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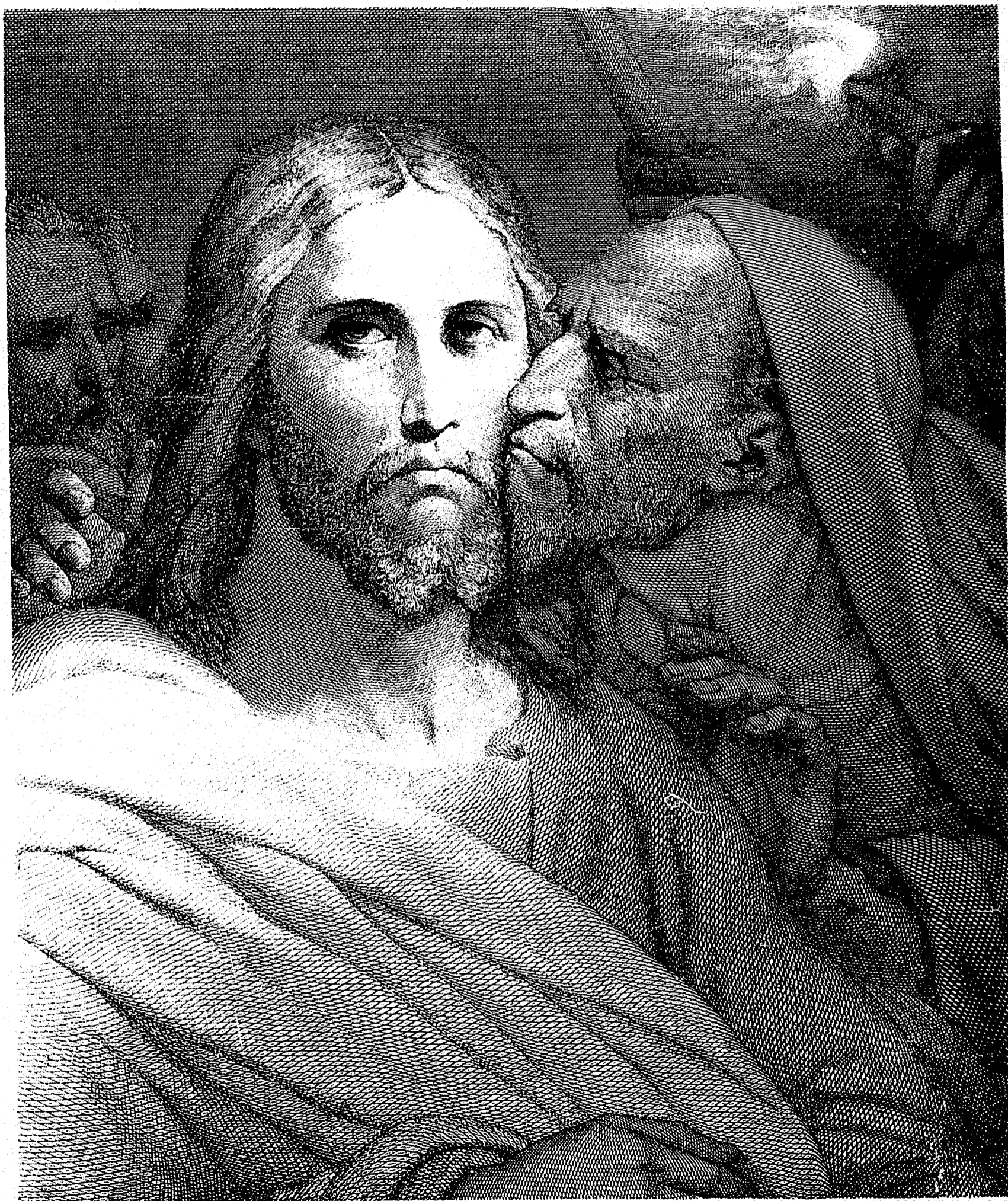
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# Illustrated News

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"THE KISS OF JUDAS."

By ART SCHEFFER.

## NEWFOUNDLAND CORRESPONDENCE.

ST. JOHN'S, Nfld., March 4, 1872.

THE MODERN ARGONAUTS—START FOR THE ICE-FIELDS—KILLING AND "SCULPING" THE SEALS.

Within the last few days, ten thousand stalwart men have taken their departure from these shores, for the "ice-meadows," where the seals are captured. The "slaughter of the innocents" by such an army, will be prodigious. The American Indians were in the habit of scalping their foes and carrying home the hairy trophy as a proof of their prowess and an evidence that the work was effectually performed. Our seal-hunters follow a similar practice in "sculpting" the seal when slain and bringing home with them the skin of each victim, with the adhering fat, leaving the carcass on the ice as worthless. The skin and fat are called in our vernacular the "sculp" or "pelt," and each weighs from 30 to 50 lbs., and is worth from two to three dollars, according to weight. It is marvellous to think that creatures only three or four weeks old have, in that time, produced such a mass of fat, while lying on the ice, fed by their mothers' milk. When about four weeks old, they are in the best condition to be slaughtered, the fat being then in greater quantity and containing a purer oil than at a later period of their growth. The early part of their existence must be passed on the ice. Here they are "whelped" on the great ice-fields, hundreds of square miles in extent, that are floated down from the Arctic regions and borne on the bosom of the southerly current along our shores. The young seals, when born, are provided with a thick coat of fur and an abundant supply of fat; so that during babyhood they do not suffer from cold, and need no blanket to protect them from the chilling northern blasts. For the first five weeks after birth, they are most tenderly watched over by the mother-seals, who fish in the neighbourhood of their icy cradles, and return, at intervals, to suckle their offspring. Their affection for their white-coated darlings is most touching. Each mother-seal finds or makes an opening in the ice, near her baby, through which she passes into the water, to sustain herself by fishing. When the ice is thin, each mother makes a separate ice-hole for her own use. On a single small ice-field, there are at times thousands of young seals basking. Their mothers take their departure in the morning to fish; and after being perhaps many miles distant in the sea, each is able, by unerring instinct, to find her own ice-hole and her own dear cub among ten thousand, that, to human eyes, look exactly alike. When the cruel hunter approaches, the mothers plunge into the water with loud howlings of alarm, leaving their helpless offspring behind. The young "whitecoats" can only wriggle about a little, whimpering like babies in pain, or, as some say, like young lambs when frightened. It is not without a pang that the hunter kills his first seal, as with dark, lustrous expressive eyes it looks into his face, the eyes, it is positively stated, dimmed with tears, and with piteous cries it appeals to him for mercy. Soon, however, all tender-hearted squeamishness disappears, as the hunter-instinct, which is a part of our human nature, comes into play; stimulated, no doubt, by a recollection of the hungry mouths at home, and the dangers incurred in reaching the poor "whitecoats." The "gaff" is raised, the blow delivered on the nose, and with a sob the young seal stretches itself out in death. In a moment the "sculpting knife" is plunged into the belly of the animal; a few dexterous turns are given and the carcass, still palpitating with warm life, is flung on the ice, denuded of skin and fat. It is said that at times, so rapid is the operation, the bare carcass is seen swimming for some distance in the water, before the vital functions cease. Meantime, the anxious mothers are hovering around; and when the hunters move on, they pop their heads out of the water, and scramble on the ice, searching for the bodies of their murdered young. Their moans are piteous when they find the skinless flesh still quivering in a pool of blood. With a cry of distress they plunge into the water, as if desirous of leaving far behind the blood-stained spot. Three or four pelts make a load, which the hunter binds up in his "towing-ropes," and fastening his "gaff"—a bat seven feet in length with a hook at the end—in his bundle, he turns his steps towards the ship. The "pelts" are left on deck for a little to cool ere they are stowed away in piles below. While these operations are going on, the deck has all the appearance of a slaughter-house, and is running with fat and gore. On the arrival of each hunter with his load, he rushes to the galley to snatch a bowl of tea and biscuit, and perhaps a piece of broiled seal. He does not lose time in washing his blood-stained hands; and has no squeamishness in spreading his butter with his thumbs. People who are very precise as to what they "eat, drink, and avoid," had better not engage in seal-hunting. Custom reconciles men to worse horrors than these in actual warfare; and it is not wonderful that our men, after a time, can look without shrinking on the seals rolling from side to side in dying agonies, writhing and crimsoning the ice with their blood; and, even when thrown on deck, sometimes showing by their startings and heavings that the vital spark is not extinct. These hunters feast luxuriously on the flesh of the seal. Being confined to salt pork, tea and biscuits, a slice of fresh seal is most acceptable and wholesome—and it is always remarked that they return from a voyage, when successful, much fatter than they departed. The heart of the seal is reckoned a dainty, and so are the "fippers." The flesh when boiled has the appearance of mutton. The best way of cooking it is to soak it in water, bake it in an oven, and bring it to table with berry sauce or preserved fruit. Not many landmen, however, can bring themselves to dine on seal's flesh.

## "THE WHELPING GROUNDS."

The scene of this slaughter is the open ocean, to the north-east of the island. The distance from land at which the seals are found varies according to winds and currents. In an open season when the ice is some distance from the shore, the vessels push pretty far north before meeting the seals. Often, however, a sail of two or three days brings them to the

"whelping grounds." When north-east winds prevail for a long time, the ice, on which the seals are, is frequently drifted into the bays and harbours; and then all that are ashore, "young men and maidens, old men and children," take advantage of the lucky chance, and may be seen out on the ice in hundreds, slaughtering and hauling. In such seasons the sealing-vessels do badly, often missing the seals altogether. Indeed the seal-hunt is a lottery to a great extent. Over hundreds of square miles of ice the herds of seals, which are widely scattered, must be sought. Deer-shooting or partridge-shooting is not more uncertain in its results. The sealing-vessels have to bore their way through the ice fields, taking advantage of openings and lanes of water; at times, when beset, sawing and pounding the ice into fragments around the ship, and warping her through the opening. Pluck, energy and perseverance in beating about in search of the prey, are the main elements of success. Some of the old skippers are counted "lucky," and there is a great pressure to get berths in the vessels commanded by these renowned Nimrods. The immense extent of ocean covered by ice may be judged of by supposing that the English Channel, the Irish Sea and the German Ocean were blocked up with ice-floes, and that it were possible to cross from France to England and thence to Ireland; to proceed northward and pass over first to Scotland and then to Norway, and afterwards coming southward, to return again from France to England, all on solid ice. The scenery amid these ice-solitudes is said to be at times magnificent. The evenings, after a north-west wind, are lovely, the atmosphere clear and transparent, and having that dry crispness and elasticity which makes every breath send the blood dancing with fresh vigour from the heart. Ice-scenery, however, is best viewed beneath the mild light of the moon, and when contrasted with the deeper blue of the sky. The daylight is too dazzling, garish and monotonous for fine effects. The moon, the stars and the quivering aurora are the fittest accompaniments. When the ice opens before a light westerly breeze, and the sky is studded with bright stars and adorned with the presence of the young moon, and the flickering streamers of the aurora, and the ship moves on among numerous fairy islets of glittering ice and wreaths of snow—then indeed the scene is enchanting. The silence of nature is deep and solemn, and the unearthly loveliness of fairyland that sometimes visits us in the dreams of youth is realised for a time. Then when the storm blows the change to the sublime and awful is immediate. The unbroken swell of the Atlantic rolls in huge continuous ridges, heaving the pavement of ice on its mighty folds, lifting up the vessel alternately on its broad domes and swallowing it in its deep hollows; and at times piling up the huge blocks of ice, one on the other, to the height of twenty or thirty feet, and rending the ice-fields with a noise like the thunder of artillery. The icebergs are sailing about in solemn and lonely grandeur; carried through the floes by the deep-sea current, independent of winds and waves. In majestic grandeur the scene cannot be surpassed. The sunset lights up the icebergs with hues of liquid gold and rose colour; and the aurora, sometimes coloured with all the hues of the rainbow, and at other times covering the heavens with blood-red drapery that opens and closes like huge flame-curtains, completes the enchantment of the scene. As a general rule, the cold is far from being intense on the ice, and the thermometer is frequently above freezing point. When the vessel is fast among the ice and no seals are in sight, the men amuse themselves with games on the ice, leaping for wagers, and dancing reels without any female partners.

## GAFFS AND POKERS.

The seal-hunters have a stirring time and hard work when, in a sailing vessel, they stick fast in heavy ice. Then the voice of the skipper is heard "singing" out, "overboard with you, gaffs and pokers." At the word of command the whole crew, excepting those who work the vessel, leap on the ice. The "pokers" are large poles of light wood, six or eight inches in circumference, and twelve or fifteen feet long. Pounding with these, or hewing the ice with axes, the men split the pans near the bows of the vessel, and then inserting the ends of the "pokers," use them as large levers, lifting up one side of the broken piece and depressing the other, and others getting round with their gaffs, they shove it, by main force, under the adjoining ice. Thus smashing, breaking and pounding, they make a passage for the vessel, and then laying out great claws ahead, on the ice, they warp the vessel on. When a very heavy ice-pan is met, the ice-saw is used. Sometimes a crowd of men will cling round the ship's bows, holding on to ropes suspended there for the purpose, and dancing and jumping on the ice, break it with their weight, shove it under the vessel and drag her over it with all their force. This is no child's play, and often they are up to their knees in water. Then the hauling of two cwt. of fat over hummocks of ice for a couple of miles, leaping from pan to pan, making rafts of ice with their gaffs, and bridging chasms with floating pieces,—all this requires men of iron muscles and stout hearts. No puny mortals need attempt seal-hunting. A finer body of men, physically considered, than those who start for the ice from our harbours, could not be found elsewhere.

## STEAMERS versus SAILING VESSELS.

Up till recently, our seal-fishery was carried on in stout vessels of 150 or 200 tons. During the last six years, however, steamers have been employed more and more, and as in all other departments, steam is proving the conqueror, and driving all competitors to the wall. This year nineteen steamers have started for the ice-fields, carrying upwards of 3,000 men. A steamer can make two or three trips to the ice in one season, and one of them may bring in 50,000 or 60,000 seals if successful on both trips, and so clear her own cost, in a year, and leave a handsome profit. Of course the steamers are found best for pushing through the ice-floes and beating about in search of seals. All our best men prefer to go in steamers. Soon sailing-vessels will be entirely superseded.

## KINDS OF SEALS.

There are four distinct species of seals frequenting our coasts.

1. The Bay Seal, which lives on the coast all the year round, frequenting the mouths of rivers and harbours. It breeds in the autumn or fall of the year, and is never found on the ice.

2. The Harp Seal—so named from the old male having on its back a curved line resembling an ancient lyre or harp.

The young harps are called "White-coats," and are the kind sought after most of all by our hunters.

3. The Hooded Seal, which is larger than the harp. The male or "dog-hood" has a singular hood or bag of soft flesh on his nose, which he inflates when attacked, and is strong enough to resist seal shot. The pelt of the hoods is not so fine as that of the harps, and they are not so valuable. They bring forth their young two or three weeks later than the harps, and are found farther north.

4. The Square Fipper Seal—the largest of all, but rarely taken.

## SNOW-BOUND TRAINS IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

The fearful storms and intense cold of the present month will long be remembered by those who have charge of railway lines.

An incident on the European & North-American Railway (Westward Extension) will serve to illustrate the difficulties to be encountered in keeping the track clear for travel.

On the morning of the 7th instant three locomotives endeavoured to force their way through the drifts that had formed between Fairville and the Carleton terminus during the terrific north-west blast of the previous night. They left Fairville at 5 a.m., and did not reach Carleton, a distance of three miles, until 2 p.m. After attaching the mail and one passenger car they made for Bangor, the gales and drift from the north-west remaining unabated. About a mile and a-half from Carleton, their friends, the drifts of the morning, had again filled in. They found it necessary before making a plunge to detach the train. The first impediment was passed through in safety. Beyond was another more formidable than the first; at this with full head of steam they charged. Unhappily the great and unequal pressure on the rail caused it to spread. The first engine, the "W. Parks," took a course of its own for some distance, and finally brought up in an extensive snow bank, there she lays up to the present. The small shunting engine, "La Tour," and the "T. R. Jones," got off the track, but were dug out and re-adjusted during Friday.

The snow was so compact that for miles the snow-plough proved unavailing. The shovel and hard manual labour were alone sufficient to master the blockade. The manager of the New Brunswick section of the western extension, Howard D. McLeod, and the whole of the employes on that line, have had two or three weeks of unceasing labour, night and day. Iced rails, snow drifts, heavy storms, have followed each other with most embarrassing rapidity, taxing the labour and business capacity of the line to its utmost. The scene of disaster we have endeavoured to sketch proved the efficiency of the "shovel corps." At the rate those men worked a road to Richmond would have been "un fait accompli" had the young Napoleon, McClellan, possessed such active and willing shovelists when he made that well-remembered general order, "Shovels to the Front." E. J. R.

## THE BRANDY-POTS.

Mr. Bohuslav Kroupa, of London, Ont., contributes to this issue a sketch of the Brandy-pots, in the Lower St. Lawrence, by moonlight. These curious rocks are situated to the east of Isle aux Lièvres, nearly opposite Rivière du Loup, and form one of the great attractions of the neighbourhood for tourists. The rocks are covered with cellules, (evidently formed at some distant date by the action of the waves) which are generally filled with rain-water. This water, after exposure, turns to a brown colour, not unlike that of dark brandy. Hence the fantastic name bestowed upon the rocks

## AN INDIAN POW-WOW.

A correspondent at Fort Garry writes:—It is the custom of the Indians to visit, from time to time, the different posts of the Hudson's Bay Company in the North-West, and, planting their standard of coloured feathers in the ground, to perform around it the eccentric dances of their race. As the vile music of the tam-tam commences, first one and then another rises from the circle to join in the uncouth motions and swaying of the dance, uttering the while a monotonous and somewhat melancholy cry, which rises, with the excitement, to a succession of sharp, shrill, and very hideous yells. The performance appears to yield the participants infinite pleasure. The affair generally ends in presents of tobacco to the performers, who depart contented to their wigwams.

JAPANESE CARPENTERS.—The Japanese carpenters are ingenious workmen, and their work is done with marvellous neatness. A curious feature of their houses is that they do not contain a nail; all of the joints and timbers being dovetailed together by many ingenious devices; and the whole work, even to the rafters, is as smooth as if it had been polished down with sand-paper. And the Japanese are a neat people; for they use no paint to hide any blemish of construction or ornamentation, no filigree work or plaster of Paris gew-gaws, but every stick in the building is exposed. Every morning, as regularly as she cooks the breakfast or sweeps the floor, the Japanese housewife takes a wet cloth and scours the whole interior of the dwelling, leaving no part untouched, and no stain or dirt-spot to mark its cleanly appearance. Then the Japanese do not come into the house with muddy boots, after the style of the American sovereign; but, having covered the floor with neat matting, always remove the dirty sandals before stepping upon it. I stood and watched the Japanese carpenters at their work for some minutes, and noticed the peculiarity of their movements. The Japanese carpenter works toward him—that is, instead of shoving a plane upon the board at arm's length, he pulls it toward him; and he cuts, saws, and chops in the same way. His saws are fixed in handles like a butcher's cleaver, and the teeth slant or rake toward the handle. The planes are constructed like ours; but the wooden portion is very thin and wide. The adze is fastened to the end of a hooped stick, like the handle of one of the crooked canes worn on the arm on our streets; and altogether their tools are different from ours, yet I cannot observe that they are awkward in appearance, or awkwardly handled.—*American Manufacturer.*

A HARD FACT.—In the Christ Church district of South London the population is 40,000, of whom 30,000 are paupers. Nice for the rate-payers! *Court Journal.*—And the paupers?

MARCH WINDS.

O'er distant leagues of stormy sea,  
They come, the gales of Spring,  
From out the Eolian prison free,  
Full strong and swift of wing.  
They tell of havoc on the deep,  
Of ruin on the shore;  
And mothers pray, and maidens weep,  
To hear the wild blasts roar.

The cordage creaks, the timbers strain,  
The wind-god works his will;  
He scours above the open plain,  
He beats upon the hill,  
Or here, like pliant osier-band,  
Will bend the forest trees,  
Or here delights with giant hand  
Uprooted trunks to seize.

When he comes, in merry night,  
To homes and haunts of men—  
Our artist trust—a motley sight,  
You straight shall witness then:  
He spares them neither young nor old,  
Matron, nor child, nor maid,  
On all, with daring over bold,  
His wanton hand is laid.

He rudely kisses fair young cheeks,  
And rudely tosses tresses;  
And every fold his presence speaks  
In those disordered dresses.  
On mischief bent, whom'er he greets,  
His work he leaves not undone,  
And thus he gambols through the streets  
Of this gigantic London.

—London Society.

THE KISS OF JUDAS.

It may be presumed that this picture was painted as a companion work to Ary Scheffer's well-known "Christ and St. John." No two subjects could by any possibility be more dissimilar: yet the painter has treated each of them with perfect propriety. Fully to appreciate the contrast, the two should be looked at side by side, and it will then be seen how carefully Scheffer studied the character and the circumstances of the figures—that of Christ especially—ere he placed them on the canvas. In the former subject, the scene in the "Last Supper," the face of the Saviour, though "sorrowful," as the sacred narrative expresses it, is tender and gentle, to the extreme of pity, even in the remembrance of all He has to endure within a few short hours. In this subject He has passed through that terrible agony in the garden of Gethsemane, and it has left its traces on the attenuated visage, which now seems overshadowed by the force of deep mental suffering, as He quietly submits to the hypocritical salute of the traitor Judas; for we read that "His visage was marred more than any man, and His form more than the sons of men." As if to render the contrast between these two figures more striking, the painter has given to the countenance of the latter an expression of ugliness almost, if not quite, repulsive: it is the Hebrew type exaggerated to the form of a demon's, for "the devil had entered into the heart of Judas," ere he bartered away his allegiance for thirty pieces of silver. There is no authority in Scripture of the age of this renegade from the faith he once possessed—though there are data that give some clue to the ages of the other disciples; but Judas is almost always represented both by ancient and modern painters—the latter, it may be presumed, following in the wake of the former—as an old man; probably because covetousness, which was the root of his sinful act, is the growth of years, and increases in strength as its possessor advances in life.

Were we disposed to write a homily upon this picture, we might point out, among other matters for reflection, the presumptuous familiarity with which Judas approaches and kisses his Divine Master, as if he could deceive him by this act of apparent love and reverence. The face of the Saviour testifies sufficiently to his knowledge of the motive that prompted the deed, yet is there no reproach in it, no turning away from the unhalloved greeting: it is received with quiet submission as an incident in the fearful drama of which it formed a part, and which had been foreseen from the beginning. Each of them is admirable, regarding both artistically, in its diverse and striking expression.

There is a fine effect of light and shade in this picture, produced by the flickering flame of the torch-bearers behind the principal group.

SKATING ON THE ARM, HALIFAX, N. S.

The Arm, at Halifax, of which a full description accompanied by an illustration, was given in our issue of the 24th ultimo, is the scene of frequent field-days with the lovers of skating in the Acadian capital. On such occasions the rank, beauty and fashion of the city turn out in hundreds, armed with the indispensable *Arms* Skate, for an afternoon's enjoyment of the favourite winter pastime. Such a day was the 16th of January last, when our artist profited by the large number who had assembled, attracted by the glorious weather, to transfer to his paper the animated scene which is now laid before our readers.

THE GUNBOAT "PRINCE ALFRED" HAULED UP FOR REPAIRS AT GODERICH.

On the return of the "Prince Alfred" to her winter quarters at Goderich in November last, after a successful wrecking expedition on Lake Huron, it was found necessary to send her into dry dock for the repair of some injuries received while hauling vessels off shore. Unfortunately, however, the unusual thickness of the ice in the harbour prevented her being brought into the Dock-yard. It was therefore determined to draw her across the harbour to a point where she could be raised and placed in a position for the immediate commencement of the needful repairs. The difficulties attendant upon the successful completion of the work were numerous, but in spite of all Captain Wyatt, the Gunboat Inspector, succeeded in his undertaking, and the repairs were commenced in time to be finished by the opening of navigation. Over 800 tons of ice three feet in thickness had to be removed, and then the work of transportation commenced. By means of iron blocks weighing 900 lbs. and 1 1/2 in. chains—the gear being worked by horse power—the vessels were hauled across along the bottom and raised on blocks three feet above the ground. The magnitude of the undertaking will be better understood when we state that the tonnage of the "Prince Alfred" is 570, and the dead weight lifted is calculated at 400 tons; and yet this was safely accomplished in the absence of all the usual appliances and in the face of all the obstructions caused by the severity of an exceptionally early winter.

THE DISGUISE OF WOMEN.

In the island of Cos, as Sir John Maundeville tells us, there still lived, in his time—that is to say, during the fourteenth century—the daughter of that eminent physician, Hippocrates, M. D., who had then been dead, if history lieth not, nearly two thousand years. The goddess Diana, for some reason of hers, unknown to Sir John Maundeville, had changed her by magic art into the form and figure of a loathly dragon, a hundred fathoms in length. She inhabits—for one may suppose she is still there—an old castle in the island whence she comes out two or three times every year, but does no harm to anybody. And she is doomed to remain in that form until some knight be found bold enough to kiss her on the mouth disguised and hideous as she is. This once done, she shall turn again into a woman. Not long before Sir John visited the island, a knight of Rhodes undertook the adventure. Mounting his charger he rode boldly into the castle where she lay; but when the dragon lifted her head, the knight's courage left him, and he turned to escape. Whereupon the dragon tossed him, horse and all, into the sea. This accident brought the adventurer into disrepute. But there was another—a young man who knew not of the dragon. He, wandering about the island, came upon the castle, and entering it discovered her on one of those rare days when she was permitted—in the strictest privacy—to resume her own shape, in order to comb her hair. She told the youth, who was not yet a knight, that if he would go away and get knighted, and then come back and have the courage to kiss a harmless dragon on the mouth, she, and all her wealth would be his. He went, was made a knight and returned to the adventure. But, alas! when the dragon came out—so loathly and misshapen—his courage failed him, too; and he fled in haste. She, when she saw that he turned not again, began to cry as a thing that hath much sorrow; and then she returned to her cave. Here she sits still, waiting for the knight to come who shall dare to kiss her on the mouth.

Sir John, of course, never expected that any one would believe this story, which we are to take as the work of an old bachelor, a misogynist, and as a very subtle allegory. It treats, under the veil of a local fable, of the disguise of women. Woman, he tells, is doomed by the goddess Fashion ever to appear in some shape other than her natural one. She appears—occasionally, that is, when she goes into society—always in this disguise, and never doing any harm to people. In her own castle—that is, at home—she puts on her natural shape; but to the outer world she can never appear as she really is, until a knight has been found bold enough to kiss her mouth. Then the woman's form appears; the disguise drops off, she stands before her deliverer, and reveals the precious secrets of her soul. Then the flowers of love and sympathy grow up and bloom in the sunshine of love, and the real self, starved and imprisoned hitherto, springs into the light of a brighter and freer air.

Modern damsels do not, it is true, assume the disguise of a loathsome dragon. That is because Fashion is kinder than she was wont to be. But under other shapes they hide themselves just as well from the knights of these days. Every young lady belongs to one of a few types, under the disguise of which she goes out to dinner and into society. She is, perhaps, the young lady disguised as a butterfly, who always talks of balls, and operas, and concerts, leading one to believe—which is quite absurd—that her thoughts are that way directed. Or she is the semblance of a dove, the religious young lady; she has given up her mind to early services, vestments, and confession, or to the spiritual welfare of Quashee and Sambo. The idea that any one is going to believe that is more absurd than the other. Or, perhaps got up as an owl, she is the young lady who goes in for study, and displays more knowledge than the admirable Crichton. Now she cannot possibly like it, or hope to persuade me that she would not much rather appear in her real shape. Or, sometimes, one has the luck to take into dinner the young lady disguised as a magpie, who loves to talk on the very confines of those mysterious regions where young ladyhood is not supposed to penetrate. Then, under the influence of fear, anxiety, and confusion, you find the dinner slip away with a rapidity quite startling.

They are all alike in one respect. Whenever there is a new book of any importance, they are all quite sure to have read it. Darwin for instance. I have not read that author, and do not intend to, because I care nothing about ancestral honours. But I always pretend to an acquaintance with the book among my disguised young ladies; and curiously enough, I have never yet been found out.

All this is the disguise of society. Why should girls be afraid of showing themselves to the world as they show themselves to their brothers? They may, if they like, spoil the curve of a lovely head by piling up a heap of false hair; or they may ruin a figure like that of the Venus of Milo by tight-lacing—the dear little idiots; or they may inflict torture on themselves worse than any endured by an Indian Yogi, by wearing heels three inches high, and so being unable to stand upright. All this they may do if they please. I am not a married man, and I have no right to interfere. But what I have a right to complain of is, that I can never get the damsels of society to show themselves as they are—to be natural—unless I go through that preliminary performance which the young lady of Cos wanted so badly. And how do I know how she will turn out and what she will be like? I am afraid. I am a lineal descendant of the knight who ran away, and I confess that I am afraid. Is there no other way? Perhaps this is the reason why, as Mr. Weller, senior, informed the world, there are more widows married than single women.

SYDNEY SMITH.

The following passage occurs in the "Memoirs of Robert Chambers":—

On one of these occasions of visiting the metropolis, a new and unexpected acquaintance was formed. It was in 1844, when residing in Greek Street, Soho. One day about noon, a carriage drives up to the door—not a vehicle of the light, modern sort, but an old family coach, drawn by a pair of sleek horses. From it descends an aged gentleman, who, from his shovel hat and black gaiters, is seen to be an ecclesiastical dignitary. I overheard, by the voices at the door, that I am asked for. "Who, in all the world, can this be?" A few minutes solve this question. Heavy footsteps are heard deliberately ascending the antique balustraded stair. My unknown visitor is ushered in—his name announced: "The Rev. Sydney Smith." I hasten to receive so cele-

brated a personage as is befitting, and express the pleasure I have in the unexpected visit—wondering how he had discovered me.

"I heard at Roger's you were in town," said he, "and was resolved to call. Let us sit down and have a talk."

We drew towards the fire, for the day was cold, and he continued: "You are surprised possibly at my visit. There is nothing at all strange about it. The originator of the *Edinburgh Review* has come to see the originator of the *Edinburgh Journal*."

I felt honoured by the remark, and delighted beyond measure with the good natured and unceremonious observations which my visitor made on a variety of subjects. We talked of Edinburgh, and I asked him where he had lived. He said it was in Buccleuch Place, not far from Jeffrey, with an outlook behind to the Meadows. "Ah," he remarked, "what charming walks I had about Arthur's Seat, with the clear mountain air blowing in one's face! I often think of that glorious scene." I alluded to the cluster of young men—Jeffrey, Horner, Brougham, himself, and one or two others, who had been concerned in commencing the *Review* in 1802. Of these, he spoke with most affection of Horner, and specified one who, from his vanity and eccentricities, could not be trusted. Great secrecy, he said, had to be employed in conducting the undertaking, and this agrees with what Lord Jeffrey told my brother. My reverend and facetious visitor made some little inquiry about my own early efforts, and he laughed when I reminded him of a saying of his own about studying on a little oatmeal—for that would have applied literally to my brother and to myself. "Ah, *labora, labora*," he said sententially, "how that word expresses the character of your country!"

"Well, we do sometimes work pretty hard," I observed: "but for all that, we can relish a pleasantry as much as our neighbours. You must have seen that the Scotch have a considerable fund of humour."

"O, by all means," replied my visitor, "you are an immensely funny people, but you need a little operating upon to let the fun out. I know no instrument so effectual for the purpose as the cork-screw!" Mutual laughter, of course.

CARE FOR RELEASED CRIMINALS.—One great reason why criminals relapse into crime, after leaving jail, is the difficulty of obtaining employment. With a handicraftsman, the embarrassments attending a rehabilitation are, in some respects, greater than with those who have no regular trade. Workmen naturally shrink from association with a "prison bird," and sooner or later, the fact that a fellow-workman has lately been an occupant of a jail, comes to light, and in most cases the unfortunate object is forced to leave. The free-masonry that exists among members of the same craft renders the presence of a convicted prisoner in their ranks for any long time without discovery nearly a matter of impossibility, and, unless some exceptional circumstances attend the case, his ostracism is pretty sure to follow. In the case of those without trades, the procuring of employment may not be easy, but, when secured, it is more likely to be retained in the absence of the above-mentioned hostile feature. The one thing long needed—the re-starting in life of discharged convicts—a firm in Bridgeport, Connecticut, has inaugurated. This firm teaches convicts while in prison some mechanical business, under contract, and if dutifully served, continue to employ them after their discharge. The fact that he has worked in some establishment after emerging from jail, considerably lessens the difficulties of a criminal's position, and is an indorsement for employment elsewhere. It raises a barrier in the perspective of his history that helps to hide from view the scene of his disgrace. That is what is wanted to supplement the reformatory influences now at work in the penal establishments. It is the little word of encouragement that, given or withheld, restores a convict to the society from which he fell, or leaves him to sink back into the ranks of crime. The Bridge-water Samaritans have set a good example, which it is to be hoped will be followed by others.

BYRON SITTING TO THORWALDSEN.—At Rome Byron sat to Thorwaldsen for his bust. The commonly received story is, that without any previous announcement, he surprised the great sculptor in his studio, and requested him forthwith to take his likeness. The fact, however, is that Hobhouse, commissioned by Byron, had written to Thorwaldsen, asking him whether and when Byron could sit to him. Thorwaldsen, who was a very bad and very indolent letter-writer, probably delayed his answer, and Byron, without waiting for it, went to him. "Byron placed himself opposite me"—so Thorwaldsen told the story to Anderson—"but at once began to put on a quite different expression from that usual to him. 'Will you not sit still?' said I. 'You need not assume that look.' 'That is my expression,' said Byron. 'Indeed?' said I, and I then represented him as I wished. When the bust was finished, it was universally admitted to be an excellent likeness. Byron, when he saw the bust, said: 'it is not at all like me: my expression is more unhappy.' He intensely desired to be so exceedingly miserable," added Thorwaldsen, with a humorous expression. The bust, the first copy of which was sent, according to agreement, to Hobhouse, was repeatedly executed in marble, and a greater number of plaster casts were sent to England. A *replica* in marble was ordered from America in these terms: "Place the names of Byron and Thorwaldsen on it, and it will become an immortal monument." When the sculptor at a later period heard of the part which Byron was taking in the liberation of Greece, impelled by his own feelings, he executed the bust again in a very fine block of Greek marble.—From "Life and Times of Lord Byron." By Karl Elze.

There is a Total Abstinence Society, it appears, in France, as it displays near the wine shops pictures of the human stomach as burned by absinthe. The wine shops also have their cartoons exhibiting the hideous state of the stomachs of teetotalers—more dreadful in an artistic point of view.

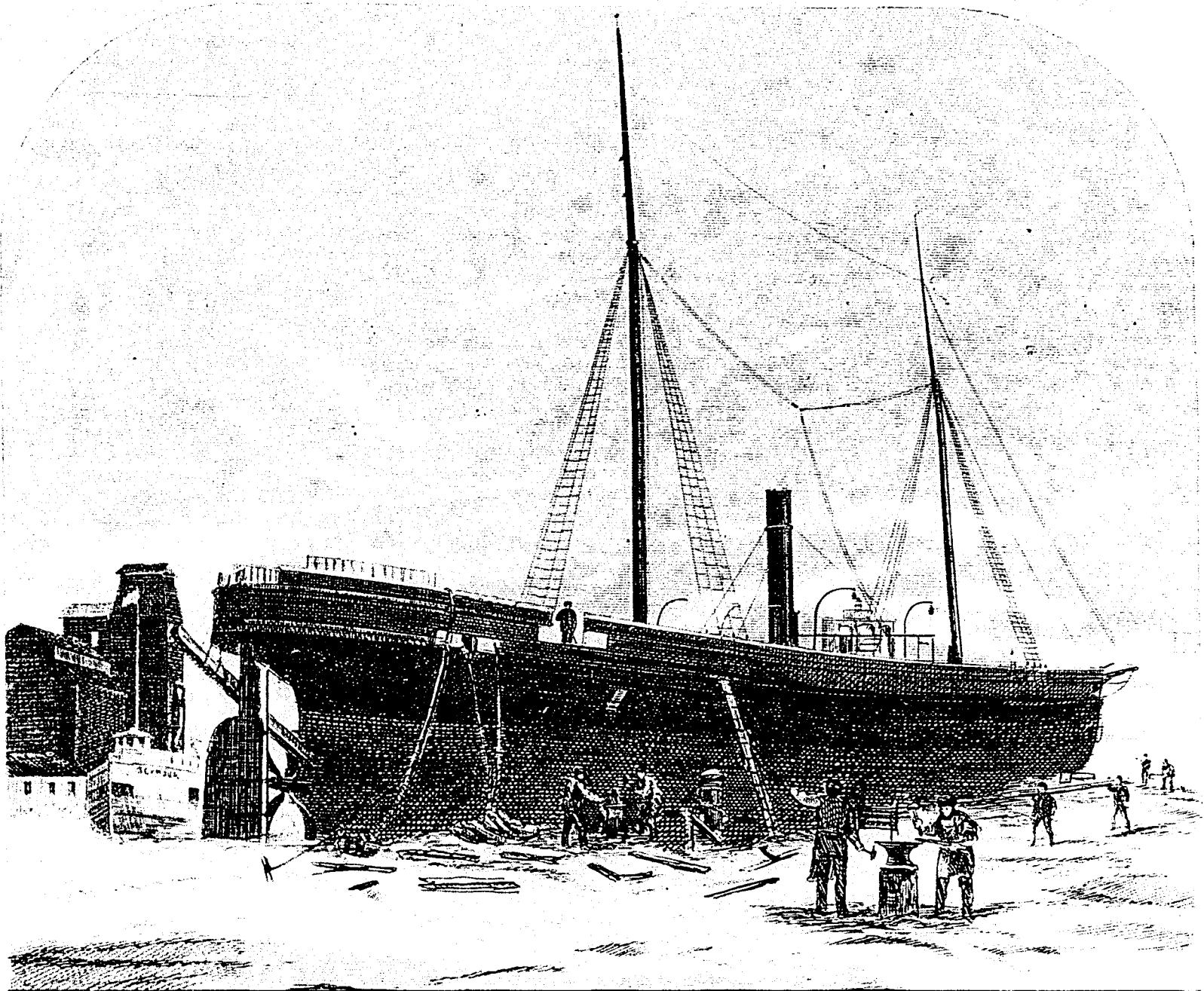
The widow of a man, accidentally drowned under Old London Bridge, applied to a certain vestry, which gave her an order on an overseer for relief. The entry on his book was made in the following words—"Paid to a woman whose husband was drowned by order of the vestry under London Bridge 11 18."



AN INDIAN POW-WOW FROM NATURE.—By E. H. G. FOSTER.



SKATING ON THE "ARM" HALIFAX.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. O. CARLISLE.—SEE PAGE 195.



THE GUNBOAT "PRINCE ALFRED" HAULED UP FOR REPAIRS AT GODERICH.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CAMPBELL.—SEE PAGE 195.



"MARCH WINDS"—SEE PAGE 195.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1872.

SUNDAY,	Mar. 31.—Easter Sunday. Haydn born, 1732. Battle of Lacolle Mills, 1814. Charlotte Bronte died, 1855. The French entered Puebla, 1863.
MONDAY,	April 1.—Bishop Heber died, 1826. Mdme. Pasta died, 1865.
TUESDAY,	" 2.—Mirabeau died, 1791. Battle of Copenhagen, 1801.
WEDNESDAY,	" 3.—Murillo died, 1682.
THURSDAY,	" 4.—St. Ambrose, Bp. Oliver Goldsmith died, 774. Sir J. Drummond, K. C. B., Administrator, 1815. British Fleet sailed for the Baltic, 1855.
FRIDAY,	" 5.—Plato died, 347 B. C. Canada discovered, 1499. Abdication of Napoleon I, 1814.
SATURDAY,	" 6.—Albert Durer died, 1528. Beginning of the Greek War of Independence, 1821.

TEMPERATURE in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Tuesday, 26th March, 1872, observed by HEARN, HARRISON & Co., 242 Notre Dame Street.

	W.	Th.	Fri.	Sat.	Su.	M.	Tu.
Mar. 20.	22°	17°	24°	32°	24°	25°	26°
MAX.	22°	17°	24°	32°	24°	25°	26°
MIN.	3°	0°	7°5	10°	21°	14°	28°5
MEAN.	9°2	8°5	15°5	21°	29°	30°4	33°5
8 A.M.	29.85	29.95	30.12	29.94	29.83	30.00	30.17
1 P.M.	29.85	29.97	30.09	29.83	29.75	30.15	30.27
6 P.M.	29.84	29.96	30.10	29.75	30.27	30.27	30.25

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

All unpaid subscribers will be struck off the list on the 1st July next, and their accounts [at the rate of \$5.00 per annum] placed in our attorneys' hands for collection.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1872.

The relations between capital and labour require re-adjustment according to the varying conditions of trade and commerce. Industry is the source of all wealth, and the original foundation of property, for we read that Abraham claimed the well, which Abimelech's servants had "violently taken away," on the simple but incontestible plea that he had "dugged" it; and the King of Gerar willingly acknowledged the patriarch's indefeasible title. This was a full recognition of the right of private property in real estate, but the title was founded on the fact that the property had been created by labour.

Capital is but labour realised and put into an exchangeable form; and it is simply because it is exchangeable, in the shape of money, that it is employed to reward labour for the production of new property. Capital and labour therefore stand in relation to each other much as the pure gold does to the crude ore. The latter produces the former, but the former has to be expended in utilising the latter. Between workmen and capitalists—employers and employed—there must of necessity be very great community of interests. Yet the narrow selfishness on either side, or on both sides, drives them into frequent antagonism, and hence Trades' Unions, strikes and lock-outs. A surplus of labour in the market tempts the employer to grind his workmen down to starvation wages; a scarcity of it tempts the workman to put forward exorbitant claims for remuneration. It is hard to decide whether the workmen or the capitalists are the more to blame; but where there is the greater room for generosity there we should expect to see it exercised; and that surely is on the side of capital.

The strikes for higher wages; the demand for the adoption of the nine hours' system, now followed in the United States by an eight hours' movement, are all manifestations of the weary struggles between capital and labour; and their baneful influence is that they teach those whose interests are mutual to regard each other as enemies. To get the largest amount of work for the smallest amount of pay is the aim on one side; to get the largest pay for the least work on the other. How much society suffers from this antagonism it would be impossible to estimate; but the movements now on foot, both in Europe and on this continent, presage a serious contest, the end of which may vitally affect the social fabric as it at present exists. The Internationals, or would-be remodellers of European political systems, are closely allied with this labour movement, and their object seems to be to set all ordinary laws at defiance, and to form for themselves a "higher law" by which everybody may make something, through encroaching upon the rights, property, or liberty of everybody else. The end aimed at is Utopian, though the desire which prompts the aim is eminently characteristic, of human nature.

The aspirations of the so-called working classes are to be applauded so long as they are directed to their own elevation in social enjoyment and moral culture. But when they aim at bringing employers under a cast-iron rule of subjection to some central committee; when, in effect, they decree that they shall dictate the terms on which all labour is to be employed by capital, they strike a blow alike at the individual freedom of the labourer and the capitalist. This has been the fatal mistake of the Trades' Unions. They fix a price by which the most deft mechanic must work alike with his bungling neighbour. They block the road to preferment and make mediocrity equal in value to superior skill. They disorganise production at a time when the demand is the greatest, and create fluctuations in prices that react injuriously upon all classes of society except the middlemen who hold the goods and regulate their prices, not according to the value of the article, but according to the relation of supply and demand. Already it is beginning to be talked of over the counters that this, that and the other article has been advanced in price because of the "nine hours movement" in the factory districts; and the prospects are an enhancement of the cost of living to all classes, which will undoubtedly act as injuriously upon the working classes as upon any other.

There is no disputing the honesty and justice of paying a "fair day's wage for a fair day's work;" and the frequent changes in the relative values between money and articles for personal or household consumption render necessary a readjustment of the rate of wages. But if workingmen combine, at the instigation of a foreign association, for the purpose of imposing upon Canadian employers the terms that such association may dictate, they should see that they are practically destroying Canadian industry. The operatives in this country are quite free to fit from one establishment to another; many of them have the opportunity, and not a few of them take it, of working but five days in the week. Still, it does not appear that the manufacturers or other employers of labour whether skilled or unskilled, can afford to surrender ten per cent of their productive force and yet compete successfully in their own markets with the products of other countries. There are doubtless many instances in which a man may, day by day, do as much in nine hours as he could in ten; out as manual labour is now so much engaged in supplementing the work of machinery the argument of accelerated speed cannot be accepted as a fair return for the loss of time.

But the "nine hours' movement" by itself is not a very alarming affair. We believe that the development of industrial intelligence has made it quite practicable in many branches of trade without injury to the employer; and that probably the hour thus gained by the employed might be turned to good account. Our objection to the movement is that a foreign organization—the National Labour League of the United States—should be able to set the workingmen of Canada in motion against their employers and against the industrial interests of the country. But this, it appears, is really what has happened, and it is really worse than the *Imperium in Imperio*, for that League is an external governing body unfamiliar with the affairs of Canada and having its interest in the destruction of its industry. That Canadians should listen to such counsels; that they should place themselves under foreign dictation, surrendering their own independence in the regulation of their business affairs, is a spectacle that does not challenge admiration. Relative values may have changed and the time may come when the rate of wages should be advanced in justice to the workmen; and employers, to meet the extra charge, must do as they have done before, increase the price of their commodities to the public. But the communistic or socialistic theories upon which the "National Labour League" of the United States is founded should find no favour among the people of Canada.

LITERARY NOTICES.

OTTAWA, PAST AND PRESENT, by Charles Roger, author of "The Rise of Canada from Barbarism to Civilization," &c., Ottawa Times Printing and Publishing Co., 1871.

This is a tersely written pamphlet of about 130 pages, giving a full account of the Settlement of old Bytown and the adjacent townships; and bringing the history of the city of Ottawa up to last year. Mr. Roger is well known as a vigorous writer, and this little brochure will not only be esteemed a worthy addition to his former literary labours, but a valuable contribution to the literature of the country, presenting as it does, in a brief and attractive form, the history of that part of Canada which is now the political centre of the Dominion; and which may be destined, both politically and commercially, to be the heart of a great North American nation. Mr. Roger's book will doubtless find many patrons.

THE EXPEDITION AGAINST QUEBEC IN 1759.

We had promised not again to afflict our readers with effusions concerning the authorship of the "Narrative" which we unfortunately published in January last, relating to the Expedition against Quebec in 1759. But we are again solicited to give up nearly two columns of our space to the unseemly wrangle. We decline. The letter of Mr. Walkem, senr., has already been published in the Quebec Gazette, and instead of wasting our space upon it, we give an extract from a letter which he quotes, and which, if authoritative, is equally damaging to the claims of Moncrief and Thompson as to the authorship of the document. The following is the extract referred to:—

"Horse Guards, 8th Feb., 1872.

"C. Walkem, Esquire: Dear Sir—I have to thank you for two copies of the *Canadian Illustrated News*, containing an account of the Siege of Quebec. It turns out to be that written by one P. McKellar, and has already been published in the R. E. corps papers. . . . I have given one copy of the paper to Lieut.-Col. Murray, R. E., D. W. (B.), whose grandfather commanded the Louisbourg Grenadiers at the siege.

"Dear Sir, yours truly,  
"WALTER H. TRIGELLAS."

This, we trust, will end the matter in so far as this paper is concerned. The question is not likely to excite the same interest as that of the authorship of the "Letters of Junius."

How true it is that "misery makes strange bed-fellows." The printers' strike in Toronto has evoked a manifesto from the master printers, to which are attached the signatures of George Brown, John Ross Robertson, James G. Moylan, and Patrick Boyle—the four points of the political compass for once in unison!

The Directors of the Provident and Savings Bank at Quebec have disposed of their surplus cash, amounting to \$82,800, to charitable institutions.

The Prince Edward Island Legislature decided by a majority of one in favour of joining the Confederation, but as a new election is about to be held, it is expected the decision will be reversed.

The annual University boat race was rowed on the river Thames on the 23rd, when the Cambridge crew came in the winners by a length and a half. The enthusiasm over the race was much less than usual.

A false alarm of fire was raised in the French Cathedral at Quebec on Saturday evening last. Many of the congregation rushed from the building notwithstanding the assurance of the Archbishop and Curate that there was no danger.

At a meeting of the Toronto Typographical Union on last Saturday, it was resolved to make a general strike on Monday, 25th inst. The different newspaper proprietors made arrangements to assist one another in successfully resisting the strike. The *Leader* has acceded to the printers' demands.

An elegant new Pullman car left Montreal on the 22nd inst., for Springfield. This makes the sixth car built for the Vermont Central Road. Since the Pullman cars have been placed on the Springfield line, the travel has considerably increased. Passengers going to and from New York via Springfield, have the comfort of a Pullman car to and from Montreal, instead of having to change at St. Albans.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF MENDELSSOHN.

Prof. Zelter, with whom Felix studied counterpoint, was his most eager auditor, and at the same time his most severe censor. More than once after the performance I myself have heard Zelter call out in a loud voice to his pupil that several alterations were necessary, whereupon, without saying a word, Felix would quietly fold up the score, and before the next Sunday he would go over it, and then play the composition with the desired corrections. In these rooms also, before the family removed to Leipziger Strasse, a three-act comic opera was performed, all the characters being apportioned and the dialogue read out at the piano. The libretto for "The Uncle from Boston" was written by a young physician, Dr. Caspar, who afterwards became a famous man. Every one who came in contact with him had something to relate of his wit, and I remember even now Holtei telling me, when I was at Riga, of the sparkling witty farewell speech addressed by Caspar to the Councillor Nernst, on the removal of the latter as Postmaster-General from Berlin to Tilsit. He finished with "Depart, and the peace of Tilsit be with you!"

Although the musical compositions of this "American Uncle" pleased all the parties connected with it extremely, the subject of it was, nevertheless, very weak. Devrient, and his fiancée, Therese Schlesinger, Johanna Zimmermann, the Drs. Andrissen and Dittmar, all took part in this opera. I was also a chorus-singer in it, and from one circumstance this evening will never be forgotten by me. When the opera was finished, there were the regular slices of bread and butter, with the usual addition of anchovies, cold meat, cheese, &c. Edward Rietz and myself were enjoying our portion, when Felix, who was going the round of the room to thank all the singers personally, stopped before us to ask how we were faring in the way of refreshment. I showed him my share of the spoil.

"And which do you consider your *dux*?" (the leading, principal subject,) he asked; "and which is your *comes*?" (the secondary theme.)

"Well, of course, I consider my bread and butter my *dux*."

"Oh, no," said he, "a guest must always regard his bread and butter as only the *comes*."

Just as he had uttered this little sally, Zelter's voice resounded the room:

"Felix, come here."

The old gentleman stood in the middle of the room with a brimming glass in his hand, and while every one was listening intently, he said: "Felix, you have hitherto only been

an apprentice; from to-day you are an assistant, and now work on till you become a master." Therewith he gave him a tap on the cheek, as if he were dubbing him a knight, and then the whole party pressed forward to congratulate the affected and astonished parent, as well as Felix, who pressed his old master's hand warmly more than once. This is one of those scenes that can never be effaced from one's memory.—*Temple Bar.*

FANNY FERN ON WOMEN'S FASHIONS.

When I say that the street dress of the majority of respectable women of New York to-day is disgusting, I but feebly express my emotions. I say the respectable women, and yet, save to them who know them to be such, their appearance leaves a wide margin for doubt. The clown at a circus wears not a more parti-coloured costume; in fact his has the advantage of being sufficiently "taut"—to use a nautical phrase—not to interfere with locomotion; while theirs—what with disgusting humps upon their backs and big rosettes upon their shoulders, and loops, and folds, and buttons, and clasps, and bows upon their skirts, and striped satin petticoats, all too short to hide their clumsy ankles—and more colours and shades of colours heaped up on one poor little fashion-ridden body than ever were gathered in one rainbow—and all this worn without regard to temperature, or time or place—I say this presents a spectacle which is too disheartening to be comical. One cannot smile at the young girls who are, one day—Heaven help them—to be wives and mothers! I say to myself, as I see the throat and neck with only the protection of a gold locket between itself and the cold autumnal winds. Wives and mothers! I say, as I see them ruining their feet and throwing their ankles out of shape in the vain endeavour to walk on their heels like corks, fastened far into the middle of the sole of their boots; and those boots so high up on the calf of the leg, and so tightly buttoned across it, that circulation is stopped, and violent headaches follow. Wives and mothers! I say, as I see the heating and burdensome panier tacked upon the most delicate portion of a woman's frame, to make still surer confirmed invalidism.

Oh, the relief it is to see a healthy, firm-stepping, rosy, broad-chested, bright-eyed woman, clad simply with a dress all of one colour, and free from branches and tags! I turn to look at such an one with true respect, that she has the good sense and courage and good taste to appear on the streets in a dress befitting the street; leaving to those poor, wretched women whose business it is to advertise their person a free field without competition. If I seem to speak harshly, it is because I feel earnestly on this subject. Nor is it necessary, in avoiding all this, that woman should look "strong-minded" as a bug-bear phrase goes. It is not necessary that a woman should dress like her grand-mother in order to look like a decent woman. It is not necessary to forswear ornamentation because it were better and more respectable to have it confined to festal and home occasions, and less to the public promenade. She is not driven to the alternative of muffling herself like an omnibus driver in January, or catching consumption with her throat protected only by a gold locket. Oh, I wish that a bevy of young and handsome girls, of good social position, would inaugurate a plain, lady-like costume for street and church wear. I say young and handsome, because if an old woman does this, the little chits toss their heads and say, "Oh! she has had her day and doesn't care now—and we want ours." Now that's perfectly natural and right, too, that you should have your right; that you should, as girls, "make the most of yourselves;" but in doing so, don't you think it would be well not to lessen or to cheapen yourselves? and I submit, with all deference to your dress-makers and to your mammas, that every one of you who appear in public in the manner I have described are doing this very thing—are defiling womanhood, and bringing it into derision and contempt, whether you believe it or not.

SCIENTIFIC.

AN ARTIFICIAL LEECH.—An artificial leech has been invented. It consists of a description of lancet and a suction piston, the lancet acting independently of the piston in making its puncture, and then both the lancet and piston being withdrawn, the body of the instrument is filled with blood. The instrument operates precisely on the general principles employed by the leech.

SEA-WATER AS A TONIC.—At a meeting of the Académie des Sciences the perpetual secretary stated the remarkable fact that excellent bread can be made with sea-water, instead of ordinary spring-water, and this bread appeared to constitute an excellent tonic. Soup or broth, on the contrary, made with sea-water, proved totally unpalatable. M. Boussingault reminded the members that various people living on the seaboard of America drank sea-water, after the previous addition of some fragments of cane-sugar. From the former of these facts, it would appear that the chloride of magnesium during the process of baking is raised to a temperature sufficiently high to effect its destruction, which does not occur when it is merely boiled, as in making soup. In the latter case, it would seem that when cane-sugar is added to it a compound is formed of the sugar with the chlorides which has not the disagreeable taste of the latter.

A VENTILATING CORNICE.—A contrivance for obviating the difficulty in building constructions securing free ventilation, without at the same time creating a draught of cold air, has been patented. It consists of a hollow metal cornice to run round the room, and divided longitudinally into two air-chambers separated by a thin plate of metal. Into the lower of these channels the fresh air is admitted through holes in the wall arranged according to the character and position of the room; thence it descends through perforations on the lower side of the cornice into the room itself by its own greater weight over the vitiated air, which it displaces. As this fresh air has to pass partly along the channel before it comes to a perforated part, and then gets warmed in its gradual descent, no draught is created by it. The vitiated air of the room rises through perforations in the upper channel, whence it is conveyed away by an independent air-flue.

SALT HAIL.—Professor Kengott, of Zurich, states that a hailstorm lasting five minutes occurred at eleven o'clock on the morning of August 20, 1871, the stones from which were found to possess a salty taste. Some of them weighed twelve

grains. They were found to consist essentially of true salt, such as occurs in Northern Africa on the surface of the plains, mainly in hexahedric crystals or their fragments, of a white colour, with partly sharp and partly rounded grains and edges. None of the crystals were entirely perfect, but appeared as if they had been roughly developed on some surface. They had probably been taken up, and brought over the Mediterranean from some part of Africa, just as sand is occasionally transported thence to the European continent and the Canaries by means of hurricanes. A still more remarkable phenomenon has been recently recorded by Professor Eversmann, of Kasan—namely, the occurrence of hailstones, each containing a small crystal of sulphuret of iron. These crystals were probably weathered from some rocks in large quantity, and were then taken up from the surface of the ground by a storm, and when carried into the hail-forming clouds served as a nucleus for the formation of hailstones.

MISCELLANEA.

PRECOCITY.—Wendell Phillips says, "Put an American baby, six months old, on his feet, and he will immediately say, "Mr. Chairman," and call the next cradle to order."

The Paris *Soir* thus laconically notices the national thanksgiving:—"The fête which took place yesterday at London for the restoration of the Prince of Wales's health was splendid. There were only seventy wounded and one killed."

The successful competitor of a foot race, on having the prize presented to him, said: "Gentlemen, I have won this cup by the use of my legs; I hope I shall never lose the use of my legs by the use of this cup."

The mania which travellers display in trying to cross a railroad track with their teams before the train comes up, though knowing that the chances are against them, is often greater than a reader would imagine. The Buffalo *Courier* says a gentleman having access to a large number of daily and weekly papers has ascertained that 27 persons were killed in this way in six of the Northern States last year, 14 badly hurt, 80 vehicles demolished, 8 locomotives injured, and 90 horses killed.

GRUMBLERS AT NEWSPAPERS.—Horace Greeley thus hits the nail on the head: It is strange how closely men read papers. We never say anything that anybody don't like, but we soon hear of it, and everybody tells us of it. If however, once in awhile, we happen to say a good thing, we never hear of that; nobody seems to notice that. We may pay some man a hundred compliments, and give him a dozen puffs, and he takes it all as a tribute to his greatness, and he never thinks of it; never thinks it does him any good. But if we happen to say things this man don't like, or something he imagines is a reflection on him or his character, see how quick he flares up and gets mad about it. All our evils are duly charged to us, but we never, apparently, get any credit for what good we do.

BRICK-DUST MORTAR.—According to the *Journal of the Franklin Institute*, in the Spanish dominions ordinary brick-dust, made from hard-burned, finely-pulverised bricks, and mixed with common lime and sand, is universally and successfully employed as a substitute for hydraulic cement. The writer, during an engineering experience of six years in Cuba, had ample opportunity for testing its merits, and found it in all respects superior to the best Rosendale hydraulic cement for culverts, drains, tanks, or cisterns, and even for roofs; whether for setting flat tiles, or for making the usual tropical concrete flat roof. It is regularly known there as an article of commerce, sold in barrels by all dealers in such articles at the same price as cement. The proportions used in general practice are one of brick-dust and one of lime to two of sand, mixed together dry, and tempered with water in the usual way. The Romans, our readers will remember, used powdered bricks in their mortar. Its presence serves to distinguish Roman work in England.

WASHINGTON'S LITTLE HATCHET.—The Chicago *Tribune* gives the following new version of the hatchet story: Washington's parents were very particular as to little Georgie's playfellows, never allowing any but his little cousins or nephews to visit him. One of these little playfellows, and in some way connected, was one of the Custis boys. Among other cognomens bestowed upon this youth at his christening was that of Isaac. Well, Isaac and Georgie were playing together in the orchard on the day when the historic cherry tree was disfigured. The parental Washington came along and was much enraged to see his favourite tree cut and hacked in a very bungling manner. So he said to Georgie, "Come here, you rascal! Who cut this cherry tree of mine?" Georgie gazed for a moment at the riding-whip in the old gentleman's hand, and then replied: "Father, I cannot tell a lie—I *ke* cut it with my little hatchet."

Mr. Merewether, the Chairman of the Wilts Quarter Sessions, told a good story at the annual dinner of the Wilts Licensed Victuallers' Association the other day. When quite young, he said, he was living with his father at Calne, and one day (his father being from home) as he was walking in the grounds, a servant came to say that two respectable gentlemen of the Quaker persuasion—he had not a word to say against them personally—desired to see him in the drawing-room. He immediately responded to their summons, and found them in the room with their hats on. He expressed no surprise, because an old Latin author had said that nobody ought to be surprised at anything. Well, these gentlemen informed him that they were about to form a temperance society, of which they wished to enrol himself a member. His reply was, "If you find that you cannot use the good things of life without abusing them, you are right in joining it. I find that I can, and therefore I decline to join it." In the course of some conversation that ensued, they admitted that he was as much entitled to hold his own opinions as they were to hold theirs; and at length he said, "Well, having established that point, permit me to say this. You belong to a sect who do not think it indecorous to sit in a drawing-room with your hats on. I belong to another persuasion, the principal tenet of whose faith is that if your sect sit with your hats on, off go our trousers." The meeting, however, ended courteously, and they did not drive him to that extreme. His friends, he hoped, departed wiser men than they came; at all events, he never saw them in his father's drawing-room again.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FLORENCE.—"Told" and "world" do not rhyme very well, and the phrase "as I seen" looks as if a little more intimacy with grammar would not be amiss. We must decline your "Picture."

CHESS.

Solutions to problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

TORONTO v. HAMILTON.  
GAME No. 6.

KING'S BISHOP'S GAMBIT.

Toronto, (White.)	Hamilton, (Black.)
1. P. to K. 4th	P. to K. 4th
2. P. to K. B. 4th	P. takes P.
3. B. to Q. B. 4th	Q. to R. 5th, ch.
4. K. to B. sq.	Q. to K. B. 3rd (a)
5. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd	P. to Q. B. 3rd
6. P. to Q. 4th	P. to Q. 3rd
7. P. to Q. R. 4th	P. to K. Kt. 4th
8. P. to K. R. 3rd	P. to K. R. 4th (b)
9. Kt. to K. B. 3rd	Kt. to Q. 2nd
10. P. to K. 5th	P. takes P. (c)
11. Q. Kt. to K. 4th	Q. to K. B. 4th
12. Q. Kt. takes Kt. P.	P. to K. B. 3rd
13. B. to K. 6th	Q. to Kt. 3rd
14. B. to B. 7th, ch.	Q. takes B.
15. Kt. takes Q.	K. takes Kt.
16. K. to B. 2nd	B. to Q. 3rd
17. R. to K. sq.	Kt. to R. 3rd
18. P. takes P.	P. takes P.
19. Q. takes B.	Resigns.

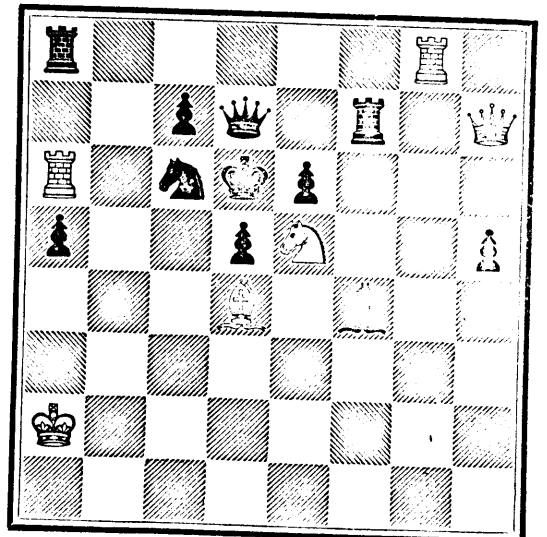
- (a) Q. to K. 2nd seems to us preferable.
- (b) P. to K. R. 3rd would have been more prudent; and, followed by B. to Kt. 2nd, would have left Black's game tolerably secure.
- (c) This simplifies the attack;—10. Q. to Kt. 3rd would have been much better.
- (d) Premature apparently; for, Black might now have commenced a formidable counter-attack by—12. P. to K. 5th.
- (e) This loses the Queen, and, of course, the game is no longer defensible.

GAME No. 4.  
EVANS' GAMBIT DECLINED.

Toronto, G. H. Larminie.	Hamilton, Wm. Marshall.
White.	Black.
1. P. to K. 4th	P. to K. 4th
2. Kt. to K. B. 3rd	Kt. to Q. B. 3rd
3. B. to Q. B. 4th	B. to Q. B. 4th
4. P. to Q. Kt. 4th	B. to K. 2nd (a)
5. P. to Q. Kt. 5th	Kt. to Q. R. 4th
6. B. takes P. ch.	K. takes B.
7. Kt. takes P. ch.	K. to B. sq.
8. Q. to K. B. 3rd, ch.	Kt. to K. B. 3rd
9. P. to Q. 4th	P. to Q. 4th
10. Q. to Q. B. 3rd	P. to Q. B. 3rd
11. B. to K. Kt. 5th	Kt. to Q. B. 5th
12. K. P. takes P.	Q. takes K. P. (b)
13. Q. takes Kt.	B. to K. 5th, ch.
14. B. to K. 3rd	Kt. to Q. 4th
15. Kt. to Q. 2nd	Q. takes K. Kt. P.
16. Castles. (Q. R.)	Q. B. P. takes P.
17. Q. to Q. Kt. 3rd	Q. B. P. takes P. (c)
18. Q. R. to K. Kt. sq.	Q. to R. 6th
19. R. to Kt. 3rd (d)	Q. to R. 4th
20. Q. takes P. (e)	B. to R. 6th, ch.
21. Resigns.	

- (a) B. to Kt. 3rd is more generally played.
- (b) If this was an oversight, it turns out to be a very fortunate one; White recovers the piece he has sacrificed, but his opponent gets a very menacing position in a few more moves.
- (c) White is now encompassed by dangers, and it will be difficult to escape without serious loss.
- (d) Lost time apparently;—B. to Kt. 5th seems better.
- (e) There is no resource after Black's reply to this fatal slip.

PROBLEM No. 44.  
By J. W.  
BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play and mate in four moves.

ENIGMA No. 23.

(The two following positions are from the *Dubuque Chess Journal*, and were entered as Tournay Problems.  
White.—K. at K. R. 3rd, R. at Q. R., B. at Q. R. 4th.  
Black.—K. at K. R. 4th, R. at Q. R. 3rd, B. at K. Kt. 4th, P. at K. R. 3rd.

White mates in three moves.

ENIGMA No. 24.

White.—K. at Q. 7th, Rs. at K. R. 8 h. and Q. R. sq.; B. at K. B. sq., Ps. at K. R. 6th, Q. B. 3rd, Q. Kt. 2nd, and Q. Kt. 6th.  
Black.—K. at Q. Kt. 2nd, B. at Q. R. 7th, P. at Q. Kt. 6th.  
White mates in three moves.

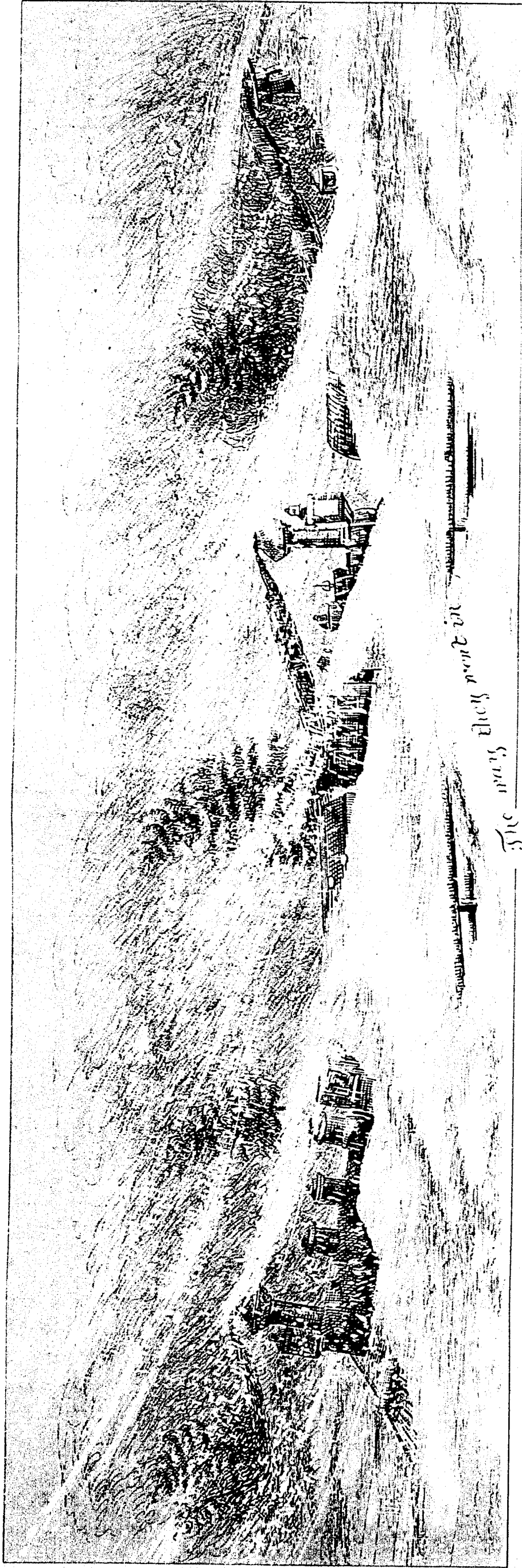
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 43.

White.	Black.
1. B. to K. 7th, ch.	K. to K. 3rd
2. B. to K. Kt. 4th, ch.	P. in.
3. B. to K. 2nd	Any move.
4. B. mates.	

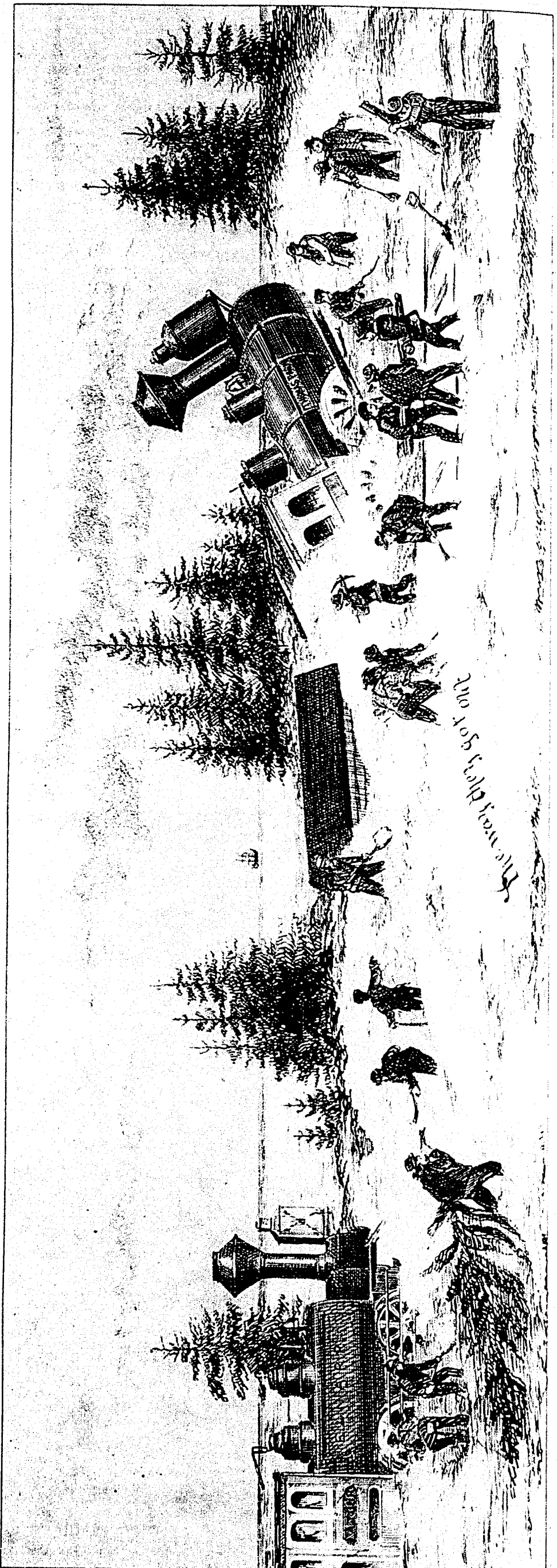
SOLUTIONS RECEIVED.

PROBLEM No. 41.—A. P., Lewis; J. H. G., and S. K., St. John N. B.  
PROBLEM No. 42.—Britannia.  
ENIGMA No. 22.—A. P., Lewis; J. H. G., and S. K., St. John, N. B.





The new shells went in



The train they got on

SNOW STORM IN N. B. THE C. & N. A. RAILWAY UNDER DIFFICULTIES - FROM A SKETCH BY E. J. RUGGIE - SEE PAGE 191

THE SONG OF THE EXPEDITION.

By F. J. C., Illustrated by E. H. G., of the O. & Q. Battalions.



Come, boys, cheer up! We'll have a song, in spite of our position,  
To help us in our labours on this glorious Expedition,  
We'll keep our spirits up, my boys, and not look sad or sober,  
Nor grumble at our hardships on our way to Manitoba.

*Chorus—*Jolly boys! Jolly boys!  
Hurra for the boats and the roads, jolly boys!



Some grumble loudly, and exclaim, " 'Tis not what I expected,  
I never thought that vast stockade would have to be erected,  
'Twas only as a volunteer that I left my abode,  
I never thought of coming here to work upon the road."

*Chorus—*Jolly boys! &c.



'Tis true the roads were rough, my boys! The rapids, too, are swift,  
And on these curved portages the loads are hard to lift,  
But never mind, we'll go ahead, and never stop nor tarry,  
Until we reach the promised land—in other words, Fort Garry.

*Chorus—*Jolly boys! &c.



And now we're fairly started, boys! and well upon our way,  
We'll hope to see our journey's end at no far distant day,  
So cheerily we'll force ahead, in spite of wind or weather,  
We're sure to get along, boys! if we only pull together.

*Chorus—*Jolly boys! &c.



Whether it is tugging at the oar, or toiling up the banks,  
Working at the portages, or drilling in the ranks,  
We must stick to each other like the cobbler to his leather,  
And we'll go swimmingly along, if we only pull together.

*Chorus—*Jolly boys! &c.



Say what we will, we can't deny that all these things were needed:  
Without the last, 'tis very sure, we should never have succeeded,  
Had we trusted to the first alone, to poling, towing, rowing,  
We never should have brought the stores as far as Shebandowan.

*Chorus—*Jolly boys! &c.



And when we reach Fort Garry, boys! and all our work is done,  
We'll pass the time right merrily; you bet we'll have some fun;  
And when our year is over, and we again are free,  
We'll all go back to Montreal, and won't we have a spree!

*Chorus—*Jolly boys! &c.

We'll do as did the merry men and let the bottle pass,  
And with each well-known friend we meet we'll toss another glass,  
We'll see each old familiar face with joyful welcome gleam,  
And all our present hardships then will seem but as a dream.

*Chorus—*Jolly boys! &c.



I've talked of going home, my friends, but now it don't appear  
That we shall see our homes again quite in another year;  
And if the Manitoba girls be kind as they are charming,  
The half of us will stay behind and settle down to farming.

*Chorus—*Jolly boys! &c.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

## AMBITIO NASCE.

—Claudian.

Jove's head ached: (so the poets tell):  
He summoned Vulcan, who obeyed  
And brought his axe: it glittering fell—  
Forth stept Minerva, sapient maid.

O gentle Vulcan, hither bring  
Thy axe, and free me from my pain;  
I, too, have some unwieldy thing  
Struggling for birth within my brain.

Ah! fruitless summons! vain desire!  
Lives wisdom in this throbbing head?  
No axe, though forged in Aetna's fire,  
Can bring the living from the dead.

Then let me bear my weight of thought  
From night till morn, from morn till night,  
Till, if it's wisdom, it has taught  
My head to feel the burden light.

JOHN READE.

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## THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE.

—OO—  
BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

## CHAPTER XI.

"PROBABLY ONE night only, but I won't make any promise," George had said to Madame Faragon when she asked him how long he intended to stay at Granpere. As he took one of the horses belonging to the inn and drove himself, it seemed to be certain that he would not stay long. He started all alone, early in the morning, and reached Granpere about twelve o'clock. His mind was full of painful thoughts as he went, and as the little animal ran quickly down the mountain road into the valley in which Granpere lies, he almost wished that his feet were not so fleet. What was he to say when he got to Granpere, and to whom was he to say it?

When he reached the angular court along two sides of which the house was built, he did not at once enter the front door. None of the family were then about the place, and he could, therefore, go into the stable and ask a question or two of the man who came to meet him. His father, the man told him, had gone up early to the wood-cutting and would not probably return till the afternoon. Madame Voss was no doubt inside, as was also Marie Bromar. Then the man commenced an elaborate account of the betrothals. There never had been at Granpere any marriage that had been half so important as would be this marriage; no lover coming thither had ever been blessed with so beautiful and discreet a maiden, and no maiden of Granpere had ever before had at her feet a lover at the same time so good-looking, so wealthy, so sagacious, and so good-tempered. The man declared that Adrian was the luckiest fellow in the world in finding such a wife, but his enthusiasm rose to the highest pitch when he spoke of Marie's luck in finding such a husband. There was no end to the good with which she would be endowed;—"linen," said the man, holding up his hands in admiration, "that will last out all her grandchildren at least!" George listened to it all, and smiled, and said a word or two—was it worth his while to come all the way to Granpere to throw his thunderbolt at a girl who had been captivated by promises of a chest full of house linen!

George told the man that he would go up to the wood-cutting after his father; but before he was out of the court he changed his mind and slowly entered the house. Why should he go to his father? What had he to say to his father about the marriage that could not be better said down at the house? After all he had but little ground of complaint against his father. It was Marie who had been untrue to him, and it was on Marie's head that his wrath must fall. No doubt his father would be angry with him when he should have thrown his thunderbolt. It could not, as he thought, be hurled effectually without his father's knowledge; but he need not tell his father the errand on which he had come. So he changed his mind, and went into the inn.

He entered the house almost dreading to see her whom he was seeking. In what way should he first express his wrath? How should he show her the wreck which by her inconstancy she had made of his happiness? His first words must, if possible, be spoken to her alone; and yet alone he would hardly hope to find her. And he feared her. Though he was so resolved to speak his mind, yet he feared her. Though he intended to fill her with remorse, yet he dreaded the effect of her words upon himself. He knew how strong she could be, and how steadfast. Though his passion told him every hour, was telling him all day long, that she was as false as hell, yet there was something in him of judgment, something rather of instinct, which told him also that she was not bad, that she was a firm-hearted, high-spirited, great-minded girl, who would have reasons to give for the thing that she was doing.

He went through into the kitchen before he met any one, and there he found Madame Voss with the cook and Peter. Immediate explanations had, of course, to be made as to his unexpected arrival;—questions asked, and suggestions offered—"Came he in peace, or came he in war?" Had he come because he had heard of the betrothals? He admitted that it was so.

"And you are glad of it?" asked Madame Voss. "You will congratulate her with all your heart?"

"I will congratulate her certainly," said George. Then the cook and Peter began with a copious flow of domestic eloquence to declare how great a marriage this was for the Lion d'Or;—how pleasing to the master, how creditable to the village, how satisfactory to the friends, how joyous to the bridegroom, how triumphant to the bride!

"No doubt she will have plenty to eat and drink, and fine clothes to wear, and an excellent house over her head," said George in his bitterness.

"And she will be married to one of the most respectable young men in all Switzerland," said Madame Voss in a tone of much anger. It was already quite clear to Madame Voss, to the cook, and to Peter, that George had not come over from Colmar simply to express his joyous satisfaction at his cousin's good fortune.

He soon walked through into the little sitting-room, and his step-mother followed him.

"George," she said, "you will displease your father very much if you say anything unkind about Marie."

"I know very well," said he, "that my father cares more for Marie than he does for me."

"That is not so, George."

"I do not blame him for it. She lives in the house with him, while I live elsewhere. It was natural that she should be more to him than I am, after he had sent me away. But he has no right to suppose that I can have the same feeling that he has about this marriage. I cannot think it the finest thing in the world for all of us that Marie Bromar should succeed in getting a rich young man for her husband, who, as far as I can see, never had two ideas in his head."

"He is a most industrious young man, who thoroughly understands his business. I have heard people say that there is no one comes to Granpere who can buy better than he can."

"Very likely not."

"And at any rate, it is no disgrace to be well off."

"It is a disgrace to think more about that than anything else. But never mind. It is no use talking about it, words won't mend it."

"Why then have you come here now?"

"Because I want to see my father." Then he remembered how false was this excuse; and remembered also how soon its falseness would appear. "Besides, though I do not like this match, I wish to see Marie once again before her marriage. I shall never see her after it. That is the reason why I have come. I suppose you can give me a bed."

"Oh, yes, there are beds enough." After that there was some pause, and Madame Voss hardly knew how to treat her step-son. At last she asked him whether he would have dinner, and an order was given to Peter to prepare something for the young master in the small room. And George asked after the children, and in this way the dreaded subject was for some minutes laid on one side.

In the meantime, information of George's arrival had been taken up-stairs to Marie. She had often wondered what sign he would make when he should hear of her engagement. Would he send her a word of affection, or such customary present as would be usual between two persons so nearly connected? Would he come to her marriage? And what would be his own feelings? She too remembered well, with absolute accuracy, those warm, delicious, heavenly words of love which had passed between them. She could feel now the pressure of his hand and the warmth of his kiss, when she swore to him that she would be his for ever and ever. After that he had left her, and for a year had sent no token. Then he had come again, and had simply asked her whether she were engaged to another man; had asked with a cruel indication that he at least intended that the old childish words should be forgotten. Now he was in the house again, and she would have to hear his congratulations!

She thought for some quarter-of-an-hour what she had better do, and then she determined to go down to him at once. The sooner the first meeting was over the better. Were she to remain away from him till they should be brought together at the supper-table, there would almost be a necessity for her to explain her conduct. She would go down to him and treat him exactly as she might have done, had there never been any special love between them. She would do so as perfectly as her strength might enable her; and if she failed in aught, it would be better to fail before her aunt, than in the presence of her uncle. When she had resolved, she waited yet another minute or two, and then she went down-stairs.

As she entered her aunt's room George Voss was sitting before the stove, while Madame Voss was in her accustomed chair, and Peter was preparing the table for his young master's dinner. George arose from his seat at once, and then came a look of pain across his face. Marie saw it at once, and almost loved him the more because he suffered. "I am so glad to see you, George," she said. "I am so glad that you have come."

She had offered him her hand, and of course, he had taken it. "Yes," he said, "I thought it best just to run over. We shall be very busy at the hotel before long."

"Does that mean to say that you are not to be here for my marriage?" This she said with her sweetest smile, making all the effort in her power to give a gracious tone to her voice. It was better, she knew, to plunge at the subject at once.

"No," said he. "I shall not be here then."

"Ah,—your father will miss you so much! But if it cannot be, it is very good of you to come now. There would have been something sad in going away from the old house without seeing you once more. And though Colmar and Basle are very near, it will not be the same as in the dear old home;—will it, George?" There was a touch about her voice as she called him by his name, that nearly killed him. At that moment his hatred was strongest against Adrian. Why had such an upstart as that, a puny, miserable creature, come between him and the only thing he had ever seen in the guise of a woman that could touch his heart? He turned round with his back to the table and his face to the stove, and said nothing. But he was able, when he no longer saw her, when her voice was not sounding in his ear, to swear that the thunderbolt should be hurled all the same. His journey to Granpere should not be made for nothing. "I must go now," she said presently. "I shall see you at supper, shall I not, George, when uncle will be with us? Uncle Michel will be so delighted to find you. And you will tell us of the new doings at the hotel. Good-bye for the present, George." Then she was gone before he had spoken another word.

He eat his dinner, and smoked a cigar about the yard, and then said that he would go out and meet his father. He did go out, but did not take the road by which he knew that his father was to be found. He strolled off to the ravine, and came back only when it was dark. The meeting between him and his father was kindly; but there was no special word spoken, and thus they all sat down to supper.

(To be continued.)

A curious law case has been tried in France, to discover who was the rightful owner of a well. Swearing and complication were going on about the matter to a lengthy extent, when the judge, astonished, exclaimed: "But this is all about a little water. What can it matter so very much, that you should both put yourselves to so much trouble and expense about it?" "Monsieur," replied one of the advocates, dryly, "the pleadings are, both of them, wine-merchants." The value and significance were seen at once, and created a roar of laughter.

## THE WOMAN TO WHOM WE KNEEL.

We had been talking that evening about money and the want of it—a very extensive subject, that led us to discuss all the bearings of impecuniosity on vice. I cited an instance within my own knowledge of a man who had been saved from Heaven knows what—the hulks, perhaps—by a timely five-pound note. "And I," said he, "I know a woman"—but here he stopped, seeming to regret having said so much. I pressed him to continue, however, and as perhaps the secret he had kept for many years was welling up rather powerfully within him at that moment, he agreed at length to tell me the story, suppressing all names. "Though for that matter," added he, "you have met the persons I shall allude to and will meet them again." This said, he spoke to this effect:—The first time I set eyes on her—I will call her Rose for convenience sake—it struck me that she was the sweetest girl I had ever seen. She was very pretty, spoke with a winning and demure grace, and was true as gold. The second time I liked her still better, for I discovered that she knew everything that I didn't, could play and sing, knit and embroider to any extent, draw likenesses in her album, and talk French without boasting about it. The third time, I had to reason seriously with myself, and say that in the interest of my own peace of mind I had better not see her again. The fact is, I am not a marrying man, and if I had ever cherished any dispositions towards matrimony, the sight of Miss Rose's own home might have cured me of the taste. Her father was one of those well-to-do paupers whom I pity much more than the frequenters, casual or otherwise, of the work-house. He had £1,500 a year or thereabouts, and on that was expected to keep up the same state as a man with £5,000. A house in a good quarter, a carriage and pair, an occasional box at the opera—these were necessities of his position; and in the way of mouths to fill there were two boys at a public school, one at Oxford, who, of course, had debts, and three or four daughters, of whom Rose was the eldest. Now, if you divide £1,500 among all these items, and leave a margin for repairs to the roof of the house, expenditure for the accidental polling of the carriage, disbursements on account of new furniture, new horse, or pressing bills from the son at Oxford, you arrive at the conclusion that life under these circumstances is a perpetual note of interrogation; and you cease to wonder at the downright tone in which Rose's mother told her as soon as she had left school that it was her duty to get married, and that speedily. I have heard some youngsters of my acquaintance be very witty at the expense of matchmaking mothers, and think it capital sport when a detrimental of their set cuts out a few substantial suitors and succeeds, by hook or crook, in marrying a girl like Miss Rose. I wish they would look a little beyond the wedding-day, some of these young fellows, and reflect what a pleasant business it is when the detrimental's father-in-law has to pay for the lodgings where the young couple have gone, the bills at Christmas, the expenses of the first confinement; and, to do all this, has to pinch himself, starve his household, cut down the pocket-money of his sons, and leave his younger daughters without those new bonnets and dresses which they have been counting on. This, I know, is not the poetical way of looking at the question; but then life is not a poem, and we only fall into very rhymeless scrapes when we try to make it one. Rose's mother was a match-maker. She had the shrewdest eye for men of parts, that is, men with cheque-books, and she began taking her daughter the round of all the balls, routs, and garden parties where such might be found. Only, as it would have been quite impossible to deck Miss Rose out so as to rival some of her wealthier competitors in the marriage handicap, the expedient was adopted of giving her a fixed allowance and letting her shift for herself, which is a popular and by no means unclever way of imbuing a girl with the cheque-book view of marriage, for if she exceeds her allowance and gets into debt with her milliner she knows that a wealthy marriage is the only possible mode of pulling her out of her dilemma. So Miss Rose's allowance was settled at £60 a year, paid quarterly. The Oxford son, who was consulted, and who had never been able to live within his own three hundred pounds, added to three other hundred pounds annual debt, opined that it was quite enough; so did the eldest of the public school sons, who was probably sincere, and so for that matter did Miss Rose herself, for, though she was the best taught little thing in the world, practical arithmetic was her feeble point; when she added up two and two she always counted that it made six, and when she took two from two nothing would persuade her that two did not remain. On finding herself at the head of her first quarter's fifteen pounds, it seemed like Golconda to her. She instantly bought one of those little velvet and gilt clasp-books that are half the length of your finger, and only cost half a guinea, to keep her accounts in, and made out pretty lists of things she didn't want, but of course purchased soon after, so as not to leave the account book empty—gloves with six buttons, perfumery, fans, birthday presents for this and that dear school friend, and so on. Then I suppose the usual thing occurred—exuberance so long as the pounds lasted, astonishment and dismay when the last of them vanished over a Bond Street counter in exchange for a bottle of scent. One day Miss Rose came in tears to my sister, who was her most intimate school friend, and confessed that she had not a farthing in the world and owed ever so much for two dresses, a pink and a blue one. It was evident that there was a vague fear of something horrible underlying her mind, and that she apprehended being sentenced by a judge to immediate detention in Whitecross Street. My sister, who meant well, but who, being the only girl in her family, ran up bills without scruple, knowing that I was always there to pay them—my sister told Rose not to be downhearted about such a trifle as an unpaid invoice, and the two at once set off together for the modiste's, a French old woman, who had quite sense enough to guess that with a face like Miss Rose's a rich husband was sure, and so protested forthwith that she had no thought of asking for payment—indeed, would much rather not be paid than otherwise. "You shall settle with me, miss, in three or four years' time," she said, with the sweetest of smiles, "when you are married, or—when you like."

Pay when you like! I remember one morning when I was at Christ Church, returning to my rooms in Peckwater after chapel, and finding a smug-faced fellow on the landing with a carpet-bag. He followed me in without asking leave, and told me he was the traveller of a great London jewellery firm. His bag was full of watches, rings, and pins; and I might have as many as I chose without paying. "The settling-day," he added, "would come by-and-by; when I took my

degree, or come of age." Saying which, he displayed half his goods on the table, made a heap of those which he decided would suit me best, gabbled that he should always be proud to serve me, and eventually vanished, leaving me the owner of about a hundred pounds' worth of property, which was set down to me in the bill I had the pleasure of paying a few years afterwards at over £300. This bagman did not operate only in Oxford; he and a few more of his pattern were continually on the roam between the University towns and the Horse Guards' barracks; but they also did a good stroke of business by offering young girls in society the run of their bags, with credit unlimited, till marriage-day. Poor Miss Rose fell into their clutches. The modiste's bill was only the first step in the downward run. One day the French old woman introduced a jeweller's man who had called quite by chance, and happened to have a rare assortment of bracelets in his coat-pockets. Jewellers often call quite by chance at fashionable dressmakers when there are young ladies there. Poor Rose held out once, twice, but the third time she gave in. The bracelets were too pretty and the bagman too civil. Then there was the tradesman who sold the six-button gloves; he didn't like being paid ready money either—no more did the birthday present man, no more did any of them. To cut a long story short, Miss Rose soon discovered how pleasant a life may be led by spending one's sixty pounds as pocket-money, and leaving the cost of all one's dresses and trinkets to accumulate. Nobody troubled her, nobody dunned her. Her life was in every sense unchequered until her marriage.

She married a rich man, but one of those rich men who act uncommonly as if they were poor ones. He had made his money slowly, and knew the worth of it. At an early date after their marriage he took an opportunity to apprise his wife that he disliked debt, that he was in favour of seeing all things ruled in ship-shape, and that to this end he would allow her so much pin money, requesting her at the same time not to incur obligations towards anybody, for that if she found her allowance insufficient he would increase it. This was said in a polite tone, but with a sort of business-like composure that made poor Rose feel as if she would rather die a thousand deaths than ask the man for a penny. He was not an ideal husband by any means. Very much older than herself, and older still in experience than he was in years, he had no indulgence whatever for human foibles, accounting that a man or woman who went astray once on any one point would go astray again, and upon others. He said "Yes" and "No" in a tone that froze you to the marrow when you had anything to expect from these answers; and his unhappy wife was not long in discovering that she could only hold her place in his esteem by being absolutely faultless—never giving him the faintest pretext for reproach. How acknowledge to such a being that she owed five or six hundred pounds? She had put off the confession long enough, and yet the time was coming when she must make it. The milliner had shown herself sweet as ever, but a trifle anxious about her little bill. The smoothness of the jeweller had not abated, only he expatiated on the advantages of discharging one account before opening another. As for the glove-man, should he send his bill into Mr.—, or would Mrs.— prefer to pay it herself? All this uttered with a pointed air, which makes one feel menaces beneath. At this juncture there began to hover about Rose young X., a very good fellow, with a great deal of money, but with no more principle than a magpie. It was quite natural that X. should hover about Rose, for marriage had improved her into the most charming woman under heaven; but she was not the woman to encourage hovering, and she would quickly have sent young X. about his business, had not the ghastly idea occurred to her in one of those moments of dejection when women will catch at any straw that this X. might perhaps consent to help her in her trouble. Of course, in planning to ask help of X., her thoughts went no further. She had seen him throw money about as if it were no more than brass to him, and her idea was simply to beg of him a loan which she would repay as fast as she could out of her pin-money. But a loan from a man, and from such a man as X! She had not seen the brink towards which she was hurrying then; fear, the hideous fear, of letting her husband into her secret, and giving him to suppose that she married him only that her debts might be paid—this was driving her along distracted; and she would have gone over the brink but for a happy chance. That chance lay in my sister's calling on me one day to say with a great deal of crying how matters stood. Poor Rose had told her all. She wanted—she must have—five hundred pounds. My sister had not got them, and whether I had or not she supposed men were far too selfish to help women in such straits as these. Whereupon, telling me how much she despised us all, she left me to my reflections. And these reflections were not pleasant. I knew X., and could have no illusions whatever as to what that good fellow was aiming at; and I knew Rose, and remembered that during a week I had half thought of asking her to be my wife. Then I called to mind that perhaps it was after all my sister's fault that Rose had run up her first bill—in short, I need not go into all my reflections. I had something more than the much-needed sum at my banker's. The only difficulty was to convey it to Rose in such a way as she should not feel under any obligation. A luminous idea struck me. There were races at Hampton or Kingston, or some such place, the next day. I scribbled a note to my sister to say that she and Rose must make up a party and go, and that I would meet them there, but that she must not forewarn Rose of this. They went. What arguments my sister used to bring Rose on to a racecourse, goodness knows, but she did bring her; and I remember the scared looks of the pair of them sitting in their carriage amid all the tumult. I had mentally concerted everything beforehand, and went up smiling to Rose to ask her if she betted. No, she didn't bet. But would she take a ticket in a sweep? A hundred of us had got up a sweep at five pounds the ticket, and the whole five hundred was to go to the winner. With these words I handed her a little basketful of pieces of paper folded. "Draw one," I said. Her eyes glistened, and she hesitated. She had not got the five pounds with her. That didn't matter, I replied; she should pay me another time. She drew, and it is needless to say that on every piece of paper in the basket was the name of the same horse, the only one who had a chance of winning, for it was a tenth-rate race with only three horses in. But this of course she didn't know, nor even if she had known would she have understood. "What's the horse's colour?" she asked in a trembling voice. "It's a bay," I answered, "and the jockey has a blue jacket with orange sleeves." "Blue with orange," she murmured; and I shall never forget the expression of her face as she leaned over the

carriage side, clutching her ticket, to see the horses when they broke into sight. As for me, a sickening sensation seized me at the thought that the blue-and-orange brute might not win. I glanced at Rose, and then strained my eyes with suspense. At a corner the horse stumbled. Rose drew her hand across her brow as if she had been struck. But in another instant the jockey had righted himself. Heaven be praised that there should be screws in the world! The blue-and-orange beat the others in a canter. The next day I took Rose a bundle of notes. X. was out of town, and was not to return till the morrow. It was then she had determined to ask him for the money. She was, therefore, saved.

"And now?" I asked, as my friend concluded. "Oh, now," he answered, "Rose, cured by her adventure, turned over a fresh leaf. She took pattern by her husband, and became a Dorcas-meeting lady—a kind of saint in silk—a woman to whom one kneels." "And she was grateful to you, let us hope?" He laughed. "A couple of years ago," he answered, "she struck me off her visiting list, because, said she, I was a man who gambled and went on the turf."—*Pall Mall Budget.*

#### SICK HEADACHE—ITS CAUSE AND SOME OF THE REMEDIES.

Many persons, afflicted with periodic sick headache, will be interested in finding their feelings and experiences portrayed in the following article by Dr. Samuel Wilks, physician at Guy's Hospital, London, communicated to the *British Medical Journal* :—

The subject of sick headache is one in which I take a personal interest, having been a martyr to it all my life, and having, in consequence, often had to compare notes with those who have been like sufferers with myself, whether they have been friends or patients. It is important to possess a correct idea of what is intended by the name, for I have often met with medical men who have no other knowledge of a sick headache than what is implied in the term bilious attack, or the headache which follows the eating too good a dinner. A headache following a debauch or too much wine is common enough, and may happen to any one; also the headache, in peculiar idiosyncrasies, from eating some special article of diet, and which, probably, has a gouty origin. But the true sick headache which I take is almost equivalent to hemiplegia or migraine, is a purely nervous affection, and occurs generally in the most temperate livers, and thus is often totally misapprehended by those who only think of headache as a symptom of stomach disorder. It is for the most part hereditary, runs in families, and is due to a peculiar nervous temperament. Whatever produces a strong impression on the nervous system of such a one so predisposed, will cause an attack, and it may thus be induced in a hundred different ways. Consequently the sufferers from this complaint often make it the whole business of life to avoid moving a single step out of the even tenor of their way, so as to prevent as far as possible its occurrence. The visit to the theatre, the concert room, or the dinner party, is always followed by headache, for the excitement, the altered temperature or vitiated air, are all equal to its production; but even less than these is sufficient, for any strong impression on the nerves will produce it, as a loud noise, an hour's visit to a picture gallery, looking through the microscope, odours of various kinds, as of spring flowers, and even the tasting of some substances; also exposure of the body to the sun or strong wind; moreover, various moral causes and worry are sure to be followed by the familiar headache.

The true cause, then, of sick headache lies deep in the patient's idiosyncrasy, and is developed by a hundred different causes. The advice, then, to sufferers is to give as much tone as they can to their nerves by adopting all those methods which experience has shown to be good, and then avoid, as far as is practicable, all those causes which are known to excite an attack. I need scarcely describe a sick headache—how one rises in the morning more dead than alive, perfectly unable to swallow the smallest particle of food, and often, perhaps, actually sick; how the head throbs, and the pain is increased by the slightest movement; how speaking or doing is a burden beyond bearing; how one prays to be left alone in the utmost quiet, so that he may if possible sleep. To other persons the sufferer looks extremely ill, very pale, dark around the eyes, and with contracted pupil. To himself his head feels hot, and the application of cold is very refreshing. The clamminess in the mouth, the nausea, and general disturbances, are secondary, and have no connection with any improper meal, and thus are in no way relieved by the too frequently and ignorantly administered purgative. This is not needed, and has no good result. The only remedies which are of any avail are those which act on the nervous system, such as hot tea or coffee; or, after the stomach is quieter, and the more urgent symptoms have passed off, a little wine or ammonia. If the headache take more the form of hemiplegia, then remedies are occasionally useful, as the local application of the bisulphide of carbon or galvanism and internally the bromide of potassium. This is the only drug which I have really seen to be serviceable. Whilst the nausea exists and the worst symptoms prevail, even this remedy is of no avail. So little can we prejudice the value of medicines, that I have ever been willing to administer any remedy which can be proposed; and thus not long ago I myself swallowed with great faith a specific powder sent me by a friend from Vancouver's Island; but, alas! it must be catalogued with all other remedies for sick headache—it was useless. As regards tea and coffee, which often relieve, it is possible that these and other stimulants, taken in excess, render the nervous system more susceptible to the attacks; and I believe I am right in saying that it was Mr. Martyn, of Brompton, who informed me of more than one person who had entirely lost his headache from leaving these off.

The various influences spoken of acting through the different parts of the nervous system, impress immediately the sympathetic, and so alter the current of blood through the head; thus, while the face is pale, the larger vessels are throbbing, the head is hot, and the remedies which instinct suggests are cold and pressure to the part. In fact, of all the means which have been used to cure this trouble, the only one on which we can rely to procure relief is the wet bandage tied tightly round the head. The method must be instinctive, for it is universal, and has been from all time. As our Shakespeare is often quoted to illustrate the morbid states of the body as well as the passions of the mind he may again be conjured up to testify to the ancient practice of which I have been speaking. For example, in the scene between

Hubert and Arthur, in King John, the latter, when petitioning for the preservation of his eyes, says :—

"When your head did but ache  
I knit my handkerchief about your brows."

And in Othello we have not only the remedy for headache given, but the cause. The former was the handkerchief about which the chief interest of the play entered.

"Desdemona—Why do you speak so faintly?"

Are you not well?"

Othello—I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Desdemona—Faith, that's with watching; 'twill away again.

Let me but bind it hard, within this hour  
It will be well."

The substance of this communication is, that sick headache is not to be cured by gastro-hepatic remedies. It is a purely nervous affection, and due entirely, in my experience, to hereditary predisposition; and is excited by causes innumerable which act on a susceptible nervous system. There is therefore, no cure, in the proper sense of the term, for this would imply a change in the patient's nature; and for the attacks themselves, when severe, the only relief which can be reckoned upon is to be found in a wet bandage round the head, profound quiet, and, if possible, sleep.

#### PURE WATER.

Dr. Letheby, the best English authority on sanitary matters, in a recent lecture, cites the following conclusions as the result of his investigations on water supply :—

1. The human body needs for its structure and maintenance the supply of certain salts, among which are the carbonate and phosphate of lime, these being in a special manner required to give stability to the bones, and having also their further uses in living economy.

2. The phosphate of lime is supplied to us in our ordinary animal and vegetable food, but is not presented to us in water.

3. The carbonate of lime, on the contrary, is not primarily presented to us in sufficient quantity in our solid food, but is contained in variable and more fitting proportions in spring and river waters.

4. It is from the carbonate of lime brought down by rivers into the sea that all marine animals derive the denser part of their construction, the remains of which, during the progress of geological periods, have been, and continue to be exaggerated into huge expanses of limestone rock.

5. What has sufficed for the wants of these lower animals has sufficed also for those of the higher organizations, of which man is the head.

6. Positively, this is proved and confirmed by the fact that in limestone districts, where the waters are more or less hard, man has been shown to have reached his most vigorous average physical development.

7. Negatively, this is proved also by its having been found that the mortality of our principal towns increases, on a calculation of averages, in the proportion that the hardness of the water is diminished.

8. A water containing about six grains of carbonate of lime is nowhere held to be a hard water, but is fitted for every use of domestic economy or manufacture.

9. Such a water, whether as a drink or as combined with our food, presents to us in the most regular and constant of forms, and in its most simple, natural and easily appropriated state, the carbonate of lime required for the healthy maintenance of the living system; while it is otherwise naturally preferable, because imbued with more agreeable qualities, and higher refreshing and invigorating powers.

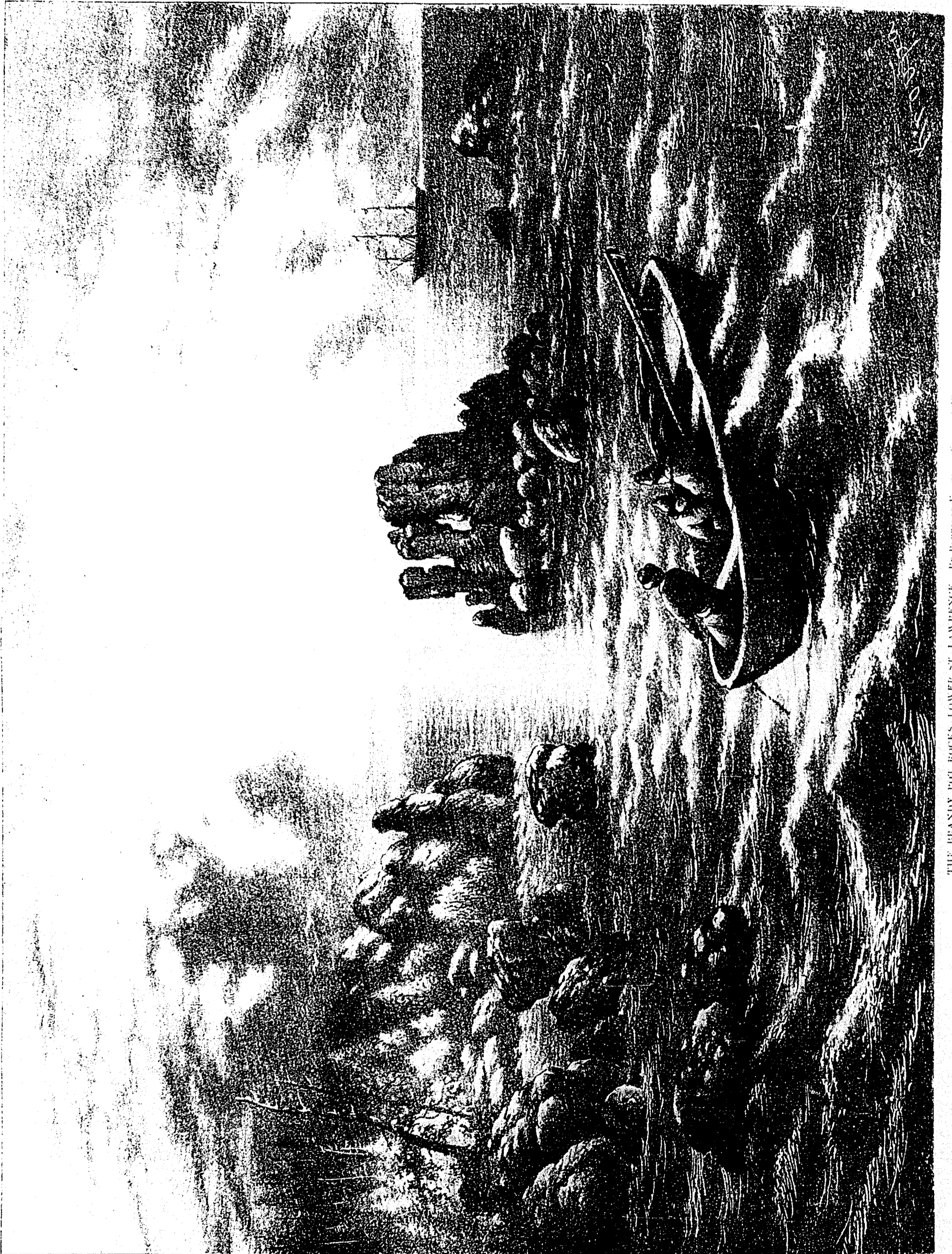
10. A lake water, independent of the consideration of its low impregnation with carbonate of lime, is further objectionable from its deficiency of air and carbonic acid, its extreme coldness in winter and tepidness in summer, its combination with peaty and other matters, the abundant presence of living animal and vegetable organisms, and its general want of sapidity and agreeableness, and, consequently, its lower refreshing powers.

11. These views so obviously concordant in fact and reason, are consistent with the natural tastes and instincts of all people in all ages, have been maintained by the mass of scientific men in all countries, and have been publicly ratified through the results of repeated Government inquiries.

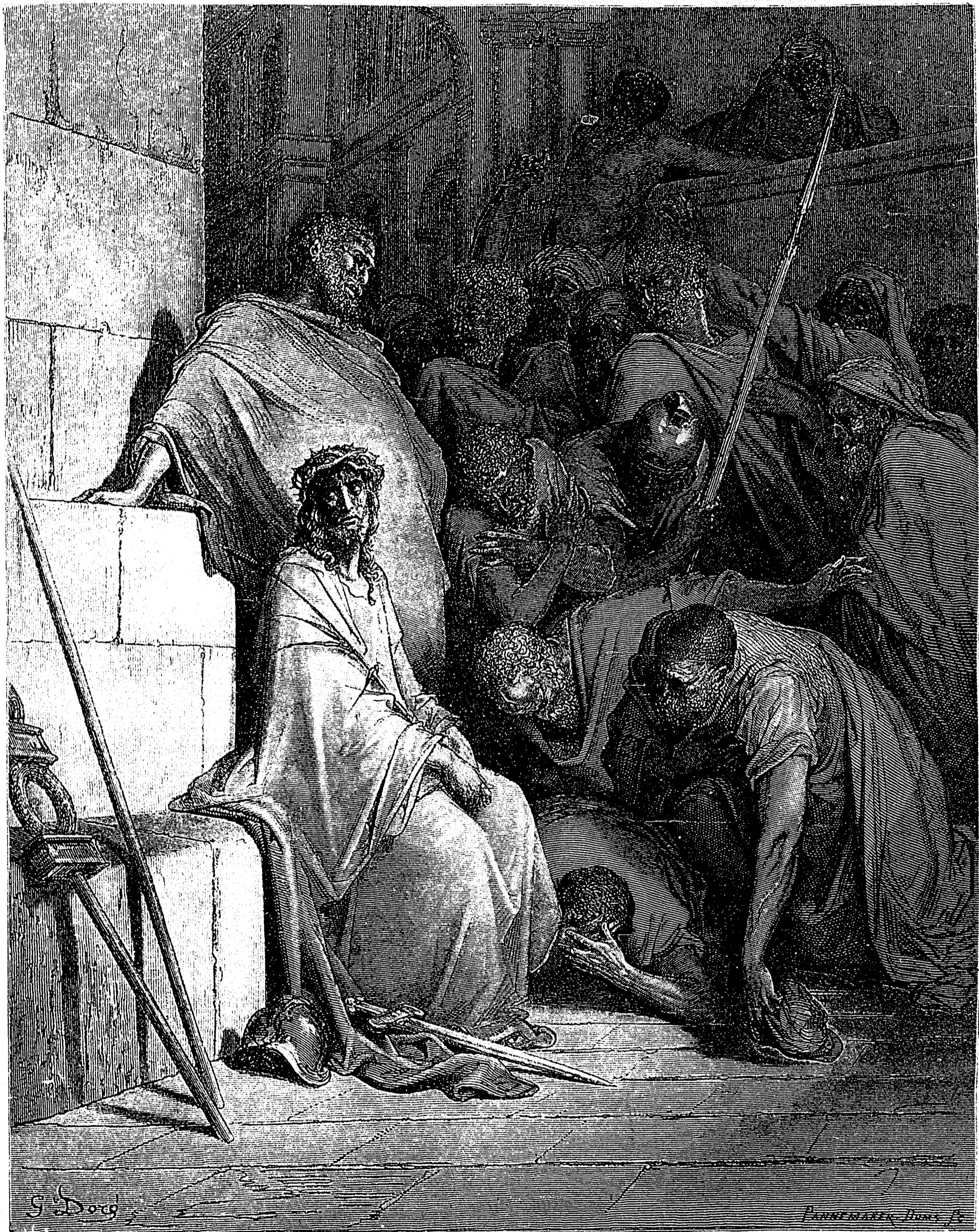
12. Therefore, wherever a community has a choice between a water immediately derived from springs, and thus moderately impregnated with carbonate of lime, the excellence of which no one questions, and a lake water, the defective qualities of which are denounced by many, it ought unquestionably to prefer the former, on every probable consideration of comfort, health, convenience, and, in the end, were it on no other grounds than these, of the truest economy.

Millaud, the banker and newspaper speculator, who died recently in Paris, and who founded the *Paris Petit Journal*, which at one time had a daily circulation of nearly half a million copies, was an enthusiastic believer in the advantages of liberal advertising. One day he had at his table nearly all the proprietors of the leading Paris dailies. They conversed about advertising. Millaud asserted that the most worthless articles could be sold in vast quantities, if liberally advertised. Emile de Girardin, of *La Presse*, who was present, took issue with him on the subject. "What will you bet," exclaimed Millaud, "that I cannot sell in one week one hundred thousand francs' worth of the most common cabbage seed under the pretext that it will produce mammoth cabbage heads? All I have to do is to advertise it at once in a whole-page insertion of the daily papers of this city." Girardin replied that he would give him a page in his paper for nothing if he should win his wager. The other newspaper publishers agreed to do the same thing. At the expiration of the week they inquired of Millaud how the cabbage-seed had flourished. He showed them his books triumphantly, and satisfied them that he had sold nearly twice as much as he promised, while orders were still pouring in; but he said the joke must stop there, and no further orders would be filled.

The following form of a Plebiscite in France has been proposed :—Let all those who vote for the Republic place the stamp on their letters with the head in its natural position: let the others simply turn the heads upside down; and let the postmen be consulted in three months.



THE BRANDY POT ROCKS. LOWER ST. LAWRENCE.—BY BOBBS AT KAGORA.—SEE PAGE 170.



AND THEY SAID, 'HAIL KING OF THE JEWS!' AND THEY SMOTE HIM WITH THEIR HANDS.—ST. JOHN, XIX, 3.

By GUSTAVE DORÉ.

## A WONDERFUL PATIENT.

The *Graphic* says: Doctors as a rule are a class of men not easily deceived. They see a great deal of human nature, and they do so under very varied circumstances, many of which are peculiarly calculated to make people show themselves in their true colours. The affectations of life fall away from us when we are ill, and few people can preserve the presence of mind of Mrs. Skewton, and order pink curtains for the doctors. Medical men, too, especially those in the army, are often called upon to investigate cases of deception, when soldiers sham illness to escape duty and gain the comforts of the Infirmary. Such men are generally found out and exposed with a promptitude that much disconcerts them, and on the whole we may safely conclude that if a person wants to feign illness he had better keep out of the presence of the doctor as long as possible.

Very extraordinary then must we consider a case which has just occurred, and which has baffled and deceived some of the most eminent men in London. It seems that an ingenious gentleman, who is described as stout and good-looking, reminding the spectator forcibly of Henry the Eighth, has been the round of some of the principal London hospitals as well as some in the country, feigning illness and being treated for his ailments with all possible medical skill. He has been attended by no less than eleven different hospital physicians and surgeons, and among the institutions he has favoured with his visits the *Lancet* mentions St. Bartholomew's, University College, (both on two occasions,) St. George's and Charing Cross hospitals, besides one at Chatham. The impostor is said to be a remarkably intelligent and well-educated person with some classical attainments, and he usually pretends to be a medical man, thus in most cases winning more careful attention and sympathy from his attendants; and he assumes several different names. What makes his case more extraordinary is the disease that he has so successfully simulated—tetanus; which induces spasms of rigidity similar to those produced by strychnine poisoning, very difficult to keep up for any length of time. He also pretended to have hemiplegia, or paralysis of one side of the body, while he was once lectured on as a very curious and interesting case of hæmorrhage within one of the coverings of the brain. The most voluminous notes have been taken about him, he has puzzled eminent professors, and attentive students have sat up all night to record his symptoms. He was treated, of course, according to the newest light of medical science, and appears to have taken all sorts of remedies, and to have undergone no little pain and inconvenience in carrying out his deception. According to our medical contemporary he has taken opium, morphia, Calabar bean, belladonna, bromide of potassium, iodide of potassium, chloroform, and hydrate of chloral in "enormous quantities." He has been cooled with ice-bags and ether spray, which on one occasion singed his back, morphia has been injected beneath his skin, and we can only wonder that he is alive after it all. To add to his discomfort he appears to have had a real carbuncle on the back of his neck, and even with that it is said that he never forgot his tetanic spasms but stiffened himself out absolutely *de rigueur* and remorselessly "ground his carbuncle against his pillow!" He seems also to have improved in his performance the oftener he repeated it, as he treasured up what fell from the medical men around him, and when they noted the absence of any particular symptom he carefully exhibited it as soon as possible. When we add that he proposed marriage to one of the nurses and so avoided taking his medicine; that he organised little whist parties in one hospital, that he got his temperature up to 102° F. by secreting the thermometer with the bulb near a candle; that he received much sympathy; borrowed money whenever possible; was presented with clothing; had his railway fare paid; was well kept up by stimulants, mock-turtle soup and other luxuries; placed in private wards and made much of,—our readers will agree that a more wonderful patient never presented himself before a doctor.

Strange to say no sufficient motive for all this systematic deception was discoverable in the man's conduct. He seems to have acted from sheer love of imposing upon physicians, and certainly succeeded in doing so. It seems very curious also that he was not found out sooner. He went from one hospital to another at short intervals, and was generally attacked in the same way. He gave, of course, different accounts of himself, but does not seem to have been so much suspected as we should have thought likely. Various anomalous symptoms were however noted, and on one or two occasions when he was accused of shamming, he recovered quickly and went off in high dudgeon. It ought in fairness to him to be stated that he endeavoured to make some return to his kind entertainers the hospital physicians, for on one occasion he made his will and left several of them legacies, with £150 to the institution then sheltering him. Nor was he wanting in consideration for his medical friends in other ways, for we read that during one attack "it was really beautiful to watch the effects of remedies in relieving the poor patient's agonies." It appears from this account that there is an opening for an intelligent man with a little medical knowledge to live merrily in hospitals. He can have his whist and his mock turtle, and plenty of the best wine and brandy, and he can relieve the monotony of existence by occasional flirtations with the nurses, who are often pleasant to behold. There are of course certain drawbacks to this kind of life. The taking of opium and belladonna, with Calabar bean for a change, and the application of ice bags to the small of the back previously singed with ether, are not exactly pleasurable experiences. But these would be mere trifles to a man whose heart was in his work.

## PLAYING-CARDS.

Few who sit down to a pleasant game at whist or piquet have any idea how many centuries these painted bits of cards have furnished amusement to the human race. Far away into the times of unwritten history, the Chinese, Hindus and Arabs were making their different combinations of a warlike game, bearing many relations to its sister, chess. On thin slips of ivory, mother-of-pearl, or wood, the devices were painted for the hands of oriental despots; no less than eight armies and eight players struggled for the victory, under the command of a king, a vizier and an elephant. China seems to have been the home of their invention; from thence they passed on to India about 1120, and were soon adopted by the Arabs. Our Crusaders in their turn learned the game of their foes, and from the number of decrees forbidding their use is-

sued by the church, we may believe that they were soon spread all over Europe. The first authentic mention that occurs of them is in a chronicle of Nicolas de Covelluzzo, a native of Viterbo, which says: "In 1379 the game of cards was introduced to Viterbo, from the land of the Saracens, and which is called by them *naib*." We hear of them in Burgos in 1387, in Paris in 1392, in Ulm in 1397, keeping the root of their Arab name, as they are still called the Spain *naypes*, *naib* in Arabic meaning captain or lieutenant. Italy soon adopted the title of tarots or tarocchi, owing to the back of the card being tarote, or covered with little points or divisions, invented to prevent knaves from marking the cards and cheating at the game. From the fourteenth century we find them spread all over Europe; they are mentioned in the list of plate and jewelry belonging to monarchs and nobles; councils and synods condemned and forbade them, as well as royal proclamations; commerce, however, still multiplied them, in perfecting the process of fabrication. In the miniatures of manuscripts, in the early attempts of engraving on wood and copper, we see the game portrayed; poets, romance writers, and travelling storytellers do not forget them in their writings; and fragile as were the cards themselves, there are some painted and engraved which belong to the fifteenth century still in existence.

A fresco at Bologna, painted in 1440, represents four soldiers playing at cards, done by Francesco Fibbia; and the year after we find the celebrated card makers of Venice complaining that the trade was departing out of their hands, in consequence of the great number of playing cards with painted and printed figures which were introduced from other countries, and praying the senate to lay a tax on these foreign productions, whether printed on linen or paper. It may be well to remark that here we have the first mention of printed cards, which probably came from Germany. A pack of these are still in existence engraved with the burin, which are supposed to be the work of Finiguerra or Mantegna, and at any rate belong to the period of Italian art. It seems probable that they were made at Padua or Florence, and are imitations of the earliest Italian tarocchi, which vary somewhat from the cards now in use. The design is at once simple and good in outline, the engraving fine and harmonious; they are divided into five series, each of ten cards, and bear the name of the muses, the sciences, the heavenly bodies and the virtues. The so-called cards of Charles VI. of France, which are now in the *Bibliothèque du Roi* in Paris, are probably the most ancient of any that are preserved in the various public collections of Europe. There are but seventeen, painted with all the delicacy of the miniatures in the illuminated manuscripts of the period, on a gold ground, and surrounded by a silver border, in which is a ribbon rolled spirally round done in points. It is to this that the cards owe their name of tarots, being marked in compartments, as we often see them in the present day, when the back is covered with arabesques.

These cards differ in some respects from the Italian ones, bearing neither numbers nor devices. There is the emperor in silver armour, a diadem of *fleur-de-lys* on his head, and holding a globe and a sceptre; the pope with his triple crown, the gospel and keys of St. Peter in his hands, and seated between two cardinals; the crescent moon rises above two astrologers in long furred robes, who are measuring the conjunctions of the plants with compasses; the fool wearing a cap with asses' ears, and a deep pointed ruff round his neck, while four children are throwing stones at him. Death, mounted on a white horse, is throwing down kings and popes and bishops; the House of God seems half devoured by flames; and finally, the Last Judgment shows us the dead rising from the tombs to the sound of trumpets. It will be seen that this game offered a philosophical representation of life from a Christian point of view; they might serve as a pastime for the poor king during his sad years of dark and furious madness, but would scarcely please his frivolous and corrupt court, where, notwithstanding the tumult of riots among the people, and civil discord dividing every class, it only occupied itself with pleasures, fetes, masquerades and tournaments, under the influence of a gallant and voluptuous chivalry. In this brilliant and refined court, which blinded itself to the gravity of political events, and tried to stifle, with the sound of instruments, songs and dances, the ferocious shouts of the populace in the *Halles*, the courtiers would assuredly decline to play with cards which reminded them of the solemnities of life.

It will be readily believed that such works of art as these early packs of cards were not accessible to the multitude, but were very costly, and only fit for kings and nobles. In an old account-book of the monarchs of France, we find that the treasurer paid in 1392 about £8 of our present money for three packs; and a single pack, exquisitely painted by Marizano, secretary to the duke of Milan, cost, a few years later, 1,500 gold crowns. But as the more economical way of printing and engraving came into use, both of which arts were known long before printing with moveable types, the price of these coveted articles fell rapidly, and in 1454, a pack bought for the dauphin cost no more than 10s. As time passed on, the figures on the cards changed with the costume of the time, according to the caprices of the court or the imagination of the maker. The pointed beard, heavy collar, and plumed hat appeared as the dress of the kings; the hair turned back and crimped, the lace collar, and the farthingale, as that of the queens. One old pack represents the four great monarchies—Jewish, Greek, Roman, French, under Kings David, Alexander, Cæsar and Charlemagne; while the queens symbolize the manner of reigning—Judith, by piety; Rachel, by beauty; Pallas, by wisdom; Argine, which is the anagram of Regina, by heirship; and the knaves the four ages of chivalry—Hector, the valiant Trojan chief; Agier, a paladin of Charlemagne; Lancelot, one of the twelve knights of Arthur's Round Table; and Lahire, the bold captain of Charles VII. The ace has borne many different interpretations; some imagined it to be the symbol of money for the payment of troops, and derived it from the old Roman coin, giving it a power superior even to a king; others saw in it the first of the lower ten cards, and explained the name as coming from the Celtic *as*, signifying first or chief.

As regards England, though it received the game from a very early period through the trade it carried on with the Hanseatic and Dutch towns, yet it does not appear that any cards were manufactured here before the end of the sixteenth century, since under the reign of Elizabeth the government reserved to itself the monopoly of playing-cards imported from abroad. The oldest which are known, and which closely approach the early Italian packs, were discovered by Dr. Stuckely in the binding of a book. Unhappily, the originals have been destroyed; but correct drawings made at the time

are in the possession of the Society of Antiquities, and have been reproduced in Singer's work on the subject. They have been coarsely engraved and printed in two colours, green and brown, which were those usually employed by the German makers, while the French were indigo and vermilion. They mark a very early period, when the arts of drawing, engraving and printing were in their infancy. Spain received from the Arabs and the Moors the eastern game of *naib* long before general, they excited the utmost enthusiasm in the country, and a passion for the play existed; so much so, that when the companions of Christopher Columbus, after their discovery of America, formed the first establishment in the island of San Domingo, they found nothing better to do than at once to manufacture cards from the leaves of trees.

## THE GRAVE OF KEATS' BROTHER IN LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

(From a Louisville Letter by James Piatt.)

The western cemetery of Louisville is an interesting burial place. Here I found a grave that associated itself with a more famous one at Rome, which all pilgrims of sentiment visit, and of which Shelley (whose own grave is but a few steps apart from it in the same death-ground) wrote, in that most imaginative and affecting of all elegiac poems, "Adonais:"

"Go thou to Rome—at once to Paradise,  
The grave, the city, and the wilderness;  
And where its wrecks like shatter'd mountains rise,  
And flowering weeds and fragrant censers dress  
The bones of Desolation's nakedness,  
Pass till the spirit of the spot shall lead  
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access,  
Where, like an infant's smile over the dead,  
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread."

The far-off one is the grave of John Keats; this grave at Louisville is that of George Keats, his brother, to whom one of the young, early-dying, but deathless poet's rhymed epistles, one of his more youthful sonnets, and many of his letters, published by Lord Houghton, (and written to the older brother far away here in the then wild new west of America) were addressed. George Keats was a refined and cultivated gentleman, yet remembered and honoured in Louisville, where his house used to be pointed out to me—one of the most elegant and tasteful in the city. His wife was the lady to whom, previous to her marriage, John Keats addressed the sonnet: "To G. A. W." The weather-stained monument of George Keats, bears this inscription: "In memory of George Keats, a native of England. Born 1st March, 1778. Died 24th December, 1841." Close beside this monument is a small stone bearing only the name "Isabella," but lower on the face of George Keats' monument fronting it, is carved "Isabella Rosalind Keats," with dates of birth and death, showing her to have been but seventeen years old when she died. Isabel, the daughter of George Keats, was a beautiful and accomplished young girl, and is said to have resembled her uncle, the poet, in look and character of mind. She had considerable talent as a painter, and promised something of poetic ability also. Her name suggests the romantic feeling of the family with which Keats influenced a generation of English and American poets, (including so strong a man as Tennyson himself) and doubtless her name lent something of education to her disposition and character. Her name suggests, too, the romantic poem of "Isabella, or the Pot of Basil," and her story was not less sad than the heroine of her uncle's beautiful but somewhat immature production. Her death was a sad one—sadder far, indeed, than that of the poet—and its mournful history I only refer to because of its association with a name that has touched all the world with beauty and tenderness. Mr. Prentice first related to me the sad history of her death in 1859, very feelingly and tenderly. After the report of a gun she was found, late one evening, in the parlour of her father's house, mortally wounded in the breast, and died in one or two hours. Shakespeare, I believe, according to some of his critics, leaves it doubtful whether he would have the reader believe Ophelia a suicide or an unhappy young girl accidentally drowned. Some periwinkle vines creep about the grave mould of Isabella Keats and keep it green.

**HOT DINNERS.**—Labourers working at a distance from home who take their dinners with them, and are compelled to eat them cold, could add very much to their comfort by adopting a plan of providing a hot dinner, which is very common in Norway and other cold regions where the value and advantages of a hot meal to a man obliged to work in the open air are appreciated. The apparatus is simple and cheap; it consists of a thick wooden box, made to fit very close, and lined with one or two layers of heavy common felt. Into this box a tin case, with a cover, is made to fit; the food—meat, vegetables, whatever it might be—is cooked, and just before it is thoroughly "done" it is placed in the tin case, and the whole closed as tightly as possible, so as to exclude the air. It is astonishing how long food will keep hot if treated in this way; seven or eight hours is the average time, even in cold weather; and if the box is very closely lined, it will frequently keep warm from ten to twelve hours. The cost of this box and tin case is trifling, and they will last a long while—the increased pleasure and healthfulness of having a hot dinner instead of a "cold snack" much more than repaying the outlay. Field hands in the country, and masons, carpenters, day labourers, &c., in large cities, would find their comforts much increased and their health and strength greatly benefited, by trying this simple contrivance.

An amusing scene took place last week in one of the London suburbs. A Post Office clerk, on his way home, was astonished to observe a policeman apparently converting himself into a pillar letter-box, and upon inquiry it turned out that the pillar box near to which this sympathetic member of the force had been on duty had been completely filled with valentines, and the officer, with great consideration for the convenience of the people of the neighbourhood, and for the safety of their correspondence, had constituted himself an auxiliary box, and received in his arms the valentines which the box would not contain. He would soon, however, have been overwhelmed by St. Valentine had it not been for the timely appearance of a butcher with an empty basket, which was at once impounded by the officer, and made use of as a receptacle for letters until a mail bag was procured, and the officer relieved from this unwonted responsibility.

THE HAIRY RHINOCEROS.

Mr. F. Buckland writes in Land and Water: "The collection in the elephant house is just now a grand sight. There are four elephants—two Indian, two African—and four rhinoceroses—one Nubian (probably the Muchoch, or 'white rhinoceros,' of Gordon Cumming,) two single horned Indian rhinoceroses, and lastly the new arrival, the double horned Sumatran rhinoceros. The peculiarity of this beast—I cannot call it handsome—is that it is hairy. The great pig-like, watchful, ever-moving ears are fringed with a row of long erect hairs, giving the appearance of a horse wearing worsted ear-caps to keep off the flies. The hair on the back is something like the hog mane of a horse, and of the rusty sand colour of the old-fashioned Berkshire pig. The sides are also covered with this kind of hair, only shorter. The rest of the body is covered with a shortish light down, like the hair on a baby's head. The physiognomy is not like that of other rhinoceroses. 'Begum,' for she is a lady rhinoceros, has an ancient and antediluvian look about her, and very likely the old English Rhinoceros trichorhinus, whose bones my father discovered in the celebrated hyena cave in Kirkvane, in Yorkshire, had the same kind of phiz. Her face is covered with wrinkles. There is a great 'crow's foot' on her cheek, and deep wrinkles round her eyes, so that she has somewhat the appearance of a very aged and disagreeable old man. She has also the peculiarity of shutting her lower eyelid instead of the upper when she wants to take 'forty winks.' Although called the Sumatran rhinoceros, 'Begum' was caught near Chittagong, and was partly led and partly driven, with ropes round her legs, like a pig going to market, all the way through the jungle from that place to the river, a task which does Mr. Jamrach much credit. She travelled best at night, and would then follow her keeper, who walked in front with a lighted lantern kept close to the ground. The guide used to sing to her at night as she trotted along, and the natives joined in chorus. In the streets of Calcutta she lay down like a sulky pig, and they had to wet the road so as to make it semi-mud and drag her along bodily. She was shipped on board the steamer "Petersburg," at Calcutta, and brought direct to the Millwall Docks, in a gigantic cage made of teak. The transfer of this valuable animal—for she cost more than £1,000—from her travelling box to the elephant house along the path was effected by Mr. Bartlett, with his usual ability and tact. He was, of course, assisted by Mr. Jamrach, who knew the habits of the animal well. She had to walk comparatively loose some sixty or eighty yards. Mr. Bartlett has just performed a successful operation on a rhinoceros. The front horn of the Indian rhinoceros had become bent and diseased. Mr. Bartlett has cleverly amputated this horn with a sharp saw, and this without the least injury or inconvenience to the animal. The portion of horn cut off weighed 8½ lbs., and the 'old gal looks quite young again.'"

A ROMANCE OF THE SNOW BLOCKADE.—A correspondent tells the following romantic tale of the recent Pacific Railway snow blockade: A man in Denver married, but had to leave immediately and unexpectedly for Salt Lake City on urgent business. He left his bride with tears in his eyes and a promise of immediate return upon his lips. He got there just in time not to be able to get away. He made his way slowly along with the blockaded trains, working with the hands, for every shovelful of snow got out was that much obstruction removed between him and his beloved. When within two hundred miles of Cheyenne, the foremost train ran into a bigger snow bank than ever, at which the faithful-unto-death struck out afoot and walked the two hundred miles in five days. He came in with frozen feet and ears, but his heart was all right, and he went on his way rejoicing. At one point he was chased by wolves, and lost his plug hat in running. The hat saved his life, for the wolves had never seen one before and stopped to examine it for a long time. It took them so long to determine what it was, that our heroic lover got out of reach. He borrowed a red handkerchief at a labourer's hut and passed on.

A GERMAN ESTIMATE OF THE FRENCH.—Professor von Sybel terminated his lecture at Bonn on what the Germans may learn from the French by saying:—It would be most dangerous for our safety not to appreciate the valour of our neighbours, and to look upon them as a used-up people. The French are laborious, spiritual, full of taste. They surpass us in several respects. They are different from us, but quite as well endowed. It would be fortunate for the world if they gave us the possibility of reciprocal complement as before the war, by the interchange of our mutual advantages, and by rivalry on the field of peaceful labour. But as long as they remain hostile it would be a fatal folly on our part to forget for a single moment that we have reason for keeping our forces closely united. The greatest disadvantage of the French comes from their institutions and their ideas on State and Church, which, un-

able to reconcile authority with liberty, waver unceasingly between arbitrary power and revolution. If we wish to be superior to them, we must above all carry our efforts into this field. We can be the strongest people of the earth, if we know how to learn from the French in many respects—in social relations, industry, science, art, and if at the same time we resist the temptation of falling into their weaknesses and faults in politics and religion.

A GOOD WORD FOR THE STOVE-PIPE.—No part of the dress of men is really more absurd than the hard "stove-pipe" hat so generally worn; and yet all attempts to subvert it have proved abortive. For thirty years we have worn this kind of head covering, and we like it better than any other; we have tried hard to like the low, soft hats, but we cannot; and this is the experience of thousands. Absurd as the high, hard hat is, it does keep the head more comfortable, it does maintain a more equable temperature, it does feel better, than any other form of head covering; and so let us continue to knock them against beams in attics and the branches of trees. If they serve a good purpose in brushing cobwebs from the roof of old garrets and stables, they also protect us from bad bumps, and keep our heads comfortable.—From Dr. Nichols's "Fireside Science."

YOU NOW CAN KNOW THE REASON.—Podophyllin (May Apple or Mandrake) has long been known as an active purgative, and has been much used in some sections of our country, (and is now very generally administered by Physicians in the place of Calomel or Blue Pill for Liver Complaints, &c.) Compound Extract of Colocynth is considered by Dr. Neligan, of Edinburgh, as one of the most generally employed and safest cathartics in the whole Materia Medica. Extract of Hyoscyamus given in combination with active cathartics (such as above) corrects their gripping qualities without diminishing their activity. Vide Neligan's Materia Medica. All the above highly valuable remedial elements are with others largely used in the manufacture of the Shoshonees (Indian) Vegetable Restorative Pills.—No wonder they are ahead of all other Pills, as a family medicine. 5-9 d

WULFF & CO., 370 ST. PAUL, CORNER SULPICE STREET, offers for Sale:

Anilin Dyes, and other Dyestuffs; Quinine, Glycerine, Santonine, Tanine, Chloroform, Chloral Hydrate, Sulphuric Ether, Oil of Cognac, Tartaric Acid, Bromide of Potash, Bichromate of Potash, Gum Arabic, Gum Tragacanth, East India Gum, Glucose. All kinds of Glues, Sundries for Lithographers and Bookbinders. Gold Leaf. All kinds of Bronzes; Mirror Glass, Haircloth, Cornices and Curtain Bands; Wove Wire, Annealed Wire, Halter Chains, Cow Ties, A. W. Faber's Lead Pencils, Slate Pencils, Marbles, Wax Beads. The following brands of Champagne—Heidseick & Co.'s Grand-Vin Royal, Deutz and Geldermann's Ay; Green Seal, Sparkling Moselle; Hungarian Wines. German Cigars and Manila Cheroots, &c., &c.

March 20. 5-13 a

TO TELEGRAPH OPERATORS. FOR SALE.

THE GOOD-WILL, INSTRUMENTS, FURNITURE, &c., of the DOMINION TELEGRAPH INSTITUTE, 89 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL. Any one understanding Telegraphy thoroughly will find this a desirable investment. The advantages now enjoyed by the Institute for practice on a regular line, and for advertising, will be extended to the purchaser. Other and engrossing occupations are the sole cause of this valuable property being offered for sale. For further particulars apply by letter or personally to

GEORGE E. DESBARATS, Canadian Illustrated News, MONTREAL. 20th March, 1872. 5-12 tf



TO CONTRACTORS.

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

Plans and Specifications can be seen at this Office on and after Monday, the 18th instant, where all necessary information can be obtained. The signatures of two solvent parties, willing to become sureties for the due fulfilment of the contract, must be attached to each tender.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender. By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary. DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS, 11th March, 1872. 5-11 c

POSTAL CARDS.

Great credit is due to the Post Office authorities for the introduction of this very useful card. It is now being extensively circulated among many of the principal mercantile firms of this city in the way of Letters, Business Cards, Circulars, Agents' and Travellers' notices to customers, &c. We supply them printed at from \$11.50 to 12.50 per thousand, according to quantity.

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

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

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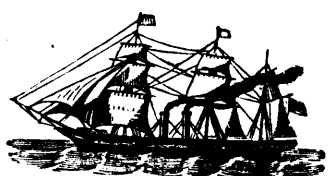
SEALED TENDERS will be received at this Office until Noon of Friday, 5th April next, for the maintenance of a sufficient line of Tug Steamers for towing vessels between the upper entrance of the Lachine Canal and the Port of Kingston, and vice-versa, for a term of three or five years from 1st May, 1872,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

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

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

The conditions of the contract, and all further particulars, may be obtained on application at this Office on and after the 11th of March instant. The tenders are to be addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Tug Service," and are to contain the signatures of two (2) responsible parties who are willing to become security for the due performance of the contract.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary. DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS, Ottawa, 4th March, 1872. 5-11c



ALLAN LINE.

Under contract with the Government of Canada for the Conveyance of

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

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Which is about to be largely circulated both on the American Continent and in Great Britain, will contain an

ILLUSTRATED DOMINION GUIDE

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

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GEO. E. DESBARATS, Proprietor. OFFICE OF THE Canadian Illustrated News, Montreal, Canada. 4-18 tf

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EXPRESS at 7:30 A.M., arriving at Ottawa at 12:30 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 1:30 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 transhipment.

H. ABBOTT, Manager. 4-15 tf

Brockville, 25th Sept., 1871.

**JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.**  
Sold by all Dealers throughout the World.

4-15tf

"BEST IN USE."

THE COOK'S FRIEND

BAKING POWDER

IS THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE.

IT NEVER DISAPPOINTS.

FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS. 3-1511

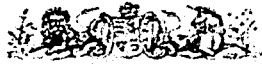
IMPORTANT TO PARTIES OWNING OR USING MACHINERY.

STOCK'S CELEBRATED EXTRA MACHINE OIL.

THIS OIL has been in very general use in Ontario for the past two years, and with the greatest satisfaction, as may be seen by testimonials from many of the leading Houses in Ontario. It will not thicken in cold weather.

From the JOSEPH HALL WORKS, Oshawa: I consider Mr. Stock's Oil cheaper at \$1.00 per gallon than Oil of Oil at 50 cents. Yours respectfully, F. W. GLEN, President.

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



NOTICE TO LAND SURVEYORS.

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

J. C. AIKINS, Secretary of State. 5-11 c

Ottawa, 2nd March, 1872.

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

J. S. HUNTER, Secretary. 5-8 h

Montreal, 19th February, 1872.

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



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

It converts coarse grain and chopped hay into rich aromatic provender. It costs only one cent per feed. It is used in the Royal Stables and Model farms. All the principal Prize Cattle at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, London, Xmas, '68, '69, and '70, were fed on the NUTRITIOUS CONDIMENT. Several Testimonials have been received from some of the most valuable horse owners in Montreal, and may be had on application. Manufactured by the North British Cattle Food Co., at London and Glasgow. Branch Depot in Montreal at 45, Commissioners Street; Toronto, 6, Palace Street and 27 St. Peter Street, Quebec. From either of these Depots, 50 feeds a sample will be sent, carriage paid, to any part of Canada for \$3.00. 5-21

DR. WHEELER'S COMPOUND ELIXIR OF PHOSPHATES AND CALISAYA

THERE is no diseased condition of the body in which Dr. Wheeler's Compound Elixir of Phosphates and Calisaya may not be used with positive benefit. Being a Chemical Food and Nutritive Tonic, it acts physiologically in the same manner as our diet. It perfects Digestion, Assimilation, and the formation of Healthy Blood. It sustains the vital forces by supplying the waste constantly going on, of nerve and muscle, as the result of mental and physical exertion, enabling mind and body to undergo great labour without fatigue. Its action in building up constitutions broken down with Wasting Chronic Diseases, by fast living and bad habits, is truly extraordinary, its effect being immediate in energizing all the organs of the body. Phosphates being absolutely essential to cell formation and the growth of tissues, must for all time be Nature's great restorative and vitalizer. Sold by all Druggists at \$1. 4-26 72

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A STONE HOUSE, pleasantly situated in the best part of the Village of Verennes, 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

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GRAY'S Syrup of Red Spruce Gum.

Prepared from Canadian Red Spruce Gum. BALSAMIC, SOOTHING, EXPECTORANT, ANTISPASMODIC AND TONIC. (Delicious Flavor.)

A sovereign remedy for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, and Throat affections generally. For sale at all Druggists. 25 Cents per bottle. Sole manufacturer, HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist, MONTREAL.



HAWKSWORTH, EYRE & CO., Silver-smiths, Platers, and Electro-Platers. SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND.

Manufacturers of "Testimonials," Hunt, Racing, Regatta and Curling Clubs, Cups, and Plates, Bridal Gifts, &c., finished in the Highest Style of Art, and of most Classic Designs.

JOSEPH WALKER & CO., Agents.

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**CAMPBELL'S COD LIVER OIL.**  
REALLY TASTEFUL.  
Sold by all druggists 50 Cts. per bottle.

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.

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

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