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# Grandpa's Whistled News

Vol. IV.—No. 26.

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THE SLEIGH RIDE TO GRANDPA'S FOR DINNER.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 402.

## THE CHRISTMAS SLEIGH RIDE TO GRANDPA'S.

The social customs which mark the festive season of Christmas have no finer feature than that which brings, in an especial manner, the members and relatives of the family together. During other periods of the year one may be taken up with business, or employ his leisure hours in the society of social intimates or casual acquaintances. But when Christmas comes, there is a sort of home-feeling which creeps in upon one; a feeling that there should be, as near as possible, a complete family reunion. It is natural to say "I'll be home at Christmas!" and upon that day the head of the family, be he father or grandfather, is the object of especial honour and attention, while he feels more than usually beneficent towards those who are, or have been, dependent on him.

Our artist, entering into the spirit of the season, represents on another page, a whole family driving to Grandpa's to partake of the family Christmas dinner. The idea is surely not a bad one. May we hope that many friends and relatives will unite upon the coming Christmas day, as they have done upon so many others, to renew the bonds of family relationship, and testify that ever and always, despite the calls of business or the dull routine of duty, blood is still regarded as being thicker than water. The Christmas season has no more striking feature than the almost compulsory recognition of family relationships it imposes; and in this, if in nothing else, do we see manifested the finger of Him who came down from Heaven to teach us all to give glory to God on High, and to pray for peace on earth to men of good-will.

## DINNER-TABLE TECHNOLOGY.

To a man who is not an habitual diner-out, the most embarrassing item connected with the *faste* of a state dinner is without doubt the bill of fare—now invariably couched in the peculiar technical phraseology of the French school of cookery. Take the ordinary case of a man who is capable of appreciating a good dinner, but who can lay no claim to the pretentious title of *gourmet*. Such a man attends, say, for instance, one of the annual dinners given by the many charitable societies, national or otherwise, that exist in this country. When the dinner is announced the worthy gentleman takes his seat at the table with a well-whetted appetite, and a thorough intention to enjoy the good things provided. After settling himself in his chair, his first act is to unfold his napkin. This he does with a comfortable, contented air, and a look expressive of pleasant expectations. He next takes a look at the bill of fare. Hey, presto! down goes the barometer. The comfortable air of contentment vanishes, and our friend's face assumes an aspect of perplexity that might have suited the countenance of a Theban puzzling over the Sphinx's riddle, but certainly does not become the countenance of a well-fed Christian on the eve of satisfying the demands of his appetite. This is the kind of thing that meets his anxious gaze:—*Galantine de Poulet à l'Aspic, Hure de Sanglier à la Chasseur, l'Até de Gibier aux Truffes à l'Orléans, Basin de Foie Gras à la Parisienne, Ronde de Boeuf à l'Anglaise*. "What the devil," he cries, surveying his *carte* with a rueful air, "does it all mean? What's *Ronde de Boeuf à l'Anglaise*, now, I wonder! I'll see anyhow!" And when he gets it he finds that the dish bearing this pretentious name is nothing else than plain Roast Beef. Naturally he feels indignant at being imposed upon in this manner, and vents his indignation in language more expressive than elegant. Or perhaps, as did a Montreal Scotsman on the occasion of the last St. Andrew's Day dinner, he rushes into print to inform the public that he knows what Scotch Haggis is, but he would be obliged to anyone who could give him any definite information as to *Hure de Sanglier à la Chasseur*.

Such expressions of disgust at the present technology of the dinner-table will continue to be made until the general public is better acquainted with what may be termed the literature of eating and drinking. Such a work has yet to be written; and when it does appear, it will contain much of interest alike to the archaeologist, the gourmet and the general reader. Their is hardly a dish in the whole category of French cookery that is not named after some celebrated personage, or in commemoration of some event, either domestic or historical. Even a great many of our own simple English dishes have a history connected with their name. How many of the thousands of people who see a sirloin of beef upon their table, at least once a fortnight, are unacquainted with the story how the Merry Monarch, after partaking freely of such a joint at a Christmas banquet, vowed that a glorious fellow like that, who had given him so much enjoyment, deserved a recompense, and, drawing his sword, there and then knighted the loin, which to this day bears its lawful title, Sir Loin of Beef. The sandwich, the traveller's best companion, next to his pocket-pistol, owes its name to the celebrated statesman, its inventor, John Montague, Earl of Sandwich, who died in 1792. Another English dish, a great favourite with tavern epicures, the Welsh rabbit—also called, and erroneously so, rarebit—was so named by the lusty Englishmen in contempt for the temperate vegetarian diet of the Welsh. The Germans, in a similar way, bestowed during the last century the nickname of *Metzer Krommetsvogel*, Metz fieldfares, upon ordinary bread-and-butter.

But to return to our French dishes. The oldest sauce known in the history of French cookery is the Sauce Robert. "Mad Rabelais," writing at the beginning of the sixteenth century, mentions it. As Brillat-Savarin said of the Sauce Béchamelle, that you could eat your own father with it, so the naughty chanoine says, the Robert is not only healthy, but absolutely necessary; and further he reckons the inventor

of the condiment among the benefactors of his country. An oft-quoted verse says:

"Broussin, dès l'âge le plus tendre  
Posséda la sauce Robert,  
Sans que son Précepteur lui pût jamais apprendre  
Ni son crédo, ni son pater."

The Béchamelle sauce, in the composition of which onions and cream are the principal ingredients, owes its name to its inventor, the Marquis de Béchamelle, a nobleman at the Court of Louis XV., and, if we may credit history, a great dabbler in the culinary art. The Mayonnaise, or more properly Mahonnaise is of Balearic origin; and was introduced into France by the Marshal Duke de Richelieu, who learnt the secret of its composition after the capture of Port Mahon, in Minorca. The name was originally confined to the sauce or dressing, but now includes both basis and dressing. Readers of Wilkie Collins will remember the extravagant eulogy of this prince of dishes that the author puts into the mouth of the German "surgeon-optic":—"You know how to make him—you make him with creams. Is he chickens or lobsters? I like lobsters best, but chickens is goot too. The garnish is lofely—anchovy, olive, beetroots; brown, green, red on the fat white sauce. This I call a heavenly dish. He is nice-cool in two different ways; nice-cool to the eye, nice-cool to the taste." And then when he had finished, in a burst of thankfulness, "Ach! how goot of Gott when he invented the world to invent eatings and drinkings, too!"

The origin of the name given to the delicious green Ravigote Sauce so highly prized in France is uncertain. Some *gourmets* ascribe it to the verb *ravigoter*, to reinvigorate, revive; while others insist that the reinvigorating properties of the sauce gave rise to the expression *se ravigoter*. Sauce Cumberland, the indispensable adjunct to wild boar's head, was invented by Duke Ernest of Cumberland, afterwards King of Hanover.

The soups alone, in a history of gastronomical literature, would fill nearly a whole volume. Their name is legion, and the anecdotes that might be related in connection with their multifarious titles, would occupy no inconsiderable space. A soup but little known in this country, is the French Bread Soup, technically known as "Soupe à la Louis XVIII." There are also the soups "à la Louis XIV.," and "à la Louis XV." Of the bread soup—a sufficiently nasty composition, not unlike hog-swill in appearance—the eighteenth Louis was so inordinately fond that he partook of it daily, and grew so stout on the diet that a semicircular piece had to be cut out of his dining-table for the accommodation of his capacious stomach. In fact bread soup did for him what lampreys did for one of our Henrys—killed him. "Portage à la Xavier" was the invention of the same monarch, when, before ascending the throne, he was simple Louis Xavier Stanislaus de Bourbon, and known as Monsieur. "Soupe à la Colbert" was named after its inventor, the great Colbert, comptroller-general of the finances under Louis XVI., and, like his royal master, *bon vivant* of no mean order. It is not known after which of the members of the great house of Condé the "Potage à la Condé" was named, but there is little doubt that it owes its title rather to the patronage than the paternity of the great man. The Condés were not the men to spend their lives in fussing around a kitchen range. Perhaps poor unfortunate, foolish Vatel, the Condé cook who committed suicide because the fish did not arrive in time for dinner, was the inventor, and dedicated it to his patron in gratitude for favours received.

But if the soups, consommés, purées, and potages, are numerous, what shall we say to the innumerable *entrées* and *bonnes bouches*. To keep track of them all would be hard work for a Babbage Calculating Machine. It must suffice to quote a few of the better known among them. "Côtelettes à la Soubise" were named after their inventor, Charles, Prince de Rohan, and Marshal of France, who was beaten at Rosbach, in 1757, by Frederick the Great; but was, none the less, as brave a general as he was a great cook. Another Rohan, the Prince de Guéméné, celebrated for his bankruptcy of 28 millions, gave his name to the "Carré de Veau à la Guéméné." "Poulets à la Villeroi" are so named after the Duchess de Villeroi, afterwards Duchess de Montmorency-Luxembourg. The Marquise de Pompadour, the celebrated mistress of Louis XV., who has left her name to a toilette, and to the fashion of wearing the hair recently so much in vogue with the ladies, is also celebrated in the annals of cookery. Several dishes bear her name, and she was the inventor of the "Filets de Volaille à la Bellevue," now better known as "Filets à la Pompadour"—which were first prepared and served at the Château de Bellevue. The Duchesse de Mirepoix, wife of the Marshal of France of that name, invented two dishes which belong to high culinary art, and are rarely, if at all, met with in this country, the "Sauté de Pigeons au Sang," and "Cailles (Quails) à la Mirepoix." "Perdrix à la Montgelas," are so called after Councillor Montgelas of Toulouse. Montgolfier, the celebrated aeronaut, was the godfather of "Filets de Veau à la Montgolfier," but history is silent as to the reason wherefor the great mechanician bestowed his name upon a dish of veal cutlets. One would imagine that he was above such things. Perhaps, however, they formed his principal sustenance while suspended, like Mohammed's coffin, betwixt heaven and earth. In that case we certainly should add to the list of *plats* "Omelettes à la Blondin" and "Pancakes à la Niagare." "Ris de Veau à l'Artois," i. e., veal sweetbreads, were christened after the Comte d'Artois, brother of the soup-loving Louis XVIII., and the time-honoured "Salmagundi," that used to be such a favourite with our fathers, took its name from its inventor, the Countess Salmagondi, Lady of honour to Marie de Medici.

Lastly, the liquors claim our attention. But few of these bear French names. England and America are *par excellence* the birth-place of made drinks; but, alas, little is known of the etymology and derivation of the quaint names lavished by the Saxon peoples upon their favourite draughts. Kings, princes, nobles, divines and statesmen have given their names to the exquisite *plats* that grace the *gourmet's* table and tickle his delicate palate. But the memory of these distinguished persons has been preserved by other deeds than mere culinary triumphs. Would that it were so with the humbler individuals who have bequeathed their names to the every-day beverages of the bar-room. Who, for instance, was the immortal "John Collins?" By what deeds of valour or of skill did those inseparable friends, Thomas and Jeremiah make themselves famous, and hand down their illustrious names to an admiring and appreciative posterity? When and where did John, of pomarian celebrity, flourish, and was he really the inventor of the demulcent beverage that bears his name? Whence

have we "rum shrub," the amber "cobbler," and the whole tribe of "cocktails," "smashes" and "slings." On the two last one may be allowed to hazard a conjecture. The "smash" is surely too significant to need explanation; but may not the "sling" have a meaning akin to "slew?" With regard to the rest, with one or two exceptions, history is silent. Grog, the favourite English beverage among the lower classes, and which has even found its way to the continent under the appellation of "grogs," has, as might be supposed, a maritime origin. In the last century a well-known staunch seaman of the old school, Admiral Sir Edward Vernon, called by his men Old Grog, in allusion to his program coat, endeavoured to introduce an innovation on board the vessels in his command by ordering the rum served out to the sailors to be mixed with water. The indignant sailors thereupon bestowed upon the diluted liquor the *soubriquet* they had given their commander, and in lapse of time "Grog" came to be applied to any mixture of spirit and water. For the derivation of "Punch" we must, strange to say, look to the East. *Pantscha* is the Hindostanee for five. The elements of punch are five, viz., rum, tea, sugar, lemon, and water; and hence the brew received the name Punch, corrupted from the Hindostanee.

## CANADA SOUTHERN RAILWAY BRIDGE AT ST. THOMAS, ONT.

The Canada Southern Railway scheme is a mere revival of the old "Bertie" line which was defeated by the Great Western Company obtaining a charter. It was revived again under the title of the "Great Southern," and many prominent Western Canadians know to their cost how that scheme also fell through. When the Province of Ontario obtained its own Legislature, another charter was granted for a railway line over the same district, that is intersecting the Southern limits of the Province of Ontario, on an almost direct line from Fort Erie, opposite Buffalo, to Windsor, opposite Detroit. To compete with this line, or rather to prevent its construction, the Great Western Company obtained a charter for an "air line" road from Glencoe to the eastern border of Southern Ontario, all the roads being intended to cross the "International" railway bridge, in which, because of its Buffalo and Lake Huron branch, the Grand Trunk Company is so largely interested as to become virtually proprietors. Great progress has been made in the construction of the "air line," and the rival road, the Canada Southern, is also being pushed forward with energy. In the present number we give a sectional view of the bridge on the latter at St. Thomas, County Elgin. The length of the bridge is to be 1,400 feet, the height, 85 feet. It is composed of 14 spans of "Howe's Truss Bridging," 45 feet each in length, supported by 14 trestle bents or piers, and extended by 50 trestle bents, placed 15 feet apart. The bridge was designed by F. N. Finney, Esq., Chief Engineer of the Canada Southern Railway, and is being constructed by Dunn, Holmes & Moore, of Lyons, N. Y., who have the contract for building the bridges on the main line. The bridge was commenced on the first of October, to be completed in two months.

## BRUCE MINES LANDING.

The village of Bruce Mines, on the shores of Lake Huron, or, more strictly speaking, on the St. Mary's river, is situated opposite the lower end of the Island of St. Joseph, about thirty-five miles from Sault Ste. Marie, and nearly four hundred miles north-west of Toronto. Its importance consists in the fact of its being the central depot for a large district of country, containing most valuable deposits of copper, iron, and other metals, which are yet but very imperfectly explored, and, comparatively speaking, not worked at all. Only the "Bruce Mines," owned by the West Canada Mining Company, have been persistently worked, yielding about three thousand tons of copper ore per annum, of the value of about a hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars. The mining operations on the north shores of Lakes Huron and Superior are capable of immense development; and though up to the present time, for the want of convenient transport and for other causes, the mineral wealth of the north-western region of Ontario has added comparatively little to the riches of the country, yet the day is coming when that same region will be one of the main-stays of the national industry. Those who own rich mining lots will, doubtless, profit handsomely by them.

The sales of sporting horses are numerous at present in England, and the high prices ordinary horses are bringing is something marvellous. Recently ten of Sir Joseph Hawley's blood-stock were brought to the hammer at Tattersall's, realising a total of 7,270 guineas, or an average of 727 guineas each. Monoca, a bay mare by Beadsman, out of Madame Eglantine (the dam of The Palmer, Rosicrucian, &c.), fetched 400 guineas; Happy Wife, a bay mare, foaled in 1863, by the same sire, 420 guineas; Columba, by Charleston, 220 guineas; and Wave, a bay mare by Vortex, 200 guineas. A bay mare by Fitz-Roland, out of Pero Gomez' dam, changed hands for 210 guineas; and a brown filly, named Penniless, by Beadsman, was sold for 50 guineas. The famous bay horse, Pero Gomez, 5 years old, by Beadsman, out of Salamanca—whose pedigree traces back to Bay Middleton, and who is a winner of the St. Leger and many other races—was put up at 2,000 guineas, and eventually passed into the possession of the Earl of Portsmouth for 3,000 guineas. The Palmer, own brother to Rosicrucian, a bay horse, seven years old, the winner of many races, was sold for 1,450 guineas. Asteroid, a bay horse, foaled in 1858 by Stockwell, out of Tee-Totum, fetched 1,100 guineas; and the last of the list, Fitz-Roland, a chestnut horse, by Orlando, also a winner of many races, was sold for 220 guineas.

The French Government has given orders for plans and surveys to be made for the construction of large steamers for the service between Calais and Dover. These steamers are to carry thirty railway carriages, and the transit is to be made in one hour and ten minutes. M. Dupuy de Lôme is entrusted with the preparation of the plans of a water-station, which will be situated two kilometres out of Calais harbour. The depth of water here will be sufficient to receive vessels of the largest tonnage and the enormous transport steamers.

It is computed that 112,875,725 tons of coal were raised in Great Britain in 1870.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

### THE WREATHERS.

#### I.

'Tis Christmas! the old church tower  
Is draped in drifted snow;  
The broad-faced clock chimes out the hour  
With solemn voice and slow:  
Glistening and white the ivy leaves  
Which wrap the ancient wall;  
Iceicles hang from the mossy eaves,  
And the frost its silver foliage weaves  
On panes where the sunbeams fall.

#### II.

By the gray old porch is a band  
Of old and young and fair,  
And a wide-wheeled wagon brought to a stand,  
With its goodly burden there:  
These are the wreathers come away  
A mile o'er the frozen sod,  
To deck with holly, and laurel, and bay,  
On the whole year's best and brightest day,  
The hallowed courts of God.

#### III.

Thank God! our nation's faith  
Is not a thing of to-day;  
Our sleeping sires were true to the death,  
And we would be as they:  
We deck the shrines which they arrayed—  
We sing the strains they loved;  
We pray the very prayers they prayed,  
By the sacred spots where their bones are laid,  
In the courts in which they moved.

#### IV.

Merrily, merrily now they twine  
The bands of glistening green,  
Whilst here and there the berries shine,  
Blood-red and white between;  
Up and down the dim old aisles,  
Pulpit, pillar, and wall,  
Never, I ween, in its palmiest day,  
Had that hoar old church been drest more gay:  
They wreathed them one and all.

#### V.

Brightest 'mid that bright band  
Whose busy fingers ply,  
A group of three little wreathers stand  
Labouring earnestly.  
She with the dark and flowing hair,  
She with the laughing eyes,  
She with the golden ringlets, where,  
Nestling still, and soft, and fair,  
A sunlight ever lies.

#### VI.

Whilst you are busy here,  
Fair little wreathers three,  
With light and shade in another sphere  
Is wreathing your destiny:  
You may call it an idle dream—  
A vision—or what you will,  
A glimpse of your future life I seem  
To catch by the aid of this loitering beam  
From this moulded window-sill.

#### VII.

She with the sunny hair,  
And pale and dreamy brow,  
Shall deck no more with fillets fair  
A mouldering fane below;  
Away, away in the spirit-land,  
'Ere another Christmas shines,  
I see her one of the sainted band,  
With fadless palm in deathless hand,  
In Heaven's holier shrines.

#### VIII.

She with the laughing eyes,  
The sweet and ringing voice,  
Bidding, like song from summer skies,  
Earth's wearied ones rejoice;  
I see—I see the bright eyes dim—  
Dim with the weeping tears,  
Yet full of the Heaven-born joy which springs  
From the depths of earthly sorrowings,  
In the gloom of after years.

#### IX.

She with the darksome locks,  
And calm and earnest gaze,  
With a faith unmoved by a thousand shocks,  
Looks back on those bright days;  
She gave to her God her green young life  
With its wealth of yearning love;  
Now, a grey-haired woman—a widowed wife,  
Weary and worn with the lengthened strife,  
He cheers her from above.

#### X.

Wreath on in faith and love!  
'Tis not for you to know  
What fate is wreathing for you above  
Whilst you wreath on below;  
But the daily deeds your hands may do,  
The paths your feet have trod,  
May gloom or glory bring to you  
Above or 'neath the sod:  
Here, in life's fair but chequered scene,  
See that each heart be drest and green,  
A temple meet for God.

### THE SAXON WASSAIL.

Everybody knows that the troubled history of the ancient British kingdom, which was revived in England for some time after the withdrawal of the Roman dominion, has afforded subjects for many of those legends of romantic chivalry which the modern poet or painter chooses for artistic illustration. The reign of King or Prince Arthur, in the early part of the sixth century, when all the west of England, including the plains and downs of Wiltshire, together with South Wales, was ruled and defended, it is said, by a Celtic hero of that name, has engaged the attention of more than one great English poet; and Tennyson has, in part at least, composed the epic which Milton once designed. The spread of the Saxon conquest, which did not extend to Wessex till after the death of Prince Arthur, was attended likewise in other parts of the island with some incidents of great dramatic and picturesque interest, which have always kept a strong hold on the imagination of the English people. These stories are vividly related by the monkish chroniclers, who seem the more inclined to dwell pathetically on the decline and fall of the British independent sovereignty, because the Britons of that age, as well as the Irish and the Celtic nations of Gaul, were devout adherents of the orthodox Church, while the Saxons, till the mission of St. Augustine, a hundred years later, were obstinately opposed to Christian teaching and worship. This motive is curiously shown in the biography of St. Germanus, Bishop of Auxerre, which was the groundwork, apparently, of some passages in Nennius's "History of the Britons," narrating the events of the reign of Vortigern, or Guorthigern, at whose court St. Germanus resided in the middle of the fifth century. The treacherous and rapacious

behaviour of Hengist and Horsa, after their landing and settlement in the Isle of Thanet (in the neighbourhood of Ramsgate and Margate), is here displayed; with the credulous folly of the British Monarch in granting to Hengist the whole province of Ceintland, or Kent, from which the Saxons afterwards proceeded to make themselves masters of the other home counties. The story is again told, with some amplifications, by Geoffrey of Monmouth, a much more modern author, who only compiled, however, the statement of the ancient, probably British, ecclesiastical writers. From his narrative, therefore, we shall quote the characteristic anecdote which has been chosen by the artist, Mr. James Godwin, for the subject of one of our illustrations in this Christmas number. This scene, our readers will observe, is described as having taken place about the year 450, in the house of the Saxon chieftain Hengist, then residing not in the Isle of Thanet, but at Caistor, in Lincolnshire. For Hengist, as the ally of King Vortigern, had led the Saxon warriors northward to fight against the savage Picts beyond the Humber; and Vortigern had rewarded him already with large estates in a district called Lindsey, and with a castle which was named in the British language Kaer-correi, and in the Saxon was called Thancaistre; there being a silly old legend, borrowed from that of the founding of Carthage, of the grant of as much land for its site as might be covered with a bull's hide, which, having been cut into a *thong* of leather, inclosed a considerable circuit. With this preface, remarking that Vortigern had just agreed with his friend Hengist to send for some fresh Saxon reinforcements, we may leave Geoffrey of Monmouth to tell the tale:—

"In the meantime, the messenger returned from Germany with eighteen ships full of the best soldiers that they could get. They also brought along with them Rowena, the daughter of Hengist, one of the most accomplished beauties of that age. After their arrival, Hengist invited the King to his home, to view his new buildings and the new soldiers that were come over. The King readily accepted his invitation, but privately, and, having highly commended the magnificence of the building, enlisted the men into his service. Here he was entertained at a Royal banquet; and, when that was over, the young lady came out of her chamber, bearing a golden cup full of wine, with which she approached the King, and, making a low curtsy, said to him, 'Lauded King, waes heil!' The King, at the sight of the lady's face, was, on a sudden, both surprised and inflamed with her beauty; and, calling to his interpreter, asked him what she said, and what answer he should make her. 'She called you "Lord King," said the interpreter, 'and offered to drink your health. Your answer to her must be, "Drink heil!"' Vortigern accordingly answered, 'Drink heil!' and bade her drink; after which he took the cup from her hand, kissed her, and drank himself. From that time to this it has been the custom in Britain that he who drinks to anyone says, 'Waes heil!' and he that pledges him answers, 'Drink heil!' Vortigern being now drunk with the variety of liquors, the devil took this opportunity to enter into his heart and to make him in love with the damsel, so that he became suitor to her father for her. It was, I say, by the devil's entering into his heart that he, who was a Christian, should fall in love with a Pagan. By this example, Hengist, being a prudent man, discovered the King's levity, and consulted with his brother Horsa and the other ancient men present, what to do in relation to the King's request. They unanimously advised him to give him his daughter, and, in consideration of her, to demand the Province of Kent. Accordingly, the daughter was, without delay, delivered to Vortigern, and the Province of Kent to Hengist, without the knowledge of Gorangan, who had the government of it. The King the same night married the Pagan lady, and became extremely delighted with her, by which he quickly brought upon himself the hatred of the nobility and of his own sons."

The subsequent misfortunes of the soft-hearted British monarch, who would neither obey the counsel of Bishop Germanus to expel the heathen Saxons and to form a defensive league with the Christians of Gaul, nor would follow the spirited example of his own son Vortimer, in resisting the progress of the foreign invaders, need only just be touched upon here. There was another feast to which this infatuated Vortigern was invited, with three hundred of his nobles, in the palace of Hengist, not many years after his marriage with the fair-haired Lady Rowena. It was the Saxon custom (as may be observed in our illustration of the Wassail scene) for the guests at a banquet to leave their weapons in the hall outside. Vortigern and the other Britons, in dining with Hengist, conformed, of course, to this rule. But the treacherous host, says Nennius, "had ordered three hundred Saxons to conceal each a knife under his foot, and to mix with the Britons, so that each man of the latter should sit next his enemy; and after they had eaten and drank, and were much intoxicated, Hengist suddenly cried out 'Nimed eue Saxes!' and instantly his followers drew their knives, and rushing upon the Britons, each slew him that sat next him; and there were slain three hundred of the nobles of Vortigern. The King, being captive, purchased his redemption by delivering up the three Provinces of Essex, Sussex, and Middlesex, besides other districts, at the option of his betrayers."

It remains to be added that St. Germanus, since the brave Prince Vortimer had died some time before, took upon himself a sort of dictatorship of the British realm, and fought against Hengist with considerable success; while the unhappy Vortigern, with Rowena, his fatal Saxon bride, retreated to a castle on the river Towey, and shut himself up there, attended by some courtiers and by the clergy, praying night and day for the pardon of his sins. "But on the third night, at the third hour, fire fell from heaven and burnt up the castle; and Vortigern and the daughter of Hengist, and his other wives, and all the inhabitants, both men and women, miserably perished. Such was the end of this unhappy King."

### THE PRIVATE VIEW.

When the managers of theatres and other places of entertainment have got ready, with infinite cost and pains, the most popular exhibitions of the season, it is their custom, we believe, in some cases, to bid a few not unfriendly critics to come and inspect "the properties," look at the effective pieces of scenery, and in due time to witness the rehearsal. A privilege which is so flattering to the judgment, and which appeals so directly to the candour of the persons invited, who are enabled in this way to procure the earliest and most ex-

clusive knowledge of those matters, always eagerly and curiously discussed by a portion of the general public, is sure to be valued—such, at least, is the manager's calculation, and by this delicate form of bribery does he hope to secure the favourable opinion of the professed connoisseurs. This practice would not, indeed, be likely to have much effect if it were resorted to with the expectation of conciliating those most austere and fastidious guardians of a pure taste and lofty standard of excellence, in regard to the Fine Arts, who dispatch the musical, dramatic, and other artistic criticism of the press; for those gentlemen, having in their vast experience already seen and heard all that can ever be created or conceived, must of course be indifferent to the temptations of a Private View.

Little children, happily for them and for us, are differently disposed; they find things new and beautiful at every turn, for theirs is the frank and grateful willingness to be pleased, which lends the illusions of its own bright fancy and warm enthusiastic affection to aid even the feeblest and most meagre representations of that which is fair and grand and noble. The boy and girl, who have not yet been spoiled by the contagion of a censorious and denying spirit, will gladly accept, and from the fresh abundance of their free imaginations will complete and glorify, your story, your picture, or your play.

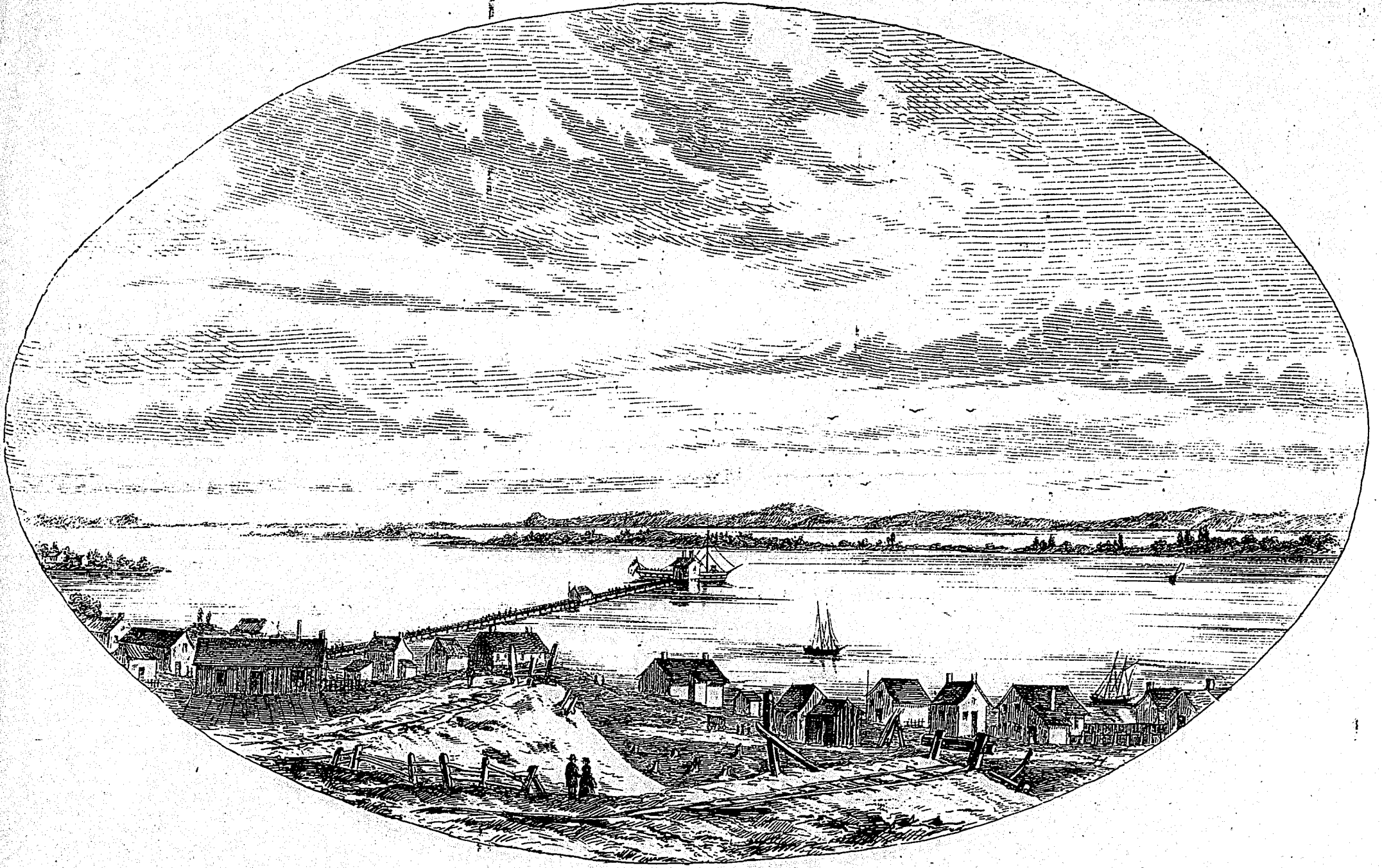
Yet there are some cases in which the opportunity of a Private View may be no less seductive to children. Not that any child can be presumed capable of selling its verdict of approbation for the privilege of a first peep; nor can we doubt but, on the contrary, its enjoyment of the final display would be greatly diminished by having witnessed the preparations, and so more or less anticipated the effect. But there is a peculiar relish, even to the most artless and innocent minds, in such morsels of gratification surreptitiously obtained, which seem not indeed to make one happy at the expense of the others, but to gain him the indulgence a little sooner, without depriving them of the pleasure they are still to expect. Morally, of course, this principle is not justifiable; and, prudentially, it is a great mistake in the long run; for where the cake is equally divided, the boy who does not wait to eat his share at the hour of the general feast is doomed to want another slice, which he shall not get, when his comrades are munching with unanimous and mature delight. But the little German boy, Wilhelm Meister, who slipped into his mother's store-closet and opened the box of puppets which she had provided for the Christmas show, enjoyed then and there his solitary rehearsal of the marvellous play of "Goliath and David," "with that fearful stolen satisfaction which forms," as Goethe remarks, "no small part of the pleasures of childhood."

The treacherous good nature of a nursemaid—so may the reader conjecture—has permitted three or four young spectators of the Christmas-tree, shown in one of our illustrations, to taste this perilous and unadvisable enjoyment of seeing before the due time, and in a very improper place, the rich and splendid fruitage of that celebrated plant, which blooms, in the warm rays of the festive hearth, on the night of the 24th of December. It is a very improper place, as any mother of a family would say. A Christmas-tree in bed! Why, it's turning the world upside down to think of such a thing. What if the children *did* lie awake talking about it, Miss Mary and Miss Lucy in their bed together, saying they hoped there would be a nice doll to be sister to their old Dolly, while Master Frank, in his cot, was calling out to them and saying he knew his papa had brought home a lot of swords, and whips, and drums? Was that any reason for going and fetching the Christmas-tree out of the back parlour, where their mamma and Aunt Jane had left it when it was finished, meaning to have it locked up in the coal-cellar and kept there all next day, to be brought out at the party in the evening, between the last game of forfeits and the supper? Certainly not. This is very wrong. Nurse, we have a great mind to give you warning. Take warning—not to do so again. And, God bless these children! will they ever go to sleep, now that they have seen the Christmas-tree? Oh! you foolish little folk, all your pleasure to-morrow night will be spoiled; and when the tree is ever so beautifully lighted up, you will not care so much about it, because of this Private View.

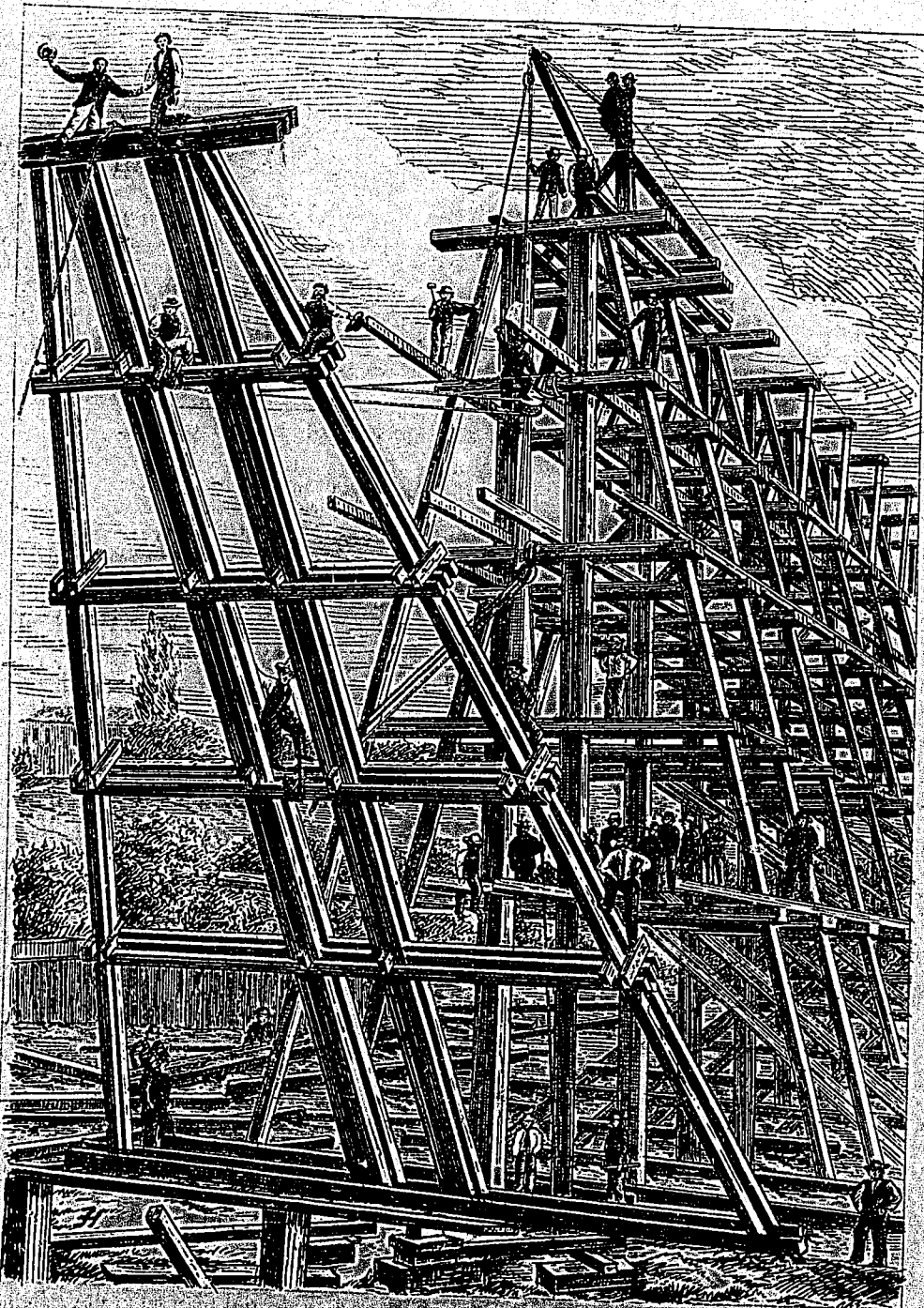
### A NATURAL CURIOSITY.

We give in this issue an illustration of a pine stump which exhibits a singular freak in the process of natural development. It stands on the south-west part of Lot No. 15, First range west of the Township of Caledon, Co. Peel, Ont. It seems to have been two trees growing very close together—in fact, into each other; and at about 8 or 10 feet from the ground they are separated into two, and are at some places about 24 or 30 inches apart; and all parts where separate are completely round and pretty large trees, somewhere between 20 and 30 inches in diameter. When they unite they form one large tree. It has a crack in it on the S. E. side diminishing as it ascends, and two or three feet below where it is broken off, it seems quite solid; the top, which is broken off, is lying a little from the root, and is solid and large—probably three feet in diameter. It seems to have stood long in a dead state, as there is no bark remaining upon it, except a little at one place. The opening between the two separate trees, may be 12 or 14 feet high; that part above the opening 8 or 10 feet, and the diameter at the broken part from 30 inches to 3 feet. All the dimensions are mere guesses; as at the time of making the sketch no attention was paid to the real sizes of the different parts; it was merely sketched in passing, as something curious, and as such it was shown to a number of people, and generally regarded as a curiosity. Among the gnarly kinds of timber growth instances of separation and re-union upon the same root are not at all uncommon, but we are not aware that it has ever been very often remarked among the pines and other woods of straight fibre, at least not to such an extent as that shown in the stump we have illustrated.

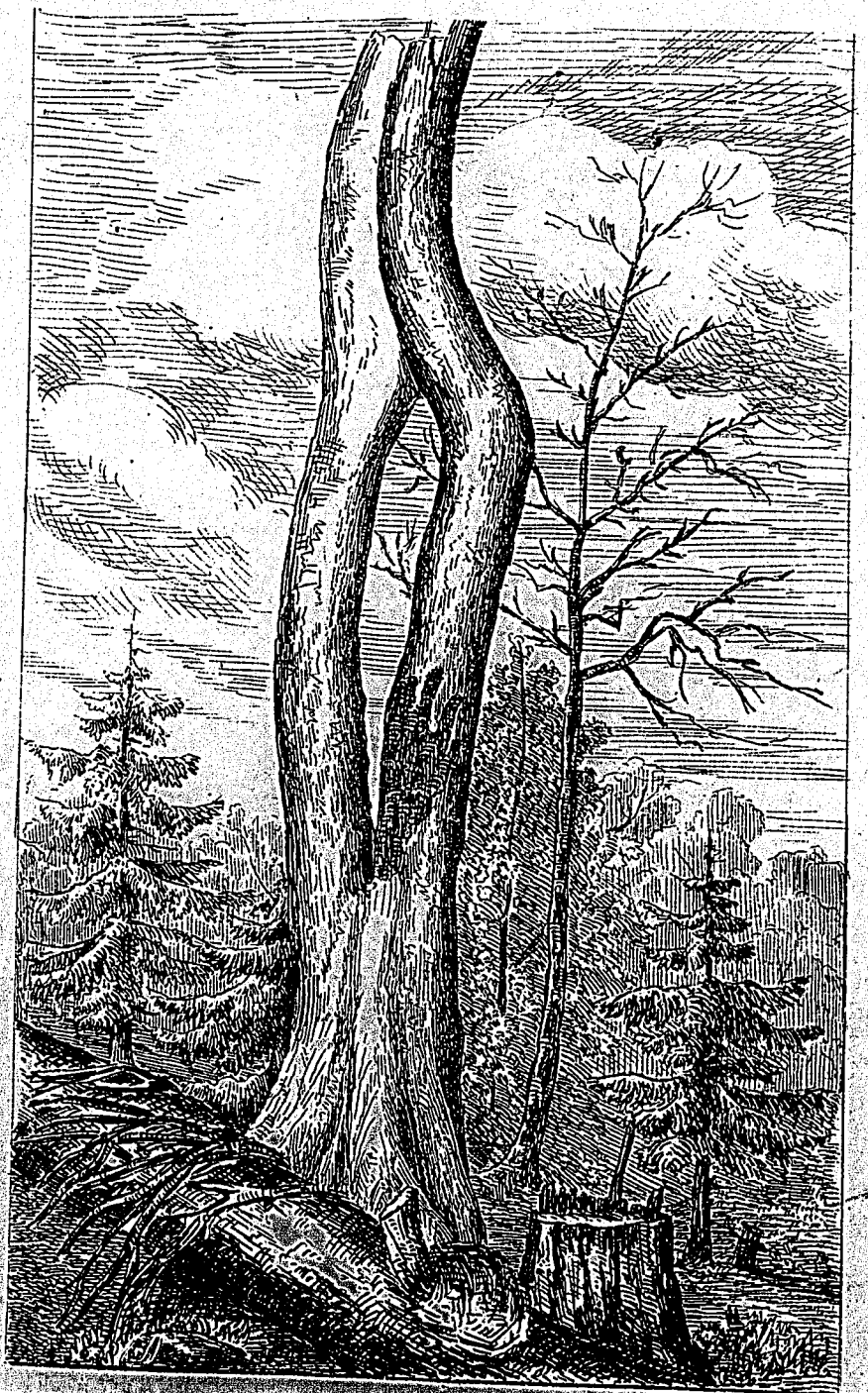
An amusing anecdote is related of a man in the south of France, who received a letter from his son in the army, begging him to send him some shoes and some money. The old man, willing to comply with the request, but having no readier means of forwarding the articles than the telegraph, procured the shoes and hung them on the wire. A labourer, returning home from his work, saw the shoes and cut them down, leaving his old ones instead. The old man next day came out to see how the wires had performed, was delighted, and exclaimed, "My poor boy has not only received the shoes, but has sent back his old ones!"



THE BRUCE MINES LANDING.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. ARMSTRONG.—SEE PAGE 402.



ERECTION OF THE CANADA SOUTHERN RAILWAY BRIDGE AT ST. THOMAS, ONT.



A NATURAL CURIOSITY.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. B. PICKERING.—SEE PAGE 403.

SEE PAGE 402.



ORIGIN OF THE WASSAIL BOWL.—BY JAMES GODWIN.—SEE PAGE 403.



THE PRIVATE VIEW.—BY J. A. FITZGERALD.—SEE PAGE 403.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY,  
DEC. 30, 1871.

SUNDAY,	Dec. 24.—	Fourth Sunday in Advent. Vasco da Gama died, 1525. Crabbe born, 1754. Peace of Ghent, 1814. Hugh Miller died, 1856.
MONDAY,	" 25.—	Christmas Day. Champlain died, 1635. Sir Isaac Newton born, 1642. The Mont Cenis Tunnel successfully pierced on both sides, 1870.
TUESDAY,	" 26.—	St. Stephen, M. Treaty of Presburg signed, 1805.
WEDNESDAY,	" 27.—	St. John, Ev. Kepler born, 1571. Belgium independence achieved, 1830. Hereditary peerage abolished in France, 1831. Charles Lamb died, 1834.
THURSDAY,	" 28.—	Holy Innocents, M.M. Buffalo burnt, 1813. Lord Macaulay died, 1859. Marshal Prim shot, 1870.
FRIDAY,	" 29.—	St. Thomas à Becket, Abp. and M. Steamer "Caroline" burnt at Navy Island, 1837. Mont Avron occupied by the Gormans, 1870.
SATURDAY,	" 30.—	Black Rock burnt, 1813. King Amadeus landed at Cartagena, 1870. Gen. Prim died, 1870.

TEMPERATURE in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Tuesday, 19th December, 1871, observed by HEARN, HARRISON & Co., 242 Notre Dame Street.

	MAX.	MIN.	MEAN.	8 A.M.	1 P.M.	6 P.M.
W., Dec. 13.	20°	7°	13°5	30.05	29.97	27.95
Th., " 14.	24°	17°	20°5	29.98	29.97	30.00
Fri., " 15.	17°	7°	12°	30.10	30.20	30.20
Sat., " 16.	18°	10°	14°	30.20	30.17	30.07
Su., " 17.	33°	17°	25°	30.05	30.00	30.05
Mo., " 18.	34°	27°	30°5	30.10	30.07	30.00
Tu., " 19.	18°5	11°	14°7	30.00	29.82	29.72

A GREAT ATTRACTION!

In the first number of the fifth volume of the

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,

to be issued on SATURDAY, JAN. 6, 1872, will appear the beginning of a New Story, by

ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

which will be continued weekly until completed. The Story is under publication in *Good Words*, and is entitled

THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANDPERE.

No paper in Canada, save the *C. I. News*, has the right to publish this Tale in serial form.

THE PREMIUM PLATE.

Our Subscribers will receive, with the number for 30th Dec., the Coloured Presentation Plate, entitled

"KITTENS AT HOME."

Newsdealers will also be supplied with the Plate, of which, with the number accompanying it, the selling price will be 25 cents. Any extra orders are requested as early as possible.

PORTRAIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

With our issue of 6th Jan., 1872, we will publish as a Supplement, a very fine double-page portrait of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, whose restoration to health has so rejoiced the British nation. This Portrait, printed in black and tint, will add 5 cents to the selling price of the number.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

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

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

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

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

Almonte, Ont.	James Greig.
Bothwell, Ont.	A. J. Wiley.
Bowmanville, Ont.	Yellowlees & Quick.
Brantford, Ont.	A. Hudson.
Brockville, Ont.	F. L. Kincaid.
Cobourg, Ont.	J. C. Reynolds.
Collingwood, Ont.	A. Morton.
Dundas, Ont.	J. B. Menchum.
Elora, Ont.	Henry Kirkland.
Fenelon Falls, Ont.	M. N. Minthorne.
Fergus, Ont.	L. C. Munroe.
Goble's Corners, Ont.	N. B. Goble.
Goderich, Ont.	T. J. Moorehouse.
Halifax, N. S.	M. A. Buckley.
Hamilton, Ont.	R. M. Ballantine.
Ingersoll, Ont.	R. A. Woodcock.
Kincairdine, Ont.	F. A. Barnes.
Kingston, Ont.	Ed. Stacey.
London, Ont.	Wm. Bryce.
Meaford, Ont.	Thos. Plunkett.
Napanee, Ont.	Henry Bro.
Orillia, Ont.	H. B. Staven.
Oshawa, Ont.	J. A. Gibson.
Ottawa, Ont.	Durie & Son.
Paisley, Ont.	Jno. Kelso.
Pembroke, Ont.	S. E. Mitchell.
Perth, Ont.	John Hart.
Petrolia, Ont.	N. Reynolds.
Prescott, Ont.	P. Byrne.
Quebec, Ont.	Etienne Legaré.
Sherbrooke, Ont.	J. Rollo.
St. Catharines, Ont.	W. L. Copeland.
Tilsonburg, Ont.	W. S. Law.
Wardsville, Ont.	W. F. Barclay.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1871.

THOUGH coming somewhat in advance of the date, we cannot refrain from bidding our readers A MERRY CHRISTMAS! and, metaphorically speaking, shaking each of them right cordially by the hand. What a blessed thing it is that times and seasons do come round, even in spite of us, to distract our attention from the frightful monotone of ordinary life! It must have been a beneficent power

that instituted Christmas. Surely it is a "happy thought" that some few days in the year should be set apart to joy and gladness; to the renewal of old friendships, and the acknowledgment of old-time obligations. Never does the father feel more of the patriarchal dignity than when presiding at the Christmas festive board; never a son more sense of filial duty than when, surrounded by those who owe equal obligations, he sees the paternal hand raised to invoke the divine blessing on the assemblage. Of all seasons of the year Christmas should be made the most joyous.

Being out of date with the day, we have not deemed it our duty to do more than bid our good friends the compliments of the season, with many happy returns (and subscription renewals for us). Our Supplement contains matter and illustrations not inappropriate to the time, and of that we heartily make them a present, trusting that it will be received with equal good-will.

A scene of no little interest has been enacted in the Legislature of Ontario. The Government led by the Hon. J. S. Macdonald has been defeated by a series of motions, some two or three, on the address, and finally, on Monday last, by the decisive vote of 43 to 27 on a plain want of confidence motion, introduced by Mr. Blake (who is now probably Premier of Ontario). Not in the light of party politics do we wish to discuss the situation of affairs in the Upper Province; the ostensible issue goes much further. The question raised by the Opposition was, whether the Government ought to enjoy the power conferred upon it last session of distributing a very large amount of money—one million and a half of dollars—for the promotion of railway enterprises, without a direct vote of the Legislature. The Opposition, a majority of the House, has affirmed the contrary, and to this vote is added another, a general condemnation, which rendered the resignation of the Government a political necessity. The premature resignation of the Hon. Mr. Wood certainly did not help matters for his colleagues, but his reason that he had failed to draw support from his own party, must be held sufficient excuse. That the other members of the Government, feeling bound to sustain their friends, should have clung to office after the first adverse vote, was surely not surprising when there were eight vacant constituencies, the elections in which might have changed the vote. But when forty-three, out of a house of seventy, declared against the administration, there was no need to wait for the new elections, as the Opposition vote represented more than the half of a full house.

The question raised was one of Executive as against Legislative power, and the Legislature asserted its own pretensions. The money had been appropriated to a specific object—that of encouraging the building of railways, and the maximum sum to be granted per mile had been fixed by statute. The discretion of the Executive was therefore confined to the selection of the particular lines which would become beneficiaries under the law. The issue is thus made a very simple one: Should a government have the control of a general expenditure previously sanctioned by Parliament? According to constitutional practice the answer ought to be yes. But in the case of the Ontario Legislature party feeling, supported by sectional interests, was enabled to answer in the negative; and by consequence if the Ontario Legislature sustains its own action, the railway fund will become a ceaseless source of wrangling, and perhaps of Legislative jobbery. If the grant is not to be distributed on the basis of some well defined departmental rule, the law ought to be repealed altogether, and the money turned over to some other account. That the Legislative Assembly should be converted into a mere "rat pit" to scramble, by sections, for a share in the million-and-a-half of dollars laid aside for railway purposes, surely cannot be the intention of the majority who voted down the Government policy. That the railway enterprises already commenced on the faith of last year's legislation should be defrauded of their anticipated bonus would be an exhibition of bad faith which we cannot believe that the people of Ontario would sanction. What then is to be done? In honesty the new lines started on the faith of the grant should receive it; and if the Legislature in its wisdom sees fit to repeal the law as regards future undertakings it is undoubtedly competent to do so. Better far that the grant should be withdrawn entirely than that it should be left as a constant source for quarrel between different sections of the Province.

We have not touched upon the political aspect of the crisis in Ontario. If the Government of which Mr. J. S. Macdonald was the head had lost the confidence of the people's representatives then it was time to vote it out.

But if the issue was whether the Executive or the Assembly should possess the special power at first called in question, we should decide unhesitatingly against the Assembly. That body could not do justice to the distribution of the fund in question. When the money was appropriated to a specific purpose it ought to have been left in the hands of the Government to be expended according to law. When the Assembly ceased to have confidence in the Ministry it could vote them out and put others in their place. But to condemn a statute and convey that condemnation to the Governor in answer to his speech, was neither dignified nor Parliamentary. When statutes are to be assailed there is an open course for legal amendment or repeal; but it does seem strange that a Government should this year be impaled for a law that was passed last year by the Legislature. A simple vote of want of confidence would have better expressed the feeling of the House, and then the new Government, if it saw fit, might have invited the Legislature to reverse its policy for the encouragement of railways. As matters have gone there is a confusion of political and sectional feeling that makes it difficult for one to understand the real condition of affairs. But under any circumstances we may be well assured that the system of economical Government so successfully administered by the first Ontario Cabinet will be continued. In that belief we have no fear that the Province will suffer by any change in the personnel of the Governor's advisers.

H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

We learn with profound satisfaction that His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has been pronounced out of danger from the terrible malady with which he has been afflicted. The excitement throughout Great Britain and the Colonies, during his extreme illness, was intense, and the feeling of relief consequent on his recovery is correspondingly marked. At latest dates, though the Prince was very low, the fullest confidence was entertained in his ultimate recovery.

THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS.

H. I. II. the Grand Duke Alexis arrived in Montreal on Thursday the 14th inst., at 9 p.m., after a journey of exactly twelve hours from Boston. At the station he was received, without any demonstration, by the Mayor and a deputation of the City Council, and conducted to the apartments prepared for him at the St. Lawrence Hall. Friday was taken up with a drive to Lachine, after which the Duke inspected the Garrison Artillery Brigade on the Champ de Mars. On Saturday afternoon at one o'clock His Imperial Highness and suite were entertained to a sumptuous luncheon by his Worship the Mayor at his residence, at which a number of leading citizens were present. Afterwards the distinguished party drove to the Victoria Bridge, and expressed much admiration at the substantial nature of the magnificent structure. After spending some time in a close examination of the bridge, the party returned to the city about four o'clock. In the evening the Grand Duke visited the Victoria Rink, and enjoyed a good skate. On his arrival he was met by Mr. Beaufield, Secretary of the Club, and by him conducted to the ice. On the Grand Duke entering the Rink the band of the Grand Trunk Brigade, which was stationed in the gallery, played the Russian Hymn, followed by the National Anthem. His Imperial Highness skated with Miss Fairbairn, Miss Bethune, and other ladies. On leaving the Rink the Grand Duke returned to the St. Lawrence Hall. On Sunday afternoon His Imperial Highness drove through the city, and about half-past two o'clock visited the Church of the Gesu, where he remained a short time. The rest of the day he spent in his apartment at the hotel. At ten o'clock on Monday morning the Grand Duke and suite left the city by special train from the Bonaventure station for Ottawa, arriving there during the evening. At Ottawa His Imperial Highness was the guest of the Governor-General, Lord Lisgar.

Books Received.—The following works, so exceedingly interesting for the Christmas time, have just been received from Messrs. Dawson Bros, and will be noticed in another number: "The Household Treasury" (which would make a capital present for a thrifty wife); "Gentle Measures in the Management of the Young;" and "Dogs and their Doings." The latter is splendidly got up.

On Tuesday last the Hon. J. S. Macdonald handed in his own resignation and that of his colleagues to the Lieutenant-Governor. It is stated that the Hon. Mr. Wood was in communication with Mr. Blake before the resignation of the Government, but we cannot bring ourselves to believe that he would have acted a part so utterly contemptible. Mr. Blake has been sent for to form a new Cabinet.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

MISTLETOE MEMORIES.

I.  
It was the eve of Christmas, and the Hall  
Was one broad blaze of light;  
A hundred tapers gleaming white and tall  
From the wrought sconces on the festooned wall,  
Had banished night.

II.  
And high-born men, and many a peerless dame  
Did grace the festive scene;  
Bright eyes did flash, and jewels rare did flame,  
But nought to me was fair until she came—  
My heart's sole queen!

III.  
And then a thousand melodies did seem  
To thrill my heart-strings there;  
A brighter radiance yet around did beam,  
As one that moveth in a blissful dream,  
I trod on air.

IV.  
Oh, what a regal mien had she, as one  
Born to command and thrall!  
As to its centre all the planets lures the sun,  
She had a sweet, constraining grace that won  
The hearts of all.

V.  
She was the cynosure of every eye  
In all that stately crowd;  
Fairest and proudest she—of lineage high;  
And I—oh, what, I thought, was I?  
I groaned aloud.

VI.  
A lordly home was hers, beneath whose towers  
Did ease and plenty reign;  
Her pathway lay o'er walks bestrewn with flowers;  
For me, each day was just so many hours  
Of mental strain.

VII.  
Riches and lands wore hers, all that could charm the eye,  
Sense, or ambition move;  
And I, poor fool, oh, what, alas! had I  
To kindle hope, or cheer my misery?  
Nought but my love!

VIII.  
This peerless scion of a dozen earls,  
Dared I aspire to gain?  
This costly cup in which a thousand pearls  
Had been dissolved—at which thought whirled—  
Would my lips drain?

IX.  
But, lo, she comes! she hath a smile for me,  
For me, in such a throng!  
Oh, what a blessed need is this for thee—  
What guerdon sweet of honoured minstrelsy,  
Poor child of song!

X.  
Smiles she so sweet, as deeming me too low  
To dream or dare aspire?  
No thought on states diverse doth love bestow,  
These icy barriers melt before the flow  
Of his fierce fires.

XI.  
We stand apart from all the merry throng,  
We talk of early days;  
Of mutual joys which sped our youth along,  
When she did never weary of my song—  
I of her praise.

XII.  
And then the impulse came; in vain I strove;  
I poured out all my soul;  
The pent-up torrent of whole years of love  
Rushed headlong, as a stream from heights above,  
Beyond control.

XIII.  
I knew 'twas folly, madness, nay, despair,  
That gave my passion speech;  
I did not plead as gallants with their fair—  
No faulting soft response, with suppliant air,  
Did I beseech.

XIV.  
I claimed her as my love's high guerdon due,  
And dared to give the sign;  
Beneath the sprays of mistletoe, which threw  
A flickering shadow o'er her face, I drew  
Her lips to mine.

XV.  
It was a momentary madness—soon  
I woke as one from sleep;  
Then forth into the soothing night's still noon  
I fled, with none around me save the moon  
To see me weep.

XVI.  
And as I wept—wept tears of grief and shame,  
There came the sound of bells;  
Soft through the crisp, cool air, their voices came,  
Like spirits sent to quench my bosom's flame  
From far-off cells.

XVII.  
And then I knew 'twas holy Christmastide;  
The sweet thought came like balm;  
My hot rebellious soul it seemed to chide;  
It taught of peace—a spirit crucified,  
Patient and calm.

XVIII.  
And forth I went into the world again,  
Chastened, subdued, and strong;  
Content to bear the burden of my pain,  
Strengthening the fainting hearts of weary men  
With deeper song.

H. F. D.

CHRISTMAS AT KING ARTHUR'S COURT.

How any mention of King Arthur sends us back to the days of our childhood, when the wonderful stories about him and his famous Knights of the Round Table, the wrongs they redressed and the oppressors they overthrew, filled our young minds with wonder and swelled the hearts of the more imaginative with emulation of their noble deeds! As we have grown older, too, there have been few of us who have not been stirred by the same stories, told us in language more suited to our years by those who have not deemed it waste to employ time the most valuable and talents of the highest in reproducing legends of an age which history makes half barbaric, and of a King whose very existence at any period has been questioned.

Partly, then, because it is good that at Christmas time we should in any way be made to think and feel as little children, and partly because of the unflagging interest of the story of King Arthur to persons of all ages, we present our readers

with an ideal sketch, from the pencil of J. Gilbert, of "Christmas at the Court of King Arthur."

By some historians Arthur is described as reigning in Britain about the beginning of the sixth century; he is said to have conquered Ireland, France, Denmark, and Norway, and was victorious in many expeditions against the Saracens. By others his dominions were limited to the south and west of England and South Wales, while his victories were restricted to the overthrow of rival kings within these bounds, repulses of the Picts and Saxons when they invaded his dominions, and a few incursions into Ireland. Probably round him, as around other heroes of still earlier ages, the deeds of many mighty men have gathered. But there must have been a real foundation on which to erect so grand a figure as the King Arthur presented to us by modern poets. Even if he did not found the order of the Round Table, but received it, as some say, with a hundred knights, an institution of his father Uther, still, it is acknowledged that he stamped upon it that character of nobleness which made it famous.

The Order of the Round Table, as designed by Arthur, was indeed a grand conception—Tennyson makes the King thus explain his motives in establishing the order and recount the oath:—

For when the Roman left us, and their law  
Relax'd its hold upon us, and the ways  
Were filled with rapine, here and there a deed  
Of prowess done redressed a random wrong.  
But I was first of all the King, who drew  
The knightly errand of this realm, and all  
The realms together under me, their Head,  
In that fair order of my Table Round,  
A glorious company, the flower of men,  
To serve as model for the mighty world,  
And be the fair beginning of a time.  
I made them lay their hands in mine and swear  
To reverence the King as if he were  
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King.  
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,  
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,  
To speak no slander; no, nor listen to it;  
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity;  
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,  
And worship her by years of noble deeds,  
Until they won her; for, indeed, I know  
Of no more subtle master under heaven  
Than is the maiden passion for a maid.  
Not only to keep down the base in man,  
But teach high thought, and amiable words,  
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,  
And love of truth, and all that makes a man.

Or, in the less musical prose of the chronicle, stripped of its antique guise, "Then rose the King and spake to all the table round, and charged them to be ever true and noble knights; to do neither outrage nor murder, nor any unjust violence, and always to flee treason; also, by no means ever to be cruel, but to give mercy unto him that asked for mercy, upon pain of forfeiting the liberty of his court for evermore. Moreover, at all times, on pain of death, to give all succour unto ladies, gentlewomen, and young damsels; and lastly, never to take part in any wrongful quarrel for reward or payment; and to all this he swore them knight by knight. Then he ordained that every year they should all come before the King, wherever he might appoint the place, and give account of all their feats, and wanderings, and adventures of the past twelve months. And so, with prayer and blessing and high words of cheer, he instituted that most noble order of the Round Table, whereto the best and bravest knights in all the world sought afterwards to find entrance and admission."

It is one of these annual gatherings that our artist has represented on page 412. The knights are assembled, the banquet has been discussed, and in presence of the stately Queen and lovely ladies of her court the "feats, and wanderings and adventures" have been recounted, and Arthur calls on them to swear, anew and together, the oath that each had taken singly on admission. Then the Knights of the Round Table, rising solemnly and drawing forth the blades, bared only in defence of right or in redress of wrong, swear on the hilt of each, which is a cross, to be faithful to their oath and to the King. So solemn is this act that even the jester leaning on the back of Arthur's chair has dropped his bauble, feeling this is no time for folly, and the privileged dwarf sets down the flask and holds the unfilled goblet to regard the knightly circle and the glorious King. Nor let our readers think the heralds on horseback out of place in Arthur's hall, for many times history records how messengers and ladies in distress and stranger knights rode in where Arthur sat at banquet, and had audience there.

Those who believe in Merlin's prophecy of the future sovereignty of Arthur's race suppose that the royalty of Britain was restored to the Cymrian Kings through the house of Tudor; from the accession of which house may indeed be dated the cordial amalgamation of the Welsh with the English, and the rise of that power over the destinies of the civilised world which England has since established.

THE PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHY OF GAS BURNING.

The secret of gas consumption is to secure good burners, to adapt them to the supply of gas, and to understand the simple principles by which the supply should be regulated. Probably nineteen twentieths of the gas-burners now in use throughout the country are of irremediably bad construction, the most economical plan of dealing with which would be to throw them aside at once. A report to the London Board of Trade by the gas referees, containing "the result of their investigations of the principles which regulate the development of light from gas, and the application of those principles to the construction and use of burners in the manner most advantageous and economical to the public," forms the subject of an article in the *Spectator*. That journal says:—"If any one is inclined to look contemptuously on so small a matter as the improvement of gas-burners, a few of the facts stated in the report will, if he have any of the Englishman's regard for his pocket, very decidedly convert him to a sense of its importance. On an average, consumers of gas, by using well constructed and well adapted burners, instead of the usual clumsy, haphazard kind, may reduce their gas bills by one-third or one half of the whole amount, while obtaining a stronger and more steady light than they obtained before. In a middle class household the gas bill is no inconsiderable item; and, even if the health of the family were not concerned, it would surely be desirable to control in some measure the unnecessary and expensive consumption. But we know the carelessness and contempt for thrift which prevails in these countries. It is more remarkable that in great business establishments, where the charges for gas must be of necessity enormous, some effort at improving the burners has not been

made. The referees, having examined a quantity of burners supplied by the leading gas-fitting firms, and having found the majority hopelessly defective, brought the matter to a practical test by visiting certain establishments, in the city, where night work prevails. As an instance of the waste in such places, we are informed that in the publishing offices of two great daily papers the burners chiefly in use gave out only one-half the light that the gas supplied was capable of giving, while a large number furnished only one-quarter of the true illuminating power. As compositors and other newspaper employes must have a strong light, it is clear that the place of this wasted power had to be supplied by additional burners. In private houses the loss is not so outrageous as this, but it is considerable almost everywhere, and the report affirms that, on a most moderate estimate, one-fourth of the annual gas rental of London might be saved by the use of good burners. This rental is £2,000,000 a year, so that it is plain we are throwing away half a million per annum in mere heedless ignorance. Nor are we committing this waste with impunity. By the use of perfect burners we burn less gas to obtain the necessary quantity of light, and the less gas we burn the less do we pollute the air with the noxious products of combustion. The amount of these products, too, is diminished by the employment of burners which completely consume the gas supplied to them. It is obvious, therefore, that the use of ill contrived burners in large establishments, and the resulting waste described may be a prevalent cause of the ill health from which newspaper printers and other night workers suffer.

A good gas-burner is not an imaginary article, although a perfect burner has yet to be discovered. The referees, in their recent inquiries and experiments, have taken as a standard "Sugg's London Argand Burner No. 1," which is not the best invented by the maker, but seems at present the one most adapted for practical use. Comparing with this burner, when burning five feet of gas per hour, those in common use under the names "fish-tail" and "bat-wing" burners, we obtain some remarkable results. Taking the standard burner's illuminating power at 100, six fish-tail burners gave these results:—73, 62, 52, 46, 36, and 19, the latter giving less than one-fifth of the light supplied by the standard at the same consumption of gas. The bat-wing burners show better results, being 86 and 82, as compared with the standard. It must be observed, however, that the standard is an Argand burner, in which the supply of air to the flame is regulated by a chimney. Comparing three other Argands with the standard, we find the illuminating power still far inferior, being no more than 73, 77, and 34 per cent respectively. These tests clearly prove the superiority of Sugg's Argand No. 1, to any burner in common use. Of course it remains a question in particular instances whether the cost of supplying these burners would be too great to admit of their general adoption.

A burner is to gas and the development of light, as the report points out, what a boiler is to coal and the generation of steam. In the early days of the steam-engine, before boilers were properly adapted to their work, there was an enormous waste of power, so that "one ton of coal in a locomotive of the present day generates as much force as six tons did forty years ago." But a well constructed boiler is fitted to do its work best when consuming a fixed quantity of fuel, and there is, in like manner, in the case of every gas-burner, a certain rate of consumption at which the highest illuminating power in proportion to the supply is attained. Above or below this point there must be more or less waste, and there is as much above it as below it. This is a fact which deserves to be taken into account, for many consumers fancy that the more gas they turn on the better light they will get. It is now conclusively established that the quantity of gas does not influence the development of light, that the difference perceived, in the illuminating power afforded by the consumption of different quantities of the same gas, is due to the difference of the burners, each burner "doing justice" to the gas at a particular rate of consumption, and declining in illuminating power when the supply falls short of this rate or exceeds it. It has been proved also that the temperature at which the gas is supplied to the burner makes no practical difference to the light, that an over supply of air to the flame and an excess of pressure in the supply pipe are adverse to illuminating power. Gas, it appears, is in the fittest state to be burned, and to give out its maximum of light, when it streams through the burner under little or no pressure, flowing upwards like a natural flame. The practical suggestion deducible from these conclusions is, that the burners should be improved; and we have called attention to the best type yet brought into use."

THE CLIMATE OF BERMUDA.

To the Editor of the "CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS."

Sir.—In the very interesting account of Bermuda, given by your correspondent Capt. E. M., a very unfavourable idea of the healthfulness and agreeableness of the climate during the summer is conveyed; but he says not a word about the winter climate, which has far more interest for us northerners than the summer climate. I have heard the winter climate of these islands very highly spoken of, and would like to know if your correspondent confirms that opinion.

Perhaps he would be kind enough to give us some information on this point if you requested him; and if he cannot be induced to appear again in print, perhaps he would be willing to give the desired information to any one who would call upon him; in which case he would much oblige me and several others by leaving his name and address with you, if you are not already acquainted with both. As I have previously informed you, I spent last winter in Nassau, but have been told that Bermuda has a winter climate better suited to my case than Nassau, and would like to get more light on this question. If you would be kind enough to mention this subject to your correspondent, or give me his name and address, you would confer a great favour on

Yours truly,

W. A.

P.S.—Information concerning the state of society and the expenses of living would also be very acceptable.

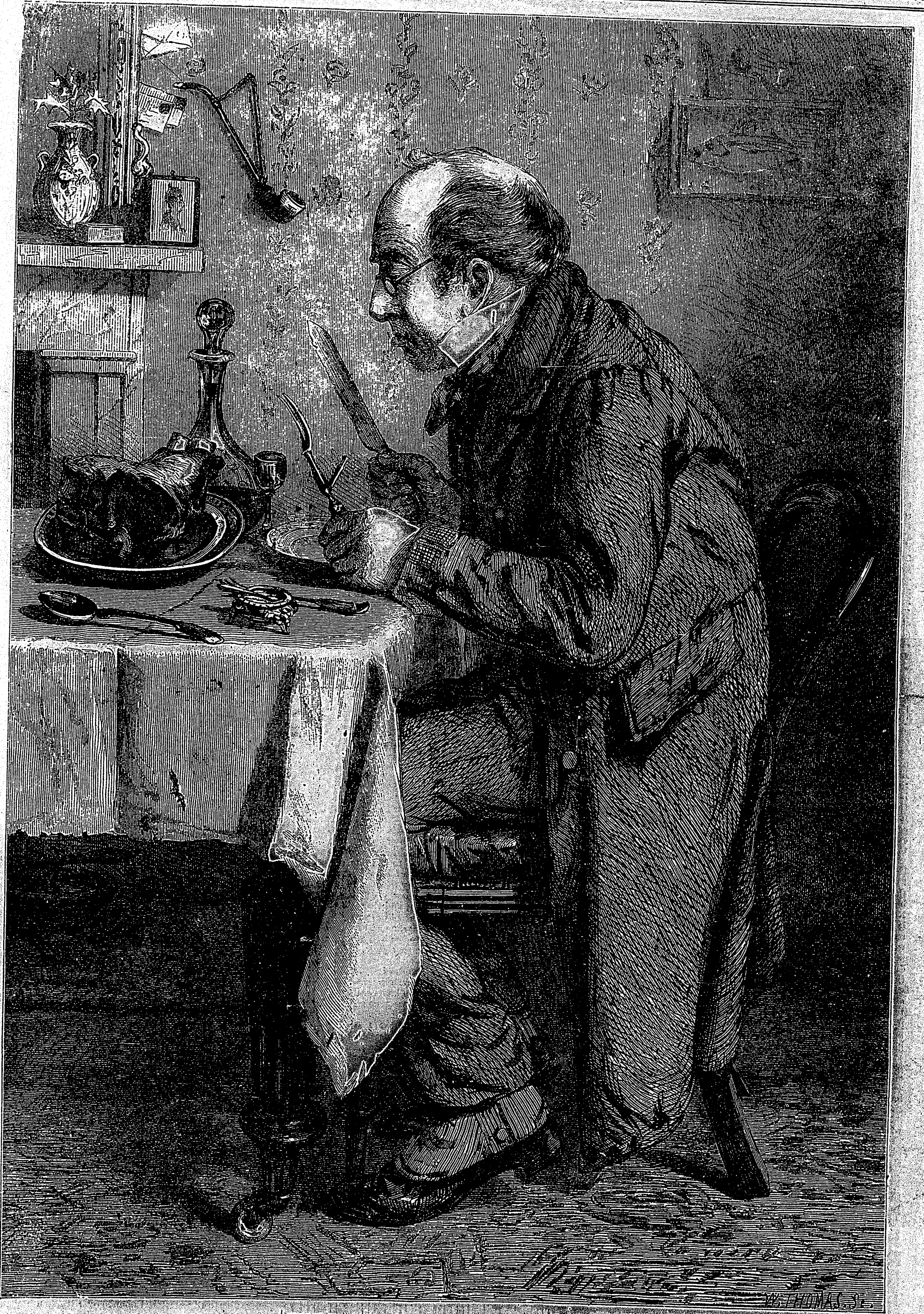
W. A.

[Our contributor referred to is at present a resident of Bermuda. He will, doubtless, see this letter—at least we shall direct his attention to it—and possibly he will supply the desired information. Our own impression is that the winter climate of Bermuda is healthful for such as require a mild atmosphere.—E. C. I. N.]





"PARCE SOMNUM RUMPERE."  
AFTER CARLO DOLCI. ORIGINAL IN THE CORSINI GALLERY AT ROME



THE BACHELOR'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.

BY J. T. LUCAS.—SEE PAGE 410.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

BY THE RIVER.

ACROSTIC STANZAS.

I.

Each bud that blossoms on the lea,  
Or bird that sings in summer;  
Each wind that wanders from the sea,  
And star that lights the lover,

II.

Shall 'mind me of that mystic guide  
That led me to the river;  
Down where St. Lawrence rolls his tide  
With many a circling quiver;

III.

There well I learned to know and prize  
Sweet friendship's pearly treasure—  
Learn'd from the wave that toyed with skies,  
How Sense might toy with Pleasure.

IV.

Estelle! when seasons long have roll'd,  
And the flowers and you are faded,  
Think, will you not? on these scenes of old,  
When the hours our mirth upbraided.

V.

Live o'er again in the halls that hang  
Hard by that shining river,  
Whore our merriment shouted, our laughter rang,  
And the Graces and God were the giver.

VI.

Let Orona once more touch his Lydian lyre;  
Let Sybil dance stately, let Percy sing;  
Let Amanda come back with her eyes of fire,  
And so darkly her tresses fling!

VII.

'E'en again, to your heart, may these scenes, Estelle,  
When years our senses wither,  
Strike home like the chimes of a marriage-bell,  
As we lived by that lordly river.

J. V. WRIGHT.

Montreal, Dec., 1871.

### MR. GRISSELLTHWAITE'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.

BY MARY HOWITT.

MR. GRISSELLTHWAITE, whom we see, in the illustration on page 625, eating his Christmas dinner in dismal jollity, was, it might almost be said, the son and heir of three old bachelors. But as this seems like a paradox to begin with, I must be allowed to introduce you, some sixty or seventy years ago, to the fireside of a small greystone house standing on the shady fell-side of a Cumberland valley. This was the old house, from time immemorial, of the Grisselthwaites; *statesmen*, or small proprietors of land and land privileges, with small flocks and herds, which fed on the open fells in summer and were housed near the dwelling through the winter.

Mr. Grisselthwaite, who died somewhat past middle life about a century ago, left three sons, then come to man's estate, all tillers of the soil, and no one of the three enterprising enough to leave the dale in which he was born for more adventurous town life. For many years each brother had hoped that the others would do so, and each one, in his turn, threw out baits to catch the others, either in Whitehaven or Lancaster, either with shipping or shopkeeping interests. But none took the bait, and, much to each other's dissatisfaction, they lived on together, until, from openly grumbling and secretly trying to circumvent and undermine each other, they came, at length, to be very much of one mind—namely, that of being "the rich old men of Garstang."

Their housekeeper through all these years was their mother, a hard, managing old woman, whose nature, whatever it might have been in the beginning, was so completely in unison with that of her sons that there was no disunion amongst them. At last she died and was buried. The youngest of her sons was then near sixty, and scarcely, perhaps, was mother ever more missed from her family than she was. She had been hale and active almost to the very last, and then dropped, as it were, out of her daily duties or cares, which then fell of necessity upon her three old bachelor sons.

Porridge-making in a morning for breakfast, boiling cabbage and bacon for dinner, even making beds and mopping the kitchen, or scalding the milk-pans, seems no hard work in the hands of an accustomed woman, nor were even these old bachelors unaccustomed to many kinds of domestic drudgery. Nevertheless, when the mother was gone, and they had to do it all for themselves, and many other things also in which they had no experience—for they never thought of taking a woman servant—they found it not much to their minds, to say nothing of the contention which now began as to what duties belonged to each. Worst of all, they could not manage the butter-making. Churn they could, but when the butter was come they neither washed it nicely nor yet could their awkward hands shape it into the nice pats on the ornamental butter-print as the old woman had done. Their butter would not sell in the market, and in this way they were losing money, which, after all, was the most serious part of the business.

The two elder brothers, Job and Samson, were the two that mostly held together. The one was troubled with rheumatism and the other had corns, so that the more active duties fell, as a matter of course, to the youngest, William—or Willie, as he was called. He went to fair or market, and bought and sold for the market. When, therefore, the mother had been dead six months, and Willie was gone, on a wet winter's day, with butter and eggs to Papcastle Market, the two elder brothers sat by the fire and deliberated on the present perplexing state of family affairs. How much talking and thinking it required before a remedy was discovered I know not. They, however, came to a definite decision before dusk, at which time Willie was expected back; and their decision was that he must get married. Willie, the youngest and the fittest to make this sacrifice for the family good, must take a wife. They were perfectly agreed, and no more, therefore, needed to be said till the unfortunate victim made his appearance, wet and weary, and totally unaware of the mischief which had been plotting against him.

Accordingly, no sooner had Willie seated himself by the fire, taken off his shoes, and laid his head into the settle-corner for a comfortable sleep, preparatory to bed, than the brothers began, and that with all the more unction because he had brought the unsightly butter back, unsold, from the market. The two inexorable old men came down upon him, like Fate. "Willie," said Job, "we've made up our minds thou must take a wife."

"There must be a woman in the house," said Samson; "and Willie, thou must wed."

Willie, who was sinking into a warm snooze as the brothers began, roused himself at this unheard-of demand, and exclaimed, with ineffable disgust and indignation,

"Ay, ay, whenever there's any dirty, disagreeable work to be done, it's me that must do it!" and, without another word, offended and insulted, went doggedly off to bed.

Whether he slept or not I cannot say; but certain it is that the idea, new as it was, tumbled about in his brain till it found a corner to lodge in, and, once in, there would be no getting it out again. It is possible that the old brothers had also a wife in view for Willie. Be that, however, as it might, he had no intention of consulting them, and before long astonished them by announcing that Nelly o' Thomas's o' Beckside was coming there as his wife.

Nelly o' Beckside was a comely woman under thirty, who, poor soul! never would have consented to become Willie o' Garstang's wife had it not been to free herself from the tyranny of a step-father, by having a home of her own.

The brothers were horrified and affronted at the idea of a young wife who would have all sorts of fancies and ways, from which there would be no turning her. But there was no help for it. Willie, when he had once the bit in his mouth, was harder to guide than a mule. His brothers had laid the burden on his back, and now he chose to carry it in his own way.

It was, therefore, no pleasant home that poor Nelly came to. She was naturally a gentle, meek-spirited woman; and had she known what it was to come under the hard dominion of three old men, two of whom were always banded against her, she probably would have preferred the misery under the step-father's roof. Poor Nelly! She perhaps might have thrown herself into Garstang water to have been rid of her life, if, within the second twelve months, a fourth being had not made its appearance, bringing with it that inexhaustible fountain of love, long-suffering, and patience which lies deep in every true mother's heart.

A child in the house was more than the old brothers had bargained for. They knew not at first what to make of it. They were ashamed and felt a sort of embarrassment when anyone spoke to them about it. They were stupid old men, and a new idea took a long time in getting into their brains. If they could have got rid of the child, they would have done so; but that was impossible. There it was, a large-limbed, healthy, "bonnie lad-bairn," who made the very rafters ring with his crying from the first day that he was born.

Before long the wooden cradle stood on the hearth, and Nelly, poor woman, became blind, and deaf, and dumb towards the worryings of the old men, in the tender care and love of the child.

Joshua was the name it received, after the grandfather, and by degrees the old men grew accustomed to it. Young pigs they liked well enough, and lambs, and calves; why not, then, this bonny lad-bairn, which was come all right and proper to inherit Garstang after them, as they had inherited it from their father?

Desperately fond, each in his own rude way, grew the two uncles, as well as the father, of the little Joshua; and this, of course, would lead one to suppose that the position of the poor mother would be greatly improved. There is a curious bird in Australia—the grey magpie it is called—the mother-bird of which is supposed by all her relations to be incapable of managing her young; therefore, no sooner is the nestling out of the egg than they all, grandfathers, uncles, cousins, devote themselves to the nurture and education of the young grey magpie, and such a contention and clamour takes place—some advising, others exulting, chuckling, or scolding—as no one can form an idea of who has not heard it. So was it now at Garstang. The three old men, having all equal rights in the property, seemed to have, and asserted, equal rights in the child. In no one thing regarding it were they agreed, except that there never was such a child before in the world, and that they would do all in their power to ruin it and make everybody miserable about it. That at four years it should be dressed in a regular little man's suit was a matter of course; so the old men had been dressed in their childhood, and it mattered nothing what the mother might say to the contrary. The mother, indeed, had now ceased to have any voice regarding him. Still, he was the apple of her eye, and she fed her heart for weeks and months on any little acts of love or duty which he might chance to show her.

Still it went on till the lad was ten, and then she died. It was the best thing for her. As for the old men, they were as hale as ever; new life had, as it were, come into them with the child, and now they might live to see him of age.

It was wonderful how he fell, or rather grew, into the ways of his teachers. He was as mean as they were, and a great deal more cunning. He went to school—first, in the village, then to Whitehaven; and at Whitehaven he had finally settled himself when the old men, who had ruined him body and soul, were dead—disappointed every one of them and very sorrowful in the undutiful disregard of the lad who for twenty years had been their one thought, and for whom they had saved and scraped together seven thousand pounds, to say nothing of the homestead and land at Garstang.

He was now an independent gentleman, very keen after money and with considerable interest in vessels trading to Whitehaven. People said, of course, he would marry. He lived in a good house, and was, like most men of his years, fond of enjoyment. His character was neither decidedly good nor bad, and many most respectable fathers and mothers would have welcomed him to choose a wife from their daughters. But he did not seem inclined to marry.

He was now five-and-thirty, and his shipping interests extended to London. People said he was laying up "endless of money: why did he not get married?" There was a desolate, comfortless look about his house, both without and within, but still more so within. He was growing to disregard the little elegances and amenities of life and manners; and he and his friends drank their grog and "enjoyed themselves," as they called it, in the bar-parlour in preference to his home.

At forty, however, he took it into his head that perhaps he had better marry; it was more respectable. He should have money to leave, and, being without relations—having none on his father's side, and his mother's family having gone down in the world—he would naturally like to leave his money to his own descendants. Where, then, should he look for a wife? He was not fond of women's society and was no way given to books. The Bible he had read in his youth at school, and all that he clearly remembered was that St. Paul had said it was

better not to marry, and that wives must be obedient to their husbands. Paul, therefore, was a sensible man, and the Bible a good book. Now, however, when he was thinking of marrying, it might be as well to read some of the books which belonged to more modern life, and such especially as women were acquainted with, that he might have something to talk with them about. He accordingly began his study of modern literature and poetry with Lord Byron, and I am afraid that such of the noble poet's works as he read did not very much elevate his mind or give him more exalted views of women. After the poems he looked into the *Life and Letters*, and here he met with a sentiment that enchanted him, and which he quotes to this day—namely, that the noble peer hated to dine with women because to them must be given the liver-wing of the chicken!

Nevertheless, he really entertained the thought of marrying, and actually fell in love. The occurrence was simply this:—

His housekeeper's niece, a young Irishwoman from Rosstrevor, very pretty and fascinating, as most young Irishwomen are, was on a visit in the town, and very naturally came to see her aunt, who, finding her own tea and sugar, invited her to take tea with her. Here the master saw her, sitting, like a young Queen without her crown and jewels, in that little housekeeper's room—the only comfortable room in the house—with her eyes bent upon some pretty piece of fancy-work, and her beautiful dark eyelashes seeming to cast a shadow on her soft peach-like cheek. Never had Mr. Grisselthwaite been so taken aback in his life as when those eyelids were lifted and a pair of brilliant eyes flashed their beaming light upon him.

He delayed his steps a moment, the poor housekeeper not knowing whether he were angry or not at the liberty she had taken in having a friend to tea. Nothing of the kind. For the first time in his life Grisselthwaite felt the influence of beauty. He was very gracious to the housekeeper that evening, and begged her to have her niece as often to tea as she liked; asked about her family, and took a great interest in those Irish people at Rosstrevor. Strange to say, money seemed to lose some of its value. What did it matter, he asked himself, if a man married a woman he liked whether she had money or not? He was in love with his own generosity, and determined to win the young Irishwoman on any terms. He indulged himself in her society; walked out with her when it was dark, for he did not wish to be seen so accompanied; and drove her out into the country. In short, he was very desperately in love; nevertheless, he prided himself on being a prudent man, and advised himself not to be over-precipitate. She, in the meantime, was playing her cards with consummate skill. How she contrived it would be impossible to say; but she actually persuaded him to advance five hundred pounds to a cousin of hers who was trading to America, and who shortly intended to emigrate there with his wife. He was an excellent young man, she averred—none better; and she herself would guarantee the safety of the money. Would he only oblige her by lending her cousin this five hundred pounds?

Never did Mr. Grisselthwaite do such a foolish thing as that again. He advanced the money, and the next week the Rosstrevor beauty married her cousin, and they both emigrated to America, as was the intention, whether they had had the money or not. Of course, the poor housekeeper lost her place. But the next year she went over to America to her relations, and was no way the worse for it. As for the young couple, it is but right to say, that fifteen years afterwards Grisselthwaite received from Milwaukee, Wisconsin, the five hundred pounds and interest thereon, with a half-apologetic, half-bantering letter from the Irish wife, saying, in conclusion, that she was the mother of ten children, her husband member of Congress, and she the happiest woman in the State of Wisconsin. But not a word of all this, either beginning or end, did Grisselthwaite ever speak to any one; and for the next five years, at least, he was cured of all matrimonial intention.

Gradually, however, the thought took possession of his mind that he should like to educate some young girl as his wife. He had read of Day, the author of "Sandford and Merton," having made such an experiment—dropping burning sealing-wax on her arm to inure her to pain, and firing off pistols at her petticoats to develop in her presence of mind.

Grisselthwaite himself had been experimentalist in his boyhood. He had exercised the endurance of cockchafers by running pins through their bodies and thus teaching them to spin, and by pulling off the wings of flies and butterflies to accustom them to the better use of their legs. He had endeavoured to train the cat to walk in pattens by fixing her feet in empty walnut-shells filled with hot pitch. But, though his experiments had always failed of success, still they were amusing and interesting at the time; and, now that the idea of matrimony was again in his mind, his thoughts seemed to turn naturally to a new mode of experimental philosophy.

He never, however, carried out this plan, thinking it better and least trouble to marry a woman with money. There was Miss Gould, for instance, the late Banker Gould's daughter, a lady of an age suitable to himself, and possessed of independent property. No doubt she would be glad of a husband—all old maids were. The idea took violent possession of his mind, and whilst he was meditating upon it winter came on with extreme severity, and the poor were reduced to such straits of suffering that benevolent ladies undertook to collect subscriptions for their relief. It seemed, therefore, a very remarkable coincidence to Mr. Grisselthwaite that at the very moment when he was thinking of Miss Gould with matrimonial views that lady should enter his counting-house with her subscription-list in her hand. The names of the first men in the town were down for their twenty and ten pounds, then followed those who gave five. Grisselthwaite never before was so inclined to be generous, and he laid two sovereigns before the lady. She hesitated to take them up.

Oh, no! It would not do for a man of Mr. Grisselthwaite's known wealth to give less than the others. He must remember that his example would be followed—men of influence always took the lead.

Flattered by these words, and, above all things, desirous of pleasing Miss Gould, he gave her five pounds, and wondered at his own generosity.

But he was not displeased. He intended to have noble interest for his money. The next day, accordingly, he wrote a letter to the lady offering his hand and his heart. He took some time to consider the best mode of expressing himself; and, this done, he wrote his first love-letter, on ordinary office-paper, plentifully scattered pounce over it when he had done, and then, securing it with a red wafer, dispatched it by his porter.

The wafer could not be dry, and the pounce might fly in her eyes as Miss Gould opened the coarsely-written letter, the contents of which at once affronted and amused her. But she did not keep him long in uncertainty. Her servant in livery brought her reply, inclosed in an envelope sealed with the arms of her family, and written on thick, hot-pressed paper, gold-edged, and with her crest in gold likewise at the top; and the answer was as short as words could make it:—

"Miss Gould had no intention of changing her condition; and, if she had, Mr. Grisselthwaite would be the last man to induce her to do so."

This was not pleasant information for an ambitious man, say nothing of a lover; and the worst of it was that Miss Gould, although somewhat affronted, was at the same time greatly amused. The fact oozed out, and everybody made merry over "old Grisselthwaite's bold venture."

This by many was supposed to be the cause of his leaving the north. He said that his increasing mercantile interests took him to London. Here, therefore, we now find him in his sixty-sixth year, and, he having within the last twelve months become the partner of a Mr. Cornwallis, we shall see that this worthy gentleman was desirous, last Christmas, of finding him a wife.

Mr. Cornwallis was a paterfamilias in the fullest sense of the word. He thought no man good for anything who had nobody but himself to care for, and had no idea that a man could have too large a family. The thing could not be, he said; and he had endless stories to relate of men who had been kept above water amidst the most troublous sea of adversity by their children. "A man cannot sink," he said, "who has a number of living buoys (boys) hung round him like so many 'life-preservers,' and then he laughed heartily at his joke.

Mr. Cornwallis could not tolerate unmarried men in easy circumstances, therefore Grisselthwaite had not long been in partnership with him before he determined to get him comfortably married, and thus make a man of him, for it was his boast that he had been the means of no end of happy marriages.

Such was Mr. Cornwallis, and his wife was like him in every good, warm-hearted impulse. She, too, was an advocate for marriage; but then she made demands regarding it which her husband, though he acquiesced in her views, laid less stress upon. For instance, she regarded it as indispensable that the man should put aside all those slovenly, inelegant, and often disgusting habits which people who live alone, and think they may do just as they like, so often acquire. A man or woman, she maintained, who has lived to middle life for the most part alone, only half educated, perhaps, wanting, it may be, in natural delicacy and refinement, and, above all, without the refining, elevating influences of true religion, is no more fit to be married—to become the companion of a human being who is, perhaps, highly sensitive on all these subjects—than if he or she were an idiot or insane.

Cornwallis said that his wife carried her notions to excess, nevertheless he had acted all his married life as if he believed them to be true and important as the words of the Bible. Spite of all this, he was now determined to look out for a wife for his partner. He naturally took a strong interest in him from their business connection, and, being of a sympathetic turn, had a painful knowledge of the discomforts of his home, or rather lodgings, where he had once been invited to a bachelor supper. Twenty thousand pounds, in London, would not enable a man to live in Belgrave or even Russell Square, argued he; but there was no reason why he should not have a pretty villa at Clapham, or at Notting-hill, instead of living in that higger-mugger way in those dirty lodgings at Poplar. No; they must try to make something of him. It was never too late to mend, and a temperate man was not old at sixty, or even sixty-five.

Never was there so sanguine a man as Mr. Cornwallis. He was determined that Mr. Grisselthwaite should have a wife, and that no other than good Lucy Arnold, who had been his daughters' governess. "Would it not be a nice thing for Lucy to have a comfortable home of her own now that she was getting on in life! Why, she must be near fifty, and there were so many showy governesses in the market!"

Again Mrs. Cornwallis shook her head, and questioned if Lucy were not better off even as a poor governess than as the wife of a man like Grisselthwaite.

"Bless me," exclaimed her husband, "what would you women have?"

"Just persuade him," returned his wife, "to wipe his shoes when he comes in, and to keep his hands clean. If you can induce him to do these little things, I will think of him as a husband for Lucy Arnold."

"Done," said her husband, and the subject dropped.

This was the beginning of December. About a week afterwards good Mr. Cornwallis began, at breakfast, "I shall ask Grisselthwaite to dine with us on Christmas Day. We shall have the old set: father and mother, the Lanes, and poor old Mr. and Mrs. Street and their daughter, and Lucy Arnold will be here, and Tom and Mary, and the children. Bessie means also to come, so Robert told me last evening."

"Yes," said Mrs. Cornwallis; "we shall be very full this Christmas, because I have asked the Thins and poor old Mrs. Smallpiece; and I have promised the children that you will take them to the pantomime."

"Very good," returned her husband; and then added, with a chuckle, "and I'll ask old Grisselthwaite to go with us. He is such a countrified fellow, it would be regular fun to go with him; and Lucy Arnold shall go somewhere with us. We'll have a real jolly Christmas."

"Don't forget your instructions to Mr. Grisselthwaite about wiping his shoes; and let him come with his hands clean," said his wife.

"I know," said her husband; "I've thought it all over. I shall say, as we come in, that you are so particular—that all women are so. I know how to manage him in a delicate way, of course. But it really is wonderful what slovenly habits folks get by living only for themselves. But I'm sure there is good in him, as there is good in everybody."

What a house full of merry people, old and young, was that of the Cornwallis's on Christmas Day! It was not a large house—a second-rate villa in St. John's-wood; but there was not a happier, more amiable, or better-assorted company than theirs throughout all London.

"And so the pater's new partner is to be here to-night," said the son-in-law, Robert, to Mrs. Cornwallis. "Tom says he is a regular curmudgeon; what do you say?"

"I have seen but little of him," returned she; "but father

thinks well of him, as he does of most people; and he wants to get up a match between him and Lucy Arnold."

"My goodness!" exclaimed Robert, laughing loudly.

Just then Mr. Cornwallis and his partner alighted from a cab at the gate. Cornwallis brought him with him to make sure of his coming. It was a miserably wet evening, and they had the length of rather a long gravel walk to traverse before reaching the door. This was an excuse for the shoes.

"Now, my dear fellow," said Cornwallis, when they were inside the door, "we must wipe our shoes most accurately; my wife is very particular. So are all women. I shall change mine, of course; but there's a capital mat." And away he scrubbed at his own shoes, though they were not at all dirty. "And now come," said he, "into my dressing-room, and let us wash our hands, before we go down to the ladies. I'll then go down and introduce you—there are none but my own family—and come back and attend to my toilet."

This vexed Grisselthwaite exceedingly, for he hated to be dictated to, and he would neither wipe his shoes nor wash his hands. If he were not fit for the ladies' company as he was, why he would go back again. He did not say so, but he looked it; and good Mr. Cornwallis, thus defeated at the beginning of the campaign, thought it best to take him into the drawing-room to his wife and children at once, and then prepare himself before the other guests arrived.

This was the first time that Grisselthwaite had ever been in such a happy family group. There were the old people of the last generation, and Mrs. Cornwallis and Lucy Arnold, both in middle life, and both types of beautiful, self-forgetting womanhood, happy in the love with which they surrounded themselves; and the good offices with which each day was full. And here were the daughters of the one, educated by the other; and, again, a younger generation, their children, full of life and joy and health, beautiful young human beings, the hope and promise of the coming time. Yes, it was a lovely sight, that assembled family group on that happy Christmas Day of 1864!

Other guests, too, were expected—old dependents, old clerks, and poor relations, who would be brought there and taken back in flies, at no expense to themselves, and everyone of whom would return the richer by some well-thought-of Christmas present.

It was a most successful dinner—four-and-twenty people! I wonder only how they found room to sit. True, there was that sweet and good Lucy Arnold at a side table with the children, and Mr. Cornwallis so contrived that Grisselthwaite, who sat near him, should have that pleasant countenance exactly opposite to him, nor did he fail to direct his attention to her as "the most perfect jewel of a woman!" She had been his daughters' governess, and had lived in the best families since, and nothing would please him better than to see her comfortably settled with a good husband of her own.

He perhaps did not diplomatise wisely. His wife heard him from her seat at the top of the table, and smiled to herself to see how totally beyond the mark were his observations. Above all things, she hoped that Lucy's ears were not as open as hers. Not they. Lucy was busy with other things. Besides, she was the last person to suppose that anybody would talk about her.

But it was no use pointing out anything beautiful to Grisselthwaite. He was as completely out of his element as a fish out of water, and wished himself at home again almost from the moment he entered. It was the longest evening he ever spent in his life.

"Bless me! and is it really eleven o'clock? And must we really bid you good-night?" exclaimed poor old Mrs. Street and her lame daughter. So exclaimed they all, ringing changes on the same tune, as they went to put their things on.

"And oh! it's so good of Mr. Cornwallis, always fetching us and sending us back in a carriage!" said everyone.

"Do you know, it's the only time in the twelve months that I ever get a ride!" said feeble Mrs. Smallpiece: "and the motion is so easy, I never feel the pain in my back."

And "God bless you! and send you many a happy Christmas!" sounded from the carriages as they drove away with their grateful occupants.

"Where's Grisselthwaite?" exclaimed the happy Cornwallis, as he came into the house again, after seeing all his humble guests comfortably driven away.

Nobody could give him any information. At last the waiter, who had been hired for the day, said that the gentleman, no doubt, was the one who took his hat and coat just before Mrs. Smallpiece went out. He said he would find a cab for himself, for he wanted to be at home.

Yes; Grisselthwaite's hat and coat were gone, and he had bade none of them good-night.

Mr. Cornwallis would have been angry under any other circumstances, but he only shrugged his shoulders and laughed. "Poor old fellow!" he said, "I dare say he was out of his element. We made a mistake. We should have asked him just by ourselves, with Lucy Arnold and one or two others."

But Grisselthwaite would not again dine at his partner's, on any terms. "Such a slave as that man is to his wife!" exclaimed he, with ineffable contempt and pity. "No, no! I'll eat my Christmas dinner by myself henceforth and for ever!"

Here, therefore, we see him in his lodgings, at Poplar; and "Thank Heaven!" he says, "I've nobody to please but myself. I can eat and drink and do just what I like. I need think of no body but myself; that's the privilege of being a bachelor!"

A GHOST STORY.

We have not yet done with the fond old popular belief in occasional apparitions of the persons of the dead visible to the eyes of the living. This relic of Paganism still lingers, especially in the nooks and corners of rustic neighbourhoods, both in England and on this side the Atlantic. It is a more serious matter to many simple folk than the foolish practice of spirit-rapping is to those who have lately indulged in that fashionable pastime. Some ghost stories are honestly believed, though some are invented for the purpose of astonishing and overawing those who listen to them, or perhaps for the sake of amusement. Many tales of this kind are still current among the English peasantry in certain districts, and form one of their favourite diversions in the social talk which consoles them by the tap-room fireside, or, better still, at the family hearth, for their rude labours of the day.

The humorous scene, designed by Mr. George Thomas, which occupies page 413, sufficiently explains itself. The wide, old-fashioned chimney-piece of this homely cottage is decked

with holly and mistletoe, which betoken a festive evening of the Christmas season. The company, as it should be at this time, which is hallowed by the domestic charities, seems to include the kindred of three generations, from the cosy grandsire and his aged partner, with the youths and maidens at their side, to the little child that covers upon the floor and clings, in delicious terror, to her sister's arm. The queer fellow whose narrative eloquence has engaged the rapt attention of the whole party, is a privileged visitor, and sits with easy dignity in the sole arm-chair, while he repays the household for the welcome bestowed on him by giving them one of the most marvellous stories ever heard. If we may guess the character of his discourse from the gestures and grimaces of the speaker, we shall infer that it is a grotesque sample of that wild demonology which in every age and country has diverted the public mind. It is a hobgoblin, not a simple ghost, which is here in question. It may be some tale of a wicked miller who used in his lifetime to grind the faces of the poor, and who was seen on a certain moonless night in the dismal churchyard prostrate and crushed between a pair of tombstones, with which the diabolical avengers of his oppressors are working out the *peine forte et dure* merited by so cruel a sinner. It may be the hideous transformation of Farmer Coggins, who, having fed like Nebuchadnezzar among the beasts, is now and then met with roaming disconsolate in his own fat meadows, with the horns of an ox upon his forehead, and hoofs of the brute upon his hands and feet. It may be a ghastly sequel to the well-known anecdote of the poor workhouse boy, who fell into the great cauldron of the pauper's kitchen, and was sodden into broth; the story-teller further relating how the cook was afterwards haunted by the ghost of him who was boiled, hovering in the steam and smoke of the chimney, with a plaintive remonstrance against his untimely fate. Or it may be an orgie of fiends and witches dancing with infernal rites about a bonfire kindled with flames from below, and preparing for the mystic initiation of a malignant soul—but recently escaped from its fleshy body. Old Bogeysism in some one of its diverse shapes of ugliness and fear, is the burden of this impressive tale, delivered by the rustic *trouwee* with such face-making and waving of the arms as most hugely enhance its sensational effect. The old man smoking his pipe in the corner seems to be the least affected of the party. The old woman, with an abstracted look, is musing, perhaps, on some of her old experiences which the story may have brought to her mind. The younger women are seriously alarmed; not so the young man who leans upon the arm of the settle, and regards, with mingled distrust and admiration, the visitor whose wonderful talk is famed all over the country. At the opposite side of the fireplace, in snug seclusion behind the frightened mistress of the cottage, is a withered elder, whose face is strongly expressive of incredulity and contempt. Under the table, at the left-hand corner of the engraving, we see a playful cat tugging at the cloth on which a jug of beer and lighted candle are resting, whence it may be expected that a horrid crash and sudden darkness will presently attend the catastrophe of the Ghost Story.

Arthur Sketchley and F. C. Burnand have co-operated in writing a new burlesque, called "The Battle of Dorking; or My Grandmother," which has been presented at the Alhambra Palace.

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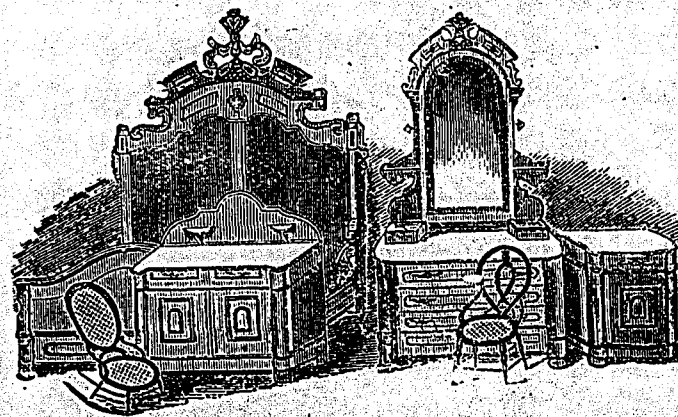
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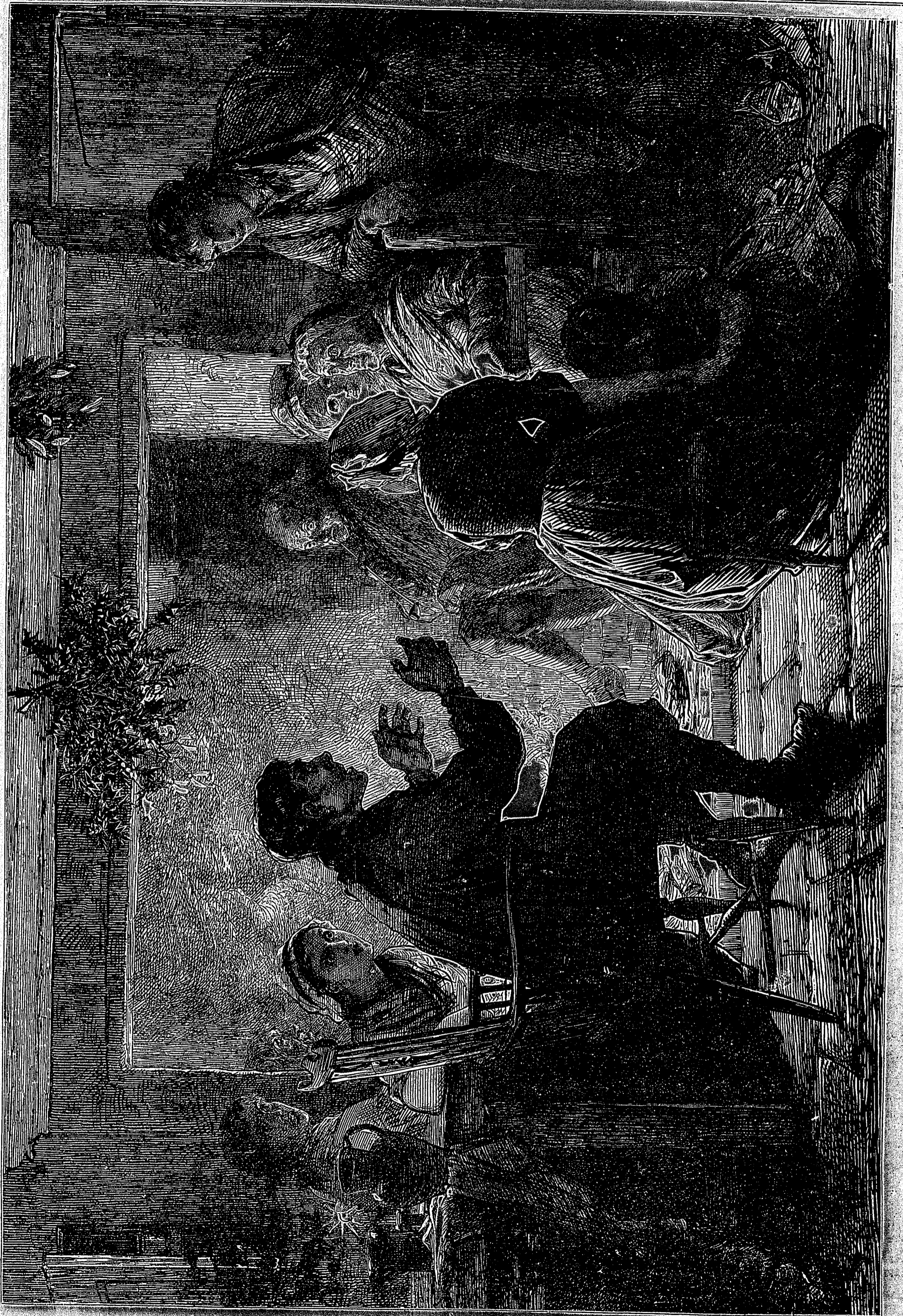


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CHRISTMAS AT THE COURT OF KING ARTHUR.—DRAWN BY JOHN GILBERT.—SEE PAGE 407.



A GHOST STORY.—DRAWN BY GEORGE THOMAS.—SEE PAGE 411.

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**WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.**

An Autobiographical Story.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,

Author of "Alec Forbes," etc.

CHAPTER XLVI.

MY FOLIO.

WHEN I reached home I found Charley there, as I had expected.

But a change had again come over him. He was nervous, restless, apparently anxious. I questioned him about his mother and sister. He had met them as planned, and had, he assured me, done his utmost to impress them with the truth concerning me. But he had found his mother incredulous, and had been unable to discover from her how much she had heard; while Mary maintained an obstinate silence, and, as he said, looked more stupid than usual. He did not tell me that Clara had accompanied them so far, and that he had walked with her back to the entrance of the park. This I heard afterwards. When we had talked a while over the sword-business—for we could not well keep off it long—Charley seeming all the time more uncomfortable than ever, he said, perhaps merely to turn the talk into a more pleasant channel—

"By the way, where have you put your folio? I've been looking for it ever since I came in, but I can't find it. A new reading started up in my head the other day, and I want to try it both with the print and the context."

"It's in my room," I answered. "I will go and fetch it."

"We will go together," he said.

I looked where I thought I had laid it, but there it was not. A pang of forboding terror invaded me. Charley told me afterwards that I turned as white as a sheet. I looked everywhere, but in vain; ran and searched my uncle's room, and then Charley's, but still in vain; and at last, all at once, remembered with certainty that two nights before I had laid it on the window-sill in my uncle's room. I shouted for Styles, but he was gone home with the mare, and I had to wait, in little short of agony, until he returned. The moment he entered, I began to question him.

"You took those books home, Styles?" I said, as quietly as I could, anxious not to startle him, lest it should interfere with the just action of his memory.

"Yes, sir. I took them at once, and gave them into Miss Pease's own hands;—at least I suppose it was Miss Pease. She wasn't a young lady, sir."

"All right, I daresay. How many were there of them?"

"Six, sir."

"I told you five," I said, trembling with apprehension and wrath.

"You said four or five, and I never thought but the six were to go. They were all together on the window-sill."

I stood speechless. Charley took up the questioning.

"What sized books were they?" he asked.

"Pretty bigish—one of them quite a large one—the same I've seen you, gentlemen, more than once, putting your heads together over. At least it looked like it."

Charley started up and began pacing about the room. Styles saw he had committed some dreadful mistake, and began a blundering expression of regret, but neither of us took any notice of him, and he crept out in dismay.

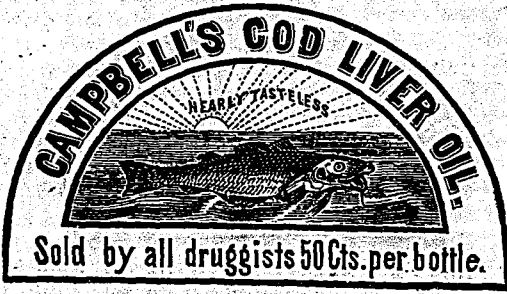
It was some time before either of us could utter a word. The loss of the sword was a trifle to this. Beyond a doubt the precious tome was now lying in the library of Moldwarp Hall—amongst old friends and companions, possibly—where years on years might elapse before one loving hand would open it, or any eyes gaze on it with reverence.

"Lost, Charley!" I said at last.—"Irrecoverably lost!"

"I will go and fetch it," he cried, starting up. "I will tell Clara to bring it out to me. It is beyond endurance this. Why should you not go and claim what both of us can take our oath to as yours?"

"You forget, Charley, how the sword-affair cripples us—and how the claiming of this volume would only render their belief with regard to the other the more probable. You forget too that I might have placed it in the chest first, and above all that the name on the title-page is the same as the initials on the blade of the sword,—the same as my own."

(To be Continued.)



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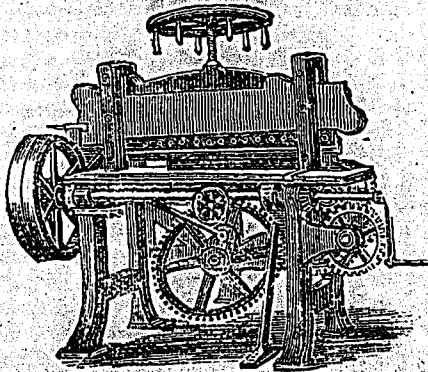
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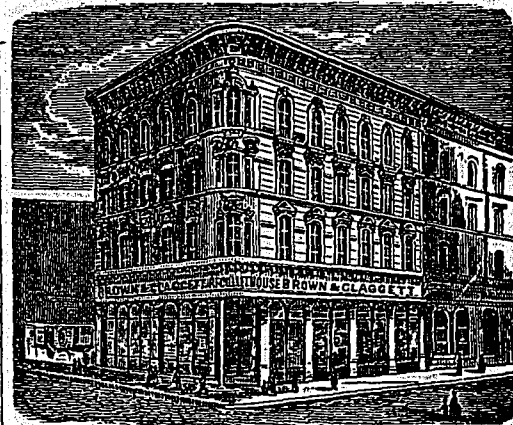


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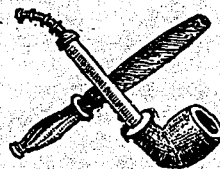
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SMOKERS' VARIETIES.

**SEALED TENDERS** addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for works, River St. Maurice," will be received at this office, until Monday, the 8th day of January next, at noon, for the construction of a Bulk head Dam, at the Piles, on the River St. Maurice.

Plans and specifications can be seen at this office, and at the Office of the Superintendent of the St. Maurice Works, at Three Rivers, where other information can be obtained.

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

By order,  
**F. BRAUN,**  
Secretary.

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS,  
Ottawa, 16th Sept., 1871. 4-50c

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

**THIS** elegant and agreeable preparation is a Chemical Food and Nutritive Tonic, being composed only of ingredients that enter into the formation of the system, and in such carefully adjusted proportions as are readily absorbed and assimilated. It supplies the waste constantly going on from the decomposition of tissues, as the result of physical and mental exertion, preventing Nervous Prostration and General Debility. Its action is purely physiological, building up the constitution in the same manner as our daily food. It has been used in private practice with eminent success in the treatment of Chronic Wasting Diseases, depending upon depraved nutrition and impoverished blood. It acts immediately on the stomach, invigorating Digestion, Assimilation, and the formation of Healthy Blood, energizing the nervous and muscular systems and all the vital organs. Sold at \$1.00; 6 bottles, \$5.00. 4-25zz

**INDUSTRY REWARDED.**

**THE** Proprietor of the *Canadian Illustrated News* will give as a PRIZE to the BOY WHO SELLS THE GREATEST NUMBER OF COPIES between this and NEW YEAR'S DAY, A FULL SUIT OF CHOICE CANADIAN TWEED, FROM **RAFTER'S** LARGE CLOTHING EMPORIUM. 4-26a



**NOTICE.**  
CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT.

Ottawa, 6th November, 1871.

**NOTICE** is hereby given that His Excellency the Governor-General, by an Order in Council, bearing date the 30th of October last, and under the authority vested in him by the 3rd Section of the 34th Victoria, Cap. 10, has been pleased to order and direct that the following article be transferred to the list of goods which may be imported into Canada free of duty, viz: "Unmanufactured Ivory."

By Command,  
**R. S. M. BOUCHETTE,**  
Commissioner of Customs.  
4-25-c

**INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869, AND ITS AMENDMENTS.**

**IN** the matter of JOHN MORRIS, the younger, of the City and District of Montreal, Publishing Agent and Trader, carrying on business as such, alone, there, under the name and style of "M. W. Avery & Company," as well individually as having been a partner with Myron W. Avery, trading together in Montreal aforesaid, as Advertising Agents, under the said name and firm of M. W. Avery & Company, An Insolvent.

The Insolvent has made an Assignment of his Estate to me, and the Creditors are notified to meet at the place of business of the Insolvent, No. 243 St. James Street, in the city of Montreal, on Tuesday the twenty-sixth day of December instant, at three o'clock in the afternoon, to receive statements of his affairs, and to appoint an Assignee.

**A. B. STEWART,**  
Interim Assignee.  
Montreal, 5th Dec., 1871. 4-25-b



**GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA.**

MONDAY, 6th day of November, 1871.

**HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN COUNCIL.**

On the recommendation of the Honourable the Minister of Customs and under the authority of the Act 31 Vic., Cap. 6, Sec. 4, entitled: "An Act respecting the Customs." His Excellency has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that from and after the date thereof, the following articles when imported into Canada, or taken out of Warehouses for consumption therein—that is to say: Spirits and Strong Waters mixed with any ingredient or ingredients, and although thereby coming under the denomination of Proprietary Medicines, Tinctures, Essences, Extracts, or any other denomination, shall be, and they are hereby declared to be chargeable with the duty imposed by the 3rd section of the Act 33 Vic., cap. 9, and with no other Customs duty.

**WH. H. LEE,**  
Clerk, Privy Council.  
4-25-c



**The St. Lawrence & Ottawa Railway Co.**

FROM PRESCOTT TO THE CAPITAL.  
The Shortest and Best Route from Montreal and all parts east to Ottawa.

ASK FOR TICKETS BY PRESCOTT JUNCTION.

**Winter Arrangement, 1871-72.**

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

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

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

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

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

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

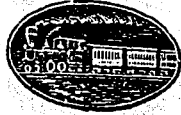
To the Ladies and Gentlemen of Montreal:

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

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

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

**CANADA CENTRAL**  
—AND—  
**Brockville & Ottawa Railways.**



**GREAT BROAD GAUGE ROUTE TO OTTAWA.**

**ON AND AFTER MONDAY, OCT. 30, 1871.**

TRAINS WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:—

**LEAVE BROCKVILLE.**

**EXPRESS** at 7:30 A.M., arriving at Ottawa at 12:50 P.M., and at Sand Point at 1:30 P.M., connecting at Sand Point with Union Forwarding Company's Steamers.

**LOCAL TRAIN** at 1:40 P.M.

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

**LEAVE OTTAWA.**

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

**MAIL TRAIN** at 4:35 P.M.

**ARRIVE AT SAND POINT**

at 1:30 P.M., 7:35 P.M., and 8:15 P.M.

**LEAVE SAND POINT**

at 5:30 A.M., 9:10 A.M., and 3:45 P.M.

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

Certain connections made with Grand Trunk trains, Mail Line, and Union Forwarding Company's Steamers.

**MORNING EXPRESS** leaves Sand Point at 10 A.M., after arrival of Steamer from Pembroke, Portage du Fort, &c.

Freight loaded with despatch. The B. & O. & C. C. Railways being of the same gauge as the Grand Trunk, car-loads will go through on Grand Trunk cars without transshipment.

**H. ABBOTT,**  
Manager.  
4-15 tf

Brockville, 26th Sept., 1871.

**MRS. CUISKELLY,** Head Midwife of the City of Montreal, licensed by the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Lower Canada. Has been in practice over fifteen years; can be consulted at all hours.

References are kindly permitted to George W. Campbell, Esq., Professor and Dean of McGill College University; Wm. Sutherland, Esq., M.D., Professor, &c., McGill College University.

Mrs. C. is always prepared to receive ladies where their wants will be tenderly cared for, and the best of Medical aid given.

All transactions strictly private.  
RESIDENCE:—No. 315 ST. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET.  
4-6zz

**CADBURY'S CHOCOLATES & COCOAS.**

These celebrated Chocolates and Cocoas took the First Prize at the Exhibition, and are guaranteed the purest and finest imported. Their well-known delicious beverage

**COCOA ESSENCE,**

(Registered.)  
Can be had at all Grocers. Try it.  
**E. LUSHER,**  
30 LEMOINE STREET,  
Wholesale Agent for Canada. 4-16-m

**G. E. MORTON & CO.,**

Dealers in Books, Periodicals, and Special Proprietary Articles, Patent Medicines, etc. Attention given to the sales of Books and Serial Publications on commission.

We keep on hand the *Canadian Illustrated News*, the *Hearthstone*, etc.  
Address No. 195, HOLLIS STREET.  
4-18 m **HALIFAX, N.S.**

**GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM.**

A BONA-FIDE PREPARATION OF THE RED SPRUCE GUM, For Coughs, Colds, and for giving tone to the vocal organs when relaxed, as well as a palliative of remarkable power in pulmonary disease.

The Red Spruce Gum has always been held in the highest esteem in this country for the relief and cure of Chest complaints. It is now offered to the public in the form of a delicious and scientifically

**PREPARED SYRUP.**

PREPARED BY  
**HENRY R. GRAY,**  
Dispensing Chemist,  
MONTREAL.

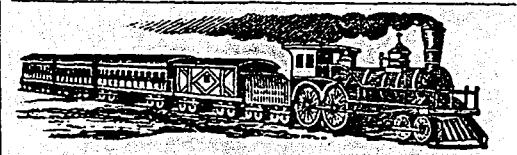
For sale at all Drug Stores in the Dominion.  
Price, 25 cents.  
Druggists can be supplied from any of the Wholesale Houses.  
3-25s

**NOTICE OF REMOVAL.**

**THE NEW YORK and BOSTON PIANO-FORTE COMPANY**  
HAVE REMOVED TO THEIR  
**NEW STORE,**  
No. 432, NOTRE DAME STREET WEST,  
next door to  
**MESSRS. BROWN & CLAGGETT,**  
"RECOLLET HOUSE."  
**THOMAS A. HAINES,**  
Manager.

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

**CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT,**  
OTTAWA, 15th Dec., 1871.  
Authorized discount on American Invoices until further notice: 9 per cent.  
**R. S. M. BOUCHETTE,**  
Commissioner of Customs.



**GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.**

**WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.**

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

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

Pullman's Palace Parlour and Sleeping Cars on all day and night trains. Baggage checked through.

**C. J. BRYDGES,**  
Managing Director.

Montreal, October 26. 3-24-tf

**AGENTS WANTED,** Male and Female, for new and useful inventions. Enclose stamp to Montreal Manufacturing Company,  
Box 6274,  
MONTREAL, P. Q.  
4-8z

**FOR SALE.**

**A STONE HOUSE,** pleasantly situated in the best part of the Village of Varennes, and commanding a fine view of the River St. Lawrence. The House is 48 feet front by 30 feet deep, and there is a good garden with fruit trees and about 11 acres of ground. Apply to  
**D. R. STODART,**  
Broker,  
146, ST. JAMES STREET.  
4-12tf

**TO CAPITALISTS.**

**A N eligible opportunity** is now offered to invest \$20,000 to \$30,000 in a business in this city.

A return on the amount of Capital invested, at a rate of interest to be agreed on, will be guaranteed to any one desirous of entering into a limited partnership.

Communications, which will be considered confidential on both sides, can be interchanged through  
**D. R. STODART,**  
Broker,  
146, ST. JAMES STREET.  
4-14tf

**FOR SALE OR TO LET.**

**THAT LARGE FOUR STORY CUT-STONE** building in St. Therèse 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

**L. N. ALLAIRE,**  
MANUFACTURERS' AGENT & COMMISSION MERCHANT.

STORE: 7 PETER ST. WINE VAULTS: SAULT AU MATELOT STREET. OFFICE: Corner of PETER & JAMES ST., QUEBEC. 3-15zz



Sold by all Dealers throughout the World.  
4-15tf

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

**TRAVELLERS' DIRECTORY.**

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

**HAMILTON.**  
ROYAL HOTEL..... H. E. IRVING.

**MONTREAL.**  
ST. LAWRENCE HALL..... H. HOGAN.  
ST. JAMES HOTEL.....

**OTTAWA.**  
THE RUSSELL HOUSE..... JAMES GOVIN.

**PORT ELGIN, ONT.**  
NORTH AMERICAN HOTEL..... WM. ALLEN, Proprietor.

**QUEBEC.**  
ST. LOUIS HOTEL..... WILLIS RUSSELL & SON.  
THE CLARENDON.....

**ST. JOHN, N.B.**  
VICTORIA HOTEL..... B. T. CREGEN.

**TORONTO.**  
THE ROSSIN HOUSE..... G. P. SHEARS, Lessee and Manager.  
THE QUEEN'S HOTEL..... CAPT. THOS. DICK.

**LIGHT! LIGHT! LIGHT!**

**661 THE 661**  
Brilliant Burning Fluid, Non-Explosive, Inodorous, and no Smoking Chimneys.  
THE TRADE SUPPLIED.  
C. T. M. ORR,  
661 Craig Street.  
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**"BEST IN USE."**

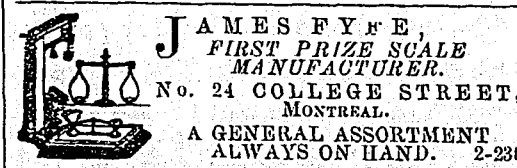
**THE COOK'S FRIEND**

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

**COAL! COAL!**

**PARTIES REQUIRING A FIRST-CLASS** article, at an unusually low price, will do well to take advantage of the present opportunity and get their Coal out of the vessels now discharging the following descriptions: it can be seen unloading all along the Wharves. It is all fresh mined:  
**LEHIGH,**  
**LACKAWANNA,**  
**PITTSBURGH,**  
**WELSH ANTHRACITE,**  
**NEWCASTLE GRATE,**  
**NEWCASTLE SMITH'S,**  
**SCOTCH STEAM,**  
**NOVA SCOTIA,**  
&c., &c.  
**S. W. BEARD & CO.,**  
Foot of McGill Street.  
4-6m

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



1851. Honorable EXHIBITIONS. Mention 1862.  
FOR GOOD AND CHEAP INSTRUMENTS.

**C. H. CHADBURN & SON,**  
OPTICIANS and MATHEMATICAL INSTRUMENT MAKERS  
To H. R. H. the late PRINCE CONSORT,  
71 & 73, LORD STREET, LIVERPOOL.

**C. H. C. & SON** beg respectfully to invite those visiting Liverpool to favour them with an inspection of their Show-room, which contains the Largest Stock of Optical, Mathematical and Philosophical Instruments in England, all of the best manufacture, with the most recent improvements, and at the lowest possible prices. Spectacles, Telescopes, Opera and Field Glasses, Microscopes, Lanterns, Pocket Barometers with mountain scales, Models of every description, &c.  
4-15 tf

**USE ONLY**  
**THE GLENFIELD STARCH,**  
EXCLUSIVELY USED IN THE  
ROYAL LAUNDRY OF ENGLAND,  
and in that of His Excellency  
THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA. 18tf

**"The Canadian Illustrated News,"**  
A WEEKLY JOURNAL of current events, Literature, Science and Art, Agriculture and Mechanics, Fashion and Amusement.  
Published every Saturday, at Montreal, Canada, by Geo. E. Desbarats.  
Subscription, in advance, \$4.00 per an., Single Numbers, 10 cents.  
Postage: 5 cents per quarter, payable in advance by subscribers at their respective Post Offices.  
**CLUBS:**  
Every Club of five subscribers sending a remittance of \$20, will be entitled to Six Copies for one year, mailed to one address.  
Montreal subscribers will be served by Carriers. Remittances by Post Office Order or Registered Letter at the risk of the Publisher.  
Advertisements received, to a limited number, at 15 cents per line, payable in advance.

**MONTREAL BUSINESS HOUSES.**

**CITY AUCTION MART.**  
**DUFOUR, FISHER & CO.,** Auctioneers,  
235 St. James Street, Montreal. 4-22-1

**DANCING AND DEPARTMENT.**  
**A. A. McDONALD,**  
530, CRAIG STREET,  
MONTREAL, P. Q.  
4-18 m

**MEAT AND PORK BUTCHERS.**  
**MEAT DEPARTMENT—W. S. BROWN.**  
**PORK DEPARTMENT—A. REINHARDT.**  
908, ST. CATHERINE STREET WEST,  
Opposite English Cathedral.  
4-14m

**DYERS AND SCOURERS.**  
**FIRST PRIZE** Diplomas awarded to T. PARKER, 44, St. Joseph Street, near McGill, Montreal. 3-0zz

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

**HABERDASHERS.**  
**G. A. GAGNON,** 300 Notre Dame Street. 2-26-zz

**HATTERS AND FURRIERS.**  
**JOHN HENDERSON & CO.,** 283 Notre Dame Street. 2-23zz

**HAVANA CIGAR DEPOT.**  
**COHEN & LOPEZ,** Corner of St. James Street and Place d'Armes Square. 3-3-zz

**HOUSE FURNISHING HARDWARE.**  
**SIGN OF THE GOLDEN PADLOCK.**

**CORNICES, CORNICE POLES, PICTURE AND STAIR RODS,** at reduced prices  
**BEFORE STOCK TAKING.**  
**L. J. A. SURVEYER,**  
524 CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL.  
4-7tf

**OPTICIANS.**  
**MATHEMATICAL & SURVEYING INSTRUMENT MAKERS.**  
**HEARN & HARRISON,**  
242 & 244, NOTRE DAME STREET.  
4-24 tf

**HOUSE AND LAND AGENTS.**  
**JAMES MUIR,** 198 St. James Street,—Ad-joining Molson's Bank. 2-26-zz

**INSURANCES.**  
**THE Imperial** of London, (established 1803), Rintoul Bros., General Agents, 24, St. Sacrament Street, Montreal. 3-6-zz

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

**MERCHANT TAILOR.**  
**SAMUEL GOLTSMAN,** 226 St. James Street. 3-3-zz

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

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

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

**WATCHMAKERS & JEWELLERS.**  
**L. L. HAM BROS.,** DIAMOND and ETRUSCAN Jewellers,  
5, PLACE D'ARMES, next the Canadian Illustrated News.  
**S. SAVAGE, LYMAN & CO.,** 271 Notre Dame Street. 2-23zz

**WE HAVE CONSTANTLY IN YARD—**  
**LEHIGH COAL—**all sizes.

**WELSH ANTHRACITE COAL.**  
**SCOTCH STEAM COAL.**  
**PICTOU Do.**  
**BLACKSMITH'S COAL.**  
**GRATE COAL.**  
**J. & E. SHAW,**  
82 MCGILL STREET,  
4-13-m 57 WELLINGTON STREET.

Printed and published by **GEORGE E. DESBARATS,** 1, Place d'Armes Hill, and 310, St. Antoine street, Montreal.



NURSERY RHYMES, ILLUSTRATED.



There was a little man,  
And he had a little gun,  
And his bullets were made of lead, lead, lead;  
He went to the brook,  
And saw a little duck,  
And he shot it through the head, head, head.

He carried it home  
To his old wife Joan,  
And bid her a fire to make, make, make;  
To roast the little duck  
He had shot in the brook,  
And he'd go and fetch the drake, drake, drake.



As I was going to St. Ives,  
I met seven wives.  
Every wife had seven sacks,  
Every sack had seven cats,  
Every cat had seven kits.  
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,  
How many were going to St. Ives?



There was a Piper had a cow  
And he had naught to give her;  
He pulled out his pipes and played her a tune,  
And bade the cow consider.

The cow considered very well,  
And gave the piper a penny,  
And bade him play the other tune,  
"Corn rigs are bonny."



The King was in the Parlor,  
Counting out his money;  
The Queen was in the Kitchen,  
Eating bread and honey.

The Maid was in the Garden,  
Hanging out the clothes;  
By came a blackbird,  
And snapped off her nose.

# CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

## SUPPLEMENT

CHRISTMAS, 1871.

### MILTON'S ODE ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY



JOHN MILTON.

#### ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,  
Wherein the Son of Heaven's Eternal King,  
Of wedded Maid and Virgin Mother born,  
Our great redemption from above did bring;  
For so the holy sages once did sing,

That he our deadly forfeit should release,  
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,  
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,  
Wherewith he won't at Heaven's high council table  
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,  
He laid aside; and, here with us to be,

Forsook the courts of everlasting day,  
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein  
Afford a present to the Infant-God?  
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,  
To welcome him to this his new abode,  
Now while the heaven, by the sun's team untrod,

Hath took no print of the approaching light,  
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

See, how from far, upon the eastern road,  
The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet;  
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,  
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;

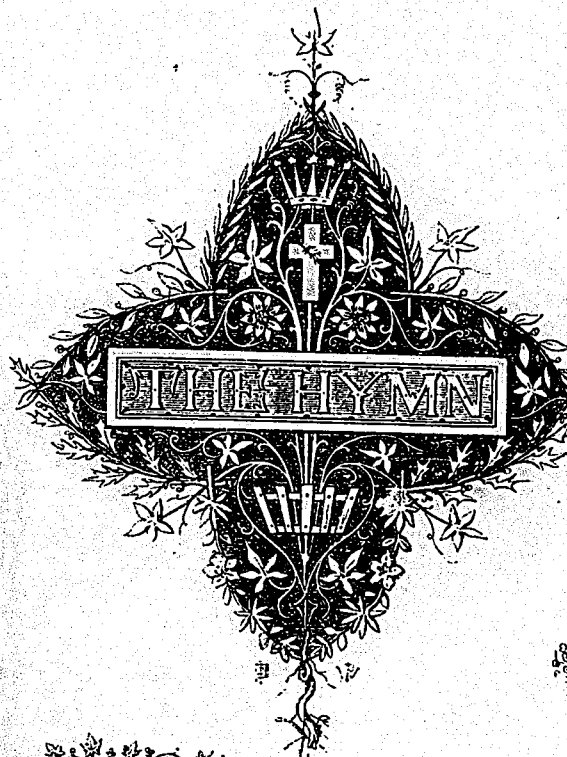
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,  
And join thy voice unto the Angel quire,  
From out his secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.



GOING TO CHURCH.



BORN IN A STABLE.



It was the winter wild,  
While the heaven-born child  
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies:  
Nature, in awe to him,  
Had doff'd her gaudy trim,  
With her great Master so to sympathise:

It was no season then for her  
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair  
She woos the gentle air

To hide her guilty front with innocent snow:  
And on her naked shame,  
Pollute with sinful blame,

The saintly veil of maiden white to throw;  
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes  
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But he, her fears to cease,  
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace;  
She, crown'd with olive green, came softly sliding

Down through the turning sphere,  
His ready Harbinger,  
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;  
And, waving wide her myrtle wand,  
She strikes an universal peace through sea and land.

No war, or battle's sound,  
Was heard the world around:  
The idle spear and shield were high up hung;  
The hooked chariot stood  
Unstain'd with hostile blood;

The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;  
And kings sat still with awful eye,  
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.



THE THREE KINGS FOLLOWING THE STAR.



BETHLEHEM.

But peaceful was the night,  
Wherein the Prince of Light  
His reign of peace upon the earth began :

The winds with wonder whist,  
Smoothly the waters kist,  
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,  
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,  
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

The stars, with deep amaze,  
Stand fix'd in stedfast gaze,  
Bending one way their precious influence :

And will not take their flight,  
For all the morning light,  
Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence :  
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,  
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

And, though the shady gloom  
Had given day her room,  
The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,

And hid his head for shame,  
As his inferiour flame  
The new-enlighten'd world no more should need ;  
He saw a greater sun appear  
Than his bright throne, or burning axletree, could bear.



PEACE DESCENDING TO EARTH.

To think her part was done,  
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling :  
She knew such harmony alone  
Could hold all Heaven and Earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight  
A globe of circular light,  
That with long beams the shame-fac'd night array'd ;  
The helmed Cherubim,  
And sworded Seraphim,  
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,  
Harping in loud and solemn quire,  
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born Heir.

Such musick (as 'tis said)  
Before was never made,  
But when of old the sons of morning sung,  
While the Creator great  
His constellations set,  
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung ;  
And cast the dark foundations deep,  
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,  
Once bless our human ears,  
If ye have power to touch our senses so :  
And let your silver chime  
Move in melodious time ;



THE IDLE SPEAR, &amp;c.

The shepherds on the lawn,  
Or e'er the point of dawn,

Sat simply chatting in a rustick row ;  
Full little thought they then,  
That the mighty Pan  
Was kindly come to live with them below ;

Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,  
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such musick sweet  
Their hearts and ears did greet,  
As never was by mortal finger strook ;  
Divinely-warbled voice  
Answering the stringed noise,  
As all their souls in blissful rapture took :  
The-air, such pleasure loth to lose,  
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

Nature that heard such sound,  
Beneath the hollow round  
Of Cynthia's seat, the aery region thrilling,  
Now was almost won



THE DAWN OF DAY.

And let the base of Heaven's deep organ blow :  
And, with your ninefold harmony,  
Make up full consort to the angelick symphony.

For, if such holy song  
Enwrap our fancy long,  
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold ;  
And speckled Vanity  
Will sicken soon and die,  
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould ;  
And Hell itself will pass away,  
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then  
Will down return to men,  
Orb'd in a rainbow ; and, like glorious wearing,  
Mercy will sit between,

Thron'd in celestial sheen,  
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering ;  
And Heaven, as at some festival,  
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.



THE OCEAN'S CALM.

But wisest Fate says no,  
This must not yet be so,  
The Babe yet lies in smiling infancy,

That on the bitter cross  
Must redeem our loss ;  
So both himself and us to glorify :  
Yet first, to those ychain'd in sleep,  
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep ;

With such a horrid clang  
As on Mount Sinai rang,  
While the red fire and smouldering clouds out brake :

'The aged earth aghast,  
With terror of that blast,  
Shall from the surface to the center shake :  
When, at the world's last session,  
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his throne.

And then at last our bliss  
Full and perfect is,  
But now begins ; for, from this happy day,  
The old Dragon, under ground

In straiter limits bound,  
Not half so far casts his usurped sway ;  
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,  
Swindges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb,  
No voice or hideous hum  
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.

Apollo from his shrine  
Can no more divine,  
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos  
leaving.  
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,  
Inspires the pale-ey'd priest from the pro-  
phetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er,  
And the resounding shore,  
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament ;  
From haunted spring and dale,

Edg'd with poplar pale,  
The parting Genius is with sighing sent ;  
With flower-inwoven tresses torn  
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.



THE ANGELIC CHOIR.

Peor and Baälím  
Forsake their temples dim,

With that twice-batter'd God of Palestine ;  
And mooned Ashtaroth,  
Heaven's queen and mother both,  
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine ;  
The Libyck Hammon shrinks his horn,  
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.

And sullen Moloch, fled,  
Hath left in shadows dread  
His burning idol all of blackest hue ;  
In vain with cymbals' ring  
They call the grisly king.  
In dismal dance about the furnace blue :

The brutish Gods of Nile as fast,  
Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

Nor is Osiris seen  
In Memphian grove or green.

Trampling the unshower'd grass with lowings loud :  
Nor can he be at rest  
Within his sacred chest ;

Nought but profoundest hell can be his shroud ;  
In vain with timbrell'd anthems dark  
The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worshipt ark.

He feels from Juda's land  
The dreaded Infant's hand,

The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn ;  
Nor all the gods beside  
Longer dare abide,

Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine :  
Our Babe, to show his Godhead true,  
Can in his swaddling bands controul the damned crew.

So, when the sun in bed,  
Curtain'd with cloudy red,  
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,  
The flocking shadows pale  
Troop to the infernal jail,  
Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave ;  
And the yellow-skirted Fayes  
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze

But see, the Virgin blest  
Hath laid her Babe to rest ;



MERCY, TRUTH AND JUSTICE.



IRIS.

In consecrated earth,  
And on the holy hearth,  
The Lars, and Lemures, moan with midnight plaint ;  
In urns, and altars round,  
A drear and dying sound  
Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint ;  
And the chill marble seems to sweat,  
While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted seat.



THE BABE AT REST.



CYNTHIA.

'Time is, our tedious song should here -  
have ending ;  
Heaven's youngest-teemed star  
Hath fix'd her polish'd car,

Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending :  
And all about the courtly stable  
Bright-harness'd Angels sit in order serviceable.



"GIVE US OUR DAILY BREAD."





PRAISE YE THE LORD!