped up in moody taciturnity, brooding over the woful thought that on the morrow I should be far away from the enchantress who, despite prudence, reticence, resolve, had called to life so strong a passion in my aching heart.

After our return the ladies sought their rooms to dress for dinner. She (what other woman than Geraldine Otway did I give a thought to now) came down soon in one of the light, transparent, soft-tinted toilets that became her delicate beauty so well, and looking so childishly lighthearted as she fondled and teased a pretty King Charles given her by Captain Graham, that I was divided between a wish to strangle the dog on one hand, and on the other to curse the day on which I had first met its radiant mistress. After a time Mr. Merton came in with some papers and letters, one of which he handed to Miss Otway. She opened it and then retired into the embrasure of the window to read it at her leisure behind the lace curtains. Restless and wretched, I strolled out on the lawn. Capt. Graham accosted me—I turned shortly from him. Then Miss Merton, but for once she failed to please. Next I encountered my hostess to whom I had not as yet spoken of my intended departure, but I wanted energy to meet and resist the kind entreaties which I knew would be forthcoming to induce me to change my intention.

After a listless half hour I re-entered the drawing-room, like the moth returning to the flame that had already singed my heart, I suppose I must say, instead of wings. No one was there except Miss Otway, who was still standing near the window, looking absently from it, and mechanically twisting and creasing the corners of the envelope she held in her hand. Approaching her, I made some slight common-place remark which she as indifferently answered, and then suddenly, without word or warning, she burst into tears. Grieved, shocked, I ventured to hope that Miss Otway had received no painful news from her correspondents.

Springing to her feet, she exclaimed:

"Dolt! Don't you know that nine times out of ten a woman cries without cause?"

Ere I could recover from my astonishment, she was gone, whilst I remained rooted dumbly to the spot, not so much by the unprovoked epithet flung at my head with such a wrathful glance, as by the wondering surmise of what had I done to offend her, to call forth such an exhibition of anger.

What a termagant she was, and yet what would I not have given for the privilege of taking that termagant to my heart for life.

I saw no more of her till evening, when returning from a short stroll with my host, in which I had declared my resolve of starting, notwithstanding his hospitable entreaties, the following morning, I noted Geraldine's slight figure step forth on the verandah. Anxious for a kindly farewell word, for I knew my departure would take place the following morning ere she should have left her couch, I broke off a sprig of ivy twining round one of the pillars of the porch, and approached her.

"May I offer this as a species of olive branch, Miss Otway? I leave to-morrow."

"But we have not quarrelled," she coldly said, drawing back from me.

"Because I would not quarrel with you," I retorted, with considerable bitterness, for the thought of all she was making me suffer in the present, as well as what I would suffer in the future, awoke angry feelings within me. "Provocation on your part was certainly not wanting. Accept, however, my token, and our parting will at least be friendly. Ignorant as I am of botany, I know this leaf signifies friendship. Pray take it?"

"Why should I?" she asked. "It would be even more utterly worthless than the vegetable phenomena which Miss Gray suggested this morning might answer for greens," and with a scornful look she flung my offering away and turned back into the house. Ah, she had had the best of our singular duel, and she was still heart-free, unfettered, able to heap scorn on me which burned like fire into my very soul. Cruel, merciless flirt! Why had destiny ever permitted us to meet?

But we learn to dissemble through life, and as I sauntered round the grounds later that evening, for the glorious beauty of the moonlight tempted us all into the open air, no one would have suspected from my calm cheerful look and easy playful retorts to friendly witticisms, that I had already entered on what I feared would be to me a life-long, absorbing sorrow. Still I yearned for solitude, for quiet, and on seeing Miss Merton step forth from the library on the lawn, I quietly fell back into the shade of the trees to avoid her. My heart was too sore for even her gentle companionship then; and as soon as chance favoured me, I stole up into the room she had just left. It was as I expected, quite deserted, and lit only by the arrowy beams of moonlight that streamed through the half-drawn curtains. It was a welcome haven, and peering about through the semi-obscurity, I saw a small sofa, deep in shadow, on which I seated myself, and which probably had just been vacated by Miss Merton, for her handkerchief, recognizable by her favourite perfume, Mignonette, lay yet upon it. I took it up and inhaled the fragrance its folds gave forth, thinking all the while how feminine was the gentle owner, how different to the mocking Circe on whom I had so idly lavished the treasured love of an honest heart.

Suddenly a light figure entered from the garden and approached my obscure sofa. "Ah! here comes Miss Merton," I thought. "I will give her a surprise."

But the figure quietly seated itself beside me, saying, "I have kept you waiting, Fanny, dear; but I could not get away from that tiresome Graham before;" and the speaker was not Fanny Merton but Geraldine Otway.

And now had I not so exactly and fearlessly told the plain truth up to this present moment, I should feel tempted here to depart from it, and slur over matters a little, for instead of instantly rising, and saying as any honourable, high principled man would have done, "Miss Otway, it is Lawrence Saville, not Miss Merton," I treacherously and silently retained my seat, still keeping the handkerchief to my face.

"I promised you, dear friend, to tell you what I was crying for before I should go to bed to-night," she said in a low, sweet tone, which, alas! was almost unknown to me, so rarely had she employed it in my presence.

"It was not the letter as you thought. No, it is because that wretch, Saville, who does not care one farthing for me, is going away to-

morrow, and, God help me, Fanny! I dearly love him."

Here a little soft arm stole round my neck, and with a gasping sob she laid her head upon my breast.

Suddenly, involuntarily, I pressed her to my heart with a rapture beyond the power of words to express. Whether the fervour of my embrace awoke her suspicions; or, that her soft cheek had come in contact with my rough bearded one, she suddenly sprang from my side, and in a voice thrilling in its agonized shame and terror, gasped forth,

"For God's sake, who are you?"

In a moment I was at her feet, telling I was one who loved as no man had ever loved her yet, loved her in silence, in hopeless despair, almost from the moment we had first met.

"What! Lawrence Saville?" she whispered. I renewed my prayers, my vows; but she recoiled from me in horror.

"False, cruel, treacherous!" she faltered. "How dare you allow me to betray myself thus?"

Almost forgetting in my sympathy with the terrible humiliation of that proud though noble nature, my own boundless joy to know myself beloved by her, I still knelt at her feet, imploring her to forgive—to listen to me.

"Begone from my sight, for ever," she passionately exclaimed.

"I believe not in this story of your new-found love, and even if it be true, I shall go down unwedded to my grave before you shall ever place a ring on my finger."

At this moment the door opened, and Mrs. Merton, bearing a waxen taper, entered. Her look of offended amazement on seeing Miss Otway's terrible agitation, and I kneeling at her feet, was indescribable.

"What is it?" she asked. "Tell me, Geraldine, at once."

"He, that man has insulted me," she answered, with death-pale face and glittering eyes.

My hostess turned majestically towards me, and I rose to my feet.

"How dare you, sir," she angrily questioned. "How dare you insult a young lady under my protection—under my roof. It is fortunate that you intend leaving without delay, or I should be under the necessity of saying to you—go. Mr. Saville, I have been terribly deceived in you. You are one of the very last I would have suspected capable of such conduct!"

I listened in silence to all this, for a firm resolution was taken by me in that moment to never give to man or woman explanation of the present scene; and if she chose to leave me open to obloquy and blame, was it not a cheap price to pay for the knowledge that the priceless treasure of her love was mine?

"Leave me, sir, and never let me see you again under my roof," continued Mrs. Merton, waving me imperiously from the room, whilst Miss Otway, turning to still more marble whiteness, leaned against her for support.

Resolving to make my preparations for departure without delay, I proceeded to my own room, but ere I had been long there, a slight tap sounded at my door, and opening it, I found it was Captain Graham.

"Mr. Saville," he said. "We are both men of the world, so a few words will suffice. I happened to be in the hall when Miss Otway made her indignant complaint to Mrs. Merton that you had insulted her. Though having no legal right to defend that young lady, she is very dear to me, and without waiting for further formalities, I ask at your hands reparation for the insult she alleges having received from you?"

"At your own time and hour, Captain Graham," I stiffly replied.

"Well, if I mistake not, you intend leaving for town, early to-morrow, and I will run down the day after. We can then settle everything, as well as invent a cause for our quarrel, for the young lady's name must not be mixed up in it."

I handed him my card with place of residence on it, inwardly thinking he was a manly and spirited, if not successful wooer, and with a formal interchange of bows, we parted.

Then I sat down to think for my brain was almost giddy. I who had never yet been engaged in a duel, even as a second, was now pledged to one with an adversary who was a practical hand; then again, I, a most peaceful, unoffending man by disposition, found myself lying under the grave charge of having grossly insulted a young lady in a house where I was a guest. But what mattered it all? I was beloved by her whom I had so blindly worshipped in secret, and even though she might never consent to look on me again (a thing possible with that wayward, proud spirit) the blissful consciousness that her love was mine, was amply worth all I had suffered or might suffer.

When my parting arrangements were completed, I sat down and wrote to Geraldine Otway a letter such as a man on the brink of parting from life might write to her who was the chief link that bound him to it. There was no mocking smile to dread now, no scornful taunt to fear; and I poured out my whole soul in the letter I was writing. All was earnest between her and I now. I told her, my proud, beautiful darling, how, from the first, I had struggled against loving her,

how when affection for her, despite my efforts had crept into my heart, I had striven to tear it thence, never daring to dream it could be returned, but had been foiled, worsted in the combat, succeeding only in hiding my secret, and finding the only sure means of doing that—flight. I went over it all; my struggle with self in the wood over the day of the storm; during our ride; our botanical excursions; and then, when my letter was finished, I sealed, pressed it to my lips for her sake, and rose to my feet.

Day was dawning cold and chill; and I resolved to hasten down to the stables and get out my horse myself, but the bride was not to be found, and the servants were still in bed. Action was necessary to me, and finding the keen sharp air of early morning welcome to my hot cheek and temples, I decided on a stroll down the road. On my return I saw a sleepy stable boy lounging near the gate, and I gave him the requisite directions. Whilst he was attending to them, I scribbled a line to my host containing farewell thanks and excuses for my early departure, mentioning I should send for my luggage the ensuing day. This note I left on the hall table, then with one long yearning look towards the closely curtained window of Miss Otway's room, one wild agonized wish that we might yet meet again, were it only for a moment, I descended the stairs and took my solitary way.

It was hard, too, loving and loved, to part thus, but earth gives only a certain portion of happiness to each of her children, and I had had probably my share, surely an ample one, when leaning her head on my breast she had avowed her love. Would she ever relent later? Well, it did not matter much, for though no coward, I was also no shot, Graham a sure one, so in all probability, my heart so restless and full of throbbing emotions now, would soon be quite enough. Suddenly, who should confront me emerging from a side alley but Miss Otway herself. Despite the great agitation of the moment, I noticed she looked very ill, and her eyes were swollen as if with weeping.

Almost as much embarrassed as herself, I was silent for a moment and then entreatingly said:

"Miss Otway, dare I hope that your hand will touch mine in friendly greeting before we part? I am leaving now."

"Ah, so you and that tiresome Captain Graham are really running to town to have a quiet shot at each other. What redoubtable Don Quixotes you both are!"

This was said with a very wretched attempt at her usual careless sarcasm, and then suddenly bursting into tears, she covered her face with her hands, whispering:

"Forgive me, Lawrence, forgive me! Your noble letter (I have already stolen and mean to always keep it) has softened at last my icy, selfish heart, and I can bring myself not only to confess my follies, but also to plead for your pardon."

My darling! Surely the rapture of that moment was worth a life's ransom! Then we walked to a garden seat near us, and with the soft twittering of birds overhead and the glorious hues of sunrise rolling up in the east, bringing morning's pure fragrant breath to us, she entered on her short tale. I have never witnessed a sadder sunrise since that memorable morning without recalling with gratitude to the Giver of all good the happiness its soft dawning once brought me.

"Well, Lawrence, for so I will henceforth call you," she faltered, her charming colour and frequent pauses betraying an agitation that rendered her so feminine, so doubly dear to me, "after you left us last night, I went at once to my room, and throwing myself on a sofa, sobbed and raved alternately at myself and you, till I was almost exhausted. It was so inexpressibly mortifying to have betrayed myself so utterly to you, who had always recoiled from my advances; as to your avowal of love, I looked on it as a fiction, invented at the moment to meet that which I had so openly declared for yourself. After a time reason regained some little sway, and then Mrs. Merton knocked at my door and entered, full of wrath against you and compassion for myself. Oh, Lawrence, it was decreed that you should be an instrument in cruelly humbling my overweening pride, for there, sitting at her feet, my burning face bowed on her motherly lap, I had to do you justice and tell my tale clearly and plainly. Once finished she gently stroked my head and said: 'Noble young man, how generously he bore for your sake unmerited obloquy and reproach!' Whilst Mrs. Merton was yet speaking, her quick ear caught the sound of cautious footsteps in the passage. She carefully peered out and saw Capt. Graham enter your room. The circumstance was unusual, for all the household had retired to rest, and divining some mischief, she lay in wait for him, and on his return pounced on and dragged him into the small sitting-room where we often sew and chat on rainy mornings. When smilingly but abruptly interrogated as to his business with yourself, he hesitated and stammered, upon which Mrs. Merton, who immediately began to suspect the true state of things, subjected him to a most searching cross-examination. He was yet blundering through a confused, equivocating reply, through which, however, a portion of truth

penetrated, when she called my trembling self in. Again, Lawrence, you were avenged for all I had made you suffer, as I stammered forth a declaration that not only were you entirely guiltless of having insulted me in any manner, but that, I know not how it came out, you were anything but an object of dislike to me.

"This hard task over, Mrs. Merton brought me back to my room, and insisted on my lying down, as all danger of a duel between yourself and Captain Graham was now over. But I could not rest. I still feared some rashness on your part, some treachery on his, and I resolved to have an explanation with yourself in the morning before you should leave, a coldly polite one of course, containing a final farewell, something very different to this; so that anything like mischief should be entirely precluded. Worn out with watching, I fell into a doze on the sofa, a little before day-break.

"Awoke by the sound of a door closing, I sprang to the window, and saw you leaving the house. Oh, in that moment, Lawrence, I first realized how dear you were to me, and, trembling with anxiety, I hurried in the direction of your room, the door of which was open, to gather, if possible, some indication of where or for what you had gone so early. This letter (my darling pressed it to her lips as she spoke) was lying on the table. It was addressed to me, and, breaking the seal, I read it. Need I say its generous devotion touched me even to the inmost core of my wayward heart; need I tell you I sobbed and cried over it, fearing you had left me for ever. Ah, my selfish pride was utterly and completely subdued! Suddenly I heard the front gate unclose, and looking out, saw you enter the grounds. No time for delay, for hesitation now, and with a beating heart I hastened down the side staircase. A few moments of irresolution, a last short, sharp struggle with myself, as I saw you hastening away, and the end is told."

It was my turn now, and at the risk of being tedious, I went over all that I had previously said in my letter, and she listened in blushing, quiet happiness. After a long, blissful hour together, my promised wife left me to dress for breakfast, and I, still almost unable to believe in my unhopied for happiness, sat on, listening in a sort of dream-like rapture to the pleasant sounds of morning.

A more prosaic turn was given to my thoughts after a time by seeing Captain Graham coming leisurely down the walk. He certainly did not look so miserable as I expected, but the latent fierceness with which he occasionally decapitated some harmless flower that grew within reach of his tiny cane proved his thoughts were not of a very pleasant character. Scarcely decided how to meet him, I silently waited his approach, but as soon as he saw me, he languidly said:

"Aw! Good morning, Saville. I'm deuced glad there's no necessity for that little affair between us coming off. 'Tis really as unpleasant to shoot at a fellow as to be shot at. Must say I was never in my life so taken aback, indeed, I may say stunned, as when Geraldine, hem! Miss Otway, I should say, informed me in one breath that I was an officious noodle, whom she hated as much as she liked yourself. You are a deuced sly fellow, Saville! Thought all along you were in love with that pretty little Merton girl."

"So I might have been at one time, only her affections were otherwise engaged," I answered, anxious to give my blue-eyed friend a "lift."

"Really! To that big shouldered Chester, I suppose. Some women are so fond of giants. Yet no, she'd often cut him confoundedly short when he'd go up to talk to her. Perhaps it is that clever Canadian party who came from town last week, and wrote smart verses in French about her eyes and golden tresses. Wonder if he meant that Japanese switch, as the ladies call it, which she coils round her head?"

"The fact is, Captain Graham, Miss Merton never made me her confidant, but I have a considerable amount of sharpness, hem! where I am not concerned myself," I suddenly added, remembering my own late inveterate blindness in a case somewhat analogous, "and I have only to say that you are no coxcomb."

The significant emphasis, and significant look I favoured my companion with here must have been very eloquent indeed, for all at once opening his sleepy, hazel eyes very wide, his cheek slightly flushing at the same time, he said:

"You don't mean to say that I'm the favoured man?"

I smiled, but maintained a prudent silence. "Well, I never dreamed of such a thing. I was so taken up with that shrewish, hem! with Miss Otway, I mean. But, say, hadn't you better try to look a little more like a man going to breakfast, and a little less like Speke, Livingston, or any of those other great travellers?"

Thanking him for the really serviceable hint, for my actual equipment was certainly not a proper breakfast costume where ladies

were expected to be present, my beard, owing to mental agitation, having remained unshorn, whilst my portmanteau lay prostrate on the ground a few paces from me, I left him, inwardly hoping that the saying about hearts being easily caught at a rebound, might hold good in his case and that of my fair ally.

Later it really did, and Fanny Merton, long since Mrs. Captain Graham, is still an intimate friend of Geraldine Saville, my well-loved wife.

In justice to the latter I must say before closing this short episode of my life, that Miss Otway showed me more temper and waywardness during the short period I knew her, than Mrs. Saville has done in the course of the sixteen years that have elapsed since we joined our destinies together, a step, I may safely aver, neither of us have ever once regretted.

[THE END.]

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

SEEDS AND SOWING.

Moisture, air and a proper degree of temperature are essential to the germination of seeds. The first act of the seed after being placed in the ground, is to absorb water; the changes which accompany germination cannot take place without it. There must be a certain amount of moisture, but not too much, as this would exclude an equally important agent—air, without the pressure of which germination cannot take place. The temperature varies with the kind of seed. Many garden seeds will germinate at ten degrees above the freezing point, while others require still ten degrees higher, before they start at all. We do not, however, with tender plants, run the risk of the decay of the seeds by sowing them until the temperature of the ground becomes considerably higher than the lowest point at which they will germinate. Peas may be sown as soon as the frost is out of the ground, but squashes and melons require that the soil be above sixty degrees. These are what may be considered the conditions necessary to the germination of the seed—the chemical conditions. The act of germination—the bursting of the seed-coat and the liberation of the embryo plant—is accomplished by these, but this embryo plant has then to encounter mechanical obstacles before it can become fairly established and begin to sustain itself. It should be recollected that the whole growth of the plant from the time it bursts the seed-coat until its first leaves appear above the surface, is from the nourishment contained within the seed itself. The young plant has to push in two directions, its root end is struggling to get downward while the opposite end is seeking the light. It is evident that not only the depth at which the seed is placed, but the character of the soil above it will have great influence upon the young plant. One great cause of failure with seeds is too deep planting. Small seeds placed deep may germinate, but the young plant will be unable to reach the surface, the amount of nutriment in so small a seed not supplying sufficient material to allow the plant to grow large enough to reach so great a distance. The young plant perishes, and the seedsman is blamed for furnishing poor seeds. The other extreme, sowing too shallow, may occur, but we think seldom, the chief trouble here is that the young plant being so near the surface is liable to become too dry, before the roots are ready to take up moisture. The character of the soil above the seeds is an important point. It will readily be understood that a germinating plant can make much easier progress through a light soil, than through a heavy one, and it happens with some soils that the surface becomes so baked after a rain that it is quite impossible for the seed to overcome the mechanical difficulty. Our market gardeners, in order to be sure of a stand with seeds the young plants of which are feeble, sow many times more than is necessary, in order that the united efforts, so to speak, of a multitude of young plants may be able to throw off the covering. With delicate seed sown in a seed bed, the covering should be of a light nature. The soil should be largely of leaf mould. This being light, may allow the seeds to remain too dry, and to prevent this it is to be packed down by pressure with a board, or patting with a spade after sowing. This packing may seem to be contrary to the statement that the covering should be light, but a soil consisting largely of decayed leaves or decayed spent hops, is of an elastic character, and will not, like a heavy soil, pack so closely as to present an obstacle to the younger plants. Flower seeds are often very fine and need more care in regard to the character of the soil and its depth than coarser seeds. Very fine seeds need but a mere sifting of earth over them or no covering at all. With Lobelia and such minute seeds, we have had the best success by sowing them over the level surface of the earth in a pot, and then covering the pot with a pane of glass. The object of the glass is to keep the surface from becoming dry. In gardens where the soil dries quickly, it is well to shade the spot where fine seeds are sown. According to our experience the seed sold by our dealers is generally good, and we believe that a large majority of the complaints of poor seed arises from burying

the seeds too deeply and covering them with too heavy a soil.

THE FIELD CULTURE OF SAGE.

The variety of sage sought after by those who grow it on a large scale, is that known as the "broad leaf." An old grower will rarely purchase seed if the purity and freshness of it cannot be guaranteed from a personal knowledge of the raiser.

In raising sage, it should be borne in mind that the most valuable portion of the crop is leaves; the poorer the land and the less the manure, the greater the proportion of leaves to the stems. That the interests of both buyer and seller may be equally consulted, rather light soil is selected, which is in good condition, and four cords of some compost equal in strength to stable manure, and mechanically fine, is applied to the acre. A heavier dressing would produce a larger crop, but then a larger proportion of this would be stems, for the ranker the crop the coarser the stems. The seed may be planted as late as June, but the quality of the crop is also affected by the length of time it grows; that planted early, and therefore growing the entire season, makes more and heavier wood, while that planted later makes proportionately more leaves, and therefore a better article. The ground must be very thoroughly worked, two plowings and harrowings are none too many, and then raked level and fine, as for a root crop; the seed is planted in rows from 14 to 18 inches apart, and from three quarters to an inch deep. About five pounds of seed are used for an acre. The seed comes slowly; if the season is favourable the plants will begin to show themselves in two weeks; but if the surface bakes the best seed may fail to push through, for the seed itself comes up with the leaves, and when the ground bakes hard it is apt to be broken off, and that is the end of the plant. Keep the crop clear of weeds, which will require considerable care in the earlier stages of growth, but later in the season it will so nearly cover the ground as to shade it, and thus keep it comparatively clean. In the early fall cut the crop with a large knife or a smooth-edged sickle. Cure it by spreading in the shade in some airy building, on racks or laths, eight or ten inches apart, the laths being a couple of inches apart in the racks. These racks which are excellent for drying all kinds of herbs, are made by using 1 1/2 inch boards as upright which are from four to six inches wide, in these cut notches 1 1/2 inches wide and two or three deep, with a downward slant, securing them firmly to the floor below and the beams above, having them in rows a little slant four feet apart, and five or six feet apart in the row. Into the notches slide slips of an inch or inch-and-quarter stuff, and lay on these laths at distances above given. When the season is closed all can be readily removed and stored for future use. By using artificial heat the sage may be dried in two or three days, but this does not make so good an article as that which dries in the course of two or three weeks; the cooler the weather the handsomer the appearance of the crop when dried. Sage is a very reliable crop when once up, it being not much affected by drouth as root crops. After a rain it recovers from its check, and starts a fresh growth immediately.

HOW MUCH MANURE TO A COW.

Carefully conducted experiments show that a cow of the average size will void about sixty pounds of manure in a day, measuring about 1 1/2 cubic feet, which is more than three cords, weighing over ten tons for a year. It is the opinion of many good cultivators that three loads of peat or muck mixed with one load of cow dung, make a compost quite as effective for top-dressing meadows as the cow dung itself. If this were done we should have twelve cords of good compost from the solid excrements of one cow. It is further estimated that the liquid manure is quite as valuable as the solid. If this were carefully saved by peat absorbents kept under the stable, or in it, it would double the pile, or be equal to twenty four cords of good compost. If this were spread upon two acres of rundown meadow, producing a ton of hay or less per acre, it would increase the crop probably to three tons to the acre the first year, and the effects of it would be seen in increased crops for five years longer. In these two acres it would make all the difference between profitable farming for five years. This compost if sold would bring a high price. This shows what may be done under favorable circumstances to increase the home supply of fertilizers. We have found that nothing pays better than labor applied to the compost heap.



CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT, OTTAWA, 6th May, 1870. Authorized discount on American Invoices until further notice: 13 per cent. R. S. M. BOUCHETTE, Commissioner of Customs.

REINLAND & STEWART. GENTLEMEN save 25 per cent. by buying SHIRTS, HOSIERY, TIES, and UNDER-CLOTHING, at the MAGASIN DU LOUVRE, 378, Notre Dame Street.

THEATRE ROYAL. SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE CELEBRATED ARTISTES MR. & MRS. HOWARD PAUL, POSITIVELY FOR FOUR NIGHTS ONLY! WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY, MAY 25th, 26th, 27th, and 28th.

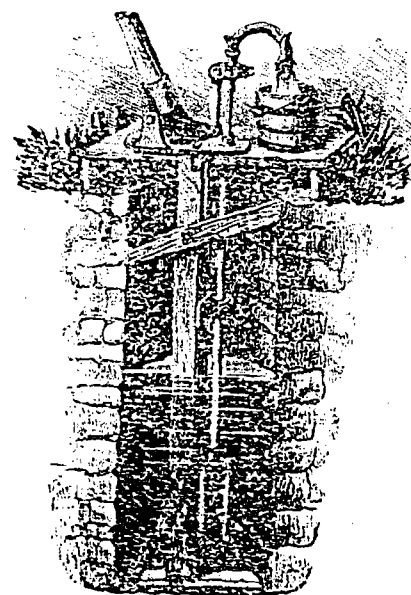
Mr. & Mrs. HOWARD PAUL. Who will appear in a series of their admired and popular impersonations, including GENEVIEVE DE BRABANT, by Mrs. HOWARD PAUL in the original costumes made expressly for her during her engagement in London and New York. Also the celebrated SNEEZING SONG, and ANNA MYRIA GRAY, the Advocate of Woman's Rights. Also, her impersonations of SIMS REEVES, the Great English Tenor, which created such a furore in New York city.

In which she will sing the grand old Scotch ballad, "The Macgregors' Gathering." Mr. and Mrs. HOWARD PAUL will sing 12 Songs, Ballads and sentimental Selections. "The Dream of the Reveller, the Dutch Barber, The Pie Song from 'Genevieve,'" "Hurrah for the Highlands!" "George the Third was King" &c., &c.

TICKET BOX NOW OPEN at Prince's Music Store. Prices as usual. Change of Programme nightly. 30a

THE SUBMERGED NON-FREEZING DOUBLE ACTING FORCE PUMP.

PARTICULARLY ADAPTED TO DEEP WELLS AND CISTERNS.



OPERATING DIRECTLY OVER THE OPENING OF THE WELL OR CISTERN.

S. B. SCOTT AND CO., AGENTS, 354 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

ADVANTAGES. SIMPLICITY.—The entire Pump is composed of but few parts, which any ordinary mechanic can take apart or put together. DURABILITY.—As it is always submerged it is perfectly lubricated and requires no packing! Those galvanized resist the action of salt water and most acids or alkalis better than any other metal usually used for pumps, besides imparting no unusual taste to water, while, as they are placed in the bottom of a well, they always furnish the coldest water. IT NEVER FREEZES.—As no water remains in the pipe when not in motion. POWER.—As before stated, it exceeds in power any other pump of its size the smallest sizes, with hose attached, will throw a stream from 60 to 70 feet with one hand at the brake; hence it is especially valuable for extinguishing fires, washing wagons, watering gardens, lawns, &c., bringing water from great depths with comparative ease. CHEAPNESS.—In proportion to its capacity, together with the fact that it seldom, if ever, gets out of order, it surpasses all others in economy by at least ONE-HALF.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.



MONTREAL CUSTOM HOUSE, TO BUILDERS AND CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, will be received at the office of the Department, Ottawa, until Monday the 30th day of May, up to six o'clock, P.M., for certain alterations, additions, &c., to the Royal Insurance Building, intended for the new Custom House, at the city of Montreal.

Plans and Specifications can be seen at the office of M. Lauront, architect, at Montreal, on and after the 20th instant.

The names of two responsible persons willing to become security for the due fulfilment of the contract, to be submitted with each Tender.

Tenders to be endorsed "Tender, for Alterations, &c., Custom House, Montreal."

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

By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS, Ottawa, 17th May 1870.



YOUNG CANADA.—"Never mind, Uncle, I think we can go without your canal."
UNCLE SAM.—"Du tell! Wal now, I never thought of that!"

J. BAYLIS.—CARPETS, FLOOR CLOTHS, CURTAINS, &c. NOTRE DAME ST., EAST OF MCGILL.
GRANT'S SKIN PRESERVER. BEAUTIFUL FOR EVER.—For sale at all Drug Stores. Price 25 cents
ELLIOT'S DENTIFRICE.—"THE BEST IN USE."—The verdict of 30 years' trial. All Druggists sell it

HOUSEKEEPERS WILL FIND A LARGE STOCK OF REFINED ENGLISH CAMPHOR AT THE MEDICAL HALL, St. James Street; and Branch, Phillips' Square. ONLY 60 CENTS PER LB. 26tf

TO THE MEDICAL FACULTY, RICHMOND SPENCER, CHEMIST, Cor. of McGill and Notre Dame Streets, MONTREAL, Has just received the largest and most complete assortment of SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS, &c., including DRESSING AND POCKET-CASES, ever offered to the public. The attention of Physicians, Surgeons, and Medical Students throughout the Dominion, is respectfully invited to this stock. ORDERS PROMPTLY EXECUTED. 27tf

CROSSE AND BLACKWELL. An unusually large supply of the undermentioned goods from the above celebrated house, just received ex Ship "Lake Erie." PICKLES, SAUCES, JAMS, JELLIES, MARWALADE, FRUITS IN SYRUP, CRYSTALLIZED AND DESSERT FRUITS, POTTED MEATS AND GAME. &c. &c. 77, GREAT ST. JAMES STREET. DAVID CRAWFORD. 27tf

FOREIGN LIQUEURS. MARASCHINO DI ZARA. CURACOA (Amsterdam). Do. (Extra Sec.) CHERRY BRANDY (Copenhagen). CHARTREUSE. (Yellow). NOYAU DE MOKA. Do. CACAO. ANISETTE DE BORDEAUX. ORANGE BITTERS. ANGOSTURA BITTERS. EXTRACT D'ABSINTHE SUISSE. PER S. S. "MEYWAY." DAVID CRAWFORD. 77, ST. JAMES STREET. 27tf

NEW BROOM SWEEPS CLEAN. Try the new BASS BROOM. instead of the old Corn Broom. It is BETTER and CHEAPER. Parties furnishing call on the Subscriber for COAL AND WOOD COOKING-STOVES, STEP-LADDERS, CORNICES, CUTLERY, WIRE MEAT-SAFES, REFRIGERATORS. The very best CLOTHES-WRINGER in the world. Call and see it. L. J. A. SURVEYER. 524. CRAIG STREET. SIGN OF THE GOLD PADLOCK. 27tf

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

COALS! COALS!! COALS!! SCOTCH STEAM. PICTOU STEAM. NEWCASTLE GRATE. LEHIGH. WELSH ANTHRACITE, FOR SALE, J. & E. SHAW, 15, Common Street. 12

TO THE SUBSCRIBERS OF THE "CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS," The PRESENTATION PLATE, framed in suitable styles, at low rates, at SCOTT'S ART REPOSITORY, No. 363, Notre Dame Street. 27d

PICTURE FRAMING, &c. NAPOLEON RHEAUME, CARVER AND GILDER, PICTURE FRAME AND LOOKING-GLASS MANUFACTURER, 75, St. Lawrence Main St. A large supply of FRAMED and UNFRAMED ENGRAVINGS, LITHOGRAPHS, &c., always for Sale. N. B.—The fine PRESENTATION PICTURE of the "Canadian Illustrated News," framed in various styles, at cheap rates. 27d



FROM CONSTANTINOPLE Will arrive as soon as navigation opens. REJOICE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, at the happy intelligence. 26d.

EX "AUSTRIAN." TWO CASES SCARFS AND TIES JUST RECEIVED. PALL MALL CLUB HOUSE. EXCELSIOR. MOGADOR, PRIM. PROMENADE, &c. &c. Also one case "Dent's" Celebrated Kid Gloves. P. T. PATON & CO., 425, NOTRE DAME, CORNER OF ST. PETER. 23c

"ALWAYS READY." LIQUID GLUE THE NEAREST AND BEST GLUE IN THE MARKET. Will mend articles of Card, Wood Veneer, Papier Maché, Ivory Leather, &c. ONLY 25 CENTS. AT THE MEDICAL HALL, AND AT ALL DRUGGISTS. 28tf

DOMINION METAL WORKS, ESTABLISHED 1828. CHARLES GARTH & CO., PLUMBERS, STEAM & GAS-FITTERS, BRASS FOUNDERS, FINISHERS, COPPER SMITHS AND MACHINISTS, &c. &c. Manufacturers and Importers of PLUMBERS' ENGINEERS' AND STEAM-FITTERS' BRASS, COPPER AND IRON WORKS, GAS AND STEAM FITTINGS, &c. &c. And of all descriptions of Work for Gas and Water Works, Distilleries, Breweries, Sugar Refineries, Light Houses, &c., &c. Undertakes the Warming of Public and Private Buildings, Manufactories, Conservatories, Vinerias, &c., by GARTH'S Improved Patent Hot Water Apparatus, GOLD'S Low Pressure Steam Apparatus with the Latest Improvements, and also by High Pressure Steam in Coils or Pipes. On hand and for sale at the lowest rates all kinds of Gaseliers, Brackets, Pendants, Glass Shades, &c., Wrought Iron Pipe with Malleable and Cast Iron Fittings, for Water, Steam or Gas. Office and Manufactory: Nos. 536 to 542, Craig Street, MONTREAL. 1tf

ENGLISH REFINED CAMPHOR. Fresh Garden and Flower Seeds for sale by J. E. D'AVIGNON, CHEMIST, CITY DISPENSARY, (Opposite Mussen's,) 252, NOTRE DAME STREET. 27tf

T.F. STONEHAM MANUFACTURER OF WINDOW SHADES MONTREAL.

NEW GROCERY ESTABLISHMENT, (LATE WEST END GROCERY.) THE SUBSCRIBERS beg to inform the Public that they have opened the Store formerly occupied by A. WALSH (Nos. 3 & 5, St. Antoine Street), and known as the WEST END GROCERY where they will keep constantly on hand a large and choice assortment of GROCERIES, WINES, LIQUORS, &c., &c. Goods delivered promptly to all parts of the City. C. H. & G. LEFAIVRE, 3 & 5, ST. ANTOINE STREET. 28tf

OUT THIS OUT. LAZARUS, MORRIS & CO., Manufacturers of the Celebrated PERFECTED SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES. CRYSTAL BLOCK, 235, NOTRE DAME STREET, (Up Stairs.) P. O. DRAWER, 163, MONTREAL. 131

SKATING CARNIVAL, VICTORIA RINK, PHOTOGRAPHED BY W. NOTMAN, And dedicated, by permission, to His Royal Highness PRINCE ARTHUR, Now ready, and for Sale—various sizes. BLEURY STREET, 21st March. 22tf

FOR SALE OR TO LET. THAT LARGE FOUR STORY CUT-STONE building in St. Thérèse 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



SEALED TENDERS will be received at this Department at Ottawa, up to NOON of MONDAY, the SIXTH day of JUNE, 1870, for the construction of Light-Houses, Light-House Buildings, etc., at the under-mentioned places, viz.:— South Point of Island of Anticosti, Gulf of St. Lawrence. Deadman's Island, do. Cape Chatte, do. Seven Islands, do. River Madalene, do. Bird Rocks, do. Cape Ray, or Duck Island, do. Cape Ferrol, Straits of Belle Isle. Cape Norman, do. La Monte du Lac, River St. Lawrence. Main à Dieu Passage, West End of Scatarie Island, Nova Scotia. Ingonish, Victoria County, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia.

Forms of Tender, with full particulars of the required works, may be obtained, and Plans and Specifications may be seen at the following places, on and after the 17th instant—At the Agency of the Department of Marine and Fisheries at Saint John, N. B.; Halifax, N. S., and at the City of Quebec; at the office of the Trinity House Montreal; at the office of the Collectors of Customs of the Ports of Gaspé and New-Astle, Miramichi, and at the Department at Ottawa. Tenders will also be received at the same time and place for the construction of a Steam Fog Whistle and Engine House at the South Point of the Island of Anticosti. Plans and Specifications of which can be seen at the Trinity House, Montreal; Trinity House, Quebec, and at the office of the Government Inspector of Steamboats at Saint John, N. B. Tenders will be received for the Fog Whistle and Engine House separately. Tenders will also be received at the same time and place for the construction of a Steam Fog Whistle at Cranberry Island, Cape Canso, Nova Scotia. Plans and Specifications of which can be seen at the office of this Department at Halifax and at the office of the Government Inspector of Steamboats, St. John, N. B. Tenders will only be received on the Printed Forms to be supplied by the Department at the places named, and intending Contractors must comply with the conditions appended thereto. The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any Tender. P. MITCHELL, Minister of Marine and Fisheries. Department of Marine and Fisheries. Ottawa, 12th May, 1870. 29b

MERCHANT TAILOR and GENTLEMEN'S HABERDASHERY. 10, ST. JOSEPH STREET, and 35, ST. LAWRENCE STREET, MONTREAL. SUITS MADE IN TWELVE HOURS. 28tf

"THE RECOLLET HOUSE." BROWN AND CLAGGETT, MONTREAL. Strangers and Tourists should not fail to visit this Renowned Establishment, as they will always find a choice Stock of the latest novelties: SILKS, VELVETS, MOIRES ANTIQUES, IRISH POPLINS, DRESS GOODS, SHAWLS, MANTLES, RIBBONS AND EMBROIDERIES, JOUVIN, DUCHESSE AND TWO BUTTON FRENCH KID GLOVES. 26tf



J. YOUNG. (L. S.) CANADA. VICTORIA, by the Grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith, &c., &c., &c. To all to whom these presents shall come, or whom the same may in any wise concern.—GREETING: A PROCLAMATION.

JOHN A. MACDONALD, Attorney-General, WHEREAS, in and by a certain Act of the Parliament of Canada, passed in the Thirty-first year of our Reign, chaptered Number Forty-five, intitled "An Act respecting Currency," it is amongst other things in effect enacted that our Governor may at any time after the passing of that Act declare by proclamation that all or any of the Silver coins of the United States of America, or of any other foreign nation or State, coined before the passing of the said Act, shall when of weights and dates to be assigned in such proclamation pass current and be a legal tender in the Provinces of Quebec, Ontario, and New Brunswick, at rates in currency to be assigned to them respectively in such Proclamation, to such amount in any one payment as may be therein declared. NOW KNOW YE, and We do hereby declare and proclaim that on, from and after the FIFTEENTH day of APRIL now next hereafter, the Silver coins namely: half-dollars, quarter-dollars, dimes and half-dimes, of the United States of America, coined before the passing of the hereinbefore in part recited Act of the Parliament of Canada, that is to say subsequent to the First day of July, which was in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-three, and prior to the Twenty-second day of May, which was in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight, and which are hereinafter mentioned, shall, when of the weights and dates hereinafter assigned in this our Royal Proclamation, pass current and be a legal tender in the Provinces of Quebec, Ontario, and New Brunswick, at rates in currency hereinafter assigned to them respectively, in this, our Royal Proclamation, to the amount of Ten Dollars in any one payment. And we do hereby further declare and proclaim that the Silver coins of the United States of America aforesaid shall be of the weights and dates hereby assigned, and pass current, and be a legal tender as aforesaid, at the rates in currency hereby assigned to them respectively by this, our Royal Proclamation, that is to say: half-dollars of the weight of one hundred and ninety-two grains at Forty cents—quarter-dollars of the weight of ninety-six grains at Twenty cents—dimes of the weight of thirty-eight grains and four-tenths of a grain at Eight cents—and half-dimes of the weight of nineteen grains and two-tenths of a grain at Four cents. Of all which our loving subjects and all others whom these presents may concern, are hereby required to take notice and to govern themselves accordingly.

In testimony whereof, we have caused these our letters to be made Patent, and the Great Seal of Canada to be hereunto affixed: Witness Our Trusty and Well Beloved, The Right Honourable Sir JOHN YOUNG, Baronet, one of our Most Honourable Privy Council, Knight Grand Cross of Our Most Honourable Order of the Bath, Knight Grand Cross of Our Most Distinguished Order of Saint Michael and Saint George, Governor-General of Canada. At Our Government House, in Our City of Ottawa, the FOURTH day of FEBRUARY, in the year of Our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and seventy, and in the thirty-third year of Our Reign. By command, J. C. AIRKINS, Secretary of State. 19m

JOHN UNDERHILL, OPTICIAN TO THE MEDICAL FACULTY OF MCGILL UNIVERSITY, 299, NOTRE DAME STREET, (5 doors East of the Place d'Armes.) 26tf

MONTREAL TYPE FOUNDRY, C. T. PALSgrave, Proprietor, No. 1, St. Helen Street, MONTREAL. TORONTO BRANCH: No. 33, Colborne Street, TORONTO.

NEW STYLES OF SCOTCH-FACED TYPE CAST IN EXTRA TOUGH METAL. FANCY AND JOBBING TYPE OF THE LATEST STYLES. SUPERIOR WOOD LETTER-PRINTING PRESSES. Of every manufacture. BLACK AND COLOURED INKS AND ALL PRINTERS' REQUISITES.

BOOKS AND JOB WORK STEREOTYPED AND ELECTROTYPED IN THE BEST MANNER. A new SPECIMEN BOOK will shortly be issued.

"The Canadian Illustrated News," A WEEKLY JOURNAL of current events, Literature, Science and Art, Agriculture and Mechanics, Fashion and Amusement. Published every Saturday, at Montreal, Canada, by Geo. E. Desbarats. Subscription, in advance, \$4.00 per an., (Including Postage.) Single Numbers, 10 cents.

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